

The Elks

20 CENTS A COPY

Magazine

MAY, 1925

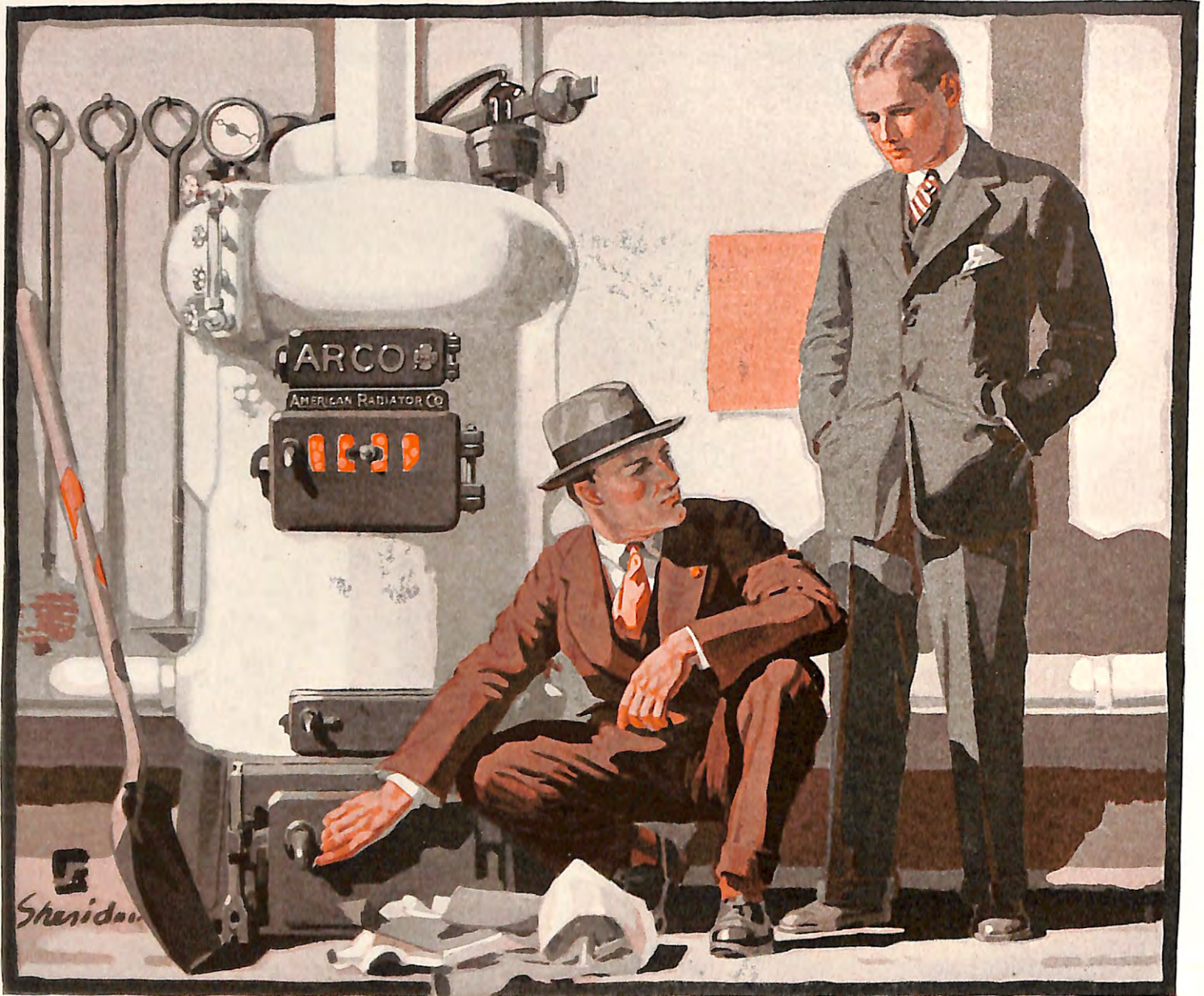


J. F.
-KERNAN-

In this issue:

"Hoofprints and Heartbeats" by Gerald Beaumont, "Uncle Sam's Air Mail Makes Good" by Burt McConnell, and other big features

ARCO ROUND BOILER



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HEATING
CONTRACTORS HAVE
INSTALLED HALF A MILLION
IDEAL ARCO ROUND BOILERS
IN AMERICAN
HOMES

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The Fires that may smoulder within you—

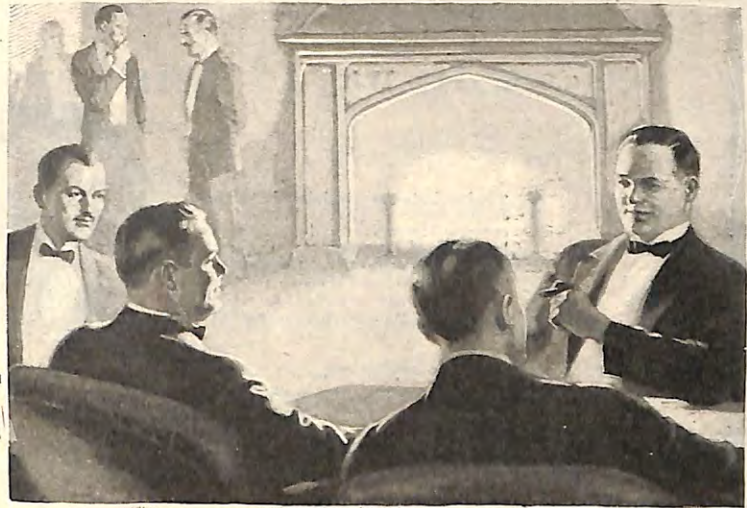
Within every man worth while burn the fires of ambition. In the vast majority of men those fires smoulder—glowing just enough to make them discontented with the part they play—failing to flame because they lack the tinder of self-confidence.

In the men who *get ahead*, however, those fires of ambition burn with a steady vigor—consuming every traitor-thought that would cheat them of their purpose.

"I am ambitious," you say. —But are you? Is your 'ambition' merely the wish to make more money?

Or—does it flame within you to the point where your thought is always and forever, "What can I do to improve my present output—How can I fit myself for larger responsibilities—How can I expand my mental stature till it measures up to that of the really great executive?"

Men who are truly ambitious will find the paragraphs which follow greatly to their profit. For in them they will learn how they may apply both torch and tinder to those smouldering fires of ambition to the end that they may quickly—



Kindle Them for Bigger Pay!

What are those traitor-thoughts which would cheat a man of his purpose?

Let us parade a few of them, and see them for the weak excuses which they really are—

"I never had a chance"—"I haven't the time"—"I have to work too hard"—"So-and-so says that home-study training doesn't get you anywhere"—"I haven't the money"—"Tomorrow—not today."

Now listen to this true experience—

Some seven years ago, A. V. McDuffie, of Fayetteville, North Carolina, was a book-keeper. His salary was \$15 a week. He had a wife and little daughter to support.

Truly, every single excuse which we have just paraded might reasonably have been professed—and accepted—by McDuffie.

For what did his friends contribute by way of advice? "They thought home-study training very, very foolish," writes McDuffie, "for 'Arch will never do anything with it, and suppose he should finish the course, what good will it do him?'"

But in McDuffie the fires of ambition

burned with a steady flame. He had confidence enough to believe that what LaSalle had done for the average man it could do for him—at least, in part.

"I had it in the back of my head to become a Certified Public Accountant," he writes. He enrolled for Higher Accountancy training with LaSalle Extension University.

That was seven years ago. Today, he heads his own independent firm of Certified Public Accountants in a city of the Middle West, has twenty-seven men in his employ, and commands an income better than \$20,000 a year.

Not every man who enrolls with LaSalle sets his goal at so high a place, so satisfactory an income—

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And witness to that rule is the fact that during only three months' time as many as 1,193 LaSalle members reported definite salary-increases totalling \$1,248,526, an average increase per man of 89 per cent.

Valuable Information Free

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"More than \$5,000"—that's the value B. T. Bailey, a Wisconsin man, places on the aid he got from LaSalle. C. J. James, a Toronto man, writes, "I would not take \$25,000 for my investment in LaSalle training, if a duplicate could not be had." Yet the information which pictures your opportunities, explains your personal requirements, makes clear the way to quickly realize those opportunities, is yours for a 2c stamp and two minutes of your time.

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You have often thought that you would mail a LaSalle coupon. This time—for the sake of a brighter future—ACT.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship: Training for position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling. | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Station Management: Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel and Employment Management: Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service. | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Spanish: Training for position as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries. |
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Name..... Present Position..... Address.....

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



Volume Three
 Number Twelve

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Features for May, 1925

Grand Exalted Ruler—Official Circular, No. V	5	Uncle Sam's Air Mail Makes Good, an article by Burt M. McConnell	26
Frontispiece, a camera study by John Kabel	7	Changing Lights, a story by Walter Trumbull	29
Heartbeats and Hoofprints, an article by Gerald Beaumont	8	<i>Illustrations by Ralph L. Boyer</i>	
<i>Drawings by Herb Roth</i>		Editorial	32
The Silver Concho, a story by Lyle Abbott and Romaine Lowdermilk	12	New Home of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge	34
<i>Illustrations by R. L. Lambdin</i>		New Home of Indianapolis Lodge	35
The Iron Chalice Part II, a dramatic novel by Octavus Roy Cohen	16	Under the Spreading Antlers News of the Order	36
<i>Illustrations by Donald Teague</i>		Financial Department	72
Behind the Footlights	21	Mud and Sand, an article by Elon Jessup	78
A Stake in the Country, an article by Richard Le Gallienne	24	Cover Design by J. F. Kernan	
<i>Illustrations by Hamilton Fyfe</i>			

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The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

THE Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary,

signed by the applicant and approved by the applicant's subordinate Lodge. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For information regarding the Home, address Robert A. Scott, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, B. P. O. Elks Lodge No. 866, Linton, Indiana.

Music as sweet as the dreamy light of dawn on sleeping flowers, as soft as the hush of endless calm and as thrilling as the night on which a new love comes to rule the enchanted world—Welte music.

Announcement to Elk's Lodges

Why wait until next year or longer on account of lack of Lodge funds to possess the Welte Reproducing Organ? All, all the infinite variety of music of the great Welte Library of Artists' Recordings can come *now* to your Lodge—*now*—almost for the asking. Whenever the treasury of the Lodge is unable to meet the cost, the Welte Plan solves the problem of financing the immediate purchase of a Welte Reproducing Organ thru a little co-operation by the members of the Lodge. It is simple. It is popular. It is inexpensive.

Thru a series of delightful and varied evenings calling for the appearance of artists and entertainers of the highest reputation your Lodge secures the Welte Reproducing Organ.

Today the Welte Reproducing Organ is a much talked about thing in Elk's Lodges.

The announcement of this compact, perfect pipe organ suitable for small space, requiring no remodelling of the Lodge room and priced at a fraction of the former cost of a pipe organ, lighted the torch of the Order's enthusiasm.

Nothing could be added to the evidence that Lodge members wherever the Welte Reproducing Organ is installed acclaim this wonderful accessory a source of enjoyment without parallel.

However, this is nothing more than the reward and recognition which the whole world has bestowed upon Welte—inventor of the Reproducing Organ.

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The entire financing is readily brought about by this easily effective co-operation and by the spontaneous interest of the entire community in these stellar entertainments.

Deferred payments may be made to meet the requirements of your Lodge.

USE THE COUPON AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE
FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS ON THE WELTE
PLAN.

The Welte Reproducing Organ plays the ritual of the Elk's Lodge and all other music without the need of an organist.

Price: \$8500 and up

W E L T E

REPRODUCING ORGAN

WELTE-MIGNON CORPORATION 665 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

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Gentlemen: Please send us complete information regarding the Welte Organ Purchase Plan.

NAME CITY

LODGE NUMBER STATE



Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number Five

Columbus, Ohio, April 15, 1925

To All Elks:—Greeting

DEAR BROTHERS:

After having visited Subordinate Lodges of the Order in almost every state in the Union during the past nine months, probably some observation concerning general conditions might be of interest and benefit to the membership at large. From Coast to Coast and from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico it has been a pleasure to observe the activities of the various lodges in their desire to add something to the achievements of the past and to make of the Order what it should be—a practical, beneficial asset of the communities in which Elks Lodges are located.

Social and Community Welfare

The splendid program of social and community welfare which has been promulgated by the Grand Lodge Committee in charge of that department of the Order has been well received by the various lodges. The enthusiasm with which the effort is being put forth to extend the usefulness of the Order through the practical work of social and community welfare is encouraging, and the spirit created and fostered through activities in this connection can not help but impress the members of the Order with their real worth in their particular communities, while at the same time earning the commendation of the citizens on the outside who have an opportunity to observe the usefulness of the Order. There is every reason to believe that this splendid work, now so auspiciously commenced, will continue to grow and its ever-increasing usefulness will be a source of much pleasure to the membership at large.

Incoming Officers

To the officers of the Subordinate Lodges for the coming year it is my pleasure to express the wish that their terms may be pleasant and profitable. Their first endeavor should be to hold all the ground that has been gained by the activities of their predecessors and to see that the work worth while in their various lodges is carried on without any interruption. *A Social and Community Welfare Committee made up of outstanding public-spirited members is one of the greatest assets any Subordinate Lodge can have.* An immediate consideration of this particular matter will contribute much to the success of the new administration.

Membership

As stated in a previous circular our efforts should be not only to secure new members but to hold the interest of those already enrolled. If the interest of the members of the Order is properly centered on useful activities in the Subordinate Lodges the results will so enhance the standing of the Subordinate Lodges that the desirable eligibles of the various communities will be attracted to the Order in consequence thereof, and the work of increasing the membership will be made easier, the growth more natural and the general result far better than that which is produced through the artificial interest which generally attends membership drives. In short, it is my opinion that every lodge has within itself the power to so utilize the principles of Elkdom in its community as to make membership in the Order highly desirable to all outstanding citizens.

District Deputies

In my travels throughout the country it has been a great pleasure to meet with many of the District Deputies to whom I desire to express my thanks for courtesies extended as they have traveled with me from place to place. They have been fired with enthusiasm and in nearly every instance have manifested deep interest in their work.

The District Deputies' Meeting at Chicago on October 12th last was productive of much good, and it is a pleasure to realize that the request for early lodge visitations has been in most cases complied with, with the result that there has been a constant stream of reports of conditions flowing into the office since that time. It is

to be hoped that not one single case of failure to make all visitations will be recorded. An analysis of the reports of the District Deputies shows an effort on the part of the Subordinate Lodges to make the best of the conditions under which they are obliged to operate.

Elks Magazine

Not one single visitation has been made by me without having some one speak of the splendid character of the ELKS MAGAZINE and of the great pleasure and benefit derived from its reading. Improving as it does, issue by issue, it is destined to become the greatest asset of our Order, if in fact it has not already attained that position. A careful perusal of any one of the issues will not fail to convince the most exacting member of the Order that a rare treat is always in store for him on the first day of each month when the Magazine reaches his home.

National Memorial Headquarters Building

It is a pleasure to note the rapid progress which is being made towards the completion of the National Memorial Headquarters Building in the city of Chicago. Under the careful supervision of the Commission in charge of the work it will, when finished, be the pride of the entire membership and nothing should be left undone on the part of the lodges and membership of the Order, individually and collectively, to cooperate to the fullest extent in the carrying on of this splendid work.

Holidays

In the months of May and June will come the observance of Mother's Day and Flag Day and it is hoped that every facility of the Subordinate Lodges will be utilized to the fullest extent to further the interest in these particular days of the Order.

Dues and Assessments

It is to be hoped that the financial obligations of each member to his lodge and to the Grand Lodge will be met fully and promptly in order that there may be no embarrassment in any of the activities of the Order, local or otherwise.

New Lodges

In all sections of the country there is an increasing demand for new lodges and great care has been exercised in the deliberations incident to the granting of dispensations. These applications, coupled with the many activities in new buildings throughout the jurisdiction of the Order, may be taken as a sign of progress and a manifestation of the confidence that the men worth while have in the future of the Order. Millions of dollars are represented in the new buildings now in course of construction and those in contemplation in the near future. New Homes are to be encouraged but never without the exercise of sound business judgment to the end that the new Home may always be an added asset rather than a liability.

Portland Convention

Great preparations are being made for this year's session of the Grand Lodge to be held at Portland, Oregon, and there is every indication that the session will be most pleasing and profitable for all who have the opportunity to attend. Elaborate entertainment will be provided during the entire week of July 13th and there should be no delay in the making of hotel reservations through the Portland Committee. Full and complete information concerning transportation matters can be secured from local railroad officials. Special attention should be given to the letter of the Grand Esquire which appeared at page 34 of the April issue of the ELKS MAGAZINE.

The opportunity to meet so many lodges and the thousands of members of the Order individually in the past nine months has been appreciated and the remaining days of my tenure of office will be devoted to an extension of the work in proportion to my ability to act, having in mind as I do the obligation to the membership of the Order which I assumed at Boston last year in July.

With increasing regard for the Order and with every good wish for the members individually and collectively, I am,

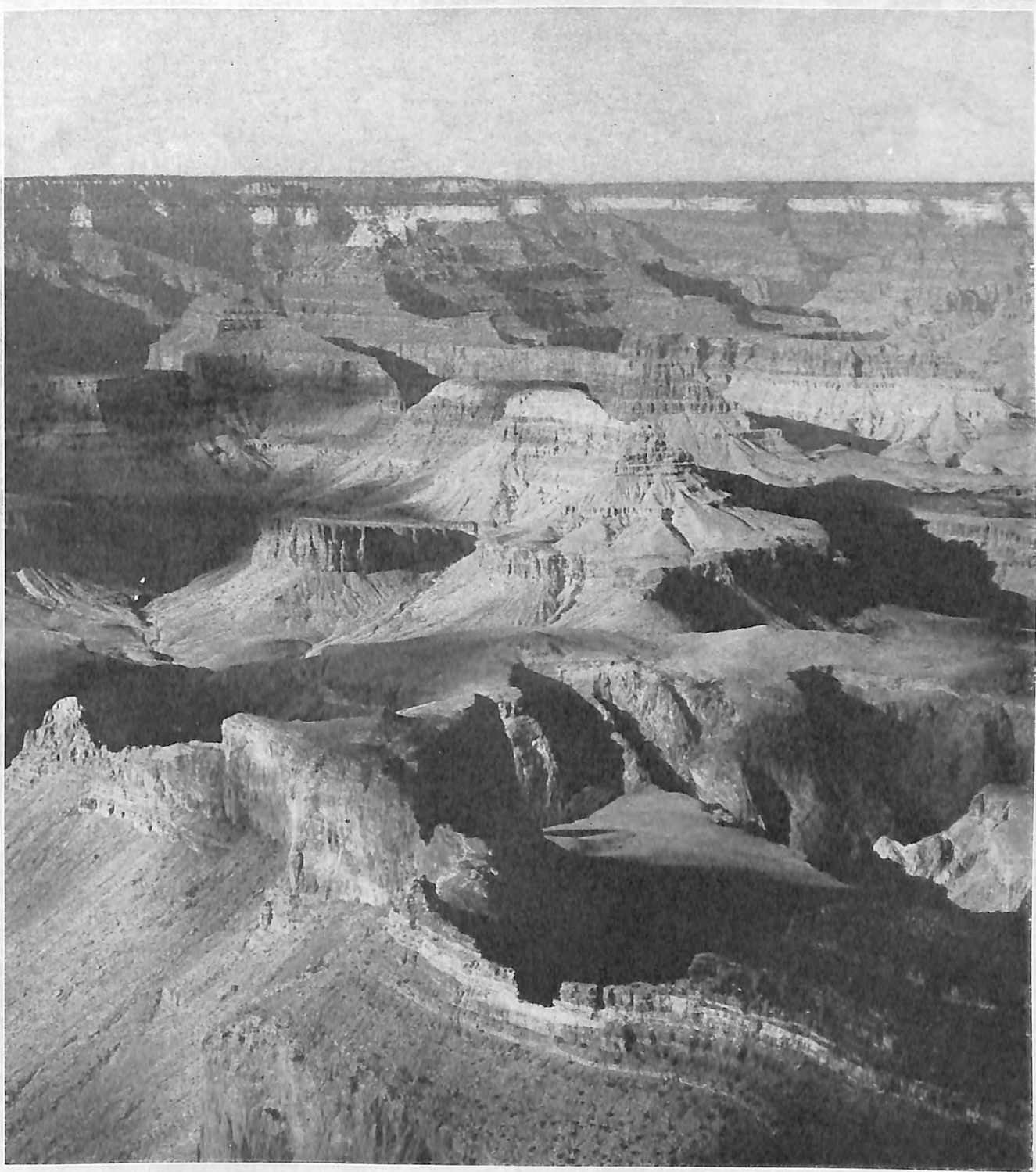
Sincerely and fraternally,



Attest:

Fred Robinson
Grand Secretary.

John G. Trace
Grand Exalted Ruler.



THOUSANDS of Elks attending the Grand Lodge Convention in Portland, Oregon, next July will arrange their routes so as to be able to see this patriarch of America's scenic wonders. This exclusive photograph, one of the most remarkable ever taken of the Grand Canyon, was made by John Kabel



V & A PHOTO

Heartbeats and Hoofprints

By Gerald Beaumont

Drawings by Herb Roth

THE modern race-track is a world to itself, offering every variety of comedy, pathos, drama and tragedy. A man will find plenty of evil if he looks for it; plenty of sordidness, commercialism and pernicious influences, but there are also the redeeming features, and it is with these we prefer to deal.

He who studies the heart of the thoroughbred will have room in his own for nothing but admiration. Whatever may be said about the evils of the betting ring, the thoroughbred horse represents only the most noble qualities. He is also the highest example of eugenics known to man.

We feel impelled to quote the tribute paid to the thoroughbred by a celebrated English sportsman, Lord Sherbrooke:

Soft lies the turf on those who find their rest
Beneath our common mother's ample breast,
Unstained by meanness, avarice or pride;
They never cheated and they never lied.
They ne'er intrigued a rival to displace;
They ran but never bet upon the race—
Content with harmless sport and simple food,
Boundless in faith and love and gratitude.
Happy the man, if there be any such,
Of whom his epitaph can say as much!

* * *

Volumes could be written on the temperamental peculiarities of thoroughbred horses, and it would seem that the higher the breeding the more nervous and sensitive a horse becomes. Most of them have all the notional vagaries of spoiled children, and are instinctive in their likes and dislikes.

Old horsemen love to tell of Geraldine, the dainty little mare that loved equally well—tomatoes and the applause of the public! Geraldine disdained sugar lumps as well as most of the sweetmeat which horses are supposed to covet. But, give her a tomato, and she was the donor's friend forever! Whenever she lost a closely contested race, Geraldine knew it better than anyone

else. Forlorn and dejected, she permitted herself to be led back to the stables where she stood apathetically in her place while dusky attendants cooled her off and scolded her. But it was a different story when she finished in front and came prancing back to the winner's circle to listen to the applause she loved. Then it took "all hands and the cook" to hold her, and Geraldine's "dance of victory" was something everyone went down to see.

* * *

There are horses, "born and bred in old Kentucky," who will run far below their winning form if they are deprived of Southern "atmosphere." One Southern thoroughbred, highly successful in home surroundings, was a hopeless failure when first shipped to Canada. The sensitive animal refused to eat and was rapidly losing weight. Veterinarians could not diagnose the mysterious ailment. A negro "swipe" chanced into the stall one day and the horse nearly went frantic with delight. The owner took the hint, sent back to Kentucky for colored stable hands, and his horse recovered rapidly, reaching winning form a month later.

* * *

Maud W., a high-bred mare, otherwise calm as a nun, could never bear the sight of a man with a beard. Investigation showed that a former trainer who had worn bushy whiskers, had abused the mare when she was a yearling. Another filly could never learn to overcome its terror at the rustle of a woman's silk skirt. Some thoroughbreds become stall-weary and every sort of expedient is employed to restore their composure. One dainty little princess of the turf was so fastidious that she would never accept food displayed openly in her feed box. Oats had to be hidden in odd places under the straw or in dark corners of the stall so that when nobody was looking she

could hunt around and find it herself. The appetite of "Rebecca X" was such that she had to be always tempted. She would only nibble at her food if it was put in a regulation-sized feed box, but place the same quantity on a very large "tray" so that the amount of food looked small, and her equine majesty would quickly consume the last morsel.

* * *

Almost every race-horse welcomes a stable companion of some description. Man-of-War was always accompanied by a pony. Dogs and cats are the favorites, but the selection may sometimes fall on a goat, a monkey, a bantam rooster or a parrot. There was a vicious selling-plater on the Canadian circuit who was generally known as "Devil to Pay"—a black stallion, sired by Satan. No one cared to approach him without heavy life insurance. Yet, a three-months-old kitten took up its abode in the man-eater's stall, and made a practice of taking a noon-day snooze under the straw that covered the floor. There it burrowed peacefully, within easy reach of the restless hoofs that everyone feared! Whenever the stallion was particularly quiet it was evidence that his pal, the kitten, was curled up under the straw at his feet.

* * *

Kenilworth, a good bread-winner in any man's stable, became "track wise" in his later years, and many strange stories are told of his peculiarities. He learned, apparently, that in winning a race, an inch was just as good as a mile; whereupon he behaved accordingly. He seemed to take a fiendish delight in drawing his finishes as close as possible, and he broke the heart of more than one young horse by hooking up with him in the stretch and leading him all the way by an inch. He loved to range up alongside another horse and look him right in the eye, even turning his head slightly toward a rival as they duelled their way

True Stories of the Race Track That Reveal the Romance, Pathos and Humor of the Sport of Kings—by One of Its Most Famous Chroniclers



toward the wire. Kenilworth's riders were summoned before the judges repeatedly, and one or two youngsters almost had their licenses revoked. From where the judges stood, it really looked as though Kenilworth's head was being pulled around by his rider. But the boys insisted that they couldn't keep the horse from "teasing" his opponent, and as he was a consistent winner in his own class this explanation was finally officially accepted.

* * *

Many a follower of the ponies will doff his cap when Pan Zareta's name is mentioned, for she was the "big little" horse of gallant memory. Her mother was a quarter horse and her sire a nobody from Texas. She was known as "Little Miss Nobody of Nowhere." But she beat the great "Iron Mask" and many a contender of recognized class. Her admirers contend to this day that if fairly weighted, she was unbeatable at five furlongs. Small of size but large of heart, she seemed to close her eyes and fairly fly over the ground. Pan Zareta hung up an American record at Juarez and is the only filly ever honored with a grave and a monument in the centerfield of the track on which she died.

* * *

There was a horse once whom we will call "Kingston," suppressing his real name because of the fact that the most interesting part of

his story is still supposed to be a stable secret.

Kingston was one of the "blind beggars" of the race-track—a big, rangy horse that had the misfortune to meet with a serious injury early in his career. As a two-year-old, he showed such promise that his owner refused to sell him for \$20,000. One afternoon, a careless attendant, while cleaning in the stall, rammed the tine of a pitchfork in one of Kingston's eyes. Skilled specialists were summoned, but the damage proved irretrievable. Kingston went completely blind in his left eye. Had it been the right eye the handicap might not have been so bad, but a race-horse is trained to hug the rail that is on his left side, and if he can no longer see where it is, he is naturally disconcerted. Kingston liked the "inside position." Moreover, he was a courageous horse, capable of coming out of the ruck from behind and making a magnificent run through the stretch. His owner cherished a faint hope that Kingston might not be entirely ruined. The horse was restored to the training list so that the actual extent of his affliction could be determined in a race.

The horse worked out well enough in the early mornings when he was alone on the track, but it proved to be a different story when he was finally sent to the post. The sound of hoofs coming up on his blind side,

the shouting of jockeys disconcerted him. He could not tell how near he was to the rail, nor how close he was to his challengers. Three times he was bumped and knocked to his knees. Thereafter, he showed a tendency to bear out at the turns in order to avoid the horses he could not see. This loss of ground overcame his natural fleetness of foot and he was beaten repeatedly.

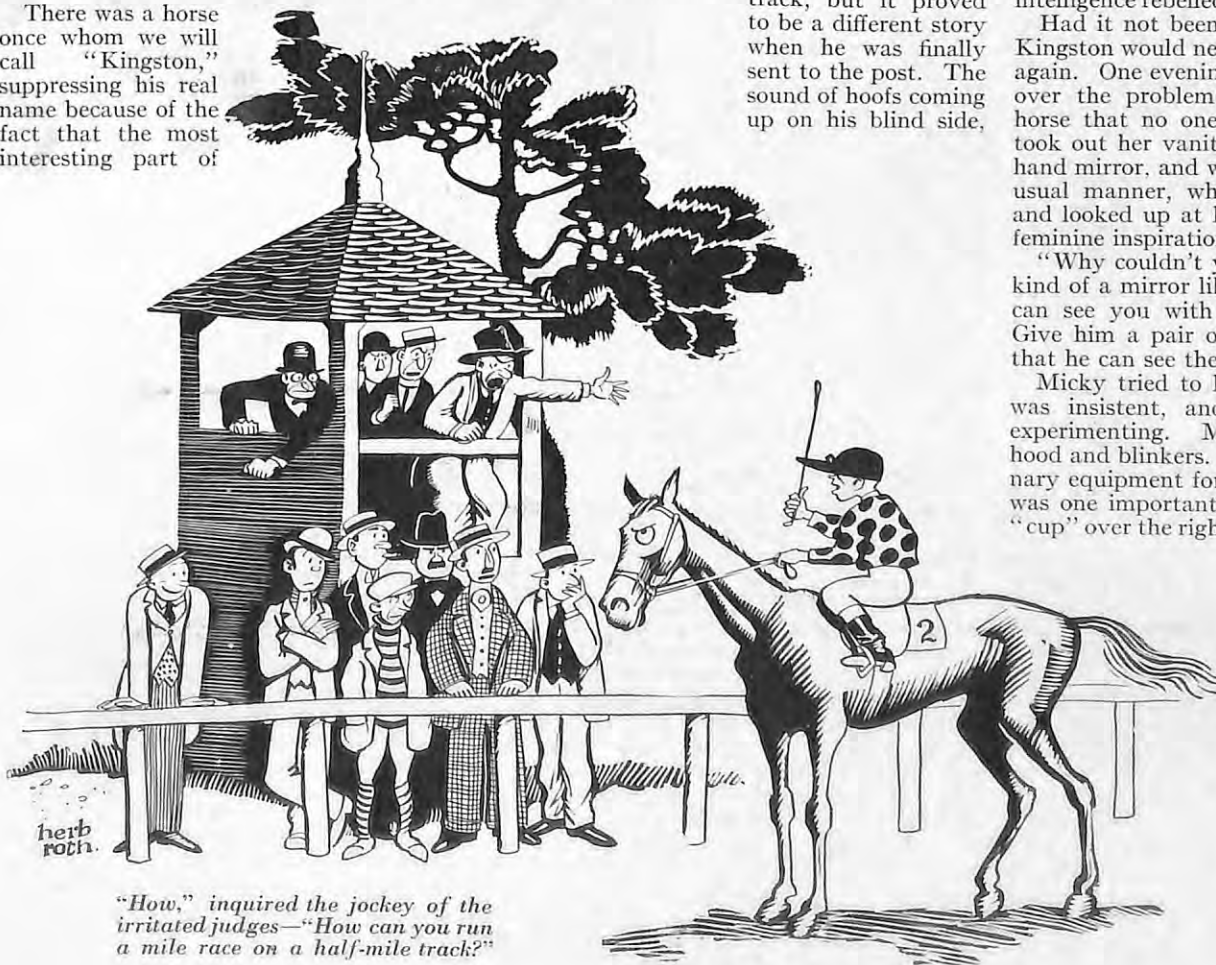
"Micky," a young trainer, who owned one or two horses and felt sorry for the injured campaigner, bought Kingston, gave him a long rest, and then started him again, with specific instructions to the jockey. The boy was told to keep Kingston away from the field until the stretch was reached and then to bring him up on the outside of the track. The rider followed instructions, and the horse, having been kept well out of harm, came on at the last moment in a magnificent drive for the wire. Kingston was on almost even terms with the leader when his young rider became excited and made the mistake of using his whip. Kingston swerved into the horse he could not see, stumbled, and fell. That appeared to settle it! Kingston's last bit of confidence was gone. The heart was still willing, but equine intelligence rebelled.

Had it not been for Micky's young wife, Kingston would never have faced the barrier again. One evening while they were talking over the problem presented by a gallant horse that no one wanted, "Mrs. Micky" took out her vanity case, extracted a small hand mirror, and was fluffing her hair in the usual manner, when suddenly she paused and looked up at her husband with a truly feminine inspiration.

"Why couldn't you fix him up with some kind of a mirror like this?" she asked. "I can see you with my head turned away. Give him a pair of specs with a mirror so that he can see the reflection of the rail!"

Micky tried to laugh it off, but his wife was insistent, and presently they began experimenting. Micky ordered a special hood and blinkers. It looked like the ordinary equipment for a timid horse, but there was one important difference. The leather "cup" over the right eye was built out a little

and in it a small mirror was cleverly concealed. Kingston, wearing the hood constantly, was kept in his stall for weeks until he gradually grew accustomed to his new vision. Just what the "Blind Beggar's" thoughts were, while adjusting himself to this new outlook on life, can only be imagined! But experiments showed



"How," inquired the jockey of the irritated judges—"How can you run a mile race on a half-mile track?"

herb
roth.



that Kingston could actually see from an angle that had not hitherto been possible. A whip raised silently on his blind side sent him dodging back.

Once more the big horse was taken on the track for his early morning workouts. He was galloped slowly along the rail so that he could learn to judge just how close he was to the fence by the reflection in the mirror. When this course of schooling had progressed sufficiently to satisfy his owner, Kingston was started in a cup race that meant \$5,000 to the winner. No one except "Micky" gave the horse much of a chance. Rival jockeys all knew Kingston's failing and had taken advantage of it many times by hollering at the horse and frightening him into believing that a collision was near. But in this race they reckoned without Kingston's restored confidence. The "blind" horse went out in front the moment the barrier lifted, took the rail, and was never headed. He won many a race afterwards, and is still a fair "selling plater," though age is now counting against him, and that is something no mirror can overcome.

* * *

At Tia Juana a few years ago, horsemen marvelled at the case of Joe Blair, the "horse with the broken heart." It was really a very human story, the romance of two old campaigners—"Old Man" Norwald and his only comrade, Joe Blair. Norwald saved Joe from being shot when the horse was hurt as a three-year old and seemed of no further value. He tended to the animal faithfully and a strong bond of affection developed between the two. Joe came back to the races and proved his gratitude by becoming a consistent bread winner. One day the horse was claimed in a selling race, and rather than give him up, his owner threw a blanket across Joe's back, leaped up and rode him off the track and out of the State. For this offense, horse and man were ruled off. They spent a number of years touring the "bush" tracks and the fly-by-night circuits, and Joe always won at his owner's asking. In fact he still holds a world's record on a half-mile track. Later, the two were reinstated and operated successfully in the winter meetings at Tia Juana. Joe was a rough and ready horse, extremely plebian in his tastes and asking nothing more of life than the occasional caress of his grizzled owner. Norwald slept in a small "tackle" room ad-

There was one horse which used to leer at its opponents

joining the "boudoir" of his pal. One morning Joe's owner failed to put in his usual appearance. The horse waited patiently for breakfast, but none came. Joe became anxious and sought to call his master's attention by whinnying and rubbing his nose against the half-door that separated the two compartments. There was no response. Joe redoubled his efforts. Finally, the commotion attracted the attention of grooms and hostlers who came over to investigate. "Old Man" Norwald had been summoned to the post by the Great Starter. He lay peacefully on a small pallet and it was necessary to carry his silent form through the stall that was occupied by his four-footed partner. Men shake their heads and shiver when they tell how Joe Blair, when he beheld the lifeless form of his master, emitted a shrill scream that could be heard all over Poverty Row. He refused for three days to eat or drink and though a consistent performer until then, despite his advanced years, he never showed any further interest in the call to post.

* * *

Another veteran campaigner with an appealing "personality" was Harry D., who raced successfully in the Irwin colors as a "re-constructed" cripple.

"Big Tiny" Irwin, a Wyoming cow man, gave the horse a long rest, and Harry D. came back to hang up the astonishing record of eleven victories in twenty-one days. He seemed to be unbeatable in his class, and all the hostlers and stable boys backed him heavily whenever he started. He kept faith with his friends until a particularly hot day at Tia Juana when over-exertion told on him and he suffered a hemorrhage while leading his field into the stretch. He came back to the stands covered with blood, and tried to make his way, as usual, into the winner's circle. Not until then did he appear to realize that he had lost, and he stood there looking up at the crowd wistfully, as much



EDWIN LEVICK

as to say: "Gee, folks, I tried my best to win. I'm awfully sorry!"

* * *

Reference has already been made to the extraordinary variety of stable pets to be found on any race-track. These mascots figure in many an amusing incident. When racing was revived in California recently, the Coburn stables boasted a parrot which could out-root any other mascot on the track. The parrot's cage was so near the three-quarter pole he could hear the exercise boys and "swipes" who were accustomed to perch on the outside rail and root for whatever horse they had their money on. A prime favorite with the paddock gentry was the equine sprinter "Doctor Corbett." As a result, whenever a field of horses thundered around the far turn, the Coburn mascot, hanging head down from his perch in front of the stalls, always took up the battle cry, screeching valiantly: "G'wan with the Doctor! Git him up! Take him out in front, you little devil! G'wan with the Doctor!"

The same stable, at another time, had a dog and monkey in its retinue. The monkey rode the dog around like a jockey and the two could whip any rival mascot on the track. Whenever the monkey heard a dog fight in progress, he raced for the scene. If his pal was not involved, "Jocko" kept to the sidelines, but if "Bum" was a belligerent, the monkey plunged into the scrap and battled valiantly by the side of his pal.

* * *

All the "color" on the race-track is not supplied by four-footed contenders—far from it! No other realm in all the world contains the quaint characters that are to be found among those who follow the ponies through the channels of chance.

Once at Vancouver we were so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of "Daddy" Quick, who is generally reputed to be at least one hundred years old. "Daddy" is the best saddle maker in all the world—

he will tell you so himself. But his specialty is making soft leather bridle bits for the delicate mouths of two-year olds. He claims to have invented the first sewing machine, and he still has it—an antiquated device that he fondly terms his "Betsy Ann." It is his first and only sweetheart. "Daddy" makes his own needles from the steel ribs of the umbrellas that have been turned inside-out by wind storms, and discarded by race-track patrons. Therefore he likes storms.

He is the best story teller in the world and the track youngsters love to gather in the stall that serves as his "shop," and listen to him while he sits at his work and spins blood-curdling yarns. But "Daddy" knows the light-fingered propensities of his youth-



ful audience; also he has many valuable articles lying around loose. So, while he is talking, with his eyes on his work, he makes every boy clap his hands and keep on clapping while the story is in progress. If any boy stops clapping, "Daddy" looks up suspiciously to see what the youngster is doing with his hands. "Keep on clapping," says Daddy, "then I'll know you're not stealing anything!"

And who at Tia Juana does not know "Duck In and Duck Out"?—so named because he delivers the mail to officials of the track and is forever ducking in and ducking out during the performance of his duties. He likes his job so well that he prolongs his activities by never delivering more than one letter at a time. If he has four letters for the judges' stand he will duck under the sacred railing and duck out again four times. Some people know him as "Rooting" John. He has a price schedule by which he retails professional enthusiasm. For twenty-five cents John will supply an ordinary "root"; for half a dollar he will agree to pick up your horse at the head of the stretch and supply a pretty fair brand of encouragement; but for the insignificant sum of seventy-five cents, John will take off his coat and collar and put on the whole works. This means that from wire to wire "Rooting" John, purple in the face, will race back and forth on the grandstand steps imploring your horse to: "C'mon, c'mon, c'mon!" One man gave him \$10.00 once, and John rolled down the staircase, broke three ribs and landed in the hospital.

Much has been said and written on the subject of races that are "fixed." Of course, irregularities happen even in "the best regulated families," but more often

than not, the accusations come from disgruntled bettors and have little foundation. The only case, of which we have any personal knowledge, where an attempt was made to "give" a race to a certain owner came about like this. "Old Man Jones," who had been a race-rider for a quarter of a century, and was now trying to support himself as a trainer and owner, had a five-year-old "maiden" that had run in eighty races without ever having finished in front. Such fidelity seemed to call for some sort of reward. The track secretary tried to help them out by arranging a "race in the books." That is, he scheduled a race under conditions which it seemed likely would favor the Old Man Jones' entry. Eligibles were restricted to non-winning horses owned by non-winning owners, and there were other limitations designed to meet the particular purpose in mind. But when the entries were counted, the track secretary found to his amazement that thirteen horses had qualified—one more than the starting rules permitted. There was nothing to do but put the names in a hat and withdraw one. But, as luck would have it, the name that was withdrawn proved to be that of the old-timer in behalf of whom the race had been arranged. Thereupon the judges decided to suspend the rules and permit all thirteen horses to start. The Presiding Judge himself guaranteed the fee of the best jockey on the track and the associate judge loaned the old man \$5.00 with which to bet. The starter said, "Well, Mr. Jones, I can't let your horse off first but I'll take mighty good care to see that he doesn't get off last."

But, with all these elements in his favor, Old Man Jones' horse finished absolutely last; whereupon the track officials gave it up!

Sometimes "irregularities" occur on the race-track that are not planned by those who benefit therefrom. Very few people know the story of a "ringer" who won a race on a Florida track several years ago without his owner having so intended. Perhaps it is still best to withhold the right names, and call the two horses "Doctor Lardner" and "Moccasin." The former was a cheap "beetle" and the latter a fairly high-grade horse who had been injured and was now being nursed back quietly into prime condition for a "killing." The two animals were so nearly alike that their owner was the only one who could tell them apart without close inspection. Doctor Lardner was entered for \$300 in a cheap selling race one afternoon, and his owner instructed a sleepy colored groom to be sure and have the horse in the paddock at the proper time so as to avoid a fine. But as post time approached, Doctor Lardner's owner saw the groom sunning himself lazily near the stable gate.

"Go up there and bring down Lardner," he shouted angrily, and turning away he went into the betting ring and busied him-

self trying to lay his money. The sleepy colored man went to the stable, took out the nearest horse, brought him down to the paddock and saddled him. When the owner got through placing his bets he headed for the paddock and was just in time to observe the horses parading to the post. Then, he observed to his consternation that the groom had saddled Moccasin instead of Doctor Lardner. The owner was panic-stricken! Moccasin was a valuable horse. Here he was running under the name of Doctor Lardner, and was liable to being claimed as such for the paltry sum of \$300. The owner headed for the judges' stand intent upon revealing the blunder, but before he reached his destination the cry "they're off" went up. Doctor Lardner won by three lengths, at 10 to 1, and the owner was then afraid to confess the truth. He collected his bets, sat tight and said nothing. No one apparently was ever any the wiser.

Stories of the betting ring are innumerable but the public is more or less familiar with this angle. It is the drama that goes on in the secrecy of the jockey room and behind the scenes on Poverty Row that patrons of the game seldom see or even suspect. We recall witnessing a youngster come back to the judges' stand after winning a race, and noting that he was so weak he could not lift his hand to the judges for permission to dismount. The boy was twenty years old and trying to cheat nature by riding at 107 pounds, the weight his owner demanded. He had spent the entire morning running along a hot road, his body encased in two suits of clothes and seventy-five feet of rubber bandages. Nothing but a cup of black coffee had passed his lips in twenty-four hours!

To those who understand what it means, the most appealing of all sights on a race-track is that which is presented when a little apprentice jockey wins his first race, and comes cantering back to the magic circle to salute shyly the smiling judges. There is no mistaking "the thrill that comes once in a lifetime." The novice race-rider, often still a child, has to suffer many disappointments and heartaches before the great day comes when he sees his own number displayed at the top of a

(Continued on page 75)



WIDE WORLD PHOTO.



Believe it or not, this is not the royal person you think it is

The Silver Concho

By Lyle Abbott and Romaine Lowdermilk

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin



Banning riffled his money. "Fifty," he pronounced. "I give you fifty great big dobe dollars for that concho"

"WE'VE put her together—and she works!"

Peter Dowell halted a low, yellow painted racing car and directed his bellowed pronouncement to the occupant of a livable little home set back from the street in the midst of an irrigated bit of lawn, shaded by palm and umbrella trees.

The front screen flew open and Miss Lucy Montgomery burst out, skipped down the steps and was at the gate before the screen door flapped shut behind her. Poised there at the gate, Miss Lucy proved to be a slender and joyous sort of person—the sort who could wear a scant blue and white checked house dress and decorum at one and the same time. But this wasn't one of her decorous moments. She leaned over the picket gate and presented Peter with a bright smile. This rather adorable expression she traded for one of intense interest upon noticing what Peter was riding in—he always was in some sort of an automobile, just as a cowboy, it's taken for granted, is always aboard some sort of a horse.

But this conveyance was something to behold, a low hung chariot with a patched and soldered racing body, not entirely presentable in spite of its dauby yellow paint.

Lucy knew that beneath that tiny exterior reposed the famous chassis and motor with which Peter Dowell and his Apache Indian partner had brought fame to Lordsburg the year before by outsmarting the field and winning the El Paso to Phoenix road race—the noted Cactus Derby. But when Chickenhawk had guided the car across the rough trail to victory in Phoenix, it had sported a green coat.

"We've put her together," Peter now repeated, "Chick and me—and she works."

Lucy draped a tea towel she still held in her hand on a picket and stepped out to where she could look at the wonder car. Her gaze searched the rumbling ruin that stood shuddering from its internal convulsions.

"Where is—It?" she asked. "May I see—It?"

Peter laughed as men always will at women's innocence of mechanics. "You can't see it, Lucy," he explained. "It's inside. In the differential. The one we've made is only good for a racing hack, but maybe Chickenhawk and I can work it out for commercial use. All this'n'll do is prevent skidding. You know—or rather you don't know—that skidding is the main trouble on tracks. Us racers lose our speed on the turns. But this jigger down in the rear axle lets us step on her clear 'round the bends without any side slip and no binding. Chickenhawk and I've tried her out and she works fine. Watch."

Dowell snatched at the levers and the car roared and lurched ahead. Up the street it thundered, Peter turning the wheel this way and that and the car responding weirdly. He zigzagged to the corner, described two complete circles around the intersection at high speed and came thundering back. With such handling any normal decent car would have flopped over about five times, but this one took the turns with its four wheels flat on the ground like some staid old mud turtle suddenly gone crazy with speed.

The demonstration seemed to please the driver the more because of the audience of

one spectator—so called because he now proceeded to tell Lucy all about it as well as to show her.

"Everybody would like to get hep to this little jigger."

He drew her a little sketch of the "jigger," so intent that he didn't notice that Lucy was looking at him instead of the paper. Then with caution, he tore the slip to pieces and ground them into the dust with his heel.

"I always said when I got it worked out I could fit this car up and win races anywhere. And I know I can. At Phoenix, anyhow."

"My," breathed Lucy.

PETER took Lucy's small hand, invitingly near, and squeezed it. There was something of interest in this old world beside "jiggers" and racing cars and races, to be sure, and if you were a keen-eyed person you could have seen that Peter's other interest was that portion of the lauded human race now in his company. We will not dare to say that Peter Dowell hadn't had thoughts of what he would ask Miss Montgomery some day when his little garage and stage line showed up a benignant profit.

As for Lucy Montgomery, that practical young person probably also had sundry flutterings of the heart. If she did not show more interest in Peter's racing car than in Peter's good-looking self, it might have been because she was used to men folk who did big things. She had always lived where men were capable and the prize doer on her list was her own father.

Old Charlie Montgomery was a terribly capable accomplisher. He was small and

brisk although gray and fifty-five. Doc Montgomery was the sort who still held out hope for the human race. He believed that the good old days were good but that there were plenty more to come. He had twinkling blue eyes, spindly bowed legs, small feet, big strong hands and a practice that covered an area as extensive as more than one of the New England States. Every man, woman and child in it, white, Mexican, Indian and Chinese, knew that if you had anything the matter with you that Old Doc Charlie couldn't cure, why the only thing left was to commission some one to dig you a hole in the hillside.

EVERY tribe, every clan, every settlement had in it some one who owed his life to Doc Montgomery. He could have run for any office within the gift of two counties and won by a unanimous vote. Beside his regular practice, he ran the drug store at Lordsburg, pulled teeth, jerked soda when pressed, and on occasion rode out to the ranches in the rôle of veterinary surgeon.

So Lucy was used to genius and men who did things. Peter Dowell's success met her approval and lifted him in her esteem. Still, she hoped that "It" would meet his expectations.

She concealed the bit of a quiver it gave her to hear that Peter and his Apache partner were going to follow up their victory in the Cactus Derby with a try at the track race championship at the Phoenix fair.

"Chickenhawk is going to speed her up on the track every day till it's time to go to Phoenix," said Peter. "Those professionals will have it on us when it comes to track experience, but there can't any of them beat old Chick when it comes to holding her on the road, and cold nerve and grit. He showed 'em that in the Derby."

Who will begrudge Peter another little squeeze of the hand, given and received, as he broke away to get back to his beloved shop? There he had work to do, with the Apache driving the stage car and Peter doing the repair work and putting in his nights working on the differential clutch that was to revolutionize track racing.

Three or four days later a tall and elegantly dressed pilgrim who signed the Lordsburg Hotel register as George Banning leaned over the rickety railing around the town's makeshift race track and wallowed an expensive cigar with his thick lips. In the face of a man less fastidiously kept, the billowing jowls would have been repulsive; instead they merely gave an air of joviality to a countenance whose mean little eyes were to be read with suspicion. As he was, Banning gave off just the aroma he desired—portly, businesslike and expensive.

"Dirty-running little thing, isn't it?" Banning shoved back his wide brimmed hat and mopped his white forehead, his cold gray eyes never leaving the yellow car that was being pushed around the uneven half-mile track at an ever-increasing speed that was unchecked by skidding or swinging on the turns.

Banning addressed his remark to a short man, also notable in the cattle coun-

try for his fine raiment, but whose thick ear, retiring nose and heavy shoulders told of days and nights in the prize ring. The answer was a grunt and a whistle as the remarkable performance of the racing car impressed the pugilist.

"I never seen nothin' like that," he agreed. "There must be something to that hick's trick differential. Or else it's that crazy Indian driving for him."

"It sure is something," stated Banning. "It is a good thing we shot over here. Hooper won't be any sure thing as long as this fellow is on the track. That's that."

"Ain't it, though!"

To George Banning, any enterprise in which there was money was a "game" and for profitable years he had promoted mines in a way that was joyous to him—at least. When the profession became crowded he gravitated by natural stages to the Lone Star State where another game, the oil game, loomed large and attractive before his eyes. During the war, he slipped into the real estate game and reaped his thousands on rising markets. His accumulating funds bought him a stack in the motion picture game.

Attention of alert investigators, released from wartime work, involved Banning's motion-picture companies with the post-office authorities and he withdrew to the sticks with an astonishing bundle of profits. He had not been obliged to draw his funds from any bank, for he belonged to that old school whose policies and practices run to the pouch of bargain-bought diamonds and the handy greenbacks stowed about the person.

Off and on, George Banning had been interested in the racing game, wherein he took a financial interest in the matching of everything speedy from men to motor-cars. From his retreat in a comfortable little Mexican *placita* just across the border, Banning had read in the sporting green that



Dutch Snell, former lightweight boxer and now a free lance race driver, had entered the races at the Arizona State Fair. Good purses were always offered there and many of the country's best pilots were in the habit of competing for them. The State fair track at Phoenix was the fastest bit of dirt in America and besides the big money there was always the chance of attaching a new record or so.

Knowing Snell, and having scraped an acquaintance with most of the other prominent drivers at one time or another, Banning thought the race meet could be made both interesting and full of reward. A calendar told him that seven months had fled into eternity since he had last agitated the dust of Hollywood with his polished boots. So he crossed the international border into the United States and bought his ticket to Phoenix.

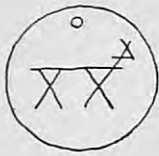
Banning's system of playing any of his games was to take measures early to eliminate chance. His first chore at Phoenix was to greet Dutch Snell and enter into a thorough canvass of the racing situation.

The two worthies decided exactly what the factory drivers, the free lances and other professional drivers could and would do. They also discovered what might be expected from certain of the hick entries, country boys with home-built hacks whose ambition perhaps clouded their perception of just what they were up against. And in the final analysis of all these devious data, Banning and Snell decided that Teddy Hooper, although at present under cover with a new dream of a motor, would be the favorite of the insiders.

But one car had not entered into Banning's calculations. That was the entry from Lordsburg, written down on the list as a Peter Dowell Special. Of course the fact that Pete's car with Chickenhawk, the Mescalero Apache driver at



Peter glared into the wrinkled face, searching for a reply he knew he couldn't read



the helm, had won last classed it among those to be figured. Then there was the pre-race rumor of a trick differential. The wise ones claimed that Dowell was using an old idea that the

British Sunbeam had exposed as a failure in the Santa Monica road race 'way back in '13.

"He can't do it," they said. "Nobody can. If there was a way to make a non-skid car, somebody'd a-done it long ago. It'll blow up when they hit the hundred-mile path here."

"Those hicks couldn't win a race if they had two trick differentials," Snell protested when Banning suggested a critical examination before any gaudy sum was posted on Hooper. "You're wasting your time. Who ever heard of any rube stage-driver winning a classic like this. Go an' lay down."

But now they were looking at the marvel. And it worked. Banning frowned and gnawed his cigar. Snell glanced from the speeding yellow demon to his stop-watch and his eyes flickered and darted with indecision.

"These hicks," he said, proving his facility in argument, "they're liable to gum everything. We got the dope lined up on everybody else. If it wasn't for this pair, we'd know where the sugar is."

"Yes." Banning's mouth shut in a grim line. He watched the car whirling along in the dust. "Hooper can win that race, Dutch. He is loaded for bear, Teddy is. His factory is calling on him to win or bust. And he'll deliver, provided these damn sandpickers don't get gay. They've got something here all right that Hooper's people haven't counted on. Looks like we had better throw in with these birds and make a killing."

"Might," said Snell with the economy of words that showed he was calling on his brain for unusual exertion. "But maybe these fellers might blow up on us. Then where'd we be? Huh?"

Banning shook his head slowly as he wrestled with the problem.

"These babies are no sure bet like Hooper," Snell said, warming up to the debate. "Hooper knows the track and the game and he's a sure winner. This cunnin' invention will likely go bust when Ted begins to crowd 'em. You shoot the roll on Hooper and I'll lay for these guys myself. If they even look like they gotta chance, I'll whip in and take a hub off. Yes, I'd shoot one of 'em dead in his seat as we go by—anything. You count on me, Georgie. No Apache is gonta win this race as long as my dough is on Hooper."

Banning and Snell returned to Phoenix in a very unsettled state of mind. The yellow car promised to upset their dope. Until now, Hooper stood to win as he had the year before. He had experience, a sweet new car, financial backing and the nerve to win. And against his chances loomed that miserable yellow wagon with the Apache driver and the rube mechanic from Lordsburg.

Chickenhawk and Dowell drove their car to Phoenix on the opening day of fair week for the race that would wind the program

up on Saturday, the closing day. Their arrival achieved more than casual mention in the papers. Though none considered the Lordsburg entry a serious contender, their strange pathway to victory in the Cactus Derby the year before got them into the headlines.

LOCAL ROAD DEMONS TO ENTER TRACK TEST

A less inky streamer added that Chickenhawk, the Apache driver, would supply thrills for the race fans on Automobile Day.

Along with the headlines were stories of the feat of the year before and reprinted pictures of the winners with their dusty, tired car at the end of the long grind.

For the great stirring days of the State fair, Chickenhawk had attired himself in the best Apacheland afforded. As he walked the streets of the southwest's metropolis, Chickenhawk adhered to his white friend, for Peter, afraid the Apache might go off on some aboriginal spree, had commanded him to.

The Indian presented a figure at once incongruous and commanding. His coarse black hair was drawn smoothly back and cropped off just below the ears in a smooth line. It shone with *amole* scrubbing and much brushing. He wore no hat, but a band of flamingo silk bound his locks like a filet. In the lobes of his ears hung disks of turquoise, suspended by brass wires. His bronze face was as impassive as that of an image of the same metal. His tunic was of purple velvet and on its bosom depended necklaces of turquoise beads and silver bells cut and ornamented to represent squash blossoms. His black woolen trousers, of a cut never ordained on Bond Street, were striped down the outside of the legs with embroidery of green and scarlet like a wide braid. His small feet were encased in buckskin moccasins.

But his real treasure was about his waist. It consisted of a wide leathern strap bearing broad silver disks, each almost five inches across and carved and stamped with simple but pleasant patterns of some obscure Apache significance.

Chickenhawk's tall figure stood out in the crowd of conventionally dressed men like a flaming aspen at Autumn in a grove of somber spruce. Yet of the two, Peter Dowell and his Apache partner, it was evident that the white man was the head of the firm. He was the boss. What he suggested was done and where he went, both went. He said it for the pair and Chickenhawk never uttered a word.

But Chickenhawk got all the attention. Peter was noticed no more than the mahout on the head of an extraordinary elephant. Wherever they went a circle of curious on-lookers stopped to stare at this Apache racing marvel. For the day has passed when the people of the Southwest are all quite used to the Indian. The new-comer is in the land and the pioneer in the minority.

It was in the fringe of one such circle of gazers that George Banning and Dutch Snell got their first glimpse of the Lordsburg team out of their racing togs.

Banning's eye swept the Indian's costume.

"Show stuff," he scoffed.

"Sure," agreed Dutch.

"But what the . . ."

BANNING'S interest suddenly centered upon a silver concho, worn as a wristlet on the Apache's left arm.

"Why that's the other concho off old Cochise's silver bridle—the Antelope Concho. Hey, you . . ."

Banning caught Chickenhawk by the arm.

"Isn't that silver concho you're wearing like a wrist watch the *azati billa sunili* off old Cochise's *azati beshlagai*?"

At the sound of the Apache words, however poorly pronounced, Chickenhawk turned sharply, surprise adding to resentment, for



the border Indian doesn't like to be pawed. But his face was blank. The crowd sensed a show and conversation was stilled.

"Sure, that *keto*—that wristlet you're wearing," Banning continued expansively. He enjoyed sharing the center of the stage with the Apache notable and was glad to display his knowledge of the Apache tongue. "It's the Cochise *jadi*, isn't it? I've heard there were two of them."

Chickenhawk gravely turned to Peter as though asking what should be done in a case like this. Peter himself looked at Chickenhawk's concho with a new interest.

"He's worn that concho ever since I knew him," said Peter, "and that's been more than five years."

"Oh, I wasn't disputing ownership," laughed Banning agreeably. "Only I'd like to own it." He pulled out a fat billfold and rustled the currency, looking inquiringly at the Apache. "Wantum sell concho, kid?" he asked.

Chickenhawk shook his head.

"Come on," wheedled Banning, affably, and drawing a bank note from the fold and holding it out to the Indian. "Here's twenty dollars. You sell um?"

The Indian quietly shook his head. He stood mute, straight and aloof, the center of the amused throng. He was oblivious of the crowd, his eyes seeming to see through these people, through the structures of stone and concrete of the city to the homely hogan of his tribe. He remembered clearly the day when the call of the white man's machinery and the speed of his strange creation, the automobile, had proved stronger than the love of his ponies and he had traded many of his mustangs for a car with a white man. A white man whom earth-near instinct told him he could now sense staring at him out of the eyes of George Banning. It was his father, one of the lieutenants of Cochise, the last and greatest of the Apache war chiefs, who had given him that concho and who had created it a family heirloom. It was for Chickenhawk,

An Apache boy astride a shaggy pony had ridden up. . . . After a few short words a young girl, dressed in the sober gray gingham costume of the Indian School, moved away from a massive squaw in the wake of the boy

then called Gaviland, to wear as a *keto* on his wrist for *alil*, luck.

"See that?" Banning's suety voice, addressing the crowd, jarred Chickenhawk's attention back to less pleasant surroundings. "That redskin's out in the hills with his medicine, right now. That concho's heap big *alil*—magic—to him. And he doesn't want to swap it off."

"Try him with fifty," some one suggested. Banning rifled his money. "Fifty," he pronounced. "I givee you fifty great big *dobe* dollars for that concho. And I know it doesn't weigh more than about three-fifty actual silver."

Again the Indian shook his head.

"WHAT'S funny about that trinket?" Snell wanted to know. "Why don't the damn fool sell it. Yeh, and why d'you want it so bad?"

Banning shrugged. "Oh, I don't want it. It's just one of Cochise's two conchos. Off the old murderer's Sunday bridle. There was only one pair like it ever made. I have a friend who owns the other one and thought maybe he'd like to have the pair. You see the Indian smiths won't make another like this *jadi*—antelope—pattern. They are exclusive."

"I can't say there's anything artistic about it," said one of the bystanders at Chickenhawk's side. "Can we look at it?" He addressed the request to Peter, who acquiesced.

The speaker, with more respect than Banning had shown, lifted Chickenhawk's arm and the crowd craned to see the ornament.

"Looks like any old Injun doo-hickey to me," said one.

"Looks like a hungry dog running east," said a waggish one and the crowd laughed generously.

The concho, a slightly dished object with lightly scalloped edge, carried on its raised face the conventional Indian representation of an antelope. There was a crude attempt at decoration around the figure, but to the proud old savage who had first owned the pair, the conchos were the best ornaments on his *azati beshlagai*, or silver mounted bridle.

"You can get some silver conchos bigger than that for four-five bucks apiece over at the curio shop," a high pitched voice assured Banning.

"Get away, Bennie," some one laughed. "You're worse than a Front Street merchant."

Banning pulled another bill from his fold. Snell nudged him sharply.

"Whaddya want it for?" he growled out of the side of his mouth. "You must be crazy."

"I just thought my friend might like it," Banning answered. "Here!" Eagerly he shoved the money at the Indian. "Sell-um for a hundred dollar."

A third time, Chickenhawk silently shook his head. But that slight gesture and that unchanging face would have told any one who knew Apaches that the concho was not for sale. Several times a hundred dollars would not have bought it. Argument, persuasion, force—they would be equally unavailing to change the Chickenhawk's mind. Look at it, admire or scoff at it, yes. Discuss it among yourselves, if you like, but it is not for sale.

"Well, I'll be damned," said one of the onlookers. "These Indians! Talk about a Spinks or a turnip. Man, I'd hate to get lost out in the Apache country and try to pry information out of one of these skates."

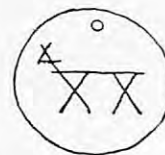
"MAYBE he'll 'sell-um' after the race is over Saturday," one of the crowd ventured. "They say these Indians will bet everything they have on anything like a race. This feller will probably sell every stitch he's got on that he wins that race."

"He'll be a clean red-skin by sundown, then," said one who appeared to be a Hooper supporter.

"Come on, Chickenhawk," said Peter, taking his companion's arm. "Let's go eat. We want to go out and see the gee-gees run this afternoon."

Dowell, anxious lest the crowd's unthinking talk might hurt his ward's feelings, was ready to get out of the circle. The bystanders obligingly gave way and the two friends passed on, bound for one of the smaller restaurants, where owing to the general ban on Indian patrons at the larger cafés, they were obliged to dine.

To the grounds of the
(Continued on page 51)



The Iron Chalice

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by Donald Teague



Despite her fervid and panicky protests, they purchased for her a silk dress and silk underwear and silken stockings and expensive shoes. And a hat which the old lady had secretly craved a long time

CHAPTER IX

SHE curled up in the easy-chair under the reading-lamp and he seated himself nearby, regarding her gravely. Between them there was a decided constraint and not a little of embarrassment.

For a long time they sat in silence. He found himself looking at the supple lines of her dainty little figure while she gazed at him with unswerving eyes. There was so much to be said—and so few words with which to say it. Strangers though they were, the piping-voiced little notary had yet made them man and wife and it was in that relationship that they now shared the apartment. Alan knew that he should speak with her about their relations—yet with her eyes upon his it was not an easy task. And then, as though fathoming his thoughts, she nodded and for an instant the shadow of a smile played about her lips.

"I think so too," she said softly.

In spite of himself, he laughed. "Thanks, Beverly. I was horribly embarrassed."

"I noticed that."

"And you knew what I was thinking?"

"Yes. You were looking at me and wondering what was going to happen. You

were trying to convince yourself that I am actually your wife."

"Precisely. And I was wondering what to do with you—from now on."

She flushed slightly. "And your conclusions?"

"I don't know. Frankly, things have been occurring with such kaleidoscopic rapidity that I haven't been able to think. Just a few days ago I was on the verge of suicide. . . . I wonder how much you know about my compact with North?"

"A great deal."

"Very well, then: you can fancy for yourself the mental and emotional changes I must have undergone. A couple of weeks ago, despondent, starving, cold, abysmally unhappy—to-night comfortable, well-fed, luxuriously sheltered—and married. I have to pinch myself occasionally to make quite sure that it is I."

"I don't wonder. . . . But Alan—" he thrilled to her use of his name for the first time. It had come from her lips softly and naturally—"but Alan, you must think. We are together; we must remain together. Now—what?"

He was victim to an intense abashment—"I can't understand you, Beverly. I wonder if you're interested in what I'm thinking?"

"Yes—of course."

"Naturally I have been speculating upon the woman who was to have the very doubtful distinction of becoming my wife. From what North said—well, his sureness that there would be no double-crossing—I had visualized a plump blonde person of blowsy appearance and harsh voice; one of these women known as hard-boiled."

"AND you find—?"

"You: young, pretty, refined, intelligent, obviously decent."

She drooped her eyes. "What makes you think that?"

"I don't think it. I know it."

"Aren't you taking a good deal for granted? Isn't it rather absurd to—to—look upon me in that light in view of the circumstances of our marriage?"

"Yes. But I can't help it. And—" his

Part II—An Unexpected Factor Enters Beckwith's Desperate Pact With Death



face softened and his voice came pleadingly to her ears,—"if I am wrong I beg of you not to disillusion me."

"That is very sweet of you, Alan. And now to revert to the original topic—What of us?"

"We shall live here together," answered Alan with a directness surprising to himself. "It is part of North's plan that we cultivate a few acquaintances in order that—later—there may be no question that we were a normally happy couple. We must go about a good bit together, too. For the rest, I suppose that we will be independent of each other. You may go your way and I mine. I promise you that I shall try to inflict myself on you as little as possible and to probe not at all into your life."

"Thank you. That is the way I would prefer things. It doesn't matter particularly about my character—to-night you are in an emotional ferment. To-morrow or the next day, when you have had time to think, you will see that there must be something wrong with me: that there must be some very good reason why I have so decidedly obeyed North's orders. I prefer not to disclose those reasons. I am entitled to that

much privacy. Beyond that—" and he admired the level way in which she met his gaze,—"beyond that I must leave matters in your hands. I can see that you are a gentleman."

HE INCLINED his head. "I hope so, Beverly. As to what you are or may have been—"

He lighted a cigarette and smoked in silence for a few moments. "I am going out for a little while. I haven't much of a wardrobe—but even that little is not here. I shall fetch it. I'll be back within an hour."

She watched him as he walked down the narrow hallway. The door closed behind him. For a long time she stared at the blank panels. Then she sighed. She, too, found it difficult to become oriented to this strange manner of life. She moved into the bedroom, and now alone she was no longer the firm-lipped, self-possessed woman of the afternoon. The mask of indifference dropped from her and she became a tiny, tired little girl, ineffably sad and depressed. In her gentle eyes was the light of bitterness, a terror of the past and fear of the future.

And then she did something which not for worlds would she have done had Alan been there.

She flung herself across the bed and sobbed; not loudly but with terrible wracking force. Ten minutes later she rose, refreshed by this momentary yielding to her grief: it had afforded a brief respite from the continual nerve strain of the immediate past . . . slowly, methodically, she commenced unpacking her trunk.

Meanwhile Alan turned into the cavernous hallway of Mrs. Garrison's boarding-house. Once again the little old lady came to the door in wrapper and curl-papers, once more her kindly face lighted with maternal affection at sight of the young man. He took her in his arms and kissed her and insisted on coming into her room where they could talk.

And there with pardonably boyish ostentation, he counted into her hands one hundred and thirty dollars—

"I think I'm happier over this, Garry, than anything else which has ever happened to me. I just wanted you to know . . ."

"Silly boy! I wasn't worried."

"You should have been."

"And now it's all right, and you're successful. I'd like to know all about it, Alan."

"That you sha'n't," he answered. "I've

learned to keep things to myself. But one thing I will tell you, Garry—one stupendous piece of news."

"Yes?"

"I'm married!"

"Alan!"

"Absolutely."

"When?"

"This afternoon."

With a truly feminine reaction Mrs. Garrison started to cry—

"Now, please, Garry—not that. Why do women always cry when a chap gets married? It doesn't seem reasonable."

"I'm crying for happiness, Alan. Your wife—I know she is a wonderful girl."

"Quite."

"And I never suspected—"

"NEITHER did I," he answered dryly.

"What I mean is: my break in luck came so abruptly—and just on the spur of the moment we decided to get married—on a friend's advice . . ."

"I shall meet her?"

"You bet you shall, Garry. She'll love you. As soon as we get settled we want you at the apartment for dinner. But meanwhile I'm coming for you to-morrow afternoon and we're going shopping. You are to have that dress you've always coveted . . ."

"I shan't."

"I'll buy it for you then—and Lord help what you get if I select it. Take your choice."

"What will your wife say?"

"She'll be delighted."

"Oh, Alan!" and Garry sighed. "You have such a lot to learn about women."

He told her goodnight after packing his meager belongings in a battered suit-case and a half hour later was back at the Avonmont. The hallboy grinned as he conducted the bridegroom to the elevator and ducked his head in acknowledgment of the dollar which Alan pressed upon him.

"Night, Mistuh Beckwith."

"Goodnight."

The elevator moved slowly downward. The gleaming, grinning face of the elevator boy was barely visible through the bars.

"Cumgratulations, Mistuh Beckwith!"

Alan was smiling as he let himself into the apartment. The reading-lamp was still burning. Beverly had disappeared. Alan listened at the bedroom door and heard no sound. Then, moving with infinite caution, he prospected about the living-room and eventually discovered a wall bed and the button which controlled it. Twenty minutes later he lay between the sheets, the room in darkness.

It was all so quiet and peaceful; the silver of a full moon filtered in through the window drapes and played across Alan's face. Upon the lips of the young man was a peculiarly soft smile. His thoughts were in the next room—with Beverly, his wife.

And then sleep came to him: his eyes closed, the gentle smile remained on his lips. He turned on his side and flung an arm upward—

An hour later the door of Beverly's room opened the merest fraction of an inch: then wider and wider. A white-clad, slender little figure tiptoed cautiously and rather fearfully into the room.

For perhaps a minute Mrs. Alan Beckwith stood gazing down upon the sleeping form of her husband. Then with a timid, caressing gesture she touched the tips of her fingers to his tousled hair. . . .

CHAPTER X

THE clatter of breakfast dishes aroused Alan the following morning. He opened his eyes drowsily and stared about the liv-

ing-room. Then, from the kitchen, he heard voices—

"Now Mrs. Beckwith, you just be keeping away from that range. It's Ellen who's here to do the cooking and she intends to do it."

"But, Ellen, if I like it—"

"Like what ye will, Mrs. Beckwith . . . I don't think ye have a right to be tampering with your husband's stummick with any such dough as that. It wouldn't make biscuits which was fit to eat, let alone digest. Be moving out of my way, please—I don't want to spill Mr. Beckwith's coffee."

He heard Ellen's heavy tread and a little laugh from Beverly, and then the big woman strode to his bedside with a tiny tray on which reposed steaming coffee, cream and sugar.

"Top of the mornin' to ye, Mr. Beckwith—and I hope you slept well."

"Wonderful, Ellen." Across the tray their eyes met. A flash of understanding passed between them—and Ellen turned away without another word.

Yet, as he sipped his before-breakfast coffee—a rare and forgotten luxury—Alan's thoughts were busy. Last night he had taken Ellen for granted; this morning that was no longer possible.

Ellen had exhibited no slightest flicker of surprise that he should have occupied the living-room on the first night of his married life. Had she been an ordinary cook, her face would have betrayed keen interest. The very fact that she accepted the unique condition was proof positive that she knew something—perhaps a great deal.

"Another of North's women," Alan told himself.

The idea was disturbing. It heightened the impression of a net which enmeshed him. Then he shook his head and smiled grimly; after all, what did it matter? A bargain was a bargain, and he had no intention whatsoever of evading his portion of the compact. So long, then, as Ellen proved herself a competent domestic—and she undeniably was that—he had no valid cause for protest.

HIS coffee finished, he rose and bathed and shaved. He saw Beverly for the first time that morning at the table. She was dressed in a sober little blue linen dress which accentuated her girlishness. She nodded gravely as he seated himself opposite and save for the delicate tracery of worry lines at the corners of her eyes gave no hint of her part in this tragi-comedy.

Breakfast finished he made his way to North's apartment. North was clad in dressing-gown and slippers when Alan entered. He greeted the young man in his cool, precise manner and inquired politely after his health. Then, chatting indifferently and casually, he dressed and taxi'd Alan down-town.

An hour later nineteen thousand dollars in cash had been deposited to the credit of Alan Beckwith. North had sent him in alone to make the deposit—"I prefer to remain in the background," was his explanation. But he waited outside for Alan.

"The die is definitely cast," he remarked as the young man rejoined him. "Do you regret it?"

"No. Of course things might be more—well, roseate—but I took your advice at the outset. I died two weeks ago."

"Fine. That's the only sensible view of the situation. But now—good morning."

"Just a minute; I wanted to let you know that I realize Ellen is in your employ."

"Meaning what?"

"That I know she is there to spy upon me."

"A very discerning young man. At any

rate, she is an excellent housegirl." North was imperturbable. "One more thing, Alan—I shall see that Beverly is taken care of when you die. I shall give her five thousand dollars of the insurance money."

The man's brutality was disconcerting. Alan's face went white and he bowed stiffly—"That is very good of you," he replied coldly.

He visited a prominent clothier and purchased two sack suits, a dozen new shirts and some underwear, sox, collars and ties. Then he went to a tailor and ordered a dinner suit. He spent money timidly: the poverty of years had left an indelible impression upon him—had imparted to him a very natural caution. At lunch he joined Beverly and there he told her of Mrs. Garrison and of his promise to her.

"That's fine, Alan. I'd like to go with you . . . and perhaps she'd come home to dinner with us to-night."

"That's awfully good of you, Beverly. I didn't want to inflict myself or my friends on you—"

"I like real people, Alan."

AND so when Alan called for Mrs. Garrison that afternoon, Beverly was with him. The two women looked at one another, and then Mrs. Garrison folded the girl in her arms and kissed her squarely on the lips.

"Beverly Beckwith," she said, "I think you are a very fortunate young woman."

"And I think Alan was a lucky young man to have had you for his friend, Mrs. Garrison. He has told me what you did for him—"

Garry flushed with pleasure. "Alan is that way! exaggerating what other folks do. Now this afternoon is perfectly silly, and I have no intention—"

They bundled her into a waiting taxicab and went to a large department store. There, despite her fervid and panicky protests, they purchased for her a silk dress and silk underwear and silken stockings and expensive shoes. And a hat which the old lady had long secretly craved.

"But it's ridiculous," she protested. "There isn't any sense to it. What can I do with fine clothes like these?"

"Use them for visiting us," smiled Beverly. "Dinner and the theatre occasionally—"

"You children! You'll be the death of me yet. Spending your money this way: Why you'd think that there was a never-ending stream of it coming in—or that Alan had never known hunger and poverty . . ."

"No, Garry," said he. "This proves that I have known them, and so I can appreciate the meaning of a little luxury."

"Just the same you're two absurd children. Think of my rheumatic old legs in silk stockings . . ." Her eyes were shining like stars. "But I love it—so there! I've never had things like these and I just won't be fit to live with when I get them on. If it wouldn't disgrace you and spoil the party I'd have a good cry here in the store."

"Go ahead, Garry—enjoy yourself."

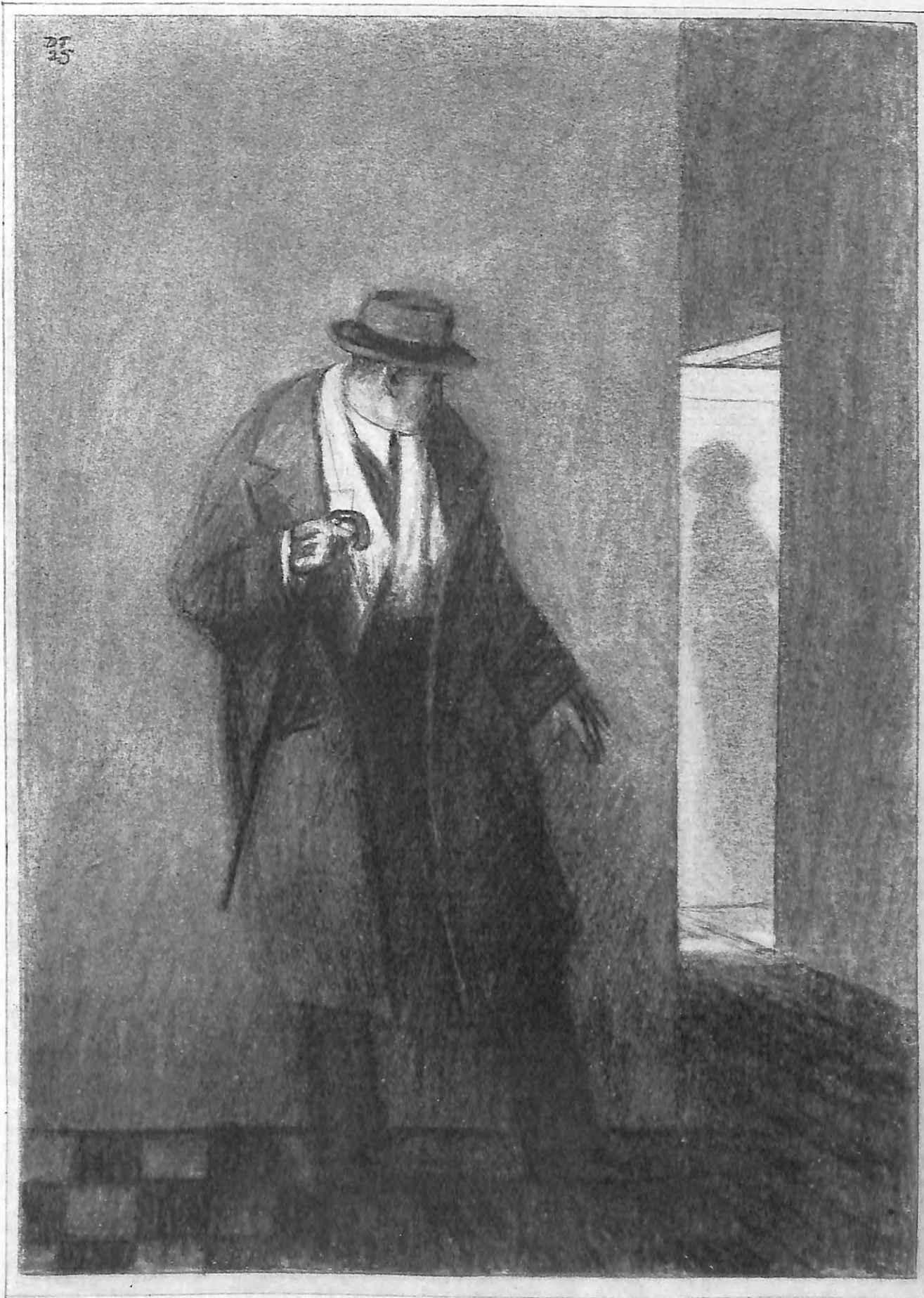
"Because to-night," said Beverly softly, "you're coming home to dinner with us."

"Indeed I'm not, and for two reasons. The first of them is that I haven't made arrangements and there are a great many indigent boarders at my place who demand to be fed. In the second place, Beverly—I hope you're enough of a woman yourself to understand that since I own all this peacock finery I wouldn't go anywhere without it—and that salesgirl says she can't possibly have the alterations finished before to-morrow."

"To-morrow night then?"

"I shall."

"And afterwards we'll go to the theatre."



Alan watched the strange young man follow Beverly into the apartment

"Mercy me! Can this be Martha Garrison?"

"It will be from now on, Garry. I don't forget things. And listen—I've learned a deep dark secret craving of yours—something which will be gratified to-morrow night."

"What's that?"

He whispered with mock seriousness into her delighted ear—

"Alligator pear with French dressing."

"Alan."

They called another taxi and rode her home, piled high with purchases. She was

all a-tremble with delight and appreciation. As Alan stepped to the curb in front of her boarding-house and turned to help her—he saw her lean over and kiss Beverly.

"I know you two will be very happy, my dear."

"I'm sure of it, Garry."

And then in the vestibule the old lady looked straight into Alan's eyes.

"Be very kind to your little wife, Alan—" she advised softly. "She is a sweet, dear girl—and I more than suspect that life has treated her none too gently."

CHAPTER XI

THE dinner in honor of Martha Garrison was a decided success. Beverly entered into the spirit of the thing with an enthusiasm which surprised and delighted Alan. Too, Ellen extended herself.

There were little place cards, done in crayon by Beverly with a skilful touch. Alan caught the spirit of the affair and had corsage bouquets delivered at the apartment for his wife and Garry. He took infinite pains with his own toilette—and was rather proud of himself. After all, continuous and bitter adversity had never deprived him of his love for good clothes, for the feel of soft fabrics against his flesh. He possessed one of those fortunate figures upon which ready-made clothes sit with tailored grace and he found himself wondering—as he gazed at his mirrored reflection—whether Beverly would be pleased.

But her expression of delight in his appearance fell upon deaf ears. He stood in the doorway and stared at the fairy apparition which she presented.

It was an evening gown of silver with a robe of sapphire sequins; a gemmed casing for her jewel of a body. Her bobbed hair was caught back so that it no longer appeared to be bobbed—and the effect loaned to her years, grace and mature beauty. Across her forehead was a bandeau of rhinestones.

"Beverly!"

She rightly interpreted the look in his eyes and flushed with pleasure.

"It was silly of me, Alan; but then Garry will be so pleased."

"I'm not thinking of Garry. Why you—you're ravishing."

"I'm just an overdressed, vain little fool."

"You are a very delicious little woman and I'm proud of you."

An inexplicable feeling of constraint came between them then and Beverly hurried into the kitchen. She returned when Garry arrived.

Garry was throbbing with excitement. Fine clothes, skilfully selected, had worked wonders with her. The wan, pinched, worried look was gone and it was patent that in spirit at any rate, she was a girl again. She raved over Beverly's appearance, told Alan that he looked positively handsome—"—so cultured and dignified and lordly, as it were, Alan." And she fairly burst with pride over the corsage of rosebuds and lilies of the valley.

For the second time in their brief marital career Alan and Beverly played host and hostess, but to-night there was none of the terrific strain of the previous evening; none of the sardonic mockery of North's bride roses and wedding-cake. It was a wholesome evening, filled with light banter and idle chatter. Then a picture show, and after that the ride home with Garry and the return to their apartment.

They faced each other at the threshold of Beverly's room. Alan looked down gravely into her eyes.

"I'm awfully obliged, Beverly. You're a darned good scout."

"And Garry is a dear old lady. The experience was as delightful for me as it appeared to be for her."

"Just the same, you did wonders—you and Ellen."

"Thanks, Alan. . . ." Then—"Good-night."

"Good-night, Beverly."

In the days which followed a bit of order was restored from the chaos of the past few weeks. There was much which Alan desired to do: completing his wardrobe, buying golf clubs and resuming, on the municipal links, a game in which he had promised—as a youth—to shine. And a sense of delicacy prompted him to inflict himself as little as possible upon his wife.

His reasons for that were puzzling even to himself: when he was with Beverly a great deal he thought too much about her—and he realized poignantly that she was a person apart from his life. He didn't want to worry about her, and he knew that he couldn't help it if he remained in too constant proximity to the haunted look in her fine eyes. Beverly had a habit of smiling with her lips—while her eyes remained deep wells of sorrow. They bothered him—filled him with an unreasonable desire to protect her from something. Not that he knew what it was she needed protection from—nor that he had proved himself competent to protect anybody from anything—but she excited in him feelings and emotions which until now had been foreign to his nature.

And although she never put it into words,

"Just now I does odd jobs for Mr. North and his crowd, but some day I hopes to become a regular gunman"



Beverly seemed to appreciate this deference to what he fancied were her wishes. He was out a good bit during the day, and never questioned her on his return as to what she had been doing. He watched, with keen interest, a growing friendliness between Beverly and Ellen, the amazon cook. Just as difficult as it was for him to realize the existence of a powerful bond between his wife and Andrew North just so it was impossible for him to reconcile himself to the knowledge that Ellen was North's spy. Or was she? But the answer to that question was too obvious: It was a certainty that, having been employed by North, and accepting a highly unusual domestic situation as matter-of-factly as she did—she must know a great deal.

He didn't blame North. The man could not be expected to realize that he—Alan—had every intention of fulfilling his agreement. Meanwhile it was up to him to enjoy himself—to forget his own sorrows of past and future and to refuse to saddle himself with the burdens of others.

But he found himself unable to get away from the hunted look in Beverly's eyes. In fact, there were many times when he longed to quit whatever form of amusement he might be pursuing and return to her; to sit with her in the sun-flecked living-room and merely read, or talk casually.

Confound it! the girl fascinated him. She was the very antithesis of what she should be and he wakened to the fact that he was growing too fond of her for his own peace of mind.

He tried to analyze his emotions. Until now love of woman had been an emotion unknown to him. He wondered how much of this attraction might be due to propinquity . . . and was honest enough to admit that he would have fallen in love with Beverly under any circumstances. The fact that he could do so under these conditions—when her very acquiescence to this situation proved beyond peradventure of doubt that she was not all she should be—

"Damn it!" He had spoken aloud. "That isn't true!"

YET the evidence against her was conclusive. She wasn't the sort of girl to do this thing unless North's hold over her was all-powerful. North! Always Andrew North! The calm, placid man—the man who never smiled—was not to be forgotten. The menace was always with him. . . . There was, for instance, the ratty little man who was shadowing him daily—

Of course, North, had been frank about that, too: had made it plain that he trusted nobody. He had explained to Alan that he would be shadowed. But just the same the sensation was not a pleasant one.

The shadower was not overly clever: to Alan—knowing that he would be followed—recognition was instant. The man was small and squint-eyed and his efforts to hide himself were almost ludicrous. Of the fact that he was conscientious there was no doubt; he was so
(Continued on page 44)



NICOLA MURAY

Lionel Atwill
in
"Caesar and Cleopatra"

AT THE time of writing, the opening of this play is still a week in the future, but it promises to be an exciting event, for with this comedy of Bernard Shaw's the Theatre Guild open their new playhouse and they have assembled an interesting and brilliant cast for the occasion. Opposite the middle-aged world-conqueror, Helen Hayes will play the girl-queen of the Nile, with Helen Westley, Albert Bruning, Schuyler Ladd and Henry Travers also among those in the dedicatory production—E. R. B.



APEDA

Clara Kimball Young (above) is one of our busiest actresses just now. After long devotion to the screen, she has returned to the speaking stage via a sketch which is traveling over the Keith circuit. In June she will pause long enough to make a new picture, and in the fall, if her present plans do not miscarry, she will be presented in a full length drama as yet unnamed



WIDE WORLD

"Starlight" by Gladys Unger is a comedy of the theatre, an episodic picture of the life of a great actress. Often straight farce, it is swift moving and always effective, and Doris Keane (above) plays the rôle of Aurelie to the hilt—from the moment that you first see her in the little café at Monte Marte about to make an insignificant début to the last curtain which reveals her an old woman, triumphing still by the sheer indomitable force of her will

Captions by
Esther R. Bien



Pauline Lord as Amy, and Glenn Anders as Joe, in a scene from Sidney Howard's comedy "They Knew What They Wanted." Amy is a disillusioned little waitress who has been induced by correspondence to marry a prosperous, middle-aged Italian farmer. On the day of the marriage fiesta Tony is injured and while he lies ill, Joe, a farm-hand and Lothario of all Napa Valley, comes near to wrecking the romance so precariously launched



KENDALL EVANS

Ernest Truex (above) trying to explain to Beatrice Noyes the purity of his intentions in allowing himself to be made temporary custodian of a suitcase which he knew to contain contraband liquids. The scene is from the play known as "The Fall Guy," one of the current comedies of which James Gleason is co-author. The other member of the concern in this case is George Abbott



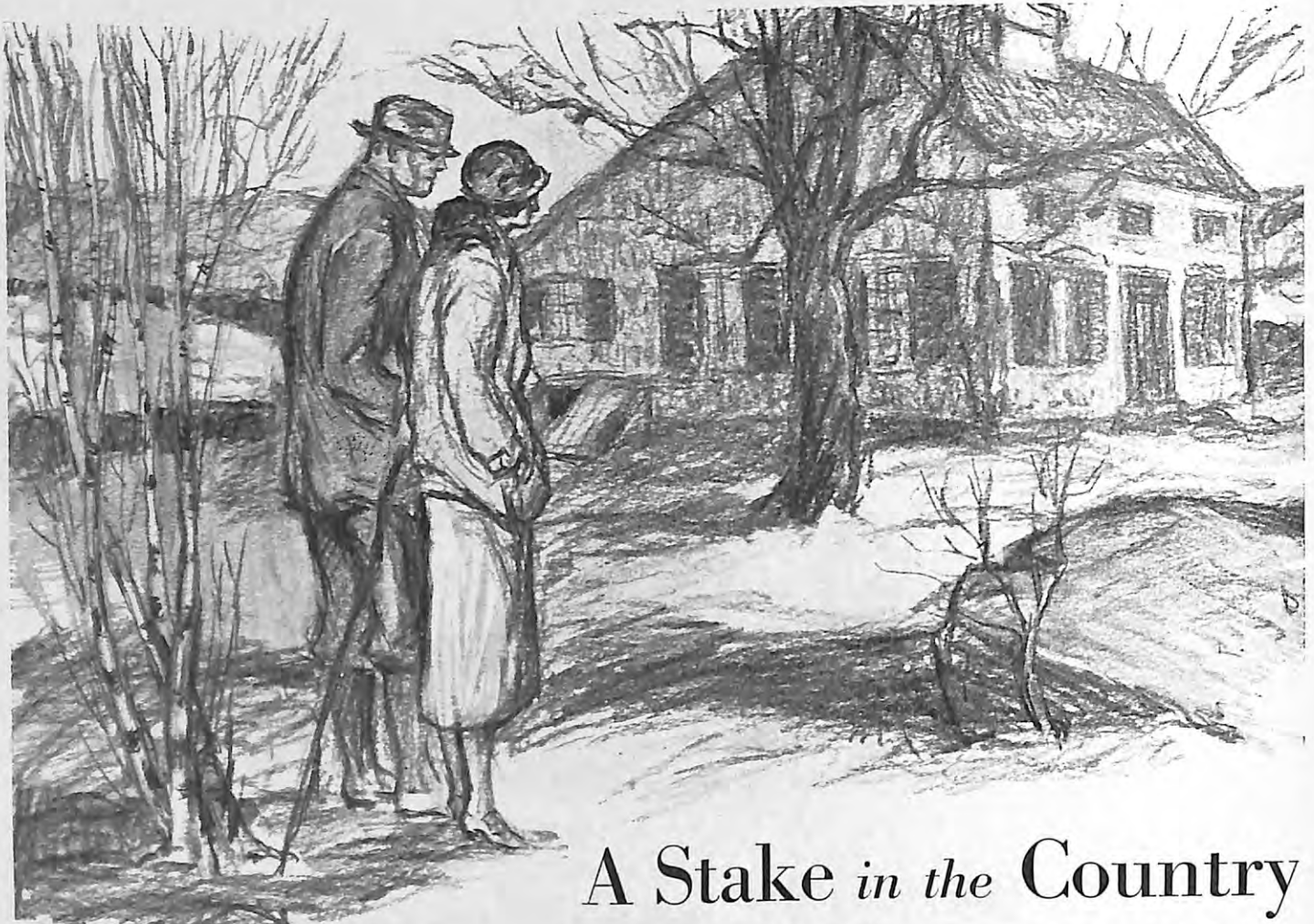
MARCIA STEIN

The revival of Henrik Ibsen's "The Wild Duck" is the high-water mark of the season's serious drama. It is a magnificent and devastating satire, which has found wonderfully competent and sympathetic interpretation at the hands of the players. Blanch Yurka (above) gives a poignant, restrained performance as Gina that is by far the best thing she has done so far

Good melodies, better dancing and Willie Howard make "Sky High" very excellent entertainment. The comedy comes to us from London where Captain Harry Graham was the accredited author. Harold Atteridge has added the necessary American color. Vannessi (below) is the most exotic and eccentric of the dancers in a cast in which principals and chorus excel in agility



WIDE WORLD



A Stake in the Country

By Richard Le Gallienne Illustrated by Hamilton Fyfe

THE other day, being Perdita's birthday, I was happy in being able to send up on her breakfast tray a present which took the form of a very serious-looking, though really a very romantic, legal document, a deed, in fact, conveying to her "all that message," including a "dwelling-house," and sundry acres of woodland and orchard, "situate in the county of . . . etc., etc. It was, as I said, a happy moment, and as, afterwards, I took my morning walk among the hills, being philosophically minded, I reflected on the nature of that happiness that had thus accrued to Perdita and me in having thus acquired the proprietorship of our own vine and fig-tree, and a certain humble portion of the green earth. I at once realized that ours was the unholy joy of "private ownership," that deadly sin according to the red gospel of the communist. This house and this land was our very own, guaranteed to us by all the laws and red-tape (as against red gospels) of the United States of America. Having been once in a small way something of a "red" myself, I reflected on this immoral change that had come over me, and it seemed to me that I saw, as by a sudden inspiration, why the recent world-scare of the Red Flag, the Internationale, and such disquieting propaganda of revolution, was a vain, unfounded, fear; for the simple reason that all such political and social theorizing runs absolutely counter to human nature. And in this, I believe, whatever success can be claimed for the Soviet régime in Russia ironically enough bears me out, for is not the central power of a handful of communist fanatics in Petrograd based on what is practically the private land-ownership of the peasants? The vast

farm lands of Russia have merely changed hands. Taken from the old feudal aristocracy, they have been given to the peasants themselves, who, being thus, in their millions, satisfied, and bribed into indifference, care nothing for what goes on in Petrograd or Moscow, and have as little regard for the plight of the bourgeoisie or the mechanical workers in manufactories, as the farmer in all countries has for the rest of the world. The farmer and the peasant have their own land, and, however lean its returns, it is their own, and it is better to starve on one's own land than to work like a slave on land belonging to someone else. "Rent" is a consideration which disturbs them no more. And that is precisely the case of Perdita and me. So long as we can continue to keep hold of "all that message," we shall have no rent to pay forever. The bogie of "rent-day" will affright us no more. This alone is a very comfortable feeling, for, whether in town or country, men resent seeing their hard-earned money vanishing month by month and year by year into the pockets of landlords, with nothing to show for it at the end; no foot of land to call their own, and no roof from whose kindly shelter they may not at any moment be unceremoniously thrust. Men readily combine for mutual protection, for war, or even certain kinds of work, but, except in the impersonal form of financial corporations, they are not happy in the communal ownership of lands or dwellings. It is an instinct of human nature for us to want something for our own, something personal to ourselves; and, of all things, a man wants to feel that his home belongs to himself and no one else. He does not want to live herded in communal dwellings, little

distinguishable from communal prisons, in which he can take no individual pride, or enjoy any individual liberty or seclusion. Even the tent-dwelling nomad is better off than the modern "rent-slave," for the wilderness is in a sense his own to choose from, and he may pitch his camp now here, now there, as the whim takes him; though he may lack many luxuries, he has at least the great luxury of personal liberty, and, as a great poet has said:

What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty?

BUT to come back to "all that message," the personal property of Perdita aforesaid. She and I are fortunate enough to be able to live in the country, and, therefore, the satisfactions which are ours in coming to possess our own house and land are country satisfactions. We are not rich enough to own a house in town, or even in the suburbs of a great city, but I have no doubt that the satisfactions of owning one's own house anywhere are very much the same. Apart from the question of rent, whether the house be in town or country, our attitude toward it immediately changes, deepens and, so to say, fructifies, the moment we realize that it is ours to do with us we please; for, it becomes, immediately, what no rented house can ever become—our "home." We can set to work at once to make it just what we want, in accordance with our own individual needs and tastes, exactly in the same way as birds of different species build their nests of material and shape to suit themselves, instead of inhabiting nests constructed for birds with different ideas of comfort and decoration. We have no longer to live with



other people's wall-papers, or conform ourselves to household arrangements merely pleasing to the architect or some other type of human being. We can "do over" everything in accordance with our own notions of "home" as we conceive it, and generally remake it in our own image. We can paint the house what color we choose, put in steam-heat or fireplaces as we prefer, remold the plumbing "nearer to the heart's desire," indulge in hardwood floors, and if our heart has been set on a "pergola," we can have it, none daring to make us afraid. And, all the time, there will be something new to add, some intimate touch all our own, till at last the place becomes something like a portrait of ourselves, not merely from a numbered edifice, indistinguishable from the other houses that surround us. This is not egotism, or in any way anti-social. On the contrary, our neighbors will be gainers too, for whatever "character" we give to our house will make the character of their homes stand out the more, and contribute a pleasing variety to the general effect of street or suburb. No one likes to feel like everyone else, and, doubtless, our neighbors will thus gain a satisfaction from being different from us. If this applies to city or near-city houses, how much more does it apply to a house in the country where neighbors do not tread on each other's toes, and where even an acre or two of trees can give an extraordinary illusion of having the wide world to ourselves.

The possession of trees, even one tree, gives one a very strange feeling, as Perdita remarked to me as we walked about our little estate, with an experienced woodsman, axe in hand, to decide which he should cut down for our winter firewood.

"Is it possible that we really own this silver-birch?" she said to me, as she stroked its silken bark with her hand.

"Yes!" I said, "and we own, too, that hornet's nest, that papier-maché miracle yonder, so strangely tiered with geometrical cubicles for the hornet-grubs, and such a humming, unapproachable, fortress of busy wings and fierce striped bodies all summer. And these ant-hills, too, are ours."

"And this gate opening out on the pasture, where we gathered mushrooms in the fall?"

"Yes! and all these blue canes that were so heavy with blackberries, and these vines so heavy with blue and golden grapes—these too are ours."

"And this spring, and this little pond that a short time ago was filled with water-lilies and dragon-flies."

"Yes!" I said, "these, and all the birds and butterflies that will come back next summer, with the violets and the wild-roses, the Indian pipe, and all the rest—all these are a part of 'all that message'—likewise those gray old boulders—though they are not mentioned in the deed."

"Strange people lawyers are!" said Perdita, "not to mention them—for they seem to me most important of all."

THEN we returned to the house, and walked about its various rooms, not forgetting the cellar, with its furnace, its coal-bins, and all its mysterious pipes.

"I'm afraid we shall have to get a new furnace next year," said Perdita, "Mr. — said that this is pretty well worn out."

"Ah!" said I, one of the shadows of ownership darkening my brow; "Did he give you any idea what it would cost?"

When the house that you had previously rented needed a new furnace, your brow remained unclouded. It was no concern of yours. It was for the brow of your landlord to darken. But with the joys of being your

own landlord must come a landlord's cares. It is true that you can paint your house what color you please, but it is you that must pay for the painting. And when the roof leaks, and the gutters are torn away by equinoctial gales, and the need of a new heating system can no longer be ignored, it is on your own bank account, and no one else's in the world, that you have to rely. Also, you become personally acquainted for the first time with certain forms of taxation, which previously had been merely hearsay to you. But soon, as by second nature, you will be calling them "iniquitous," and come to take an interest in municipal and county elections, and local government generally, with which before you had never thought of occupying your mind. The upkeep of schools and roads, and various other levies that come with the ownership of house and land will swim drearily into your ken. Still, all this will be good for your moral character, and quicken your sense of responsibility. If you have a humorous eye upon yourself, you will smile to watch yourself developing into a "good citizen," and you will no longer be able to evade the clutch of local charities as you found it comparatively easy to do before you were an "owner," with "a stake in the country."

Yet, though these various demands and duties may for a time dash the first beauty of your dream, you will soon grow reconciled, to them as the abiding satisfactions of being lord of your own manor are brought home to you, and day by day your house grows more livable, and your garden fills with your wife's favorite flowers, and your orchard and copses take on a mature "ancestral" aspect, and you realize that the little winding road that leads into your "estate" is also your own, free of "rights-of-way," and secured by minatory notice-boards such as "no thoroughfare," "no trespassing," "no shooting," genial announcements to the world outside that this rustling seclusion of trees, and distinguished repose of gables is your own "castle" won by the sweat of your brows, and created by your own dream. This sounds grandiose, but unless you have tried it yourself, you would be surprised how few acres of the earth's surface, and a house of no great size or cost, can produce this

(Continued on page 44)





DEWELL

Uncle Sam's Air Mail Makes Good

By Burt M. McConnell

THE "queue" at the stamp window was like a "chow" line in the A. E. F. in one respect—its shortening was painfully slow. Finally, the man in front of me reached the wicket, and asked for an Air Mail stamp to Cleveland.

"The Air Mail don't go to Cleveland," the postal clerk informed him, indifferently. The prospective customer of Uncle Sam's transcontinental day-and-night Air Mail route turned away.

"What the h—," I began, thinking for the moment that I was still a sergeant in the A. E. F. "Wait a minute," I added in a gentler tone to the disappointed customer of the Air Mail. Then I turned to the clerk; it made no difference that impatient stamp-buyers were awaiting their turn.

"Do you mean to tell me that this man can't send a letter by Air Mail to Cleveland?" I demanded, again the hard-boiled sergeant.

"Yep; the Air Mail don't go to Cleveland. Only Chicago, Cheyenne, and San Francisco."

"Would it make any difference if I should tell you that I have just returned from a trip over the Air Mail route, and that the plane leaving New York for San Francisco every morning stops at Cleveland in the afternoon?" I asked.

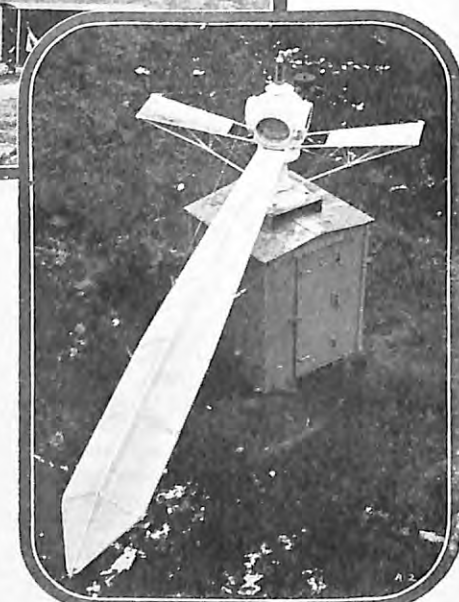
"Well—," he began, while I gritted my teeth at his stupidity. Just then, however, another clerk brought forward a schedule, and it was officially admitted that a letter could be sent by Air Mail to Cleveland. But this was small consolation for me; I could not help wondering how many unin-

formed clerks are driving business away from the Air Mail. If the postal employees themselves don't know anything about the new transcontinental Air Mail Service, the people of this country must know even less, I concluded. Hence this article.

For more than five years the Air Mail Division of the Post Office Department worked and planned for a transcontinental day-and-night Air Mail Service. But until the first of last July they were forced to be content with advancing, from one terminal point to another, whatever mail was deposited after the departure of certain trains. Beginning July 1, however, this advancing service was combined with a night-flying service, so that all Air Mail is now carried through to its destination or to the nearest transfer point. A letter mailed in New York in the morning will, under normal circumstances, reach San Francisco the following afternoon. The transcontinental Air Mail is more than an experiment; it is the forerunner of a new era.

EVERY day, whatever the weather, two sturdy airplanes climb into the air above their respective flying fields near New York and San Francisco, circle about like homing pigeons, and start across the continent, loaded with mail. At the next landing-field—there are thirteen of them between the two oceans—pilots and machines are changed, just as the crew and locomotive of the Twentieth Century Limited are changed at each division point.

When night comes these aerial postmen pick up their beacons as sailors do, for no



SCHILL STUDIO

The top photograph shows the highest beacon in the world, situated 3,600 feet above sea level between Laramie and Cheyenne. (Below) Ground indicator showing flyers direction of wind

longer do lighthouses belong only on capes and reefs. They are strung along the plains from Chicago to Cheyenne, making a Great White Way a thousand miles from the sea. Buffalo trails and the pony express have given way to the longest regularly operated airway in the world.

The transportation of mail over these 2,680 miles marks the first real development of commercial aviation in the United States. The practicability of the airplane has been proved. In a few years it will take an important place in the transportation, not only of mail, but of passengers and express. Already San Francisco, in terms of transportation, has been brought nearer New York than Philadelphia was a hundred years ago.

Nowhere else in the world has such a determined and successful effort been made as in the United States to carry the mails by airplane. Not since the Armistice have aviators in any part of the globe experienced such thrilling and terrifying adventures as Uncle Sam's aerial postmen. Two years ago I flew as a passenger from New York to Chicago, over the Alleghanies, with "Slim"

Lewis and Wesley Smith, two of the Air Mail's best pilots, at the controls. But nothing happened, except that after some eight hours of rather monotonous flying, we arrived at Chicago after dark, could not locate the Air Mail flying field, and were compelled to land on the prairie west of the city. This was nothing more than an incident; only the pilot who flies day after day, week after week, in all sorts of weather, is fortunate—or unfortunate—enough to experience a real adventure.

A few weeks ago I had the privilege of journeying over the entire Air Mail route, from New York to San Francisco. I traveled by train this time, and stopped at every flying field of consequence in search of stories of adventure.

THAT part of the transcontinental Air Mail route lying between Cheyenne and the California-Nevada line has had more than its share of mishaps and adventures. It was between Cheyenne and Rock Springs that Pilot Boonstra swooped down to a boulder-strewn spot one morning to pick up Chandler, whose machine had been put out of business by a broken connecting rod. It was near the top of White Mountain, twelve miles from the Rock Springs Air Mail field, that Pilot Ellis and his sturdy plane were hurled by a "down-draft" into the steep, snow-covered side, like an arrow shot into a tree. Between Salt Lake City and Rock Springs have occurred half a dozen "forced" landings which came near resulting in disasters. It was in the Sierra Nevada Mountains that Pilot Huking, flying in a thick fog, crashed into the top of a tree and fell with his machine a hundred feet

the ground. Huking spent the next ten days in bed, but at the end of that time was back on the job.

It was near the California-Nevada line, sixty miles from the nearest town, that Pilot Vance was forced down by a blizzard at nightfall, and unceremoniously dumped out on his head when his machine tipped over on its nose. He had landed in a patch of manzanite brush, higher than he could reach, and there he was forced to stay until daylight came. Another pilot, Blanchfield, found the "bumps" in the atmosphere above the crest of the Sierras more dangerous than those caused by bursting shells during the war. This pilot was caught by a "twister" peculiar to the Nevada desert on one occasion, and he also had a narrow escape from death when his plane broke out in flames as he landed at the Elko Air Mail field. Once, with the thermometer at 60 degrees below zero, he made a flight of 235 miles through blinding sheets of snow, and delivered the mail. When Blanchfield finally landed at Reno, looking more like a huge snow-man than a human being, the cockpit of his machine was almost full of snow and the pilot himself seemed to be frozen to his seat. On still another occasion, while flying in a blizzard, Blanchfield was forced to land on the snow-covered desert. After a five-hour search, the pilot came upon the shack of a wrinkled, old Indian, who shoved a rifle in this "sky-devil's" face, and refused point-blank to help him crank the motor of his machine.

In the Utah-Wyoming Bad Lands, between Salt Lake City and Rock Springs, occurred the forced landing of Pilot Bishop, which would have terminated fatally had it

not been for the exceptional bravery and good flying judgment of Pilot Ellis. It was in this section of the country that Pilot Boonstra fell into the deadly tail-spin while three and a half miles in the air, and came hurtling to earth. It isn't often that an aviator goes into a tail-spin and lives to tell the tale. Yet Boonstra not only was alive, but was stationed at Rock Springs. To Rock Springs, therefore, I hastened.

The wireless equipment at the Air Mail flying field buzzed and sputtered as our fliwver came to an abrupt halt outside the little shack.

"What's up?" I inquired innocently, "westbound pilot late?"

"Worse than that," replied the youthful field manager; "there's been a big explosion in the coal mine at Kemmerer, eighty miles from here, and they want us to send a doctor and a gas expert by airplane right away. They're making up a special train at Rock Springs, with doctors and nurses, but that can't get there in less than four hours; Boonstra, who is due at any moment, could fly there in less than an hour. I'm trying to get permission from Washington now for him to make the trip."

THIS is not the first time, nor the twentieth, that the Air Mail Service has been called upon for aid in an emergency. Nor is it the first time that Pilot Boonstra has volunteered his services. One cold January day a year ago, a Wyoming physician received a telephone message that a lone sheep herder was dying of blood-poisoning in the foothills of the Wind River Mountains, twenty miles from his office and a hundred miles in an air line from Rock Springs. The doctor was unable to travel through the deep snow on foot, on horseback, or by automobile. Then some one thought of the Air Mail, with its powerful De Haviland airplanes. Within half an hour an appeal was received by telephone, the field manager had obtained by wireless the General Superintendent's permission to send a plane to the relief of the stricken man, and Boonstra was off with nothing to guide him but the Green River. Landing in two feet of snow, after a flight of eighty miles, the pilot picked up the surgeon, wrapped him warmly in furs, bundled him into the mail cockpit of the machine and flew the additional twenty miles over the snow-clad hills.

The Air Mail Service was called upon in another emergency last August, when a giant gusher near Wellington, Colo., broke with a

Half-billion candle-power flood-light used to illuminate landing fields. (Below) How the fields look lighted up



roar and began to spout green gas—the fore-runner of all oil strikes. They worked desperately to control the flow, and were succeeding, it seemed. Then something happened; in an instant the well became a spouting inferno, tossing a searing tongue of flame a hundred and fifty feet into the air.

Now, oil-well fires are neither uncommon nor impossible to control. But this gas-well fire was absolutely unmanageable. They tried dynamite. They tried steam. But it was impossible for the fire-fighters to approach near enough; human flesh could not endure the blistering breath of those flames.

THEY must have fireproof clothing. The nearest source of asbestos was a thousand miles distant—twenty-six hours by train. No one knew at what moment the flow of oil would supplant the roar of escaping gas. Then one of them slapped his thigh. “I have it; the Air Mail!”

A telegram was dispatched to an asbestos manufacturer in Chicago; a finished suit was rushed to Maywood Field, on the outskirts of the city, and loaded onto the plane that covers the Chicago-Cheyenne run daily between twilight and dawn. The postage was \$35.20, but the fireproof clothing was worth its weight in gold. At Cheyenne the next morning the suit was transferred to a waiting automobile, and rushed to the scene of the fire—at a saving of fourteen precious hours.

Each of the next three days brought an asbestos outfit by Air Mail. After a stubborn battle, which is still talked about wherever drillers congregate, steam, dynamite, and the asbestos suits won out.

These are episodes in the daily experience of the Air Mail Service. Dozens of others could be cited, but they would not support the claim made by the title of this article. Nor could any incident illustrate quite as vividly as the gas-well victory the fact that the Air Mail is no longer a fad; that it is a quick and dependable service.

The transcontinental Air Mail made good in July, its first month of operation. Delays, accidents, and various shortcomings are to be expected in a pioneer enterprise of this magnitude, yet there were no serious misadventures, and the machines kept to their schedules with amazing regularity. More than eight hundred flights of from 106 to 460 miles were made during the month, yet there were but ten forced landings. The first load of mail from San Francisco, after being changed at each of the thirteen flying fields along the transcontinental route, arrived in New York but six minutes late. The next

day the eastbound plane arrived seven minutes early. For the next four days two planes were a few minutes late; and two were a few minutes early. Then came a day when the eastbound plane was 18 hours late. But this, the records show, was caused by a “twister” in Nebraska, which picked up the eastbound plane and slammed it down, breaking it into a thousand pieces. The pilot was unhurt.

In the first five and a half months of the service, Air Mail pilots flew a total of 1,283,671 miles—329,525 of them at night. Not a single serious accident was recorded against a pilot on active duty until late in December. And while a serious mishap is deplorable in any service, this record of the Air Mail is much better than that of the Army Air Service, which records the loss of a pilot for every half-million miles flown during the last year.

During the past three years the Air Mail Service has transported more than 4,000,000 pounds of mail along the transcontinental route between New York and San Francisco with a loss of only .005 of 1 per cent. This may be compared with the percentage of registered packages lost in the United States during 1922, namely .007½ of 1 per cent. Thus the Air Mail establishes itself as Uncle Sam's safest medium for carrying the mails.

The first eight months of day-and-night flying by the Air Mail Service between New York and San Francisco, 2,680 miles, have been so satisfactory that Second Assistant Postmaster-General Henderson has decided to lay out twenty-three new emergency fields, illuminate the whole route between New York and Chicago, and inaugurate night flying between the country's two greatest cities. At present the illuminated airway extends only between Cleveland and Cheyenne. Colonel Henderson long ago concluded that any transportation enterprise which is unable to operate upon schedule at night, as well as by day, can not hope to succeed financially.

The time required for the New York-Chicago flight will be nine hours; the fastest rail time between New York and Chicago is twenty hours. New mail planes of the “Carrier Pigeon” type, carrying half a ton, will leave the New York terminal at 10 P. M. Eastern time, and arrive in Chicago at 6 A. M. Central time. They will leave the Chicago terminal at 9 P. M. and arrive in New York at 6 A. M. Thus the mail will be delivered on the first morning rounds of the carriers.

One of the main reasons for establishing the night service between Chicago and New York is to serve the demands of bankers and brokers. These are probably the Air Mail's best customers, although insurance agents, commercial and newspaper photographers, newspaper syndicates, and motion-picture interests are generous users of this transportation service. Films are often shipped across the continent at an expense of hundreds of dollars, and at a saving of two and a half days. The Air Mail is also used to catch steamers sailing from Atlantic and Pacific ports, thus speeding up foreign mails. Insurance agents in the field and branch houses send in their reports, ask for instructions, and forward the material of special risks by Air Mail. Jewelry, flowers, and even dresses, have been sent by Air Mail. Manufacturers find it a good way to improve their contact with agents and distributors, speeding up orders through quicker correspondence. Merchants along the transcontinental route send in emergency orders by Air Mail. This results in improved service to customers. The best-known mail-order house in Chicago spends \$3,000 a month on Air Mail postage. Moreover, a careful survey has shown that the average daily transfer of funds and securities between New York and Cleveland amounts to about \$1,300,000; between New York and Chicago to about \$5,000,000. It is a simple matter to calculate the interest for each day in transit.

The best time made on one of the experimental flights, eastbound, was 26 hours, 14 minutes for the 2,680 miles. The best time, westbound, was 29 hours, 38 minutes. In one instance a letter was mailed in New York to a person in San Francisco, leaving New York at 11 o'clock Tuesday morning, and it was received in San Francisco at 6 P. M. Wednesday. The San Francisco
(Continued on page 61)



OFFICIAL AIR SERVICE



DEWELL

(Above) One of the beacons posted every thirty miles, equipped with a sun valve which automatically turns on the beacon light at the approach of darkness. (Left) A section of the grim country near Arrow Rock Dam, Idaho, looking south toward the rolling sagebrush-crowned hills near Boise, over which the air-mail pilots have to fly

After All, the Game's the Thing

Changing Lights

By Walter Trumbull

Illustrated by Ralph L. Boyer

QUESTIONED as to why he always referred to it as the "Business Men's Foursome," young Tom Van Loan, in the pert manner of one who shot in the low and intolerant 80's, replied, "Because it is composed of business men who have no business on the links." The severity of young Tom's judgment was considerably lessened by the wide grin which followed it.

"Nice sociable game they must have," he continued. "You never see 'em in squad formation. They deploy as skirmishers—one of 'em in the fairway and others takin' scattered cover in the rough. The only times they ever get near enough to each other to talk without megaphonin' is when they start from a tee or finally gather at the green. But turnin' play into work seems to keep the old birds happy and I will say for 'em they replace divots like gentlemen and are always willin' to let you play through. The only time they hold you up is if you happen to catch 'em as they're takin' their five putts."

This last was rank injustice. Neither Valentine Hopkins, the banker, Sam Osgood, the wool man, nor Jefferson O'Shea, the lawyer, was a bad putter, while Donald Ferguson, the linen importer, was a very good putter indeed. It was on the round when he took but thirty putts for eighteen holes that he hung up his historic score of 102. Coming to the last hole he had five strokes left to break 100, and even his opponents had laid aside rivalry to pull for him, but he got into some slight difficulty and took an eight. Owing to his remarkable playing he and his partner, Hopkins, had won that match in hollow fashion, but they long used that final hole as a perfect example of the whimsicalities of fate.

The friendship of Hopkins, Osgood, O'Shea and Ferguson was of old standing. It had begun as a business association in the days when Osgood and Ferguson had dealt with small banks and had need of legal services at extremely reasonable rates. Starting amid the masses on the plains of life they had climbed together the high hills of success. In their thirties they attended Saturday baseball games and Osgood and Ferguson, who were bachelors, often dined at the homes of the others followed by evenings of old-fashioned whist. The forties brought them added importance in the business world and more leisure. Now they frequently met at their clubs in the afternoons for a few rubbers of bridge or a game of billiards. They even arranged short shooting and fishing trips. As years passed they were together more and more and fishing trips became annual institutions. Finally they took up golf.

Hopkins and O'Shea were the first to become devotees and they had little trouble



in converting Osgood. Ferguson, in spite of the fact that he was of Scotch descent and youngest of the four, was the last to succumb. Affairs had taken him to Europe during the summer his friends had become infected by the virus, and on his return he had a natural disinclination to compete as a tyro against those whose conversation seemed to proclaim them experts. Later this impression as to their skill was a source of some amusement, but for a time the game threatened the foundation of ancient companionship. They had begun by doing things together and it had grown to be a habit. Now, Ferguson stubbornly refused to set foot upon a golf course. He declared openly that nothing could be more insane than for grown men to spend an hour getting out to a field to knock a little ball about. If it was swinging a stick that excited them so, he could show them a lot within ten minutes' drive where some kids would doubtless welcome them to a game of shinney; if it was the exercise, he would be glad to walk with them on good city pavements; he would not play golf.

OUT of consideration to him they took the regular fishing trip, although it conflicted with a beginners' tournament they had discussed entering, but it was not the usual success. They talked golf until he openly resented it and Osgood broke the butt of a prized rod illustrating the fault of bringing the hands through in advance of the club head. Before the trip was over relations threatened to become strained.

"The pity of it is," O'Shea bitterly complained one day when Ferguson had left the camp ahead of the others, "that the darn fool is a natural golfer. He has the height and he's strong as a bull. He ought to sock a ball a mile. Watch him cast. He has wrists like iron. And if we could only get him out he'd fall for it like anyone else. I've tried to blarney him into it till my throat's sore. He's a pig-headed Scotchman. Praise be, my ancestors came from Kilkenny where folks are noted for reason and amiability."

After this trip the golfing contingent gave it up as a bad job. They never saw Ferguson in the afternoons, since, eager to get back to their game, they spent every possible hour of daylight on the links. To make up for this they tried to see as much as possible of him in the evenings, but that meant they

must try to refrain from talking golf, which called for silent suffering.

They were loyal in the sense that they made no attempt to fill his place, always playing as a threesome. Nevertheless, it was almost with guilty relief that they heard his announcement, one early August, that business would call him away for several weeks. His absence removed all inhibitions as to the subject for conversation and brushed away any feelings of impatience which his attitude had reared. They missed him, and, when he telephoned on his return, greeted him with all of the old affection.

As Mrs. Hopkins and her daughters were abroad, and O'Shea was now a widower, it was easy to arrange one of the old-time dinners for that evening. Afterward they regarded this particular dinner as a sort of milestone, for it was on this occasion the only crack which had ever appeared in their friendship was cemented.

Ferguson was host, and they greeted him hilariously. "It's about time you told us where you've been keeping yourself," declared O'Shea, "although, as a lawyer, I must advise you to say nothing which will incriminate you."

"Yes," laughed Hopkins. "Prominent bachelor mysteriously disappears for weeks. It'll take some explaining."

"I'd have no difficulty guessing where you've been," retorted Ferguson. "You must have just about worn out that field you tramp around all day. Your noses are all sunburnt from looking up to see where the little ball went."

"Listen to the Scotch laddie talk golf!" exclaimed Osgood. "He'll be playing it next."

"Well," said Ferguson, "I figured you fellows would outgrow that disease, but if it's incurable, I suppose I might as well go out and make an old fool of myself, too."

The shout that ensued was such as might follow the announcement of victory in a battle considered lost. They patted him on the back; they patted each other on the back; they all talked at once.

"I knew," declared O'Shea, "that the glorious light of reason would penetrate even a Scotch skull—if you gave it time."

"We'll go out to-morrow," chortled Hopkins.

"I'll give you a set of clubs," promised Osgood. "I have dozens of them. I'll

"The Business Men's Four-some" is never seen in squad formation. They deploy as skirmishers—one of 'em in the fairway and the others takin' scattered cover in the rough



lend you a mashie that I got 160 yards with once. Remember, Jeff?"

"I do," responded O'Shea. "You've been trying to do it again ever since. That's why you always go in the pond on that tenth hole."

"No such thing!" Osgood was highly indignant, but Ferguson interrupted what promised to be a warm argument.

"Thank you just the same, but if I take up the silly game to please you idiots, I might as well do it right. I'll bring my own shinney sticks."

Implored to make use of their experience in selecting clubs, he was adamant. He did, however, agree to meet them at the Par Hills Country Club the next afternoon, and on their way to the elevator they fairly swaggered. All the way home their jubilation was such that Hopkins' chauffeur muttered to himself that it was only the rich who could get the real old stuff any more.

Ferguson was waiting downstairs when they called for him. The chauffeur took his suitcase and bag and put them in front, so they had no chance to examine the clubs on the way out. In the locker-room they changed to golf clothes, and Ferguson's occasioned considerable comment.

"Holy cats! Will you look at the scenery!" exclaimed Hopkins.

"Any one might mistake him for a regular golfer," agreed Osgood as they walked toward the first tee, where caddies were waiting. "Let's see your weapons."

He withdrew one of the polished irons from the bag. Starting to swing it, he stopped and stared at it with incredulity. Then he halted in his tracks and shouted with laughter.

"What's the joke?" asked Hopkins. "Look! Just look!" gasped Osgood. "He wouldn't have any help from us. No, he had to pick out his own clubs—and look what they did to the poor innocent fish. They sold him a left-handed midiron."

"SURE," said Ferguson placidly. "All these clubs are left-handed. Why not? Is there any rule against it?"

"Of course not. But why in the name of Julius Caesar should you want left-handed clubs?"

"Oh, they just feel better to me that way."

"Can you beat it?" demanded O'Shea. "And he's the man who called us nuts and said the squirrels would get us. Just think what we've done—turned another portsider loose on unsuspecting divots."

"Don't mind them, Don," said Hopkins. "I'm so glad to get you out here, I don't care if you roll the ball down the course with your nose."

"You hit one first and let's see how far you can roll it with that wooden mallet."

Teeing up a ball, Hopkins took his maligned pet driver and waggled it solemnly. His stance didn't suit him, so he readjusted his feet and again started to wave the club slowly back and forth.

"Why don't you hit it?" inquired Ferguson. Hopkins looked at him reproachfully, "You mustn't talk while he's shooting," explained Osgood. "You distract his attention and make him take his eye off the ball."

"He's stared at it long enough to hypnotize it now," Ferguson protested. "I can see this is a nice chatty pastime—like trying to hold your breath under water. I always said a man had to be dumb to play it."

But then he subsided and Hopkins finally lifted the ball in a high loop shot which descended at the very edge of the rough stretching in front of the tee.

"It's straight anyhow," he proclaimed. Osgood topped his drive, but O'Shea acquitted himself creditably, reaching, and remaining in, the fairway.

"It's all in going back slow and keeping your head down," he said. "Now you try it. Don't be discouraged if you don't hit it the first time. This game takes a lot of learning."

Amid breathless silence Ferguson swung. He didn't miss the ball. He hit it with considerable force and it traveled fully 150 yards in a straight line before curving gracefully into some tall grass.

His companions uttered delighted ejaculations.

"Atta boy."

"Look at the old beginner's luck!"

"I told you he was a born golfer."

"It seems a simple game," said Ferguson. The other three restrained their indignation

at this complacent idiocy. Well they knew the pitfalls that lay ahead of him, but they did not wish to scare him off. But to their astonishment Ferguson continued to hold his own. As a matter of fact he came in with the second best score of the day, finishing the round in 127 earnestly played strokes. Before the last hole was reached they had accepted him as a fellow golfer, and were guying him cheerfully.

"I'll say he's good for a green southpaw," said Hopkins.

"Green nothing!" exclaimed O'Shea. "He's a blinkin' ruby. Old Portlight, that's what he is."

The name struck the fancy of the others and "Portlight" became Ferguson's *nom de golf*. Having once succumbed, his enthusiasm for the game equaled that of his friends, and it was he who first suggested

sampling the winter courses of the South. They always played together, and they had their own golf code. Stymies were unknown, and if a man hooked or sliced so far into the rough that the chances of finding the ball were remote, he merely dropped another without penalty where the first had disappeared. They found that this saved letting too many others play through.

In explaining their theory as to heel-prints, O'Shea would say, "It's like this. Traps are artificial hazards, placed for a definite purpose. They are filled with sand, and if a man plays into them, it's his own fault. But no golf architect ever meant to line a trap with heelprints. Those are outside interference."

So if one of the four came to rest in a heel-print he was permitted to transfer the ball to a place where the sand was unbroken. Theirs was a gentleman's sport, and they enjoyed it hugely. They never practised. That they considered a sheer waste of time which might be employed in actual contest.

Caddies favored them, because they tipped liberally. Professionals welcomed them, because they were among the best customers for supplies. And they were welcome on any course, because they seemed to get so much real fun

out of the game.

Matters went along in this pleasant fashion for a couple of years. It was during their third visit to the links of Florida the thing began which once more came close to disrupting old relations.

No cloud was visible in the sky as Sandy Burr, the winter professional, and Peter Silvrto, his assistant, stood in the door of the golf shop and watched

the foursome come happily from the eighteenth green, but a cloud was gathering, just the same.

"There they come," commented young Pete, "and when I said it would take 'em three hours and a half to get a round, I give 'em twenty minutes the best of it. They're among the world's worst."

"Aye," agreed Sandy cautiously, "from a strictly playin' standpoint, you might be right. But if there were no duffers, where would you and I be, laddie? It's no the experts who spend most of the money with us. And the braw thing about golf is there's pleasure and philosophy in it alike for the worst and best. Not that I'm sayin'," he added hastily, "but that it's a game should be played properly. Yon Hopkins has a stance that's a moral sin, and there should be a law to prevent the man Osgood from usin' a mashie on the fairway."

"You said it!" exclaimed Pete heartily. "He laid out a skin diamond just short of the first hole to-day in one shot—just dug in and rolled the grass up like a carpet."

Sandy shook his head, but smiled in the fashion of the good business man as he saw a customer approaching.

"What can we do for you, Mister Ferguson?" he inquired. He was on the friendliest of terms with each of the four.

"YOU can put a new shaft in this brassie. I split it to-day. And when I get it back, you'd better teach me how to use it."

Handing the club to Pete, who disappeared into the shop with it, the professional drew Ferguson out of earshot of the door.

"Since you brought up the question of instruction," he said, "there is something I wish to ask you. Why do you—a right-handed man—play golf left-handed?"

"How do you know I'm right-handed?"

"Why, man, I knew it the first time I saw you swing."

"Do you think it would make any difference in my game? I'm pretty old to learn new tricks."

"Old!" retorted Sandy scornfully. "You're still in your forties, and you have the vitality of a man ten years younger."

"How much difference would it make?"

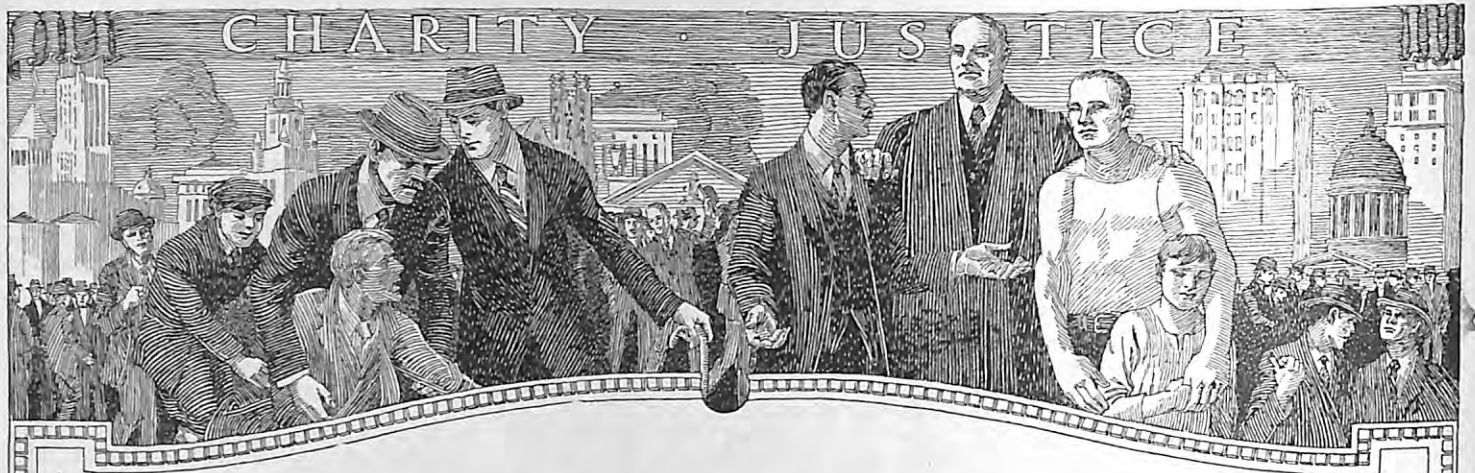
"All the difference in the world. Man, I could make a respectable golfer of you. You have size and the strength, but you're wastin' it sadly. And I don't forget that you're Scotch. Of course, I'll not be sayin' but there's good golfers of other nationalities, but I always thought it would be interestin' to trace back and see if Bobbie Jones wasn't Scotch on his mother's side. What brought you to this left-handed business?"

"I'll tell you," said Ferguson in sudden confidence, "but only as one Scotchman to another—it must go no further. When my friends took up golf, I thought it was a fool game. I wouldn't learn it, but it had such a hold on them that one day I had curiosity enough to stop my car at the edge of a links and see if I could make out how it was played. Well, one hole ran right by the road and who should come along—playing alone—but my doctor. I'd slipped him some change for his pet hospital, and he was glad to see me. He stopped to talk and, when he found I had never played, he finally wheedled me into taking one crack at the ball. Sandy, it went a mile! I've never hit as sweet a ball since. The long and short of it is that he was going away for a week and he insisted on giving me a card to the club and lending me his clubs. He's left-handed.

"But why did you keep on playing that way?"

(Continued on page 67)





EDITORIAL

MOTHERS' DAY

EACH of the ceremonial occasions which are prescribed or approved by the Order of Elks has a definite purpose in view. It is either a celebration of an event that is deemed appropriate to be observed by the fraternity, or it fosters a wholesome sentiment that is regarded as worthy of encouragement among its members.

Mothers' Day is based upon the latter consideration; and, under Grand Lodge resolution, is an optional ceremony to be held at the meeting nearest the first Monday in May.

The subordinate lodges are under no prescribed obligation to observe this particular occasion. It is entirely optional. But the experiences of those which have done so in the past have been so gratifying that it is growing in favor as one of the most pleasing and effective functions of the lodge year.

Generally the occasion is made public, or at least open to the families of members. And the character of the programs naturally suggested is such as to appeal to the highest and purest of sentiments in a man's heart—his love and reverence for his mother, or for her memory. Surely no occasion with such an object can be otherwise than wholesomely uplifting and helpful to all who attend.

This suggestion will serve a useful purpose, if it shall prompt a more general observance of the occasion by the subordinate lodges during the current month.

LAW OBSERVANCE

THE time has come for plain speaking on this subject. The official circulars of the Grand Exalted Rulers, and these columns as well, have carried repeated reminders of the duty of law observance by the subordinate lodges. These reminders have been advisedly couched in general terms. It was not deemed either necessary or proper to single out any particular law for reference. But, because of persistent rumors that are gaining an unfortunate currency, it is now appropriate to make specific and unveiled reference to the prohibition laws.

Just here it may be well to state that there is no reason to regard these laws as any more sacred or inviolable than any other. But so long as they remain upon the statute books, they should be observed just as other laws; and they can not be selected as inappropriate or inapplicable to any group or community.

It is believed that quite generally the subordinate lodges of the Order are keenly alive to their duty in the premises and are enforcing proper observance of these laws, both state and national, in their Club Houses. But the rumors that there are some few exceptions to the general rule are sufficiently definite to justify this comment. And if there be such exceptions, prompt and effective discipline should be applied.

The Order of Elks is a patriotic organization. It very justly makes proud boast of its purpose to foster and encourage loyal patriotism, not only among its own members, but among every class of our citizens. It is but to state a truism to say that observance of law is one of the basic principles of true patriotism. And any lodge which disregards the law of the nation, or of the state in which it exists, either by open violation thereof, or by knowingly permitting its breach upon the lodge premises, is a discredit to the Order.

There can be no exception to this rule. No lodge is small enough to be disregarded. No lodge is big enough to be defiant. Nor is it a matter which the local lodge can be permitted to determine for itself. It is not a question of the attitude or desires of its own members. It is one in which the whole Order has a sovereign interest and over which it must exercise sovereign control.

The community estimate of any organization, of its character, its sincerity, its usefulness, is primarily based upon the examples furnished by its members in that community. If they collectively make a mock of law, the whole organization suffers in popular esteem. This can not be permitted by the Order of Elks if it is to maintain its high place in the public regard. And no lodge, however extensive its membership, however expensive and elaborate its Club House, can be allowed to flout the authority of the Order. It must yield proper obedience to that authority or forfeit its right to existence under it.

The history of the Order discloses instances in which this drastic discipline has been applied to recalcitrant lodges of numerical importance. It is hoped that additional examples may not be necessary. But a courageous application of such discipline to lodges that persist in defiance will undoubtedly be approved and applauded by the hundreds of thousands of loyal Elks, who feel a pride in the sincere patriotism of the Order, and who recognize the definite obligations which it involves.



It is earnestly hoped that the Grand Exalted Ruler will take such steps as may be necessary to ascertain the facts as to any alleged violations of the law in question. And if there be any basis for such allegations, it may confidently be assumed that he will adopt such course as will remove the cause for criticism of the Order on the ground that it preaches a patriotism which it does not practice.

THE NEW LODGE OFFICERS

TO THE new officers of the subordinate lodges, who have by this time settled in harness for the year's work that lies ahead, THE ELKS MAGAZINE tenders congratulations and good wishes. Their selection for posts of honor and distinction is an expression of fraternal regard and esteem on the part of their lodge brothers that should be most gratifying. But it is something more than that, something of much more importance to the respective lodges and the Order as a whole; for it is an evidence of their capacity, and of confidence in their purpose, to fulfill every obligation which their elevation imposes.

The administration of the affairs of any lodge is a real job. It may be, and should be, a pleasure. It should be undertaken with a zest and a serious purpose that will prevent its being irksome. But, nevertheless, it is a task that calls for all the ability, enthusiasm and loyalty that the officials possess.

It follows that unless they approach the service with an exalted sense of dedication and with a real determination to give it their best thought, and their continued and unfailing attention throughout the whole year, they invite failure from the outset. It is a twelve months' job they have accepted. It cannot be effectively performed by attending to it only half the time.

It is the experience of all fraternities that the accomplishments of their local units directly depend upon the ability, character and capacity for leadership possessed by their respective officers. The history of the Order of Elks for the next year is largely in the hands of the new officers of the subordinate lodges. The only danger in this situation lies in the possible failure of those officers to realize that fact. If they will but grasp its significant truth, their fraternal loyalty, their personal pride, and their proper sense of official responsibility will assuredly prompt the unceasing efforts that will insure success.

It is a confidence in this assumption that justi-

fies the repetition of these suggestions which make up in importance what they may lack in novelty.

PLOD—DON'T PLEAD

THERE is a traveling salesman who frequently drops into the office. Invariably, before shaking hands, he lays upon the desk a little slip on which is printed some witty, humorous or sententious suggestion. His latest contribution was a brief motto: "Plod—don't Plead."

The first mental impulse was to question its wisdom. The word "plod" seemed ill chosen and inappropriate. But upon consideration its philosophy became plain and its soundness unquestionable.

"The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong." "The Gods help those who help themselves." "Seest thou a man diligent about his business, he shall stand before kings." "Success is the reward of perseverance." "Sic itur ad astra." These and other similar copy-book aphorisms, born of the wisdom and experience of the ages, came to mind; and our friend's alliterative motto was but a paraphrase. They all embody the great truth that one who really succeeds must not only have a definite ambition before him, but he must persistently and consistently labor toward its realization.

It is well to remind ourselves of these wholesome truths occasionally. We are apt to forget them sometimes in our envious wonder at some apparently unearned success, and to ascribe too much importance to what we term luck. Opportunity, often mistakenly called luck, usually awaits the fellow who is prepared. And preparedness is not a matter of chance.

Ability and capacity, as native endowments, are qualities of fairly common possession. But the assurance of success does not depend upon latent ability. It lies in the extent to which the natural equipment has been cultivated.

The world is ever on the watch for the man who is ready. And readiness does not come by way of favor. Capacity is not developed by pleading for help, but by plodding sturdily and self-reliantly onward, with an eye fixed upon the definite goal.

Plodding is sometimes misunderstood to mean mere dogged and unthinking persistence. But the intelligent plodder is always putting one foot before the other. He may advance slowly, but he moves forward. And it is only he who keeps going who finally arrives at his destination.

PLOD—DON'T PLEAD, is a pretty good motto.

New Home of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge



The Lodge room is one of the most beautiful rooms in the new home. Here is a view looking toward the Exalted Ruler's station

Below is the ballroom and fully equipped stage. 3,000 can be accommodated at an entertainment; 2,000 at a banquet



A glimpse of the Memorial Room and Grand Staircase



This magnificent tile swimming pool is one of the largest in the East. A balcony provides seating space for spectators at the various aquatic sports held here



At the left is the library. Quietly and comfortably furnished, this room is characteristic of the excellent taste displayed everywhere throughout the building

New Home of Indianapolis Lodge No. 13

Grand Exalted Ruler Dedicates Handsome Building

WITH Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price presiding, the beautiful new Home of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge No. 13 at North Meridian and St. Clair Streets was formally dedicated on the afternoon of March 20th. The occasion was of double significance in that it also marked the forty-fourth anniversary of the institution of the Lodge.

Assisting the Grand Exalted Ruler in the dedicatory ceremony were Joseph L. Clarke, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler; Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson; Grand Trustee Robert A. Scott; W. H. Crum, Chairman, Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order; Fred Cunningham, Member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and the following Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge: A. B. Hanson, Hubert S. Riley, J. A. Donahue, L. M. Quill, F. B. McNeely, F. D. Pixley, and George W. June. J. H. Tudball, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge; Ben V. Young, Exalted Ruler Elect; James W. Hale, Chairman of the Board of Trustees; W. G. Taylor, Secretary of the Lodge, and Don Allman, Secretary of the Indiana State Elks Association, were also active in the dedicatory program. Honorable William E. English, the oldest living Past Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order, and the first Exalted Ruler of Indianapolis Lodge, delivered the dedicatory address. Senator English was one of the four charter members of the Lodge who took part in the services. The others were Charles F. Cleveland, George W. June and James V. Cook. A radio message, sent from a liner on the Atlantic Ocean, was received from Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, a Past Exalted Ruler of Indianapolis Lodge and also one of its charter members, congratulating his fellow members on their great accomplishment.

Postmaster-General Harry S. New, another charter member of the Lodge, also sent regrets that he was unable to attend the services. Several beautiful musical numbers were rendered during the dedication by John Lauck, Jr., organist of the Lodge and by the Elks Quartet.

Following the dedication a large banquet was given in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, the Grand Lodge officers and other distinguished guests. Among the speakers who praised the Lodge for its achievement were Federal Judge Robert C. Baltzell, and Otto P. Deluse, National President of the Eagles.

The next day a reception was held in the new Home to which the public was invited, and the handsome building was inspected by thousands of visitors. A special program of music had been arranged, consisting of vocal and instrumental numbers, and selections were played on the great organ which is one of the features of the Lodge Room. Archi-

tecture of the building is an eight-story brick structure of severe, rather than ornate, architecture, beautiful in its dignified simplicity.

Three outside entrances to the Home open directly on the lobby lounge, a spacious room extending across the entire front of the building. The view from the lobby, through wide front windows hung with rich drapes, is across the site of the War Memorial Plaza. The entire south end of the lobby is arranged for the use of women visitors. The south front entrance, opening into the women's lobby, is for their use only. The women's section is furnished in the same manner as the rest of the room.

The hotel features of the Home are modern in every respect. The rooming system is copied after the leading hotels of the country. Every comfort and convenience offered by the modern hotel will be afforded the membership. The facilities for the care of resident and visiting members include 200 rooms. Each is equipped either with tub or shower bath. These rooms, situated on the third, fourth, fifth and sixth floors, are completely carpeted with a special, heavy floor covering, designed to deaden sound, and each is handsomely furnished.

The lobby is flanked on three sides by a wide mezzanine floor furnished in harmony with the lobby. Here are writing desks, fully equipped for use. Opening from the lobby and extending along the north side is a complete cafeteria, which



bald M. Hall, Esteemed Lecturing Knight of Indianapolis Lodge, made an interesting address, which, with the musical program, was broadcast from station WFBM.

On Tuesday, March 31st, a large class of candidates was initiated, the ritual being impressively exemplified by the State Champion Degree Team of Noblesville, Ind., Lodge No. 576.

This initiation brought to a close the three-day program commemorating the birthday of the Lodge and celebrating the dedication of its magnificent new Home. Upon Hubert S. Riley, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, rested the chief responsibility for the success of the program. As Chairman of the General Dedication Committee he and his fellow members worked loyally in making the exercises significant and important events in the history of the Order.

The new Home of Indianapolis Lodge is one of the finest examples of its type. It represents an investment of \$1,500,000, including the site and furnishings. The

is one of the unusual public features of the building.

The main dining-room, for members only, is on the second floor. This great room has a seating capacity of about 400. Separating the dining-room and a large ballroom are folding doors and heavy velour portières. The ballroom is decorated in gold and blue. A balcony at one end provides a place either for spectators or orchestra. One end of the dining-room also is set aside for the use of an orchestra, which can provide music for dancing and dining at the same time.

On the third floor of the building, just above the main dining-room, are four private dining-rooms. Each will accommodate from 12 to 20 persons. Each room is furnished in a different period. Long French windows open from each dining-room into the upper part of the ballroom and through them the diners can see the dancing and hear the music of the orchestra in the ballroom.

With the exception of a few guest rooms, (Continued on page 80)



Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout The Order

Decoration by Charles Livingston Bull

ON THE recommendation of Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, the Trustees of the Grand Lodge recently made available \$5,500 for the relief of the sufferers in the tornado district of the Middle West. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, who was appointed the Grand Exalted Ruler's official representative in the devastated area, cooperated with the Red Cross in seeing that speedy and proper distribution of the funds was made.

In addition to this prompt and generous action of the Grand Lodge, the various Subordinate Lodges in the stricken districts worked with great energy and thoughtfulness in relieving the suffering in their respective jurisdictions.

Especially noteworthy was the active part taken by Princeton, Ind., Lodge No. 634, whose city suffered perhaps more than any other from the great storm. Within an hour following the disaster the Home was opened, and something like 50 cots were installed in the Lodge room and on the second floor, and nurses, physicians, surgeons and a score of assistants administered to the injured. In fact, the Elks were the first organized body in the community to care for the unfortunate.

By midnight an Elks Housing Committee had assigned nearly 60 people to the homes of Elks and others about the city, and by 2 A. M. another committee had compiled a list of injured and dead, and was conducting a Bureau of Information whereby friends and relatives could locate their missing. The hospital was in use at the Home for five days, and close to 150 were treated there or provided with shelter. Hot lunch was served to the afflicted, the workers, guards and soldiers throughout the day and night by the wives and daughters of members.

Illinois Lodges in Murphysboro, Carbondale, West Frankfort and DuQuoin also immediately converted their Homes into temporary hospitals and cooperated in every way with the various relief agencies.

Many Lodges not in the affected area sent money contributions at the first news of the disaster. At the suggestion of Dallas, Texas, Lodge No. 71, which appealed to all Texas Lodges by telegram, the Lodges in that State raised \$675, and forwarded it to the Storm Sufferers Relief Committee in Illinois.

Northwest Joins in Dedication Celebration of Everett, Wash., Lodge

Everett, Wash., Lodge No. 479 celebrated the dedication of its new \$200,000 Home with a three-day program which was attended by representatives of many Lodges in the Northwest. One of the biggest events of the opening celebration was a social session at which many members and visitors packed the magnificent new Lodge room. There were numerous musical

and vaudeville numbers on this part of the program, with the minstrel show of Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92 as the leading feature. The following afternoon the building was opened to the citizens of the community for inspection, and in the evening a large class of candidates was initiated. The next day the new building was formally dedicated. Gov. Roland H. Hartley of Washington gave the address of welcome and Walter F. Meier, President of the Washington State Elks Association, delivered the dedicatory address. Roland Gamwell, Past Exalted Ruler of Bellingham, Wash., Lodge No. 194, presented the Lodge with a handsome concert grand piano, the gift of the State Association. During the ceremonies the visiting ladies were entertained at a tea given in the banquet room of the building. Following the exercises that evening a banquet in celebration of the event was given to the distinguished guests. This and the grand ball that opened at the conclusion of the banquet wound up the three-day celebration.

The new Home of Everett Lodge is more than twice the size of the old one and is a magnificent structure.

Fraternal Visits Between Lodges Increase Good Fellowship

Elk Lodges in the California Bay District continue their habit of exchanging fraternal visits frequently. This practice is one that should commend itself to many other districts, throughout the country, for each visit, besides being the occasion of a most enjoyable evening, serves to bind neighboring Lodges closer together with bonds of good fellowship and to further the good work that is being carried on by the Order.

New Home of Fargo, N. D., Lodge Will be Completed Soon

The new Home of Fargo, N. D., Lodge No. 260 is going ahead rapidly and will be occupied by the members in a few months. From its basement to the roof-garden nothing is being left undone to make it one of the finest Homes in the Northwest. The basement will contain a spacious and finely equipped gymnasium, showers, locker rooms, hand-ball courts and bowling alleys. On the first floor will be the grand lounge, billiard room, library, Secretary's office, ladies' parlor, restaurant, grill and kitchen. On the second floor will be located the Lodge room and ballroom, together with committee rooms, band-room, candidates room and lounge. Lastly, but by no means least, is the roof-garden,

which will be the principal summer feature of the new Home. This will be the first roof-garden ever constructed in the city, and there is no doubt but it will be one of the most popular innovations of the new Home.

Under the heading, "A Community Service," the *Fargo Forum*, the leading newspaper of the city, recently published the following editorial regarding the new Home of the Lodge: "The announcement of officers of Fargo Lodge No. 260, B.P.O. Elks, that, after the new building is completed in the fall, the assembly hall on the second floor will be turned over to all organizations of a civic nature, other than political, for convention use free of charge as a civic center, is a mighty fine contribution for the Elks to make to the people of Fargo. There is no doubt but that many civic organizations will avail themselves of this generous offer. The Elks have recognized an opportunity for rendering a very real community service. They are to be congratulated upon their action."

New York State Elks Association Meets June 1-3

Reports from various committees working with the Niagara Falls Chamber of Commerce indicated that the whole city will cooperate in welcoming the visitors to the Convention of the New York State Elks Association when it meets there on June 1-3. Elaborate plans have been made for the entertainment of all who come. Rides on the famous scenic railway and "Maid of the Mist" and a score of other sight-seeing trips will be provided. A mammoth illumination of the Falls will also be one of the attractions.

The Convention will be opened on June 1 by President James A. Farley, but on the preceding night a big public meeting will be held either in the Niagara Falls High School or the Armory. The drill contest, in the event of inclement weather, will be staged in the Armory; otherwise it will be held on the green field overlooking the Niagara River and the Falls. A record-breaking crowd is expected to attend the Convention this year and all preparations for welcome are being planned with this in mind.

Bellevue, Ohio, Lodge Buys Site for New Home

An important step toward the consummation of plans for a permanent Home was taken recently by Bellevue, Ohio, Lodge No. 1013, when its members authorized the purchase of the Fred Roynon property on East Main Street as a site for such a building. No plans have been formulated as yet for the new Home, but the site will be available when the Lodge decides to build. The property, including a remodeled residence, is considered a good investment.

**Members of New Kensington, Pa.,
Lodge Give Wheel Chair to Hospital**

The first wheel chair to be presented to the Citizens' General Hospital of New Kensington, Pa., after the need for such equipment was brought to public attention, was donated by members of New Kensington Lodge No. 512. Twenty-five members, each contributing amounts, purchased the chair and saw to it that it was delivered to the Hospital. As a result of this prompt response to the hospital's appeal, other organizations of the city followed the example set by the Elks and supplied the additional chairs needed by the hospital.

**Danville, Ky., Lodge Plans
Wider Field of Activities**

Danville, Ky., Lodge No. 670 recently was host to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Emerick at a meeting and banquet held in its Home on West Main Street. It was a most enthusiastic occasion at which the members present were unanimous in their decision to further a larger field of activities for the Lodge, and to make extensive improvements and alterations on their present Home. A campaign for new members was outlined and adopted as were various motions relating to Social and Community Welfare Work.

**Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge to Play
Big Part in Sesquicentennial**

Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2 will take an active part in the Sesquicentennial Celebration of American Independence which will be observed in that city next year. This 150th anniversary of our independence will be marked with a national patriotic demonstration and an International Exposition beginning in June and continuing until late in the fall. Flag Day, June 14, 1926, is the tentative date of the opening. David C. Collier, who has been appointed Director General of the Sesquicentennial, is a life member of San Diego, Calif., Lodge No. 168.

**New Home of Modesto, Calif., Lodge
Is Now Well Under Way**

The beautiful new Home being built by Modesto, Calif., Lodge No. 1282 is now well under way. The laying of the cornerstone recently was the occasion of a fitting celebration in which many distinguished members of the Order took part. Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight James M. Shanley, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Clarence Staples and John T. Stafford, and a score of other prominent Coast members were guests at the luncheon which preceded the ceremonies. At the conclusion of the cornerstone laying the members and honor guests returned to the Home, where an enthusiastic meeting was held. A considerable number of shares of stock in the new building were subscribed for at this session, many visiting members putting their names down on the books. A grand ball, held at the Winter Garden, wound up a most delightful and important day in the history of Modesto Lodge.

**Free Dental Clinic for Children
Maintained by Fresno, Calif., Lodge**

Fresno, Calif., Lodge No. 439, during the past two years, has, under the direction and control of its Social and Community Welfare Committee, maintained a dental clinic for the primary grade pupils of the Fresno City Schools. This clinic travels among the various schools and costs the Lodge \$1,500 per year. This sum represents the salary of the dental surgeon who attends each morning during the school year. The clinic is free to children who are unable to pay the nominal fee for services. The income from the small charges has been more than sufficient to pay the operating costs, salaries excepted.

The success of the clinic depends entirely upon the cooperation of the local school authorities, as there is no provision in the school laws for such services. Now that the clinic has proved its value, the cooperation of these authorities has been enthusiastic and the growth of the movement is very encouraging. Up to March 3 of the present school year, the clinic had taken

care of 248 patients, its service including 287 extractions and 547 fillings.

It is the purpose of the Lodge to maintain this dental clinic until such time as the school department is able to take it over as a part of the regular school work.

**A Lodge That Got a Whole
Community to Play Ball**

Any Lodge wishing to get the community interested in summer sports will do well by organizing a community baseball league such as that established by Lamar, Colo., Lodge No. 1319. Last year the Social and Community Welfare Committee of this Lodge was able to interest the whole city in playing Play Ground Baseball—a game similar to indoor baseball. The fine feature of the game of Play Ground Ball is that it gives every one a chance to play, from the school boy to the man who has reached three score and ten. Out of the fourteen teams, representing every organization in the city, one was made up of men over fifty years old. The game can be played on any size vacant lot and does not require the expensively laid-out diamond of the regular game.

The games in Lamar were played every evening between 6 and 7:30 before an average attendance of 500 and were a most excellent means of bringing the community together in healthy outdoor fellowship. The team put in the field by Lamar Lodge won the championship of the league last year.

**Ashland, Ore., Lodge Now
Owns Historic Gavel**

A. W. Sollinder recently presented his Lodge, Ashland, Ore., Lodge No. 944 with a gavel made from historic wood. An affidavit accompanied the gift stating that the mallet was made from a tree planted by Abraham Lincoln in front of his residence on South Eighth Street, Springfield, Illinois, and that the handle was fashioned of wood from the door frame of the Edward home on South Second Street in which Lincoln and Mary Todd stood at their marriage.

**Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge Has
Quartet of Trained Singers**

Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge No. 863 is fortunate indeed in having within its membership one of the finest male quartets to be found in the East. All the members are trained singers with considerable experience as soloists in church choirs and on the concert stage. The quartet is always present at all meetings and adds very much to the impressiveness of the ritualistic work, especially initiation.

If there are any Lodges in the Order that would like to secure the service of these gifted singers for special occasions, arrangements can be made by writing Mr. Herbert C. Tilley of the quartet, care of Port Chester Lodge.

**Massachusetts State Elks Association
Will Meet at Lynn**

The 1925 Convention of the Massachusetts State Elks Association is scheduled to meet at Lynn, Mass., June 14-16. The New Ocean House at Swampscott, Mass., an adjoining town of Lynn, will be the official headquarters of delegates. The business sessions of the Association will be held at this beautiful hotel on Monday, June 15. In the evening of Tuesday, June 16, the Grand Ball of the Convention will be staged in the ballroom of the same hotel. The tentative program for the three days of the Convention includes a most attractive list of events more elaborate than anything ever offered at a previous gathering of the Association. This will include a style show at the Lynn Armory, diving girls' contest at Lynn Beach, a mammoth street parade with attractive prizes, as well as a long list of athletic contests.

**Monroe, Mich., Lodge Instituted
By District Deputy James J. Noon**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James J. Noon recently instituted Monroe, Mich., Lodge No. 1503. The appropriate ritual was beautifully exemplified by the officers of Jackson, Mich., Lodge No. 113, and a very large number of members made the trip from Jackson to be present on the occasion. In addition, there were members and officers from Toledo, Ohio, Lodge No. 53 present with their famous "Cherry Pickers" band. All indications point to the fact that Monroe Lodge will be a growing and prosperous organization. Roy H. Purkiser was elected Exalted Ruler, and Charles M. Burns, Secretary.

**Porterville, Calif., Lodge Is Friend
To the Youth of its City**

Porterville, Calif., Lodge No. 1342 has an excellent record of achievements in the field of welfare work to its credit. In addition to very generous charities at Christmas and Thanksgiving, the Lodge maintains a round-the-year interest in the children of its community. The banquet room and kitchen of its Home are turned over without charge to the Parent-Teachers Association, so that hot lunches can be given the school children of the neighborhood. The Lodge is also active in support of the



A view of the class room of the school for crippled children maintained and operated by Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge No. 155

Boy Scouts, the local troop holding its weekly meeting at the Home.

Salt Lake City Lodge Doing Excellent Welfare Work

Among the many recent laudable activities and accomplishments of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge No. 85, the following taken from the report of its Community Welfare Committee deserve special mention. During the past Lodge year this Committee has secured positions for 126 members, and has cooperated with the Juvenile Court and city jail in securing good homes for wayward boys and girls, thus avoiding sentences to the reformatory. The Committee has also helped many worthy strangers who were stranded in the city to secure employment and has been the means of providing funds so that they could return to their homes. In addition the Committee has devoted considerable time and energy toward raising money for its work with the Boy Scouts.

Hamilton, Ohio, Lodge Active In Community Welfare Work

Hamilton, Ohio, Lodge No. 93 is steadily increasing its activities and is forging ahead to a leading position in the life of its community. A recent achievement, that had wide public support, was the excellent minstrel show conducted by its welfare committee. This played to packed houses at the Jefferson Theatre and was the means of raising considerable funds for the Lodge's charitable work, especially for the Kiddies' Fresh Air Camp, in which the members are particularly interested.

Roanoke, Va., Lodge Considers Plan To Establish Country Club

Members of Roanoke, Va., Lodge No. 197 are considering a plan which calls for the acquisition of a Country Club to be maintained in connection with its present Home in the city. A 50-acre tract about 3½ miles from town will be the site and many improvements on the property are contemplated. The location and nature of the land is ideal for the purposes in mind. A creek flowing through the property provides opportunity for the construction of a large swimming pool, and the contour of the land is admirably suited for a golf course, tennis courts and other features. Though no definite action has been taken by the Lodge as to the building or buildings to be erected on the site, it is understood that the first one will be a club house with lockers, showers, etc., for golfers.



Residence recently purchased as a Home by Newark, Ohio, Lodge No. 391

Other buildings will probably be erected as the property is developed and improved in other ways.

Kewanee, Ill., Lodge Donates Trophy Cup to High School

Kewanee, Ill., Lodge No. 724 has donated to the Kewanee High School a magnificent silver trophy cup as a prize to the student who, in addition to making two letters in major athletics, has the highest scholastic standing for the school year. The successful student will have his name inscribed upon the cup which remains the property of the school. The prime purpose of the Lodge in donating a trophy of this sort is to stimulate interest in athletics and at the same time to bring out the highest scholastic endeavors of the students. In the smaller cities High School activities play an important part in community life and welfare, and the Lodge has adopted this method as one of the many ways in which it can take an active interest in community affairs.

Another evidence of community activity on the part of Kewanee Lodge is the throwing open of its club rooms without charge to civic clubs and societies for various affairs which are of community interest, thereby making its Home a community center. The Kiwanis, Rotary, Women's Club, Izaak Walton League, Boy Scouts and a number of welfare organizations have used the Home in the past year, and this has redounded greatly to the benefit of Kewanee Lodge.

The past year has also seen a fine increase in membership of Kewanee Lodge of the most desirable type of men.

Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge to Celebrate Twenty-fifth Birthday

Sixteen of the nineteen living Past Exalted Rulers of Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge No. 592 recently met in the Home of the Lodge and discussed plans for the celebration in June of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Lodge. It was decided that the occasion should be observed by fitting ceremonies, including a banquet, a special entertainment, and by exercises in which an effort will be made to have a number of Grand Lodge officers take part.

New Home of Boston, Mass., Lodge Now Under Construction

Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10 has broken ground for the new Home which it is erecting on Tremont Street. According to the terms of the contract signed with the builders, the new building will be ready for occupancy not later than September 1, 1926. In every respect, the Home will be one of the most sumptuous of its kind in the Order. Representing an investment of

\$3,500,000, it will stand as a lasting monument to the endeavor and enterprise of Boston Lodge and be a source of civic pride to the whole community.

Brookings, S. D., Lodge Shows Remarkable Growth

Brookings, S. D., Lodge No. 1490, the "baby" Lodge of the State, recently added over 100 members to its rolls. Following the initiation of this large class which was conducted in a splendid manner by the officers of the Lodge, a banquet was given to new members and the visitors. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland of Watertown was the principal speaker on an interesting program which included music by the Elks Orchestra, and the Quartet. Though Brookings Lodge has been in existence less than a year it is planning another large initiation in May which will bring its membership well over the 300 mark before its second year starts in June.

San Juan, P. R., Lodge Assists Boys of Its Community

San Juan, P. R., Lodge No. 972, in a cooperative effort in which the Rotary Club and Y. M. C. A. participated, has done much effective work in the interest of the boys of San Juan during the past year. The principal features of its activities along this line have been as follows:

The employment of a trained secretary from the States to organize and direct the work; the establishment of the Newsboys' Club whose members were provided with special physical instructions, social entertainments and outings during the year; the successful promotion of a "Boys' Week" in Porto Rico, this being done with the cooperation of the Insular Government and forty different organizations; fostering and carrying on of Lodge No. 17, Boy Rangers of America, organized by the pastor of the Union Church, but without leadership since his departure for the States; and the establishment of "Camp Anzalota," the first boys' summer camp in Porto Rico, which accommodated forty boys last season.

Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge Has Fast Team and Diamond

Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge No. 788 began the baseball season possessing a team that already has an enviable reputation in the metropolitan district. The Lodge also has a wonderful field, and this and its team will prove the source of large revenue before the season is out, besides being valuable assets to the community at large.

Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge to Modify Usual Christmas Charity

Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge No. 744 has recently adopted the following resolution, which is similar to one adopted a short while ago by New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1: "Resolved, That it be the sense of Peekskill Lodge, No. 744, that the Christmas-tree celebration in its present form be abandoned, and that the matter of community welfare be referred to the incoming Social and Community Welfare Committee, the Relief Committee and the Board of Trustees, with instructions to investigate ways and means of engaging in charitable activities which will be of lasting benefit and reflect Peekskill Lodge No. 744, in the light of an institution seeking to render real service to stricken and unfortunate humanity in practical and permanent form."

Sioux City, Iowa, Lodge Forms Past Exalted Rulers' Club

Sioux City, Iowa, Lodge No. 112 has organized a Past Exalted Rulers' Club. The function of this organization will be to consult with the officers of the Lodge regarding the affairs of the Lodge, and to give advice and cooperation in the conduct of its activities. Henry C. Schull was chosen President, and Henry A. Hoskins Secretary, at the first quarterly meeting of the Club.

William Lower, a member of Sioux City Lodge, who died recently, left a bequest of \$2,000 to the Lodge for charity and welfare work. The

Lodge has decided to found the William Lower Charity Fund, the interest on which, together with other money to be added from time to time, will be used for welfare work, in addition to the Lodge's regular charity fund.

Dr. William Kimmel Appointed District Deputy for Michigan, North

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price has appointed Dr. William W. Kimmel of Hancock, Mich., Lodge No. 381 as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Michigan, North, to succeed Herbert C. Jussen of Ironwood Lodge No. 1278, who resigned recently because of ill health.

New Jersey State Elks Association To Meet at Asbury Park

Preparations are going forward for the annual convention of the New Jersey State Elks Association which will meet this year at Asbury Park on June 25-26. Two years ago the convention met in this delightful seashore spot, and every one present on that occasion is looking forward to a repetition of the fine reception given the Association by Asbury Park Lodge No. 128.

Eureka Lodge Gets Ready For Utah State Elks Association

Plans are going forward for the welcome which Eureka, Utah, Lodge No. 711 will accord the delegates and visitors to the Convention of the Utah State Elks Association to be held in its city June 5-6. The scale of the preparations indicates that one of the largest gatherings in the history of the Association is expected.

Wallingford, Conn., Lodge Initiates Large Class

Wallingford, Conn., Lodge No. 1365, the "baby Lodge" of Connecticut, recently initiated a large class of candidates. The officers of the Lodge, assisted by the degree team of Waterbury, Conn., Lodge No. 265, conducted the ceremonies, and many representatives from Lodges in Meriden, Bristol, New Britain, Hartford and New Haven were present. After the meeting the visitors and members sat down to a special supper and were entertained by vaudeville artists from New York City.

Famous Withington Zouaves Out to Win Drill Contest

Capt. William Sparks, Exalted Ruler of Jackson, Mich., Lodge No. 113, will again lead his famous Withington Zouaves at the Grand Lodge Convention in Portland, Ore. He will leave Jackson early in July and will be accompanied by a large number of his fellow members, including District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James J. Noon. The Withington Zouaves, five-times winner in the National Competition Drill Contests, are out for fresh laurels at the Portland meeting.

Cornerstone Laid for Magnificent New Home of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge

Unusual festivities, in which several thousand members of the Order took part, recently marked the laying of the cornerstone by Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99, of the new \$2,500,000 Home which it is building at the corner of Park View Avenue and West Sixth Street.

The entire Westlake district of the city was beautifully decorated with flags and Elk colors by the Westlake Merchants' Association who joined in celebrating the event. A parade, in which the United States Marine Band from Fort McArthur, a company of Marines, and the bands, Glee Clubs, drill teams, drum corps and members of Lodges throughout southern California took part, preceded the exercises.

Many prominent members of the Order were present, among them being Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott; Michael F. Shannon, Member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Edgar F. Davis, President of the California State Elks Association; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers W. C. Crandall, Horace Quimby and Clarence Staples.

The exercises were conducted by the officers of Los Angeles Lodge and appropriate remarks



Handsome Lodge Room in the new Home of White Plains, N. Y., Lodge No. 535

were made by one of the Past District Deputies of California, Eugene Daney, who drew an interesting comparison between his visit to Los Angeles Lodge as District Deputy in 1888 and the present. Hon. R. W. Pridham, a member of No. 99 and President of Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, commented on the fact that the entire city looked upon the new building with pride owing to the many great things the Lodge had accomplished for the community. Hon. Isidore Dockweiler, who is a member of Los Angeles Lodge, made the address of the day and was most enthusiastically received. Harry Sheehan, President of the Westlake Business Men's Association, welcomed the Lodge to the Westlake district, making reference to the able assistance each organization could and would give to the other.

After the exercises the members inspected the interior of the first two floors of the building and voiced hearty approval of the progress being made. The new Home will be one of the outstanding buildings of the Order, embodying all fraternal, gymnastic and club features, with 175 living-rooms, each equipped with private bath.

New Haven, Conn., Lodge Celebrates Forty-first Anniversary

The banquet celebrating the Forty-first Anniversary of New Haven, Conn., Lodge No. 25 was one of the most brilliant affairs ever conducted by the Lodge. Representatives from many other Lodges were present and the speakers and guests of honor included many distinguished members of the Order. Among those who gathered to congratulate New Haven Lodge on its successful program were Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Mills T. Carter and Thomas F. O'Loughlin, Mayor William J. Shanahan of New Haven; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William H. McSweeney, and Judge Robert L. Munger. Following the banquet there was a special vaudeville entertainment and music by an excellent orchestra.

Antlers Club of Bellefontaine, Ohio, Reports Progress in First Year

The Antlers Club, an organization composed of the wives, mothers and daughters of the members of Bellefontaine, Ohio, Lodge No. 132, recently closed its first year of existence with a fine record of progress. Beginning with a small membership, the Club now has close to 100 names on its rolls. The members, who meet every two weeks in the beautiful new Home of No. 132, have been of valuable assistance to the Lodge and have sponsored many delightful social affairs, including dances, card parties and luncheons.

New Home of Gary, Ind., Lodge Is Occupied by Membership

A week of festivities and celebration marked the completion and formal dedication of the new

\$325,000 Home of Gary, Ind., Lodge No. 1152. On Monday, March 23rd, the first meeting in the new building was held. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry Kramer paid his official visit to the Lodge and was welcomed by a large gathering of the members and by representatives from Lodges in the surrounding territory. The initiation of a large class of candidates was a feature of this meeting. On the afternoon of Wednesday, March 25th, the building was open for inspection to the public and the Home was formally dedicated by District Deputy Kramer. The ritual was beautifully conducted, Edward Richter, Past Exalted Ruler of Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4, making the dedication address.

Hundreds of members and visitors were present at the Dedication Banquet that evening. Lloyd R. Maxwell and William Sinek, members of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare; Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson; Garnet R. Fleming, President of the Indiana State Elks Association; and the Toastmaster, Dr. Frank J. McMichael, Past Exalted Ruler of Gary Lodge—all made interesting after-dinner speeches. Each of the talkers complimented Gary Lodge on its beautiful new Home and lauded the spirit of the members that had made it possible. The Sturtevant Orchestra of Chicago furnished excellent music for both the afternoon services and for the banquet, and the Indiana Male Quartet of Gary enlivened the diners with several humorous numbers. On Friday evening, March 27th, a dance and card party were enjoyed by a large number of Elks and their ladies.

The new Home of Gary Lodge is one of the finest buildings in the city and is equipped with every device for the comfort and convenience of the members. It will permit the Lodge to broaden the scope of its activities and to become an even greater factor in the life of the community than it has been heretofore.

Toledo, Ohio, Lodge Will Rear Memorial to Its Dead

Toledo, Ohio, Lodge No. 53 is planning to dedicate on Memorial Day the beautiful monument which it is having made for the Elks' Rest in the Memorial Park Cemetery. The Lodge decided some time ago to honor the memory of its departed members by such a monument and recently appropriated \$6,500 for the purpose. The memorial will be a life-size elk cast in U. S. standard statuary bronze. It will be mounted on a base 6 feet in height, of native granite boulders, so assembled as to represent a natural rock formation from which will issue a trickling flow of water. The base will be set in a pool of water with goldfish and plants, while the background to the monument will be formed by 3 Douglas firs and one birch-tree. The natural elevation of the site is 8 feet above the roadways, and as the 9-foot elk itself rests on a 6-foot base, the monument will be visible for quite a distance.

Trophy Cup donated to Kewanee High School by Kewanee, Ill., Lodge No. 724, as a prize for scholastic and athletic standing



The elk for this memorial was modeled by Eli Harvey, a well-known sculptor, from a live animal in the Bronx Park Zoo of New York City. This animal is considered the finest specimen of the family in captivity.

Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge Entertains The Children of the City

Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge No. 920 recently played host to the city's children, treating the youngsters and their mothers to a motion-picture show and a special amateur vaudeville program at Loew's Theatre. The Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Lodge was assisted in caring for the children by members of the Major Gatchell Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars Auxiliary, and members of the Ladies' Home Club.

Past Exalted Rulers Association of Eureka Lodge Elects New Officers

Dr. Robert Johnston was named President of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of Eureka, Calif., Lodge No. 652 at a recent meeting of that body held in the Eureka Inn. E. S. Murray was elected Secretary of the organization.

The Association has proved a real factor in the life of Eureka Lodge and renders valuable assistance and advice in all its activities.

Union Hill, N. J., Lodge Can Be Proud of Its Achievements

The Lodge year just closed has been a remarkable one for Union Hill, N. J., Lodge No. 1357. In addition to the opening of its beautiful new Home last October, the Lodge has initiated into its membership the largest number of candidates of any New Jersey Lodge so that its membership is now more than 4,000 strong. These, and the various other activities of the Lodge both social and fraternal, have stamped the period as one of the most successful in its history.

Meadville, Pa., Lodge Pays Fraternal Visit to Corry, Pa., Lodge

A large number of members of Meadville, Pa., Lodge No. 219 recently paid a fraternal visit to Corry, Pa., Lodge No. 769, where they initiated a class of candidates. A special feature of the occasion was the burning by the members of Corry Lodge of the mortgage on their Home. A banquet to the visitors, music, etc., rounded out a very enjoyable session.

These two Lodges enjoy a friendship of long standing and the excellent reception given to the visitors on this occasion was a means of further cementing that relationship.

Junior Membership Idea Successful In New Orleans, La., Lodge

New Orleans, La., Lodge No. 30 has instituted a form of "Junior Membership" which presents many attractive features to the youth of the community. Any white young man between the ages of 14 and 21 years, whether directly related to a member of the Lodge or not, is eligible. The applicant must present the signature of parent or guardian and the endorsement of a member of New Orleans Lodge in making his application to the Secretary. The dues for sons and younger

brothers of those who are members of the Lodge are \$6.00 a year, payable semi-annually. For all others, the dues are \$12.00, payable semi-annually. All the club privileges are given these Junior Members, including use of the gymnasium, swimming pool, restaurant, and baths, daily from 11 A. M. to 10 P. M., except Thursday night. No admittance is permitted to the Lodge-room or billiard-room at any time.

Quite a number of young men are already enjoying the advantages of this arrangement and more applications are being made steadily.

Auburn, N. Y., Lodge to Help Children of Its City

Auburn, N. Y., Lodge No. 474 is the prime mover in an undertaking to raise \$5,000 for the care and uplift of the crippled children of its community. The Lodge plans to contribute \$2,000 of this amount, the balance to be raised by various other organizations and by the public at large.

Band of Ballard, Wash., Lodge Will Compete at Portland Meeting

The thirty-piece band of Ballard, Wash., Lodge No. 827, champions last year at the Convention of the Washington State Elks Association, has been practicing faithfully during the winter months and is all primed to compete in the contest to be held at the Grand Lodge meeting at Portland, Ore., next July.

The band has given concerts for various hospitals and Homes during the past months, among them the Orthopedic hospital, Mother Ryther's Home and the County Home for the Aged. Other activities during the winter months included the Band's birthday party celebrating its fourth anniversary, participation in the dedication of the new home of Everett, Wash., Lodge No. 479, and concerts at various Lodge functions.

Grand Exalted Ruler Dedicates New Home of East Orange, N. J., Lodge

The handsome new Home of East Orange, N. J., Lodge No. 630 was recently dedicated by Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, who was assisted by Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson and a number of other prominent members of the Order. The dedicatory address was delivered by the Hon. Julian A. Gregory, Chairman of the Port Commission and a member of East Orange Lodge. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John W. C. Campbell, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge and Chairman of the Building Committee, presented the keys of the building to the Grand Exalted Ruler with appropriate remarks. Following the ceremony, Harry C. Griffith, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, conducted the remainder of the session, which consisted of interesting addresses by the distinguished visitors, vocal solos and instrumental music.

An Opportunity to Help Disabled Ex-Service Men

The sale of "Buddy Poppies," conducted annually by the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States, will be held this year during the week preceding Memorial Day. All of the poppies used in the sale are made by disabled and needy veterans, and the entire proceeds from

their sale are devoted to relief of distress among ex-service men and their families occasioned by sickness or unemployment. The poppy sale, as an instrument for providing employment for men unfitted by disability to do other work and as a means of alleviating conditions which the War Risk and Vocational Training Laws do not cover, has been endorsed by President Coolidge, by Grand Exalted Ruler Price, and by many national organizations. It affords every individual an opportunity to help where help is not only needed but deserved.

Executive Director of The Elks Magazine Greeted by Balboa Lodge

On a recent trip to the Panama Canal Zone, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning and Mrs. Fanning paid an unofficial visit to Balboa Lodge, No. 1414. Though their stay in the Zone was very brief, they were enabled, through the courtesy and hospitality of the officers and members of Balboa Lodge, to see everything of interest not only in the Canal Zone itself but in Panama City, too. Among other events arranged for the entertainment of Mr. and Mrs. Fanning was a dinner, followed by a reception and dance.

Balboa Lodge, far as it is from all other Elk Lodges, is active and enthusiastic. At present the members are working on plans for the construction of a new home and are busy with various forms of welfare work in the Zone.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge Entertains City's Shut-Ins

Impersonations, dialect stories, dancing numbers, vocal solos, orchestral numbers and many other diversions constituted the program of entertainment which was arranged by Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92 for the "Shut-Ins' Night" recently held in its Lodge room. The program began at 8 o'clock, and after the entertainment, ice cream, cake and candy were served to the guests. All shut-ins of Seattle, whether Elks or non-Elks, men, women or children, were invited to the Home. Autos brought the guests from all parts of the city and carried them back at the conclusion of the evening.

Knights of Columbus Present Gift To New Orleans, La., Lodge

A handsome grandfather's clock was recently presented to New Orleans, La., Lodge No. 30 by the local chapter of the Knights of Columbus. This gift was made in appreciation of the courtesy extended to the Knights of Columbus some time ago when, following a fire in their quarters, New Orleans Lodge granted them the use of its Home.

Grand Exalted Ruler Grants Dispensation for New Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price has granted a dispensation for the institution of a new Lodge at Hazard, Ky., which will be known as Hazard, Ky., Lodge No. 1504.

Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge Dedicates New Home

The recent dedication and formal opening of the New Home of Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge



New Home of Silver City, N. M., Lodge No. 413

No. 128 was attended by many Grand Lodge and State Association officers and by a large gathering of members from New York and New Jersey Lodges. Addresses were made by Samuel Metzger, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, and by A. Harry Moore, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, who complimented the Lodge on its vision and enterprise in erecting a Home that will stand as a monument to the principles of the Order and be a real factor in the life of the community.

The new Home of Asbury Park Lodge, situated at Cookman and Munroe Avenues and Heck Street, is one of the most architecturally beautiful and imposing buildings in the city. It is four stories high, constructed of limestone, hollow tile, stucco and steel, and represents an investment of \$375,000. One of the most handsome rooms in the new Home is the Lodge-room, 60 x 80 feet, which runs the entire length of the front of the building. It is furnished in Renaissance style and is illuminated by an indirect lighting system. An organ costing \$10,000 has been installed and is played from the console at the head of the room. This room is furnished in mahogany, with gold-trimmed mulberry velvet draperies at the windows. The building also includes nurses' and crippled children's rooms, where deformed youngsters are treated under the auspices of the Lodge. The room in which the treatments are given is fully provided with medical equipment. A fine, spacious roof-garden, handball courts, bowling alleys and showers are additional features shortly to be installed in the new building.

**Cliffside, N. J., Lodge Instituted
By District Deputy Gillhaus**

A new Lodge, Cliffside, N. J., Lodge No. 1502 was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry Gillhaus. E. C. Hellstern is the Lodge's first Exalted Ruler and Charles H. Matthews is Secretary.

**Lodges in Florida and Pennsylvania
Visited by Grand Exalted Ruler**

During the month of March, Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price visited Florida, where he was welcomed by the various Lodges of that State. Beginning his trip at Jacksonville, Mr. Price journeyed through the State, stopping at Lodges in St. Augustine, Daytona, Orlando, West Palm Beach, Miami and Key West. His reception was marked by great enthusiasm and everywhere he was impressed by the growth and enterprise of the Lodges visited.

In the early part of April the Grand Exalted Ruler paid official visits to various Lodges in Pennsylvania. Allentown Lodge No. 130, Reading Lodge No. 115 and Harrisburg Lodge No. 12 were each honored by his presence, and his visit in each case was marked by a special reception participated in by neighboring Lodges.

**Death Takes Judge Gerald B. Fluhrer,
Past Exalted Ruler of Albion Lodge**

Thousands of his fellow citizens and members of the Order mourn the untimely death, at the age of forty-six years, of Judge Gerald Bishop Fluhrer, Past Exalted Ruler of Albion, N. Y., Lodge No. 1006. No more appropriate words could be said of him than these, taken from an editorial in the Rochester, N. Y., *Herald*: "He was a friend of all sorts and conditions of men and gifted with that sympathetic understanding of human nature which is the foundation of true leadership. In the death of Judge Fluhrer Western New York has lost an able member of the bench and bar, a progressive citizen, a wise adviser and a good neighbor and friend. But the memory of his useful life will live after him and will serve as an inspiration to those who remain to carry on."

**Distinguished Member of the Order
Guest of North Attleboro, Mass., Lodge**

Charles A. Kelley, Past Exalted Ruler of Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10, was recently tendered a big reception and banquet by North Attleboro, Mass., Lodge No. 1011, which he instituted as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler 19 years ago. Practically the entire membership of the



Recently dedicated Home of Asbury Park, N J., Lodge No. 128

Lodge was present to do him honor. Charles F. Martin, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, acted as the toastmaster of the banquet. The speakers included Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson; Andrew Casey, Member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; Bernard E. Carbin, Member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Audit; James F. Duffy and William F. Maines, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers for the State of Rhode Island; and Congressman Joseph W. Martin, Jr., of North Attleboro. All paid splendid tribute to the honored guest. At the close of the evening, Mr. Kelley was presented with a handsome traveling bag and Mrs. Kelley was remembered by the gift of a silver mesh bag.

**Pomona, Calif., Lodge Dedicates
Handsome New Home**

The dedication of its handsome new Home was a red-letter day in the history of Pomona, Calif., Lodge 789. Thousands of members, representing many Lodges in Southern California were present to congratulate the Lodge on its achievement and to admire the beauty of the building. Horace H. Quimby, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of California South Central, with the assistance of Exalted Rulers of the District, conducted the dedicatory ceremonies, which were witnessed by many notable and distinguished members of the Order.

The new Home of Pomona Lodge is in the general style of Spanish and Californian mission architecture, a style admirably adapted and exceptionally practical in relation to climatic conditions and the landscape of the region. The building represents an investment of over \$250,000 and is equipped and furnished in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired. Exceptionally impressive is the large Lodge-room, measuring 85 x 55 feet, with a seating capacity of 1,000. Its imposing beauty, the richness of its decoration, the artistic blending of the color schemes and its lighting, combine to make this a truly royal room.

**Corvallis, Ore., Lodge Looks
Forward to New Home**

Corvallis, Ore., Lodge No. 1413 recently decided to improve its Home property at the southeast corner of Fourth and Monroe streets, by erecting a building of the commercial type, two or three stories high, with the quarters of the Lodge on the upper floor and with stores and

a gymnasium on the first floor. The growing membership has made the need of a new Home felt for some time. The property owned by the Lodge is entirely free of debt, which makes possible the erection of a building that will be a credit to the whole community.

**Zanesville and Newark, Ohio, Lodges
Visited by Grand Exalted Ruler**

With every Lodge in Southeastern Ohio represented, Zanesville, Ohio, Lodge No. 114 very appropriately and enjoyably celebrated its thirty-sixth anniversary in its Home recently. Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price was the guest of honor at the large banquet which was a feature of the celebration, and many other distinguished members of the Order were present to congratulate the Lodge on its fine record.

Another progressive lodge of the State, Newark, Ohio, Lodge No. 391 was also recently visited by Mr. Price. A reception, banquet, a special entertainment, and the initiation of a class of candidates made up an evening that will be remembered long by the many who were present. The Grand Exalted Ruler complimented Newark Lodge on the part it plays in the life of its community and on its acquisition of a beautiful new Home.

**Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge Lays Cornerstone
for New \$250,000 Home**

Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge No. 1323 recently laid the cornerstone of its new \$250,000 Home in the presence of several thousand members and visitors, including representatives from many neighboring lodges. John Stewart, who was the first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge when it was instituted ten years ago, conducted the ceremonies, and Leo Hickey of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge No. 22 delivered the dedicatory address. A number of beautiful musical selections were rendered by the St. Cecile Quartet of Brooklyn.

Prior to the exercises at the site of the new Home, a parade through the principal streets of Patchogue was held. This was headed by the Colors of the U. S. Naval Station at Sayville. The band of Patchogue Lodge led the members, charter members and officers of the Lodge. Freeport, N. Y., Lodge No. 1253, which was well represented in the line of march, was led by the colors and band of the 62nd Regiment, Anti-Aircraft Artillery of Fort Totten.

Past Exalted Ruler Philip Clancy, the Past President of the New York State Elks Association

Traveling Elks—

Can find living accommodations at any of the Subordinate Lodge Homes listed in this column.

Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge No. 461
 Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge No. 101
 Anaheim, Calif., Lodge No. 1345
 Austin, Texas, Lodge No. 201
 Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge No. 266
 Bellingham, Wash., Lodge No. 194
 Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge No. 436
 Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10
 Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge No. 36
 Bridgeton, N. J., Lodge No. 733
 Canton, Ill., Lodge No. 626
 Centralia, Wash., Lodge No. 1083
 Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4
 Coatesville, Pa., Lodge No. 1228
 Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge No. 1317
 Concord, N. H., Lodge No. 1210
 Du Bois, Pa., Lodge No. 349
 East Liverpool, Ohio, Lodge No. 258
 Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge No. 402
 Erie, Pa., Lodge No. 67
 Flagstaff, Ariz., Lodge No. 499
 Florence, Colo., Lodge No. 611
 Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge No. 341
 Fresno, Calif., Lodge No. 439
 Gloucester, Mass., Lodge No. 802
 Grass Valley, Calif., Lodge No. 538
 Haverhill, Mass., Lodge No. 165
 Hazelton, Pa., Lodge No. 200
 Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge No. 1485
 Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge No. 616
 Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge No. 13
 Johnson City, Tenn., Lodge No. 825
 Johnstown, Pa., Lodge No. 175
 Kenosha, Wis., Lodge No. 750
 Kingston, N. Y., Lodge No. 550
 La Grande, Ore., Lodge No. 433
 Lake City, Fla., Lodge No. 893
 Lakeland, Fla., Lodge No. 1291
 Lamar, Colo., Lodge No. 1319
 Lancaster, Pa., Lodge No. 134
 Lebanon, Pa., Lodge No. 631
 Litchfield, Ill., Lodge No. 654
 Little Falls, Minn., Lodge No. 770
 Lorain, Ohio, Lodge No. 1301
 Louisville, Ky., Lodge No. 8
 Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99
 Mena, Ark., Lodge No. 781
 Meriden, Conn., Lodge No. 35
 Middletown, Mass., Lodge No. 1274
 Milton, Pa., Lodge No. 913
 Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge No. 44
 Missoula, Mont., Lodge No. 383
 Monessen, Pa., Lodge No. 773
 Muncie, Ind., Lodge No. 245
 Newark, N. J., Lodge No. 21
 New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge No. 756
 New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1
 North Adams, Mass., Lodge No. 487
 Olympia, Wash., Lodge No. 186
 Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 39
 Passaic, N. J., Lodge No. 387
 Paterson, N. J., Lodge No. 60
 Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2
 Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge No. 11
 Pocatello, Idaho, Lodge No. 674
 Pomona, Calif., Lodge No. 789
 Portland, Me., Lodge No. 188
 Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142
 Providence, R. I., Lodge No. 14
 Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878
 Rockville, Conn., Lodge No. 1350
 Rutherford, N. J., Lodge No. 547
 Salem, Ohio, Lodge No. 305
 Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge No. 85
 San Antonio, Texas, Lodge No. 216
 San Francisco, Calif., Lodge No. 3
 Scranton, Pa., Lodge No. 123
 Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92
 Silver City, N. M., Lodge No. 413
 Springfield, Ill., Lodge No. 158
 Springfield, Mass., Lodge No. 61
 St. Cloud, Minn., Lodge No. 516
 Susanville, Calif., Lodge No. 1487
 Sycamore, Ill., Lodge No. 1392
 Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge No. 502
 Tampa, Fla., Lodge No. 708
 Trenton, N. J., Lodge No. 105
 Troy, N. Y., Lodge No. 141
 Union Hill, N. J., Lodge No. 1357
 Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge No. 287
 Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge No. 1186
 Wichita, Kans., Lodge No. 427
 York, Pa., Lodge No. 213

LODGES having accommodations for traveling Elks but which are not included above will be listed on application to The Elks Magazine. There is no charge for this service.

tion; Peter S. Beck, Vice-President of the Association; Exalted Rulers Miles Browne of Freeport Lodge and Gustav Papenmeyer of Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge No. 1485; and Charles Ertz, Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge No. 1, as well as other distinguished members of the Order, attended the ceremonies and the banquet given the same evening at the Laurel Hotel.

Ground for the new Home was broken on January 31st of this year, and the building is expected to be ready for occupancy by next September.

Catlettsburg, Ky., Lodge Has Excellent Degree Team

The new degree team of Catlettsburg, Ky., Lodge No. 942 recently conducted its first initiatory work at a meeting which was attended by a very large number of members and representatives from other Lodges. Visiting Elks who witnessed the work of the new degree team declared it to be the equal of any similar organization in the State. Charles Bell, of the famous team of Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge No. 198, played a big part in organizing and coaching the team.

Catlettsburg Lodge now has over 600 members and is the largest Lodge in eastern Kentucky.

Stage Children's Fund to Give Benefit Performance

The children of the Stage Children's Fund who have assisted New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1 for several years at its annual Christmas distribution of gifts to the poor, will give a performance at the Casino Theatre in New York on May 10. The children of the Fund's School of Acting will take part in the entertainment and the receipts will be for the benefit of the summer home maintained for the children at Navesink, N. J. It is bound to be a most delightful occasion and one which members of the Order in the vicinity will be glad to support.

Bogalusa, La., Lodge Wants Information Concerning James P. Murphy

James P. Murphy, former Secretary of Bogalusa, La., Lodge No. 1338 is wanted on a warrant covering serious charges. The Lodge will appreciate any information as to his whereabouts. He is about 24 years of age, 5 feet 5 inches tall, clean-shaven and weighs about 140 pounds. He is a vocalist and musician, having played alto horn in the Elks Band of Bogalusa Lodge. Communication regarding this man should be sent to the Exalted Ruler of Bogalusa, La., Lodge.

Governor of New York Commends Musical Composition

A copy of "The Elks' March," written by Carroll G. Smythe of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge No. 852, was recently sent by Patrick J. Hastings to the Hon. Alfred E. Smith, Governor of New York. In acknowledging the receipt of the composition the Governor said: "I wish to thank you for your thoughtfulness and to comment on the artistic method used in the presentation. I have taken it to the Mansion in order that all the members of the family may derive pleasure from it."

Building Plans of Various Lodges Approved

The following purchases of property and building plans have been approved by the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Grand Trustees:

Kent, Ohio, Lodge No. 1377. Purchase of property, consisting of a lot 200 x 300 feet, of frame construction with twelve rooms and full basement. The purchase price is \$18,000; \$6,000 will be spent for remodeling and \$2,000 for furnishings.

Arlington, Mass., Lodge No. 1435. Purchase of a new Home, the property consisting of a corner plot of a little over 65,000 square feet on which is situated a 14-room house and a large barn. The purchase price is \$30,000, with cost of furnishings estimated at \$2,000.

El Centro, Calif., Lodge No. 1325. Purchase of a Home. The purchase price of the building, which was formerly used as a Court House, is

\$25,000. Furniture is owned by the Lodge and will be placed in the Home on which from \$10,000 to \$15,000 will be spent in remodeling.

Fort Myers, Fla., Lodge No. 1288. Erection of a new Home on property already owned by the Lodge and valued at \$50,000. The building will be two stories in mission style, 100 x 108 feet, of hollow tile construction, with tile roof. The first floor will contain the lobby, billiard and pool rooms, bowling alley, kitchen and grill, showers and lockers. On the second floor will be the Lodge rooms, lounge and ladies' rooms. The cost of the building to be erected is estimated at \$65,000, with furniture at \$10,000.

Bristol, Tenn., Lodge No. 232. Purchase of a lot adjoining its present Home and the erection of an addition to consist of a three-story building. On the first floor will be a lounge, Secretary's office, small dining-room and kitchen, club rooms, and buffet; the second floor will contain a ballroom and banquet hall, parlors and living rooms; third floor, Lodge rooms and living rooms; the bowling alley, gymnasium and showers will be in the basement. The lot will cost \$11,500, while the estimated cost of the proposed building is \$35,000 with furniture to cost \$5,000.

Big Contest to be Held For Elk Trap Shooters

The Portland, Ore., Gun Club has announced an innovation in the form of a United States Championship Trap Shoot for Elks. This event will be held in honor of the Grand Lodge Convention, July 13-16, and the program will consist of a single and double championship for Elks only, also a five-man (members of the same Lodge) team race. In the team race the five high individual scores broken in the regular singles event will count. Many Lodges are expected to compete for the handsome trophies which will be awarded as prizes. The affair is under the direction of H. R. Everding, a member of Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142, and one of the most noted trap-shoot enthusiasts in the country.

News of the Order From Far and Near

A large banquet was one of the features of the celebration held by Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Lodge in observing its 36th Birthday.

The beautiful float entered by Tampa, Fla., Lodge in the recent Gasparilla Parade was one of the prize winners in that event.

The Post Office Department at Bakersfield, Calif., has honored Bakersfield Lodge by requesting that it take charge of the dedication of the new Federal building.

Approximately 2,000 people attended the Minstrel Show of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge which was recently staged at the New Rosemary Theatre. The show also netted a good profit for the Lodge.

The next meeting of the Tennessee State Elks Association will be held in June at Bristol.

The officers of Nutley, N. J., Lodge recently visited Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge where they initiated a class of candidates for their host. An excellent banquet and a good entertainment followed the session.

A banquet at the Sunset Canyon Country Club was given in honor of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Horace H. Quimby on the occasion of his official visit to Burbank, Calif., Lodge.

Rutherford, N. J., Lodge is planning extensive alterations and redecoration of its Home.

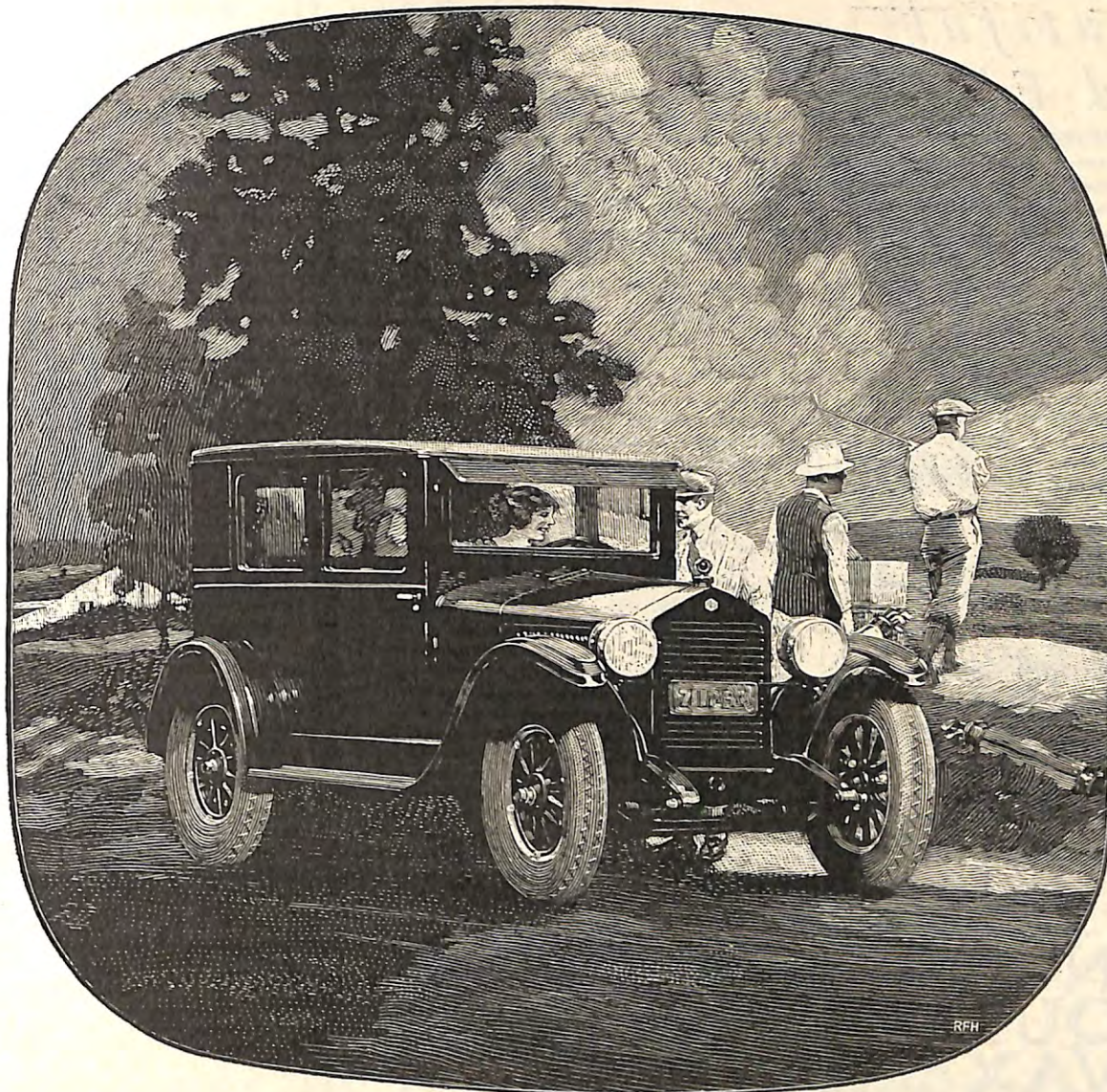
New York Lodge No. 1 recently contributed \$1,000 to the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York, and a like sum to the Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies.

Concordia, Kans., Lodge will celebrate its 25th Birthday on May 26. An excellent program, including the initiation of a large class of candidates, will mark the event.

In being chosen again as Secretary of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, John F. Richardson received his 41st election to that office.

James A. Farley, President of the New York State Elks Association, recently visited Niagara

(Continued on page 77)



Essex Alone Gives This Quality and This Price

The Reason for its Amazing Sale

Buyers know what Essex gives can be had elsewhere only at far higher cost. The great Essex sales record is due to no other thing. It is recognition of a value leadership so overwhelming that it is not even challenged.

Today's Essex is the greatest of all Essex values. It is the finest Essex ever built. It is the smoothest, most reliable Essex ever built. It is the best looking, most comfortably riding Essex ever built. We believe its maintenance and operation the most economical of any car in the world. And the price, because of famous patents, with volume manufacturing advantages that are absolutely exclusive, is the lowest at which Essex ever sold.

Essex won its wide acknowledgment on finest quality without useless size or weight, and a price advantage equaled nowhere in the world. Greater size could add nothing to Essex. It has in bril-

liant evidence the qualities which weight and size are built to give—riding comfort, solidness, distinction, and smooth, quiet pace.

On every side its hosts of owners praise it with such pride and conviction as we have never heard for any other car. What they say has revealed this great value to thousands of buyers. It is reflected in the greatest sales in our history. And the rapidity of this sales increase shows how thoroughly the facts about Essex have penetrated the entire market. Wherever you go, note how Hudson-Essex outnumber all new cars. It is the surpassing proof of value—greatest sales.

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\$ 895**
Freight and Tax Extra

T H E F I N E S T E S S E X E V E R B U I L T

Beautiful Waxed Floors



The New, Easy Way

INTERIOR decorators agree that the beauty of a room depends largely on the beauty of its floor. Select a floor finish which has withstood the wear and tear of centuries—the waxed finish in the beautiful castles and palaces of Europe. Perfectly preserved, this waxed wood mellows and glows with the years. You can easily have this same beautiful finish on your floors.

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Waxed floors, besides being beautiful, have many practical advantages. They do not show scratches—are not slippery—and traffic spots can easily be re-waxed without going over the entire floor. Then too, waxed floors are economical.

The new easy way to wax floors and linoleum is with Johnson's Liquid Wax applied with a Johnson Wax Mop and polished with a Weighted Brush.

**\$6.65 Floor Polishing
Outfit for \$5.00**

- 1 Qt. Johnson's Liquid Wax \$1.40
- 1 Johnson's Wax Mop 1.50
- 1 Johnson's Weighted Brush 3.50
- 1 Johnson's Book on Home Beautifying25

A Saving of \$1.65! **\$6.65**

This offer is good at department, drug, grocery, hardware and paint stores. If your dealer cannot furnish the outfit—write us for the name of the nearest dealer who can. Any of these articles may be purchased separately.



Ask for a FREE copy of the Johnson Book on Home Beautifying at your best paint or hardware store. Or, mail us to cover postage and wrapping.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. E. M. 5, Racine, Wis.
"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

A Stake in the Country

(Continued from page 25)

impression. Also, as you contemplate this home of your heart, recalling the energizing effort that went to its acquisition, you will realize, what is a very good and practical thing to realize, that this has largely become yours by the curtailment of that waste expenditure both of time and money which you never noticed when you were paying a higher rent than you could afford, and had no interest in creative economy, having nothing to create.

Except for miserly people economy in itself has no charms. Give it an object, however, and it soon becomes an exciting pleasure. How easy it is to go without this and that, to walk instead of to ride, to lunch and dine more modestly, to spend less on clothes and theatres, and generally to deny ourselves those small, sapping luxuries which we never really miss, for the sake of some concrete object.

And no object combines so many incentives to effort and wholesome economy as the determination to possess one's own vine and fig-tree. How satisfactory it is to see the money that once we let slip so carelessly through our fingers reappearing in permanent forms—in the form, say, of carefully chosen furniture which we had scarcely the heart to buy, when we had no place to put it in but a transitory rented dwelling. In a "rented" life there is, indeed, no place for anything permanent. Anything presentable will do for a rented house; but so soon as a house becomes our own, we feel the need of appropriate things to fill and garnish its rooms. We no longer patronize haphazard some commonplace expensive department store, but we frequent auctions, and prowl around old curiosity shops, in quest of bargains, and we furnish our house at half the cost with beautiful beds and tables and chairs made by artists, before the vulgarity of

machinery, simple and distinguished, quaint and comfortable, no less useful for being beautiful, and touched with the romance of time. Incidentally, we educate ourselves as we bid and buy, learning the secrets of style and distinction, secrets which the old world knew and the modern world has lost and can only learn again from the past; and so the mere inanimate things we live with teach us silent lessons of the grace and charm of life. But, whether old or new, the things with which we surround ourselves will represent ourselves and our tastes. We shall have selected them with creative care, and they will contribute to that sum total which is "home"—our home, "be it never so homely," and no one else's.

We may learn even to make things for ourselves, develop unsuspected gifts as carpenters, which in itself is a good thing, in this age when few of us can do anything except our own highly specialized and limited job. Thus we shall become completer human beings, able at least to knock up a few book-shelves, or make a kitchen table, without helplessly calling in the aid of some slow and callous carpenter. We may even in time develop a taste for plumbing, so that burst water-pipes will no longer put us into a panic. Also we will soon learn to be our own electricians and engineers. Generally speaking, we will become that most valuable of human beings, "a handy man about the house," ready for all domestic emergencies, and independent of the haughty specialists of labor. In fact the far-reaching effects of owning one's own house, merely on our own characters, are incalculable. I advise the reader to try the proposition for himself. It is easy to do. If a man who earns his living by writing poetry can do it—why, any man can do it.

The Iron Chalice

(Continued from page 20)

conscientious in fact that he got severely upon Alan's nerves. And one day Alan turned a corner, then waited, and as the little man catapulted after him, Alan stepped deliberately into a physical collision.

The shadower stepped back with an expression of embarrassed surprise on his sharp features—"Beg pardon, sir."

"For what?"

"Bumping into you that away. I'll be getting on—"

"Just a moment." Alan's voice was stern, his hand fell upon the man's arm. "How much is North paying you for this?"

The squint eyes opened wide. Alan knew that he had guessed correctly—the fellow's dissembling was as crude as his trailing tactics—

"What's that, sir?"

"How much does North pay you?"

"North what, sir?"

"Oh! quit that. Let's get down to brass tacks. You're bothering me and you're running yourself to death. There isn't a particle of use for that to continue. Suppose we reach an agreement: if you've got to dog my footsteps—come with me and don't be everlastingly tagging on behind. How about it?"

"I say, sir—"

"Is it a go?"

"We-e-el, I'll tell you frankly, sir, that maybe you haven't guessed so awful wrong, and to tell the truth you have been a bit harder than a flea to keep up with. Gawd! the way you run around this town sometimes—an' those damned golf links! Honest, Mr. Beckwith, there ain't a bit of sense to that game. It just ain't reasonable."

"I'll have to teach it to you. After this you can either play with me—"

"Lord deliver me!"

"—Or be my caddy. That'll make you quite positive that I don't slip through your fingers. And we'll ride around in the same taxi . . . it will really be much easier."

"But suppose Mr. North should find out?"

"I'll tell him myself. I promise you he'll understand."

"That's fine of you, sir. I'm awful anxious for Mr. North to think I'm a good un."

"He shall, I promise. And now that we're to be such friends suppose you tell me your name."

"My monniker's Scoggings, sir; my buddies calls me Squint."

"Fine. And your profession?"

The ratlike face looked eagerly into Alan's gravely interested countenance. Scoggings saw friendliness reflected there.

"To tell the truth, Mr. Beckwith—I don't amount to much yet; but I got ambition, I have. Just now I does odd jobs for Mr. North and his crowd, but some day I hopes to become a gunman."

CHAPTER XII

THAT was the commencement of a friendship which amused and delighted Alan. He found Squint a naive and loquacious companion with cast-iron feelings and ready sympathy.

Scoggings was extremely grateful to his quarry for making things easier, and he balked at no task within reason. Alan carried the little man about with him wherever he went: if it was to the theatre, alone or with Beverly, he bought Squint a gallery seat; on the golf links he trained Squint into an excellent caddy, although the slum product never lost his contempt for the game or his bewilderment thereat. Once, on meeting North, Alan told him with genuine amusement of the peculiar friendship. He fancied that he saw a faint light of humor in North's fishy eyes.

"I have no objections," he said. "It is Squint's job to watch you. It doesn't matter to me how friendly you become."

"He is a fine young man," observed Alan. "I hope you will recognize his very earnest efforts and some day permit him to commit a murder for you."

North's jaw tightened. "He is under orders to do so," he said grimly, "if you attempt to get away without notifying me."

"Fine!" Alan met North's stark statement with a remark equally inhuman. "I hope some day to be of use to my friend Squint. If it becomes necessary to kill me—if I lose my own nerve—I shall see that Squint gets the job."

(Continued on page 47)

Man to Man
ROI-TAN
A cigar you'll like



Since there is nothing too good for the Best People On Earth no wonder that ROI-TAN, pride of the largest makers of quality cigars in the world, is the favorite of Elks everywhere

*10 cents, 2 for a quarter,
15 cents, and 3 for a half*

A M E R I C A N C I G A R C O M P A N Y



Here's a Man you ought to know!

THE Lancaster merchant in your community can tell you more in five minutes about Lancasters and tires in general than we could tell in five pages.

Besides, the tire itself is but part of the story. The rest of the story is the dealer, his standing, his methods, his service.

The Lancaster merchant is a man you ought to know, not only because he sells a good tire but because he is the sort of man you like to do business with. He knows his business, he believes in service, and he, like a good friend, can be counted on always.

Get acquainted with the Lancaster merchant in your community. You'll like his ways, his wares, and his attitude towards his business.

He's the man you ought to know!

If there is no Lancaster merchant in your community, write direct to factory. Give us the model and name of the car you drive and we will see that you get service.

THE LANCASTER TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Columbus, Ohio

USE THIS COUPON!
In case there is no Lancaster Merchant in your community at present, send us this coupon, giving size and type of tires used on your car and we will see that you get Lancaster Tires and the proper service.
The Lancaster Tire & Rubber Co., Columbus, Ohio.
Gentlemen:—I am interested in the Lancaster Idea. I drive a _____ car and use _____ type tires.
(BALLOON -- SEMI-BALLOON -- STANDARD)
size _____
Signed _____
Address _____

LANCASTER

CORD TIRES

The Iron Chalice

(Continued from page 44)

He repeated a portion of the conversation to Squint, somewhat horrifying that gentleman.

"But, Mr. Beckwith, you really wouldn't make me do nothin' like that, would you?"

"Why not?"

"Well, you see—it wouldn't seem just right bumping you off when we'd got to be such good friends. It don't strike me as decent."

"But we could do it so carefully, Squint: go off some place where we were quite sure there'd be no witnesses—and no danger to you later from the police—and you could pot-shot me to your heart's content. An excellent opportunity for training, I call it."

"Aw say! Mr. Beckwith—quitcha kidding. Of course, I'd like Mr. North to know that I've got guts—but I'd hate like hell to plug you. You're a fine feller, you are."

"I'm glad you think so, Squint. But you must never let scruples or sentiment stand in your way if you wish to become a successful criminal. It just simply won't do."

Scoggins sighed enormously. "I guess you're right, sir. You've got education and know a heap about such things. But I sure wouldn't get no fun out of slipping you a booky of undertaker's delight."

MEANWHILE, despite his efforts to avoid it, Alan found himself more and more keenly interested in his wife. He tried by every means in his power to rid his mind of her—but in spite of all he could do, he found himself speculating upon the girl and the grim past which had put that haunted light in her eyes, and thrown her into the power of Andrew North.

The thing which Alan feared was coming to pass: propinquity, the girl's natural charm, the unusual relationship—something—had operated to cause him to fall in love with her. He did not admit this to himself in so many words, but he knew that it was so.

And Alan had no desire to fall in love with anybody—and particularly with the woman whom circumstance had caused to be his wife. A couple of months previously he had faced suicide with a clear conscience, knowing that in taking his own life he was bringing sorrow to no one, unless perhaps it would be Martha Garrison. If now he should permit himself to love Beverly—

Well, it was obvious that if he fell in love with Beverly, he would not want to fulfil his portion of the grim compact. It wasn't going to be easy, anyway. Alan could see that. But with an incentive to live which was as strong as life itself . . . His jaw hardened and he tried to put all thought of her from his mind.

But the task was impossible of accomplishment. Beverly had become a part of him. She had been cruelly buffeted by the waves of mischance—yet she did not complain. Not once in all their weeks of intimacy had there been the slightest hint of lamentation from her—no suggestion of rebellion.

Life had assumed a new hue for Alan. He experienced for the first time the luxury of ample means—and a glorious indifference as to its expenditure. The days of fear and hunger and physical ache were not so far away as to make him less than keenly sensible of the comforts which he now enjoyed.

With physical comfort he underwent a mental change. Before, his outlook on life had been an unhappy one; the future loomed up as a drab, monotonous repetition of scant and ill-cooked food, of back-breaking manual labor for absurdly small wages, of cheap impossible clothes. Now it was all different: he occupied an apartment which, in view of the past, seemed luxurious beyond dreams; he wore good clothes; he luxuriated in cleanliness; he ate well and regularly and deliberately drove himself to the pleasures of life which had always been denied him.

It was his introduction to a new sort of existence; a complete readjustment of perspective. Life was now something to be desired—not dreaded. He tried not to think eleven months ahead; already the prospect of suicide appalled him, and he dared not dwell upon the inevitable. He found himself speculating on the possibility of swaying Andrew North—and knew that it could not be done. North was implacable—and, in this case, justly so. North had warned him

bluntly and he had gone into the thing with his eyes open. A sense of fair play forbade him to mention to North his truant thoughts.

Nothing to do then save to prevent his feelings for Beverly from getting the better of him. It wouldn't do to fall in love with her . . . But he couldn't help thinking—and wondering jealously about her past. Yet he refrained from questioning her: her life must remain inviolate unless she chose to disclose it. If only she appealed less irresistibly. . . .

They dined alone that night. Ellen left early. As usual Beverly curled herself up in the easy chair under the reading lamp. But to-night she did not even make a pretense of reading. Alan sat in the semi-darkness, smoking, and staring straight at her. She fidgeted under his kindly gaze.

"What are you thinking, Alan?"

"Don't you know?"

She shook her head slowly.

"I'm thinking of you, Beverly."

"Yes?"

"I'm wondering . . . Oh! I realize it's none of my business and I'm not asking you to tell me anything; but one can not be married to a woman—living under one roof with her—for two months as I have done, and not wonder from whence she came and why. The circumstances of our marriage—"

"I understand . . . It's natural, of course—your curiosity. I wish I could explain. . . ."

"And you can not?"

"No." The word was close-clipped, and he forebore further questioning.

After a long silence, he spoke again: "I've suddenly grown very fond of life, Beverly."

"Yes . . . and I'm sorry."

"Why?"

"Because—because—" she hesitated.

"Don't spare my feelings."

"—because it is useless."

"North?"

"Yes—North." Her eyes flamed with the light of stark terror. "You don't know the man, Alan; he hasn't a drop of blood in his veins. He is terrible—inexorable, merciless. I know him—God! how I know him!"

It was incredible; impossible. That this girl should know North so intimately as to be obsessed by this personal horror of the man.

"In eleven months, in other words, I shall be dead."

She nodded wordlessly.

"Well—" he tried gamely enough to smile.

"I brought this on myself. North warned me; advised me against it. I suppose I'll have to play the game."

"YES." She bowed to what she regarded as the inevitable. "You will play the game whether you want to or not. There isn't another man in the world like North. With any other man—you might have a chance."

A question formed in his mind. He knew that he shouldn't ask it but the words came forth of their own volition:

"You hate to think of my—my certain death?"

"How can you ask that?"

"Let me put it another way then. Of course you are sorry for me: it seems horrible to you that I should be sitting here chatting—when you know that in eleven months I will be—elsewhere. But what I meant, Beverly, was this—does it matter to you particularly that it is I—Alan Beckwith? Does it matter to you more than if it was some other man?"

She did not evade the question or his eyes.

"Why do you ask me that?"

"Because your answer means a very great deal to me."

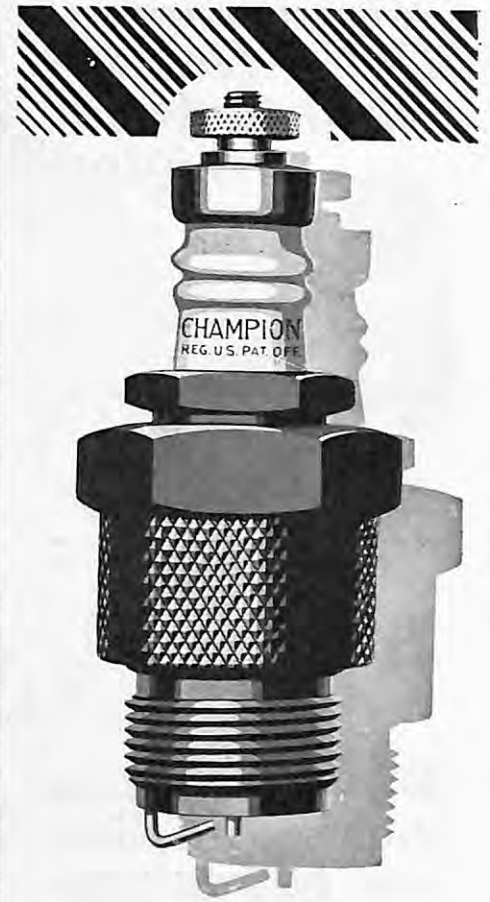
She rose and walked to the window where for several seconds she stood looking down into the street below. He watched her: a tiny, pathetic, lonely little figure torn by doubt and fear. . . . At length she turned and came to him. She stood before his chair and looked straight at him.

"You wish an answer—an honest answer?"

"Yes, Beverly."

"Well—" she drew a deep breath—"I will give you one. The fact that it is you, Alan

(Continued on page 48)



You can always get dependable Champions because more than 95,000 dealers sell them. They know Champion is the better spark plug.

The seven Champion standard types with Champion X provide a correctly designed spark plug for every engine.

Insist on genuine Champions with the double-ribbed sillimanite core and make certain better engine performance.

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Dependable for Every Engine



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Slip a packet in
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Give the young-
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after smoking
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WRIGLEY'S

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Tight
Kept
Right

DIFFERENT
FLAVORS
Same Quality

F56

The Iron Chalice

(Continued from page 47)

Beckwith, who is to die—makes a very great deal of difference to me."

His figure tensed. He rose to his feet and stood looking down at her. Then his arms went out slowly.

She did not move. She stared straight at him, and he saw that there were tears on her cheeks and that her lips trembled.

"Please—oh, please! Alan—not that."

"Why?" His question was harsh.

"Because—it would only make things worse. Not that—between us—ever."

She turned and walked to her room. The door closed softly behind her.

CHAPTER XIII

ALAN slept little that night. For a long time after Beverly disappeared he stood staring down into the street. One by one the neighborhood windows were darkened until at length only the corner arcs blinked at him.

Then he settled himself in Beverly's chair under the reading lamp and after a while he extinguished the light. There was so much to think about that he scarce knew where to begin. But he did know that the blood coursed hotly through his veins and that coincident with this new desire to live had come a pang of fear.

He loved Beverly; he took an exultant delight in proclaiming that fact to himself in words. "I love her!" he said, over and over again. "I love her!" The very whispered sound of his own voice seemed to give the declaration body, solidity. And on the heels of that came another thought: "She cares for me!" He could not quite bring himself to declare that she loved him—yet a light much warmer than that of friendship had flamed in her eyes.

Thoughts raced chaotically through his brain: one moment he hated Andrew North and in the next absolved the man of blame. Had it not been for North he would now be dead—he did not doubt that he would have killed himself that bleak rainy night when he had stumbled into Markstein's in search of the imperturbable king of the underworld. Had it not been for North he would never have known of Beverly's existence; he would not now be living under the same roof with her—legally her husband. There was that much to be put on the credit side of the North ledger. The debit column was no less impressive.

North owned his body. Less than eleven months of life were left to him. Then would come suicide—or its equivalent. Whatever doubts he had entertained of North's inflexibility of purpose had been dispelled by the terror which was reflected in Beverly's eyes at the mere mention of the man. He could see that she regarded him as dead—as certainly as though he had been sentenced to the chair.

And he didn't want to die. Now, for the first time, he keenly desired life—any sort of life, provided that it meant Beverly. His previous craving for life had been a mere animal desire, a selfish instinct which had to do only with himself. A new element had entered into his scheme of things: he wanted to live for Beverly.

Doubt! Again that spectral thing reared its gargoyle head. Who was Beverly? Why had she married him? Her past! His teeth clicked grimly together; he told himself that it was not *who* she was but *what*—that she was the woman he loved. Queer thing, love. It had come to him first at an age when most men are experienced. It made him think things which he had never thought before . . . it filled him with exultation and with pain. The thought of her nearness, her obtainability, the nature of their legal relationship, was almost unbearable . . . yet it never occurred to him to ignore her plea or to question her statement that there could never be anything of demonstration between them.

He went to bed at four in the morning; at nine Ellen brought his coffee. He was drugged with sleep, his eyes were haggard.

"Not sick, are ye, Mr. Beckwith?"

"No, Ellen. But I didn't sleep very well last night."

"Now ain't that too bad. The missis ain't looking so spry her ownself, either."

He was wide awake in an instant. "She isn't ill?"

"No more than you are, Mr. Beckwith. Something must have been flying around inside the house last night—some evil spirit of insomnia or whatever it is you call it. Be after drinkin' your coffee, Mr. Beckwith—'twill drive the sleep from your eyes and make the sun look brighter."

The coffee, his shave and a cold shower, which trickled like living icicles down his spine, brought him to table keen and wide of eye. Beverly was already there in her simple little morning gown. The table gleamed white and silver; their places were marked by halves of grapefruit in crushed ice. There was a tremble in his voice as he greeted her.

"Good morning, Beverly."

She flashed him a sly glance from beneath her long lashes. "Good morning, Alan."

He plunged his spoon into the fruit. "Ellen tells me you didn't sleep well."

"She told me the same of you. I'm afraid Ellen has a very long tongue."

"She's a treasure." Then, deliberately: "What kept you awake?"

"Nothing."

"Nonsense. People—healthy people—don't lie awake all night when there's nothing the matter."

She hesitated—then answered him with the fearless honesty which he so dearly loved.

"I was kept awake by the same thing that prevented you from sleeping." Her cheeks grew crimson. "Let's talk of something else, Alan."

He did not demur. Beverly, it seemed, was to take Mrs. Garrison to the picture show that afternoon. Alan begged, and received, permission to accompany them.

"Her questions are embarrassing, Alan. She wants to know what sort of work you're doing."

"Naturally. And what have you told her?"

A dimple showed faintly at the corners of her lips. "The first thing I could think of. I said you were selling real estate."

"You're a mind reader. I've always fancied I would be an excellent real estate salesman. I used to believe—" Ellen appeared bearing a dish of sizzling eggs and crispy bacon. "Who is that in the kitchen with you, Ellen?"

THE big woman smiled broadly. "'Tis keener ears you'll be having, Mr. Beckwith. Indeed it's nobody but my husband."

"Your husband? I didn't know you were married."

"And why not, sir?"

Alan chuckled. "No valid reason that I can think of. I just never fancied you belonging to any man."

"And indeed you were right, at that. 'Tis my husband who belongs to me, the little runt."

She disappeared. Beverly threw back her head and laughed softly. "I agree with you, Alan—it's absurd to think of Ellen as a married woman, and yet—as she says—'why not?'"

After breakfast they rose and looked at each other like two children.

"Shall we?" he asked, divining her thoughts.

"We shall. I'm just dying to see him."

Together they walked to the kitchen. Beverly flung open the door and they stepped inside. The figure in the chair by the kitchen table rose and his eyes flashed to the startled orbs of Alan Beckwith.

"Squint!"

The other was highly embarrassed. "Yes, sir, Mr. Beckwith, sir."

"Good Lord . . . You! Ellen's husband!"

The humor of it struck Alan with irresistible force and he laughed ringingly. Beverly was staring from one to the other.

"You know him, Alan?"

"Know him? I should say I do. Beverly, permit me to present Mr. Squint Scoggins, on the payroll of Mr. North, to be my constant companion; a loyal and constant friend, a rotten caddy, an omnivorous consumer of horrible hot dogs and the person whom I trust will some day rise in the world by reason of the circumstances of my demise. Mr. Scoggins—Mrs. Beckwith."

Beverly did not smile. Squint was nervous and ill at ease. "Don't you be mindin' him, Mrs. Beckwith—he's got a queer way of kidding,

(Continued on page 50)



9 9 9999

Fun in a switchboard lamp: 999,999 parts of air rush out, leaving one little fellow behind. Almost a perfect vacuum.

Davenport

Chicago

Pulling noses for fair! A pound of paper is pulled out 200 miles long to one-sixth of a hair's thickness to make the filament in these lamps.

Two switchboard jacks
One couldn't pass the test by the thickness of a few hairs.

Coal inside a transmitter is what makes the telephone talk. The amount must be measured almost to a grain.

Protectors for telephones. These little soldiers have uniforms that must fit to the 4/10,000 of an inch.

Another wonderland for Alice

In search of new adventures Alice stepped through the magnifying glass and found herself in the wonderland of telephone making.

Here at the great telephone factory things were coming to life. Little things that she never could see before. Little distances like one one-thousandth part of an inch, that she didn't know

were worth bothering about, now became immensely big and proud and important.

And why not? These little bits of things are treated with such great respect and care at the telephone factory.

And that is why your Western Electric telephone is made so well and lasts so long.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

The Iron Chalice

(Continued from page 48)



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For diversity of products, this section of the United States is without a parallel. It ranks foremost in the production of such staples as coal, iron, steel, refined oil, cement, lime, woolen and cotton goods, silks, rubber goods, paper, and tobacco; it leads the country in the manufacture of hardware, tools, machinery, brass goods and jewelry. There is hardly a corner of the civilized world where its products are not to be found.

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The railways and highways that spread like a network over the whole section terminate at Port Newark. It has direct all-water communication with markets everywhere. It is the most strategic factory or warehouse location in the East.

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Well-paved motor highways connect Port Newark with all of the important cities of the East. Most of the cities on this map are within overnight motor trucking distance of the Port Newark water-front.

he has. Him and I just happens to be congenial-like, and—"

Beverly's voice came cold and hard. "This is North's man?"

"Yes," answered Alan quietly. "And why get wrought up about it? We know that North would have me followed—and of course you guessed that Ellen was a representative of the over-cautious Andrew—"

"Yes—I knew that."

"Holy Mother!" interjected Ellen. "What perceiving folks you two are."

"—And so," finished Alan, "Squint and I have struck up a genuine intimacy. I welcome you to my home, Mr. Scoggins. And I congratulate you upon your selection of a wife. I bid you both good morning."

But Beverly's face was still grave as she followed him into the living-room. "Doesn't it make you creep, Alan?"

"Squint's professional society? Not a bit. Far better to know him than to wonder who it is dogging my footsteps; and it was a certainty that someone would."

She nodded—not entirely convinced. "I guessed about Ellen, of course . . . but that her husband should be the man . . . Andrew North isn't human!"

"He would have made a marvelous business executive," said Alan gravely.

He lounged about the apartment for a while and then he and Beverly went for a long walk along the lake front. She took two steps to his one, but she walked easily and gracefully and they covered fully four miles before returning to a lunch for which they had both obtained a healthy appetite.

Then there was the theater with Garry that afternoon—a delighted, loquacious Garry who reveled in the good fortune of the young man whom she had befriended. Things were breaking better for Garry, she averred. She had dared to raise her rate with some new boarders and they had acceded willingly.

"Crime you didn't do it long ago," snapped Alan with mock severity. "You keep a clean house and set a good table."

That night he and Beverly were alone together. He rented a car from a drive-it-yourself establishment and they drove for miles into the country. They had little to say, but it seemed as if their very silence was pregnant with thought. Alan was happier than he had ever been before in his life; mere words seemed futile . . . the chill November air fanned his cheeks and Beverly buried her face in the softness of the fur coat which he had bought for her.

THEY returned home about midnight, picnicked in the kitchen with near-beer and Swiss cheese sandwiches—and then she went to her room. The day seemed definitely to have established their relationship: a love mutually recognized, but not to be openly avowed . . . a frank and unashamed delight in each other's society . . . a forgetting of the tragic future and an enjoyment of the delicious present.

Nor did morning dispel the festival spirit. At breakfast Alan inquired jovially after Squint's health and Ellen responded with her verbose and violent good humor. Then Alan rose and looked regretfully at his watch.

"I've got to be off—gosh! I'm sorry."

"Your golf date?"

"Yes. The pro is going to play a round with me in spite of the cold weather. If it wasn't that I promised myself and him—"

"You trot along, Alan. You'll go stale sticking in the apartment all day. Will you be home to lunch?"

"No—worse luck. I promised Jock I'd lunch with him. If I'd known—"

"What?"

"Well, anyway, if I'd known—I wouldn't have made the silly engagement." He grabbed his cap. "Until about two o'clock, then, Beverly."

She smiled and waved and he went out of the door and down the elevator. Confound golf and Jock and cold weather and everything else. He didn't want to leave Beverly. He picked up the inevitable Squint Scoggins in the street and they boarded a taxi and headed toward the municipal links.

It was a long ride and Squint wondered at his friend's silence—it didn't seem to blend with the smile which played constantly about his thin, sensitive lips.

They reached the course; a kindly Fate intervened—Jock, the pro, was not present. His assistant explained that during the night toothache had beset the irascible old Scotchman and he was even then writhing in a dentist's chair. The assistant offered to substitute for his superior, but Alan enthusiastically declined the offer, leaped into a taxi with the relieved Squint who still despised the ancient and honorable pastime, and ordered an amazed taxi driver to "Home, James."

Once at the Avonmont, Squint was given his place on the curb and Alan entered the lobby. The elevator was not there. He pressed the button several times, but the cage did not appear. Then, impatient of delay, he turned to the stairway.

He mounted the steps two at a time. He emerged on his floor at the lower end of the long corridor. He started toward his apartment.

Suddenly he paused. His eyes widened and he experienced a queer, sinking sensation.

Even as he watched, a man pressed the bell-button of the door to his apartment. He was a handsome young chap—perhaps twenty-two or three years of age; slender, neatly dressed.

The door opened. Beverly stepped into the hall. She did not see Alan as her hand seized that of the stranger. Alan heard her glad little cry and he watched the young man follow Beverly into the apartment.

The door closed behind them.

Alan stood motionless for a moment. Then he turned and slowly descended the steps to the lobby and passed into the street again.

(To be continued)

The Silver Concho

(Continued from page 15)

state fair there poured a motley crowd. Beside those unmarked throngs of ordinary humanity from the cities, which mold their people into a type that is as common to the metropolis of the nation as it is to the Southwest's new capital, there were the groups peculiar to the big out-of-doors. There came cowboys, some in their distinctive costumes and others in store clothes, but no less distinguishable for that. Others were mounted and destined to take part in the rodeo that would be part of the lavish and varied entertainment. Ropers, riders and show cowboys, eager for the games; miners, stocky, knot-fisted hardrock men from the gold and copper camps; Mexicans of all classes from the descendants of the grandes of Spain with their tailored suits and dapper manners to the lowest peons of the section gang in overalls and sombreros, but with bright silken kerchiefs about their necks as a signal of a fiesta day.

Surely a colorful crowd, but there was none of it that could surpass the band of Apaches who crossed the road from their picturesque encampment to pass through the turnstiles of the fair grounds, open to them from time immemorial by the white man's custom. These had come partly because the whole noisy affair was free, partly on account of the bands that would play and wholly because of the races.

To the Indian, a horse race is a horse race, even though surrounded by certain mystic ceremonies of the white man's race track. They knew nothing of the weighing-in except that it was something that preceded a horse race. Every Indian cayuse is a potential racer on the reservation. Apaches travel long distances to buy up cheap desert mares, wild and unbroken, and the minute they pass into Apache ownership, these same mares become race horses to be matched against each other and neighboring horses until out of the batch somehow is evolved the puzzling little galloper—the *jik-hae*—which, though stunted and malformed, ugly of disposition and full of fight, can outrun at any distance any thoroughbred that the white man has ever evolved by persistent breeding.

This, then, is the horse that represents the clan against all other clans. And each clan's entire wealth is behind its *jik-hae*.

Of late years the Indians had become interested in automobile racing. Only one of the

(Continued on page 52)



This is the mustache that flared from the features of Philetas Paddock.



This is Philetas Paddock peering from behind his facial cross-purposes.



This is the soup that sustained Philetas Paddock's red corpuscles.



This is the mustache spoon that enabled Philetas Paddock to get soup into his system.

MUSTACHE SPOONS never were brought within reach of the proletariat. Only the elite could afford such devices for the protection of starched fronts and the gratification of luxurious tastes.

The mustache spoon illustrated here was bought as a souvenir at the San Francisco Mid-Winter Exposition in 1874. It is made of silver, has an engraving of the setting sun in the bowl, and an embossed group of Exposition buildings on the mustache guard. Notice the small hook at the end. This enabled the user to hang his spoon daintily across the top of his soup-plate while he engaged in polite conversation.

Mustache spoons, as well as mustache cups, have gone out of fashion. Clean shaving has made them obsolete.

COLGATE'S Rapid-Shave Cream

makes a wonderful lather which softens the beard at the base, where the razor's work is done. It makes clean shaving easy, and leaves the face soothed and velvety.

Daily shaving has become a business, as well as a social requirement. See coupon attached.

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Thermo is an attractive looking coat and the durability is knitted right in with every fibre of the yarn—washes beautifully and is worn the year 'round.

When you buy a knitted coat or vest buy the one bearing the Thermo label. You'll find honest value.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

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The Silver Concho

(Continued from page 51)

tribesmen so far had entered the lists as a motor racer: Gaviland, the Chickenhawk. On the last day of this fair, the Apaches knew that Gaviland would drive one of the thundering devil-wagons in the death-defying race against white drivers.

The prospect of seeing the Chickenhawk win again had proved an irresistible attraction and even Hash-ke-Yazhi, Little Angry Man, who was one hundred and three years old, had ridden forty miles horseback from Fort McDowell to witness the great event.

The coming of Little Angry Man was considered by Chickenhawk as an omen. The aged are specially favored of the gods and his ancestors would scarcely allow Hash-ke-Yazhi to ride so great a distance to see an Apache lose a race. Nor, thought Chickenhawk with simple faith in the earth-spirits, would Little Angry Man be permitted to lose all of his possessions and those of his nine sons, twenty grandsons and dozen or more great grandsons. For, of course, all would be bet with implicit trust on the outcome.

When Chickenhawk and Peter reached the turnstile, the Apache pressed Peter's elbow with a reassuring grip, a grip that Peter had learned to understand meant he was to keep his own counsel and trust to the Apache providence as interpreted by the Apache wisdom. Peter saw his companion move off and mingle with his own people and he watched the driver a moment, half-minded to call him back. Then, with a shrug, he went into the grounds with the crowd.

When the sun had ridden the circuit and had turned his star herds out to roam the "ranges high and dim" and Peter had seen nothing of the Chickenhawk that night, he went to their rooms and set the Indian's paper suit-case upside down on the middle of his bed as a sign that he must report. Then Peter went to bed in his own room, assuring himself the Apache was spending the night at the encampment on some aboriginal affair connected with the betting.

But the hours brought morning and no Chickenhawk.

Peter ate a hasty breakfast and looked in at a few places where Chickenhawk might possibly be found and then caught a street car for the fair grounds.

THE Apache camp was almost desolate. The tents were there, a camp-fire or two burned, but only a few aged women and decrepit men lounged about. The buckboards, horses and most of the dogs were gone. Peter's questions, that grew a little excited as they progressed, brought forth nothing of any value in reply. He might as well have interrogated a jumble of stones as these old folk with their years etched deep on their immobile faces.

"And this is Friday!" Peter exclaimed with sudden panic. "That Chickenhawk is supposed to drive a race tomorrow."

He shook his fist at the unblinking Little Angry Man who sat like a run-down dog flat on the floor of his tepee.

"Tell me, you old devil, where is Chickenhawk? Huh? Where?"

Peter got down on hands and knees and glared into the wrinkled face, searching for a reply he knew he couldn't read.

"You know me, don't you—Nah-at-chee—Gaviland partner!" he yelled. "Where is Chickenhawk? 'Onde?' In his earnestness he dropped into Spanish, and not very good Spanish at that. "'Onde 'sta Gaviland? Huh? Big race tomorrow—mañana. Oh, dammit, I wish I could talk Apache!"

Hash-ke-Yazhi gazed imperturbably at Peter and this wholly unnecessary calm irritated the boy.

"You know English, you old dried-up faker. You could tell me where everybody's gone to if you only would. Come on, now, huh?"

The seasoned old face showed not a single trace of a reply. But to show his good will to this boisterous young American, Little Angry Man's lips essayed a slight smile as they moved slowly over a cud of white man's tobacco.

By the time Peter got back to town, the early afternoon paper was on the streets. The cry of

a newsboy and a glimpse of the headlines paralyzed Peter. He bought a paper with a sinking sensation and read:

SEEK INDIAN RACER FOR MURDER OF RIVAL DRIVER, TONY ANCONI

Peter read on:

"The body of Tony Anconi, professional race driver, was found this morning lying on the Tempe road five miles east of town. He had met death by a blow on the forehead. His car stood, fore wheels half in a ditch nearby. Anconi was alone in the car at the time of his death.

"Report of the death was given by a truck farmer to Sheriff Lane, who went to the scene with Coroner McKee, but by the time the officers arrived, many passers-by had stopped to examine the spot and all tracks had been obliterated.

"At first taken for an accident, the death of Anconi was later believed to have been planned and this belief was strengthened by the discovery of a silver ornament, called a concho, its thong broken, in the hand of the dead man.

"George Banning, also a racing man, identified the concho as one worn by Chickenhawk, the Apache driver, whose feat in winning last year's Cactus Derby and whose entry into the 100-miler this year has been exploited recently by the fair association.

"Banning told the authorities that in company with R. E. Snell, another race driver, he had been out on the Tempe road early this morning and had stopped at the scene of the accident or crime. They had noticed the concho in the dead man's hand and had instantly recalled it by reason of the fact that Banning had tried vainly to purchase it from Chickenhawk yesterday.

"Banning added that he believed Anconi's car had been started and driven against a culvert to give it the appearance of having been accidentally wrecked and lend such a color to the death of the driver.

"Snell also identified the concho.

"The Indian has been missing from his hotel since early yesterday afternoon. A warrant is expected to be sworn out for his arrest."

Peter leaned against a lamp-post, finishing the story.

"Ho-lee Cats! I can't believe that. Nothing like that."

His eyes returned to the page and he gathered from it with growing apprehension how a net of circumstance was being woven about Chickenhawk as the slayer of Tony Anconi. Then he looked up into the face of a plain clothes man who had been watching him as he read and now stepped up with purpose written all over him.

It was not difficult for Peter to satisfy the authorities that he knew nothing of the crime. He was questioned and freed, but something told Peter that his movements would be watched. He paused in the hallway of the sheriff's office to smile as he caught sight of an assistant county attorney trying to extract information out of Little Angry Man who evidently had been caught in the dragnet along with a pair of his squaws. The prosecutor might as well have questioned a horse.

Peter went to his room with a heavy heart. He did not care to eat. His room oppressed him and he went out to the street. He spent his afternoon morosely stalking through the streets, now strangely deserted due to the general exodus to the fairgrounds. At five o'clock, when the crowd began to pour back into the city and the lights came on, he entered a restaurant and ate mechanically. He went to bed early.

Some time in the night—Peter knew it was late, for the noise of the traffic was thin—he was aroused by consciousness that someone was in the room. He touched the light switch. The room flooded with light and revealed one sitting on the floor, his legs straight out before him and his back propped against the door, his head dropped on his breast in tired slumber—Chickenhawk.

"Chickenhawk!" Peter's whispered exclamation roused the Indian, who looked up and smiled a brief, tired smile.

"Chick, for God's sake what are you doing here?"

Peter's gaze took in his partner's dusty

(Continued on page 51)



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PHILADELPHIA



The Silver Concho

(Continued from page 52)

bedraggled finery, his haggard face and heavy bloodshot eyes.

"Where have you been?"

"Me? Me all ri't."

"All right," Peter snapped. "Like hell you are. Don't you know every cop and deputy sheriff in the county is looking for you? They say you killed Tony Anconi. You're accused of murder."

Peter's eyes ran over Chickenhawk's sorry figure.

"And you look like it, too."

By now Peter was standing over his partner, whose composed face was like some weary old priest's, bored by the clatter of children. His silence was exasperating.

"Did you do it? Say you didn't do it."

"Me ding kill nobod'."

"Then where have you been?"

Peter's anguished eyes sought Chickenhawk's wrist and he leaned over to pluck the now sweat-stained purple sleeve up the stout forearm. Arm and wrist were bare.

"Where's your concho?"

The Apache remained inscrutable.

"Chick!" Peter ground out in a hoarse whisper. "Listen! Here's how you stand." He snapped open a newspaper he caught up from the dresser and read over portions of its garish narrative.

"Chick, old partner, they've already got you booked for the rope. You're going to be hung sure unless you tell me where you've been and what you've been doing since you pulled out—you and your whole tribe. Where have you been? Where is your concho?"

The Indian's eyes fell from Peter's for the first time in their friendship.

"Me, I ding kill nobod'," he intoned dully.

Peter was about to resume his tirade when a knock came and immediately the door was pushed in by three officers, their naked six-shooters in their hands. Silence and suspicious glances while they hoisted Chickenhawk to his feet and led him out.

Then—"We spotted him when he came in," said one of the officers. Peter looked at his watch. It was three o'clock.

No more sleep. Peter knew that at six o'clock an interesting delegation of two was due from Lordsburg.

HE DRESSED and put in the hours walking, walking just anywhere but with the station as an ultimate destination. He wondered how Lucy Montgomery would look and how she would like the gay crowds gathered in the city for the fair. He caught himself wondering why he never had noticed how Lucy had dressed back home. He half believed he had never seen her other than in the simple frocks she wore around home and at the very informal affairs of Lordsburg society.

So, when the train pulled in, Peter was surprised and pleased at the sight of the couple from home. Old Charlie showed up with a tweed suit of gray that was new, but with the same big hat at the same rakish tilt. Any one who knew him would understand that the good Dr. Montgomery was off to the races and discounting the cost.

But Lucy! A dark suit, and very smart, a stylish dress to the long and lovely hair, a small hat that was perky and therefore exactly right.

"We saw in the paper about Chick," Old Charlie began even before saying howdy. "And I don't believe a word of it." His jaw tightened and he jabbed his hat on at a determined angle.

"Chickenhawk is an Apache, all right, but he isn't that kind. Somebody's jobbed him—and you."

"I'm glad you think that way," Peter responded, turning but not quite letting go a small hand. "But it looks bad for us. You know how Indian Chick is. He won't talk. Won't try to explain even if there is a way out. Besides, his concho is gone and he won't say where."

They talked busily and apparently unconcernedly as they sorted out suit-cases and started for the street.

"How much do you know about it?" the older man demanded.

Peter briefed the story and told how Chickenhawk had turned up a few hours before, bleary-

eyed and weary and had been taken by the officers.

"So he showed up, eh? That's the first I'd heard of that. Here!" He yelled at a taxi-driver. "Take us to the sheriff's office and kinda skush along."

At the seat of authority, Dr. Montgomery got out alone. "No," he said to Peter. "You go on up to the hotel and get us fixed up for rooms. Don't bother about Lucy, she can take care of herself. You go get some rest. Remember, you got a race to drive this afternoon." He reached in and slapped Peter's shoulder. "You've worked a year for this and now don't let anything—anything keep you out of it. You got a show to win and Lordsburg expects a good try. Why, son, the town's putting the family plate on you this afternoon." He patted a hip-pocket with a grim smile. "You'd better win!"

Peter obeyed dumbly. At the hotel he was glad Lucy was a practical young person and needed no ushering about. Soon he found himself sprawled face down and fully dressed on his bed, facing in his mind the trial that would be actual when he took the yellow car out into the ruck of the contest only a few hours later. He knew he could not drive the track as fast as Chickenhawk, but it hadn't occurred to him to back out. He pondered a possible mechanic from among his scant list of friends, but none seemed to suit. The Dowell Special would be served in the pits by several Lordsburg boys who had come over for that purpose. He could certainly depend on these lads in the pits, but none seemed suitable for the hundred miles of speed out there on the track.

Peter felt that the possibilities of the Dowell differential clutch were slipping away from him, and, somehow he didn't much care.

When he freshened up and went below at noon, the first person he met at the elevator door was Lucy, who had every appearance of having lain in wait with some womanly and felonious purpose.

"Have you found a mechanic yet? If you haven't why couldn't you let me be it—please! Please! I'd love it. I promise to work hard. I could wear goggles and a helmet and an old greasy suit of overalls and nobody would ever know. . . ."

Lucy's words came in a torrent of earnestness and Peter glanced around the lobby, undecided, a little bewildered and fearful that every one was looking right at him. He saw the pink face and prosperous figure of George Banning. And Banning was looking at him, or at Lucy. Peter felt a surge of resentment.

Automobile Day drew a far greater crowd than any other day. Speed trials of all classes were to be held. There would be motor-cycle races and airplane stunts.

The main event was the 100-mile track championship for cars of the 250-inch class.

The Apache camp was again alive with movement and filled with color. None of the Indians seemed to know that their Chickenhawk was in the toils of the white man's law. Cash, ponies, blankets, beads of shell and silver and of turquoise had been wagered against American gold of the shrewd gamblers—for these belongings of the Apache have their definite values as currency. Hooper, of course, was the favorite of the insiders and Chickenhawk bore the burden of the Apache wealth.

With Anconi out of it and Chickenhawk, the dark horse, apparently in a safe place, the betting commissioners were crowding the Indians, hurrying the wagers, piling the Indians' blankets and ornaments in great heaps, with their sacks of gold, and each pile guarded by representatives of the parties in place of stakeholders.

The ponies had been gathered in a rope corral, watched by two Indians and two detectives, hired by the gamblers. In a tub in the middle of this corral had been tossed the coin that represented the white men's side of the bet.

But Little Angry Man, who was supposed to be the chief of the guards for the tribe, was gone. And it was Old Doc Montgomery who was responsible. The aged Apache was one of those to whom the physician could always go as an example of his skill and devotion in the days of the great measles epidemic that decimated some

of the tribes. During this time of distress, when even the heavy magic of the medicine men availed naught, Old Charlie had stepped in and saved the remnant of Little Angry Man's clan. On the day of the culmination of the great trouble, even the old warrior had resigned himself in his sickness and lay with the blue-jay feather gripped in his teeth that evil spirits might not enter where the spirit quit the body.

So it was that there was a solemn shaking of hands when Doc Montgomery went to Hash-ke-Yazhi that morning for help. Montgomery and the old war chief went off somewhere in a devil wagon together and the Indian and those of his people hanging around made no demur at the white doctor's request.

THEIR destination was the sheriff's office, where much smoking in silence and some conversation ensued. Finally Doc Charlie assumed the role of interpreter when the Apache conventions had been satisfied and Little Angry Man was ready to talk. There were many references to what in American would be "the weather" and "the state of the crops," both of corn and of kids. Years of Indian diplomacy had inured Dr. Montgomery to these preludes. But with such speed as the occasion would permit, he drove into his ancient friend's understanding something about the plight of Chickenhawk, something about the way he was regarded by the minions of the law.

Then Hash-ke-Yazhi's fundamental old mind evolved a stupefyingly simple solution.

"You let Chickenhawk go loose," he said. "Put me in jail."

The sheriff sent for the county attorney. They argued the point briefly and, although Montgomery assured them that no bail that could be fixed would hold so well as this Damon and Pythias arrangement, the man of law was firm. It was not in the books and it could not be.

Little Angry Man's beady eyes took on a pleading expression when Old Charlie rendered the official declaration into Apache.

"But my people lose everything—blankets, ponies, wagons, everything." He did not add that in such circumstances the greatest tragedy of all would fall—the Apaches must go to work.

"Now about that Concho," said Dr. Montgomery suddenly, feeling that he had at last attained a certain point of vantage in the discussion. "I take it that all you're holding Chickenhawk on is that the dead man had a concho in his hand, said to be the one Chickenhawk owned. Hasn't it occurred to you that someone might have put that silver concho in Anconi's hand just to lay the blame on the Indian? That's poor evidence, seems to me. You let the Indian out and I'll stand his bail."

"He hasn't had his preliminary examination yet," the sheriff objected. "I don't think they'll let him make bond, Charlie, until he has."

"Well, you get busy and see that they hurry it up," said Montgomery with sudden truculence. "I've known you for eighteen years now, sheriff, and you've been wrong half the time. You'd be working for day wages right now in some cow camp if some of us hadn't helped you into this office. Now you get busy and see that Chickenhawk gets a fair trial and cheap bail."

"Me want see concho," said Hash-ke-Yazhi, so suddenly struck by an idea that he forgot his pretended ignorance of English.

"You want what?" cried the sheriff.

"See concho!"

The sheriff shook his head. "No savvy."

"Wup, there," said Doc. "You savvy plenty. He wants to see that concho, an' you dig it up."

Little Angry Man looked at Charlie with dog-like gratitude. He nodded vigorously and hitched at his overalls. His little black face was a mass of wrinkles that hid all expression.

The concho was brought from its big envelope and handed to the Apache, who held the token close to his eyes and peered at it. Then his shrunken body relaxed and he flung the concho on the table with a gesture that was pantomime itself for scorn.

"Wrong side," he stated as though that cleared up everything.

"Wrong side," he repeated when Charlie asked him what he meant. "Chickenhawk concho right side. This—left side." He brought his small palms together in front of him and then flung them apart—the Apache gesture for "it is finished."

The county attorney examined the silver shell

(Continued on page 56)



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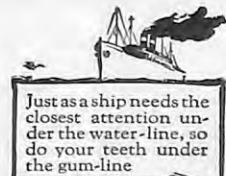
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The Silver Concho

(Continued from page 55)

with new interest but the sheriff scoffed. Hash-ke-Yazhi began a slow discourse in his own tongue and Montgomery listened with tongue-tip between his parted lips. Then—

"He says this is the concho from the left side of Old Cochise's bridle. Cochise had two and he passed them over to two of his sub-chiefs when he died. Chickenhawk owns the right-hand one. This one, the left, was taken years ago from an Apache laborer when he was drunk. Who stole it, no one knows, but it disappeared at the Goldbar mine when there was scum there that would take anything."

"Where's the Redskin that used to own it?" Montgomery repeated the attorney's question to Little Angry Man.

The Apache's gesture signified that the one sought was at the camp near the fair grounds.

"Well, you had better have him at the hearing," said the prosecutor. "Now ask him where is the right-hand concho, the one he says belongs to Chickenhawk."

Little Angry Man's eye glinted even before the question was put into Apache. He shook his head.

"Don't know," he said with a final brevity. "Lost um, mebbe. Lost um."

And that, so far as Hastin Hash-ke-Yazhi was concerned, was that.

PETER DOWELL drove the yellow racing car to the fair grounds over a little used side road and was in a troubled state. At his side, muffled in khaki overalls, head harness and goggles, sat Lucy, and there was silence sitting between them. For at noon, Doc Montgomery had brought word that despite his efforts, Chickenhawk had refused to discover to the authorities the whereabouts of the missing concho and the latter in return had refused him bail.

Lucy's insistence on riding mechanic had been strong and Peter's power of resistance low. He felt he didn't care who won the great race, if anybody. The identity of his mechanic would be of small importance. He would drive the best he knew how, but he realized that best would be down the scale from Chickenhawk's capabilities. Chickenhawk was an instinctive driver. Peter was just a driver. He already had resolved that at the first hint of danger in case the track should prove crowded, he would withdraw rather than endanger Lucy Montgomery through his unskilled handling.

Back at Lordsburg Lucy had often ridden with him on trial spins and she knew the meaning of the gauges and oil pump and was accustomed to speed. She wanted him to win the race. She felt she could help and told him so.

They wheeled into the broad gate where the racing cars were entering the grounds and where, as non-paying patrons, the Indians were stringing along. There was a halt as the traffic jammed and Peter idled the car along by inches. At his elbow strode a file of fat squaws wearing rainbow-colored silken shawls.

A commotion behind him caused Peter to glance back. An Apache boy astride a shaggy pony had ridden up with a word for one of the throng. A few short words in the clipped tribal tongue and Peter's attention was drawn by a young girl, slim and pretty and dressed in the sober gray gingham costume of the Indian School, who separated herself from the company of a massive squaw and moved away in the wake of the boy. As the latter cross-reined his pony, Peter noticed that the bridle was ornamented with a pair of thin, cheap silver conchos, one below each ear. His mind, perhaps freed for the moment by his gloomy introspection from the worry of impending defeat, took in the detail that the device on the conchos was a conventional one of crude circles arranged like the petals of a flower. Not like the meaningful design on old Chick's ill-fated concho, he reflected.

Peter drove to the pits and received the vociferous greetings of his Lordsburg friends. It was like coming into another world to be in this atmosphere of castor-oil smoke, fumes of gasoline and dust and to hear the shriek of holiday whistles and the rumble of feet in the wooden grandstand across the way. There was an intermittent roar of testing motors. There would be an hour before the trial spins and the motorcycle races would be finished and the big

cars would line up for the start of the century. Peter busied himself with checking up his motor.

He drove out for his trial spin around the mile track and Lucy frankly admitted her nervousness. A mile of track one hundred feet wide is all too small for a score of motor cars hurtling around at forty or fifty seconds to the lap. Peter imagined what the real race would be like and returned to the pit with a private vote of no confidence in himself, and Lucy as the issue.

IN THE quarter stretch a dozen humpbacked, low-hung motorcycles were being led along for the start of a ten-mile dash. In the pits, helpers were arranging tire tools, broad-throated jugs for fuel and oil, spare plugs and the other accessories of an automobile race.

Peter's eyes did not follow the start nor his ears even hear the barking of the twin motors as the daredevils got away. He did not sweep the grandstand although it presented a picture to enjoy one who would presently be performing for its enjoyment. 'Round the track came the motorcycles, with the fence fans rising like a ripple as the racers passed. Along the infield fence were the Apaches. They had learned by now of Chickenhawk's plight and there was no snap to them. By attitudes, if not by words, they gave a living picture of the gloom that was in Peter Dowell's heart.

At Hooper's pit George Banning was smiling like an embodiment of happiness and prosperity and urging the race sports to show their money. He was offering two to one that Hooper would beat any other named driver; he offered ten to one that Hooper would beat Ralph Bowyer or Huntley Martin. Other drivers came in his book at varying odds, but Dutch Snell and the Peter Dowell Special shared the doubtful compliment of being quoted at the reckless figure of twenty-to-one. Banning seemed to have plenty of money and Peter surmised that he was handling Hooper's commissions as well as his own.

As Peter watched the group, he saw a small familiar gray figure bulge in from the sidelines and consult with money and gestures. Finally he and Banning presented their stakes to Fred Wagner, the starter, who was acting as stakeholder along the pits. Peter helped Lucy up where she could see her father elbowing his way to them, a broad smile on his face.

"I got down a thousand good hard Lordsburg dollars just now," said Dr. Charles Montgomery gleefully as he came up. "That moneyed gent gave this old country boy twenty-to-one against the Dowell Special. So, Petey, it is up to us to win the race."

Peter's face whitened. A chill struck him amidships and he stammered:

"Why, I—I—hope so."

"You'll feel better in a minute," said the pleased old man in his best bedside manner, if a little cryptically.

In the excitement of the finish of the motorcycle race few noticed the lean Indian who strode across the track and moved down the line of pits.

"Chickenhawk!" Peter shouted wildly at the sight of the Indian.

"Chickenhawk!" The word ran through the pits like fire in prairie grass.

The tribe along the infield had the word in an instant and from two hundred bronzed throats rose a chilling cry that pierced all other hubbub and stilled it. Long-drawn it was and shrill, and to even civilized breasts it brought a quiver and to erudite brains a flash of memory as of streaked dawn light on the plains and the lone rider silhouetted who would be the fore-runner of a swoop. More than one of that assembly could remember when such a cry meant blood and terror to the settlements and wagon trains.

But in a moment the grandstand was staccato with talk over the strange turn of affairs. The pits were filled with shouts and speculation. Drivers, already mounted, gave their cars the prod and listened critically to the roarings.

Banning, white-faced and panicky, ceased his clamant urgings and retired to whispered consultation with Hooper and Snell.

The Apaches registered that modified joy which proved that their stolidity is born of occasions.

(Continued on page 58)

And then, from the judge's stand, one with a megaphone summoned the drivers for the start. Chickenhawk wriggled into overalls and submitted to head gear and goggles. Peter, scarcely yet sounding the full depths of the situation, slipped happily into his mechanic's seat. Lucy sat down on a case of canned oil and cried, with Old Charlie fondling her khaki shoulder and turning from her to the track and back again with all the air of an agitated banty rooster.

Racing history was written on the dust of the Phoenix track that day. Many track records were hoisted and one world mark was broken for the century on a mile oval. Yellow Number 12, guided by Chickenhawk, was away in the first rank of massed cars that dug for the first turn at the flap of the starter's green flag. Two of the cars had more get-away than Dowell's Special and led into the turn with a terrifying swish of dust to the outer rail. Chickenhawk avoided a slower wagon and shot straight for the pole. Peter noted with approval how the Indian closed in on the inner rail and gave throttle to the motor. The two leading cars swung wide to come out of the turn. Without slackening, Chickenhawk thrust the yellow racer ahead, gaining a few feet only to lose them as the speedier leaders straightened out on the back stretch.

Here for the first time Peter identified these leaders. One was sturdy old Ralph Bowyer, veteran of many a hard-fought track and road event. Another was Martin, the Los Angeles amateur. From behind came two machines which showed zip enough possibly to pass Peter's plugging entry.

As the second or south turn flew to meet them Peter was conscious that the two pursuers were, upon them, drivers spurting into the turn, thinking easily to pass the pole-clinging Lordsburg boiler that seemingly had sought the refuge of the slower cars. But as they left off pressing their cars to fight the side sway on the bend, Chickenhawk was feeding an even flow of gas, neither gaining nor losing speed.

At the second mile Bowyer was still leading with Martin grimly at his rear wheels. Two hundred yards behind them came the yellow racer, hugging the pole with Hooper and De Launay shutting along on even terms and almost abreast. Behind roared a dozen potential winners, each striving to break out of the jam.

Peter tried to see their pit as they went by, but he could not even pick out its painted boundary let alone those who leaned over the counter filling their souls with satisfaction at the performance of the Lordsburg entry.

DURING the road race the year before, Peter had waxed rebellious at times over the even speed maintained by Chickenhawk. But this time he was content to leave more to the mysterious workings of the Apache's inborn racing sense. He knew Chickenhawk was following a definite program, a campaign mapped out by racing men before the white race had achieved velocipedes. Chickenhawk was using the age-old Indian process of eating up ground with an even appetite, as his fleet-footed forefathers had covered desert miles at the dog-trot. He hit the curves at the same speed he used on the stretches.

Peter felt it was the Indian's driving rather than his differential that enabled them to hold the pace on the turns. The other drivers cut to the outside and then jerked back across the belly of the turns, but the yellow car clung to the pole, shooting around the track like a ball whirled at the end of a string.

By the end of the tenth mile it began to be apparent to spectators that something was decidedly unusual about the performance of Number 12. It had crept up on the leaders until they had to spurt on the straightaways to keep their lead. Judges and pitmen were impressed with the fact that Chickenhawk was not losing ground on the turns. A few remarked that the Indian was not putting himself out there where he belonged and attributed his place to inexperience or cowardice. But wiser ones remembered having heard something about a trick differential and they all began to look for the expected breakdown.

Martin, lacking the generalship of Bowyer, was swaying wider and wider in a frantic effort to keep up with the professional, who was setting a terrific if oscillating pace on turns and stretches. Martin's pit was notified by the

(Continued on page 58)



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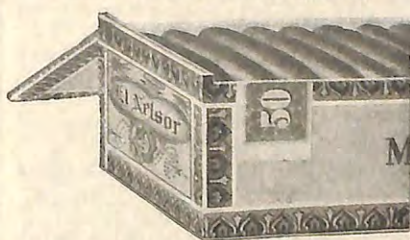
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The Silver Concho

(Continued from page 57)

judges to call their man in, but the pit manager sent back word that no signal had been arranged for such a message. The judges replied that the starter would halt Martin on the next lap and warn him about the turns, and the helpers resigned themselves to the loss of at least half a lap.

But it was not to be. The starter was on the line with his red flag when a jet of dust was pitched a hundred feet into the air at the south turn, the softer of the two, and Martin's car careened up the track, broke the upper shoulder of the curve and crashed through the 14-foot board fence. Bowyer's car, bearing a big "5" on its radiator, bored out of the stratum of drifting dust alone as the yellow car shot into it with Hooper and De Launay clinging to the outer rim of the turn.

Martin's self-sacrifice in taking his unmanageable car to the outside instead of to the rail saved the lives of Peter Dowell and Chickenhawk, though Hooper and the Frenchman were in brief peril as they took the turn. A great roar of cheers greeted the three cars when they sped out of the dust cloud that veiled the turn and swelled to a mighty thunder as they hurtled past the stands.

AT 45 miles the positions remained unchanged, though Hooper had crawled up until at times he was ahead of the Lordsborg car. Then a new factor entered that race. Bowyer shut off his motor on the far turn, slowed sharply and then spurted to the pole behind the three who had been pursuing him. The great track champion was bound for the pits for fuel, leaving Chickenhawk and Hooper to fight for the lead.

Then it was that Hooper, using his reserve, did that which reversed the order of the numbers going up on the big score board. With a championship point before his eyes, he put his car to its best speed, choosing the near turn as the more firm now that the speeding cars, like intermittent vacuum cleaners, had sucked the soft dust from the surface and spread it over miles of ground. Hooper chanced a bet with death in order to nose past Number 12. Chickenhawk nudged Peter with his elbow as Hooper sailed by. The brief gesture seemed to say: "Don't worry. Leave it to me."

Peter settled down for a burst of speed on the handle of his oil pump. Hooper drew ahead and vanished in his own dust and Peter rather expected Chick to try a burst of speed. But none came. Only a gradually increased pressure on the shoulders as the Indian let the engine out a notch and the battle of the motor against inertia increased in fury. Hooper necessarily slackened speed at the next turn. Peter noted a little gain on the professional as the Apache wrung from Time every yard that could be torn from Space. Again Peter sensed no slackening as the car swept around the curve.

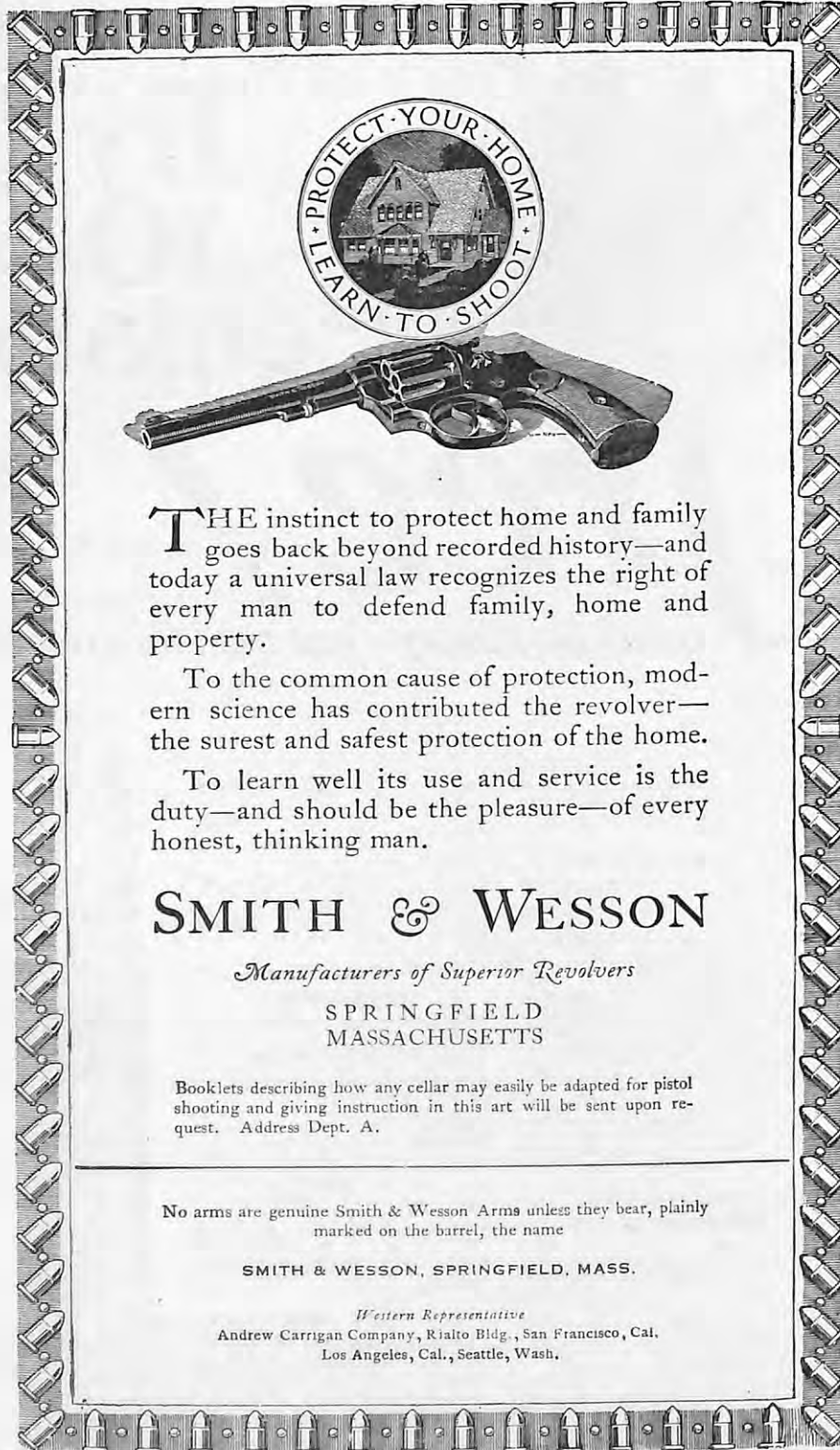
It was Hooper's inability to draw permanently away from the yellow car that first impressed the great crowd with the terrible speed of the race. Bowyer, back on the track, was having a hard time to draw even with De Launay, who had fallen two hundred good yards back of Chickenhawk. The other cars, with their caroming swings at the sharp bends and space-eating spurts on the stretches, were fairly flying while the low yellow Number 12, toiling along at the rail, seemed only to loaf. Yet half the crowd was on its feet, cheering and waving everything that was loose.

When Peter got the signal on his seventy-second lap to come in for fuel, Bowyer was still more than a mile behind. Hooper, not yet pinched for supplies, was rolling a great race head. On the next lap, Chickenhawk pulled in at his pit. The pit manager made his report as the helpers flung in the fuel.

"Not a wobble anywhere. Tires first rate. You boys can win the race if you'll get out of this pit a little faster'n hell beating tan bark."

Peter and Chickenhawk drained the last drop from their flasks of bitter lemonade. Peter asked: "Was that Los Angeles man hurt?"

"No. Go on! You're doing fine!" screamed the pit manager. Chickenhawk was already giving the car its head and they swept once more into the race, still a quarter of a mile ahead of the charging Bowyer.



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Hooper did not seem to give a hang if his carburetor sucked dry. At least nothing he did indicated such a fear. Peter began to wonder. Bowyer, close behind, was entering the turns as Number 12 left them and was throwing his car at the bends like a man disdainful of life, limb and the fortune bound up in his machine.

Over in the judge's stand where were gathered men who had seen much automobile racing, the great Bowyer was already counted out.

"Before long, that baby will get going crab fashion and then he'll lose a hundred yards getting slowed down and the kinks out," the starter remarked to the man with the slide rule. "Bowyer's done right now, cleaned out by a trick lots of amateurs don't fall for any more."

If Bowyer was to the bad in his over-anxiety to pass the rube car with its amateur driver, Hooper was keeping his lead and driving a heady piece of pastime. He had the Apache pretty well sized up and he realized he must store up a lot of distance if he was to go to the pits and get back in the race as a contender for first place. Already he had ignored two signals from his pit to come in. He had planned his race after the start, and by now he knew that, barring an accident to the Indian's car, he must make his gasoline carry him the full century.

And Peter was beginning to think Hooper would do it, too, when the favorite gave in. It was a called bluff with the professional. Race intuition told him his gasoline tank had stood the grind as long as it could and that if it ran dry on the back stretch the fast turning motor would die quickly and he would never have reserve in his feed pipe to carry him to the pits. He must quit the race for a moment or quit it for good. He had stood the test as long as seasoned judgment would let him and then pulled in at his pit with a grim smile on his oily face. He knew now that short of a crash, a blow-out or a malfunction, Chickenhawk, the Apache, would win.

Peter took in a tremendous breath as he realized that for the first time his car was leading. They flashed past the Lordsburg pit and he tossed both arms in a wild gesture of triumph hoping that Lucy would see and know it was for her. The Lordsburg rooters were wild with excitement. Lucy was standing on a box, her hair a little disorderly and her eyes agleam, while Old Charlie was going from one to another, delivering mighty whacks on unconscious backs and yelling at the top of his voice.

In the roar from the stands and infield, no one could be heard; it was a bedlam of shrieking, howling humanity, gone mad over the primitive frenzy that had its origin when skin-clad men watched dinosaurs in full tilt over the soggy plain.

AT NINETY miles, Bowyer had forged up to within fifty yards; Hooper, back in the race, was clinging to Ralph's skirts and the other survivors were flying along not far behind. At ninety-five, Hooper had passed Bowyer and was breaking even with the yellow car. Peter stole a glance at the Apache's face. The Chickenhawk was bent over the wheel, his black eyes glinting out through his goggles with a wolfish stare, his sinewy bare hands caked with dust and sweat. The pressure of the wind that bore against Peter's forehead as he crouched, struck Chickenhawk full in the breast and flattened his dusty shirt against his arched muscles. The Indian's jaws were clenched, his lips parched and bloodless. From him there seemed to emanate a fierce lust to win—win at any cost. It was then that Peter knew that Hooper could never nose past.

Nor did he. Chickenhawk shot the car across the tape with Wagner's checkered flag flashing before his eyes. Once again the Indian drove the mile but at reduced speed, while other cars were finishing for the lesser prizes. Wheeling to the pit, the winners dismounted stiffly. A crowd instantly closed in about them, speed maniacs, photographers, newspapermen and pit-hounds who always crowd around a winner. Peter became aware that he was holding Lucy's hand. Chickenhawk had pulled off his helmet and stood like a statue, seeming not to see the crowd. Peter felt his legs trembling and sat down suddenly on one of the warm rear tires but the Indian stood as steady as a rock.

Over the hubbub of the crowd came the shrill, chilling Apache cry as the Indians left the infield and broke into a dashing run for the gates, their camp and their enhanced possessions.

(Continued on page 6)



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The Silver Concho

(Continued from page 59)

Chickenhawk made as if to follow them, but from the official box came a bawled megaphone summons. Twenty thousand race fans wanted to see the winner and Chickenhawk and Peter were grasped firmly by the arms and hustled across to a bench in the judges' stand, where they were displayed to the multitude whose dollars had bought the right.

Peter met the gaze of the curious crowd with a smile and a wave of the arm. But the Apache stood erect, his dark eyes sweeping over the sea of faces, his own a mask. He seemed incapable of bowing his thanks for the storm of applause. Soon the officials gave permission for them to go and Chickenhawk glided from the platform and made for the Indian camp.

Peter, accustomed to the ways of his friend, returned to the pit, where he joined Lucy and her father amid the celebrating townsmen.

"That silver concho they found on Anconi wasn't Chickenhawk's," Old Charlie was saying, his voice full of gulps of triumph. "We proved it. You see, on Chickenhawk's concho the antelope was turned one way, and on the left-hand one it was reversed, so on the horse's bridle both antelopes would be looking to the front. All that hung us up was what that derved Apache had done with his concho and where the sucker had been.

"Well, I worked on Little Angry Man until I got him to understand that if the Indians didn't come through and help Chick out of jail they'd lose everything, including honor. Finally, about noon, my ancient friend opened up.

"They had a good alibi for Chickenhawk, all right," Charlie explained with a smile. "But none of 'em would ever have told it even to save Chickenhawk from the rope—but Little Angry Man told it to save the tribe its bets. Ain't the Injun's mind funny?"

Peter shoved in to face his probable future father-in-law.

"Well, where was he, then?"
 "Ho! So he didn't even tell you, heh? Well, you know our busy government has prohibited the Apache dances, but that's just where they'd all gone. Every one of 'em able to ride a horse or set in a spring-wagon had migrated back to the reservation to one of their dance places and put on an all-night jamboree Friday night for Chickenhawk's good luck. There was a mite of *tulapai* drunk, and when they come to, the whole b'illin' of 'em was scared to death the agent would find out.

"Chickenhawk had given his concho to his girl—you didn't know he had one, did you? Little Dawn Feather; he called her after that little cloud you see only in the morning across the eastern sky—Dawn Feather. Well, she had Chick's concho on her arm when they sent for her.

"That let Chickenhawk out and all we had to do was figger out that other concho, the one Anconi had. Something this here Banning had said about a friend of his owning the mate to Chick's came out and the cops were questioning Banning while the race was on. He admitted he owned it himself and had put it in Anconi's hand when he and this Snell serpent found Tony busted up from an accident while out practicing. Anyway, I . . ."

"I guess Chickenhawk and Peter did enough," said Wagner, entering the circle and confronting Montgomery. "Here, sign for this money."

PETER and Lucy drove out of the grounds in the quiet dusk and stopped near the Indian encampment. Out of the surging crowd of his people came Chickenhawk and beside him was a slim girl. She was pretty and dressed in the sober gray gingham of the Indian school. They approached the car and, without a word, the two girls clasped hands.

Peter reached out with the gravity he sometimes assumed to match that of his friend, and took Chickenhawk's lean paw in his own, and he detected in the Indian's eyes a soft gleam submerging their accustomed piercing light and across the firm, expressionless lips there flitted the nearest to a tender emotion Peter had ever witnessed there.

It ended in a smile, a real white-man's smile, as Chickenhawk let his eyes drop to the bobbed hair, black as a raven's wing, at his side.



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Uncle Sam's Air Mail Makes Good

(Continued from page 28)

correspondent placed his answer in the plane leaving for the East the next morning at 6 o'clock, and on Friday afternoon it was delivered in New York. The elapsed time for the completed correspondence was 78 hours, 13 minutes. The fastest possible time by train one way is 90 hours; the average time being 100 hours. Thus the air time for the trip across the continent, including practically twelve hours layover in the Pacific Coast city, was eighteen hours less than the minimum time required for a letter to travel *one way* by train.

THE Air Mail saves the New York business man eight hours in communicating with Cleveland; 10 hours with Chicago; 10 hours with Omaha; 28 hours with Cheyenne; 40 hours with Salt Lake City; and 58 hours with San Francisco. By sending his letter to Indianapolis by Air Mail, he saves 6 hours; Milwaukee, 9 hours; Minneapolis and St. Paul, 11 hours; Lincoln, Nebraska, 12 hours; Denver, 23 hours; Boise, Idaho, 31 hours; Ogden, Utah, 36 hours; Los Angeles, 41 hours; and Sacramento, 50 hours. There is a considerable saving over the best possible time by train at Reno, where a letter mailed in Chicago on Monday arrives by Air Mail on Tuesday at 3.20 P. M., whereas it would not arrive by train until Thursday at 12.08 A. M. This is a saving of almost a day and a half. At Goldfield, the saving is still greater. The letter sent from Chicago on Monday arrives by Air Mail at 10 A. M. on Wednesday, and at 7.20 A. M. on Friday, if sent by train. In Oregon the saving is not so great, averaging about twelve hours. In Utah, however, the average saving is a full day. At Spokane, Washington, the Air Mail saves only an hour and a half on a letter sent from Chicago, and at Seattle the Air Mail letter and the train letter arrive at identically the same moment!

The Air Mail is divided into three zones—New York to Chicago; Chicago to Cheyenne; and Cheyenne to San Francisco. Charges for mail carried by air are as follows: 8 cents per ounce per zone or fraction thereof. That is, a letter from New York to Cleveland, one ounce or less, requires 8 cents postage. It would cost the same amount to send the letter to Chicago. But a letter sent from New York to Omaha, Nebraska, would require 16 cents postage, since it traverses one whole zone and part of another. The same letter, however, could be sent to Cheyenne for 16 cents. A letter from Cleveland to Chicago (I hope that postal clerk reads this) would cost 8 cents, and a letter from Cleveland to Omaha would cost 16 cents, having traversed part of two zones. Through a coordination with the railway mail service, it is possible for users of the mails to take advantage of the Air Mail Service even though they are not on the Transcontinental Air Mail route. In such cases the only amount of postage needed is the Air Mail postage. For example, a letter from New York to Los Angeles, if sent by Air Mail, is carried by Air Mail to San Francisco, and then by train to Los Angeles, the postage being 24 cents.

The rate is considered reasonably low by mail patrons who want speed in delivery, and if all planes carried capacity loads on each trip the Air Mail Service would yield a profit. The present lack of patronage is due, first, to lack of popular knowledge in regard to the value of the service; second, the fact that there are at present no branch lines radiating from the main transcontinental route to such cities as Atlanta, Baltimore, Birmingham, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Dallas, Dayton, Denver, Des Moines, Duluth, Erie, Fort Worth, Grand Rapids, Houston, Indianapolis, Jacksonville, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Louisville, Memphis, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Nashville, New Haven, New Orleans, Norfolk, Oakland, Oklahoma City, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Providence, Reading, Richmond, Rochester, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Antonio, Spokane, Tacoma, Toledo, Trenton and Wilmington.

Between Cleveland and Rock Springs, Wyoming, beacons have been placed approximately every 25 miles. What the lighthouse is to the ocean navigator, these beacons are to

(Continued on page 62)



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The Motor that Starts with a Touch

Uncle Sam's Air Mail Makes Good

(Continued from page 61)

the conquerors of the air. In fact, the Air Mail is not unlike our merchant marine; it has its "ships" equipped with red and green navigation lights; beacons; lighthouse keepers; and wireless stations at every landing-field of any consequence. Unlike the captain of an ocean-going vessel, however, the pilot of a Post-office airplane is captain, mate, quartermaster, pilot, engineer, and crew in one.

The following landmarks in the history of the United States transcontinental mail deliveries are illuminating:

1850—24 days; 3 by rail and 21 by stage coach.
1860—10½ days; 2½ days by rail from New York to St. Joseph, Mo., and 8 days by pony express.

1876—100 hours by special train.
1923—96-120 hours by ordinary mail train, depending on connections.

1924—Air Mail; average elapsed time, 33 hours from New York to San Francisco.

Approximately 75 per cent. of the mail carried during the six months ending December 31, 1924—4,742,216 letters—were delivered as per schedule. The revenue, which the Air Mail Service received above the regular two-cent postage during these six months, was \$318,354.98. The expenses during that time were, in round figures, \$1,400,000, of which \$400,000 represented capital account or permanent investment.

Between \$9,000,000 and \$10,000,000 have been appropriated for the Air Mail Service since May 15, 1918. Of this amount \$3,500,000 is represented today in actual physical inventory.

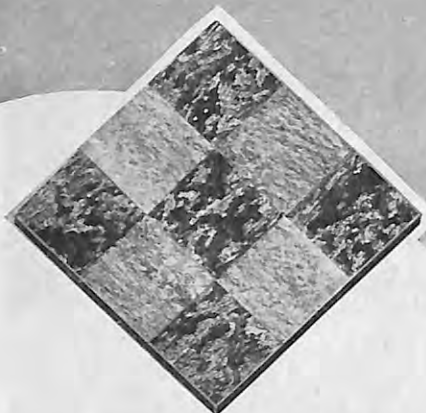
The Air Mail is not paying its way. Neither is any other service, except first-class mail. The Rural Mail Service, for example, costs \$86,000,000 per year; the Air Mail, \$1,500,000. And few object to these expenditures; it is good business to give the American people—businessmen as well as farmers—the best possible transportation for their mail matter. Will the service pay—next year or five years from now? It doesn't matter. The Post-office is organized for service, not profit.

If economy is President Coolidge's watchword, the Air Mail Service deserves a share of whatever medals may be handed out for the practise of this virtue. It started with an appropriation of \$1,000,000. This was not enough to purchase the necessary equipment, so the new branch of the postal system began a begging campaign that is still in force. Knowing that the Army Air Service had some surplus De Haviland day-bombing airplanes, equipped with the famous Liberty motor, and that the wooden and cloth parts of these machines were rapidly deteriorating, the Second Assistant Postmaster-General in charge of Air Mail "borrowed" a few, and the Superintendent had them rebuilt at the Maywood Field repair depot, Chicago, for carrying loads up to 600 pounds. By rehabilitating its machines in this way over a period of six years, the Air Mail Service has saved hundreds of thousands of dollars. And when the Chicago shop finishes a De Haviland "job," it is a better ship than the original. The real test of this type of plane is that Air Mail pilots prefer it to the three experimental types that were designed and built by competing private manufacturers several years ago for the Service. And the cost of each rebuilt machine—Mr. Coolidge please note—is in the neighborhood of \$1,000 instead of from \$10,000 to \$12,000.

YES; economy is the watchword of the Air Mail Service. It also "borrowed" from the Navy its wireless apparatus, with which every large field is equipped for the rapid and economical dissemination of weather reports and the transmission of messages to and from headquarters at Omaha and Washington. This apparatus was not designed for use on land, but the operator at Cheyenne, for example, manages to get Washington direct when conditions are normal. And the Omaha operator amazed me a few weeks ago by receiving a message from the Salt Lake City field and relaying it to Washington in two minutes.

During my recent tour of the Air Mail fields it became apparent that the Air Mail pilot is

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rapidly supplanting the cowpuncher as the romantic daredevil of the West, although those with whom I am acquainted would be the first to deny that flying is a dangerous game. Nevertheless, at Iowa City, midway between Chicago and Omaha, where corn was selling at a dollar a bushel and gasoline at fifteen cents a gallon, a thousand or fifteen hundred visitors would drive to the field each night from points as far away as a hundred miles, just to see the "ship" from Chicago come in, circle about the field like a huge silver moth, and land in the broad beam of light furnished by the 4,000,000 candle-power beacon. At Omaha I found the Air Mail field to be an important factor in the social life of the community; the fashionable thing to do was to drive out to the field after a theatre, or a dance, or a party. In their youthful days the grandparents of these present-day youngsters probably went down to the Omaha station to watch what in their day was an event—the arrival of the evening train.

The Air Mail field at Chicago is one of the most elaborately equipped in the country. Cinder tracks for athletes are quite common in this country, but whoever heard of a cinder track thirty or forty feet wide and half a mile long for airplanes? Yet, they have this very thing at Maywood Field, Chicago. There is a north and south runway of 2,600 feet and an east and west runway of 2,200 feet. From the air they look like great black gashes in the earth. Some 1,100 car-loads of cinders were required in their construction, the entire cost of leveling and draining the field being \$74,000.

IT IS at Cheyenne, one of the important points along the Air Mail route, that one searches in vain for some indication of a special interest in the Air Mail; for a post-card of an Air Mail plane, or a view from the air of the city or the Capitol. But one can find plenty of post-cards of cowpunchers in woolly chaps on bad horses. Apparently the Air Mail will not achieve its proper place in the Cheyenne sun until it imports its own photographer.

There is an emergency landing-field thirty-five miles from Cheyenne, equipped with a light to guide the flyers over Sherman Hill, the crest of the Rocky Mountains, which is entirely cut off from civilization for a period of six months. During that time the snow is so deep that it is impossible to reach the landing-field except by airplane. In September, therefore, the field manager at Cheyenne dispatches enough teams to supply the caretaker with oil, gasoline, fuel, and food supplies for six months.

As this is written, the severest storm of the winter is sweeping across the country. Telephone and telegraph lines are down everywhere, and the thermometer in the Rockies registers 62° below zero. Railroad, electric and motor transportation is paralyzed in many sections. Yet we read in to-day's paper that "the transcontinental Air Mail, which left San Francisco yesterday morning, arrived in Chicago to-day, after having been delayed eight hours by wind, rain, fog, sleet, and snow." Pilots between Cheyenne and Reno often find their thermometers registering 40° below zero in December, January, and February. And when the temperature is 40° below at Cheyenne, it is almost 50° below at the altitude pilots must attain in order to fly westward over the Rocky Mountains. For cold increases approximately three degrees for every thousand feet of altitude. Thus, if it is zero at Salt Lake City, it would be 15° below by the time the eastbound pilot cleared the summit of Porcupine Ridge, a mile higher than the flying-field at Salt Lake and half an hour distant by airplane.

While Salt Lake City, headquarters of the Western Division, is a delightful place in which to live, and "Dad" La Follette, the superintendent, is known and liked by everybody in and out of the Air Mail Service, it is probably the most difficult spot along the entire transcontinental route for the pilot to get out of. Situated on a plain 4,200 feet above sea-level, almost entirely surrounded by mountains, it presents problems to pilots headed in either direction. Only the day before I arrived on my recent tour of the Air Mail flying-fields, Pilot Ellis, westbound, had a very narrow escape from a forced landing in the waters of Great Salt Lake. This extensive inland ocean is directly on the route between Salt Lake City and Reno, and Ellis's feelings may

(Continued on page 64)

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Uncle Sam's Air Mail Makes Good

(Continued from page 63)

easily be imagined when, at a point five miles from shore, his motor sputtered, coughed a few times, and stopped.

"I had glided pretty close to the water when she picked up again," he said, reminiscently, upon his return to the Salt Lake Field.

To the eastward, between Salt Lake and Rock Springs, Wyoming, is the country God forgot. Circling above his field to gain altitude, the eastbound pilot steers a course over Immigration Canyon, down which Brigham Young and his weary followers came in 1847. Ten minutes from the flying-field the pilot must clear Red Butte, 7,000 feet above sea-level and 2,800 feet above the field. Ten minutes later he tops another ridge 9,000 feet above sea-level. Thirty minutes in all of steady climbing finds him over Porcupine Ridge, at an elevation of almost 10,000 feet. Then come the Bad Lands of Utah and Wyoming, an unpopulated stretch of barren, chaotic and inhospitable ridges, with the nearest point of civilization some 25 miles on either side of the route. Fog, thick and impenetrable, usually hovers over these mountains. Hail and snow are commonly experienced, and sometimes sleet will collect on the wires of the machine to the depth of an inch. Winds with the volume and force of a powerful waterfall rush up one side of the mountains and down the other, sometimes compelling a sturdy De Havilland to actually "stand still in the sky." On one occasion, in this vicinity, the wind blew steadily for three days at the rate of from 50 to 82 miles an hour! Forced landings in the Bad Lands have been responsible for so many near-tragedies that an emergency kit, consisting of rifle, snow-shoes, food, cooking apparatus, and tools now forms a part of each pilot's regular equipment.

AIR MAIL pilots flying west of Cheyenne have often been obliged, after a forced landing in that mountainous country, to borrow money, clothing, horses, mules, and even automobiles, in order to get themselves and the mail to the nearest railroad point. Nor does the record show that any bona fide mail pilot has ever been refused any of these things. Knowing from newspaper reports and first-hand observation the high regard in which the Air Mail pilot is held, imposters, dressed in flying regalia, have been known to stagger up to a ranch house, scratched, bruised, and bleeding as if from an airplane accident, with a request that the rancher cash a check for them or loan them a horse—or an automobile!

Some of the hard-luck stories of these grafters would be difficult to beat. They glibly reel off the name of some of the pilots whom they have reason to believe are personally known to the rancher, the names of the various field managers and superintendents, the flying exploits and experiences of some of the pilots (which they may have read about in the newspapers), and as a rule almost burst into tears when they tell of the wreck of their favorite ship. This, it seems, never fails to "shake down" the sympathetic rancher. And his wife, admiring the intrepidity of this knight of the clouds, sets out a delicious meal for the weary and footsore "pilot." Meanwhile the rancher brings forth his little hoard of gold, or saddles one of his favorite horses for the pilot, who, more than likely, shows him the scars of a former forced landing. This usually clinches his argument, and he goes off rejoicing, promising, of course, to return both the money and the horse as soon as he reaches the nearest railroad point. Several storekeepers likewise have been "touched" by strangers dressed in goggles, helmet, and riding trousers, and representing themselves as Air Mail pilots. On the strength of this, the impostors have been able to get a full outfit of clothing, a trunk or a suitcase, and perhaps the cost of a railroad ticket to their "home-flying field." Some of them have even been able to get their gasoline tanks filled and new tires put on their "borrowed" machines! Three weeks or a month later the Division Superintendent usually receives a letter from Rancher So and So, twenty-five miles from the Air Mail line, asking why he has not heard from Pilot So and So. He never will.

For a considerable distance in the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada region, the Air Mail route parallels that of the Union Pacific

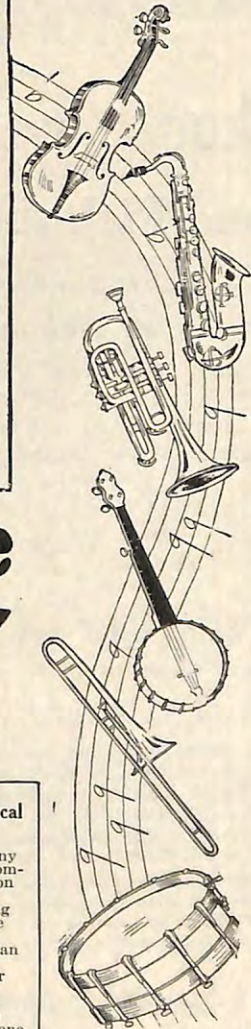
Railroad. While the Air Mail Service, as a carrier of mail, may be considered a rival of the "U. P.," the road nevertheless cooperates in every possible manner with the Air Mail. For instance, at Sherman Hill, the crest of the Rockies, the weather is an uncertain quantity. Knowing that a blizzard in this treacherous region might cause the forced landing of a pilot in one of the inaccessible snow-covered valleys, the dispatcher at this spot—the top of the world—keeps the dispatcher at Cheyenne advised at all times of the weather on the summit. And the dispatcher at Cheyenne takes the trouble to telephone the flying-field. Moreover, conductors and section foremen in that region have instructions to stop any train or abandon the work in hand to aid an Air Mail pilot. Along the railroad, at intervals of about six miles, there are telephone booths near "blind" sidings. These are primarily for the use of freight-train crews, but the Union Pacific furnishes Air Mail pilots with a key to these booths in order that they may telephone headquarters in case of a forced landing. They have saved many a pilot a weary hike, sometimes in winter. On one occasion, for instance, Collison, a Cheyenne pilot, had seven forced landings within fifty miles, in five of which, after effecting repairs to his engine, he was compelled to turn over his own propeller, ordinarily a job for two men, in order to start the motor. This happened in winter, when the ground was covered with snow and the thermometer hovered around zero. On another occasion, when it was necessary that a new motor be installed in order that a pilot might fly a ship back to the Cheyenne field, the new motor was shipped to a certain point near the scene of the forced landing, and the section crew was turned out in the middle of the night to unload it. These are but a few instances of the splendid cooperation of the Union Pacific Railroad.

Collison, by the way, has had exceptionally hard luck with propellers. On one occasion the mere tip of the blade, revolving 1,500 times per minute, flew into space. Yet this threw the delicately proportioned piece of wood so far out of balance that the resulting vibration jarred the entire engine loose from its foundation before the pilot could shut off his switch. This ten-foot propeller moved in a circle of thirty feet, at a speed of about 1,500 revolutions per minute. Thirty feet times 1,500 revolutions equal 45,000 feet a minute, or 8½ miles, the distance which the tip of the propeller traveled every sixty seconds. There is but one record of a propeller being lost. This also happened to Collison, and probably was caused by the crystallization of the bolts which hold the propeller in place. All Collison can remember of the incident is that there was a grinding sound, like that made by a generator when the load is taken off. When he landed, which he did immediately, his propeller was gone. Nor was it ever found.

Cold winter days not only add to the pilot's worries, but to the mechanic's duties. For example, as soon as a plane enters the hangar after a trip, the oil and water are drained from its tanks and radiator. When the time comes to refuel the ship and prepare it for its next journey, which may be a day or two later, the oil and water must be heated before they are poured in. While the ship is in the hangar over night, the watchman or a mechanic connects up the radiator with a steam pump which forces live steam into the coils in much the same fashion that the boiler in a city apartment house heats the radiator—sometimes. Thus, when the time comes to start the engine, it is warm and ready to function. In inspecting a plane before it takes the air, some ninety-six different points must be looked over by the chief mechanic of the flying-field. The engine itself is carefully overhauled after ninety or a hundred hours in the air; in other words, after it has traveled 90,000 or 100,000 miles. The motor usually consumes twenty gallons of gas to each 100 miles, but economy runs with a throttled motor have been made in which 100 miles were made on sixteen and one-half gallons. Air Mail pilots, like ordinary mortals, have their obsessions. Fuel economy is one of these. And, as a rule, it is a good thing, for a motor gives less trouble

(Continued on page 66)

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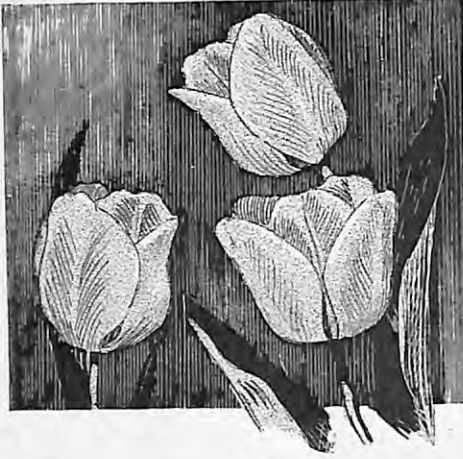
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Uncle Sam's Air Mail Makes Good

(Continued from page 64)

and lasts longer, needs to be overhauled less frequently, and there is less vibration in the ship when the motor is throttled down instead of being raced at full speed.

Once in the air, the pilot has nothing between the earth and himself but his Liberty motor. The fact that this engine is the unanimous choice of the Air Mail pilots, and that Lieutenant Smith and his men flew around the world with Liberty motors, speaks volumes for their efficiency. Besides, they are as economical as any other airplane engine. The war brought this complicated mechanism into being. The best internal combustion experts in the entire country forgot their rivalry, and cooperated with several automobile manufacturers to produce it.

Serious accidents in the Air Mail Service are rare, but they have occurred and will continue to occur until the internal combustion type of airplane engine is perfected. And when the Air Mail Service does suffer an accident, its seriousness is usually magnified out of all proportions. Take, for instance, the forced landing of an airplane flying from New York to Chicago. When his engine began to misfire, the pilot instinctively looked around for a landing spot. He chose a field of about thirty acres which appeared from the air to be perfectly smooth. And it was; it was so level that the momentum of the machine carried it on and on until the border was reached. Here the landing wheels struck a rut—and the machine flipped over on its back. The pilot, strapped in his seat, hung there for a moment or two head downward, until he could extricate himself, then dropped to the ground and surveyed the plane. There was nothing at all the matter; a few men with ropes could set the plane back on its "feet" in half an hour. Noticing that the gasoline tank, suspended in an awkward position, was leaking, the pilot decided to hurry to the nearest farmhouse in search of help. He was just about to do this when a motorist happened along, and offered his aid. He had never seen an airplane at close range, and now got out of his automobile to inspect the wings, the "flippers," and the complicated instrument board in the cockpit.

Here Fate took a hand. The newcomer, without realizing the damage he was to do, the mental anguish he was to cause, the "black eye" he was to give the Air Mail Service, calmly lit a cigaret while standing within a few feet of the plane, and threw the burning match directly into the little pool of gasoline that had dripped from the tank. In an instant the entire machine was a mass of flames; in ten minutes it was a complete wreck; within half an hour someone had telephoned to the newspapers in the near-by city that an Air Mail plane had landed, caught fire immediately, and burned the pilot to death. The newspapers, instead of verifying this report from an unknown source, printed the ghastly tale. The wife and parents of the pilot, who lived in the city, accepted the story at its face value, and could not be consoled. And the pilot himself, unaware that the newspapers had printed such a "news" story, and feeling that there was nothing unusual in a forced landing, did not telephone his family. When he reached home that night, several hours after the accident, his remarks about newspapers in general can better be imagined than described.

A word about the pilots themselves. They are a hardy, efficient, likable group of young men. Many of them are in the Army Air Service Reserve. Most of them received their training before or during the war. They fly every day in the year, in darkness and fog, through snow, sleet, and rain. And as for morale, let me say right here that it takes quite a bunch of morale to fly at night between Omaha and the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. And it will take more to fly over the Alleghenies at night, but there will be no dearth of volunteers.

In winter and summer, through darkness and fog, with only a Liberty motor to depend upon, the Air Mail "carries on," striving to live up to the motto from Herodotus that is carved above the portal of the New York Post Office:

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Changing Lights

(Continued from page 31)

"I didn't know the difference at first. While he was away, I told the club maker to duplicate those clubs and he naturally assumed that I was left-handed, too. By the time I knew anything about the game, it seemed the natural way for me to play. Then I looked around for a left-handed professional. Finally I heard of one in the middle West, and went out there and spent three weeks taking lessons of him."

"Man, you certainly went to a lot of trouble to learn things wrong. It was not a professional you needed, it was a job for a genius to make a good left-handed golfer out of a naturally right-handed man. Come over here now and let's see you swing properly."

"No," said Ferguson. "If those friends of mine saw me at it, they'd guy me to death. But I'll tell you what I will do. They are going home soon, and I'll tell them that I have caught a cold and am going to stay down here a little longer to bake it out. Then I'll work with you as long as you like. It would be a fine joke on them if I could develop a regular game of golf."

Intending to remain but a few days after the others had left, Ferguson stayed weeks. Sandy's interest was profoundly stirred and he strove as hard with his pupil as might a master sculptor bent on forming something beautiful from shapeless clay.

"Golf is patience and persistence," Sandy would say. "You must play the same stroke over and over till it comes to be automatic."

Ferguson pitched balls to a green until he began to see them rolling in his sleep. He had days when he could do nothing right, but his improvement seemed all the more marvelous to him because he had so much to improve. On the day before he left he played around in 90, at least ten strokes better than any score of which he had even dreamed. And he had had two bad holes, at that. In the old days five or ten strokes had meant little. Now each one that he wasted became a source of bitter reproach. About one thing O'Shea had been correct—playing right-handed, Ferguson was a natural golfer.

WHEN he got back North the courses were not yet open. He saw his friends as usual, but did not tell them that he spent an hour a day at an indoor golf school driving balls against a canvas curtain. Finally the season arrived when they went out for their first game.

"Hey! What's coming off here?" demanded Osgood as Ferguson took his place on the tee. "Old Portlight's changed to starboard."

"I thought I might do better right-handed," explained Ferguson, "so I got a new outfit."

"You're getting sensible in your old age," said O'Shea. "The light of reason is glimmering faintly in your brain. I've always told you that left-handed stuff was nonsense. Swinging this way, you may some day break 100."

In spite of the condition of the course and temporary greens, he shot an 80. Such a performance destroyed all element of contest, but the others were astounded and delighted. They almost carried him from the eighteenth green to the club-house, and boasted of his triumph to every man in the locker-rooms. Some were suitably impressed, but others received the news with marked irreverence.

"Eighty-nine for the first nine holes is an improvement, but what'd he do the second nine in? And how many balls did he lose?" demanded Tom Van Loan.

"Eighty-nine for the full eighteen, and he used the same ball all the way, you blatherin' young gossoon," retorted O'Shea. "You kids better keep off the course and let somebody shoot that can shoot. Of course," admitted Ferguson's champion, "he went crazy with spring fever or something, but, oh boy, you should have seen him lay mashie shots up to the pin. Think of one of us shooting an 80!"

"Don't ask it of me," wailed young Tom. "I can think of a lot of things—I'm considered one of the best thinkers among master minds—but I can't think of that."

Ferguson didn't get below 90 for another month, but then he began to shoot in the 80's with great frequency. One reason for this was that he got faster competition. He still played with

(Continued on page 68)



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Again— his Excuse was “Business”

But was it really business that kept him downtown for dinner? She wondered. The thing was becoming almost a common occurrence—and a few years ago it had been rare.

Of course he had explained in detail the nature of the business—in too great detail, it seemed. As if he were afraid she would suspect his engagement were not actually one of business—that he might be dining out with some other woman.

Some younger-looking woman—with not even a trace of gray in her hair.

Perhaps that was it—that sprinkle of gray in her hair that she had tried so hard to conceal.

Had he noticed it?

She hoped not.

But somehow men do notice those things. She must do something about it—and right away.

To-morrow morning she would see her hairdresser—or her druggist.

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Changing Lights

(Continued from page 67)

Hopkins, Osgood and O'Shea, although it was hard to fix a handicap so as to make an even match of it, but now he also played with new opponents. At first he was a little shy of these outside matches and only accepted them when they were held on other courses, but gradually he began to play with the best men at his own links. In fact, so far as golf was concerned, there seemed to be some slight constraint between him and his old friends. Finally, unless he took the initiative, they didn't suggest his playing with them, but returned to their old threesome. The first time he discovered them playing in this fashion he was conscious of a hurt feeling, but he realized that, after all, it was natural. They couldn't give him a game, and they knew it.

FOR the first time in years there was no fishing trip. Hopkins was kept at home by the illness of one of his daughters and, when the others said they wouldn't go without him, Ferguson was relieved. It would have meant time taken from golf and he was improving every day. At last he broke into the 70's, golden goal of every golfer's ambition.

But the golf he played now was of a different character from that of the old days. It was no unusual thing for this new crowd to play for five or ten dollars a hole—and at first it cost him what his inherited Scotch thrift told him it was foolish to expend in that manner. This disturbed him a little. He had plenty of money, made in other ways. Sport became too much like business. There was little of the good-natured chaff or camaraderie of old. The players were at too high tension, and such humor as was indulged in often carried a sting.

Moreover they were sticklers for the letter of the rules. They pulled every technicality in the book on him. He could find no logical fault with this, but it sometimes got under his skin. In one of his matches he climbed down into a trap at the opposite corner from where his ball lay and, slipping, caught himself with the hand in which he held a niblick. His opponent promptly claimed the hole under the rule that he had grounded his club in the hazard. He realized that the law of golf was against him, but the manner of the claim annoyed him so that it affected his game. It made him more angry to realize that this was probably the intention. Among some of those with whom he now played, things which savored of sharp practice appeared to be perfectly allowable or taken as a joke. Others of his new acquaintances he found good sportsmen, but they all took their golf seriously.

Even off the course, he saw O'Shea, Hopkins and Osgood less and less frequently and, when he did see them, it was he who talked golf. They indulged in none of the old arguments, but listened to him politely and deferred to his opinions. Finally, he hardly saw them at all.

When Hopkins' daughter had sufficiently recovered he took her, with the rest of the family, to the mountains. O'Shea and Osgood followed, but Ferguson stayed in town and spent every week-end at some seaside course. Nowadays, if he developed some fault he would seek the nearest professional and work for hours to eradicate the trouble. Bill Viset, an amiable duffer, watched him one day as he drove ball after ball with a midiron from a practise tee.

“I don't see how you have the patience to do that,” he said. “I'd rather get out on the course and play.”

“That's just why you'll never make any decent scores,” retorted Ferguson. “What's the use of trying to do any thing unless you're willing to expend enough effort to do it well?”

The first trophy which he won was in a competition at his own club, but after that he entered many tournaments and did so well that his apartment was cluttered with leather, brass-bound golf bags and silver cups with earlike handles. There were comparatively few golfers now with whom he didn't have at least an even chance. When his friends returned he was playing in one of these tournaments, and he didn't even know they were back.

In the late autumn he was obliged to make another trip abroad. This, he told himself, would be the last time such a necessity would

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arise. He had about reached the point where his business was so systematized that it needed little personal attention. From a financial standpoint, had he so wished, he could have retired from business altogether. The details of making some new alliances kept him in Europe until after the holidays. He made his agreements for a term of years. When they ran out, he would let someone else attend to renewals.

On the boat coming home, he found that he was tired. It was good merely to sit in a deck chair and relax. Moreover, there was nobody on board in whom he was interested or who was especially interested in him. His thoughts turned to Osgood, O'Shea and Hopkins. He wondered what they were doing, and was troubled at the recollection of how infrequently he had seen them in the past year. This thing mustn't go any further. He would get in touch with them as soon as he landed.

It was a distinct shock to learn that they had gone South. They might have gone South in the old days, but never without making arrangements for him to follow. But how stupid he was to feel hurt! Probably they had not known where to reach him. He'd follow them anyhow and surprise them. He hadn't realized how much he'd counted on seeing them. Good old Sam and Valentine and Jeff! They didn't come any better than those three.

Over the long-distance telephone he cajoled the hotel proprietor into promising him accommodations, and cautioned him to say nothing of his coming. Arriving in the early morning, he made a hurried breakfast, changed to golf clothes and sauntered to the first tee. Unless the others had altered their habits, he would not have long to wait. Within half an hour they came walking toward him.

THEY didn't recognize him until they were almost upon him, but then they greeted him joyfully. There wasn't a doubt in the world that their pleasure at seeing him was real. They all tried to shake hands with him at the same time.

"Don!" shouted Osgood. "Don! Where did you come from?"

"We thought you were still on the other side of the water hazard teaching Duncan and Mitchell to play chip shots," declared O'Shea.

"Well, here I am," retorted Ferguson. "What handicap do you robbers want? I suppose you're at the top of your game, and I haven't touched a club in weeks."

"It's a darn shame!" exclaimed Hopkins.

"Why didn't you let us know you were coming? The truth is we have a match fixed up for this morning, and we can't very well get out of it. We have a date to play with Johnson—that young chap coming over here now. Sam and Jeff trimmed us yesterday, and he and I are out after their blood."

"That's all right," said Ferguson, trying to keep disappointment out of his voice. So they had filled his place. "I can get another match easily enough, and we can play this afternoon."

In evident relief, they heartily agreed.

"I'm awfully sorry, Don," said Osgood as they turned toward the tee.

Ferguson stood and watched them as they drove off. Johnson swung wildly and sliced his ball deep into the rough. Another dub!

"Don't mind a little thing like that," called Hopkins. "It'll only take a couple of shots to pry it out, and we're going to sink these old pirates so deep today they'll never even find their bonds."

Walking back to the hotel Ferguson bought a magazine and sat down to read it on the wide, covered porch. He felt a little bit alone. At luncheon time the three hunted him up, but expressed no regret at his having spent the morning in idleness. They didn't know he had, as none of them thought to ask him. All their conversation was of their own match.


"We were all square up to the last hole," reported O'Shea. "They thought they had us. Very blatant, they were. Well, Hopkins got a good drive, but then the poor moron went in the trap. You should have seen the old boy dig. He sunk a shaft that ran down to bed-rock. And Osgood was over in the rough, uprooting beautiful flowers in three-foot strips. We putted out with four strokes to spare."

Hole by hole they recounted their adventures.

(Continued on page 70)

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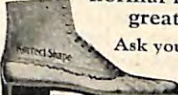


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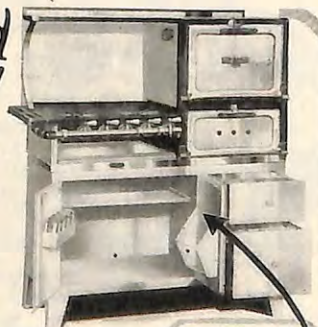

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Changing Lights

(Continued from page 69)

Now and then Ferguson made some laughing comment, but he didn't feel really hilarious. They were talking of something they had experienced together and, somehow, although most of the conversation was addressed to him, he was an outsider.

Playing bridge that evening, however, it seemed as if things had returned to the old basis. He and O'Shea had their usual argument about bidding doubtful hands—Ferguson standing for conservatism. As they parted, he said:

"Well, I suppose you fellows want to start at the usual time to-morrow."

This remark was followed by a silence which threatened to become uncomfortable, until Hopkins spoke, rather haltingly.

"You see, Don . . . didn't expect you down here . . . we've got another match on with that young Johnson . . . sort of regular thing, you know."

"It's quite all right." He couldn't keep the sharpness out of his voice. So, they didn't want to play with him.

"Don." Osgood's voice was warmly impulsive. "It's like this. We'd a thousand times rather be around with you, but you've outgrown us at golf. We can't give you any kind of a fight. It's like some dub lightweight trying to make it interesting for Dempsey. But, Don, if you get any fun out of playing with us, we'll call this other thing off after to-day."

"Sure we will," agreed O'Shea quickly. The smarting sting administered to his pride could not be wholly allayed even by the real trouble and affection in Osgood's eyes, but Ferguson forced himself to say heartily:

"Nonsense! You're perfectly right, of course. But don't get permanently lost in the rough, because to-night I want to trim you again at bridge."

During the next week he played with men in his own class, and soon polished up any shots which had rusted through disuse. He won most of his matches at first, but afterward lost several to golfers he should have beaten fairly easily. At last he sat down and tried to figure the thing out. The trouble seemed to be that he couldn't force himself to fighting pitch. Victory didn't mean so much. It had lost its kick.

Whenever they happened to be in sight on the course, he found himself watching Osgood, Hopkins and O'Shea. Frequently something he saw one of them do reminded him of incidents in the early golf battles he had had with them. He found it hard to concentrate on his own shots.

He played less and less. Finally he decided that he wouldn't play at all. That was a long and boring day. He would have left for the North, except that his friends were going back almost immediately, and he had promised to return with them. Sleeping badly that night, he rose early the following morning and was on the porch in time to witness the arrival of some new guests. One of them stopped and hailed him. It was the same Dr. McPherson who first had introduced him to the links.

"I didn't know you were here," he said, "but it's fine to see you. You owe me an interest in all these prizes you've won. Don't forget that I almost had to drag you out of a car by the scruff of your neck to make you take your first swing at a ball. At least, you owe me the compliment of playing with me. Are you all dated up?"

"I'm not dated up, but I've about given up golf."

"Why? Off your game?"

"No. I'm playing well enough, but it's no fun any more."

"Oh, that's it—off your feed. I came down here to dodge patients, but I suppose I'll have to look you over. Worried about anything? You know a doctor's like a father confessor. Is it business?"

"No," said Ferguson. "I don't know what it is. When I used to play golf with O'Shea and that gang it was fun, but I guess I'm just tired of it."

"Don't you play with them any more?" asked McPherson shrewdly.

"No. It's rather an embarrassing thing to say, but I've grown too good for them. When I shot left-handed we were about even, but now



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it's no amusement for any of us. And I miss them like hell!" admitted Ferguson explosively.

"Why don't you play them left handed?"
 "I couldn't. Don't you see I couldn't? It would be rank condescension. They'd feel it and I'd feel it. Don't you see—Wait! You've given me an idea."

For a couple of minutes Ferguson talked rapidly and earnestly, checking impatiently several attempted interruptions.

"It can be done," he finished imperiously.
 "Yes, I suppose it could be done," agreed McPherson doubtfully. "But—as fine a golfer as you. Man, you're crazy."

"I'm not crazy, and I'm of age and I know what I want. If you help me put it over I'll send a check to that pet hospital of yours that'll buy enough saws and axes to let you operate on all the helpless patients you can pack in, but if you spill any of this, I'll burn the damn place down."

"Don't worry. I'll let professional secrecy overcome my duty to report you to any asylum authorities," McPherson grinned. "But you'd better think it over."

"Think it over! I'm only surprised I didn't think of it before."

As they parted Ferguson was smiling happily. It certainly was a fine day, after all. Once or twice that forenoon passers-by looked at him curiously. Without apparent reason, he was chuckling to himself.

But he didn't seem happy when the others found him, after having come in from their morning round. They were stricken to see how lonely he looked, with that somber expression on his face and his head drooping.

"What are you sitting here alone for? Don't you feel well?" asked Hopkins sympathetically.

"Oh, I'm all right, but I just had a little jolt."

"What's the matter?" The question came quickly from all three.

"Well, I tore a muscle or ligament or something in my right shoulder. McPherson happened to get in this morning and he says I'll have to give up golf."

The consternation in their eyes made him look away.

"That's fierce," said Hopkins. "I don't have to tell you how sorry I am."

"Perhaps it will mend. Those things often do." O'Shea was trying to be comforting.

"It's awful!" broke in Osgood. "Why did it happen to you? If it had been one of us it wouldn't have made any difference. But a man who can play as you do! You don't know how proud we've been of you, Don."

"You may have misunderstood him," declared O'Shea. "Let's find McPherson and talk to him."

The three hurried away, but it was noticeable that they unconsciously tried to walk softly. They caught the doctor just going in to lunch.

"It's just as he says," he told them gravely. "Something snapped in him."

"Do you mean," demanded Osgood, "that he never will play golf again?"

"Well, I'd say now that he never will play again right-handed," and with that he left them.

They stood gloomily for a minute. Then O'Shea's face suddenly brightened.

"Boys, did you hear what he said?" he asked suddenly. "Never again 'right-handed'! It's tough for Don and it's a crime to feel anything except sorry, but—don't you see? Maybe old Portlight's come back!"

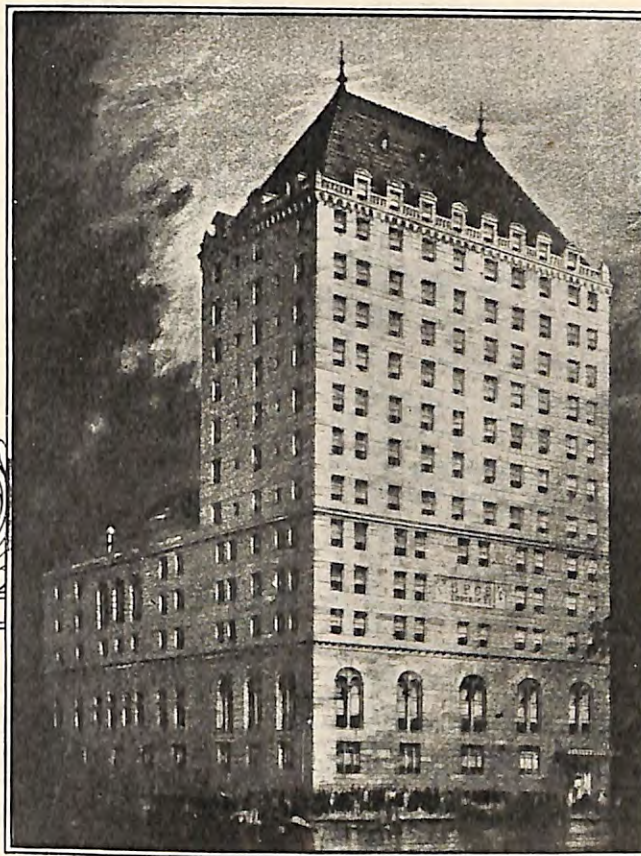
The course at the Par Hills Country Club preened itself in its new spring dress of green as Ferguson waited beside the first tee for Hopkins, Osgood and O'Shea. As he swung idly and left-handedly at a blade of grass Tom Van Loan came toward him, without the usual mocking smile on his young face.

"Haven't seen you before," he said. "Just wanted to tell you I'm sorry and all that sort of thing. It's a blasted shame!"

"Thanks, but don't waste any sympathy on me. I'm having all the fun there is. Besides, I expect to break 100 most any day."

"I know, but it's pretty tough—a man who could score as you could."

"Tommy," replied Ferguson, "when you're as old as I am you'll realize that life and golf are quite a lot alike. The game's the thing. Why fret about the score?"



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Considerations For the Small Investor

By Stephen Jessup

THE sudden slump in the stock market which occurred at the end of March and the beginning of April and in the course of which dozens of important stocks sank to new low figures gave one more graphic illustration of two facts that should be borne in mind by the investor of moderate means. First, that a long steady rise in the market, such as began immediately after the Presidential election in November, is almost invariably terminated by a quick decline. Second, that because of the volatile nature of the market, persons who can not afford to lose money owe it to themselves to let it alone.

There is nothing new about this piece of advice. It is as ancient, almost, as the Pyramids. Yet the number of men and women who every year disregard it and, lured by the prospect of making big profits, end up by losing everything, is so great that there is every reason for repeating the warning.

People who have never tried speculating in the stock market seem to have the idea that money made there is made without effort. Any professional operator will affirm that this is an utter fallacy. True, there is no manual labor connected with it. But the mental strain is terrific. Once put yourself in a position where the figures on the ticker tape mean the difference between profit and loss and, unless you can well afford to lose, you will find yourself thinking of nothing else but those figures. Every dollar made in speculation is paid for in worry. And for every fortune made in speculation a hundred, to put it very conservatively, are lost.

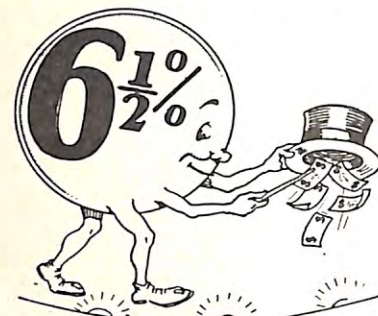
Not long ago the newspapers announced the death of a man who in his day was considered one of the shrewdest stock speculators in the country. A man of vision, intelligence and vast experience in the mechanics of the market, who knew the business of speculation backwards, forwards and through the middle, he died virtually without a dollar. His fortune, once estimated at more than twenty millions, had gone the way it came. Nor is his an isolated case. It may be said to be the rule rather than the exception. And if a man who has spent his life in a study of stock speculation can not "beat the game," there is little likelihood that the casual outsider can do so.

One of the reasons that the general public, when it turns to speculation, loses is because, through some strange inversion of thinking, the majority go into the market—and come out—too late. The principle of profit-making is to buy cheap and sell dear. The common run of casual speculators, however, won't have anything to do with stocks when they are cheap. They wait until they've gone up several points. Then they buy. And then the stock goes down and they are counted out. In other words, instead of buying when the market is depressed, they wait for a boom. It's a curious world!

The Value of a System

ANY man or woman who wants to take a step in the direction of ultimate financial independence can best make a start by adopting and adhering to a system. I do not refer to any of the hundreds of so-called "systems" by which people try to beat the market or the horse races. I have in mind a system of saving through which regular sums can be set aside for safe investment. Saving money in cold blood, so to speak, seems to be a difficult thing for most people to bring themselves to do. Living is expensive, life is short, and there are so many pleasant ways in which money can be spent that the temptation to spend one's surplus and let tomorrow take care of itself is terribly strong.

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It is all so simple that it is a wonder everybody isn't doing it. Perhaps it's just because it is so simple that many people aren't. They think there must be some catch in the plan somewhere. Or else it's so simple that it hasn't occurred to them. You know how that is; we often overlook the obvious things. Some of the greatest inventions in the world have been so ridiculously elementary that everyone exclaims: "Gosh, why didn't I think of that myself?" or "why wasn't that thought of before?"

Two Warnings for Security Buyers

SIMPLE as the modern method of becoming a bondholder is there are two dangers against which the prospective investor of limited means should be on his or her guard. First: the danger of buying worthless bonds through an irresponsible investment house. Second: the danger of overestimating the amount of income he can spare for his monthly payments.

It is very easy to make sure whether or not an investment house is or is not responsible. Ask your banker to find out for you.

And as for the matter of undertaking to pay more each month than you can comfortably afford, that, too, is a matter in which your banker can give you valuable advice if you will take him frankly into your confidence. Every man has his own individual problems, and yet, to a certain extent, the living-expense problems of all persons in various income classifications are alike. Economists have made studies recently of the proportion of expenditures to income and have produced tables based on their studies in which family budgets have been analyzed and recorded. Though none of these budgets may exactly fit any one man's case, they will give him a fairly accurate idea of the proportion of his income he ought to try to invest.

It is better to become obligated in a small way and live up to the obligation than to suffer the discouragement of falling down on too heavy a commitment.

Saving for a definite purpose adds zest to the undertaking. Many people who would never have accumulated money in the old way of merely putting it in the bank, are now obligating themselves to the purchase of bonds or conservative preferred stocks, in order to provide lump sums with which to finance trips abroad—or at home—to send their children to college and similar-worth while projects.

Any plan, device or idea that tends to make saving a game rather than an ordeal is a tremendous help. A well-known writer, whose work has frequently appeared in this Magazine, has for years put aside a certain fixed percentage of all money he has received, no matter from what source, nor how small the sum. Beginning with a small percentage, he has gradually raised it until now he considers one-third of everything he makes as money not to be touched—as if he had never received it. He carries this system out to the last detail. If he wins a dollar and a half playing poker with an editor, he puts fifty cents of this amount into the fund. Occasionally, when his checking account runs low, he lends himself money from the reserve. But he invariably pays himself back and charges himself interest.

How Responsible Is a Responsible Investment Banker?

THE term "responsible investment house" has appeared so often in these columns—and in others dealing with the subject of finance—that it occurs to me that it may be well to tell just
(Continued on page 74)



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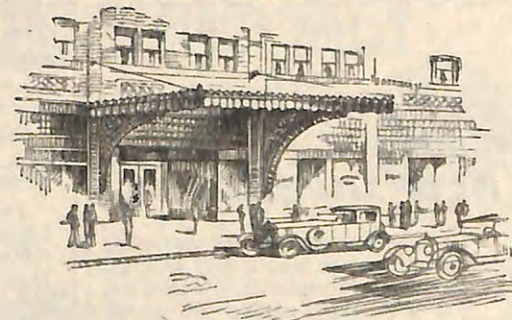
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Considerations for the Small Investor

(Continued from page 73)

how far the responsibility of an investment banker goes. This question is so clearly set forth by Charles W. Gerstenberg, Professor of Finance at New York University, in his book "Financial Organization and Management," that I can scarcely do better than to quote him direct:

"Another service rendered to the security holder (by the investment banker) is that of protecting his interests. This frequently entails representation on the board of directors of the company whose security is underwritten, and continuous oversight of the management. Although banking houses are not responsible should they become the unwitting distributors of poor, unmarketable issues, nevertheless many firms hold themselves ethically accountable, and desiring, moreover, to retain the goodwill of their clients, have adopted the policy of buying back such securities. This involves not infrequently a considerable loss to the banker. . . . The banker similarly assumes the rôle of protector of his clients in cases of default, receivership, and reorganization. It is not unusual for bankers to pay defaulted interest and to render valuable services in reorganizations for the sake of keeping their clients free from loss. Not every banker, of course, offers this service, but the large reputable bankers in most instances do."

It is interesting to note that the obligation in such cases is, according to the above authority, ethical rather than legal. Before dealing with an investment house, it would seem wise to find out something about the quality of its ethics.

Investment Literature

S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York, will be glad to send a copy of their new thirty-six-page booklet, "Forty-three Years Without Loss to Any Investor."

"Eight per cent. and Safety" is the title of a new booklet recently published by Realty Sureties, Inc., 2720 Broadway, New York City. They will be glad to send a copy on request.

Adair Realty & Trust Company, Atlanta, Georgia, will be glad to send you a copy of their new list of offerings. Address Department H12.

Shannon & Luchs, Inc., Washington, D. C., have gotten out a new book entitled "Safety Supreme," which will be sent free on request.

The Fidelity Bond & Mortgage Co. of St. Louis, Mo., will be glad to send on request the following booklets: "Your Money—Its Safe Investment"; "Are You Losing Money? A Brief History of Guaranteed Bonds"; "Fidelity Bonds are First Mortgages"; "Fidelity Service and the Morning Mail."

Arnold & Company, Washington, D. C., will be glad to send a copy of their interesting booklet, describing Arnold's Certificates, on request.

The Trust Company of Florida, Miami, Florida, will be glad to send on request a copy of their booklet, "The Ideal Investment."

The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, 815 Fifteenth St., N. W., Washington, D. C., have recently published two new booklets, "Fifty-two Years of Proven Safety," and "How to Build an Independent Income," which they will be pleased to send free on request.

The Trust Company of New Jersey, Jersey City, N. J., have recently published a very helpful booklet entitled "Life Insurance Trusts." Copy gladly sent on request.

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HOTEL AND DINING ROOM
OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

Heartbeats and Hoofprints

(Continued from page 11)

winning post. He must first learn his business astride horses that have little chance to win, and for weary days he must choke in the dust of the leaders.

We saw a little Kelly of Brooklyn get his "big chance" one afternoon when he was blue and discouraged and three thousand miles from home. An accident to an older jockey gave the youngster an opportunity to ride a horse that was a legitimate favorite in the betting. The youngster did not make a single mistake. He gave his mount what the paddock calls a "million-dollar ride," and finished in front by three lengths. The judges came down to congratulate him while he sat on the scales, holding his "tackle," a boyish king on his throne! Tears of happiness were streaming down little Kelly's cheeks. The first thing he did on leaving the track was to telegraph the glorious news to his mother, and then later mailed her a postal money order with half the amount of his winning fee.

A different type from little Kelly was the youngster who was imported to ride a certain horse one afternoon on a half-mile track at a County Fair meet. This boy was a rough little unschooled pilot of the "big show." All his experience was confined to the standard mile tracks. The horse which he had been employed to ride was considered a "good thing" and much money had been bet by the owner. The start was in front of the grandstand. The imported jockey got his horse off well and came past the stand the first time around three lengths in the lead and whipping for all he was worth. The field thundered on, but to everybody's astonishment the boy on the leading horse pulling to the outside of the track, slowed up and came cantering back to the judges. He was smiling and triumphant. The presiding judge leaned from his window and bellowed indignantly, "What do you mean by stopping? What is the matter with you?"

"Why," said the youngster, "I won, didn't I?"

"Won?" shrieked the judge. "It is a mile race!"

The boy scratched his head and blinked at the indignant official. "Mile race!" he protested. "How can you run a mile race on a half-mile track?"

And this query has become a famous jest in the jockey rooms of the country.

* * *

"MOTHER" JONES, they call her, and she lives in a little cottage on a hill that overlooks a race-track on the Mexican border. Her mission in life is to fashion the racing colors that are carried to victory by some of the greatest thoroughbreds in the game. "Mother" Jones is old and feeble but her life has been full of romance. She knows the history and traditions of every prominent racing stable. Their colors are to her a sort of Burke's Peerage. The walls of her work-room are adorned with photographs, each of which represents a story as sacred to her as the Crusader's Cross. Silk blouses, fashioned by her hands, have been worn by famous jockeys in many a thrilling drama of the turf. She seldom leaves her little cottage, but in the afternoon she stands by a window holding a pair of field glasses, and watches the horses as they come driving down the stretch. "Mother" Jones gets her satisfaction out of life when she sees her colors within the charmed circle that proclaims the winner.

We have seen only one other spectacle as human as that of "Mother" Jones standing by her window, and it was at the same track. King's Belle, a gallant mare, retired from the turf, used to stand with her foal in a corral where they could watch the races in progress on the track below them. The sire of the foal was Blind Baggage, a crippled campaigner who was still able to earn his oats as a good race-horse should do. Many an afternoon old Blind Baggage came sweeping around the far turn at the head of his field while on the hill just above him King's Belle and her little colt stood at the fence watching "Daddy" "bring home the bacon."

* * *

The wit that sparkles among the care-free
(Continued on page 76)

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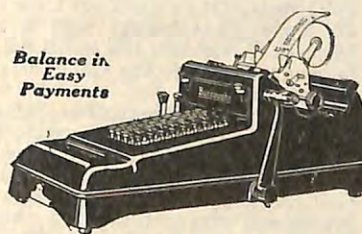
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Heartbeats and Hoofprints

(Continued from page 75)

hustlers on a race-track is spontaneous and a joy forever. The professional tout is rapidly disappearing, but occasionally he still makes his presence known. One such little hustler known as "Pancakes" had succeeded in inducing a gentleman from Texas to bet \$10 on a certain horse by representing that the jockey was his brother. As a matter of fact, Pancakes had not even taken the trouble to learn who was riding the horse. When the field paraded to the post a grinning son of Africa was astride the animal on which the bet had been made.

"Thought you said the jockey was your brother?" protested the man from Texas.

"Sh!" warned Pancakes, "not so loud! He is my brother. He pulled a horse down South last week and they tarred and feathered him. He got the feathers off, but some of the tar is still sticking. Don't get excited, he'll win in a walk!"

On another occasion Pancakes had tipped a certain horse to win because of his mud-running proclivities. When the horse finished last, an angry bettor protested, "I thought you said that hound liked the mud!"

"Brother," was the quick reply, "that's just the trouble. He likes it so well he stopped to eat it!"

Pancakes succeeded in enlisting a patron's interest one afternoon in a long shot that proved to be a winner, but before he could collect his commission he was escorted to the main exit by a track detective who warned him not to return. Pancakes came in through another gate, and was ejected again. He tried two other entrances with a similar result. The head of the track police warned his men that if Pancakes slipped in once more somebody would lose his job. But the little hustler outwitted them all. It happened that this particular track was close to a State Hospital which permitted some of its patients to enjoy a holiday occasionally at the race. Pancakes recognized a black van backing up to one of the entrances. He quickly turned his coat inside out, drew up one pants leg, assumed a vacant expression and dropped into line with the hospital inmates as they emerged from the van and were herded through the gate. Then he located his patron, collected his money, and permitted himself to be kicked out for the last time.

* * *

A LITTLE darky led "Eddy Rickenbacker" into the paddock at New Orleans one afternoon and was asked the significance of a dollar bill that was braided in the gelding's tail.

"Ketch 'im and you kin have it!" was the quick reply. The colored boy knew something, for Eddy Rickenbacker, with a sample of Uncle Sam's currency tied to his tail, went out in front and no horse was within three lengths of him at the finish.

Jockeys are quick in repartee, but they learn to temper their wit with discretion when they are dealing with a Starter. Once when a field was creating a rough-house at the post at Gravesend, Caldwell yelled at Monte Bergen: "Monte I wish you were in hell!" To which Monte, touching his cap, smilingly replied: "Thank you, Mr. Caldwell, I wish you the same!"

* * *

AS IS the case in all fields where chance plays an important role, superstitions are common on the race-track. Almost every jockey has a favorite fetish and almost every man who bets upon the ponies learns to recognize the value of hunches. Sometimes these hunches operate rather weirdly. The story is told, for example, of a man who lived on 13th Street and who played Parisian at 13 to 1 with \$13. Parisian won, but before her bettor could collect his money, the pool room in which he had made his bet was raided by thirteen police!

There is likewise the story of a man whose hat blew off. Whereupon he rushed into the ring and played Hatasoo, the favorite. But Sombrero, whose name he had overlooked in his hurry, finished in front at 20 to 1. Which calls to mind what "Red" Held, the baseball Umpire once told us when we came across him at a parimutuel window during a winter meet. Outside of United States Senator Sam Shortridge, "Red" has the most impressive index finger in



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captivity. When we used to watch him from the press box at the Oakland Coast League grounds, his famous finger was usually pointed in the direction of the club house, and every time he wagged it, it meant that \$5.00 was being added to the fine. He admitted that it was just as hard to call 'em on a track as on the ball field.

"When I used to miss one behind the plate," said Red, "the only thing that hurt me was my conscience—but it costs money to miss 'em in a horse-race!"

Yea, bo!

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 42)

Falls, N. Y., where plans were perfected for the Annual Convention of the Association to be held there the first week in June.

Anacortes, Wash., Lodge recently formed a Survey Committee of fifteen members whose duty it is to go over the entire business of the Lodge and to make recommendations as to the handling and expenses of Lodge and club affairs.

The Medical Clinic conducted by Freeport, N. Y., Lodge is now taking care of close to 200 cases, which proves the need of this worthy charity.

Portsmouth, Va., Lodge recently conducted its sixth successful Charity Ball.

Anderson, S. C., Lodge is successfully conducting a campaign to increase its membership.

Representatives of all Lodges in California, South Central, met recently at Huntington Park and laid plans for the formation of a Bowling League.

Accompanied by William T. Fitzsimmons, Past Exalted Ruler of Albany, N. Y., Lodge and Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the New York State Elks Association, James A. Farley, President of the Association, recently paid his official visit to Troy, N. Y., Lodge.

The Charity Ball, given recently by Rochester, N. H., Lodge was one of the most brilliant and successful functions ever conducted by the Lodge. Many distinguished members of the Order were present, including District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Levi Meader.

After a splendid season, the Basket Ball team of Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge captured the championship of the City League.

Hibbing, Minn., Lodge voted recently to sponsor the Boy Scout movement in its city.

Members of Detroit, Mich., Lodge have chartered the ship *Juniala* and will take a cruise through the Great Lakes from June 11 to 16.

The mortgage on the Home of Superior, Wis., Lodge was recently paid in full and the members celebrated the event with a special program of entertainment.

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge was recently host to the Elks Southwest Association. Following the business session, the visitors were entertained by the Lodge with a minstrel show.

Rahway, N. J., Lodge like many other Lodges in the State, continues to do excellent work through its Crippled Kiddies Committee.

Attleboro, Mass., Lodge is considering plans for the erection of a New Home.

Wakefield, Mass., Lodge has organized an Elks Orchestra.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge will conduct a large picnic at its Country Club on July 4 for the benefit of its Crippled Children's School.

A Choral Society is being formed by Mendota, Ill., Lodge.


Butte, Mont., Lodge has contributed a sum of money to the Butte Auxiliary for the Rehabilitation of Crippled Children to aid that organization in carrying on its splendid work.

Williamsport, Pa., Lodge is organizing a string band.

Through the efforts of the Crippled Children's Committee of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, a party was recently given to nearly 200 blind people of the city. A dance and supper were features of the evening.

Lynchburg, Va., Lodge raised a substantial sum for its Charity Fund by its recent Minstrel Show.

(Continued on page 78)




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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 77)

Spokane, Wash., Lodge is forming an orchestra to round out and to assist in conducting some of its meetings, particularly initiations.

San Mateo, Calif., Lodge is considering a plan to enlarge its present Home.

Camden, N. J., Lodge recently awarded the contract for the New Home it is building at Seventh and Cooper Streets.

Following its initial appearance in Detroit, the Minstrel Show staged by Detroit, Mich., Lodge was shown before the patients of the Northville Sanitarium and at the State Prison in Jackson.

Many members of Fostoria, Ohio, Lodge, accompanied by their officers, recently visited Fremont, Ohio, Lodge where a large class of candidates was initiated. A banquet to the visitors and a parade were features of the day.

Olney, Ill., Lodge recently presented its Twentieth Annual Show at the Elks Theatre to a capacity house, the performance netting a nice profit.

Charleston, S. C., Lodge has established a "Samuel Lapham" scholarship at the College of Charleston. It is named in honor of the faithful services rendered the Lodge by Samuel Lapham as Chairman of the Lodge's Board of Trustees.

Lodges in the Washington State Elks Association will consider at the next meeting of the Association a plan to establish a Convalescent Home for the crippled children of the State.

The famous Elks Frolic of Phila., Pa., Lodge, which is given every year at the Metropolitan Opera House, will run for a week ending May 2.

The well-known 40-piece symphony orchestra of Visalia, Calif., Lodge has donated its services to many lodges of the San Joaquin Valley.

The Silver Jubilee banquet and entertainment given by White Plains, N. Y., Lodge in celebration of its 25th birthday was attended by a large number of charter members.

A beautifully mounted Elk's head is to be given by the Pennsylvania Southwest District Association to the Lodge of the District having the highest percentage of attendance.

The Home of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge was totally destroyed by fire.

The Fifth Annual Show staged by Portland, Me., Lodge ran for three days at Jefferson Theatre to crowded houses. It was the liveliest program ever conducted by the Lodge.

The Charity Ball conducted by Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge proved a huge success.

The Elks Fair and Frolic of Freeland, Pa., Lodge, which ran for a week at the Auditorium, was one of the most successful affairs ever conducted by the Lodge.

Mud and Sand

By Elon Jessup

WHOLE-SOULED distrust of every stretch of mud or sand which you approach is one of the prime essentials of motor touring. These two treacherous road conditions are, perhaps, the most baffling problems that a motorist encounters. Getting stuck is a mighty unpleasant experience; skidding is sometimes very dangerous.

Every one who drives a motor-car comes to realize the peculiar vagaries of mud and sand. I have heard it declared that almost all main traveled highways of the East are practically devoid of mud and sand treachery. Yet only recently I was forced to make a short detour around an open culvert break in a concrete road, a detour of not more than two hundred yards through a soft, muddy meadow. And within this short distance I passed three cars that were hopelessly mired.

Another wicked trap that one occasionally meets upon the average floor-like concrete highway is a streak of sand or mud partially covering the solid concrete. The hazard here is skidding. One needs to approach such a spot with extreme caution. Many cars, refusing to slow down, have been whirled to destruction.

I mention these facts as indicative of the profound respect with which one must regard mud and sand even when one is apparently immune from their treachery. Trouble, of course, is more probable in sections of poor roads than in those of good roads. But it is universally true that you never can trust mud or sand. Each will get you into trouble if there is any possible way of its doing so.

In case you tour far and wide you will meet more different varieties of mud than you ever dreamed could exist. They are all colors of the rainbow and they range in degree of respective slickness and stickiness from the consistency of ice to that of glue. To mention but a few, you will find black mud, brown mud, yellow mud, red mud, sticky prairie gumbo mud and seemingly bottomless alkali and river mud.

Similarly, you will encounter numerous varieties of sand. Most of these are of the general seashore type that gives the steering gear of the car nervous prostration and sometimes delays traffic until you have dug out the wheels or used other means of extraction. Even a Sunday afternoon's drive down to the shore can get you into trouble unless one at least of the rear wheels is permitted to remain permanently upon solid pavement. Dry sand is the trouble-maker; wet sand is fairly harmless. In interest-

ing contrast to this, wet mud means prospective trouble while dry mud is usually harmless.

Arid sections of the West such as parts of Utah and Nevada have, among other varieties of sand, one harboring a different sort of difficulty from those to which the average motorist is accustomed. This unique variety of sand is fine powdery stuff like flour, quite devoid of substance and for this reason comparatively harmless from the standpoint of stalling a car. But it is a gay deceiver, just the same.

Its deception takes the form of filling huge chuck holes in the road with such iniquitous cleverness that you do not always realize there is a chuck hole there. Hence, if you drive along at a fair gait upon an apparently smooth road there suddenly comes a shocking creak and jounce as one of your front wheels sinks into a seemingly bottomless pit. This pit has been filled to the level of the road with sand having no substance. A cloud of choking fine sand splashes out from each side of the wheel like waves of the sea to mock you. And you are very fortunate in case your car does not break a spring in the process. You learn to watch closely for these hidden chuck holes.

Motorists who live and travel constantly in sections where either mud or sand is prevalent develop a surprising aptitude for keeping out of trouble. Of just what this aptitude consists, neither they nor I could tell you. Without doubt, intimate knowledge of the road from having driven over it many times plays a prominent part. But there are additional elements. The fact that a car may be handled differently in one kind of mud than another is one of these; that on a certain road the main hazard is skidding while on another road it may be deep mud-holes is an element. Again, hub-deep ruts may at one time prove one's salvation in getting safely through a bad stretch while again they may be the means of hopelessly miring a car.

The man at home is thoroughly familiar with intermingled elements of this sort. The motorist touring in a certain section for the first time is not. South Dakota mud is different from Iowa mud and Iowa mud is not quite the same as that of Nebraska. The Nebraskan touring in South Dakota is more likely to get into trouble than he would at home. The man who knows his own mud can "get away with" exploits which the tourist coming in from outside cannot. Sometimes these are very foolish exploits such as driving without chains when there is obvious need for chains, or driving at the rate of fifteen

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miles an hour through a stretch of mud that should not be taken at more than five or six miles an hour.

Through force of example the tourist does likewise and it is he who gets ditched. I have seen more cars stuck in the mud and skidded off into ditches through trying to keep up with the other fellow than for any other reason. Curiously enough, our better judgment seems to cease to function when we are passed on the road by the other fellow.

Take the matter of chains. On most western roads during or immediately following rain, ordinary safety demands chains. They are an essential part of car equipment. Yet we all hate to put them on. We realize that they shorten the life of a tire and altogether are a general nuisance when they are not needed.

Of course one can learn a great deal of value from the man who knows the roads—don't discount that. It pays to ask questions about road conditions ahead and it pays to watch the car ahead. But one's own good judgment and the ability to be guided by this is what counts most of all.

IN CASE you are touring in one of the western States where most of the roads are dirt and this dirt presently becomes mud, ask yourself whether or not the discomfort and risk of fighting it all day long (and perhaps covering not more than fifty or sixty miles) is either necessary or worth while. Would it not be wisdom to remain where you are until the roads have become dried out and reasonably drivable?

Western mud is terrible stuff to drive through but it possesses the compensating feature of becoming dry in an astonishingly short time after the rain stops. This is especially true of the almost treeless prairie States. As a general rule the life of mud is greatly shortened by the absence of foliage. The sun when it has no shade to interfere with its work does a remarkably quick drying job.

Last summer I toured several thousand miles on dirt roads of the West. Usually when a heavy rain set in I made camp wherever I happened to be and waited for the storm to run its course and the roads become dry. As a rule, the roads became perfectly drivable within four or five hours after the rain had stopped. In view of the iniquity of western roads when they are wet and their accommodating speed in becoming dry it is usually economy of effort to camp out and wait.

Naturally, I don't advise running for shelter from every shower that happens along. Any one who did might never get across the mountains. For it rains almost every day in the mountains at some seasons and frequently comes down in torrents. The motorist must get through as best he may using every whit of good judgment he possesses. A muddy road in the mountains is not a pleasant road upon which to skid.

Here is an instance showing that it pays to ask questions before climbing a long mountain grade. Mountain showers, not infrequently have the custom of recurring in cycles at certain times of the day. In many instances the mornings are clear, the showers come in the afternoon and the nights may be clear. Where this is true, the morning is the least dangerous time of the day to make the ascent of a mountain pass, for the road has become fairly well dried out by that time.

Fording a stream is among the inevitable experiences of the motorist who tours far and wide. Even main traveled highways are sometimes buried under water every here and there. This is essentially true of parts of the West in which irrigation ditches run riot and overflow. Unless you are certain of the solidity of a stream bed it will bear careful examination before you make any attempt to cross it. In case it has the appearance of being muddy—beware. A mud hole at the bottom of a stream is perhaps the most difficult of its species from which to work free.

Consider now the two hazards common to all mud: skidding and getting mired. What general rules can be followed in preventing these in case one is forced to travel through mud? The most obvious answer and for this reason perhaps the most fundamental is: wear chains when they are needed and proceed with extreme caution. The main reason for most skidding is driving at a

(Continued on page 80)



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Mud and Sand

(Continued from page 79)

faster speed than a certain variety of mud permits. But one plays it reasonably safe by creeping along at a snail's pace. A certain amount of skidding is inevitable. For all practical purposes, however, its risk can be reduced to a minimum through slow and cautious driving and the use of tire chains. This combination is the only feasible method of keeping the average motorist atop a high crowned western dirt road that has been dragged of its ruts and then rained upon. To drive along the crown of such a road with a deep ditch at the base of each sloping side is almost as ticklish a performance as walking a tight-rope. With most eastern roads, of course, the need for chains during the summer is not so great.

What is to be done in case the car skids? Instantly correct the skidding before it becomes dangerous and carries you into the ditch. And if it takes you off the crown of the road get back there as fast as you can scramble. What your method may be is largely dependent upon circumstances but you must figure it out with lightning speed.

To a driver unaccustomed to skidding, the instinctive action is to throw on the brake. This may prove the most effective manner of handling the car in case the front wheels are doing the skidding but if it is the rear wheels that are slipping, which is more likely, pressure on the brake may in some instances prove disastrous. Here is an instance of where judgment and knowing your mud comes in. As a general rule (which has its exceptions) pressure on the brake when the rear wheels skid has a tendency to aggravate rather than correct the skid. That which you usually need is a combined braking effect and slight pulling effect from the engine. This combination is had by means of nearly although not entirely shutting off the power. The brakes are not touched. As a rule it is advisable to turn the front wheels in the same direction that the rear wheels are skidding. Immediately the skidding is corrected, more power can be applied and the car steered for the center of the road. Be careful not to stall the engine at any stage of the game.

Getting stuck in the mud sometimes occurs concurrently with skidding but quite as often independently of skidding. The hub-deep rut that threatens to mire you may prove a reasonably safe track against allowing the car to skid. The same prevention, however, is equally valid in both cases—extreme caution and chains. Ordinarily the chains take hold of the firmer ground under the mud and pull a car through. Without chains, the rear wheels are likely to spin hopelessly and only splatter mud.

There are many different kinds of mud holes and some of these may be approached and spanned by different driving methods than in the case of others. But there is one universal rule that holds true. This is: do not allow the engine to stall. Usually the slower a car moves the better, but to bring it to a standstill is likely

to prove fatal. The most common cause of permitting a car to stall in the mud is through waiting too long before shifting to a lower gear. Too many motorists tackle a stretch of mud on high gear when they should be using intermediate or low. Remember that the acceleration of low is very much better than that of high.

The best example of this fact I ever saw was an informal exhibition I once viewed in Utah. A washout from a mountain gulch had covered the highway for a distance of about fifty yards with hub-deep soft oozy muck. On either side of this stretch the road was smooth and clear.

Two cars of exactly the same make and power tackled this stretch of mud. The driver of the first car went into low gear before wheel had touched the mud and he crept through at this leisurely rate without a hitch. The driver of the second car was quite a bit more spectacular in his approach. He hit the mud in a headlong dash on high gear at a speed of forty miles an hour. There came a grand splattering and a suspicious lowering of speed. Half-way through, the engine went dead. The car was still there an hour later.

Of course there are a good many stretches of mud that can be taken throughout on high gear. But when you approach mud that seems to warrant the use of a lower gear it is wisdom to make the change before you get there. And always, when the momentum of a car begins to die, it is time to shift to a lower gear.

THE foregoing general rules regarding skidding and getting mired are equally applicable in the case of sand with the exception that chains are not nearly of as great value in sand as they are in mud. In the instance of sand, that which is needed on the tires is traction surface rather than gripping power. Hence the value of partially deflating one's tires upon approaching a bad stretch of sand. This is one of the most simple and effective preventatives against getting stuck. A fully inflated tire readily buries itself in the sand because of the slight amount of traction surface. But when you diminish the tire pressure to about thirty pounds there is a proportionate increase in traction surface. The tire is then comparable to a snowshoe. It glides on top of the sand.

Wrapping either burlap or rope around the rear tires is an additional precautionary measure preparatory to an especially bad stretch. Similarly, such devices as chicken wire, strips of canvas or brush laid on the sand in the route of travel are sometimes used. Down at Provincetown you will find some of the sand roads covered with discarded fish nets as a precaution against getting stuck.

But the universal rule in sand as in the case of mud is: prevent the car from stalling. In some instances you can rush a sand heap at a fairly high rate of speed, but at the first suggestion of loss of momentum, go into a lower gear.

New Home of Indianapolis Lodge No. 13

(Continued from page 35)

the fourth floor of the building is given over to the exclusive use of the members. Part of the floor is occupied by the Lodge Room. This room is magnificently furnished. One entire wall is given over to a memorial tablet. A pipe organ, one of the largest in the city, occupies the other end of the room. The walls are decorated with four great paintings, representing symbolically the four principles of the Order—Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity. A balcony along one side of the Lodge Room adds to its seating capacity. This floor also contains a number of offices and committee rooms.

Much effort has been expended in making the recreative features of the new Home comparable with the best in the city. One of these features is the bowling alleys, of which there are eight. Seats for spectators and players will accommodate 60 persons. An attractive decoration of this department of the building is the immense oil painting of Rip Van Winkle playing ten-pins, donated to the Lodge by Harry W. Overman, a life member of No. 13.

Another feature of the athletic facilities of the Home is the natatorium. Surrounding the pool of regulation size, 60 by 20 feet, are wicker chairs and lounges for spectators and bathers, with rubberized cushions impervious to water. The walls of the natatorium are decorated with water scenes. A violet-ray water purifying machine keeps the water pure at all times. Opening off the pool are separate locker rooms for men and women, the women's section being equipped with private dressing rooms. On the men's side is a three-chair barber shop, which will be run for the benefit of members. On this floor, also, are located a number of billiard and pool tables.

The people of Indianapolis and the State of Indiana have displayed great pride in this latest visual evidence of the growth and prosperity of the Order in the Hoosier capital city. The new Home is acknowledged to be one of the finest and best equipped clubs in the city, and it takes front rank with any other Lodge building in the Order.



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