

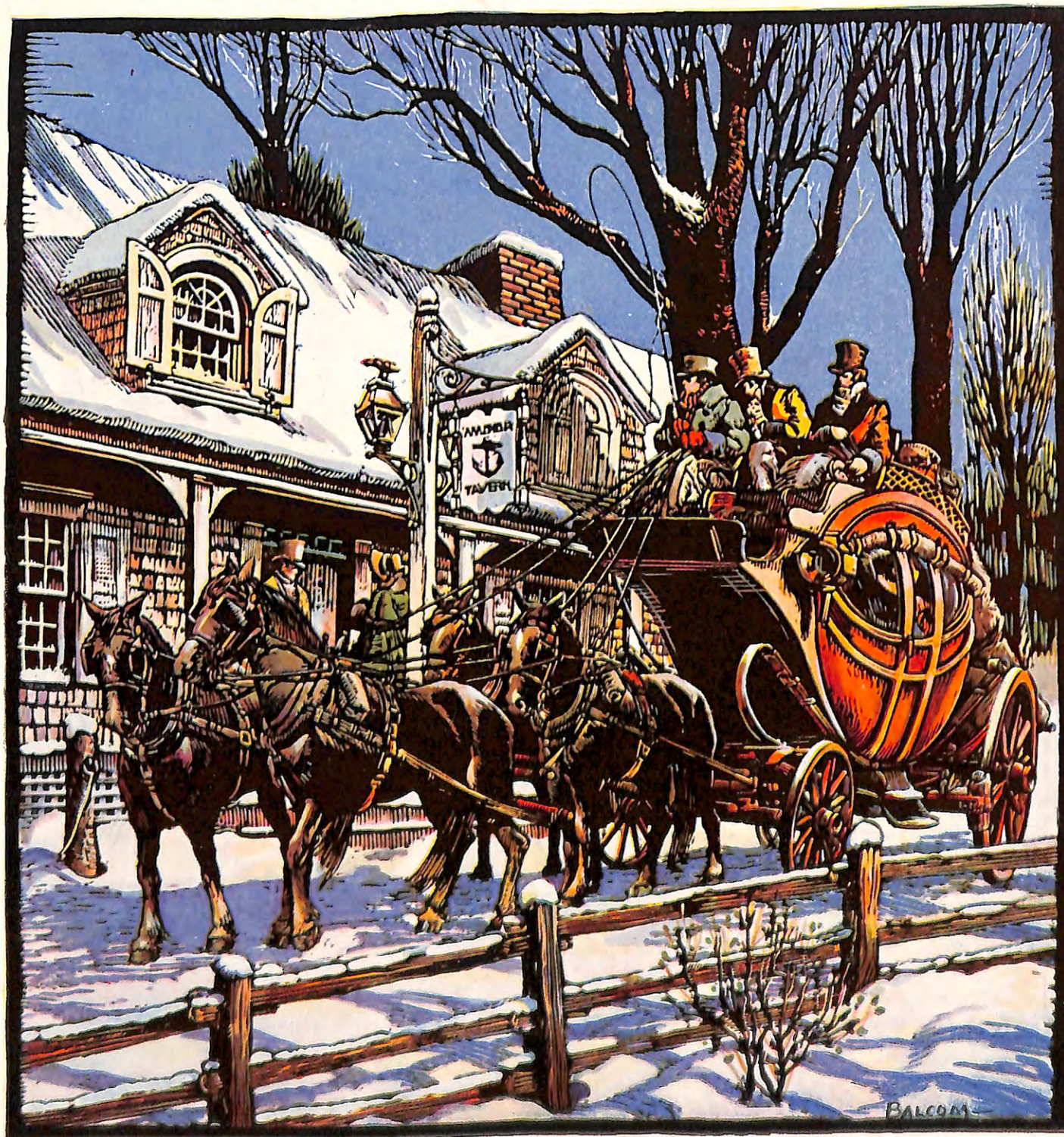
# The Elks

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## Magazine

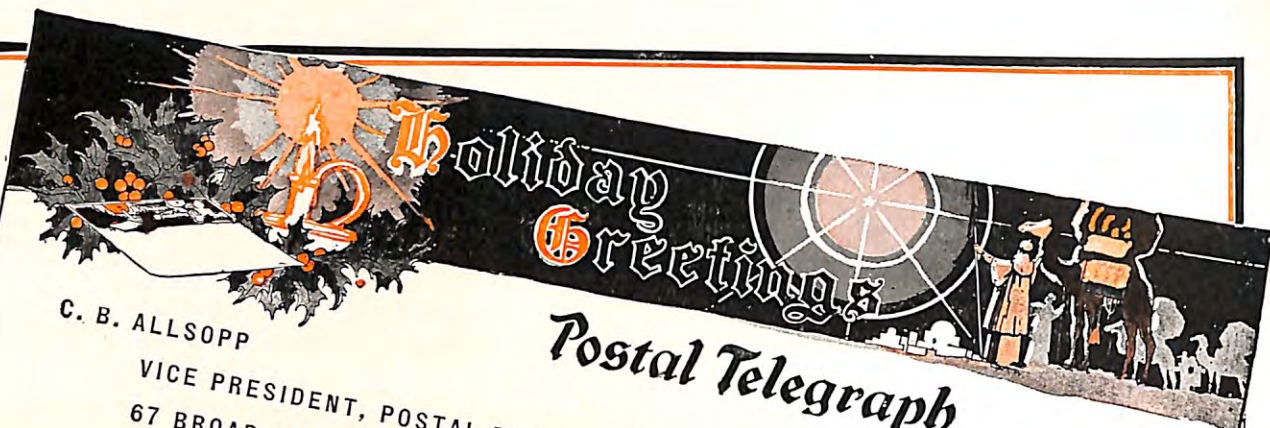
20 CENTS A COPY

DECEMBER, 1930



# CHRISTMAS





C. B. ALLSOPP

VICE PRESIDENT, POSTAL TELEGRAPH  
67 BROAD ST., NEW YORK

TO MY MIND THERE IS NO BETTER WAY TO EXCHANGE THE SEASON'S GREETINGS THAN BY TELEGRAMS. THEY ARE TIMELY, CONVENIENT, PERSONAL AND TO QUOTE THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH'S ADVERTISING "DECIDEDLY MODERN."

JOSEPH T. FANNING  
EDITOR AND EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR  
THE ELKS MAGAZINE

## "No Better Way to Exchange the Season's Greetings" — says JOSEPH T. FANNING

The message shown above, from Joseph T. Fanning, is so hearty an endorsement of the telegram as a medium for the exchange of holiday greetings that we feel justified in reproducing it.

Last Christmas millions of people used the telegraph to send their good wishes to relatives, friends and business associates. This year millions more will join in this happy custom.

All over the country from Maine to California, from Canada to the Gulf, in village, town and city, the familiar blue uniform of the Postal Telegraph boy will be seen on Christmas morning delivering his messages of good cheer and happiness.

### Send Your Holiday Greetings this Year by Postal Telegraph

No more milling around in crowds trying to pick out appropriately worded Christ-

mas cards or sending one with a stereotyped greeting. Just sit down in the quiet of the Postal Telegraph office and write your personal message to each of your relatives and friends. If your time is limited, the Postal Telegraph attendant will be glad to give you a specially prepared list of suggested messages, which may be of help to you.

If you have friends or business associates in Europe, the Orient or South America, Postal Telegraph, through its affiliation with Commercial Cables and All America Cables, in the International System, offers special rates for Christmas greetings cables. Inquire at any Postal Telegraph Office for full information on this special cable service.

Holiday Greetings telegrams are delivered on Christmas or New Year's morning, on specially designed blanks, in decorated envelopes, by uniformed messenger — Modern, Personal, Convenient, Inexpensive and Socially Correct.

Send your Christmas greetings  
this year by Postal Telegraph.

## Postal Telegraph

Commercial  
Cables



Mackay Radio

All America  
Cables





# Canada, like the U. S. A. uses Internationals Everywhere

ON the eastern coast, on the Pacific slopes, throughout the provinces of the Dominion, International Trucks play an important role in the prosperity of Canada. These trucks are at work not only for the Dominion and Provincial Governments but for their many industries as well. You will meet Internationals on the roads through the beautiful Canadian Rockies, you will find them building roads through the virgin wilds of the Gaspé Peninsula. In the thriving cities; in the great grain fields of Saskatchewan ... everywhere you will see International Trucks, and always at work! Nineteen branches of the International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd., and many dealers, are at the service of Canada's Internationals—just as our 161 branches, and active dealers everywhere, serve Internationals in the United States.

## INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY

606 So. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA  
(Incorporated) Chicago, Illinois



# INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

### A FEW CANADIAN INTERNATIONAL USERS:

Bell Telephone Company	Canadian Pacific Express	Canadian Pacific Railway	Canadian National Express	Canadian National Railway	Consolidated Fruit Co., Ltd.
Terminal Cartage, Limited	British American Oil Co., Ltd.	Canadian Oil Company	Dominion Bakeries	Charcoal Supply Company	Saskatoon Sand and Gravel Company
J. B. Renaud et Cie.	Canada Steamship Co.	Province of New Brunswick	Dominion Government	Imperial Tobacco Company	Saskatchewan Cooperative Creameries
Hendrie and Company	Imperial Oil Limited	National Biscuit Co.	Swift Canadian Co.	Dominion Cannery, Limited	Canada Biscuit Company, Ltd.
Province of Quebec	Province of British Columbia	Province of Alberta	Sun Oil Company, Limited	Western Canada Flour Mills	Brackman-Ker Milling Company
	Canadian Cartage Co., Ltd.	Gunn's Limited	Dominion Transport Co., Ltd.	Maple Leaf Milling Company	



"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

Volume Nine  
 Number Seven

# THE ELKS MAGAZINE

## Features for December, 1930

Grand Exalted Ruler, Open Letter No. 3. . . . .	4	Old Timer, a story by Courtney Ryley Cooper. . . . .	28
The Gentleman Adjuster, a story by Walton Green. . . . .	7	Illustrations by Enos B. Comstock	
Illustrations by Henry B. Davis		Riders of the Concrete Trail, an article by Burt M. McConnell. . . . .	32
"Original, New and Useful," an article by Milton Wright. . . . .	11	Illustrations by T. S. Tousey	
Drawings by George Shanks		Water, Water Everywhere, a pictorial spread by Charles Phelps Cushing. . . . .	36
One Hundred Hand Picked Books for Christmas, reviews by Claire Wallace Flynn. . . . .	14	Editorials. . . . .	38
Behind the Footlights. . . . .	15	The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits. . . . .	40
The Cruellest Business in the World, an article by Boyden Sparkes. . . . .	18	Under the Spreading Antlers—News of the Subordinate Lodges. . . . .	41
Illustrations by Herbert F. Roese		News of the State Associations. . . . .	47
Slippage, a story by F. R. Buckley. . . . .	22	Natural Gas for Investment, an article by Paul Tomlinson. . . . .	62
Illustrations by John D. Whiting			
A Plea for Bad Golf, an article by Rex Beach. . . . .	26		
Illustrations by Herb Roth			

Cover Design by Lowell Balcom

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

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

Joseph T. Fanning,  
 Editor and Executive Director

Bruce McClure  
 Managing Editor

Charles S. Hart  
 Business Manager

50 East Forty-second Street, New York City

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

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

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



## Not Mere Reprints!

Please bear in mind that every book listed on this page is a popular copyright. We have distributed many millions of classical reprints, but now we are ready to offer the public a great library of popular copyrights. Every book listed on this page is our exclusive literary property. You cannot get them in any other form. Considering that they are POPULAR COPYRIGHTS the price of 20 books for \$1 is an unbelievable bargain! All books set in type that is easily read.

- 14 What Every Girl Should Know
- 19 Story of Nietzsche's Philosophy. Durant
- 25 Rhyming Dictionary
- 39 Story of Aristotle's Philosophy. Durant
- 42 Origin of Human Race
- 53 Insects and Men; Instinct Vs. Reason. Clarence Darrow
- 56 Dictionary of U. S. Slang
- 58 Tales from Decameron. Boccaccio
- 72 Color of Life and Love
- 74 Physiology of Sex Life
- 82 Common Faults in English
- 83 Evolution of Marriage
- 87 Nature of Love
- 91 Manhood: Facts of Life
- 91 Hypnotism Explained
- 97 Self-Contradictions of Bible
- 98 How to Love
- 109 Facts You Should Know About Classics. McCabe
- 110 History of World War
- 125 Woodrow Wilson's War Speeches
- 126 History of Rome. Wood
- 133 Principles of Electricity
- 150 Queer Facts About Lost Civilizations
- 159 Story of Plato's Philosophy
- 172 Evolution of Sex
- 175 A Hindu Book of Love
- 176 Four Essays on Sex. Havelock Ellis
- 192 Book of Synonyms
- 217 Puzzle of Personality
- 218 Essence of the Talmud
- 228 Plain Talks With Husbands and Wives. Ellis
- 271 Is Death Inevitable?
- 286 Prostitution in the Ancient World
- 287 Best Jokes About Doctors
- 297 Do We Need Religion? McCabe
- 326 How to Write Short Stories
- 347 A Book of Riddle Rimes
- 364 How to Argue Logically
- 367 How to Improve Your Conversation
- 374 Psychology of Suicide
- 375 Love Story of an Old Maid
- 377 Psychology of Joy and Sorrow
- 383 Prostitution in the U. S.
- 403 Facts You Should Know About Music
- 411 Facts About Phrenology
- 414 Art of Being Happy
- 431 U. S. Commercial Geography
- 439 My 12 Years in a Monastery. McCabe
- 440 Baseball: How to Play
- 446 Psychology of Religion
- 447 Auto-Suggestion: How It Works
- 449 Auto-Suggestion and Health
- 452 Diet of Scientific Terms
- 467 Evolution Made Plain
- 473 Lives of Chorus Girls
- 475 Develop Sense of Humor
- 479 How N. Y. Girls Live
- 488 How Not to be a Wall-Flower
- 491 Psychology for Beginners
- 493 Novel Discoveries in Science
- 501 How to Tie All Kinds of Knots
- 503 Short History of Civil War
- 509 Are We Machines? Clarence Darrow
- 518 How to Make Candy
- 524 Death and Its Problems
- 529 Woman the Criminal
- 536 What Women Beyond 40 Should Know
- 556 Hints on Etiquette
- 557 Is the Moon a Dead World?
- 603 The Electron Theory
- 606 How to Play Chess
- 609 Are the Planets Inhabited?
- 627 Short History of the Jews
- 629 Handbook of Legal Forms
- 637 German-English Dictionary
- 639 4,000 Most Essential English Words
- 644 Woman Who Lived for Love
- 645 Confidential Chats with Wives
- 648 Sexual Rejuvenation
- 653 What Boys Should Know
- 654 What Young Men Should Know
- 655 What Young Women Should Know
- 656 What Married Men Should Know
- 657 What Married Women Should Know
- 658 Toasts for all Occasions
- 661 Neurotic America and the Sex Impulse
- 679 Chemistry for Beginners
- 681 Spelling Self Taught
- 682 Grammar Self Taught
- 683 Punctuation Self Taught
- 687 U. S. Constitution
- 688 Teeth and Mouth Hygiene

# Choose Popular Copyrights at 20 BOOKS for \$1

## EXCLUSIVE!

We now offer copyrights not available elsewhere!

As you examine this list bear in mind that each book listed had to be written especially for us, or we had to buy the right to publish. This involved an enormous financial outlay. Copyrights at the rate of 20 books for \$1 will surprise you, but here we are with our real bargain offer.

- 689 Woman's Sexual Life
- 690 Man's Sexual Life
- 691 Child's Sexual Life
- 696 How to Pronounce Proper Names
- 697 4,000 Words Often Mispronounced
- 703 Physiology Self Taught
- 704 Facts About Palmistry
- 705 100 Professions for Women
- 710 Botany for Beginners
- 715 Auction Bridge for Beginners
- 717 Modern Sexual Morality
- 724 Burbank Funeral Oration. Judge Lindsey
- 726 Facts About Venereal Diseases
- 727 Psychology of Affections
- 730 Mistresses of Today
- 731 Mental Differences of Men and Women
- 734 Book of Useful Phrases
- 759 How to Conquer Stupidity
- 767 Facts About Astrology
- 768 Best Jokes About Lawyers
- 773 Good Habits and How to Form Them
- 775 First Aid for Investors
- 777 Riddle of Human Behavior
- 781 Catholicism and Sex
- 782 Psycho-Analysis: Mind and Body
- 784 Association Tests in Psycho-Analysis
- 789 Digest of U. S. Marriage and Divorce Laws
- 800 Sex in Psycho-Analysis
- 801 A Rapid Calculator
- 804 Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams
- 810 Scandals of Paris Life
- 815 Dict. of Familiar Quotations
- 816 Shakespearean Quotations
- 817 Her Burning Secret
- 819 Book of Strange Murders
- 820 Jokes About Married Life
- 821 Improve Your Vocabulary
- 822 Rhetoric Self Taught
- 823 English Composition Self Taught
- 835 Handbook of Useful Tables
- 841 Future of Religion
- 842 Best Jokes of 1925
- 843 Can You Control Conduct? Clarence Darrow
- 845 Facts to Know About Fortune Telling
- 848 Womanhood: Facts of Life
- 847 How to Play Card Games
- 850 Bad Habits and How to Break Them
- 851 Bible Myths and Legends
- 853 How to Know the Songbirds
- 855 How to Write Letters
- 856 Arithmetic Self Taught. 1
- 857 Arithmetic Self Taught. 2
- 858 Psychology of Leadership
- 862 German Self Taught
- 864 Chats With Husbands
- 869 Best Jokes of 1927
- 872 Manual Parliamentary Law
- 876 Curiosities of Mathematics
- 877 French Cooking for Amateurs
- 879 Best Jokes About Preachers
- 882 Psychology of Character Building
- 883 Debate on Capital Punishment. Clarence Darrow
- 884 Debate on Prohibition. Darrow.
- 889 Jokes About Kissing
- 891 Your Talent and How to Develop It
- 893 500 Riddles

**TAKE YOUR PICK** of the books listed on this page at the rate of **20 books for \$1** And we absolutely guarantee that every book you order from this announcement is a popular copyright that cannot be purchased elsewhere. We have become famous for reprints of the classics, but now we enter the field of popular copyrights in a big way! **WE WILL PAY THE POSTAGE To Any Address in the World!**

- 894 How to Advertise
- 895 Astronomy for Beginners
- 896 Wages of Sin
- 901 Woman: Eternal Primitive
- 902 Dictionary of Foreign Words
- 903 All About Syphilis
- 904 Sex Symbolism. Fielding
- 910 Is Life Worth Living? Darrow
- 911 Is Mankind Progressing? Clarence Darrow
- 964 How to Be Happy Though Married
- 966 Rational Sex Ethics
- 972 Book of Popular Jokes
- 975 Cleopatra and Her Loves
- 984 Harmony Self Taught
- 986 How to Talk and Debate
- 987 Art of Kissing
- 988 The Art of Courtship
- 995 How to Play the Piano
- 997 Recipes Home Cooking
- 999 Latin Self Taught
- 1000 Wonders of Radium
- 1003 How to Think Logically
- 1004 How to Save Money
- 1005 How to Enjoy Orchestra Music
- 1006 Children's Games
- 1007 Revolt Against Religion
- 1008 Origin of Religion. McCabe
- 1009 Typewriting Self Taught
- 1010 Amateur Magic Tricks
- 1011 French-English Dictionary
- 1012 Best Negro Jokes
- 1013 Best Irish Jokes
- 1014 Best American Jokes
- 1015 Comic Dialect Poems
- 1018 Humorous Limericks
- 1020 Why I Am an Infidel. Luther Burbank
- 1021 Italian Self Taught
- 1023 Popular Recitations
- 1030 World's Great Religions
- 1049 How to Sing
- 1051 Cause and Nature of Genius
- 1052 Nature of Instinct and Emotions
- 1053 Guide to N. Y. Strange Sections
- 1056 Devil's Dictionary. Ambrose Bierce
- 1061 Human Origin of Morals
- 1062 Humoresque. Fannie Hurst
- 1064 Simplicity of Radio
- 1065 Lives of U. S. Presidents
- 1069 Conquest of Fear
- 1070 How to Fight Nervous Troubles
- 1074 Commercial Law
- 1078 Morals in Greece and Rome. McCabe
- 1079 Phallic Elements in Religion. McCabe
- 1082 Best Jewish Jokes
- 1084 Did Jesus Ever Live?
- 1088 Truth About Mussolini
- 1089 Common Sense of Sex
- 1091 Facts About Cancer
- 1092 Simple Beauty Hints
- 1093 Amusing Puns
- 1094 Insanity Explained
- 1097 Memory: How to Use It
- 1103 Puzzles and Brain-Teasers
- 1105 Spanish-English Dictionary
- 1109 Spanish Self Taught
- 1111 Prostitution in the Medieval World
- 1113 Love from Many Angles
- 1122 Degradation of Woman
- 1123 Facts About Puritan Morals
- 1124 On the Bum
- 1126 Eating for Health
- 1130 The Dark Ages. McCabe
- 1135 Prostitution in the Modern World
- 1138 What Atheism Means
- 1139 Photography Self Taught
- 1144 Truth About Jesuits. McCabe
- 1148 Sexual Crimes in U. S. Law
- 1164 Unlovely Sin. Ben Hecht
- 1167 Sinister Sex, etc. Hecht
- 1174 How to Write Business Letters
- 1176 A Mad Love. Frank Harris
- 1204 Dict. of Musical Terms
- 1206 How to Swim
- 1207 French Self Taught
- 1208 Success Easier Than Failure
- 1209 Charming Hostess: Entertainment Guide
- 1210 Mathematical Oddities

- 1216 Italian-English Dictionary
- 1221 Facts About Will Power
- 1225 How to Avoid Marital Discord
- 1228 Jokes About Drunks
- 1231 Best Jokes of 1926
- 1233 Better Meals for Less Money
- 1238 Beginning Married Life Right
- 1239 Party Games for Grown-Ups
- 1241 Outline of U. S. History
- 1242 Care of Skin and Hair
- 1244 How to Write Love Letters
- 1246 Best Hobo Jokes
- 1247 Psychology of Love and Hate
- 1249 Best Jokes About Lovers
- 1250 Companionate Marriage
- 1251 What Do You Know?
- 1257 How to Become Citizen
- 1278 Ventriloquism Self Taught
- 1279 Side Show Tricks
- 1285 Gamblers' Crooked Tricks
- 1292 Best Short Stories of 1928
- 1311 Real Aims of Catholicism
- 1316 Revolt of Modern Youth
- 1317 Meaning of U. S. Constitution
- 1318 Case For and Against Sexual Sterilization
- 1320 How to Get a Husband
- 1321 Fasting for Health
- 1322 Confessions of a Modern Woman
- 1329 Facing Life Fearlessly. Clarence Darrow
- 1330 Facts About Digestion
- 1333 Common Sense of Health
- 1337 Breakdown of Marriage
- 1339 Crooked Financial Schemes
- 1340 How to Get a Job
- 1341 Unusual Menus
- 1342 Typical Love Problems
- 1347 Trial Marriage
- 1349 Life of Lindbergh
- 1351 How to Get Ahead
- 1354 Book of Similes
- 1356 How to Make Wills
- 1357 What You Should Know About Law
- 1358 How to Acquire Good Taste
- 1359 Is Birth Control a Sin?
- 1360 Pocket Cook Book
- 1361 Who Killed Jesus?
- 1362 Law for Women
- 1363 Law for Auto-Owners
- 1365 How to Build Vocabulary
- 1371 Sins of Good People
- 1379 President Harding's Illegitimate Daughter
- 1380 Flesh and the Devil
- 1382 Is Our Civilization Over-Sexed?
- 1385 Defense of Devil
- 1388 Are the Clergy Honest?
- 1389 Tobacco Habit
- 1392 Confessions of a Gold Digger
- 1395 Instantaneous Personal Magnetism
- 1412 Stories of Tramp Life
- 1413 My Prison Days
- 1419 Unusual Deaths
- 1420 Why Wives Leave Home
- 1421 How to Get a Divorce

- 1426 Foot Troubles Corrected
- 1428 Unusual Love Affairs
- 1430 Shorthand Self Taught
- 1434 How to Think Clearly
- 1436 Strange Marriage Customs
- 1437 Curiosities of the Law
- 1439 Intelligence: How to Test It
- 1440 Can Man Know God?
- 1442 Facts About Graphology
- 1445 Wild Women of Broadway
- 1448 Character Reading from Faces
- 1450 Do We Live Forever?
- 1455 End of the World. McCabe
- 1459 Psychology of Criminal
- 1460 American Statistics
- 1471 How to Become Mentally Superior
- 1475 Best Jokes of 1928
- 1476 What You Should Know About Your Sensations
- 1477 How Glads Affect Personality
- 1480 Causes of World War
- 1481 The New Immorality
- 1484 Why Preachers Go Wrong
- 1491 Power of Women
- 1493 Wine, Women and Song
- 1496 Sexual Factor in Divorce
- 1497 Companionate Divorce
- 1498 M. U. Sex Questionnaire
- 1500 Why I Am an Agnostic. Clarence Darrow
- 1501 Mussolini and the Pope
- 1503 Effective English in Speech
- 1504 Overcome Self-Consciousness
- 1508 Facts about Poisons
- 1513 Statistics: How to Understand Them
- 1514 Edison's Inventions
- 1516 Facts about Gonorrhea
- 1523 How to Avoid Catching Venereal Diseases
- 1531 Can We Follow Jesus Today?
- 1532 Don Quixote
- 1534 How to Test Urine
- 1535 How to Throw a Party
- 1536 Facing Death Fearlessly
- 1538 Rational Sex Code
- 1542 Who Started World War?
- 1543 Is War Inevitable?
- 1544 Against Capital Punishment
- 1548 Chinese Cook Book
- 1553 Exercises for Nervousness and Indigestion
- 1554 Exercises for the Heart
- 1555 Rules for Success in Business
- 1556 How Sun Gives Health
- 1559 Can We Change Human Nature?
- 1562 How to Live Long
- 1563 Marvels of Sunlight
- 1566 How to Conduct Love Affair
- 1568 Full Text Edison's Scholarship Questionnaire
- 1569 Boccaccio—Lover of Love

## How to Order:

Just list titles desired by number. Order at least 20 books and enclose money order, check or currency at rate of 20 books for \$1—minimum order \$1. We prepay postage and ship at once. Prepaid offer applies only when remittance accompanies order. Save real money by sending cash with order. (No C. O. D. orders can be sent to Canada or foreign countries; these must remit by international postal money order.)

## Use This Simple Order Form for Popular Copyrights

HALDEMAN-JULIUS PUBLICATIONS, Dept. A-522, Girard, Kansas.

Enclosed please find \$..... which is payment at the rate of 20 books for \$1 for the following popular copyrights which I have listed by number on the lines below.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

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

Note: If there is not enough room on this blank to list all the numbers you want, please write them on another sheet of paper.

**Haldeman-Julius Publications, Dept. A-522, Girard, Kansas**



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

*Allentown, Pa.,  
 November 10, 1930*

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

MY BROTHERS:—

"In the waking dream of the silver dawn of the centuries when the earth was young," there were no holidays. Life was then a ceaseless struggle against overpowering and overwhelming odds. Holidays that cheer and bless have come in the maturer years of humanity's upward march. Time, fleeting rapidly as a bird on wing, is bringing us again to the Christmas season. Soon the joybells of the Christmastide will be ringing forth a message that all men can understand, no matter what their creed,

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

There is a charm in the newer translation that phrases the language of the angels into this beautiful benediction:

"Peace on earth to men of good-will."

I know that my brothers approach the Christmas season as gallant men of "good-will."

They will rejoice with the little hearts that thrill and the little eyes that shine with the emotions of the happy Christmas time.

They will enter homes with well-filled Christmas baskets, they will irradiate the joy of the Christmas Season, and they will say with simple eloquence, in the language of Tiny Tim:

"God Bless Us Every One!"

I am, for the year, the head of this great Order. I have traveled from coast to coast making visitations. I have met many loyal, lovable Elks. I am privileged, indeed, to wish you all a

Merry, Merry Christmas!

Before another issue of this, our official publication, will come into your homes Father Time will have turned over a new page. The New Year will have stepped upon the threshold. There will be, in the language of Tennyson, "a new face at the door."

I have such a profound joy in Elkdom that I venture to assert that if our principles were not only understood but consistently practiced, the New Year would be so happy that all the sadness and all the sorrows of the past would vanish as the darkness before the rising sun.

I am looking forward to the days of brotherhood. I know that sooner or later the petty and narrow aims and ambitions of today will be entirely erased by the larger sympathy and tolerance of tomorrow. I know that even now we are finding, throughout the country, a drift back to fraternity.

A cataclysmic war may threaten to engulf the world; archaic diplomacy may fan into a flame international hatreds; dire prophecies of disaster may dull the initiative and the hope of our people,—yet as Elks, and having caught the spirit of brotherhood, we are willing to assert that this New Year will be happier and better than any that has gone before.

We will look with optimistic eyes along the untrodden paths of the future. Where there is hunger we will assuage its pangs; where there is sickness we will relieve its pains; where there is poverty we will mitigate its rigors.

These are, indeed, troublous times, but we are undismayed! We know that our great Republic is still safe, and that our ideals of democracy still stand, and that our benevolent Order will still carry on.

And in that spirit I wish you all,

A Happy New Year!

Sincerely yours,

*Lawrence H. Rupp.*

*Grand Exalted Ruler.*



# 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 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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, Neb., No. 1024.

## 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.

## 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 De Young 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, Neb., No. 1203.  
J. T. Sullivan, Waterloo, Iowa, No. 290.

## The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

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

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

For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Henry A. Guenther, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, Newark, N. J., No. 21, 300 Clifton Ave.



# Burroughs

## PORTABLE ADDING MACHINE



*only*  
**\$80**

DELIVERED U. S. A.  
EASY TERMS

### CUTS DOWN TIME IN TAKING INVENTORY

Give this sturdy, low-priced adding machine an opportunity to show you what it can do to save time and take the drudgery out of this year's inventory.

Then use it day after day, all the year 'round, to add cash sales, audit sales tickets, take trial balances, check bank balances, write bank deposit slips, prove ledger postings and handle all kinds of figuring jobs around the store or office.

It is a standard Burroughs machine, carrying the regular Burroughs guarantee and backed by our own nationwide service.



*Light in weight. Easy to  
carry from place to place.*

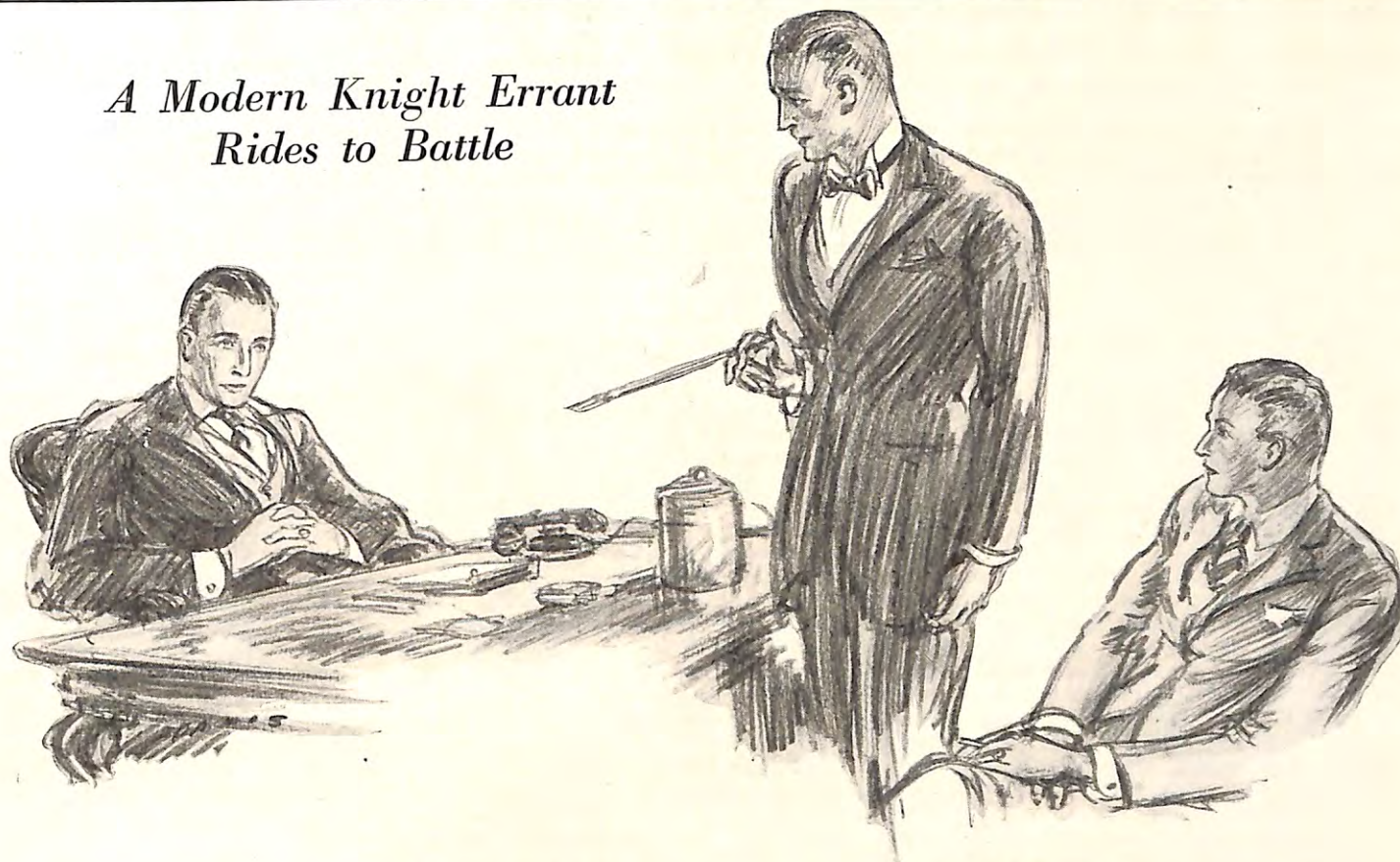
*Call the local Burroughs office for  
a free demonstration on your own work*

Burroughs Adding Machine Company, 6702 Second Blvd., Detroit

BACKED BY WORLDWIDE BURROUGHS SERVICE



## A Modern Knight Errant Rides to Battle



# The Gentleman Adjuster

By Walton Green

Illustrated by Henry B. Davis

A LARGE, white wooden ball sailed ninety yards through the air and struck in the center of our tea table. My wife screamed discreetly and went one way, while marmalade, toast and broken crockery went several other ways.

On top of the ball came a man on horseback at a dead gallop. A long, thin, and very brown man in a white helmet and scarlet colors. His pony refused to check at the side boards and seemed determined to follow the polo ball through toast and jam and china on to the club piazza itself. My wife screamed again—less discreetly—and the gallery scattered. The pony danced about on the tea wreckage for a bit, and then got back on the field with the other players.

"Who," I demanded angrily, "is that crazy fool? And why can't he keep his pony out of the club-house?"

"That crazy fool," my wife replied sweetly, "is your old friend Quintus Lunt. He's been playing polo here ever since you went abroad. They say he plays awfully well, but he always schools his own ponies, and then plays them half green."

"Well—if it's Quintus Lunt, I begin to understand. That's the kind of thing he used to do at college. But some one ought to tell him that polo is not an indoor game."

I had not seen Quintus Lunt since Cambridge days. But here he was, living in the same near-fashionable suburb with me, belonging to the Coldstream Club, and playing polo with the same calculating carelessness and premeditated dash that characterized his football many years earlier. He had been a horseman all his life, but I had never heard of his playing polo and, for one thing,

I wondered how he could afford it. On this point the gossips on the club piazza soon enlightened me.

Quintus's father—they hailed originally from Maine, by the way—had owned half the timberland in the State, and most of the stock in the Colonial Pulp Company. After tying up all the available pulp timber in the East, the old man had horned in with a Michigan group and had trebled his already sizable stake. Two years before, he had died, and Quintus, as an orphan and sole heir, had between ten and thirteen million dollars tossed to him. He was a bachelor, he had a substantial fortune, he had nothing to do, and he had ideas. Wherefore, I was not unapprehensive.

It was Sunday afternoon and we were watching a cut-in practice game. Lunt quit at the end of the sixth period and made for the locker room. I followed him there; he greeted me from the shower with his usual whimsical carelessness—as though it were weeks instead of years since I had last seen him. And as usual, I found myself defensively matching his tone.

**A**NOTHER story of Quintus Lunt, Gentleman Adjuster, will appear in an early issue. It is called "The Two Mathildas." Look for it, if you like this one—and we think you will.

Physically, the man had apparently changed not at all. Lean, wiry and brown-skinned, he stripped down to the prettiest piece of male body I had seen in a long time. He had certainly kept himself fit; if he had vices, they were of the mind and not of the flesh.

"You look pretty good," I hazarded.

"I am—pretty good," he affirmed, rubbing himself briskly.

"And," I went on, "I understand you are rich."

"And then some," he smiled.

"And from now on," I said, "I suppose the lid is off the world for you."

Quintus stopped drying his toes, reached into the pocket of his coat hanging behind him, and produced an ivory cigarette holder about a yard long. He screwed a cheap cigarette into the contrivance and went back meditatively to his toes.

"No, Tony, the lid isn't off—not by a damn sight—at least, not in the way you think. But I'm not going into business, if that's what you mean, and I am going to play polo, and sail a racing schooner, and ride to hounds and go on an occasional big game hunt. I'm going to do all these things all I want. On the other hand, I'm not going to be only a loafer. I expect to spend part of my time and some of my money doing things for other people. No—don't smile that way—I don't mean any social or political uplift stuff—just a sort of sporting notion I have that an unattached guy like me, with a lot of loose coin, can effect certain personal readjustments—well—it's rather hard to explain, and it's all on the knees of the gods, anyway."

"How do you mean 'personal readjustments'?" I asked.



"Well—of course there are lots of things wrong with the world in general, the kind of big, fundamental things that society as a whole is responsible for, and that the little reformers peck at in an inconclusive way. I've no sort of patience with that game. But then again, there are lots of mean or unfair acts that occur right under our noses—things that somebody could and should correct, right on the spot; but nobody ever does, because usually the mean or cruel things aren't legally wrong."

"That may all be true," I interrupted. I am a lawyer, myself, and I resented the implication. "But if the acts aren't legally wrong, there is no legally right way of stopping them."

"That doesn't worry me," he replied airily. "Tony, do you remember old Prof Deems at Cambridge? Didn't you and I take advanced ethics under him?"

"Yes," I answered, "what of it?"

"Do you remember that theory of his that the criminal mind and the scientific mind is the same, and that there is no essential difference, except in motive, between the mental processes of a Cesare Borgia and a Thomas Edison?"

"Quintus," I broke in severely, "you haven't taken any of that hair-splitting philosophical bunk seriously, have you?" He looked at me quickly.

"So you remember it, too, do you?" he said musingly. "Well, we shall see what we shall see. And in the meantime, Tony, remember that the first duty of even a bum lawyer is to keep his trap shut—if you get me."

I WAS seated, one afternoon, about a week later, in the big south window of the Avenue Club, idly looking out on the street and reflecting upon the changes that time had brought. No more do we review the church parade of our fathers, when everybody that anybody knew sooner or later passed under our inquisitive noses. No more do half our members live within stone's throw of the club—for family and fashion have moved up to the sixties, and our tradesmen camp-followers have crept uptown in obsequious but cynical pursuit, buying the brownstone fronts from under our once sacrosanct noses, and turning them into tailor shops and jewelry stores. Only the squat, brown ugliness of the great Brodhead houses, the residential rear-guard of a fast retreating plutocracy—and the spiry Americanized Gothicism of the Cathedral—only these are left of a bygone generation.

It was the pre-prandial cocktail hour, and the clans were gathering—the pasty-faced old men with hair parted down the back of their heads, sitting in the same chairs in the same corners of the same windows and watching the same bit of sidewalk day after day and year after year; and the pinker-faced young brokers with fine old Dutch names, uptown after a hard five-hour day of watching the tape and smoking—uptown to the club to liquor up and continue the endless gossip of Wall Street and the race-track. Yes—it was the children's hour, as our youngest member, Hawksberry 3rd, calls it. Why is it that rich men are never really witty? It was the children's hour, and we were leaving the observation windows and drifting down to the prohibition-proof crypt in the bowels of the building. Young Leghurst was there, and old Pinney Salters—the club bore—but he owned two hundred cases of pre-war Scotch, and he was good for a couple of drinks at any time. Also Victor Pryor and Fustian Jones, and a dozen others.

I sat in a corner with Jones and Salters. Presently, Victor came over from his locker and joined us, drink in hand. The talk was largely of the Street, and I listened—which was about all I was good for. They were all excited about the collapse of Consolidated Tires, an ambitious rubber merger which had been floated by Mason & Company. It was during the recent period when the preferred-stock craze was at its height; any old house of issue could make a killing by taking some lame-duck business, reorganizing it and pumping in some executive oxygen—keeping the bonds for itself, and selling the preferred stock to the public. Mason & Company had made a series of spectacular successes at this preferred-stock game, and actually had some of the oldest and sedatest houses in the world worried.

But this time, Mason, brilliant though he was, had overplayed his hand. He had bought up two unsuccessful rubber companies, amalgamated and reorganized them, kept for himself the bonds which represented the liquid assets, and sold the stock, which represented hoped-for earnings, to the public. He had done the same thing a dozen times in the past two years, and all had gone well. Even the investing public, strange to say, had made money. But this time something went wrong. The general business slump set in, the preferred-stock craze passed its peak and died. Consolidated Tires went into receivership, dividends were suspended, and the preferred, which was issued at 96½, and had actually sold for three weeks around 100, dropped with disconcerting rapidity, and was now quoted at 35 to 39, no bid. Everyone was sore, especially Mason's North Shore friends, the impecunious fashionables who had been accustomed to make money out of him by asking him to socially correct dinners in exchange for financially correct information. This time, they found themselves treated just like the general public, and they were correspondingly wrathful. Victor Pryor, I remember, was particularly incensed. His aunt, with whom he lived, and who was his sole means of support aside from the seven thousand a

at his pipe, asking an occasional question, but talking not at all. His lean brown face looked dispirited and unanimated, expressionless almost, except for the nervous gray eyes.

I wondered at his questions, and especially at his interest in Consolidated Tires, for Quintus loathed the Street and all its ways. His financial transactions were commonly limited to receiving dividends from his father's vast lumber holdings.

PRESENTLY the cocktail party broke up, and Quintus and I drifted upstairs to dine. He was obviously in an unsociable mood, so we took a small table by ourselves. I let him alone, and gave myself unreservedly to the pleasing business of dining. But Quintus soon began to thaw under the beneficent ministrations of his pet waiter, and when that gastronomic valet produced a Stilton that had just arrived from England, oily and tangy, after a year's expert ripening, he loosened up, as I knew he would.

"Tony," he began, "I took in all that talk about Consolidated Tires, because I happen to know some people that were hit by it. Never mind just now who it is. But I want to know something about this fellow Mason, and just how he gets by with this kind of thing. The people I know are a widowed mother and daughter, who were very comfortably off until this crash. They live in Pocasset, neighbors of Mason. He's been their financial adviser ever since the son stopped an M. G. bullet in the Argonne, and yet he put them into this thing with practically every cent they had—sold 'em 3,000 shares of preferred at the issue price."

"Well," I said, "they're out of luck."

"Out of luck! I should say they were. They paid that oily devil \$289,000—and if I understood that crowd down in the bar correctly, they'd have some difficulty in selling, now, at a price to bring a third of that. They'll come uncommonly near to being just plain broke."

"They're not the only widows and orphans who've come a cropper," I observed.

"But, Tony, you don't understand. Do you realize that they took this man's advice implicitly—trusted him absolutely? He wasn't a trustee legally, but he was morally. What right had he to sell them a big block of stock in a speculative venture of his own?"

"Well," I answered, "perhaps he expected to make a lot of money for them."

"That's no alibi. By all accounts this man Mason is an exceptionally able financier. He knows perfectly well that no large proportion of a dependent woman's capital—let alone all of it—should be dumped into one basket, especially a basket that he owns."

"Yes," I said, "it's pretty raw. But what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know. I've only just taken it all in."

"These people great friends of yours?" I asked idly. He hesitated and frowned.

"No—not exactly. That is, the mother went to boarding-school with my mother. I happen to know something about her affairs. But the daughter I've only seen half a dozen times—as a matter of fact, it's Barbara Boyden and her mother."

"I can't see," I put in peevishly, "why you should worry about Barbara Boyden."

"I don't. She's young and can take care of herself, and I'm not particularly crazy about her, anyway. It's the old lady I'm



year he earned playing bridge, had been let in for five hundred shares of the preferred, herself—to the vast discomfiture of Victor and his nepotic expectations.

This was the scene upon which Quintus came that evening. He was in one of his rarer and quieter moods. I can see him now, as he eased his six feet of wiry lankness into a chair, swinging one leg over the arm, sipping a thin-looking highball and sucking





*Miss Barbara Boyden was top-hole at golf, as at everything else she tackled—playing alone with a caddy and driving from the men's tee at the long river carry*

thinking about. Surely there must be some way—lawful or unlawful—to remedy a great wrong committed legally.”

“I’ll concede your moral right to adjust the situation if you can find the way. But Quinny, there is nothing so awful about this. You happen to know the people, that’s all. This sort of thing occurs every day. Most of these new issues fall off in price after the syndicate support is withdrawn. New issues are like new babies, you know—they always shrink after birth.”

“Yes, but this baby didn’t merely shrink—it died. And I’m going after the man that killed it to the profit of his own dirty pocketbook.”

I answered impatiently. I was disturbed at what I feared was in the wind, and irritated at Quintus’s alternating vagaries of softness and hardness. Also, I wasn’t especially attracted toward Miss Boyden. In

spite of her undeniable good looks and vibrant charm, I never felt quite at ease with her. I suppose her self-reliance offended my somewhat Victorian taste.

But if Quintus Lunt’s attitude toward the Boyden ladies irritated and puzzled me, his actions during the next three weeks fairly nonplussed me. He gave up polo in the middle of the season, though scheduled to play number 3 on the Hummers in the Junior Championship at Point Judith. He withdrew from the autumn cruise of the N. Y. C. and turned his racing schooner over to Anson Bell. He even quit his occasional golf and tennis, and the country clubs saw him no more. For a time he dropped quite out of sight.

Then, nearly a fortnight later, I heard of him through Ezra Meeker, one of our best little old-fashioned men about town. Ezra reported that Quintus had bobbed up in the night life of Broadway, and that he was burning the midnight gasoline with the best and the worst of them. Moreover, he had embarked on an apparently violent affair with one of the most celebrated “pretty ladies” of the season—one Kitty de Milo—a young person admirably equipped, by virtue of great personal beauty and charm of character, for the notorious and highly remunerative part she was to play in a great scandal two years later. But at this time Miss Kitty was unknown to the newspaper public; she was working very hard, very quietly and very intelligently to gain a parasitic foothold in the near-smart fringe of the dissolute new-rich. In fact, so little was known of her that when Ezra mentioned her



name, it conveyed nothing to the half-dozen of us gathered in the club bar.

I confess I was shocked. I thought I knew my Quintus; and the enthusiasm with which Ezra offered us corroborative detail did not add to my peace of mind. Why is it that men of loose habits always show such gusto in the frailties of others? At all events, I was disgusted and really ashamed of Quintus—it seemed an unaccountable streak in him. Wild and eccentric and uncaring of normal opinion though he was—yet his craving for excitement had never before led him to the half-world of women—except for the traditional college-boy-chorus-girl stuff of inquisitive adolescence. I had always thought him too emotionally fastidious to find pleasure in the spiritual limitations of rented women. Perhaps I should have had more faith in my friend; but I confess that at the moment I felt only anger and disgust.

NOR did I feel any better when, three days later, I ran across Miss Barbara Boyden on the golf course. She was the same self-sufficient little thing—top-hole at golf, as at everything else she tackled—playing alone with a caddy and driving from the men's tee at the long river carry. She was one of the newer school of women golfers, with a swing just like a man's, wholehearted, whole-bodied and superbly assured; nothing sweetly and awkwardly girlish about it. I couldn't help admiring her carriage; she had such a gorgeous, stringy little body; and she had just driven a dollar's worth of brand new ball across 150 yards of water carry, where I had only managed to lose a tentative "floater" in the mud of the far bank. We joined up and played the last six holes together. I forbear to mention the handicap which she gave me. Golf is not my game.

If Miss Boyden knew that she and her mother were virtually ruined, she gave no sign of it. She rattled on in high spirits and kidded me unmercifully on my play, and kept goading me into plausibly tempting bets which she invariably won. On the eighteenth she bet me her shoes against my flannel shirt, ran down a twelve-foot putt, and made me pay up then and there. I asked her how she had expected to get home if she lost—she showed me another pair of shoes in her golf bag! Then she insisted on drinking tea on the club piazza, where a large gallery was watching some whippet races.

Now, I don't like whippet racing. I admit that a horse race proves that one horse is faster than another, but a whippet race only shows that one dog is slower than another. To me, it is a poor sport, something like racing sand fleas, only on a slightly larger scale. It especially irritates me to see the handlers, apparently grown men, physically, though doubtless mentally deficient, running down alleys, waving tablecloths or petticoats and uttering strange, primitive kennel noises. I am always astonished when the dogs actually pursue these flag-waving persons with the speed of unreasonable passion.

But Miss Boyden was interested, because one of her mother's dogs was running; and so I had to sit there on a hot August afternoon with nothing between my undershirt and an inquisitive world except my golf jacket, with the collar turned up and tightly buttoned about my neck. Miss Boyden was having the time of her life; she went out of her way to explain to several people that I had a sore throat. This was the kind of tomfoolery she was always up to.

After we had teared and toasted and marmaladed and whippetted to our heart's content,

she offered to drive me home. I wondered at this devotion for, as a matter of fact, I knew her only casually. I might have realized that she wanted to find out something, and that womanlike, and wanting it very much, she was postponing it to the postscript of the afternoon, so to speak.

Scarcely had we scrambled into her runabout than she turned to me abruptly.

"You're a very great friend of Quintus Lunt's, aren't you?"

"More or less," I stalled uneasily. "What about it?"

"There's a lot of unpleasant talk going around about him."

Now, I was feeling pretty sick about Quintus's conduct, myself; but I wasn't going to have this pert young person criticizing him. Besides, in my day, unmarried women didn't talk about the Broadway side of a man's character. And I intimated as much, also quite rudely implying that it was none of her business.

She took the last rather curiously. Instead

---

## Commencing in January We Shall Publish A New Serial by Bertram ATKEY Who Wrote "The Mystery of the Axes," the "Prosper Fair" Stories and Other Favorites.

---

of snubbing me, as I probably deserved, my remark seemed to pass over her head as of no consequence.

"I used to think he was rather a fine gentleman of the old-fashioned kind," she said, half to herself; and then, viciously—"but it seems he's only the usual run of bounder, after all."

"He is not," I replied heatedly, "he is very much a gentleman. Don't you know that a gentleman is a man who can behave like a bounder without being one?"

She received this with a distinct chuckle of delight.

"Don't tell me you made that up yourself—you're not really a clever man, are you?"

"Certainly not," I answered stiffly. "If I were a clever man I should not take a woman to tea in my undershirt."

For the rest of the drive we relapsed into comparative silence. An unfriendly person would probably have said that I sulked. But the girl irritated me. She treated me with a matter-of-course superiority, as though I were five years younger than she, instead of nearly ten years older. That is the disconcerting thing about these modern maidens. They have dropped the ages-old pose of feminine inferiority and make no

bones about letting all males know that the youngest woman is older and wiser than the oldest man. In point of fact, they are no more knowing than their Victorian grandmothers, only they don't bother to feign ignorance. It's a queer world. I have always sympathized with the ancient Greek philosopher who killed himself because the good old days were gone forever.

I suppose the psychoanalyst cranks would have set down my distrust of Barbara Boyden to some obscure inferiority complex. I admired her, it is true. But I couldn't size her up, and I was a little afraid of her. Quintus—with a broad streak of feminine intuition lending vision to his masculinity—seemed to understand her instinctively. He treated her—to her obvious indignation, and as no other man dared—with the same amused tolerance which she displayed toward me. He never appeared to resent her palpable independence of men in general, and her patent antagonism toward him in particular. To me, her mind was too masculine to be housed in a body so exquisitely and invitingly feminine. A woman's spiritual temperament should not belie the implications of her physical equipment.

All this, and more, I turned over in my mind as we drove homeward. One especially disquieting reflection was that if Mistress Barbara showed her dislike of Quintus openly enough, it might stimulate him into active interest; and I didn't want to see him under the thumb of that exquisite little spitfire. For that was Quintus all over. His sardonic perversity made him profoundly interested in any unusual person or thing. For the average and for the usual, he had no use; whether a commonplace person liked, or disliked, him made little difference—he was scarcely aware of it. But if a unique personality opposed or thwarted him, his restless egotism knew no peace until he had subdued the antagonism to his own uses; then—apparently emotionally appeased—he went on his way to fresh spiritual combat.

By this time we had reached my place, and she dropped me at the turn-in. My wife was in the garden. I may say that I had some difficulty in explaining why I had been giving away essential parts of my clothing to another woman. But when I reached that part of my story which had to do with Miss Boyden's conversation about Quintus, Minnie promptly forgot all my golf adventures.

"Was she very angry with Quintus Lunt?"

"Not so much angry," I said. "She was more disgusted and contemptuous. She doesn't seem to know him very well, though Quintus certainly has had a lot to do with her mother. Anyway, she's off him now for keeps."

MY WIFE'S face took on the modern equivalent of the Mona Lisa smile—the kind of look they assume when they wish to show husbands that they are seeing a thousand years behind the Sphinx and a million years ahead of Einstein.

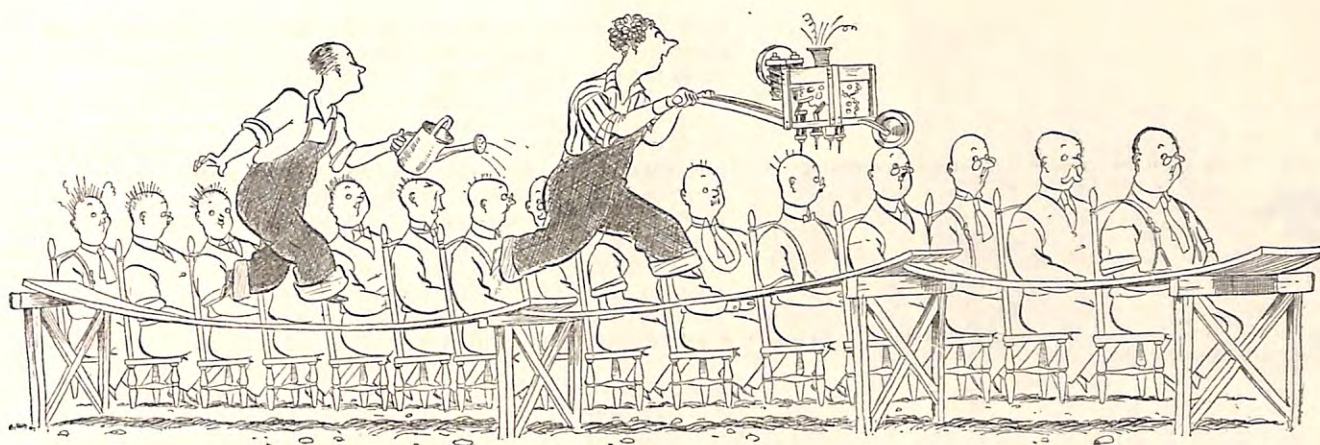
"Poor, dear Tony," she murmured. "I suppose we may as well go and order the wedding present now."

But I was not so sure.

The following Thursday morning found me in the visitors' room of Mason & Company. I was there in response to a note from Quintus asking me to meet him at eleven-fifteen. The note characteristically gave no inkling of what he was up to, but I assumed that it had to do with Consolidated Tires and the Boyden ladies. I was vaguely

(Continued on page 52)





## "Original, New and Useful"

### Bringing to Light Certain Buried Treasures of the Patent Office

By Milton Wright

Drawings by George Shanks

OF MANY faults have we Americans been accused, and to most of them we plead guilty. We chase the almighty dollar; we are too materialistic; we sacrifice the finer things of life in order to be practical. We lack imagination. We toil only to accumulate wealth. We have become a nation of inventors of practical devices. The mere fact that we are a nation of inventors is considered evidence of our degradation.

But is it? Might it not be just possible that our inventiveness betokens our altruism? The painter, the sculptor, the poet, each is possessed of a creative imagination and we honor him for it. Why can we not give equal credit to the inventor? We would, if only we were better acquainted with the facts. Look at the mass of inventions passing through the Patent Office at Washington, study them carefully, and then say, if you dare, that the inventors were actuated by sordid desire for gain. Nothing lower than a desire to make the world a happier place to live in could possibly have actuated these inventors. The patents prove it.

I have collected some of these patents by way of example. Each one of them to which I call your attention in this article has been duly and formally issued by the United States Patent Office, stamped with the official seal and signed by the Commissioner of Patents. A copy of each one of them, obtained from the Patent Office, is in my possession. Read them and you will agree with me that the great American inventor should not be called "Greedy Gus," but rather "Big-Hearted Otis."

For example, there is a certain sportsman who fishes the streams of Pennsylvania. Like most fishermen—suppose we call him Mr. Walton—this man was a thinker, a philosopher, a keen observer of piscatorial idiosyncrasies. He was not one of these chaps who gets a sudden vagrant idea now and then, but a man who masses all his evidence, draws his conclusions carefully, and then acts with confidence. Such a man becomes an inventor. So sure is he of his ground that he invests several hundred dollars to obtain the government's protection for his idea in the form of a patent.

Walton knew fish. He knew not only what they looked like, but how they acted. More than that, he knew why they acted the way they did. He understood their instincts, their passions, their foibles. What more

natural, then, than that he should pit his skill against the fishes?

Out of wood he whittled an imitation of a small fish. He painted it cleverly, the head green, the belly speckled white and red, and the back a dark red. At the tail he placed a spinner, and back of this he hung a hook. At the front he provided a spindle upon which he mounted a highly polished, dish-shaped metal disk. Under the belly he placed another hook. The glitter and the flashing lights of the spinner and the disk were highly attractive to the fish, but, if that were all, it would be no better than a thousand other fishermen had. And Walton knew fish better than most men did.

Deep in the side of this artificial fish bait he countersunk a mirror. This was a real invention. Let him explain in his own words just how valuable it is:

"A male fish seeing his image upon looking therein will appear to see another fish approach it from the opposite side with the intent to seize the bait, and this will not only arouse his warlike spirit, but also appeal to his greed, and he will seize the bait quickly in order to defeat the approaching rival. In case the fish is suspected of cowardice I may make the mirror of convex form, in order that the rival or antagonist may appear to be smaller."

"In the case of a female fish the attractiveness of a mirror is too well known to need discussion. Thus the bait appeals to the ruling passion of both sexes, and renders it very certain and efficient in operation."

This quotation is from the patent which the government issued to him in due course of time. As this patent is still in effect, the readers of this publication are hereby warned against infringing.

Walton is only one of nearly two million thinkers of specialized knowledge and creative ability to whom patents have been issued. Nor is his invention as unique as one might suppose. Another inventor, explaining that all fish are cannibals, has patented the idea of

hanging a small concave mirror on the fish line in front of the hook. Another has gone a step farther and has patented a whole battery of mirrors, stating that fish like company, and if the fish sees a lot of others about he will swim up and get caught with eagerness and confidence.

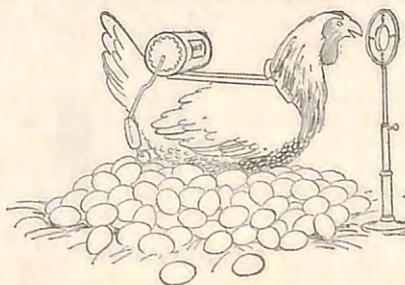
Teeming with ideas our inventors are. More than eight hundred patents a week the Patent Office in Washington issues, probably a greater number than all the rest of the patent offices in the world combined. Never was there a nation like us.

Take the Chinese, for example. They invented the weaving of silk. For centuries they and all the rest of the world were content to let the silkworm work when he felt like it and to gather the silk from the worm's cocoon. Along came our American inventors—three of them; two were officers in the U. S. Army and one was a citizen of Boston. They studied spiders and they found one species here in America that spun silk threads.

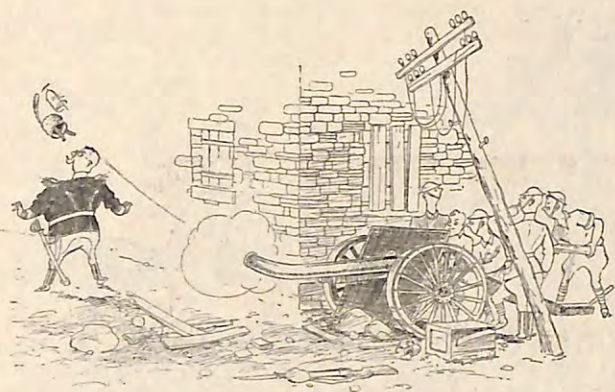
BUT why wait for the spider to spin a web or a cocoon? That takes time, and besides the silk would only have to be taken apart again. They rigged up a spider-silk spinning machine. It included a rotary wheel or frame mounted on a spindle. An elastic band held the spider by the legs to the edge of the wheel. Several spiders being thus fixed in position, the silk filaments which issued from them were brought together, passed through a guide and wound on a revolving spool. Thus the silk filaments were pulled out of the spiders.

This was no wild idea; they actually did it, and their sworn affidavit to that effect is on file in the Patent Office. One of the inventors, a surgeon attached to a Massachusetts regiment, found a medium-sized field spider, and drew from him silk of a beautiful golden color and luster. In an hour and a quarter

there was extracted from the creature, at the rate of six feet a minute, a filament or thread about 150 yards long. Another of the inventors, major of the regiment, collected great numbers of the spiders and secured several thousand yards. They found that after having all his silk extracted







from him, a spider needs to rest about ten days before he can go to work again.

"We have reason to believe," the inventors say in the patent which was issued to them, "that by our means or mode of obtaining such silk from it while alive, we have initiated a branch of industry the results of which to our country and to the world may be of great importance."

Who said these Chinese were so darned clever?

There is scarcely a field of human endeavor in which inventors have not received patents for inventions, which, to say the least, are startling. And remember, the patent law requires that for a patent to be issued the invention must be original, new and *useful*. That one word useful in the law, as a matter of fact, seems to have been the inspiration for many of our creative geniuses. There are no end of patents whose value lies in their multiplicity of uses. The patent for a combined grocer's package, grater, slicer, and mouse-and-fly trap is a case in point.

This combination article is, first of all, a sheet metal box in which to put groceries. Down one side are a number of openings with cutting edges; these are for the purpose of grating vegetables. Down the other side are a series of parallel slots, each with one edge turned outward; these are for slicing vegetables and fruits. On the lid is a small hole with a wire door swinging inward; this is to catch the mice. A cone-shaped wire diaphragm with a hole in the center is placed in the lid of the box; this is for catching flies.

The one objection to this invention seems to be that all of its functions cannot be utilized at one time. Suppose the housewife is grating vegetables when she sees a mouse run across the kitchen floor. She must stop the grating, put the device down on the floor, wait until the mouse is caught and then go on with her grating. It is possible, however, for the fly-catching and fruit-slicing to be carried on simultaneously, sometimes without the housewife even desiring to catch flies while she is slicing the fruit.

Multiplicity of uses in a single piece of apparatus was also the idea of an Italian inventor living in New Jersey, who patented a baby's cradle. A motor in this cradle keeps it rocking. The rocking motion starts a music box going, and a device which is simplicity itself for any mechanically inclined inventor, changes the tunes at frequent intervals. There is a scale for weighing the baby from time to time to observe what progress it has made, a bathtub in which he can be washed readily, a shelf upon which he can be placed to perform necessary changes of attire, and a chest of drawers in which to keep his entire wardrobe. A neat, handy little thing to have around an apartment house.

That inventors are wide-awake fellows is generally agreed. This fact may have something to do with

their tendency to go in for devices which wake them up in the morning. Any ordinary person can be awakened by an ordinary alarm-clock, but sometimes there are unusual circumstances which give the inventor a chance to strut his stuff. Suppose, for example, that the sleeper is stone deaf and never would hear an alarm-clock. That presents no problem at all to the inventor who patented a sort of mallet which normally remains upright, but at the appointed time in the

morning swings down and bashes the sleeper in the face.

Or suppose two persons are sleeping in the same bed, and only one wants to get up at six o'clock in the morning. That difficulty was ironed out nicely by the inventor who patented a "time-alarm bed." With this device half of the double bed is on a pivoted bed bottom, connected at its free end by ropes to a revolvable drum. At the appointed hour the clock wheels whirr around quietly, the drum is released, the ropes lower the side of the bed gently but positively until it is resting on the floor. Out rolls the sleeper, silently but thoroughly awakened, while his companion dreams on undisturbed by his arising.

**B**ACK of every invention lies some particular necessity. There are many reasons why persons desire to be awakened without making a noise. It might be that a burglar is entering the room. If a burglar alarm should go off suddenly, it might so startle him that he would do something regrettable. It is far more desirable that the sleeper be awakened quietly without the knowledge of the intruder. Such was the theory of the genius who patented the shower-bath awakener. By this contraption a water-pipe with a shower-bath attachment is suspended directly over the head of the sleeper. The water supply is connected to an attachment at the door of the room and at each window. Should a burglar open the door or raise the window, a cold shower drenching the face of the sleeper, awakens him so quietly and effectively that he can easily catch the intruder.

The search for beauty has intrigued nearly as many inventors as has the importance of getting up in the morning. Item by item these inventors have taken the human face and figure apart and found means for remedying nature's defects or omissions. A young woman, we will say, would have lips shaped like Cupid's bow. One of our geniuses has patented a device which puckers the lips together and molds them into the desired shape. Let her put it on each night

as she goes to bed, and if she does this enough nights she has the kind of lips about which poets dream.

And dimples! Thousands of women would give fortunes to possess them. All they need do, however, is wear every night the dimple-producing apparatus invented and patented by a Rochester woman. It sets over the head somewhat after the fashion of the head-set worn by a telephone operator, holding in place a hard rubber point sunk in each cheek, or in only one cheek if only one dimple is desired. Wear it all night, and the next day you have ravishing dimples. If, for the sake of variety, you do not desire dimples the following day, you leave off the dimple-producer when you go to bed the night before.

Another method of accomplishing the same result has been patented in this country by a German inventor. His device resembles a brace and bit such as carpenters use to bore holes with. With this invention, however, the shaft is in two sections, or arms, hinged together like a pair of compasses. At the foot of one of these arms is a hard knob, and at the foot of the other a roller. The beautician presses against the cheek of the patient, and turns the handle round, just like a carpenter boring a hole in a wooden plank. This makes the cheek soft and pliable, so that an artistic dimple is produced. What cheek could resist it?

One very important factor in this matter of beauty is hair. You have it where you don't want it, or you don't have it where you do want it. Either way inventors arise to help you. You want to shave, but for some reason you dislike to use a razor. Very well; you may use the patented emery roller, and grind your whiskers off. Furthermore, the inventor points out, this device can be used on a perfectly dry face, no soap or water being used.

Perhaps you have no aversion to a razor, but you do experience difficulty in keeping it sharp. You will be interested, then, in the patented emery shaving soap. Just lather your face as you would with any other shaving soap and start to shave; the more you shave the sharper your razor grows. A virtuous circle, so to speak.

**M**AYBE you would like to plant hair on a bald head. All right, plant it, but you will need the hair-planting machine patented by a resident of San Francisco. His apparatus includes driving shafts, worm gears, feed rollers, ratchet wheels and other features which any mechanic can understand readily. The hair to be planted is inserted in a split needle; the needle is thrust into the scalp, then spread apart and pulled out, leaving the hair planted in the hitherto bald head. And where does the hair come from to be planted? Any bright inventor can answer that question. In these days of short-haired women, mamma provides the hair, and papa provides the scalp to plant it in. The machine, of course, cuts it off at the proper length as a part of the planting process.

Anyone interested in human beauty knows that the figure is all important. It must not be too fat. And where does fat show itself undecoratively? In the abdomen, of course. An inventor in Seattle makes that all right. His therapeutic apparatus includes a curved board, like a broad, flat rocker, with straps to attach it to the body of the fat person. This individual is placed face down on the floor, his back against the convex side of the board. From the other side of the board a long handle extends upward. An attendant grasps the handle and rocks

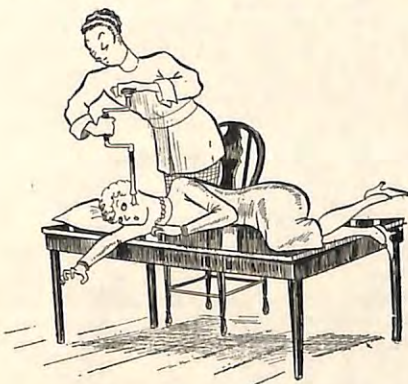




the fat person back and forth, from side to side and round and round. The inventor calls this a "beneficial exercise," and it is said to be a sure cure for the most stubborn case of obesity.

After all, however, beauty of face and figure is a vain thing. Health and life are far more important. Naturally, inventors have not neglected us in this respect, and there is scarcely an ailment or an emergency to which they have not bent their energies. A single example will suffice to show the lengths to which they will go to relieve human suffering. Suppose you are out in the middle of the Sahara Desert, alone and with no water to drink. If only there was some moisture which you could condense you might be saved. You have heard of shipwrecked sailors, perhaps, who distilled and condensed the salt water of the ocean. But you have no moisture? Of course you have. There is moisture in every breath you breathe. One of our inventors has patented a little device by which this moisture can be condensed into a liquid which you can drink and refresh yourself with. Simple, isn't it? All you have to do is to provide yourself with this little human breath condenser before you start out on your trip.

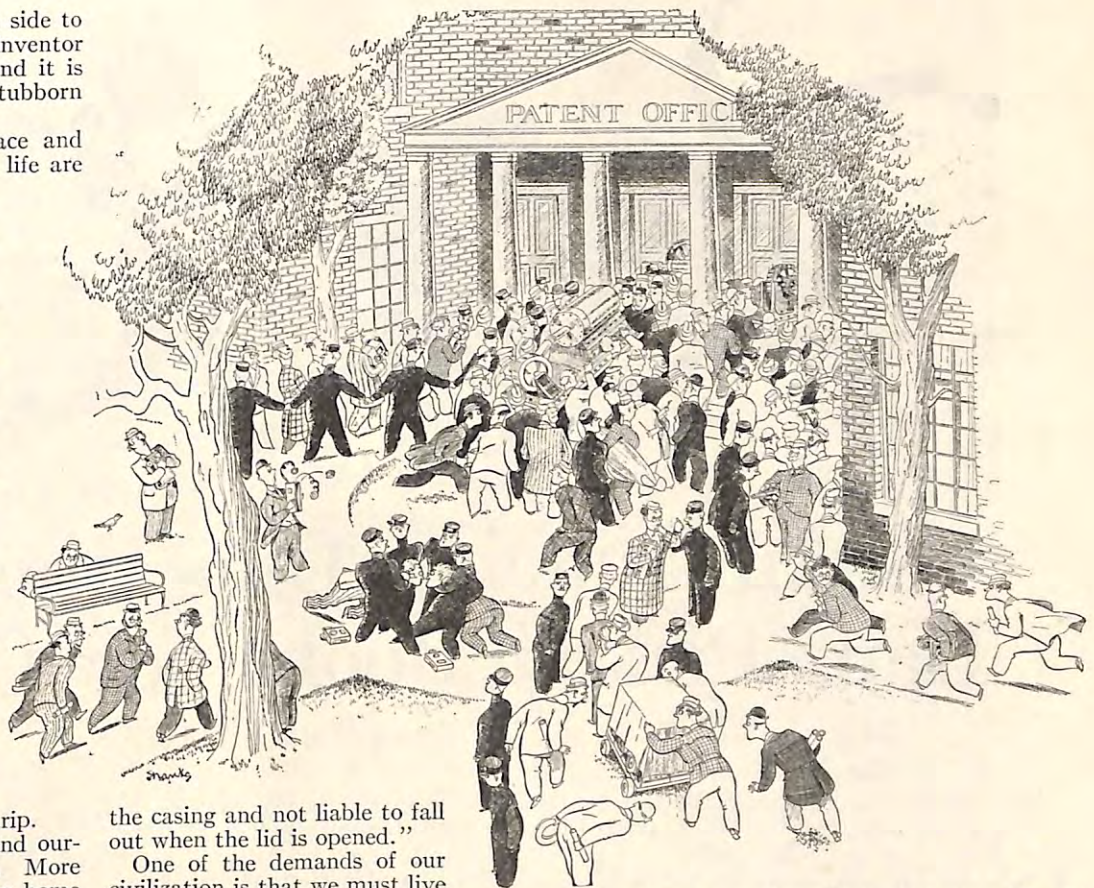
But after all, most of us rarely find ourselves in the desert dying of thirst. More often our needs are right in our own home town. We mingle with our fellows and certain conventions are required of us. Gallantry to the ladies is one of them, but such gallantry is not always convenient. Etiquette requires, for example, that a gentleman raise his hat when he passes a woman acquaintance on the street. But what if the gentleman's arms are full of bundles? No matter. Equipped with the patented automatic hat tipper, he merely bows his head



and his hat raises of its own accord, performs a complete revolution, and settles gracefully back again on his head. That the lady is impressed, who can doubt?

Think of any habit or custom you care to, and you will find that some inventor has thought about it before you, and thought about it more completely than you have. Think of chewing gum. A Montana inventor has seen there an opportunity for a useful invention. He says in his patent papers:

"Those addicted to the habit of chewing gum, becoming tired of chewing and not wishing to entirely discard the wad, have often felt the need of a neat and simple contrivance for storing it away until wanted, and in order to supply this demand I have devised a receptacle that can be made of ornamental appearance to be worn on the lapel or front of the dress, and of such construction that the gum will be held within



the casing and not liable to fall out when the lid is opened."

One of the demands of our civilization is that we must live in houses and there is no limit to the originality displayed by inventors not only in constructing dwellings, but in keeping them habitable. One of the things that bothers house-owners from time to time is the presence of rats and mice. Innumerable are the ways to kill or trap them. One inventor has combined the catching of them with the amusing of the baby. His patented invention is a glass ball with an outwardly swinging door. The mouse steals in to get a piece of cheese, the door slams shut, and baby has a delightful ball to play with, with a real live mouse inside.

More effective, however, is the device of a Rhode Island inventor. He explains at length that rats and mice are shy and distrustful, even toward members of their own families, and that as a rule the tinkling of a bell is very terrifying to them. If pursued by a bell they will leave their haunts and homes and never return. Relying upon this characteristic, he had invented a simple contraption whereby when a rat nibbles at a piece of cheese a ring is clamped about his neck. Attached to this ring are one or more bells. The bells jingle and the rat runs back to his burrow. The rest of the rats hear him coming and flee. He runs after them. Thus the premises are immediately and permanently freed of rats or mice.

It was Emerson who said that if a man made a better mouse trap than his neighbors the world would beat a path to his door, though he lived in a wilderness. If that be true, we may soon expect to see a new concrete highway in Rhode Island as knowledge of this patent becomes more widespread.

No matter what the creature with which man is at war, the inventor has provided a means of combating him. For insects there is a patented trap. This consists of two boards, one slightly wedge-shaped, hinged in the middle. Between the two some bait is placed. You put the trap under your pillow when you go to bed at night. Along come the insects. They crawl between the boards and commence to dine. As you toss

and turn on the pillow, first one side and then the other of the upper board is pressed down on the lower board. Your insects are neatly and effectively squashed.

But men war not only against other creatures of the animal world but against each other. If they must fight, the inventor is the boy to show them how to do it efficiently and safely. Just think back to the World War. Here is a line of American trenches. Over there is a line of German trenches. One of our doughboys sticks his head up over the top. Bang goes a German rifle. Mighty uncomfortable for our boys: they can't look over to shoot at the Germans without getting shot at.

That is, they thought they couldn't, but that was because they were not familiar with the patent issued to a Philadelphia man for a gun that would shoot around a corner or over the top of a trench. It is simplicity itself, the patent papers explaining:

"ONE object of the invention is to so construct a firearm that it can be used in a trench with the aid of a periscope without exposing the soldier to the fire of the enemy. This object I attain by curving the outer end of the barrel so as to deflect the projectile in a direction at an angle to the longitudinal line of the firearm."

That's all—just a gun with a curved barrel. He also provides a short section of curved barrel which you can screw on the end of your regular rifle. As for aiming this around-the-corner gun, all you do is have a little mirror fastened to the barrel exactly at the bend and at an angle of forty-five degrees. Just sit down at the bottom of the trench in safety, look in the mirror, and fire any time you are ready. It can be used with certain types of machine guns, too, the inventor says, and with some types of cannon.

Man's conquests, however, nowhere are exemplified better than in the progress of agriculture. Down on the farm, they tell us, there are only a few things you can do  
(Continued on page 48)



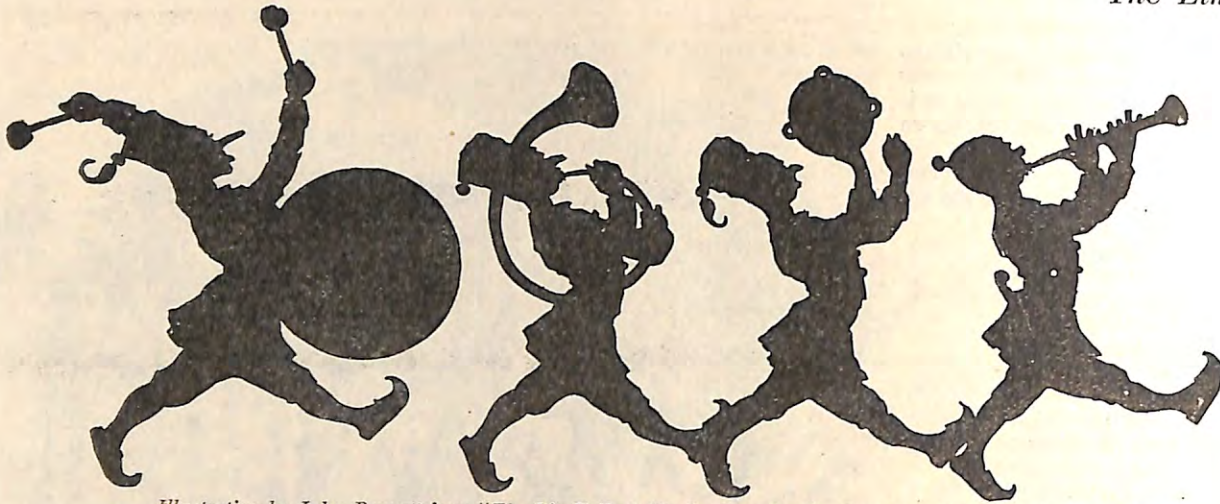


Illustration by John Bennett from "The Pig Tail of Ahr Lee Ben Loo." Courtesy of Longmans Green Co.

## Announcing One Hundred Hand-Picked Books for Christmas

### Biography *Goethals*

Genius of The Panama Canal. By Joseph Bucklin Bishop and Farnham Bishop. (Harper & Brothers, New York. \$5.00.)

**D**RAMATIC, and sometimes touching, biography of the man who cut a continent in two. Though one of the greatest engineers of all ages, he always remained at heart the simple soldier.

### *Morgan the Magnificent*

By John K. Winkler. (The Vanguard Press, New York. \$3.50.)

**H**IGH-LIGHT and low-down on "J. P."—the man who, half-poet, half-pirate, founded the great American banking house that bears his name and is known the wide world over.

### *The Story of San Michele*

By Dr. Axel Munthe. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3.00.)

**T**HE memoirs, adventures and impressions of a famous medical man, told with the combined technique of a scientist and a novelist. Absorbing; and one of the most talked-of books of the year.

### *The Changing Years*

By Norman Hapgood. (Farrar & Rinehart, New York. \$4.00.)

**R**EPORTER—editor—statesman—friend of famous men—participator in momentous events. Reminiscences splendidly worth reading.

### *Daniel Webster*

By Claude M. Fuess. 2 Vols. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. \$10.00. In box.)

**B**RIILLIANT analysis of the work and personality of one of America's most illustrious orators and statesmen. A book that has been ten years in the making. A comprehensive and magnetic life-story.

### *High Stakes and Hair Trigger*

The Life of Jefferson Davis. By Robert W. Winston. (Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$3.50.)

**J**UDGE WINSTON vigorously reconstructs the life-story of the President of

### By Claire Wallace Flynn

the Confederacy, and the tragic era in which he played so important a part.

### *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*

By Major F. Yeats-Brown. (The Viking Press, New York. \$2.75.)

**H**ERE is incredible romance, danger, picturesqueness and a great fund of important facts. These reminiscences of an English army man take in a wide scope—India, the war, England; and adventures in varied perilous situations. The writer's searching into the mysticism of the East provides many audacious chapters.

### *Here Comes Pancho Villa*

By Louis Stevens. (Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. \$2.50.)

**A**N X-RAY, so to speak, into the very heart of the prodigious bandit who terrorized Mexico and disturbed a considerable number of Americans.

### *Fifty-two Years of Research*

By Henry Fairfield Osborn. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.)

**O**BSERVATIONS and writings of the late Curator of the Museum of Natural History, in New York. A book full of fine enthusiasm, and letting one look into the inner sanctum of a scientist and a great personality.

### *Actors—And People*

By Peggy Wood. (D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.50.)

**C**HAT—anecdotes—biographical sketches of theatrical folk and others, by that delightful Peggy Wood whom everybody knows on stage and screen.

### *Twinkle, Twinkle, Movie Star!*

By Harry Brundage, with Introduction by Jesse L. Lasky. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3.00.)

**S**NAP-SHOT biographies of the most famous of the film folk; done with considerable cleverness and providing unusual glimpses of the men and women who entertain us in the talkies.

### *Nero*

Singing Emperor of Rome. By Arthur Weigall. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$5.00.)

**G**OOD gracious! Nobody has ever before dared to say such amazing things about the famous Roman.

### Important Novels

#### *On Forsyte 'Change*

By John Galsworthy. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50.)

**N**INETEEN short and beautifully written tales about the Forsytes—that famous family created by England's premier novelist, and through whose lives and intermingling dramas we are given a remarkable picture of England and England's changing standards from the Victorian era down to the present. These tales fill in many chinks and round out many of the Galsworthy characters. Perfect workmanship.

#### *24 Hours*

By Louis Bromfield. (Frederick A. Stokes, Co., New York. \$2.50.)

**A** VERY modern and dashing novel of New York, covering a concentrated period of time but a generous range of people and incidents. A smart, sensational hit; and now made into a play.

#### *The Waters Under the Earth*

By Martha Ostenso. (Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.)

**A** NOVEL of great fascination by one of our important younger writers. The story of the Wellands—their home life—their growth—their conflicting impulses—their disasters—and their loves. A book full of humanity and rich thought.

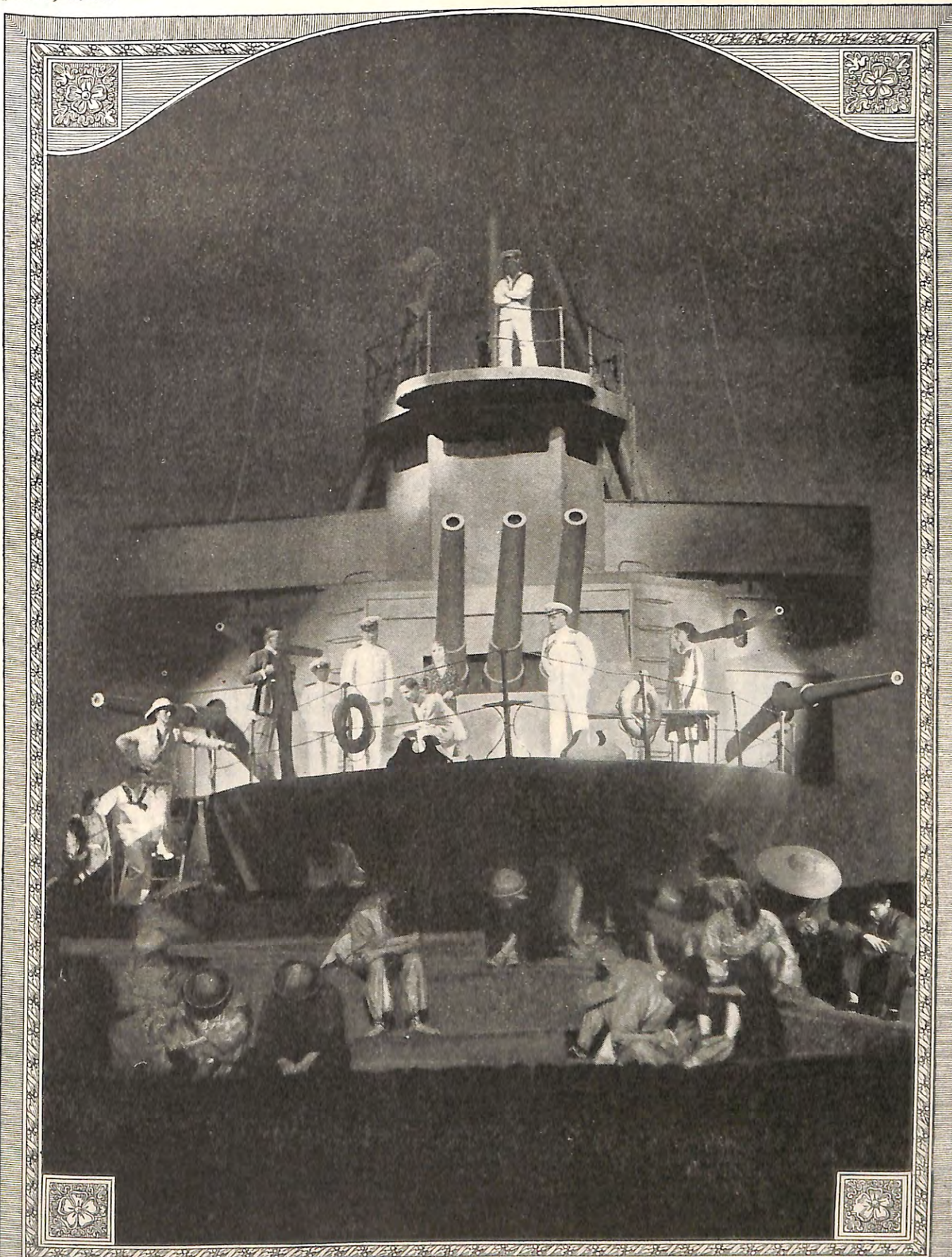
#### *The Bitter Tea of General Yen*

By Grace Zaring Stone. (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. \$2.00.)

**T**HE author has a wise and witty way with her; she evolves a gripping and psychological situation out of war-time China, an American girl, and a European-educated Chinese General. A bewitching story and a delicate and well-founded appraisal of an ancient people.

(Continued on page 59)





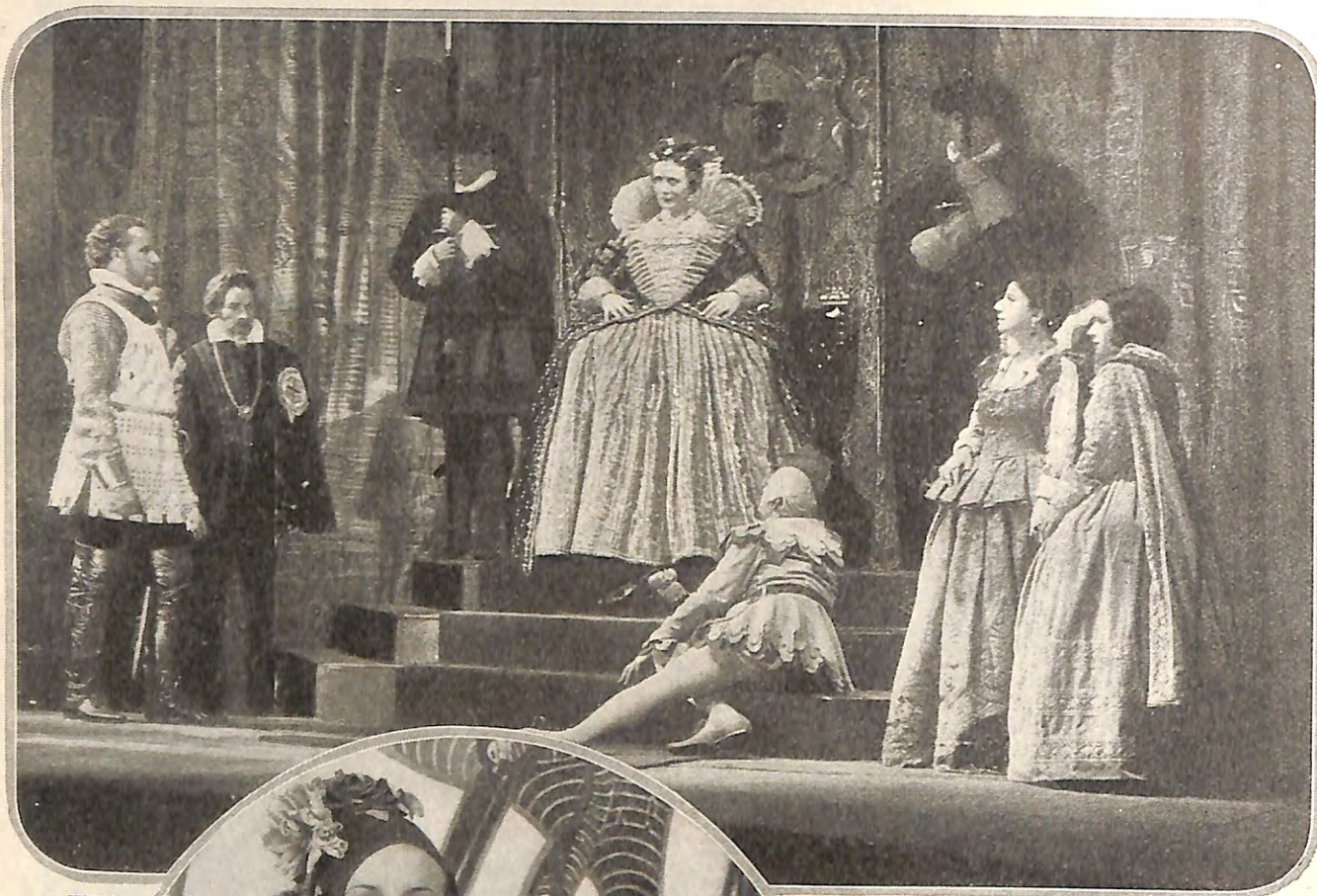
### Scene from "Roar China"

ONE of the most interesting angles of S. M. Tretakov's "Roar China," a play of oppression and revolution, is the spectacular. The Theatre Guild and Lee Simonson have outdone themselves in novelty and effectiveness of setting. The scene is the waterfront of a river in China and a great tank has been installed on the stage which floats a British man-of-

war and half a dozen sampans. Excellent performances are given by the forty or more Chinese players. Indeed they outshine the white members of the cast, among whom are Eric Blore, William Gargan, Eva Condon, Erskine Sanford, Danchia Robertson and Edward Cooper. The story is not only good propaganda but genuinely moving and exciting.—E.R.B.

VANDAM



PHOTOS BY  
VANDAM

The Theatre Guild's production of "Elizabeth the Queen" is a spectacle to fill the eye and a play to delight the mind of all beholders. Maxwell Anderson has written a queen who is at once masterful, shrewd, vain and vacillating, and Lynn Fontanne, enthroned above, brings to her portrayal the most finished and glamorous acting of her fine career. The action covers the period of the stormy and tragic love affair of the Queen with Lord Essex. Alfred Lunt (extreme left) makes a handsome and capable Essex and the rest of the large cast are unexceptionably good

"Princess Charming," with book by Jack Donahue and music by Albert Sirmay and Arthur Schwartz, manages to be a thoroughly pleasing operetta without being outstandingly distinguished. Evelyn Herbert and Robert Holliday, in the leading rôles, contribute splendid voices to this twice-told tale of love and revolution in a mythical kingdom of Central Europe. But the real sensation of the evening is the acting and singing of Jeanne Aubert (circle). She is an excellent comedienne, has personality and allure of an outstanding quality, and to cap that, a really splendid voice. Her song "I Love Love" stops the show

Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen (right) head the cast of "Three's a Crowd." Most of the credit for writing both text and music for this revue belongs to Howard Dietz. He has done an amazingly good job and turned out an adult entertainment that is never slow, often scintillating and almost continuously amusing. Clifton Webb's dancing runs the gamut of many moods, and is a thing to be very grateful for. There's a lot of other good dancing, attractive and colorful settings and the whole performance is bright and unhackneyed





Guy Bolton and John McGowan have sprinkled amusing situations generously through the story of "Girl Crazy," and George and Ira Gershwin have garnished them with tuneful music and snappy lyrics. But it is the priceless fooling of Willie Howard (right, flanked by Allen Kearns and Ginger Rogers) that brings the mixture to the boiling point of hilarious entertainment

Reviews by  
Esther R. Bien



PHOTO BY  
VANDAMM

The first Shakespearean revival of the season is "Twelfth Night," in which Jane Cowl and Leon Quartermaine (left) appear as Olivia and Malvolio respectively. It is a good production with an excellent Sir Toby Belch in the person of Walter Kingsford and a clever stage device which facilitates the smooth and rapid flow of the many scenes. Some of the interpretations, especially those of Miss Cowl and Mr. Quartermaine, lean strongly toward the dramatic rather than the comic possibilities of the roles, but it is an interesting and pleasurable production

If you've read the papers, and more especially kept track of the crime problems of Chicago, you have a very good general idea of the plot material of Edgar Wallace's new melodrama "On the Spot." A couple of top-hole gangsters double-cross and triple-cross each other in their battle for supremacy. There's a lot of off-stage killing and one ingeniously staged murder before your eyes. It's exciting and well done. Here are three of the principals (right), Arthur R. Vinton, Anna May Wong and Crane Wilbur







# The Cruelest Business in the World

## *Narcotic Drug Smuggling, and the Relentless Warfare Against It*

By Boyden Sparkes

*Illustrated by Herbert F. Roese*

THE passengers had all vanished—into America. The last one had passed through the picket fence on the pier that is the tangible barrier of the customs service of the United States. The rich passengers had been whisked away in costly limousines; others had gone in the fleets of taxicabs that always cluster along the waterfront where a ship is docking; some had been carried away in the automobiles of welcoming friends or relatives; some, laden with hand luggage, had walked to the nearest street car.

Each of those passengers before leaving the pier had been subjected to the formalities that attend the crossing of any national frontier. The baggage of all, whether encased in trunks, suitcases, portmanteaux, walrus bags, canvas carry-alls or paper bundles, had passed under the sharp eyes of the customs men. Prying, official fingers had explored deeply among the intimate garments and myriad souvenirs of foreign travel, contrasting the written declarations of the owners with the actual contents of their luggage. Certainly not much was smuggled past the customs by the passengers; but when the passengers had gone the real work of the customs men began.

Then the covers were lifted from the hatchways, steam-winchs went into action and soon net slings were being swung from the ship to the pier by creaking cargo booms. Tons of freight were dragged from the cavernous hull of the great liner and deposited on the pier to be snatched up by men, stevedores, moving with hand-trucks in ant-like processions. Staunch packing cases, mysterious objects in jute sacking, bales of fabric, barrels, kegs and other containers came in streams from the holds to the floor of the pier. Each of the countless pieces was of interest to the customs men. Most of it was dutiable, so tons of the freight were sent to the great warehouse which is known in New York as the Appraisers Stores, there to be examined by government experts and the duty fixed and levied. One other thing was accomplished in this combing search.

It was determined that no precious cargoes were being imported in the guise of cheaper wares. The task was accomplished speedily and efficiently; but there was a quantity of merchandise taken from that ship which was not examined by the customs men.

These were boxes and barrels that were stamped with a symbol that seemed to confer immunity on the cased contents. Each piece of this character bore somewhere on its surface two stenciled letters—I. T. To the men on the pier those letters signified that the case so marked was in transit, passing through the United States on its way to a destination in some other country. It was, so to speak, guest freight. There have been instances when there has been an abuse of this national hospitality, and in the course of years rules have been made governing the passage of such freight through the country, designed to insure its eventual departure for its proper destination. Consequently merchandise from China passing through America en route to Europe, or from Europe to Asia, or Canada or Mexico moves in a restricted corridor formed of bonded warehouses and of handlers who are themselves bonded not to betray the Government.

On this day a number of packing cases which passed the customs men by virtue of those potent letters, I. T., were loaded in a truck. The ship's manifest showed that these boxes were filled with toys, ten-pins, destined for Japan. They were the product of some factory in Central Europe where the scale of wages is so low as to give economic plausibility to the suggestion that there might be a profit for the manufacturer who shipped wares so cheaply made to the other side of the world. Nothing happened at the pier to arouse suspicion.

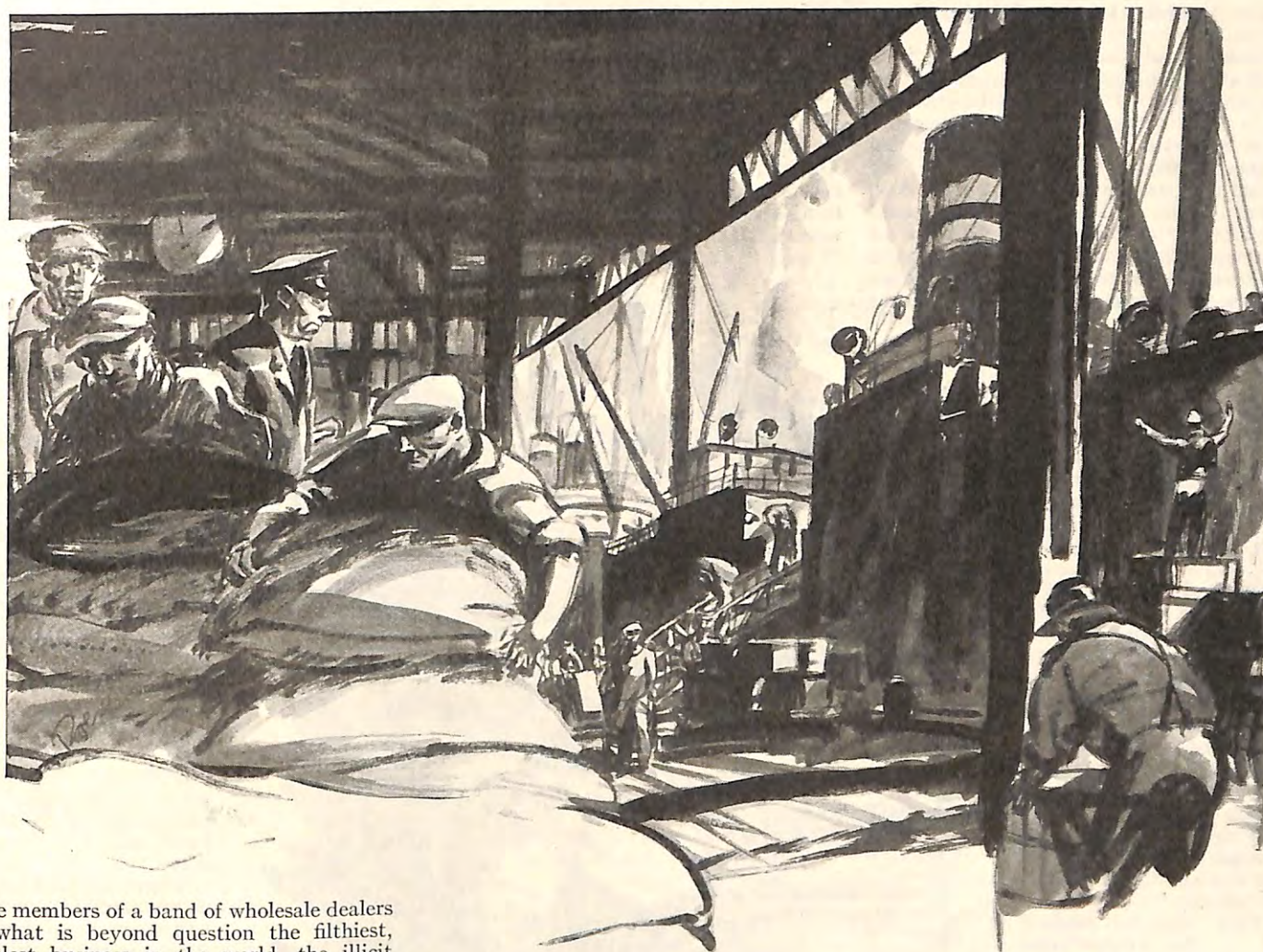
The boxes were loaded. The truckman started his engine. Vehicle and load vanished into the seething traffic of New York City. There are agencies of the Gov-

ernment, however, which take nothing for granted, and in the wake of that truck there moved a taxicab. In the cab were three gentlemen who seemed to have nothing better to do than to keep that truckload of ten-pins from getting out of sight. When the truck encountered stagnant places in the crosstown traffic the taxicab chauffeur, under instructions from his fares, managed to delay his progress likewise. Consequently when the truck halted finally in front of a West Side loft building the men in the taxicab were in a position to observe that the driver tumbled three of the heavy cases to the sidewalk.

ALMOST immediately three cases precisely like those on the sidewalk were trundled out of the freight elevator of the loft building by two men, who then proceeded, with the assistance of the truck driver, to put them in the place of those which had been dumped off. The truck driver then drove on to the bonded warehouse to which he was supposed to have gone without stopping. But the men in the taxicab who knew when and where they could lay their hands on the culpable truck driver continued with a dissembling casualness to loiter within view of those boxes on the sidewalk. They saw the men with the hand-truck tilt it, insert the steel blade of the sturdy little vehicle beneath its bottom and then roll it into the elevator. Even then they waited. They waited perhaps ten minutes more, long enough for the elevator to rise to the topmost loft. Then they rushed into the building.

They had revolvers in their hands as they charged upstairs and they were ready to shoot, if necessary, as they burst open a door on the top floor of the dusty old building. What they saw when they opened that door were the astonished faces of three men who stood terrified, caught in the very act of prying open one of the mysterious I. T. cases. Two of the raiders were detectives of the New York police department. The third man was an agent of the Federal Narcotic Bureau. The three whom they then arrested





were members of a band of wholesale dealers in what is beyond question the filthiest, cruellest business in the world, the illicit distribution and sale of narcotic drugs.

The boxes which had been so cunningly diverted from their channel were filled with ten-pins, ten-pins gaudy with red and blue paint; but they were hollow ten-pins. Each was found to contain a quantity of morphine. Those men who were caught red-handed that day are still in prison and will be there for a long time to come; so is that warehouse truck driver whom they had corrupted. The ringleader was sent to prison for fourteen years; another was sentenced to eight years; the driver of the truck got two years. A part of the evidence against them was a cablegram seized at the time of the arrests. This message had been sent from the shipper of the drugs, and gave directions for forging the boxes that were to be substituted for those containing the contraband.

The incident is but one in a constant traffic with which the authorities are at war. The smugglers, those who deal in their contraband merchandise, and the wretched victims of the appetite it feeds are a moldy, unsightly part of the fabric of America. Those who seek to understand it find themselves incessantly striving to interpret mad grotesqueries of an insane, minor world; an underworld, indeed.

First of all, the victims: A New York physician who is a member of the Congress of the United States, Dr. William I. Sirovich, believes that there are two million of them in the country. Dr. Sirovich has made himself an authority on the subject, and undoubtedly his estimate is more than a guess. Others who are seeking to bring the disease of drug addiction under control have expressed the belief that there are at least one million victims. Beyond any question, there are hundreds of thousands who are almost hopelessly enslaved. Who are they? Some few are highly placed, brilliant, useful physi-

cians, lawyers, financiers, journalists, actors; but the majority are less consequential, and an astounding proportion are criminals. Some, for a reason which will be explained, are criminals because of their addiction.

OUT of so many, where may a person seeking to understand the hideous traffic see and talk with one of them? The answer to that, for one who lives in New York, is a strip of land in the East River, a place called Blackwell's Island until the grisly connotations of that name induced the municipal authorities to rename it in recent times. Now it is called Welfare Island. There is a prison on that island, a general hospital, some other institutions, and a special hospital for the treatment of drug addicts and persons afflicted with certain contagious diseases. That was where I went to see a drug addict.

Those who are to be ferried to that island go to a dock at the foot of Eighty-sixth Street. The ferry is a tug-boat that has been in the service of the city for thirty years or more. Until about four years ago, it was the craft of a civil service Charon, who every day ferried to Hart's Island the unidentified or impoverished dead of the metropolis so that they might be interred in Potter's Field. Charon is no longer Charon; but his newer task is quite as grim. There are four gold stripes on his sleeve and from his tiny pilot house he expresses an authority as absolute as if he wore those stripes on the bridge of a man-of-war.

Nowadays, he carries—among others—the living dead of the city; men and women who go to that island, often voluntarily, to be locked in cells. The cells serve as a substitute for their lack of will power with which to withstand a craving that when

unsatisfied becomes a hideous torture. On a recent summer day, when I made the trip, the first passenger aboard was a Roman Catholic priest, wearing a stiff straw hat, going to carry consolation to some afflicted parishioner. After him crowded several negroes, one a fat, chocolate-colored woman in a black lace frock; several very young white girls, blonde, with a wistful prettiness. All these were visitors.

A yank at a lever in the pilot house caused a bell to clang-dang in the engine-room, and then the squat nose of the tug was thrust against the rushing tide of the East River, which is not a river at all, but a cold arm of the sea that embraces the landward shore of Long Island. This very craft has been the secret carrier of smuggled drugs. Not long ago, a butcher employed to handle the meats served to the inmates of that hospital where drug addicts are treated, was arrested. It had been discovered that on his trips to the mainland he was supplying himself with drugs that he sold to the addicts in that prison hospital. His salary was \$75 a month. An official scrutiny of his bank account disclosed that he was depositing from \$250 to \$300 a month—the profits of his treachery.

ON THAT green island which shelters some of the grimmest machinery of New York City, the drug addicts are confined in a jail building that was no longer new when the Civil War was fought. Paint and scrubbing-brushes and disinfectants have kept it modern in spite of its ugliness. It is a real hospital, where the city does its best to erase some of the evil that is marked on socially inadequate members of its multitude.

The warden is Henry O. Schleth, a man



with a Vandyke beard, efficient and assertive.

"You stay here awhile," he told me, "and you'll change your ideas about drugs and drug addiction. There would be times, if you kept at my heels long enough, when you would feel as if you had been transported to another world, where intelligence was warped into strange patterns. Cures? Yes, a few. There would be more if we could develop some kind of follow-up work after treatment. We get all kinds in the course of a year; business men, lawyers, clerks, laborers. We have had four physicians here for treatment within recent months.

"I'll tell you about a cure. He is an Italian who lives in Brooklyn. He was shot up during the war. At a base hospital, overseas, he was made an addict during the period that his frightfully painful wounds were healing. Then he came home and entered civil life. He married and had children. I will tell you just what he told me when he walked into this office and said he wanted to be locked up until he was cured. He is badly crippled, and he told me that he had been sitting on his bed in his Brooklyn flat preparing to inject a shot of morphine into his arm, when his little four-year-old kid walked into the room and called to him. That was all. The kid just said, 'Daddy.'

"That veteran walked over to the window and threw out his morphine, his hypodermic needle, and all the rest of the apparatus for the satisfaction of his appetite for the drug. Then he went before a magistrate and asked to be committed here for treatment. 'I want to stay here,' he told me, 'until I can go home and hear that kid call me 'Daddy' without being ashamed of myself. I want him to have a real Daddy.'

"That man was discharged some months ago. He is working. He is not taking dope. He is cured because he wants to be cured, and he will stay cured just so long as he wants to. But don't get the idea it was easy. That fellow had manhood; guts.

"I have known addicts here for treatment who would fake a case of appendicitis to get a shot of morphine. They will have teeth extracted for the same vain purpose; have their bellies cut open, if only they can by that means persuade the doctors to give them the substance they crave. They will fake fits, induce hemorrhages, or inflict terrible wounds on themselves, all for the purpose of getting some of the drug."

IT WAS after this meeting with the warden that I was permitted to talk to two of his charges. Two out of two million! Or two out of half a million; whatever the total, it is frightful to contemplate, for they are a slave population dwelling in present-day America. I had been escorted into a high-ceilinged chamber, a place of somber brick and steel and stone. We walked along a gallery, the doctor and I. There were other galleries underfoot and more overhead. Each gallery was the pathway along an avenue of cells, and the tiers seemed to rise to dizzy heights.

These two that I spoke with came to the front of their cell when the doctor called to them. They were locked in. I do not know whether they had been taken there as prisoners or whether they went voluntarily, as so many do who want to be released from the spell of their chemical enchantment. Anyway, they were there, and they were locked in. Both were tall men. One was thin, his nose pointed, and his eyes were wolfish. He was a stage electrician, he told



me. This was the third or fourth time he had been subjected to a cure. One thin hand clutched an iron bar of the door that separated us. His manner was as casual as if we were chatting on a country-club porch.

"How did I start? Well, I was around with people all the time, and some of them were 'on' the stuff. I tried it the way you might take a strange drink, out of curiosity. I tried it a number of times. Then, one day, I realized I was hooked. I could not do without it."

Suddenly his expression changed as swiftly, as completely as if he had been an actor, a Lon Chaney. Tearful anger constricted his mouth.

"I was all right until I got in that prison," he said fiercely. "They made me take it again. They'd of killed me."

Afterwards I asked the doctor if that was one of the times when an addict was not to be believed.

"No," he replied. "I think he is telling the truth. He was in prison for some misdemeanor, and he had been cured. I suppose by 'they' he means other prisoners."

"But why should they force him to take morphine against his will, against his earnest desire to leave it alone? Why would they have killed him?"

"You have to stay around a place like this a while to understand that sort of thing. I imagine they made him take it for the simple reason that once his appetite was reawakened, they could trust him not to squeal on them nor to betray to the administrators of the prison where he was, the means by which drugs were being smuggled into the place to supply the addicts among the prisoners. It was the easiest way to stop his tongue."

The other addict that I talked with was a man who makes his living along the water-front as a stevedore when he is able to work. During the war he served overseas as an artilleryman.

"They kept shooting hop into me in the hospital, after I was wounded," he said. "When I got out I had to have it."

When he said this he was talking to me; then he began to address the doctor with an almost tearful earnestness.

"I'm all right, now, doctor," he said. "I think I'll get along all right. The wife is going to have a baby, and I ought to be home."

The doctor said nothing. As we started away, those two kept their wretched faces pressed against the bars, still trying to hold the doctor in conversation. Stepping into the fresh air, I realized that I had been observing a paradox. Prison for these two was

not the cells they occupied. The cells were a part of the road to liberty; their prison lay outside the walls, across the river in the city where peddlers with an inhuman greed sell the stuff that keeps them enthralled.

For further light on the drug traffic, the smugglers and their unhappy market, I went to New York Police Headquarters and talked with a man who used the word "bewitched" as he fumbled for a precise utterance to express the terrible situation of an addict. He is Captain Henry Scherb, a giant of a man, richly endowed with the special wisdom that accrues to those who long wield police authority.

"From five to eight hundred addicts," he told me, "come to my office every year, seeking to be cured of their affliction. This is a last resort for them. Most of them who come here have seen better days. We usually start them on the road to the correctional hospital on Welfare Island, where they are given a course of treatment, lasting, as a rule, from twenty to twenty-five days.

"Now I am going to tell you something startling. Drug addiction is not spreading, at least not in New York City. I can show you that, back in 1920, the average age of those with whom I had contact was twenty to twenty-two years; to-day, the average age is around thirty or thirty-five years. That is most significant. It means that this commerce is being brought under control. To support that, I can give you another proof; it is one that should weigh heavily with any business man accustomed to consider the economic law of supply and demand.



"Back in 1915, morphine was being peddled in New York for \$30 or \$40 an ounce. To-day, the price is \$140 an ounce, or thereabouts. And let me remind you that you can buy more than seven ounces of fine gold for that much money.

"The farther west you go, the higher the price. We are told by men in the Federal service that the price in San Francisco is \$180 an ounce.

"In New York, back in 1915, it was possible for an addict to buy three pills of heroin for ten cents. An ounce cost from \$20 to \$25. To-day, an ounce costs \$140, according to our information. Heroin is to morphine as dynamite is to gunpowder. It is the drug most commonly used by underworld addicts in this city. It is not used by physicians. It is unlawful to manufacture it, to import it, or to have it in your possession. It is absolute contraband, a chemical outlaw.

"Both morphine and heroin are derivatives of gum opium which comes from the poppy plant. Curiously enough heroin was first produced by chemists seeking a drug that would cure people of morphine addiction. Well, heroin cures 'em of the morphine habit, all right. They stop taking morphine and begin taking heroin. It is about ten times as powerful.

"**N**OW, how do I explain this sharp rise in the cost of the product? I have already told you that the demand is not increasing. That is pretty clearly indicated by the equally sharp reduction in the number of youthful addicts. The price has gone up because the supply has diminished. New laws have helped enormously.

"Until eighteen months ago any crook who wanted to make money was likely to turn to drug peddling. If he was caught he could only be charged with an offense then rated as a misdemeanor. Now, if he is caught it's a different story. Selling today is a felony. Under the Baumes Laws a criminal with a record of previous convictions who is caught peddling dope may be sent to Sing Sing for life. They don't like that. Consequently there are fewer peddlers.

"I remember back in 1916 when we arrested three of the biggest shots in the drug business. They had their headquarters in a couple of furnished rooms on the East Side. We caught them red-handed. They had several trunks filled with morphine and heroin. Imagine that! When you have trunk loads of a substance selling for more than twice its weight in gold you are engaged in big business. What happened? We took those men into court and there they were fined. They paid their fines with the profits from just a few ounces of the stuff they sold. It is not so easy for them today.

"**I**T IS a great underground trade and we are constantly trying to catch the people engaged in it. That is why we watch the addicts. The addicts all have sources of supply but they never willingly turn on the peddlers. Their peddler is their salvationist. They want to cherish the connection even when they are going away for a cure.

"Often when we are looking for a lead, for some thread of information that can be traced to one of the criminal sellers of dope we shadow the addicts. Our men are trained to recognize them. They become so skilful they learn to know at first sight whether an addict encountered on the street or in a restaurant has dope in his possession. Usually the addict carries it in his hand, clutched tightly, the arm tense. You want to remember that the morphine addict betrays his addiction when he needs a dose of his drug. Drugged, he seems to laymen to be a fairly normal person.

"I asked one of them one time how he felt when he was deprived of his drug. He pointed to an exposed steam pipe just below

the ceiling in the chamber where we talked.

"See that pipe?" he asked. "Well, just imagine having that in your head with someone pounding on it with a heavy hammer and while the pounding persisted imagine the pipe swelling, swelling, swelling."

"All the addicts I have ever known are inveterate cigarette smokers. We, who know them by sight, see them knocking around town in all kinds of weather, undisturbed by snow or rain. I don't know if there is any medical explanation of it but it is a curious fact that a great many of them have thick, bushy hair. Some day a scientist may dig something out of that, but what it means I don't know.

"There are other distinguishing marks. A man recently dosed with morphine looks at you with eyes in which the pupils have contracted to mere pin-points; but a man filled with heroin or cocaine looks at the world through dilated eyes. The cocaine fiend is the worst of all. A great many persons addicted to morphine arouse in me only pity but I never saw a cocaine fiend who did not make me feel uneasy. We call them 'leapers.' They can't sit still; as they go along the street they keep looking over their shoulders. There are some who use heroin and cocaine in combination. Many criminals do. The cocaine bolsters up their courage when they are planning some atrocity calling for daring.

"Now, I'm going to tell you something else. One of the misconceptions about narcotic drugs is a belief that they are an aphrodisiac; the truth is that these substances destroy reproductive powers. I believe, if this fact were better understood, there would be fewer addicts."

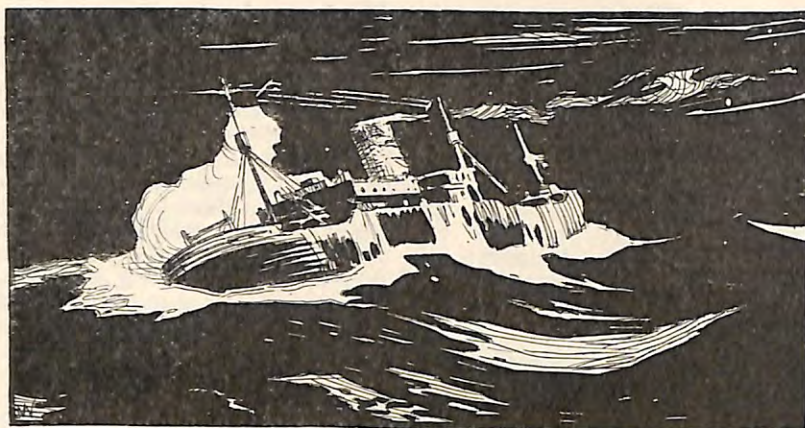
Enough has been said up to now to establish that the addicts, whatever their number

(Continued on page 56)

The three men stood terrified, caught in the very act of prying open one of the mysterious I. T. cases







# Slippage

## A Story of the Sea and Of Scotch Logic

By F. R. Buckley

Illustrated by John D. Whiting

AS a passenger, of course, I should have fed in the cuddy, where the steward wears a white jacket and serves anchovies in a glass dish; but if there is one thing I can not stand at sea—especially on a two-thousand-ton tramp—it is honeymoon couples.

For twenty-four hours or two days, according to the state of the weather, they touch hands when passing the salt, and stare pityingly at the unaccompanied male; and then Sweetie Bird gets seasick, and Honey Boy comes down to dinner with no appetite and a face that would make Rabelais table-talk about the tariff. And there are whispered instructions to the steward about gruel; and from cabins adjoining the saloon come dishevelled trays and strange noises mingled with "Now, now, darling!" and "Poppa's poor brave girl!" and it is the act of a blackguard to smoke nearer to civilization than the fore-castle head.

So, since the *John King* boasted two such couples (respectively from the Boston and Baltimore offices of the Firm), I obtained the dispensation and moved down the alley to the mess-room, where the engineers eat with the mates, and the ship's boy serves sardines four days in the original tin. And the inhabitants welcomed me with water poured into my lap down a gutter made out of the table-oilcloth, and subsequently talked about their various businesses, and I talked about mine. After a couple of meals I found myself being stared at by the Chief Engineer.

"Isn't it you that writes," said McWhee, "for *Wilkins' Magazine*?"

I have met McWhee many times since then and sailed ship-mates with him, and put him to bed on occasions when his own idea was to take his socks off over his head, but age has not withered, nor custom staled, my memory of him as he appeared at that moment in the mess-room of the *John King*. Over a pair of piercing gray eyes, turned upon me with a look of unfathomable reproach, he wore an outsize in gents' pepper-and-salt eyebrows; and between these a nose which, beginning in the aquiline mode, came, near its tip, to resemble nothing so much as a beefsteak mushroom. Below this, a long and deeply channeled upper lip led to the mouth of a Covenanter and a chin which might have been hewn out of teak with a blunt adze.

"Did you write," said Mr. McWhee, "yon article about propeller-slippage?"

Now, it had not been an article, but a short story and a Work of Art; and so far from being about propellers or their slip, it had dealt with the heart affairs of a third mate who had inherited an earldom. But I knew what he meant, and bit my cheek instead of the boiled beef.

"Aye," said McWhee, tearing a piece of

bread apart slowly, "I thocht so. Or at least I thocht ye might ken the author. I should like a few warnds wi' ye later."

He packed one of the pieces of bread into his right cheek, and regarded me, ruminant.

"Just," he said broodingly, "a few warnds."

So we went below, to the engine-room, where the temperature on that particular evening was 115 degrees; and Mr. McWhee, having swabbed off a bulkhead with cotton waste (which he then handed me for the swabbing of my brow), produced a piece of chalk and wrote down the figures:

.00028.

"D'ye ken what yon is?" he asked, his eye pinning me against the low-pressure crankpit guard. "Ye dinna? I thocht as much. Weel, yon's the pitch of the propeller expressed in miles. Twenty-eight ten thousandths of a mile, or fourteen feet. Noo, d'ye ken these ither figures?"

He followed my eye.

"No those," he said patiently, "them's the second's figurin' oot his pay in pesetas. These here, beginnin' wi' the four. I winna ask ye if ye ken what they are, but they're the readin' o' the revolution counter at the change of watch. Subtractin' which from the present readin' of the counter, we hae obviously—four frae sax is two—"

If he had stopped at simple subtraction, I could have followed him; but he did not. He drew bent lines with fish hooks on the ends of them, and he carried fourteen by writing it on the fuel-pump, and he bade me notice what he was going to do with a cube root; he broke his bit of chalk on a bolt-head and swore horribly; and at last he wrote down "8 p.c." on the bulkhead and threw his piece of chalk at the thrust block.

"D'ye see yon?" he demanded. "Is it 8 per cent. or is it no?"

"Certainly," I said.

"THEN show me by what means," said Mr. McWhee, offering me another piece of chalk, "ye arrived at ony such ridiculous figure as 25 per cent.? Before ye begin, I may tell ye that ony ship havin' that much slippage on her propeller wad run at a loss tae her owners. Aye, if she was carryin' ivory, apes an' peacocks."

"I was having a drink with an engineer—" I began feebly.

"What off?"

"The *Peterson*."

"Ritchie, ye mean—wi' the bald head wi' the dent in it?"

Either at the discovery of a mutual friend, or of my propensity for having a drink, Mr. McWhee's attitude changed. Laying a hand on my shoulder, he now sketched briefly the circumstances under which Ritchie had got that scar (on no account to be repeated to Mrs. Ritchie); and, leading

me up the long steel ladder to his quarters, proposed just a small one to celebrate our meeting. His bottle being empty, we adjourned to my cabin, where he put his feet on the washstand and forgot to say "when."

"Twenty-five per cent. slippage!" he said, smiling and shaking his head. "Laddie, laddie! Ye should keep awa frae engine-rooms wi' yer fiction stories. Ah, weel! Doon the hatch! Ye'll no get the like o' this in America. Tell me, what d'ye think of this pro'bition?"

So we talked of that for the obligatory half hour, during which Johnnie Walker shrank rapidly in stature; and then Mr. McWhee resumed his theme.

"IF YE must write thae stories," he said, looking severely at his reflection in the mirror, "ye should stick to the deck. Engines are mathematical; a mon's mistakes can be proved upon him to the thousandth part—boop!—of an inch. Upstairs, naebody knows onything, so that whatever ye say he'd be a bold man would ca' ye a liar. I showed ye doon there my slippage figures—8 per cent. It's correct for this vessel but it's no accordin' to the records, if ye follow me. If oor slippage is more than sax per cent., on the official record, mine ye, ca' me a cod's head, because that low figure for the day's run come frae the captain—towin' his tin fish astern an' squintin' at the heavenly bodies wi' yon stethoscope. Aye, aye! Well, since ye're so pressin'."

And that was all of that bottle, but there was a bell and a steward and accordingly no need to break up.

"But one thing I'll say fer ye," said McWhee. "Na, twa things, damn it. I'm a just mon. Ye dinna think two inches is a drink, an' when ye brocht yon love interest into the story, ye fathered it on a deck officer. Nae engineer would ha' looked twice at yon flibbertigibbet lassie ye had in it. I ken thae wenches wi' great blackeyes in ivory faces. Dinna tell me. Hell-cats. Weel, here's to our noble selves—wha's like us!"

"Engineers marry," I said shortly.

Mr. McWhee transferred his feet to the lower berth and expanded himself.

"They do," he said judiciously, "but no wi' enthusiasm, like yon third mate laddie o' yours. Nor they dinna go ruskin' their lives for a consumptive tid wi' a bad temper an' as like's not no knowledge of sewin' or cookery, of the sort ye wrote aboot. Na, that's deck officers brocht up on gowd braid an' squintin' at the sun wi' sextants. Engineers hae been reared on facts—mathematical facts; if they chance their skins it's for something—boop. I dinna smoke, thank ye; but if ye've no use for what shows above the label—"

Half a tumbler.

"—I could tell ye a story," said McWhee



with benevolence, "that would illustrate my meanin'—the dufference, that is, betwixt deck officers 'n engineers. Ye micht make money o't."

Now I took a drink myself.

"Weel," said McWhee, raising one foot to the upper berth, "there was a ship ca'd the *Mary B.*, in the banana trade to Jamaica some years syne; and in her there was a second engineer that I ken weel. He was one you micht say chanced his skin for something. Boop. So about four bells of the morning watch, which being interpreted meaneth aboot sax o'clock a. m.—"

—the barometer (I hate dialect, and besides, McWhee's was getting pretty thick) fell ominously, a thin uniform haze spread itself across the sky, and the *Mary B.* began to heave over a long, oily swell. The air, theretofore dry and cool, hung dead upon the face of the waters, seeming to distil from itself a fine drizzling rain which increased, during the forenoon, to a deluge. The captain, taking a sight at eight bells with one eye on his sextant and the other on a strange-looking sprout of clouds above the horizon, told his daughter that there

were some chances of a bit of a blow; at which the second mate, meeting the daughter on the other side of the charthouse, laughed heartily.

"More than a bit of a blow, I guess," said Mr. Benson. "Hurricane, if I know anything."

"Is that a bad storm?" asked Miss Wills.

"**B**AD enough. But *you* don't need to worry. So long's we've got plenty of searoom—"

"Daddy told the chief officer it'd hit us before we were clear of Salvador."

Mr. Benson made a face, and then grinned sunnily. He was a large, broad-shouldered young man with a striking profile; and by no means unacceptable (everybody aboard had noticed it) to Miss Fanny Wills. Nor was she—judging by his zeal in explaining to her the taffrail log and the workings of the more isolated winches—entirely distasteful to Mr. Benson. She was a pretty girl, of the buxom school of beauty; and it was notorious that her father owned shares in the *Mary B.*

"Oh, well, shucks," said Mr. Benson

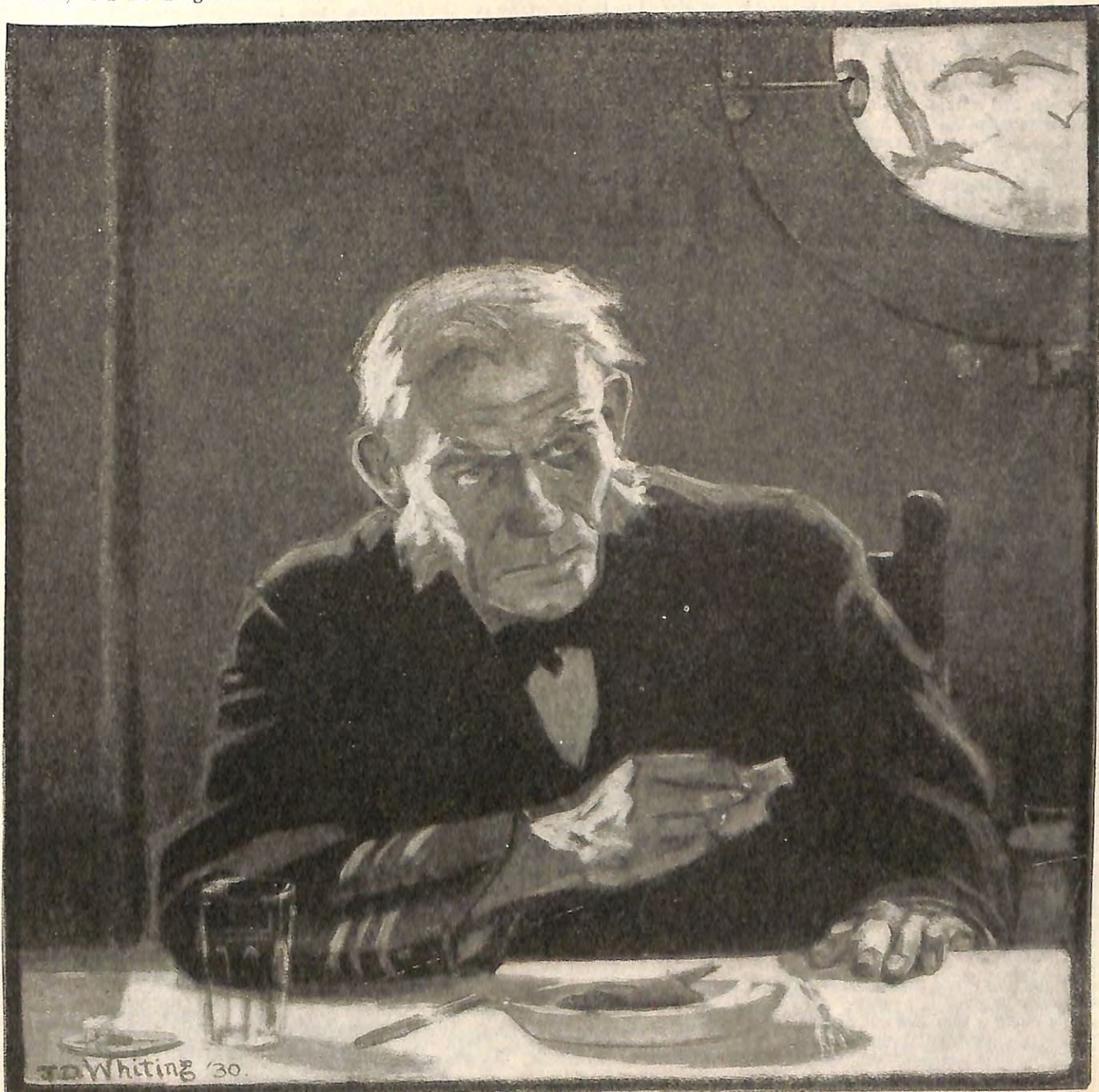
gaily. "We shan't take any hurt. Not with our mascot aboard!"

"Mascot?" said Miss Fanny in a cute manner, kind of frightened.

Mr. Benson took her hands in his and smiled.

"Don't you worry," said the second mate. "So long's your dad and I are here, nothing's going to hurt *you*. Now I've got to—"

"If we run ashore, will you save me?" asked Fanny, edging closer and looking bashfully down at the deck-planks. To which Mr. Benson replied, "You bet I will!" and was, in the opinion of two witnesses, about to seal this promise with a kiss, when he was interrupted. The two witnesses were this second engineer, and the first mate, who provided the interruption. The latter's name was Olaf Lindstrom; he had a wife and four children and very little sympathy with romance, and what he wanted to know was whether he was going to be relieved that day, or whether he was to stay on watch for the rest of his natural life. He regarded with a cold eye the parting between Fanny and the second mate, received in silence Mr.



"Aye," said McWhee. "I thought ye might ken the author. I should like a few warrds wi' ye later. Just a few warrds"



Benson's admonition not to be a crab and, retiring to his cabin, busied himself with the laying out of dry socks and oilskins. This second engineer dropped in and found him thus engaged, and discussed Mr. Benson's heart-affairs over four drinks.

So then the storm struck, and a nice storm it turned out to be. The *Mary B.*'s donkeyman, stationed at the auxiliary throttle to ease the propeller when it raced, was caught early in the blow by an unexpected lurch which hurled him against the stokehold doorsill, to the serious damage of his right shoulder blade, right arm, and the bone behind his right ear; while the second engineer, tightening a leak in the low-pressure cylinder stuffing-box, only saved himself from precipitation into the crankpit by grabbing for the piston rod as the cross-head came up on one of its eighty-four trips to the minute. Luckily, his chin was almost at the limit of the cross-head's travel, or he would have had his jaw driven through the roof of his mouth; as it was, after the chief engineer had come on watch and found him lying on the platform knocked out, and poured a few buckets of cold water on him, he was well enough to go to his cabin under his own power, his idea being to get a little sleep.

However, Mr. Olaf Lindstrom was there, looking for the return of that drink he had cast upon the waters earlier that day; and where men earn but one hundred dollars a month, such obligations take precedence of headaches, you'll understand. So this second engineer got out his last bottle but two and prepared to do his duty.

"Vell, skoll," said Mr. Lindstrom. "Ay don't know, bay Good, if ve shall be drinkin' dis to-morrow naight."

"Why not?"

"Vell, bay Good," said Mr. Lindstrom, who was not a profane man, but who needed something to fill in the pauses while he searched for English words, "you know, bay Good, de old man von't alter speed, nor change her course ayder, bay Good, an' bay Good he von't listen to me how much leeway she makes—"

"What's Benson say?"

"Vell, you know, Benson, he's showin' off, you know, bay Good, for dat girl. He says 'Shoore, hold on, ve get our bananas to New York!' Like hell ve do! Ve land 'em, bay Good I bet you, on de beach at Salvador."

"Ye mean we'll be blown ashore?"

"VELL, bay Good, you know, dere iss miracles, but dey ain't so common, bay Good, an' if ve don't get one, I'll bet you ve go ashore."

"I thoct," said the second engineer, "that San Salvador wis awa' to the ither side o' Panama."

"Vell, one is, bay Good, but dere's another, worse luck for us, right *utenvor* Cat Island, you know."

"Was we no abreast o' that this morn?"

"We was, bay Good, an' we still are. Ve ain't made a mile ahead, bay Good, you know, I bet you, all day. An' dere iss Benson telling the oolt man, 'Shoore ve keep our course, shoore ve don't increase speed, shoore ve land our rotten bananas in New York'—yoost so dat girl look at him med soft eyes. Vell, skoll."

"There's naething like love to mak' a hero oot o' a man."

"To make a tam fool out of him, bay Good!" amended Mr. Lindstrom.

"Tha's what I meant," said the second engineer. And so he went to bed, and the first mate went back to his cabin, and the *Mary B.*, having waddled sidewise her ap-

pointed distance, went ashore on the north side of Salvador Island, in a sort of little bay. And there she lay during a long night, while the racing seas picked her up and banged her down again, breaking two blades off her propeller and (about three a. m.) starting her main steam line just where it entered the engine-room.

THE chief engineer, beating death up the ladder by two feet, made the deck half naked and worked the emergency shut-off. The skin was hanging in strips from his right shoulder, where a small squirt of steam had touched him; and moreover, he stumbled, in the darkness caused by the stoppage of the dynamo, down the whole length of the boat-deck ladder. So that it was of the second engineer that the Captain, now a gray-faced maniac whose hands trembled, demanded enough electricity at least to work the wireless.

"Whit about the batteries?" asked the second engineer, who had a logical mind, you'll remember, and whose head ached.

The captain burst into a sort of scream.

"Are the batteries any business of yours? I'm telling you to get the hell back where you belong an' start up that dynamo! D'you think I'd be down here if the batteries—"

"A'richt. There'll no ship answer an S.O.S. this weather, though."

Captain Willis produced a revolver. Obviously, he was not himself. Probably he was not used to going ashore in hurricanes.

"Are you goin' down?" he demanded.

"As soon," said the second engineer, "as I've my breeks on. Hand the lantern nearer till I see which side's the front. It'll no be the main dynamo, ye ken; so tell Sparks to be marcfil wi' the current."

It was a dynamo—to be exact—located, for just such emergencies as this, on the

platform, level with the cylinder heads. It was driven by a gasoline motor, in whose tank the second engineer—having sprawled his way desperately across ten feet of deck, and knocked his head badly on the block and tackle used for removing the cylinder heads—found, to his surprise, about two quarts of gasoline. And that was all the gasoline there was—enough to run the engine and the wireless, for about one hour.

He sprawled back into the port alleyway, staggered along this to the saloon door, and entered the captain's quarter by the private stairway. Since his jaw was black and blue and twice its natural size, and since the swinging block had cut his head quite badly, it is not to be wondered that Fanny Wills screamed at him. Her father's attitude had not been reassuring; and even Second Officer Benson, who was with her, looked slightly pale about the gills.

"Whaur's the captain?" said this second engineer friend regardless; and stumped up to find him, with Lindstrom, on the bridge.

As an engineer, with a mathematical background, he wanted to take up with the commander a question of percentages of risk, naturally enough. There was kerosene aboard on which, if it were mixed with the gasoline available, the engine might run for several hours; or might refuse to run at all. On the other hand, there was gasoline enough for an hour's S.O.S.'s certainly; after which, since the engine would not start on kerosene, there would be nothing more to be done. He wanted to know which course the captain preferred, and thought it foolish in that gentleman to rave.

"D'you realize where we are?" howled the commander, seeming inclined to reach for his revolver again. "We're aground in a hurricane, you damned thick-headed fool, you—goin' to pieces every minute, an' you come here—"



The second engineer crawled for the whole length of the foredeck



"If we're aground," said the engineer, peering through the dawn-lightened ports of the wheel-house, "so's our betters. Ye'd have me try the kerosene, then, belike?"

The captain did not answer him. With Lindstrom, who was ejaculating, "Bay Good, look at her yump!" he was staring at the American destroyer which had also gone ashore. Two or three hundred yards distant, on the other side of the inlet, the low gray craft was taking a horrible pounding.

"She'd hae gasoline," said the second engineer, and, still getting no answer, returned to his own regions. He roused out the donkey-man, who had to be convinced that a broken right arm does not prevent a man from working with his left; and, after truggles by the light of a flash-lamp, got he gasoline engine started.

It had run (with constant attention, for the kerosene mixture seemed not to be to its taste) for nearly two hours before the wireless man came down to ask what the hell was the matter. His motor-generator had no power on it, and he had been blaming the dynamo. It was another half-hour before he found what was really the matter—a cable wrenched loose from its terminal by the straining of the ship; and by the time he had repaired this—the gas-engine running necessarily but uselessly the while—there was no more fuel left than might suffice for twenty minutes.

WHEREUPON the second engineer crawled forward—through the screaming wind, and the seas that came three feet deep over the *Mary B.*—the whole length of the foredeck to the paint stores; whence he unearthed two or three gallons of turpentine and some alcohol. Having dumped these into the gas engine's tank (except the one can swept over the side in company with the deck-hand who was carrying it) the engineer once more invaded the captain's quarters, looking for rubbing-alcohol, cleaning-fluid or perfumery.

The captain had been wirelessly the destroyer in vain—her apparatus had been flooded; he had taken to a hand-lamp and the Morse code and had learned that she had plenty of gasoline aboard—if somebody would fetch it.

"Aye," said the second engineer, glancing at the sea. "Weel, they'll no be givin' awa' much gover'ment property on yon offer. Hae ye ony o' that fluid ye put in cigarette lighters, by chance?"

"Somebody could swim across with a line," said the captain.

He looked at Mr. Benson.

*"Benson says, 'Shoore, hold on, ve get our bananas to New York! Ve land 'em, I bet you, on de beach at Salvador'"*



## II

"NOO that," said McWhee himself, folding his hands and staring at me with a benevolence that would have been startling had there been anything left in the bottle, "is juist what I told ye. On the one hand, ye hae the second engineer dacin' his jooty as weel's possible, but wi' oat heroics; his mind occupied wi' naething more romantic than the flash-point of fluids, includin' a bottle o' 'Juist One Mair Kiss' that he'd commandeered frae the captain's daughter. Whereas on the ither side ye hae the noble deck-officers, fu' of the literary emotions of love an' blue terror, talkin' aboot swimmin' through waves runnin' forty foot high. This, mind ye, for gasoline that wasna needed, to send oot a wireless that could do nae guid; because o' a lass that hadna the gumption to darn her dad's socks for him."

McWhee stared at me and passed a weary hand across his forehead.

"Aye, aye," he said faintly. "I hav'na made that clear. No that we've come to it yet. I'm tired the nicht, laddie; it wad be better for me to turn in. I should ha' saved a drop of whuskey against the end of my tale. Ye'll no bother openin' a new one! Na, na! Well, thank ye."

## III

IT APPEARED (McWhee's dialect was even thicker by now) when the second engineer again visited the captain's quarters, that this suggestion about someone swimming to the destroyer with a line, had by no means fallen barren to the ground. It had been picked up by Miss Fanny Wills, who was in a state of hysterics and who was, in fact, urging—backed by her father—that Mr. Benson should take off some outer garments, launch himself over the side in a sea that might have terrified whales, and swim to the destroyer. Gasoline could then be hauled aboard by the line which he would take with him. By the time this engineer made his second visit, both she and her father were putting the feat up to Benson as a test of manhood, true love, and worthiness to inherit Captain Wills' share in the *Mary B.*

"There's nae mair stuff than'll run the

engine anither hour," injected the second engineer into this discussion; which immediately grew more heated.

"You hear that?" demanded Miss Wills (the ship was grounded with a thirty degree list, and she was lying in a heap on the settee); "Oh, Leslie, are you going to let me drown?"

Mr. Benson, pale about a pair of very determined lips, said that he didn't see what good the wireless was doing anyway. If it called ships, they could not approach, and anyhow—

"Who's running this ship?" roared Captain Wills. "You've heard what my daughter said. You've got a chance that I'd take pretty quick, if I could leave the ship and was twenty-five years younger."

Miss Wills got up and flung both arms around her father's neck.

"No, no, daddy!" she wept. "You mustn't go! You mustn't go!"

"Will you try it, Benson?" asked the captain.

"For my sake!" sobbed the girl.

She stretched out her arms, and there was a moment of silence.

"No," said Mr. Benson.

"And," commented the second engineer, "vara richt too."

The captain swung ferociously around on him.

"What the hell business is it of yours?"

"Ah've a skin to lose, juist the same's the rest o' ye," said the second engineer, "but I dinna lose my head over't sae much. Your wireless is nae good, as ye'd know if ye were calmer; an' to send a man swimmin' to-day is juist plain murder."

"DO YOU," asked Captain Wills, putting his daughter to one side and feeling for his revolver, "want to get put in irons?"

"It would be a rest," said the engineer, "but in the meantime, have ye ony mair alcohol, turps, kerosene or naptha? We've no mair than for anither few minutes."

"You've been drinking!"

"No to the extent I could wish. I——"

The *Mary B.*, caught in mid bump by a cross-sea, heeled with a jerk that sent all the occupants of the cabin reeling into a corner

(Continued on page 55)







## A Plea for Bad Golf

By Rex Beach

Drawings by Herb Roth

ANOTHER golf season has worn itself to a mournful close, and some ten, or perhaps twenty million players have hooked and sliced themselves into a state of despondency. All of them joined the first spring robins, gay with expectancy and firm in the determination of playing more and better golf. Now that their clubs are drying out in the attic, they realize that their scores were as bad as ever, probably worse. Why?

It is a question that will echo often during the winter season. Next spring will find it still unanswered.

The average arm-chair golfer who shoots in the late eighties or the lame nineties, will mentally play over his course a good many times during the next few months and assure himself that there is no excuse for him ever again to use more than seventy five strokes to a round, provided his liver is right. The first hole, for instance, is an easy four for anybody. No need to press; even a short tee shot will get him home in two. The second is just as easy. He might possibly get into that bunker on the third and drop a stroke but—not if he keeps his head down. However, concede an error there just to be conservative. Even Bobby Jones muffs an occasional shot. That's only one over and the chances are he'll pick up a birdie somewhere. In fact it's a cinch, for he can count on a couple of long puts on every round and he's more than apt to lay a couple dead with his mashie. He'll tell the world he is. That mashie shot of his is a darb; it's the one club he can eat soup with. . . . All right, that puts him even fours again.

And so on. Figuring the round conservatively and giving himself the worst of it on the long seventh and that poisonous sixteenth there's no reason at all why he should ever be down to par more than a few shots. And yet—His spirit quails at certain gangrenous memories of the past season. He is bowed low with grief and shame. How foolish.

Copyright, 1930, by Rex Beach

I have made a discovery lately. Golf is a game only to the dub: he alone gets any fun, any satisfaction and perhaps any great amount of benefit out of it. To the man who is seriously afflicted with it, to the so-called good player, it is a torment.

On a recent Thursday I was invited to play a course which ordinarily is almost deserted on week days. Arriving there shortly after lunch, instead of finding a slumbering clubhouse and smiling links, lifeless except for hopping blackbirds and languid angleworms engaged in setting up exercises, we came upon a scene that filled us with savage anger and resentment. Rows of cars were parked under the maples, men were pouring in and out of the clubhouse, as far as the eye could see tees, fairways, roughs and greens were squirming with players and caddies. It reminded me of that old cyclorama, *The Battle of Gettysburg*.

"Gosh and bother!" (or words to that effect) Murdock, my host ejaculated. "What's going on here?"

As we left our car, Pickett's division charged and swept us across the lawn to the caddy house where we learned that the employees of the Little One-der Roach Trap Corporation were holding their annual tournament there that day. Hundreds of those hardy trappers had assembled for the fracas.

My host ground his teeth, his neck swelled like that of an adder. "What the hell—?" he began. "Shall we beat it back to town or give 'em a battle?"

"Oh, let's play," I said, smiling wanly. I

knew it would embarrass him if I suggested retreating. "It's early. They're playing foursomes and they'll probably let us through."

We shouldered our way out of the crowd and crashed the locker-room to find it as full of men as a Chinese bunk-house. The air was damp and blurred with steam from the showers, piles of wet and dry wash, bags, bowls of melting ice, glasses, bottles and trays covered every bench and chair. The floor was littered with corks and bottle caps. Men who had played one round were dressing for another, late comers were changing; around a table at the far end of the room sat a double quartet of pickled vocalists clad in socks and towels and singing, "I wonder what's become of Sally."

DEPOSITING our bags in a corner we changed as best we could. "All the comforts of a front-line trench," my host said grimly as he leaned against a locker to pull on his first sock. I laughed—a trifle hollowly—and chatted engagingly until I trod barefooted upon a bottle cap and took a biscuit out of my heel.

The caddies were all engaged so we lugged our clubs to the first tee, where we found six high-spirited, wise-cracking foursomes ahead of us. I think I groaned. We limbered up and eventually one foursome shoved off. Three of them took rheumatic half swings and dribbled into the ravine in front of the tee, the fourth managed to drive over it by using his mashie.

Were those three short hitters dismayed? By no means. They plunged down the side of that ravine with the abandon of ski-jumpers, they laughed and they whooped.





"We'll never get away!" Murdock muttered hopelessly. His lips were white and so dry that they stuck to his teeth; his Adam's apple rose and fell, his eyes were strained. He is a keen and fairly competent golfer, waiting irks him and puts him off his game. And so it does me. If I cool out between shots I creak like a gate. I get my hands in ahead of the club head and after a couple of slices my criminal instincts take control. I go on the prowl.

But those other people, out for a day's sport, were in no wise upset by the delay. They swapped yarns and insulted each other amiably.

I TURNED to look at a new batch of arrivals pouring toward us when, without warning, a Shetland pony kicked me in the small of my back. There was a roar of laughter. I wheeled to find a tall man with spectacles and a Van Dyke beard behind me. He had a driver in his hand and he apoloized:

"I'm sorry! I was taking a practise swing and I didn't see you."

"Come on! This is too much," my host said testily. "Maybe we can get off at the tenth. If we stay here these maniacs will brain us."

We drove from the tenth, three-quarters of an hour later. With maddening delays between shots we managed to put a few holes behind us, but Murdock was foaming and I had the jitters. The fairways were strewn with scalp-like divots, every bunker looked like a buffalo wallow.

"Good Lord!" my host exclaimed finally, staring out of a haggard face at men scooping, hacking, grunting, plunging at their shots. "Why do these people play golf? What pleasure can they get out of it? If they like the game well enough to play it, wouldn't you think they'd learn the first rudiments? Now wouldn't you?"

I would. I did.

Presently, as we were leaving a tee, a stray ball screamed past Murdock's head within an inch of his ear. He leaped like a gazelle and whirled to find that the missile had been shot from a parallel tee some thirty yards away. A left-handed yegg-man, driving in the opposite direction to ours, had caught the ball on the toe of his club and sent it whizzing at a right angle.

Oblivious to Murdock's murderous scowl the culprit playfully called out, "Missed you, buddy! But I'll get you yet."

One of his accessories bellowed loudly. "You've got to lead 'em, Joe, when they're moving."

Without a word, but oozing spleen, my host picked up his bag and started across lots in the direction of the clubhouse. I followed him. After we had covered a couple of hundred yards in perfect silence he said, "I can endure sin, sickness and sorrow with Christian fortitude. I'm a patient man and a good neighbor, but I can't stand to see a noble game debased and debauched by a gang of apes. Neither am I going to have my brains dashed out by a left-handed moron who plays in high shoes."

Just beyond the eighteenth green we passed two fellows who had finished their round and were adding up their cards. "A hundred and twenty-eight for me," one said triumphantly. "That's the best I've done this year."

My eyes met Murdock's. Were such things possible?

"I had a hundred and thirty-four," the other said, "but what ruined my score was that thirteen on the sixth."

We hurried on; my friend's face was

working. He burst into maniacal laughter finally. "Let's get out of here before we go crazy," he gibbered. "A hundred and thirty-four! My grandmother could kick a cannon ball around this course in better figures than that. And yet, they seem to like it. Why? Why? Why?"

We left without a shower and drove back to town, miserable and frazzled in nerves. We both caught cold and were laid up for days.

Looking back on that afternoon I can see now that Murdock and I were all wrong in our attitude toward those players. To them golf is a lot of fun, to us it is a misery and a penance.

Let's assume that we had found the course clear that day and had played as well as usual; we would have come in groaning, in grievous dejection we would have poured a libation to the memory of another vanished hope, in bitterness of spirit we would have drunk it.

Would we have thrilled at the pleasant memory of our long straight shots—even golfers like Murdock and me make some that are pretty good—or boasted of our zooming irons, our neat approaches, our skillful side-hill puts? We would not. They would have been forgotten. Instead, our mistakes would have risen and glared at us like jack-o'-lanterns. They would have been so many unburied corpses.

THAT shot of mine which fell short and landed in the brook! Memory of it would have induced thoughts of suicide. And that drive down the fairway which came to rest in a hole. Had Murdock discovered a severed human head in that depression it would not have provoked a keener horror than the sight of his pill in an unplayable lie.

The curse of golf is this: if you like it enough to play it well its pleasure vanishes. It then becomes a trial and a curse. Annoyance, impatience, disappointment, rage—the serious golfer suffers all of these; if he sets out to shoot a low score he dooms himself to an afternoon of anxiety, of anguish and of chagrin. For him all joy in the game has evaporated and the residue is wormwood. Such physical benefit as he might derive from the exercise, the sun, the air are more than offset by the mental

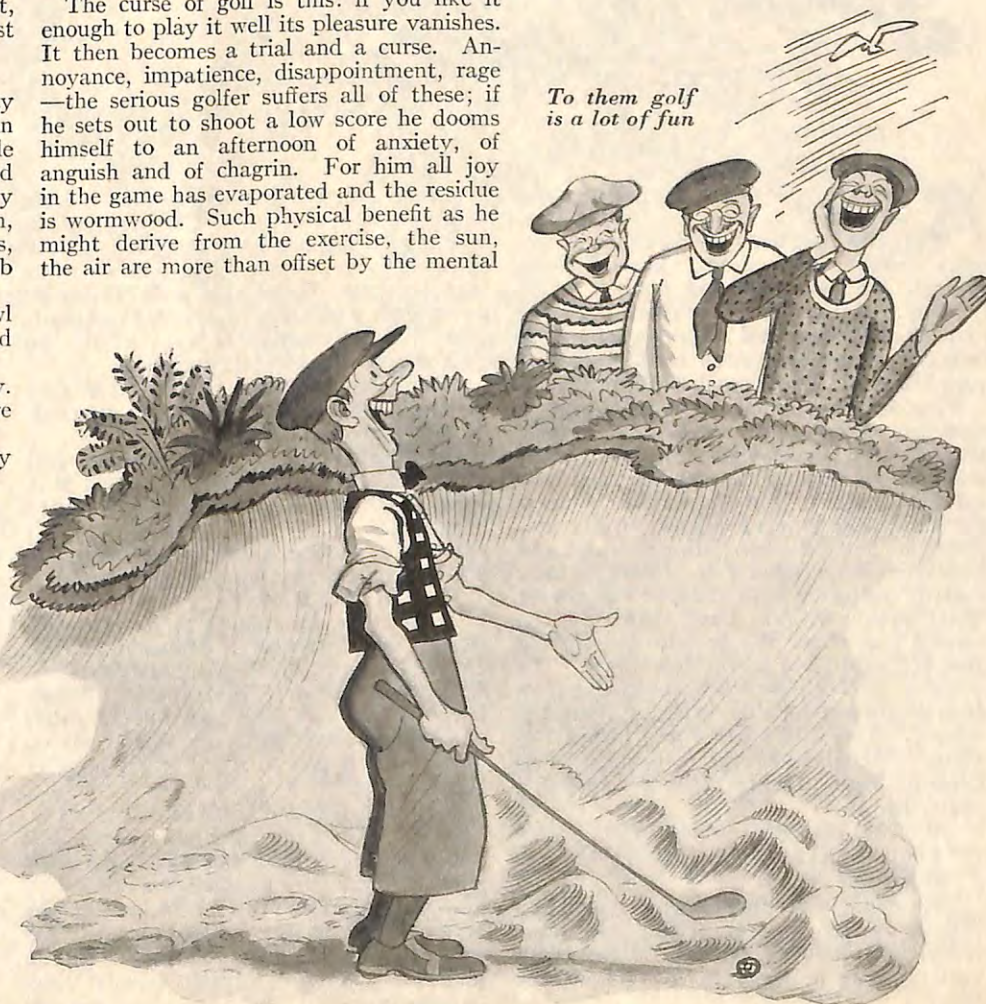
and nervous strain of concentrating on a thousand don'ts. Up to the clunk of the final put as it falls, he sweats in deadly terror of pulling a boner that will spoil his card.

The unambitious duffer, on the other hand, speeds to the links with joy in his heart, he dresses with the inflammatory eagerness of a bridegroom and he capers to the caddy house. He plays an explosion shot from the first tee, removing a great chunk therefrom with his driver. It is a shot which Kirkwood couldn't duplicate and it gains him nearly thirty yards. But is he disturbed? By no means. He goes blithely ahead lacerating the ball as he bunts it along, drinking in the sunshine, enjoying the exercise and caring little whether he does a hole in four or in multiples thereof. If by some accident he occasionally hits the ball squarely on the button he drops ten years from his age; if not, it doesn't matter. There's another hole coming.

That, without doubt, is the spirit in which golf should be played—carelessly, gladly, terribly. The advantage, mental, physical, and spiritual, which the cluck player enjoys over the low-handicap man is that he gets a great kick out of one or two good shots during a round, whereas the other, if he muffs a couple, decides to drink iodine and jump off a bridge.

But let the dub beware. He is toying with razor blades, he is juggling hand grenades. If he ever makes a decent score, ten to one he will be lost. He will begin to take lessons. He will study the science of the thing. He will sneak off and practise. He will buy a set of matched clubs. There isn't much hope for him after that. Gone are the days when he could top a ball and

(Continued on page 54)



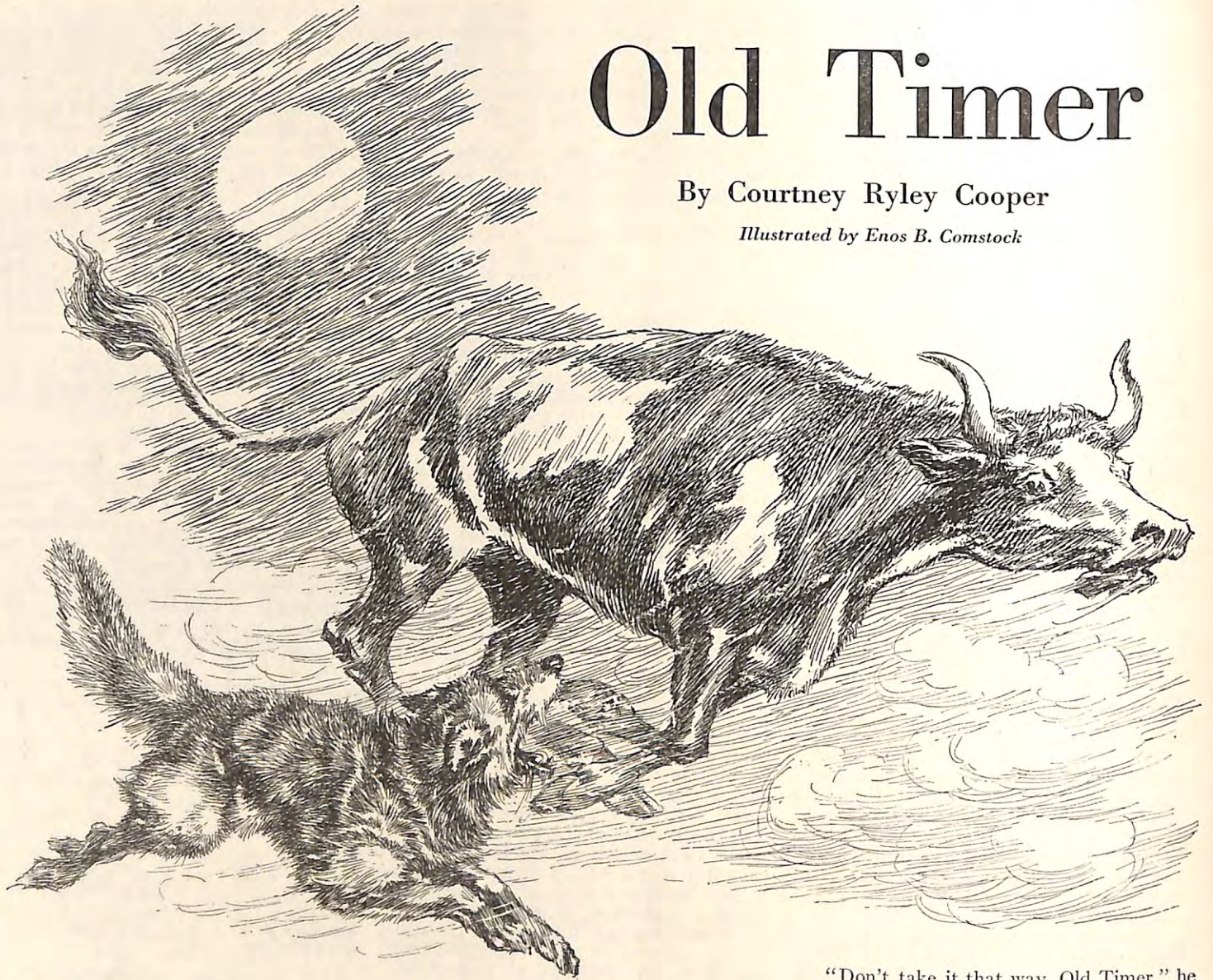
To them golf  
is a lot of fun



# Old Timer

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Illustrated by Enos B. Comstock



AN AGED wolf crouched deep in the recesses of a wooden packing box, peering out between the end-slatings upon strange surroundings. He was tired, fevered; his right side and haunch ached horribly. At times he twisted painfully and licked the raw flesh where an expanding bullet, speeding wide of the death mark, had torn his flesh. The wound was a week old.

Then for long moments he would sit in agonized survey. He was beneath a tent; the opposite line of vision displayed other animals, of strange appearance and uncatalogued scent. But the nervous wonderment they caused was secondary to a greater and more hated danger. Humans came and went ceaselessly about him. Finally a form halted, and came quite close to the slatted bars, peering within. Shorty Allerton, the animal boss of the Big America Shows, had just returned from a trip downtown. The presence of this beast was a surprise to him; he knelt for a moment in silence, studying the animal. The wolf snarled and lashed forward. The action brought agony; he dropped back, panting. Shorty signalled a cage cleaner.

"Where'd this come from?" he asked.

"The Old Man bought him."

"What for?"

"He didn't say. Some men brought him here in a wagon; I guess the Old Man wants it for that number eight cage. There ain't been nothing in there since the kangaroo died."

Copyright, 1930, by Courtney Ryley Cooper

Shorty Allerton scratched thoughtfully at a temple. He was a kindly-appearing man, short, red-faced, shock-haired. Most of his forty years of life had been spent in the menagerie. He loved animals because he knew them, and it was because of this knowledge that he viewed the beast within the slatted cage with careful appraisal.

"Can't see much menagerie stuff in that old-timer," he mused. At last he grunted: "Looks like he's been hurt."

Wordlessly then he straightened, and walked to the marquee, where the Old Man stood watching the noonday activities of the midway.

"Times getting tough?" he bantered. "That wolf's pretty much of a wreck."

The Old Man laughed.

"Patch him up enough to last out this western ranch territory. I bought him for twenty bucks from a couple of homesteaders. Every rancher and government hunter's been on his trail for years; famous cattle and sheep-killer. We'll run special ads on him. They'll pay to see that old baby in this country."

"Got a bad wound in his side."

"Yeh. Where they shot him. Seems he'd pulled out of a trap and was making his getaway when they knocked him down with a bullet. See if you can doctor him up," he added impersonally. Shorty nodded and returned as impersonally to his task. But an hour later, tired, sweating, harried from dangerous efforts, he allowed a tone of friendly pleading to come into his voice.

"Don't take it that way, Old Timer," he commanded quietly. "We're trying to help you."

Within the kangaroo cage, where the aged gray wolf had been transferred from its cramped, smelly box, there was only the response of snarls and open jaws. This animal had known humans only as enemies throughout a long, fierce career. One forefoot bore only three toes, and other only two, reminders of vicious victories when, snared by the steel jaws of a hunter's trap, the wolf had gnawed his way to freedom and limped forth to new forages. But now he was caged. Now he was bound by noosed ropes which stretched divergently out through the bars to the strong hands of menagerie assistants, and drew his legs uselessly apart. Another was about his neck, holding it immobile. Shorty Allerton entered the cage.

AN ASSISTANT followed him, bearing warm water, and an antiseptic tray. The wolf strove to worm his head about that his great jaws might chop into action. But he was powerless. Shorty Allerton knelt, and for a moment was actionless in study.

"You don't know when you're lucky, Old Timer," he said at last. "Those teeth wouldn't have lasted much longer. Then what?"

The wide-spread jaws had revealed, even more than the silver of his coat, that age leaned heavily upon Old Timer. In truth, they were no longer teeth, but mere stumps, ground down to the verge of impotency by years of usage. Old Timer was at the threshold of the "gummer" stage, when jaws



## *A Veteran of the Circus And a Veteran of the Plains Stage a Finish Fight for Mastery*

without number over the carcasses of their most prized possessions?

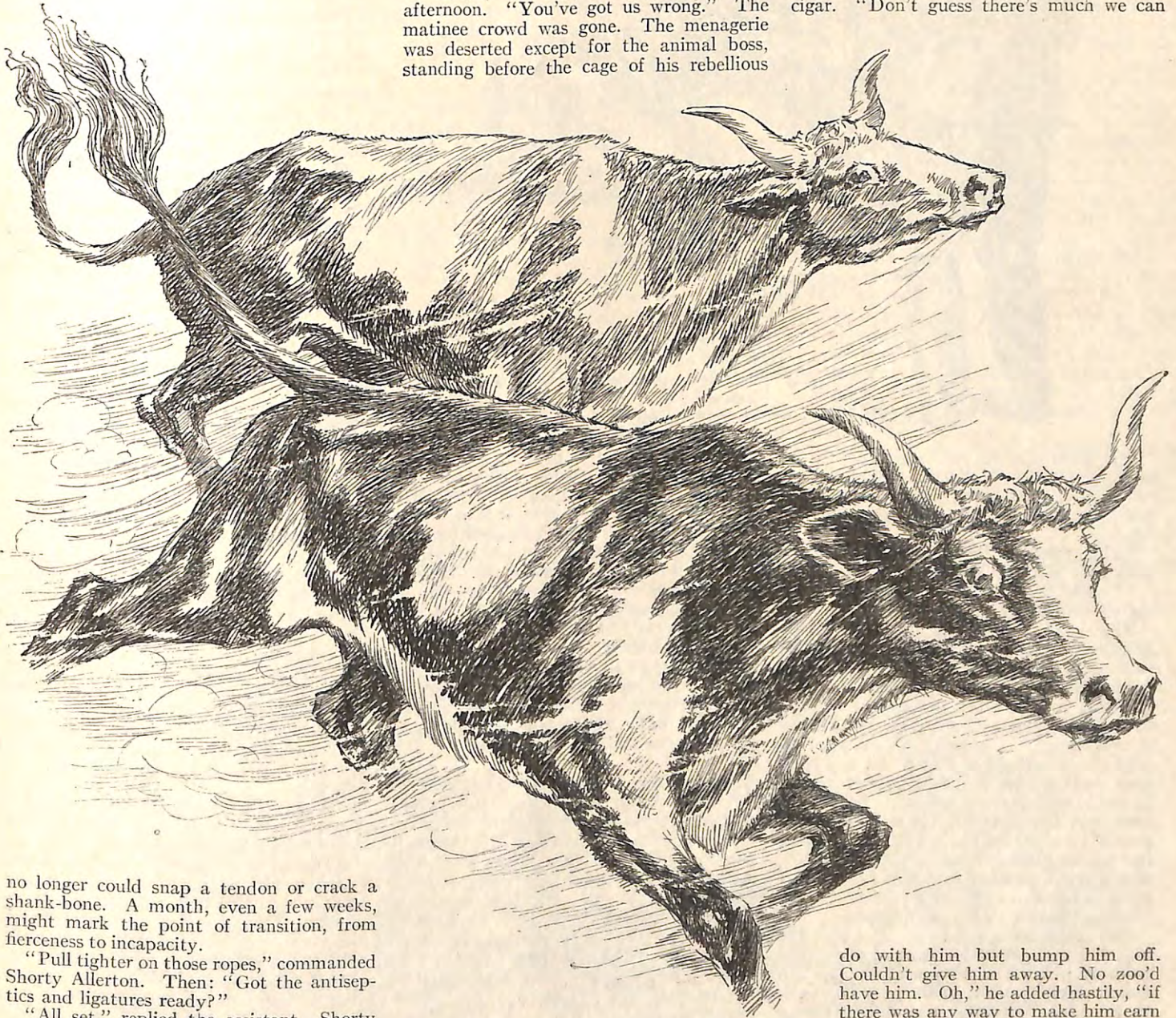
Old Timer asked no mercy. He had learned to distrust and to hate humans in his puppy days, when he had run with his gaunt mother; he had felt the first sting of a shotgun charge when he was less than a year old. So, these people who crowded to look in upon him, gave no more hate than they received. But Old Timer couldn't understand Shorty Allerton and his assistants of the menagerie. They seemed different. Yet they were humans, and instinct told Old Timer that humans meant hate.

"Listen, old boy," Shorty argued one afternoon. "You've got us wrong." The matinee crowd was gone. The menagerie was deserted except for the animal boss, standing before the cage of his rebellious

Timer wolf when we head out of this ranch territory?" the Old Man asked several weeks later. The show was moving steadily west through the Rocky Mountains for a sweep down the Pacific Coast. "He won't be much good after we hit Salt Lake. We'll make long jumps and stay out of small towns all the way to Portland. Lot of trouble, ain't he?"

"Well," Shorty rubbed his chin. "I wouldn't call him trouble. He just doesn't seem to get over being scared of people."

"Can't blame him for that, with these ranchers poking and yelling at him." The Old Man licked at a loose wrapping of his cigar. "Don't guess there's much we can



no longer could snap a tendon or crack a shank-bone. A month, even a few weeks, might mark the point of transition, from fierceness to incapacity.

"Pull tighter on those ropes," commanded Shorty Allerton. Then: "Got the antiseptics and ligatures ready?"

"All set," replied the assistant. Shorty eyed the wolf carefully. Then he began his ministrations, finally pressing a surgeon's needle against cringing flesh for the first of many stitches. The wolf writhed, gasping. But there was no whine of weakness, not once in the grueling half-hour which followed did he whimper. At last Shorty straightened.

"Well, Old-Timer," he muttered. "I'll say this for you. You're game!"

He found opportunity to repeat the statement in the weeks which followed. The Old Man had been correct. Old Timer was a distinct feature; every rancher or homesteader who had felt the ravaging assaults of wolves, looked upon this animal as an exemplification. They gloated over him, and exulted in his sufferings. Had not the weird, shrieking howl of a beast such as he risen times

prisoner. "Where would you have been right now if we hadn't healed you up?" he asked. "And if we wasn't feeding you like a millionaire—soft meats an' all that, since you fell down flat on trying to gnaw that big bone the other day?"

Then holding forth his hand, palm up, as he would to a nervous dog, Shorty Allerton strove to come closer. The hair shot upward along Old Timer's spine. His eyes narrowed and his ears furred; he rushed to the bars. Shorty Allerton shrugged his shoulders and turned away. It hurt him to know that a caged animal existed with whom he could not at least establish a basis of neutrality.

"What had we better do with that Old

do with him but bump him off. Couldn't give him away. No zoo'd have him. Oh," he added hastily, "if there was any way to make him earn his salt, I'd be for it. But he's no good to us outside this ranch territory. Nobody wants to look at an old wolf."

"Might use him in The Foolish House," said Shorty with a sudden inspiration. The Foolish House was his pet. It was an enclosure in the center of the menagerie, designed especially for children. The monkey cage was there. Then too, there were Mother Goose figures carved of wood and brightly painted, and fairy-story tableau wagons, later used in the grand entry. "You know," said Shorty, "we've been needing another tableau. A Little Red Riding Hood with a real wolf would be a knockout."

"Yeh, that'd be swell," said the Old Man. "How would you work it?"





"Listen," Shorty argued one afternoon. "You've got us wrong. Where would you have been if we hadn't healed you up?" But Old Timer could not understand friendship

"Easy enough. All you've got to do is fix up a wax figure of Red Riding Hood. Then run an iron standard up where her hand is, and chain the wolf to it, like he was leading her."

"That wouldn't be bad. But you can't work that with Old Timer."

"I could try. All I've got to do is make friends with him."

That was the thing, however, which Shorty Allerton could not accomplish. In vain he stood, hour after hour by the cage, tossing bits of meat between the bars, in an effort to correlate the pleasure of food with the friendship of the man who offered it. For days, Old Timer refused the offerings until after the menagerie man had departed; then, sniffing carefully for traces of poison, he would at last devour them. Two weeks went by. Then one day, the wolf ceased his growling and stared at the man for a dazed, non-understanding moment. Suddenly, with a growl, he snatched a bit of meat from the floor and ran with it to a corner. Shorty Allerton grinned. That was progress.

But satisfaction possessed an alloy—the fact that the show was steadily invading territory where a criminal wolf was less of a feature, moving on each day a little nearer to Salt Lake. It was a deadline, Shorty knew; the Old Man had a habit of making every living thing on the circus pay its way. Several times lately, he had asked about Old Timer, and had not been pleased with Shorty's reports. And so, the minute the circus crowds were absent, the animal boss took his place before the wolf's prison, talking softly to him, tossing him food, trying to make him realize that his period of reprieve steadily approached a threatened conclusion.

But Old Timer could only understand that a strange enemy insisted on being near him, a man who caused him strange emotional reflexes, although the wolf only knew them as fears, weird outbursts, sudden rushes and again those strange, trembling moments when he would merely stand watching, a

low growl rumbling in his throat, born neither of challenge nor defense.

These were the times when he seemed to lose control of himself, as if something were surging upward from deep in his brain; a queer, warm emotion he never before had known. It seemed to demand that he go forward quietly, to this man who stood with outstretched hand, talking softly from beyond the bars. It was at such moments that Old Timer would shift suddenly, snatch up a bit of the proffered food, and run growling with it to the depths of his den. They no longer threw bones to the wolf; one day he had howled with pain as he champed at a shank of meat. Shorty knew that his teeth were gone. But Old Timer did not; he merely associated the pain with imprisonment. Yet the very fact that Shorty brought him dainties that could be devoured without agony had its effect. Shorty worried Old Timer. He could not understand friendship.

**B**UT one day, he merely stood and watched the man, his throat silent. Shorty was quick to answer. He went to the end of the cage and unlatched the door. He opened it slightly and stood there facing the beast. At last Old Timer leaped, and the door closed before he could reach it. Morning, afternoon, night it continued; time was growing short now. Then one night, after the train was loaded and clattering on to the next town, Shorty Allerton followed an uncertain course over the flatcars to the canvas-shrouded cage.

He removed the cage-cover and lowered the sideboards. Immediately the wolf came to the bars. It was a moonlit night; the sage-brushed mesas spread before him with memories of old days; ancient scents came to his nostrils. He whirled back, and raised his head, neck stiffened and throat full. Then a screeching cry echoed, rising higher and still to greater heights, until Shorty Allerton placed his hands to his ears. Again and again it came, at last to subside. But when at last he was quiet, all the animal man's efforts were without result; Old Timer was a wolf again, wholly, thoroughly. Shorty Allerton shook his head.

"Looks like we ain't getting anywhere, Old Timer," he said. But he came back the next night, and for a week. Finally the wolf

ceased its ungodly howling. Again, as during the day, Old Timer halted his pacing, stood watching the man, ill at ease, obsessed by curiosity. Shorty Allerton moved a step closer. At last he stood by the bars, talking softly. Old Timer did not leap at him; he only shuffled farther back into his cage. Once more Shorty Allerton offered food. Then he stood and giggled like a boy; Old Timer had accepted it without question.

"Going to be all right!" Shorty Allerton said the next day as he sought the Old Man. "Give me three or four weeks more, and we'll be pals."

"Three or four weeks?" asked the owner. "That Red Riding Hood float will be waiting for us at Salt Lake next Monday. What will we do? Carry it empty?"

"Well, I couldn't expect him to stand for no chain yet," Shorty agreed hesitantly.

"No, and we don't know when he will be. I've been thinking—we could use a police dog. Looks about the same."

Shorty did not answer. He merely went away, back to the menagerie and the ancient, gray beast. An assistant passed, relaying a final command from the Old Man. Shorty nodded and pressed his lips grimly.

"I guess we didn't start soon enough, old podner," he said quietly.

That night, after the train had started, Shorty Allerton lounged in his bunk, in an attempt to read a magazine. There was no sense in going out to Old Timer's cage tonight, he told himself. One more visit couldn't achieve miracles. Then the assistant sidled by, and halted.

"Guess you'd better give me fifty cents to get that chloroform with to-morrow," he said.

Shorty blinked.

"Sure," he said at last. "I'd forgotten. I'll give it to you in the morning."

Then he pretended to read his magazine again. But the print blurred into the outline of an old, gray wolf. It hadn't been Old Timer's fault, Shorty told himself. To Shorty, there had been a wonderful sense of fairness in even the fact that the old fellow was slowly learning tolerations, after a background of traps and dogs and bullet-wounds. Suddenly Shorty tossed aside his magazine and lay staring for a long time. Then at last he rose and went out the end door to the beginning of a journey over the flatcars.

The moon hung low and full now; the giant expanses which swam past the train were tented with shadowy sagebrush. Here and there dark clumps of cottonwoods appeared, clustered by the pools of small streams. Dark, velvet-like hills rolled away in the distance. Shorty reached the shrouded cage, and stood there, staring out into the night.

"He ain't nothing but an old gummer," he argued. "He couldn't do any harm now. Nobody ought to kick on him picking up a living out of rabbits and field mice."

**F**ROM far ahead, where the red glow of the firebox gleamed against the engine smoke, a signal whistle sounded. Brakeshoes ground. The train slowed its progress, winding slowly upon a sidetrack for a passenger meet. At last it halted; there were no train noises now; only the sounds of the night: the whistle of prairie wind through dry grass, the rustle of the sage. Shorty Allerton whirled impulsively. He jerked at the canvas cage cover and unstrapped the rear flap. Then he raised the iron hasp, and pulled the rear door of the cage swiftly back.

"Get out of there!" he commanded gruffly. A growl was the response. Shorty shouted again and edged to the side of the den, pounding hard upon the sideboards



with clenched fists. "Out of there!" he shouted.

Old Timer twisted in desperate fear. Then his eyes centered upon the open door and the blue of the night beyond. A moment later, the passenger train clattered past. The circus engine highballed and started forward, the show cars moving slowly behind it. It was then that the faint gray form of the old wolf streaked to the floor of the flatcar and leaped to the ground, melting swiftly into the sagebrush. Finally he halted; faintly there rose above the growing clatter of the wheels the eerie, high-pitched cry of a wolf. Shorty Allerton went back to the bunk and again pretended to read his magazine.

"NEVER mind that chloroform," he commanded when the cageman came to bed. "I was just up there to take a look at the old boy. Got funny with me, so I used a feeding fork on him. Left him beside the tracks."

"Dead?" asked the cage-man.

"What do you suppose?" snapped Shorty Allerton caustically, and went back to his reading.

But out in the sage, feeling freedom for the first time in more than two months, Old Timer moved with the spring of youth in his old legs, the fire of cubhood in his eyes. Again he halted, looking after the fading lights of the train. Again his head arched and his neck stiffened, from his throat there again sounded that unearthly crescendo, rising until it seemed that every available height of sound had been accomplished, then shrieking on even beyond that into a shrillness which bit the air for a mile about him. For a second and third time he shrilled his challenge, then, bushy tail low, head weaving between high shoulders, he started off through the sagebrush.

A mile and he slowed his course, a querulous growl rolling in his throat. His tongue

ran out swiftly. Suddenly he halted, and licked at his right side and haunch. The pain which centered there burned like the prickling of a thousand needles.

It was the bullet wound, suddenly inflamed and agonizing with the irritation of exercise. At last, he straightened and limping, went on. Then again he halted, nose to the wind. He had caught the scent of cattle.

An old fire began to burn in his heart, sufficient even to wipe out the thought of his pain. He veered his course, and tail low, feet hardly seeming to leave the ground in their steady pacing, he followed the scent over a sagebrushed hummock, at last to pause at the crest, overlooking a small valley. Cattle were outlined there; Old Timer lowered his head between his highboned shoulders. His haunches seemed to sink; his gait became a weaving one. Craftily he went forward. Closer he crept and closer. Then, with a sudden snarling, he shot forth. Instantly there was a clatter in the meadow; awkward beings flung themselves into bovine speed; necks stretched, tails erect, they headed away in bawling flight. Old Timer pursued.

Young again for the moment, strong in obsessed forgetfulness of pain and tautened muscles, the wolf could have caught any of them as he chose. But Old Timer was pursuing the tactics of instinct, to get the herd rolling at a speed that would throw a victim head-long, once fierce jaws had chopped the tendon of a hind leg. Harder and harder he forced them, his jaws clicking in swift sequence as he worried first one frantic steer, then another; at last the herd thundered at maximum speed. The old wolf leaped, twisting weirdly as his great jaws opened for the slashing attack that would bring his victim to the ground. They closed upon flesh and

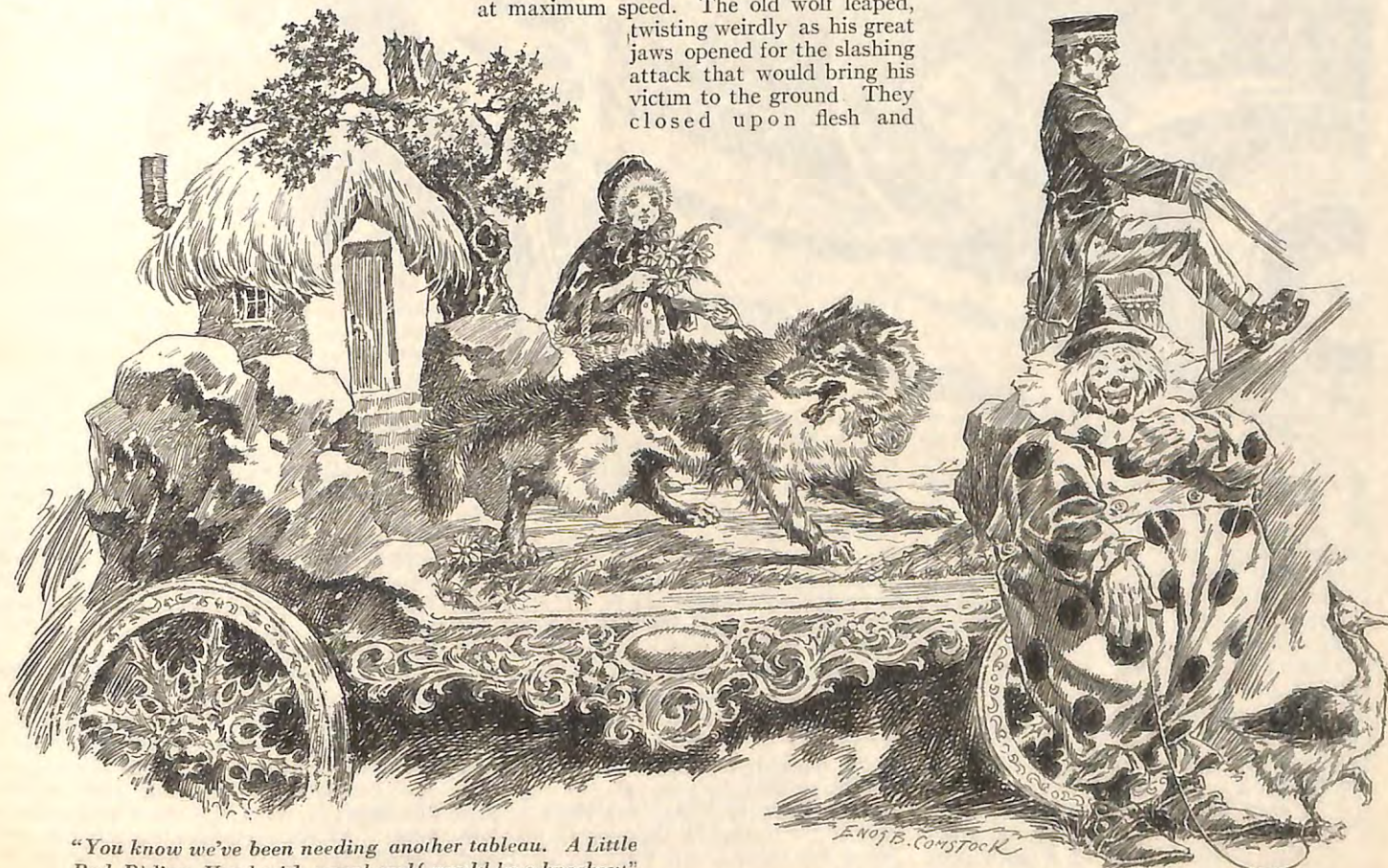
clamped. But the instantaneous snap of a severed tendon was missing; the wolf felt himself jerked from his feet and thrown fiercely to one side, his jaws slipping free.

The herd bellowed on. Old Timer, snarling in dismayed astonishment, slowly came to his feet.

Anger now supplied the speed and viciousness which enthusiasm had given in the previous attack. Old Timer whirled, and unmindful of the agony from his haunch, began to eat up distance between himself and the dust cloud of the clattering herd. His mouth was drawn at the corners, his ears tight to his head. The rush of his pursuit was bullet-like; soon again he was worrying his quarry from the rear, shifting from one laggard to another, driving them, harrying them, sending them on to new efforts of crazed speed. Again, his head twisted and his jaws opened. Again he fastened with every atom of his strength upon the outflung leg of a steer. And again, he felt himself thrown high, as the pursued animal broke free from teeth that no longer could drive deep into enemy flesh. He circled madly in the air, and dropped, to lie there sore, and panting. The herd rumbled on, the noise of its flight growing steadily fainter. Old Timer straightened from his crouched position. Limping, his tongue lolling from open jaws, he shambled over the hill.

Something was wrong; it shook him, even more than the jarring impact he had just received, had shaken him. For the first time in his life, he felt truly afraid. His eyes moved restlessly, watchfully, as he edged through the sagebrush. At times he halted and looked back, as though he were

(Continued on page 50)



"You know we've been needing another tableau. A Little Red Riding Hood with a real wolf would be a knockout!"

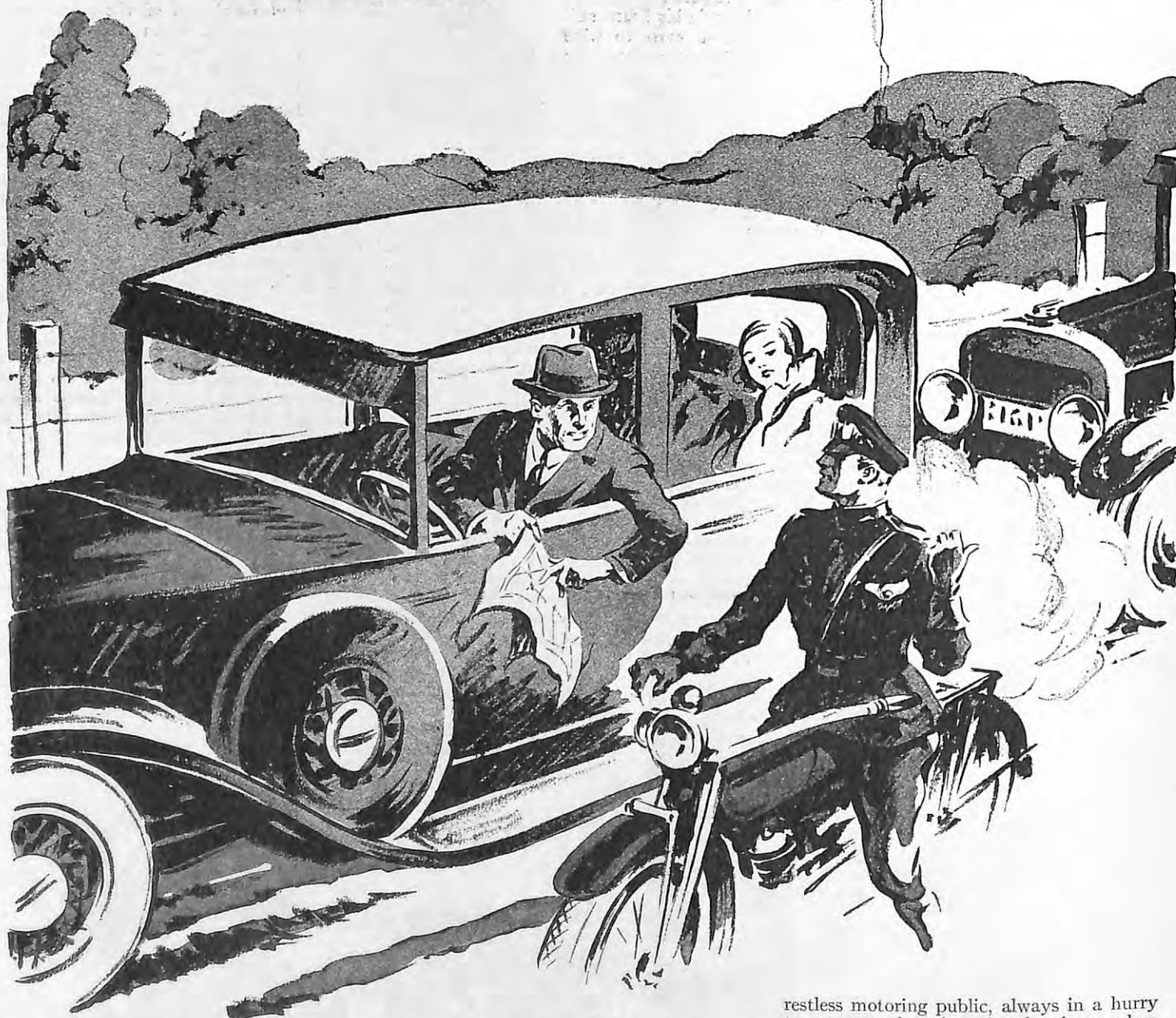
E. J. B. CONSTOCK



# Riders of The Concrete Trail

By Burt M. McConnell

Drawings by T. S. Tousey



**I**F SOME major catastrophe, such as the hurricane that struck Santo Domingo, should wipe out one of our cities of approximately 31,000 population, such as Great Falls, Port Arthur, Raleigh, or La Crosse, the people of this country would be transfixed with horror. Yet the fact that enough men, women, and children to populate one of these cities will be killed by automobiles and trucks this year leaves us as unmoved as the knowledge that cancer will exact a devastating toll among those who have reached the age of fifty. With one motor vehicle in use to each five persons—a car to each family; with the automobile playing such an important part in our daily lives; with motor travel at a high peak

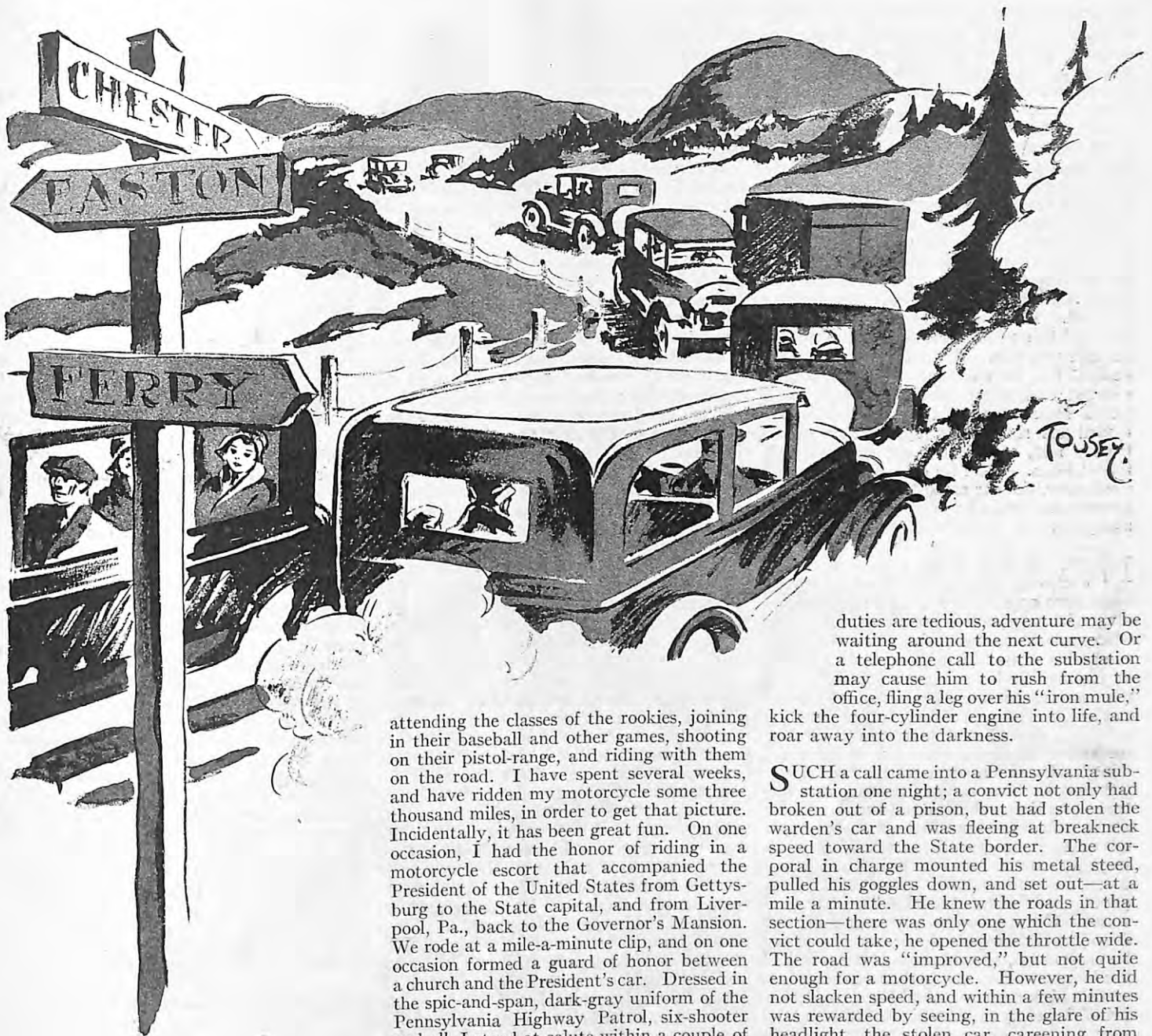
throughout the year; with a total disregard on the part of some drivers for the safety of other users of the highways, the traffic problem is growing by leaps and bounds. More than one State Police executive declares it is the greatest problem facing the law-enforcing officer to-day. And, after witnessing, within a few days, the indescribably chaotic traffic conditions during the Labor Day exodus from New York City, the arrival of Coste and Bellonte, and the Trenton State Fair—all within a week—the writer will subscribe to almost anything traffic officials may say about the crowded conditions of our highways.

Conditions, of course, are worse in and around the metropolis than elsewhere. But every State and county will have its annual fair and its innumerable football games, its

restless motoring public, always in a hurry to get somewhere in order that it may hop off for some place else. Coste and Bellonte recently made a good-will tour of the entire country, so that we had, in the vicinity of the airports visited by these intrepid fliers, a repetition of the disorder and confusion on the highway that Lindbergh's good-will tour produced. For people came hundreds of miles to see these conquerors of the Atlantic.

In many of the States, however, the traffic problem was handled by the nation's newest type of policeman, the State highway patrolman. You saw them riding their powerful "iron mules" at the wing-tips of the *Question Mark*, if your city was so fortunate as to be on the Coste-Bellonte route. As they surrounded the big, red sesqui-plane, and escorted it to the grandstand of the welcoming committee, you will





have noted that the methods of these State troopers, like their organization, differs widely from those of the city police; their manner and bearing—their *esprit de corps*—is more like that of the traditional Mounted Policemen of Canada. On the road, coming home, you will have noticed that the presence of these snappy officers on their motorcycles exercised an almost magical influence over the most impatient driver.

Pennsylvania was first to organize a State Highway Patrol on a large scale. But now you will see them in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Maryland, Delaware, West Virginia, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Nebraska, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, California, and Minnesota. In most cases, they are the ranking police officers of the State. No political consideration, no local connection, no city or county line can swerve them from their line of duty. As a rule, they are answerable to no one but their Superintendent, who in turn is generally responsible only to the Governor of the Commonwealth.

The only way to get a comprehensive picture of these slightly hardboiled young highway patrolmen is to live with them, eating their food, sleeping in their barracks,

attending the classes of the rookies, joining in their baseball and other games, shooting on their pistol-range, and riding with them on the road. I have spent several weeks, and have ridden my motorcycle some three thousand miles, in order to get that picture. Incidentally, it has been great fun. On one occasion, I had the honor of riding in a motorcycle escort that accompanied the President of the United States from Gettysburg to the State capital, and from Liverpool, Pa., back to the Governor's Mansion. We rode at a mile-a-minute clip, and on one occasion formed a guard of honor between a church and the President's car. Dressed in the spic-and-span, dark-gray uniform of the Pennsylvania Highway Patrol, six-shooter and all, I stood at salute within a couple of feet of Mr. Hoover, while he posed, at the request of the news photographers, for a photograph. Surely no writer has ever played in better luck while on the trail of an article.

While a highway patrolman likes to be chosen for such an exacting task as escorting the President of the United States or the heir to the British throne, he is just as keen about piloting the State Grange on its annual picnic or clearing a way from farm to market for truck trains of strawberries and other perishable farm products; it is all in the day's work. Much of his work, however, is hazardous; to-night he may intercept the driver of a stolen car; the next night a rum-running truck; the following day you may see him directing traffic; the next day he may come upon the scene of a collision between two automobiles, and on the fifth he may have to leave his motorcycle at the side of the road while he extinguishes a camper's fire before it can develop into a full-fledged forest fire. He may be on duty continuously for as much as two days and two nights, in the event of an escaped murderer; and, like the air-mail pilots, "neither snow nor rain nor gloom of night" can stay him from the swift completion of his appointed rounds. An average annual motorcycle mileage of 30,000 is not at all uncommon. While some of a highway officer's

duties are tedious, adventure may be waiting around the next curve. Or a telephone call to the substation may cause him to rush from the office, fling a leg over his "iron mule,"

kick the four-cylinder engine into life, and roar away into the darkness.

SUCH a call came into a Pennsylvania substation one night; a convict not only had broken out of a prison, but had stolen the warden's car and was fleeing at breakneck speed toward the State border. The corporal in charge mounted his metal steed, pulled his goggles down, and set out—at a mile a minute. He knew the roads in that section—there was only one which the convict could take; he opened the throttle wide. The road was "improved," but not quite enough for a motorcycle. However, he did not slacken speed, and within a few minutes was rewarded by seeing, in the glare of his headlight, the stolen car, careening from one side of the road to the other and partly hidden by dust clouds; in less than half a minute he was alongside.

Desperate at the thought of being brought back to prison, the convict swerved sharply and crowded the motorcycle into the ditch. But the rider was prepared for this maneuver, and picked himself up. Righting the undamaged machine, he set out again; at least, he knew what a desperate customer he was up against. Through the inky blackness, with the throttle wide open, he sped at more than seventy miles an hour—seventy miles over dirt roads, when at any moment he might run smack into the unlighted car of his quarry! Just beyond a sharp curve, which he took at an angle of forty-five degrees, the corporal again discerned the dim outlines of the warden's car; she was hitting on all six.

Drawing his six-shooter, the motorcycle officer again pulled up close and shouted a command to the convict to halt. It was a waste of breath, but the regulations required it. The temptation to "wing" his man, rather than permit him to escape across the State line, was strong, but he overcame it. His commanding officer might not reprimand him, in the circumstances, but the warden's car would be wrecked. There remained but one alternative—to puncture a



rear tire. Dropping back until the car had outdistanced him some twenty feet, the corporal placed a .38-calibre bullet into the right rear tire. With one shoe flat, the car now began weaving back and forth across the roadway, despite every effort of its driver to keep it straight. But the corporal managed to pull alongside once more and shout a demand to halt. The situation was becoming desperate; the State line was less than twenty miles away.

Now, one flat tire will stop any ordinary driver—even a crook. But the convict saw additional years of punishment facing him unless he escaped. Hunched over the wheel, like a jockey, he urged the warden's machine forward. There was nothing left for the corporal to do but drop behind and deflate the left rear tire. When this desperate expedient had no effect, the highway officer, without slackening speed and with both hands removed from the handle-bars, reloaded his six-shooter, again drew up to twenty feet, and drilled the gasoline tank full of holes. With its engine choking and sputtering, the car came to a stop. Before its occupant could leap out, the corporal was alongside.

NOW, this sort of adventure is not an every-day occurrence, but occasionally some such opportunity, with its accompaniment of danger, will lighten for a motorcycle officer a week or more of drab routine. It is the hope that he will sometime have a chance to distinguish himself that holds many a man on this semi-military force. Recently one of the riders in dark-gray was passing a quarry, when he heard someone shouting for help. There on the brink of an abandoned pit stood a man, pointing helplessly to a pool. The surface was slightly disturbed, as if some bather had been thrashing about. Leaping from his motorcycle, without bothering to put up the stand, the highway patrolman (who is taught to swim) dived into the muddy water, and swam about until his hand touched a body, still warm. Coming to the surface, he inhaled deeply and disappeared once more. When he reappeared, several seconds later, he had the body of the drowning victim in his grasp.

This highway officer had been taught the principles of first-aid in his rookie days, and now he applied them vigorously. For an hour he worked over the inanimate form, while the bystander watched the highway for

a passing motorist. None came, and the victim showed no sign of life; the attempt at resuscitation had failed. There yet remained, however, that marvelous invention—the pulmotor. Twenty miles away was a hospital. Picking up his motorcycle, the youthful rider “poured in the gas,” as they say when they do more than seventy. He got the pulmotor and an ambulance and a couple of internes, but it was too late. Incidentally, the highway patrolman, as a result of his immersion, followed by the chilling ride to the hospital and back to the quarry, spent the next two weeks in the hospital!

Split up into groups of one, two, and three men, and distributed throughout the State, far from any centralized control and supervision, far from advice and instruction, the highway officer must have initiative and a highly developed sense of duty. His conduct must be exemplary at all times, for he is continually under the observation of all classes of citizens. He must have no local, personal, or political entanglements. He must be ready to cooperate with the county prosecutor and the sheriff—and to take the place of the latter if he fails to do his duty. He must police and protect the State highways; must move quietly and quickly to the scene of an accident or a bank robbery. He is always ready to aid the farmer and his organizations; to apprehend the reckless and intoxicated motorist—in short, to give the taxpayers on his “beat” a sense of security and protection. To him has fallen the tremendous task of making the highway safe for the traveling public. He will pull your car out of a ditch with his 18-horse-power motorcycle (I myself have towed a glider into the air with my machine); he will ride to the nearest garage for the wrecking-crane or a gallon of gas. By the same token, if the occasion warrants, he will run you in. He will do any of these things with a firm, courteous, and detached manner. For he has been taught that a rider of the concrete trail may be a patrolman and a gentleman at the same time.

Briefly, the highway patrolman's job is: first, to patrol the State roads, day and night; second, to enforce the motor-vehicle laws; and, third, to protect life and property.

In New Jersey, he may be called upon to escort a silk-truck or patrol the roads leading to Lakehurst just before the arrival of the *Graf Zeppelin*. In Michigan and New York, it is his duty to protect the bungalows of summer residents and fishing clubs; everywhere he is a motor-vehicle inspector, a super-constable, a detective. In such States

as West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York, he has relieved the mounted constabulary of traffic duty, and allowed them to concentrate on the fight against crime. Some of them keep portable scales

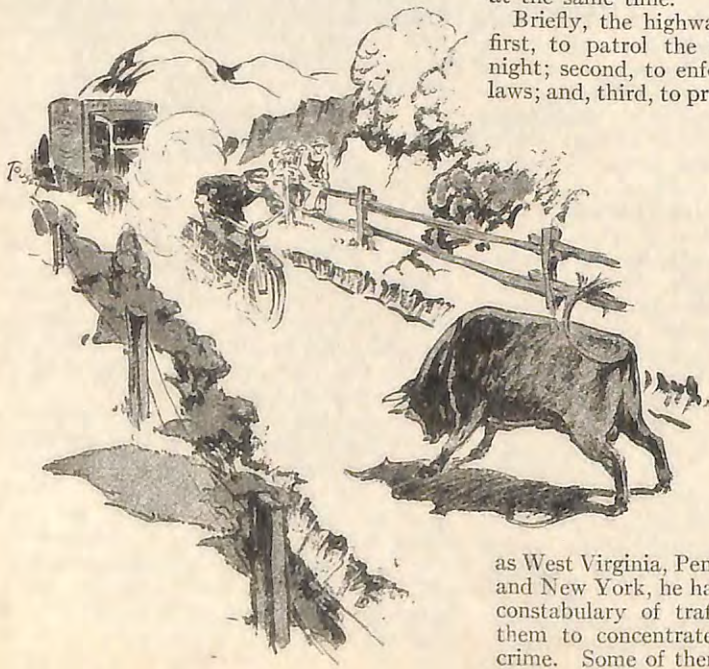
for weighing trucks; in Pennsylvania, this truck-weighing unit is said to save the State hundreds of thousands of dollars each year, simply by keeping overloaded trucks from pounding their roads to pieces.

One of the motorcycle patrolman's tasks is to check up on brakes and headlights—both of which cause an appalling number of accidents when improperly adjusted. Many States assign the work of examining applicants for drivers' licenses to their highway patrols. This requires patience, particularly with the feminine element, but it is part of the job. Moreover, the fees thus obtained, which are paid into the State treasury, help to buy gas

for his “iron mule” and pay for his snappy uniform. He might rather be burning up the road in pursuit of an automobile thief, but his first duty is to make the highways safe for the traveling public. And one way of doing this is to see that every applicant proves that he or she is entitled to drive a car. At other times they flit up and down the broad, concrete highways, in an unrelenting endeavor to keep the law-abiding motorist out of trouble. A highway patrolman's beat may be as much as two hundred miles a day. And, while his veracity is seldom questioned by his superiors, it has become the custom in many States for the motorcycle officer to submit a report slip postmarked on that day with the names of a number of towns along his route. His holidays may be at the rate of one day per week, subject to the “if and when” clause so familiar in Wall Street; or they may be lumped into three consecutive days per month, as in New Jersey—if traffic conditions permit. But he is always subject to call, twenty-four hours a day, every day in the year. As Captain Dorr, adjutant of the Pennsylvania Highway Patrol, explains:

“WE DON'T put a raw recruit into a uniform, mount him on a motorcycle, and call him a highway patrolman. He comes in as a rookie, scrubs floors, washes dishes, waits on table, cleans windows, sweeps and dusts, and helps to keep our new \$200,000 training school in apple-pie order. He gets up before sunrise, takes regular physical exercise under a competent director, and spends the balance of the morning in classes of one kind or another. He learns to shoot at one of the best-equipped pistol ranges in the East, and must make an average of 70 per cent. with both hands. If he already knows how to operate a motorcycle, we teach him what makes the thing work, not merely how to advance the spark and pour in the gas. He is taught how to take down and reassemble both a pistol and a motorcycle. If he comes to the school just to get into a snug-fitting uniform and give his girl an eyeful, he soon goes down the road talking to himself. On the other hand, if his record in the classroom, on the range, and in the garage is consistently good, he gets one evening a week off. On all other nights, he is in bed at ten.”

That, with minor changes, may be said to be the program of the highway patrol rookie throughout the country. In New Jersey, for example, the recruit is not permitted to “tinker” either with his gun or his machine; if anything needs adjusting, it is done by experts. Further-





more, he is not permitted to leave the grounds from the time he enters the school until he graduates—a period of three months.

"Isn't that pretty tough on a young fellow whose folks may live ten miles from here?" I asked Colonel Schwarzkopf, Superintendent of the State Police.

"IT IS," the Colonel admitted. "But that's just the point. If he's going to get homesick for his family, or develop an unconquerable hankering to see his sweetheart, we want to know it now. We don't want him to slip away from his patrol duties after we have spent three months of our time and \$850 of the taxpayers' money teaching him the duties of a highway patrolman. If he can stick it out here for three months, it's a good indication that he wants to belong to the State Police, and that he will be pretty well equipped to combat attacks of homesickness after he goes on the road."

One of the chief reasons for the excellent morale of the State highway patrols is that they are virtually self-supporting. In a recent talk with Superintendent Davis, of the Tennessee organization, the writer was informed that—

"Fatal highway accidents in this State increased more than 100 per cent. in the last five years—much faster than automobile registrations. Something had to be done to protect motorists from themselves, so the legislature got busy and made it possible for us to organize a highway patrol. We are appropriating 5 per cent. of the money paid into the State treasury for automobile registrations last year. This amounts to about \$250,000. In other words, the average motorist in Tennessee pays about five cents a month for motorcycle protection on the highways. Pennsylvania, a densely

populated State, has cut this cost in half." In California, Washington, Oregon, Texas, Minnesota, Arkansas, West Virginia, Maryland, and a dozen other States, a percentage of the gasoline tax, registration and license fees, and other highway revenues is set aside for the expense of the patrol.

appropriation; in the first eight years of its existence, the organization returned to the State, in excess of the cost of operations, \$3,225,796. Last year the State Police recovered 509 stolen automobiles and trucks, valued at \$300,490, and confiscated moonshine stills and other property valued at \$1,408,283. In addition, the troopers saved from fire property valued at almost half a million dollars. They rendered aid of one kind and another to 23,961 travelers; made 27,687 arrests—and obtained 25,042 convictions; made reports of and rendered assistance at 4,486 accidents; interviewed, in the course of their duties, 353,926 persons; answered in person 21,387 complaints, and had recourse to their first-aid kits in 936 instances. In addition, they reported and fought 262 forest fires. Perhaps the outstanding feat not connected with automobile thieves, bank robbers, or the capture of a gang of counterfeiters, was the wild relay of motorcycle officers Schwartz and McCormick across the State.

at the New Jersey side of the ferry, the precious package. Through a dense and hectic week-end traffic—the worst in the world—Schwartz roared on his "iron mule," with his speedometer sometimes hovering around the 80-mile mark. Thirty-two miles along the road toward Trenton, Trooper McCormick waited on another motorcycle. Disregarding all thoughts of personal danger on the most congested highway in the United States (the strip between New York and Trenton), these men had but one thought—to deliver the serum in time to save a humble Italian gardener's life.

At 4:50, forty minutes after the start, Trooper McCormick saw Schwartz speeding around the bend. Kicking his engine into action, he turned into the smooth concrete highway, while Schwartz roared down the stretch. Twenty—thirty—forty—fifty



miles an hour went McCormick; Schwartz was doing seventy. Twisting his throttle inward, McCormick increased his speed to that of the onrushing bearer of the precious serum. At seventy miles an hour they

raced, neck and neck. Then Schwartz handed the package to McCormick, who put it in his pocket without slackening speed. With a wave of his hand, Schwartz turned back to attend to his every-day traffic duties; McCormick, weaving in and out of traffic, dashed toward Trenton, his speedometer touching eighty-five on the clear stretches. He made the thirty-five miles in exactly thirty-five minutes.

The anti-venom serum was injected at once, and for hours the Italian gardener hovered between life and death. Later he completely recovered, and his first act upon leaving the hospital was to have three medals struck off—one for the keeper who traveled the first thirteen miles by automobile; and one for each highway officer. On the back of each medal was engraved: "He risked his life to save a life."

(Continued on page 48)

One September afternoon, an Italian truck-grower, working in his patch near Trenton, was bitten by a deadly copper-head snake. He was rushed to a hospital at the capital, where the physicians agreed that the only hope of saving the patient's life lay in an injection of anti-venom serum. Symptoms of approaching death were evident; his arms and legs were swollen to twice their normal size. The nearest supply was at the New York Zoological Gardens, eighty miles distant. In desperation, the hospital physicians asked the State Police to undertake to deliver the serum. Captain Nicol, Headquarters Troop Commander, promised that it would be brought by motorcycle quicker than they could obtain it by airplane or train.

At 4:10 that Sunday afternoon, the chief keeper of the Zoo handed Trooper Schwartz

populated State, has cut this cost in half."

In California, Washington, Oregon, Texas, Minnesota, Arkansas, West Virginia, Maryland, and a dozen other States, a percentage of the gasoline tax, registration and license fees, and other highway revenues is set aside for the expense of the patrol.

In New Jersey, the monetary returns in a single year have been more than double the



# Water, Water Everywhere

Compiled by  
Charles Phelps Cushing



EWING GALLOWAY

*Booming like a barrage, a huge wave splinters against the breakwater at Colombo, on the island of Ceylon*



DE COU, FROM GALLOWAY

*"Thar she blows!"—the Giant Geyser, always a whale of an attraction for tourists in Yellowstone National Park*



KEYSTONE

*(Above) Our "spots of decoration" are photographs of snow crystals*



KEYSTONE

*Rainbow lights play upon the new centerpiece of Chicago's front lawn, Buckingham Fountain*



EWING GALLOWAY

*When Will o' the Mill asked, "What is the sea?" the miller told him it was the greatest thing God ever made. No one doubts that who knows its wrath!*



KEYSTONE

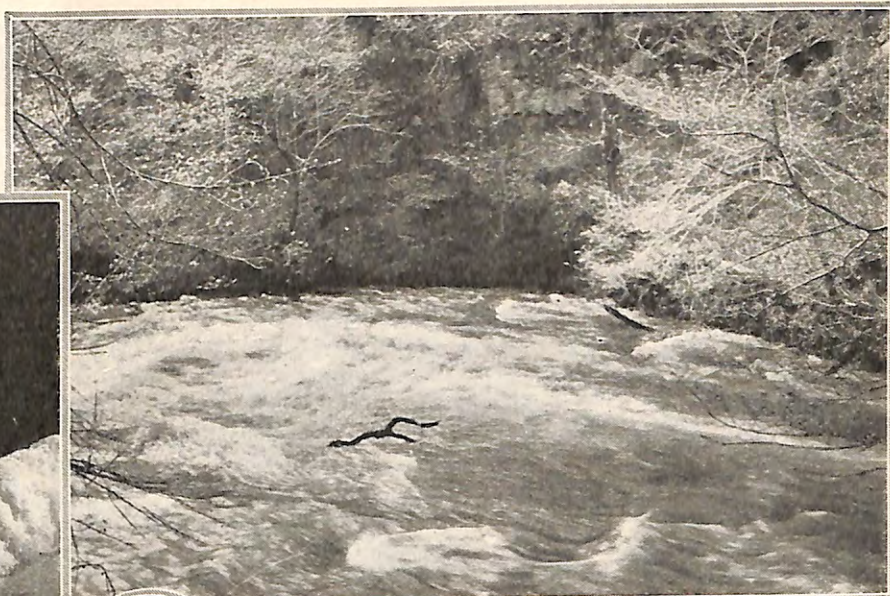
*First sight of an iceberg leaves you gasping at the glittering majesty of its bulk. And wonder grows when you recall that most of its mass is submerged*





EWING GALLOWAY

*A snowdrift, a thaw and a winter gale: then Jack Frost unveils his sculpture; glittering; immaculate*



C. P. CUSHING



*Like a river bursting from the ground, like a geyser of cold and crystal-clear water is Missouri's giant Greer Spring*



HERBERT PHOTOS



*A peal of thunder reverberates. Now you watch a rain-cloud in southwestern California spilling its contents in a drenching shower over mesas and canyons many miles away*



KEYSTONE

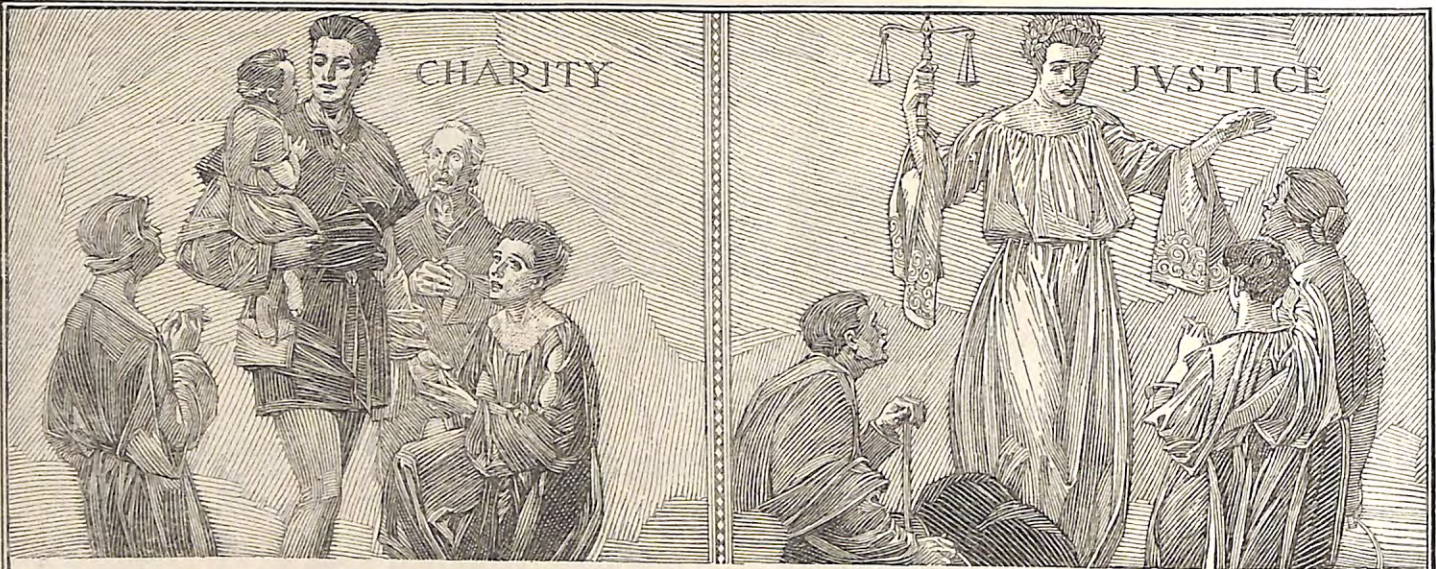
*The waterspout is a pillar of terror from sea to sky, a tornado and a deluge roaring and whirling together*



EWING GALLOWAY

*Outlet for "half of the fresh water of the earth," pouring in might over a towering precipice—that's Niagara!*





## EDITORIAL

### A PLEDGE TO BE REDEEMED

**I**N HIS first official circular, and as the first subject thereof under the appropriate heading "Redeeming a Pledge," Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp calls upon the Order to make good its promise to President Hoover, that it would assist in every possible way to relieve the unemployment situation. That unfortunate condition still continues and the approach of winter accentuates the importance of relief measures.

The best of all relief, of course, is work for the willing worker, and the maintenance of business which in turn supplies employment to others. If you have a job that must be done, have it done now. If you have work that can possibly be undertaken at this time, do not delay it, but offer it to some workman promptly. Go forward with building programs. Spend as freely as your condition will warrant.

If the hundreds of thousands of individual Elks, and the hundreds of subordinate Lodges, will adopt these suggestions, the Order will have redeemed its pledge to the President; and it will again have demonstrated its fine capacity for national service. In so appealing a cause, involving a condition of nation-wide extent, it is inconceivable that the response by so patriotic an organization will be other than prompt, willing and generous.

### CHRISTMAS BASKETS

**T**HE custom among the subordinate Lodges of sending baskets, filled with substantial foodstuffs and pleasing dainties, to the poor and needy of their respective communities at Christmas, is the most generally observed of the Order's habitual charitable activities. It has been so long established that it has become traditional. And it is now well recognized as a distinctive Elk contribution to the true spirit and meaning of the Christmastide.

In all sections of the country there will be this

year an unusual number in real need. And it is hoped that the various Lodges, with this fact in mind, will be more than usually generous in this seasonal charity.

The provision for, and the distribution of, the Christmas baskets is quite a job. It calls for the interested and intelligent attention and active labor of numbers of the members in each Lodge. And it takes time. Plans should not be delayed, therefore, where this service is to be undertaken. Committees should be appointed at once and preparations made in full time to meet adequately the demands in each community.

And this suggestion is made to each Elk who reads this: if you wish really to enjoy this Christmas; if you wish to get a real kick out of your Christmas giving, go down to your Lodge, contribute to the basket fund, and personally assist in the physical work involved. See for yourself something of the unfortunate conditions which this Elklly charity helps to mitigate.

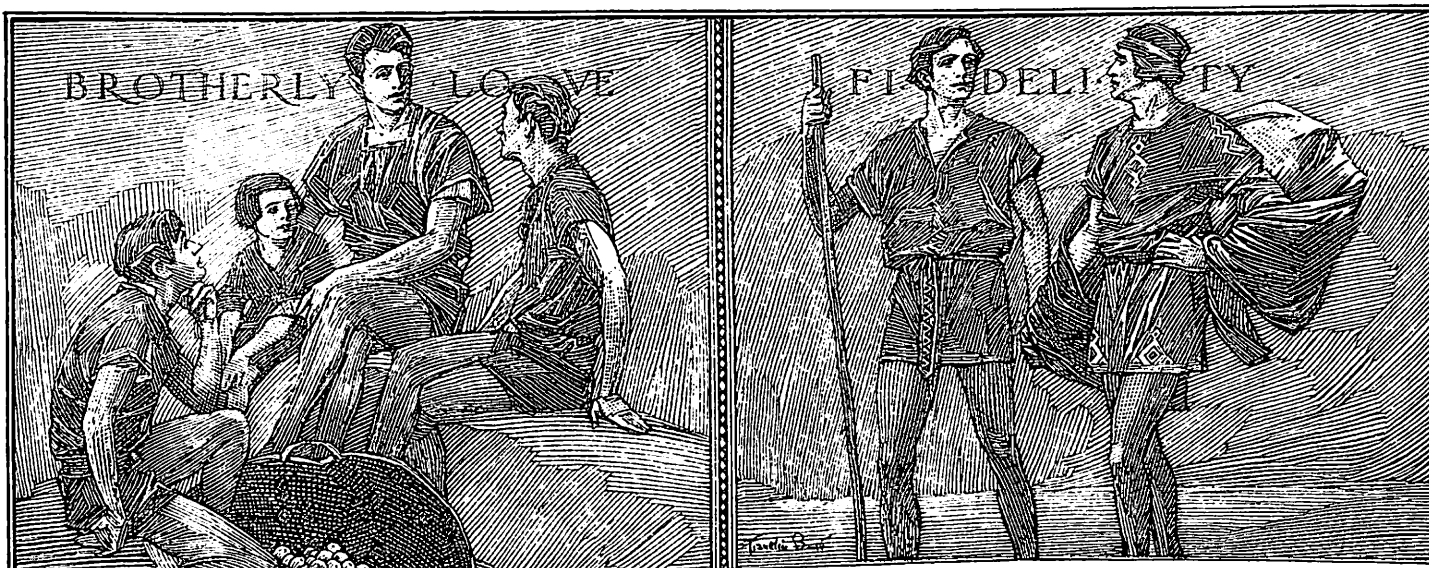
It is guaranteed that your enjoyment of the whole Christmas season will be tremendously enhanced.

### WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

**I**T IS not an infrequent complaint among members of the Order, in discussing conditions in their respective Lodges, that "the Lodge is not doing anything." By this is meant, in most instances, that the Lodge is not undertaking any specific benevolent activity or providing any fraternal occasions of a social character. Assuming that the complaint is justified in numerous cases, an appropriate inquiry is to be addressed to the complainants: What are *you* doing about it?

Admitting that the officers are naturally expected to take the lead in such matters, what are you doing to encourage them and inspire them to such leadership? Do you attend the meetings and display a real interest in the Lodge and its





Decorations by Franklin Booth

work? Have you expressed in words, or given other evidence of, your readiness personally to assist in the fraternal and social activities of the Lodge? Have you tried to initiate anything worth while? Or do you merely pay your dues and look to others to inaugurate and carry forward the programs of service and entertainment?

If you come within the latter class, although the complaint of your Lodge's inactivity may be thoroughly justified, you are not the one to make it. The fault lies partly at your own door.

If each member of a Lodge will give real evidence of a sincere pride in his membership and of a desire to be helpful in promoting appropriate activities, there will be no cause for criticism. That Lodge will be alive. It is inevitable.

You can not escape your share of the responsibility if your Lodge happens to be one that is "not doing anything." What are *you* doing about it?

#### G. E. R. CLASSES

"Go back to your Lodges and tell them for me . . . that if I am invited I shall attempt to visit them, that I shall not look for lavish entertainment, but that if in honor of the office I hold they might find it possible on the occasion of my visit to initiate a class to be inducted into this delectable land, I will be very, very happy."

**T**HOSE who heard these words addressed to the Grand Lodge at Atlantic City, will recall the convincing earnestness with which they were uttered by the newly elected Grand Exalted Ruler. Those who read them here will recognize the possibilities that lie in a general compliance with his request.

There are many reasons why such compliance should be readily accorded. It is an appeal from our selected leader for a service that involves loyalty and devotion. The visit of the Chief Executive of the Order to a subordinate Lodge can not in anywise be made more noteworthy and memorable than by making it the occasion of the initiation of as large a class as possible. It is relatively easy to enlist enthusiastic cooperation from the membership in such a cause at such a time.

The appeal to prospective candidates is accentuated by the unusual circumstances. The class, on such an occasion, will receive, from the lips of the Grand Exalted Ruler himself, information and inspiration such as could not be derived from any other source at any other time. And it is easy to calculate the tremendous influence that would be exerted toward increased memberships.

It is to be hoped that each Lodge which the Grand Exalted Ruler visits will greet him with a fine class of initiates, as the chief feature of his entertainment. It is the most acceptable present that could be tendered to him, for it would be one of inestimable value made, through him, to the Order itself.

#### IT WARMS THE HEART

**I**N a recent comment in these columns, attention was invited to the number of underprivileged children who are periodically cared for and entertained by Elk Lodges throughout the country, as indicated in the items published in the Under the Spreading Antlers department. In the October issue of the Magazine, further evidence is given of the extent of this splendid service.

The aggregate number of the children reported to have been entertained during the preceding month easily exceeds fifteen thousand. Surely the reading of such items warms the heart of every true Elk. And how much more of a thrill would be experienced if the reader had personally participated in some of those events.

If your Lodge has not engaged in such activity, it has lost an opportunity to do a good deed that is almost selfish because of the pleasure that comes to those who interest themselves in it. There is no Lodge of the Order to which an opportunity is not presented in the course of the year.

Try it out sometime. Get your Lodge to interest itself in the underprivileged children of the community. Put your own personal efforts into the undertaking. Such bread cast upon the waters doesn't wait to come back after many days. It returns even as it is cast, in the shape of a heart warmed by the consciousness of a worthy deed.



# The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

## Mr. Rupp Crosses the Continent to Call on Pacific Coast Lodges

**W**ITHIN the three weeks beginning October 8, and ending October 30, Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp visited nearly a score of subordinate Lodges, the range of his travels carrying him from the eastern part of Pennsylvania and the northern part of New York to the Pacific Coast.

In several cases, the presence of Mr. Rupp was coincident with other important events in the life of the Lodges upon which he called. He was the guest of Hoosick Falls and Seneca Falls, N. Y., Elks, upon the occasion of their observance of the twenty-fifth anniversaries of their institutions; of the members of Burbank, Calif., Lodge, for the ceremonies attendant upon their laying the cornerstone of their new Home; and he was present at Monterey, Calif., Lodge, during the sessions of the convention of the California State Elks Association.

The accounts of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visits to these Lodges invariably would call for a report of many events in which he did not take full part, and so detailed reports of them are not given in the narrative of his journey which follows. Complete accounts of the celebrations at Hoosick Falls, Seneca Falls, and Burbank Lodges are published elsewhere in this issue, in "Under the Spreading Antlers"; and the report of the California State Elks Association convention is to be found in "News of the State Associations."

The visit of Mr. Rupp to Hoosick Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 178, on October 8, was coincident with the celebration of its twenty-fifth anniversary. The Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor among a large number of notables of the Order at a banquet in the Armory. Later in the evening he was the principal speaker at the Lodge session.

Upon his journey, October 10, from Hoosick Falls to Seneca Falls, the Grand Exalted Ruler seized the opportunity to make brief calls upon Lodges along the route. After a short halt at Schenectady, where he inspected the beautiful new Home of Lodge No. 480, Mr. Rupp paused at Amsterdam. There, at a luncheon arranged by District Deputy-Grand Exalted Ruler E. A. McCaffrey, and attended by about thirty members of Lodge No. 101, he was the guest of honor. As he approached the end of his trip, 100 members of Syracuse Lodge, No. 31, greeted Mr. Rupp at the Home. There the Grand Exalted Ruler enjoyed an hour's stay.

The visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler to Seneca Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 992, on October 10, coincided with its celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of its institution. Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge met Mr. Rupp in Syracuse and, with an escort of State constabulary clearing the way, conducted him first to Auburn, where a brief stop was made for a tour of inspection of the new Home of Lodge No. 474. Departing from there, the chief of the Order and his suite were greeted, as they approached Seneca Falls, by the Elks Fife and Drum Corps, by details of State and local police, and escorted, through streets festooned with purple-and-white bunting, to the Masonic Temple, where a banquet was held.

With the completion of his tour of Lodges in New York State, Mr. Rupp returned for a few days to his home in Allentown, Pa. He departed thence for the Pacific Coast, arriving in San Francisco, October 15. There Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott and a delegation of other members of San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler and his suite. The official party left after a short stay in the city for Del Monte, in company with Mr. Abbott. The following day provided a brief respite from the fatigue of travel. In the morning the Grand Exalted Ruler enjoyed a motor trip, with the Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, Ralph Hagan, acting as his host. The afternoon was devoted to golf at Pebble Beach. Among the members of the group which entertained Mr. Rupp upon this occasion, besides Mr. Abbott and Dr.

Hagan, was Grand Esquire John J. Doyle.

Upon the two days ensuing, October 16 and 17, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended the convention of the California State Elks Association, at Monterey. The morning of the 16th he addressed the 700 Elks assembled in formal session at the Del Monte Auditorium; and upon the following evening he was the principal speaker at the convention banquet.

Leaving Del Monte and Monterey on October 19, the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by his escort, traveled to Oakland, stopping en route for a short sojourn at the Home of Santa Cruz Lodge, No. 824. In the course of his brief visit there, Mr. Rupp found opportunity to inspect the Lodge Home and to view the impressive redwood grove near Santa Cruz.

Mr. Rupp arrived in Oakland late in the evening of October 19. The following morning he had the pleasure of a motor trip, arranged by Exalted Ruler William P. St. Sure, of Oakland Lodge, which included a glimpse of the splendid campus of the University of California. At noon the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of Berkeley Lodge, No. 1002, at a luncheon at the Home. Among the many members present upon this occasion were Exalted Ruler James W. Waide, of Berkeley Lodge; Exalted Ruler St. Sure, of Oakland Lodge; and Mayor Thomas Caldecott, of Berkeley. After the luncheon Mr. Rupp was conducted to the Berkeley Country Club for golf.

One of the largest meetings in the history of Oakland Lodge, No. 171, was that held in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp, on October 20. Present at the banquet table with the Grand Exalted Ruler were Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott; the Exalted Rulers of thirty-two Lodges of northern California, five Past Presidents of the California State Elks Association, and the Past Exalted Rulers and officers of Oakland Lodge. The meeting following the banquet was attended by 600 members of Oakland and nearby Lodges. During the session four candidates were initiated. William P. St. Sure, Exalted Ruler of Oakland Lodge, and the officers of Alameda Lodge, No. 1015, conducted the ceremonies. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered an address which will long be remembered by the many present.

The Grand Exalted Ruler and his official party traveled by train on October 22, from Oakland to St. Margaret. There Mr. Rupp was met by a delegation of members of San Luis Obispo Lodge, No. 322, and escorted to the Lodge Home for a brief reception. He departed in time to make the principal address at the ceremonies, at Burbank, of laying the cornerstone of the new Home of Lodge No. 1497 there.

Twelve hundred members of the Order, representing fifteen Lodges, gathered at the Home of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, to welcome the Grand Exalted Ruler upon his visit there. The festivities incident to the occasion included a reception and banquet, and later, during the formal session of the Lodge, the initiation of a special class of candidates. Mr. Rupp was the chief speaker at the dinner. His address, and the manner of its presentation, stimulated his more than a thousand hearers to tremendous enthusiasm.

Except for such relaxation as he could gain during the journey eastward by train, there was little respite for the Grand Exalted Ruler after his series of Californian visits. Four days after his call upon the Los Angeles Elks he arrived home in Allentown, and the following evening, October 28th, he made a visit to the Home of Chester, Pa., Lodge, No. 488, to take part in the mortgage-burning celebration there. Before these exercises, held in the auditorium of the Home, Mr. Rupp was the guest of honor at a dinner, attended by 300 members, at the Chester Club. He was later the principal and a highly impressive speaker at the Lodge Home, where a large number of notables of the Order were gathered to greet him and to congratulate

Chester Lodge upon the occasion of its burning the mortgage. In attendance during the exercises were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight John J. Powell; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Samuel E. Turner, Mayor of Chester; Joseph F. Lawless, Lawrence A. Gipp, and William T. Ramsey; Past Exalted Ruler Grover C. Talbot and Elwood J. Turner, Members of the House of Representatives; State Senator John J. McClure; and District Attorney William J. McCarter. The actual burning of the mortgage documents was the privilege of the Secretary of the Lodge, A. R. Bloom. Exalted Ruler Howard Levy presided at the exercises. There ensued, following adjournment of the formal session, a program of entertainment and a social period.

Four hundred members of the Order, including men of national prominence both in the Order and in public life, assembled to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Home of Mahanoy City Lodge, No. 695, upon the evening of October 29. Notable among the gathering was the Honorable James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor; and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters. The initial event of the evening was a banquet in honor of Mr. Rupp in the dining room of the Home. At this, after the invocation by the Rev. George C. Heinze, Chaplain of the Lodge, and an address of welcome by Past Exalted Ruler C. Fred Beck, George J. Post, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and Secretary of Mahanoy City Lodge for the last twenty-six years, introduced the chief speakers. These were, in the order of their presentation, Secretary of Labor Davis, Grand Secretary Masters, and Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp, whose address was the principal one of the occasion. Shorter talks were given by Chief Burgess William Llewellyn, welcoming the visitors in behalf of the city; and former Judge H. O. Bechtel, of Schuylkill County. An enthusiastically applauded part of the program was the presentation to District Deputy Post of a life membership in Mahanoy City Lodge, for distinguished services rendered the Order. At the conclusion of the banquet, an entertainment was presented in the grill room of the Home. In addition to those already mentioned, there were present at the dinner, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler V. R. Linaberry; Gurney T. Afflerbach, Past Exalted Ruler of Allentown, Pa., Lodge and Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler; Past Presidents of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association Max L. Lindheimer, F. J. Schrader, Harry I. Koch, Edward J. Morris, Howard R. Davis and S. Clem Reichard; together with a delegation representing a number of other Lodges in Pennsylvania.

In token of its welcome of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to Bangor Lodge, No. 1106, upon the evening of October 30, its officers initiated 131 candidates, the largest class in the history of the Lodge and one named in honor of Mr. Rupp. The events incident to the call of the head of the Order upon the Bangor Elks began with a testimonial banquet to him at the Lake House, Saylorburg. There followed a street parade, the procession leading to the auditorium of the Slate Belt Republican Club, where the ceremonies of inducting the record class were held. Included in the list of notables of the Order who attended the dinner and who, at the meeting later, addressed the 800 Elks assembled, were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George J. Post; W. S. Gould, Secretary of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association and Robert Davies, first Exalted Ruler of Bangor Lodge. In the course of the evening the band of Norristown Lodge, No. 714, entertained the guests with a program of musical selections. A luncheon and an informal social session at the Lodge Home followed the meeting in the auditorium.





### **Idaho Elks Honor R. W. Jones, Past Grand Tiler**

FOUR hundred members of the Order, representing Lodges in nearby States as well as several in Idaho, assembled recently at the Home of Pocatello, Ida., Lodge, No. 674, at the "Casey Jones Jubilee," an affair held in honor of R. W. Jones, Past Grand Tiler and at present Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. Prominent incidents of the Lodge meeting were the initiation of a class of candidates, for Idaho Falls Lodge, No. 1087, Malad Lodge, No. 1582, and Pocatello Lodge, by the officers of Burley Lodge, No. 1384; and the presentation to Mr. Jones of an honorary life membership. The card emblematic of this distinction was of gold, and handsomely engraved and embossed. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. H. Eustace delivered the presentation address. Others who spoke were B. P. Spry, Secretary of the Utah State Elks Association; and the guest of honor, Mr. Jones. A lively program of entertainment and a buffet supper followed the formal session.

### **Pennsylvania Northwest District Meeting Attended by Twelve Lodges**

Forty-eight delegates, representing twelve Lodges belonging to the Elks Association of Pennsylvania Northwest, gathered recently at a regular meeting at the Home of Woodlawn Lodge, No. 1221. In addition there were present at the meeting, as visitors, members of five Lodges affiliated with the Southwest District Association.

### **Degree Team of Everett, Mass., Elks Performs for Other Lodges**

For three successive weeks, the Degree Team of Everett, Mass., Lodge, No. 642, participated in the conduct of initiation ceremonies for Lodges in Massachusetts and neighboring States. These were Berlin, N. H., Lodge, No. 618; Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge, No. 920; and Wakefield, Mass., Lodge, No. 1276. The appearance of the Everett team at exercises incident to the induction of candidates in other Lodges is an event frequently encountered. The proficiency of the group has won it invitations to perform at functions of this nature for the last four years. The Degree Team is but one active unit of Everett Lodge. Others as experienced and as well drilled are the Lodge's Drill Team and its Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps. All three organizations are uniformed.

### **Burbank, Calif., Lodge Lays Cornerstone of New Home**

Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp, Grand Esquire John J. Doyle and Grand Trustee Ralph Hagan were among the dignitaries of the Order present when Burbank, Calif., Lodge, No. 1497, a short time ago, laid the cornerstone of its new home. Before the exercises a parade took place, numbering among its constituents a squad of motorcycle police, the band of Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289, the American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps, and marching delegations of Elks. When the cornerstone was laid,

according to the ritual of the Order, Exalted Ruler Walter E. Lawrence of Burbank Lodge acted as master of ceremonies, while L. D. Martin, inspector in charge of the building and a Burbank Elk, superintended the technical details. Within the cornerstone were placed a photograph of the ground-breaking ceremonies, held a short time before; a list of the officers of the Lodge, a copy of the *Burbank Review* of October 6, containing a report of the ground-breaking; a Chamber of Commerce folder, the business card of the architect, Rudolph Falkenrath, Jr.; the business card of the contractors, Hunt Brothers; and a list of the first officers of the Lodge and of the charter members. The principal address incident to the event was delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler. The response on the part of the several hundred who heard it was one of tremendous enthusiasm. Grand Esquire Doyle and Grand Trustee Hagan also spoke with decided effectiveness. Besides members of Burbank Lodge, there attended the exercises delegations from Ventura, Alhambra, Whittier, Huntington Park, Glendale, San Fernando and Los Angeles Lodges.

### **Officers of Lodges of Illinois, Northeast, Gather at Conference**

Notables of the Order, representing both the Grand Lodge and the Elks of the State, attended recently the conference of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Lodges within the Northeast District of Illinois, called by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John A. Thiel. The principal subject of discussion was the work of the Order in the State in behalf of crippled children. The summary of accomplishment in this direction and the outline of future efforts were presented by John J. Faulkner, Executive Secretary of the Crippled Children's Committee

of the Illinois State Elks Association. Announcement was made at the meeting of the appointment of Josef W. Chapman to the office of Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee of the Northeast Division of the Association. In attendance upon the occasion were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Floyd E. Thompson, Justice of the Grand Forum; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James J. Lalla; Truman A. Snell, President; Max J. Ephraim, Vice-President; and George W. Hasselman, Secretary, of the State Association.

### **Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge Officers Initiate Class for Long Beach Elks**

Before a gathering of five hundred Elks, many of them visitors from neighboring Lodges, the officers of Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge, No. 794, initiated a class of candidates a short time ago at Long Beach Lodge, No. 888. The meeting at which the exercises of induction took place was preceded by a dinner for the visiting officers at the Breakers Hotel, and followed by a delightful social session.

### **Seneca Falls, N. Y., Lodge Holds 25th Anniversary Celebration**

With Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp as guest of honor, and in the presence of many other notables of the Order, Seneca Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 992, celebrated recently the twenty-fifth anniversary of its institution. The observance of the occasion comprised two events, the one a banquet in the Masonic Temple, and the other a meeting in the Elks Home. At the dinner, served by the Ladies' Auxiliary of Seneca Falls Lodge, Mr. Rupp was introduced by Exalted Ruler Charles H. Kinne to the three hundred Elks assembled. The Grand Exalted



The ceremonies marking the opening of a new tennis court completed a short time ago by Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1429





*The Ritualistic Team of Frankfort, Ind., Lodge, No. 560, winners of the Joseph T. Fanning Cup, emblematic of the State Championship*

Ruler spoke only a few brief words, reserving his address of the evening for the Lodge session later. At this he was the principal speaker among many of the Order's celebrities. Others who spoke were Harry Nugent, member of the Committee on Credentials of the Grand Lodge; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers John W. LeSeur and Joseph F. Ibbotson; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers George W. Denton, James H. Mackin, T. J. Hanrahan, Jr. and Charles M. Bedell; J. Edward Gallico, President; David D. Bailey, Vice-President; D. Curtis Gano and Miles S. Hencle, Past Presidents, and Louis S. Guard, Past Vice-President, of the New York State Elks Association. From Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert and from William T. Phillips, Chairman of the State Associations Committee of the Grand Lodge, telegrams were read expressing regret at their inability to attend the anniversary celebration. One hundred and twenty-five visiting Elks attended the affair, representing Auburn, Geneva, Lyons, Newark, Oswego, Oneida, Syracuse, Fulton, Watertown and Rochester Lodges. A social session in the clubrooms of the Home followed adjournment of the formal meeting.

#### **District Deputy Calls Meeting of Lodge Officers of Ohio, Northeast**

The Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of fifteen Lodges in the Northeast District of Ohio met recently at the Home of Warren Lodge, No. 295, for the purpose of discussing matters of common interest. The Lodge representatives assembled at the suggestion of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Delos K. Moser. Prominent among the attendants at the gathering, other than active Lodge officers, were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Charles A. Booth and William F. Bruning; and William G. Lambert, Past President of the Ohio State Elks Association.

#### **Albert Salzbrenner, Artist, Given Life Membership by Atlanta Elks**

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews presented recently to Albert Salzbrenner, an artist of note, a life membership in Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, for distinguished services rendered the Order. Mr. Salzbrenner is the artist who painted the portrait of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning that now hangs in the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago; and he recently gave to Atlanta Lodge a splendid work depicting several elk against the background of a woodland scene.

#### **San Pedro, Calif., Elks Inspect New Home of Alhambra Lodge**

A delegation of members of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge, No. 966, accepted an invitation, recently, to visit the Home of Alhambra Lodge, No. 1328. The evening provided opportunity for an inspection of the Alhambra Elks' new Home. Thereafter followed a meeting replete with interest, and an hour of informal entertainment.

#### **New York, N. Y., Lodge Mourns Death of Frank K. Bowers**

New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, is mourning the loss of Frank K. Bowers, a member of long standing and one of prominence in the public life of his community. At the time of his death, which followed an attack of heart disease while attending the Republican State Convention at

Albany, Mr. Bowers was Collector of Internal Revenue for his district. He had been for many years one of the active leaders of his party in New York. Officers of his Lodge conducted funeral services, at which there were present many members of the Order and of the political and commercial world of New York.

#### **San Fernando, Calif., Elks Raise Fund for Family of Slain Officer**

San Fernando, Calif., Lodge, No. 1539, took the lead, recently, in organizing a campaign for a fund of relief for the widow and two children of Police Officer Ben W. Mushaney, a member of the Lodge. Mr. Mushaney, initiated into the Order last June, was shot from ambush, a short time ago, while answering a call to settle a violent quarrel. At the funeral the officers of the Lodge performed the Elks ceremony, and a host of members attended in honor of this one of their number who had given his life in the course of his duty. Many of the leading citizens of San Fernando were among the several hundred others present upon this occasion.

#### **Children of Reconstruction Home Entertain Ithaca, N. Y., Elks**

As a token of their gratitude, the children who are inmates of the Reconstruction Home supported by Ithaca, N. Y., Lodge, No. 636, gave an entertainment for their benefactors after a dinner at the Home, recently. The program included speaking, singing and instrumental music. Every number was heartily applauded by the one hundred members of the Lodge present. The Elks returned the courtesy after the completion of the performances by serving ice cream and cake to the youngsters.

#### **Perth Amboy, N. J., Lodge Active in Aiding Crippled Children**

Within a period of six months, terminated recently, the Crippled Children's Committee of Perth Amboy, N. J., Lodge, No. 784, reports the

addition of sixteen new cases to its list of patients, and the reopening of three former cases. The efforts of the Committee in behalf of the disabled boys and girls of its community included the examination of eighty-eight, the provision of nineteen massage treatments, forty-eight Alpine light treatments, twenty-two X-ray treatments, and six operations. Besides this medical administration, the Committee has supplied for little patients six plaster casts, three pairs of special shoes, two pairs of foot plates, and braces and eye-glasses. The Lodge also paid the board for two children in need.

#### **Frackville, Pa., Elks Buy Office Building for Future Home**

Frackville, Pa., Lodge, No. 1533, concluded negotiations, a short time ago, to purchase an office building in its city, which, within a year or two, the Lodge will occupy as its Home. The building is now known as the G. A. Haupt Building. In the interim between the present and the date of occupancy, the Lodge will make alterations in the structure. These will comprise the expansion of a part of the ground floor, now used as a garage, to a size capable of accommodating sixteen automobiles; and the remodeling of the second floor to suit the requirements of a tenant.

#### **Meadville, Pa., Elks Sponsor Milk Fund for School Children**

The members of Meadville, Pa., Lodge, No. 219, voted recently in favor of the Lodge's sponsoring the milk fund for the undernourished children of its city's public schools. The nucleus of the sum required for this work is the earnings of the Lodge's Benefit Circus, presented last June. The remainder will come from subscriptions from Meadville Elks and other citizens interested in benevolent enterprises.

#### **District Deputy at 1500th Meeting Of Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler O. Ray Miner, visiting delegations from a number of neighboring Lodges, and three hundred members of Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge, No. 155, were present recently at the Lodge's fifteen-hundredth meeting. The initiation of a special class, with the Fort Wayne Elks' degree team in charge, was a feature of the formal session. After its adjournment, the guests and their hosts gathered together in the grill room of the Home to enjoy a buffet supper.

#### **District Deputy Praises Adams, Mass., Lodge on Official Call**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Michael L. Eisner made his official visit recently to Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 1335. Upon this occasion the representative of the Grand Lodge



*The spacious and luxurious lounge in the Home of Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171*





The striking and beautiful float contributed recently by Great Falls, Mont., Lodge, No. 214 to a parade which was a part of a community celebration

was accompanied by a suite comprising all the Past Exalted Rulers of his own Lodge, Pittsfield, No. 272, and of Adams Lodge. At the meeting which followed dinner in the Lodge Home, Mr. Eisner witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates. His comment upon the ritualistic performance incident to this, and upon the condition and spirit of Adams Lodge in other respects was emphatically congratulatory. A pleasant period of entertainment ensued after the meeting. Features of this were vocal and instrumental music, and a bountiful buffet supper.

#### Longmont, Colo., Elks Give Birthday Party to Aged Physician

To one of its life members, Dr. Ayres Stradley, believed to be one of the oldest physicians in the world still practicing actively, Longmont, Colo., Lodge, No. 1055, recently gave a birthday party upon the occasion of his reaching his ninetyeth year. Especially memorable incidents of the evening of this celebration were the presentation to the guest of honor of a birthday cake with a candle for his every year; and a program of singing by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the American Legion.

#### Franklin, Pa., Lodge Presents Flag To Shippenville High School

Franklin, Pa., Lodge, No. 110, presented an American flag a short time ago to Shippenville High School in that city. The ceremony, the official Flag Day ritual of the Order, took place in the auditorium of the Methodist Church. The Elks orchestra provided music before the inception of the exercises. Events of especial interest during the evening were an address upon the history of the flag by Prof. Charles E. Carter, Superintendent of the Franklin public schools and a member of Franklin Lodge; and the speech of acceptance by Prof. G. H. Clemenson. A buffet supper in the Sunday-school room of the church was served after the conclusion of the exercises.

#### Twelve Hundred Attend Reception To President John F. Nugent

Twelve hundred Elks and their ladies, some coming from Lodges as distant as two hundred miles, attended recently the reception to John F. Nugent, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, at the Home of Allegheny Lodge, No. 339. So large was the gathering that the three floors of the commodious Home were crowded to capacity. The evening was enlivened by a diversified and ample program of entertainment.

#### Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge Is Host to Visiting Delegation of Bronx Elks

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur B. Kelly, the officers, the Drill Team and a number of other members of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, recently paid a fraternal visit

to the Home of Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22. At the initiation of a class of candidates, which was a part of the evening's events, the Drill Team of Bronx Lodge, joined by the newly organized Drill Team of Brooklyn Lodge, participated in the exercises. A period of entertainment followed the formal session. The visitors left, later in the evening, with many expressions of their enjoyment of Brooklyn Lodge's hospitality.

#### Officers of New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge Make Two Fraternal Calls

The officers of New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge, No. 756, paid visits to two nearby Lodges, recently. The first was a call upon White Plains Lodge, No. 535, upon the occasion of its reception to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. McGuire, an event rendered the more notable for the presence at it of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert and William T. Phillips, Chairman of the State Associations Committee of the Grand Lodge. Two evenings later, New Rochelle Lodge's officers attended the eighth anniversary celebration of Mamaroneck Lodge, No. 1457.

#### Lansing, Mich., Lodge Holds Benefit For Maimed College Athlete

In order to enable Captain Smead, of the Michigan State College football team, to complete his studies at that institution, the baseball team of Lansing, Mich., Lodge, No. 196, recently engaged in a benefit contest with the nine representing the *Michigan State Journal*. Everyone concerned in the presentation of the game donated his services, and this, in addition to the fact that the affair was attended by 1,500 spectators, resulted in the accumulation of more than a thousand dollars. Mr. Smead was injured in an automobile accident, last summer, losing a leg and two fingers. When it was learned that his hospital expenses incidental to this misfortune would preclude his returning to college for his final year, the Lodge organized the benefit baseball game. The sporting honors of the day went to the *State Journal* team by a score of 7 to 5.

#### New York Daily Calls Joseph Brand "Champion Bronx Elk"

For his attendance at gatherings of Elks and for his tenure of offices in the Order, Joseph Brand, Secretary of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, was designated recently by the *New York Evening Journal*, as the "champion Bronx Elk." In support of its claim of the right of Mr. Brand to this pleasantly informal title, the newspaper points out that he had attended 1,000 of the 1,022 meetings of Bronx Lodge, that he has visited 500 other Lodges, that he has attended fifteen Grand Lodge Conventions and every convention of the New York State Elks Association since 1914. The present Secretary of Bronx Lodge and the editor of its weekly publication, *The Bronx Elks Bulletin*, he is one of

the thirty founders of the Lodge and member No. 13 on its roster. Within the Lodge he has served as Inner Guard, Esteemed Loyal Knight, Esteemed Leading Knight, and Exalted Ruler, as well as chairman of the Lodge's Membership, House, Flag Day, and Memorial Day committees. His record includes also the Treasurership and Presidency of the New York State Elks Association, and membership in the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials.

#### Officers of Iowa Lodges Discuss Membership at Fall Conference

Sound means for the retention and the stimulation of membership in Lodges, were discussed at length at the annual fall conference of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Iowa Lodges, held at the Home of Iowa City Lodge, No. 590. These officers met at the instance of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur M. Umlandt, Albert Paul and Ira L. Hays, all three of whom attended the assembly and addressed those party to it. Other prominent Elks to speak to the representatives of the subordinate Lodges were Clyde E. Jones, President of the Iowa State Elks Association; Henry Louis, Manager of Transportation for the Association; E. H. Johnson, a member of the Scholarship Foundation Committee of the Association; and Charles E. Witt, Assistant to Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters. Before the conference, Iowa City Lodge entertained the visitors at a luncheon at the Hotel Jefferson.

#### Jamestown, N. D., Lodge Celebrates Twenty-fifth Anniversary

Two hundred and fifty Elks, many of them visitors from other parts of the State, attended recently the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the institution of Jamestown, N. D., Lodge, No. 995. During the Lodge meeting, all the chairs were occupied by officers of the early days, some of them charter members. The first Exalted Ruler of the Jamestown Elks, C. A. Klaus, presided.

#### "Roll Call Night" at New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge Attracts Large Throng

In spite of highly unfavorable weather conditions, "Roll Call Night," observed recently by New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1557, brought forth, in addition to a large gathering of the Lodge's own members, an assemblage of 100 visiting Elks and a number of prominent representatives of other fraternal orders and civic officials. The events of the evening were two, the first a dinner at the Woman's Club of New Smyrna; the second the Lodge meeting at the Home. At the banquet, presided over by Caspian Hale, distinguished guests and speakers present included David Sholtz, Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee of the Grand Lodge; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. F. Chapman; the Rev. Father Joseph Downey, Chaplain of New Smyrna Lodge and of the Florida State Elks Association; Mayor W. E. Swoope and Commissioner W. H. Newell, of New Smyrna; Mayor F. R. Renwick, of Edgewater; A. I. Pooser, representing the Kiwanis Club; L. A. Robinson, representing the Rotary Club; C. T. Mallard, representing the American Legion and the Independent Order of Odd Fellows; D. Domingus, representing the Veterans of Foreign Wars; E. J. Wilcox, representing the Masonic Order; and the Rev. W. L. Lewis, Pastor of the Congregational Church. Both Mr. Sholtz and Mr. Chapman addressed the members of New Smyrna Lodge during the formal meeting following the dinner. At this session there were in attendance visiting Elks from Orlando, Cocoa, Daytona Beach, Jacksonville and Eustis Lodges.

#### Elks' Home for Convalescent Children In Washington State Dedicated

The ceremonies of dedication of the \$60,000 Crippled Children's Convalescent Home, an institution made possible by the contributions of Elks of the State of Washington, took place recently at Fort Lawton, near Seattle. Among those attending the exercises, which were opened with a prayer by the Rev. Herbert H. Gowen, were Victor Zednick, Secretary of the Washing-



ton State Elks Association; Frank Shelbert, Secretary of "The Bucks," the organization which effected the subscription of funds; Mrs. George T. Myers, President of the Children's Orthopaedic Hospital; and Mrs. John E. Ryan, jr., President of the Junior League, the body which will hereafter direct the management of the Home. The institution is an auxiliary of the Children's Orthopaedic Hospital, and its facilities will be used to care both for children whose health is being built up in preparation for operations in the hospital, and for those who are recovering from operations. The Home is set in the midst of a scene of beauty, in a four-acre tract overlooking Puget Sound and the Government rocks.

### **Men of Twenty-third Engineers Are Urged to Send Names to Society Head**

Through the columns of the magazine, Doane Eaton, President of the Executive Committee of the Metropolitan New York Society of Twenty-Third Engineers, urges that any reader who was a member of the Twenty-Third Engineers during the war send him in his name and address. It is the plan of the society to hold a reunion soon in New York City. Mr. Eaton's address is 50 Morningside Drive, New York City.

### **Indiana North Association Meets At Home of Valparaiso Lodge**

Representatives of eleven Lodges gathered recently at the semi-annual meeting of the Indiana North Association, held at the Home of Valparaiso Lodge, No. 500. The morning session was devoted chiefly to an extensive discussion of the problems and activities of the several Lodges represented. In the afternoon an initiation was held, with officers appointed by the chairman of the meeting, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank E. Coughlin, conducting the ceremonies. Prominent among the Elks in attendance were Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight F. J. McMichael; Harry K. Kramer, Treasurer, and Clyde Hunter, Past President of the Indiana State Elks Association. It was voted, before adjournment, to hold the spring meeting of the Indiana North Association at Goshen.

### **Washington, D. C., Lodge Officially Receives District Deputy**

With fourteen Exalted Rulers of the Lodges in Maryland, Delaware, and the District of Columbia as an escort, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles W. Bennett made his official visit recently to Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15. He was accompanied by President Taylor Morrison, of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association.

### **Many Crippled Children Provided for By Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge**

The Crippled Children's Committee of Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 128, recently submitted to the officers and members of the Lodge, its financial and statistical reports covering the last six months of its activities. It was disclosed in the report that among the 186 crippled children cared for, six had been operated upon and many had received special examinations. The total disbursements for the six months' period amounted to \$4,727.40.

### **Birmingham, Ala., Lodge Exhibits Interesting Elks' Mementos**

At the celebration of "Birmingham Night," held recently by Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, a remarkable collection of Elks' mementos was exhibited by the Elks Historical Club of Birmingham. Over 500 visitors inspected the relics which have been gathered by the club during the past forty years. Reminiscent talks on the history of Birmingham were given by several men prominent in the affairs of the Lodge and the city. Past Grand Inner Guard Edward S. McCrossin was master of ceremonies, and the Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Antwine. District Deputy Grand

Exalted Ruler Ben Mendelsohn delivered an interesting but brief address. Refreshments were served after the talks and, later, the Elks band and the Birmingham Police band rendered several selections.

### **Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge Rebuilds Chapel for Boy Scouts**

In the interest of the Boy Scouts of America, Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 128, recently completed the construction work on the chapel at Allaire. This building will be for the use of the Boy Scouts. The final financial report, submitted by the committee to the officers and members of the Lodge, states that the direct expenditure of the Lodge for this project amounted to \$8,477.54.

### **District Deputy Bennett Witnesses Initiation at Baltimore, Md., Lodge**

Before District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles W. Bennett, and President Taylor Morrison of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association, the officers of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7 at a recent meeting, initiated a class of eight candidates into Baltimore Lodge. Brief addresses were made by Mr. Bennett and Mr. Morrison.

### **Paterson, N. J., Elks Initiate Forty Candidates for Newark Lodge**

Before a large gathering in the Home of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, recently, a class of forty candidates for No. 21 was initiated by the degree team of Paterson Lodge, No. 60. The Paterson Elks received high praise for the impressive manner in which they exemplified the ritual.

### **Cornerstone Laid for New Home Of Auburn, N. Y., Lodge**

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert recently officiated at the laying of the cornerstone for the new Home of Auburn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 474. The ceremonies were conducted in a most impressive manner before a large gathering of members of No. 474 and their guests.

### **Freeport, N. Y., Lodge Dedicates New Good Health Clinic**

Before a distinguished gathering of prominent members of the Order and city officials, the new Good Health Clinic, sponsored by Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253, was dedicated recently at an impressive ceremony held in the Freeport Village Hall. Among those present for the exercises were Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted

Ruler Peter Stephen Beck, Exalted Ruler Isadore Lewis, of Freeport Lodge; Past Exalted Ruler F. Harold Loonam, Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Freeport Lodge; Mayor Clinton M. Flint of Freeport and Dr. M. O. Dickerson, head of the Nassau County Health Department. Past District Deputy Beck introduced the speakers. Mayor Flint, in presenting the new clinic quarters to the Lodge, lauded the Elks for their health work among the children of Freeport. A report, read by Past Exalted Ruler Loonam, disclosed that during the past five years 880 clinics have been held, and 15,000 persons have been accommodated and examined. After the ceremonies the assemblage adjourned to the new quarters and inspected the equipment.

### **New York, N. Y., Elks Make Season's First Visit to Yonkers Lodge**

Under the leadership of their Exalted Ruler, Samuel McKee, the officers and a large delegation of members from New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, recently made their first fraternal visit of the season to Yonkers Lodge, No. 707. Among the many guests present were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. McGuire and Vice-President Isaac C. Hotelling, of the New York State Elks Association. The officers of No. 1 initiated a class of candidates for Yonkers Lodge.

### **Past Exalted Rulers Meet at Ithaca, N. Y., Lodge**

The Past Exalted Rulers Association of the New York, South Central District, held its annual meeting recently in the Home of Ithaca Lodge, No. 636. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert was the guest of honor at the banquet preceding the business session. He later gave an informal talk during the social gathering in the reception rooms of the Lodge.

### **Bluefield, W. Va., Elks Observe "Old Timers' Night"**

At Bluefield, W. Va., Lodge, No. 269, an enthusiastic meeting was held recently in observance of "Old Timers Night." After the regular business session, during which four candidates were initiated, the members entered into a social session in honor of those of their number initiated prior to 1910. This was followed by speeches by several of the "Old Timers," among them Jub Gerald, a member of more than thirty years' standing. The Bluefield Lions Quartette then sang two selections. William H. Thomas, ex-Mayor of Bluefield, and Past Exalted Ruler John Kee spoke thereafter and received hearty applause. The evening concluded with the serving of refreshments.



*The Elks Rest, recently improved and beautified, of Pueblo, Colo., Lodge, No. 90*





*The Home of Goshen, Ind., Lodge, No. 798, presents a singularly inviting appearance*

### **District Deputy Sartoris Visits North Attleboro, Mass., Lodge**

Before a large and enthusiastic gathering, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Morton G. Sartoris opened his official visitations recently at North Attleboro, Mass., Lodge, No. 1011. The District Deputy was accompanied by members of Norwood Lodge, No. 1124, who have been invited by him to act as his escort on all his visitations throughout the district.

### **West Haven, Conn., Lodge Celebrates Third Anniversary**

West Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 1537, recently celebrated its third anniversary. Attending the festivities were 300 guests, including all the officers of the Connecticut State Elks Association.

### **District Deputy Smith Holds Special Meeting for Northwest Ohio Lodges**

Every Lodge in the Northwestern District of Ohio was represented recently by its Exalted Ruler and Secretary, at a special meeting called by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Chester P. Smith. At the session, which was held in the Home of Findlay Lodge, No. 75, plans for the year were discussed and, in a short address, the District Deputy outlined his policies.

### **Altoona, Pa., Elks Give Minstrel Show for Charity Fund**

A twenty-act minstrel show was given recently by the Elks of Altoona, Pa., Lodge, No. 102. Receipts derived from the affair, one of the most successful of its kind ever sponsored by the Lodge, will be used for charitable purposes.

### **Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp Addresses Firemen at Allentown, Pa.**

Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp spoke at the opening night of the fifty-first annual convention of the Firemen's Association of Pennsylvania, held recently in Allentown.

### **"Home Coming Party," Held by Raymond, Wash., Elks, a Success**

In the presence of a number of prominent members of the Washington and Oregon State Elks Associations, and representatives of several Lodges of both States, a "Home Coming Party" was celebrated recently at Raymond, Wash., Lodge, No. 1202. Among the distinguished visitors were President Emmett Anderson, and Past President Russel Mack of the Washington State Elks Association, and

President J. L. Tucker, of the Oregon State Elks Association. After an enthusiastic session the guests and the members of Raymond Lodge attended a dinner and, later, enjoyed a musical program provided by the quartet of Seattle Lodge, No. 92.

### **"Historical Night" Observed by New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge**

At a recent meeting New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1557, observed "Historical Night." Brief addresses were made by Secretary F. L. King and W. M. Miller on the history of the Lodge and on the Good of the Order. After the session the members enjoyed refreshments in the club rooms.

### **District Deputy Pays Official Visit to Annapolis, Md., Lodge**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles W. Bennett made his official visit recently to Annapolis, Md., Lodge, No. 622. He was accompanied by President Taylor Morrison of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association. Coincident with the District Deputy's visit, Annapolis Lodge celebrated its thirtieth anniversary.

### **Alameda, Calif., Elks Sponsor Charity Game and Show**

Two entertainments of importance for its charity fund were given recently by Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015. The first was the Annual Charity Show presented in the High School auditorium, a three-act comedy. Later the Lodge sponsored a baseball game between teams picked from the major and minor Leagues. Over 5,000 people attended, not including the hundreds of children who received free tickets. Both the baseball game and the charity show were most successful from a financial as well as an entertainment viewpoint.

### **Ventura, Calif., Elks Attend Birthday Dinner in Home of Oxnard Lodge**

Oxnard, Calif., Lodge, No. 1443, was host recently at a birthday dinner to a delegation of about twenty members from Ventura Lodge, No. 1430. The officers of Oxnard Lodge initiated a class of candidates.

### **Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge Host to District Deputy Kelly**

On his official visit recently to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur B. Kelly was tendered a fine reception by the officers and members. Besides

the District Deputy the Poughkeepsie Elks entertained a large delegation of his fellow members of Bronx Lodge, No. 871.

### **Fire Destroys Country Club of Columbus, O., Lodge**

Fire, originating in the basement of the Country Clubhouse of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37, recently reduced the building completely to ruins. The loss was estimated at \$125,000, a large amount of which is covered by insurance. Other houses on the property owned by the Columbus Elks, were saved by the city firemen. Immediately after the fire, plans were made for the rebuilding of the clubhouse.

### **Fifteen Crippled Children Treated at Clinic Held by Lincoln, Ill., Lodge**

At a clinic, sponsored by the Crippled Children's Committee of Lincoln, Ill., Lodge, No. 914, fifteen patients recently were treated. The committee purchased a brace for one of the little sufferers.

### **"Roll Call Night" Observed by Middletown, N. Y., Lodge**

Seven of the twelve Past Exalted Rulers of Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1097, and over two hundred other members attended a recent meeting designated as "Roll Call Night." Exalted Ruler Jesse L. Shelton asked each of the Past Exalted Rulers present to call the roll of those initiated during his term of office. A social hour and refreshments followed the meeting.

### **District Deputy Fernandez Made Life Member of Tampa, Fla., Lodge**

On the occasion of his first official visit to his Home Lodge, Tampa, Fla., No. 708, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James J. Fernandez, was presented with an honorary life membership. Past Exalted Ruler J. L. Reed, Sr., also received this mark of distinction. The presentation ceremonies, conducted by Past Exalted Ruler L. B. Sparkman, took place before a large gathering of representatives from every Lodge in western Florida.

### **Johnstown, Pa., Lodge Host to Central District Association**

The Central District Association of Pennsylvania recently held a meeting in the Home of Johnstown Lodge, No. 175. Short talks were given by Vice-President M. F. Horne and Assistant Vice-President George Liebegott of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. After the business session a luncheon was served in the grill room. Coincident with this the ladies of Johnstown Lodge entertained the visiting ladies at luncheon in the dining room of the Home.

### **District Deputy Brownlee Officially Visits Charleroi, Pa., Lodge**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James P. Brownlee made an official visit recently to Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494. The meeting proved to be one of unusual interest. After the business session a supper was served in the dining rooms of the Lodge.

### **Birmingham, Ala., Lodge Increases Community Chest Donations**

At a recent meeting of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, the officers and members voted to increase the annual donation to the Community Chest by 25 per cent. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ben Mendelsohn and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. J. McCrossin delivered brief addresses during the session.

### **Many Witness Dedication of New Home of Attleboro, Mass., Lodge**

Several hundred Elks and their guests recently attended the dedicatory ceremonies at the opening of the new Home of Attleboro, Mass., Lodge, No. 1014. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Morton G. Sartoris conducted the





*The great assembly of delegates and other members of the Order at the recent convention of the California State Elks Association*

exercises. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph D. Irvine and Thomas E. McCaffrey delivered impressive addresses. After the ceremonies a chicken dinner was enjoyed. The formal meeting of the Lodge followed.

### ***Ritualistic Cup Formally Presented To El Paso, Texas, Lodge***

At a recent meeting held in the Home of El Paso, Texas, Lodge, No. 187, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry A. Logsdon formally presented the ritualistic championship cup, donated by the Texas State Elks Association, to El Paso Lodge, the winner at the Association's last convention. After the ceremonies brief addresses were made by Past District Deputy Logsdon; and Past President W. W. Bridgers, of the Association.

### ***Reception Given to District Deputy McGuire by White Plains, N. Y., Elks***

At a recent meeting White Plains, N. Y., Lodge, No. 535, gave a reception to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. McGuire. Exalted Rulers from most of the Lodges in East New York district and several other prominent members of the Order were present to congratulate the District Deputy on his appointment to office.

### ***Hoosick Falls, N. Y., Elks Observe Lodge's Twenty-fifth Anniversary***

Hoosick Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 178, celebrated recently its twenty-fifth anniversary with a series of festivities lasting for two days. A banquet and a meeting notable for the distinction and the number of its participants, a spectacular street parade and a grand ball, were the outstanding events of the occasion. The banquet and meeting took place on the evening of the first day. Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp, and many other Elks of high station and from several States, were guests. Present at this dinner, attended by 400 Elks, were, in addition to Mr. Rupp, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Martin J. Cunningham, William T. Phillips, Chairman of the State Associations Committee of the Grand Lodge; Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, District Deputy Grand Ex-

alted Rulers Edward A. McCaffrey, of New York; and George T. Ryan and Henry Martin, of Connecticut; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, William D. Thomas, M. A. Tierney, Peter A. Buchheim and George W. Denton, of New York; and E. K. McPeck and James E. Donnelly, of Massachusetts; J. Edward Gallico, President of the New York State Elks Association; Edward Hogan, President of the Vermont State Elks Association; William E. Earle, President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association; William E. Fitzsimmons, Past President of the New York State Elks Association; Theodore F. Kalbfleisch, jr., Trustee of the New York State Elks Association; Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers of Albany, Watervliet, Gloversville, Amsterdam, Cohoes, Troy and Schenectady, N. Y., Adams, Mass., and Bennington, Vt., Lodges, and twenty-six of the remaining thirty-one charter members of Seneca Falls Lodge. The initiation of a class of forty-two candidates, performed by the officers of Troy Lodge, the parent of Seneca Falls Lodge, was an impressive part of the formal meeting. Thereafter Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp addressed the assemblage, his speech winning an intent interest and evoking sustained applause. Shorter talks followed, by a number of the other notables of the Order present. The evening, after adjournment of the formal session, concluded with entertainment, in the form of a number of boxing bouts, and a general social session. On the afternoon of the second day, designated officially a half-holiday by Mayor John J. Shea, the Elks, including both those from Seneca Falls Lodge and others, and members of several other organizations, took part in a striking street parade through the main thoroughfares of the city. The line of march on either side was gaily decorated with the colors of the Nation and of the Order. As the column led by Grand Marshal Cassius A. Johnston passed the reviewing staff of Elk officials and sidewalks crowded with spectators, there appeared, in order, a military unit, a band of thirty pieces; fire trucks, representing both the oldest and the newest equipment of the Fire Department; the delegation of members of Hoosick Falls Lodge, attired in Tuxedos, with purple bands across the shirt fronts and white hats with purple tassels; a delegation from the Hoosick Falls Council Knights of Columbus; the Girl Scouts; a company of marchers from Ancient Order of Hi-

bernians; a number of floats entered by fraternal and mercantile organizations; the Bugle and Drum Corps of the American Legion; Hoosick Falls High School Band, and a detail of mounted State police. At the anniversary ball, the concluding event of the celebration, 300 couples were present. The Armory, where the affair took place, was beautifully decorated in purple and silver.

### ***News of the Order From Far and Near***

Reading, Pa., Lodge held the first of a new series of clinics for crippled children recently at the Homeopathic Hospital in that city. Reading newspapers assisted valuably in promoting public interest in the event by printing extensive notices of it.

The thirtieth anniversary banquet held recently by Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge proved an exceptionally successful affair. Notable among the many who gathered at it were several members of the Lodge who had traveled great distances to attend.

A large delegation of members of Morristown, N. J., recently attended a meeting of Passaic Lodge. The degree team of Morristown Lodge performed initiatory work on that occasion. The visitors were guests of honor at a dinner served after the Lodge meeting.

Altus, Okla., Lodge recently dedicated its new Home. The former Home of Altus Lodge was destroyed by fire.

Attorney-General Thomas H. Robinson, of Maryland, died recently. Mr. Robinson was one of the most eminent members of Towson Lodge.

Rockford, Ill., Lodge recently opened its newly remodeled, redecorated and refurnished Home.

The officers of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge initiated a class of candidates, a short time ago, for Long Beach Lodge. Prior to the meeting the officers of both Lodges were entertained at a dinner in a local hotel.

Sidney A. Syme, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge was recently elected President of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of the New York East District, succeeding the late Louis A. Fisher.

## **News of the State Associations**

### ***California***

**T**HE presence of Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp and the decision to provide funds to assist young men through college were features of the annual convention of the California State Elks Association, held recently at Monterey. The duration of the assembly was three days, all of them replete with accomplishment and social activity. Upon the initial day, Fred B. Mellmann, retiring President of the Association; Mayor J. P. Sandholdt; City Manager R. M. Dorton; and Exalted Ruler Clyde Dorsey, of Monterey Lodge, No. 1285, welcomed the delegates and other visiting members of the Order to the city and the Lodge. A second event of moment during this session was the holding of memorial exercises for Past President Edgar F. Davis, who had died since the conven-

tion the year before. The morning saw also the opening of the trapshoot and the golf tournament. In the afternoon began the ladies' golf tournament, the Lodge drill team competitions and, at Salinas, the bowling tournament. Concurrently the ladies associated with Monterey Lodge gave a reception to those from out of town. Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp was introduced to the delegates, upon the morning of the second day in the Del Monte Auditorium, by Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott. Mr. Rupp's speech was one of praise for the efforts of the Elks of California in seeking to attain the finest ideals of the Order. He cited as one example of their high enterprise the fact that they had during the year just elapsed contributed more than \$200,000 to charities. The address of the Grand Exalted Ruler, applauded heartily and at length, was followed by a briefer talk by President

Mellmann. On the following morning, that of the third day, officers for the coming year were elected. Horace S. Williamson, of Redlands Lodge, No. 583, was chosen President; and Newton M. Todd, Long Beach Lodge, No. 888; Harold W. Stacey, San Diego Lodge, No. 168; F. E. Dayton, Salinas Lodge, No. 614; E. S. Tomasi, Petaluma Lodge, No. 901; P. G. Scadden, Nevada City Lodge, No. 518; and L. E. Bishop, Fresno Lodge, No. 439, were named as Vice-Presidents. Both Richard C. Benbough, San Diego Lodge, Secretary; and C. W. Haub, Sacramento Lodge, No. 6, were returned to office for another year. The trustees elected were C. C. McDonald, Woodland Lodge, No. 1299; E. G. Linscott, Berkeley Lodge, No. 1002; C. M. Carpenter, San Luis Obispo Lodge, No. 322; George C. Cobb, Visalia Lodge, No. 1298; Milton R. Standish, San Bernardino Lodge, No. 836; and Robert





A member of the group is Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp, seen here at the extreme left of the second row from the bottom

R. Snodgrass, San Pedro Lodge, No. 966. Other officers named were Thomas Abbott, Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, Tiler; the Reverend H. H. Powell, Berkeley Lodge, Chaplain; and L. A. Lewis, Anaheim Lodge, No. 1345, Sergeant-at-Arms. Prior to the election and appointment of these officials, it was recommended by an advisory committee to provide financial assistance to young men of suitable character to continue their educations after being graduated from high school. This report was adopted, with the recommendation that one candidate for such a scholarship be selected from each of the several districts in the State. Upon the afternoon of the final day, the Elks and their ladies attending the convention marched through the principal streets of Monterey in a colorful parade. The procession was headed by Past Exalted Ruler John D. Saxe, of San Rafael Lodge, No. 1108; followed by the officers of the Association. A number of the Lodge Drill Teams and Drum Corps, the Monterey town band, the American Legion Drum Corps, and floats entered by Monterey and Salinas Lodges, gave especial glamour to the long swinging column of nearly a thousand marchers. The culminating event of the gathering was a banquet in the main dining room of the Del Monte Hotel. President Mellmann presided as toastmaster and introduced to the seven hundred present Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp and the Honorable Fletcher A. Cutler, Past Exalted Ruler of Eureka Lodge, No. 652, as the principal speakers. Orchestral music, and piano and vocal selections offered special entertainment in the course of the banquet. The winners of the several competitions held during the convention were as follows: Ritualistic Contest, San Diego Lodge; Drill Team Contest, Huntington Park Lodge, No. 1415; Glee Club Contest, Los Angeles Lodge.

### Georgia

IN AN address before the Executive Committee of the Georgia State Elks Association, at its regular fall meeting, held recently at the Home of Waycross Lodge, No. 369, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews urged a greater activity in inter-Lodge visits within the State. The former chief of the Order likewise stressed the importance of the accompaniment of District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers by an escort, or suite, when paying official calls to subordinate Lodges. In addition to Mr. Andrews's speech, an important event of the meeting of the Executive Committee was the determination of an official route for all delegates from Georgia to the Grand Lodge Convention in Seattle next summer. The meeting was attended by many notables of the Order, both from within and without the State. Among the participants in the session and visitors were John S. McClelland, Justice of the Grand Forum; William H. Beck, Jr., Member of the Judiciary Committee of the Grand Lodge; David Sholtz, of Daytona, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141, Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee of the Grand Lodge; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Smith; Past Presidents of the Georgia State Elks Association, G. P. Maggioni, Bruce C. Jones, Louis Ludwig and Robert T. Williams. President I. G. Ehrlich presided at the meeting.

### West Virginia

BETWEEN 400 and 500 Elks, many of them from other States, gathered a short time ago at the twenty-second annual convention of the West Virginia State Elks Association, held at Morgantown, with Lodge No. 411 there acting as host. Business sessions were called upon

both the first and second days of the meeting, and throughout the convention period there were social events of an enjoyable nature, culminating in the grand ball on the closing evening. F. Roy Yoke, alumni Secretary of the University of West Virginia, welcomed the visitors at the opening session, and James D. Fleming, retiring President of the Association, responded in behalf of its members. The officers chosen for the year to come were the following: President, J. W. Hartigan, Morgantown Lodge; First Vice-President for the Northern District, Paul A. Dechan, Moundsville Lodge, No. 282; Second Vice-President, S. B. Hafner, Elkins Lodge, No. 1135; First Vice-President for the Southern District, Harley M. Kilgore, Beckley Lodge, No. 1452; Second Vice-President, W. M. Keister, Bluefield Lodge, No. 269; Treasurer for five years, Lyle L. Jones, Parkersburg Lodge, No. 198; Secretary, Walter B. Wilson, Parkersburg Lodge; and Trustees, L. S. Horner, Parkersburg Lodge; M. E. Ashcraft, Fairmount Lodge, No. 294; M. G. Witten, Bluefield Lodge; and James A. Dyson, Wheeling Lodge, No. 28. In addition to officers of the Association, there were present many notables of the Order, including District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers George L. Wever, and Harold M. Garrett; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers T. C. Ashton, W. D. Evans and C. T. Robinson; John F. Nugent, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; and John Kee, Past President of the West Virginia State Elks Association.

### Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia

MEETING recently in the Home of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, the Board of Trustees of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association, elected Past Exalted Ruler John E. Lynch, of Washington Lodge, No. 15, Chairman of the Board, and Exalted Ruler John H. Robinette, of Baltimore Lodge, No. 7, approving member. Prior to the election the Trustees of the Association were entertained by the members of Baltimore Lodge.

### Massachusetts

THE third meeting of the Massachusetts State Elks Association took place recently in the Home of Gardner Lodge, No. 1426. Among the distinguished guests present, besides the officers of the Association, were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Morton G. Sartoris; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Richard A. Cantwell and Thomas P. Walsh, jr.; and Past President Thomas J. Brady, of the Association. The business session came to order after an excellent luncheon in the Colonial Hotel. Several activities of importance were discussed, among which were plans for hospital charity work and ritualistic contests this winter.

### New Jersey

AT A recent meeting which marked the close of its year's work among the crippled children, the New Jersey State Elks Association's Crippled Children's Committee, through its chairman, Joseph G. Buch, submitted to the officers and members of the New Jersey State Elks Association, its annual report. Several important and interesting facts were disclosed in this review, among them being that, of the 9,750 listed as in need of examination, 1,041 cases have been given the opportunity of examination and diagnosis during the past year. It was disclosed that of the 379 absent children, there are now 138 receiving home teaching, and 87 to

be provided immediately with home teaching. The committee was successful in receiving admittance to institutions for all cases in which the children were both mentally deficient and crippled, and in need of special care. Three children, listed as hopelessly helpless, were referred to the committee's consultant orthopedic surgeon for special examinations. One hundred and ninety-nine children in need of vocational training and guidance are now receiving attention, and many others have been trained and are at the present time fully equipped to be placed in positions. The report also stated that a total of \$154,386.90 was spent during the past year for work among the crippled children. This amount represents expenditures for outings. Christmas parties, nurses, equipment, such as braces and crutches; transportation, treatments, hospitalization, and contributions for establishments of clinics. Over 10,700 children attended the thirty-one Christmas parties sponsored by the subordinate Lodges, and 6,787 children were entertained at outings and picnics. There were altogether 580 operations performed, and at the various clinics held throughout the year, more than 25,000 little patients received the benefit of treatments and examinations. In conclusion, the report said that the success of the year's activities was due to the sincere cooperation of the crippled children's committees of the fifty-eight Lodges of the State.

### Kansas

THE Magazine has received recently a correction relating to the per capita expenditure for charity of members of Lodges in Kansas, and their standing in this respect among the Elks of other States. The report of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge, submitted at the Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City and published later in the August issue of the Magazine, gave the per capita expenditure of Kansas Elks as \$1.27 and their ranking in this regard as fifty-second. This was an error in the Committee report, caused by basing the computation upon the membership figures of 1925 instead of upon those of 1930. The correct figures show that the per capita expenditure was \$1.88 and that the consequent rating of Kansan members of the Order is forty-eighth. This correction was submitted by Walter Reed Gage, President of the Kansas State Elks Association. It has been checked and found accurate by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters.

### Idaho

BECAUSE of the appointment of President M. H. Eustace of the Idaho State Elks Association, as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Idaho, South, his vacated office in the Association was recently filled by First Vice-President, William C. Rullman, of Wallace Lodge, No. 331. This change necessitated several others in the official roster. Each officer, therefore, has been advanced one position, with the exception of Harry J. Fox, who remains Secretary-Treasurer. To fill the last place, that of Fifth Vice-President, M. J. Bottonelli, of Wallace Lodge, was named. The revised list of officers of the Association is as follows: President, William C. Rullman, Wallace Lodge; First Vice-President, J. A. Stewart, Blackfoot Lodge, No. 1416; Second Vice-President, D. L. Rhodes, Nampa Lodge, No. 1389; Third Vice-President, Ben E. Kelly, Lewiston Lodge, No. 896; Fourth Vice-President, Harry J. Benoit, Twin Falls Lodge, No. 1183; Fifth Vice-President, M. J. Bottonelli, Wallace Lodge; and Secretary-Treasurer, Harry J. Fox, Pocatello Lodge.



## "Original, New and Useful"

(Continued from page 13)

on the long winter evenings, but one of them, fortunately, is to invent things. Naturally, the inventive farmer turns to the means by which he earns his livelihood. He starts the old brain going, and perhaps there eventuates an invention which ranks with the cotton gin of Eli Whitney or the reaper of McCormick, or perhaps, on the other hand, it runs a close race with the invention upon which a Californian holds a patent. This is a device by which a chicken rings up on a sort of cash register every time she lays an egg. This contraption is strapped under her wings with a rod extending along her back. At the rear is a ratchet arrangement with a roll of numbers. At the egg exit is a roller. Down drops the egg, click goes the roller, and the next highest number shoots up into place on the register. Just like a conductor ringing up fares on a street car.

WHILE it may be all very well to make the hen keep an account of the eggs she lays, it doesn't make her lay them. There is a problem another inventor solved; and the way he reasoned it out is this: the hen stops laying eggs and tries to hatch them. She can't do any hatching unless she sits on the nest where the eggs are. Therefore, the thing to do is to keep her off the nest. Now the nest usually is elevated some distance above the ground and the hen is obliged to fly up to it. Before flying up the hen always looks to see where she is going. If she can't look up, she won't fly up. Then she must be prevented from looking up. And there he had it—a hood for the hen to wear over her eyes. It just goes to show what deep fellows inventors are. Which of us would have thought that a hood worn on a chicken's head would increase the number of eggs on the country's breakfast table?

If you are unacquainted with the facts, you might be likely to think that radical or frivolous inventions—"nut" inventions—come only from the brains of eccentric or misfit individuals. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The writer has talked with one of America's best known inventors, a man who built up a company owning five large factories employing thousands of workers, whose best known invention is in use in substantially every home and office in the country. This man admitted that he had spent months trying to perfect a rifle in which the barrel was inside the bullet instead of the bullet being inside the barrel. The barrel, that is to say, was a rod, and the bullet had a hole in the middle, like a doughnut.

"I had to give it up finally," the inventor told us. "I decided there were enough inventions in the world already whose purpose was to kill people, and that additional help from me wasn't needed. I was aided in reaching this decision by the fact that my invention wouldn't work."

One of the richest men in the United States invented and patented a street-cleaning machine. He did not stop there, however, but at a cost of several thousand dollars had a life-size model constructed, and at a cost of several thousands more exhibited and demonstrated it at national expositions. No city could be induced to adopt it, however, for the street cleaner was a large and complicated blower, which merely blew the dust and dirt to the side of the roadway. Not only was the cleaning process decidedly unpleasant to passers-by on the sidewalk, but there was nothing to prevent the wind from blowing the dust and dirt back into the roadway again.

The titled possessor of a famous European

name, a man whose cousin married into one of the wealthiest families in America, is also the proud owner of a United States patent. His invention is intended to save lives in railway accidents. He so constructs a railway coach, that when any sudden jolt or jar occurs, such as would be the case in a collision, the roof of the car suddenly swings open and powerful springs under the seats in the car shoot seats and passengers up into the air and distribute them over the surrounding landscape. The inventor admits that a few broken bones might result, but he assures us in his patent paper that the public soon will become accustomed to the idea.

This noble inventor might have saved himself the trouble of making this invention if he had been familiar with another patent which had been issued. This device made collisions unnecessary. Each car is to be provided with a set of rails running over its roof, the rails continuing down the front and rear of the train and just grazing the tracks on which the train is running. Another train comes roaring along the same track but in the opposite direction. A collision seems inevitable? Not so. Train number two just runs up and over train number one, down the other end and along the tracks as if nothing had happened.

But why continue? Have we not discussed enough of these actual patents to establish the claim of the inventor to a position as a public spirited individual? At war and peace, in sickness and in health, on the farm and in the city—in every situation in which we find ourselves, there are our inventors scheming and planning how they can serve us. Inventors are the very bones upon which our civilization is supported; they are all of the bones, the backbone, and even the funny bone.

## Riders of the Concrete Trail

(Continued from page 35)

This story is a good illustration of the New Jersey organization's efficiency. Through the cooperation of the telephone company, anyone may be connected with the nearest substation merely by taking the receiver off the hook and saying: "I want a State Trooper!" There is no section of the State that a motorcycle rider cannot reach in twenty minutes. When the first class was organized, there were some 1,600 applicants for 120 positions. Colonel Schwarzkopf, himself a graduate of West Point, aims to make his "outfit" the hardest to get into—and the easiest to get out of—in the country. But that, incidentally, is the ambition of Captain Price, of Pennsylvania; of Captain Beaupre, of Massachusetts; Captain Lyon, of Michigan—of them all. At the New Jersey school, each recruit is required to run half a mile each day for the first week, and this gradually is "stepped up" until the rookie is able to reel off five miles.

There was a time when brute strength was the chief requisite of a police officer, but that was in the horse-and-buggy era. These modern recruits are selected with great care from waiting-lists that sometimes run to two thousand. First, his moral character in his home community is carefully investigated. If that is satisfactory, he is required to furnish written references from three well-known people. Tests involving strength, agility, muscular coordination, and body structure are next in order. Mental alertness, talk, action, and general appearance are passed upon in their turn. He is given a psychological test to determine his reasoning powers, judgment, and general information. Two examining surgeons, an eye specialist, and a dentist then take the applicant in hand.

If he survives all this (and the percentage seems to be about one in ten), he is given an intensive course of training for two or three months. In most schools, this course is purposely made rather severe in order quickly to eliminate the unfit. Many motorists have concluded, from fleeting glimpses or personal contact, that the highway officer is taught only how to ride a motorcycle and what the speed-limit is for the

State highways. On the contrary, the rookie learns to handle a six-shooter, rifle, and machine gun; he learns geography, particularly of the State, and other essential school subjects; criminal law, first aid, the motor laws, court procedure, and so forth. In New Jersey, at least, no rookie is ever dismissed before the school term is ended unless the corps of instructors and the school superintendent unanimously agree that he cannot "make the grade."

Once graduated, he is put on probation. His next job is not to lurk in some speed-trap, but to "sell" safety to the motoring public. Captain Price believes that the sight of uniformed men patrolling the highways has a greater tendency to curb the indifferent or reckless driver than any attempt at trickery. Having ridden my motorcycle from the factory in Milwaukee through Wisconsin, Michigan, Ontario, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and Pennsylvania, and having seen motorists scoot back into line as they saw me approaching, I have reached the conclusion that Captain Price is right.

The highway officer stands between the motorist who observes the rules of the road and the one who does not. He has been known to get his man a mile underground, in a coal-mine; to have recovered a stolen car within ten minutes; to have located and brought back a car before its owner knew that it had been stolen. He is trained, when it is necessary to make an arrest, to make it quietly and firmly; to refrain from vulgar or abusive language. Neither political nor any other influence can get an undesirable recruit on the force, or keep there a man who has proved himself unfit. His commanding officer stands between him and any political interference that might develop; he can therefore hold up his head. And, most important of all, promotions are made strictly from within the ranks; Captain Price, then a member of Pennsylvania's mounted constabulary, with a record of Army service in Cuba, the Philippines, and China, was promoted from the ranks. His organization has grown from a unit of 75 men, living in tents, to a State-wide "army" of 440 men.

All of Captain Price's officers have seen service in the Army; likewise those of Colonel Schwarzkopf. In fact, that seems to be the general rule. In West Virginia, however, we find that every officer and every man has served either in the Army or Navy. The record for New York is 97 per cent.; in Washington, 90 per cent. of the officers and men are Army or Navy veterans; South Carolina, California, and North Carolina, 75 per cent.; Texas, 70 per cent.; Maryland, 55 per cent.; Rhode Island, Vermont, and Arkansas, 50 per cent. In New Jersey we find this composite picture of the State Trooper:

Age.....	28 years 3 months
Height.....	5 feet, 9½ inches
Weight.....	162½ pounds
Educational training.....	9 years and 6 months
Army service.....	1 year and 6½ months
Rifle qualification.....	Marksmanship
Pistol qualification.....	Expert

PRESIDENT HOOVER has pointed out that the safe operation of highway traffic is a national problem of increasing importance. Nowhere is the traffic problem so acute as in our own rapidly growing country. New roads everywhere are springing into existence, but they relieve congestion only momentarily; they are speedily filled with caravans of motorists. More than half the cars in the United States are on farms or in communities of less than 10,000 population, therefore the problem of traffic protection is Federal and State; rural and municipal; local and universal. With some 26,653,450 motor vehicles registered in this country last year, the need for an adequate highway patrol in every State is greater than ever, declared the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety, at its annual meeting in Washington.

Government statistics show accidents to be on the increase, far beyond the increase in motor vehicle registrations. The more serious accidents—and the greatest number—occur on straight and improved roads. In California, which has 2,062,143 motor vehicles of her own and innumerable visiting machines, there were 26,921 accidents last year, 2,244 of which were fatal. And,



astounding as it may seem, 105 drivers were found to have been asleep when the accident occurred, and 888 intoxicated. Washington and Vermont maintain—and offer figures to prove their contention—that accidents have been reduced by their highway patrols in the face of constantly increasing numbers of licensed motor vehicles. According to Superintendent Cole, of the Washington Highway Patrol, last year's nation-wide death toll of approximately 31,000 men, women, and children, entailed a property damage of more than \$130,000,000 and an economic loss of more than \$726,850,000. Incidentally, the States where operators' licenses are required and traffic laws are well administered show the lowest motor vehicle accident rates. Only twenty of the forty-eight States require drivers of motor vehicles to have operators' licenses, and not all of these twenty States require the applicant to pass an examination. While the inexperienced driver may be responsible for his or her share of accidents, Superintendent Cole is firmly of the opinion that the "wool-gatherer"—the person who allows his vigilance to relax momentarily—is the greatest menace of the highways.

ONE of the innovations among highway patrols, particularly those of Michigan, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and California, is the safety educational campaign among school children. "Junior" highway officers are made responsible for their particular "safety" squads, and it is their duty to prevent children from crossing a heavily traveled road except in groups; to discourage them from asking for a ride from a passing motorist, and from running out into the highway during recess. The children are handed summonses, just like grown folks, for each offense, and the penalty is usually the loss of a recess period. Each school is visited regularly by a highway officer, who conducts classes, drills, and inspections in the approved army style. Superintendent Cole, of Washington, reports that during the first six months of this school régime in the State of Washington, 148,000 pupils and teachers were addressed by his officers and men; and that not one school child was injured by a motor vehicle while going to or returning from school.

While school children, dazzled by the highway officer's snappy uniform and reassured by his friendly demeanor, may be taught the law of self-preservation, many of the older generation of city police chiefs and county sheriffs do not look with favor upon these newfangled notions. Nevertheless, a number have increased their efficiency and improved the quality of service in their municipalities by attending the winter courses inaugurated by a number of State Police training schools. These are offered in the interest of closer cooperation among State, county, and municipal police. Here the "chief" of a small city learns, in the regular course of his studies, that finger-printing is an exact science, a permanent record and a positive identification. He helps to classify, check, and file the finger-print records that come in from other States and penal institutions, and finds it a fascinating game. He goes home with higher ideals of his profession, and thereafter is more closely allied with the State Police than ever. If he happens to have attended the New Jersey Police Academy, he will take back with him a knowledge of the teletype, that marvelous State-wide type-writer-telegraph system whereby the theft of an automobile or a bank robbery can be broadcast throughout the State in less than five minutes. The same is true of Pennsylvania. In Massachusetts and Michigan, he will find that broadcasting is being done by radio. The advantage of the teletype seems to be its legible message, which the motorcycle officer can put in his pocket and consult when he stops a suspicious-looking car.

Maine and Massachusetts highway patrols have been unusually successful in breaking up gangs of automobile thieves. They find that professional thieves operate, as a rule, on one type of car, the explanation being that while one may have established a market for, let us say, Fords, he might run a certain risk in trying to dispose of a Buick. The thief may think he has changed the motor and serial numbers beyond detection, but the original numbers can be made to reappear through the application of a secret formula of heat and chemicals. Then, too, each

(Continued on page 50)

## HIS TRAVELS ARE ALL ON A TYPEWRITER . . . YET HE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

WHAT a life of adventure he leads! Daily he projects the exploring craft of his mind into the far corners of the world. His brain seethes with the plots and counter-plots of buccaneers and pearl-poachers. His nimble fingers click off the daring hazards of great deeds. But his feet wouldn't know the difference between a "trek" and a trolley-ride.

Yet this writer, at ease in his study and a stranger to leg-work, has a well-developed case of "Athlete's Foot." It's an attack by an enemy he can't describe or dispose of. *He doesn't even know what it is.*

**\*Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home**

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,\* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere*. The United States Public Health Service finds "It is probable that at least one-half of all adults

**\*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.



**Also Relieves  
SPRAINS AND STRAINS**  
Rubbed in, quickly soothes pain; reduces inflammation and prevents stiffness and lameness

suffer from it at some time." There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

**It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ**

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for distress signals\* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot."

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals\* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. YOUNG, INC., 410 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.



# Riders of the Concrete Trail

(Continued from page 49)

automobile has a secret number, and the highway officers know exactly where to look for it.

A large proportion of crime is committed by keen-witted, educated, experienced crooks, equipped with fast automobiles and other modern inventions. The present-day criminal is a specialist in his line. With his high-powered car, he is able to travel a great distance, carry out his nefarious scheme, and return to his haunts before the crime is discovered—unless he runs afoul of a motorcycle patrolman. The most conscientious sheriff finds himself handicapped in the fight against crime by a lack of mobile equipment, a shortage of funds, a lack of jurisdiction beyond the county line, curtailed personnel, and a lack of expert knowledge in solving the more serious crimes. More and more they are calling upon the State Police for aid—a mobile State force instantly available.

To chronicle adequately the exploits and adventures of these riders of the "iron mule" would require several volumes. There is the story of the corporal who came upon a sure-enough mule, lying in the road, badly injured. Apparently he had been knocked down by a hit-and-run driver. A long cut across the animal's neck told the story of the collision. The corporal put his motorcycle on the stand and took out his emergency kit, only to find that the

manufacturer had not provided surgical needles and other paraphernalia strong enough to cope with the tough hide of a mule. Straddling his machine, he rode to the nearest source of surgical supplies, obtained needles, pliers, a piece of cork (to back up the thrust of the needle), and catgut. Returning, he calmly sat on his patient's head while he took twelve stitches in the gaping wound. Just as he finished the operation, the mule's owner appeared and complimented him on the job. The mule got well.

Another highway officer blew his whistle late one night when a motorcyclist, riding without a tail light, flashed past at an intersection. His thought merely was to warn the motorcyclist, for there is a clannish spirit among these riders. This one, however, did not play the game; he "poured in the gas." Swearing a little under his breath, the highway officer left his post, leaped on his machine, and set out in pursuit of the offender. Soon he found he was chasing an old hand at motorcycling; for half an hour they played hide-and-seek along the country roads. Then, finding he could not shake off the highway officer, the motorcyclist, taking advantage of the stygian blackness and a bend in the road, turned abruptly into a narrow lane. With his headlight extinguished and his engine shut off, he waited—and chuckled as the uniformed rider swept past. Moreover, he would have been able to remount

and turn back but for one thing; he was using castor oil as a lubricant, and castor oil leaves a heavy and sweetish odor. The highway patrolman had followed the scent until he came to the side road, and had continued on in the hope that he would pick it up again. When he had gone for a mile without a whiff of the tell-tale odor, he remembered the narrow side road and turned back. Arriving in the vicinity, he again picked up the pungent smell of castor oil, and followed it up the lane and across a field to the rear of a barn. Circling the structure, and flashing his headlight here and there, he came upon the motorcyclist hiding behind the building.

There is another story of the highway patrolman who rode up to a terror-stricken gathering at the roadside; a bull had escaped from its shipping crate, and was on a rampage. Despite the fact that his machine was painted a bright red, the highway cop, taking in the situation at a glance, opened wide his throttle, raced his engine, blew his horn, and charged directly at the maddened animal. The noise of the engine, with its muffler cut-out wide open, was too much for the bull; he turned tail and fled. The officer, using his motorcycle as a cow-pony, rode circles around the thoroughly frightened animal until the farmer could take down the pasture bars, then hazed him into the fenced enclosure.

It was all in the day's work.

## Old Timer

(Continued from page 31)

pursued. His great jaws had failed him, their scissors-like power was gone. They had been his powers of offense and defense; now he was weaponless.

Onward he went, with frequent pauses to lick at the strange, racking pain in his side. He moved more slowly now; lead was creeping into his old legs. Weeks in a cage had done that; sinews and muscles had softened. The strain of hills and hollows, gullies and rough country, was asking its price. Then, again on a hill, Old Timer halted and reared his head.

This time it was a different scent. The scent of man. He straightened, and turned toward it, sniffing. Slowly the hair along his back began to rise; a half mile away, a faint light gleamed from a rancher's cabin. The jaws chopped, swiftly, like pieces of metal slapped rapidly together. Then the action ceased, and Old Timer ran his long tongue about his lips. A queer sound came from his throat. Slowly the spine-hair lowered, until it was only half erect. Then, hesitantly, he started forward, halted, went forward again—it continued for nearly half the distance to the house. Nor did the old wolf know why he did this; it was not until he was within a few hundred yards of the place that he suddenly halted, the old instincts of the wild again strong upon him. Then his head went up and his eerie howl echoed—to be cut short. It had brought the instantaneous barking of dogs, rushing forth to battle against an hereditary enemy.

THEY were on him before he had progressed an eighth of a mile, to harry him, leap at him from constantly changing angles, to dart in under his defense and lash at his hide, then scuttle away before he could charge them. Time had been when he would have stood his ground, cutting them down, one by one, as they came at him. But when he tried this, the slashing attacks failed of their purpose; once he caught the ham of a mongrel full in his jaws and champed at it uselessly. The action brought a cry of pain from the ranch-dog—but nothing more. There was no taste of blood in Old Timer's mouth when at last the dog broke free.

For a mile they pursued him, snapping at his heels, or running behind him in exultant barking. He could only flee from them or, halting momentarily, hold them off by fierce growls and snarling which possessed no material backing, before turning anew to flight. At last, barking their victory, they left him. Old Timer shambled on. At dawn his steps were dragging. He was in tumbled hills now. Suddenly he halted and

sniffed at a cavern-like hole under jutting sandstone. There was only the scents of rabbits and small animals. Grunting with the pain of cramped exertion, Old Timer crept within. After a long period of harried watchfulness, he slept.

That morning, while Old-timer twitched and groaned into painful awakening, the Old Man hurried into the menagerie and called for Shorty Allerton. He held a telegram in one hand, pencilled by many notations.

"Thought you told me you killed that wolf!" he snapped when the animal boss faced him. Shorty stammered.

"Well, didn't I?"

"Not according to this telegram. A brakeman on the train says he saw you turn him loose. Reported it to the sheriff when he left the train at his division."

"Now, me do a thing like that!" sneered Shorty.

"Maybe he came to, after you threw him off the train. Anyway, the sheriff sent me a long-winded telegram asking me what I meant turning wolves loose. So I called him up to tell him exactly what happened. But he nailed me to the cross by saying that the wolf was really alive, and that they've got track of it!"

Shorty Allerton grew pale.

"Going to run him down, are they?"

"Yeh. I worked fast. Told the sheriff we'd never do a thing like that, and to count us in on a hundred-dollar reward. The whole countryside's starting out after him."

"Dead or alive?" asked Shorty Allerton crisply.

"I didn't say which."

"No?" a crafty tone had come into the animal boss's voice. "And you a showman? How about all the Salt Lake newspapers handling stuff about a big hunt for a circus wolf?"

"That's right!" The Old Man reached hastily for a cigar. "Those Salt Lake papers cover all the northwest territories like a blanket."

"Cover every town we're going to, pretty near up to Spokane," said Shorty.

"Yeh, I know." The Old Man reached hastily for his billfold. "Tell you what you do. Take a shifting den and a couple of men in an automobile and go back there. Course, it may be too late; the sheriff said something about a rancher having telephoned in about his dogs having a scrap with a wolf. Tell 'em I offered the reward if they get him alive. Old Timer's pretty slick; maybe he can dodge 'em long enough for you to get there."

But Shorty knew, as he started hurriedly

away, that Old Timer's chances to dodge his hunters were few. For Shorty Allerton understood better than anyone, what the long period in a cage had done to this aged wolf, now slowly dragging himself out from the protection of the hole beneath the rocks, and standing weakly for a moment in survey of the land from which he must make his living.

Animal insight had convinced the wolf this morning that he was old and weakened and wounded. His teeth were no longer the fangs of a killer, but flat, useless, painful burdens. The flex was gone from his muscles; he did not look now to the far horizons, he did not seek the hills and pinnacles to survey these new fields in search of conquest. Instead, shuffling, watchful, he sought the gullies and regions heavy with grass. Old Timer had changed, all in a night, to a shuffling, pathetic being, ardently watchful for the small rabbit, for the eggs of a grass-bird's nest, for the slow-moving sage-hen, even for the field mouse. But for hours, he searched in vain.

A field mouse evaded him. A bird rose from the grass, and desperately brave, beat her wings in his face, while cheeping youngsters skittered for deeper cover. The old wolf hissed and lowering his head, at last turned in flight. The bird soared triumphantly. Another hour went by.

Then suddenly Old Timer straightened. The baying of dogs had come from the distance, following his trail!

He reared, half proudly, old instincts demanding that he lead them on, lure them to where he cared to take them, then, with slashing jaws, send them whining into retreat. But the mood passed. He was old now; the fierceness of wolf fangs had departed forever. The sound of pursuers became sharper. Old Timer whirled; shooting swift glances over his shoulders, he forced protesting muscles into action.

A mile went by, and the old wolf began to circle. They were coming closer now; once as he had breasted a hill, he had seen them in the distance, worming their way through the sagebrush upon his trail, a full dozen of them. And now their cries told him that they were on the full scent, that there was no longer need for them to pause and pick up his direction.

Again fire came into his veins, but this time it was the fire of desperation. His long legs stretched painfully. A streaking thing of gray, he began cutting along a ridge, circling wider, still wider until he could begin a course on the backtrack; in this strange country, he knew only one haven, that hole beneath the jutting sandstone. But, as his speed increased,



so did that of the dogs who formed his death-pack. The old wolf's tongue slipped from between open jaws, dripping. The chase went on.

They were coming closer now. Old Timer's heart began to pound; blazing flashes shot across his eyes, swift pains seared his brain. That haunch was aching horribly now; but he forced himself on.

A HALF-MILE and the pursuers had cut down their distance by half. Then Old Timer looked ahead, and snarled. Figures were in the distance, moving across his trail; horses and men in a garb which stood for hatred: the wide hats and tight jerseys of cowpunchers, the leather coats of sheepmen and ranchers. Old Timer veered swiftly, and again forced himself to the maintenance of his gait. The sand-stone cliff lay ahead; scrambling, panting, he made for it. Twice he slipped and clawed desperately to his feet as he began the ascent of the hill. Then staggering, his eyes glazed by fever, the old wolf made the opening, and crawled within.

He did not halt when he had reached his resting place of the night before; he crawled onward, until he had reached the end of the recess, at last to be halted by cold stone. But even there, he strove to flatten himself; gasping, his every muscle aching, he waited.

Noises came from outside, the barking of dogs, and the voices of men. Someone shouted. Then the booming of a gun sounded, in a staccato reverberation. Chips of sandstone fell a dozen feet before Old Timer, where the rock rounded into a protecting buttress. Then suddenly the old wolf raised his head. Another voice had come, in angry expostulation.

"Put down that gun, will you? Think we can do anything with you shooting that way?"

Old Timer's tongue ran hurriedly over his chops. He shifted and listened, the hair of his back bristled. Then again it came:

"Will you get these dogs back—hey, you, catch up that Airedale! I told you not to let him near that hole. Aw, you'll get your money, what are you beefing about?"

Then there was a jumble of voices, and the angry barking of dogs. But, suddenly, they grew fainter, as if something had been stuffed into the entry way of his makeshift den. And after that, came the scratching of a form, scrambling slowly into tight quarters. Old Timer forced himself into a position of defense. His mouth opened, baring flat teeth. The wrinkles of fight pulled hard at gray lips. He began to weave. Then a voice came:

"Old Timer—Old Timer!"

The wolf snarled. Once more the voice sounded.

"Take it easy, Old Timer. It's just Shorty. Easy, Old Timer."

A half-hour passed. Outside, ranchmen and cowpunchers shuffled about, talking disgustedly among themselves. There was little else they could do; the hole beneath the sandstone cliff was blocked by a human form, slowly moving farther within, often not more than an inch in five minutes. While deep in the recesses of the den Old Timer waited, and licked his chops and stared. Then slowly, at last, the hair of his spine began to lower. He knew that voice now. He knew the man, calling constantly:

"Take it easy now, old podner! Don't let 'em scare you. Take it easy, old podner."

Old Timer snarled no longer. He merely waited. Closer the sounds came, closer—then halted. A full hour went by. Then suddenly, the heart of Shorty Allerton leaped to swift, joyful pounding. He turned his head.

"Get that shifting den ready!" he called to a waiting assistant. "Tell them ranchers to get their dogs and horses back. Yeh—and themselves."

For, deep in the recesses of blackness, where an old wolf waited and watched, there had sounded something which Shorty Allerton had waited long to hear—a faint, half-whimpering cry of truce.

Two weeks later, Shorty Allerton stood proudly in the big top entrance of the Big America Shows at Portland, watching the grand entry. He shuffled, and stared about him, as if looking for a comrade of the show-lot. But there was none; only two men and a woman, late to their seats. Shorty moved closer.

"See that Little Red Riding Hood float?" he asked proudly. "That's a real wolf on it! I ought to know; I trained him!"

## Ripley CREATOR OF BELIEVE IT or NOT PROVES IT



## OLD GOLD VOTED BEST by World's keenest TASTE TESTERS

By ROBERT RIPLEY, Himself

"Believe it or not . . . these men together earn over \$250,000 yearly, on their sense of taste alone!

"They are expert coffee tasters . . . the world's Supreme Court on taste matters . . . and they have just put OLD GOLD through the toughest test any cigarette has ever faced!

"At my request, they sampled each of the four leading cigarettes with names concealed.

"I was impressed when OLD GOLD won. I was stunned when I looked at the final score . . . their verdict.

"Believe it or not, the keenest judges of taste the whole world knows picked OLD GOLD by 10 votes to 5 . . . two to one over its nearest rival!"



© P. Lorillard Co.

NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD



## The Gentleman Adjuster

(Continued from page 10)

surprised at this, for I had not seen Quintus for nearly a month, and in any case I thought his Broadway peregrinations had put the earlier matter out of his mind.

I had arrived early for my appointment and was glad of a chance to examine the interior of this celebrated banking house. Perhaps in all the world there is no great business conducted in offices which look less like offices. The partners' rooms occupy the entire second floor of the Montclair building, on Maple Street. There is no elevator. You enter from the street into the lobby of an ordinary New York skyscraper, walk up a narrow private stairway in the rear, push open a fireproof door, and find yourself in the hallway of a colonial country house. There is an entire absence of the traditional paraphernalia of the financial institution—no office boys, no uniformed doorkeeper, no railings and swing-gates and settees. None of the brass and bronze and marble and mahogany and leathered luxury affected by first-rate banks and second-rate clubs. Instead, a broad, low-ceiled buff-and-gray hallway, heavily carpeted, cool and silent. A firmly deferential manservant, dressed to suggest a combination of valet and detective, takes your hat and coat and hangs them in a closet as though you had come to spend the week-end instead of for a ten-minute business talk. He does not ask your business, but by the time he has hung up your coat you are on the defensive, and only too anxious to account for your presence. What happens to uninvited and unwanted visitors, I can not say.

AS I waited for Quintus I looked about me and listened, but in vain, for the telltale hum of activity which I knew to be going on here. From behind the closed white doors with big colonial glass knobs, came only the low drone of voices and an occasional laugh to further the illusion of a house-party at tea time; even the stenographers, passing softly along the hall, notebooks in hand, suggested chambermaids bearing towels rather than business women at work.

The whole thing I felt to be a colossal affectation. I knew that the floor above, which housed the cashiers and typists and the miserable bond salesmen and the customers' "come-on men," was as noisy and efficient and commonplace as any other office. But this floor was sacred to Herbert Mason and his six little partners. These men were really assistants; he called them partners so that he could pay them small fluctuating shares in the business instead of large fixed salaries.

Yes, the whole thing was a pose, but an effective one, and in consonance with the paradoxical genius of the man at the head of it. Mason's career was chiefly notable in that he had achieved in fifteen years a position which it ordinarily takes successful men a lifetime to attain. After making his way through college, he had undergone a five years' apprenticeship in one of the greatest and most conservative banking houses in the Street. It was at this time that he took a leaf from the book of British Royalty and a certain element of American society, changing his birth name of Hermann Meirsohn to Herbert Mason. Then, after five years of profitable study of the most respectable and righteous methods of accumulating vast wealth by intervening between producer and consumer, and knowing that he was barred from high position in that particularly hallowed institution of Christian pillage, he looked about him for a business medium which would afford proper scope for his predatory talents.

He fixed upon the century-old house of Billings Brothers, a moribund concern of ultra-respectability, slowly dying of dry-rot. He bought, bluffed and cozened his way into a junior partnership. Then he began to turn things upside down. In nine years he had married the daughter of the senior partner, turned the old man out to grass, made the efficient older clerks into partners and the inefficient younger partners into virtual clerks, and changed the name from Billings Brothers to Mason & Company.

Mind you, the man had started with practically no capital, and very few friends. But he had tremendous industry and energy, he was

coldblooded to the point of cruelty, and he had a sure touch of vision which put him more than a cut above the usual run of money-makers. Also he had a racial gift for the emotional which might have made him a Beaconsfield in another walk of life. Add to this that he possessed unusual charm of manner, that he was superficially well read and well-informed, that he dressed, acted, spoke and looked like an ex-varsity oarsman, and you have some of the reasons why Herbert Mason was threatening the strongholds of finance, while the social outposts of Long Island country life had already fallen before his insinuating wealth and snub-proof hospitality.

This was the man I was waiting to see, and this was the man with whom Quintus was preparing to tilt a lance. I was frankly skeptical of the outcome, unless indeed there was some soft spot in Mason's armor of which I did not know.

By this time Quintus had arrived. While he was still under the hat-and-coat ministrations of the valet-bouncer person, the door of Mason's room opened and Mason himself came out to us, and led us back into his room with an entire absence of big-business-man circumstance that was in itself an affectation of lack of affectation. His whole manner was country host—a smooth, restrained courtesy just touched with courtliness—Disraeli again, I reflected. Why the man made time for these extra-business amenities, I do not know—pure love of technique, I suppose.

His desk—which was not a desk, but a simple library table—stood near the middle of the room, facing the door. But Mason put us in comfortable arm-chairs with our back to the window and then swung his own chair around so that his face was in the strong glare of the window—another violation of the popular tradition that all captains of industry owe their success to the practice of making their visitors face the light.

The room itself showed no touch of an office. It was a generous, breezy, Cape Coddy sort of library-study with a wooden floor painted a neutral grayish-green, and with a couple of excellent modern rugs of classic design. White-painted bookcases covered two-thirds of the walls, ending off with tinted plaster in buff and gray. Several really excellent sporting prints and three doubtful-looking water-color sketches topped the bookcases; the rest of the room was furnished with a big leather couch under a reading light, a table covered with periodicals, a smoking-stand and more easy chairs. So far as I could see, there was not a business book in the shelves, there was not a financial paper on the magazine table.

THERE was no sign of business on his table-desk. A telephone was the only reminder that this was Wall Street and not a New England country home. Nothing too new, nothing too old, nothing too common, and nothing too rare; a wholesome and satisfying room—a proportioned gem of furniture and paint set down in the midst of a hell of mahogany and steel towers. For the rest, there was on the desk, a memorandum pad, three pencils, two pipes, a cigar humidor, a packet of cheap cigarettes, a thin glass vase with two gorgeous Cornelia roses, and a cracked tumbler with a gardenia in it—these last an obvious concession to the sybarite in him. Yes—it was all a pose—but a damnably good one, and carried out with the sureness of taste which characterizes his people when they have any taste at all.

Quintus had been taking it all in, too, while Mason was offering us cigarettes and keeping up a running fire of preliminary nothings. I could see my friend's eyes twinkle with the sheer amused delight that came upon him when he encountered a situation which challenged his combativeness. I knew that he intended to go to a decision with Mason, and that he experienced a stimulating joy in the finished caliber of his adversary.

Mason was a busy man, none busier in New York; but he did not hurry us, and he disdained the customary "What can I do for you?" of haberdashers and bank presidents. He waited courteously on Quintus, whom he presumably

knew only as a very rich young man who did nothing very hard.

Quintus wore a manner which I had never before seen upon him. Unlike his usual nervous aggressiveness, he appeared waiting for the other man to set the tone of the talk. With an air of boyish uncertainty he drew from his breast pocket his seven-league cigarette holder and placed one of Mason's cigarettes in the far end of the great ivory implement. I was reassured. Whenever Quintus produced this contrivance, I knew he felt very much master of himself and of the situation. Mason watched the operation in fascinated silence.

"I have come to ask your advice, Mr. Mason," Quintus began hesitatingly, "in connection with this confounded Consolidated Tires looting."

Now in Wall Street you may suspect that a man is a crook, you may know for a fact that he has rigged the market, milked a corporation and cheated the stockholders—but you don't tell him so to his face. If you do, he may not let you in on the ground floor of his next piece of pretty work. But if Mason was surprised, he failed to show it.

"I shouldn't exactly refer to it as a looting," Mason replied with a pleasant smile.

"No, you wouldn't"—there was the faintest stress on the "you"—"but that's what the chaps in the club called it. Anyway, Mr. Mason, you'll forgive me if I don't go at this just right. I'm not familiar with the ways of downtown. The point is this. Some good friends of mine bought 3,000 shares of the preferred at 96½, when it came out, and at the present price they stand to lose a lot of money."

Mason's face showed genuine concern.

"Many people have lost money, I am sorry to say. I hope you'll believe me, Mr. Lunt, when I say that Consolidated Tires has been a keen disappointment to us. It is the only setback we have experienced in the last six months, and in that time this house has underwritten eighteen new issues. I am speaking frankly because you are not of the Street. I rely on you not to quote me. I feel badly about this. But, between you and me, I'm not through with it yet."

"Precisely," Quintus put in cryptically.

"I feel badly about it," continued Mason, overlooking the interruption, "but I don't see what the preferred stockholders can do except sell at this ridiculous price, or sit tight and wait for it to come back."

"But will you let it come back until you've bought in all you want at starvation prices?"

Mason looked pained.

"That's not a fair way to put it, Mr. Lunt. Of course, we have confidence in the stock which is not shared by the general public. We may pick up a few odd lots here and there—but these are not Harriman-Gould days, Mr. Lunt, and this house is not speculating in its own securities."

"That's funny," interjected Quintus. "I had another idea."

"Street talk—nothing but Street talk, I assure you. Now, the best thing for your friends to do is to sit tight. It'll come back—some time."

"But they want to sell. In fact, they've got to sell—this is all the money they've got in the world. And they're getting no income."

"All right!" Mason's voice was cold and clipped. "We'll buy it at the market any time."

"But the market is 35 to 39. They'll lose two-thirds of their entire fortune." Quintus looked boyishly aggrieved. "I don't suppose you'd care to buy it at what they paid for it?"

For the first time Mason looked really astonished. His suavity disappeared.

"Look here, Lunt. Let's get at what you really want. I know all about you. I had you looked up, of course, when you asked for this appointment. I know you're a man of substance. And you're not such a rank outsider as you pretend; you know very well I'm not going to present anyone with a cool \$200,000. And did it ever occur to you that I might have lost a lot of money in this deal already?"

"You might have; but as a matter of fact you didn't," replied Quintus easily. "I somehow got the idea you sold a lot of your own stock short and that you'd made quite a neat killing."

"Didn't I tell you this firm doesn't speculate in its own securities?" snapped Mason.

"You did," answered Quintus more easily, "but I didn't believe you." He swung his leg



from the arm of the chair, rose leisurely, crossed to the table and laid down a slip of paper. "May I take another cigarette while you are looking over that little statement? As you see, it is a list of the brokers, together with the floormen, through whom you sold short eleven thousand five hundred shares of the preferred stock of Consolidated Tires at the issue price of 96½ in the week preceding the termination of the Syndicate. When the Syndicate support was withdrawn, and the price was no longer 'pegged,' you announced a receivership, the market broke wide open, and within the next two weeks you bought in and covered your short sales at prices varying from 89 to 42. Those covering transactions are recorded in the right-hand column. There may be slight errors, but the list is substantially accurate. It shows you a net profit of \$982,760.80."

Quintus twisted another cigarette into the long holder and struck a match with much deliberation. Mason watched intently. Quintus smiled and went on.

"I don't show you that list merely as an illustration of my skill in espionage, Mr. Mason. It is more by way of what the military men call a 'demonstration in force.'"

MASON had scarcely glanced at the paper. He was sparring for time. "I don't pretend to understand military terms," he observed coldly.

"No, of course not—you wouldn't. Just an expression some of us picked up in France, while you young backbones of banking were keeping the home fires burning in Wall Street. Well what do you say—can we make a deal?"

I looked at Mason. I understood now why he preferred to face the light. He was a born actor, with a countenance of perfectly controlled mobility. He used his facial muscles, as he used his words and his voice and his hands—to convey what he wished his hearer to know, and no more. Not only did he not fear the light—he sought it—as the tragedian seeks the spotlight so that his audience may follow the minutest play of artful expression.

Mason's face at this moment was admirable. He frowned just enough, and then slowly let his expression clear, as though he had turned the thing over and reached a decision—which I knew he had not.

"I fail to see any change in the situation, Mr. Lunt. You have shown that you could pry into my private affairs; that is no reason why I should pay out money to you or your friends. Go out and tell the story, if you like. I'll admit it will hurt me with the buying public, but not so much as you think, for they soon forget. Go out and tell it—but it won't help you, for I certainly won't buy this stock at your price."

"I have no intention of telling the story—this story," said Quintus crisply. "You don't suppose I'm fool enough to come down here and expect to frighten you with the exposure of a type of transaction that everyone of you sanctimonious burglars gets away with every day? I repeat. I showed you that list as a demonstration—as an intimation to your subtle intelligence that my knowledge of your affairs might not be limited to your life in Wall Street." He stopped short. "Do I make myself any clearer?"

The smooth banker grayness of Mason's cheeks took on a touch of angry pink under the eyes.

"You do not," he answered in a still controlled voice.

"Very well."

Quintus's tone changed abruptly. All his lightness, all his blandness, all his irony and flippancy were gone. He crossed the room in three strides, leaned truculently on the edge of Mason's desk, reached forward and ground out his cigarette butt in the ash-tray almost under the banker's nose. Any less finished product than Mason would have been startled into drawing back.

"Very well," he repeated, "then you will be good enough to listen to me for a moment. You were the trusted adviser of Mrs. Pemberton Boyden and her daughter Barbara. You sold them 3,000 shares in a company of your own, though you knew it was a hazardous adventure; though you knew that it took all the money they had in the world. You might have made money for them—yes—but you didn't. You

(Continued on page 54)

# NEW Halvorfold Jr.

**Extra Thin**  
Holds Everything a Man Wants in His Pockets  
Actual Size 3¼ x 4½ in. Only ⅜ in. thick when closed.

Note the  
**TEN**  
Big  
Features



## Examine it Free!

More than 100,000 Elks now carry the patented Halvorfold. Will you examine this new extra thin popularly priced model at our risk? Elks—here is what you need. A loose-leaf Pass case, Card case, and Billfold all in one. No fumbling for your passes now. Just open your handy Halvorfold Jr. and they all show, protected from dirt and wear by patented celluloid windows, 50% thinner. The ingenious loose-leaf window device enables you to show 4 or 8 passes, cards, photos, etc. Plenty of room for bills. 2 spacious pockets for business cards and bank book or blank checks. A wonderful convenience!

### Mail Coupon—No Obligation

Send coupon for thin Halvorfold Jr. on free trial. Carry this genuine leather pocket book for a full week. If you don't think it's worth \$7.50 or more, send it back, and you owe us nothing. If you keep it, then remit the new low price of only \$4.75 in full payment, including name, address and any emblem in gold.

## Free! 6-Hook Key Case



Mail coupon at once and we'll also send you a Genuine Leather 6-Hook Key Case. The Key Case is yours to keep, free of charge, even if you decide to send back the Halvorfold Jr. You risk nothing. Mail coupon.

THE HALVORFOLD CO.,  
Dept. EK-12, 568 W. Monroe St.  
Chicago, Ill.

Note the 10 big features (see illustration above) and you'll agree that you can hold everything in a Halvorfold Jr. Made of high grade black Genuine Calfskin. Soft and pliable, yet so tough you just can't wear the leather out. Remember: your name, address, and any lodge emblem stamped in 23-K Gold, all at the new low price. Comes packed in attractive silk lined gift box. Mail coupon below and examine the Halvorfold Jr. free! Enjoy its great convenience for a week, and if you can bear to part with it, send it back without paying us a cent. If you are one of the 100,000 Elks who now own a Halvorfold, order this new model for a friend, today!

There is only one HALVORFOLD with windows which can be replaced or added to. Look for the name HALVORFOLD on the patented loose-leaf window device.

### Made to Order for ELKS!

THE HALVORFOLD CO., Dept. EK-12  
568 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

Send me Halvorfold Jr. for free examination, with name, address, etc., in 23K Gold as per instructions below—also the FREE key case. If I decide not to keep the HALVORFOLD JR. I'll return it within one week and owe you nothing. If I keep it, I will send your special price of \$4.75. Either way, key case is mine to keep free. HALVORFOLD JR. comes regularly for 4 passes. Extra 4-pass windows—50c.

For protection give number of your Lodge.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Emblem \_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
To avoid bookkeeping: if you prefer, you may send \$4.50 cash with the order thus saving 25c. ☐ Check square for Free catalog of 300 leather items. Money back if not satisfied.

## EVER SMOKE Wheeling STOGIES?

Seven inches of smooth, sweet smoke joy. Wheeling Stogies, made by Marsh since 1840, are favorites from coast to coast. Treat yourself and friends to something pleasingly different. Your name and address on the margin of this page, together with your check or money order for \$2.25 brings a box of fifty in a special holiday wrapping, carrying charges paid. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

**M. MARSH & SON**  
WHEELING, W. VA.

## AGENTS New Kind of Can Opener

WORKS LIKE MAGIC!

AT LAST! An automatic, simple little can opening machine for the home! For now an amazing, lifetime device holds the can and cuts out the top leaving can rim slick, smooth and clean. Just turn a crank, that's all. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst. No wonder agents have made up to \$6 and \$8 in an hour full or spare time. Write to-day for Free Test Offer.

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO., Dept. W-864, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

## Stop Slamming Doors EARN \$15 Daily!



Kant-Slam Door Check is an amazing new invention that closes all doors silently and automatically. Closing speed easily adjusted by turning screw at top of check. Holds doors open when wanted open. Operates on new oil principle. Low priced. Everlasting.

ing Easily installed in 3 minutes. Never needs attention. A REAL DEMONSTRATOR Furnished Every Agent. You get orders quickly demonstrating actual sample on easy to carry miniature door. Every office, factory, store, institution and public building needs a Kant-Slam for every door. Rush name and address for details of amazing money making opportunities.

FREE TRIAL OFFER—WRITE! KANT-SLAM DOOR CHECK CO. Dept. J-41 Bloomfield, Ind.

## TYPEWRITER ½ Price

Save over 25%—Rock Bottom Price on all standard office models—Underwood, Remington, Royal, etc.—Easiest terms ever offered. Also Portables at reduced prices. SEND NO MONEY. All into models completely refinished like brand new. Fully Guaranteed. Sent on 10 days' trial. Send No Money. Big Free Catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Greatest bargains ever offered. Send at once!



231 W. Monroe St. International Typewriter Exch., Dept. 1274 Chicago



Don't bother  
to "make this  
simple test"



**B**UT if you must convince yourself, try some ordinary tobacco in an old pipe. Note result in chalk on the bottom of your left shoe.

Then try some ordinary tobacco in your favorite pipe. Note on other shoe. Finally, try some Sir Walter Raleigh smoking tobacco in any good pipe. You won't have to note it anywhere, for you'll notice with the very first puff how much cooler and milder it is. It stays so, right down to the last puff in the bowl—rich, mellow and fragrant. Your regular tobacco-nist has Sir Walter, of course. Try a tin—today.



**How to Take Care of Your Pipe**

(Hint No. 11) Some smokers believe that oil on the bowl of a pipe keeps it bright and shiny. Temporarily the bowl is brightened, but it soon gets dull again. A brisk rub with a soft cloth will do wonders, especially if the pipe is warm. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 76 (In Canada, 3810 St. Antoine St. Montreal.)

IT'S 15¢—and milder

## The Gentleman Adjuster

(Continued from page 53)

could have got them out clean when you got out yourself. But you didn't. You kept them in—let the market fall on top of them—and actually made a further profit out of them for your own dirty pocket. I'm not going to waste time telling you what I think of you. I said at the outset that I'd come for advice. That's finished. You've had your chance and turned it down. You know quite well where I've been for the past five weeks and you suspect what I've got—I tried to hint it to you so that we could arrange this in a way that would be agreeable to a super-civilized crook like you, but you wouldn't have it. You've asked for the works, and now you're going to get them."

Quintus's vehemence came to an end. Almost wearily he took himself off the edge of the table and across the room to where he had laid the brief-case. From the brief-case he drew a large, blue-tinted linen envelope fastened with a broad rubber band. This he tossed, almost rudely, on Mason's desk, and then came over and sat down by me.

"That envelope," he began in a curt tone, "contains seventy-two letters which I have selected from the voluminous and somewhat indiscreet correspondence which has passed between you and Miss de Milo in the past fourteen months; also several photographs and sundry rent receipts for your apartment on West End Avenue. The envelope contains the originals of all and any evidence in my possession connecting you with this person. You will receive this, together with my pledge of silence, when you have bought the Boyden stock at the price I have named."

**I** COULD not but admire Mason. I had no use for the man or any of his works, but he was certainly a thoroughbred of his type. Except for the telltale flush of anger, his manner remained composed. He must have known that he was beaten. But he meant to take defeat with the same nonchalance which attended his customary victories. It was a pretty battle between two very high-grade men—between the crook within the law and the crusader without the law.

Mason picked up the envelope, glanced at the contents almost negligently, and laid it gently on the desk.

"Is it possible, Mr. Lunt," he asked with smooth irony, "that you are trying to blackmail me?"

"I'm not trying to blackmail you—I'm going to blackmail you."

Mason frowned. "The best way to stop a blackmailer is to call the police. What if I do that?"

"Same result, Mason. If you turn me over to the police, the story of your liaison with the de Milo woman will come out anyway. I've arranged for that. Every step you take toward having me prosecuted will make a worse fool of you."

"And what if I simply destroy this packet that you have so trustingly handed me?" He saw Quintus's slow smile in time. "Oh I really beg your pardon Mr. Lunt—of course you have photostatic copies."

Quintus bowed—"Which of course go to you with the originals."

Mason considered a moment. "This matter is new to me Mr. Lunt. May I have until morning to think it over?"

"No," replied Quintus. "I must ask you to decide now."

It was Mason's turn to leave his chair. He walked slowly to the window and stood with his back to us for the space of perhaps three

minutes. I could not but wonder at what was passing in this man's mind. Was he balancing the certain loss of his dearly bought social progress against the passing ignominy of being beaten by this goodlooking young whipper-snapper? Was it added bitterness to realize that the whipper-snapper was born to the purple of all that he, Hermann Meiersohn, had been forced to slave and smile and cringe for? All this perhaps, and more. And then, to his aid and to the aid of his decision, came the endurance under punishment of his great and patient race.

Mason turned. His face bore an amused look of detached and cynical tolerance, as though he had just listened to a scandalous story about some dead statesman of long ago. His impersonality was amazing.

"Well Mr. Lunt," he began, "they often say we so-called big business men are many-sided. I used to think I was. But perhaps after all we are only two-sided: money and women; and one or the other usually gets us in trouble. As I said before, you have had time to perfect your attack in this affair, and I must credit you with having provided against any improvised defense on my part. You are wise not to give me until to-morrow, for by then I should certainly beat you. And now," he finished coolly, "I am ready to sign on the dotted line, as they say, if you will be good enough to show me where it is."

Quintus again bowed gravely. "The envelope on your desk contains a letter from Mrs. Boyden offering you the stock at the issue price. It also contains a letter from you to her accepting her offer and stating that you enclose a cheque. Your letter, I may add, is written on your firm letter-head." Quintus did not even have the grace to smile.

Mason lifted a deprecatory eyebrow; he was already reading the letter and reaching for a pen.

"And now," went on Quintus, "if you will give me a cheque to the order of Mildred Boyden for \$289,500, I think everything will be in order."

"Certainly," said Mason, "I have already sent out." And with the words, though I had seen him press no button, a stenographer appeared from a panel between the bookcase. She was uniformed like a self-effacing lady's maid.

"Miss Kappenburg, will you make a cheque to the order of Mildred Boyden for \$289,500—is that correct Mr. Lunt?—and bring it back at once. Charge it to my BX trading account, please." The woman slid out noiselessly.

"And now Mr. Lunt, how about the stock?"

"Oh, I almost forgot." Quintus pulled another envelope from his pocket. "Thirty certificates for one hundred shares each, all in street names for delivery." Mason glanced at them.

"Excellent—all in good order. Will you trust me to mail the cheque, and—er—I almost forgot—do you want it certified?"

"Quite unnecessary, thank you. But if you don't mind, I should like to post the letter myself—that is about all the fun I shall get out of this."

The cheque had come back and we were moving toward the door. To the last, Mason maintained his quizzical composure.

"We shall meet again I think, Mr. Lunt. I have not quite decided yet whether to ruin you or take you into this firm."

"God forbid that it should be the last," said Quintus with some earnestness.

"And when we do meet, I hope you will leave that infernal cigarette holder at home."

Then these two singular men, as if by common impulse, laughed unaffectedly and shook hands.

## A Plea for Bad Golf

(Continued from page 27)

say something funny. As he explores the mysteries, parts the veil and gradually improves his game, a complete change in his mental and physical metabolism occurs. He grows pessimistic and apprehensive. He develops temperament and gets so jumpy that he can't put if an ant stirs. He may, and probably will, remain a duffer—few graduate from that class—

but his peace of mind is gone forever. The worst has happened. Thereafter he will be no stranger to torment of soul and bitterness of spirit.

I feel sincerely sorry for Bobby Jones. A pitiful case indeed, for he is a fine, genial, open-faced young man and everybody wants him to be happy. But he grabbed the four major



championships this year. What a tragedy! Either he'll have to give up golf for backgammon or cribbage or else face the torments of perpetual humiliation and discontent. If he wins only three of them next season he will feel that his game has gone to pot. He'll be mortified. He'll begin to talk about the good old days when he was hitting the ball on the hat. It may embitter his whole life.

Not long ago, in the locker room of a club, I noticed a globular little man, pink-faced and beaming. He was surrounded by half a dozen members who were clinking glasses and patting him on the bare back. I learned that they were congratulating him on having broken a hundred for the first time and that fat man radiated happiness like a base-burner. He glowed, he expanded until he had fewer wrinkles than a grape; he was a boy again.

Presently the club champion slouched in dragging his heels. His pallid face was seamed, his shoulders drooped and in his eyes was that expression of hope abandoned which one saw in the eyes of people bent over the ticker tape in that ghastly month of October, 1929. With a deep sigh, half moan, he sank onto a bench and sat gazing at the floor, his cupped hands supporting his face.

"Hello, Jim!" somebody called. "Will you join us in a snifter?"

The champion's shoulders heaved, he shook his head without looking up.

"How'd it go to-day?" the other asked.

"Oh, my God!" Jim ran a trembling hand through his wet hair; in a voice that seemed to issue from the tomb, he answered: "I hooked

one out of bounds and three-putted two greens! . . . A lousy seventy-seven! I guess I'll quit the game. There's no hope for me."

Hope! It is all the serious-minded golfer has to cling to. And how he clings! To him the game is a dull chore, a battle in which he invariably meets defeat. Day after day it beats him and he only licks his wounds and comes back for more. But it breaks his spirit finally.

Women have the right idea. Never hurry, enjoy a cosy chat on every green, take four or five practice swings to each shot and never let anybody go through—the brutes! And don't be fussy about rules, either—they're only technicalities; improve your lie; if there's any doubt about a put, concede it to yourself.

People think prize-fighting is difficult, but in reality it is easy. One merely has to keep his eye on his adversary and retain his balance. Golf is much harder, for the player must think of more things: he must keep his eye on the ball and maintain the balance of a tight-rope walker; he must shift his weight properly, hit down freely and smoothly and hold his head back. In order to accomplish this, he has to see that his wrists, elbows, shoulders, feet, ankles, knees, hips, teeth, eyebrows, larynx, tonsils, toenails, and abdominal ring function properly and coordinate. The hit takes care of itself.

Really, there's nothing more to it than that. My wrists are working finely and I'm about ready to go from elbows to shoulders. For the life of me I can't see any reason why I shouldn't score consistently in the seventies next year.

## Slippage

(Continued from page 25)

From below came a stupendous crashing of crockery, a flurry of muffled oaths, and a dread sound of grinding among the bottom-plates. The second engineer picked himself up to find Captain Wills already standing, more maniacal as to the eyes than ever. It must be remembered that he owned shares in the ship. On the settee, Mr. Benson was trying to comfort the captain's daughter; who first asked him if he would go for the gasoline and then, weeping, pushed him violently away.

"You want alcohol," said Captain Wills through his teeth. "How about that whiskey you've been drinking? You've got more."

"Na, na," said the second engineer.

"We'll see about that!"

"Whiskey wouldna work the—"

"We'll try it, anyhow."

"Listen, captain. If I have any, 'tis but a sma' drop—a bottle at the most—an'—Can ye no be reasonable?"

No. Being temporarily insane, the captain could not be reasonable, and he had a gun, and he was just in the frame of mind to use it too; so that in due course the second engineer was driven to his cabin and forced to produce two bottles of Green Label from under his shore-going suit. One of these got smashed during the trip down the alleyway to the gas engine; for the hurricane was reaching its end, and the cross-sea was growing; and the Mary B. was doing everything but stand on her head.

From the remaining bottle, the captain had just knocked the neck, preparatory to pouring its contents into the engine tank, when the second engineer grabbed his arm.

"Let go!" roared Wills, raising the hammer of the revolver, "or—"

"Dinna be so hasty!" said the second engineer. "Give me the bottle. I'll swim for the gasoline!"

### IV

AT WHICH dramatic juncture of his story, McWhee stopped talking and seemed inclined to go to sleep.

"And did he?" I demanded loudly.

"Did he what? Oh, swum for it? Aye. He did."

"Well, did he get back all right?"

"They kept him aboard the destroyer, but they sent the gasoline right enough. For all the good it did. Aye, aye. Weel, weel."

He accomplished three snores while I pon-

dered; and then I stirred him very respectfully with my foot.

"I'm dense," I said, when he opened one eye, "but as regards proving anything, you know—this story—I don't see the point."

IF THERE'S one thing guaranteed to reanimate even a dead raconteur, it is that statement. McWhee opened both eyes, and came laboriously to a sitting position. Looking at him, I thought that, after all, prohibition might have its virtues—especially in the case of men over fifty. Mr. McWhee's nose was of an unlovely red; his whiskers were in a disorder distinctly unbecoming; and his left cheek bore impress of the pattern of the settee's back. Also his eyes were watering at the corners, and his tongue seemed inclined to get caught among his teeth.

"I have been exemplifyin'," he said with a Biblical intonation, "that of which ye seem, in common wi' other writers of the written word, to be lamentably ignorant: the difference between deck-officers and engineers, representin', respectively, ideals an' mathematics. For when we regard yon Benson, wi' what emotions do we see him filled? Wi' love an' romance an' a' the noblest—boop! feelings o' the mind o' man; which in a' ages—in fiction—ha' produced the—boop!—michtiest deeds o' valor. Wad he swum wi' yon line? He wad not. On the ither hand we had the realist, the engineer. Nae unknown quantities for him. He had a bottle o' whiskey o' known alcoholic strength, an' he wanted it, an' the captain would waste it if naeboddy fetched gasoline. That's why he swum the ragin' ocean; an' when the sea had gone down an' the hurricane was over an' past, an' he returned to his ship wi' all his ribs stove in frae bein' thrown against the side o' the destroyer, an' all hands wanted to ca' him a hero, he told them so, an' invited them a' to go tae hell. Aye, aye! Weel, weel!"

"I still don't see exactly—"

McWhee closed his eyes and flapped a weary hand.

"What became of Benson?" I asked, changing tactics.

"Juist," said McWhee drowsily, "what ye micht expect. He was fired from the Mary B. at Liverpool, an' went intae the Blue Bird Line—gowd braid an' idealism—boop!—an' emotions a' complete. Now he's married old Parson's daughter, an' come to be vice-president

(Continued on page 56)

# Do you want a surprise?

No DOUBT, you've heard of Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee. You know it's free from the harmful effects of caffeine and will not disturb your sleep.

But you may have an idea that removing the caffeine steals some of the aroma—some of the wonderful flavor of the coffee.

But please forget any prejudice. Try the improved Kaffee Hag Coffee. You'll be surprised. This is *real* coffee. Each sip brings you every bit of the rich flavor and aroma of the world's finest coffees. You cannot tell it from the best coffee you ever tasted. But it will not keep you awake, disturb your nerves or digestion.

Kaffee Hag Coffee is now made by the Kellogg Company in a modern new plant in Battle Creek. It has been wonderfully improved and materially reduced in price.

Won't you try this more healthful delicious coffee? Your grocer has it—or we will send you a sample for 10 cents to cover mailing. Address Kellogg Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

Now a  
**Kellogg**  
product



## A RADIO FEATURE

Every Sunday evening over the Blue network, Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee presents to you the popular Slumber Music, a distinctive program of the sweetest music ever written. Tune in and enjoy it over WJZ and associated stations of the National Broadcasting Company—from 11:00 to 11:30 in the East, 10:00 to 10:30 Central time, and 9:00 to 9:30 Mountain time. Also KFI, KOMO, from 10:00 to 10:30; and KOA, 10:30 to 11:00.





## WHAT a CHRISTMAS Present!

and only \$7.50 complete

with all playing equipment

A Brunswick Junior Playmate Pocket Billiard Table, is the best Christmas investment you can make . . . Sturdily constructed of quality materials, built to endure, beautifully finished in mahogany, and priced at \$7.50, \$13.50, \$18.50, \$37.50, \$60.00 and \$100.00 (Prices slightly higher West of Denver and in Canada) complete with all playing equipment. For sale at leading department, hardware and sporting goods stores everywhere. Mail the coupon below for illustrated catalog and complete information.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.  
Dept. C 3

623-633 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me without obligation your free booklet, the "Home Magnet", also your easy payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables, and name of nearest dealer.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

## Now You Can Own Diamonds 60% of Market Prices



Have you wondered how people you know, with large or small incomes no different than yours, seem to have so much more than you? Take diamonds for example. Here's some vital information for you: a 1/2 Century Old House has diamond offers, 60% of market prices.

A reason you rarely think of, makes possible RADICALLY LOW PRICES, even for FINEST QUALITY DIAMONDS. Offers backed by thoroughly responsible guarantees. Examination Free. Send now, use blank below.

### Why Pay Full Prices?

10 large loan firms combined, world's oldest, largest diamond banking institution of 75 years, rated over \$1,000,000.00, must sell the DIAMONDS on WHICH MONEY WAS LOANED BUT NOT REPAYED. Diamonds, too, from many advantageous sources. Send NOW. Lists limited. Free—Exact descriptions. Guaranteed amounts you can borrow. Examine Diamonds free, at our risk.

### Unpaid Loans—Low as \$60 per Carat

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

For Free List clip this now, fill in and mail to—  
Jos. DeRoy & Sons, Opp. P.O. 7899 DeRoy Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**RELIEVES PAIN QUICKLY**

**Have You a Troublesome Ailment?**

**Send for Our Free Book**

giving full information on Infra-Red Ray treatments in your own home for relieving neuralgia, sore throat, bronchial trouble, neuritis, sinus trouble, catarrh, asthma, rheumatism, tonsillitis, lumbago and other ailments due to congestion. Infra-Red Rays penetrate deeply and restore active blood circulation. Quickly remove congestion. May be used safely by anyone. Attach to any light socket. Sent on approval, 30 days trial. Write for catalog.

WM. CAMPBELL CO. Dept. 1048

**INFRA-RED RAY LAMP**

## Slippage

(Continued from page 55)

of the Green Funnel. Ha, ha! Tae see him in a frock coat beats a'!"

"And about the second engineer?"

"The second engineer," said McWhee, still dozing, "was one you might say chancet his skin for something. He was a realist. Nae emotions about women for him. Na, na. He——"

"But what became of him?"

After a moment, McWhee opened one eye. It was, as I have said, rather watery and rather red about the white; but what I noticed particularly about it just then was its expression. Quite independent of the will of its owner, and

of his expressed opinions, it was fixed on something far beyond my humble person; something infinitely distant, it seemed; and by no means pleasant. Something horrible. The future, maybe.

"I was that second engineer," said McWhee. "Ye see where I am, do ye no, damn ye?"

Suddenly he sat up, putting both feet on the floor with a bang; and, shaking his head, reached without permission for the whiskey bottle.

"But returnin'," he said steadily, "to yon question o' slippage."

## The Cruellest Business in the World

(Continued from page 21)

in this country, represent what an honest merchant would speak of as a market, a frantic, piteously eager market, but nevertheless a market. The addicts represent demand. What about supply? Who makes it? Who distributes it and how?

The production centers are all known. In the United States there are laboratories in New York, Philadelphia and St. Louis where morphine is extracted from crude gum opium and where cocaine is extracted from coco leaves. Undoubtedly some of this is diverted from its proper channels and proper purpose of relieving pain; but the bulk of the narcotic drugs illicitly distributed in the United States is smuggled in from Europe. England, France, Holland and Switzerland are all producing large quantities of opiates. Swiss drug manufacturers, for example, produce a few pounds each year for legitimate consumption within their country, but they export twenty-three tons. Three tons would meet the requirements of all the physicians and hospitals in the world for a year! All told, there are fifty-four factories in the world, whereas one factory probably could make an ample supply if none of the product was consumed to appease drug appetites.

How many tons are smuggled into the United States is problematical yet I have been told by a member of the Government's force of narcotic agents that almost every ship that lands in America brings a little.

"It may be only a small package secreted among the possessions of a deck hand, or it may be a trunk load," he told me. "We have found it hidden in the hollow backs of innocent appearing clothes-brushes being shipped from Central Europe to a supposedly respectable importer. We have found it concealed behind false partitions in officers' cabins, in life-boats, in forecastles, glory-holes, suspended in the fiddleys, in a thousand other ingeniously selected hiding places. You must remember that the higher the market price for dope the greater the temptation to the smugglers."

Drug smugglers are well supplied with money and are adept in using it to grease the pathway of their wares.

How much money they have is indicated by an incident that occurred at a Pacific Coast port some time ago. The Captain of a trans-Pacific boat had a Chinese "boy," his personal servant who was paid \$15 a month. You can't save much money out of an income of \$15 a month but when agents of the Federal narcotic bureau arrested the Chinese servant as a smuggler of gum opium he offered \$10,000 to the men as a bribe to let him go. That slant-eyed culprit had been smuggling opium for years. The clothing of no ship captain on the Pacific was as well cared for as the wardrobe of that Chinaman's master, no other captain's cabin was quite so orderly and spotless; but the real reason for the extraordinary service given was neither a personal loyalty nor was it \$15 a month. In the skipper's bathroom behind the tub were three or four tiles that could be taken out by one who knew their secret, exposing a safe cache in which could be hidden many caddies of opium. In San Francisco's Chinatown there is always a rich and eager market for smoking opium.

It is a rare ship entering American waters that does not have somewhere within its hull some sort of a secret nook in which may be hidden a cache of drugs. The ship's bilge is a favorite

spot and one of the first where official searchers look. One ship that was suspected for a long time was finally discovered to have a false bottom no more than two inches above the true bottom; but within the slender area government men, who finally penetrated the secret, found 2,000 tins of opium—a fortune in the gummy, brown, raw material of degradation and misery.

Unlike most other forms of smuggling, of jewels, laces or merchandise of any sort which is contraband only because it is dutiable, the wares brought into the country by drug smugglers are always outlaw stuff. Therefore the smuggling process is a continuous one through every stage of distribution. One of the Government's men told me how he traced out the hidden roots of one ring of drug peddlers.

The Federal agent was stationed in Minnesota at the time and was under instructions to check up on physicians who might be cheating the law by selling, not prescribing, narcotics. Somewhere he got a tip that a physician in Iowa was making illicit purchases of morphine. Any physician can get an ample supply for all his professional needs; but not even physicians are allowed to merchandise narcotics. That is precisely what this doctor seemed to be doing. He had a large number of addicts as patients.

One day the Federal agent walked into the doctor's office, and without beating about the bush accused him of buying morphine from other than legitimate sources.

"You're crazy," said the physician. He seemed to be furious with indignation.

"Crazy am I?" The agent did not raise his voice. "Well then, what was in the package you received by express on May 18? What was in the express package you got on May 31? What was in the express package you got on June 12?" He continued to recite from a list of days when the physician had received express packages. Then he wound up: "I'm not the crazy one, Doctor. You are, to think you could get away with this sort of thing. I know how much you have bought and what you have been doing with it. Now then, are you going to come clean?"

In the course of about five minutes the physician's attitude changed entirely. He ceased to be defiant and began to plead.

"We don't have much trouble with physicians; as a general thing they are square," said the agent telling about this case. "What I wanted to get was evidence against the persons who were supplying him. They were the big shots. 'How much you got left?' I asked him. 'About twenty-five ounces,' he said. 'Where is it?' 'In my safe deposit box.'"

"I THOUGHT it was going to be easy then since he was in a mood to tell everything. So I asked him whom he was buying from and he told me he did not have the slightest idea. The strange part of it was he was telling the truth. He explained that when he bought a supply of morphine he went to his bank, bought a cashier's check for the necessary amount. This he sent from that town in Iowa to Detroit, to a party there he never had seen. He just sent the check; that was all. In a week or ten days he would receive an express package from New York."

"The next step was to go to Detroit and look up the man there who had been acting as go-between. I did not have much trouble with him after he discovered the physician had been



caught. This man finally admitted his guilt (he was just a cheap link in the chain of distribution) and explained the system. He had a number of customers who were sending him checks and money from time to time. Then he would forward the checks, less his commission, to some man in New York who seemed to be a pretty mysterious bird. He was constantly advising his Detroit correspondent to address him under new names at new addresses.

"I went on to New York then and dug into the express company records. Eventually I picked up the thread again. I found out that the man I was looking for had no permanent address but that he sometimes slipped into a certain barber shop; that he was known at a restaurant and I found several other places. But I could not catch him. Then I resorted to an old trick. I sent him a piece of registered mail. Eventually one of his confederates at the barber shop handed him a card that had been left there by the postman. This informed him there was a registered letter awaiting him at the post-office. That was plausible. You see, the postman would not be allowed to deliver a registered letter to anyone except the person to whom it was addressed. Then, too, this fellow was accustomed to receiving checks from his agents. So, he went to the post-office and presented his card. That's when I stepped forward and grabbed him.

"In jail now? Not at all. His bail was fixed at fifteen thousand dollars. He arranged for it and then vanished. If you see a big, bald-headed fellow wearing horn rimmed glasses, a Jew with the appearance of an Irishman just let me know. That's the dope ring chief I'm looking for."

Year after year the police of American cities arrest a number of dope peddlers but the capture of a wholesale dealer occurs more rarely. They are much harder to catch. A Federal agent told me not long ago he had trapped one of them. It was not easy and it was not inexpensive.

Somehow he had learned that a certain barber shop in a large Eastern city was the distributing point for the wares of a mysterious "big shot" in the dope business. This government detective decided to become a peddler for the time being. By the simple process of not changing his shirt for three or four days, neglecting to shave, he transformed himself into a fairly sinister appearing person. Then he entered the barber shop one day with a brown paper bundle in his hand. The bundle contained \$1,200 of Uncle Sam's money. Stripping off his coat he climbed into the barber chair. It was a one chair establishment and patrons were served by the proprietor.

As the barber lathered his face the agent said in an undertone that he wanted to do some business with a Mr. Cassini.

"Oh, yeah?" the barber continued to strop his razor.

"Yeah," said the agent, "I got a package for 'im."

After the shaving operation was finished the barber spoke again.

"SOMETIMES this Cassini comes in here. If you got something for him you could leave it over there by the telephone. Maybe he'll come in."

"Fair enough," said the agent and laid his \$1,200 bundle on the cigar case and placed the telephone right on top of it. Then he walked out. Several hours later he returned.

"Did anybody leave a package for me?" he asked.

"I ain't seen none," said the barber, "unless it might be that box over on the chair by the Police Gazette."

"I guess that's it," agreed the agent. Then he picked up the box and walked out. When he was back in his own office he discovered that he had bought a retail supply of heroin.

About four or five days later he returned and went through the same procedure. Then a third time; with a third bait of \$1,200. This time the barber was more gracious and consented to take charge of the bundle.

"Come back in about an hour," he said cordially, "and maybe I'll have something for you."

As the agent was going out the door he saw the barber lift the telephone receiver. He pretended not to be interested but he did not go far away. In a little while he saw a swart faced

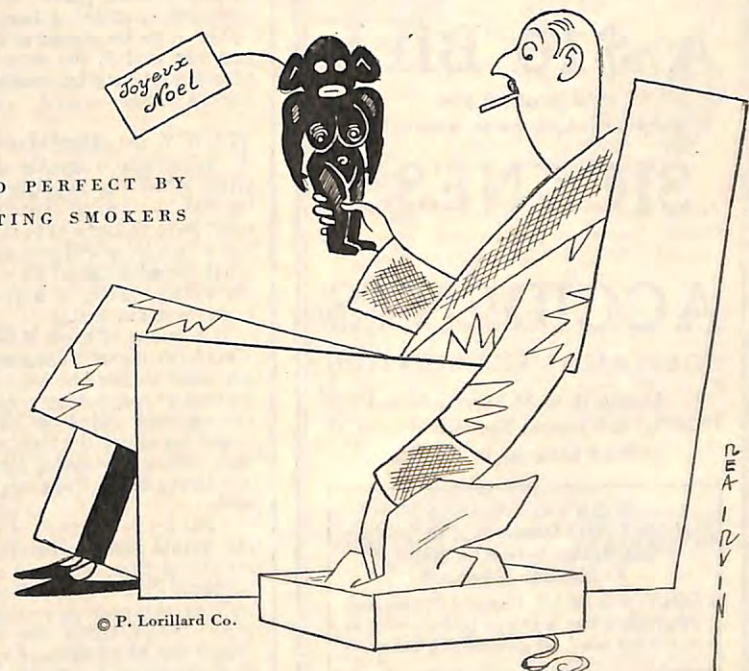
(Continued on page 58)

## LE MOMENT ÉTONNANT [THE ASTONISHING MOMENT]

When you receive a souvenir (remembrance) from your Aunt Matilde who has a penchant (pronounced penchant) for African sculpture—remain de bonne humeur (composed).

... be nonchalant  
LIGHT A MURAD

PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY  
DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS



© P. Lorillard Co.

### Built for Comfort!



Genuine black kid. Soft, easy fitting, comfortable. Strongly built for long wear. Placed-right Arch Support relieves ailments, ends pain. Snug-fitting heel; foot-conforming last. No wrinkled linings during life of shoe. Features you've long wanted at a price you know is right. Sizes 5 to 15. Ask your dealer.

M. T. SHAW, Inc.  
Dept. 5, Coldwater, Mich.

Shoe Dealers  
write at once!



\$5  
Pac. Coast  
\$5.50  
Little more  
for sizes  
13, 14, 15



### SOLID KUMFORT

Bentwood  
FOLDING CHAIRS  
for Every Purpose

WRITE FOR BULLETIN

LOUIS RASTETTER & SONS CO.  
1300 WALL ST., FORT WAYNE, IND.



### WANT A GOVERNMENT JOB?

\$158 to \$225 month. Railway Mail Clerks. Many other Government Jobs. Write IMMEDIATELY for free 32-page book with list of U. S. Gov't positions open to men and women 18 to 60.  
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE Dept. 5-227 Rochester, N. Y.

### Will Grow Your Hair Or Cost Nothing



Growing hair is now a science. Hair roots don't die. They get clogged with dry alkalins and poisons and the hair shaft simply can't grow out. Our treatment removes these and supplies nourishment. It has grown hair on thousands of heads and is guaranteed to grow hair on your head, stop falling hair, eliminate dandruff, and relieve itching scalp or refund will be made of every cent of your money. Don't suffer baldness or any abnormal scalp condition any longer. Send NOW for FREE information without any obligation on your part.



Before: Slavin at 45 After: Slavin at 65  
Slavin Institute, Dept. 61 508 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

### FAVORS

For PARTIES, ENTERTAINMENTS, ETC.  
including PRIZES & FUN MAKING NOVELTIES  
The TIPP NOVELTY CO.  
TIPPECANOE CITY, OHIO  
SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

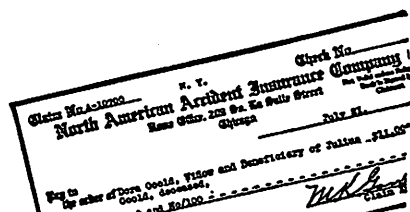
### Pyramid

The HANDY BOTTLE CAPPER  
Simple—compact—easy to operate.  
Seals perfectly. The modern way.  
At your dealers or sent postpaid. \$1.00  
CROWN CORK & SEAL CO., Baltimore, Md.  
World's Largest Makers of Bottle Caps



# The Cruellest Business in the World

(Continued from page 57)



## Cash or Sympathy?

Would you prefer . . . \$25 Weekly or SYMPATHY? In case of death would you give your family . . . \$10,000 Cash or . . . SYMPATHY?

*Sympathy will not pay bills!*

## A \$10 BILL

will protect you for a whole year against

## SICKNESS

AND

## ACCIDENTS

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION

Anyone 16 to 70 Years Accepted  
OLDEST and Largest Exclusive Health & Accident Company in America.

\$10,000 Principal Sum  
\$10,000 Loss of Hands, Feet or Eyesight  
\$25 Weekly Benefit for Stated  
Accidents or Sicknesses

DOCTOR'S BILLS, Hospital Benefit and  
other attractive features to help you in  
time of need, all as shown in policy

### GET CASH—Not Sympathy!

in case of automobile, travel, pedestrian and many other common accidents. Can you afford to have your salary stop, pay doctor and household expenses, in case of illness such as lobar pneumonia, appendicitis operations, etc., or any of the many common sicknesses covered in this strong policy? Protect yourself! Get Cash instead of Sympathy!

**Don't wait for misfortune to overtake you.**

MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

North American Accident Insurance Co. [Chicago]  
812 Wallach Bldg., Newark, New Jersey.

Gentlemen:

At no cost to me, send copy of your booklet

"CASH OR SYMPATHY"

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

City . . . . .

AGENTS WANTED for Local Territory

individual with an oblong package under his arm enter the barber shop. Even then the agent did not hurry. He did not approach the barber shop until the swart-faced man was leaving. The agent had time to observe that this man wore a lavender silk shirt, hideously unbecoming to one of such intense brunette coloring; and that his fat fingers were weighted with diamond rings. The thing that really interested the agent, however, was a piece of brown paper that this man was crumpling in his hands. It was the paper in which the bait money had been wrapped. That was when the agent thrust against the fat belly in front of him the black muzzle of his automatic.

The marked money was in the man's pockets. All of it, that is, except \$50 that was found in the cash register of the barber. Both of them were sent to prison.

Previously it was stated that some addicts are criminals because of their addiction. The explanation of this is as simple as the fall from grace of any trusted person who embezzles. It is temptation, and the temptation of the drug addict is to be measured by the craving of an appetite that is the most expensive to satisfy of any that may be generated in the body of a human being.

FANCY the situation of an otherwise decent addict who is capable of earning \$40 or \$50 a week when his appetite for drugs increases beyond his earning capacity. He must eat, he must have shelter and he must have drugs. If he has a family, a wife and little children he is in what the underworld calls "a tough spot." If the addict should be a woman, the situation is even more desperate.

It was one of these women who stole from a New York doctor's office not long ago a pad of his prescription blanks. The first the doctor learned of it was when a couple of agents of the Government called on him and began to ask questions about the number of prescriptions he was writing that called for morphine.

"I have a record of every one I've written," he said.

"Have you a record of these?" asked one of the agents and laid before him a fistful of prescriptions that they had collected from neighborhood drug stores. The prescriptions were written on typical pads that bore his name at the top. "But that's not my signature," protested the physician and quickly demonstrated that it was not. Even so the matter was a challenge to his integrity and he determined to clear himself of any imputation of irregularity. The Government men had obtained from the druggists who had filled the prescriptions a description of the woman. She had a cast in one eye, red hair and a faint, threadlike scar across her cheek.

"I know that woman," acknowledged the physician. "She came to me as a patient, but when I discovered that she was an addict and merely wanted to use me as a source of drug supply, I declined to treat her."

That woman was found by the Government investigators and confessed that she had stolen a pad of the physician's prescription blanks, forged the doctor's name and had then presented them at drug stores at times when she was sure the doctor could not be reached at his office by any pharmacist who might be suspicious of the presumable patient.

This sort of thing is not uncommon. Most physicians have some experiences of a kindred sort.

But what happens to druggists is even more disturbing.

Only a few months ago two men strode into a drug store in the Bronx late one evening and forced the proprietor at the point of a pistol to surrender his stock of morphine, about six ounces. Word of this crime was telephoned to the police and in a short space of time many patrolmen were on watch for the thieves.

Patrolman Dillon saw two men hurrying along in the shadows of his beat who seemed to answer to the description of the two hold-up men. He called out to them to stop. They did stop, too, but began to shoot at him. The officer fired back and then as other policemen came running into the street the two men darted into

the corridor of an apartment house. They must have made their way through the back yard, climbed a fence and passed through another apartment house for presently they reappeared just as a squad of police with drawn guns turned the corner. In the gun fight that followed Patrolman Stephen Lawless fell, badly wounded. Both fugitives were brought down by bullets from other police revolvers. In the pockets of each the searching fingers of bluecoats found the morphine for which they had staked their lives.

Some idea of the cunning constantly exercised by addicts and those who supply them may be gathered from considering the tricks employed to smuggle drugs into prisons.

What could appear more innocuous than a newspaper carried as a gift to a prison inmate? Yet prison officials have learned the necessity of scanning each page of such a paper before allowing it to be handed within the walls. Sometimes when they hold the pages between their eyes and the light they detect a place that is darkly shadowed. Investigation there sometimes reveals the existence of a pocket for drug powder formed by neatly pasting over a section of one of the pages a duplicate section of that page taken from another paper of the same edition. Similar pockets are sometimes found beneath the edges of a postage stamp. The very paper on which letters to prison inmates are written is sometimes discovered to be impregnated with heroin or morphine. The trick is to saturate the paper in a solution of morphine; then smooth it with a hot iron. The prisoner "cooks" this paper in a cup of water. The fluid is then injected by whatever crude instruments he can improvise, perhaps a pin and an eye-dropper.

Visitors to prisons are sometimes horrified to discover that heavy screens separate inmates from those who come to see them. There is such a screen in the Tombs, yet a prisoner there was getting dope—somehow. When his wife came to see him it was noticed that she was invariably knitting. The couple were watched, and he was seen to be drawing through the screen yards and yards of woolen yarn. The yarn was impregnated with dope.

Bibles have been hollowed out in order to provide a cache for this substance that can be so merciful in the relief of pain and so hideous in its uncontrolled use. Cigarettes, cigars, bananas and a long list of other innocent-appearing articles have been employed as secret containers.

Wardens of such institutions learn to be suspicious of everything. The cameo brooch on the woman pickpocket being held for trial is probably hinged. The newly arrested safe-blower, to explain why he is reluctant to surrender a tie-pin along with his other possessions, may tell a tearful story of a dying mother's gift. But jailers know that very likely in a prosperous period of freedom he has had some lapidary contrive for that tie-pin an invisible screw top. Some drug addicts who live in the constant fear of arrest walk about on heels that have been hollowed to provide a hiding-place for drugs.

There is a double protection for the addict-criminal in these secret hoards. It must be understood that one of the surest ways known to the police of extorting a confession from an addict prisoner is to deprive him of his narcotic. By doing so they subject the prisoner to a torture more terrible by far than if they beat him with clubs. He may withstand that torture for a day or for two days but with the lapse of each hour his agony becomes more intense. Inevitably there comes a time when he is disposed to betray himself, to betray his comrades, if only his captors will keep their bargain—a "shot" of morphine in exchange for a confession.

One of the big problems of the warden of any State's prison is that of keeping his institution relatively free of the traffic in narcotic drugs. There where one might suppose the task would be easiest it is most difficult. When it is realized that an underpaid keeper can get from a frantic, pain-racked convict-addict as much as a dollar a grain for heroin or morphine it becomes more easy to understand what a gigantic task confronts the Government in its struggle to keep this contraband from crossing its thousands of miles of frontier.



# One Hundred Hand-Picked Christmas Books

(Continued from page 14)

## The Redlakes

By Francis Brett Young. (Harper & Brothers, New York. \$3.00.)

A PENETRATING romance of some magnitude. England at peace and at war; rich, fertile Africa; battle-swept France. These form part of the changing background against which Mr. Young's latest hero, Jim Redlakes, moves in a thrilling way. Jim is as English as the Encyclopaedia Britannica and at all times the center of unfailing interest. A bully romance.

## Blowing Clear

By Joseph Lincoln. (D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.50.)

EASILY the best of all Lincoln's lovable books about Cape Cod and its salt-sea folk. This one is human, which means that it holds both humor and pathos. It is also important because, beyond the good yarn that it spins, the author has caught the flavor of New England thought and character.

## Cakes and Ale

By W. Somerset Maugham. (Doubleday, Doran Co., New York. \$2.00.)

A BRILLIANT tale, glinting with satire. Especially appealing to readers of decided literary bent.

## Memoirs of an Infantry Officer

By Siegfried Sassoon. (Coward-McCann, New York. \$2.50.)

AN ADMIRABLE novel encompassing an Englishman's life. It is a companion piece to this author's grand book of last year: "The Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Gentleman." The work of an artist.

## The Deepening Stream

By Dorothy Canfield. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$2.00.)

THE universal questions and emotions of life, focussed in one woman; her home life, her service as a relief worker in the Great War. A notable piece of fiction for thinking men and women, by one of our most eminent writers.

## Havana Bound

By Cecil Roberts. (D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.50.)

A GAY, bouncing adventure-romance which begins on a liner bound for Cuba. Completely diverting.

## The King's Minion

By Rafael Sabatini. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. \$2.50.)

A RESPLENDENT historical novel with the scene of action laid in England in the days of James I. Told in the fine flashing style made so popular by the author of "Captain Blood."

## Years of Grace

By Margaret Ayer Barnes. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. \$2.50.)

ABSORBING record of a woman's life and love. A well-wrought study by one of the authors of the successful drama, "Coquette."

## Volumes of Outstanding Short Stories

### Certain People

By Edith Wharton. (D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.00.)

SIX unusual stories of rich meaning. Done in the peerless style that has made Mrs. Wharton one of the most famous novelists of the day.

### The Street of the Islands

By Stark Young. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.)

A READER'S delight. Short, significant stories, warmed by a southern sun.

## The Best Short Stories of 1930

Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.50.)

SOME excellent performances by several new and several more experienced authors.

## The Best British Short Stories for 1930

Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.50.)

Just what the title says.

## Americana

### An American Epoch

By Howard W. Odum. (Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$3.50.)

PORTRAIT of the South—old and new—from 1850 to the present. Indeed, it is more than a mere portrait; it is a full-length masterpiece, gloriously colored, historically important, sound yet emotional in its facts, and thoroughly captivating to any reader. A thin thread of fictional biography holds together this epoch covered by four generations of Southerners, but it does not make the volume any the less a "source book" for business men, students, writers and economists. Excellent work.

## In the Senate

By George Wharton Pepper. (University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia, Pa. \$2.00.)

AN ATTEMPT by a United States Senator to "lift the curtain of public indifference" about national affairs. Much illuminating comment on Pinchot, Vare, Coolidge and others.

## Wagons West

A Story of The Oregon Trail. By Elizabeth Page. (Farrar & Rinehart, New York. \$5.00.)

SOME were driven to join the great overland trek to California in '49 not by the itch for adventure but by the prosaic need of making a living. Quiet Henry Page, whose journal and letters are used in this description of empire-building, was one of these.

## Ye Old Fire Laddies

By Herbert Asbury. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$3.50.)

FROM early Dutch days down to 1865, with the emphasis on the period preceding the Civil War, when the New York volunteer fire department engines were the gaudiest vehicles in Christendom, this saga of the old-time fire-fighters gathers up a host of thrilling historical notes, political characters and events of national importance.

## Travel and Adventure

### Between the River and the Hill

By Sisley Huddleston. (Lippincott's, Philadelphia, Pa. \$3.50.)

MR. HUDDLESTON, an Englishman with a "yen" for France, takes a little house in Normandy and settles down with his ear to the ground, and his heart sprawling open to all the enchantment of the pastoral life surrounding him. You'll like this.

## To the South Seas

By Gifford Pinchot. (The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia, Pa. \$3.50.)

AFTER waiting forty years to have a certain dazzling dream of travel and adventure come true, ex-Governor Pinchot (of Pennsylvania) finally found himself, only a few months ago, in the tropics, carrying on some splendid scientific exploring and at the same time having a first-rate holiday. He tells the story well.

## Vacation Travel Charts and Travel Chats

By Frederick L. Collins. (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. \$2.50.)

STAY at home if you can, after reading the succinct and luring information presented to you by Mr. Collins in a most interesting form. (Continued on page 60)

# ORDER DIRECT

## BY MAIL

SAVE 15 TO 30%

Jason Weiler-Baird North Co., as leading Emblem Makers, Manufacturing Jewelers and Diamond Importers, will save you both time and money on your Christmas shopping.



34721—Sterling Silver Card Case. Beautifully hammered design, raised Elk head. A most acceptable gift. \$4.00



34600B Diamond mounted Solid Gold Label Button, one full cut blue-white diamond. \$5.00



34617B Platinum Label Button, one full cut blue-white diamond. \$12.50



34606B Solid Gold Label Button, one full cut blue-white diamond. \$15.00



30272—Silver Plated Cigarette Lighter. Handsomely engine turned with raised gold Elk head. A lighter that lights. \$5.00



38402B—Ladies' Solid White Gold Elk Emblem Pin with Elk head, connected by fine gold chain to clasp. Both parts have safety catches \$3.00



One Carat Diamond Ring \$145.00



36825B—\$12.50 Diamond Mounted Elk Ring



51281—Sterling Silver Napkin Marker—in any initial. Makes a very acceptable gift. Illustration is half size. We receive many orders for these markers for entire families. State initial desired. \$1.00 each



\$12.50



41910—Diamond mounted 14K Solid White Gold Wrist Watch. An exquisitely designed 15-jewel guaranteed accurate timekeeper. The richly engraved case is set with 2 Diamonds of fine color and brilliancy and 4 Synthetic Blue Sapphires. Beautifully engraved dial. Furnished with either ribbon or flexible bracelet. A remarkable value. \$27.50

## Write for GIFT BOOK

## This Free



The Book of 10,000 Gifts.

More than 200 pages in our 60th Anniversary Catalog DeLuxe.

Anniversary Catalog DeLuxe.

—CLIP COUPON—FILL IN AND MAIL NOW—

## JASON WEILER-BAIRD NORTH CO.

Mfg. Wholesale and Retail Jewelers Since 1870  
372-B Washington Street (Elks Dept.)  
Boston, Mass.

Please send FREE Catalogs checked x below  
☐ Jewelry, Watch, Silver and ELKS EMBLEM CATALOGS ☐ Diamond Catalog

Name.....

Address.....

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



# One Hundred Hand-Picked Christmas Books

(Continued from page 59)

Short holidays in Europe and America—for each month in the year—and almost everything that you need know about them.

## High Tartary

By Owen Lattimore. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. \$3.50.)

TWO young Americans treat themselves to a most unhackneyed and adventurous honeymoon in—of all places—the remotest corners of Asia.

## Bring 'Em Back Alive

By Frank Buck and Edward Anthony. (Simon & Schuster, New York. \$3.50.)

JOIN the daring lads who catch wild animals for zoos and circuses—and see the world! The authors of this incredible tale, engaging in one of the most hazardous of trades, have piled up miles of unique travel facts, and hordes of utterly exciting adventures.

## Tundra

By The Edingtons. (The Century Co., New York. \$2.50.)

"BERT" HANSEN, former U. S. Deputy Marshal for Alaska, told his breath-taking story to the Edingtons—who have done nobly by it. When he was a mere boy, Hansen walked 470 miles in the dead of winter looking for a job. He has traveled over sixty thousand miles by dog-team over the snow, tracking criminals and saving lives. A bully book.

## Hula Moons

By Don Blanding. (Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.00.)  
SPRIGHTLY, personal and inside information about that little island of ours called Hawaii.

## A Tourist in Spite of Himself

By A. Edward Newton. (Little, Brown & Co. Boston, Mass. \$3.50.)

A TRAVEL book by a famous book-collector, filled with amusing situations. Gluyas Williams "obliges" with some of his inimitable illustrations.

## Homes of the Cavaliers

By Katherine Scarborough. (The Macmillan Co., New York. \$5.00.)

PICTURESQUE and historic Maryland—and some of the glamorous characters of a past day.

## Realism in Romantic Japan

By Miriam Beard. (The Macmillan Co., New York. \$5.00.)

IN A delightful and enthralling manner, the author gives us a valuable interpretation of an always alluring land.

## Seeing France

By E. M. Newman. (Funk & Wagnalls, New York. \$5.00.)

ANOTHER volume for your collection of Newman Travel Talks in book form. As usual, this one is illustrated with photographs taken by the author in his interesting pokings-around.

## Enchanted Brittany

By Amy Oakley. (The Century Co., New York. \$4.00.)

## A Little Laughter He Done Her Wrong

By Milt Gross. (Doubleday, Doran Co., New York. \$2.00.)

THIS scream of a book (with its subtle underlying philosophies), by the author of "Nize Baby," will help make it a Merry Christmas indeed.

## The Treasurer's Report

And Other Aspects of Community Singing.  
By Robert Benchley. (Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.00.)

"BOB" BENCHLEY'S classic skits—famous in the talkies, on the stage, at innumerable business dinners and club entertainments—now appears in print. Here is one of the most civilized of humorists at the top of his form.

## Denny and the Dumb Cluck

By J. P. McEvoy. (Simon & Schuster, New York. \$1.00.)

THE author of "Show Girl" builds up a heart-throb out of the making and selling of Merry Christmas, Jewish New Year and Greeting Cards in general. The style is pure Times Square.

## Uncle Hosie

The Yankee Salesman. By Phillips H. Lord, (Simon & Schuster, New York. \$1.50.)

MR. LORD, the creator of *Seth Parker*, who cheers our radio evenings with Down East wisdom and humor, dedicates this tale of a Maine trader "To All Salesmen Who Sell Something Nobody Wants." Uncle Hosie always manages to do a slick bit of business.

## Laugh With Leacock

An Anthology of the Best Works of Stephen Leacock. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.50.)

SKETCHES—essays—yarns, and so on and so on, from one deep chuckle to another. A gentleman jester.

## Books for Self-Progress

### The Conquest of Happiness

By Bertrand Russell. (Horace Liveright, New York. \$3.00.)

PRACTICAL suggestions about the problems and the adjustments of our lives and those of our children. A wealth of sage, stimulating advice by one who appears to have discovered the roots of that elusive state of heart and soul called happiness.

### The Marks of an Educated Man

By Albert Edward Wiggam. (Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis, Ind. \$3.00.)

QUESTIONS, apparently astounding yet confronting every man, are here propounded and answered. A vast and fascinating field of self-education is suggested.

### The Enlargement of Personality

By J. H. Denison. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3.00.)

HOW we may change ourselves in order to become the sort of person we desire to be. Books of this type often fail of their ultimate mission, but invariably there is some help that we may pluck from their pages. This one offers a great deal.

### The Psychology of Achievement

By Walter B. Pitkin. (Simon & Schuster, New York. \$3.50.)

A helpful study without foolish optimism.

## Animal Tales

### Bong'kwe

By Wynant Davis Hubbard. (Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York, \$2.75.)

ALTHOUGH this is the story of one particular African buffalo—his life on the veld, the adventure or the menace which lurks for him in every bush and hollow, and his final defeat at the hand of a native hunter—there passes through these pages all the wild life of the African uplands.

Familiar as we are with the fascination of Mr. Hubbard's studies of wild animals (you will remember his articles which have appeared from time to time in this magazine), we were unprepared for the sweeping effect of this book, which may well claim to be one of the best animal stories published in years. It is woven of first-hand knowledge, Mr. Hubbard being ex-

plorer, hunter and scientist. He possesses, besides, a unique insight into animal ways and motives, and a fresh literary style. What pictures of jungle life and death—of motionless lions watching natives moving around in the light of the night-fires—of zebras pushing blue and gold water-lilies aside to drink at a water hole! Told through the words of Shamanyati, the black "tracker," the tale achieves a sense of verisimilitude. The facts are never presented didactically, but are brought forward with simple surprise as though the author himself were enchanted to meet such strange secrets on his travels. Recommended to young and old readers.

## Rags

By Jack Rohan. (Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.00.)

RAGS was a dog. He went overseas with the 1st Division, aided the wounded, bit—so to speak—his German, got a wound stripe, wore a steel helmet, and is now made the protagonist of a spontaneous and attractive little story.

## Jack the Scot

By Alice Grant Rosman. (Minton, Balch & Co. New York. \$2.50.)

THE pleasant novelist who gave us that sprightly tale "The Young and Secret" (reviewed here in the summer), creates a lovable dog character in her terrier hero.

## John Held, Jr.'s Dog Stories

Illustrated by the author. (The Vanguard Press, New York. \$3.50.)

Grand yarns for all who love dogs.

## Dog Days

By Stewart Edward White. (Doubleday, Doran Co., New York. \$2.50.)

THE autobiography of a man and his most faithful of friends.

## A Man and His Dog

By Thomas Mann. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$2.50.)

ONE of the greatest of living German novelists writes the story of his friendship with his dog. Very fine.

## Detective Stories

### The Yellow Mistletoe

By Walter S. Masterman. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.00.)

MYSTERY starts in a sweet, quiet parsonage and trails its desperate and thrilling shadow to the far corners of the Old World. This is a Dutton Clue Book which means that you have with this volume an opportunity of doing a little detective work yourself, and of winning a prize.

## The Crime in the Dutch Garden

By Herbert Adams. (Lippincott's, Philadelphia, Pa. \$2.00.)

THE arbitrary aunt of some lovely nieces is "bumped off" by a statue neatly falling upon her stubborn head. But that, of course, is just the beginning of a lot of trouble for everyone. A pretty good mystery.

## Murder in the Embassy

By Diplomat. (Cape & Smith, New York \$2.00.)

FOR thirty-six hours the various characters in Diplomat's stirring yarn are locked up in the Japanese Embassy in London while an effort is being made to keep the news of the murder of an important Oriental personage from leaking out and causing international complications. The hours tell on everyone connected, and mark the time-boundaries of a startling and often smartly written crime novel.

## Strong Poison

By Dorothy L. Sayers. (Brewer & Warren, New York. \$2.00.)

(Continued on page 63)





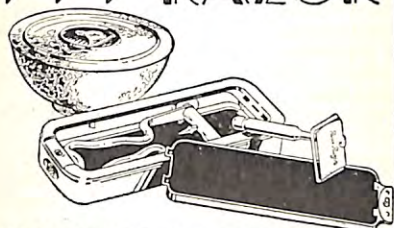
# Christmas Gift Suggestions

Your Christmas Problems Simplified by Suggestions of Suitable Gifts

for him

for home

## ROLLS RAZOR



THE ONE BLADE SAFETY!

### An Everlasting Christmas Gift

THIS justly famous English importation has been accepted by American Gentlemen as the ultimate in Safety Razors. It strops and hones itself. With proper care will last a lifetime.

For Sale at the Better Shops



### AMITY Leather Gifts

Ranging from the Amity FIND-EX (wallet extraordinary, price \$5.00) . . . to key kaddies, cigarette cases, tobacco pouches, traveling kits, handbags, bridge sets, coin purses, "wallets" for ladies . . . there is Amity personal leather-ware to match almost every individual need and preference.

Ask to see Amity leather gifts . . . look for the name stamped in the leather. At most good stores where leather goods are sold.

Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wis.

## Why Waste Time Strapping Razor Blades?

Sharpen Them With a KEENEX SHARPENER

In the same length of time that it takes to strop a razor blade you can now actually SHARPEN it! Instead of merely straightening the edge, as a stropper does, the Keenex grinds a new edge on the blade. Makes a single blade last a year. The Keenex Sharpener does it all in 20 seconds and gives you a super-fine blade for every shave. Nothing like it ever before on the market—a real sharpener, not just a stropping machine. Makes your old blades as good as new. See it at your dealer's or write today for Special Christmas Offer.

The Keenex Razor Sharpener Co. 3260 Monroe St., Toledo, Ohio.



SPECIAL Christmas OFFER

## MOTOR HEATER

Makes starting certain in coldest weather: preheats motor, saves battery, prevents damage and starting wear. Operates on any circuit: lasts indefinitely, cannot "short." Write at once for descriptive folder and price. (Interesting proposition for salesman. Write!)

THE KITCHEN CRAFT CO.

Dept. E West Bend, Wis.

## If he smokes a pipe—



Give him a pound of cheer to start the year—a pound of Sir Walter Raleigh smoking tobacco—the mildest, mellowest pipe tobacco that ever came out of the sunny South. Sir Walter Raleigh is all dressed up for Christmas in a very unusual octagon shaped box of silver and gold, with just the right Christmas trimmings on it to make it especially attractive. And a copy of Sir

Walter's famous booklet "How to Take Care of Your Pipe" is enclosed with each Christmas box. He'll get a big kick out of reading the booklet.

Here's your chance to help him discover how really good a pipe can be—your chance to help him tame that strong hard-boiled briar with Sir Walter's milder and more fragrant tobacco. Where can you get it? At your club or any good tobacconist for \$1.15 a pound. Or if you prefer, Sir Walter will act as Santa for you and mail him a tin if you write him at his Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation factory at Louisville, Ky.



These new Parker Duofolds—Pen and Pencil—in De Luxe black-and-pearl or green-and-pearl—Pen holds 17.4% more ink than average, is *Guaranteed for Life*, writes with Pressureless Touch. Set, \$15. Jr. \$12.50. In colors, Pen, \$7. Pencil, \$4.25.

## NEW a combination carrying case and overnight bag

with CORONA At No Extra Charge



Coronatyping is the modern method of writing. Business executives, housewives, students, lodges, all need a typewriter—a portable Corona. Efficient for carrying the machine when Corona goes on trips. When Corona remains at home case serves as a week-end bag.

Price including gift case \$60. Specify typewriter color—black, green, red, blue, maroon, black & gold.

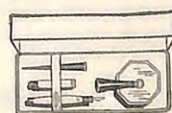
Mail coupon or address L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS, Inc., 53 Madison Ave., New York

for her

## Send for Free Catalog

2000 illustrations—Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry—Largest Diamond and Watch Credit House in the World.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. Dept. G-505, 108 N. State St. CHICAGO, ILL.



Smart inlaid enamel Parker Desk Base in travel case, for milady. With Moiré Pen in colors. Pen

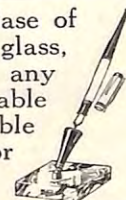
convertible for purse or Desk Set by attachable taper (included). Set, complete, \$8.



The Ideal Family Gift—A Royal Portable Typewriter. Simple to operate, sturdy and dependable—the finest of home-sized writing machines! Available in many unusual Duotone colorings, and a variety of type-faces including "Vogue," exclusively Royal and expressly designed for personal correspondence. Price only \$60, attractively packaged for Christmas giving. Convenient monthly payments if desired.

More than 2000 Royal Portable Dealers in the United States

Attractive Parker Desk Base of polished marble or black glass, which will do credit to any home: \$5, including attachable Pen taper. With convertible Pocket-Desk Duofold Jr. or Lady Pen, \$10.



for children

## JOHNSON'S for Christmas

Skate and Shoe Shown \$7.00 Per Pair



Give genuine JOHNSON skates—the greatest gift of all. Johnsons—the ORIGINAL tubular skate—with Vanadium Tool steel runners—favored by skaters the country over. More people skate on Johnsons than any other skate in the world.

Johnsons are made for men, women, boys and girls in racer and hockey styles. Hockey for general skating. Racers for speed. Priced from \$7.00 to \$12.00 per pair with shoes. Dealers everywhere have Johnsons.

Insist on the Original

NESTOR JOHNSON



A Pen and Pencil like Dad's! Every boy and girl wants that. This Duofold Jr. Pen, *Guaranteed for Life*, writes with Pressureless Touch. Set, \$8.75. Pen, \$5. Pencil, \$3.75.

If you cannot purchase any of the gifts listed on this page at your local dealer's or Elks Club send this coupon to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 East 42nd St., N. Y. City.

Name .....

Address .....





Card Shown in case is facsimile of D.D.G.E.R. Life Membership Card

## A XMAS GIFT

### Designed Especially for ELKS

#### The Thinnest Wallets Ever Invented

Here is a Gift for HIM—designed especially to meet the demand of every Elk. Think of it—Pass Cards—Licenses—Tickets—Checks—Bills and the many other articles carried by every man—all packed in this wallet and after all **ONLY AS THICK AS THE ARTICLES AND CASE ITSELF—NO BULGE**—just as flat when filled as when empty.

What ELK would not prize such a gift  
HUSBAND—FATHER—BROTHER—FIANCE



**Only 1/4" Thick**  
**Yet it Holds**

- Auto License
- Driver's License
- Insurance
- Club
- Fraternity

#### —Elks Card

When Buying Wallets  
Consider Quality

Benedict Pass Case Wallets  
are made of the Highest  
Quality Leathers.

**\$5.00**

Make your decision TO-  
DAY to insure prompt de-  
livery for Christmas.

#### Use This Coupon—Tear Here

F. W. Klingler & Langhein Co.  
429 N. 13th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Enclosed is remittance for \$5.00, for which send me  
your new THIN Benedict Pass Case.

Name (please print) .....

Address .....

( ) If you wish your name and Elk Emblem in gold,  
add 50c.

## 18% LESS Indebtedness

*The relatively small  
amount of Associated Gas  
and Electric Company to-  
tal indebtedness makes  
proportionately more earn-  
ings applicable to bonds.*

Associated Company earn-  
ings are 2.22 times bond  
interest on an "overall"  
basis, compared with a com-  
posite average of 2.06 for  
20 other utility companies.

The above average secur-  
ity of Associated bonds  
is demonstrated by our  
analysis which may be  
obtained by writing for  
Folder L1.

General Utility Securities  
Incorporated

61 Broadway New York

# Natural Gas for Investment

By Paul Tomlinson

THE banker looked up from a booklet he had been reading. "Good morning," he remarked. "Sit down, won't you?"

The caller took the chair the banker indicated. "Reading something interesting?" he inquired.

"I was," said the banker. "About natural gas. You know I believe there are possibilities in that field."

"I don't know anything about it," the caller observed.

"I never knew much myself. I've been hearing a lot about it though and I decided to get a little information." He picked up the pamphlet from the desk. "Listen to this," he said. "Twenty-five years ago 884,000 customers used 388,800,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas; last year 4,800,000 customers used 1,900,000,000,000 feet. Those are large figures."

"Over my head entirely," laughed the caller.

"Hard to grasp, I'll agree," said the banker. "What they say is that in these twenty-five years customers increased 442% and the amount of natural gas used increased 388%."

"A considerable growth."

"The population of the country has increased about 13% in the last eight or nine years, and consumption of natural gas has increased more than 250%."

"Where does the gas come from?" the caller inquired.

"In commercial quantities," said the banker, "it is produced in twenty-four States. In these States, of course, it has been available to many of the citizens for years, and they accept it as a matter of course. It is only recently that it has been proven practicable to deliver natural gas to consumers at distant points, and this, obviously, explains the increasing consumption."

"How is it delivered?"

"Through pipe lines. Many of these lines are hundreds of miles long, one of them over 1250, I believe. New lines are being built all the time, and millions of dollars are being spent on their construction; the natural gas companies, too, are spending large sums in acquiring gas-bearing properties, in drilling wells, and in efforts to open up new markets for the gas. As a matter of fact it is estimated that three-quarters of a billion dollars of capital has been invested in the natural gas industry."

"How much gas do they get out of a well?"

"A million cubic feet a day is about the average, I believe," said the banker. "Certain wells, though, have produced as much as 50,000,000 cubic feet. You must realize, too, that the gas comes out of the wells with the most tremendous pressure behind it, sometimes as high as fifteen hundred pounds to the square inch, and this natural pressure is in itself sufficient to carry the gas for long distances through the pipe lines."

"What happens when that pressure wears off?"

"Compressors are used, which act like huge force pumps, and compressor stations for the purpose of speeding the gas on its way are located at intervals along the course of the lengthy pipe lines. The fact that these compressors are very efficient is what makes it possible to transport natural gas such distances, and has had so much to do with the rapid increase in its use."

"Is natural gas more efficient than manufactured gas?"

"Well, there is just about double the amount of heat in a cubic foot of natural gas. It is also inexpensive." The banker referred to his pamphlet again. "In the year 1929 consumers paid an average of 23.8 cents for the 1,000,000,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas they used, while the cost to consumers of 535,000,000,000 cubic feet of manufactured gas averaged \$1.02 a thousand cubic feet. That means that natural gas with twice the heat value of manufactured gas cost consumers last year less than one-fourth as much money per thousand feet."

"Rates vary in different localities, don't they?" asked the caller.

"Oh, certainly, and it is only fair to admit that the low average price of natural gas is due in large measure to its sale at low prices near the sources. It is, however, a fact that it is cheaper

and more economical than its manufactured rival, and that its use is consistently and rapidly increasing."

"Is most of it used for cooking?"

The banker laughed. "Countless people use it for that purpose, of course. It is also used for heating water, and for heating houses; gas refrigerators are increasing rapidly in number and popularity; gas incinerators are popular; portable gas heaters are in great demand for garages and for houses; gas is used in a large number of household appliances. With natural gas made available to more and more people it is reasonable to suppose that its efficiency and low cost will recommend it to an ever-widening circle of the population."

"I should think so, too," observed the caller. "Is there much use for it in business?"

"Well," said the banker with a smile, "there are over 20,000 processes in industry in which gas plays an important role. Consider, too, that it is available instantly when needed; it requires no storage space; it is easy to regulate and permits of perfect temperature control; it produces no smoke, no ashes, no soot; it is perfectly simple to figure its cost. The carbon black manufacturers use millions of cubic feet of gas every year; so do the oil refineries, the steel manufacturers, the glass makers, the generators of electricity, the cement makers, the bakeries, the brick and tile manufacturers, the chemical industry."

"Sounds impressive," exclaimed the caller.

"Natural gas also produces large quantities of gasoline," said the banker, "two years ago to the amount of nearly two billion gallons, valued at \$139,000,000."

"There must be a lot of waste in the natural-gas business," said the caller. "Doesn't a lot of it escape?"

"It used to, but very little gets away nowadays. As a matter of fact there are laws in some States directed against the wastage of what is now recognized as a most valuable product."

"You think there is a future for natural gas?"

"I do. Of course the industry must find adequate markets, but the construction and operation of pipe lines would seem to be the answer to that question, for if natural gas is made available to people there can be little doubt but that they will buy it."

"How many miles of pipe lines for natural gas are there in the country now?"

"Somewhere around 40,000, I believe. That is 40,000 miles of trunk lines, with about 40,000 additional miles of what are called gathering lines, lines which connect up with the main systems. That does not seem very much perhaps, but the industry after all is more or less in its infancy, and new pipe lines are being planned and started almost every week. One company, for instance, and not the largest company by any means, is spending \$55,000,000 on two new lines, one of them 1250 miles long. Another line is being built by another company from Kansas City to Chicago, a distance of 500 miles. Lines are being laid from West Virginia into New Jersey, from Texas to Illinois, from western Pennsylvania to eastern New York, from Louisiana to Georgia; California, Wyoming, Oklahoma, Kansas, Ohio, Arkansas, Kentucky, and other States are being cobwebbed with natural gas pipe lines."

"Why shouldn't natural gas be a factor in the investment field?"

"It seems to me it should," said the banker. "After all, it is a natural fuel, clean, efficient, and convenient, and even when distance makes it somewhat expensive these qualities should create a demand for it. If pipe lines can introduce it into places where it is not now available it will undoubtedly cut in on the consumption of coal, and the pipe lines may even make it possible for it to compete with coal on a price basis. In addition the need of absolute heat control in many processes of manufacturing is going to work in favor of natural gas with prices anywhere nearly equal."

"I suppose there are a great many companies in the business of producing and marketing natural gas."

"That's an interesting point," exclaimed the



banker. "The production of natural gas is increasing rapidly, and so are the number and extent of natural gas pipe lines. The ownership and control of the wells and pipe-line systems on the other hand are passing into fewer hands. The strong companies in the industry are gobbling up the little fellows, or they are merging and getting together that way."

"Like all other businesses."

"Exactly. It seems to be the tendency in all lines of industry."

"Aren't many oil companies in the natural gas business too?"

"INDEED they are; gas and oil are pretty closely associated after all, you know, and it is no more than logical that the future of natural gas should to a large extent be in the hands of the oil companies. I understand that one of the Standard Oil group has the largest holdings of natural gas properties and natural gas pipe lines in the country, and it is predicted that before long natural gas is going to account for a very considerable percentage of its earnings."

"Just think of it," the banker continued, "oil is being piped from distant points into the densely populated sections of the country in such quantities that it is said the railroads are quite disturbed over this form of competition. Natural gas can be piped just as easily. The so-called Appalachian field produces a large percentage of our natural gas and it lies within easy reach of nearly 35% of our entire population, a population which produces almost one-half the total value of all the products manufactured in the United States."

"Quite a market for gas."

"Quite a market, indeed," exclaimed the banker. "And all over the country new cities and towns are constantly being added to the list of those already served with natural gas. There are plenty of markets, no need to worry about that."

"What about supplies of gas?" inquired the caller. "Is it likely to run out? What would become of the industry then?"

"Good questions," said the banker. "I think there are satisfactory answers to them though. In the first place, these consolidations of gas-producing properties into fewer hands mean the elimination of wasteful and competitive drilling, and better conservation of known supplies. Under such circumstances competent geologists and engineers estimate that there is enough natural gas to last us for generations. There is no reason to expect natural gas to be exhausted before our supplies of oil do, and I hear few people worrying about that."

"I believe the possibilities of natural gas are worth looking into," said the caller, rising from his chair.

"So do I," said the banker.

## One Hundred Hand-Picked Christmas Books

(Continued from page 60)

A MYSTERIOUS murder—and a girl who knew too much about the gentle reactions of arsenic.

### I Met Murder

By Selwyn Jepson. (Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.00.)

THERE is amazing suspense about this corking story of a group of people doomed to be murdered. Told with gripping effect.

### The Trial of Scotland Yard

By Stuart Martin. (Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.00.)

WARNED of his approaching death by violence, the Earl of Bowcome turns to Scotland Yard for protection—yet all the ace detectives in England's great secret service fail to prevent the mysterious criminal from carrying out his sinister plot. This makes a good tale.

### For the Younger Children

#### Hatibee the Elephant

By Charles E. Slaughter. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, \$2.00.)

HATIBEE, caught when a baby in a round-up of elephants in India, goes to live on a tea plantation. Sophisticated life, however, gets our (Continued on page 64)



Put the "grin" in grind

with the **Pause** that refreshes

When the daily task is a weariness to the flesh. When you find yourself getting nowhere—fast. Pipe down! Don't take any more punishment! Pause for a moment and refresh yourself with an ice-cold Coca-Cola. Its delightful, tingling taste will provide you with one of life's great moments.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

—LISTEN IN—  
Grantland Rice—Famous  
Sports Champions—Coca-Cola  
Orchestra—Every Wednesday  
10:30 to 11 p. m. E. S. T.—  
Coast to Coast NBC Network—

9 MILLION A DAY—IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

## COMPLETE HOME GYM

A heavy unbreakable steel compact gymnasium... weighs about 200 pounds... Not a child's toy, but a real exercise outfit... built for grownups...

**GYM JUNIOR**  
Patented

Hundreds of these remarkable **BODY BUILDERS** have been sold for clubs and offices... Reasonably priced, easy payments.

Write for Literature

**FLOOR BARS FOLD UP WHEN NOT IN USE**

**GYM JUNIOR CO.**  
536 Gregory Ave.  
Weehawken, N. J.

Punching Bag  
Rowing Machine  
Chest Weights  
Parallel Bars  
Wrist Developer  
Massager  
Wall Ladder  
Chinning Bar  
Running Machine  
Swimming Machine

## DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 179, 70 5th Ave., New York

## BECOME A FOOT CORRECTIONIST

A new profession not medical nor chiropody. All the trade you can attend to; many are making from \$3,000 to \$10,000 yearly, easy terms for training by mail, no further capital needed or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting. Address

Stephenson Laboratory, 7 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

## US GOV'T JOBS

Pay \$35 to \$70 weekly. Men, Women, 18-55. Home or elsewhere. Big List and "How to Qualify" mailed Free. Write Instruction Bureau, 351, St. Louis, Mo.

## Reduce Your Waistline

ADD to your enjoyment of living. Surround yourself with that sense of well-being that makes you feel so "fit"... so able, and so satisfying that you realize anew "it's good to be alive."

WEAR The Little Corporal Reducing Belt. Its comfort will make you jubilant. Its results will win your praise.

2 Weeks Trial Offer enables you to test The Little Corporal. No lacers, straps, or buckles. Fully guaranteed.

The Little Corporal Co. Dept. A12  
1215 W. Van Buren St. Chicago, Ill.

**"ELASTEX"**  
The **LITTLE CORPORAL Belt**

## BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 5,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 12328-H Chicago  
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

**CLASS PINS 35¢**

FREE CATALOG

Either pin, silver plate... 35¢ ea.  
Sterling silver or gold plate... 50¢ ea.  
for 2 colors enamel, any 3 or 4 letters & dates

Lower Prices on Order Lots

BASTIAN BROS. CO. 857 BASTIAN BLDG. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

## NEUTRO Cures Sweating Feet

A liquid used externally. Neutro completely cures sweating feet within one week. Kills all odors instantly. Also cures clammy hands. Guaranteed harmless. Send \$1.00 for sufficient quantity to cure one person. Money back if dissatisfied. Booklet free. **NEUTRO COMPANY**, 211 Wilder Building, Rochester, N. Y.



# One Hundred Hand-Picked Christmas Books

(Continued from page 63)

hero's goat, so to speak, so he runs home to the jungle. The author knows his India—and makes it interesting. For boys and girls of from 10 to 14.

## The Red Prior's Legacy

The Story of the adventures of an American boy in the French Revolution.

By Alfred Hoyt Bill. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2.00.)

NOTHING better this year than this extraordinarily well-written historical tale. Both boys and girls beginning to be grown-up will revel in it.

## Sparky-for-Short

By Martha Bensley Bruere. (Coward-McCann, New York. \$2.00.)

THE "electrical" adventures of a little boy and girl who go off with Sparky, who is really an electric spark who comes to them by way of the radio. A grand book for the modern, inquisitive child.

## Juniper Green

By Mary Willard Keyes. Illus. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2.00.)

A MYSTERIOUS old captain appears in a New England village, is loved by the boys, disappears, and provides a great mystery and adventure for all. For youngsters of from 10 to 15.

## Picture Book of Mother Goose

By Berta and Elmer Hader. (Coward-McCann, New York. \$3.50.)

THE illustrators of this utterly adorable and new edition of the rhymes and jingles that have beguiled generations of little folk, worked more than ten years on the pictures—over fifty of these are in color, and many more in black and white with gay colored borders. There's music, too. A swell gift for that best loved youngster.

## Susann of Sandy Point

By Annie Gray Caswell. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2.00.)

SUSANN at fourteen is ambitious and willing to try to win her own way in the world. Rebuffs and disappointment and even want come along; but heroism is there to meet them. Delightfully told, for girls between 12 and 16.

## No. 8 Joy Street

By Cecil G. Trew. (D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.50.)

A REGULAR plum-cake medley of prose and verse and picture and story—by the girls' and boys' favorite authors and artists. Deliciously illustrated.

## Little Tookto

By Marie Ahnighito Peary. (William Morrow & Co., New York. \$2.00.)

THE author, daughter of Rear-Admiral Peary and well-known as "the snow baby," was born within the Arctic Circle. She knows the land of snow and ice which she uses as the scene of this fable for children. It is all about Tookto, a tiny reindeer, who finally gets on Santa Claus's prancing "staff."

## Trail Blazers of American Art

By Grace Irwin. (Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.50.)

A BEAUTIFULLY illustrated and explanatory volume which will introduce the younger members of the family to the best of American art and artists. A prod to the appreciation of beauty, and delightful helping-hand to a real knowledge of a great subject.

## The Animal Story Book

Edited by Andrew Land. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.75.)

A THRILLING collection of famous animal stories.

## Industry and Finance

### Moving Forward

By Henry Ford in Collaboration with Samuel Crowther. (Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. \$2.50.)

Ideas and forecasts on machines and industry.

## The Social and Economic Views of Mr. Justice Brandeis

2 vols. (The Vanguard Press, New York. \$4.50.)

## The Art of Business Reasoning

By H. G. Schnackel. (John Wiley & Sons, New York. \$3.50.)

## Analysis of Industrial Securities

By Carl Kraft and Louis P. Starkweather. (The Ronald Press, New York. \$5.00.)

## The Federal Reserve System

By Paul M. Warburg. (The Macmillan Co., New York. \$12.)

## Investment Fundamentals

By Roger Babson. (Harper & Brothers, New York. \$3.00.)

## New Ways to Make Money

By Roger Babson. (Harper & Brothers, New York. \$3.00.)

## Dealing With the Stock Market

Second Edition. By R. W. McNeel. (Duffield & Co., New York. \$1.00.)

## One Job for Price

By Frank Holmes. (Meador Pub. Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)

Studies in present-day economic problems.

## Those Lighter Moments

### Contract Bridge in 20 Minutes

By Harold Thorne. (E. P. Dutton Co., New York. \$1.00.)

AN AUTHORITATIVE short-cut to good bridge playing. For both beginners and experts.

## The New Contract Bridge

By Harold Vanderbilt. (Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50.)

THIS well-known authority on "Contract" adds new material to his excellent and popular manual.

## Backgammon in 20 Minutes

By Harold Thorne. (E. P. Dutton Co., New York. \$1.00.)

EVERYBODY'S doing it. Better be able to join in and play a good game. This tells you how.

## Modern Backgammon

By Grosvenor Nicholas. (Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.50.)

AN EXCELLENT aid for meeting the latest game-craze intelligently.

## Word Hunt

By Alexander Lichtenag. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.35.)

FASCINATING and instructive puzzle-game. It belongs to the family of cross-word affairs, but some folks like it better.

## Ping-Pong

By Cornelius G. Shadd. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)

A CLEVER teacher of the always popular old stand-by.

## The Book of Gliders

By Edwin Way Teale. Preface by W. H. Bowles, American Glider Champion. (E. P. Dutton Co., New York. \$2.50.)

IF YOU must take to the air without a motor here is a practical manual that will help keep you aloft. The author is on the staff of the Scientific American.

## Enter Madame

### The Little Garden Series

Edited by Mrs. Francis King. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.75 each.)

A SERIES of expertly written books on practical gardening.

## The Three Virgins of Hawthorne

By Emilie and Georges Romieu. (E. P. Dutton Co., New York. \$3.00.)

TWO French authors, aglow with their subject, give us a remarkable study of the lives of the Brontë sisters.

## Etiquette for Boys and Girls

By Mary Graham Bonner. (McLoughlin Bros., Springfield, Mass. \$1.00.)

Invaluable for the mother or teacher.

## An Hour of Art

By Walter Pach. (Lippincott, Philadelphia, Pa. \$1.00.)

A SWIFT but totally fascinating glimpse of the art of the ages.

## A Book of Days for 1931

By Christopher Morley. (John Day Co., New York. \$2.00.)

A DELIGHTFUL volume of literary gems; for a booklover by a booklover.

## Reduce Where You Need To

By Marjorie Dork. (Horace Liveright, New York. \$1.00.)

FOR the woman who wishes to be healthy as well as slender.

## Bible Dramas—2nd Book

By William F. Manley. (Revell & Co., New York. \$2.00.)

## The Management of Young Children

By William E. Blat and Helen Bott. (William Morrow, New York. \$3.00.)

## Simple Confession

By Baird Leonard. (Cosmopolitan Book Co., New York. \$1.50.)

MORE wit and wisdom by the lady who has become America's own Mrs. Pepys.

## WE'RE HERE

### To Help You Choose and Buy Your Christmas Books

Bring on your questions—We like giving advice.

Bring on your shopping lists—ordering books for booklovers is a swell adventure to us.

We want to be useful—We're just around the corner from a hundred book shops—We ought to be able to find any volume you want—Let us try!

With all communications, please enclose stamped and self-addressed envelope, to

Book Review Editor,

ELKS MAGAZINE

50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.





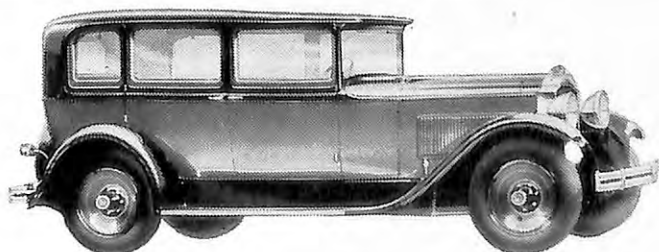
## HOW OBSERVING ARE YOU?



# \$7,520.00 IN PRIZES

In what is perhaps the most unusual advertising offer ever presented to the public we are going to award dozens of bounteous prizes totaling over \$7,500.00 in value. The first prize is \$2,085.00 (or the Packard Sedan shown below), and there is an additional prize of \$415.00 to be added to the first prize on the proof of promptness.

As the qualification for the opportunity to win this \$2,500.00, we present this difficult test of observation. There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes, which will be given according to the contestants' standings when the final decision is made.



Here is the test. Pictured above is the Viking ship of two courageous brothers, Eric, the Fearless, and Olaf, the Stalwart. They are stationed among the crew, their shields showing plainly over the sides, the same as those of others of the fiery band. They can be distinguished from the others in that their shields are the only two exactly alike. In battle they would be at the head of their band fighting fiercely, but can you find them now just by their shields, which are identical in every detail? All of the shields look different at first glance, yet the shields of these two brothers are identical in design, in size and shape, in every line. Send your answer and if correct you will be amazed when I show you how easy it is to win first prize.

Look carefully. If you think you have found the twin shields, send the numbers of them on a post card or in a letter. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago.

JOHN W. GENZ, Dept. 113, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



**20,679 Physicians**  
*say* **LUCKIES** are  
*less irritating*

**I too prefer**  
**LUCKIES**  
*because ...*

Toasting removes  
dangerous irritants  
that cause  
throat irritation  
and coughing



**“It's toasted”**

Your Throat Protection —  
against irritation — against cough.