The Elks Magazine

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OCTOBER, 1930

In This Issue:
Features by Ben Ames Williams, Sol Metzger, Wynant Davis Hubbard, and others

Sound, Steady Development

Even its best and oldest friends have been surprised at the rapid rise of International Harvester in the automotive world. The gains in International Truck production and in International registrations throughout the United States have been outstanding.

There is nothing artificial or temporary in this success. It would, in fact, be hard to cite a better example of sound and steady development in American industry and business than this rise of International Trucks. The truck-building knowledge accumulated since 1904 is apparent in each succeeding year's output of Internationals. Constantly improving design, rigid quality standards, and a forward-looking service policy—all have contributed to the growing reputation.

Today the rising preference for Internationals forms as reliable a gauge as you can get of truck values. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the proof of the truck comes out on the job. It is impossible to do what International trucks are doing without being good.

Visit any company-owned branch or any dealer and see the new line-up of Speed and Heavy-Duty Models. They fit all hauling needs and a demonstration will gladly be given.

The illustration shows the new International Model A-5, 3-ton, 6-cylinder Speed Truck. The chassis is adapted for an unusually wide range of service from high-speed transport to dump-truck work.

INTERNATIONAL

International Trucks include the ¾-ton Special Delivery; the 1-ton Six-Speed Special; Speed Trucks, 1¼, 1½, 2 and 3-ton; and Heavy-Duty Trucks to 5-ton.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

"Hard times" didn't touch these men*

They had LaSalle Job Insurance

WE'VE been going through one of those periods when men outnumber available jobs. Lots of fellows riding along on the crest of the wave, thinking things would last forever, have found out differently.

But wherever an individual has had something worth while to offer—so-called "hard times" haven't touched him. Many men have increased their earnings—bettered their positions when other fellows found themselves on the street.

And it hasn't been luck—or chance—or circumstance.

The trained man—like the rock in a storm—isn't affected by times or conditions.

Listen to these facts:

"When most of our old men were laid off, I was promoted"

For instance, there was our Industrial Management student in a Middle West aircraft plant who found that his training and his use of it in his daily work paid quickly. He writes, *"During these bad times when most of our old men were laid off, I was promoted. Now whenever I meet one of the old gang and he asks me about my 'pull', I simply show him my LaSalle membership card."*

And our Higher Accountancy member in Philadelphia who, employed as a temporary man by one of the nation's outstanding firms of accountants, did so well that a month later his job was made permanent. In telling us of it, he adds, *"This I consider quite a boost for LaSalle training, since the firm was letting other men go."*

Another man cashed in on his training even more quickly, for, broke and unable to get a job, he enrolled for our Traffic Management course and then went to the employment department of the largest firm in his Southern city, told them he was enrolled with us and wanted work in their shipping department. He was given the job over a long line of applicants—largely, as they told him, because he was studying with LaSalle.

Back in Pennsylvania, a graduate of our Railway Station Management course applied for the Joint Agency at an important railroad junction. Several other applicants had twenty-year records but he won the promotion, *"because,"* as he puts it, *"of my training with LaSalle."*

His LaSalle button won the job and at a higher salary than he expected!

A LaSalle lapel button turned the trick for another Accountancy member. It showed the employer that he had successfully completed six months training with us. That carried weight and our student got the job—over 100 other applicants—at a salary higher than he had expected.

One company—a national leader in its line—after watching five of its major executives come up from lesser jobs and twenty-eight of its rank and file increase their efficiency with the aid of LaSalle training, has worked out with LaSalle a cooperative plan under which fifty-three of its most promising employes in shop and office and salesforce are training for executive positions—and their opinion after this thorough testing is best evidenced by the words of the president, *"As I see it, LaSalle training makes a man worth more not only to himself but to the firm he works for."*

"If we've got a man that ambitious—"

There's no magic, nothing mysterious about this advantage enjoyed by our members. It's just plain common sense.

Alert employers know that it takes ambition and perseverance to study in the hours which others give to rest or pleasure—and they prefer men with those qualities, especially when those men also have the added efficiency of the trained man.

One executive expressed this attitude forcefully when we told him that a minor employe in his warehouse was studying with us. *"If we've got a man who is that ambitious down there, we'll bring him up here and give him a real job."*

And another nationally known manager sums up the almost universal feeling of employers, *"When we find a man with sufficient faith in himself to spend his own time, energy and money to complete a home study course, we consider him as being in that group from whom our future leaders will be drawn."*

You can have this same job insurance

The remarkable thing about this LaSalle job insurance is that it is available to every normal, ambitious adult—and in nearly every major business field—at low cost and on easy terms. If you are really in earnest about protecting yourself in the present and making ready for even larger success when prosperity returns, this outstanding twentieth century development in building business success is at your service. And your first step is simple—

Send the coupon for full and free information.

The booklets which that coupon will bring may be priceless to you—if you read and act on the facts contained in them. Fill out and mail the coupon now.

*Names and addresses gladly given on request.

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Name Present Position Address

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."
—*From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.*

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

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Number Five

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Features for October, 1930

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Only **$1.00** *a month* **With Coupon Below**

AS announced in last month's Elks Magazine, we offer, as a special service to Readers of The Elks Magazine, ONE MILLION Life Insurance Policies—a most remarkable Life Insurance bargain!

For only $1 00 a month and the coupon below, you may obtain—*without any medical examination*—a Life Insurance Policy in the Federal Life Insurance Company of Chicago, which provides Insurance against death from any cause whatsoever, and, IN ADDITION, provides DOUBLE and TRIPLE the amount of Insurance in the event of accidental death as stated.

Every reader of The Elks Magazine should apply for one of these policies. Send $1.00 and the coupon below. Policies sent by mail.

Standard Life Insurance

Read the Policy at the right Note that it is STANDARD LIFE INSURANCE. It provides guaranteed Cash, Loan, Paid-up Life Insurance Values, Total and Permanent Disability Benefits, and other standard privileges. Note that it is not *Limited Term Insurance.* You do not have to exchange it for any other policy at any time. The premium of $1.00 a month remains the same throughout the life of the Policy. It never increases.

The Federal Life Insurance Company is a standard Legal Reserve Company. It has been established 30 years, continuously under the same management, Isaac Miller Hamilton, President. It has assets of OVER TWELVE MILLION DOLLARS, and more than $150,000,000.00 of Paid-for Life Insurance in force. It has paid to Policyholders and beneficiaries over $20,000,000.

This offer is open to persons between the ages of 10 and 50, in normal health, living in the United States or Canada. NOTE: If you are not in normal health, or are not a standard insurable risk, please do not apply

The cost of $1.00 a month is the same to everyone regardless of age. The amount of Insurance which $1.00 a month will secure under this offer varies according to your present age. The younger you are the more Insurance you get (See table below.) To determine the amount take age at your nearest birthday *This amount is payable whenever you die, regardless of how old you may be at the time of death*

Arrangements also have been made to issue this Policy in multiple sums for those who wish to obtain larger amounts of Insurance. For example: for $2.00 a month you may obtain TWICE the amount of Insurance; for $3.00 a month THREE TIMES the amount; limit for males, FIVE UNITS, or five times the amount; limit for females, THREE UNITS, or three times the amount.

What This $1.00 Life Insurance Policy Pays:

NOTE: This special Policy costs you only $1.00 a month regardless of your age. Only persons between ages of 10 and 50 are eligible to apply. To determine the amount of insurance offered for $1.00 a month take your present age at nearest birthday in table below The amount of Insurance is shown opposite the age. This amount is payable whenever you die, regardless of how old you may be at time of death

AGE	Amount of Insurance Payable Under Triple Indemnity Provision for Accidental Death	Amount of Insurance Payable Under Double Indemnity Provision for Accidental Death	Amount of Insurance Payable for Death From Any Cause Other Than Accident
10	$2,565.00	$1,710.00	$855.00
11	2,520.00	1,680.00	840.00
12	2,478.00	1,652.00	826.00
13	2,439.00	1,626.00	813.00
14	2,400.00	1,600.00	800.00
15	2,361.00	1,574.00	787.00
16	2,325.00	1,550.00	775.00
17	2,274.00	1,516.00	758.00
18	2,238.00	1,492.00	746 00
19	2,190.00	1,460.00	730.00
20	2,157.00	1,438 00	719.00
21	2,112.00	1,408.00	704 00
22	2,070.00	1,380.00	690.00
23	2,028.00	1,352.00	676.00
24	1,986.00	1,324.00	662.00
25	1,935 00	1,290.00	645.00
26	1,899.00	1,266.00	633.00
27	1,851.00	1,234.00	617.00
28	1,806.00	1,204.00	602.00
29	1,764.00	1,176 00	588.00
30	1,713.00	1,142.00	571.00
31	1,677 00	1,118.00	559.00
32	1,629 00	1,086.00	543.00
33	1,578.00	1,052.00	526.00
34	1,530.00	1,020.00	510.00
35	1,485.00	990.00	495 00
36	1,443 00	962.00	481.00
37	1,395 00	930.00	465.00
38	1,350.00	900.00	450.00
39	1,305 00	870.00	435.00
40	1,260.00	840.00	420.00
41	1,221.00	814.00	407.00
42	1,173 00	782.00	391.00
43	1 131.00	754.00	377.00
44	1,086.00	724 00	362.00
45	1,044.00	696.00	348.00
46	1,002 00	668.00	334.00
47	963.00	642.00	321.00
48	921.00	614.00	307.00
49	882.00	588.00	294.00
50	843.00	562.00	281.00

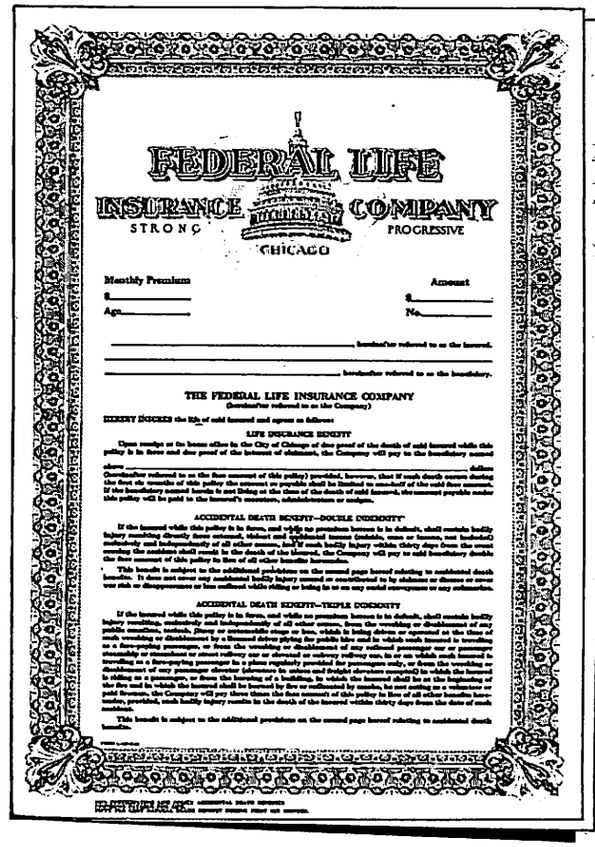
NOTE: *Fifty Per Cent Natural Death Benefit During First Six Months. See Policy.*

Limited Offer
Send Coupon at Once!

Never before has such an opportunity as this been presented to our readers. Think of it! A Standard Life Insurance policy with Double and Triple Indemnity, Guaranteed Cash, Loan and Paid-up Life Insurance Values, Total Disability and other benefits—for only $1.00 a month with the Coupon below—*without medical examination!*

No more than One Million Policies will be issued on this offer. As The Elks Magazine is read by several million readers the supply of these Policies may be quickly exhausted. To avoid disappointment send the coupon at once.

Actual Policy is several times this size



Address Coupon To:

THE ELKS MAGAZINE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT
FEDERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
168 North Michigan Ave., *Chicago, Ill.*

COUPON

THE ELKS MAGAZINE INSURANCE DEPT.
FEDERAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
168 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

I certify that I am a reader of The Elks Magazine and hereby request the Special Life Insurance Policy checked below in accordance with your offer in the October issue.

NOTE: For a dollar a month Policy check here ☐ $1.00

If you wish a larger multiple amount of this Insurance as offered, indicate your desire by checking here the amount of the monthly premium you wish to pay. (Limit for males, five units, for females, three units.)
☐ $2.00 ☐ $3.00 ☐ $4.00 ☐ $5.00

Check or Money Order for the amount of the first month's premium must be sent with this coupon.

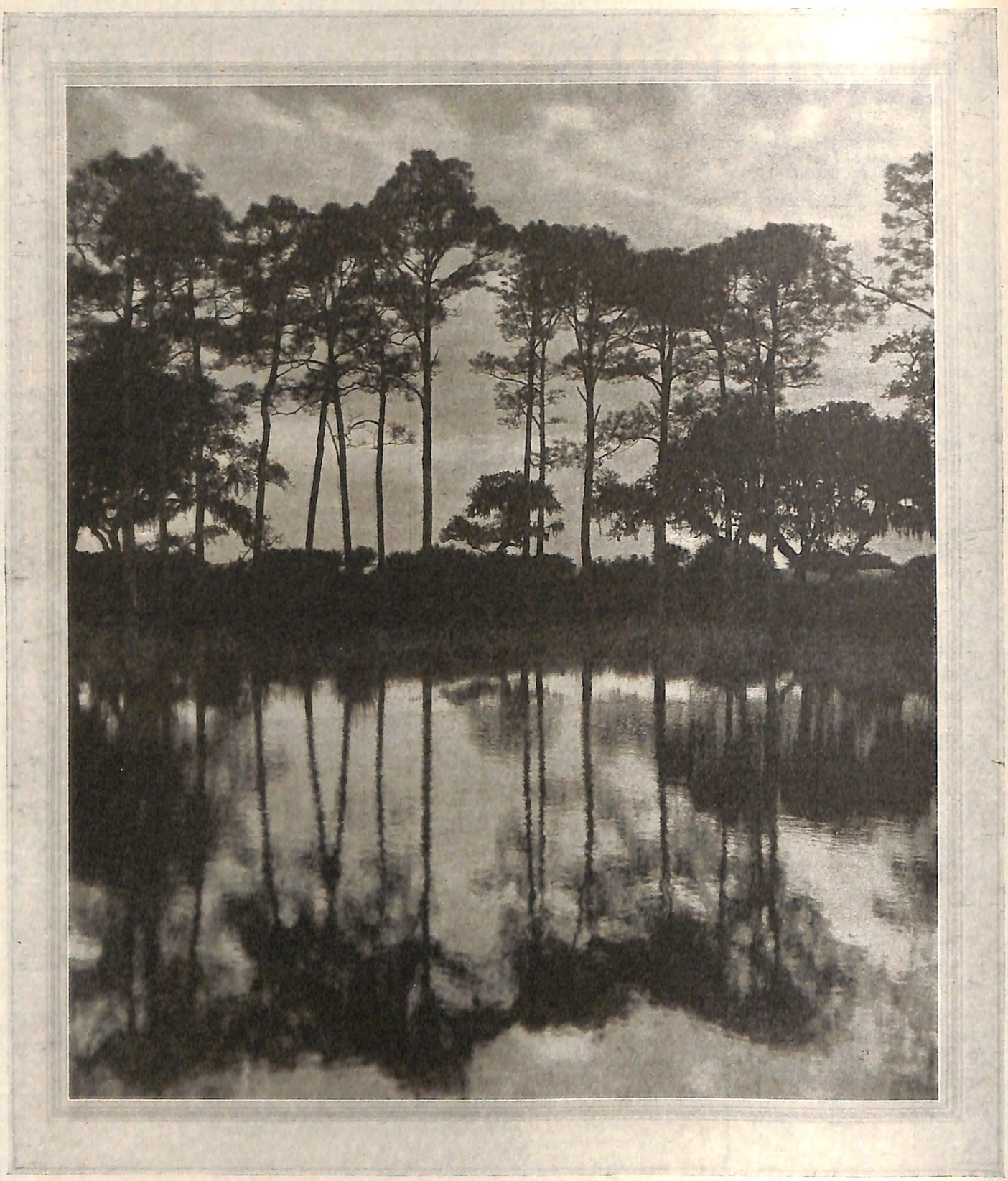
My Name Is..... Write Your Name in Full. Do Not Use Initials.

My Home Address Is.....

Date of Birth..... Day Month Year *My Age Is*.....

Beneficiary..... Write Here the Full Name of Person to Whom You Want Insurance Paid At Your Death

NOTE. This Insurance will become effective if and when issued by the Federal Life Insurance Company at its Home Office in Chicago. A short form Application Blank will be mailed to Applicants in accordance with requirements. The Federal Life Insurance Company reserves the right to reject any application for this Insurance for any cause whatsoever, and in such cases will return to the Applicant the full amount of the payment sent with this coupon.



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THEN silence fell upon the land;
And trees like sombre sentries stood
Patrol against the rush of night,
While day's reflections flashed the light
To secret places in the wood.

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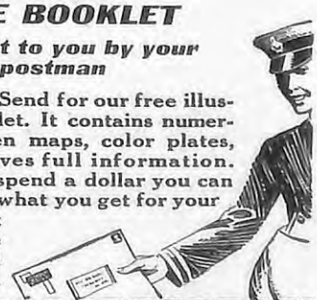

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—Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior

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Kenosha, No. 750
Milwaukee, No. 46

Traveling Elks

Will find splendid accommodations, hospitality, friendliness and reasonable rates in the Elks Clubs listed here.

MAKE THEM YOUR HEADQUARTERS WHEN TRAVELING

Salt Lake City, Utah, No. 85

Honolulu, H. I., No. 616

Kenosha, Wis., No. 750

Louisville, Ky., No. 8

A few prominent Elks Clubs that accommodate traveling Elks. Other clubs will be shown in subsequent issues.

"Well... Er.. I Didn't Expect to Be Asked to Speak"...

I couldn't resist the temptation to have some fun with that crowd. Here they were, expecting me to be "scared stiff," trembling with the embarrassment and stage fright which had been my failing. I could see jeering looks and undisguised amusement on the faces of some of my cronies—they were expecting me to make a chump of myself!

But When I Started to Speak Their Jeers Turned To Breathless Interest and Applause!

I NEVER saw more complete astonishment in human faces as I saw then. Here was I, the notorious "human clam," the shrinking violet of the office. I had only been asked to speak because the General Manager intended to be kindly toward me—no one had expected that I would have anything to say, let alone the ability to say it. My friends expected me to be embarrassed—to stammer, gulp, and finally wilt pitifully down into my place. Yet here I was, on my feet, inspiring them with a new and unexpected message.

It was as though I felt a surge of new power in my veins—the thrill and exhilaration of domination—mastery over this group of banqueters who sat listening eagerly, hanging on my every word. To me it was a thrill—to them, it was a shock. And when I finally let myself go, bringing my message to a close with a smashing, soaring climax, I sat down amid wave on wave of enthusiastic applause.

Almost before it had died away George Bevins was over beside my seat. "That was a wonderful speech, Mike!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Boy, I didn't know you had it in you! How did you do it?"

"Thanks, George," I said. "But it wasn't really anything. Any man who knows how to use his powers of speech could have done just as well or better."

"Maybe so. But I certainly didn't expect you to do it. I tell you it was great! But say! What did you mean by 'any man who knows how to use his powers of speech?' It isn't everybody who has real powers of talking interestingly."

"That's just where you're wrong, George," I told him. "Seven out of every nine men have the ability to talk powerfully, forcefully and convincingly. You said just now you didn't think I could do it! Well, six months ago I couldn't—not to save my life. Yet in those short six months I trained myself by a wonderfully easy method right at home, to talk as you just heard me. It didn't take me but about twenty minutes a day; no one even knew I was doing it. There is no magic—no trick—no mystery about becoming a clear, forceful speaker. It's just the application of simple principles, which a noted speech educator has already put into lesson form for any man to use, regardless of education or previous training."

"Well, say, I'd like to take that Course myself. I'm woefully weak at speechmaking; I'd certainly like to be able to speak as well as you can."

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that you cannot fail to progress rapidly. Right from the start you will find it becoming easier to express yourself. Thousands have proved that by spending only 20 minutes a day in the privacy of their own homes they can acquire the ability to speak so easily and quickly that they are amazed at the great improvement in themselves.

What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

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When Is a Playwright?

By John Chapman

NO PLAYWRIGHT ever turned in a perfect play; not even Shakespeare.

A certain one of many thousand hopeful writers of plays reached the pinnacle of his ambition not long ago; he had a drama accepted by a producer. That's all the farther many scripts go; but this one was going all the way. The producer had engaged a cast and begun rehearsals of the piece.

It was with a thrill of pride that the young author began attending those rehearsals in a dismal hall a long block away from Broadway. He felt satisfied with himself as he sat on the sidelines and heard the players reading their parts, heard the director making suggestions. It was such a scene as he had often dreamed of.

But what was this? An actor up and remarked that the line would sound better this way. Again, the director said, "We'll change this."

"Say, whose play is this?" demanded the author when things had finally gone too far. They told him gently that he was a newcomer to the theatre, and said they were giving him the benefit of long experience. And they went right on making the changes they desired.

By now the young playwright was raging. All right, he thought, I'll fix these people. I'll stay away from rehearsals. I won't come to-morrow. The picture of the helplessness of the others without him came gratefully to his mind's eye.

He didn't come. He more than half expected a telephone call asking why he was absent and saying he was needed, but none came. He remained away another day, and another. No call. Then he awoke to the realization that rehearsals of his play were going right along, and nobody had even noted his absence!

On the fifth day he returned to the hall, again took a chair on the sidelines, and kept quiet.

When you go to see "Shadows of the Depths," you read in the program that it is "a drama in three acts by Willis Wimple," and believe it. But the chances are that "Shadows of the Depths" is partly by Wimple, with the rest contributed by Julius Garfinkle, the producer; Clement Tilly, the director; Ann Anguish, the leading woman, and so on—possibly down to obscure Dick Roe, the scene shifter. Anybody who has been within shouting distance of the rehearsals may have become a collaborator.

Wimple, if he takes himself seriously, has not been angry, but terribly, terribly hurt at the liberties that have been taken with the beautifully typed script for which Garfinkle paid him $500 advance royalties and signed a voluminous, brown paper contract. But if Wimple is an experienced playwright, he takes it cheerfully and even welcomes suggestions. After all, the program does say that Willis Wimple is the author, and Willis gets all the royalties. That percentage of the gross receipts from a hit has soothed the ruffled vanity of many a Wimple, and will doubtless do so during the season now begun.

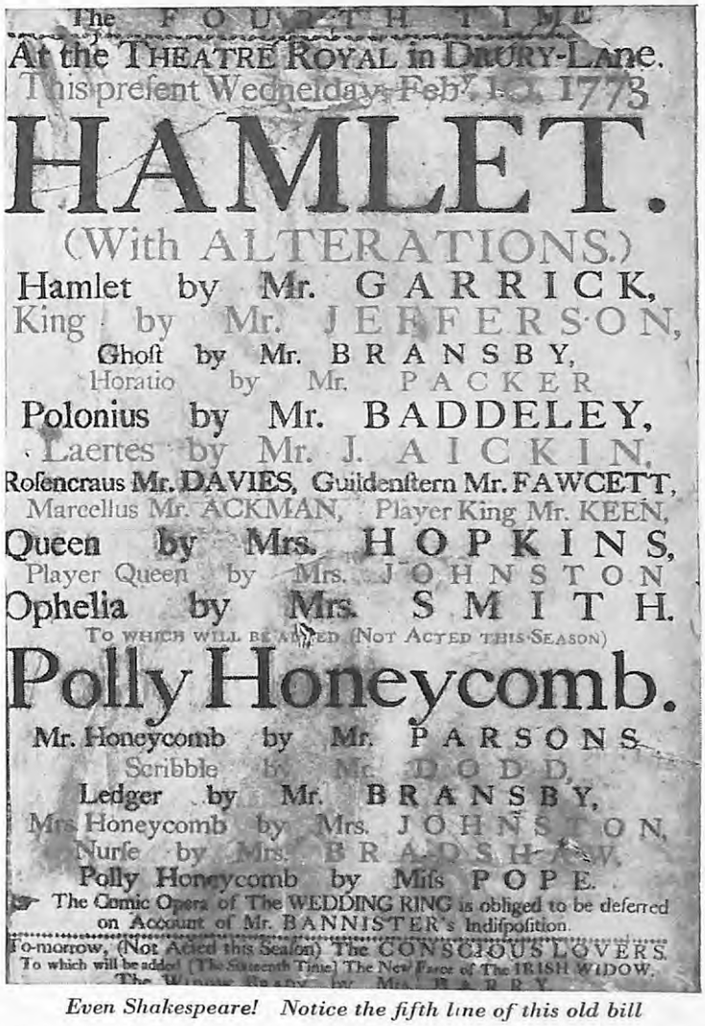
Ever since the movies grew out of the state in which they were made up as they went along and began using novels and short stories as bases for plots, authors have sneered or whimpered, or both, at the liberties taken with their works by the Hollywood craftsmen. There have been numberless variations of the anecdote about the author who sold a wild west novel to a film company; who went to see the finished picture; who found nothing left of his original story, and who turned the tables by using the cinema plot as the basis for a new novel.

The same sort of thing is happening in the theatre, only nobody—much—sneers or whispers. It is part of the game.

George Bernard Shaw is the exception that proves the rule. His plays are put on as they are written, but under protest. That high-handed Irishman insists that, so long as he lives, his dramas shall be produced not only exactly as he wrote the lines, but also exactly as he has directed in voluminous stage instructions. And I have it from one associated with the production of Shaw's plays in America that the great G. B. S. will be a better dramatist when he has passed on—for then some cutting and rewriting can be done.

FROM the foregoing it might be gathered that the playwright, then, is a not too necessary part of the theatre; and that impression would be wrong. All the Garfinkles, Ann Anguishes, Tilleys and Dick Roes north of the Metropolitan Opera House and south of Columbus Circle can't create ideas. They can improve them—improve them, at least, in the sense that they become commercially and practically better—but they can't sit down and think them up. Wimple and his idea are welcomed, and both will be coddled with amazing patience in an effort to arrive at something that won't have to be paid for at the end of a two weeks' run by a salary bond thoughtfully posted with the Actors' Equity Association. Walk into any producer's office and you will find a stack of play scripts on his desk. He reads them literally by the dozens and hundreds, and no budding playwright need fear that his work will be tossed aside without having received adequate consideration.

One of the two big comedy hits of last season was "Strictly Dishonorable," a deft, hilarious play on a delicate theme that pirouetted for three acts on thin ice without


The FOURTH TIME
At the THEATRE ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.
This present Wednesday, Feb. 1, 1773
HAMLET.
(With ALTERATIONS.)
Hamlet by Mr. GARRICK,
King by Mr. JEFFERSON,
Ghoft by Mr. BRANSBY,
Horatio by Mr. PACKER
Polonius by Mr. BADDELEY,
Laertes by Mr. J. AICKIN,
Rofencraus Mr. DAVIES, Guildenftern Mr. FAWCETT,
Marcellus Mr. ACKMAN, Player King Mr. KEEN,
Queen by Mrs. HOPKINS,
Player Queen by Mrs. JOHNSTON
Ophelia by Mrs. SMITH.
TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED (NOT ACTED THIS SEASON)
Polly Honeycomb.
Mr. Honeycomb by Mr. PARSONS,
Scribble by Mr. DODD,
Ledger by Mr. BRANSBY,
Mrs Honeycomb by Mrs. JOHNSTON,
Nurfe by Mrs. BRADSHAW,
Polly Honeycomb by Mifs POPE.
The Comic Opera of The WEDDING RING is obliged to be deferred on Account of Mr. BANNISTER's Indifpofition.
To-morrow, (Not Acted this Seafon) The CONSCIOUS LOVERS.
To which will be added [The Sixteenth Time] The New Farce of The IRISH WIDOW.

Even Shakespeare! Notice the fifth line of this old bill


VANDAMM

A. H. Woods

In the old days, when the printing business was a power in the theatrical world, it was a common practice for Owen Davis and other playwrights to be presented with a set of sensational lithographs, similar to those reproduced here, and to be told to write a drama to fit them. Many great popular successes were created in this back-handed way

once breaking through. Brock Pemberton produced it, Antoinette Perry helped him stage it, and Preston Sturges has gained fame far and wide as the author.

Season before last Sturges came to Pemberton with the script of a comedy called "The Guinea Pig." Pemberton knew Sturges for a talented young man—a good director, stage manager and occasional actor—who knew his theatre. "The Guinea Pig," Pemberton told the author, had a good idea. If Sturges would permit it to be worked over, Pemberton would produce it. Sturges felt that it should go on as it was written, and declined the offer. Subsequently he found another sponsor, and the play had indifferent success. The critics wrote that it showed promise, but. . . . And that, in effect, was the same thing Pemberton had said.

Well, that season wore out, and the time came for summer tryouts—tryouts being a very important part of the system of working over Willis Wimple's script until it is in shape for presentation in the highly competitive Broadway field. Sturges found himself working for A. H. Woods as stage manager and bit player in a bawdy piece called "Frankie and Johnny." Woods had decided to send the play out to Chicago for what he hoped would be a summer run. "Frankie and Johnny" opened, and Chicago police became acutely interested. "Frankie and Johnny" closed, and Sturges had nothing to do.

SO HE wrote a play. When it was nearly finished he wrote Pemberton and told him about it. "It's called 'Strictly Dishonorable,' and an alternative title is 'Come, Come, Annabelle.'" Pemberton allowed that he would like to see it. He saw it, and knew the idea was there. "It needs working over in spots," he wrote Sturges, "but I'd like to do it."

"I know just the spots you mean," said the enthusiastic author, naming the pages. He came on to New York and casting began. Miss Perry, the Pemberton play reader, and the producer himself worked on Sturges to get new versions of the second and third acts. They cajoled and threatened him; threatened to call off rehearsals if he didn't help with the changes they deemed necessary. Sturges, quite humanly, was occasionally wroth, and sometimes wouldn't come around for two or three days. But finally a tentative draft was made, with the understanding that a working script would be arrived at as the actors and actresses developed their characters.

"Strictly Dishonorable" opened on Broadway to the unanimous and ecstatic acclaim of the critics. It opened in the Klaw Theatre, renamed the Avon not long previously; a house that had not enjoyed many SRO nights of late. The theatre treasurer had neglected to read the reviews in the morning papers, and, expecting no business in particular, he arrived to open the box office half an hour late. He wondered what was up as he strolled along Forty-fifth Street. A crowd on the sidewalk. Fire, maybe, or someone hurt. But no; the crowd were men from the ticket agencies, ready to buy blocks of seats for months ahead.

The reviewers had agreed that the funniest line in all this funny comedy was one entrusted to an Irish cop who had come into a speakeasy to rescue a girl who didn't want to be rescued; a girl whose priggish fiancé had left her, and had been locked out of the speakeasy as a mean old killjoy.

The cop was offered a drink. "Why," said the innocent Southern lass, "I thought policemen on duty never drank!"

A courtly salute with the glass, and the cop's reply: "It only seems like never."

THAT line may not look funny in print. I'm not sure it is enough to have rolled you out of your chair, and left you reading on the floor. But it is a riot in the play, and Preston Sturges never dreamed of it. The man who supplied the line in rehearsals is Edward J. McNamara, former New Jersey patrolman, a splendid singer and the man who had the rôle of the cop. Nor was that all that McNamara contributed to the play. In addition to making an outstanding personal impression, despite the fact that he was on the stage for only ten minutes during the entire action of the comedy, he supplied many other laugh-provoking lines. For instance, on his first visit to the speakeasy in search of the girl he is told that she isn't there.

"It must be some other place. Why don't you try all the other speakeasies?" someone suggests.

"Who do you think I am, Paul Revere?" says the officer. Another McNamara line. It may not look side-splitting in print, but the strange thing about the playmaking game is that you can't tell about anything until you get it before an audience. That's why Willis Wimple's brain child is tampered with.

All this sounds as if it were rough on Sturges, but it isn't. Shakespeare is never played twice the same, and there have been as many acting versions of "Hamlet" as there have been great Shakespearean tragedians, and producers and directors are biding their time, waiting for a chance to lay hands on Shaw. Sturges is famous; the play has netted him a tidy little fortune; producers will eagerly accept anything he writes, and with good reason. Pemberton, McNamara, Miss Perry and all the others couldn't have written "Strictly Dishonorable" or any other hit; all they could do was polish an intrinsically precious jewel.

It is the estimate of A. H. Woods that ninety-five out of a hundred playwrights are amenable to reason. Seated in a huge plush armchair in his office in the Eltinge Theatre, with his legs jack-knifed under him

and little mounds of cigar ash surrounding him on the carpet, Woods reveals the adaptability of Owen Davis, Pulitzer prize playwright, author of countless dramas and lately a very busy man in Hollywood.

IN WOODS' early days, Davis wrote plays to order in a fantastic manner. So did Hal Reed and Theodore Kremer. It all grew fairly directly out of the fact that the printing business in the old days was an even more important part of the theatre than it is now. Lithographic posters were the advertising mainstay, and the business handled by the lithographers was so important that one firm gave Woods and his producing associates free office space. Woods was forever thinking of attention-arresting lithographs. A short story in a penny-dreadful magazine might give him the idea to have made a lithograph depicting the villain climbing a balcony after the heroine, and the heroine biting the villain's hand to make him let go. Of such things were the early Davis, Reed and Kremer plays made.

One of the early Davis hits was "The Bowery After Dark," and it was assembled in this fashion: Woods took his lithographer to the Broadway Athletic Club, where the artist obtained the idea for a prize-fight scene. Then they went to an opium joint—for Albert Herman, as Woods was known to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman, knew his Bowery. In the opium joint another gaudy lithograph was inspired. Then they visited a dance hall known as Suicide Hall, where Bowery girls entertained sailors. Many a girl, weary of life, had killed herself on the premises, says Woods, and naturally a fine lithograph could result from the subject.

Then Davis was sent for and shown the three works of art. "Write me three acts, one to go with each lithograph," ordered Woods. And thus was created, to order, "The Bowery After Dark."

Usually changes in a play script may be suggested before the production has reached the rehearsal stage. The author may object to the suggestions, and a bargain is struck. The bargain is to wait until the first rehearsal. Then, if the disputed scene rings true as the author wrote it, the producer or director will admit he has been wrong and will let it stand; if it doesn't ring true, the author will agree to a change.

Bayard Veiller's original script of "The Trial of Mary Dugan" contained four acts, and the curtain, of course, was to be lowered after every act. Woods thought the fourth stanza should be eliminated, but Veiller disagreed. The pre-rehearsal bargain was struck, and when the first reading by the cast came Veiller agreed to the elimination. The production was put in shape for a tryout and shipped to Mamaroneck, a suburb in Westchester County.

Just before the first performance Woods and Veiller were looking over the Mamaroneck playhouse and the way the scenery was set. A couple of scrubwomen were busy on the stage. Woods was struck with an inspiration. Here was a courtroom play, entirely set in a trial room. Why lower the curtain at all? It would add to the realism if the audience filed in just as if it were attending a real trial—and came in just at the time when scrubwomen were finishing up their work.

VEILLER objected again, but was partially won over. He consented to allow the curtain to remain up between the first and second acts. The stunt was effective to the first audiences, and later the playwright gave in entirely, the curtain remaining up during the whole play.

Very often the changes necessary in a drama are no more than cuts. A scene drags and proves ineffective, or the whole play lasts too long. But almost as often more essential changes are necessary, as was the case with "Potash and Perlmutter," the first of a very successful series of comedies. In rehearsal, "Potash and Perlmutter" didn't look so good in one spot. One scene did not ring true to Woods. In that scene, as Montague Glass had written it, a young

Owen Davis

Jewish boy who is engaged to the daughter of one of the partners gets in trouble, and Potash and Perlmutter dig up their last cent to provide bail. Threatened with jail, the boy jumps his bond.

The producer didn't like it. The boy was supposed to be a sympathetic character, and double-crossing his benefactors did not fit in. Glass and Woods worked for a solution, but with little success. The producer finally asked the author if another dramatist could be called in. Glass, being one of the amenable ninety-five, consented, and Roi Cooper Megrue was asked to drop in on a rehearsal. What can we do to fix that scene? was the question.

"Why don't you have Potash and Perlmutter insist that the boy jump his bail?" suggested Megrue. "That won't spoil the audience's sympathy for the boy, and it will increase their liking for Potash and Perlmutter." The suggestion, simple thing that it was, was adopted, and the play became a great hit. On the strength of that one contribution, Megrue became the successful collaborator with Glass on two more Potash and Perlmutter plays.

In the earlier days there was more trading in productions than there is now. Nowadays a producer usually fights it out himself. If his play goes well on its tryout, he brings it to Broadway. If it doesn't, he has it fixed or abandons it. But time was when a producer, stricken with doubt, would welcome the financial and moral support of a newcomer. There is the case, for instance, of an old success, "The Song of Songs." The Frohman offices produced it, and among the cast were Irene Fenwick and the late Tom Wise. On its tryout tour the play got to Philadelphia, but the case looked hopeless. The Frohmans posted a notice of closing. Miss Fenwick telephoned Woods, and told him she thought the play had a great idea, if only it could be worked out. (That sacred, invaluable idea again, without which play doctors would starve!) And, not much later, Wise telephoned the same opinion.

SO WOODS went to Philadelphia, saw the play and agreed with the actors. He bought it from the discouraged producers, and called in Edward Sheldon to rewrite it. It ran a year on Broadway. The same thing happened to "Within the Law," which was produced in Chicago by William A. Brady. Woods bought in on it, eliminated a scene in a millinery shop, and it became a great Jane Cowl hit.

Nor do authors, producers and professional play doctors make all the contributions to the final success of a play. An actor may suggest some simple little thing that makes all the difference between success and failure. The Barrymores, Miss Cowl, Laurette Taylor and many other stars sense something wrong in their lines or actions, and ask the authors to make changes. Lowell Sherman was rehearsing in "Lawful Larceny," and came to a second-act scene in which he was to have a fight with another character in the play. By accident this person came on the scene with a billiard cue in his hand; he had picked up the wrong "prop." The audience was supposed to know that he was in for a fight with Sherman, but he, of course, was to be in ignorance of the future. Sherman suggested that he introduce the business of casually taking the cue from the other man's hands and putting it in the corner of the room, thus disarming him before the fight began. That piece of business was one of the high spots of the play.

Then, again, actors sometimes dislike changes. They dislike them if the alterations involve the elimination of "big" scenes or fine-sounding passages. Do you remember John Colton's "The Shanghai Gesture"? It was first produced with Mrs. Leslie Carter as the star. Its tryout schedule included Newark and Atlantic City. Several scenes were over-long, and cuts were suggested. Mrs. Carter refused to make them. On a Saturday she was informed that, if she didn't make the cuts on Monday, the play would be closed following its Atlantic City engagement. Monday came, and Mrs. Carter kept the lines in. Notice of closing had been posted, and true to the threat, the $60,000 production was taken off. A producer has the right to close a show after a tryout for revision of script or recasting.

Both were done with "The Shanghai Gesture." Florence Reed was engaged as the star in the second production, and the play was a great success. And what happened to Mrs. Carter? She was engaged to head a Number Two company—and she played her part as it had been revised!

One more anecdote and we are through with the reminiscent Mr. Woods. "The Eyes of Youth," by Charles Guernon and Max Marcin, was the play. The Shuberts made the first production, and then it was by Guernon alone—a dream play, in which a crystal-gazing girl saw all manner of interesting things. Woods thought the dream idea a grand one, but the play itself not so good. He bought half of the production rights and set to work. An indefatigable script buyer, he found in the pile on his desk three dramas that weren't so good, either. One by Willard Mack, one by Samuel Shipman and one by Max Marcin. Each of them, however, had a good act or a good scene. So why not use them in "The Eyes of Youth"? After all, in a crystal-gazing play one may see almost anything. So the four dramas were pieced together, Marcin doing the heavy work, and the strange hodge-podge ran a year. Guernon got his royalties as author, and Marcin his as adapter. And, no doubt, Mack and Shipman were taken care of.

Any injury to dignity or professional pride suffered by the author whose script is changed is assuaged in several ways. Shipman once refused to make certain changes in "Friendly Enemies," and the producer went ahead and made them anyway. Shipman, standing on his rights, threatened an injunction. But by this time the play had got going and had become a hit, and Shipman found the royalties sweetly satisfactory balm. He forgot his troubles.

Another comfort to the dramatist is a clause in the minimum basic agreement provided by the Dramatists' Guild of the Authors' League of America. It is called a minimum basic agreement because every producer must sign it, and the terms therein are the least he can guarantee an author. If the playwright can get even better stipulations, he's welcome to them. The clause is the eighth in the contract:

"The Manager agrees to produce and present the play without any additions, omissions or any alterations whatsoever except such as may be specifically authorized by the Author, or, if more than one, by all, provided, however, that in regard to musical comedies, such consent shall not be unreasonably withheld. The Author shall make no changes, omissions or alterations in the manuscript of a play contracted for production without the consent of the Manager. *Any change of any kind whatsoever in the manuscript, stage business or performance of the play at any time shall be the exclusive property of the Author, without payment to anyone suggesting same,* unless otherwise stipulated in writing by the Author, and any part omitted from the play shall belong to the Author."

The Dramatists' Guild itself realizes that playwrights don't turn in perfect scripts, and provides that:

"In the event that a Manager feels that an Author is unreasonable in refusing to make changes, he may complain to the Guild, in which event the Council of the Guild agrees to appoint a representative or representatives of standing to advise in the matter and to lend its best efforts to cause the Author to make changes if, in the opinion of the Council or its representative, the Manager is right; provided, however, that it is understood that the Council has no power to compel any Author to make any changes whatsoever."

MICHAEL ARLEN'S "The Green Hat," I have it from those who helped produce it, was anything but a perfect play when it went into rehearsal, and everybody connected with the production contributed something toward its completion. In truth, there was scarcely any fourth act in the Arlen script, and for three weeks the cast, producer and director strove to finish it. Arlen was abroad, and therefore was no help. During those three weeks the whole company went in for reading Michael Arlen novels. "The Green Hat" was thumbed from cover to cover. So were "Mayfair" and his other works. If someone found a dialogue passage from "Mayfair" that sounded as if it would fit in "The Green Hat," it was used.

"The Front Page" was another example of drama that is made up as it goes along. When it went into rehearsal it had no third act, but the cast, Jed Harris, the producer, and Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, the authors, all collaborated on it. And what a riotous third act it was!

When actors supply lines that improve a play, it may be wittingly or unwittingly. Accident has brought about some delightful dramatic writing. There is, for instance, the case of Maurine Watkins' hard-boiled drama of a lady murderess, "Chicago," in which Francine Larrimore played the part of the lady who got away with murder. The second night of the play's run came, and Miss Larrimore "went up" in her lines—forgot them. The scene was her cell, where she was being interviewed by a sob-sister. She was supposed to be telling where she was born, and that she had been educated in a convent. Miss Larrimore, in her lapse of memory, combined the statements:

"I was born in a convent."

The audience fell into an uproar, and Miss Larrimore retained the line for the rest of the play's run. It was too good to discard.

Foreign dramas present a problem, as was the case of "The Green Hat." The author is usually abroad and

(*Continued on page 59*)

VANDAMM

William A. Brady in his production office

"Boarders Away!"

By Murney Mintzer

Illustrated by Henry B. Davis

A VERY tall, a very thin and very disconsolate bluejacket dragged lagging feet toward the waterfront. In front of him the Italian port was a crowded segment of blue water, grey men-o'-war and swarming boats. Around him the street was alive with men of half a dozen navies, an urgent tide setting strongly away from the water and toward the town. Behind, as he never for one second forgot, was revelry, unlimited beer and even more unlimited possibilities of excitement. All this called to him, yet, at four o'clock of a Saturday afternoon with liberty money safely stowed in the top of one sock, he trudged on back toward the ship.

By official fiat a beautiful peace reigned among the men. Presently a naval conference would convene. In London and Washington this prelude had been conceived. The higher command of the assembled navies would indulge in speeches, elaborate—and jealously wary—formalities. The rank and file, judiciously repressed, would follow the example of their superiors. The world, with this proof of brotherhood before it, would be properly impressed.

Never within Spud Grogan's memory had so many liberty parties converged upon any one place in such utter harmony. Which only meant, he was firmly convinced, that the explosion would be the event of the century when it came. That it would come he never doubted.

"Look at 'em! Frogs and Japs and thousands of Limeys! All huntin' trouble. Me, I'm goin' back aboard!—peaceable." He shook his head dejectedly, shoved his white hat to a more impossible angle on his eyebrows.

"Hi, Spud! Forget your liberty money?"

For the tenth time Grogan grumbled an unintelligible reply and moved on, blue eyes blazing defiantly into the faces of the crowd. He was not explaining his unusual behavior to anybody. It was difficult enough, he had discovered, to keep his motive clear in his own mind without justifying himself to every passerby.

He hadn't been surprised that the admirals, American, British and others, had developed this sudden craving for harmony. Officers, and particularly flag officers, he had long since discovered, were always spouting pompous orders that ignored a man's fixed habits. But to discover that Captain Macdougal, his own skipper, took the order seriously had been a shock.

"One more fight and you lose your rate," the Old Man had warned him grimly as the Borden reached her moorings that morning. Grogan had not missed the significant glance that the officer directed across the dock where their single British companion was already secured. "As if me an' him hadn't been with the Limeys before," he had thought in silent indignation. "Durin' the war he made half his Queenstown liberties with the skipper of that bucket. An' if they ain't spoilin' for a fight then the Limeys has a new torpedo-boat navy."

But he had said nothing and, he hoped, had betrayed nothing, except a passionate devotion to peace. Virtuously he had ignored the presence of the British, had carefully preserved an air of shocked surprise in the face of the captain's warning. Inhuman it was, to talk like that to a first class quartermaster with four cruises on his service record.

Captain Macdougal had been unimpressed. And, as he had continued, Grogan was uncomfortably reminded of certain details of Queenstown history. "Hands across the sea, that's the word during this celebration." The tone sounded vaguely skeptical but the meaning was unmistakable. "And this isn't Ireland. Your idea of a beautiful liberty won't be appreciated here." The skipper had paused and looked at the British crew watching their American rival from the Lark's deck. "Your old playmates over there," he added reading Grogan's thought, "have the same orders."

"What I'd like to see," Grogan had heard the Captain say a few minutes later to Mr. Whitley, the Borden's executive officer, "is a show of common sense over on the flagship. Some sort of a safety valve—a smoker—a few pulling races—would work off a little of this pressure. You can't keep our people and the——" Chancing to meet the captain's eye Grogan had retired at that point.

CHARACTERISTICALLY Captain Macdougal had left it to his executive to deliver a formal warning to the assembled crew at quarters, to read a long order from the senior officer present explaining just what would happen to any man who marred the peace of the war's tenth anniversary. Later he had shot one more significant look at Grogan before he stepped over the side to join the British captain on the dock. But then after years of more or less constant observation the captain appreciated Grogan's influence—and capacity for mischief.

For reasons connected with a certain girl on Sands Street back in Brooklyn Grogan was attached to that rate of his, or rather to the $26 a month that it meant on the pay roll. So when he left the ship he was wrapped in an impregnable virtue. He had dutifully dispatched a postal card with an Italian stamp, had gazed for a while in complete boredom at uninspiring streets and now only an hour later he was almost back aboard with his virtue still intact.

"Hey there, flatfoot! You with the strawberry hair!"

Grogan was accustomed to a certain amount of respect even from the beach patrol, the respect that is due a man who has made history on a dozen waterfronts. Yet when he turned to see a glowering boatswain's mate of the American patrol bearing down upon him his tightly pressed lips stopped his instinctive retort.

"All dressed up in a tailor made jumper, ain't you?" The symbol of law and order swung his short club while his eyes beckoned an appreciative audience of British and Italian sailors. "One of these tin can sailors all decked out like a paymaster's clerk."

"YEAH?" Grogan drawled slowly. From sheer force of habit he selected a tempting spot on the turn of the other man's jaw. "An' you can't fool me. You're the dressmaker's mate from the flagship."

"Back to your garbage lighter, sailor!" The club rose suggestively. "An' get inta uniform. I'll be waitin' right here——"

Nobody on the Borden would have believed what followed. For suddenly a hunted look came into the quartermaster's eyes. Without a word and displaying every evidence of terror he fled toward a side street leading to the remote warehouse district where the two destroyers were berthed.

Fear drove him on as he realized how near he had come to disaster. So this was what happened to a man when he tried to keep out of trouble? If that fat deckhand from the cruiser only knew how near—"For two bits I'd—" But the tentative threat was cut short by a fresh indignity.

"Just a minute, Gob!"

It was a marine that barred the path now, and with tortured eyes the unwilling disciple of peace saw two British marines in the back-ground waiting for their American brother to assert his authority.

"Square that hat, you!"

The marine was big, the professional part of Grogan noted mechanically. "But only a boot and a bit soft around the belt. Fold him up with a jolt to the gut. An' straighten him out with a clip behind the ear." But love is a powerful force. Grogan's will still held his hands at his sides.

"Gwan, boy scout an' peddle your papers!" Helplessly looking for escape from unbearable temptation Grogan saw it in a group of American and British officers.

"Square that hat!" The marine repeated. His back was turned to the approaching officers, his voice a trifle shrill now as he saw a glint of madness in Grogan's small blue eyes. Advancing a step he half raised his stick, suddenly regretting his enthusiasm. His British companions moved closer hopefully.

Grogan stiffened abruptly, brought up his hand in a meticulous salute. The marines, startled, turned and saw the American admiral bearing down upon them.

The flag officer beamed proudly as he returned the salutes. "That shows how they're getting on—" After an approving glance at Grogan he passed on.

For the second time Grogan fled, his cap still cocked defiantly over one eye but with his soul crying out within him. As he drew away from the scene of this fresh humiliation his steps lagged. "Stood up by a leatherneck! An' a pair of Limey marines lookin' on! Me, Spud Grogan, that calls himself a torpedo boat sailor!"

He stopped, looked back doubtfully; then with a tremendous sigh he went on, skirted a puddle and approached an equestrian statue that marked the end of the plaza. Beyond stretched a bleak vista of tenements and cobblestones.

He eyed the scene resentfully, sensing a new grievance in the contrast between his path and that of the liberty men from larger ships. "That's what they does. Shoves torpedo boats clear outa sight and hogs the good berths with big ships." In one sweep he included the higher command and all assembled fleets in the ranks of his enemies. "All we got to look at is that snub nosed, jerrybuilt Limey acrosst from us."

The better to appreciate what he was leaving he stopped at the statue, looked back at the hurrying crowds. Then with another long sigh he crossed the small grass plot and clambered up to a perch between the legs of the prancing horse. At least he could sit here alone and watch the others enjoy themselves.

PERHAPS ten minutes later he became aware of an Italian bluejacket bearing down upon him, a huge barrel-chested man with the badge of some engineers rating on his sleeve. Grogan noted the intent wavering gait and stiffened suspiciously, determined to resent any new indignity. The newcomer carried a flat loaf of Italian bread under his arm and displayed a suggestive bulge under his jumper.

"Drunk and carryin' a bottle back aboard." The quartermaster frowned speculatively. "Probably aimin' to pick a row with me," he told himself hopefully. Surely the Old Man would not expect him to run from a drunken coal passer.

But there was no hostility in the stranger's bearing. As he reached Grogan's perch he released a flood of entirely unintelligible Italian and looked up with a solemn smile. Undaunted by the cool reception, he leaned heavily against the stone pedestal and pointed at the cigarette between the American's lips.

Somewhat grudgingly the latter produced his packet, offered it. After all, this was company of a sort. "For all I know he may be havin' trouble, too," Grogan mused.

Accepting the cigarette the Italian grinned in thanks, tapped himself on the chest and repeated what Grogan guessed was his name.

"All right, Geronimo." Grogan waved the thanks aside. "Broke you are, I guess—an' I might as well be," he added lugubriously.

The smile flashed again and the Italian reached up under his blouse, produced a squat bottle of wine. On the strength of this peace offering he hauled himself up to a perch beside Grogan.

In spite of his gloom Grogan felt himself warming to the other's company. Although he had no taste for wine he felt comfortably righteous as he waved the bottle aside. After all there weren't many men who could defy temptations as he was doing. Wait until he got home and told that Sands Street girl how he had stood the test.

"His beach patrol will grab him sure if they sees that," Grogan thought as his mind reverted to his companion. But no Italian patrol was visible. He leaned back and absently scratched a match on the stone foot beside his head. Suddenly his eyes narrowed as he sighted two resplendent figures in plumed hats and wearing what appeared to be at least field marshals' uniforms. The pair approached at full speed, intent and wearing an air of ferocious dignity.

"Coupla them Eyetalian cops. An' they got their eye on Geronimo here— Hey Geronimo! Better give me that bottle. Them tin soldiers over there is heading this way."

His companion's heavy brows drew together in a frown as he saw the approaching carabinieri. But he betrayed no sign of fear.

"Must rate carryin' his vino around with him," Grogan thought. "I can see he ain't got no use for these here Christmas tree

The police came around the corner on the run—and stopped dead in their tracks at the sight that greeted them

cops and their tin swords." But he reached for the bottle.

Suddenly it slipped from the other's grip, smashed on the pedestal with a tinkle of broken glass. A stream of bright red wine ran down over the spotless marble.

Grogan heard a roar from the carabinieri. They shouted and were answered from the nearest corner. The police charged, spraying the bluejackets with staccato curses. Geronimo bellowed defiance, but in an instant they were surrounded by more carabinieri. A bell clanged in the distance, handcuffs flashed and the two sailors were dragged away.

An hour later a strong squad of carabinieri appeared at the head of the destroyer's quay. With rattling swords and nodding pompons the police marched down between the hips. They were sighted as soon as they appeared and before they came abreast of the ships' bows the men came running up to see the spectacle. At first the bluejackets, British and Americans, were mildly amused and—because they were sailors—slightly suspicious of their traditional enemies the police.

Then a ripple of amusement ran through the British ship. From her signal bridge a thin voice shrilled.

"I SAY! Pipe the Yank admiral! I calls that comin' back in style! Six bloomin——" The voice was drowned in a roar of laughter from the Englishmen. Across the dock the Americans grinned uncomfortably, then as one man, crowded aft toward the gangway.

Grogan walked in the midst of the guard, head down and face fiery red, looking neither to right nor to left. The police glowered at the spectators, came to a halt at the Borden's gangway. The officer in charge eyed the threatening faces of the Americans while from behind came the delighted yells of the British.

"Stand fast!" Captain Macdougal's order came just in time, for Grogan's shipmates had at last decided that it was time to act. The voice cut through the mutterings of the men, stamped out the sparks of approaching battle. The captain came down the gangway slowly and halted in front of the Italian official.

First in torrential Italian, then, seeing that that was lost, in halting French, the policeman delivered his message, pointing a quivering finger at the disconsolate Grogan.

The latter, completely resigned to his fate, stared at the stone flagging underfoot, snatching quick apprehensive glances at Captain Macdougal and trying to shut out the hideous sound of the British voices behind him. If he had raised his eyes he might have found some encouragement in his captain's face. For the officer's eyes narrowed as he took in the angry faces of the escort, widened in a puzzled question as they noted Grogan's unscarred hands and unruffled uniform. But Grogan, after an hour of listening to the clatter of an unknown tongue, expected nothing but the worst.

He was not even thankful when the guard drew back, saluted with a flourish and marched back up the dock. They at least were foreigners. He had yet to escape from the sight of those Limeys—and face Captain Macdougal alone.

The captain lost no time in hurrying the culprit back aboard. A moment later, down in the privacy of the ward-room, Grogan faced his fate.

"Well?" Captain Macdougal's tone was level but again his eye glinted with a curiously contradictory light. Coughing slightly he fumbled for a cigarette, lighted it while Grogan stared wildly around the deserted compartment.

"Haven't been fightin'!" The denial came almost defiantly. "They run me in for sittin' under a G——" With a burning sense of injustice Grogan cut off the blistering adjectives that rose to his tongue. "A prancin' hobby-horse," he finished lamely.

The captain coughed, squirming inwardly as he contemplated the immediate future when he would face the delighted sympathy of the British officers. "Why did I ever brag about having a fighting crew? Wait until they discover that the man the carabinieri bundled back aboard was Spud Grogan of Queenstown fame." Still puzzled he peered at Grogan. The man was certainly sober and it was just as clear that he had not been fighting.

Late that evening a grateful note from the engineer officer of an Italian cruiser disclosed how Grogan had assumed the blame for desecrating the statue of a national hero, an offense that, in an Italian, would have been little short of treason. But now he knew nothing, and looking at the disconsolate quartermaster, he postponed the reckoning.

"Nice mess you've got us into." Through the air-port Macdougal contemplated a hilarious group of men on the British destroyer's forecastle. "The British laughing at us here and the carabinieri ready to grab you whenever you go ashore—" He stopped and looked across at Grogan. "You'll tear that hat of yours in a minute," he added mildly.

Grogan's fingers relaxed on the tortured white hat, then an explosive sigh erupted in the silent room. Below in the crew's quarters somebody laughed and the culprit flinched visibly.

"THERE comes that Limey skipper now." At the voice from the deck above the captain rose hastily. "You're on report for creating a disturbance ashore—that will keep you aboard until we get out of this port." The last was flung back over the captain's shoulder as he hurried up to intercept the Lark's commanding officer.

There began for the luckless quartermaster an endless period of despair. As far as was humanly possible in the crowded ship he avoided his shipmates; during working hours he buried himself from sight in the steering-engine room, engrossed in obscure and entirely unnecessary repairs. At night when half the crew was ashore and the rest lounged on deck or played acey-ducey below, he haunted the bridge and the charthouse. Always he shunned the port side where he would be visible from the British ship.

Two days dragged by. So far the peace ashore remained unbroken. But the American destroyer was not allowed to forget Grogan's escapade. Officially all reference to the incident was barred from the unavoidable intercourse between the destroyers. The British obviously had their orders from their own captain. Yet whenever they met the eyes of an American they grinned. Words were unnecessary.

Then, one afternoon when the liberty parties were just falling in on deck, a deputation of Italian bluejackets trudged down the dock, halted beside the Borden's gangway. Scenting more excitement, the British crew manned their rail. From the head of the Italian squad Grogan's late companion

He remembered to shoot a triumphant glare at the top sergeant as they left

in misfortune beamed up into the flowering faces of the Americans. Having assembled his companions in two formal ranks facing the Borden he and one other man trudged up the gangway and saluted the officer of the deck.

The huge fireman nodded at his companion, his insistent good humor reaching out to everyone within sight.

"Me and my friends we come to thank one of your men," the little interpreter explained hastily to the puzzled ensign. "The one who was arrest by the carabinieri!"

The officer eyed them suspiciously, acutely conscious of his own men crowding close behind him. Then, before he could answer, the leader of the Italians jumped forward with a joyous shout, ran down the deck to meet a tall figure in dungarees.

Grogan had not even been aware of the commotion on deck. Without warning he was swept into the embrace of a huge pair of arms.

"*Salvare me!*" Before Grogan could dodge a kiss resounded from his cheek. Then, resisting frantically, he was propelled toward the gangway through a lane that was opened for them by his wondering shipmates. At the rail the Italian halted, threw up his free arm in a dramatic gesture.

"*E vivo.* Behold the hero!"

There were perhaps twenty men in the Italian delegation. They snapped to attention and now emitted a roar of joy.

From the British ship an answering roar of delight went up. It echoed and re-echoed from the blank walls of warehouses, was taken up by Grogan's own shipmates in a gale of irresistible laughter. Far up the dock two carabinieri stirred apprehensively, then sighting the Italian uniforms came running down the dock.

The object of all this attention stood at the head of the gangway, helpless in the grasp of his insistent friend. The enthusiasm of the Italians redoubled at what they took to be the generous response of the two destroyers.

But the carabinieri shouted — their voices shrill with anger in the rising tumult. With another fervid embrace the Italians released Grogan, and rolled down the gangway to their companions. One more cheer and they turned to leave, and in a compact knot moved up the dock.

The carabinieri halted doubtfully, then stood aside in glowering silence and let the procession pass.

If Grogan had hoped that he was being forgotten this latest development completed his despair. His own ship and the British were full of rumors now, each one more sensational than the last and each portraying his exploit in a new and more completely ridiculous light.

On the Borden the affair was no longer an individual matter. For three days the British crew had taken full advantage of their opportunity. And the Borden's people were ready to forget and forgive Grogan if only he would help them "square yards" with the British.

Grogan stubbornly repelled all advances. There was still, he believed, a faint hope that the captain would not disrate him. For he had not fought. In spite of incredible provocation both ashore and on the ship, he had kept the peace. For infinitely less cause than this he had attacked a whole British liberty party, singlehanded. But now, he assured himself grimly, he would resent nothing. No more fighting. No more winning a rate one week only to lose it in glorious combat the next.

ALL that he had put behind him in that last glamorous evening back home in Brooklyn when he made his boast that he was the sailor who could—and would save money, come home wearing on his sleeve the proof that he was a sober and industrious homemaker. The girl had heard of Spud Grogan. He was sure of that. At the start of his ten-day courtship he had even surmised that certain not too restrained bits of history had been largely responsible for his success over his rivals.

"But that's all over, Baby," he had assured her earnestly when she had exclaimed over the wicked recklessness of sailors. "From now on Spud Grogan fights nobody. You see. Even if we falls in with the Limeys I turn the other cheek." So he had left, accepting her gratitude for this self sacrifice at its face value. Now even if the worst happened and he lost his rate, he could testify that he had kept his promise. Against that proof of his regard what chance would a second cruise marine top-sergeant have?

On the fourth morning of their stay the two destroyer captains left for the day. The Borden's executive, greatly impressed by the meek behavior of Grogan, and very doubtful of the self-control of younger petty officers, detailed the quartermaster to stand watch at the head of the dock.

Grogan was confident now that nothing could weaken his self control. So as he relieved the watch at twelve thirty he rather welcomed this proof of the officer's confidence. At the gate in the low fence which was his station he found an English petty officer and—much to his relief—a total stranger.

"NOT that I'd be worried if it was one of them Queenstown birds," he assured himself confidently. "But s'no use huntin' trouble."

After he had buckled on his duty belt the Englishman eyed Grogan speculatively. "'Ot it is, isn't it?" he ventured, presently.

His face was innocent of guile but Grogan thought he detected a suspicion of amusement. They all knew him, of course, and here was this Limey already looking for trouble. Grogan grunted without interest and moved over to the far side of the dock where he contemplated the outgoing tide as if he had suddenly found an absorbing interest in the widening strip of odorous black muck.

So for an hour or more they maintained a dignified silence.

There was nothing to occupy either of them save for an occasional warning to the curious street urchins who ventured near the flimsy barrier of the fence. Once Grogan stiffened as a pair of the carabinieri approached. The truculent stare and stiff gait of the police were vaguely familiar. He was not surprised to recognize his acquaintances of the statue. He waited while the arms of the law came up to the fence, then advanced, suddenly hopeful. At the gate they met. The taller Italian made a tentative step forward, his eyes clashing with Grogan's. In the background the British petty officer drew nearer, mildly interested.

"Outa here!" Grogan jerked a thumb at the warning in two languages that adorned the fence. "Go on and peddle your papers."

The Italians paused, obviously inclined to assert their authority over their recent victim. For a moment Grogan's eyes lighted. Then reluctantly the enemy delivered a stinging ultimatum in their own language and, with unruffled dignity, retired.

"I did ten days in clink once for one o' them chaps," the British P. O. contributed unexpectedly. "But 'e didn't walk for a month!"

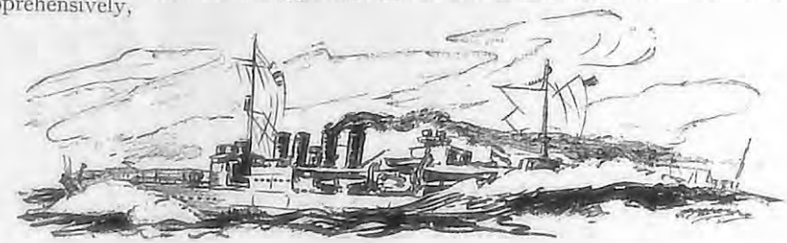
The suspicion waned in Grogan's eyes at this sympathetic understanding. "Yeah, cops is the same everywheres. Me, I ain't got no use for them." With a sudden yearning for companionship he led the way over into the shade of a warehouse and produced a packet of cigarettes.

"Smoke?"

It soon developed that they had many acquaintances in common. "Travers is the name," the other volunteered. "Run out of Airick during the war. On the Nubian."

"Queenstown was my

(*Continued on page 64*)



In the secret places of his heart Ken held fast to the idea that there moved soft-footed about the cool shadows of the Dare house, a Hindu servitor, obedient to every whim of his dark-haired little Princess

Pride of India

By Donald and Louise Peattie

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

THE streets of Alva, many of them, have been named—by no great originality of the city fathers—after trees: Elm Street and Poplar Street, Linden Street, Maple Street, Willow Street, and that artery that carries the throbbing traffic through the heart of town, Pride-of-India Street.

Name them to any solid, Alva-born citizen, such as Kendall Barry, and colored reminiscence will slide past the little back window of his memory. Say Willow, and he will think of those boarding houses of the 'Nineties, with curved plate glass in the bow windows and aspidistras on the front steps. Say Sycamore, and he'll remember the old court house, and hitching posts, and red-white-and-blue bunting around the bandstand on the Glorious Fourth. Say Poplar, and he will recall sidewalk games on summer twilights, and the haunting cries of other children down amber-dusted, ample blocks, calling "Lay-lo, lay-lo, run, sheep, run!"

But say Pride-of-India, and Kendall Barry thinks of Cyrus Dare, and of Sharah.

At the beginning Ken Barry knew Sharah in somewhat the same degree that the sentry at the gates of Buckingham Palace knows the Princess Elizabeth. Every evening at seven minutes past five, he threw the *Alva Record* on the deep porch of the Dare house on Pride-of-India Street, and tried to imitate the jay-like squawk of older route-boys, as he shouted "Pep-pah!" He always waited, then, behind the big dark bole by the gate, hoping that Sharah would run out, in a short white frock with a Roman sash, and pick up the paper to take to her grandfather. Or sometimes on summer afternoons he would see Cyrus Dare's polished gray head at the open study window, and tiptoe across the plushy lawn, as if it were a kitchen floor that mother had just mopped, to hand in the *Record* respectfully.

Then Mr. Dare would take off his glasses and say, "Thank you, Kendall," with a grave voice and kindly eyes. He always asked about the health of Ken's mother and father, and Ken always assured him they were "all right," even when things were going hard uphill at home, because you couldn't imagine saying to Cyrus Dare that father was overworking or mother complained of a stitch in her heart. It was always surprising that he remembered mother and father, for Dare was a name as old as his trees. His son's widow, Sharah's mother, a dark, discontented woman with a straight back, seldom entertained Alva people, but had guests out from the east; the town's social record had sky-rocketed to

glory the time she had Vivakananda to dinner, during the World's Fair.

So you can see that Ken's route had more "tone" than any other on the *Record*. But it was something besides the Dare prestige, or the wide lawns of the Dare place, opulent even on what was then the town's most gracious drive, that gave to Pride-of-India Street a glamour in Ken's eyes. Pride-of-India! Tree of Heaven—heavenward spraying, green, living fountains lisping a foreign speech. Centenarian trunks, fluted and straight as teakwood columns, gracious brown-fingered branches, flowers lifting in templed panicles, honey-green, heavy smelling, calling the priestly bees to their incantations. Winged flat fruits, drifting down to the sidewalk in the first hard autumn rains, to etch there a brown stain like some tracing from an alien alphabet.

Ken's father had told him how old Epaminandas Dare, two generations back, an East Indy skipper of Marblehead, had brought the seeds from hot Bombay, on the last voyage of his clipper, and carried them west with him when Alva was a cornfield tilled by squaws. And had set them out on the wild prairie sod, along the dusty road where the covered wagons lumbered, to grow as shade for the deep green lawns of the Dare place.

The story grew in the boy's mind, put out branches, lush growth, impossible inflorescences. Walking slowly under the trees, hands in his knicker pockets, cap pushed back that he might stare into the weaving green leafage, Ken was sure that the house set back in the Pride-of-Indias was full of Oriental splendors. From his geography's illustration of the Taj Mahal he culled a vision of carved marble screens; he set tabourets about the scene, and hookahs, and in the secret places of his heart held fast to the idea that there moved soft-footed about the cool shadows of the Dare house a Hindu servitor, obedient to every whim of his dark-haired little princess.

Questioned by a stranger about Alva's first family, the boy would have had sense enough left to tell the truth. But Ken habitually flunked arithmetic because he was always willing to suppose that seven times eight might one joyful day relieve the intolerable tedium of existence by making sixty. And the slim little girl with the big soft eyes and the hair like night water was of other stuff than his everyday playmates. Sharah did not go to school; she had a governess, and her music teacher came all the way from Chicago every week. The only gathering in which Mrs. Dare and her child mingled with the public was church.

Ken's family were "Congregationalists," but when he was fourteen and Sharah a tall and thinly graceful twelve, he underwent conversion to what Alva called the "Episcopals." Although a chosen people, being the town's "best families," they were glad to have him, because he was a boy soprano with high notes of a purity that gave the lie to any black marks at school or broken windows near the baseball lot which may have been chalked up to his discredit. From his place in the chancel Ken could see the dark shine of Sharah's hair, bowed as the chanted words of the minister's "set" prayers swept out over the congregation, bending their heads, making the responses, as the wind, running lonesome, sorrowful, stirred the cat-tails, across the marshes of Goose Lake. Sharah's still figure, rapt and beatified, seemed a heaven away to the boy in the choir stall, and he vibrated to an anguished exultation, which he believed beyond a doubt to be a deep and mighty religious experience.

Gazing thus, one haloed morning, Ken roused suddenly at the prelude to his first solo performance, and rose with pounding heart, conscious of his white chorister's garment, of the rose light from the stained glass window bathing him, of Sharah's uplifted face.

"*OH, for the wings of a dove—*" his voice took flight toward the peaked arches. "*—In the wilderness build me a nest—*" He was singing at heaven's gate, soaring; his boy voice, airy and insecure as the flying buttresses of a too Gothic cathedral, mounted, pure, pure—"*far away, far away would I rove—*" and suddenly, in the first signal of manhood, broke. A ripple swept the congregation, a snigger rioted through the choir. The organist hastily pulled the *vox humana* stop and let its sugary high notes tremble. But that, if it please Professor James, was the end of Ken's religious experience. He sat down knowing, in his flaming shame, his ecstasy for what it had been.

Forever after that, Ken acknowledged to himself the condition of his heart unhesitatingly. But that sudden raw revealment brought a torture of humiliation. His first wild thoughts were of flinging himself to sue for pardon at Sharah's feet, for he saw his disaster in the light of a personal insult to her. His unhappy brooding came to nothing, for two days after that Trinity Sunday Mrs. Dare took Sharah abroad—"to study culture," as Alva's fluent society editor put it.

That summer all his interest in bats and bicycles withered; he became a solitary, keeping his preoccupations to himself, only at night haunting the leafy dusks of Pride-of-India Street. His inarticulate struggle to realize more clearly his visions sent him to the public library; there the gods put a volume of Laurence Hope into his hands. Thus, when the moonlight dappled exotic leaf patterns on the sidewalk along the Dare place, Ken came there, to sing—softly, lest Cyrus Dare be taking an evening stroll and smoke within earshot—"*Pale hands I loved, beneath the Shalimar. Where are they now, Where are they now?*"

They were, he sometimes learned through the *Record's* social column, now in Lausanne, now in Paris. The summer dragged into a dusty autumn. Sometimes, in the dark, Ken put his head against the high pickets of the Dare fence, to croon brokenly, "*Less than the dust beneath thy chariot wheels—*"

October's crisping airs and the opening of school brought him round a good deal. Yet still his heart struck a harder pulse at a chance crossing with Cyrus Dare—"the old Rajah," Ken called him privately, and he drew in with a sharp breath the mingled scents of fine cheroot and white carnation buttonhole. Spices of Ind. Ken had grown conscious of his fantasy now, but, though he smiled, he cherished it still.

Pride of India. The old man's erect back passing down the street carried away, Ken dimly felt, proud knowledge of values worthy of veneration. The Rajah left the Dare place seldom, but any one who passed him on the street received a greeting, abstracted, gracious with the unconscious superiority of a fine gentleman, but with a fellow townsman's friendliness.

Ken's high school days slid past; there was no more ball played in Logan's lot, for the dairy company had put up a building there; the town was growing; the street car line ran out to Goose Lake now. In his senior year Ken made up his mind to follow his father's profession of law. He graduated with honors and a high heart, but in July his father suddenly died. Ken's mother urged that the insurance money would see him through college and law school. So Ken went on, his mouth tight and his will like a steel spring, to the State University.

When he got back to Alva for his first long vacation, the foundations were already in for a four-story skyscraper next the bank. The town was lively with pride in it, with pride and plans. The old court house was coming down. Maple Street was going to be widened. Alva was showing the proper motor-reflex in the first decade of the country's good roads campaign. Her growing pains were shooting north, with the good residential section moving up to the wooded banks along North River Road.

Another summer, and Ken found the City Hall already risen and saw the obsolete court house razed, a dingy rubble of plaster dust and bricks. Old Avery would lean over that fly-specked desk no longer, kindly to point the raw, new lawyers right on a matter of relevancy, and Ebenezer Priestly, out of a mouth like a mean horse's, would make those walls ring no more with Catalinian denunciations. The law, like an old meadow rat, was turned out of its hole by the plow of Time, and stood in the streets, hesitant, blinded and anachronistic, waiting the first session in the new limestone building that rose in the severe and conscientious ugliness of the times.

IN THAT square pile, already sooty from Alva's multiplying smokestacks, Ken tried his first case five years later. He made a success of it, and the *Record* gave him a column. Next morning when he looked up from his desk at a step on the threshold, it was to see in the open doorway a figure in pearl-gray mohair, still wearing a white carnation in his buttonhole, but with thinning hair as white; and skin time-bleached to a papery frailness. Ken rose instantly to his feet.

"Mr. Dare, sir! I'm greatly honored!" But his heart ached, as he gripped the thin hand, brown-mottled, garnet-veined. Was this the Rajah, tall, puissant, aloof—this small old kestrel that would fly no more, hunched and myopic?

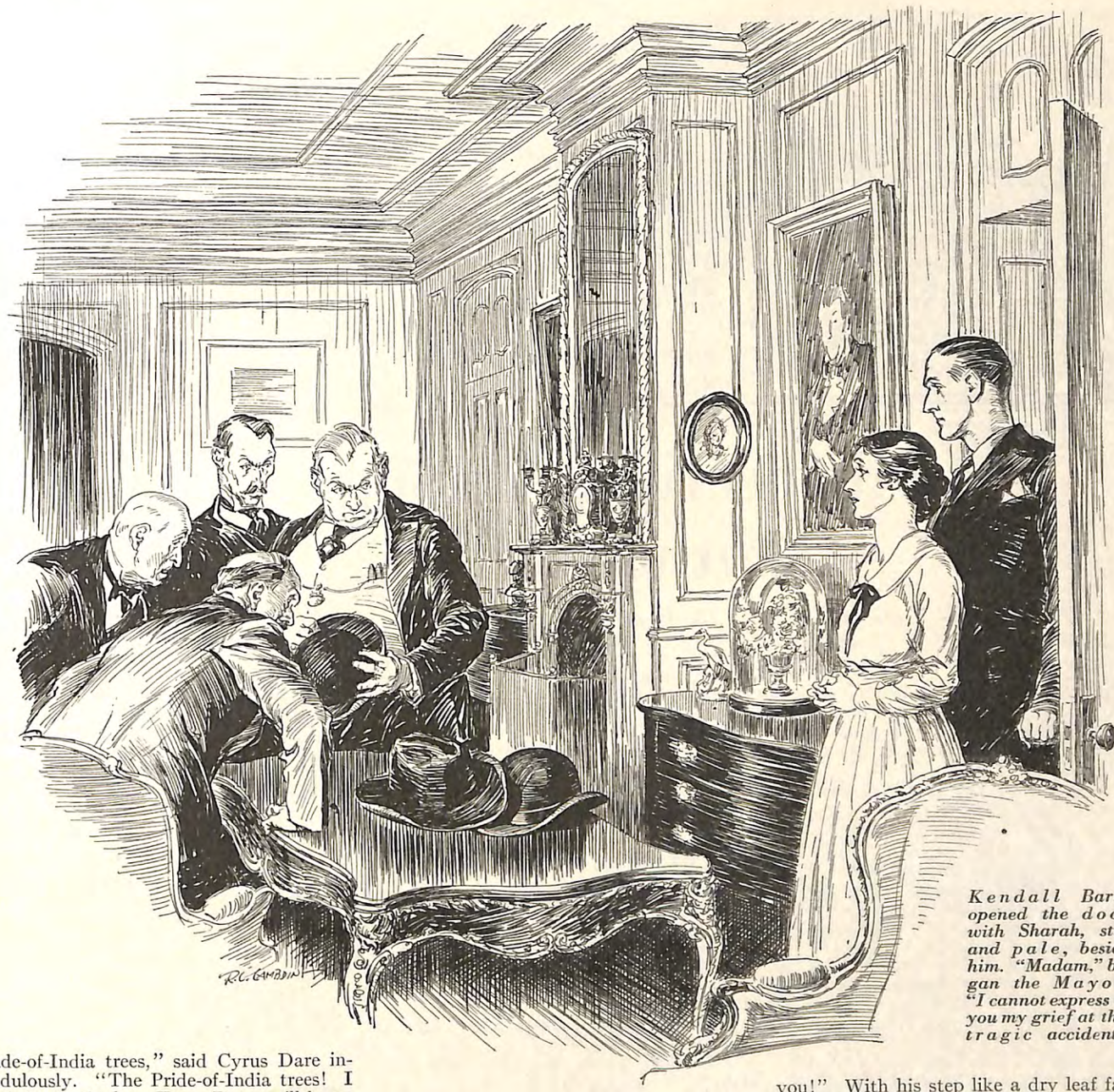
"Time brings many changes, doesn't it, my boy?" said the old man, smiling gently, and Ken felt the clouded eyes had seen through his greeting to his thought. The visitor laid his malacca stick and panama upon the desk, and sat himself with a brittle lightness in the chair Ken offered. "Many changes," he said again, with a long breath. "Harvey's dead—he handled my affairs when I had need of a lawyer. Now I see you've hung your shingle out. I always respected your father, Kendall. So I came."

"It means a great deal to me, sir," Ken said simply. "I hope I can help you in some way."

"You can, Kendall, you can. You know they're widening my street?"

Ken nodded, silent because he understood.

"Now I find out they mean to fell the



Kendall Barry opened the door with Sharah, still and pale, beside him. "Madam," began the Mayor, "I cannot express to you my grief at this tragic accident."

Pride-of-India trees," said Cyrus Dare incredulously. "The Pride-of-India trees! I don't know the law, Ken. But you'll know how to stop it."

He waited.

Ken cleared his throat of the thickening in it and, gripping a pencil, shook his head. "I'm afraid there's nothing to be done."

"Nothing to be done?" Dare echoed, as though at an absurdity. "Nothing to be done? You don't mean it's legal to cut down those trees?"

"It's legal, sir. I've followed the proceedings. The city has condemned that property as necessary to the widening of the street and made what has been ruled a fair payment." Ken finished his explanation gently, seeing in the other's face a kindling of the old royal light.

"Payment!" said Dare, his thin voice ringing with disgust. "Man cannot pay for works of God, my boy. My trees have no price. I would not touch a penny for them." He rose to all his diminished height. "They are no more purchasable than my granddaughter."

Ken's mind raced backward through the years, and his heart seemed to pause, suspended, in such a moment as of old, when on argent nights summer held its breath for very ecstasy of longing, when the frondy shadows of the tall alien trees flickered on the glimmering sidewalk, when a boy's voice, breaking to a man's, whispered to his happily breaking heart, "*Pale hands I loved—*"

"My grandfather brought those seeds through Indian attacks, flood rivers, and a forest fire," Dare said slowly, "to Alva." He stood, more shrunken still, seeming to have drawn over his eyes a film like a bird's, to be absorbed in some burning concentration in the inner places of his being.

"I'M sorrier than you know, Mr. Dare," Ken broke out. "You can't guess what those trees have meant to me. Many a night I've stood under them, long after the lights in the house were out, keeping a vigil, you might say. They always had a kind of mystery, those trees, and with their high straight trunks a kind of pride." He broke off, flushing. "I take it very hard myself, sir," he ended.

The nimbus of his smile lit Cyrus Dare's face. He came closer, and laid a finger on Kendall's sleeve. "That makes three of us," he said softly.

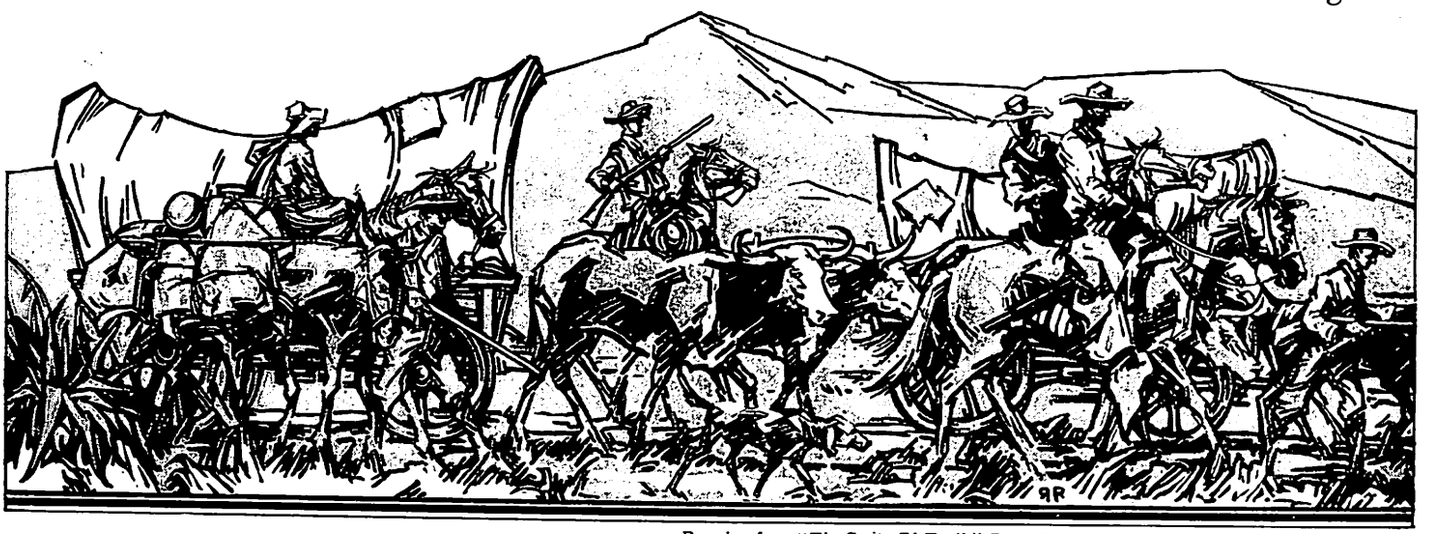
"Three?"

"Sharah's home. She came back this spring, after her mother died." Turning, he took up his hat and stick, and gave Ken his hand. "Thank you, my lad, thank you!" With his step like a dry leaf falling he drifted out the door.

USHERED into the Dare drawing room, Ken stood alone, a slow smile growing as he looked at last about the Rajah's palace. The lingering phantoms of his Arabian Nights dream shrank away into the shadows of this stiff, sweet room. But here was a dignity better than any magnificence, the serenity of America's 'eighties. In the tall gilded mirror over the mantelpiece the room repeated itself softly, as though from far away, long ago. And Ken's heart stirred suddenly with the conviction that if he moved a pace, so that he could see all of that mirrored yellow satin chair next the little vitrine of curios, he would discover a child in it, a little girl curled over a book, in a white dress, with a Roman sash. He stepped forward, the chair glided into view, and the curtained doorway beyond, and there was Sharah smiling at him, stepping from the swaying hangings. He spun round.

She came forward as though from the dusk of years past. That she was tall, in amber brown silk, that her dark hair was wound round her head, did not change her. And this fidelity of hers filled him with a sudden lifting happiness, a confidence in the

(*Continued on page 52*)



Drawing from "The Santa Fé Trail." Reproduced by Courtesy of Longmans, Green & Co.

Prospecting Among the Autumn Books

By Claire Wallace Flynn

The Santa Fé Trail

By Robert Luther Duffus. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

THE "bright, fabulous morning" of our history has lured Mr. Duffus into writing one of the most amazingly picturesque American narratives that has fallen into our hands in years.

There are 274 pages of it, pulsating with a story which is true, adventurous and overwhelming, and we defy a red-blooded reader to discover one single dull word.

Here is the record of that sun-baked, perilous Trail that led out of Kansas down to that little Spanish town of Santa Fé, lying isolated, sleepy, irresistible as a magnet, in the golden light of what was once part of Mexico. The Trail was, says Mr. Duffus, "but a single thread in that vast loom on which was woven the fabric of modern America." But what a thread!

Beginning with the explorations of the Conquistadors in the sixteenth century, and followed by the dauntless strides of French and Yankees, the Trail was, long before the dawn of the nineteenth century "sprinkled with the blood and sweat and bones" of these intrepid pathfinders. Their exploits read like a chapter from the great Homeric age. "The utmost enterprise and hardihood," were necessary to bring these adventurers and traders safely from the, then, outposts of civilization to this far Spanish town where, though officially forbidden, trade was brisk. Still, once there, they appear to have relished that business of dangerous living. They might be put in prison, but if they evaded that, life flowed abundantly around them—warm, free, enchanting. Santa Fé certainly had *something!*

The Trail was the first great beaten track that joined the early American States to the West, and with the end of Spanish dominion in Mexico, it entered upon its most thrilling era. A continuous stream of colorful life began to move upon it, each traveler a link in a splendid chain, until at last, the prairie, the desert, and the quaint dreaming towns along the Rio Grande are all American.

One may, we grant, meet this record elsewhere; in histories, in encyclopedias, even in novels of the period. But here one meets it in superb form. Mr. Duffus has recreated the old days, the old scenes, with sheer magic. The dust of the Trail seems to drift up out of the pages, blinding us for the moment to everything but the tale at hand. We catch the fever that took man down there—"his struggle for trade, his itch for land, and gold," his love of danger and the stark adventure! We hear the rumble and the thunder of those countless caravans and horsemen who pushed west and south from the Missouri River; we become almost accustomed to the roll of the wagons; the sight of horses and burros; the shouting of muleteers; the whistling of whips, the sudden crack of rifles; the terrifying Indian alarms; the loud, rallying cries of the caravan leaders—"All's set! . . . Catch up! Catch up!"

This, we say, must have been the life! Upon what dull, spiritless days have we fallen!

We meet the great pioneers: Captain William Becknell, Father of the Santa Fé Trail . . . "where his horses' prints and wagon ruts led (in 1821) the westward surge of travel followed—great portions of his route it follows to this day." Captain Pike, of Pike's Peak fame; General Kearny, Kit Carson, a thrilling host of others—traders, scouts, gamblers. And there were the women who took the Trail along with their men. For instance, Susan Magoffin, pretty and nineteen, whose interesting diary is quoted, and there is one of the famous characters of Santa Fé—Dona Gertrudes Barcelo, "the most skilful monte card dealer in the whole world," who finally won a reputable social position by a clever bit of diplomacy. In the Barcelo story alone, lie the makings of a first-rate novel. (Mr. Hergesheimer or Miss Edna Ferber please take notice.)

In 1846 the Trail saw General Kearny coming down with his troops to take possession (in an amazing speech in the Plaza) of Santa Fé in the name of the United States Government. A few years later, it was a part of the great trek of the California argonauts, and following the Civil War the interlacing trails of "mud and dust" gave way to a trail of steel. And, as you may imagine, not the least enthralling part of the book is the story of the coming of the railroads—the battles for "rights," the eager energy of a nation "which stood waiting breathlessly for this new era of speed and power to burst forth."

All this is but a skimped sample of the richness of Mr. Duffus' material. His writing has the swiftness and drive of a man alight with enthusiasm. His pictures of the Trail and its different phases are drawn with ineradicable strokes of beauty and vividness, and he has backed his pages with a fund of spectacular facts.

We unhesitatingly say "get this book," for it is a hundred romances rolled into one.

Ocean Parade

By Friljoff Michelson and Leon Byrne. (McBride & Co., New York.)

"RED, pagodaed roofs of burnished tile, hanging gardens of tropical splendor; minarets and towers, and at the foot of the hills the green waters of the bay, scintillating beneath an orange sun—Hongkong, the jewel of the Orient."

Thus, with a mere tail-spin of the mind, do we reach China, whither had gone the two authors of this very unafraid Odyssey. They had, in San Francisco, tossed two reportorial jobs into the editorial waste-paper basket and, on the flip of a coin, had signed as ordinary seamen on a freighter bound out of Portland for the mysterious East.

They joined the ocean parade, they tell us, to try to find a land of romance and "to chart it for the future reference of tired newspaper men." And, pausing a moment to catch our breath, after reaching the last lines of their dashing, not to say outrageous, record of travel, we'll say that it's some chart!

Extreme youth, powerful stomachs, insatiable curiosity, eyes that see, a total disregard for social inhibitions and that thing called blood pressure—these alone account for the authors having successfully negotiated the trip. They tell us—not seemingly with two collaborating pens but with six cylinders all hitting at once—about some of the toughest seaports in China,

(*Continued on page 61*)

VANDAMM

Mayo Methot and Guy Kibbee

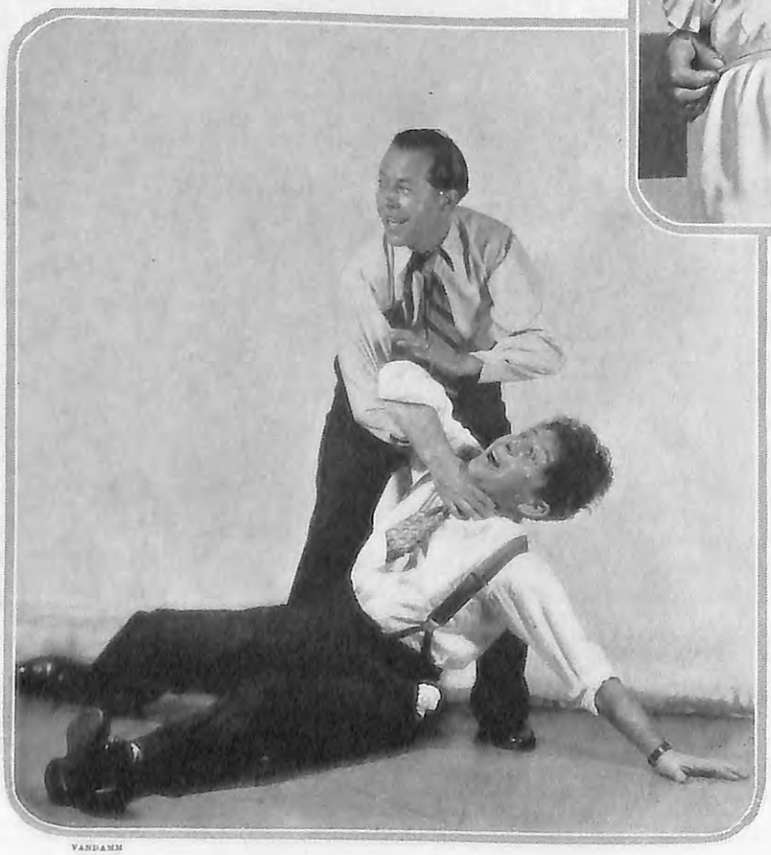
IN "Torch Song" Kenyon Nicholson has written an interesting drama about a cabaret entertainer transformed into a Salvation Army lass by the wreck of her love affair. Mayo Methot handles this part skillfully, while to Guy Kibbee, as a traveling salesman for a firm of morticians, fall many of the play's best comedy lines. The people are real and convincing and the dialogue good, while all the acting is of exceptional quality. The greatest weakness of the play lies in the over long devout speeches made by Miss Methot in the second act when she meets her former lover in a small town commercial hotel and tries to save his soul. An unusual and finely conceived play—E. R. B.

WHITE

The group above comprises most of the principal actors in "That's the Woman," a new melodrama by Bayard Veiller. They are Lucile Watson, Phoebe Foster, A. E. Anson, Austin Fairman, Helene Sinnott and Gordon Weld. It's a rather trite story of a young man who steadfastly faces the electric chair rather than ruin the reputation of the woman he loves. Also it is unsatisfactory in that the murder is never explained or accounted for. However, the suave acting of A. E. Anson as the attorney who forces the protected woman into the open keeps the interest keyed up, and Miss Foster is always lovely to look at, though her performance is somewhat uneven

VANDAMM

For a year and a half Lenore Ulric (above) has been working in the movies. This month will see her return to the Broadway stage in a drama called "Pagan Lady," by William Du Bois. She will play the part of a Florida bootlegger's wife, the sort of hard-boiled characterization she is famous for, and the cast will include Leo Donnelly, Franchot Tone, Thomas Findlay and Elsie Bartlett



VANDAMM

"Fine and Dandy" is the title of the new Joe Cook show. The gentleman Mr. Cook is playfully strangling at the left is Dave Chasen, his side partner. Mr. Cook has a new invention—just as nonsensical and just as convulsing as its predecessors—and his usual bagful of tricks. Music and lyrics by Kay Swift and Paul Jones of Garrick Gaiety fame are good, and the unusually adequate book is provided by Donald Ogden Stewart, who thus makes his début in musical comedy

WHITE

"Symphony and Jazz" by Dr. Louis K. Anspacher, is the sort of play to see on an evening when you crave a wide diversity of entertainment. Straight melodrama, psychological drama and comedy are rolled higgledy-piggledy into one and the same play. The result is quite unconvincing but at moments both moving and amusing. The high spots are due in large measure to the very good work of Louis Calhern (right) as the war-ridden young composer. Julia Hoyt (right) is decorative but less adequate to a difficult part

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien

VANDAMM

Earlier this year we spoke of a forthcoming play with no men in the cast. The title of this one is "Blind Mice" and it is authored by Vera Caspary and Winifred Lenihan, best known heretofore as an actress and director. The scene of the play is Rolfe House, a girls' residential club, and the action involves nineteen of the residents, with Claiborne Foster (left) leading all the rest in interest of characterization and importance of rôle. The authors have dealt sympathetically with the various types presented—roughly divided into two classes: the girls who go out on Saturday night and those who stay at home. The plot is slim, but the individual situations are created with enough insight and poignancy to make the piece an interesting evening's entertainment

"Up Pops the Devil" is one of the gayest and most tempting pieces of theatrical fare that can be sampled at the present writing. Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich wrote it and Mr. Hackett also enacts its most entertaining comedy rôle. Its charm is not one of complicated plot but of very bright dialogue, good acting and adroit situation often bordering on farce. The love of a boy and girl keeping house in a studio downtown almost goes on the rocks when the girl decides to support the menage by dancing while the boy writes his great book and runs the house on the side. The young couple are pictured at the right—Roger Pryor and Sally Bates, a noteworthy newcomer

Bird-Dog Days

By Robert S. Lemmon

Drawings by Ralph Boyer

AUTUMN again, thank the Lord! It won't be long, now, before the law goes off and The Boss and I will be out after 'em in the damp, spicy dawn of Opening Day. Gad, I can hardly wait!

I've known for weeks that it was coming. There've been plenty of sure signs for any dog who knows the game—those cooler nights of late summer, long exercise runs to harden up my muscles and pads, and work off the extra weight I always put on in the hot weather, the quiet evenings in The Boss's study while he checked up on guns, shells, coat and all the other details of our outfit. Never since that first year when they shipped me to him from the kennels down South have the signs failed.

It's a mighty different life, all around, from the one we led down there—people, country, dogs, everything. The old plantation was slow and lazy, and full of niggers and mongrel hounds; even the bird-dog kennels were slack-twisted, though they held some of the best Llewellyn blood in the country. Coming from that sort of thing, it took me a while to get used to The Boss's neat place and the country around it. If he hadn't understood puppies so well I guess I'd have been downright lonesome.

That's one of the best things about The Boss—his understanding. I can go to him about anything at all and he'll know exactly what to do by the way I look at him or wave my tail or whistle through my nose. "All right, Cap, we'll see what can be done about it," he'll answer, and I know that he means just what he says. You can count on a man like that. I'd been up from the South only a couple of weeks when I learned about this way The Boss has of saying things that stand for something. I was only five months old, then—a gangling, clumsy-footed pup, mostly legs and floppy ears, with no more idea of obedience than an alley cat. Life, to me, was just a succession of play, food and sleep, day in, day out. That's the best way in the world to get acquainted with new people, but it doesn't put you very far on the road to becoming a well trained bird-dog.

I guess The Boss realized this, for one Sunday morning as he watched me chasing flies on the porch he said:

"Cap, it's about time we started a little yard-breaking. It's nearly August, and you've got enough used to the place, I guess. Have to be ready for some field-work this fall, you know. Come, pup."

He started toward the barn, then, with me gallumphing around him trying to tease him into a race. But evidently this wasn't going to be another game, so I was sober as an owl by the time we got into the big, bare room behind the space where he keeps his car. When he shut the door back of us and opened the windows to let in some air I couldn't imagine what was coming. Apparently, though, it wasn't anything to worry about, for all he did then was to walk to the middle of the room and say calmly.

"Come here, Cap."

Of course I went—those were the words he'd always used when he brought me my pan of food. But this time there wasn't even a sniff of a chop bone when I got to him—nothing but a pat on the head and a "Good boy!"

I couldn't figure it out, so I just sat down and stared at him, thinking maybe he had a cracker or something in his pocket. But no, he walked away as though he'd forgotten all about me, and after trailing him around the room a couple of times I gave it up and began sniffing at an old rat-hole in the corner. With that The Boss stopped and spoke again.

"Come here, Cap."

Yes, I went, but not quite as fast as before. He patted me and called me a "good boy" again—and that was that!

Well, we paraded around a second time, and after a while he told me to "come" again. But I'd found a piece of meal-sack that smelled nice and I wanted to learn more about it. Besides, if he intended to fool me that way I wasn't going to fall for it any more, so I only looked at him for a minute and went on smelling at the bag.

THE Boss repeated his order just once. Still I didn't bother to go to him. He walked over to me, snapped a long cord to the ring of my collar and went back to the middle of the room, holding the other end of the line. "Come here, Cap," he said once more.

If I'd been wise I'd have gone, but being a green pup and rather disgusted with the whole thing I paid no attention. Right away things began to happen. That cord tightened as he pulled it in steadily hand-over-hand, dragging me to him in spite of everything I could do to hold back. Through the racket of my scrabbling and scratching I could hear The Boss repeating, "Come here, Cap. Come here, Cap," still in that same steady, quiet voice that somehow had a sort of queer strength in it.

I want you to know that I was pretty badly flustered by the time he'd hauled me right to his feet. He knelt down and patted me, talking quietly until I'd pulled myself together a bit. It was all such a darned new

and strange experience that, though I hadn't been hurt a bit, it rather shook me up.

We must have stayed in that room for half an hour, altogether, going through the same performance over and over. By the time we came out I'd learned two things: for one, when The Boss said "Come here" I'd better go right away quick; and the other, that no matter how excited or balky I got he never lost his temper for a minute. It seems so simple, looking back on it now, but I want to tell you that to a pup the realization of those two facts was a real turning point. For me, anyhow, they marked the beginning of serious work which, later on, led straight to the things that mean more to me than anything else in the world.

WELL, from then on my yard-breaking went ahead pretty steadily. We had a couple of sessions every day, taking up one thing at a time and learning that thoroughly before we went on to the next—the commands to "charge," "heel," "fetch," "whoa," "hie-on," and then the hand signals for them which I had to obey even when The Boss didn't say a word. The hardest was getting used to the sound of a gun, but he took it very slowly with that, starting with a cap pistol and working up little by little until he could fire a full twelve-gauge load right over my head without my minding it at all. As a matter of fact, I rather liked it by that time, for he always gave this lesson just before meal time, and I knew that as soon as the gun went off I'd get something good to eat.

I guess I changed a lot in those early school days. I was growing up, of course, but that wasn't the only reason. The Boss was beginning to have a new meaning for me. He'd always been a good pal, but now he was more than that—stronger, somehow, and more to be looked up to. I began to want to do things to please him, for that meant a pat and maybe a word of praise. And because he never scolded except when things went wrong, I got so that I felt pretty badly when he did. He was quiet and the squarest shooter I ever came across, and the more I learned to respect him the closer friends we got to be. Later on, when I saw how some other men treated their dogs, I realized how darn lucky I was.

Well, it got along toward the early part of October. I'd grown to be a big, rangy youngster, and my tail was beginning to feather out like a real bird-dog's. Good food and plenty of quartering practice in the ten-acre pasture back of our barn had given me more muscle and bone than most pups of my age. What with the cooler weather and the regular exercise, I want to tell you I was feeling mighty fit. The Boss noticed it, I guess, for one Saturday evening while I was polishing off a plate of dinner by the back steps he said:

"Cap, how about taking a look at some birds to-morrow?"

I hadn't a notion what he meant, but the tone of his voice meant we were going to do something, so I stared at him and wiggled my tail to show I was keen for the idea. That made him chuckle, and when he did that I jumped around and barked a couple of times, and that's the way it was finally agreed.

The sun was just coming up when he opened the kennel-yard gate next morning, and a grand sun it was, big as a barrel and just the color of some of the late roses that were still blooming in Her garden on the far side of the lawn. All up and down the valley below us a cover of white fog lay as level as a floor. On the hillsides beyond it, red and yellow branches here and there touched up the dull green of the trees. The air was so still and cool and sweet-smelling that just sniffing it was like taking a good drink of spring water.

We had a bite to eat in the kitchen and then The Boss got his car and we drove away over the hill road. With my head out of the open window it was like riding through the whiffs from a hundred different pots of food, only the smells were a lot fresher and more interesting. Though I kept my nose wiggling like a rabbit's the whole way I couldn't tell what half of them were.

Finally we pulled up at a farm where a man called Jake stopped currying a horse hitched to a post and came over to ask The Boss if this was the young dog he'd been hearing about. They stood and talked for a few minutes about this and that and every once in a while Jake would point across a field or toward a patch of woods and say something about "a small covey's usin' thet stubble field" or "I seen a bunch by the edge o' the bresh lot two-three days ago—early hatched birds, dern near full-growed." I stood and listened with one eye on The Boss, for the way Jake waved was so like the signals we used in yard-training that I couldn't quite decide whether or not they were meant for me.

At last The Boss called me to heel and we crossed the farmyard to a barway that opened to a pasture and beyond that a stone wall and a big cornfield where the stalks had been cut and shocked up. There he gave me the "hie-on" and I cut ahead at a pretty fast clip, for it really was a bully good place for a run.

Clear across that field I went before The Boss whistled for a turn and waved me to the left along a line of brush. Another whistle, and I angled into the open again, stretching out at full run between the rows of corn stubble. It was such grand footing that I shook out every link of speed I had and was going like a streak when, as I crossed a patch of low weeds, there came a whirring roar right under my nose and a dozen or so chunky brown birds buzzed up all around me.

Talk about surprise! I hadn't the least idea what had broken loose, or why or where it came from. Not knowing what might happen next I pulled up short and looked around for The Boss, though for a minute I did have an idea of chasing the last of those birds as he curved away toward a brushy swamp beyond the next fence. It was just as well I did stop, too, for The Boss's whistle squealed twice—the signal for me to drop—and when I caught sight of him his arm was raised high in front of him, so I knew I had to stay put.

As I settled down on my haunches I noticed that the queer smell which had been all around me from the time the birds flew was coming right up from the ground. I'd never struck anything like it before, and I want to tell you it was good as I crawled around snuffing it. No whiff of steak bone or mess of beef stew ever gave me half the kick I got out of that fresh, clean bird scent. It seemed to spread clear through me from nose to tail-tip, and when The Boss came up I was shivering as if it were the middle of winter.

"IT'S all right, pup," he chuckled, patting me. "You just ran head-on into a nice bunch of quail; likely they were feeding up-wind toward you and the scent hadn't spread around much. You'll learn—*hey, come back here!* No sir—you can't go after 'em just yet. They've scattered and we'll wait till they've run a bit, getting together again. That'll mean trails that you may be able to work on. Heel, boy."

He went over to the fence, then, and he charged me in the grass while he sat on the top rail and lit his pipe. He was so easy-going about it that I began to quiet down, though I was most almighty keen to get square with those darn birds for scaring me half to death.

We must have waited there five minutes before The Boss took his pipe out of his mouth, wet his lips and gave a queer, deep whistle—*ka-loi-hee, ka-loi-hee, ka-loi-hee*—three times. I cocked my head at him—he'd never made a noise like that before. He grinned, waited a couple of minutes, and did it again. That time he got an answer—just one—from the edge of the swamp off to the right.

"That's the old hen," The Boss nodded, and whistled again. "She's calling the youngsters. There's one of 'em over yonder—hear him? And there's another, in among those sumach bushes, and another out in the open. They've moved when they answer the old lady that way. Let's go, boy. *Slow, now!*"

We headed toward the swamp. I was all for tearing ahead, but The

(Continued on page 56)

He leaped high in the air without any warning, took the punt in both hands, and streaked for the side-line

Quick Wits and Touchdowns

By Sol Metzger

Illustrated by Burris Jenkins, Jr.

THAT brains, no less than brawn, contribute to athletic victory, is an accepted axiom in even so controversial a sport as football. A question remains, of course, as to whose brains make that contribution — the players' or the coaches'? Ask almost any old grad or other fan rooting from the grandstands and he'll assure you that all the mental labor of the game is performed by the coach, while linesmen and backs function principally as rigidly-drilled automatons whose every action is planned in advance. But ask the coach or the player himself, and you'll find him less dogmatic.

As a former player and coach of collegiate football and a close follower of the sport for almost three decades, I am convinced that the spectator who attributes all the headwork in football to the coach is wrong. I believe, too, that on this point most coaches will agree with me. They realize that, like the spectators, they have the benefit of a second guess concerning what should be done when an emergency arises on the field. The player lacks this advantage. Under the gaze of thousands of critical eyes, he must often make split-second decisions, synchronized with immediate action, on which may depend spectacular victory or overwhelming defeat. Much more frequently than most critics realize, a gridiron star, battered and harassed by many minutes of gruelling play, has responded to such crises with flashes of brilliant thinking which amounted almost to genius. Many a victory has been snatched from what looked like certain defeat by keen-witted reactions on the field to situations which no coach could possibly have anticipated or warned against. Here is an example:

Back in the days when Princeton's breed of giants included such stars as the late John De Witt, famous punter, and Ralph Davis and Howard Henry, hard-charging, hard-tackling all-American ends, the team had scheduled an early season game with Brown —then a far less formidable threat than in recent years. The Brown team was generalled by a 125-pound quarterback named Richardson. The question involved in the game seemed to be not so much who would win it, as just how long the frail Richardson, playing back for De Witt's 65-yard spirals, could last against those two heavy ends. Expert opinion had it that he would be carried off the field after the third Princeton punt.

DO YOU get nervous, worried, jumpy—just plain scared in other words — as the time approaches for you to walk to the tee for the first drive of a golf tournament, or to fire your opening shot in an important trapshoot? Well, it's nothing to be ashamed of if you do. You are in good company. It is equally true of famous fighters, ball players, golfers, and athletes of all varieties. Jack Dempsey himself says that he was always scared before a fight! Damon Runyon has some fine tales to tell of these pre-contest qualms. Watch for his article in an early issue.

But the prophets erred, as they so often do, by underestimating the quick-wittedness of the successful football player. After catching the first two punts, Richardson went down, buried under the weight of two heavy all-American ends, tackling hard in an effort to jar the ball loose from his arms for a fumble. Then came the third punt, and an odd thing happened. Richardson, observing that Davis and Henry had overestimated the length of the kick and were charging in on him from exactly opposite sides, dropped quickly on his stomach with the ball still in his arms. At the spot where he had stood an instant before, both men launched themselves in the vicious flying tackle of that period. They met, head on, over his prone body, and each fell unconscious—knocked cold by the terrific impact. Richardson squirmed to his feet, ran, like the flash he was, through the entire astounded Princeton team, and scored a touchdown.

What coach could have foreseen such a situation or would have dared instruct a pupil to pull just that trick? Only the player himself could have divined the situation, taken immediate advantage of it and scored for his own team while immeasurably weakening its opponent.

Let's consider a more modern illustration. It has been only a few years since the late George Gipp functioned spectacularly as a half-back on one of Knute Rockne's great Notre Dame elevens. The ability of Gipp to think fast and effectively under discouraging conditions was demonstrated strikingly in the 1920 game with Indiana University, at Bloomington. As so often occurs when two schools from the same state meet on the gridiron, the contest was hard-fought throughout. Notre Dame was holding Indiana scoreless on the latter's own field but could not cross the goal-line herself. Finally, Notre Dame flashed its stuff and succeeded in carrying the ball to the rival's five-yard line for a first down. Then Indiana rallied. Two plunges failed to gain an inch. Gipp saw a stalemate looming, and in the same instant perceived a method of breaking it. Calling his team into a huddle he quickly outlined the idea, and the quick-witted Irish caught it immediately. Another line smash followed, to be blocked as were its

two predecessors. Then, apparently, the Irish engaged in one of their racial wrangles. Linesmen and backs began loudly and excitedly accusing each other of sloughing off. The air was thick with recrimination. Gipp, apparently disgusted with his teammates, pulled off his headgear and stood at one side evidently waiting for the disorder to subside. The Indiana players imitated him. They were amused and somewhat delighted at the sight of a famous fighting team rent with internal dissension, and stood up in their positions to enjoy the spectacle more thoroughly. Suddenly, in the midst of the squabble, the ball was snapped to Gipp, who cut through the unexpectant Indiana line for a touchdown. Then, as the Irish laughed at their discomfiture, the bewildered Indiana players realized for the first time that they had fallen for an old trick with a new slant, improvised on the spur of the moment by a star who played with his head as well as with his body.

HERE again there was no opportunity for a coach to anticipate the exact situation which would arise and to give detailed orders on how to meet it. No substitute had been sent in with instructions; no benchwarmer with a big number on his back sent running up and down the side-lines as a signal for the quarter-back to call a certain play; no odd method of plucking grass resorted to as a suggestion that the trick be worked. The idea, described to me by Rockne himself as one of the wiliest he had ever observed, was conceived and executed on the field by a man under all the pressure that a tight situation in a hard game, watched by thousands of critical spectators, alone can exert.

Sometimes a judicious bit of razzing will fan to light an unsuspected spark of brilliancy in a player who theretofore seemed none too bright. I remember one quarter-back on a big Eastern team that I was coaching who demonstrated this principle thoroughly. As a brilliant open field runner, a popular leader, and a thoroughly dependable receiver of punts, he was invaluable to the team. Unfortunately, however, his sense of generalship was almost nil. Through many games I overcame this limitation by drawing for him a plan of a football field on a piece of white canvas and marking it in twenty-yard zones. In each of these zones I set down the signal number for the plays he might use and instructed him that no others were to be called under any circumstances. The chart was sewed on the right inside forearm of his jersey. After each down when our team was carrying the ball the quarter-back would note his position on the field, glance at his forearm and call an appropriate play. We went through the season with rather overwhelming scores, newspaper reports of which spoke not infrequently of the extraordinary generalship displayed. Naturally, although his teammates were fond of the quarter-back, they could not refrain from joshing him on his system. Finally, the continued horsing had its effect. He determined to cram the laugh down his teammates' throats. The opportunity came in the final game of the season and he rose to it beautifully. Our team had worked its way down to its rival's forty-yard line, some twenty yards from the right side of the field. This was exactly the place for a running forward pass which I had developed for just such a situation. Following instructions, the quarter-back took the ball from center on the next play and ran as if to skirt his own right end. When almost twenty yards out he was to turn suddenly and whip a diagonal forward pass to his own right end, whose instructions were to delay on the line, then break through and cut for the vacated territory near midfield.

That was how the play was planned. But something miscarried. When our quarter-back turned to throw the pass he found the majority of the rival line in front of him, leaping in one accord to block it. He had a split second in which to consider and revise his instructions and then to act. There was no opportunity to glance at his forearm for suggestions, to look, agonizingly, at the side-lines for an inspiration from the coach. He had to create and carry through a brand-new play on the spur of the moment. And he did it. Instead of shooting the pass, he pulled the ball under his right arm, ducked beneath the tall rival linesmen already in the air to block the anticipated pass, and shot off alone to the vacated area to which he had been told to throw. Before opponents or even his own teammates had grasped his plan he was through all the defenses and well on the way down the field for the touchdown that gave us victory.

"The score is 126-0 against us. But I'm counting on you to go in and win"

As the tactician of his team, the quarter-back has more opportunity than perhaps any other member to put his wits into the game. How effectively he does this was illustrated by one play that resulted in a touchdown in the Brown-Harvard game of 1925. It was one of those close battles in which neither team could score. Toward the end of the game a Brown runner carried the ball to the Crimson one-yard line. A line buck failed to gain. More discouraging still was the fact that Brown's regular quarter-back was hurt in the play and had to be carried from the field. The substitute who replaced him did what seemed the obvious thing. He called two more line plunges that were stopped—then suddenly, on a play pulled too quickly for spectators to identify, flashed through the line himself with the ball under his arm for the winning touchdown.

They met, head-on, over his prone body

What had happened, however, was not nearly so obvious as it appeared from the grandstands. The three plays resulting in a touchdown were part of a deep plan which the substitute formulated as he ran unexpectedly on the field to replace the injured first-string man. He had noted a weakness in the Crimson defense which he determined to utilize to his own advantage. Brown was using two series of numbers in its signals, the first to designate the play, the second to pass the ball, much as the play is given to-day in the huddle, and the charging signal after the team has jumped into position. The Harvard linesman, knowing that Brown used the series system, rested on one knee while the first series was being called, then rose to a charging position when the second series began. If they could be caught off guard a touchdown looked easy. The new Brown quarter-back ran the first buck in the usual way to lull any possible suspicions. Then quietly, as the scrimmage ended, he whispered to his center: "If the next buck fails, snap me the ball on the third as soon as I begin calling numbers, and open a hole for me as you do it." The plan worked perfectly, though nine of his own teammates, ignorant of the trick, were out of the play and were as much astounded at its success as were their opponents.

IT IS not necessarily in generalship alone that the quarter-back shows the quality of his wits. Back in that roseate period when Percy Haughton coached Harvard with much the same brilliancy that Knute Rockne now displays at Notre Dame, the Crimson team was strengthened by a clever little field strategist named Paul Potter. I recall watching one game in which the brilliant Potter consistently outwitted Brown, yet failed, for a long time, to score. Finally, he accomplished that objective by a flash of quick thinking, so brilliant and effective as to seem pure inspiration. Brown had made a long, high punt; so high, in fact, that the entire line was under it before it dropped from the skies. A Harvard back set himself to catch the ball, as seven Brown forwards formed in a line before him. It seemed certain that he would be downed in his tracks. Potter, standing some ten yards

to the left, almost on the side-line, realized what would happen and also that he was unwatched. Suddenly, as the ball drifted down, he started at full speed toward his teammate, leaped high in the air without a warning cry, took the punt in both hands and streaked for the opposite side-line in a bow-like run. The waiting tacklers trailed in pursuit; the remainder of the Brown team, which had been pointed for the other back, turned to intercept him—but too late. Potter cleared the entire eleven and scored a touchdown. No coach could have ordered that play, which changed the whole complexion of the game and was followed by a string of scores against the disorganized Bruins. Here again, the brains that planned and executed it were those of a player.

A few seasons ago Captain Darling, of Boston College, was rated by all critics as one of the outstanding stars of the year. Largely this reputation was built on his brilliant open field running and unerring tackling, obvious to even the most inexpert eyes. Yet I am convinced that it was Darling's quick thinking in emergencies more than any other quality that made him the valuable player he was. With thousands of other spectators, I saw a striking example of this ability in the game between Boston and Georgetown, that, like all famous and breath-taking contests, was decided in the last few minutes of play. Georgetown had played clever football throughout—the kind a coach loves to see in his protégés. Its defense had been particularly brilliant, a fact that stood it in good stead when Boston in those closing minutes carried the ball down to Georgetown's six-yard line. At this point it was obvious that Darling would be called upon to carry the ball across, and Georgetown played for him. When Darling moved to the full-back's position, Georgetown players massed for a line attack. When Darling moved to right half, they prepared for an end run around their own right wing. Apparently every move the Boston captain made revealed the contemplated play.

REALIZING how efficiently Darling was being covered, the Boston quarter-back decided to mix the plays and called for Cronin, left half, to hit the line straight ahead. Darling, who also had sensed the method of the Georgetown defense, then had his sudden inspiration. While the signals were still being called, he leaped suddenly to the right half-back position. Georgetown, noting the move, shifted as one man to anticipate it. This left the left side weakened, and, before the Georgetown defense had realized Darling's strategy, Cronin plunged through for the touchdown. Only one or two quick steps on the part of Darling made possible that touchdown and its consequent victory. No coach had signaled to him that sudden, brilliant maneuver, yet it achieved the kind of result that coaches are willing to spend weeks of midnight oil-burning to put into effect.

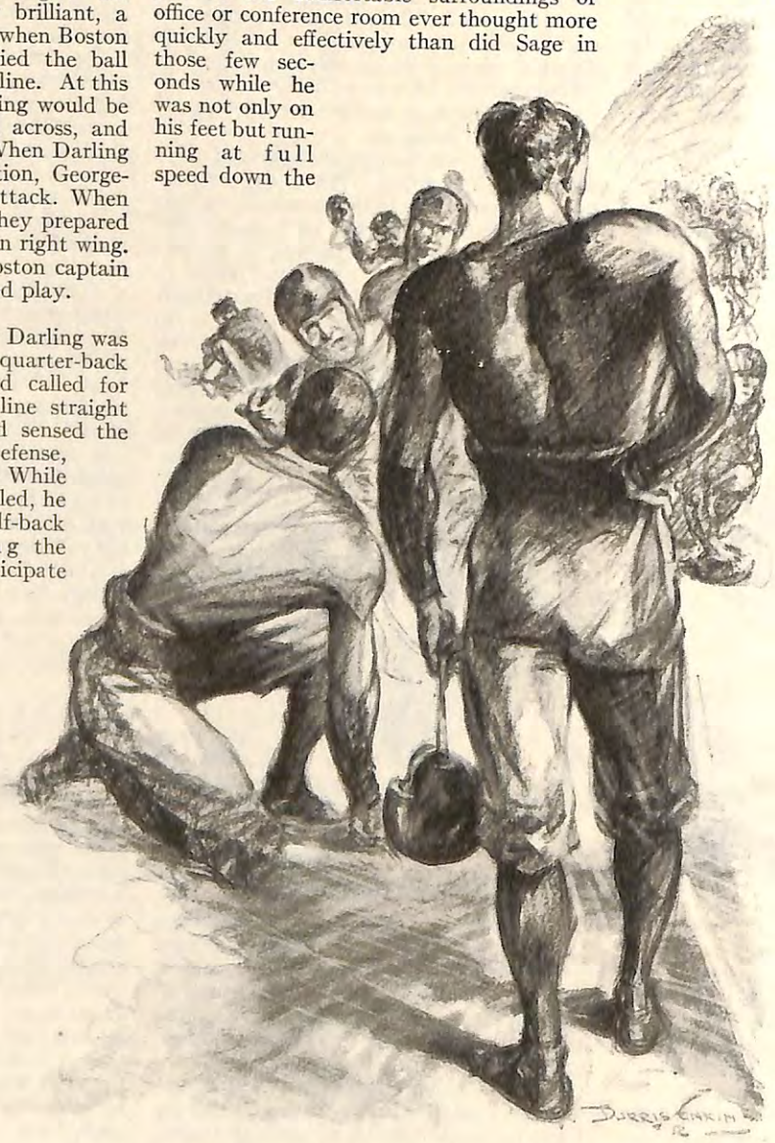
Much the same kind of quick thinker was Heinie Sage, 150-pound end on the great Dartmouth team of 1925. Just one illustration of Sage's headwork will suffice to prove our point. In the game against Chicago that year, the brilliant end made a touchdown possible by an interesting display of wits. Dartmouth had kicked from her own 30-yard line. Sage, rushing down the field under the punt, was blocked by one of Chicago's backs, whose job it was to protect the safety man. The Dartmouth star knocked his opponent over. As he fell, the ball struck and bounded off the player's shoulder, thus giving Dartmouth a chance, under the rules then in existence, to recover and carry her own punt. Sage, still on his feet, dashed for it. At the same time the Chicago safety man, so far untouched, made a similar effort. At this point Sage's wits worked even more quickly than his legs. Realizing that if he dived on and recovered the ball he would be down, and knowing that one of his own teammates was close behind him, he chose instead to take the only dangerous Chicago player out of the picture. With a swift dive he cut the safety man down, while his own teammate, Captain Parker, unmolested, picked up the ball and carried it over the line for a touchdown. What business executive in the comfortable surroundings of office or conference room ever thought more quickly and effectively than did Sage in those few seconds while he was not only on his feet but running at full speed down the field after the heavy impact that had resulted in bowling one man out of play? What coach, for that matter, surrounded by charts and books of rules, ever worked out a better method of meeting a threatening situation than did Sage while relying only on his own judgment in a moment of unusual physical and mental struggle?

Let's admit, for the sake of accuracy, that the coach does a lot of heavy, ponderous thinking. He it is who organizes the teams, who dopes out the reliable routine formations and the trick plays depended upon in emergencies. The value and importance of his work is demonstrated by the consistent record of victories scored by certain schools coached consistently by our more brilliant football tutors. But let's admit, too, and convince, if we can, the grandstand critic that the mentally agile coach must lean heavily on the mentally agile player. Above are cited a few of the many examples which prove the rule, examples that occurred in the heat of battle, where there was neither time nor opportunity to study and arrive at such logical, orderly solutions as the fans, or even the coach, may reach after leisurely viewing conditions in retrospect.

There can be no doubt that the coach depends more seriously on the mental as well as the physical capacity of his best players than most persons realize. Sometimes, I suspect, he leans just a bit too heavily. I recall a story told of one of my predecessors in a Southern college, which I coached some years ago. His team, runs the tale, was playing an early season game against "Hurry Up" Yost's Michigan Wolverines. Two minutes before the final whistle blew, the coach (a volunteer from the physical education department) contemplated dejectedly a desperately overwhelming score in Michigan's favor. On top of this his quarter-back was carried to the side-lines, disabled. What to do? Suddenly the Southern tutor recalled the widely advertised value of the inspirational talk so popular at that time. He determined to try one himself. Calling a substitute quarter-back to his side, he laid his arm across the boy's shoulder and whispered confidentially and confidently in his ear:

"Son, I realize the score is 126 to 0 against us. But I'm counting on you to go in there and win this game for the dear old school. I know you've got the heart and the mind to do it."

Michigan won, 134-0.



The Irish engaged in one of their racial wrangles. Linesmen and backs began accusing each other

Gipp, Notre Dame halfback, pulled off his headgear and stood waiting for the disorder to subside

"Silence, man!" Dr. Anthony said, in a hoarse, choking tone, "or you'll be thrown into the gutter where you belong"

Adventure

By Ben Ames Williams

Illustrated by Delevante

THE *Tennessee* sailed from San Pedro at six o'clock on a Monday morning; but Doctor Edwin Anthony stayed in his cabin, expecting the worst and prepared to endure it bravely. He had never before ventured off the solid and substantial earth; but he knew from the reports of others that one must expect, at sea, the sickness of the sea. This seemed to him logical and natural; it might be unpleasant, but he was disposed to take the evil with the good. So he stayed abed that morning, and waited to become ill.

As he lay there he was fairly quivering with anticipation. The little man's life had been spent in the cloistered shades of the University; this was to be his first vacation in many years. And he was old enough to realize that youth—an empty youth—was behind him. He had now vague dreams of capturing adventure before it was forever too late. Even to be seasick was an adventure to which he had looked forward with the curiosity of a scientific mind.

The high structure of the wharf buildings visible through his portholes slid out of sight, and only the sky remained in view. There was a faint, far quiver in the fabric of the ship; but otherwise there was nothing, no sense of movement whatever. He sighed, and closed his eyes; and in spite of his expectations of acute discomfort, he was so comfortable that after a while he went to sleep again.

He woke a little before noon to a sense of disappointment. The sky outside the portholes was bland and cloudless, and there was still that distant quiver in the ship itself, but there was none of the pitching and tossing he had been led to expect. He might as well, he thought grimly, have stayed at home.

Then it occurred to him that perhaps the *Tennessee* had not sailed at all; and he rose and looked out of the porthole across an expanse of unperturbed ocean, to a horizon remote and impersonal. They were at sea—and he was as comfortable as if he were ashore. He dressed, in a mild disappointment, and went on deck; a small man, with a small man's dignity. The glasses which he always wore had lenses so thick that they obscured his eyes, and this made him appear like one who wears a mask. Coupled with his erect and dauntless bearing, these glasses made him a somewhat forbidding figure.

But Doctor Anthony did not feel forbidding. He had heard of the freemasonry of an ocean voyage; and he waited hopefully for some one to grasp his hand, and shake it effusively, and begin a lively, friendly conversation.

Nothing of the sort happened. The little man felt an increasing disappointment, and a sudden loneliness. He was grateful to the deck steward who spoke to him in the matter of a chair.

But a week later the little man was no longer lonely. He had made acquaintances, and also friends. His professional standing assured him a seat at the Captain's table; and his table-mates there were pleasant folk, whom he liked at once. Mr. and Mrs. Carlenus were almost his neighbors, living within a dozen blocks of the University where his own researches were conducted. Mr. and Mrs. Hedrick were eastern folk, on the way home. Hedrick, it appeared, wrote. Doctor Anthony himself was the author of a number of formidable volumes. The names of Mr. Hedrick's works were entirely unfamiliar to him; yet the little man felt that there was a professional bond between them. Mrs. Vernal was Doctor Anthony's right-hand neighbor at the table; her home was in Corizal, whither she was bound. And on his other side he found congenial companionship in Miss Agnes Applegate. She, like himself, labored in scholastic shades; she, like himself, was upon her first vacation; she, like himself, had expected more than thus far she had found.

Miss Applegate and Mrs. Vernal discovered in the little man an almost juvenile enthusiasm, and a boyish charm. Doctor Anthony liked to stand by the rail to watch for the occasional glimpses of the fishes which dwelt in that placid and pacific sea over which they took their southward way. Tiny flying fish skimmed away from the bow wave. Against the horizon rose a tuft of vapor where rolled a spouting whale. Yonder burst suddenly a smother of white foam against the blue, as large fish fed on lesser ones.

Miss Applegate was not so much interested

in fish; but she liked to watch the little man's enthusiasm. They talked of a thousand things; and especially they spoke of this vacation upon which they both were launched. Each had come with the same vague expectations.

"It's adventure I'm looking for," the little Doctor said eagerly. "I should like to see a storm at sea, and a shipwreck. Though of course I would want the ship to be thoroughly insured, and no lives lost. And I should like to see a pirate! Have you read Esquemelling?"

Miss Applegate had not; she had not even heard of the gentleman.

"HE MARCHED with Morgan," Doctor Anthony assured her. "When Morgan ravished Panama! We shall see the very spot, when we land there Monday. They marched across the Isthmus, through the jungle, starving, fighting, dying. And Esquemelling wrote a book about it. I want to stand on the plain where Morgan's men killed and ate the wild steers which the Spaniards stampeded down upon them. They ate the steers, and then they took the city. Fire, and sword, and rapine. Torture."

His eyes were shining behind those heavy spectacles. Miss Applegate herself borrowed a faint excitement from his own.

"But that was long ago," she pointed out. "That's a vicarious adventure, Doctor. I want things to happen to me."

"Ah, yes," he agreed; and after a moment, thoughtfully: "I have often wondered," he confessed, "whether I am a brave man. So few of us ever have an opportunity to discover this. Am I a hero, or a poltroon? Would I meet an emergency valiantly, with a cool audacity; or with a blundering courage; or like a knavish cur?"

"I think," said Miss Applegate, "that adventures come from within, not from without. The child who climbs a dark stair haunted by imaginary bears has an adventure. On the other hand, the child—like Cellini—who grasps a scorpion, thinking it a pretty plaything, has no adventure at all. True adventure is in the mind."

And they argued this proposition, too.

The Doctor asked Mrs. Vernal one day about Old Panama, and the traces of the pirate raid. "I confess to a rising excitement," he explained. "Are the Panamanians still a piratic breed?"

Mrs. Vernal said smilingly that the taxicab drivers sometimes overcharged tourists.

"And suppose one refuses to pay?" Doctor Anthony suggested. "Will he have a fight upon his hands?"

"Oh, no," she confessed. "If you refuse to pay their price, they'll come down to yours, that's all."

The little man was disappointed; he took off his glasses and wiped them carefully. "I suppose," he agreed, "the world is the same, wherever you go. Even in Panama." His tones were sorrowful.

Miss Applegate remarked: "It's too bad, really, Mrs. Vernal. I wish you could arrange for some of your friends to knife the Doctor. He's going to feel cheated if nothing happens to him."

Mrs. Vernal smiled, and Doctor Anthony said eagerly: "Oh, but Miss Applegate, there must be danger for you, too. We're both adventuring!"

"I shall have adventures," Miss Applegate assured him.

"Why you and not I?"

"Because I shall see through an adventurer's eyes," Miss Applegate retorted. "I shall be in the proper mood!"

And then she caught Mrs. Vernal's understanding glance, and a warm color touched Miss Applegate's cheek. But Doctor Anthony was still cleaning his glasses, so he did not see.

When the *Tennessee* crept slowly into Panama Bay, Doctor Anthony derived a keen excitement from the prospect before him. Mrs. Vernal pointed out, on the distant shore, the ruined cathedral of Old Panama, and he stared that way till his eyes ached. He studied the leper colony on one of the islands; his pulse quickened when she said that on another, nearer by, the ancient pirates had used to careen; even the modern forts which flanked the channel, on small islands connected by causeways with the shore, gave him a tumultuous delight.

Later they separated to prepare for luncheon while the ship was docking; and the Doctor was first at the table. Bibbs, the steward, served him attentively. Doctor Anthony liked Bibbs. The steward was a little man, no bigger than himself; also, his tones were soft, his courtesy was complete, his manner was properly unobtrusive. The Doctor asked Bibbs now, as he ordered his soup:

"Going ashore, are you Bibbs?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Bibbs gently. "I never does, sir. Them that does spends all their money, and needs to be carried on the ship afterwards, sir. No, sir, I stays aboard."

"Very sensible," the Doctor agreed; yet he felt a secret anticipation at the prospect of the iniquities ashore which Bibbs' words suggested.

When presently the others joined him at the table, there was a general discussion of plans for the afternoon and evening. Doctor Anthony and Miss Applegate meant to drive together to Old Panama and scan the ruins there; and Mrs. Vernal made suggestions.

"I won't be able to go with you," she explained. "I must wait for my trunks here. But be sure to go to Chellaram's for perfume, Miss Applegate. And Doctor Anthony, you must both meet me at the Century Club for a Planters' Punch at half-past five. That is one adventure I can guarantee."

"Done!" said the little Doctor promptly. "I am not a drinking man, but this is vacation time, and I'm prepared for any wickedness."

"If you want wickedness," Mrs. Vernal smilingly advised, "try Murphy's Plaza, any time after eleven. They have a cabaret, and dancing; and there'll be interesting types of people there. . . ."

Doctor Anthony was a systematic man, even in his lighter moments; he made careful notes of all Mrs. Vernal bade them do.

When lunch was done, they descended the gangplank into the baking sun on the stones of the pier; and a Negro chauffeur welcomed them to his car. Doctor Anthony felt a faint misgiving when he left the safe shelter of the ship behind; but this vanished in the intoxication of movement, once they were under way.

THE Doctor and Miss Applegate enjoyed Old Panama to the utmost. The staunch masonry of the cathedral tower aroused his scientific interest; but the old bridge, half hidden in underbrush, captured his imagination. He peopled the thicket with masked men who gripped cutlasses between their teeth. The white beach blazing in the sun became alive with moving figures of his fancy. He even pressed a little way through the trackless jungle, so that he might appreciate the difficulties the pirates had encountered in their march across the Isthmus to assault the town.

Miss Applegate was more interested in the native folk who sought to sell her necklaces and Panama hats, and gaily colored shawls.

"They have authentic pirate blood," she assured Doctor Anthony, when by and by they started the return to town. "But I am somewhat of a pirate myself." She showed him a necklace. "They asked ten dollars; but I got it for a dollar seventy-five."

He inspected the trinket thoughtfully. He had to wipe his glasses, because they were steaming in the heat. "It appears to me to be worth not even that," he said at last.

Miss Applegate smiled ruefully. "Perhaps not," she agreed. "Sober reason dulls so many adventures."

Back in town they dismissed their car and roamed at random. Doctor Anthony discovered a small, dark-skinned boy selling lottery tickets, and insisted on buying a sheet of them.

"And you must share the gamble," he told Miss Applegate.

She paid him half the purchase price of the tickets, scrupulously; and they discussed for a while what to do with the treasure they would surely win.

Then he became interested in the narrow side streets, with balconies extending from the house fronts, so that a man might step across. Miss Applegate thought the space was too wide for this; and to settle the argument, he bribed a bewildered housewife, climbed to the second floor and made the transit triumphantly, while Miss Applegate applauded from below, and a group of dark-skinned children chuckled and chattered in delight.

Then it was time to join Mrs. Vernal for the adventure of the Planters' Punch. Doctor Anthony enjoyed this; the drink had a delectable flavor of molasses. He accepted a second; and then he demanded to know the recipe.

"As a scientific man," he declared, "I feel that the formula for this great discovery should be preserved."

Mrs. Vernal summoned the waiter; and Doctor Anthony undertook to note down the ingredients. But his

glasses were befogged and he took them off to clean them. Perhaps his fingers were uncertain; whatever the cause, the glasses fell and were broken on the flagstones underfoot.

Mrs Vernal and Miss Applegate were quick with sympathy, but the little man reassured them. He had another pair on the ship. "But I'm not going back for them," he decided. "I find I see quite well; a little dimly, perhaps. But a sharp focus destroys illusion. I want to be deceived by illusions, to-day. I've discarded the eyes of science, Miss Applegate, for the eyes of adventure."

Mrs. Vernal had presently to depart upon her own concerns; she descended with them to the street, and the little man found his vision so uncertain that Miss Applegate had to guide him, her hand upon his arm. There were, he decided, compensations in his semi-blindness.

They said a reluctant goodbye to Mrs. Vernal, and then Miss Applegate and the Doctor rode to the Miramar; and they dined there on the broad terrace above the sea, while the tide rolled in across the moonlit sand, and a boy and a dog played in the moonlight by the curling foam. The music was compelling; and Doctor Anthony, watching the dancers, said at last:

"I confess, I'm tempted, myself."

"Do you dance?" Miss Applegate inquired.

"I never have, but it seems simple, and beautiful," he told her. "You need only yield to the rhythm of the music. . . "

"Neither have I," she confessed.

So, greatly daring, and intoxicated by their own audacity, they danced together. They made mistakes, and laughed at them; but once or twice, for a space of half a dozen beats, they found themselves a part of the harmony of the song, and the spell of it silenced them.

They stayed late at the Miramar, and left at last regretfully. Miss Applegate said, when it was time to return to town:

"Now this was what I came to see. The ocean, and the moonlight, and music!" She hesitated faintly, smiled. "But I did not expect to dance. That made the evening complete!"

But Doctor Anthony was not yet content. "No," he insisted. "This was fine; but it was not adventure. There can be no adventure without menace, danger. Unless a man be afraid, he can not know the fine frenzy of courage. Unless we find true adventure, I shall be a disappointed man!"

CHELLARAM'S, where they stopped presently to buy the perfumes of which Mrs. Vernal had spoken, was no more than a booth, open to the street and packed with all manner of things exotic and beautiful. There were Spanish shawls, carved ivories from the East, cigarette holders as long as your arm, hats of Monte Cristi, raw silk from Japan, perfumes from Paris and from Egypt . . . But the merchant—was he, perhaps, Mister Chellaram?—was a swarthy man, apparently part Oriental, part Negro, and combining the most alarming features of each race. His assistants—his sons, or his nephews—were younger editions of himself. When you asked one of them the price of an article, he conferred rapidly and mysteriously with the others in meaningless syllables. In dealing with them, the little Doctor knew a delicious alarm.

While Miss Applegate considered perfumes, Doctor Anthony investigated the matter of Panama hats. Mrs. Vernal had warned him that you could judge the quality of a hat by the fineness of the weave. So

"It's adventure I'm looking for," the little Doctor said eagerly. "I should like to see a storm at sea, and a shipwreck. And I should like to see a pirate!"

the first which he saw, he pushed scornfully aside.

"Something finer," he urged.

And again: "Something finer!"

And again: "Finer still, if you have it."

The particular Chellaram who served him rummaged beneath the counters; he produced great bundles of hats, folded flat and wrapped in white cloths; he displayed this one and that one. Till at last Doctor Anthony asked:

"How much is this one? It is your best?"

"Sixty-five dollars," said Chellaram proudly.

The little professor did not even gulp. "Not good enough," he decided, in a tone of scorn.

Chellaram beamed; he seemed delighted with this discriminating customer; he made gestures of invitation, and he produced from under the counter a bottle of brandy and a small glass. The little man looked over his shoulder toward Miss Applegate, but she was busy with her perfumes. Chellaram handed him the glass, and Doctor Anthony, doubtful of the strict procedure in such matters, filled it to the brim. The scalding liquid brought tears to his eyes. . . .

But later he permitted himself to be persuaded to try on a raw silk dressing-gown embroidered in blue silk threads; and when Miss Applegate approved this garment, as he slowly revolved before her, he asked the price. It was six dollars and a half; he argued Chellaram down to five dollars, and drank another glass of brandy.

When they were done at last with their purchases and emerged into the street, Miss Applegate asked:

"Do you miss your glasses so very much? Shall we return to the boat?"

"Glasses?" Doctor Anthony exclaimed. "Glasses? Why, bless my soul, I'd forgotten them. I seem to see quite well. Quite well enough, I'm sure."

"It's after eleven," she reminded him.

"Eleven!" He clapped his hands together "Eleven is the magic hour at Murphy's Plaza, Miss Applegate! We must make haste."

AN OPEN car slid up beside the curb, the driver beckoned invitingly; and Doctor Anthony helped Miss Applegate in, then climbed in beside her. Overhead the moon shone in the very peak and apex of the sky. The bright street was crowded with a stirring throng, noisy with the clatter of many tongues. Their driver shouted meaningless abuse at two urchins in the way. . . .

The car stopped presently before a portal through which issued the sound of music, and Miss Applegate and Doctor Anthony alighted The driver asked:

"Wait for you, Mister?"

"By all means," the Doctor assured him. "Wait, yes, to be sure."

They left their purchases, and Doctor Anthony's hat, in the car. Within doors, some one led them to a table just beside the dance floor; they sat down; a waiter stood attentively.

"What do you think?" the little Doctor asked.

"I think perhaps a glass of orangeade," she suggested doubtfully. "I had a little brandy with Mr. Chellaram. It was quite enough."

"Two," the Doctor directed. "Two glasses, then, of orangeade."

The waiter disappeared; and Doctor Anthony turned to survey the prospect here. The music had stopped and then begun again; the Doctor expected to see the floor filled with dancers. But instead there was only one individual in this open space before the orchestra. This person—he saw so much in a first horrified glance—was a girl, or a woman. She was scantily dressed, and she seemed at the moment to be trying to split herself in two. She sat on the floor facing Doctor Anthony, with one leg extended to the right, and the other to the left; yet in spite of the manifest absurdity and discomfort of this posture, the creature smiled.

"Heavens!" the little man protested. "She's deformed."

"Oh no," Miss Applegate assured him. "No, it is an exercise in dancing school. I remember years ago. . . . "

She hesitated, colored hotly, and was

(*Continued on page 54*)

in fish; but she liked to watch the little man's enthusiasm. They talked of a thousand things; and especially they spoke of this vacation upon which they both were launched. Each had come with the same vague expectations.

"It's adventure I'm looking for," the little Doctor said eagerly. "I should like to see a storm at sea, and a shipwreck. Though of course I would want the ship to be thoroughly insured, and no lives lost. And I should like to see a pirate! Have you read Esquemelling?"

Miss Applegate had not; she had not even heard of the gentleman.

"HE MARCHED with Morgan," Doctor Anthony assured her. "When Morgan ravished Panama! We shall see the very spot, when we land there Monday. They marched across the Isthmus, through the jungle, starving, fighting, dying. And Esquemelling wrote a book about it. I want to stand on the plain where Morgan's men killed and ate the wild steers which the Spaniards stampeded down upon them. They ate the steers, and then they took the city. Fire, and sword, and rapine. Torture."

His eyes were shining behind those heavy spectacles. Miss Applegate herself borrowed a faint excitement from his own.

"But that was long ago," she pointed out. "That's a vicarious adventure, Doctor. I want things to happen to me."

"Ah, yes," he agreed; and after a moment, thoughtfully: "I have often wondered," he confessed, "whether I am a brave man. So few of us ever have an opportunity to discover this. Am I a hero, or a poltroon? Would I meet an emergency valiantly, with a cool audacity; or with a blundering courage; or like a knavish cur?"

"I think," said Miss Applegate, "that adventures come from within, not from without. The child who climbs a dark stair haunted by imaginary bears has an adventure. On the other hand, the child—like Cellini—who grasps a scorpion, thinking it a pretty plaything, has no adventure at all. True adventure is in the mind."

And they argued this proposition, too.

The Doctor asked Mrs. Vernal one day about Old Panama, and the traces of the pirate raid. "I confess to a rising excitement," he explained. "Are the Panamanians still a piratic breed?"

Mrs. Vernal said smilingly that the taxicab drivers sometimes overcharged tourists.

"And suppose one refuses to pay?" Doctor Anthony suggested. "Will he have a fight upon his hands?"

"Oh, no," she confessed. "If you refuse to pay their price, they'll come down to yours, that's all."

The little man was disappointed; he took off his glasses and wiped them carefully. "I suppose," he agreed, "the world is the same, wherever you go. Even in Panama." His tones were sorrowful.

Miss Applegate remarked: "It's too bad, really, Mrs. Vernal. I wish you could arrange for some of your friends to knife the Doctor. He's going to feel cheated if nothing happens to him."

Mrs. Vernal smiled, and Doctor Anthony said eagerly: "Oh, but Miss Applegate, there must be danger for you, too. We're both adventuring!"

"I shall have adventures," Miss Applegate assured him.

"Why you and not I?"

"Because I shall see through an adventurer's eyes," Miss Applegate retorted. "I shall be in the proper mood!"

And then she caught Mrs. Vernal's understanding glance, and a warm color touched Miss Applegate's cheek. But Doctor Anthony was still cleaning his glasses, so he did not see.

When the *Tennessee* crept slowly into Panama Bay, Doctor Anthony derived a keen excitement from the prospect before him. Mrs. Vernal pointed out, on the distant shore, the ruined cathedral of Old Panama, and he stared that way till his eyes ached. He studied the leper colony on one of the islands; his pulse quickened when she said that on another, nearer by, the ancient pirates had used to careen; even the modern forts which flanked the channel, on small islands connected by causeways with the shore, gave him a tumultuous delight.

Later they separated to prepare for luncheon while the ship was docking; and the Doctor was first at the table. Bibbs, the steward, served him attentively. Doctor Anthony liked Bibbs. The steward was a little man, no bigger than himself; also, his tones were soft, his courtesy was complete, his manner was properly unobtrusive. The Doctor asked Bibbs now, as he ordered his soup:

"Going ashore, are you Bibbs?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Bibbs gently. "I never does, sir. Them that does spends all their money, and needs to be carried on the ship afterwards, sir. No, sir, I stays aboard."

"Very sensible," the Doctor agreed; yet he felt a secret anticipation at the prospect of the iniquities ashore which Bibbs' words suggested.

When presently the others joined him at the table, there was a general discussion of plans for the afternoon and evening. Doctor Anthony and Miss Applegate meant to drive together to Old Panama and scan the ruins there; and Mrs. Vernal made suggestions.

"I won't be able to go with you," she explained. "I must wait for my trunks here. But be sure to go to Chellaram's for perfume, Miss Applegate. And Doctor Anthony, you must both meet me at the Century Club for a Planters' Punch at half-past five. That is one adventure I can guarantee."

"Done!" said the little Doctor promptly. "I am not a drinking man, but this is vacation time, and I'm prepared for any wickedness."

"If you want wickedness," Mrs. Vernal smilingly advised, "try Murphy's Plaza, any time after eleven. They have a cabaret, and dancing; and there'll be interesting types of people there. . . ."

Doctor Anthony was a systematic man, even in his lighter moments; he made careful notes of all Mrs. Vernal bade them do.

When lunch was done, they descended the gangplank into the baking sun on the stones of the pier; and a Negro chauffeur welcomed them to his car. Doctor Anthony felt a faint misgiving when he left the safe shelter of the ship behind; but this vanished in the intoxication of movement, once they were under way.

THE Doctor and Miss Applegate enjoyed Old Panama to the utmost. The staunch masonry of the cathedral tower aroused his scientific interest; but the old bridge, half hidden in underbrush, captured his imagination. He peopled the thicket with masked men who gripped cutlasses between their teeth. The white beach blazing in the sun became alive with moving figures of his fancy. He even pressed a little way through the trackless jungle, so that he might appreciate the difficulties the pirates had encountered in their march across the Isthmus to assault the town.

Miss Applegate was more interested in the native folk who sought to sell her necklaces and Panama hats, and gaily colored shawls.

"They have authentic pirate blood," she assured Doctor Anthony, when by and by they started the return to town. "But I am somewhat of a pirate myself." She showed him a necklace. "They asked ten dollars; but I got it for a dollar seventy-five."

He inspected the trinket thoughtfully. He had to wipe his glasses, because they were steaming in the heat. "It appears to me to be worth not even that," he said at last.

Miss Applegate smiled ruefully. "Perhaps not," she agreed. "Sober reason dulls so many adventures."

Back in town they dismissed their car and roamed at random. Doctor Anthony discovered a small, dark-skinned boy selling lottery tickets, and insisted on buying a sheet of them.

"And you must share the gamble," he told Miss Applegate.

She paid him half the purchase price of the tickets, scrupulously; and they discussed for a while what to do with the treasure they would surely win.

Then he became interested in the narrow side streets, with balconies extending from the house fronts, so that a man might step across. Miss Applegate thought the space was too wide for this; and to settle the argument, he bribed a bewildered housewife, climbed to the second floor and made the transit triumphantly, while Miss Applegate applauded from below, and a group of dark-skinned children chuckled and chattered in delight.

Then it was time to join Mrs. Vernal for the adventure of the Planters' Punch. Doctor Anthony enjoyed this; the drink had a delectable flavor of molasses. He accepted a second; and then he demanded to know the recipe.

"As a scientific man," he declared, "I feel that the formula for this great discovery should be preserved."

Mrs. Vernal summoned the waiter; and Doctor Anthony undertook to note down the ingredients. But his

glasses were befogged and he took them off to clean them. Perhaps his fingers were uncertain, whatever the cause, the glasses fell and were broken on the flagstones underfoot.

Mrs Vernal and Miss Applegate were quick with sympathy, but the little man reassured them. He had another pair on the ship. "But I'm not going back for them," he decided. "I find I see quite well; a little dimly, perhaps. But a sharp focus destroys illusion. I want to be deceived by illusions, to-day. I've discarded the eyes of science, Miss Applegate, for the eyes of adventure."

Mrs. Vernal had presently to depart upon her own concerns; she descended with them to the street, and the little man found his vision so uncertain that Miss Applegate had to guide him, her hand upon his arm. There were, he decided, compensations in his semi-blindness.

They said a reluctant goodbye to Mrs. Vernal, and then Miss Applegate and the Doctor rode to the Miramar; and they dined there on the broad terrace above the sea, while the tide rolled in across the moonlit sand, and a boy and a dog played in the moonlight by the curling foam. The music was compelling; and Doctor Anthony, watching the dancers, said at last:

"I confess, I'm tempted, myself."

"Do you dance?" Miss Applegate inquired.

"I never have, but it seems simple, and beautiful," he told her. "You need only yield to the rhythm of the music. . . "

"Neither have I," she confessed.

So, greatly daring, and intoxicated by their own audacity, they danced together. They made mistakes, and laughed at them; but once or twice, for a space of half a dozen beats, they found themselves a part of the harmony of the song, and the spell of it silenced them.

They stayed late at the Miramar, and left at last regretfully. Miss Applegate said, when it was time to return to town:

"Now this was what I came to see. The ocean, and the moonlight, and music!" She hesitated faintly, smiled. "But I did not expect to dance. That made the evening complete!"

But Doctor Anthony was not yet content. "No," he insisted. "This was fine; but it was not adventure. There can be no adventure without menace, danger. Unless a man be afraid, he can not know the fine frenzy of courage. Unless we find true adventure, I shall be a disappointed man!"

CHELLARAM'S, where they stopped presently to buy the perfumes of which Mrs. Vernal had spoken, was no more than a booth, open to the street and packed with all manner of things exotic and beautiful. There were Spanish shawls, carved ivories from the East, cigarette holders as long as your arm, hats of Monte Cristi, raw silk from Japan, perfumes from Paris and from Egypt . . . But the merchant—was he, perhaps, Mister Chellaram?—was a swarthy man, apparently part Oriental, part Negro, and combining the most alarming features of each race. His assistants—his sons, or his nephews—were younger editions of himself. When you asked one of them the price of an article, he conferred rapidly and mysteriously with the others in meaningless syllables. In dealing with them, the little Doctor knew a delicious alarm.

While Miss Applegate considered perfumes, Doctor Anthony investigated the matter of Panama hats. Mrs. Vernal had warned him that you could judge the quality of a hat by the fineness of the weave. So

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the first which he saw, he pushed scornfully aside.

"Something finer," he urged.

And again: "Something finer!"

And again: "Finer still, if you have it."

The particular Chellaram who served him rummaged beneath the counters; he produced great bundles of hats, folded flat and wrapped in white cloths; he displayed this one and that one. Till at last Doctor Anthony asked:

"How much is this one? It is your best?"

"Sixty-five dollars," said Chellaram proudly.

The little professor did not even gulp. "Not good enough," he decided, in a tone of scorn.

Chellaram beamed; he seemed delighted with this discriminating customer; he made gestures of invitation, and he produced from under the counter a bottle of brandy and a small glass. The little man looked over his shoulder toward Miss Applegate, but she was busy with her perfumes. Chellaram handed him the glass, and Doctor Anthony, doubtful of the strict procedure in such matters, filled it to the brim. The scalding liquid brought tears to his eyes. . . .

But later he permitted himself to be persuaded to try on a raw silk dressing-gown embroidered in blue silk threads; and when Miss Applegate approved this garment, as he slowly revolved before her, he asked the price. It was six dollars and a half; he argued Chellaram down to five dollars, and drank another glass of brandy.

When they were done at last with their purchases and emerged into the street, Miss Applegate asked:

"Do you miss your glasses so very much? Shall we return to the boat?"

"Glasses?" Doctor Anthony exclaimed. "Glasses? Why, bless my soul, I'd forgotten them. I seem to see quite well. Quite well enough, I'm sure."

"It's after eleven," she reminded him.

"Eleven!" He clapped his hands together "Eleven is the magic hour at Murphy's Plaza, Miss Applegate! We must make haste."

AN OPEN car slid up beside the curb, the driver beckoned invitingly; and Doctor Anthony helped Miss Applegate in, then climbed in beside her. Overhead the moon shone in the very peak and apex of the sky. The bright street was crowded with a stirring throng, noisy with the clatter of many tongues. Their driver shouted meaningless abuse at two urchins in the way. . . .

The car stopped presently before a portal through which issued the sound of music, and Miss Applegate and Doctor Anthony alighted The driver asked:

"Wait for you, Mister?"

"By all means," the Doctor assured him. "Wait, yes, to be sure."

They left their purchases, and Doctor Anthony's hat, in the car. Within doors, some one led them to a table just beside the dance floor; they sat down; a waiter stood attentively.

"What do you think?" the little Doctor asked.

"I think perhaps a glass of orangeade," she suggested doubtfully. "I had a little brandy with Mr. Chellaram. It was quite enough."

"Two," the Doctor directed. "Two glasses, then, of orangeade."

The waiter disappeared; and Doctor Anthony turned to survey the prospect here. The music had stopped and then begun again; the Doctor expected to see the floor filled with dancers. But instead there was only one individual in this open space before the orchestra. This person—he saw so much in a first horrified glance—was a girl, or a woman. She was scantily dressed, and she seemed at the moment to be trying to split herself in two. She sat on the floor facing Doctor Anthony, with one leg extended to the right, and the other to the left; yet in spite of the manifest absurdity and discomfort of this posture, the creature smiled.

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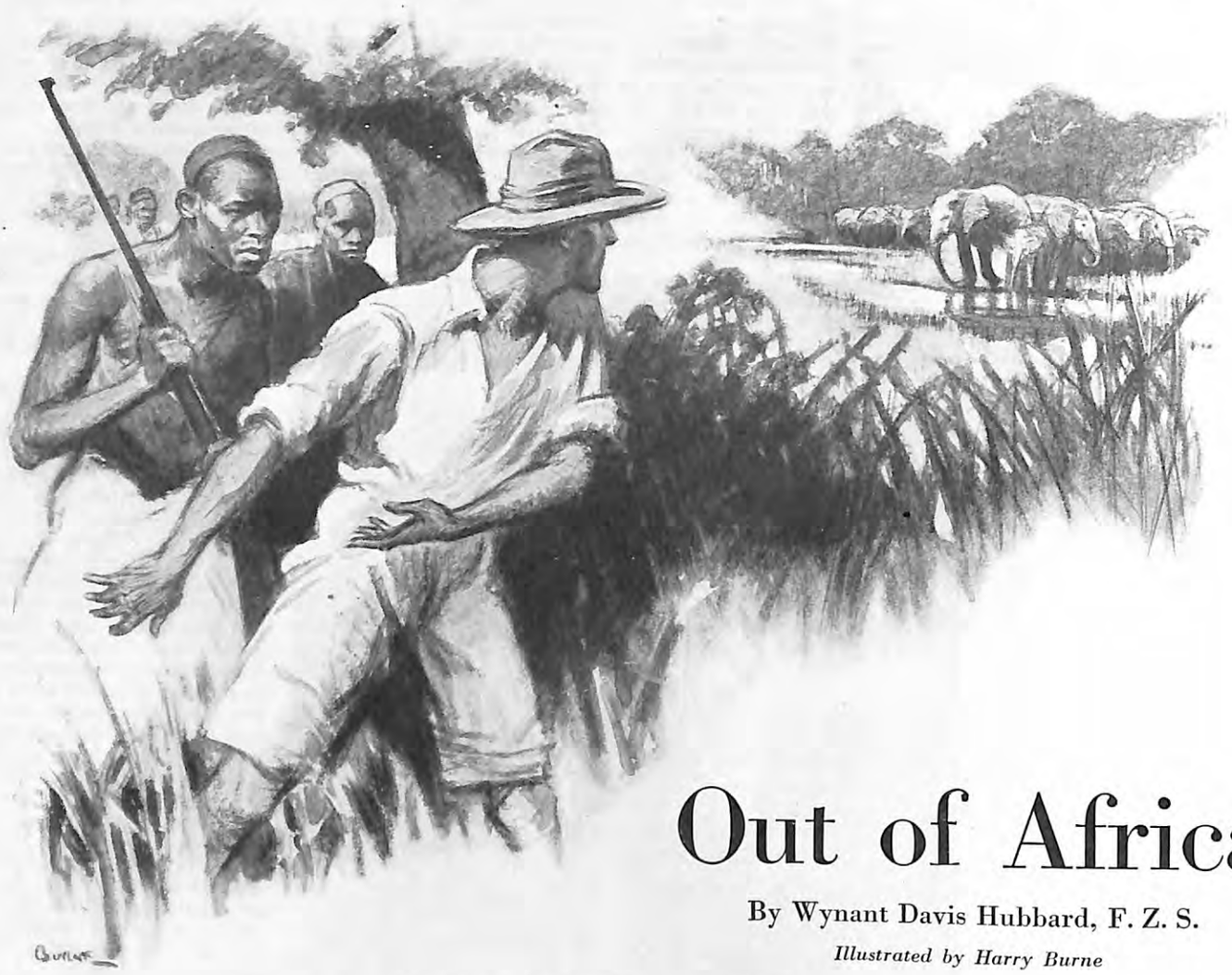
(*Continued on page 54*)



Out of Africa

By Wynant Davis Hubbard, F. Z. S.

Illustrated by Harry Burne

"WOULD you like to know what is going to happen to-morrow, I'nkos?" The wrinkled old native squatting before me looked up with a twinkle in his eye.

"I certainly would. But you can't tell me."

"Oh, yes, I can, I'nkos."

Some devil's curiosity prompted me to investigate. Maybe because I was so uncertain about the elephants myself, or perhaps just out of a fondness for ploughing into things native. Anyway, I encouraged Old One Eye, as I called my private witch-doctoring tracker, to carry on. He sniffed up a heaping teaspoonful of snuff and after spitting contentedly and shuffling his heels firmer into the ground, began his foretelling.

Harry and I and Mackie had been hunting elephants for months. They had shot several but since I had joined them we had enjoyed no luck at all. For days we had been following a herd but that evening when Old One Eye spoke for the first time we didn't know whether the herd was one day or one week ahead. It sometimes happens that way with elephants. None of the signs are sufficiently fresh or emphatic to give accurate news.

As One Eye told his tale of happenings we smiled. We, professional hunters and particularly Harry and Mackie, who had been brought up in the country, knew better. The elephants couldn't be so close. But One Eye insisted. The next day would prove he was right. We would find the herd when the sun was so high. He raised his arm to point where the sun would be, at about eleven. They would be standing in a very small 'saka (patch of dense bush) near a spring. Sibiunni, giving me my native name, would not see them. Schechambia would see but not shoot. Dunkamatali, Mackie, would kill a bull with a broken tusk.

In the hurry and bustle of getting our long safari under way by sun-up One Eye's prophecy was forgotten, or crowded into the background. We trekked slowly across the veld. Our scouts and trackers were spread out fanwise ahead, running down false leads and generally gathering all possible information. The tale was much as on the previous day. Droppings, broken branches, spewed out chunks of chewed roots, spoor and bent grass. But all so withered by the intense October heat, or so dew moistened, that their age was guesswork. We wound around large ant hills, wormed our way through bits of 'sakas and crossed many an open vlei. An elephant will do sixty miles a day; sometimes we had to do at least forty.

About ten-thirty we came to the edge of another vlei. Instead of pushing on, Harry stood staring across the grass-covered shallow depression. At the farther side I could see a mud splashed spot at the edge of some thick bush that looked like a spring. But we had passed two already that morning and many in the weeks before. Harry grasped my arm as I started to push past him.

"Look, Dave!"

"Well? What of it? Just another of those stinking holes the elephants trample in."

"I know. But look at the sun. See the thick bush on the farther side?"

"Oh, you mean old One Eye? Well, come on. The only way to find out is to go over."

So over we tramped. The mud about the spring was glistening with water. For fifty yards about the air was permeated with the strong smell of elephants. Everyone was excited except One Eye. He knew. Harry detached two hunters and sent them around the 'saka in opposite directions. The carriers quietly unloaded and we sat down to wait.

Within half an hour the boys were back. The elephants were inside. There were no tracks leading out. Our chance had come. We discussed it thoroughly. Finally it was decided that Harry would go through the 'saka and drive out the elephants or tackle them inside while Mackie went around the north end and I the south end. He was to give us a few minutes' start.

OFF we went, each with his gunbearer. I was thinking of One Eye's prophecy. It was uncanny, the way he had foretold the time and place. In spite of his assurance that Sibiunni would not see any elephants, I kept a sharp lookout. But I didn't. Just as my boy and I were rounding the end a yell sounded from inside the 'saka. An elephant trumpeted, bushes and trees snapped and crashed, then a shot crashed out. An elephant screamed. Another shot. They came from the north end. We broke into a run and within a couple of minutes came up to Mackie. Harry and all the natives gathered about a splotch of blood on the ground.

"I hit him with both behind the shoulder," Mackie was insisting.

"Well, we should find him within a mile then," I put in. "Let's go."

Chattering excitedly, the carriers picked up their burdens and we started off.

"Big one, Mackie?" asked Harry.

"Yep. Bull. But no broken tusk," he added in native as One Eye joined us. The man only smiled. His prophesy had worked in detail so far.

Within a mile the bull had fallen. He had struggled to his feet, only to drop in half a mile, this time for good. His knees were crumpled under him and he had dived forward, dying with his tusks driven into the ground. The tusks promised weight, from what we could see of them, and every native set to with vigor and enthusiasm to cut off the head and tail, to sever the feet so that they could be skinned and made into liqueur stands, and to set up a camp. By sunset the head was severed and, calling all hands, we pushed and pulled and rolled it over so that the tusks were free. One Eye was present. As the long points broke loose from the dirt, he pointed. The tip of the left tusk was broken; had been broken in the elephant s dying fall.

THE evening before we resumed our hunt One Eye came around again with an offer of foretelling. And he was absolutely correct to the last detail! I was there. I heard him and saw it all. Three times he told us in the evening exactly what would happen the following day.

The fourth time One Eye approached as we sat about the fire, Mackie waved him away. Harry sat, sunk gloomily in the depths of his canvas deck chair.

"What's the matter, Mackie?"

"I'm scared of that old devil. He's told us the truth too many times. Suppose he were to tell us one of us would be killed tomorrow? I don't want to know."

Harry grunted assent. And there the matter ended. It had begun to get on our nerves. I don't know what we would have done if One Eye had foretold death or injury. What would you have done if you had been in our places? Do you think that, alone for months on the veld, surrounded only by natives and engaged in that glorious but most dangerous sport of elephant hunting, that you would have encouraged that prophesying?

The above is not just a figment of my imagination. I saw it happen and I know it is true. Nor is it the only occurrence of its kind that I know of. Many people are apt to dismiss these native phenomena as "oh, just silly witch doctoring, or elementary psychology." Some are. I always used One Eye to catch petty thieves. Some native, perhaps, had been stealing sugar, or bread or cigarettes. They are minor offenses, but when there are two hundred natives in camp even minor derelictions must be punished. I had evolved a simple method of finding the culprit. In the evening I would summon every native in my employ. They would sit on the ground before me in a semicircle. Facing them and near me squatted One Eye. Very deliberately and while looking at each native before him he would undo his medicine bag and draw out three pieces of bone carved rudely to represent fish. After he had glared at every native with one blood-shot eye, he looked at the fish and then cast them on the ground before him. Solemnly he scrutinized their positions. Then he glared again at each native and picking up the fish continued the process. Eventually the natives in the circle shifted their feet nervously and tried to turn their heads away. But the clatter of the fish was irresistible. They must see how they fell. One Eye never uttered a sound during the whole performance. In the end—it might be within ten minutes or three-quarters of an hour—one native would hold his hand up, saying, "I did it, I'nkos."

Now that is just simple psychology, or hokum, or whatever you want to label it. The first story can be explained by telepathy, or some allied force, if you will admit the presence of such a power. I have collected four more stories all of which I know to be true, having seen all but one myself, of which I cannot secure explanations. The answers may be poisons, or drugs, psychology, or some mental force which we do not understand. I leave them to you. But if you do arrive at a logical explanation, one which you believe to be true, not just plausible, I wish that you would write to me about it care of your editor. I should like to know more than anyone.

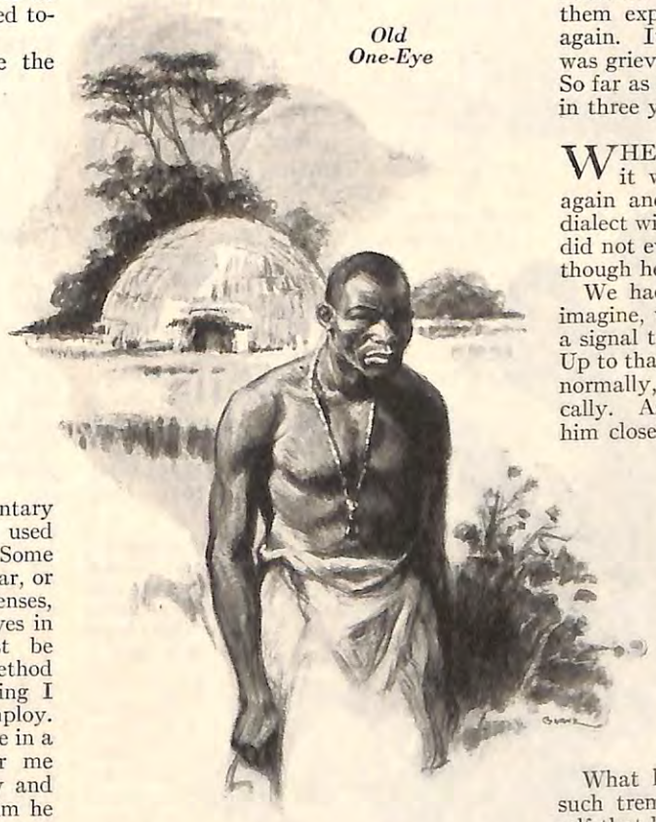
"Where's Milk, Charlie?" I asked my capitao one morning as we were starting the natives off on various jobs.

"Sick, I'nkos."

"Sick? Why, he was all right yesterday when we were hunting. What's the matter with him?"

Charlie shrugged his shoulders. He had trouble enough trying to keep his men at work. I made a mental note to go and see for myself and went to breakfast.

About ten o'clock I had occasion to go to the compound and stopped at Milk's hut to see what ailed him. Natives have a most



Old One-Eye

annoying habit of playing sick when they want a day to loaf. A big dose of Epsom's is the best cure. I had some with me.

I called to the boy to come out and let me have a look at him. No answer. I called again. Still no reply. That was very unusual, so pushing aside the door of reeds I stooped and entered the dark interior. When my eyes became accustomed to the gloom I saw the native lying on his back on a rude bed, a shelf made of sticks laid crosswise on poles which rested in forks set upright in the ground. Although the brilliant sunshine filtered through the low doorway and he must have been aware of my presence, Milk did not so much as move his head.

"What's the matter with you, Milk?"

"I am going to die."

"Nonsense. Die! What on earth makes you think that you are going to die? You were all right yesterday."

"I am going to die."

I argued with him. I talked with him and threatened him with Epsom's and quinine. He did not once move from his position, nor could I get any information out of him except that he would die when the sun reached its height. I took his pulse. It was normal. His head was cool.

I had heard tales of natives who willed themselves to death, but I didn't think of them then. Later I remembered. I was puzzled. Milk was not by nature a loafer. Quite the reverse, and because of his generally optimistic outlook on life and because of his strength—he was a big native—I took him with me when I needed boys for hunting. I was positive that there was nothing wrong with him physically. I questioned the cook about Milk and learned some news that sent me back to the compound with Charlie. It seemed that Milk had received word the night before of the death of his brother.

Natives are very fond of one another. They will stick by each other under the most distressing circumstances. Nevertheless, the basis of their entire outlook upon life is fatalism. What will be, will be. I have had them expound this belief to me time and again. It did not seem possible that Milk was grieving so much that he desired to die. So far as I knew he had not seen his brother in three years.

WHEN Charlie and I entered Milk's hut it was nearly noon. I tackled him again and Charlie pleaded with him in a dialect with which I was not familiar. Milk did not even answer. It almost seemed as though he did not hear us.

We had been in the hut ten minutes, I imagine, when the cook banged on a rail as a signal to stop work for the mid-day meal. Up to that moment Milk had been breathing normally, his chest rising and falling rhythmically. As the ringing sounded I looked at him closely. It was the time of the height of the sun. He appeared unchanged and unnoticing. Charlie and I stood silently watching for a few minutes. Suddenly the figure on the bed stiffened and stretched out. The hands twitched and a gurgle sounded in the throat. We stepped forward quickly and I seized Milk's wrist and felt for the pulse. There was none. I listened on his chest. No heart beat. Milk was dead and he had died when the sun reached its greatest height.

What happened? Did this native have such tremendous control over his physical self that by exercising his brain only he was able to die at any time he wished? Is this possible in a race supposedly mentally inferior to the white, yellow and brown races? I can imagine a person dying of grief by languishing. But I am as positive as anyone can be in such circumstances that this native was not grieving unduly. It is not in their nature to do so. I had at the

time a most distinct impression that Milk was doing something which for some unaccountable reason he felt obliged to do. It was a rite.

The sequel to this story happened a year later in Portuguese East Africa. I had at that time some two hundred and seventy-odd natives. They were an especially unruly and troublesome lot. Nearly half were Mohammedans. As they will only eat meat which comes from an animal whose throat has been cut by a true believer, while reciting a passage from the Koran, feeding them was a problem. Every time I shot an antelope a Mohammedan rushed forward and cut its throat or tried to. If the animal was only crippled some amusing situations occurred. But they are other stories.

My cook was a Mohammedan. He was young, plump and a willing servant. I picked him up on the Southern Rhodesia-Portuguese East border as he was walking towards Salisbury seeking work. I had had him about six months and although he was very dumb and slow, I kept him on for lack of better. He was always cheerful and grinning. Therefore, when he appeared one lunch time without his usual wide smile I asked him if he was sick. No, he wasn't sick. Had any of his friends or brothers died? No, nobody he knew had died, although in the village across the river a woman had died the day before. That did not seem particularly pertinent and I forgot all about him for the time being. After lunch one of the youngsters who washed dishes came up to me.

"I'nkos?" he queried, squatting on his heels and clapping his hands.

"Yes? What do you want?"

"I'nkos, William is going to die." William was the cook.

"How do you know? Who are you to say that he is going to die?"

"William told me, I'nkos."

I sought William out and found him sitting on a box in the kitchen.

"What's all this I hear about your dying, William?"

HE LOOKED up at me. His face was long and solemn and his eyes were watery. I took a close look at him. He was trembling. It was hard to believe that this man sitting here so obviously badly frightened was our cheerful, foolish cook.

"I'nkos, Saiman told me that I would die at four o'clock."

I wanted to laugh. William was so serious and he seemed so childish for such a big man. Then I remembered Milk, and also the fact that Saiman was reputed to be a witch doctor.

"Stand up." I determined to examine him thoroughly. He was a splendid specimen, even if his mind was slow. I peered into his mouth, took his pulse and temperature and generally poked, pushed and felt him all over. I could find nothing wrong. He was normal in every respect and, for a wonder, did not complain of a single ache or pain. Just the same he was certain that he would die at four o'clock. It was then about two-thirty. I left him sitting on his box.

For an hour I worked. But in my mind I could see Milk lying in his hut. This did not seem to be exactly the same sort of a case, but William was sound physically, just as Milk had been. If Saiman had given him poison, as was perfectly possible, there should have been some sign. Was this another willing to death proposition?

At a quarter to four I went into the dining shelter. Seating myself I called to William for tea. Tea was not ready usually before four-thirty, but I had a plan in mind. After a wait William dragged himself out of the kitchen and shuffled into the shelter.

"Tea. I want tea right away."

"But, I'nkos——"

"Don't argue with me. When I want tea I want it right away." I rose and walked close to him. "Do you understand?" Whack. I slapped him. Instinctively he raised his hands to ward off another blow. "Ha, ha. Fight back, will you?" I slapped him hard and, tripping him, threw him down. For ten minutes I swore and cussed, pommelled and roughed that native until he didn't know whether he was standing on his head or his feet. As I said, I had a theory. I stood William up and knocked him down until I was panting for breath. The shelter was a turmoil. We knocked over chairs and kicked up clouds of dust. I tried to see the clock on a shelf. Ten minutes after four. I tackled William afresh and described his ancestors and his children to come, himself and what I thought of natives in general and particular. I wasn't at all complimentary. If the boy hadn't been so dumb he would have guessed my game, for I wasn't hurting him much. Just enough to worry him.

Five minutes more and I quit. With a final injunction to get the tea I kicked him out of the shelter. There was a clatter of pots and dishes. I could hear William bawling out his helper. Almost miraculously he appeared within ten minutes, dusty and wild-looking, but carrying the tea tray. He set it down in front of me and stood waiting for any further orders. In spite of my resolutions I burst out laughing. Forgetting himself, William laughed too.

"I thought that you were going to die at four?"

IMMEDIATELY William's grin faded away. His eyes took on the worried look they had before I examined him. He glanced at the clock. It was four-thirty. He began to laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha. Saiman was a liar. I won't die now. It is too late."

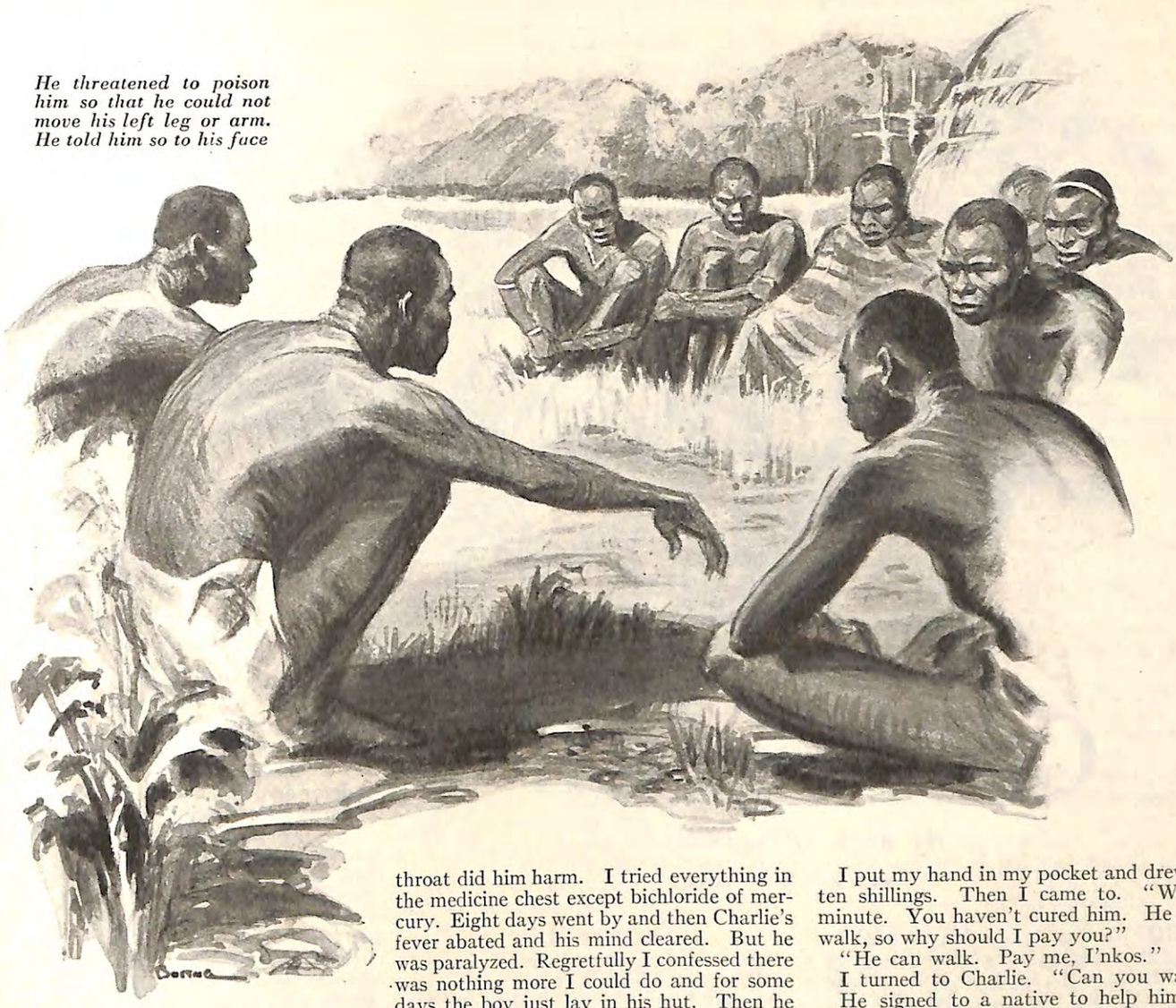
"Yes, you silly fool. You were too busy trying to get away from me. You didn't have time to die."

He never did have time during the ensuing year, but when I asked Saiman for an explanation he just grinned and turned away.

Can you think up an explanation which you know to be sound which will explain these two occurrences? I am willing to credit natives with sufficient belief and confidence in either their own wills, or in fatalism, or in some other power, to kill themselves by thinking themselves to death. Indians in India do remarkable things which can only be explained in this way. You may not agree with me. If you don't think a man can be frightened or argued into sickness or death, consider the following.

Charlie, my capitao, was a little bit of a native, but just jammed full of nerve and common sense. Not long before he was poisoned he was hunting a buffalo with an old single shot rifle. He got up to it several times and shot it full of holes but at last it nearly got him. The bull was waiting for him in some thick grass. It charged out and Charlie fired hurriedly and shot it through the horn. More enraged than ever the buffalo rushed at him and Charlie jumped for a tree. He caught a limb and was drawing himself up just as the buffalo reached him. It was nip and tuck. Charlie thought fast. As the buffalo lowered its head to toss him he put his foot between the horns and was hoisted neatly into the tree. From there he calmly reloaded and

For ten minutes I swore and cussed, pommelled and roughed that native until he didn't know where he was



He threatened to poison him so that he could not move his left leg or arm. He told him so to his face

shot the buffalo in the top of the head and killed it.

Now such a native isn't easily scared. So when he came to me one day and told me that he had been poisoned, I believed him. He told me exactly how it had been done and who did it. It was Saiman again. He hated Charlie because the capitao had told me of his thieving. He threatened to poison him so that he could not move his left leg or arm. He told him so to his face. One night, late, someone clapped hands outside the door of Charlie's hut. To his sleepy inquiry as to who it was an answer came back that a stranger wanted sleeping space for a night and he had come to the head man's hut to beg for it. Charlie got up and, opening the door, stepped out. Sharp pains shot up his leg. He knew what had happened and did not trouble to look for the stranger. Sharp little stakes or thorns had been carefully planted in the dust outside his door, the points up. They had been poisoned. The hand clapping, of course, was merely a ruse to bring him out.

WHEN he told me, I set to work. I purged him, cleaned out his stomach and made him lie down. Then I gave him a whacking drink of whiskey and waited. Within twelve hours he was running a high fever and part of the time was delirious. When he tried to walk his feet refused to obey and he crossed his legs and fell. He trembled and broke out in a heavy sweat. His left arm was useless. Frantically, I did everything I could to keep him alive. Probably some of the drugs I shoved down his throat did him harm. I tried everything in the medicine chest except bichloride of mercury. Eight days went by and then Charlie's fever abated and his mind cleared. But he was paralyzed. Regretfully I confessed there was nothing more I could do and for some days the boy just lay in his hut. Then he sent for me and asked if I would send him to a witch doctor who lived down the river some ten miles or so. I could not see what good the witch doctor could do, but I couldn't do anything, and so I agreed.

The next day we started off carrying crippled Charlie in a blanket slung under a pole. All the way he was cheerful and kept telling me how wonderful this witch doctor was. At the village we located the proper hut and I called out for the doctor. To my surprise, it was an old woman who appeared. Charlie hadn't told me that. We explained what had happened and that we wanted her to cure the sick man, to drive the poison out. Could she do it? Oh, yes she could but—. I guaranteed payment and the old witch disappeared into her hut for a few minutes. When she came out she carried a small knife. Walking over to Charlie, who was lying helpless on the ground, she squatted beside him and picked up his useless left arm. Without a word she drove the point of the knife into his flesh and cut a small vein near his wrist. The blood spurted forth in a thin stream. Stooping, the witch doctor put her mouth to the cut and sucked. She spit out two mouthfuls of blood and sucked again, this time for longer, and I suspected her of pushing with her tongue to close the wound. Abruptly, she rose.

"Here it is, I'nkos."

I looked at her outstretched hand. In the palm lay a fat white maggot. She showed it to Charlie. He wouldn't look and covered his eyes with his hand.

"Give me money, I'nkos."

I put my hand in my pocket and drew out ten shillings. Then I came to. "Wait a minute. You haven't cured him. He can't walk, so why should I pay you?"

"He can walk. Pay me, I'nkos."

I turned to Charlie. "Can you walk?"

He signed to a native to help him up. He was unsteady and trembled. The native held him for a moment and then Charlie stepped forward. He walked and moved both arms.

I paid the witch doctor.

AFTER a rest and after his cut had been bandaged, Charlie walked the ten miles back to camp. It was slow work because he was weak, but he made it.

What happened? I don't know. Of one thing I feel sure, and that is that the witch doctor put the maggot under her lip when she first entered her hut. Was Charlie poisoned or frightened? Was it fear only that prohibited the use of the left side of his body, or was it a drug?

Drugs and poisons are familiar to natives. They understand the use of many. Some of them are drugs totally unknown to us, or else used in other ways. The following story was told to me by a highly responsible Swiss. He was and is, a government employee and saw what happened with his own eyes. I believe him absolutely; first, because he gained nothing in prestige or glory by telling it, and secondly, because I was told of another similar occurrence in Central America. My second informant was a doctor of the United Fruit Line whom I have known for years.

Monsieur Schmidt and I were sitting about a camp fire one evening in Portuguese East Africa. I had camped on the Luia River for nearly a year and he had come up from Tete, a hundred miles from the Zambesi, for a week's hunting and rest. It is fearfully

(*Continued on page 57*)

"Swede," said Red in a voice that could be heard by most in the room, "I think you're a big, overrated bully!"

Gamblers All

By Jack O'Donnell

Drawings by Charles Ryan

THE Northern, a combination saloon and gambling hall operated by Don Ritchie in the little oil town of Lost Hills, California, was going full blast one winter's night back in 1914.

Oil men, gamblers, dope-peddlers and sundry business men of the town were standing two deep at the bar. Two poker games were in progress in the rear. The Cuckoo Barber (if he had any other name I never heard it) was making ludicrous effort to shave a drunken player at the craps table, while an itinerant minstrel was strumming a moth-eaten banjo near the overheated drum stove. Into the room, through the swinging doors which were working overtime, came an undersized, flat-chested, slightly stooped youth with red hair, and a determined look in his blue-gray eyes. Almost everybody who saw the young man recognized him as "Red," reporter on the *Lost Hills Gusher*, the weekly newspaper of which I was editor and publisher.

Working his way up to the bar he ordered a whisky from Blackie, the bartender nearest the door. Tossing that off he ordered another. When he had gulped that he turned and faced the Big Swede, a blond Colossus, who, it was said, had once caved in the head of a new oil barrel with one blow of his fist.

"Swede," said Red in a voice that could be heard by most in the room, "I think you're a big, overrated bully with a piece of spaghetti where your backbone ought to be!"

Disbelieving his ears, the Big Swede looked from one to the other of the faces that turned to see how he would take this obvious challenge. At best he wasn't a quick thinker and the drinks he had taken that night slowed up his wits still more.

"You mean me?" he asked.

"Nobody else!" sneered Red.

"Why you red-headed son——"

Nobody heard the rest of that sentence. With the first word of it Big Swede was in action and there was a scurry for cover that drowned out his words.

What happened in the next few seconds couldn't be called a fight. As Big Swede rushed at him Red swung his left—and—missed. Then the blond giant swung his right and didn't.

After we had worked over Red for about fifteen minutes he opened his eyes and asked, "Did I hit him?"

We shook our heads negatively.

"Then I lose!" said Red mournfully.

"Lose what?" I asked.

"The bet I made with you last night—remember? When I told you I didn't like the Swede and said I thought I could whip him in a fair fight, you laughed at me and said, "I'll bet you a hundred dollars to a nickel you couldn't get in one punch."

"And you were sap enough to try it, eh?"

"Sure!" said Red grinning "Look at the odds!"

Red's effort to cash in on a two-thousand-to-one chance should have its place among the outstanding long-shot bets in the history of gambling—a history that dates back to the Garden of Eden when the serpent touted Eve to take a chance on the apple. It was his way of answering the oldest and most powerful argument in the world—"I'll bet you!"

The world is full of Reds—men and women who are willing to take a chance if the odds are right, or even seem right. The instinct to gamble may not be as deeply rooted in most of us as it was in Red, but is there nevertheless. It is in the blood of the millions of men and women who daily bet on the races, who play the stock market, bet on the turn of a card, the speed of a train or an ocean liner, the weather, or the enduring powers of a pole-sitter.

The man and maid who promise "I do!" gamble with happiness. Every day in the year thousands upon thousands of people gamble upon the strength of a piece of fuselage when they go up in the sky. Other millions gamble with death when they cross Broadway, Market Street or Michigan Avenue against traffic lights. From the cradle to the grave life is a gamble for health, wealth, happiness and salvation.

Professional gamblers will tell you "it's the larceny in the human heart that makes gamblers of us all." They will also tell you that some gamble fairly, some unfairly, while some wouldn't bet a dime against a million unless they felt sure they couldn't lose. The instinct to gamble is there, just the same. It may show itself in a wager for high stakes, or personal advancement, for a woman's love, or to vindicate an opinion expressed in an emotional moment.

THE most electrifying and inspiring gamble of modern times was that taken by Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh when he hopped off from New York, Paris bound, with only a single motor monoplane between him and certain death. He gambled his life against $25,000 and enduring fame—and won.

One of the coolest and nerviest gamblers that ever frequented a race track was a comparatively unknown lad from Kansas City named Harry Phillips.

Phillips wasn't a regular race track follower in the sense that he went to the track every day when he was in a city that boasted of thoroughbred racing, but he was a student of blood lines and form. He had a passion for "doping," or figuring a horse's chances of winning a given race, based on that horse's past performances. He subscribed regularly to form sheets and when away from race tracks figured the races for the sheer joy of it. Phillips popped into a pool room in San Francisco one day in the spring of 1909. He was badly in need of a shave, a haircut

and a trusting tailor. He went to the bar and asked the price of whisky.

"A bit a drink," answered the bartender.

That meant fifteen cents for a single shot, two for a quarter.

Phillips grinned and said, "Sorry. I had hoped they were a dime."

He started to turn away when the bartender placed a bottle and glass on the bar, saying, "Bargain rates to strangers!"

Phillips gulped a full-sized hooker, taking it neat, as the English say.

Then for an hour he sat in a corner with a form sheet in front of him, making his selections.

They were running at Emeryville, across the bay from San Francisco, that day, and when the scratches came in over the wire Phillips made one or two changes in his selections, then walked over to the price-maker, handed him a soiled sheet of paper bearing the names of six horses in six different races.

"Will you take a six-horse parlay starting with two dollars?" he asked.

The price-maker looked at the horses selected, grinned and said, "Sure! Place or show?"

"Neither," said Phillips. "All to win!"

The price-maker took the two dollars, gave Phillips a quick once-over and shook his head as much as to say, "It's no wonder you look like a tramp."

His bet placed and his capital reduced to nil, Phillips went back to his corner, took a greasy deck of cards from his pocket and began playing solitaire.

When the first race came in over the wire Phillips never even glanced up when the caller named his first selection as the winner. Nor did he so much as glance at anything but his cards when his second, third, fourth and fifth horses romped home in front.

Others in the room, however, were not so cool. The word had been passed that the seedy-looking stranger had a six-horse parlay which was still alive and that his sixth was an odds-on favorite and looked like a mortal cinch. An amateur mathematician present got busy with pencil and paper and figured that if the stranger's parlay held up for the sixth race he would win $19,440.

The pool-room manager himself got busy. He figured that the sixth horse in the parlay was a sure winner and that unless he could buy off the stranger the house stood to lose more than $19,000. Going to Phillips, who was still deeply engrossed in his game of solitaire, the manager said, "You've been pretty lucky so far, stranger, but it's a tough job getting the sixth over in a parlay. Want to sell that ticket?"

"HOW much will it call for if the sixth wins?" asked Phillips, without looking up from his game.

"Nineteen thousand four hundred and forty dollars," replied the house manager.

"Yeah; I'll sell it," said Phillips, placing the King of spades on top of the Queen.

"How much?" asked the manager.

"Nineteen thousand four hundred and forty dollars!" said Phillips, snapping his fingers impatiently over a mistake he had made in his game.

"Oh, come," said the house manager. "I'll give you five thousand cash right now," and he tossed five one-thousand-dollar bills in front of the player. "Five thousand is a lot of money!"

"Nineteen thousand's a lot more," answered Phillips.

"Horse racing is very uncertain, y'know," advised the house manager. "There's a chance this next horse will refuse you. They all can't win. I'll make it seven thousand five hundred. What do you say?"

"They're going to the post at Emeryville," yelled the caller. "Will be off in three minutes!"

"You know I beat this game last week," said Phillips.

"The race game?"

"No—this Canfield. But I was betting with myself."

"Seventy-five hundred would do you a lot of good right now," tempted the house manager. "They'll be off in a minute and if that last horse loses you won't have enough money for a drink. Better take a sure thing. What do you say?"

"I say I'll sell that ticket for nineteen thousand four hundred and forty dollars—not a cent less," said Phillips with finality.

"They're off at Emeryville!" cried the caller.

Phillips continued his game of solitaire as if it were the most important thing in the world.

No mention was made of the favorite at the quarter or the half. That meant he was not among the first three horses going around that brown strip of dirt ribbon across the bay.

But when the horses' positions in the stretch were called the favorite was third.

There was a slight pause, then—"And the winner!"

Another brief pause, followed by the announcement that the favorite had led the others to the wire.

Phillips had picked six straight winners and skyrocketed a two-dollar bill into $19,440!

Still he did not leave his game until the official word came over the wire. When that was received he arose, collected his winnings, set 'em up to the house and departed.

Nobody ever saw Phillips around the race tracks after that day, but out 'Frisco way whenever the old-timers get to talking about high rollers somebody's sure to recall the "tramp from Oklahoma" and label him the coolest iceberg this side of the Arctic circle.

The late John W. Gates was a gambler of a different type. He would bet anything under the twinkling stars, but a million meant less to him than those two dollars meant to Harry Phillips. He didn't earn the sobriquet of Bet-a-Million Gates by betting two-spots. He liked high stakes, quick action and a good laugh in his speculations.

But Gates had one glaring weakness in his make-up, and that was his innate vanity. He believed, for instance, that he was one of the greatest trapshooters in the United States. In his day he bet and lost many large sums on his prowess with the gun.

Aware of this weakness his friends took advantage of every opportunity to talk him into a bet before the traps. He always carried a complete trapshooting outfit in his private car when he rode up and down the railroads of the United States and it never required much urging to get Gates to drag this out and start a match.

Just a few years before he died Gates, with a large party of railroad magnates, was making a tour of inspection of railroad properties in the South. It was a lively party, the slogan of which was "Let's not let business interfere with pleasure." If anybody suggested that a few hours' hunting, trapshooting or fishing might add to the gaiety of nations, Gates would have his private car uncoupled from the regular train, placed on a side track and the party would be on.

One of these stops was made near a water tank in Arkansas when somebody expressed the belief that the surrounding country looked ideal for duck hunting. Within a very short time guns were popping with great regularity, and feathers were flying not infrequently.

TWO of the party, starting back to the private car ahead of the others, came upon a spindle-legged Arkansas youth who was dropping ducks with the utmost ease and nonchalance. Greatly impressed by the lad's markmanship, the two railroad men questioned the boy about trapshooting. He admitted that he knew a little about the sport.

"Can you bring down clay pigeons as well as you can live ducks?" he was asked.

"Yep! They're both easy!" said the lad quietly.

"How many clay pigeons could you bring down out of a possible fifty?" he was asked.

"Fifty!"

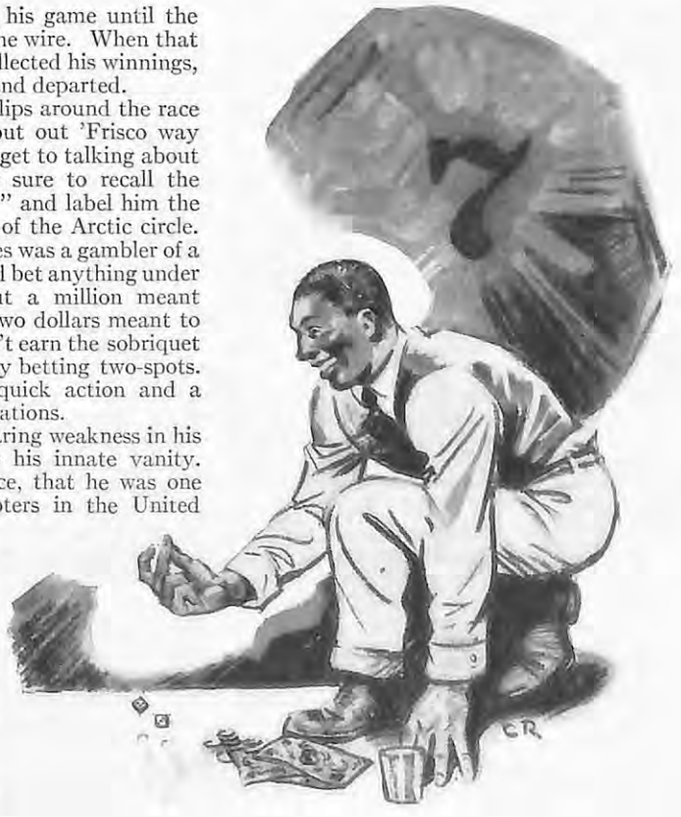
"Out of a hundred?"

"A hundred, I reckon," said the Arkansan quietly.

Two railroad magnates with but a single thought exchanged glances.

"Boy," said one of the men, "go over there and sit on the fence until we call you. We'll pay you well for your time."

When Gates and a few more of the party returned to the car, the conspirators brought



up the subject of trap-shooting and immediately Gates began telling of his own prowess. That was the cue for one of the men who had talked with the boy to say, "John, I've heard you do a lot of boasting about your markmanship, but I shouldn't be surprised if there were lots of people right around in this neighborhood who could beat you without half trying."

Gates bristled.

"All you got to do to break me is to go find one of 'em!" he said. "I'll betcha—" Then he laughed. "Well, anyway, I'll bet whatever you want."

"There's a boy out there sitting on the fence who looks as if he might be able to shoot," said the first conspirator. "I'll call him over and ask him."

In answer to the call the gangly lad came over close to the car.

"Can you shoot?" asked the first conspirator.

"Some," answered the lad.

"Ever shoot clay pigeons?"

"Yep, a little."

"That's enough for our purpose," said the railroad man. Then turning to Gates he said, "John, I'll bet you fifty thousand this kid can out-shoot you!"

"You're on!" boomed Gates. "George"—this to the porter—"get out the trap and set it up."

It was agreed that, inasmuch as the boy had only his regular duck-shooting gun, Gates should use the gun he had carried that morning.

A coin was flipped to see whether the boy or Gates should shoot first, and the boy won the toss.

With the utmost ease and seemingly without taking very careful aim the boy broke pigeon after pigeon as it left the trap. When he had cracked thirty without missing a single one, Gates's eyes began to pop. When the boy shattered the fortieth it dawned on the high roller that his cronies had "put him on a betting spot."

Just to add spice to the event the lad cracked the fiftieth clay pigeon before it had sailed fifty feet from the trap.

It may have been that Gates was peeved for having been caught so neatly, but he missed his twelfth pigeon and the contest was over.

BUT Gates was not the kind to lose $50,000 without making an effort to recover. When the train left that little Arkansas water-tank, the boy was aboard it as the guest of John W. Gates. At Hot Springs Gates had no difficulty finding a couple other millionaires who believed they were pretty good at the traps. It didn't take Gates long to worry them into a bet, and, backing the boy, he won back the fifty thousand he had lost to those in his own party, and fifty thousand interest.

Once the gambling bug gets a toe-hold in one's veins it's a hard insect to dislodge. Gambling is one pastime at which a player can get his knuckles cracked a thousand times without learning a lesson. There is always the lure of big money in a gamble, and as long as there's a chance to double one's fortune by the turn of a card, the roll of a pair of dice or the flip of a coin, men will take a chance. And the older they grow the more firmly does the old urge to try "just once more" grow upon them.

Take the case of William A. Brady, that grand old man of the sporting-theatrical world, who has won and lost more than

"I'll give you five thousand cash now. Five thousand is a lot of money"

fifty fortunes, and who at the age of sixty-eight is back—or almost back—in the millionaire class despite the fact that at fifty-six he was down and almost out—financially.

Brady is a natural-born gambler if there ever was one. In his day he matched wits with Rothstein, Canfield, Pat Sheedy, Gates and the Bradleys—Edward and John—around the gaming table. He piloted James J. Corbett to the championship of the world, and bet on Corbett to whip the great John L. Sullivan when all the world thought John L. would make mince-meat of the dapper San Francisco bank clerk.

Years ago he found an "angel" to back a play called "The Man of the Hour." For three weeks the show looked like a flop. Brady's backer begged him to close it. But Brady had faith in his own judgment. When he couldn't get money any other way he gambled his home and even his personal jewelry on the venture. In the end "The Man of the Hour" made $440,000.

A few years ago, when he was on the financial rocks again, he was forced into a hospital by a broken leg which he got while in the depths, afraid even to face his wife. While in the hospital he read the script of "Street Scene," Elmer Rice's Pulitzer Prize-winning play, and was tempted to try once more to woo the fickle jade, Fortune. With borrowed money he "put the show on its feet," despite the warnings of his friends. And one morning he woke up to find that he had a million-dollar success on his hands.

Brady says this will be his last gamble. But it won't. Not if he runs true to form. Once a gambler, always a gambler!

The inveterate, ingrained gambler will not be denied his right to take a chance regardless of his position in life. Even under the most trying conditions he will manage to make a bet on something. If he hasn't anything to use for money, he'll wager something almost as precious. This was illustrated a few years ago in the Cincinnati Home for the Friendless.

Among the inmates of the Home were three hoary-fisted gamblers upon whom the fickle goddess had frowned in the winter of their lives. Although only a few jumps ahead of Death, so to speak, the gambling virus was in their blood, and they felt the necessity of feeding it.

The hospital attendants had become suspicious of these gamblers three, because of their frequent applications for medicine. One drowsy afternoon a staff surgeon determined to find out what was being done with the many pills that were being doled out to them. Bent upon questioning the men, he was about to enter a room occupied by one of the trio when excited voices came to his ears. He stopped, listened, and heard:

"I'll open it for six aspirin tablets."

"I'll see the aspirin tablets and tilt it ten compound cathartics."

GENUINE sportsmen have much more respect for a hold-up man than they have for a sure-thing gambler. The footpad at least gambles with his freedom, if not his life, while the person who bets on a sure thing is not only a crook but a coward. Therefore, when one of those sure-thing gentry takes one on the chin, as the saying goes, there's rejoicing in the Land of Chance.

Years ago, before Columbus, Ohio, became pious, it was full of sure-thingers. The Neil House, on High Street, was then the sporting center of the Buckeye State, and it was inside its hospitable portals that Uncle John Alexander, sometimes known as "The Black Prince," a gambler of the old school, was selected by the short-sports as the victim of a trimming.

Uncle John was sitting in the Neil House lobby one night when one of the sure-thingers started a discussion about the probable weight of a stone hitching-block which stood in front of John's gambling-house.

"What do you suppose it weighs?" one of them asked of Alexander.

"I'd guess about three-fifty or four hundred pounds," said Uncle John.

"You're 'way off," piped up another of the framers. "I'll bet it weighs over five hundred."

"You may be right, but I doubt it," said Alexander, getting up and moving away.

Out in the street he felt a tap on his shoulder and turned to find a rat-eyed, tinhorn gambler who would double-cross his own mother for a quarter.

"That mob back there is trying to frame you, Mr. Alexander," said the rodent-eyed one.

"How?" asked Alexander.

"They weighed that rock in front of your place late last night and found it tipped the scales at 506 pounds. They want to get a bet out of you."

"Thanks," returned Uncle John, slipping the informer a ten spot.

Uncle John made it a point to be at the Neil House the next day. He was courting a bet, and was prepared when one of the sure-thing boys again brought up the subject of the rock's weight.

"What would you guess it weighed?" asked one.

"Somebody around here yesterday said it must weigh more'n five hundred pounds," replied Alexander. "But I'd bet it weighs less than five."

"You may be a good gambler, Uncle John," said one of the mob scornfully, "but you're a lousy guesser of weights."

This statement was calculated to arouse Alexander's ire and draw a bet from him. And it did!

"I've got some money says that rock weighs less than five hundred pounds!" said Alexander with feigned anger.

That was what the gang had waited for.

"Five hundred it weighs *over* five hundred," said the chief sure-thinger, pulling his roll from his deep pocket.

"Three hundred the same way!" chimed in another, who was holding the combined bets of several of his friends.

It wasn't long until every sure-thing gambler in town had put up his last dime. Alexander took all comers. He made sure that every short-sport in the city had a chance to bet. Then the hotel scales were put on a truck and taken to the block. There they were tested by a man from the State Government's "Weights and Measures Bureau," after which four men lifted the hitching-block and placed it on the scales.

The bar didn't budge when four one-hundred-pound markers were hung on it. When the man at the scales picked up another hundred-pound marker the sure-thing boys smiled confidently. But their smiles disappeared when the bar went down under this weight. They couldn't believe their eyes.

Removing the last marker, the weighing job was completed with the sliding balance. When it finally balanced it was found that the stone weighed exactly 491 pounds.

That night the Black Prince sauntered into the Neil House bar and sent for the hotel proprietor.

"I have here a little more than eighteen hundred dollars," he told the hotel man, "which I wish you'd distribute among the deserving poor of Columbus. I won it from a lot of cheap sports—sure-thing gamblers who tried to trim me. After being tipped off that they had weighed the block the night before, I sent two stone masons around there this morning about four o'clock and had them chip fifteen pounds out of the bottom of it. It wasn't exactly honest, maybe, but I don't guess the poor families of this town will ask any questions about where this money came from. Sometimes you gotta fight fire with fire!"

Although the late Arnold Rothstein had the reputation of being hard as granite and somewhat unconventional in his methods of paying up his gambling debts, he more than "shot square" with a chap named Rodman Lewis of Chicago, who, in a rash moment, agreed to sit in a game of bridge with A. R. and two others. The game was played on the Twentieth Century while that famous train was speeding toward New York.

"How much a point?" asked the innocent Lewis as the cards were being shuffled.

"How's ten suit you?" asked Rothstein.

"Oke!" gulped Lewis, who had never played for more than a cent a point.

As the train pulled into Grand Central Station Rothstein figured the pay-off.

"I owe you twelve thousand and fifty dollars!" he said to Lewis, and promptly laid that amount on the table. "Oh, no!" exclaimed Lewis. "You owe me only twelve hundred and five dollars. We were playing for ten cents a point, weren't we?"

"We were not!" said Rothstein emphatically. "We were playing for ten dollars a point—the basis on which you would have had to settle with me had you lost."

LEWIS, who couldn't have paid up had he lost more than $5,000, perhaps never knew how close he had come to real trouble in that game.

One must needs have a lot of faith in the United States postal service and its hard readers, or men who decipher the puzzles that sometimes appear on the faces of envelopes instead of addresses, to make the bet that Damon Runyon, the sports writer, made with Ping Bodie, the once-famous ball player, when Ping was with the New York Yankees.

Bodie, who had come to the big league from San Francisco, had written a letter to James W. Coffroth, the celebrated California sportsman, but had lost Coffroth's San Francisco address. Meeting Runyon in the clubhouse at the Yankee Stadium, Ping asked if he knew where a letter would reach Coffroth.

"Oh, just address it 'Sunny Jim, Powell Street.' That will reach him," said Damon.

"Don't kid me, Mister Runyon," pleaded Ping.

"I'm not. If you don't think I'm right you can win twenty bucks from me," said Runyon.

"You're on!" wagered Ping.

Accordingly the letter was addressed:

Sunny Jim,
Powell Street.

Within two weeks Ping received an answer from Coffroth. The letter had been delivered to the well-known Coffroth six days after it was placed in the mail in New York City. And Runyon won his bet. As he paid up, Ping asked: "How in the world did the postal people ever figure out who that letter was for?"

"Easy!" answered Runyon. "When he was conducting open-air fights in San Francisco years ago the weather was so kind to Coffroth that the newspapermen began calling him Sunny Jim. There aren't many Powell Streets in the United States, so it wasn't a tough job for one of those smart fellows over in the post-office to figure that the best place to try would be the best-known Powell Street in the world, and that happens to be in San Francisco. Once the letter got to Frisco, the boys in the post-office out there knew there was but one person it could be intended for, and that was Sunny Jim Coffroth. Thanks for the cigarette money, Ping."

Every real gambler craves action. It is to him what the needle is to a hop-head. Without it the world simply doesn't move. That's one reason why craps is second in the list of popular indoor sports.

Because of this peculiarity in gamblers, Asheville, North Carolina, witnessed the birth of a game known as Woo-fly, a game in which the common house-fly plays the stellar rôle.

The game may be played by two or more persons and all the paraphernalia needed are two lumps of sugar, or two small heaps of it.

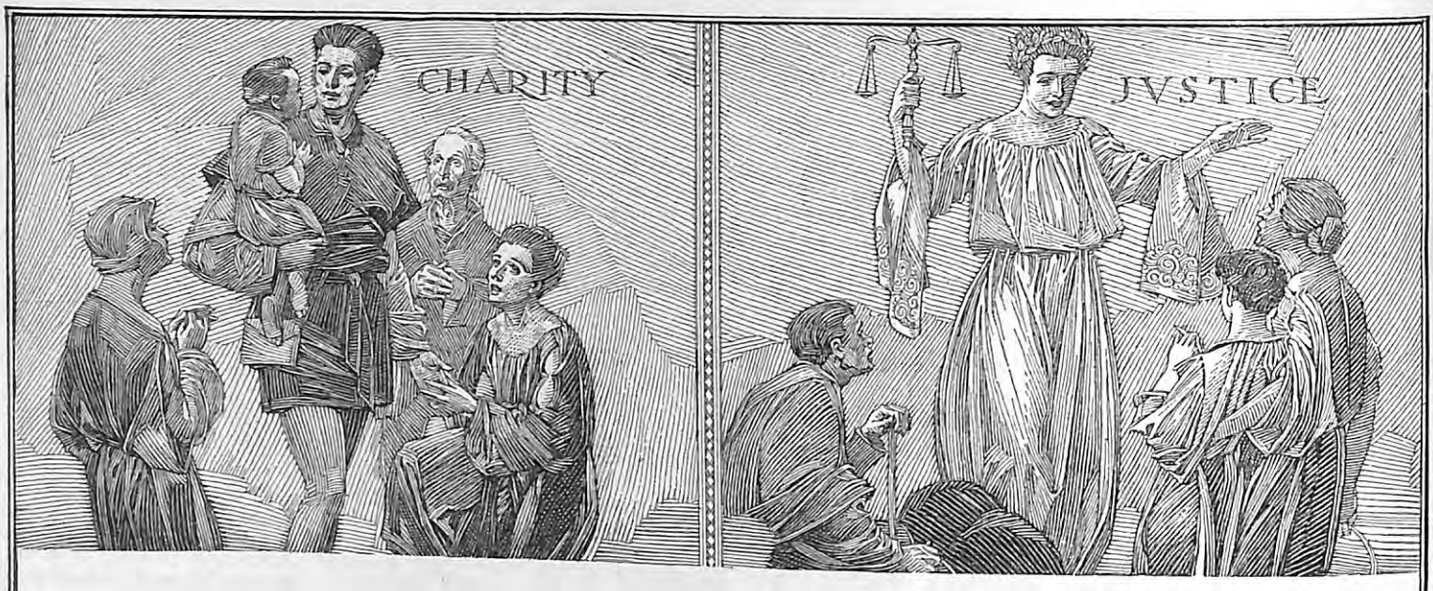
THE first game of Woo-fly on record was played on the veranda of the old Battery Park Hotel at Asheville about thirty years ago. It was conceived in the pink haze of boredom by two high rollers who craved action.

These two speculators were sipping tea in the open, when one of them turned to the other and asked, "What can we do to stir up a little excitement? I crave financial action. I've looked this place over and can't find enough speculatively inclined gentlemen to make up a poker game."

The second gambler, who had been idly watching several flies hovering about the sugar-bowl said, "See those flies? Well, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll take a lump of sugar and you take a lump of sugar and I'll bet you fifty bucks one of those flies lights on my lump of sugar before one lights on yours."

(*Continued on page 64*)

Asheville, North Carolina, witnessed the birth of a game known as Woo-fly, in which the common house-fly plays the stellar rôle



EDITORIAL

GOOD-FELLOWSHIP

IN HIS excellently phrased and effectively delivered address to the Grand Lodge, upon the occasion of his election, Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp stated that it was not his purpose to adopt any particular slogan for his administration, nor to direct his energies toward the accomplishment of any one specific objective; but that it was his keen desire to encourage and promote throughout the Order's membership a renewed spirit of good-fellowship. This declaration very properly aroused an enthusiastic response, because it was realized that his influence and active efforts could not be better employed, for, as construed by him, the term involves the very essence of true fraternity.

Good-fellowship is not merely a back-slapping joviality of greeting; nor mere good humored conversation; nor exuberant hilarity; nor the surface appearance of friendship toward every chance companion. These are so far from being essentials that they may be wholly lacking in the make-up of the best of good fellows.

As used by the Grand Exalted Ruler, the words rather embody that consciousness of fraternal obligation which, coupled with a fine sentiment of human friendliness, prompts those generous and kindly acts that carry conviction of sincerity and earnestness. Such outward evidences of the inward feeling win their own welcome and insure a response in kind.

It may be a wordless hand-clasp that, by its warm pressure, carries a message direct from heart to heart. It may be a mere smiling recognition that bespeaks the affectionate interest that lies behind it. It may be a neighborly call; a deed of kindness to a member of a brother's family; a note of encouragement in time of trouble; a visit to a sick-room; a quiet conversation on topics of mutual concern over a comradely smoke.

These, and an infinite variety of like acts, are far better indications of true good-fellowship than are boisterous quips over a lifted tankard. They mean more than just an easy geniality; for they are the natural expressions of real good-fellowship, not mere companionability.

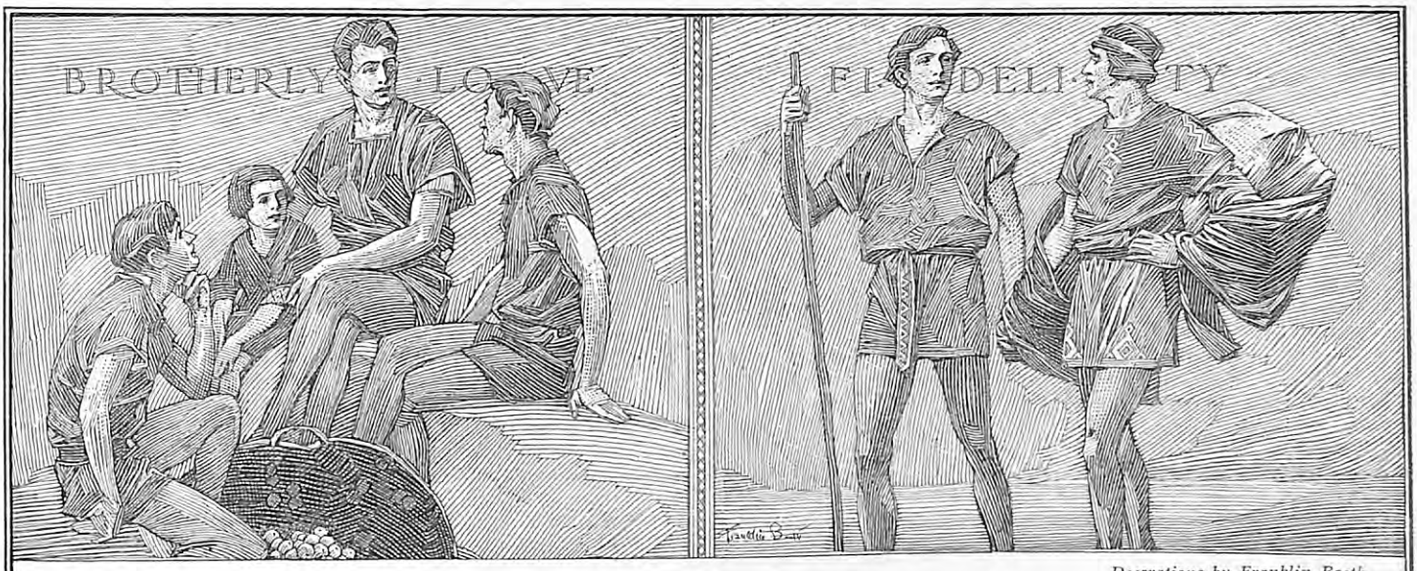
Let it not be thought that this implies any depreciation of boyish cheeriness and ringing laughter, nor of the gladsome song and all the joyousness of fraternal association at its brightest. These, too, have their place among real Elks and play their part in the making of a happier world.

But it is the truer conception, and finer exemplification, of real good-fellowship that is the need of all fraternities. It is a need of our own. And the Grand Exalted Ruler is to be commended for his declared purpose to endeavor to promote such a result. He has committed himself to a splendid fraternal service.

THE ELKS PARIS MEMORIAL

PERSHING HALL, the building in Paris which has already been put into commission as a memorial to the Americans who served and died in the World War, is as unique a project as it is commendable. Conceived and inaugurated by the American Legion, under the interested leadership of General Pershing, Brigadier General Cornelius Vanderbilt, Colonel Lawrence Benet, Colonel Francis E. Drake, and the late U S. Ambassador Myron T. Herrick, opportunity for distinctive representation in the enterprise was generously accorded to other American organizations which conducted specific patriotic activities during that great struggle.

Without exception these organizations promptly responded to the invitation. And there is presented the happy situation in which the American Legion, the U. S. Army, the U. S. Navy, the U. S. Military Academy, the U. S. Marine Corps, the National Guard, the American Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare Board, the Salvation Army, the



Decorations by Franklin Booth

Grand Lodges of Masons of the State of New York and other jurisdictions, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Order of Elks, are all united in providing this patriotic pantheon.

Each one has been assigned a designated salon in the building, to be featured as its own particular contribution to the memorial and to be available for appropriate uses by its own members.

The permanent maintenance of the entire structure is to be in the hands of selected Trustees and provided for by an ample endowment fund raised by the American Legion; so that there is to be no further expense or responsibility upon any of the other contributing organizations.

The Order of Elks was specially favored by having offered to it the Auditorium, the largest room in the building, designed as the meeting place for all the more important gatherings to be held there. It is to be suitably marked by a bronze tablet appropriately inscribed, and is to be known as Elks Memorial Hall. It is pleasing to think that this was in recognition of the outstanding patriotic service performed by the Order and its members.

Aside from its memorial character, the building will meet a very definite practical need. It will be a central bureau of information; a social club; a meeting place for American societies and organizations; a World War library, museum and hall of records that will continually grow more valuable with the passing years; and a foreign headquarters for each of the contributing organizations.

It is interesting to note that an Elks Flag Day Service was held in the Auditorium last June. And it is to be expected that the Elks Memorial Hall will hereafter be regularly used for the public ceremonials of the Order that are appropriate to be so held, for there are always large numbers of our members in Paris who will delight in such occasions, which present opportunities for fraternal contacts that could not otherwise be provided.

It is matter of just pride to THE ELKS MAGAZINE that the thirty thousand dollars, appropriated by the Order for this patriotic memorial overseas, was immediately available, and directed to be paid, from its surplus earnings during the last year, which had been turned over to the Grand Lodge at Atlantic City. And it is confidently believed that the purpose to which it has been thus applied will be heartily approved by the entire membership.

IT CAN BE DONE

IF ONLY one-third of those who are dropped from our rolls each year are recovered to membership, the Order would be assured a normal increase of its total numerical strength. This can be done.

Lapsation committees are appointed in the subordinate Lodges because it is recognized that there are many members who carelessly permit themselves to be dropped for non-payment of dues but who, if properly approached with a display of real personal interest in their fraternal connection, would promptly take steps to secure restoration to good standing.

During last year nearly one-fifth of all recoveries of lapsed members were secured in ten of the subordinate Lodges. This shows what can be done when the Committees accept their responsibilities seriously, and loyally undertake the important service assigned to them.

The real trouble lies in the disposition of most appointees to accept appointment as a mere formality and promptly to forget all about it; or continually to put off their personal service to some later date, which never arrives. And the only remedy is to arouse such appointees to a sense of their obligation, or to substitute others who will perform the services required.

The newly appointed District Deputies might well give their first attention to the activities of the lapsation committees in their respective jurisdictions. If they will, through the Exalted Rulers, stir these appointees to an earnest effort to accomplish the reclamation of lapsed members, it will be a most effective service. The effort should be promptly made.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Elks Boys' Band Makes Tour of Florida

THE Boys' Band, sponsored by Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91, returned home recently from a seventeen-day tour of cities in Florida and Georgia. In the course of this the musical organization, under the direction of Past Exalted Ruler W. U. Turley, gave concerts at hospitals, old folks' homes and other institutions, and participated in a number of civic parades and radio station broadcasting programs. Estimates of the number of persons in all the audiences which heard the Boys' Band place it at between 125,000 and 150,000. In Miami, where the band was adjudged the best of more than a dozen playing during the celebration of the city's thirty-fourth anniversary, 15,000 gathered at a single concert. At Clearwater and at Fort Myers, where drives were in progress for funds for aiding the Boy Scouts, the Chattanooga Elks Boys' Band led parades and was accorded enthusiastic receptions. The cities in Florida, besides those already mentioned, which the youthful musicians visited, were St. Augustine, Daytona Beach, New Smyrna, West Palm Beach, Lake Worth, Fort Lauderdale, Tampa, St. Petersburg, Ocala and Jacksonville. Upon the band's return journey, it stopped over at Atlanta, Ga., where Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews and a large group of other members of Lodge No. 78 in that city, entertained it.

Honolulu, H. I., Elks Present Big Boxing Show for Milk Fund

For the replenishing of the milk fund for undernourished children in its community, Honolulu, H. I., Lodge, No. 616, promoted recently a program of boxing bouts at an arena in that city. The exhibition, comprising forty rounds of boxing by well known athletes, was presented with the approval of the Paima Settlement and several other organizations devoted to social and community welfare. Generous subscriptions of tickets made the affair a financial success as well as an event of exceptional sporting interest.

2,000 Baltimore, Md., Elks Attend Elks Day at Orioles' Park

In the presence of two thousand members of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, Exalted Ruler John H. Robinette presented to the Baltimore Orioles Baseball Team a large elk's head, on the afternoon set aside recently as Elks' Day at the baseball park in that city. This formal bestowal of a token of good will preceded another event of unusual interest, a three-inning game between the Baltimore team and a nine composed of players formerly famous on the diamond. The old-timers who reappeared in uniform after many years' absence were Ed Walsh, once the pitching mainstay of the Chicago White Sox; Al Schacht, one of baseball's noted comedians; Joe Kelly, a celebrated old Oriole outfielder; Steve Brodie, Buck Herzog, Bill O'Hara, Merwin Jacobson, George Maisel and Fritz Maisel. For all their renown, however, and despite the assistance of several Oriole substitutes, the old-timers lost their game to the regular Baltimore team by the score of 3 to 2. The contest was umpired by Al Schacht, who also led the band and fought a boxing bout with himself, to the delight of the 8,000 spectators.

Picnic for 3,000 Given by San Diego And Oceanside, Calif., Lodges

Three thousand Elks, their families and their guests attended recently the second annual beach picnic given jointly by San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, and Oceanside Lodge, No. 1561. The festivities opened with a game of baseball, played with an indoor ball, between the teams of the two Lodges. This was won by San Diego Lodge by a score of 17 to 2. In the next contest, the Oceanside tug-of-war team evened things by pulling the San Diego tuggers over the line. In the afternoon a more general sporting program included such events as three-legged races for men, women and children; a balloon race for boys and girls; egg races; and finally a dancing contest. The winners of the various events received prizes donated by members of San Diego and Oceanside Lodges. Altogether eighty-seven awards were made. During the day the picnicers consumed over 3,000 cups of ice cream and two tons of watermelon.

Orange, N. J., Lodge Gives Outing For Crippled Children

Three big buses and six private cars carried many crippled children of Orange, N. J., to and from a day's outing in Grand View Park recently. The affair was sponsored by the Crippled Children's Committee of Orange Lodge, No. 135. A six-piece harmonica band provided a continuous program of music at the playground, while the youngsters rode upon the merry-go-round and roller coasters. Plenty of milk, sandwiches and other refreshments were available to the boys and girls throughout the day. After the outing every child was returned to his home.

Atlanta, Ga., Elks Pay Tribute To Work of S. John Connolly

In token of its affection for S. John Connolly and of its valuation of the services he had rendered the Order during the past year as Secretary to then Grand Exalted Ruler, Walter P. Andrews, Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, designated a meeting recently as "S. John Connolly Night." Among the members of Atlanta Lodge, in addition to Mr. Andrews himself, who spoke in tribute to Mr. Connolly, were Past Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees Robert A. Gordon, Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, Judge Virlyn B. Moore, Judge George Johns, of the State Prison Commission; and the Reverend Russell K. Smith, Chaplain. As a symbol of its appreciation of Mr. Connolly's work, Exalted Ruler McClelland presented to him a gift.

Port Chester, N. Y., Elks Give Large Outing for Crippled Children

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 863, entertained recently many crippled children of that city at an outing. The day's pleasures consisted of an automobile ride in cars lent by members of the Lodge, a luncheon at a wayside res-

Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp presents to Captain Philip B. Stapp, Assistant to the President of the American Legion Building, Paris, Inc., a check for $30,000. The sum was paid from the surplus funds of The Elks Magazine, to cover the expenses of the Elks Memorial Hall in Pershing Hall, Paris. The presentation took place in the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, in Chicago. In the group present (from left to right) are Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, Captain Stapp, Grand Treasurer Lloyd Maxwell, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp, and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters. Announcement of this project was made in the September issue of the Magazine.

taurant on the route to the playground, and the enjoyment of the many amusement devices in the park. Refreshments were provided in the afternoon; and all the youngsters received favors and noise-making toys for the homeward trip.

Elks Reunion and Stag Picnic Is Attended by Many at Boone, Iowa

Three hundred Elks, representing fifteen Lodges from various districts in Iowa, gathered recently at Nic-O-Let Park for the annual reunion and stag picnic sponsored by members of Boone Lodge, No. 563. Among the many interesting contests of the day were a trap shoot and a horseshoe tourney. The Fort Dodge, Lodge, No. 306, team won the trapshoot trophy with a score of 418; and the horseshoe-throwing title was captured by the Boone Lodge team. The picnic was declared to be the biggest event of its kind ever staged by Boone Lodge.

Norwalk, Conn., Lodge Entertains Children of County Home

Under the direction of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Norwalk, Conn., Lodge, No. 709, the children of the Fairfield County Temporary Home were recently given a day's outing. In the morning twenty-one automobiles, driven by members of the Lodge, called for the youngsters at the Home, and brought them to Bridgeport, where they attended a special performance at a theater. After this the party proceeded to Putnam Park. There games and refreshments were enjoyed for the rest of the day. Before returning home members of the Lodge took their young guests on an automobile ride to Danbury.

Picnic for Crippled Children Is Given by Red Bank, N. J., Elks

Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233, entertained the crippled children of its jurisdiction recently at a picnic at Belvedere Beach Park, Keansburg. Automobiles lent by members of the Lodge called for the youngsters at their homes in the morning and, after assembling at the Elks Home, drove them, with an escort of motorcycle police clearing the way, to the amusement grounds. Arrived there, the boys and girls were served a wholesome and sustaining lunch, and, under the supervision of qualified attendants, were later given the privilege of enjoying the numerous amusements of the park. Before their return to Red Bank, the children had ice cream and cake and were given presents of toys and candy to take home with them.

Cedar City, Utah, Lodge Buys Lot for Future Home

The new Lodge of Cedar City, Utah, No. 1556, purchased recently a plot of ground on Main Street, in the business center of the city, on which it plans to build a permanent Home within a year or so. The Lodge was instituted in May, 1929, and at present it has a membership of seventy-five.

District Deputy Reynolds Speaks At Antlers Convention

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. Hal Reynolds was the principal speaker to address the 150 delegates and members of the Order of Antlers, or junior Elks, who gathered recently in Pasadena, Calif., under the auspices of Lodge No. 672, there, at the sixth annual convention of the California State Antlers Association. The convention was held over a period of four days. In addition to the business sessions, its program called for a striking street parade, headed by the Elks Band and the Firemen's Band and including a number of noteworthy floats; and a series of sporting and social events. In the athletic contests, the Antlers of Glendale Lodge, No. 1289, were first in swimming; those of Huntington Park Lodge, No. 1415, emerged victorious in baseball; M. Moorhead and D. Garton, of Glendale Lodge; M. Hindin, of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, and George Casey of San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, won the golf awards; and Huntington Park Lodge gained the honors in bowling. One trophy for entries of floats in the parade went to the Glendale Antlers and the other to those from San Francisco. A unique added attraction upon the list of competitions was a miniature golf tournament. The social events comprised an entertainment by the Antlers of Long Beach Lodge for all the visitors to the convention, an affair which began with a banquet and concluded with a beach party; an official convention banquet at the Maryland Hotel; and a dance at the Elks Home. Officers elected by the youngsters for the year to come were: Harry C. Farmer, Pasadena Lodge, President; H. Komsthoeft, San Francisco Lodge, First Vice-President; Jack Riordan, Long Beach Lodge, Second Vice-President; Ernest Smith, Taft Lodge, No. 1527, Third Vice-President; Bradley Welch, San Francisco Lodge, Secretary-Treasurer; Walter Matson, Alhambra Lodge, No. 1328, Guide; Omar Wood, San Bernardino Lodge, No. 836, Chaplain; Ben Halverson, San Fernando Lodge, No. 1539, Guard; and Clyde Riordan, Pasadena Lodge, Corresponding Secretary. It was voted during the convention to hold next year's gathering at San Francisco.

WERTZ

The new Home of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, as depicted in the architects' drawing. The building committee of the Lodge recently issued an invitation for bids for the construction of this imposing edifice, whose cost is estimated at $400,000. Other details of the building plan are set forth on page 45

Outing Given by Wheeling, W. Va., Elks Thrills Many Children

Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28, recently provided the children of that city with a day's outing at the State Fair Park. Among the many features on the program enjoyed by the youngsters were a three-hour ride on the park's roller coasters and a hearty luncheon. Before sending the children home by special buses, members of Wheeling Lodge presented each of them with a bag of candy.

Many Children March in Parade Sponsored by Franklin, Pa., Elks

Over 500 children took part recently in the annual Children's Day parade and athletic events sponsored by Franklin, Pa., Lodge, No. 110. In the parade, which was divided into three sections according to ages, all the youngsters wore gay and colorful costumes representing various popular figures. In the first section children of four, five and six marched, dressed as gnomes, as Amos 'n' Andy, and as Indians and cowboys. The children in the second and third division were a little older, and presented, among many other scenes pictured by floats and tableaux, a prize ring with two young boxers, gypsies, and Christopher Columbus on board the Santa Maria. The cavalcade of color and make-believe marched through the streets crowded with onlookers. Traffic was temporarily suspended along the line of march. Immediately after the parade a series of races was held in the city park. This was followed by the serving of refreshments. Many prizes, offered by the members of Franklin Lodge, were awarded to the several young marchers most originally dressed, and to the winning athletes.

Peekskill, N. Y., Scores Success With Its Annual Circus

Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge, No. 744, brought to a close recently its annual circus, after a successful week. The attendance was reported to be the largest in the history of this affair sponsored by Peekskill Lodge.

Hope, Ark., Lodge Lends Aid To Watermelon Festival

Members of Hope, Ark., Lodge, No. 1109, donated the use of their Home for pageant rehearsals during a watermelon festival held recently in that city. The Lodge also entered in the parade a decorated car which won second prize. It was reported that 20,000 visitors, or more than three times the population of Hope, attended the festival.

Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge Is Host To Crippled Children at Lake

Thirty-three automobiles were required to transport the crippled children of Hempstead, N. Y., to and from Lake Ronkonkoma, when the members of Lodge No. 1485 gave them an outing recently. The day of pleasure for the youngsters began with an ample and excellently prepared dinner at the Elks Home, after which came the motor trip to the lake for bathing and

The diving float recently constructed at the Boy Scout Camp near Nelsonville, Wis. It is the joint gift to the camp of Stevens Point and Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., Lodges

riding on the merry-go-rounds and other facilities for amusement. In the late afternoon the Elks and their charges returned to the Home. After a buffet supper there, members drove the boys and girls back to their several homes.

Elks of Southwestern Pennsylvania Hold Eleventh Annual Outing

Hundreds of members of the Pennsylvania Southwest Association, together with their families, gathered recently at Oakford Park, Jeannette, Pa., to enjoy an outing which was one of the most delightful in the eleven years' history of such affairs. Dancing to the music of an excellent orchestra in both the afternoon and evening, and sports for the boys and girls present were features of the day's entertainment.

Bayonne, N. J., Lodge Gives Boat Trip to Many Crippled Children

The Crippled Children's Committee of Bayonne, N. J., Lodge, No. 434, gave 300 unfortunate children a day's outing recently on board a Hudson River boat. The youngsters were brought to the pier in taxis supplied by the Elks. On the 120-mile trip to Indian Point and back the children enjoyed popular tunes played by the Elks Band, and other entertainment provided by members of the committee. During the stop at Indian Point all were allowed ashore, and those who were able went in bathing in the big pool. Plenty of good things to eat were served throughout the voyage.

East Orange, N. J., Lodge Sends Boys to Two Summer Camps

In addition to giving extensive attention to the relief and treatment of the crippled children of its community, East Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 630, directed its energies recently to the assistance of able-bodied youngsters, in sending a number of boys of deserving character to the Kittatinny and Wakauwa camps for summer vacations.

District Deputy Bernkopf Dedicates Elks' Building at Boy Scout Camp

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ivan M. Bernkopf dedicated recently the new administration building of Camp Gorton, the summer home of the Steuben Boy Scouts, on Waneta Lake, near Corning, N. Y. The building is the joint gift of three Lodges, Corning, No. 1071; Hornell, No. 364; and Bath, No. 1547. It was presented to the camp for the purpose of providing housing for hospital equipment and proper office room for officials. After the Elks ritual, in the exemplification of which Mr. Bernkopf was assisted by officers of the three Lodges, the District Deputy delivered an address to those gathered to witness the ceremonies. At the conclusion of this, Exalted Ruler James P. Hallahan, of Corning Lodge, led the scouts in the Oath of Allegiance.

Beach Party for Many Children Is Given by Willimantic, Conn., Lodge

Willimantic, Conn., Lodge, No. 1311, recently entertained 1,100 children between the ages of 7 and 11 years at the annual beach party given by the Lodge. One hundred and fifty cars, six motor coaches and several commissary trucks were chartered to transport the youngsters, together with supplies for the outing.

St. Johnsbury, Vt., Elks Circus Earns Large Sum for Charity

After deducting expenses amounting to nearly $3,000, St. Johnsbury, Vt., Lodge, No. 1343, earned a profit of $1,866 recently from its charity circus. The success of the affair was due not only to popular interest but to an unusually active promotion of the ticket sale on the part of virtually the entire membership of the Lodge. Elks alone accounted for the purchase of more than $4,000 worth of tickets.

Virgil L. Highland, First Treasurer Of Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge, Dies

Virgil L. Highland, a charter member and the first Treasurer of Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 482, died a short time ago in Rochester, Minn., after an operation required by the developments of an illness of several months. Sixty years of age at the time of his death, Mr. Highland was one of his city's most prominent men. He was the president of one bank, which he founded, and director in several others; and publisher of three Clarksburg newspapers. His interests embraced likewise extensive participation in the management of a number of public utilities and coal companies; and political activity over a number of years. He was, from 1926 to 1928, a member of the Republican National Committee from West Virginia, and served as State chairman from 1912 to 1916. He held office but once himself, serving from 1896 to 1902 as clerk of the county court. The surviving members of his family are his widow, a son and three daughters, a sister and four brothers.

Many Crippled Children Guests at Outing of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Elks

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, recently entertained several hundred crippled children at Woodcliffe Pleasure Park. Seventy-five of this number came from the Elks Health Camp for Undernourished Children, maintained by the Lodge. Upon their arrival at the park, the children, their escorts and nurses enjoyed a delicious luncheon at Woodcliffe Inn. In the afternoon the youngsters played games and rode on the park's various amusement devices. Before their return home in automobiles lent by members of the Lodge, they were given boxes of ice-cream and popcorn. Later that evening Poughkeepsie Lodge held a grand charity ball for members and their guests in the ball room in Woodcliffe Park.

Long Beach, Calif., Elks Win District Ritualistic Prize

The officers of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, recently defeated those of Pasadena Lodge, No. 672, in the final round of the ritualistic competition among the Lodges of the California South Central District. Nineteen Lodges in all took part in this elimination contest for the honor of meeting the winning team of the California South District in a match which will entitle the victor in this to compete at the convention of the California State Elks Association this month.

New Smyrna Lodge Leads Florida In Spending for Charities

According to the annual report of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge, issued a short time ago, New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1557, led all Lodges in its State in expenditures per capita for charitable purposes. The average donation for welfare and relief work of each member of New Smyrna Lodge during the year covered by the Grand Lodge report was $13.55.

Ambridge, Pa., Lodge Entertains 3,000 Children at a Picnic

At a children's picnic given recently by Ambridge, Pa., Lodge, No. 983, almost every child under fifteen in the city and vicinity, a total of 3,000, was entertained. The large attendance came as a result of dropping from an airplane invitations to all children within a wide area. The feature events on the crowded program for the day were athletic contests, in which hundreds of boys and girls competed for the prizes offered. Refreshments were served throughout the day. The picnic was declared to be one of the most successful affairs of its sort ever undertaken by the Ambridge Elks.

The visit to Bangor, Pa., Lodge, No. 1106, of one of the cars of the Elks Magazine-Viking Prosperity Tour fleet, piloted across the continent by William B. Hart

New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge Host at Outing for Crippled Children

Under the auspices of its Social and Community Welfare Committee, New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge, No. 756, gave an outing recently to a group of crippled children of its community. The affair took place at an amusement park near the city and it comprised a luncheon for the youngsters and the putting at their disposal of all the attractions of the park. Automobiles lent for the occasion by Lodge members transported the little guests from their homes to the outing and back. To expedite travel through traffic, the city authorities provided a motorcycle escort.

Long Beach, Calif., Lodge Asks Building Bids on New Home

Actual building of the new Home of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, a structure whose cost is estimated at $400,000, will begin soon, according to announcements made recently by Exalted Ruler A. Bruce Swope and by Arthur B. Cheroske, President of the Lodge's building and holding corporation. Bids have been asked from a selected list of contractors in Long Beach and to these the plans and specifications of the architects, W. Horace Austin, and Schilling and Schilling, have been submitted. The schedule of construction calls for the completion of the imposing modernistic edifice by May, 1931.

Notables Attend First Anniversary Of Compton, Calif., Lodge

In the presence of Grand Esquire John J. Doyle, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees Ralph Hagan, and of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Mifflin G. Potts, Compton, California, Lodge, No. 1570, recently celebrated its first anniversary. Over 300 Elks from neighboring Lodges witnessed the formal presentation of the charter to the Lodge by Grand Trustee Hagan. Short addresses were made by Mr. Doyle, Dr. Hagan and District Deputy Potts. After the formal session a vaudeville entertainment and dinner were enjoyed by the visitors and their hosts.

Many Children Given Day's Outing By Fairbanks, Alaska, Lodge

Fairbanks, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1551, entertained many children recently at an outing on Lake Harding. Land and water sports were the principal events of the day's crowded program. Members of the Lodge awarded a number of cash prizes to the winners of the various contests. After the races, the entertainment committee served a picnic luncheon to its young guests while the Elks Band played lively music.

The Boys' Band sponsored by Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, which recently returned to its home city after a triumphant seventeen-day tour of cities in Florida

Mobile, Ala., Lodge Gives Outing to 400 Orphans

Mobile, Ala., Lodge, No. 108, entertained recently 400 orphans on a day's outing at Battles Wharf. The youngsters were given a ride on the passenger steamer *Bay Queen* before landing for the picnic and games held later on shore. During the afternoon many racing events in the water and on the beach provided the youthful guests with much enjoyment.

Initiates Son and a Brother Into Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge

Past Exalted Ruler Victor D. McCarthy, of Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 1378, presided over the initiations recently of his son, Victor L., and his brother John L., McCarthy, into that Lodge.

Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge Celebrates 30th Anniversary

With one of the largest attendances that has ever gathered in its Home, Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge, No. 613, recently celebrated the 30th anniversary of its institution. The festivities of the evening began with a banquet for 500 members and their guests in the dining-room. At the Lodge session which followed, addresses were made by Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Harry M. Ticknor, Judge S. E. Crow, the first Exalted Ruler of Santa Barbara Lodge; and Past Exalted Ruler Carl A. Shipkey, who represented No. 613 at the Grand Lodge Session at the convention in Atlantic City in July. At the less formal gathering which ensued after the adjournment of the official meeting, the members enjoyed an elaborate program of entertainment. This included, among its numbers, performances by the Elks Glee Club and by the Elks Trio, as well as the rendition of several songs by professional vocalists.

Picnic Given to 1500 Children By Troy, N. Y., Elks

The fourth annual Children's Sunshine Day Picnic, held recently at Crystal Lake in Averill Park, and given by the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Troy, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141, proved to be one of the most successful events of its kind ever conducted. Over 1500 youngsters participated in the sports and other activities arranged for them by the Elks. A feature of the program of games was a baseball

(*Continued on page 69*)

News of the State Associations

Oklahoma

DON F. COPELAND, of Tulsa Lodge, No. 946, was elected President of the Oklahoma State Elks Association at its annual meeting held a short time ago in Sapulpa. Other officers chosen for the coming year were: First Vice-President, Ralph E. Helper, Mangum Lodge, No. 1169; Second Vice-President, E. R. Walcher, Blackwell Lodge, No. 1347; Third Vice-President, Ralph K. Robertson, Sapulpa Lodge, No. 1118; Secretary (re-elected), L. S. Pfotenhauer, Oklahoma City Lodge, No. 417; Treasurer, H. A. P. Smith, Shawnee Lodge, No. 657; Tiler, S. H. Sullivan, Henryetta Lodge, No. 1339; and Trustee for five years, F. E. Lemcke, Okmulgee Lodge, No. 1136. Several prominent members of the Order attended the sessions and addressed the delegates. These included Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Leonard R. Ellis; Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight O. L. Hayden; and B. B. Barefoot, Past Member of the Judiciary Committee of the Grand Lodge. One of the resolutions passed during the convention was a plan to continue the work among the unguided youth of Oklahoma, with particular reference to the boys in the Pauls Valley training school. The presentation of the ritualistic contest trophy, won this year by the Tulsa Lodge team, was made by Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Hayden. After the business meetings the delegates visited the Max Mayer ranch and partook of a special Dutch lunch there. Later they attended a dance.

Virginia

THE Virginia State Elks Association, at its 21st annual convention, held recently in Hampton, elected the following officers for the coming year: President, Harry F. Kennedy, Alexandria Lodge, No. 758; First Vice-President, John W. Morrison, Harrisonburg Lodge, No. 450; Second Vice-President, Thomas L. Sclater, Hampton Lodge, No. 366; Third Vice-President, J. Grove Mayo, Portsmouth Lodge, No. 82; Secretary, H. E. Dyer, Roanoke Lodge, No. 197; Treasurer, R. P. Peeples, Manchester Lodge, No. 843; Trustee for five years, Morris Spiro, Harrisonburg Lodge; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. W. Cave, Pulaski Lodge, No. 1067; Chaplain, Rev. Edgar Carpenter, Alexandria Lodge; Tiler, A. Schwartz, Hampton Lodge. Among the resolutions adopted at the business session was one to make permanent the present custom of the observation of Flag Day at Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson. Annually, on June 14, the Grand Exalted Ruler will be invited to participate and make the principal address. In addition to approving the project for Flag Day, a feature of this session was the announcement that the attendance cup, awarded yearly to the Lodge with the largest number of delegates present, had been won by Roanoke Lodge. After the business sessions, the delegates were joined by their families and friends at a crab feast on the beach at Grand View. This was followed by dancing in the pavilion. The convention attendance was augmented by large crowds of Elks and their ladies from the Virginian cities of Newport News, Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Richmond.

Oregon

AT the thirteenth annual convention of the Oregon State Elks Association, held at Portland recently, J. L. Tucker, Astoria Lodge, No. 180, was elected President. Other officers named were: First Vice-President, E. H. Jones, Baker Lodge, No. 338; Second Vice-President, Harry A. Stiles, Corvallis Lodge, No. 1413; Third Vice-President, T. E. J. Duffy, Bend Lodge, No. 1371; Treasurer (re-elected), H. L. Toney, McMinnville Lodge, No. 1283; Secretary (re-elected), A. W. Jones, Salem Lodge, No. 336; and the following Trustees: Del Finnegan, Portland Lodge, No. 142; H. B. Cusick, Albany

(*Continued on page 71*)

Office of the

Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number One

September 15, 1930
Allentown, Pa.,

To the Officers and Members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks:

MY BROTHERS:—

In this, my first Official Circular, I desire to call your attention to what I consider the most important duty now confronting us. It is the duty we are under of

Redeeming a Pledge

President Hoover addressed an open letter to our Order, presented to the Grand Lodge at Atlantic City, calling our attention to the trying conditions of unemployment now prevalent in our country. We considered it highly complimentary that the President of the United States should recognize the standing and influence of our Fraternity in such a pointed manner. We immediately responded that we would do everything within our power to assist in terminating these conditions of unemployment.

To redeem our pledge, given in good faith to our President, we should aid in giving jobs to those who are unemployed. This can be done in a direct manner by those who have jobs to give, and it can be done in an indirect manner by those who have money to spend.

If in your Subordinate Lodge you have been considering improvements to your Home, and your finances permit you to carry on your program without any undue strain, make those improvements now and by doing so you will be giving someone a job.

If you have been considering improvements to your individual residences, make those improvements now. By so doing you will be giving someone a job.

If you have been considering some purchase which you would like and intend to make, do not further postpone the making of it. Make that purchase now and by doing so you will assist in stimulating trade and industry and indirectly you will be giving someone a job.

This may not be the whole solution of a complex problem, but it will be a great help in reaching a solution.

Surely we can look with the greatest optimism to the future of our country. We should take off the dark glasses of pessimism and actively and earnestly assist in the promotion of such activities and enterprises as will speedily terminate present conditions of unemployment. There are those now who are in painful and almost desperate straits. There are hungry mouths to feed. Here is our opportunity.

New Statutes

I call your attention to the new Statutes passed at the Convention at Atlantic City, and particularly to the following:

The amendments to Chapters 1, 3, 4 and 5 of Title II of the Grand Lodge Statutes pertaining to forums and appeals in order to provide for the appointment of a Presiding Justice for the Subordinate Forum in each Subordinate Lodge who shall preside as a Judge over Subordinate Forum trials and have authority to dispose of legal matters.

Section 180, referring to the fees and dues to be paid upon applications for reinstatement.

Section 183a, referring to an Advisory Council of five to be appointed to supervise all activities of Antlers' Lodges.

Section 192, referring to the duty of the Secretary of a Lodge to which an applicant may submit his transfer dimit to notify within one week the applicant and the Secretary of the Lodge which granted such dimit and the Grand Secretary of the action taken upon such application.

It is very important that subordinate Lodge Secretaries should comply with all the Statutes requiring the filing of reports and notices in the office of the Grand Secretary. Ours is a large organization and a great deal of unnecessary labor can be avoided for everyone if there is a little thought given to the prompt performance of the duties committed to each of us.

Appointments

I announce a list of appointments herewith. I have had many applications for appointments. There was apparent in these applications a genuine and sincere desire to serve the Order and I regret that I could not possibly include all in the list of the appointments as made. But I have filed these applications for future reference. I know that the brothers who could not be appointed this year will certainly be called upon to serve in some capacity in the future when the opportunity permits.

District Deputy Conference

I have called a conference of District Deputies to meet at the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago, Ill., on Saturday, September 20th, and Sunday, September 21st instant, ten o'clock A.M., Chicago Daylight Saving Time.

My Program for the Year

I expect to visit as many Lodges as I possibly can during the coming year. I do not desire my visitations to be a burden. I would be very happy if on the occasion of my visit you could induct into the Order a class of new members. There are so many business and professional men in every community who could be brought into the Order if they understood that our Fraternity is one of hearts, and that we attempt really to practice the principles of good-fellowship. In the practice of these principles we find opportunities for making fine friends, and, in the language of Robert Louis Stevenson, "They are the end and the reward of life."

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

Lawrence H. Rupp.

Grand Exalted Ruler.

Attest:

J. E. Masters

Grand Secretary.

Grand Lodge Officers and Committees, 1930-1931

Grand Exalted Ruler—

Lawrence H. Rupp, Allentown, Pa., No. 130, 201 Allentown National Bank Building.

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight—

Martin J. Cunningham, Danbury, Conn., No. 120.

Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight—

Leonard R. Ellis, Hot Springs, Ark., No. 380.

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight—

J. T. Farrer, Provo, Utah, No. 849.

Grand Secretary—

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

Grand Treasurer—

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

Grand Tiler—

L. F. McCready, Miami, Fla., No. 948.

Grand Inner Guard—

John F. Holliday, Washington, Ind., No. 933.

Grand Esquire—

John J. Doyle, Los Angeles, Cal., No. 99.

Grand Chaplain—

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

Pardon Commissioner—

George F. Corcoran, York, Nebr., No. 1024.

Board of Grand Trustees—

Ralph Hagan, Chairman, Los Angeles, Cal., No. 99, 520 West Seventh Street.

A. Charles Stewart, Vice-Chairman, Frostburg, Md., No. 470, 7 West Union St.

Henry A. Guenther, Home Member, Newark, N. J., No. 21, 300 Clifton Ave.

John K. Burch, Approving Member Grand Rapids, Mich., No. 48, 219 Division Ave., South.

James S. Richardson, Secretary, Cincinnati, Ohio, No. 5, N. E. Cor. 9th and Elm Sts.

Grand Forum—

Walter F. Meier, Chief Justice, Seattle, Wash., No. 92, 842-846 Henry Building.

Floyd E. Thompson (Moline, Ill., No. 556), 11 South LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

Dwight E. Campbell (Aberdeen, S. D., No. 1046), State Capitol, Pierre, S. D.

Arthur S. Tompkins (Haverstraw, N. Y., No.

877), Supreme Court Chambers, Nyack, N. Y.
John S. McClelland, Atlanta, Ga., No. 78.

Committee on Judiciary—
James T. Hallinan (Queens Borough, N. Y., No. 878), 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.
Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill., No. 779.
Blake C. Cook, Kent, Ohio, No. 1377.
Wm. H. Beck, Jr., Griffin, Ga., No. 1207.
John J. Lermen, San Francisco, Cal., No. 3.

Committee on Credentials—
R. W. Jones, Chairman, Pocatello, Idaho, No. 674.
Fred Cunningham, Martinsville, Ind., No. 1349.
Charles C. Farrell, Jr., New Orleans, La., No. 30.
Harry Nugent, Seneca Falls, N. Y., No. 992.
Peter F. Garvey, Burlington, Vt., No. 916.

Good of Order Committee—
Robert S. Barrett, Chairman, Alexandria, Va., No. 758.
Carroll Smith, St. Louis, Mo., No. 9, Suite 306, Humboldt Bldg.
D. Curtis Gano, Rochester, N. Y., No. 24.
Sam Stern, Fargo, N. D., No. 260.
Daniel J. Kelly, Knoxville, Tenn., No. 160.

Auditing Committee—
H. Glenn Boyd, Chairman, Wichita, Kansas, No. 427.
Arthur C. Labbe, Augusta, Me., No. 964.
John E. Regan, Mankato, Minn., No. 225.

State Association Committee—
Wm. T. Phillips, Chairman, New York, N. Y., No. 1, 108 W. 43d St.
E. J. Morris, Reading, Pa., No. 115.
Fletcher L. Fritts, Dover, N. J., No. 782.

Ritualistic Committee—
David Sholtz, Chairman (Daytona, Fla., No. 1141), Daytona Beach, Fla.
O. L. Hayden, Alva, Okla., No. 1184.
W. E. Varcoe, Alameda, Cal., No. 1015.
Harry T. Paterson, New Bern, N. C., No. 764.
W. A. James, Galveston, Texas, No. 126.

National Memorial Headquarters Commission—
John K. Tener, Chairman (Charleroi, Pa., No. 494), Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Joseph T. Fanning, Secretary-Treasurer and Executive Director (Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13), 50 East 42d St., New York, N. Y.
Fred Harper, Lynchburg, Va., No. 321.
Bruce A. Campbell, East St. Louis, Ill., No. 664, First National Bank Building.
William M. Abbott, San Francisco, Cal., No. 3, 58 Sutter Street.
Rush L. Holland (Colorado Springs, Colo., No. 309), Metropolitan Bank Building, Washington, D. C.
Frank L. Rain, Fairbury, Neb., No. 1203.
William W. Mountain (Flint, Mich., No. 222), Tremainsville and Upton Ave., West Toledo, Ohio.
Lawrence H. Rupp, Grand Exalted Ruler, (ex-Officio), Allentown, Pa., No. 130, Allentown National Bank Bldg.

Elks National Foundation Trustees—
John F. Malley, Chairman (Springfield, Mass., No. 61), 15 State St., Boston, Mass.
Raymond Benjamin, Vice-Chairman (Napa, Cal., No. 832), 512 DeYoung Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
John G. Price, Secretary, Columbus, Ohio, No. 37, 66 East Broad Street.
James G. McFarland, Treasurer, Watertown, S. D., No. 838.
Murray Hulbert, New York, N. Y., No. 1, 551 Fifth Avenue.
Edward Rightor, New Orleans, La., No. 30, 1010 Canal-Commercial Bank Building.
Charles H. Grakelow, Philadelphia, Pa., No. 2, Cumberland Street at Broad.

Committee on Memorial to Thomas B. Mills—
James G. McFarland, Chairman, Watertown, S. D., No. 838.
William J. Conway, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., No. 693.
William F. Schad, Milwaukee, Wis., No. 46.

Committee on Memorial to Charles E. Pickett—
Joseph T. Fanning, Chairman (Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13), 50 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y.
Frank L. Rain, Fairbury, Nebr., No. 1203.
J. T. Sullivan, Waterloo, Iowa, No. 290.

District Deputies

Alabama, North—Ben Mendelsohn, Birmingham, No. 79.
Alabama, South—C. Q. Carman, Mobile, No. 108.
Alaska, Southeast—(To be Supplied).
Alaska, Northeast—(To be Supplied).
Arizona, North—Henry L. Albers, Flagstaff, No. 499.
Arizona, South—Wm. A. Smith, Clifton, No. 1174.
Arkansas, East—John Pruniski, North Little Rock, No. 1004.
Arkansas, West—F. B. Bumgardner, Ft. Smith, No. 341.
California, Bay—Fred B. Mellmann, Oakland, No. 171.
California, East Central—Frank H. Pratt, Porterville, No. 1342.
California, West Central—W. B. Martin, San Luis Obispo, No. 322.
California, North—Delmar R. Jacobs, Stockton, No. 218.
California, South Central—Roy B. Witman, Oxnard, No. 1443.
California, South—S. D. Carey, Brawley, No. 1420.
Canal Zone—Thos. A. Leathley, Cristobal, No. 1542.
Colorado, Central—Fred W. Merriam, Canon City, No. 610.
Colorado, North—R. A. McTaggart, Longmont, No. 1055.
Colorado, South—P. E. Williams, Rocky Ford, No. 1147.
Colorado West—Lealon J. Tenney, Leadville, No. 236.
Connecticut, East—Henry Martin, New Britain, No. 957.
Connecticut, West—George T. Ryan, Waterbury, No. 265.
Florida, East—Arthur C. O'Hea, Ft. Lauderdale, No. 1517.
Florida North—Wm. J. Kenealy, Jacksonville, No. 221.
Florida, West—James J. Fernandez, Tampa, No. 708.
Georgia, North—Charles H. Smith, Macon, No. 230.
Georgia, South—John D. Odom, Columbus, No. 111.
Guam—(To be Supplied).
Hawaii—D. A. Devine, Hilo, No. 759.
Idaho, North—J. E. Akins, Lewiston, No. 896.
Idaho, South—M. H. Eustace, Caldwell, No. 1448.

Illinois, Northwest—Marx M. Harder, Rock Island, No.980.
Illinois, Northeast—John A. Thiel, Harvey, No. 1242.
Illinois, West Central—F. C. Winter, Monmouth, No. 397.
Illinois, East Central—E. E. Phillips, Kankakee, No. 627.
Illinois, Southwest—Wm. Ryan, Jr., Jerseyville, No. 954.
Illinois, Southeast—W. T. Buchanan, Effingham, No. 1016.
Illinois, South—Louis A. Calcaterra, West Frankfort, No. 1340.
Indiana, South—Milo B. Mitchell, Linton, No. 866.
Indiana, North—F. E. Coughlin, South Bend, No. 235.
Indiana, North Central—O. Ray Miner, Warsaw, No. 802.
Indiana, Central—Ralph W. McCarty, Frankfort, No. 560.
Indiana, South Central—Earl A. Keisker, Richmond, No. 649.
Iowa, Northeast—Albert Paul, Oelwein, No. 741.
Iowa, Southeast—Arthur M. Umlandt, Muscatine, No. 304.
Iowa, West—Ira L. Hays, Council Bluffs, No. 531.
Kansas, North—R. T. Humbarger, Salina, No. 718.
Kansas, Southeast—Joe M. Johnson, Chanute, No. 806.
Kansas, Southwest—John Steuri, Great Bend, No. 1127.
Kentucky, East—H. Bennett Farris, Richmond, No. 581.
Kentucky, West—Phillip Stevens, Princeton, No. 1115.
Louisiana, North—Sol Pressburg, Alexandria, No. 546.
Louisiana, South—Sidney Freudenstein, New Orleans, No. 30.
Maine, East—Alden W. Allen, Millinocket, No. 1521.
Maine, West—Charles H. Authier, Sanford, No. 1470.
Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia—Charles W. Bennett, Salisbury, No. 817.
Massachusetts, Central—William J. Moore, Milford, No. 628.
Massachusetts, Northeast—Raymond E. Henchey, Chelsea, No. 938.
Massachusetts, Southeast—Morton G. Sartoris, New Bedford, No. 73.
Massachusetts, West—Michael L. Eisner, Pittsfield, No. 272.
Michigan, East—W. Dickson Brown, Saginaw, No. 47.
Michigan, North—Pearce E. Graham, Bessemer, No. 1354.
Michigan, West—Byron O. Smith, Grand Rapids, No. 48.
Minnesota, North—John S. Siverts, Hibbing, No. 1022.
Minnesota, South—Eugene Toher, Owatonna, No. 1395.
Mississippi, North—W. B. Wilkes, Greenville, No. 148.
Mississippi, South—C. A. Carrier, Pascagoula, No. 1120.
Missouri, East—Fred W. Pilcher, Mexico, No. 919.
Missouri, North—C. B. Burns, Brookfield, No. 874.
Missouri, West—Don H. Silsby, Springfield, No. 409.
Montana, East—George S. Smith, Billings, No. 394.
Montana, West—C. M. Holbert, Virginia City, No. 390.
Nebraska, North—Guy N. Henninger, Kearney, No. 984.
Nebraska, South—Amos Ginn, Nebraska City, No. 1049.
Nevada—H. J. Gazin, Reno, No. 597.
New Hampshire—F. E. Normandin, Laconia, No. 876.
New Jersey, Central—Charles Wibiralske, Perth Amboy, No. 784.
New Jersey, Northeast—Maurice N. Greger, Rutherford, No. 547.
New Jersey, Northwest—Frank Strasburger, Belleville, No. 1123.
New Jersey, South—Robert Peacock, Mount Holly, No. 848.
New Mexico, North—E. E. Huyck, Las Vegas, No. 408.
New Mexico, South—A. Mandell, Clovis, No. 1244.
New York, West—John W. LeSeur, Batavia, No. 950.
New York, Southeast—Arthur B. Kelly, Bronx, No. 871.
New York, East—F. J. McGuire, White Plains, No. 535.
New York, East Central—Clarence J. Seaton, Haverstraw, No. 877.
New York, Northeast—E. A. McCaffrey, Amsterdam, No. 101.
New York, North Central—C. T. Lanigan, Rome, No. 1268.
New York, West Central—Joseph F. Ibbotson, Auburn, No. 474.
New York, South Central—L. R. Dowd, Cortland, No. 748.
North Carolina, East—R. E. Stevens, Goldsboro, No. 139.
North Carolina, West—E. G. West, Greensboro, No. 602.
North Dakota—J. J. Nygaard, Jamestown, No. 995.
Ohio, North Central—Warren V. Ryder, Delaware, No. 76.
Ohio, Northeast—D. K. Moser, Warren, No. 295.
Ohio, Northwest—Chester P. Smith, Findlay, No. 75.
Ohio, South Central—S. M. Johnson, Athens, No. 973.
Ohio, Southeast—E. T. Fogo, Wellsville, No. 1040.
Ohio, Southwest—Ed Watson, Middletown, No. 257.
Oklahoma, Northeast—T. H. Davidson, Muskogee, No. 517.
Oklahoma, Northwest—Charles W. Harter, Hobart, No. 881.
Oklahoma, Southeast—J. P. Battenburg, Oklahoma City, No. 417.
Oregon, North—T. E. J. Duffy, Bend, No. 1371.
Oregon, South—J. H. Pickles, Oregon City, No. 1189.
Pennsylvania, Northeast—George J. Post, Mahanoy City, No. 695.
Pennsylvania, Northwest—Earl MacDonald, Warren, No. 223.
Pennsylvania, S. Central—John F. Norton, Chambersburg, No. 600.
Pennsylvania, Southeast—R. F. Culbertson, York, No. 213.
Pennsylvania, North Central—V. R. Linaberry, Berwick, No. 1138.
Pennsylvania, Central—Clarence O. Morris, Leechburg, No. 377.
Pennsylvania, Southwest—James P. Brownlee, Washington, No. 776.
Philippine Islands—(To be Supplied).
Porto Rico—John S. Beck, San Juan, No. 972.
Rhode Island—Philip E. Clark, Newport, No. 104.
South Carolina—Wm. H. Harth, Columbia, No. 1190.
South Dakota—Carl H. Nelles, Madison, No. 1442.
Tennessee, West—George Haszinger, Memphis, No. 27.
Tennessee, East—Carl A. Neves, Johnson City, No. 825.
Texas, Central—P. L. Downs, Temple, No. 138.
Texas, North—Mike T. Lively, Dallas, No. 71.
Texas, North Central—John D. Carter, Fort Worth, No. 124.
Texas, Northwest—Wm. F. Nix, Amarillo, No. 923.
Texas, South—J. O. Traweek, Port Arthur, No. 1069.
Texas, Southwest—Bismark Pope, Laredo, No. 1018.
Texas, West—Jack Burke, El Paso, No. 187.
Utah—Ben H. Beveridge, Park City, No. 734.
Vermont—Timothy E. Callahan, Montpelier, No. 924.
Virginia, East—Roland D. Cock, Hampton, No. 366.
Virginia, West—Morris L. Masinter, Roanoke, No. 197.
Washington, East—Leo S. Ross, Yakima, No. 318.
Washington, Northwest—A. W. Swanson, Everett, No. 479.
Washington, Southwest—J. H. Johnson, Chehalis, No. 1374.
West Virginia, North—H. M. Garrett, Clarksburg, No. 482.
West Virginia, South—George L. Wever, Martinsburg, No. 778.
Wisconsin, Northwest—J. H. Wallis, Rice Lake, No. 1441.
Wisconsin, Northeast—Charles E. Broughton, Sheboygan, No. 299.
Wisconsin, South—Frank A. Maxwell, Madison, No. 410.
Wyoming—N. E. Loveland, Greybull, No. 1431.

Directory of Subordinate Lodges

For the Year 1930-31

Compiled by J. E. Masters
Grand Secretary, Chicago, Illinois

(Continued from the September issue)

Key to Meeting Nights

After each secretary's name in this directory you will see a number. Each number signifies the night or nights of the month on which the Lodge holds regular meetings. The key to these numbers is printed herewith:

1—Mondays.
2—1st and 3rd Monday.
3—2nd and 4th Monday.
4—Tuesdays.
5—1st and 3rd Tuesday.
6—2nd and 4th Tuesday.
7—Wednesdays.
8—1st and 3rd Wednesday.
9—2nd and 4th Wednesday.
10—Thursdays.
11—1st and 3rd Thursday.
12—2nd and 4th Thursday.
13—Fridays.
14—1st and 3rd Friday.
15—2nd and 4th Friday.
16—Saturdays.
17—1st and 3rd Saturday.
18—2nd and 4th Saturday.
19—Sundays.
20—1st and 3rd Sunday.
21—2nd and 4th Sunday.

T

Tacoma, Wash., No. 174—J. G. Merrill, Exalted Ruler; T. C. Mallory, Secretary—7.
Taft, Cal., No. 1527—F. E. Jordan, Exalted Ruler; G. D. Rumbold, Secretary—7.
Talladega, Ala., No. 603—Hugh F. McElderry, Exalted Ruler; D. C. Thomason, Secretary—2.
Tallahassee, Fla., No. 937—W. T. Moore, Jr., Exalted Ruler; C. L. Johnson, Secretary—7.
Tamaqua, Pa., No. 592—P. Hugh Mundy, Exalted Ruler; Chas. K. Snyder, Secretary—6.
Tampa, Fla., No. 708—W. Marion Hendry, Exalted Ruler; J. H. McLaughlin, Secretary—7.
Tarentum, Pa., No. 644—A. U. Maienfish, Exalted Ruler; Chas. M. Beatty, Secretary—8.
Taunton, Mass., No. 150—Edward W. Kearns, Exalted Ruler; Edward C. Ward, Secretary—Meets second Sunday and fourth Monday.
Taylorville, Ill., No. 925—S. J. Osborne, Exalted Ruler; W. A. Powel, Secretary—9.
Telluride, Colo., No. 692—Charles J. Schuler, Exalted Ruler; M. E. Ballard, Secretary—11.
Temple, Texas, No. 138—H. E. Holmes, Exalted Ruler; H. G. Schultz, Secretary—14.
Terre Haute, Ind., No. 86—Fred L. Paige, Exalted Ruler; Wayne Kehoe, Secretary—7.
Texarkana, Ark., No. 399—C. R. Healey, Exalted Ruler; E. F. Burk, Secretary—5.
The Dalles, Ore., No. 303—A. B. Stone, Exalted Ruler; W. L. Crichton, P. E. R., Secretary—10.
Thief River Falls, Minn., No. 1308—Chas. D. Eicher, Exalted Ruler; O. C. Paulson, P. E. R., Secretary—12.
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Troy, Ala., No. 928—P. W. Starling, Exalted Ruler; E. Goldthwaite, Secretary—12.
Troy, N. Y., No. 141—Dr. Stanton P. Hull, Exalted Ruler; Harry H. McCarthy, Secretary—10.
Troy, Ohio, No. 833—Forest Moses, Exalted Ruler; Henry A. Carns, Secretary—11.
Tucson, Ariz., No. 385—Herbert F. Brown, Exalted Ruler; W. Sullinger, P. E. R., Secretary—4.
Tucumcari, N. M., No. 1172—Emmit Bourne, Exalted Ruler; C. E. Kopisch, Secretary—9.
Tulare, Cal., No. 1424—P. D. Nowell, Exalted Ruler; W. P. Theno, Secretary—10.
Tulsa, Okla., No. 946—Harold H. Balcom, Exalted Ruler; Roy M. Ewing, Secretary—5.
Twin Falls, Idaho, No. 1183—Asher B. Wilson, Exalted Ruler; H. E. Deiss, P. E. R., Secretary—10.
Two Rivers, Wis., No. 1380—Dr. A. V. Delmore, Exalted Ruler; Fred H. Laubenstein, Secretary—5.
Tyrone, Pa., No. 212—Wilfred J. Karlheim, Exalted Ruler; C. C. Van Scoyoc, P. E. R., Secretary—14.

U

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Union, N. J., No. 1583—Charles W. Mink, Exalted Ruler; Gustav Bohnenberger, Jr., Secretary.
Union, S. C., No. 1321—L. C. Wharton, Exalted Ruler; D. W. Mullinax, P. E. R., Secretary—5.
Union City, Ind., No. 1534—Jas. J. Patchell, Exalted Ruler; Joseph Ruff, Secretary—1.
Union City, Tenn., No. 679—Paul J. Wiley, Jr., Exalted Ruler; Joe F. Vogt, Secretary—4.
Union Hill, N. J., No. 1357—Charles F. Michel, Exalted Ruler; John J. Murphy, Secretary—5.
Uniontown, Pa., No. 370—Edward A. McDowell, Exalted Ruler; Frank R. Foster, Secretary—8.
Upper Sandusky, Ohio, No. 83—Ed. R. Lowry, Exalted Ruler; Ronald Culver, Secretary—8
Urbana, Ill., No. 991—G. E. Phillips, Exalted Ruler; E. B. Martin, Secretary—9.
Utica, N. Y., No. 33—Carl E. Schantz, Exalted Ruler; Amon W. Foote, Secretary—3.

V

Vallejo, Cal., No. 559—J. J. Madigan, Jr., Exalted Ruler; W. F. Parker, P. E. R., Secretary—8.
Valley City, N. D., No. 1110—E. E. DeCosse, Exalted Ruler; T. M. Condon, P. E. R., Secretary—3.
Valparaiso, Ind., No. 500—John R. Fabing, Exalted Ruler; Louis D. Bondy, P. E. R., Secretary—10.
Vancouver, Wash., No. 823—Ralph A. Dickson, Exalted Ruler; O. F. Zumsteg, Secretary—4.
Van Wert, Ohio, No. 1197—E. E. Combs, Exalted Ruler; O. E. Shurtleff, P. E. R., Secretary—6.
Ventura, Cal., No. 1430—W. V. Scott, Exalted Ruler; W. W. Pope, Secretary—10.
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Vincennes, Ind., No. 291—Theodore F. Franke, Exalted Ruler; Joseph N. Shaw, P. E. R., Secretary—10.
Vineland, N. J., No. 1422—Angelo B. D'Ippolito, Exalted Ruler; Wm. Myers, Secretary—2.
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Visalia, Cal., No. 1208—J. J. Philippe, Exalted Ruler; Jas. T. Boyer, Secretary—7.

W

Wabash, Ind., No. 471—James Wilson, Exalted Ruler; Dave Cohen, Secretary—8.
Waco, Texas, No. 166—Fred A. Cooley, Exalted Ruler; Bert Smith, Secretary—9.
Wakefield, Mass., No. 1276—Francis A. Winship, Exalted Ruler; William M. Kelso, Secretary—9.
Wallace, Idaho, No. 331—Stanley H. Fairweather, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Wimer, Secretary—12.
Walla Walla, Wash., No. 287—J. R. Fuller, Exalted Ruler; Louis B. Romine, Secretary—5.
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Wapakoneta, Ohio, No. 1170—Chris. F. Weiher, Exalted Ruler; Don C. Lusk, Secretary—11.
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Warren, Ohio, No. 295—F. Milo Hettish, Exalted Ruler; H. A. Mackey, P. E. R., Secretary—7.
Warren, Pa., No. 223—George C. Sarvis, Exalted Ruler; Ivan R. Greenlund, Secretary—5.
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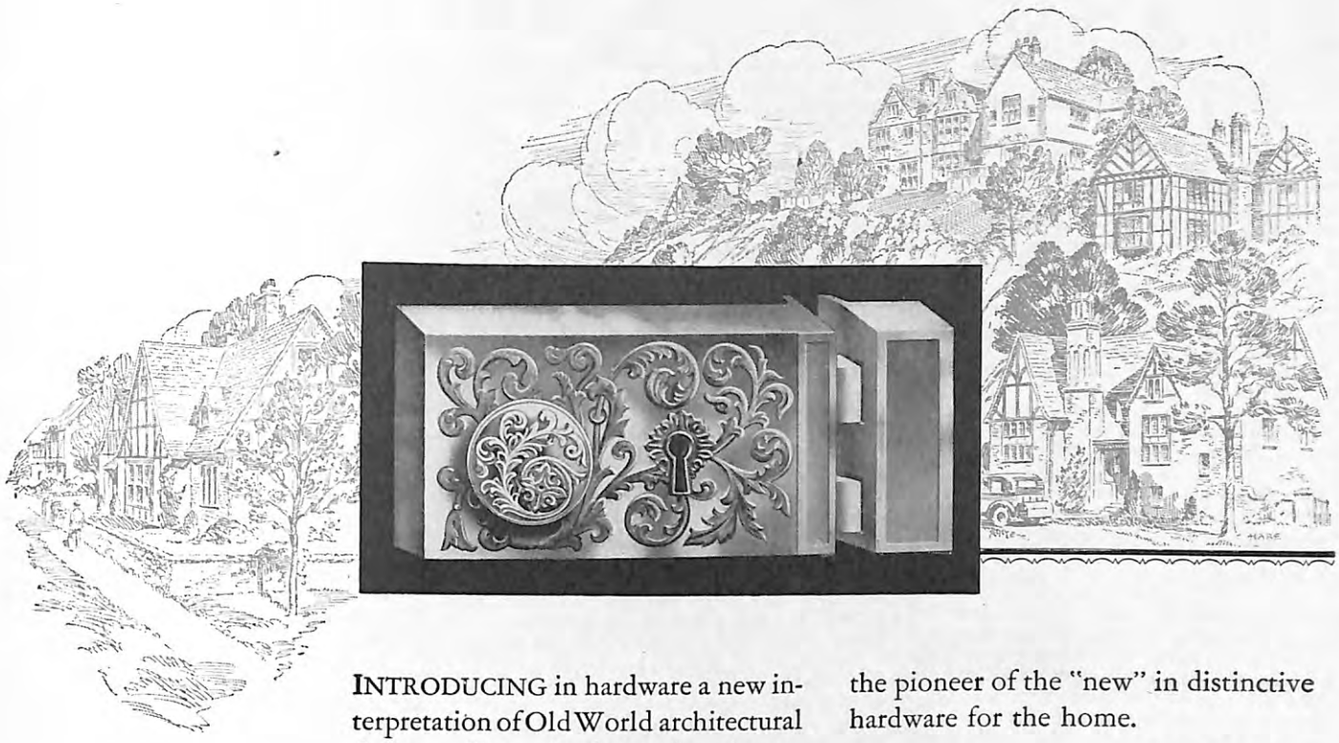
(Continued on page 69)



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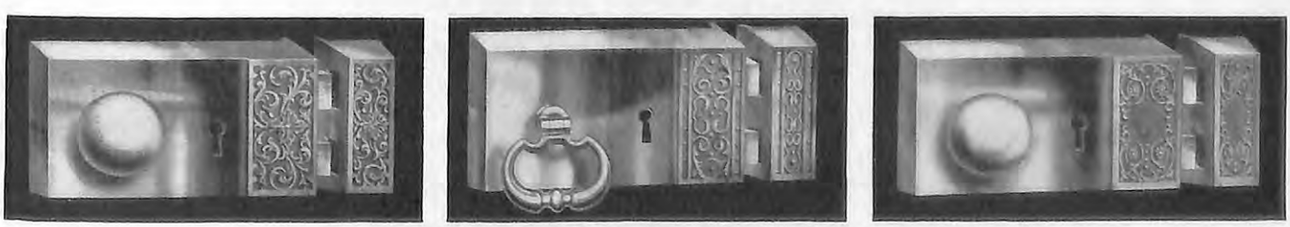

For the Architect's convenience RUSSWIN Hardware is illustrated and described in Sweet's catalogue, pages C-3137—C-3216.

Pride of India

(*Continued from page 19*)

prophetic truth of his boyhood dreams. "Ken Barry!" she said, as their hands met warmly. "You're the same, only grown big and tall, like Alva. Now I know I'm home."

"I wasn't sure you'd remember me." He let her hand go reluctantly.

"Oh, you belong to one of my dearest memories. Of curling up behind the brown velvet curtain on the window seat there, to watch the dusk fall, and see the lamplighter come around to touch the lamps awake all down the street, and wait for you to come swinging up the walk with the evening paper. You always looked as though you were out for an adventure."

"It was an adventure, coming here." They were seated now, and because he must not stare at her he devoured her image greedily in the green pool of the mirror.

"And now you're Alva's most gifted young ornament of the bar! That was the *Record's* felicitous phrase."

He groaned a little.

"I've read it all, so I know your fine record." She gave him her soft, straightforward eyes. "And grandfather's talked about you."

"How is your grandfather?" Ken switched the subject hastily.

SHE did not answer at once, and trouble welled up in the pause In the silence Ken became aware of a sound that filled the twilight beyond the open windows—the muted, many-tongued sibilance of the Pride-of-India trees.

"I have not seen my grandfather all day," she said, and turned to him, gripping the satin edge of the sofa "You know they're felling the cottonwoods, just two blocks away?"

"I know. I saw, walking up here."

"Since the sound of the saws began," she told him in a low voice, "he has locked himself in his room. I have put food on a tray by the door, but he won't let me in. I can hear him pacing up and down, pacing up and down, and the saw whining. And then a tree falls, and it's utterly still in his room. For a long, long time I hear nothing."

Ken found no words. In the stillness the hushed breathing of the ligneous sentinels outside filled the room with a cool, unconscious night. Out in the street a motor horn honked irritation, a newsboy hawked disaster. Reduced and impotent, the noises fell away from this high island of serenity, this columned sanctum.

"They will reach the Pride-of-Indias tomorrow," Sharah said.

Ken got up and paced down the room. He stood looking out at the green leafage lacing across the early summer stars.

"It will be like seeing heroes shot," he said. "And to stand by—to do nothing—it's that nightmare feeling of being rooted to the ground."

"Rooted to the ground " She had drifted to the window, beside him, answering the aloof summons of the whispering grove. "I wonder," she said softly, "if we have not all invisible roots that run deep into life? That nourish us, through struggle and ugliness, with beauty and pride and peace?"

He wanted to say, "My love is like that." He wanted to say, "My heart has run down deep, deep roots, years old, and all the beauty that it drinks is you." Her throat was white in the twilight; he could see it pulsing. In a slow eloquent flood the virtue of the Pride-of-India trees poured in upon them. Ken felt his love rise to a tall, sure splendor and he turned to her, but, as though she understood, her pale hands moved in the darkness, fendingly.

"Those trees are a little like my ancestors," she said quickly, and forcing a smile. "It's like a noble death-watch, this." She shivered, and moved away. "I don't like to turn on the lamps to-night," she confessed, laughing unevenly, fingering a light-switch.

"Don't," Ken said impulsively. "Let us keep the evening like this, cool and green and still.

"The last," she said

"The beginning," said he. He took her hand to his lips, smiling. "Good night, Maharanee of the trees!"

As he went down the walk he stopped a moment, beside the tallest. "Goodbye!" he whispered, and laid his hand gently upon the living wood.

Next day when Ken regained his office after a hurried lunch, it was to find a message on his 'phone pad. "Miss Dare begs you to come at once."

As he hastened up her street he noticed the silence of the jackal saws. The lank straight youth of the cottonwoods lay prostrate all in a crush of broken boughs, and then beyond that dying greenery his eyes found the shifting blot of many people at the Dare gate.

With a sickening heart he pressed through to them. "What's the matter?" The Mexican and Italian workmen stood obstinate, leaning on ax or pick, wiping dirty sweat from their faces. Women in house aprons, run over from back streets, boys on bicycles, the shabby idlers that a street spawns on the instant of mischance, stared at him, babbling confusedly. A red Irish foreman was angrily trying to shout them down, and a policeman, official and ineffective, kept them milling this way and that with flourishes of his truncheon.

Growing abruptly aware of the pole that pulled this quivering interest, Ken looked up the aisle of the trees and met the regard of Cyrus Dare. He was sitting at the open window of his room on the second story, his hair white and wild against the red plush of the armchair back, his hands moveless on the rifle over his knees.

"Good God!" said Ken. "Look here," he told the officer. "I'm Mr. Dare's lawyer. Let me get through to him."

"You tell him he can't obstruct the law like this," said the worried bluecoat.

"He's crazy, that's what," the foreman fumed. The crowd pressed back, and Ken shouldered forward and strode up the walk. Under the window he lifted his hat and smiled up at the brooding mask "Good morning, Mr. Dare," he said quietly. "If this crowd is annoying you, sir, I can make them understand."

"They understand," said the old man in a clear high voice that carried. "They know that any man who lays ax to the trees will be shot where he stands." His eyes came back from the crowd and rested on Ken, impersonally.

The dark opacity of those pupils held Ken like the gleam in a crystal that focuses on an illimitable inner world. After a still minute he wrenched his gaze away and walked back to the foreman.

"It's a loony bluff," the Irishman was blustering. "We lost a coupla hours here, a'ready."

"Why don't you go ahead and chop, then?" jeered a boy from the crowd.

"Not me! Not me!" The workmen became vigorous.

"You're a lotta yellow pups," snorted their chief.

"You take ax." A son of Sicily, with a dagger flash of teeth, held out the helve.

The policeman was looking up into the multitudinous lights and shades above him. "What the hell," he said slowly, "is in these here heathen trees?"

Ken's thoughts had fled to Sharah. "Whatever it is, he'll kill for it," he told the officer abruptly. "For God's sake, don't let any one raise a hand while he holds that gun there. I'm going up."

The big old door beneath the fan-light Ken found ajar. The cool wide hall was empty. He strode up the stairs. Turning at the newel post he came on Sharah, on her knees, working feverishly at the lock of her grandfather's door.

"Sharah!" At his voice the key clattered from her hand, and she started up.

"Oh, it's you! Thank God you've come! I can't get in." She was almost sobbing. "And he'll do it. He'll murder. Oh, Ken!"—she gripped his arm—"We've got to get in—we've got to!"

Already he was trying the key, shaking the door. It stood firm. He drew back, lifted his shoulder and lunged against the panels with a stunning crash.

After the futile echo, Sharah said, "He must have pushed the ball-footed armoire against the door. You can't break it down, Ken."

They stood a moment in the silent hall. "He did not sleep all night," Sharah said, her breath catching. "I heard him, all through the night, walking up and down."

"I'm going to get the City Hall on this," Ken said abruptly. "God, if they could see what they are doing!"

Greenbacks passed swiftly among the angry workmen, kept them quiet, prowling resentfully along the street front. The crowd was growing; when Ken got back from downtown they had ebbed up on the lawn. The immobile hawk figure still commanded all, the rifle barrel a long warning gleam in the westering sun. Ken found Sharah standing behind the velvet window curtain. She turned in swift hope.

"They 'deprecate it'," said Ken bitterly. "They're full of fat speeches about 'the inevitable march of progress.' But they're bothered. And they respect your grandfather, though they think he's stark mad."

"He's utterly himself," Sharah said with certainty. "That's the danger, Ken."

He met her eyes squarely. "The brave old Rajah," he said softly. "A deputation is coming to wait on him, any minute. Oil and supreme unction. The trees are to come down."

She took his hand suddenly. "They can't change him, Ken."

"I don't want anyone to," he said, tightening his big grip. "Listen! They must have come."

Sharah and Ken stepped forth together down the steps and stood awaiting the small advancing body of dark figures. The mayor and the street commissioner, the chief of police and his men were moving gingerly across the mellow turf, hats under arms, like undertakers. In their gait was a difficult balance of deprecation and authority. Ken still kept Sharah's hand in a hard clasp; her straight gaze was fixed in hostility on the invaders. Ken raised his own to the window above. Still as stone and as silent, with unmoving eyes, Cyrus Dare sat waiting. The besieging party had halted. Slowly inflating, so that his white vest shone convexly, the mayor cleared his sounding throat and spoke.

"Mr. Dare, sir!" he began. "We are a deputation waiting upon you respectfuily to draw your attention to the fact that the onward march of our great city is brought to an astounding halt by your incomprehensible attitude We are confident"—the echoes rolled—"that when you pause to realize the value that will accrue to your property by the widening of this street, not to mention the prosperity to Alva, the benefit of God's great gift of sunshine, and the aggrandizement of our civic pride, you will no longer block the course of the chariot wheels of progress."

THE period closed, and His Honor exhaled heavily. All heads were lifted expectantly, craning to hear the reply. But Cyrus Dare responded by no word or sign. Under the disdain of that silence the mayor purpled; the street commissioner and the chief of police rustled in colloquy. The mayor raised his voice, sharp with anger.

"Mr. Dare, I adjure you to come down at once! Otherwise I shall command these members of the force to enter your house and restrain this outrage by force."

From the citadel above the lone sentry spoke no word. Ken's heart was pounding, with a curious deadening prescience. He stared up into that lonely, white, wide-eyed face The blue-coats were loping across the lawn to the open door.

"Good God!" cried out Ken, in a sudden loud voice that startled himself. "Cyrus Dare is dead!"

In the stiff sweet room, so anachronistically unaware of progress, the mayor and his men waited uncomfortably, turning their hat brims, tiptoeing to and fro about the faded deep old rugs. The hastily summoned doctor had brought them his brief report, and departed. He must have been gone for half an hour. The heart. It could not stand the strain.

Kendall Barry opened the door, with Sharah, still and pale, beside him. Those who were seated rose; all shifted unhappily.

"Madam," began the mayor heavily, "I cannot express to you my grief at this tragic accident——"

Striding forward to the broad mahogany desk that commanded the room, Ken took him up where he had halted uncertainly. "To call it an accident, Your Honor," said Ken, "is to belittle Alva's bravest and most loyal

(*Continued on page 54*)

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Pride of India

(*Continued from page 52*)

citizen. Those trees, the slow work of a hundred years that no mere human labor could replace, were Cyrus Dare's heritage, his gift to the city, and for them and Alva he gave his life. No man can give more. Therefore I am here to propose in deepest gratitude, a monument to Cyrus Dare, a living monument—the Pride-of-India trees."

The body of officialdom stirred in a sudden ripple. The mayor stared; the chief of police looked in his hat; the street commissioner said incredulously:

"But then where will you put your street?"

Sharah stepped forward, her face a white mask through which the eyes burned, and only the lips moved. "Why not through here?" Her brief gesture swept across the old Persian rug. "Let the house come down. Let the acres go with the trees."

"But my dear young lady!" The mayor gaped aghast. "Your old family home!"

"My grandfather is dead. It takes two to make a home," she said bitterly. Then her eyes, lifting, met the steady eyes of Ken, and slowly as their gaze held, the glow of bright blood came back into her face, and on her lips the light of answer.

To-day ask any solid citizen of Alva to show you round his town, and he will pilot you through crowded traffic, point out the art gallery, the Union Station, the Barry Building, the outlying "developments" where the weak young saplings hopefully border vacant lots, and then, guiding you to the busy heart, where the town's tallest buildings write its smoke messages boastfully on the blue prairie sky, he will lead you into the sudden peace and benediction of Pride-of-India Park.

"There!" says the son of Alva pridefully. "New York can keep its Trinity Church down on Broadway, and Chicago her lake front. I tell you, Alva's right in the van of progress when it comes to the city-beautiful idea. Look at that!"

The stranger looks, and the ancient Indian princes seem to spread wide arms of sanctuary. Here are grassy places, cloisters of shadows beside the winding paths, the voices of birds and of children playing. Here is a growing future, lifting young, laughing banners of green and here, in the dark of the sod, in the deep running roots, is the living past—the past that was Cyrus Dare.

Adventure

(*Continued from page 31*)

silent; and they were very careful not to look at one another for a while.

The girl on the floor pulled herself together, bowed and smiled to the applause that greeted her recovery. The music began again, and dancers once more filled the floor. Doctor Anthony appraised them with an interested scrutiny. Army officers in white, dancing with girls who seemed to the little Doctor's somewhat uncertain eyes amazingly and uniformly beautiful. Dark-skinned men who danced with the grace of women. Stolid men who danced seriously and severely. And moving to and fro among the tables, an older woman, elaborately dressed, speaking to this one and that one smilingly.

"She's the hostess!" Miss Applegate guessed; and she smiled. "Now if you were alone, and wished to dance, she would find a partner for you."

JUST behind the Doctor's chair some one laughed in a most unpleasant fashion. A slow, long-drawn out: "Haw! Haw! Haw!" The sound was so near the Doctor's ear that he started in dismay, and turned to look. The man who had laughed sat alone, at the next table; and the Doctor, studying him through uncertain eyes, saw that he seemed to be a thoroughly ill-favored individual, of a bulky and impressive stature.

The little Doctor turned back to Miss Applegate in apology: "I'm sorry! Startled me. Now why did he laugh?"

"I think he has been drinking," she suggested.

"Quite so!" the little man agreed. "Quite so!" But he moved his chair a little, nervously. The man behind him was so near.

The dance ended, and some of the dancers took themselves away. The waiter brought orangeades, and the Doctor and Miss Applegate drank slowly. Six girls appeared and sang in nasal voices; then they kicked their legs in a monotonous pattern for a while; then they disappeared.

"Haw! Haw! Haw!"

"I don't like that!" Doctor Anthony confessed.

"His laughing?" she asked.

"That dancing," he corrected; then he chuckled. "But it's life, Miss Applegate. The sort of thing we came to see. Life in the raw. Only, they do seem very orderly!"

"I'm afraid it's all in the day's work to most of them," she remarked.

The dancing had become general again; and Doctor Anthony thought of suggesting that they dance together as they had at the Miramar. But his courage failed him. There were too many people here. On the broad terraces of the Miramar they had been almost alone; here even the skilful folk who danced were forever in collision. . . . . So he held his tongue.

After the dance, a young woman came out to sing. She was young by courtesy only, but she appeared to Doctor Anthony to be no more than a child. A rather chubby child, with a weary, old voice. She sang a song already vaguely familiar to him; he recognized the air, and an occasional word. But when she began the chorus, which—as is so often the case with such melodies—was addressed to a mythical "you," the little Doctor was embarrassed to discover that she approached his chair, directed her affectionate entreaties unmistakably to him and him alone.

She sang: "I want to put my arms around you. . . ."

And the man at the table behind the little Doctor said: "Haw! Haw! Haw!"

She sang: "I want the world to know I found you. . . ."

And the man laughed: "Haw! Haw! Haw!"

The Doctor half turned in his chair, in a slow desperation; but he was relieved to discover that the drunken man was laughing not at him, but at the girl on the floor. He shrank a little in his chair, hoping to be inconspicuous; but the laughter continued, and the Doctor began to resent it on the girl's account. True, she sang neither wisely nor well; yet she did, presumably, her best. It was unkind to laugh at her. . . .

He said loudly to Miss Applegate: "I'm surprised that they permit such conduct here; he is annoying the performers."

"He has paid for the privilege, Doctor," she reminded him.

Then the girl finished her song; but the Doctor was still restive under that maudlin hilarity.

More customers were leaving. The orchestra played; but this time there were fewer dancers on the floor. Then their waiter said in a whisper at the Doctor's elbow:

"After this dance, suh, they're going to put on a special show for you."

The Doctor stammered: "Hey? What's that?" And Miss Applegate explained to him.

"But I think perhaps we'd better not wait," she suggested. To judge by the regular show, the special one must be particularly—graceless."

"Exactly," he agreed. "We'd better go!"

And he rose.

But as Miss Applegate rose too, the little man stood still for a moment, longingly. He smiled at her, and he said slowly:

"You know—the evening's ended! Rather tamely, hasn't it. I'd like one last fling. . . ."

"Fling?"

"Let's dance again," he proposed recklessly.

And Miss Applegate said: "Very well!"

So Doctor Anthony slipped his arm about her waist and moved out on the floor. The man at the table laughed that hideous horse laugh of

his, but the Doctor pretended not to hear. He marched Miss Applegate conscientiously once around the floor, till returning he found himself suddenly looking directly at the drunken man. And the man said:

"Haw. Haw!"

Doctor Anthony knew a flood of wrath. Also, he was suddenly afraid. He was on the brink of a bout of fisticuffs, in a low dive in Panama City, with the well-policed Canal Zone two or three miles away. Anything might happen! Yet he was angry enough to forget to be afraid.

"Silence, man!" he said, in a hoarse, choking tone. "Or you'll be thrown into the gutter where you belong."

And he started around the floor again.

But when he came back to that corner once more—he had to drive himself to do so, because the drunken man had risen and was waiting for him—his pulse was pounding furiously. He could not see very clearly; but he could see well enough.

The man laughed again, in that brazen, trumpeting fashion which rasped the little Doctor's nerves to the raw; and Doctor Anthony stopped. He released Miss Applegate. He pushed back the cuffs of his coat.

"Now, you hoodlum!" he said, in a ferocious whisper.

But the drunken man brushed him aside. "Lemme show you some'n' 'bout dancing," he proposed, and extended his arms toward Miss Applegate.

Whereupon Doctor Anthony hit him, in an inexpert but effectual fashion, on the nose.

THE immediate result was chaotic. The little Doctor knew that something beat at the side of his head. He also knew that his fists pounded at something. Then he was rolling on the floor with other people, most of whom seemed to be antagonistic. He liked this. He bit something, and he hit something, and he kicked something. He kicked something with both feet, as he lay on his back on the floor. He grabbed something in his arms, and something fell heavily. There were a great many unnecessary lights here and there, moving erratically to and fro. He felt a sudden keen pain that was like ecstasy, in his scalp just above the ear. He kicked, and bit, and hit, and rolled over and over. In some fashion he found himself under a table. He rose, and the table rose with him. He pushed it upward, off his head, and found the legs in his hands, and he swung the table like a mace, viciously.

He had completely lost sight of the man who laughed; but the table broke in his hands, and he saw someone hitting someone with a club, and someone whistled. This was, he guessed, a police whistle.

Then he heard that horse laugh again, and looked around for another table. But he stumbled over a chair into the very arms of Miss Applegate.

She said quickly: "Our taxi's waiting!"

And he submitted to be led out of doors. Men in uniform brushed by them, trotted past them, on their way to quiet the continuing affray within.

Miss Applegate put Doctor Anthony's hat on his head. He lifted his hand to straighten it, and felt moisture there, and his fingers were red.

She said: "It's all right. It's not bad."

Then the driver slowed down; he said over his shoulder: "You all are in the Zone now. No hurry any more."

"We'll soon be back at the ship," Miss Applegate assured the Doctor.

But Doctor Anthony shook his head in a sudden great decision. "I have business first, Miss Applegate," he told her. "Business with you." And he spoke to the driver. "Go somewhere in the moonlight," he directed. "And stop, and go away for half an hour."

Miss Applegate did not protest. But as they drove in silence she lifted her hands to adjust her hair, as though she wished to look her best for the moment that was to come.

The spot the driver chose was on the causeway that led to the harbor forts. He left them there, sitting in the car in the full bath of the moon; and he smoked a cigarette a hundred paces off, while little Doctor Anthony attended to the business he had in mind. Later the Doctor whistled,

(*Continued on page 56*)

Adventure

(*Continued from page 55*)

and the driver returned. He found that his passengers were holding hands.

He drove back to the boat. Doctor Anthony, by wearing his hat on one side in a jaunty fashion which he rather liked, avoided attracting the attention of the police at the gangplank to his wound.

Safe aboard, he and Miss Applegate parted in the corridor outside her door; but she made him promise to have the surgeon clean and attend the cut in his scalp.

"It's nothing," he assured her. He was now holding both her hands. "I'm proud of it. The scar of adventure!" He gripped her hands hard. "You know, Agnes, if I hadn't had the courage to lick that big bruiser, I'd never have found the audacity to—speak to you."

"He was an ugly monster!" she agreed.

Doctor Anthony noticed at breakfast next morning that little Bibbs, their table steward, had a swollen nose. He spoke to the man about it, but Bibbs only said respectfully:

"I ran into a door, sir, if you please!"

This seemed to Doctor Anthony reasonable enough; he asked no further question, and during the remaining week of the voyage he was beyond noticing anything except Miss Applegate.

He did remark, on the morning when they landed in New York, that Miss Applegate tipped Bibbs with a quite unnecessary generosity. But she was always generous.

Somewhat later, as they started down the gangplank, the Doctor heard behind him, loud and raucous and unmistakable, that harsh, insulting laugh which had driven him to madness in Panama. That horse laugh. . . .

He whirled to see who had laughed. But there was no one in sight at the moment except little Bibbs, and Bibbs was not laughing.

Doctor Anthony wished to investigate; but Miss Applegate hurried him ashore. Not till they were through the Customs and in a taxi on the way uptown did he recall the incident. He said then, a rising doubt in his tones:

"You know, when we heard that laugh as we left the boat, and I turned and saw little Bibbs, I thought for a moment it might have been Bibbs in Panama that night."

But she reassured him. "Oh, no," she insisted. "The man you thrashed so soundly was a huge brute, twice as large as Bibbs!"

Bird-Dog Days

(*Continued from page 25*)

boss made me take it easy—hardly more than a trot. Except for that, I went about as I pleased, quartering this way and that without knowing quite why.

Pretty soon, as I worked across the breeze, I caught a whiff of that smell again. It seemed to come down wind, so I turned and trailed it up, so excited that my tail nearly whipped itself off. Behind me I could hear The Boss's "Slow, boy—*slow*," but the scent was getting stronger and I didn't pay much attention. I was just breaking into a lope when b-r-r-r-r-r—one of those quail went out from behind a grass tussock, so close that I made a snap for him and missing, tore after him like a crazy fool as he buzzed away over the brush.

It was no use, of course, but I was only a green pup and didn't know how darned fast a quail can fly. After fifty yards or so I gave it up and came back to The Boss expecting a proper scolding, for I remembered half-hearing his whistle shrilling all the time the bird and I were going away from there.

He didn't say much, though—merely something about his not worrying about my having plenty of natural hunting instinct. But he did snap a long, heavy cord to my collar, and as it trailed behind me it kept reminding me that I was to go slow when I found another bird.

It didn't take long to get the scent of one. As soon as The Boss saw my head go down and my tail start working he moved right up and grabbed the end of the check-cord. A few seconds more and the bird jumped, and so did I. This time though, The Boss called "*Down!*" and held fast, so there was nothing for it but drop to my haunches and glare after the disappearing quail. Apparently this was what he wanted, for he came up and told me I was a good pup and pretty soon we started scouting around some more.

For half an hour, I guess, we worked back and forth over that ground, finding three more single birds—one which The Boss kicked up and two that I got scent of before they jumped. That was all we could locate, but I'd learned that my job was to find as many as I could, so when The Boss took the cord off my collar and we headed across the fields again I ranged out with a real purpose.

It was warm going, for the sun was getting high and down there among the weeds and wild blackberry bushes there wasn't a breath of air stirring. I tell you I was mighty glad when finally we came to a brook where I could slosh down on my belly and lap the cool, clear water. Lucky in more ways than one, that drink was, for if it hadn't been for it I've an idea I'd have muffed the big chance that came to me five minutes after we'd started on again.

We'd come to a field of wheat stubble, yellow-brown in the sun and fringed on all four sides with old rail fences and masses of goldenrod. A little breeze had sprung up, and as I quartered across it I caught that quail scent again, so strong that it fairly lifted my head and whirled me straight into the eye of the wind. A few steps more, and the queerest feeling came over me. It seemed as if I was frozen, or something, though of course I wasn't cold. I could see and hear and smell all right—gad, how I could smell that fresh bird scent! But as for moving a leg or even a muscle, it just couldn't be done.

In a few minutes I could hear The Boss coming through the stubble behind me and ordering in a low voice, "Steady, Cap—steady there, boy!" Presently he stopped a few yards from my tail and I rolled an eye back at him. "It's all right, pup—steady, now!" he muttered again, so there we both stood as still as a couple of stumps, for I don't know how long before he came ahead slowly, passed me and—*b-r-r-r-r*, up went a big covey twenty yards away. I made a couple of buck-jumps after them, but The Boss snapped "*Down, you!*" and though I hated to do it I crouched flat as he'd taught me to do in the backyard at home. After they'd disappeared over the hill he let me up, and the patting and nice things he said pretty nearly made up for not letting me chase them. He seemed tremendously pleased because I'd stood there so long like a dummy, though at the time I couldn't see why he should be.

WELL, presently we moved on after those quail and I found six of them by scent. Each time I got a real good noseful of that smell I liked it better and pointed more solidly. Inside of an hour I knew that the biggest kick in this whole game of finding quail was when that queer, shivery feeling came over you and you froze in your tracks because, right off there in the grass, you knew a stubby brown bird was getting ready to zoom into the air and whiz away through the smoky sunlight.

It was noon when we got back to the car and what with the heat and all the running I was glad to climb into the shade of the back seat and lie there panting while The Boss told Jake about my being a pup that looked like a comer, with natural hunting instinct, and a good nose. "Ye don't *say!*" Jake kept answering. "Wal, now, think o' him pullin' up thetaway on thet covey, an' then p'intin' the singles, too. An' ye say he's purty steady to wing, too? Wal, that's fine—ye know I've been hearin' consid'able 'bout him from Cal Peters an' them. Ye'll be out on Openin' Day, won't ye?"

"Sure," said The Boss, sliding in back of the wheel. "Get your chores done early so we can be after 'em as soon as they start moving." And with that we drove off home.

I tell you, the next couple of weeks went by pretty slowly! Something big was going to happen—it was in the air, and I couldn't help feeling it. Almost every evening, after he got home from some place which they called his office, I'd follow The Boss into the study and lie there while he greased his high leather boots or sorted shells or practiced throwing up his gun as if he was going to shoot. He whistled and sang a lot, too, and patted and talked to me more than usual, and sometimes She'd look in the door to see what all the fun was about, and smile and tell The Boss that he was still just a boy, after all.

And then, finally, the big day came. Clear and quiet and frosty it was in the early morning, and the tang of damp leaves filled the air like fog as we drove over the hills to Jake's farm. He'd been ready for an hour, he said, as we pulled up by the barn, and was "jest a-rarin' to go," so it didn't take long for us to head out across the fields.

I'm not going to try and tell you all that happened that first great day of real hunting—I couldn't if I tried to. As I look back at it now across the years it's just a sort of dream, a crowded, mixed-up dream with here and there a spot that stands out clear and sharp: the flush of that first covey and the queer way three birds fell out of it as the guns roared right over my head, the rabbit I chased and the call-down The Boss gave me for it, the lunch beside a spring in the woods, the men's bulging coats as I trailed wearily at their heels on the way back to the farm through the misty dusk. A far-off, jumbled kind of dream, but one I'll never forget, for it was the first time I knew that The Boss and I were really working partners and that the thing we both lived and trained and tramped for was birds.

AS I lie here to-night on the rug before the big log fire in the living room it comes to me that this looking back over the seasons that have gone is one of the things that make a bird-dog's life worthwhile. I'm not so old but what I can leg it as far and as fast as the youngsters, and my nose is as good as ever. But when the season has closed and winter shuts down I like to stretch out of an evening close to The Boss's chair and let the old thoughts come.

Sort of like a procession, they are, big and little, fast and slow. They come slipping out of the mist as quietly as the stars after sunset, draw to a point and move on over the hill. Memory after memory, sliding across my mind—that October day when the woodcock flight had dropped into the white birch thickets of Long Valley, the week after grouse up in Sullivan County with John Van Valen and his black setter Elko, the first cock pheasant that flopped up out of Sprout Swamp and for a second, there at the tops of the maples, seemed to hang motionless with the sun striking full on his brown-gold body. I see Bald Hill drowsing at midday under a sky of smoky autumn blue, and the scarlet flame of maples and pepperidge, and the shimmer of light on the far-off lake. I can smell the stubble drying in the sun and the powder whiff from the old twelve-gauge. Pictures, pictures, pictures—and in the background of every single one of them The Boss, quiet, steady and knowing all things, the best and wisest of friends, the greatest god in all the world.

Do you wonder that sometimes, dreaming of it all, my feet twitch and my tail, thumping on the floor, signals to him that even in my sleep I'm making game on a clean, fresh trail?

Out of Africa

(*Continued from page 35*)

hot in the valley in October. Even on a hill, as we were, I had seen the thermometer climb to 137 at two o'clock. We had been discussing the economic possibilities of East Africa. The talk had turned to crops, when Schmidt abruptly changed the subject.

"Mentioning the sisal plantations reminds me of an occurrence I shall never forget. I will tell it to you, as it is more interesting than what other people can grow. I was in charge of a sisal plantation once. Hellish work. Hot and those cursed spikes of plants. Most all our labor was convict. Among them were a few

(*Continued on page 58*)

Out of Africa

(*Continued from page 57*)

women. One of these had a baby born while she was on the plantation. Two or three days later she fell into an irrigation ditch and was drowned. Usually in a village there is some woman who will nurse a child left as this one was. I hunted, but not a one could I find. I sent out a call, but convict plantations have evil reputations and no woman would respond. I had the baby in a basket on my table. Wistful little rascal it was, too. All day it lay there and never murmured though it must have been hungry as the devil. I was worried stiff. I did not want the little black shaver to kick in. After all it was not its fault that it was among convicts. Late in the afternoon an old, old woman shuffled up. You have seen the type. Skin all wrinkled across the stomach, breasts shriveled and face lined deep and long. She asked for the child. I looked at her. 'What do you want it for?' I asked. 'You cannot nurse it. You are too old.'

"'I can nurse the child, Bwana,' she answered. 'I am its grandmother.'

"I looked at her again. Natives have all kinds of customs. I thought perhaps she wished to have the child to destroy it. But that old face, so far as any Negro face shows emotion, was kindly and anxious. 'How can you nurse the child?' I asked. 'Your breasts are dry.'

"I will find a root and eat it. Then I will have milk,' she replied.

"I have seen my share of witch-doctoring and strange things, but that a woman of her age could find and take some sort of medicine which would cause a flow of milk was beyond my imagination. I could not prove that she had no right to the child, so I temporized. Come back to-morrow, I told her, and if you have milk you shall have the child.

"I thought about that old woman a lot before I fell asleep. The child was on my mind. So far as I knew no white doctor knew of any such medicine as she proposed to take. Most likely she was bluffing and wanted the child for some other purpose.

"In the morning the babe looked pretty pinched and peaked. But still he did not cry. I began to think of trying some of the villages away down the Zambesi. Then about eleven I saw a woman coming towards the house. She was bent over and walked slowly. Over her back she had a sort of shawl made from a skin, which she clasped in front of her chest as if she were cold. I watched her approach and as she came near, saw that it was the old woman of the day before. She stood by the table and gazed at the baby for a moment and then turning to me said 'I have come for the child. See.' She held her shawl open. Her breasts were full and firm. They had the bronze tint of the breasts of a young girl. I gave her the child."

Just think of what a boon this drug would be if it does exist and could be secured for doctors to improve and use. If you are familiar at all with the problems of baby hospitals and nursing mothers, it requires little imagination to picture what a relief it would be.

This certainly is not psychological. It must be some drug which is either known to us but used in other applications or something totally unknown. My doctor has questioned me about it a half dozen times. He wants it. But does it exist?

The incident told in this last story happened not very long after Schmidt had left, and months after Charlie had recovered from his paralysis. I was traveling in a hurry from my camp on the Luia to Mushanangwe on the Zambesi. The veld quivered in the heat. The bare trees broke into bits and joined again. The tops of the hills separated from their bases and hung in mid-air. It was noon in October, the hottest month of the year. The bronze skins of the naked carriers gleamed with sweat as they wearily unslung their loads for lunch and an hour of rest. One native detached himself from the chattering crowd and approached me as I sat in the thin shade of the trunk of a tree.

"I'nkos?" he queried.

"What is it?" I was stiff and tired and my answer was short.

"My clothes and my chipaupau have been ransacked and my money stolen."

"Well, what can I do about it? There are over sixty people in this safari."

"You will give me permission to search?"

"Yes. But don't start any fights."

I thought no more of the matter until evening. Then, seeing Jonas going about questioning other natives, I called my capitao, Charlie, and gave him orders that he was to help Jonas so far as he was able. Jonas had been with me for three years and deserved some consideration.

But no money was found either that day or the next. On the third day, early in the afternoon, we reached the Zambesi. Here I was to pay off all the carriers. A table was brought. On it I piled many bolts of cloth. Calling all the men, I pointed to the bolts.

"You have been good carriers. See. I intend to pay you now."

Murmurs of satisfaction sounded along the line. "But," I continued, "I will not cut cloth until the man who stole Jonas's money confesses."

Long ah-a-as of dismay and consternation. After a silence an elderly native spoke.

"I'nkos, how are we to find the thief? Are all of us to be punished for the wrongdoing of one?"

"Does no one know who stole?" I asked, looking at the anxious, sweaty faces. Woolly heads were shaken. One or two shrugged their shoulders. The old man spoke again.

"There is a way," he said. "In our villages we find a thief by the test of boiling water."

Vaguely I had heard of such a test, but had catalogued it in my mind as just another of those witch doctoring feats which are usually based on simple psychology. But few white men are privileged to see such tests.

"Charlie?" I asked, "do you know of this test?"

"Yes, I'nkos. We all know it. It is a test which no thief can escape."

I sat down in my deck chair under a great baobab tree. In front of me Charlie built a fire on which he placed a five-gallon three-legged iron pot full of water. He disappeared in the bush for some moments, returning with some leaves which I recognized as from a common evergreen bush. These he cast into the pot. As the water began to boil and roll, every native in the safari lined up before me. A small pot of cold water was placed beside the fire. Jonas stepped forward.

"Oh, my chief, it is fitting that I, who have lost my money, be the first to place my hand in the water. Then no man can say that I have concealed that which belongs to me in order to gain more unlawfully."

With that he washed his hands rapidly in the cold water and then plunged his right hand into the boiling water nearly to the elbow. Grasping a handful he raised it, dripping on high, and then stepped aside.

The next in line, the elderly native, approached. Washing his hands, he intoned a chant.

"I'nkos, my chief, I have worked for you and you have cared for me. I am old and have lived long with the men of my village. My days have been days of peace and my nights have been free from threats by the spirits of those who have gone before. Indeed, for my fellows I am filled with love and respect. Why then should I steal? Who am I that I should be the one to cause this test to be applied?"

And he plunged his wrinkled, bony hand into the pot.

Native after native stepped forward, sang his own and my praises, and dared the rolling, boiling water. The level sank. Charlie replenished it, adding more leaves and he built up the fire so that the water hissed, it boiled so furiously.

The last man had plunged his hand into the pot. I looked inquiringly at my capitao.

"To-morrow, I'nkos," he said, "the skin will have come off the right hand of the thief."

Sixty-three hands had clutched that boiling water. Was it possible that of all these only one would suffer the burn which, logically, they should all have shared? But how? And why? The leaves surely could have no magical properties. Ordinary leaves from a common bush.

Early the following morning I was awakened

by a turmoil in the native part of the camp. Shouts and yells brought me quickly out of bed. I called Charlie.

"What's the matter?"

"Call all the natives, I'nkos," he asked, "and examine the hands."

I did. Going down the line I examined the right hand of each man and boy. One, two, ten, fifteen. No marks of the ordeal. Of all the sixty-three boys and men who had plunged their hands into the pot of boiling water, Erranisto alone had lost some skin. Protesting, he paid.

Can you explain this?

When Is a Playwright?

(*Continued from page 12*)

cannot be consulted about changes; or he may have written in a foreign language, and the person who did the translation is not available. "Topaze," one of the biggest hits that have come out of Paris in recent years, is not the same in the American production as it was in France. To date, there have been nearly eighty productions of this play by Marcel Pagnol in widely scattered parts of the world, and it is no wild presumption to guess that each of them has been altered to suit individual circumstances.

In Paris, "Topaze" ran—and may still be running—until after midnight, far too late for a New York audience that must think about catching suburban and subway trains home. Benn W. Levy, an Englishman, made the translation and did it faithfully, with the result that the play was just as long as in the original. Lacking the presence of either the author or the translator, the Shuberts in New York lopped off the entire last part of the play—a static philosophical discussion which merely pointed up what had been played before. The amputation, of course, left a ragged edge, and a few minutes of additional dialogue were needed. Clarence Derwent, a member of the cast, wrote it.

"Death Takes a Holiday," which is included in the new Burns Mantle "Ten Best Plays of 1929-30" volume, is a foreign play which the author would not recognize. It was written by the Italian Alberto Casella, and given to Walter Ferris for adaptation. By the time Ferris had finished, all that was left of the Casella drama was the idea—that idea again!—of Death making a visit to the earth in the guise of a man. Ferris had done so much work that at first it was planned to call it a play by Walter Ferris. Casella's American representative objected, however, so the Italian's name was retained.

I have spoken of "Strictly Dishonorable" as one of the great comedy successes of last season. It is too early to tell what the history of the current season will be like. "Topaze" was another comedy hit of a more gentle sort, and "It's a Wise Child," now touring, was the least gentle and perhaps the most financially successful of all. Laurence E. Johnson is the author, and David Belasco the producer. Belasco dominates a production more, probably, than any other entrepreneur in the theatre. The case of "It's a Wise Child" is no different from any Belasco show. D. B., or The Governor, works on every play script at his curio-cluttered studio in the Belasco Theatre or in his apartment hotel, if his health is wavering. After he buys a play from an author, he may lay it aside for months or years, or he may begin work immediately. If action starts, he and the author work together, writing, rewriting, arguing and rewriting some more. Belasco acts out each part, and two stenographers make notes. One records the dialogue, the other the action. Something like twenty versions of "It's a Wise Child" were made before the final one was arrived at, and often an author gives up in sheer weariness and leaves Belasco to carry on alone.

"Street Scene," three or four companies of which are to tour America this season, is one example of a play that is entirely the author's work. When William A. Brady accepted it and placed it in rehearsal, he gave the author, Elmer Rice, the job of directing. At the first rehearsal Brady dropped in, ready to lend an experienced theatrical hand if help were needed. He heard Rice discussing the play, and may

(*Continued on page 60*)

When Is a Playwright?

(*Continued from page 59*)

have been astonished when he heard the author declare of his own free will that the play was too long and would have to be cut. "Twenty minutes will have to come out of this first act," said Rice. And Brady thereafter left the production in the author's hands.

When a playwright's script looks promising but not right, and particularly if it is a comedy, a good plan would be to call in the lean and serious-looking George S. Kaufman, whose vogue as a play doctor has increased tremendously. Kaufman, like George Abbott, is a born collaborator. Sometimes, as in the case of this season's new comedy, "Once in a Lifetime," he is called in after the play has been written, and before it is placed in rehearsal. "Once in a Lifetime" was the original work of Moss Hart, a newcomer to the theatre. Kaufman worked it over, and now the programs will call it a comedy by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart.

Again, Kaufman will collaborate on an original venture. He did several plays with Marc Connelly, author of the immensely successful "The Green Pastures." Last season he and Alexander Woolcott wrote "The Channel Road," which had a *success d'estime*. And, earlier, he had worked with Ring Lardner on that comedy of Tin Pan Alley, "June Moon." But not even Kaufman and Lardner did all the work toward making the play funny.

DURING the summer it tried out in Atlantic City, and looked weak. An acquaintance of Lardner's found the latter on the boardwalk and asked, casually, what he was doing there. "Oh," said Lardner with a possible tinge of bitterness, "I'm down here with an act." There were two acts to go before the play would be in shape for Broadway presentation. As the rewriting progressed, one great need stood out—the necessity for a smashingly funny line or situation upon which to bring down the second act curtain. In the preceding moments one had seen various popular song maniacs in action in a music publisher's office. A composer had just played his latest creation, "Hello, Tokio," a banal thing that disgusted the firm's professional pianist. (This pianist, as played by Harry Rosenthal, was the hit of the play.) However, the song caught on, and impressed even a window washer who had sidled into the office on business bent. Nearly everyone left, until only the window washer and Rosenthal remained . . . and about here was where the act should end.

It was Sam H. Harris, the producer, who thought up the finish. At his direction the window washer sneaked to the piano and, with one finger, gingerly began picking out "Hello, Tokio." Whereupon the professional pianist, with a look of world weariness on his features, took up the window washer's sponge and gravely attacked a window as the curtain descended.

Rosenthal, too, added lines here and there. As when the sap songwriter from Schenectady, overwhelmed by New York, started reciting statistics. "Why, do you know that there are over two million Jews in New York alone?" "What," countered Rosenthal, "do you mean, alone?"

A classic example of an altered play is "The Tavern," which George M. Cohan recently revived on Broadway, and which he plans to tour through the country this season. Cora Dick Gantt had written a serious drama called "The Choice of the Superman," which fell into the hands of Brock Pemberton. Pemberton, knowing Cohan was looking for material, sent it along. Now, ever since he was eight years old, Cohan has had an obsession for rewriting things, and "The Choice of the Superman" looked like prime material to him. He went to work, and engaged a cast and placed the play in rehearsal before he had finished. He knew it was a spoofing melodrama, but the cast didn't. Not until the last fifteen minutes of the comedy were completed and the "sides" delivered to the players did the late Arnold Daly, who created the rôle of the vagabond, realize that he was in a burlesque.

Mrs. Gantt was furious. On the opening night she buttonholed critics, telling them she didn't want her name associated with the play. When it was revived last summer, Cohan mentioned no author, simply calling it "an American comedy." But Mrs. Gantt received her royalties regularly, and some time ago Cohan bought the remaining rights to the play from her outright. And, despite this purchase, he still pays her royalties when the comedy is being shown. Of the original Gantt script, only eight words in sequence are left.

Cohan, of course, is almost a perfect combination in the changeful showshop. Author, producer, director and leading man, he can do what he wants with his plays without argument, and rarely does he go into rehearsal with anything like a completed 'script.

Changes in authors' manuscripts are not undertaken lightly, particularly if the playwright is one of standing. There is a story about the time Daly was rehearsing with a company in Shaw's "Arms and the Man," in London. He had changed a line and was reading it as he had changed it. A voice from the darkness of the auditorium spoke up:

"I wouldn't do that if I were you."

Daly, a tempestuous, impetuous person, wheeled violently and sought to see who was correcting him.

"Who the devil are you?" he called out.

"I'm Shaw," was the answer.

When the Theatre Guild produced Shaw's "Saint Joan" in New York, it tried to get the final curtain down at 11:15 p. m. But it just couldn't be done, so a cable was sent to the playwright explaining that a cut would be necessary so that commuters could make their last trains home. Shaw's reply was to the point:

"Let railroads change their schedules."

He is adamant on the point of changes. He explains that he has fine-tooth-combed his work himself, and that it is as concise as it can be. Many, but not all, directors agree with him, and Lee Simonson says that if a scenic designer tries to trifle, even in the slightest degree, with the details as laid out by Shaw, he will find himself in trouble; the old gentleman's plays are almost mathematically precise in the number of words needed to get a character to a door, and so forth.

Eugene O'Neill works closely with those who direct his pieces. Like Shaw, he is credited with knowing his medium. But, unlike Shaw, he can be argued into a point, although he has definite ideas about his plays and is not easily convinced. In the case of "Strange Interlude," which continues its tours after having taken in more than $3,000,000, O'Neill and Philip Moeller, the director, worked over the script for many weeks before it was finally put into rehearsal. Here was a play admittedly experimental in its technique—and something, incidentally, out of which no profit was expected. Moeller was as enthusiastic as the author, and was in thorough sympathy with O'Neill and the things he hoped to bring out in the drama. But, being entrusted with the task of transferring the effectiveness of the script to the stage, he wanted certain things done, and the acting version was somewhat shorter than the original work.

On the other hand, when Moeller staged O'Neill's "Dynamo," he would not touch a line of it. His attitude was that, in the author's absence, he had no right to change lines which, through a shading of meaning, might be thrown off key. O'Neill said later that it would have been a better play if it had been cut some, but he qualified this by saying he should have attended rehearsals. He intends to be at his rehearsals hereafter, which illustrates the point that an author should recognize the necessity for occasional changes.

Playwrights have definite ideas about how their works should be staged. Producers and directors have ideas just as definite. If both the author and director have sense, they get together and argue it out before the production proper begins.

Chester Erskin, a young man whose career as a director has been meteoric, has been made a producing head of the Frohman enterprises, and is putting into effect a pet notion of his. The ordinary run of playwriting, he argues, is haphazard. An author writes a play, and hopes

someone will produce it. A producer reads countless plays, hoping to find one that can be produced. Why not be efficient about it and have plays made to order by competent dramatists? Which is the old lithograph scheme in a new guise. Erskin contends that most of the great drama of the world—that of Shakespeare and Molière, for example—was written for a definite theatre. So he has been following the same scheme. During the summer he has been working with several playwrights on ideas that they have developed together, and the experiment will prove an interesting one during the theatregoing months to come.

Prospecting Among the Autumn Books

(*Continued from page 20*)

Japan and the Philippines. Brawls in the fo'c'sle, pirate watches, hurricanes, a few pale yellow and some more-than-carmine ladies of the wharf-side, the jammed and jangling streets of the Orient, the junks and the jungles, whopping yarns collected from a "teak-fisted" crew—all without benefit of censor—all in the rough—all in the raw.

For those to whom the word "namby-pamby" is anathema, this true and swinging book is recommended.

Al Capone

By Fred D. Pasley. (Ives Washburn, Inc., New York.)

APPEARING only a few days before this issue of our magazine, *Al Capone*, the story of America's Bad Man, is—we think—scheduled to create a sensation.

One does not smile at "gangland," nor blink lawlessness—but the sheer outrageous audacity of the tale that Mr. Pasley tells holds one spellbound. The marvel, of course, is where the author got his "stuff." The gangster world is notoriously closed-mouthed. A score of questions rise to the reader's mind: How much will this revealing history of racketeering and slaughter put communities on their guard against even the faintest evidence of armed violence? How will it affect the man who comes upon these words of Alphonse (Al) Capone in attempted justification of his "bootlegging racket": *"If people did not want beer and wouldn't drink it, a fellow would be crazy for going around trying to sell it!"* And how will it affect the man who, suggesting amiably to Mr. Capone that he put his evil ways behind him, finds himself face to face with a big, quiet, generous individual, who wears an armor-proof vest, who is always armed, and whose death would profit some sly enemy a neat fifty thousand, and who almost sadly replies—*"Once in, there is no out!"*

These are only a few of the queries that will storm the reader as he sinks himself in these startling pages. We have no room here for a résumé of Chicago's crime situation—of which Mr. Pasley gives so remarkable an account. The story of the man Capone himself is what horrifies and fascinates. We are given a series of pictures—ineffaceable, baffling.

Capone, the first-nighter at a theatre, attended by a body-guard of eighteen tuxedoed gentlemen (a body-guard outnumbering that of the President of the United States) who rise as one man from their scattered seats as the chief goes out for his entr'acte cigarette.

Capone in his marble swimming pool in Florida.

Capone the "Santa Claus" of crooked politicians.

Capone the man at whose door half the gang-murders of Chicago are laid.

The man who, on a radio millionaire's yacht, was of the official welcoming party given by Chicago to Commander Pinedo.

The man at the head of gigantic, if questionable, monopolies—"big business without high hats."

The man who has never been known to double-cross anyone who plays fair.

The man who, to keep his army of "gunmen" in trigger condition, had two rooms in a Chicago hotel fitted up with punching bags, horizontal bars, rowing machines and other paraphernalia. Here his henchmen (among whom there was,

(*Continued on page 62*)

Prospecting Among the Autumn Books

(*Continued from page 61*)

not so long ago, one who wore the Croix de Guerre) followed, and may still follow, as methodical a training as college athletes. On their perfect nerves depend most of their lives.

The man who will give up almost anything he is doing to listen to the opera of *Aïda*.

The temptations to quote from Mr. Pasley's revelations of the underworld are so great that the only thing to do is to stop off altogether. The book is more than a history of Chicago's machine-gun war. It is almost a sociological study of the underworld mind in action. The author has marshaled unbelievable facts and figures. Also, he knows how to write. In swift, bristling English, he suggests the irony, pity and bloody drama of a reign of terror—medieval in its perfect organization and ruthlessness. We read this document in galley-proof, and will await with interest to see how the book is received by the public.

The Old China Trade

By Foster Rhea Dulles. (Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.)

THE first year George Washington was elected President of the United States, found fifteen American ships on their way home from Canton, the only open port of China, laden with teas and silk.

They were little ships; ships we'd scarcely trust ourselves on now even for a fishing trip down the Bay; furnished with inadequate navigating instruments; and manned by mere youths. They were lion-hearted boys, these first Yankee traders with China. Often they were captains at nineteen, with crews not one of whom was more than twenty-one. Now, we'd count most of them of little beyond high-school age. Then, they already had had five and six years before the mast.

Such were the gallant merchant-seamen who, after the pathfinding voyage of *The Empress of China* (New York to Canton, 1784) fought their way around the Horn in sloops, in schooners, in brigs, and later in those magnificent winged sea birds—the clipper ships. For it was the China Trade that gave birth to the clipper. It also bred those historic races up the coast-line of a continent, where twelve little minutes on a sixteen-thousand-mile course were known to decide a victory!

The China Trade! Mr. Dulles has caught both the stupendous size of the adventure and the spicy odor of it. He spins yarns of stupendous bravery, fine seamanship, careful diplomacy. Stories of our wide search for things to load on our ships to tempt the delicate taste of the Mandarins and the merchants of China; tales of the fur trade of the northwest which linked itself inevitably with our great demand for tea and porcelains and embroideries; tales of the South Sea Islands where our ships put in for sandalwood and mother of pearl, and where gruff sea captains lost themselves for days in the fragrant forests, unmindful of the practical business that had brought them thither; tales of French and Dutch and English ships crowding the harbor of Whampoa, and the great East-India Company finally bending the knee to American supremacy.

All this provides fine and profitable reading—reading that makes one's blood tingle with pride. Mr. Dulles has searched the annals of American history, has ransacked libraries, museums, private diaries and ships' papers. He has filled out the contours of his narrative with a wealth of information which goes to make this a serious, though none the less interesting, addition to the story of America as it is piling up on our book shelves.

Roadside Meetings

By Hamlin Garland. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

OUT of Mr. Garland's memories issues a most gratifying and inspiring collection of reminiscences.

In his early and difficult days, this well-known American author deprived himself of everything but the most urgent necessities of life that he might study and make a mark for himself in literature. William Dean Howells, whom he met in his first years in Boston, encouraged him; Edwin Booth was his friend. After years of the hardest kind of work, his own success dawned, bringing to him many dear literary friendships—with Walt Whitman, Stephen Crane, John Burroughs, Eugene Field, Mark Twain, and others. The glimpses he gives us of these men are delightful—intimate and simple impressions that make these famous people just plain folk after all.

There is that dinner with Kipling to which James Whitcomb Riley arrived with the tails of his evening coat pinned up so they would not show below the comical little reefer he had had to wear—having either loaned or lost his top-coat. We see Bret Harte, author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," living like a dandy in London. Henry James, expatriate, who for years had made his home in the little English town of Rye—in a quaint house and a quainter garden—writing his provocative books, declared to Mr. Garland, "If I were to live my life over . . . I would steep myself in America. I would know no other land." We meet Bernard Shaw, whose conversation was a series of red and green and gold rockets flaming overhead; and we gaze on Joaquin Miller, poet of the Sierras, walking the streets of Chicago in a long wolfskin coat with a double row of oblong yellow buttons—nuggets of pure gold.

Nothing "high brow" about this good volume of impressions. Mr. Garland is the least difficult or ornate of writers. He uses a forthright method of getting his story across. As a consequence this book is not only full of "human-interest stuff," but gives us a comprehensive history of a sterling period in American literature.

Three Titans

By Emil Ludwig. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

WITH biography still heading the lists of best sellers, Mr. Ludwig (author of "Napoleon," "Bismarck," etcetera) has thought to make life a little easier for the panting reader and so has crammed three fine biographies into one volume—a concentration of facts, ideas and portraits that is noteworthy.

His heroes are Michael Angelo, Rembrandt, and Beethoven—three beings whose genius seemed to set them apart as "more than men," and who, in the course of their Promethean accomplishments accepted "battle with the gods." In each, Mr. Ludwig perceives an analogy with the other two. Michael Angelo's story comes first in the book. Michael Angelo, who practically lived for four and a half years upon the scaffolding he had erected in the Sistine Chapel, where he was to paint upon the ceiling of that marvelous church the story of Genesis, from the Creation to the Flood. Here, indeed, was a task for a Titan! His helpers drove him distracted. Once for twenty months he practically locked himself into the place forbidding even the Pope to enter, and with only his color-grinder to help him. Small wonder that when the masterpiece was completed the master had to hold "every letter, every sketch he wanted to look at high above his head—so inured had his eyes become to that direction of their gaze."

Rembrandt, painter of hundreds of golden canvases, and greatest etcher of all time, left an estate of but little more than a few clothes, eight pocket-handkerchiefs, one Bible and his paints! The "Titans" were not the luckiest of God's children—in worldly matters.

Of Beethoven, Mr. Ludwig has written a priceless short biography. It is, perhaps, the best of the lot. Music thunders through it—the music we all love; and against the perfection of the Ninth Symphony emerges the figure of the old Beethoven—tragically deaf, troubled in a hundred ways, frustrated in love, but endowed with immortality.

Mr. Ludwig is a generous giver. He pours forth his stories lavishly. We feel sure that you will enjoy this book—the biographies of three great men.

The Backstage Mystery

By Octavus Roy Cohen. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

A HALF-DOZEN people in Mr. Cohen's Southern city have good reason to hate the matinee idol who is found dead in his dressing-

room at the theatre just before the curtain rises. A cad of cads is this thespian, who combines the virtues of a wife-deserter with those of a Don Juan. The reader himself would willingly be a "suspect" to his taking off, if thereby he could join the "elimination class," and have the trail narrow quickly down to the right fellow—who, to the joy of all, gets off scot free for his deed.

A good detective yarn, told by an old and tried hand at the game of writing. Recommended.

SHORTS

Edison

By Henry Ford. Cosmopolitan Book Co. New York.)

A GREAT part of what Edison has done is now so much a part of our lives, and so commonplace, that we forget we owe it to him. . . . Edison has done more toward abolishing poverty than have all the reformers and statesmen since the beginning of the world."—Ford.

Seth Parker's Album

By Seth Parker. (The Century Co., New York.)

SETH PARKER of Jonesport, Maine, Sunday night radio-philosopher, gets off a few good ones in his little book.

"Having a house upset a mite is what makes a home of it."

"When a man's a real neighbor there ain't a great deal more that religion can do for him."

"The difference between a lie and a yarn is that you don't care whether the folks believe the yarn or not."

Between the Acts

By Eddie Cantor. (Simon & Schuster, New York.)

A COLLECTION of Mr. Cantor's latest troubles.

"I suppose love has different styles of attack. Some get caught by it like a child's rompers on barbed wire."

"A bank, my son, is a friendly institution that will lend you umbrellas during fair weather and starts calling for them the minute it begins to rain."

Mr. Cantor, America's pet comedian, has five daughters. He calls his house at Great Neck, L. I., The Cantor Home for Girls. That's the kind of a person he is.

The English Inn

By Thomas Burke. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

AN absolutely delicious and valuable little volume, beautifully written, and presenting in a brief space the story of the part that the inns of England play in the lives of the English people. This is not a travel book, but a glance at the traditions that are woven into British life, still, when all is said, it is a bigger plea for travel on the "tight little island" than any we have recently met.

"To the inn time is static. In one breath it has seen all English history, and we of today are only late arrivals among its guests. . . . The fires that were lighted three hundred years ago are not out yet."

Shrimps for Tea

By Josephine Blumenfeld. (Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York.)

TWENTY exquisite short stories, each an amazing piece of delicate art. Those who like to get their romances, tragedies, comedies in minute packages—as though at fleeting moments one pressed an eye to life's keyhole—nothing could be more satisfying than this collection of tales and sketches by an English girl, who appears to be well started toward literary acclaim.

Gamblers All

(*Continued from page 39*)

"A grand idea," beamed the first gambler. "But let's make the bet worth while—let's gamble."

"What would you call a gambling bet in the circumstances?" drawled the man who suggested the game. "Name your poison."

"Ten grand a fly lights on my sugar first? Are you on?"

"I'm on!"

Then began the game of Woo-fly which is still talked about when the old-timers get together in the winter months down at Asheville. For fully two minutes that flock of flies took not the slightest interest in the two lumps of sugar that rested on the immaculate tea cloth. They buzzed about, apparently finding more attraction in the rose-tinted nose of one of the gamblers than in the sugar.

Soon a crowd gathered about the table and began making side bets. Thus two rooting sections were formed. Never before had flies in North Carolina heard endearing terms applied to them. Never before had they buzzed about human beings with such freedom of action.

"Come on, little fly—this way. Come on, baby!" and other equally sugar-coated phrases dinned upon their ears.

The suspense was terrific. One fly alighted about an inch from the first gambler's lump of sugar and made three complete circuits of the sweet without touching it. Then he took wing, crossed the table and hovered over the other lump for ten seconds.

The game had been on fully five minutes when three of the flies got together in the center of the table as if to talk things over. Then as one they took off, buzzed back and forth in single file, and as if inspired landed almost simultaneously on the lump of sugar in front of the man who had proposed the game.

Woo-fly is still a popular game in Southern winter resorts. One gambler is said to have spent three days with a flock of flies which he caught and took to his room, training them to come toward him when he emitted a sort of hissing sound. He is said to have wagered a huge sum on his chances in the game he then arranged, only to lose because he sneezed just as his trained flies were settling on his lump of sugar.

Gamblers may come and gamblers may go, but it is doubtful if any of them will ever reach a point farther South in the world of Chance than did "Savannah Sam" Washington, a dark-skinned waiter who was employed in a Palm Beach hotel years ago.

It's an old story, and it is among the many told about John W. Gates, but it is good enough to bear repetition in this chronicle of champions of chance.

"Savannah Sam" was a real, dyed-in-the-wool, eighteen-carat crap-shooter who in the excitement of the game would bet anything he possessed, actually or theoretically.

When Gates arrived at the winter resort in the winter of 1909–10 he made arrangements with the head-waiter at the hotel at which he stopped to have Sam take care of the Gates table. To Sam he said, "Over and above your regular tips, Sam, I'll give you five dollars extra each week. You are a good waiter and I don't want to be bothered with anybody else."

All went well for two weeks. Sam was envied by every other waiter in the hotel. Then one morning when Gates came down to breakfast he was annoyed to find another, and less expert waiter than Sam, bringing in the ham and eggs. Seeing Sam in another section of the room, Gates beckoned the brunette to him and asked why he wasn't at the Gates table.

"It's dis way, suh," said Sam earnestly. "When you white folks comes to Palm Beach you all like to gamble. You go to de swell places. But you all don't like to gamble no bettah dan us niggahs. Craps am our bread and our meat. An' las' night we done had a game. I put up all de money I had, suh, and I los' dat. Den I put you up, Mister Gates, an' I done los' you!"

Could a gambler do more?

"Boarders Away!"

(*Continued from page 16*)

home port," Grogan offered in exchange, "an' I been in torpedo-boats ever since," he added with a touch of pride.

"The only craft they is," the other agreed companionably. And from there on their silence was ended.

For an hour they exchanged reminiscences in a spirit of mutual tolerance. Comparisons were, of course, inevitable, but each man was quick to forestall possible argument by generous compliments to the other's service. As noon approached the Italian sun blazed down upon them with increasing intensity and they made only perfunctory gestures at patrolling the short stretch of fence under their care. Once the Borden's executive officer strolled by, accepted their salute casually and then returned to the ship entirely pleased at the peace that reigned between the pair.

EVENTUALLY, of course, they came to the war, discussed the U-boats with enthusiasm, disposed of the French with a few words. "The army," Travers declared with conviction, "wan't in it. What'd they do? Nothin' beyond crawlin' in the mud and getting scuppered like ants. Nervy beggars the soldiers. But, as everyone knows, it was the British navy that won the war."

Now Travers was entirely innocent of any intention to offend when he specified his own navy. And Grogan, in his calmer moments, would have freely conceded the greater contribution of the British service to the triumph of the Allies. But purely from habit he took up the implied challenge.

"Yeah? The British navy an' who else?" he retorted, suddenly dropping his cordial air.

The argument was on. Oblivious to their surroundings the two gun deck strategists reached back into the war and dragged out its intimate scandals.

Presently strident voices reached the drowsy men on the decks of the two destroyers. On the Borden's forecastle a gunner's mate gave up the pretense of polishing a gun slide and stared toward the head of the dock. Across the dock a signal rating climbed up on the rail and peered in the same direction. A sudden air of tense expectancy descended upon the two drafts.

Abruptly the voices stopped. Instantly stillness reigned, so complete that fifty pairs of ears caught the clank of a belt buckle dropping on the stone flagging, then another. It was perhaps fifty yards from the destroyer's bows to the station of the two petty officers. So the smack of a fist on hard flesh was unmistakable to the listeners.

A crouching figure appeared, moving backward from behind a small shed, shoulders hunched expertly and arms weaving in front of the bowed head. Immediately the second appeared, one long arm flashing out in a blow that threatened to end the fight before it had fairly started. But Travers ducked, took the blow on top of his head, rushed in instantly as Grogan wrung his battered knuckles. In a clinch they wrested furiously, the blocky Englishman thrusting his taller antagonist bodily toward the edge of the dock.

At the very brink Grogan wrenched free, snapped in a straight left to the neck that sent Travers to his knees. For the first time in days Grogan smiled, his eyes alight with pure joy. That one of them was all but closed a moment later scarcely touched the new satisfaction that welled up within him. He shook his head and bored in again, forgetting his ship, the certain consequences and even—after the first minute—the cause in which he was fighting.

"Attaboy Spud!" the gunner's mate yelled as Grogan drove in a succession of short jabs to the ribs.

On the English ship's forecastle a mess cook stooped to the pan between his feet and hurled a huge potato across at the Borden. It missed the gunner's mate but reached the open doorway leading from aft just as Bull Thompson, the

chief boatswain's mate, came through, and caught him fairly on the nose.

As Thompson roared, the gunner's mate clutched his can of bright work polish, flung it at the rapidly filling forecastle of the Lark. It struck nobody but brought up against the forward bulkhead with a force that drove off its top and splotched a large white smear on the carefully scrubbed paintwork.

Two large pans full of potatoes gave the British the first advantage in ammunition. Before they were exhausted the Americans were driven from their own forecastle. One chance shot found an open wardroom airport and set officers' mess gear rattling about the head of the astonished executive officer. Another drove two teeth down the throat of the fat commissary steward who took that moment to clamber out of the forward hatch.

IT WAS the need for ammunition that first carried the fight to the dock. One of the Borden's crew, driven from the forecastle, sighted crated melons on the dock near the gangway. He rushed aft, taking with him a handful of engineers who by this time were popping up out of the engine and fireroom hatches. Providentially Italian melons are small. They made ideal material for a barrage. And at a range of forty feet it was almost impossible to miss some target on the cluttered deck of the Lark. The first shot of the heavy barrage sent an astonished engine room artificer back down his hatch. The second landed with a soul-satisfying smack, fairly in the face of the engineer officer himself.

And then two torrents of men poured over the rails and met with solid enthusiasm in the middle of the dock. In all stages of dress and undress the reinforcements poured up on deck, hesitated only to gasp at the scene of carnage and then plunged into the fray. Yelling, shouting, the crowd on the dock grew to fifty, then to a hundred men. The Lark's engineer officer was on the spot, but by the time he had picked the melon seeds out of his eyes, he was almost alone on deck—and completely powerless to make himself heard on the dock, much less to control the embattled boarding party that had just left his ship.

Fifty yards up the dock the first battle was still going on. The British champion had caught his second wind and was swinging powerfully at a half naked, battered figure that danced around him with a furious joy. Both of them had lost track of the number of times that they had been down. One leg of Travers's trousers was ripped wide open at the knee where he had plunged to the dock. Grogan, with one eye completely closed and the other peering out of a narrow slit between a gash on his forehead and a bruised cheek, had forgotten time and was firmly convinced that he held victory in his hands.

Neither of them was giving a thought to anything else but the other. And so it was that a new menace descended upon them unnoticed. Grogan's friends of the carabinieri had come around the head of the dock just as the bluejackets first dropped their belts and squared away for action. The police had lingered only long enough to make a hasty estimate of the situation and then had departed on wings, yelling lustily. Arresting this pair of bluejackets, they had instantly realized, was no task for two men.

Now they were back with four brother officers to make the capture certain. They came around the corner of a building on the run—and stopped dead in their tracks at the sight that greeted them. Each of the destroyers was manned by about a hundred men. And practically their full complements were there on the dock for the carabinieri to see.

Afterward even the most restrained historians of the occasion testified that not merely most of the ships' companies but all of them reported at the firing line. The very firemen at the boiler fronts and the radiomen at their keys abandoned their duties before the battle was over, according to the popular version. But at any rate even at that early stage the representatives of the law saw enough to make them pause.

Then Grogan's old friends saw the tactical possibilities of the situation. One man was grudgingly spared to sound the alarm. Nothing less than the standing army would suffice, according to the breathless report that he carried to the nearest patrol station. The other five, having satisfied themselves that they were un-

(Continued on page 66)

"Boarders Away!"

(*Continued from page 65*)

noticed by the solitary pair, advanced cautiously.

Here again history is somewhat vague. After all, this is understandable, for although at least a hundred and fifty possible witnesses were present they were far too busy at the moment to notice details. Some testified that the police advanced with naked swords, others that they wielded short clubs, which is somewhat more credible. At any rate Grogan, who happened to be the farthest away from his supports and being taller appeared to be the most formidable, was suddenly driven aside by the rush of three men.

Travers, in a slightly better position, was most fortunate. Only two men were available for him and their rush was just an instant late. It would be too much to say that he understood what was happening when Grogan went down under a pile of men. But he did see a strange and unmistakably threatening face drift into the slightly clouded field of his vision. An instant later only one man confronted him and the strange face, considerably altered, was reposing on the hot flags underfoot.

IN HIS completely conscious moments Travers was a reputable, if efficient, disciple of the Marquis of Queensberry. But when a very large and somewhat fat man enters a fight by clutching one of the combatants about the middle he may expect surprises. And Travers's second assailant wore an expression of blank astonishment a moment after the Englishman's knee drove upward. After that for some minutes he lost all interest in the war.

Grogan meanwhile had gone down but not to stay. He came up presently with one assailant sitting astride of his head and two others draped around his middle. For a lean man the Borden's quartermaster was strong—and in moments of stress was gifted with an explosive anger. Also for the first time that morning Grogan was furiously and completely angry. Which is also quite understandable when one remembers the victory that he saw being snatched from his grasp. So Grogan got up.

Travers removed the burden from the American's shoulders by driving full tilt into the struggling quarter, carrying his target with him to the flags. Grogan went down again but was up more quickly this time. By choice Grogan preferred open fighting, room for footwork and a chance to bring his long reach into play. But here there was no chance. Both policemen were up as soon as he and they closed in instantly. But not before the quartermaster had recognized the furious black eyes of one of his particular carabinieri friends—and had closed one of them with a hasty jab of his battered left fist. In return he got a stunning blow on the side of the head that would have done credit to Travers himself.

"Half a minute, Limey—and I'll be with you," Grogan grunted at this juncture. And he put his whole heart into his neck muscles as he drove his head sideways into the face of his largest opponent.

But police reinforcements were at hand. One, then three more carabinieri pounded down the dock. And before the two blue-jackets knew what had happened they were down again, their arms and legs hopelessly pinioned. Immediately they were dragged to their feet and hustled up the dock where dimly they could see other figures approaching.

Neither Grogan nor Travers looked up at the newcomers. Gasping for breath they were both desperately striving to find an opportunity to break away—and temporarily husbanding their strength. In another minute they would have been around the corner hopelessly beyond aid. But something familiar in an approaching figure caught Grogan's eyes. At the same instant the newcomer emitted a yell of defiance.

"Geronimo!" Grogan exclaimed with the first breath that he had been able to catch. Then beyond, he saw something else that drove the thought of the Italian out of his mind. A solid mass of uniformed carabinieri seemed to fill the street from wall to wall coming forward at an eager dog trot.

But if Geronimo was aware of the army at their heels he ignored it. From far up the street he had seen the capture of Grogan and had correctly interpreted it. Now he charged to the rescue. The carabinieri supporting force was still two hundred yards away when he struck the bluejacket's capturers, burst the group apart as a charging dog bursts a flock of sheep.

The instant that he was free Grogan looked once at the approaching army then turned toward the dock. He saw a weaving, struggling throng of white uniformed sailors filling the space between the ships, frayed at the edges where isolated pairs carried on comparatively formal combat, boiling at the center where American and British labored mightily to uphold the honor of their respective nations. A vast clamor rung in his ears as he looked, a medley of noises that blended into a chorus of confusion that beat back at him from the walls of the buildings. Travers caught his eye and with a single mind they filled their lungs.

"Borden! Lark! The two words merged into a blast like the bellow of a destroyer's siren, yet they seemed to make only a faint whisper in the midst of chaos.

But on the fringes of the mêleê a few heads turned, a few bluejackets, both American and British, saw their original champions standing side by side and beckoning frantically. Beyond a wall of brilliant uniforms poured around the corner of the warehouse, a wall that was topped by grim faces and nodding pompons.

In that instant the war between the destroyers' crews came to an abrupt end, evaporated in the birth of another vastly more tempting conflict. Most of the men there on the dock were instinctively at odds with all policemen, all soldiers, of any nationality. And here they saw policemen in the garb of soldiers about to intrude civilian—and shoregoing—law into what was strictly a family affair.

The roar that went up was half cockney, half Brooklynese—and all enthusiasm. Then for a brief interval blank-faced warehouses looked down upon the making of a legend. Grogan was swept along at the crest of a tide of yelling, battered sailors. At his right Travers brandished the plumed hat of one of the enemy. At his left Geronimo charged with the light of battle in his eyes, the sweat of mighty labors drenching his broad back.

If there had been fewer of the carabinieri what followed would never have happened. If there had been more—or if the men of the sea had delayed their charge until reserves arrived—what diplomacy calls "a major incident" might have developed. As it was, the opposing forces were more or less evenly matched—in numbers. In momentum and in instant grasp of a heavensent opportunity the odds were heavily against the forces of law and order.

In the heat of the charge inspiration came to Grogan. Out of the corner of his eye he saw a fire hose. And back in the thick of the carabinieri's ranks he caught the glint of a drawn sword. From experience he knew that the enemy would ignore the taboo of the sea that bars formal weapons from such affairs. Besides, there was Geronimo. He would be left behind when the two destroyers and their people were far away, facing their collective responsibility.

"Hey, Limey!" Grogan shouted at Travers. "Give me a hand with Geronimo here! They'll hang him if they spot him in this."

There was no time for planning. The charge struck the carabinieri's front rank. The two forces merged into one close packed press of shouting, excited men. And at any minute the combined forces of the big ship beach patrols and the Italian civil army would appear in overwhelming numbers.

Knowing this, Grogan and Travers worked fast. But the dock was thickly strewn with wrestling men when they emerged from the shadow of the warehouse.

"Let her go!" Grogan called back to Travers and an instant later a jet of hard white water shot out. It rose high above the heads of the combatants, wavered, then descended and drove squarely into the rear of the carabinieri. Gasping, choking, men went down, rolled on the stone deck of the wharf. The struggling mob split and scattered as the stream turned now one way and then another.

But the deserted neighborhood was filling now. Excited civilians came on the run. Far up the

street a sprinkling of white uniforms appeared, the advance guard of the beach patrol. Grogan saw them. At almost the same instant he saw something else. One of the carabinieri fell before the jet, went rolling and flopping toward the edge of the dock, clung for a moment, then disappeared.

"The tide's out!" Grogan shouted to Travers, seizing upon another idea. "They's nothin' but mud over the side there! You and Geronimo take this hose!"

It took only a moment to convey this fresh inspiration to the destroyer men. When the second member of the police was dropped into three feet of mud the whole bluejackets understood. And three minutes later the dock was swept clear of the enemy while a singing, hilarious mob rushed for the shelter of their ships heedless of the retribution that awaited them there. Whatever fate was to come, for them the meeting of the navies had been a success.

Grogan and Travers lingered only to seize Geronimo, propel him toward the stern of the Borden, where he could be safely bundled into the motor sailing launch and sent back to his ship. The three grinned at each other, turned to go. "And now—" Grogan fumbled in the remnants of his blouse, found crumpled cigarettes. He held them out to the others. The Italian bent over his cupped hands. The others smiled at each other over his bowed head. "A good egg, old Geronimo," Grogan remarked absently.

None of them saw the breathless civilian who stalked them with a poised camera. Grogan sighed contently. "And now we get hell."

LATE that night two destroyers, one British and one American, got under way and stood out to sea. Behind them they left boiling official activity, visits, explanations and long reports. But nobody on either of the ships could guess what fate had contrived for them. For back in the port investigation had come to a halt. Someone had thoughtfully preserved the sign board that had reserved the dock for the use of the ships. The board remained now as a mute evidence that the carabinieri had been the aggressors.

Another favor fate reserved more particularly for Grogan. For presently a picture appeared in the American newspapers. Three rather battered bluejackets, an Italian, a British and an American, all three wearing an air of beautiful peace. Coming at the psychological moment it caught the editorial imagination, was reproduced wherever English was read.

So it was that Captain Macdougal received a memorandum from his admiral attached to a copy of the picture, clipped from an English newspaper. "I've seen this man before and am informed that he is on your ship. He would make an excellent chief petty officer."

Months later when the Borden found her way back to Brooklyn the Sands Street girl was waiting at the navy yard gate—and ignoring the overtures of a marine top sergeant. Grogan came forward doubtfully in spite of his new chief petty officer's uniform. Why had he made that boast, "from now on Spud Grogan fights nobody"? For the last time he reviewed his elaborate excuse.

Then she came flying to meet him, waving a worn newspaper, hugged him ecstatically, squarely in front of Grogan's marine rival.

"Tell me all about it—see, I've got the picture—how did you—all the papers—every one of them——"

A flood of conflicting emotions engulfed the embarrassed C. P. O. But he remembered to shoot a triumphant glare at the top sergeant as they hurried away from the gate, and if he wondered a little at the perversity of women, he was duly grateful for this last gift of an unsought fame.

$1,025.00 Prize Goes to Elk's Wife

Mrs. E. B. Douglas, whose husband is a charter member of Lodge No. 948, B. P. O. E., at Miami, Florida, won $1,025.00 in one of our recent contests. Mrs. Douglas wires, " . . . Cannot tell you how happy I am . . ." What she has done surely you or any other man or woman can do.

The Douglases are active leaders in the development of Miami and maintain a beautiful estate in that favored city of the Southland. Their unselfish devotion to benevolent work is widely known. Mr. E. B. Douglas is also the retiring President of Rotary and a member of the National Board of Boy Scouts of America.

Mrs. Douglas solved one of our puzzles in the Elks Magazine. *Now it's your turn to win.*

MRS. E. B. DOUGLAS

Now—Test *Your* Skill!

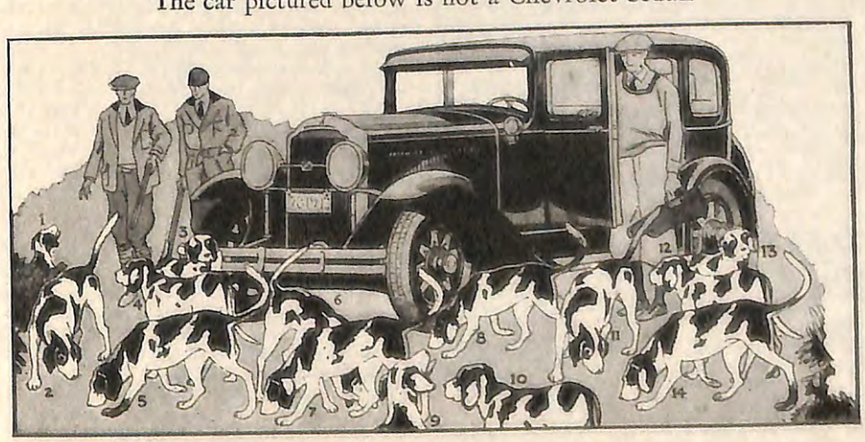
Qualify for the opportunity to win one of ten prizes of $600.00 each

Below, the artist has pictured the start of a hunt. The hounds have been unleashed and are impatient to pick up the scent. Somewhere in the pack are two dogs exactly alike—identical to the eye in size, pose, markings on the legs, bodies, heads and tails. How well developed are your powers of observation? How quick is your eye? Can you find the twin dogs? It will cost you nothing to try for the grand prizes which will be awarded according to the contestants' standings when the final decision is made.

If you can find the twin dogs, send the numbers together with your name and address. There are ten equal first prizes to be given all at the same time. If the winners desire it, they may each have a latest model brand new Chevrolet Sedan, bought from their nearest Chevrolet dealers and paid for in full by us. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. There are also ten extra prizes of $50.00 each for promptness, making the total of each of the ten first prizes $650.00, or a Chevrolet Sedan and $50.00. Over $7,500.00 prize money already deposited in one of Chicago's largest national banks. Besides the ten prizes of $600.00 each there are dozens of other prizes in a well chosen prize list. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living outside of the United States or in Chicago or from employees of this company, or our former first prize or auto winners, or members of their families. Send the numbers of the twin dogs at once. No more puzzles, no obligation. Send no money, but hurry.

J. F. Larson, Room 231, 54 West Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois

The car pictured below is not a Chevrolet Sedan



Signs of Improvement

By Paul Tomlinson

"BUSINESS is not so good," said the caller.

"No," agreed the banker, "it is not."

"In fact," said the caller, "one might say it is punk."

The banker laughed. "It certainly doesn't compare with last year," he said. "You must remember, though, that last year was just about our banner year, and I'm not sure that comparisons with last year are entirely fair. If we compare results in nineteen thirty with the average for the past ten years, I don't think they'd show up so badly."

"I suppose that's so," said the caller. "No one does that, though."

"We got a little ahead of ourselves last year, perhaps, and over produced. We all seemed to have the feeling that prosperity depended entirely on turning out a quantity of goods, and then all of a sudden we woke up and found that supply had run ahead of demand. The old law of supply and demand still is in operation, and always will be. It can't be beaten."

"The answer is to cut down supplies?"

"We've been doing that," said the banker. "That's the reason why so many people have been out of work this year, why industries have shut down or been operating part time. Supply has to be adjusted to demand, and when that is accomplished business will begin to pick up again."

"You think that time is far off?"

"No one can tell for sure. In my opinion, though, the time is pretty close at hand. Business, you know, has not been awfully good for over a year, and if precedent means anything, we have about reached the end of this present period of depression."

"When that happens stock prices will go up again, won't they?"

"They always have," said the banker. "As a matter of fact, stock prices usually begin to improve before business."

"Why is that?"

"Well, the people who buy securities most successfully keep a sharp watch on business and economic conditions; when inventories are low and money is cheap, and when stock prices reach a certain level and don't go below that level, then they figure that the economic housecleaning is about over and that the stage is set for renewed activity. They buy as a result of observing these signs of improvement, and they buy more cheaply than a little later on, when the improvement is readily apparent to everybody. In other words, they begin to buy before the heavy demand sets in; demand for stocks puts prices up, you know."

"What do you mean by inventories being low?"

"Why," said the banker, "suppose you are in the business of manufacturing and selling gas-stoves. If the demand for gas-stoves suddenly drops to one-half of what it was, and you have fifty thousand stoves on hand you've got to dispose of them under rather difficult conditions; if you only have ten thousand stoves, obviously you are better off than if you had fifty thousand. Your money is tied up in your finished product, and if you have an excess supply on hand you're in no position to go ahead with the production of more. As a result you shut down your factory, or you work only part time, trying, you see, to produce only what you can sell."

"And business generally has not got a particularly large supply of unsold goods on hand?"

"That's it exactly. In nineteen twenty-one, when we had our last industrial slump, inventories were way up, and many of them had to be disposed of at tremendous losses. We're much better off in that respect than we were nine years ago. It's an encouraging sign."

"You said money was cheap."

"It is. Money rates have been lower than for many years. Now, practically all business is done on credit and on borrowed money, and when money is cheap that is an incentive to business activity. If, for instance, you can borrow money at three per cent, your margin of profit ought to be greater than if you have to pay interest at the rate of six per cent."

"I see that," said the caller. "You just said, though, that we have had larger supplies of goods on hand than demand warranted; under those circumstances, what incentive is there for anyone to start in producing more?"

"A good point," said the banker. "There is no incentive under those circumstances. What I'm trying to say is that from all signs the time is approaching when supply and demand will be in proper proportion again, and that when that happens, cheap money will be a boon to business."

"I understand," said the caller. "You say that stock prices have reached their lowest levels?"

"No one can say that for certain," laughed the banker. "If we all knew when the low point had been reached we'd all know that any changes in prices would be in an upward direction, and we'd all make money. No, what I say is that from the way prices have acted it looks very much as if the rush to sell was over, that, to put it another way, there are plenty of purchasers who think that at current levels stocks are a good bet, and their buying orders constitute a sufficient demand to absorb the supply of stocks offered for sale. If that is the case, prices will not go down any more."

"A moment ago," he continued, "you mentioned that successful investors watch business and economic conditions carefully. You mentioned inventories, money rates, and stock prices. What other things are there to watch?"

"Well," said the banker, "there are a number of things that are generally considered to be indices of how business is faring. For instance, railroad car loadings."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, the number of full freight cars hauled by the railroads indicates how many goods are being shipped by the various industries throughout the country. The products of our factories are not sold locally, but nationally, and internationally. These products are shipped to their destinations in freight-cars, and obviously the larger the shipments the more cars are needed. Obviously, too, the larger the shipments the better business is. The number of cars loaded tells pretty well the state of business."

"Where are these figures printed?"

"The railroads usually report every month, and the reports appear in the business and financial departments of the newspapers."

"The steel business is supposed to give a line on business generally, too, isn't it?"

"Yes. The percentage of capacity at which the coke furnaces and steel mills are working gives a very good line on business. Steel, you see, is one of the most basic of our basic industries, and when the steel companies are busy that means that other businesses must be busy too. Steel, of course, is used extensively in the making of automobiles, and making automobiles is one of our largest industries. Railroads use a great deal of steel. Steel is essential to the business of building construction; it is used in the making of ships, locomotives, railroad cars, rails, in an almost endless variety of industries, which when active make for prosperity, and when inactive for depression. You can see how the steel business tells how business generally is."

"The steel figures are published in the newspapers, too?" asked the caller

"Yes indeed. The United States Steel Corporation also gives out the amount of unfilled orders it has on hand. If you follow the stock market you will notice that sometimes the whole list of stocks will be affected favorably or adversely, depending upon whether the amount of these unfilled orders is considered satisfactory or disappointing."

"Another index of business prosperity," continued the banker, "is the amount of electric power sold by the public-utility corporations. When factories are running they use electric current; the busier they are, the more they use, and the amount of current sold gives a rather accurate picture of industrial activity."

"Building construction is another thing to watch, isn't it?"

"Yes, the amount of building being done shows how things are going. Think of the number of people who are employed in the

construction of homes, factories, apartment houses, and office buildings. When the members of the various building trades are all at work and earning money, think of the difference that makes in the prosperity of the communities where they are spending this money."

"How about the companies supplying the materials?" exclaimed the caller. "They must be affected too."

"Indeed they are, and so are the people they employ."

"All of these things affect the price of stocks, of course."

"Absolutely they do. The price of stocks depends upon the earnings of the corporations they represent, and unless these corporations are busy, earnings can scarcely be satisfactory. That's why it is that shrewd investors watch all these various things we have been talking about and when they begin to see signs of improvement they know the bottom has been reached and the time has come to buy stocks. Of course there are other factors too: the price of agricultural products, the price of copper, the size of imports and exports, international trade balances, the gold supply and so on and so on. It's a fascinating game."

"And a profitable one if well played?"

"So it has proven. A man told me not long ago that he had done very well in certain oil stocks, for instance, by watching the price of crude oil and conducting his operations accordingly."

"What about the present? Do you think there are signs of improvement?"

"I should say things are getting better," said the banker. "I rely to a very large degree upon the relationship of supply and demand, and from what I am able to observe demand is catching up, and presently will exceed supply. When that happens there will be renewed business activity, earnings will improve, and stock prices will advance. It always has been that way, and I see no reason why it will not be that way again."

"Mind you," the banker said, "I don't say that everything is going to be lovely all at once. It does seem to me, though, that the worst is over, and that signs of improvement can be noted here and there by anyone who cares to look."

Directory of Subordinate Lodges

(*Continued from page 50*)

Wilmington, N. C., No. 532—J. J. Burney, Exalted Ruler; S. M. King, P. E. R., Secretary—Meets second and third Thursdays.

Wilmington, Ohio, No. 707—Thomas C. South, Exalted Ruler; H. D. Wire, P. E. R., Secretary—9.

Winchester, Ky., No. 539—Edgar Rose, Exalted Ruler; Asa C. Hughes, Secretary—9.

Winchester, Mass., No. 1445—John F. Donaghey, Exalted Ruler; J. H. O'Connor, Secretary—5.

Winchester, Va., No. 867—W. E. Huntsberry, Exalted Ruler; Edwin T. Snider, P. E. R., Secretary—7.

Winfield, Kans., No. 732—N. B. Dixon, Exalted Ruler; Geo. E. Crawford, Secretary—9.

Winona, Minn., No. 327—H. J. O'Brien, Exalted Ruler; H. C. Ahrens, Secretary—10.

Winslow, Ariz., No. 536—George C. Jackson, Exalted Ruler; M. H. Proctor, P. E. R., Secretary—10.

Winsted, Conn., No. 844—Frank A. Madin, Exalted Ruler; Mills T. Carter, P. E. R., Secretary—11.

Winston (Winston-Salem), N. C., No. 449—J. F Nissen, Exalted Ruler; C. W. Rawlings, Secretary—4.

Winthrop, Mass., No. 1078—Frank F. Bauer, Exalted Ruler; Arthur W. Morrison, Secretary—9.

Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., No. 693—Aaron Ritchay, Exalted Ruler; W. J. Miscoll, Secretary—6.

Woburn, Mass., No 908—James J. Wall, Exalted Ruler; John V. Callahan, Secretary—3.

Woodland, Cal., No. 1209—Robert R. Lockhart, Exalted Ruler: Geo. H. Hoppin, P. E. R., Secretary—4.

Woodlawn, Pa., No. 1221—Benjamin Lewis, Exalted Ruler; D. P. Smith, P. E R., Secretary—6.

Woodstock, Ill., No. 1043—James B. Madison, Exalted Ruler; F. V. Giesselbrecht, Secretary—11.

Woodward, Okla., No. 1355—Bert E Nichols, Exalted Ruler; L. F. Wilkinson, Secretary—15.

Woonsocket, R. I., No. 850—Herman G. Dolbeck, Exalted Ruler; William J. Thibodeau, Secretary—2.

Wooster, Ohio, No. 1346—Geo. W. Palmer, Exalted Ruler; W. W Yoder, Secretary—5.

Worcester, Mass., No. 243—Daniel A. Donoghue, Exalted Ruler; John T. Flanagan, P. E. R., Secretary—12.

X

Xenia, Ohio, No. 668—I. Friedman, Exalted Ruler; W. E. Baxley, Secretary—2.

Y

Yakima, Wash., No. 318—Harry A. LaBerge, Exalted Ruler; T. R. King, Secretary—12.

Yankton, S. D., No. 904—John L. Famestad, Exalted Ruler; Louis A. Reither, Secretary—2.

Yazoo City, Miss., No. 473—P. J. Whalen, Jr., Exalted Ruler; F. I. Murphy, Secretary—2.

Yoakum, Texas, No. 1033—Alex May, Exalted Ruler; A. J. Chaloupka, Secretary—Meets second Thursdays.

Yonkers, N. Y., No. 707—William H. Preston, Exalted Ruler; Clarence G. Morey, Secretary—9.

York, Neb., No. 1024—Harry Beckley, Exalted Ruler; W. E. McCloud, P. E. R., Secretary—8.

York, Pa., No. 213—Raymond E. Conway, Exalted Ruler; Horace H. Ziegler, Secretary—9.

Youngstown, Ohio, No. 55—Parker W. Beck, Exalted Ruler; John W. Rogers, P. E. R., Secretary—7.

Yuma, Ariz., No. 476—C. C. Parks, Exalted Ruler; R. I. Winn, P. E. R., Secretary—7.

Z

Zanesville, Ohio, No. 114—Edward S. Abele, Exalted Ruler; J. R. Lamiman, P. E. R., Secretary—2.

Correction

Brunswick, Ga., No. 691—Miles N. Hunter, Exalted Ruler; E. H. Diemmer, P. E. R., Secretary—10

Under the Spreading Antlers

(*Continued from page 45*)

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Past State Association President J. C. Graddy Dies at Lexington, Mo.

Joseph C. Graddy, Past President of the Missouri State Elks Association, died recently in his home in Lexington. For many years Mr. Graddy had been an active member of Lexington Lodge, No. 749. He was, at the time of his death, its senior Exalted Ruler.

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To the inmates of children's homes and other institutions within its jurisdiction, San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, gave an outing and picnic recently. The entertainment, an annual event, was held at Tent City. Special street cars and buses carried the boys and girls to the ferry by which the picnic grounds are reached. Bathing in the children's pool there, riding on the miniature railroad, and games and races on the beach were among the pastimes arranged for the youngsters during their stay. At noon they enjoyed an unusually elaborate luncheon, including fried chicken; and in the middle of the afternoon further refreshments of ice-cream, cake and candy.

Grand Tiler McCready Honored By Miami, Fla., Lodge

Elks of prominence both in Florida and throughout the nation, men of importance in public affairs, and a host of visiting members of the Order, gathered recently at the Home of Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948, at a meeting held in honor of Grand Tiler L. F. McCready. The occasion, arranged in token of the Miami Elks' appreciation of the services of Mr. McCready in behalf of their own and other Lodges of the Order, had as its principal speaker Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews. To his stirring expression of the respect and the warmth of friendship toward Mr. McCready of all who attended the meeting, the Grand Tiler replied in a brief, but graceful, speech. Hearty applause followed both his and Mr. Andrews's addresses. In addition to a host of members of Miami Lodge and delegations from other Lodges in Florida, there were present at the gathering David Scholtz, member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers L. F. Chapman and James J. Fernandez, J. L. Reed, Sr., President of the Florida State Elks Association, Mayor Cliff H. Reeder and former Mayor W. G. Sewell, of Miami; Judges E. C. Collins and W. F. Brown, and Jack Rice, President of the Miami Junior Chamber of Commerce. A vaudeville enter-

(*Continued on page 70*)

Signs of Improvement

By Paul Tomlinson

"BUSINESS is not so good," said the caller.

"No," agreed the banker, "it is not."

"In fact," said the caller, "one might say it is punk."

The banker laughed. "It certainly doesn't compare with last year," he said. "You must remember, though, that last year was just about our banner year, and I'm not sure that comparisons with last year are entirely fair. If we compare results in nineteen thirty with the average for the past ten years, I don't think they'd show up so badly."

"I suppose that's so," said the caller. "No one does that, though."

"We got a little ahead of ourselves last year, perhaps, and over produced. We all seemed to have the feeling that prosperity depended entirely on turning out a quantity of goods, and then all of a sudden we woke up and found that supply had run ahead of demand. The old law of supply and demand still is in operation, and always will be. It can't be beaten."

"The answer is to cut down supplies?"

"We've been doing that," said the banker. "That's the reason why so many people have been out of work this year, why industries have shut down or been operating part time. Supply has to be adjusted to demand, and when that is accomplished business will begin to pick up again."

"You think that time is far off?"

"No one can tell for sure. In my opinion, though, the time is pretty close at hand. Business, you know, has not been awfully good for over a year, and if precedent means anything, we have about reached the end of this present period of depression."

"When that happens stock prices will go up again, won't they?"

"They always have," said the banker. "As a matter of fact, stock prices usually begin to improve before business."

"Why is that?"

"Well, the people who buy securities most successfully keep a sharp watch on business and economic conditions; when inventories are low and money is cheap, and when stock prices reach a certain level and don't go below that level, then they figure that the economic housecleaning is about over and that the stage is set for renewed activity. They buy as a result of observing these signs of improvement, and they buy more cheaply than a little later on, when the improvement is readily apparent to everybody. In other words, they begin to buy before the heavy demand sets in; demand for stocks puts prices up, you know."

"What do you mean by inventories being low?"

"Why," said the banker, "suppose you are in the business of manufacturing and selling gas-stoves. If the demand for gas-stoves suddenly drops to one-half of what it was, and you have fifty thousand stoves on hand you've got to dispose of them under rather difficult conditions; if you only have ten thousand stoves, obviously you are better off than if you had fifty thousand. Your money is tied up in your finished product, and if you have an excess supply on hand you're in no position to go ahead with the production of more. As a result you shut down your factory, or you work only part time, trying, you see, to produce only what you can sell."

"And business generally has not got a particularly large supply of unsold goods on hand?"

"That's it exactly. In nineteen twenty-one, when we had our last industrial slump, inventories were way up, and many of them had to be disposed of at tremendous losses. We're much better off in that respect than we were nine years ago. It's an encouraging sign."

"You said money was cheap."

"It is. Money rates have been lower than for many years. Now, practically all business is done on credit and on borrowed money, and when money is cheap that is an incentive to business activity. If, for instance, you can borrow money at three per cent, your margin of profit ought to be greater than if you have to pay interest at the rate of six per cent."

"I see that," said the caller. "You just said, though, that we have had larger supplies of goods on hand than demand warranted; under those circumstances, what incentive is there for anyone to start in producing more?"

"A good point," said the banker. "There is no incentive under those circumstances. What I'm trying to say is that from all signs the time is approaching when supply and demand will be in proper proportion again, and that when that happens, cheap money will be a boon to business."

"I understand," said the caller. "You say that stock prices have reached their lowest levels?"

"No one can say that for certain," laughed the banker. "If we all knew when the low point had been reached we'd all know that any changes in prices would be in an upward direction, and we'd all make money. No, what I say is that from the way prices have acted it looks very much as if the rush to sell was over, that, to put it another way, there are plenty of purchasers who think that at current levels stocks are a good bet, and their buying orders constitute a sufficient demand to absorb the supply of stocks offered for sale. If that is the case, prices will not go down any more."

"A moment ago," he continued, "you mentioned that successful investors watch business and economic conditions carefully. You mentioned inventories, money rates, and stock prices. What other things are there to watch?"

"Well," said the banker, "there are a number of things that are generally considered to be indices of how business is faring. For instance, railroad car loadings."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, the number of full freight cars hauled by the railroads indicates how many goods are being shipped by the various industries throughout the country. The products of our factories are not sold locally, but nationally, and internationally. These products are shipped to their destinations in freight-cars, and obviously the larger the shipments the more cars are needed. Obviously, too, the larger the shipments the better business is. The number of cars loaded tells pretty well the state of business."

"Where are these figures printed?"

"The railroads usually report every month, and the reports appear in the business and financial departments of the newspapers."

"The steel business is supposed to give a line on business generally, too, isn't it?"

"Yes. The percentage of capacity at which the coke furnaces and steel mills are working gives a very good line on business. Steel, you see, is one of the most basic of our basic industries, and when the steel companies are busy that means that other businesses must be busy too. Steel, of course, is used extensively in the making of automobiles, and making automobiles is one of our largest industries. Railroads use a great deal of steel. Steel is essential to the business of building construction; it is used in the making of ships, locomotives, railroad cars, rails, in an almost endless variety of industries, which when active make for prosperity, and when inactive for depression. You can see how the steel business tells how business generally is."

"The steel figures are published in the newspapers, too?" asked the caller.

"Yes indeed. The United States Steel Corporation also gives out the amount of unfilled orders it has on hand. If you follow the stock market you will notice that sometimes the whole list of stocks will be affected favorably or adversely, depending upon whether the amount of these unfilled orders is considered satisfactory or disappointing."

"Another index of business prosperity," continued the banker, "is the amount of electric power sold by the public-utility corporations. When factories are running they use electric current; the busier they are, the more they use, and the amount of current sold gives a rather accurate picture of industrial activity."

"Building construction is another thing to watch, isn't it?"

"Yes, the amount of building being done shows how things are going. Think of the number of people who are employed in the

construction of homes, factories, apartment houses, and office buildings. When the members of the various building trades are all at work and earning money, think of the difference that makes in the prosperity of the communities where they are spending this money."

"How about the companies supplying the materials?" exclaimed the caller. "They must be affected too."

"Indeed they are, and so are the people they employ."

"All of these things affect the price of stocks, of course."

"Absolutely they do. The price of stocks depends upon the earnings of the corporations they represent, and unless these corporations are busy, earnings can scarcely be satisfactory. That's why it is that shrewd investors watch all these various things we have been talking about and when they begin to see signs of improvement they know the bottom has been reached and the time has come to buy stocks. Of course there are other factors too: the price of agricultural products, the price of copper, the size of imports and exports, international trade balances, the gold supply and so on and so on. It's a fascinating game."

"And a profitable one if well played?"

"So it has proven. A man told me not long ago that he had done very well in certain oil stocks, for instance, by watching the price of crude oil and conducting his operations accordingly."

"What about the present? Do you think there are signs of improvement?"

"I should say things are getting better," said the banker. "I rely to a very large degree upon the relationship of supply and demand, and from what I am able to observe demand is catching up, and presently will exceed supply. When that happens there will be renewed business activity, earnings will improve, and stock prices will advance. It always has been that way, and I see no reason why it will not be that way again."

"Mind you," the banker said, "I don't say that everything is going to be lovely all at once. It does seem to me, though, that the worst is over, and that signs of improvement can be noted here and there by anyone who cares to look."

Directory of Subordinate Lodges

(*Continued from page 50*)

Wilmington, N. C., No. 532—J. J. Burney, Exalted Ruler; S. M. King, P. E. R., Secretary—Meets second and third Thursdays.

Wilmington, Ohio, No. 707—Thomas C. South, Exalted Ruler; H. D. Wire, P. E. R., Secretary—9.

Winchester, Ky., No. 539—Edgar Rose, Exalted Ruler; Asa C. Hughes, Secretary—9.

Winchester, Mass., No. 1445—John F. Donaghey, Exalted Ruler; J. H. O'Connor, Secretary—5.

Winchester, Va., No. 867—W. E. Huntsberry, Exalted Ruler; Edwin T. Snider, P. E. R., Secretary—7.

Winfield, Kans., No. 732—N. B. Dixon, Exalted Ruler; Geo. E. Crawford, Secretary—9.

Winona, Minn., No. 327—H. J. O'Brien, Exalted Ruler; H. C. Ahrens, Secretary—10.

Winslow, Ariz., No. 536—George C. Jackson, Exalted Ruler; M. H. Proctor, P. E. R., Secretary—10.

Winsted, Conn., No. 844—Frank A. Madin, Exalted Ruler; Mills T. Carter, P. E. R., Secretary—11.

Winston (Winston-Salem), N. C., No. 449—J. F Nissen, Exalted Ruler; C. W. Rawlings, Secretary—4.

Winthrop, Mass., No. 1078—Frank F. Bauer, Exalted Ruler; Arthur W. Morrison, Secretary—9.

Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., No. 693—Aaron Ritchay, Exalted Ruler; W. J. Miscoll, Secretary—6.

Woburn, Mass., No 908—James J. Wall, Exalted Ruler; John V. Callahan, Secretary—3.

Woodland, Cal., No. 1209—Robert R. Lockhart, Exalted Ruler: Geo. H. Hoppin, P. E. R., Secretary—4.

Woodlawn, Pa., No. 1221—Benjamin Lewis, Exalted Ruler; D. P. Smith, P. E R., Secretary—6.

Woodstock, Ill., No. 1043—James B. Madison, Exalted Ruler; F. V. Giesselbrecht, Secretary—11.

Woodward, Okla., No. 1355—Bert E Nichols, Exalted Ruler; L. F. Wilkinson, Secretary—15.

Woonsocket, R. I., No. 850—Herman G. Dolbeck, Exalted Ruler; William J. Thibodeau, Secretary—2.

Wooster, Ohio, No. 1346—Geo. W. Palmer, Exalted Ruler; W. W Yoder, Secretary—5.

Worcester, Mass., No. 243—Daniel A. Donoghue, Exalted Ruler; John T. Flanagan, P. E. R., Secretary—12.

X

Xenia, Ohio, No. 668—I. Friedman, Exalted Ruler; W. E. Baxley, Secretary—2.

Y

Yakima, Wash., No. 318—Harry A. LaBerge, Exalted Ruler; T. R. King, Secretary—12.

Yankton, S. D., No. 994—John L. Famestad, Exalted Ruler; Louis A. Reither, Secretary—2.

Yazoo City, Miss., No. 473—P. J. Whalen, Jr., Exalted Ruler; F. I. Murphy, Secretary—2.

Yoakum, Texas, No. 1033—Alex May, Exalted Ruler; A. J. Chaloupka, Secretary—Meets second Thursdays.

Yonkers, N. Y., No. 707—William H. Preston, Exalted Ruler; Clarence G. Morey, Secretary—9.

York, Neb., No. 1024—Harry Beckley, Exalted Ruler; W. E. McCloud, P. E. R., Secretary—8.

York, Pa., No. 213—Raymond E. Conway, Exalted Ruler; Horace H. Ziegler, Secretary—9.

Youngstown, Ohio, No. 55—Parker W. Beck, Exalted Ruler; John W. Rogers, P. E. R., Secretary—7.

Yuma, Ariz., No. 476—C. C. Parks, Exalted Ruler; R. I. Winn, P. E. R., Secretary—7.

Z

Zanesville, Ohio, No. 114—Edward S. Abele, Exalted Ruler; J. R. Lamiman, P. E. R., Secretary—2.

Correction

Brunswick, Ga., No. 691—Miles N. Hunter, Exalted Ruler; E. H. Diemmer, P. E. R., Secretary—10

Under the Spreading Antlers

(*Continued from page 45*)

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(*Continued on page 70*)

Under the Spreading Antlers

(*Continued from page 69*)

tainment and refreshments enlivened the social session which followed the formal meeting.

Seven Thousand Children Guests Of Wheeling, W. Va., Elks

Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28, through its Exalted Ruler, Wade H. Kepner, was host recently to 7,000 children of its city. The occasion was the West Virginia Golden Jubilee Fair, and when Mr. Kepner issued an invitation to every child between the ages of six and sixteen to be the Lodge's guest there on one day, 7,000 accepted. The boys and girls gathered at the Lodge Home and from there marched in procession to the fair grounds. The parade, including the army of young guests, the police escort and the East End Community Children's Band, stretched nearly a mile long. At the entrance to the fair, each youngster was given an envelope holding twelve tickets for free rides on amusement devices, and a new quarter for spending money.

Primo Carnera Aids Charity Bouts Held by Vineland, N. J., Lodge

Assisted by the personal appearance made in the course of them by Primo Carnera, the gigantic Italian heavyweight boxer, the boxing bouts presented recently by Vineland, N. J., Lodge, No. 1422, for the benefit of its crippled children's fund, attracted a crowd of spectators which taxed the arena to its utmost. Every seat was sold, making the affair an uncommonly successful one financially as well as one especially attractive to boxing enthusiasts. Exalted Ruler A. B. D' Ippolito persuaded Mr. Carnera, in the interests of the Lodge's charities for disabled boys and girls, to suspend his training activities in Philadelphia for an afternoon and appear in the ring, for introduction to the audience. The fighter's visit brought out the entire town. When he arrived in Vineland he was met by Exalted Ruler D' Ippolito and Mayor Samuel Gassel and, with the band of the Van Deusen Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, leading the way, he was conducted to the Maretti Hotel for a reception. The procession was augmented by a company of marchers from the North Italy Society. After the reception the parade formed again and, with motorcycle police and State troopers clearing the way, proceeded to the scene of the charity boxing show. So impressed was Mr. Carnera with the work that the Vineland Elks are doing for the benefit of crippled children that he donated $100 to the fund.

Hampton, Va., Elks at Birthday Party of Portsmouth Lodge

Twenty-five members of Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, traveled recently to the Home of Portsmouth Lodge, No. 82, to attend a birthday party there. The occasion was one of a series that has been held by the Portsmouth Elks for those of their number whose anniversaries fall in certain months. A buffet supper and a subsequent social session proved highly enjoyable both to the visitors and their hosts.

Union Hill, N. J., Elks Twice Hosts to Needy Children

Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, through its Social and Community Welfare Committee, acted as host upon two occasions recently to unfortunate children dwelling within its jurisdiction. The first occasion was that of the annual picnic and frolic for several hundred underprivileged children of North Hudson. In Lodge members' cars and in buses donated by the Public Service and Boulevard Bus Owners' Association, the youngsters were driven to Columbia Amusement Park, where throughout the day they were given the freedom of all its means of entertainment. Luncheon was served in the course of the outing by the Ladies' Fidelity Guild, flags and noisemakers were distributed by members of the Lodge, and music provided by the Children's Band of the Hebrew Orphans Home of Hudson County. Special care was given those of the boys and girls who were crippled. Upon another day, the Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Lodge took 200 boys to see Babe Ruth and the Yankees play Cleveland at the Yankee Stadium in New York. The young guests were chosen from among the St. Michael's Cadets, the inmates of the Hebrew Orphanage, the New Jersey Military Cadets, and from a list of boys submitted by the Crippled Children's Committee of the Lodge, the West New York Day Nursery, the North Hudson Council of Boy Scouts and the Salvation Army. Ice-cream and lollipops were distributed while the game was in progress. Transportation to and from the stadium was provided by Lodge members and by buses obtained through the offices of William Shepherd, Division Superintendent of the Public Service Co-ordinated Transport.

Rahway, N. J., Elks Give Outing To Children of Eleven Towns

Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075, gave recently to the crippled children of the communities within its jurisdiction the largest outing in the history of such affairs. The boys and girls, patients at the series of clinics conducted by the Lodge in association with Dr. Fred H. Albee, the great orthopædic specialist, numbered about seventy-five, and other guests, including their parents and other relatives, were as many more. The towns from which the children came included not only Rahway, but also Woodbridge, Carteret, Linden, Avenel, Colonia, Iselin, Clark Township, Sewaren, Port Reading and Kenilworth. Gathering at the Lodge Home, the children were carried in buses furnished by the Public Service Company and Clark Township, to Olympic Park. They arrived just before noon, and soon thereafter sat down to an excellent luncheon. The afternoon was devoted to their enjoyment of the merry-go-rounds, the roller coasters, the shoot-the-chutes and other devices of amusement. At intervals between rides, ice-cream, soda-water and hot dogs were distributed among them. After their return to the Home in the afternoon, members of Rahway Lodge carried them to their homes in private automobiles.

Past District Deputy Peterson Dies at Astoria, Ore.

Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler P. C. Peterson, at the time a member of Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 194, died recently at Astoria, Oregon. Mr. Peterson, a Past Exalted Ruler of Port Townsend, Wash., Lodge, served later as a Trustee of Bellingham Lodge.

Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge Host To 150 Shamokin Elks

Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge, No. 945, entertained recently about 150 members of Shamokin Lodge, No. 355, at a celebration designated in honor of the visitors as "Shamokin Night." Headed by their own band, the guests arrived in Shenandoah with a highway patrol as escort, and were formally conducted to the Home, where they enjoyed a luncheon and entertainment provided by the members of No. 945.

W. W. Landon, Oakland, Calif., Lodge Treasurer, Dies

W. W. Landon, Treasurer of Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, for thirty-four consecutive terms, died recently, after long illness, in his home in Oakland. Mr. Landon was eighty-one years of age.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge held a highly successful Charity Bazaar recently. The affair took place on four consecutive evenings, and was generously supported by members of both the Lodge and the community.

Under the direction of Dr. Sidney H. Easton, Lincoln, Ill., Lodge recently sponsored a clinic for crippled children. Many members of the Lodge were present at the hospital during the examination and treatment of the patients.

A float, constructed by the members of Boone, Iowa, Lodge won first prize in the achievement show parade recently sponsored by that city.

It was voted at a recent meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of New York, South Central, to hold the annual meeting in Ithaca in October.

Braddock, Pa., Lodge recently organized a uniformed degree team for the fall season.

President Fred B. Mellman, Vice-President E. S. Tomasi, and Chaplain H. H. Powell, of the California State Elks Association, recently attended a joint meeting of Vallejo and Napa Lodges at Vallejo.

San Diego, Calif., Lodge recently organized a Drill Team. Weekly drills are being held and money subscribed from among the members for uniforms.

News of the State Associations

(*Continued from page 45*)

Lodge, No. 359; and Perry O. DeLap, Klamath Falls Lodge, No. 1247. At the first business session speeches were made by Walter F. Meier, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers F. J. Lonergan and Clarence J. Underwood; and the retiring President of the Association, Perry O. DeLap. At a special meeting in Portland Lodge after this session, Lakeview Lodge, No. 1536, defeated Corvallis Lodge, No. 1413, in the Second Annual State Ritualistic Contest. Some of the resolutions adopted at the convention included plans to cooperate with Seattle Lodge in entertaining the delegates and visitors to the 1931 Grand Lodge National Convention; and the continuation of the State ritualistic contest. The Association also voted to hold its next annual meeting at Ashland. During the three-day convention, the Elks and their guests engaged in a varied program of social activities, consisting of a grand parade, an Elks' frolic, and, on the last night, a monster Elks' show.

Colorado

AT the convention of the Colorado State Elks Association, held in Trinidad recently, I. B. Rogers, Trinidad Lodge, No. 181, was elected President for the new term. Other officers elected were the following: First Vice-President, George L. Hamllik, Central City Lodge, No. 557; Second Vice-President, Lawrence E. Accola, Pueblo Lodge, No. 90; Third Vice-President, Jean L. Pearce, Salida Lodge, No. 808; Secretary, P. T. Poxson, Denver Lodge, No. 17; and Treasurer, W. R. Patterson, Greely Lodge, No. 809. The business session opened with an address of welcome by J. C. Hudelson, Past Exalted Ruler of Trinidad Lodge. After the election of officers a ritualistic contest took place, and was won by Pueblo Lodge's team. In the afternoon the delegates marched in a parade with members of the American Legion, which was holding a convention in Trinidad at the same time.

Montana

H. G. KAROW, of Kalispell Lodge, No. 725, was elected President of the Montana State Elks Association at its recent convention, held at Virginia City. Other officers named to serve for the year to come were W. F. Schnell, of Kalispell, Secretary; Fred J. McQueeney, Butte Lodge, No. 240, Treasurer; G. L. Steinbrenner, Missoula Lodge, No. 383; D. C. Warren, Glendive Lodge, No. 1324; and Charles J. Carroll, Billings Lodge, No. 394, Vice-Presidents; and A. J. Baker, Lewistown Lodge, No. 456, Trustee. In the course of the business sessions, in addition to the election of officers, the delegates voted in favor of a project to improve the Elks Camp at Flathead Lake and of a suggestion to assist, in 1932, in the celebration of the 200th anniversary of the birth of George Washington. Missoula was selected as the place of the convention next year. Social events of this year's gathering in Virginia City included a two-day rodeo, a free barbecue, at which 3,000 persons were present; and, on the second day of the meeting, an open air entertainment given by the Bozeman Lodge Band, a street parade, led by the drum corps from Billings, Butte and Anaconda Lodges, who were in costume; a minstrel show, a program of boxing bouts and a dance at the City Hall.

Massachusetts

AT the recent first meeting of the officers of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, held at the Home of Newton Lodge, No. 1327, President William E. Earle announced the appointments of Edward N. Soulis, of that Lodge, as Chaplain of the Association, and of Edward K. McPeck, of Adams Lodge, No. 1335, as Chairman of the Elk-on-the-Trail Committee. Prominent among the other incidents of the meeting were an address to the officers of the Association by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, and the invitation by President Earle to Lodges desiring to be hosts to the Association at its next annual convention, to submit their plans for the conduct of the event. The second meeting of the Association's officers will be held at the Home of Adams Lodge at a date later to be fixed by the President.

Ohio

LODGES holding membership in the Ohio State Elks Association will hereafter hold spring and fall district conventions, in addition to gathering yearly at the midsummer State convention. This, in the interest of stimulating among the smaller Lodges a greater participation in the Association's affairs, was decided by the delegates who attended the thirty-second annual convention of the Association, held recently at Cedar Point, under the auspices of Sandusky Lodge, No. 285. The vote in favor of the inauguration of this plan for sectional meetings semi-annually was but one unusual feature of the assemblage of Ohio Elks. Others of note were the presence upon the occasion of Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp and of Grand Trustee James S. Richardson; the attendance of ten Past Presidents of the Association, and an exceptionally inspiring street parade. Mr. Rupp arrived upon the third day of the convention and, after appearing in the parade, dismounted as the procession reached the reviewing stand. There, in company with State Architect T. Ralph Ridley, the delegated representative of Governor Myers Y. Cooper, he reviewed the long and brilliant line of marchers. At the closing business session, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mr. Richardson both addressed the delegates to the convention. These were eight hundred in number and represented seventy-one Lodges in the State. Business meetings were held on Monday, Wednesday and Thursday. An interval in the formal activities was declared Tuesday, in order that the delegates and their ladies might enjoy a boat excursion to Put-in Bay. Wednesday was devoted to the hearing and acceptance of reports, and Thursday to the election and installation of officers. Those chosen to direct the Association for the coming year were the following: President, J. C. A. Leppleman, Toledo Lodge, No. 53; First Vice-President, Ernst Von Bargen, Cincinnati Lodge, No. 5; Second Vice-President, William G. Campbell, Lorain Lodge, No. 1301; Third Vice-President, C. W. Casselman, Alliance Lodge, No. 467; Secretary, Harry D. Hale, Newark Lodge, No. 391; Treasurer, William Petri, Cincinnati Lodge; and J. Charles Schaffer, Chillicothe Lodge, No. 52, Chairman of the Board of Trustees. All except Mr. Schaffer, who was ill at his home, were installed on the evening of the day of their election. At this, as well as at all other formal gatherings during the convention, the retiring President of the Association, William G. Lambert, of Cleveland Lodge, No. 18, presided. The parade on Thursday proved to be a splendid spectacle. In the procession were six bands, one of them the eighty-piece organization of the New Philadelphia High School. Prizes for marching delegations were awarded to the following Lodges: to Toledo Lodge, first prize; to Lorain Lodge, second prize; and to Sandusky Lodge, third prize. A special prize was given to Cincinnati Lodge for having in line the largest delegation coming from the greatest distance. Among the judges of the parade was Mayor Charles F. Miller, who, on

(*Continued on page 72*)

News of the State Associations

(*Continued from page 71*)

the opening day of the convention, had welcomed the delegates and other members of Ohio Lodges to the city. A dinner dance, among whose guests was Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp, was held after the conclusion of the parade and the final business session. In the course of the convention period there was held a meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers' Association of Ohio, whereat officers were chosen for the year to come. The following were named: President, A. Bart Horton, Cincinnati Lodge; First Vice-President, W. C. Graves, Cleveland Lodge; Second Vice-President, Edward Ross, Lakewood Lodge, No. 1350; Third Vice-President, Edward T. Fogo, Wellsville Lodge, No. 1040; Secretary, C. W. Casselman, Alliance Lodge; and Treasurer, Clyde Reasoner, Zanesville Lodge, No. 114.

Indiana

FOLLOWING a unanimously favorable vote by the Trustees of the Indiana State Elks Association, President Fred A Wiecking recently accepted for the organization the invitation of South Bend Lodge, No. 235, to hold the Association's annual convention in its city in 1931. The date of the gathering will be determined later.

Illinois

ASSEMBLED in an Illinois State hospital in Chicago, adjacent to the wards housing crippled children under their care, members of the Illinois State Elks Association, at its convention recently, applauded the report that during the last year a total of over 6,200 Illinois youngsters have been given free orthopædic examination and attention as a result of the Elks' activity. The report of the Crippled Children's Commission, read by its chairman, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, set forth the fact that 225 children have been listed as permanently cured within the year, and 364 others have improved to a point where their ultimate recovery is merely a matter of time. Reports of President Henry C. Warner and Secretary George W. Hasselman revealed that during the preceding twelve months interest in the Order has increased materially as a result of the welfare activities. At the close of the first morning's business session, the delegates were taken by motor buses to the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, where they viewed, many of them for the first time, this beautiful edifice in its completed form. After luncheon, the finals of the State ritualistic contest were held. In this, Aurora Lodge, No. 705, repeated its victory of a year ago by nosing out Monmouth Lodge, No. 397, by a fraction of a point. In addition to its own Past Grand Exalted Ruler, Bruce A. Campbell, the Illinois Association had the pleasure of welcoming and hearing Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Dr. Carroll Smith, of St. Louis, a member of the Good of the Order Committee; and Gurney Afflerbach, of Allentown Pa., Lodge, No. 130, Secretary to Mr. Rupp. The annual election of officers resulted in the choice of the following: President, Truman A. Snell, Carlinville Lodge, No. 1412; First Vice-President, Max H. Ephraim, Chicago Lodge, No. 4; Second Vice-President, Josef Parchen, Princeton Lodge, No. 1461; Third Vice-President, Forrest Swanson, Monmouth Lodge; Secretary, George W. Hasselman, La Salle Lodge, No. 584; Treasurer, William Fritz, Peoria Lodge, No. 20; Trustees, Frank P. White, Oak Park Lodge, No. 1295; Fred Graflund, Moline Lodge, No. 556; Dr. J. F. Mohan, Pontiac Lodge, No. 1019; Earle Thompson, Galesburg Lodge, No. 894; W. B. Jordan, Pana Lodge, No. 1261; E. P. Huston, Paris Lodge, No. 812; and Miles S. Gilbert, Cairo Lodge, No. 651. Memorial services were held during the convention in memory of Dr. I. A. Lumpkin of Mattoon, Ill., Lodge, No. 495, a Past President; and the Reverend W. H. Webb, of Monmouth, Ill., Lodge, for many years the Association's chaplain. The Reverend Webb's successor, the Reverend Joseph Lonergan, of Woodstock, Ill., Lodge, No. 1043, former National Chaplain of the American Legion, was one of the convention speakers.

Pennsylvania

MORE than five thousand Elks, including many of State-wide and national prominence, attended the twenty-fourth annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, held recently at Reading. The gathering, assembled for a period of four days, was unusually eventful and culminated in a parade so impressive as to be cause for an unofficial municipal half-holiday. Activities relating to the assemblage began upon the evening before when Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp was the guest of honor at a dinner held by the Past Presidents of the Association. A second notable guest was Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters. All except two of the former heads of the Association were present, the number including George J. Post, of Mahanoy City Lodge, No. 695; Dr. D. S. Ashcon, of Allegheny Lodge, No. 339; G. J. Kambach, of Pittsburgh Lodge, No. 11; Howard R. Davis and Max L. Lindheimer, of Williamsport Lodge, No. 173; F. J. Schrader, of Allegheny Lodge; Dr. E. L. Davis, of Berwick Lodge, No. 1138; James Yard, of Erie Lodge, No. 67; Pemberton M. Minster, of Bristol Lodge, No. 970; H. I. Koch, of Allentown Lodge, No. 130; George F. Falkenstein, of McKeesport Lodge, No. 136; and E. J. Morris, of Reading Lodge, No. 115. The first day, Monday, was given over to no other official business than that of registration. There were on the schedule of activities, however, several informal events. The first was the entertainment of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener and Grand Secretary Masters by the Elks Luncheon Club, at noon. At this both Mr. Tener and Mr. Masters spoke. In the afternoon came the first social entertainment for the ladies attending the convention, a card party given by the members of the Ladies' Auxiliary of Lodge No. 115, and attended by two hundred guests. In the evening, seven hundred delegates and other visitors to Reading tendered an informal reception at the Lodge Home to Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp. At this, in addition to Mr. Rupp's, the principal speech of the evening, addresses were made by Louis Goldsmith, retiring President of the Association; E. J. Morris, General Chairman of the Convention; and by John Keim Stauffer, former Mayor of Reading and at present Exalted Ruler of Reading Lodge. Musical selections by the "Famous Forty," a male singing organization of Pottsville Lodge, No. 207, were heard at intervals in the course of the reception to Mr. Rupp. At the first business session of the convention, which took place the following day, Tuesday, the election of officers for the coming year was the chief accomplishment. The following Elks were chosen for the several posts: John F. Nugent, Braddock Lodge, President; M. F. Horne, New Kensington Lodge, No. 512, Vice-President; W. S. Gould, Scranton Lodge, No. 123, Secretary; Henry W. Gough, Harrisburg Lodge, No. 12, Treasurer; and Matthew A. Riley, Ellwood City Lodge, No. 1356, Trustee. To those gathered at the session, Mayor J. Henry Stump extended welcome to the city. Brief talks were also given by Mr. Morris, Exalted Ruler Stauffer and by J. Stanley Giles, Vice-President of the Reading Chamber of Commerce. At the conclusion of these, President Goldsmith called upon Past Grand Exalted Rulers Tener and Murray Hulbert and upon Grand Secretary Masters to take places at the speakers' stand. At noon, in the interval between the morning and afternoon sessions, Mr. Tener was the principal guest and speaker at the Rotary Club luncheon. Others to talk at this gathering, presided over by President Heber Ermentrout, were the newly elected President of the Association, Mr. Nugent; and Exalted Ruler Stauffer. Visiting members of the Order, other than delegates, were entertained during the afternoon at the Eagles' Mountain Home. The ladies, at the same time, embarked upon a sightseeing trip along the mountain roads near the city, the tour halting at one of the most picturesque spots along the route, Bydenwood, for tea, before returning to Reading. Two pleasurable events took place in the evening, the one an entertainment for members of the Order at the Home of Reading Lodge; and the other an entertainment and dance at the Odd Fellows' Hall. The next morning, Wednesday, the Elks' ladies were entertained in the morning at a special performance given at a Reading theatre. They repaired immediately thereafter by bus to the Reading Country Club for luncheon and an afternoon card party. Notables of the Order were guests at noon of the same day, of the Kiwanis Club, at luncheon. Two prominent Elks among those invited and who addressed the gathering were Mr. Tener and Mr. Masters. At the speakers' table with them were seated President Melvin Nuss, of the Kiwanis Club; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George H. Johnston, President Nugent, William T. Phillips, Secretary of the New York State Elks Association; Mr. Morris and Exalted Ruler Stauffer. The evening witnessed a formal dance at the Abraham Lincoln Hotel. Business sessions of the convention were concluded the following morning, Thursday, with the installation of officers. Among the events which took place previous to this was a ritualistic contest for the championship of the State. In this Washington Lodge, No. 776, defeated Renovo Lodge, No. 334, by a small margin. On Thursday afternoon came the parade, a procession which passed through three miles of gaily decorated streets and which included in line 4,300 marchers and nearly 1,000 musicians. Thirty uniformed delegations of Lodges were in the parade. Behind the platoon of police, which led the procession, came eleven automobiles, in which were officials of the Association and other celebrities of the Order. Reading Lodge, with 200 uniformed men in line, came next, as the host Lodge; and thereafter, in the order given, marched the representatives of Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge, No. 395; Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2; Harrisburg Lodge, Erie Lodge, No. 67; Easton Lodge, No. 121; Scranton Lodge; Allentown Lodge, Bethlehem Lodge, No. 191; Hazleton Lodge, No. 200; Pottsville Lodge, York Lodge, No. 213; Lebanon Lodge, No. 631; Norristown Lodge, No. 714; Danville Lodge, No. 754; Pottstown Lodge, No. 814; Milton Lodge, No. 913; Middletown Lodge, No. 1092; Berwick Lodge, No. 1138; and Freeland Lodge, No. 1145. Coatesville Lodge, No. 1228, was represented by a float simulating a locomotive. Another and striking display of this sort was a float entered by Reading Lodge, upon which rode a number of the crippled children under care in the clinic sponsored by the Lodge. Prizes for merit in the marching delegations and in the design of floats were awarded at the conclusion of the parade. The award for the Lodge having the largest delegation to come from the greatest distance was given Lebanon Lodge. In the contest for the Lodge making the best appearance, York Lodge was first; Harrisburg Lodge was second; and Freeland Lodge third. The musical organization of Berwick Lodge was adjudged to be the best among the bugle corps and bands in the parade. Middletown Lodge was awarded second prize and Milton Lodge third. Philadelphia Lodge's Drill Team won first prize in its class, with that of Erie Lodge second. The float of Pottstown Lodge was regarded as best of all entered.

New Jersey

THE first quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association, held in the Home of Phillipsburg Lodge, No. 395, Sunday, September 14, was addressed by Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp. He was escorted into the meeting hall by all the Past Presidents of the State Association. The Grand Exalted Ruler made a stirring address to the 500 members in attendance, which was warmly received. In the course of his speech he urged subordinate Lodges to engage in spreading in their several communities the real value of the Order in furnishing opportunities for the formation of fine and lasting friendships. The second quarterly meeting of the State Association will be held at the Home of East Orange Lodge, No. 630, Sunday, December 14.

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