

The Elks

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Magazine

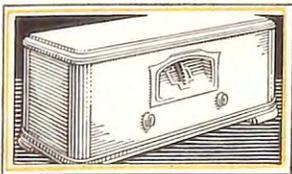
NOVEMBER, 1928



Beginning this Month: "The Captain's Chair," a Thrilling New Serial of the Far North



Now you can buy radio "engineered" like a fine car



Balkite A-5—*The Table Model. Walnut cabinet, by Berkey & Gay.*

Balkite A-3—*The same, in a simple but slightly all-metal case.*

Balkite A-7—*Housed in a beautifully hand-carved walnut cabinet by Berkey & Gay. Completely equipped including dynamic speaker.*

\$175.00 to \$450.00
Less tubes

Balkite has solved the present-day problem of radio: to produce a simple, practical, dependable set offering the same faultless reception now available in special laboratory jobs—and only there.

Engineering refinement has accomplished this. The new Balkite AC is in fact "engineered" like a fine car, and gives the same quality of service.

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think of exchanging for a new one than you would of exchanging your grand piano.

Here is AC in the full meaning of that loosely used term, a complete unit ready to operate from your light socket. It is AC without hum. It has push-pull audio, complete shielding, dynamic speaker power, a jack for reproducing records electrically. The circuit allows for a wide variation in voltage with safety to tubes.

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FANSTEEL
Balkite Radio

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Wanted—Your Services

As a Real Estate Specialist

Make big Money—I made \$100,000 in less than 5 years. Learn how I did it. Use my successful system. Begin at home—in your spare time. Make money my way. Start now. Free book tells how.

Are you in the same hole I was in?
 Are you stuck in the rut of *hard work* and *poor pay*?
 Are you dissatisfied with your job, your *income* or your *prospects*?
 Are you having a struggle to make both ends meet?
 Are you putting up with the *crumbs* of life while others are getting all the cake? Then you are the man I want to talk to. Listen!
 When I made up my mind to get started in the real estate business, in my spare time, I was receiving a salary of \$100 a month.
 I was doing work I was not fitted for and which I thoroughly disliked.
 I was living in a gloomy boarding house, wearing cheap clothes, striving to keep out of debt, and getting mighty few of the good things of life.
 In less than two years after I started to specialize in real estate, I was making nearly *one thousand dollars a month*. And in less than five years I cleaned up a net profit of *over one hundred thousand dollars*.
 To get the whole story of my success in real estate, and how you, too, can succeed, write at once for my free book "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." It contains *my history* and *your opportunity*.

Follow in My Footsteps

If you want to learn the secret of my success—if you want to use my money-making methods—if you want to follow in my footsteps—this is your chance. And *now* is the time to get started.
 I have studied real estate conditions in this country very carefully, and my investigations convince me that the next ten years are going to be banner years for real estate.
 Furthermore, my experience satisfies me that there is no better business to get into. It is more healthful than most indoor jobs—you can start in spare time—you can begin with little or no capital—it does not require years of study like medicine, pharmacy, dentistry, law, engineering, electricity, architecture, etc.—the beginner is paid the same rate of commission as old-timers—the business is practically unlimited—it is estimated that there are thirty million properties in the country and that ten million of them are always on the market—it is a permanent business, not affected by fads or fashion—

it is constantly growing as population increases—it puts you in touch with the best people—it is a dignified, pleasant and worthy occupation with great possibilities for big profits.

If you want to make big money as a Real Estate Specialist—if you want to use my



Put Your Name Before the World

amazingly efficient system—let me hear from you at once. I will send you—*without cost or obligation*—my free book, which fully explains how you can get started—in your spare time—just as I did—in a new kind of real estate business that is as far ahead of the old, moss-covered methods of the average real estate agent as the automobile is ahead of the ox cart of our forefathers.

What Others Are Doing

As positive proof of the success of my modern methods, read the following brief extracts from some of the letters that come to me from those who are using my scientific system—following in my footsteps—making money my way:
 "It may astound some to know that I have made between \$8,000 and \$10,000 over a three-month period, which may be directly

attributed to your splendid Real Estate System."—A. W. Fosgreen, New York

"One year ago my husband died, leaving me as the breadwinner for a daughter and mother. Have paid all my bills and have supported my family, thanks to your wonderful instructions which showed me the way."—Mrs. C. L. Reeves, Ohio.

"I was a Ford salesman earning \$300 a month. Your Real Estate System increased my earning power 200%. I now own a Chrysler Sedan, up-to-date office equipment and have increased my bank account."—Alfred J. Bennett, Mich.

"Your system is wonderful. Without giving up my job as stationary engineer I made \$900 in three months in my spare time."—Matthew J. Stokes, Penna.

"I have sold many thousand dollars' worth of Real Estate and have deals pending that will go beyond the \$300,000 mark. Owe all my success to your comprehensive System."—Carrie Marshall, Miss.

There isn't room enough here for any more such letters, but send for my free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." It is filled with stories of success. And it makes plain how you—too—can use my money-making methods to build a profitable independent business of your own—just as others are doing.

Act Promptly

Investigate this splendid business opportunity at once. Learn how easy it is to follow my methods and get big money for your services as a Real Estate Specialist.

The business needs you. It offers rich rewards for trained men.

So, mail the coupon *now*—before you lay this magazine aside—and receive, without cost or obligation, a copy of my new book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." From it you will learn how you can use my successful system to make money my way—how you can get started right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience—and establish yourself as a Real Estate Specialist, in a high grade, money-making business of your own.

Be prompt! Your opportunity is here and now. "Wise men act while sluggards sleep." Write your name and address on the coupon and mail it at once to American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 3311, 18 East 18 Street, New York. You will then have the satisfaction of knowing that you have opened the way to a profitable business career for yourself as a Real Estate Specialist.

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We do not claim that all who follow our instructions make such amazing profits so quickly and so easily. But we do say that the fact that so many have done so is proof that the average person can make more money in less time *our way* than in any other way we know of. And we back up this statement with an offer of *One Thousand Dollars* in gold, to anyone furnishing proof of any other course of any kind that is helping as many men and women make as *much* money in as *short* a time as our Real Estate Course.
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 —From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Seven
 Number Six

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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

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

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

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

For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Edward W. Cotter, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, Pilgard Building, Hartford, Conn.

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

Official Circular Number Two
Thanksgiving and Memorial Sunday

*En Route East,
October 25, 1928*

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

MY BROTHERS:

In the year 1620 the Puritan Fathers ordained and established the fourth Thursday in November as a day of devotion and thanksgiving.

The immortal Washington gave it official sanction by Presidential Proclamation in the year 1789.

The oldest distinctively American holiday, its annual commemoration emblazons to the world that the spirit of America springs from GRATITUDE.

*"A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich,
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong,
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest."*

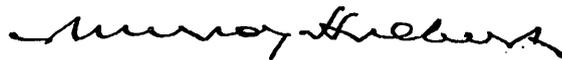
Accordingly, I appeal to all Elks to observe Thursday, November 29, 1928, by rendering special thanks to Almighty God for the blessings which He has bestowed in His gracious mercy. May your GRATITUDE to Him be manifested by deeds of service as well as words of prayer.

I urge the Social and Community Welfare Committee of each Lodge to extend aid and relief and give succor and comfort to His wards—the poor of the community.

*"Life is ever lord of death,
And Love can never lose its own."*

Sunday, December 2, 1928, will be Elks Memorial Day. Its observance is mandatory. Let us faithfully discharge that duty and gather in our respective Temples and, in honor of our departed, unveil in our memories a white shaft of appreciation upon which shall be enduringly inscribed the virtues of our chosen Ambassadors to the Grand Lodge of the Hereafter.

Fraternally yours,



Grand Exalted Ruler.

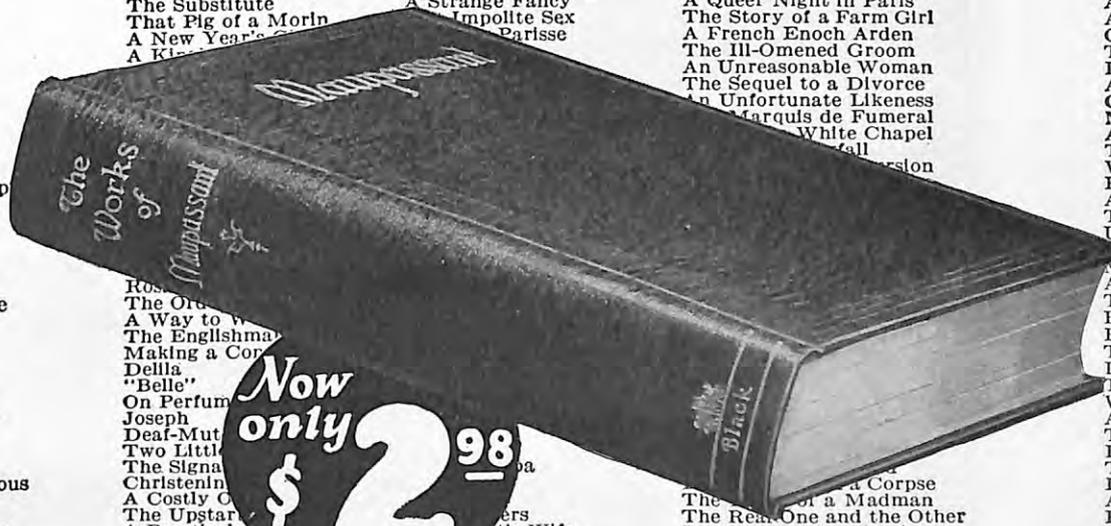
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The Spasm
Words of Love
A Passion
The Devil
Am I Insane?
The Duel
Fecundity

Virtue in the Ballet
A Wife's Confession
Room No. Eleven
All Over
The Substitute
That Pig of a Morlin
A New Year's
A Kiss
Ros
The Old
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A Cock Crowed
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erson
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The Farmer's Wife

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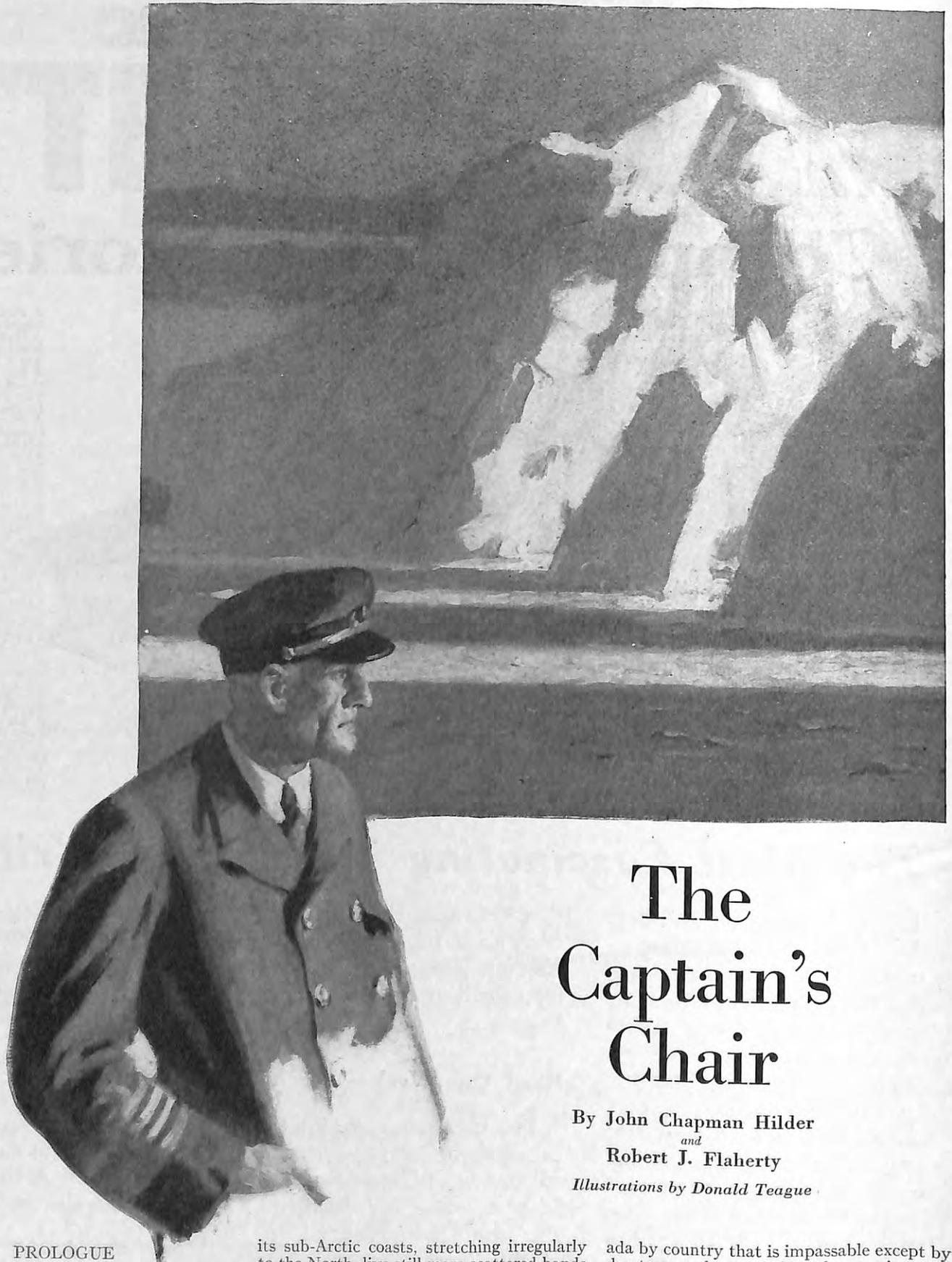

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By John Chapman Hilder
and
Robert J. Flaherty

Illustrations by Donald Teague

PROLOGUE

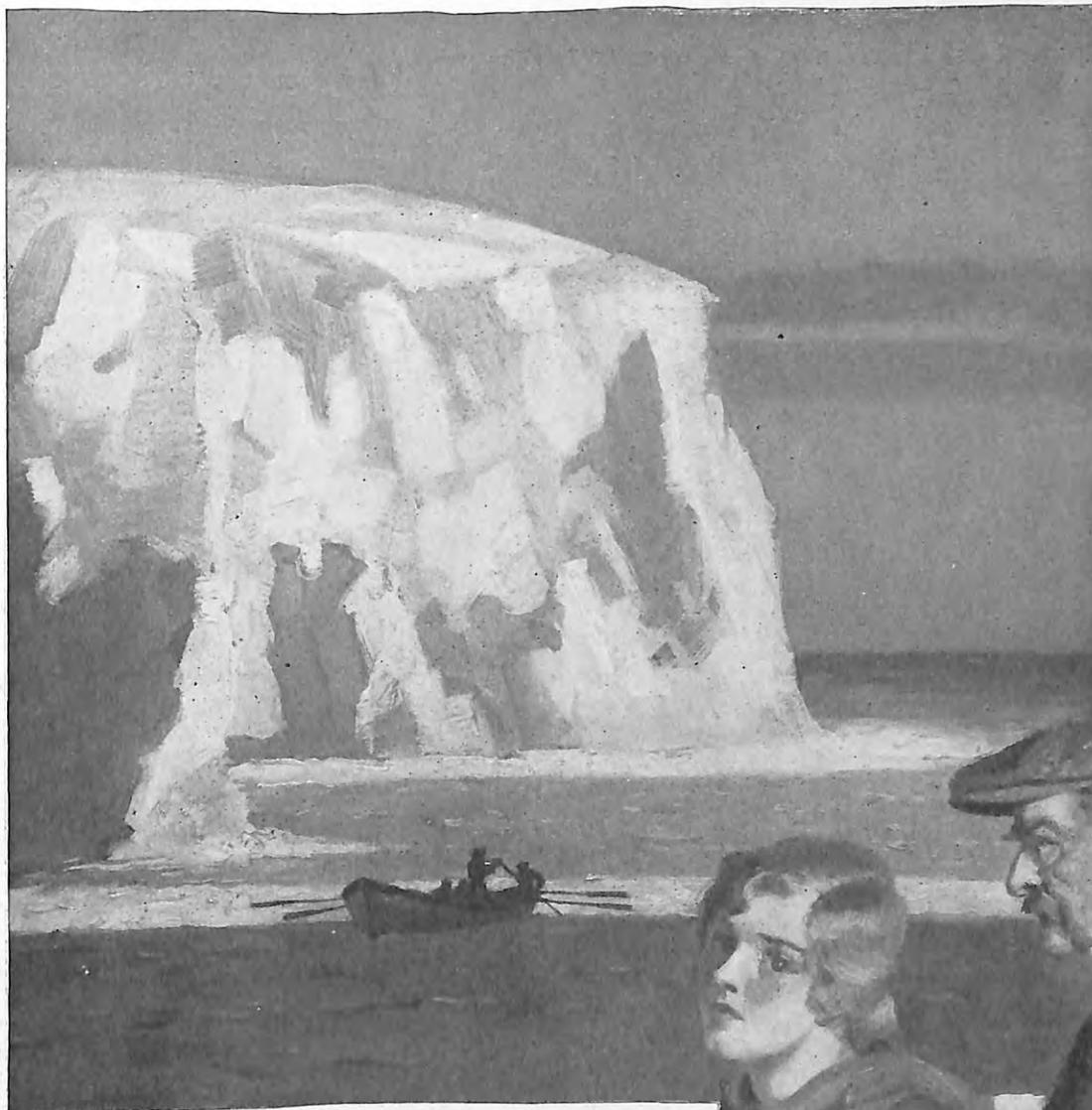
FAR to the north, ice-bound three-quarters of the year, treacherous even when open to navigation, lies a vast inland sea. Since the day Hendrik Hudson blundered into it—more than three hundred years ago—explorers have roughly mapped its four thousand miles of coast. But to this day the bleak expanse of Hudson Bay and its forbidding shores have remained a desolate, inhospitable waste, wind-whipped, snow-swept, brooding, virtually untouched by white men.

Here and there, along its southern shores, live widely scattered bands of Indians; on

its sub-Arctic coasts, stretching irregularly to the North, live still more scattered bands of Eskimos. Of whites, there are less than a hundred throughout the territory, a hard-bitten, Spartan band, who carry on the trade for furs. For two hundred and fifty years generations of these traders have lived there, serving their ancient master: "The Honorable the Hudson's Bay Company, Gentlemen Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay, A.D. 1670." Living in isolated posts, their only visitors the Eskimos and Indians who straggle in with furs, these traders make contact with the outside world but once a year. They are cut off from Can-

ada by country that is impassable except by dog team and canoe. But they are in touch with England. A ship comes to them every summer; the Company's ship, from London.

Out of the Thames she steams, this life-bringing ship, crossing first to the Labrador, thence north to Hudson Strait, through the Strait into Hudson Bay and around the jagged seaboard to the Company's posts. Upon her safe arrival the traders on the Bay depend not alone for their barter goods, their letters from home and their months-old news of their world—but also for their food, for the supplies the ship brings in are all that stands between them and starvation.



A Drama of Jealousy, Madness and Love is Acted Out Against the Ice and Fog of the Northern Sea Lanes

Little wonder, then, that as soon as open water shows in the Bay, the traders begin eagerly to watch the horizon for the smoke plume that heralds the steamer's approach. Little wonder, too, that their eagerness turns to anxiety, if weeks pass and the vessel does not come. The Bay is open only from July to October. And the route the ship must travel, through the fogs and past the towering bergs of the Labrador, through the crushing pack ice of Hudson Strait and the lashing blizzards of the Bay itself, that route is the most dangerous in the world.

This is the story of the ship and her master. It is a story of jealousy.

CHAPTER I

AS he read the telegram, a shadow of irritation settled on Captain Small's face and a glint of resentment kindled in his frosty blue eyes. Nichol, the mate, and MacTavish, the old trader, who had been lunching with the captain and were sitting with him over their pipes, talking endlessly

about the ship when the telegram arrived, noted at once his change of mood.

"Trouble, sir?" queried Nichol.

Captain Small handed him the message. "Judge for yourself," he said, shortly.

Nichol read the telegram and passed it, frowning, to MacTavish, who shook his head deprecatingly.

"Too bad, John."

"A blithering nuisance," snapped the Captain. "Impertinence, I call it. One land-lubber's bad enough—I don't mean you, Mac—but two, and one of them a woman—" The little man broke off, fuming.

"Yes," said Nichol, "a woman."

For a few minutes the three men smoked in silence, Captain Small glaring angrily into space, the other two studying him.

"John," said MacTavish, at length, "I grant you these people may be an annoyance, but I wouldn't take the thing too seriously, if I was you. There's room enough on this ship, after all, for more than a half-dozen supercargoes. It's not as if 'twere

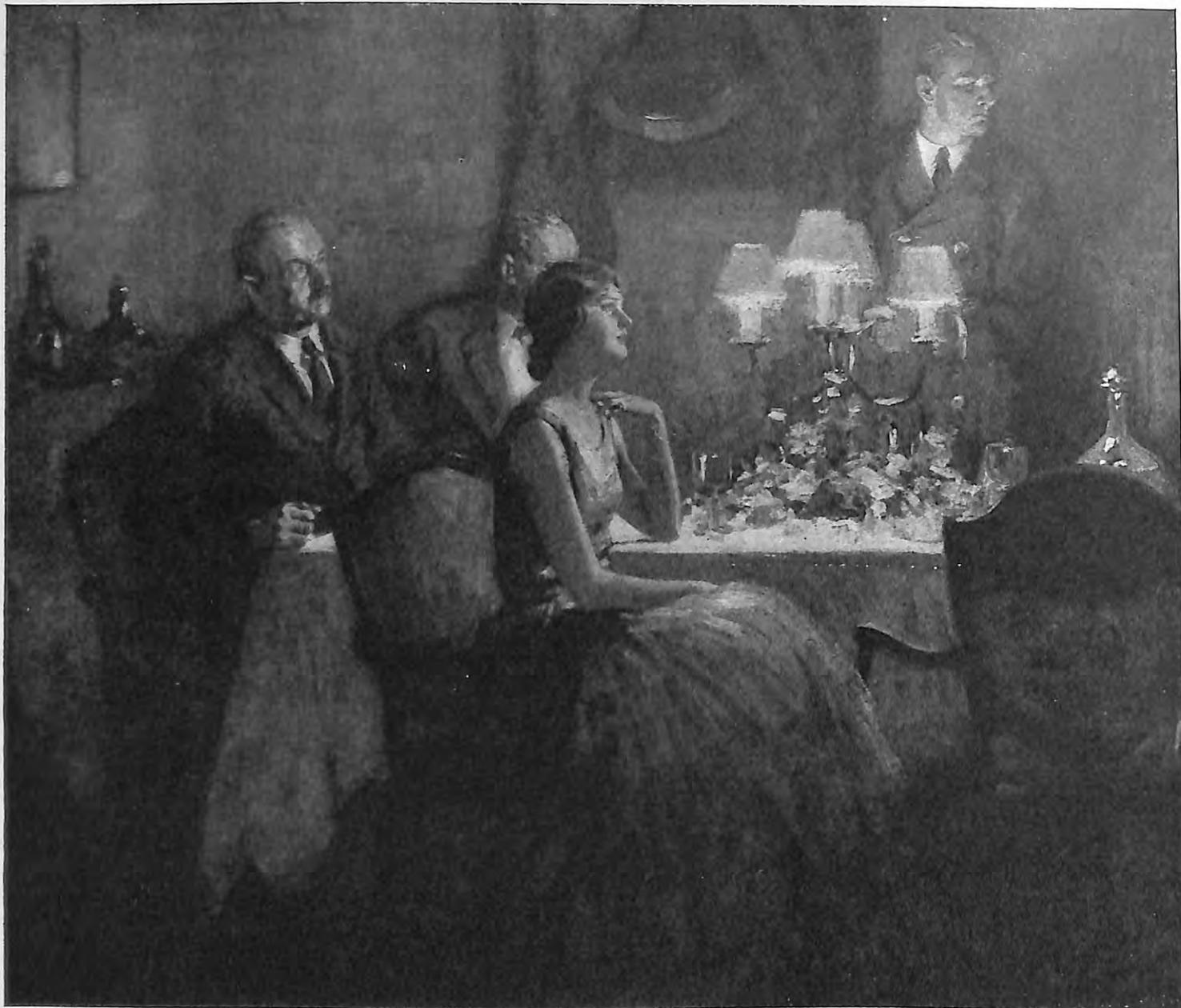
the old *Falcon*, where every inch made a difference."

The Captain snorted.

"I've no room on this ship for a meddling director, or for a woman," he said. "It's a hard enough voyage, God knows, without having passengers and women to think about. And a director, too, an officer of the company. I don't like it and that's flat."

"But, John," said MacTavish, reading what was in his mind, "he can't interfere with you. Once aboard your ship and cast off,

DONALD
TEAGUE
1928



nobody can interfere with you, not even the Chairman himself."

"Yes," said the captain, grimly, "I'll make that plain enough, the minute he sets foot on deck."

MacTavish and Nichol exchanged meaningful glances.

"You know this fellow Cameron?" the mate asked the trader.

MacTavish nodded, but vouchsafed no information. He gave Nichol a look which said: "Don't ask questions now. I don't want to get him stirred up more than he is already."

Captain Small eyed his old friend shrewdly. "What do you know of him, then, that you're so close-mouthed about it? What manner of man is he, this Cameron?"

"I don't know him well," replied MacTavish, "having met him but once or twice. He's been up in the Great Slave Lake country. A canny trader, they say. He must have some merit to have been made a director, starting from nothing."

Captain Small eyed him keenly. "You're not telling all you know. Well, no matter." He looked at his watch. "I'll find out about him soon enough. The pair of 'em will be on board in an hour." He rose. "Mr. Nichol, you will tell the steward to prepare two cabins—on the weather side."

When the captain had left the saloon, MacTavish looked at Nichol and shook his head.

"George," he said, "you'll have to keep

your wits about you this trip. It's going to be a stormy one, from all the signs. Stormy in more ways than one. This man Cameron is a bad actor. Domineering, cocky, stubborn, and one of the best-hated men in the company. The captain's heard of him before, you may bank on that."

"I wondered why he was so upset," said Nichol. "Now I'm beginning to see."

"Jealousy, my boy, jealousy. This ship is like his own baby. He wants the glory of showing her off all by himself. He deserves to, by gum, after all he's been through these thirty years. This Cameron being on board, a director, more important in a way than the captain, will draw some of the attention of the men at the posts. And the captain wanted it all." MacTavish knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "Bad business, boy," he muttered, "bad business."

CHAPTER II

TO understand Captain Small's frame of mind and the reason for his becoming so greatly perturbed at the news that a director of the Company, accompanied by his niece, were to be passengers on his ship, it is necessary to go back a little.

For thirty years Captain Small had commanded the ship sent out annually from London by the Hudson's Bay Company, carrying food, mail and trade goods to the

isolated fur posts on the Bay. He was known as one of the most competent and courageous skippers that ever took a vessel out of harbor. The traders at the Company posts idolized him, as well they might, for not alone did he represent to them the difference between life and starvation, but he had never failed them. He was a wintry little man, blunt and direct of speech, and, like many other intense characters, he was almost totally devoid of humor. He seldom joked, rarely laughed. It seemed as if his whole nature found expression in his successful handling of the ship. It was his life-work, his entertainment, his philosophy, his all. Though lightly built, he was strong and his power of endurance exceeded that of most men twice his weight. Indeed, he had need of this strength and stamina and of his one-minded concentration on his job. For nowhere is there a stretch of water that demands more from a navigator than the narrow strip known as Hudson Strait. Whenever sailormen congregate tales were told of the prowess of Captain Small, of his desperate battles to drive his ship into Hudson Bay and out again. The stress of those years spent in fighting fog, snow, angry seas and the ever-menacing ice showed in the deep-etched lines of his weather-scarred skin. He looked a little like a figurehead from some old windjammer, as though constant exposure had hardened his face into wood. His



Before Mary could intervene to persuade her uncle to move, the captain's step sounded on the deck outside. As if struck by a whip, he halted before the table. For a moment he stood there, glaring, the look on his face terrible to see

following of channels and the avoidance of reefs and small islets.

The autumn before this story opens, Captain Small had been caught in the ice off Cape Hope's Advance, a promontory at the western end of Ungava Bay, two-thirds of the way through the Strait outward bound. The swiftness of the tide there is amazing. The bergs and ice sail out with the speed of a liner.

In this fierce, churning hell of tide-towed ice, Captain Small's ship was nipped. When he had fought her out of it, she was leaking like a basket and her rudder was chewed off. For thirty hours she was helpless, swinging in circles at the mercy of reefs, islands, land and ice. At last, after incredible effort, a jury rudder was rigged. The ship once more under control, the Captain cleared Hudson Strait in a blizzard. The vessel was heeled by the burden of ice which blanketed her sails and yards and rigging. Two of the crew, working aloft, froze and dropped like dead flies into the sea. There could be no thought of saving them. The Captain had to bend south into the Gulf Stream to thaw out the ship.

When finally he had nosed the racked old vessel into the Thames and landed his hard-won cargo of furs at the Company's docks, his superiors sent for him. He was called up on the carpet at Hudson's Bay House, ancient headquarters of the Honorable Company, where were gathered members of the Board of Directors. As the little man walked in, nervous and ill at ease, an audible gasp went up from the men assembled there.

"By gad, Captain," exclaimed the Chairman of the Board, advancing to shake his hand, "in less than six months your hair has turned white."

"It didn't take six months, your Grace," said the secretary, "it was during those thirty hours he was rigging that jury with his ship running wild."

"Must have seemed thirty years," put in another.

While Captain Small stood there shifting awkwardly from one foot to the other, like a schoolboy haled up for punishment, the Chairman made a speech. They had not realized as fully as they should have, he said, what difficulties the Captain had encountered during his years of service. But now that they had some realization of the obstacles he had overcome, they wanted to express

their appreciation and had decided to do so in a practical way. They were going to build him a ship the equal of which had never been launched. They were going to let a contract with the biggest shipyard in England and order the designers to follow Captain Small's own recommendations. She should have speed and power and ice-fighting bows such as had never been built before. Her rudder and propeller should be shielded in every way experience could suggest to guard them from being chewed by the ice. And every improvement, every innovation, that the Captain's years of duty had taught him to wish for, would be included in her design. She would be his ship, the fruition of his lifetime of service.

The Captain was overwhelmed. No gift of money, no increase in pay, no engrossed certificates of gratitude could have given him so tremendous a thrill as did this announcement. He didn't know what to say, or how to express his thanks. To his mind this was a perfect tribute, so perfect, in fact, as to be almost beyond belief. He had entered the Board Room tired and old, a little be t by hardship. He left it like a boy, his head in the clouds, jubilation in his heart.

The new ship was begun at once. From the day of the first conference with the builders, Captain Small literally lived on the thought of her. All through the drawing of the plans he could scarcely sleep for excitement. He talked ship by day and dreamed ship by night. He watched her progress with the intensity of a terrier at a rat-hole. When her keel was laid down he took lodgings within a stone's throw of the shipyard. And as the hull of her rose steadily on the stocks and he saw his ideas beginning to take definite shape in wood and steel, his pride and gratification knew no bounds.

There was a gay and impressive ceremony at the launching, with a banquet and speeches and the presentation of a testimonial to Captain Small. Through it all the little man suffered like a dog. It was like being on exhibition and he hated it. He was a sailor and all he wanted was to be able to mount the bridge and telegraph full speed ahead.

As the finishing touches were added and the final installations made, he grew more and more impatient. It seemed as if the ship, which at first had taken shape so quickly, would never be ready. But at last a gala day came. Loaded with members of the Board and their families and friends, the beautiful craft, her engines turning slowly, headed out to sea for a trial run. It was no test of her real powers, for she was new and had to be gently broken in. She rode like a swan, however, and handled to perfection. Captain Small was like a child with a new toy. For a man by nature taciturn, he was actually vivacious. He felt the ship was as much his as if he had owned her. Nichol, his mate, Burns, his engineer—the whole crew, in fact, were almost as exultant as he was himself.

Minor adjustments and tests following the trial trip were at length completed and the ship pronounced ready for service. The great day had come. With a singing soul, the white-haired little captain gave orders to cast off, and amid a swelling tribute from the deep-throated shipping around her, the *Mackenzie* made her triumphal way down the Thames and stood out to sea.

Crossing to Newfoundland, Captain Small



put in to St. John's to take on his cargo for Hudson Bay, and in that picturesque harbor, a deep bowl lined with forests of masts, another celebration greeted him. Everyone knew him and everyone, from the harbor master to the humblest fisherman, wanted to congratulate him.

While boxes and barrels and crates were being stowed in the capacious holds, men swarmed aboard the new ship. For days she was the sole topic of conversation. Her length, her beam, her draft, her speed, her engines, her sharp steel prow—every feature was examined and discussed, rediscussed and examined again. And all the time Captain Small's pride grew until the wonder was that he did not burst. With every rivet and every plate, with every stout oaken plank, something of himself had gone into the building of that ship. He felt that she was a part of him. It was as if she were the child of his flesh. His feeling toward her was more than one of mere possession. He did not put this into words, of course, but he showed it in every action. It came out in a dozen ways whenever he took some old seafaring friend on a tour of inspection. His crew noticed it and commented on it among themselves. Nichol, the mate, noticed it and mentioned it to MacTavish, the factor. They would accompany the captain on his jaunts about the vessel and wink at each other with surreptitious amusement as the little man expatiated on this innovation and that on which he had insisted. There was nothing malicious about their exchange of winks. Both men were devoted to him. But they could not help seeing something humorous in his tremendous new pride.

"Think of the fun the Skipper'll have," said Nichol, "showing her off to his friends in the Bay."

"Aye," said MacTavish, "there'll be a grand hubbub then, lad. It'll give the huskies something to talk about for the next ten years."

The loading proceeded apace. Nothing happened to mar the captain's pleasure in his new craft until the arrival of the fateful telegram announcing that Cameron, the Company Director, and his niece, were to be passengers aboard the *MacKenzie*. From the moment they set foot on the deck things began to go wrong.

CHAPTER III

WHEN the motor-car bearing Angus Cameron and Mary, his niece, rattled over the wharf and drew up alongside the gangway, Captain Small remained on the bridge. Nichol and MacTavish went down on deck to receive them. Cameron was a tall, gray-haired old man with a prominent nose and a mouth that looked as if it had been made with a very sharp knife. His eyes had a staring quality which in combination with his nose gave him the general aspect of a codfish. He moved with a stiff-kneed deliberation that added to the pomposity given off by obviously new tweed traveling clothes.

Nichol, viewing him from above, was filled with instant dislike for him. But with the girl, in spite of his prejudice, he was favorably impressed. There was an air of simplicity and friendliness about her, and a look of self-reliance in the way she moved and carried herself. As the pair ascended the gangplank, Nichol and MacTavish stepped forward to greet them.

"Well, Angus," said the old trader, holding out his hand, "it's a long time since we've met."

Cameron took the proffered hand in a perfunctory grasp and released it in the manner of a politician to whom hand-shaking is a

routine nuisance. He looked at MacTavish blankly, without recognition.

"What's the name?" he asked.

"MacTavish," was the answer. "We were apprentices together up in the Great Slave country years ago."

"Ah," said Cameron, "a long time ago. MacTavish, eh? Yes, that name is familiar." He turned to the girl. "Mary, this is Mr. MacTavish—my niece. She's going to be with us."

Mary acknowledged the introduction with a smile.

"Where is Captain Small?" demanded Cameron.

"On the bridge, Angus," said MacTavish. "This is Mr. Nichol, the first officer."

Nichol advanced a step or two and touched his cap. Cameron made no response to the salute.

"Captain Small is busy, sir," said the mate, reddening a trifle. "He asked me to show you your cabins. If you will come with me, please, the steward will attend to your things."

Cameron surveyed Nichol with a fishy eye. "The captain's busy, is he? Too busy to bother to greet a Director of the Company, eh? Very well, Mr. Mate, you may show us our rooms and then I shall ask you to tell Captain Small that I want to see him at once."

Without a word, Nichol turned on his heel and led the way to the two staterooms which Poole, the steward, had made ready.



Cameron hadn't been on the bridge a second before Captain Small burst out of his cabin and went for him like a madman

The girl expressed delight with her cabin. The old man examined his and grunted. "Tell the captain I want him," he said.

Nichol hurried off to the bridge and delivered the summons. Captain Small's eyes glittered.

"Go back," he ordered the mate, "and inform Mr. Cameron that I am busy preparing to sail, and that I will send for him when I am free."

Cameron received this message coldly.

He grunted, but, though obviously annoyed, made no comment. Nichol, wishing to smooth things over, ventured an explanation.

"Always a hundred-odd details to attend to just before sailing," he said in a conciliatory tone.

"Why don't you attend to some of them then?" snapped Cameron.

As Nichol left them he shot a glance at the girl. She did not meet his eyes. But he heard her say, before he was out of earshot:

"Why be so impatient, Uncle? It's not Mr. Nichol's fault that Captain Small is busy. We're only passengers, after all."

"Passengers!" exploded the old man. "I'm a Director of the Hudson's Bay Company. Small doesn't seem to realize who he's dealing with." He went into his cabin and slammed the door.

Left to herself, Mary wandered out on deck. MacTavish was standing at the rail, smoking his pipe. She joined him.

"I've heard my father speak of you," she said. "Aren't you factor at Rupert's House? My people were in the service there for years. My great-grandfather was there. He was a MacKenzie. I've been brought up on Hudson's Bay history, but I've never seen the Bay. I've always longed to—especially Rupert's House. And when I heard Uncle Angus was going I pestered him until he agreed to bring me with him."

"Well, well," said old MacTavish, admiringly, "so you're Fergus MacKenzie's great-granddaughter. He was a fine man. He was before my time, but they tell tales of him even now."

"He was a tough old rascal, wasn't he?" laughed Mary. "That was his reputation in the family, at least."

"Aye," said the trader, "he was tough. But he was a just man and a loyal one. He never forgot his friends."

If the girl caught the significance of this last remark, she did not allow herself to show it, though she changed the subject.

"Captain Small's quite a character, isn't he?" she asked.

"A wonderful character," said MacTavish. "One of the greatest sailors that ever trod a deck."

While the two stood there, chatting, the bustle of last-minute activity went on all around them. Crates and boxes swung from the booms and were lowered into the hold to the accompaniment of shouted orders and the frenzied chuffing of steam-winch. Men swarmed over the ship, inspecting shrouds and ratlines, clambering up and down and out on the yards like monkeys. The big vessel carried sail for emergencies as well as steam for everyday use and every block and halyard had to be perfect. Protected though they were, there was no telling when her bronze propeller might be sheared off, or twisted beyond repair, by the ice of Hudson Strait. Mary MacKenzie watched the preparations absorbedly. The orderliness underlying the apparent disorder and confusion fascinated her. From time to time her gaze wandered to the electric figure of Captain Small up on the bridge, who, though he

(Continued on page 52)



Robert Halliday, Evelyn Herbert and William O'Neal

THIS trio is largely responsible for making "The New Moon" one of the most delightful musical things of the season. It is an operetta based more or less accurately on historical fact—the story of a young French aristocrat, shipped to the colonies as a bond servant, who turns social insurgent and starts

a model settlement on one of the islands of the West Indies. The book is intelligent, the music supplied by Sigmund Romberg some of his best, and the voices of the three principals all that you could ask. Gus Shy and Marie Callahan make a splendid comedy team and the settings are beautiful—E. R. B.

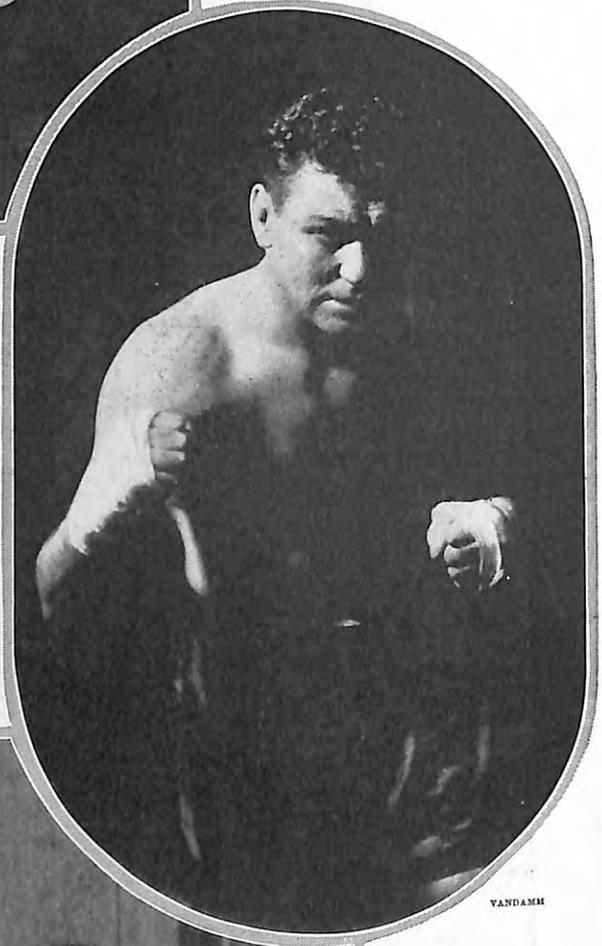
VANDAMM



From the outside looking in through Frederick Lonsdale's comedies, English smart society fizzes with witty dialogue and impudently amusing characters. It is this quality of bright insolence rather than any merit of plot which gives "The High Road" its sustained zest. Edna Best (left), as the famous young actress who conquers the silly prejudices of her titled fiancé's family, gives a frank, restrained performance that holds a quality of radiance, while Herbert Marshall (also left) acquits himself excellently as a young duke

WHITE

Very few people seem inclined to find serious fault with Milton Herbert Gropper and Max Marcini for authoring a pretty poor melodrama in "The Big Fight," because Jack Dempsey (right) is in it. Audiences become wildly enthusiastic over his appearance on the stage, and, although he is stiff and unimpressive as an actor in the first scenes, this ovation is justified when he finally gives proof of his prowess in the ring



VANDAMM

Reading left to right they are Harold Healy, Walter Huston (as Elmer), and Katherine Francis, in Ring Lardner's dramatization of his novel, "Elmer the Great." Elmer is a brilliant young pitcher much too fond of sleep and mother's cooking to leave Gentryville for the big leagues until a reverse in love drives him to ambition. It is a very amusing comedy, particularly appealing to the baseball fans, and very well played



VANDAMM

Fay Compton (right), one of London's most popular actresses, has come here to play the lead in Ferenc Molnar's latest play, "Olympia." It is a romantic comedy concerned with a young huzzar who dared to fall in love with a princess of the royal blood. Ian Hunter portrays the dashing young officer, and Laura Hope Crews appears as the mother of the princess



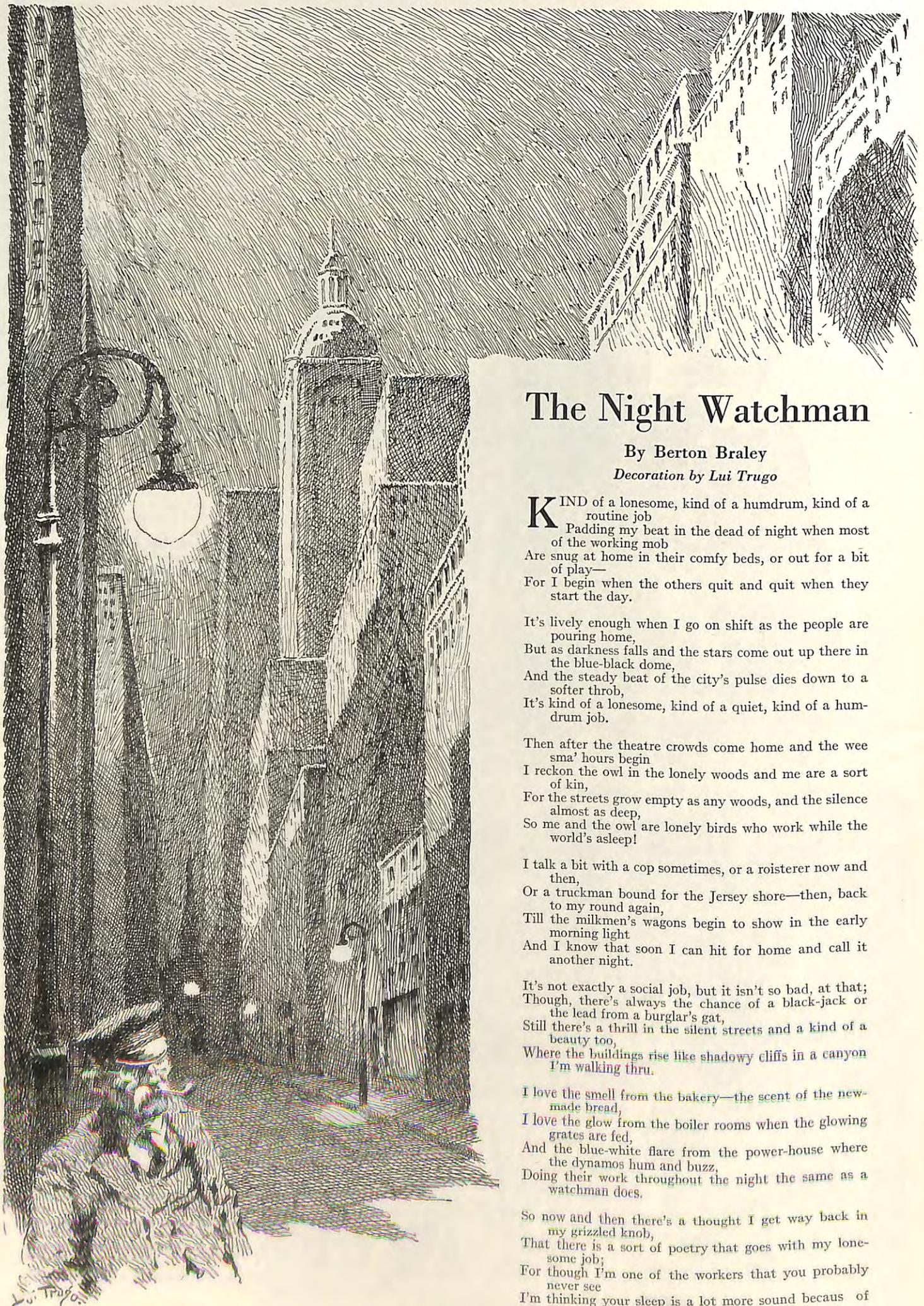
PHOTOS BY VANDAMM

"This Thing Called Love" proves that Edwin Burke can write a smooth, well-rounded comedy. It starts off with a fine first act in which Ann Marvin (Violet Heming) decides, after watching her sister's domestic experiences, that if she ever experiments with marriage it will be on some more practical basis than that of love. At the end of the act she is engaged to Tice Collins (Minor Watson) on her own unique terms. To find out how the arrangement works, you must see the play, and that will not be at all painful, for both Miss Heming and Mr. Watson (left) are good actors, and Violet Heming is lovely to look at



Captions by Esther R. Bien

The first offering this year of Eva Le Gallienne's repertory troupe is "The Would-Be Gentleman." This is a translation of Molière's famous comedy of the nouveau-riche. Well acted for the most part, it bears down heavily on the farce, and lets most of the fine irony go by the board. Around the table are seated Mary Morris, the haughty Marquise; Donald Cameron, the parasite Comte, and Egon Brecher, the newly rich would-be gentleman



The Night Watchman

By Berton Braley

Decoration by Lui Trugo

KIND of a lonesome, kind of a humdrum, kind of a routine job
 Padding my beat in the dead of night when most
 of the working mob
 Are snug at home in their comfy beds, or out for a bit
 of play—
 For I begin when the others quit and quit when they
 start the day.

It's lively enough when I go on shift as the people are
 pouring home,
 But as darkness falls and the stars come out up there in
 the blue-black dome,
 And the steady beat of the city's pulse dies down to a
 softer throb,
 It's kind of a lonesome, kind of a quiet, kind of a hum-
 drum job.

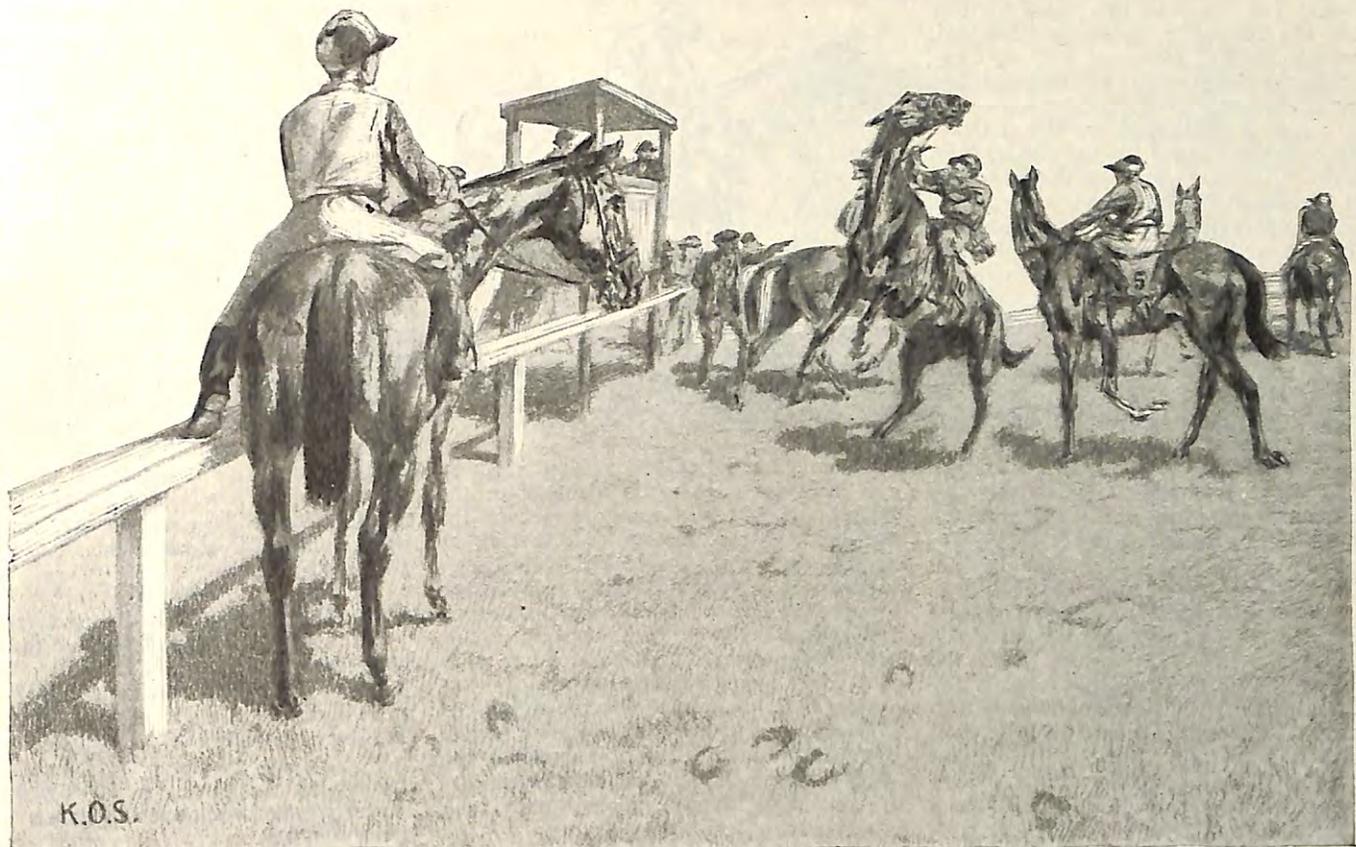
Then after the theatre crowds come home and the wee
 sma' hours begin
 I reckon the owl in the lonely woods and me are a sort
 of kin,
 For the streets grow empty as any woods, and the silence
 almost as deep,
 So me and the owl are lonely birds who work while the
 world's asleep!

I talk a bit with a cop sometimes, or a roisterer now and
 then,
 Or a truckman bound for the Jersey shore—then, back
 to my round again,
 Till the milkmen's wagons begin to show in the early
 morning light
 And I know that soon I can hit for home and call it
 another night.

It's not exactly a social job, but it isn't so bad, at that;
 Though, there's always the chance of a black-jack or
 the lead from a burglar's gat,
 Still there's a thrill in the silent streets and a kind of a
 beauty too,
 Where the buildings rise like shadowy cliffs in a canyon
 I'm walking thru.

I love the smell from the bakery—the scent of the new-
 made bread,
 I love the glow from the boiler rooms when the glowing
 grates are fed,
 And the blue-white flare from the power-house where
 the dynamos hum and buzz,
 Doing their work throughout the night the same as a
 watchman does.

So now and then there's a thought I get way back in
 my grizzled knob,
 That there is a sort of poetry that goes with my lone-
 some job;
 For though I'm one of the workers that you probably
 never see
 I'm thinking your sleep is a lot more sound because of
 the men like me!



Making Little Men Big

The Man Who Taught America's Greatest Jockeys Their Trade

By Jack O'Donnell

Illustrations by Baroness Dombrowski

NOTE: W. C. ("Pop") Daly, the subject of this colorful article, is one of the most famous figures of the American turf. He has contributed, probably, to the winning of more races than any other one man ever associated with the track. We knew that our subscribers would be interested in seeing a photograph of him, as well as in reading of his exploits, and we ransacked file after file of pictures of celebrities to find one. Our search was fruitless; Mr. Daly's aversion to being photographed is as great as his ability to develop winning jockeys. But we believe that Mr. O'Donnell's article will leave you with so vivid an impression of what manner of man is "Father Bill," that you will not unduly miss seeing a photographic portrait.

THE EDITOR.

WITH ten thousand men and women shouting words of encouragement and entreaty, two high-strung thoroughbreds came pounding down the stretch at Sheephead Bay back in the late '80s. They were running like a team, head to head. An ordinary horse blanket would have covered both animals.

On the back of one of the horses was little Jimmy McLaughlin, one of the greatest jockeys that ever lived; on the other was Jockey Eddie Garrison, better known as "Snapper," of "Garrison finish" fame.

On the lawn, in front of the clubhouse, stood August Belmont, II, sportsman and financier, watching through powerful field glasses every move made by horses and jockeys. At his side, a prideful look in his Irish eyes, stood a man with a wooden leg, unpressed clothes and unshaven visage.

"Gad!" exclaimed Mr. Belmont. "What horses! What riders!"

At the sixteenth pole the horses were still running head and head, each doing his utmost to shake off the other. The boys on their backs were fairly lifting the animals toward the finish line, McLaughlin with two

powerful hands; Garrison with one hand and a swishing whip.

Even casual visitors to the track realized they were witnessing an extraordinary duel of horsemanship. The regulars—men who look upon racing as a highly specialized business—gazed upon the drama that was being unfolded before their eyes with all the interest and appreciation of a first night audience on Broadway. They forgot for the moment their monetary interest in the race and yelled for their favorite jockeys.

"Come on, Snapper!"

"Come on, Jimmy!"

McLaughlin's mount got the nod—flashed past the judges' stand to win by a nose.

With the light of true sportsmanship in his eyes Mr. Belmont turned to the man with the wooden leg, extended his hand and said, "I want to shake your hand, Mr. Daly! You turn out great jockeys, sir; the greatest in the business. It's worth five dollars of any man's money to see Garrison and McLaughlin come together at the eighth pole. What a glorio s race! What a thrilling finish!"

W. C. Daly, the man with the wooden leg, better known to the turf world as "Father Bill," or just plain "Pop," chuckled with pleasure. Here was praise from Cæsar.

That it was merited praise was evidenced by the fact that during the half century he has been in the racing game he has given to the

American turf thirty-four of the best race-riders that ever donned silks. Some of these little men whom he made big won international fame, became the pets of presidents, kings and kaisers, and rode straight and true into the hearts of horse lovers the world over.

It was "Father Bill" Daly who taught the great Tod Sloan the fine points of race riding.

With a pair of martingales, judiciously applied where they would do the most good, he first tamed the high-tempered Snapper Garrison, and then made a splendid rider of him.

With loving care and tenderness he took little Jimmy McLaughlin from the streets of Hartford, Connecticut, fed him, clothed him, strengthened him and then tossed him onto a horse's back that he might ride into the turf's hall of fame.

Father Bill it was who paved the way for Danny Maher to ride into the charmed circle of British royalty after he had conquered the hearts of the American people.

It was this same beloved old horseman who made wee "Winnie" O'Connor such a great rider that a president of the United States, a King of Spain, and an Emperor of Germany were glad to call him friend.

Daredevil Fitzpatrick, Buck Ford, Harry Griffin, the Lamley brothers, Billy Hayward, Tommy Burns, Mickey Miles, Patsy McDermott, and a score of others who made and are still making turf history both here and abroad, received their first lessons in horsemanship from Father Bill Daly.



Father Bill came to the American turf across the bar of a saloon at Hartford, Connecticut. But he came with a viewpoint that smacked more of Puritanical New England than it did of pungent bar-rooms and convivial companions. He did not drink. He did not smoke, nor did he chew tobacco. He wasn't a psalm singer, but he went to church regularly and admired and respected every man who did, irrespective of his faith. He had one weakness, as he calls it. In his own words, he could and did "cuss like hell!"

From the time that he was a boy working in the stone quarries of Connecticut, in one of which he lost his leg, Bill Daly loved horses—fast horses. He owned and raced trotters in the harness meets around Hartford for a number of years before he became interested in running races. In the early '70's he met D. J. Crouse, a Chillicothe (Ohio) horseman, to whom he traded a pacer for a running horse named Lorena.

LORENA was a good mare and Daly won many races with her on the tracks of Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire. But the more he raced the more convinced he became that if a man wanted to become successful on the race tracks he would have to have good jockeys as well as good horses. He knew that he could buy fast horses, but how to get good riders for them was another question. All the good boys were under contract to other owners. So he decided to develop his own riders.

The first great—really great—rider Pop Daly developed was Jimmy McLaughlin. How the little fellow came out of the shadows of a home darkened by the mysterious death of his mother—murdered, the authorities charged—and into the care of Pop Daly is one of the most pathetic stories connected with the American turf.

Jimmy's father, a laborer, was known in Hartford as an ill-tempered man, especially when in his cups. One night the boy's mother was found dead. The father was charged with the murder, but acquitted at the trial which followed.

Bewildered and stunned by the loss of his mother, the grinding of the wheels of justice, the cuffs and kicks he received at home, the seven-year-old lad staggered into the street



one winter's night to seek shelter and love and kindness. He made his way to the Daly home, but his courage waned on the threshold. Tired, hungry and wistful, he crept up to the window, looked at the cheerful fire that glowed on the Daly hearth, then dropped to the ground to rest his bruised and aching body.

He had slept for perhaps an hour when Mrs. Daly, going out to close the shutters for the night, stumbled over the tiny body. Tenderly she picked him up and carried him into the house. With a bowl of hot broth warming his insides and the cheerful fire scorching his shins, Jimmy told of his latest beating, ending by saying, "I don't want to go back there again, Mr. Daly; I'm afraid."

He never did go back. Mrs. Daly, who had been a ladies' tailor before she married Father Bill, made him a couple of suits of clothes, gave him a little watch (which Jimmy carried until he died) and sent him to school.

For four years Jimmy lived as other boys lived. Then, when he was eleven, his father sought to apprentice him to a teamster, the consideration being \$50! But he reckoned without Billy Daly. Determined that the boy should have his chance, Daly went into the Connecticut courts, told of the

brutal treatment Jimmy had received in the past, brought forth witnesses to corroborate what he had said, and appealed to the court to leave Jimmy in his keeping. Jimmy himself begged the court to do as his benefactor requested. The Judge, in his wisdom, decided against the father and gave little Jimmy into Daly's keeping until the lad should reach his majority.

When the boy was twelve Billy Daly began to teach him how to ride a horse. The lad learned quickly, and in vacation time and on Saturdays he rode for his benefactor on practically all of the half-mile rings of New England.

"Jimmy was a smart boy," said Father Daly, telling the story. "He was smart, courageous, quick-witted, and he had imagination. Imagination! Yes, he had more imagination than any boy I ever developed. He could sit on a horse running at top speed at the half-mile post and see how his horse and the others in the race would be placed at the quarter.

"**W**HEN I first took Jimmy around the stables I taught him how to lead a horse; how to put on and take off a bridle; how to win a horse's confidence, and how to win his respect. I didn't toss him into a saddle and tell him to ride! No, sir! That's what too many trainers do. I gave him his ground training first. And while he was learning something about the horse himself I was building up his body so that he would have the right amount of strength when he needed it in a race. I bought him a pair of light dumbbells and showed him how to use them so that they would develop his wrists and his shoulders. I had learned from experience that the back of a headstrong horse is no place for a boy with a weak body.

"Then, to toughen him, I added some boxing gloves to the stable equipment, and every day I sent him to box with the other boys around the barns. In these boxing matches he showed that he had the right stuff in him. He could give and take punishment. But it was at the schooling post in the mornings and at the barrier in the afternoons that Jimmy showed his real courage. And that's the place to test the courage of any boy. It's there that most races are won—or lost. The boy with guts gets his horse off with the leaders. The timid boy gets off with the stragglers or else takes his mount to the outside so as to keep out of any possible jams.

Jimmy McLaughlin became the riding sensation of the '80's. It was nothing for him to sweep the card





PHOTOS BY G. C. COOK

Four great jockeys whom "Pop" Daly instructed. Left to right, Winnie O'Connor, Danny Maher, Tommy Burns and Tod Sloan

"As soon as Jimmy got so he could stay on a horse's back I taught him how to 'sit' his mount. And that's a trick! I never allow any of my boys to ride a horse with their seat more than seven inches from the saddle. When they ride higher they have no control of themselves or their mounts.

"Jimmy was a good boy. He didn't drink, smoke, gamble, nor run after the girls. In those four respects he differed from a great many jockeys I trained and have seen others train since that day. At the start I told him to go straight to bed every night at 10 o'clock, get up at 6 every morning, eat plain, substantial food and study his vocation from every angle.

"It wasn't long before he could ride with the best of them on the half-mile tracks. He was growing but he didn't have any trouble with his weight then, or even in later years.

"His first race on what was then a big track was at Charter Oak, Hartford, when he was fourteen years old. That day he rode Lorena in a race against a horse named Kadi. Kadi's jockey was none other than the present master of all horse trainers, James Rowe, Sr. In those days Jimmy Rowe was one of the best jockeys sporting silks. He was getting a little heavy but still he was good enough to win plenty of races. He and Kadi beat Jimmy and Lorena by a neck that afternoon, but I believe to this day we would have won if Jimmy had been a little heavier and had a little more strength. You see, he weighed only sixty-two pounds then and was just a wee bit too slight for a strong-headed mare like Lorena."

Jimmy McLaughlin became the riding sensation of the '80s. It was nothing for him to sweep the card. Owners sought his services because they knew he was honest, reliable, and that after a race he would give them an intelligent report on the horse's performance.

IN THOSE days the Dwyer brothers—Mike and Phil—were names to be reckoned with on the American turf. They were in the racing game to make money. They were not particularly interested in breeding horses. If they saw a horse that could win races they went and bought that horse and sent him after the big stakes. In their stable was a horse named Rhadamanthus. He won a lot of races but he should have won more. He was the victim of some questionable, if not decidedly reprehensible, rides.

One day at Jerome Park, down in New York's old Twenty-fourth Ward, Bill Daly saw the jockey on Rhadamanthus deliberately pull the Dwyer entry, permitting another horse to win. The Dwyers, who

had bet heavily on their entry, were chagrined, but they did not suspect anything wrong. They believed they had overestimated Rhadamanthus' ability. Approaching Phil Dwyer, whom he had never met, Daly said, "Mr. Dwyer, do you want to win with that horse?"

"I certainly do!" said Dwyer.

"Put McLaughlin up on him next time he starts and you'll win!"

A few days later Rhadamanthus was entered in a race with several horses that had previously beaten him. The Dwyers went to Bill Daly and asked if Jimmy McLaughlin might ride for them. Jimmy was given the mount, the Dwyers backed their horse for several thousand dollars, and, as Daly had predicted, Rhadamanthus won in a gallop.

Immediately after the race the Dwyers went to Daly and asked what he would take for Jimmy's contract. Daly, always a good business man, quickly said, "Ten thousand dollars!"

"Give you eight!" replied Mike Dwyer.

"Sold!" said Daly.

The day that deal was made the fortunes of the Dwyer brothers were wabbling. They had lost a lot of money through bad jockeys. But with McLaughlin under contract to them their fortunes changed. They bagged one big stake after another, year in and year out.

Jimmy McLaughlin became the idol of the American turf. In the decade beginning 1880 and ending 1890 he rode the winner of the Alabama Stakes three times; the historic Belmont six times; Champagne twice; Clark Handicap three times; Dixie once; Kentucky Derby once; Flash Stakes three times; Juvenile Stakes four times; Ladies' Handicap four times; Preakness once; Tidal Stakes eight times; Travers four times, and the United States Hotel Stakes four times.

"Jimmy McLaughlin was the greatest jockey I ever threw upon a horse," Father

Bill told me recently. "He never drank nor smoked during his riding days, and you could always depend on him to tell the truth."

It was on a little pony down at Daly's Brighton Beach establishment that the great Tod Sloan learned the rudiments of race riding.

Tod was working by the month as an exercise boy when he came to

Father Bill and requested instruction. Daly tried to get Sloan to apprentice himself to him, but without success.

"Tod was a canny lad," said Daly. "He wouldn't sign up with anybody; wanted to be his own boss and do as he pleased. But he was a likable youngster, so I taught him how to seat a horse. He learned faster than most boys, was patient, earnest, and had lots of courage.

THE first time I tossed him upon that little pony of mine I was sure he would become a good rider. He had a natural way with horses, and the lightest hands I've ever seen on a beginner. Horses like riders with light hands. Tod also seemed to know instinctively how to sit on a horse. But he wasn't a know-it-all. He came to me many, many times, always with a question on his lips. He was like a man with a definite purpose in life—one who wouldn't be side-tracked until that purpose was accomplished.

"We became great friends, and when he went to England I knew he would make good. Of course, to my mind, he was never the jockey that Jimmy McLaughlin was, but he was mighty good."

Tod Sloan believed himself to be the greatest rider of his day, however, in spite of Daly's opinion. Proof of this came to Daly's attention at the Brighton Beach course one day after Sloan returned from England, where he had great success. He went to Brighton Beach, sought out Father Daly and said, "Mr. Daly, you've got a horse in the fifth race which I fancy. Who's going to ride him?"

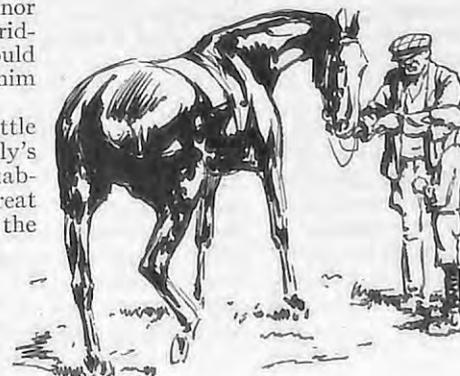
Daly told him the name of the rider he had selected and said, "Why do you ask, Tod?"

"I'll tell you," said Sloan. "I've got a big betting man with me. He'll bet twenty or thirty thousand dollars on this horse if I give him the word. But I can't tell him to bet if that punk you mention is going to ride him. Give me the mount and I'll have a good bet riding for you. What do you say?"

"If you'll agree to really ride my horse I'll give you the job," said Daly.

An agreement was made. Sloan went to the jockey-room, donned the scarlet jacket and green cap of the Daly stable and joined the others in the parade to the post. The crowd

(Continued on page 77)



One Thing Well

By Gerald Mygatt

Illustrations by C. A. Bryson



HENRY PORTER shook his head stolidly. He said: "I just don't want to, that's all. I don't like the idea."

Penelope eyed him. Then: "I do wish you would," she remarked quietly.

"No," said Henry.

"That sounds final," said his wife cheerfully. "I bet I can make you take it back, though." She came close to him, stood on tiptoe and pursed her lips toward his. "If you take it back I'll give you a kiss," she informed him, her eyes twinkling.

Henry who stood a full six feet and who was barreled and sinewed in proportion, looked down calmly into her provocative dark eyes. His expression spoke an amused and tolerant fondness, yet his forehead crinkled as a man's forehead does when he finds himself taken aback and at a loss for appropriate words.

"When you can't think of a come-back," teased Penelope, "the best thing to do is to call names. Call me a pint-size good-for-nothing. I liked that one. Or call me a knee-high vampire that ought to be spanked."

Henry ran slow fingers through his tawny hair. He said: "When did I ever call you that last, honey? It's a new one on me. I bet you made it up yourself."

"Not on your life, Henry Porter. It's

yours and you ought to be proud of it. Don't you remember? You actually said it, with your own lips, that evening I made you go to the concert with the Ellisons. You said it in the taxi just as we were crossing River Street. It rates a monument or a tablet or something. You know: On this sacred spot Butch Porter slipped a fast one from his heart without taking ten minutes to think it over before speaking."

The smile faded from Henry's face and though he stood as he was he seemed visibly to droop.

"I—I'm sorry," he mumbled. Then quickly: "Say, now!"

For Penelope had flung her arms about his neck and was hanging by them, heels in air. And while she hung there she sought and found his mouth, his nose, his cheeks with impetuous lips.

"Oh, dearest," she whispered, and again, and still again. Then she let herself down and said: "I'm a little rotter, Butch. Yes, and I'm ashamed of myself. Here I am with a typically female gift of gab that has nothing behind it except the parroting of other people's smartness. Which gives me a swell right to kid you, now doesn't it? Just because you always take a good solid think before you speak?"

Henry smiled feebly.

"The reason I stop to think before I say anything is because I have to, I guess," he said soberly.

"Oh, go on, Butch! You've got more real brains in a minute than I have in a week."

Said he: "If I had any brains, Penny, I'd be able to think of something to say before the next morning when I'm shaving, which is my regular time for thinking of all the things I might have said the day before. Gee, can't I think of 'em then! You know, answers to everything. Brains don't take twelve hours to work, honey. They know that down at the office too. And my father knew it when I was a kid."

"Your father was hard, Butch."

"Nix, he was real. Only he had me sized up. That time he laid me out that I told you about. The time he shriveled me, like. Well, he was right. Told me about myself—how stupid I was, all the rest of the stuff I've learned since. Of course he was mad—I'd sassed him, you know—but just the same he gave me truth. He said, 'Henry, you will learn humility and you will walk in humble places.' I remember he said that. Then he sort of walked away from me and slung the rest back over his shoulder. What he said was: 'My son, the only future I see for you is a future in



A young woman bobbed forward. "Oh, aren't you just priceless!" she said. Turning to the group, she announced, "He's a perfect type"

which you learn to do some one thing well. One thing will be enough for you.' That's all he said, but it was plenty. I guess I've never forgotten it."

"He was cruel," remarked Penelope.

NO, HE he gave me truth. He knew me. He was a fast thinker and I was a dumb kid. Always have been. Always will be."

"Well, it's not so," she protested stoutly. "You've just got yourself bluffed. I've seen you think fast lots of times. How about that night of the fire?"

"Shucks! Didn't have to think. Just grabbed you and walked out. Instinct, that's all."

Penelope stamped a tiny foot. "You're hopeless," she stormed.

"My idea too," said Henry genially.

"But you're not," she pleaded. "You're no more hopeless than I am, Butch. Wait a minute. How about when you were in college? You were captain of the football team, weren't you?"

"Uh-huh. Only senior on the team. Elected automatically."

"I didn't ask you how you were elected, you goof. Maybe you weren't elected at all. Maybe President Wilson appointed you on account of your beauty."

"Garfield," said Henry. "Garfield?" Penelope echoed. "Are you trying to tell me you were in college when Garfield was President?"

"Sure. Still is."

"Henry Porter, are you crazy or am I?" A dawning smile widened his countenance. He said:

"Aw, shucks, Pen, you said college. And then you said Wilson and he used to be president of Princeton. So I just figured you had things mixed up, maybe. See? Just what I said. When I say anything without thinking, that's how it comes out. Garfield is president of Williams, though."

"Without a doubt," said Penelope, trying not to laugh. "I'll say one thing for you, Butch. When you get an idea you hang on to it."

"Have to," said Henry.

Penelope sighed. Then:

"Are you going into this play or aren't you?" she asked.

"No."

"All right, that's that," she conceded. She eyed him mischievously. Then: "I was bad, Butch. I think you'd better spank me."

"I—what's that?"

"I say I was bad and I really was knee-high vamping you and I think I ought to be spanked." She grimaced impishly and bent

over at an angle which was not without some absence of dignity. "One swat only," she warned, "and be gentle, honey, because we moderns don't wear too many petticoats."

Henry chuckled. "Stand up and look human," he commanded. "And don't ever try that again because I'm just a roughneck and can be tempted. And when I swat I swat. Here, silly, gimme kiss." He swept her to him with his right arm and presently began patting her head.

"ALL right, I'll go into the darn old play," he grunted. "Satisfied now? I'll call 'em up."

"Oh, no!" said Penelope, wide-eyed. "I take it back about wanting you to do it, dear. You were perfectly right turning them down. It will take a lot of your time—"

Again Henry's fingers strayed through his hair. For a moment he looked blank. Then he grinned widely.

"You darned little snub-nosed cricket," he said with gentleness. "You know mighty well you want me to. What's the name of the bird I'm supposed to call up?"

"Dexter—Dawson Dexter."

"Oh, that's right. Remember now. He's that artist guy there was a piece in the paper about, how he and some others came here in a bunch to get away from—let's see—to get away from the stifling effects of New York or something. How's that for remembering, Pen?"

"Perfect," said Penelope, "except that he's a writer and not an artist and that he's considered one of the most brilliant insurrectionists of his generation. You've probably seen him, Butch. He's been to two or three of the club dances and things."

"Maybe so. Search me. The only thing is I wish their darned meeting wasn't to-night. I was sort of hoping we could go to the movies. There's a peach of a picture at the Imperial—you know, that solemn little guy that makes you laugh—what's his name now?"

"Stop stalling and go telephone," said Penelope with a grin. Then she added: "And tell them I'd love to come but I have an engagement."

"You mean you're not coming?" he demanded.

"Not this time, Butch. I—I think it'll be better, sort of, if you—well, sort of look the ground over first yourself. You know, we—we don't want to get mixed up with those people—unless we're sure—"

She watched his eyes, for there were certain things regarding Henry about which Penelope had made up a wisely mind. One of these things was an intuitive understanding that he would never learn self-confidence unless and until he was thrown upon his own social resources. She wanted desperately to go to that rehearsal, to meet new people, to enter into a new environment, but she shook her head.

Henry shook his too, but after dinner he climbed into the worn and familiar seat of his ancient and beloved second-hand car and headed it across town toward the district down by the canal, where the artist gang

had taken over a deserted row of one-time two-family houses, built for the long-departed employees of the long-defunct tannery, now little more than a faded brick ruin upon the river's brink. He had driven past there with Penelope once or twice and had found himself filled with a wholesome scorn for the pinks and bright blues and yellows and reds with which the artists, apparently true to type, had painted their abodes. He had expressed himself to Penelope.

"Looks like a stage setting for a musical comedy," he had scoffed. Then: "Bunch of nuts!"

Penelope's answer had puzzled him somewhat. "I'll bet they have a good time," was what she had said.

NOW, scowling slightly at the roughness of the old towpath road, he came nearer and nearer to the deserted tannery. There were lights ahead. Third house on the right, Henry repeated mentally; third house, second door—door painted a heavenly blue with one-eyed jacks rampant, according to Mr. Dawson Dexter. Henry sniffed his disdain. One-eyed jacks rampant! What Dexter had meant to say, of course, was one-eyed jacks wild. As if an artist knew anything about poker! Writer either!

But when Henry got out in front of the house and actually walked up to the entrance he smiled in spite of himself. For the door, which was uncompromisingly blue was decorated with the painted likeness of two playing cards, one the jack of spades and the other the jack of hearts, each jack in profile and each eyeing him sidewise with a sort of saturnine madness. Thought Henry: "They look wild at that. Maybe this bird was kidding. Maybe he isn't so dumb as I thought."

He wasn't, rather obviously. He met Henry at the door with twinkling eyes. He shook Henry by the hand. He ushered Henry in. Dawson Dexter was a lean individual with large horn-rimmed glasses and a beaming smile.

"Folks," he announced to a jumble of people in the living room, "folks, this is Mr. Henry Porter, come to play the part of John T. Schmaltz in the efficiency satire. Who do you know, Mr. Porter? Nobody? Well, pick out the ones you like the looks of and I'll introduce you. If you don't like anybody's looks, that makes you one of us and you don't have to be introduced. Very simple."

Henry, taken aback, observed the crowd, whose eyes were all upon his. Most of the eyes measured him with utter indifference.

"Where's Ernie?" Dexter inquired of his assembled guests. They looked uninterested. "Anybody seen her?" he asked again.

"Try the kitchen," somebody mumbled.

Dexter turned to Henry. "Ernie's my wife," he explained. "Come on and we'll find her. You'll like Ernie. She hasn't any Soul. The only reason she gets by is because she cracks ice and makes the best caviar sandwiches this side of Minsk. She shakes a wicked Bronx too." He led the way to the rear of the room, where he threw open a door. "Ah, as I thought!" he proclaimed. "The able Ernestine prepares pearls for swine."

A feminine voice commanded, "Get out of here. I'm busy."

Dexter winked over his shoulder and walked into the kitchen. Henry followed uneasily. He heard his host say: "Ern, wipe your paws and greet the new boyfriend. His name, to the best of my knowledge, is Porter. He comes bearing gifts, histrionic gifts. You hold him in here and give him a drink and tell him what it's all about. I'll keep the thirsty hordes at bay."

Henry blinked and became aware of an exceedingly handsome girl with high-piled Titian hair who was smiling at him cordially with brown eyes, red lips and even white teeth. She was drying her hands upon a kitchen towel, which she flung aside as she came toward him.

"Dawson ought to be poisoned," she said pleasantly. "Or maybe you're accustomed to this sort of thing." She gestured toward the other room and added, "Artists."

"Why—why, I know a few—one or two."

"They're really nice people," she said, "only sometimes they're a little trying, particularly to newcomers. I mean they don't make much effort to be polite; that is, some of them don't. They get obsessed with being a Group—capital 'G.' I had a terrible time when I married Dawson, because I was nobody. I mean I wasn't a writer or anything. It's better now, though. They like my cooking."

"You're kidding," said Henry.

"A little, maybe," she admitted, "but not much. Anyway we want you to know you're among friends, and if anybody out there high-hats you, just grin. Because somebody probably will. That's all. You see, Dawson wanted you in the play because we need new blood, and your personality ought to be perfect for the part he's written. He saw you at the club." She slid off the washtub and began performing a deft miracle with ice and a tall glass and some liquids. "Here, shoot this—only don't tell the others. If they knew we'd broken out the gin as early as this there wouldn't be any rehearsal at all."

Presently she led the way into the other room, where a young

man with a beard and white duck trousers walked directly up to Henry.

"You have only six sides," the bearded individual said without preamble.

"What?"

"Six sides. Most of us have a lot more. By the way, have you ever read before?"

Henry heard his hostess snicker. "He's only talking about your part in the play," she whispered. "The sides are the pages you read from. That's what professionals call them, and of course we're very, very professional. He means your part is only six pages long."

The bearded youth glared, handed Henry six typewritten sheets of paper and stalked away. His place, however, was taken at once by a young woman who bobbed forward from the side of the room. She was lanky and thin. She wore a very short cotton skirt and green cotton stockings and she was possessed of henna-colored cheeks. Her unbelievably yellow hair, which might have been appropriate upon an eight-year old child, was cut bang-fashion after the hair of a page-boy of the feudal ages, except that this young woman's hair was much more skimpy. Somehow she looked like a well-meant effort gone somewhat sadly askew.

She caught Henry's hands.

"Dawson likes you," she informed him audibly.

"I beg your pardon?"

"OH, AREN'T you just priceless!" she chanted. Then she turned to the group. "He's priceless," she announced. "He's a perfect type."

"He's not quite fat enough, I think," said a man.

"Oh, but he has the manner. He's perfect."

Dawson Dexter stepped forward to where Henry was blinking bewilderedly. He winked at Henry, then wheeled upon the others. He eyed them coldly. "Efficiency satire, first act!" he announced. "Everybody quiet, and by quiet I mean quiet."

Henry grinned. He thought: "Gee, wait till I tell Penny about this! Next time I'll make her come. I wouldn't have her miss it for worlds."

It was one o'clock in the morning when Henry came back to Penelope. He found her, as he had known he would, in front of the fire, asleep. He woke her.

"Bunch of nuts," he proclaimed. "You come over next time. You'll like 'em. Crazy as coots."

"Is that a broad reflection on me?" she inquired, rubbing her eyes.

"Reflection, nothing! First two hours I wanted to wade in with both hands. You know, clout 'em up—the men, I mean. Then somebody uncorked a little hooch and they got human. You'll like 'em Pen. (Continued on page 46)

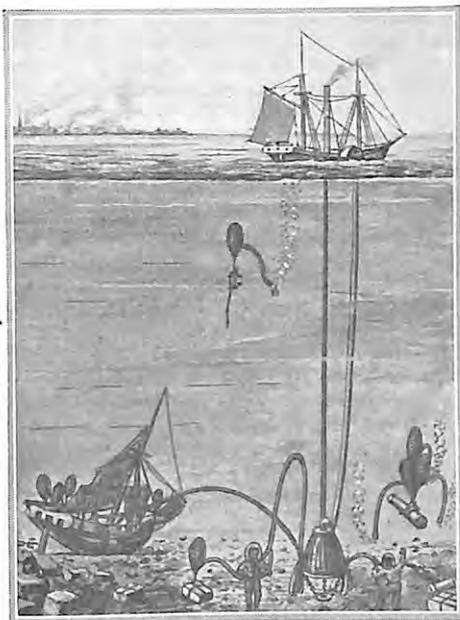


"It doesn't make sense, Butch," said Penelope

Down in the Sea For Ships

Modern Inventions Add to the Romance Of the Divers' Precarious Craft

By John Chapman



LATE one Saturday afternoon word came into the office of a New York newspaper that an S O S had been heard somewhere off New England. Chances were ten to one that the call was from a freighter that had broken a rudder or a propeller, and was in no imminent danger. But as a matter of routine the report was checked.

Customary sources of information could—or would—give out nothing. The big wireless companies, the Navy Yard, the Coast Guard, all professed that they knew nothing. A long-distance call was put in for the Boston Navy Yard. An officer there answered.

"I understand there is an S O S up your way," a reporter said. "Is there anything to it?"

In the crisp syllables of a trained district reporter, the officer replied, "At 3:37 P. M., off Wood End, the submarine *S* for *Samuel Four* was rammed and sunk by the Coast Guard cutter *Paulling*—*P* for Peter, *A U L D* for Daniel, *I N* for nothing, *G* for George."

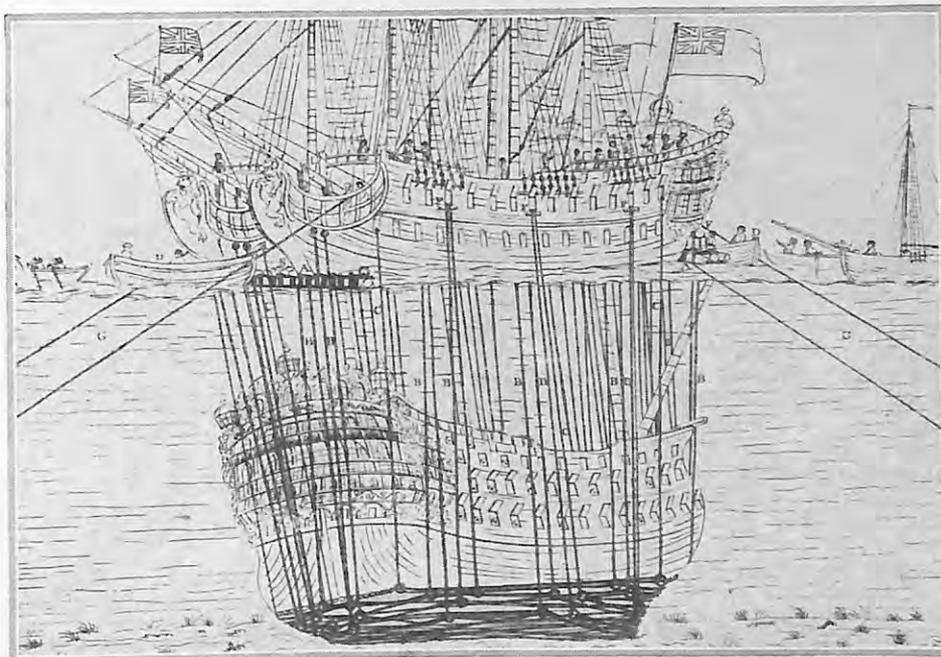
"Is there anything to it!" The reporter's spine tingled. Within one hour one man had been dispatched from the paper's Boston office to catch a destroyer leaving the Boston Navy Yard for the scene of the wreck; four men, two of them photographers, had left the New York office, to arrive by train and automobile at Wood End before dawn; and an airplane had been chartered to leave Curtiss Field at daybreak.

For there was news! A shipwreck—a chance that the crew might be rescued alive—a battle in which men would stack their wits against the fury of the sea.

Within twenty-four hours every man who was an expert in deep-sea salvage was in the normally quiet Cape Cod village of Provincetown. One, who had helped direct the raising of the submarine *S-51*, flew there from Norfolk, Va. Another who had shared the honors of that feat with him had dropped his private work and hurried there. Experts from great commercial salvage companies had volunteered their services.

And for weeks the nation watched every move these men made; thrilled with the veteran Tom Eadie when he slid down the rope of a buoy and heard imprisoned men tap in answer to the thump of his leaden shoes; suffered when six entombed men tapped out in code, "The air is bad. Is there any hope?"; fumed when a stormy sea made salvage impossible.

Since man first dared sail in a boat, ships have sunk; and since the beginning of shipwrecks men have been scheming cunningly



Two old drawings showing the early application of methods still used to raise wrecks. At left, compressed air is being pumped in. Above, a hulk is being floated to shallow water

to get back what they lost. The beds of oceans, lakes and rivers are dotted with riches—gold in modern steamers and Spanish galleons, and vessels of past centuries whose historic value is great. Whatever is being sought in the bottom of the sea, this business of salvage catches the imagination. There is a romance about it second to no other undertaking.

Nor is the work limited to the happily infrequent times of great disasters like the sinking of submarines or the wreck of steamers on a stormy coast. Scarcely a day passes in New York harbor without a tug, a lighter or a barge foundering. These occurrences pass almost unnoticed in the day's news; but these craft must be raised, and the task is often difficult, dangerous and full of thrills.

IN THE beginning, a ship that sank remained sunk, and men schemed and dreamed, wishing that they could defy an unfriendly element and walk and work beneath the water. The best one could do was to take a deep breath and wriggle a few feet down, or carry a stone with him to reach greater depths. The longest such a one-breath diver could remain submerged was about two minutes, but nevertheless salvage operations were undertaken from the earliest days of ships. Boats could not be raised, but their cargoes could be removed. In the reign of Perseus divers were rewarded according to the depth they reached. If a diver brought up valuables from twelve feet below, he got one-third their worth; if he went down twice as far, he got half.

In the fifteenth century, on the bottom of a little lake in the mountains near Rome,

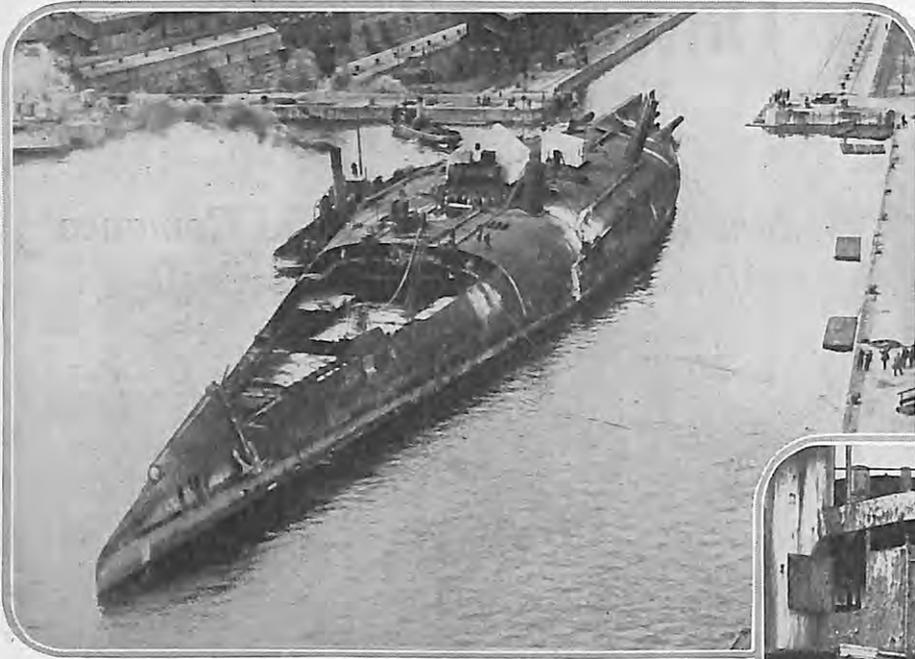
was discovered a sunken ship that was destined to be the first object of a modern salvage expedition. It was the thrill of the unknown that fired men's imaginations. Fishermen had been hauling out bits of ancient statuary, and it was first thought that an old Roman dwelling had been submerged there. Later they concluded it was a ship, and Cardinal Prospero Colonna made the first salvage attempt in 1435. He sent down some one-breath divers to hook anchors on whatever was below. Mules hauled on the anchors from shore, and brought up a fragment of the stern of a ship, put together with bronze nails and coated on the outside with lead.

After the failure of this attempt, nothing was done for a hundred years, until a Bolognese architect, Francesco de Marchi, astounded an incredulous Italy by announcing that he had strolled about the wreck, using an apparatus whose secret he refused to reveal.

"I have seen and touched the ship with my own hands," he wrote—and he was probably regarded as a bit of a nut by all good Romans. "Master Guglielmo da Loreno has made a contrivance by which I entered the water and made myself descend to the bottom of the lake. With this contrivance one can work, sawing, cutting, caulking up, tying ropes.

"I was there July 15, 1535. One sees through a crystal window, and everything appears large. Fishes that I thought were about the length of a man's arm swarmed about me, and I caught at one, and was surprised to find it about nine inches long."

De Marchi's large-seeing window appar-



The German cruiser *Moltke*, salvaged from Scapa Flow, is shown above being towed into dry-dock at Rosyth, Scotland, for her final breaking-up

PHOTO BY F. AND A.

ently misled him, for he described the ship as 450 feet long and almost half as wide. He used a principle of marine salvage which is in use to-day, and with his mysterious diving helmet was probably the first modern salvor. He attached ropes to the wreck, and these ran to a raft above. On the raft mules plodded about windlasses, slowly tightening the ropes. But the attempt failed. The wood of the wreck had rotted, and the mules brought up only fragments. Some of the pieces established the fact that the boat belonged to the maniac emperor Caligula, who reigned from 34 to 37 A. D.

IN 1895 Lake Nemi again drew a salvage crew, and divers made the first accurate survey. They found not one but two great barges that must have been the millionaire's yachts of their day. They had apparently foundered beside a pier. They were ninety feet long, and their decks were of mosaic porphyry. The bulwarks were of solid bronze, and rich sculptures adorned them.

The barges are still there, but salvage of them, together with excavations at Herculaneum, form the most important archaeological project of the Mussolini government. The lake is to be drained into another one, Lake Albano, and the treasures dug out of the mud.

Since de Marchi's time, all the resources of modern science have been devoted to marine salvage work. Despite this, the sea holds its own. "It is still a gamble," says the head of America's foremost salvage company. Treasures like \$25,000,000 of the *Laurentic* have been recovered, but others like the \$10,000,000 of the *Florenzia*, a vessel of the Spanish Armada, still remain on the ocean bed, though their location is known. The submarine *S-51* provided the most heroic and successful salvage feat of the United States Navy, and the *F-4*, sunk off Honolulu harbor, was raised from 304 feet. Yet the *Titanic* and the *Lusitania* are gone for good, and other ships great and small lie with them in the eternal darkness of ocean depths.

As de Marchi showed, the basic ideas of salvage are not new. Hardly a day goes by in New York harbor that some small vessel is not hauled out of the water by sheer force. Another very costly method, which can be used in only a few instances, was employed in the recovery of the *Maine*, when engineers

built a dam about the wreck and literally made a hole to the bottom of the sea.

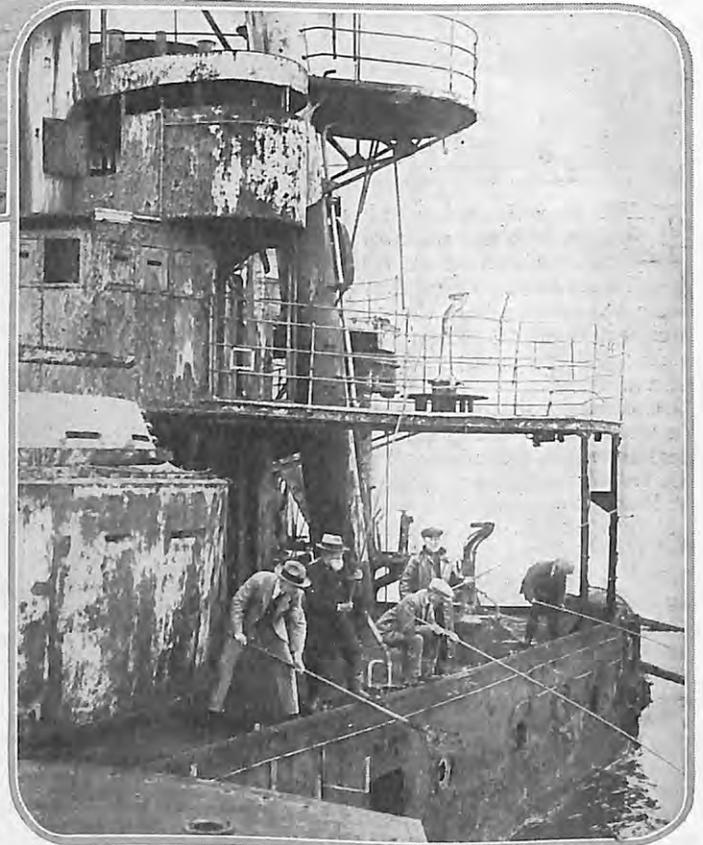
A third method is to float a wreck on air. This is most often used when a vessel goes on the rocks and is not entirely submerged. It was the method by which the navy raised the *S-51*, and by which the *S-4* was brought to the surface.

John Milne, a teacher of architectural and mechanical drawing at the University of Edinburgh, was so sure in 1828 that floating vessels by air was the only practical way, that he published a book about it. The book, "Plans for the floating off of stranded vessels and for raising those that have foundered," was addressed to the British lord high admiral.

Milne's idea was to use leather envelopes,

or bladders. Divers might stow these below deck on a wreck, and hook more of them to its sides. Air could be pumped in from above, or from compressed-air tanks in the hands of the divers. The buoyancy of the filled bladders would carry the wreck to the surface.

Another method of salvage is to let the limitless power of the tides do the work. It has been highly successful in raising the German fleet at Scapa Flow; but the idea got William Tracey, a Portsmouth, England, ship's broker, into a peck of trouble in 1783. Tracey was so sure he had the right idea, even though it had failed in practice, that he, too, published a book about it for the Admiralty. He called it "A candid and accu-



The deck of the cruiser *Von Hindenburg*, former flagship of the German fleet, now in popular demand by Scottish fishermen. At left, a new German diving device



rate narrative of the operations used in endeavoring to raise H. M. S. *Royal George* in the year 1783." The preface reads, "In great attempts 'tis glorious even to fail."

The *Royal George*, one of the finest battle-ships of His Majesty's navy, had sunk at Spithead, off Portsmouth, and its loss and the subject of its recovery provided as much political bickering as some of our own naval disasters.

Tracey proposed to fasten a girdle of cables around the bottom of the *Royal George*, and to fasten to these other cables which would lead to ships on the surface. At low tide the lines would be tightened, and, as Tracey said, "as the tide flows, the two ships must sink or the wreck lift." It so came about that neither happened. The cables broke.

The admiralty gave Tracey two ships, the *Royal William* and the *Diligente*, but he had to pay all expenses. After the preliminary work of fastening the girdle to the hull of the wreck, "I got the *Diligente* alongside the Wreck but had nearly got her on the same, owing to the King's men leaving their Work at twelve o'clock."

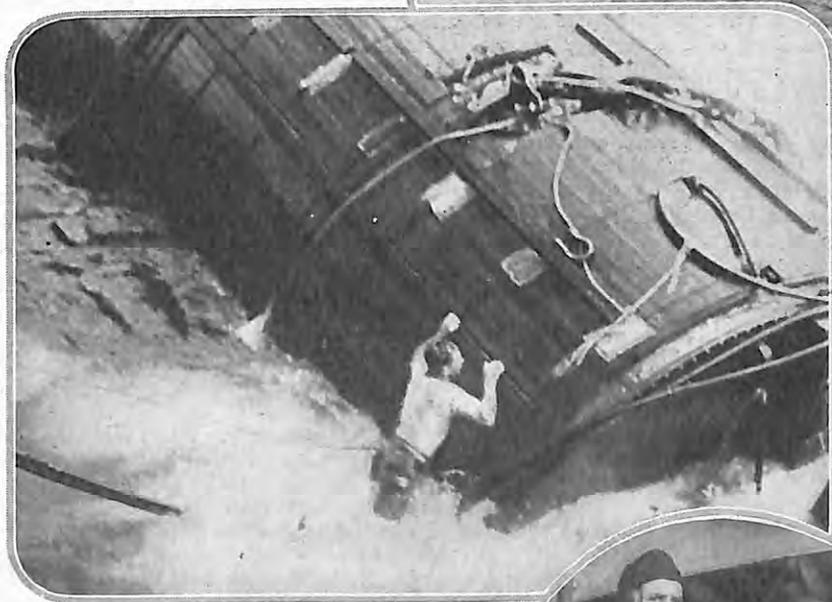
Then he put the *Royal William* alongside, and separated the two vessels by lengths of mainmast. At low tide the men heaved taut on the windlasses. At high tide the *Royal George* was felt to move, but not high enough to be carried farther inshore, where another hitch might be taken. After many heart-breaking attempts, the cables broke in a storm, and Tracey was ordered to abandon the project.

That first attempt to get back the *Royal George* was from a practical motive, for the ship was needed in the navy. It has long since rotted to pieces, but recent attempts have been made to bring up fragments because of their historic interest. One of these undertakings provided one of the most thrilling under-sea battles ever engaged in.

Two divers, Jones and Girvan, were among a crew engaged in



Above, the S-51, her flag at half-mast, and supported by pontoons, is being towed to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. At the left an anonymous hero is working on the pontoons that first raised this ill-fated submarine from the bottom



poking about the ocean bed of Spithead, searching for the *Royal George's* armament. The divers, in addition to regular pay, were offered a bonus for each piece they found. Jones located a cannon half buried in the sand, and marked it as his discovery. He prowled about for other pieces, and suddenly noticed Girvan preparing to send the cannon aloft on a rope. Girvan had either not noticed Jones's mark, or had ignored it.

Fathoms beneath the surface, the two men struggled hand to hand over the prize. They must have appeared grotesque monsters, in their featureless diving helmets with the long, snaky air lines wavering above them. It was little more than a wrestling match, for under the water blows were harmless. But somehow Jones kicked in the plate-glass face of Girvan's helmet, and Girvan might as well have had on nothing at all. Fortunately, the crew manning the air-pumps above had noted the strange agitation of the lines, and hauled away on the life-ropes. Girvan, unconscious, was brought up just in time. The men later forgot their enmity and became good friends.

SEVERAL treasure-filled ships of the Spanish Armada are known to have been lost, and have been recurrently the objects of half-romantic, half-practical salvage expeditions. The galleon *Florencia*, carrying \$10,000,000 in jewels and gold—a king's ransom even in our day—sank in 1588 in the Bay of Tober-



PHOTOS BY P. & A.

Divers Thomas Eadie and William J. Carr at the raising of the S-4

mory, in the Isle of Mull, west of Scotland. Many attempts have been made to locate the vessel, but all have failed. The rights of salvage are still owned by the Duke of Argyll. One expedition succeeded in finding one of

the *Florencia's* cannon, but the ship itself has never been found. Some day, perhaps, a shift in the ocean current will sweep away the sand which doubtless now covers the wreck, and the finder will become a wealthy man. Another ship of the Armada sank off Galway on the Irish coast. Because no trace of it was found, the story was accepted as a country legend until a few years ago when a fisherman and a lone diver found it and leisurely removed a small fortune.

One of the most famous of the old-time-sunken treasure-ships was H. M. S. *Lutine*, a 32-gun frigate submerged off the Dutch coast in 1790 during the war between England and Holland. British troops had been quartered for months on an island off the coast, and the admiralty arranged to send the men their pay on the *Lutine*. Merchants, hearing of the *Lutine's* voyage, asked that they, too, be allowed to ship some gold. Altogether, the vessel carried \$5,000,000.

WHEN it sank, Lloyds Agency in London paid \$4,500,000 insurance, and thereby gained the right—though it was small comfort—to salvage. But the war prevented any such attempt then, and for some years the *Lutine* and her cargo were forgotten. Then a Dutchman obtained permission from his government to recover the gold. He was to split fifty-fifty with the government. He tried eight years to find the wreck, and in the end gave up.

England, through a treaty, finally got the Dutch to cede their claims to the treasure, and the English began their search. In 1857 a great storm cleared away the sand above the wreck, and in the ensuing four years \$200,000 was recovered. One diver brought up the ship's bell, and it was hung in the main hall at Lloyds. Ever since then it is rung every time there is news of a disaster at sea, or of the return to port of a ship thought lost. Eventually the storm that uncovered the wreck was followed by one that covered it up again, and since that time many salvage crews have fished for it.

(Continued on page 54)



The Radio Report Is the Determining Factor that Makes and Breaks a Champion

By Remote Control

By Raymond Leslie Goldman

Illustrations by M. C. Rosser

"IT'S that Brockett kid again," said Ted White, poking his head into Frank Jarvis's office. "He's a nuisance. What'll I do? Give him the bum's rush?"

"Oh, show him in," Jarvis sighed, an expression of weariness on his long, thin face. "If I don't see him this time, he'll come back again."

White returned to the gymnasium where, in a roped ring, floor-level, Mike Kelly, lightweight, was shadow-boxing, pummeling an imaginary opponent with powerful hooks and jabs; at the heavy punching-bag, Lefty Maddox, the leading middleweight of the Jarvis stable, was hammering a reverberating tattoo and Shifty Simmons, Central City's welterweight pride, was perfecting the agility of his feet with a skipping rope.

Watching Kelly with admiring eyes, Billy Brockett stood near the ring, his fists tightly clenched, swaying slightly to and fro, and from right to left, as if to avoid Kelly's vicious blows. Mentally, he, too, was shadow-boxing; and so intent was he that Ted White was at his side before he became aware of the trainer's presence.

"The boss will see you, kid," said White. "Make it snappy."

"Thanks," answered Billy; and walked nervously to the manager's office where he faced Jarvis eagerly, twirling his cap in his fingers.

Jarvis gave him a swift glance of appraisal. He saw a youth of about twenty-one, perhaps an inch above five and a half feet tall, with broad shoulders and slender waist. In his mind's eye, the manager stripped him and saw elastic muscles rolling under white, clear skin. A strong, clean living boy, he judged; and looked up at Billy's face. The hair was blond, the eyes gray-blue, the nose, mouth and chin were firmly and strongly molded.

Under happier circumstances, Jarvis would have been favorably impressed; but his mood, that morning, was no cheerful one.

"Well, kid," he greeted, "you insisted on seeing me and here I am. What's on your mind, if any?"

"I want to go into boxing," Billy replied, "and—I'd like you to be my manager. I think I'd make good in the ring if I got a chance."

"What makes you think so?" asked the manager. "Ever licked anybody?"

The boy flushed. "I never fought yet. That is, not in the ring."

"I see. You're a back-alley fighter."

"No, sir, I'm not," Billy denied quickly. "I'm no bum. I mean I've had a few fights, just like every fellow has, and I always came out all right. I'm strong and I haven't got a yellow streak, and if I'm handled right I know I'd make good. I—I don't say you could make a champion out of me, Mr. Jarvis, but I'd get good enough to make us some money. I want to make enough to go into some kind of business for myself some day."

Jarvis lighted a cigarette and blew two plumes of smoke through his nostrils. Reclining in his chair, he looked down along his nose at Billy Brockett.

"Why pick on me, kid?"

"Well, you're the biggest manager in these parts," said Billy.

"Exactly. And I ain't got time to waste on hams, either. My boxers are either the best in their class in this section of the country, or else they give promise of being the best."

"How do you know if I'm any good," Bill retorted, "if you don't give me a chance?"

"You think you're good, eh?"

"I could *make* good," declared Billy.

Jarvis tamped out his cigarette and rose suddenly to his feet.

"Follow me, kid," he said gruffly, "and I'll see that you get your chance."

Billy followed him into the gymnasium, agitated by hope and doubt. Jarvis was patently unfriendly; his voice and manner showed his irritation; yet he said he would give Billy a chance. Puzzled, Billy watched the manager as he drew Ted White aside and spoke in a voice beyond Billy's hearing. White grinned and nodded; then beckoned to Mike Kelly, who crawled through the ropes from the ring and joined the conference. Kelly, too, grinned, as if in approval of the plan, now and then casting a glance at Billy.

BILLY heard nothing of their whispers, but he guessed a great deal. A flush overspread his face and he caught his nether lip between his teeth. He knew that he would have to pay dearly for his persistency in trying to see Jarvis.

"Well, I'll show 'em something," he determined, his jaws set and his fist clenched. "They'll see I'm game, anyway."

"Come with me to the lockers," said White, approaching Billy. "I'll give you some togs. We're going to give you a good try-out."

"With Mike Kelly," supplemented Billy.

"Yeh!" White tried to hide a grin. "Mike ain't a champion, it's true, but he's one of the best in Central City, so he ought to give you a good work-out, at least."

"I know all about Mike Kelly," said Billy, trying to appear calm. "I've seen him fight and I know he's good. He's got a terrible punch."

"That's right. Maybe you'd rather not work with him, kid? Maybe you'd rather

just beat it and not come back here any more?"

"Maybe I wouldn't," said Billy. "If I ain't got anything else to show you, Mr. White, I'll show you that I ain't yellow."

A look of admiration came into White's eyes. He regarded Billy as the boy divested himself of his clothing and put on the trunks which had been supplied him.

"I'll say you're not yellow," he declared in a more friendly tone. "Say, kid, let me put you wise to something. You seemed to peeve Mr. Jarvis and he's all set to take you down a bit. Take my advice and beat it while the going's good."

Billy, having fastened the laces of his boxing-shoes, rose to his feet. The flush still dyed his face, breaking in shredded lines just below his throat.

"I'm ready, Mr. White," was his answer.

White shrugged. "All right then. I guess Mr. Jarvis is right about you. He says your head is too big for the size hat you wear. I guess you think you can lick Mike Kelly?"

Billy made no reply. When White walked to the scales, he followed him and stepped upon the platform. The beam balanced at one hundred and thirty-nine pounds.

"I'm a few pounds over weight," Billy remarked.

"Oh, that's all right," said White. "Kelly can spot you a few."

Jarvis awaited them at the ring, his face, as usual, long and serious. Kelly stood by, swinging his gloved hands, his muscles swelling. Lefty Maddox and Shifty Simmons, sweaters thrown over their shoulders, came to the ringside. Jarvis looked at Billy.

"Ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let's go, then. Teddy, you hold the watch. One three-minute round will be enough, I think. You can show most everything you got in one fast round, can't you, kid?"

Billy nodded. He crawled through the ropes after Kelly and stood in his corner, waiting for White's voice—"Time."

If the impromptu bout was designed to break Billy Brockett's spirit, it was perfectly planned. Mike Kelly was Jarvis's pride; he had been fighting professionally for over a year and had become one of the best lightweights in the middle west. Billy, a raw recruit, could oppose him with only a stout heart and a strong, well-cared-for body.

Kelly had his orders and he obeyed them to the letter. Although he wore the well-padded sparring gloves, less than a minute had passed before Billy's face was a pulpy mass of bruised and swollen flesh. Blood streamed from his mouth and a gash over his left eye; his right eye was closing from Kelly's constant jabs. He knew that Jarvis wanted to see him quit, but he would not quit. . . . At the end of the second minute Jarvis called, "Lay off, Mike!" and the bout was ended.

The rain of painful blows suddenly withdrawn, Billy reeled to the ropes and clung to their saving support, a broken figure of a man.

"I stuck," he kept thinking. "I didn't quit."

Teddy White, with an arm about Billy's waist, led him to the showers.

"It's a damn shame!" the trainer muttered. "Jarvis carries his jokes too far."

"I—I stuck," said Billy through swollen lips.

"You bet you did! You're as game as they make 'em. You'll be as good as ever in a few days and then you can come back here again. Jarvis said he wants to take you on. He thinks you put up a good fight even if you did take a licking."

Billy wondered if the manager planned further punishment for him. Even so, he decided, he must come back and take it.

"I'll be back as—as soon as I can," he told White as he left the gymnasium.

"As good as ever," added White. "Just put a little raw beef on that eye."

Billy returned, but not quite as good as ever, for something within the boy's heart had died, killed by the blows of Mike Kelly. Before, he had thought that he had some chance, however slight, of becoming a fighter of high calibre; now he contented himself with the reflection that he might be a fairly good second-rater some day.

"I'm game," he told himself. "At least, even if I get licked, I'll always put up a good scrap. And if I make a good showing Jarvis can get matches for me and I'll make money, anyway."

Jarvis never admitted, even to himself, that he had made a great mistake. Admiring Billy's courage, he took the boy under his management, trained and coached him with belated shrewdness and carefully launched him in preliminary bouts at Central City Stadium. But after a year, he sold Billy's contract to Harry Price, a lesser light among Central City's managers of boxers.

"Let Harry worry with him," Jarvis told Teddy White. "That kid will never get anywhere. He's got the makings of a champion but he'll always be a second-rater. He isn't yellow, but he's got some kind of a kink in his nature that makes him satisfied with just so much and no more. Look at his fight with Red Mason last week. Billy was 'way out in front the first five rounds; then he loses out in the last five. That's the way he always does. As soon as he knows he's made a darn good showing, he's ready to let down."

White valued his job. He thought a great deal, but he said nothing.

"So I'm glad Harry has him," Jarvis concluded. "He'll make a little money with him; but Brockett will never develop into anything better than a good trial horse."

II

IN THE parlance of pugilism, a trial horse is a fighter who is destined for neither glory nor oblivion; whose fistic prowess is marked enough to make him a man difficult to conquer, yet insufficient to make him a consistent winner. He is the threatening dragon which bars the path to pugilistic heights; to boxers who would move upward to other fields to conquer, a victory over the trial horse is the second

Herculean labor which must be successfully performed.

Billy Brockett became a trial horse. As such, he won considerable renown in Central City and the surrounding territory, and Harry Price had no difficulty in obtaining matches for him. Rising young lightweights were pitted against him to justify their demands for larger purses in more important bouts; tested veterans fought him as a preparation for some impending match with a near-champion. The veterans always won from Billy after a hard battle which served to condition them; the young hopefuls sometimes lost to him, and these were seldom heard of again. It was a generally accepted opinion that a lightweight was untried until he had fought Billy Brockett, and worthless if he lost to him. Billy Brockett was the yardstick by which the ability of other lightweights was measured.

With this modicum of success, Billy was content. He seemed even somewhat surprised that he had risen so far in the brief space of three years. He was not a favorite with the fans, who reserve their cheers for the winner; but they packed the arena whenever he fought, because, win or lose, he always put up a stirring battle.

Harry Price, his manager, remonstrated with him to no avail.

"If you only had a little more confidence in yourself," he argued, "you'd be able to get somewhere."

"I'm getting somewhere," Billy answered. "I got a bank account and it's getting bigger all the time. I'll fight as long as I can get

matches, and after that I'll go into business. I'm satisfied. Gee, I'm not much good anyway. I—I started out being a good punching bag, and I'll always be one until I hang up my gloves."

That would have been indeed the monotonous course of his career and its uninspiring termination, if he had not met Mary Wilcox.

Mary was the daughter of Johnny Wilcox, who, twenty-five years ago, had been the world's champion of his division. At fifty-nine, he was, like most of the old-timers, broke and jobless. He did nothing but nurse his aching joints and prattle of the "good old days," while Mary (her mother was dead) worked to make a living for the two of them. She had managed to acquire a high-school education, and was able to write concisely and coherently. So, with her father's reputation in the sporting world to aid her, she had become a sports writer, one of the few of her sex to conduct a column devoted to pugilism.

WHEN she came to Central City to assume her duties with the *Star*, she acquainted herself with her new field by visiting the several professional gymnasiums in the vicinity and interviewing the more prominent managers, promoters and boxers.

One day she came to Harry Price's, and, after a conversation with the manager in his office, accompanied him to the adjoining gymnasium where, with four or five other fighters of the Price stable, Billy Brockett was having his daily work-out. Billy was punching the light bag on the double quick, his fists, encased in small gloves, revolving about each other so rapidly that they created a blurred circle of tan leather and the bag sounded like the pleasant roll of a drum.

"And that's Billy Brockett I told you about," said Price. "He's our leading trial horse."

Standing a few yards to the side of Billy, Mary Wilcox regarded him critically. He was clad in a full-length gymnasium suit of deep blue, perfectly fitted to his lithe body, the dark color accentuating the fairness of his skin and the blondness of his ruffled hair. With the exception of a scar over the left eye, which was a permanent memento of his cruel initiation at the hands of Mike Kelly, Billy bore no marks to tell of his three years in the ring.

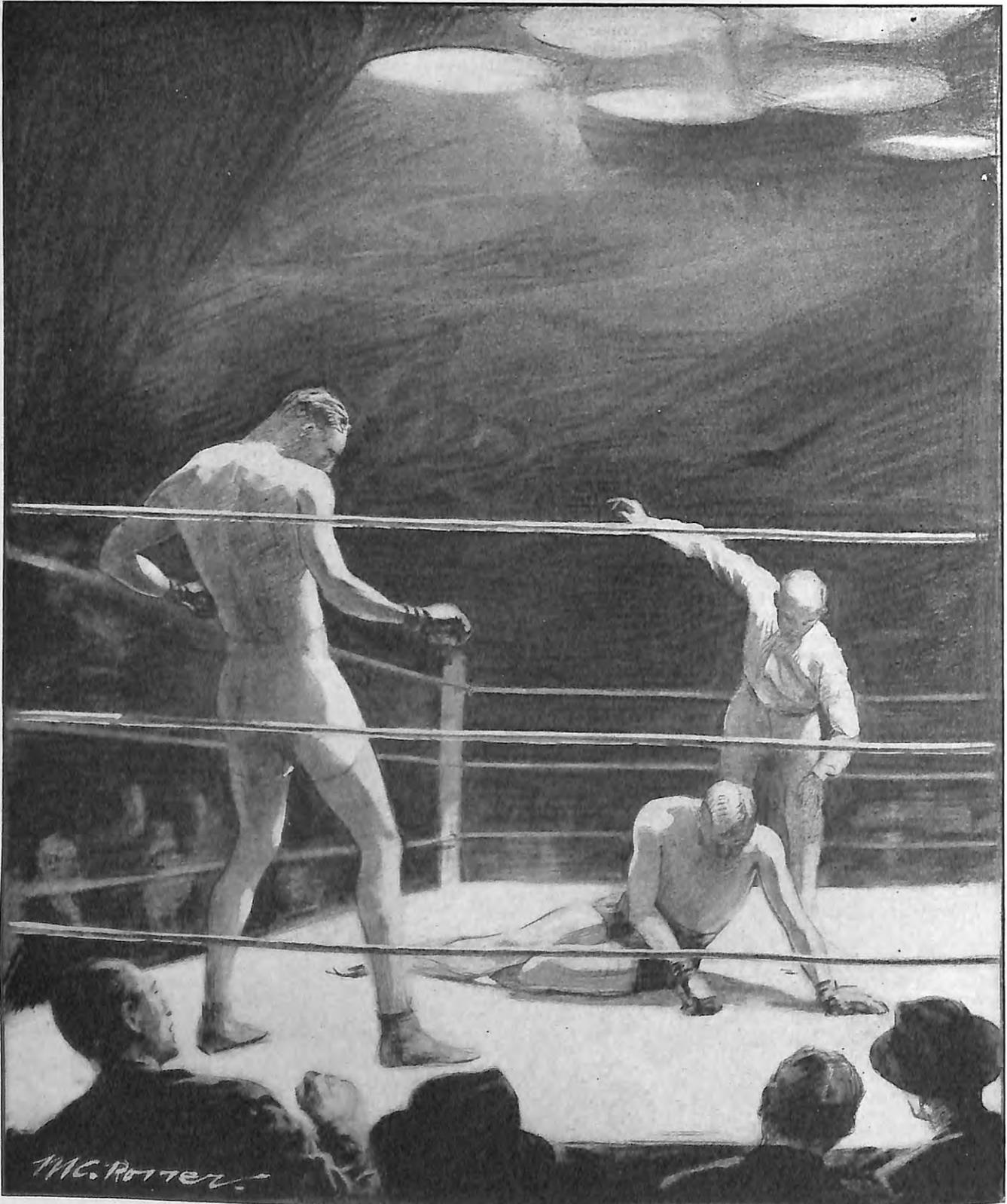
"A nice-looking boy," Mary observed. "It's too bad he's a quitter."

"Oh, you got me wrong, Miss," Price hastened to explain. "He's not yellow. You mustn't get that idea, at all. He's known to be one of the gamest boys around here. What I meant was, he's just a trial horse and we ain't trying to prime him for no big fights. You'll get what I mean when you see him in action next Wednesday night at the Stadium. He's fighting Tony Dovello, a kid from Thompson's stable, who's been coming along fast lately. I always said Brockett could get somewhere if he wanted to. He just lacks that spark . . . you know . . . that makes a guy go a long way."

"There's a lot like that in the ring," said Mary, watching Billy speculatively. "It's funny, though, with this fellow. He has a mighty strong face." She paused. "I'd like to meet him, Mr. Price. Since he's fighting Wednesday night, I'll want to put something in my column about it."



"My father never would admit that the man lived that could beat him. That's why he was champion. I'll watch you next Wednesday night!"



"Oh, sure," said Price; and called, "Billy!" Billy stopped the bag and turned. Until that moment he had been unaware of his gallery, and he looked at Mary Wilcox with surprise—with surprise and other emotions, for his first thought was that this unknown young woman must be the most beautiful girl in the world.

Of course, Mary Wilcox was not the most beautiful girl in the world, even though Billy was never to alter this exaggerated first impression. One who standardizes beauty according to generally accepted notions would have claimed that Mary was merely pretty; that her mouth was a trifle too large, her nose somewhat too tiptilted, and her eyes—for all the heavenly blue of them—a little too far apart. Furthermore, the self-styled "expert" would declare, she

"Brockett is on the floor but he seems to be trying to get up. He's not licked! He gets married if he wins this fight!"

was scarcely five feet in stature; and even though she was nicely proportioned and full of gracious curves, so petite a creature could scarcely be reckoned among the beautiful women of the world.

But Billy's first thought, as he saw her, was that she was amazingly beautiful. And, no doubt, your expert judge of beauty would have thought the same if he, like Billy, fell immediately in love with her; for beauty, after all, is only as deep as the heart of the beholder.

"Billy," said Harry Price, "this is Miss Mary Wilcox who's writing boxing for the *Star*."

Billy stepped forward; and when Mary extended her small white hand, he forgot that he was wearing gloves and covered it with damp tan leather. When he realized what he had done, he blushed to the roots of his hair and stammered,

"Oh, excuse me, Miss. I—I forgot I had these things on."

She laughed. "That's all right. I'm used to glove leather. My father is Johnny Wilcox."

"The old champion?"

She nodded. "And just about the greatest fighter that ever lived when he was in his prime."

"That's right," agreed Price. "Why, I remember when he fought Sailor O'Shea. I was at the ringside that fight. That must

(Continued on page 40)



The Brass-Knuckled Motorist

By William Almon Wolff

Illustrations by Louis Fancher

HERE is where I invite 20,000,000 motor-car owners to call me a renegade, a traitor, or any other unpleasant name that occurs to them. I'm practically asking for looks of scorn and hatred; if sharp nails and bits of broken glass are strewn in the path of my own car I've only myself to blame. Why? Because I am about to go on record as saying that all the gypping in the automobile business isn't done by dealers and—especially—by the service-station men.

I have owned several cars. I began owning and driving a car years ago, before automobiles became as nearly automatic and fool proof in operation as they are to-day. When I first drove a car you still had to shift gears once in a while, if you didn't want the dear old engine to utter a reproachful cough and die on you. Detachable heads hadn't come in yet, and taking down a motor ran to money.

Like every other motorist in those good old days I was taught to regard a service station as a humorously named institution that existed simply and solely to extract as much money from me as it could, giving a minimum of service in return; as the fortress of a ruthless and rapacious crew of robbers combining the best features of Jesse James and a robber baron of the middle ages. That is still, I find, very generally the prevailing view among motorists.

I, myself, began to suspect, quite early in my career as an owner, that there was something unsound about this view. My own experience simply didn't back it up. I have, two or three times, in the course of some hundreds of thousands of miles of driving, had grounds for complaint. Notably, once, when I had to have a rear end job done, some providential instinct led me, about ten days later, when I hadn't driven the car 500 miles after it had come out of the shop, to tell a man who was changing my oil to check up on the grease in the transmission and rear end. I can't account for my having done so; I certainly had no reason to suppose grease would be needed for another 2,000 miles. But I did, luckily.

Practically speaking, the rear end was dry. We soon found out why. It had been filled with grease, all right. But the mechanic on the job had forgotten to replace a lock washer, and grease had been leaking steadily. Naturally, I went back to the service station with blood in my eye. Did they deny responsibility? Not a bit of it. They took down the rear end, replaced the washer, reassembled it, and handed the car

back with their apologies—having, meanwhile, lent me another car to drive. No charge.

Well, that has been typical of my experience. I've found service stations disposed, on the whole, to be more than fair. I've never asked for anything yet that hasn't been cheerfully done. I may have been

DO YOU go to your automobile service station with the idea of outwitting robbers, prepared to gyp or be gypped? Many motorists still consider that to be the justifiable attitude. If you do, we suggest that you read this article—and repent of your sins.

gypped so cleverly that I haven't known it, but I think not.

Yet I represent fair game if service stations had wanted to exploit me. I'm an author, not an automotive engineer, and what I don't know about internal combustion engines fills the very large number of books on the subject you can find in the Congressional Library in Washington. When my car needs attention, and I drive it into



a service station, I throw myself on the mercy of the mechanic who greets me. I smile as cheerfully as my anticipations of the bill will let me, and say, in effect: "Listen: something's wrong. This dingus isn't working, and that one's on a sympathetic strike, and there's a knock when I go over thirty. How about it?"

I am utterly at that man's mercy. He could tell me what he pleased, and I'd have to believe him. But what happens? The trouble is diagnosed, and I am told how much the job will cost and how long it will take. In due time, and almost invariably at the exact hour promised, I go back and get the car, and the bill is usually less than I expected it to be. Now, this may just be due to my singularly winning personality, but, somehow, I doubt it.

I think it's because I try to give the service station an even break. And it's my conviction that a lot of the owners who complain of being gypped fail to do that. Sometimes their failure is deliberate and intentional; sometimes it's due to ignorance and failure to work out the common sense basis of the necessary relation between them and the station.

SERVICE is, of course, a deceptive word, as it's used in the automobile business. It needs definition. The buyer of a new car, ordinarily, looks for a certain amount of free service; that is, he expects to have made, without charge, certain adjustments that are essential in the early period of a car's use. One very large manufacturer has never given that sort of service free; if you buy a car of that make you pay for everything that is done, from the start; the only free service you get is when anything goes wrong owing to defective material or assembly. And that particular company's service stations have less trouble with owners than those of any other.

As a matter of fact, of course, there is, and can be, no such thing as "free" service. The cost of adjusting a new car and the minor overhauling and tuning it requires is simply estimated in advance and added to its selling price. And the other day the manager of one of the very biggest of New York service stations told me the end of so-called free service was in sight.

"The time is coming," he said, "when we will deliver a car in as nearly perfect condition as possible, and charge for absolutely everything we do to or for that car afterward. It's inevitable, because, as it is, so many owners take advantage of the custom of free service, and it's not fair to distribute the cost among the fair minded

and reasonable owners who don't try to get something for nothing when they ought to pay for it. That doesn't mean we won't make good under our guarantee when something goes wrong for which we and not the owner are to blame. But it does mean that we won't make repeated adjustments, and we won't be responsible for the results of driving a new car at excessive speed. We say we aren't responsible for that now, but we very often make good damage we know—but can't prove—to be the owner's fault."

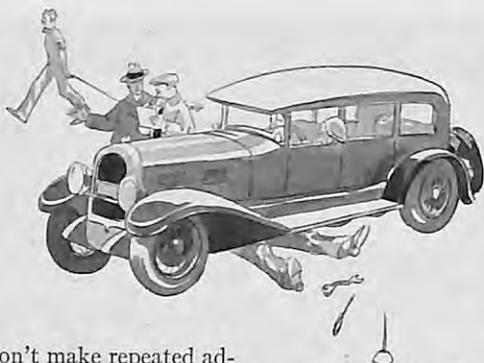
This is the sort of thing that happens. A car was brought in to this particular service station—after 800 miles—with the owner, who didn't know much about a car, complaining of a bad knock. It certainly had that—to put it mildly. When the motor was taken down three connecting rod bearings were found to have been burned out.

"I asked him why he had driven the car with such a noise, and he said," explained the service manager, "that he had first heard it in the Holland Tunnel, and the police wouldn't let him stop. Then I got a report on the oil—a crankcase full of fresh, clean oil. The oil pump was working, too. But obviously, that oil had not been lubricating the engine. I asked the owner about that.

"Oh, yes," he said. "You see, there'd been a leak, and a lot of oil had been lost. A gasoline-station man noticed it, and fixed the leak." Well, in that particular case, we felt we had been, in part to blame, because of an oil leak we ought to have detected before delivery. It was a borderline case, and we made no charge. But very often the owner has simply forgotten about his oil until a bearing went—and has then hastily filled the crankcase before bringing the car to us. They don't seem to realize that we can always tell.

"In winter we get a great many complaints of poor paint jobs, and are asked to make good because great unsightly blotches appear on a lacquer finish. Nine times out of ten the radiator has boiled, and a lot of alcohol has been spilled on the hood. Naturally, we can tell that at once. Another winter trouble is when the car is allowed to freeze and the water jackets crack. That's due to carelessness, but owners are constantly asking us to make good, on the ground of defective material.

"Here's another recent case. A man came down, when our shop was closed, and bought a new rear axle—his had broken. Two weeks later the same thing happened. In each case the installing of the new axle was done outside. But after the second time he and his wife came down in a very angry and bitter state. The car was no good. We looked into the matter—and I found the housing bent and dented, quite plainly from a severe blow underneath. I asked if there had been an accident. Both the owner and his wife said no. But they had no ready explanation for the fact that they installed a new hub cap, and that two strut rods had also been broken. They said the axle had broken, twice, while the car was running—which is just simply silly. The final argument as to why we should make good was that they had practically induced some friends to buy one of our



cars and they thought, in return, we ought to take care of them! We did not."

Another service station manager began to laugh as soon as I told him what sort of article I was planning to write.

"You ought to have been here last week," he said. "A

man came in, late in the afternoon, with a brand new car—the speedometer showed thirty-four miles, and he'd owned the car a day. The gas tank was leaking. Well, that was easy to fix—a mechanic tightened the plug—as it happened, in rather a dark spot. I forgot it. But the next day that owner went back to the salesroom, complaining, and said he wanted a new gas tank. It was referred to me—and when we came to examine that tank, with a proper light, we found a bad dent in its bottom, and plain evidence that a welding job had been done.

"Quick work—and quick gypping! As nearly as we could figure it, the car had been jacked up, at the rear, and had slipped, so that the bottom of the tank had come down with a good deal of force on the jack. Ordinarily, the mechanic attending to the minor leak, would have seen that. This time he didn't.

"THERE'S one sort of owner I hate to have to deal with. A man brought in his car early in January, after driving it about 35,000 miles, and said he had no power. We looked it over and told him what he needed—a motor overhaul, with new pistons and rings, brakes relined, clutch overhauled—total, about \$140. He said he didn't want to spend so much, because he meant to buy a new car in the spring, and couldn't he manage for a while if he had his valves ground, his brakes adjusted, and his clutch temporarily adjusted? I said, yes, that would help, and if he didn't mean to drive much it would probably keep his car running.

"That same man came back the other day, nearly five months and a half later, and asked me to take a ride in his car. He said it was terrible—no power at all. He was right. The clutch was slipping so badly the car would scarcely run. I pointed out that I'd told him, in January, what he

needed, and that what he'd had done wouldn't be permanent. So, reluctantly, he agreed to have the clutch fixed, and that was done.

"The day after he took his car he was back—this time with a friend he said was a mechanic, who told me he was willing to bet the clutch had never been taken down at all. I said I'd bet, but that it was a sure thing. His argument was that the car still lacked power. I said no doubt it did—and it would until new rings and pistons were put in. But that owner was convinced that we had gypped him—because we told him the plain truth."

That sort of thing is a matter of daily routine in every big service station. Some of the owners are wholly honest and wholly ignorant; some are neither quite so honest nor quite so ignorant. Of course, very few are actually, consciously, trying to do something crooked. Their attitude is more that of the person who tries to smuggle in a few dollars' worth of things from abroad, feeling that to beat the government out of the duty isn't really cheating.

I SAW a case of the latter sort myself. I was driving with a man whose name might as well have been Johnsmith, though it wasn't, and suddenly his motor began to make unseemly noises. Limited though my mechanical knowledge is, I knew what had happened—a connecting-rod bearing was gone. I guessed why, too—and a look at the oil-measuring rod showed me I was right. No oil. He knew it, too—admitted he'd forgotten his oil. But did he go to the service station, confess, and pay his bill? Not at all. He bought six quarts of nice, fresh oil and was surprised and outraged when they pointed out to him that the oil had been put in too late. Johnsmith is, ordinarily, an honest man, but he was perfectly willing to get that bit of repairing, the need for which was due wholly to his own negligence, done for nothing.

In very much the same way, though with more skill, another owner transferred the blame for a mess in his rear end to the service station—in his case, one of the biggest around New York. The car, he said, when he took it in, had been greased, in that very shop, not long ago, with a speedometer reading of 7,000 miles. The speedometer, when he had his machine towed in, read 8,200 miles. The records confirmed what he said about the previous greasing—and the mileage, certainly, seemed to absolve the owner from all blame.

The service manager, though he wasn't convinced, felt helpless. He didn't believe



The man who makes a practice of going full tilt and then skidding to a stop will quickly lose his braking power



the mechanic who had done that job had forgotten the rear end. Moreover, they have, in that shop, a double inspection system—that is, two men check all greasing operations before the car is released. Still, the speedometer was in order, and the owner got his repairs free.

The mechanic who had greased the car before, though, wasn't satisfied. He knew, better than anyone, that he had done his work properly. He did a little quiet detective work; he happened to live out near that particular owner. And, in time—but not until the car had been released—he found out what had happened.

THAT speedometer had not, as a matter of fact, been in order all the time. The cable had broken—at 8,200 miles. The car had been run for three or four thousand miles without a working speedometer, as many cars are; the grease had been neglected. When the rear end finally went not 1,200 but about 5,000 miles had been traveled. But the owner then promptly had a new cable put in, in a neighborhood shop—and how was the service station to prove the facts in that particular case? He received a bill and a pointed letter from the service manager, but that was all that ever came of it.

Owners constantly complain of troubles, charging them to defective material or workmanship, when, actually, they arise from accidents. Again, many drivers habitually bang against the curb when stopping—which is likely to throw wheels out of line and cause damage to steering knuckles and drag links. Sometimes the damage is serious; sometimes it only results in bad alignment and consequent extra wear on the front tires. Service stations have to meet complaints and demands for free service based on this sort of carelessness every day.

Take this case, in my own experience. I

Two or three weeks later the front spring went, and let the whole weight of the car down so that it couldn't run

was driving a friend's car, and told him I thought he had a broken front spring—that at least one leaf seemed to be broken. But he was in a hurry, and didn't bother. Two or three weeks later the whole spring went, and let the weight of the car down so that it couldn't run. He was disposed to be resentful when he got his bill. But the service man told him the breaks in three of the leaves had rusted—conclusive proof that the final break had been due to neglect of the first broken leaf.

Chauffeurs are singularly adept in trying to transfer to the car the blame for troubles due to their own negligence. Naturally a chauffeur doesn't like to admit that a hundred dollar repair bill could have been avoided if he had done what he is paid for doing. But they don't, these days, get away with very much; the service managers have learned their tricks. Chauffeur graft, which used to be considerable, is on the wane, too. In the old days practically all service stations paid chauffeurs a commission on all the work brought in; now only a few private shops continue that practice.

It isn't always dishonesty, by any means, that causes owners to make unfair demands. Very often they are simply bad drivers, because driving makes a lot of difference when it comes to repair costs.

"You can't tell a man who is buying a new car how long it will be before his brakes need relining, for instance," one service manager told me. "A good driver, who uses his brake almost as an emergency measure, will have plenty of braking power after 20,000 miles, whereas the man who makes a practice of going full tilt and then skidding to a stop will be in trouble after less than half that much driving. Also, the latter sort of driver, obviously, will have to

buy more tires, because friction is what wears tires out, and a sudden stop, with all four wheels locked, causes more wear than a hundred miles of ordinary driving."

That's true along the line.

"You can never teach some people not to ride their clutch," this same man said. "They keep their foot on the clutch all the time, especially in traffic. Naturally it wears and begins to slip."

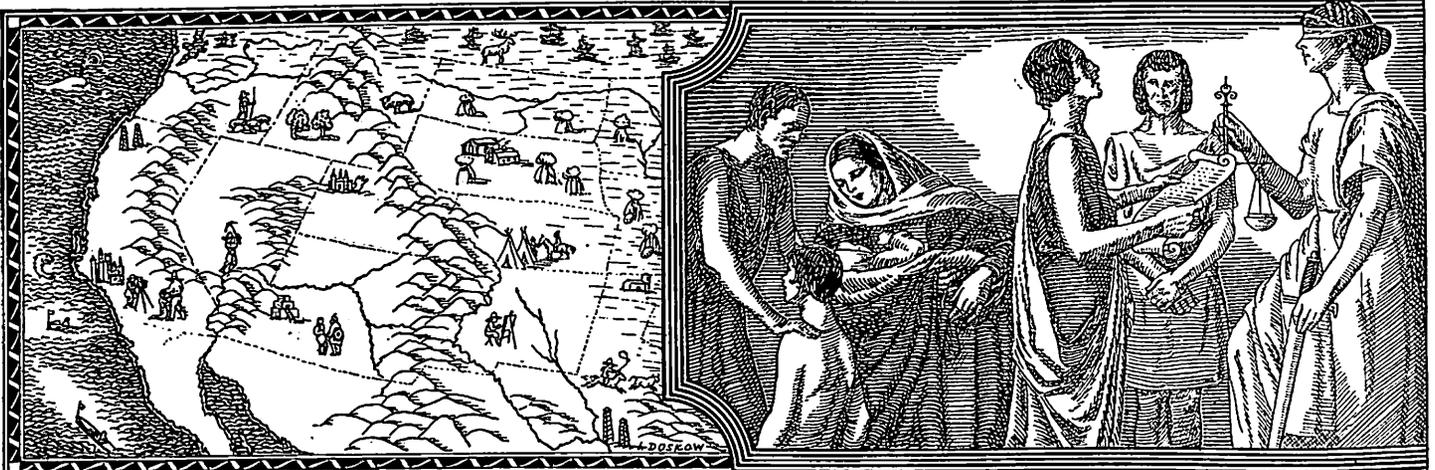
On one point every service manager I talked to said the same thing in practically the same words. To quote one is to quote all.

"Ninety per cent. of the jobs in the shop are due to faulty lubrication," they all said. "Normally the bearings and the rear end gears in the modern car will outlive the car. There's no reason why a connecting rod or main bearing should ever burn out if the crankcase gets plenty of the right oil."

CERTAIN jobs do have to be done. Valves have to be ground and carbon removed from the cylinders. That can't be helped; it will have to be done, according to the car, after from 7,500 to 12,000 miles. Similarly, in time, cylinders will have to be ground or rebored and pistons and rings will have to be replaced. It's impossible to say just when this latter job, which is a major and fairly costly operation—though, in these days of detachable heads, it's nothing like as costly as it once was—will have to be done, because, as in the case of the brakes, it depends so much on how the car has been driven.

If a new car is driven fast before the motor has had time to break itself in the cylinders will be scored and the valves pitted. A new car leaves the factory with minimum clearances for moving parts in the motor, and the wearisome, slow driving during the first thousand miles that all manufacturers urge is necessary. Also, carbon will form more quickly if the choke

(Continued on page 50)



EDITORIAL

A PATRIOTIC CALL

IT CANNOT be too frequently repeated that the Order of Elks is a non-political organization. It is, therefore, not concerned in the result of the national election now at hand. It has no interest in the decisions of its members as to which of the candidates they will respectively support. That is a matter wholly beyond its fraternal jurisdiction. But it does have a very definite interest in the manner in which its members observe the patriotic obligations which the election imposes.

Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert called attention to this matter in his first official circular, in which he said: "Politics has no place in this Order; but every member of this Order should be interested in the election of public officials. There is no greater obligation attached to the privilege of American citizenship, and I urge every member of the Order to discharge that duty—REGISTER AND VOTE."

Every loyal citizen should determine for himself, after an honest and intelligent consideration of all the conditions, what ballot will, in his opinion, best promote the interests of the whole people. He should then conscientiously deposit that ballot on election day. That is a patriotic duty which, in every aspect of good citizenship, he is called upon to perform. The mere forming of an opinion, or the mere determination of a preference, is but a futile mental process until it be followed by the only act which gives his decision practical effect.

And since the exercise of the high privilege of the suffrage is an equally high patriotic duty, it is also a fraternal duty. And therein lies the interest of the Order.

The influence of nearly a million Elks, faithfully performing this function of citizenship, with an honest and sincere purpose to promote the common welfare, uncontrolled by ulterior motives and unaffected by the specious arguments of selfish demagogues, can but be wholesome and inspiring.

Every such voter, taking the trouble to go to the polls, presents a fine example of true patriotism. And the Order is deeply concerned in the number of such examples to be exhibited by its members on Election Day.

REOBLIGATING THE MEMBERSHIP

IN HIS address to the Grand Lodge at Miami, Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert stated that he would not, during his administration, urge any membership drive. This wise policy the whole Order will undoubtedly approve. Continuing, he said:

"Better that we devote a greater amount of energy toward making real Elks of those who are, as yet, merely members of the Order; to this end, with a view to maintaining the highest standards of membership, I strongly urge that the Exalted Ruler of every lodge, during the coming Grand Lodge year, endeavor to reobligate each member of his Lodge."

It is not understood that the Grand Exalted Ruler intended to suggest a formal ceremonial in each Lodge room, during which the members would once again repeat the oath of membership. Rather it is assumed that he was commending such Lodge activities as would inspire each Elk to renew in spirit his fraternal obligation, and lead him to a fresh purpose to observe it in all its broad significance. With such a meaning, the suggestion is of the utmost importance and value.

It is the natural result of our initiatory ceremonies that the new members are impressed with the seriousness and high purpose of the Order. They leave the Lodge Room fired with enthusiasm and eager to forward its noble objects.

But as the weeks and months pass by, and they are not specifically called upon for personal and individual service, their enthusiasm becomes dulled; their keen interest wanes; and they drop into the easy rut of inactivity and fraternal inertia, with a disposition to let things drift along as they may. It is from this lethargic attitude that so



many of our members need to be aroused. And this is the real meat of the Grand Exalted Ruler's suggestion. There is need for re-inspiration, a re-kindling of enthusiasm, a reconsecration, on the part of many thousands of our membership.

This cannot be brought about by merely reciting again the words of the obligation. It must come through a revival of the true Elk spirit. And the surest way to accomplish this is to give the members something worth while to do, as individuals and as Elks. A busy Elk is an enthusiastic Elk.

It is too often the case that a small group in the Lodge are relied upon for all active service. This is largely true because others have not been definitely called upon for such activity. If a personal appeal be made to them for specific fraternal duties, they will gladly respond. In many instances they only await such call, with eager readiness.

It is along this road that lies the goal toward which Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert seeks to lead. And no better service can be performed by the officers of the subordinate Lodges than to follow his leadership in this method of reobligating the membership.

AN IMPORTANT INNOVATION

THE amendment to the Constitution authorizing the establishment of Lodges in cities and incorporated villages with less than five thousand white inhabitants is one of the most important changes ever made in the fundamental law of the Order. But it must be remembered that the purpose of the amendment is to provide for exceptional cases, not to change the general policy as to the required number of inhabitants.

The grant of dispensations for the institution of Lodges in such smaller municipalities is authorized only when, in the opinion of the Grand Exalted Ruler, there are special circumstances warranting such action. But as there are many cities in which such special circumstances do exist, it is to be expected that numerous applications for dispensations will follow the promulgation of the amendment, and that some of them will be favorably acted upon.

But the new provision should be most cautiously administered. Charters will be sought, and great

pressure will be exerted for their issuance, in cities in which an Elks Lodge would have great difficulty in maintaining itself upon a sound and efficient basis. In such instances the dispensations should be courageously denied.

With the object of the amendment kept in view, and its provisions invoked only in the exceptional cases designed to be covered, the result should be eminently satisfactory and should demonstrate the wisdom of the innovation. But a lax interpretation will inevitably lead to a mere increase in the number of subordinate Lodges without material increase in capacity for substantial service, and such a result should be carefully avoided.

AN ELKS LODGE ON EVERY ROAD

" . . . and while each of us treads the road of his own choice to attain his eternal salvation, let me emphasize, there is an Elks Lodge on every road."

WHEN the Grand Exalted Ruler used the language quoted above, he stated, in a very striking and effective way, a significant truth that embodies that spirit of tolerance that is peculiarly an attribute of our Order.

Of course there is no suggestion that there are subordinate Lodges that are made up of, or specially appeal to, the followers of any particular religion, or the affiliates with any particular denomination. Such a condition, in any single Lodge, would be at variance with the Order's fundamental principles.

But to whatever religious creed a man may subscribe, and of whatever particular church he may be a member, or whether he be a member of any church, he will find in the *nearest* Elks Lodge, wherever it be, an organization with which he may become connected without yielding an iota of his conscientious belief. And there he will find friendly associates who will receive him as a brother, and who will ask no questions as to his religion.

Truly there is an Elks Lodge on every road that man treads toward his salvation. And it is there for the purpose of helping him onward along his own chosen path, not with the design of diverting him to some other way, simply because some one else might think it a better way.

News of the State Associations

Reports of the Plans and Activities of These Important Groups All Over the Country

Nebraska

THE three-day convention of the Nebraska State Elks Association, held in Kearney, opened with a banquet in the crystal room of the Hotel Fort Kearney on the evening of September 12. With many visiting Elks present the address of welcome was delivered by Mayor L. D. Martin, and the principal speakers of the occasion were retiring State Association President T. B. Dysart and Past Exalted Rulers R. V. Clark and Dr. E. A. Mesurvey of Kearney Lodge, No. 984. While the banquet was in progress, and during the smoker which followed in the Home of No. 984, the wives of the visiting Elks were entertained by the wives of the local members at dinner and bridge in the Midway Hotel.

At the business sessions on the following day it was proposed and unanimously approved that a fund of \$10,000 be raised for the furthering of the crippled children's movement of the Association. Every Lodge in the State will be asked to pledge itself to aid this effort, and to date Plattsmouth, York, Columbus, McCook, and Alliance Lodges have pledged their quotas, a matter of one dollar per member. C. A. McCloud, Trustee of the State Association, gave an added impetus to the movement by promising a personal donation of \$1,000 at such time as the proposed \$10,000 is raised.

Along with the business sessions of the second day many interesting programs had been arranged for the ladies, including afternoon and evening theatrical performances at the local theatres, while golf and horseshoe-pitching tournaments were enjoyed by the men. That evening the ritualistic contest between York Lodge, No. 1024, and Grand Island Lodge, No. 604, for the fine McFarland Trophy was held, and was again won by the York team which defeated Omaha Lodge, No. 39, last year in the finals.

On the morning of the last day officers were elected to serve for the coming year. They are: President, Lloyd Hansen of Jennings; Vice-Presidents, William Gregorious, of Columbus; C. A. Laughlin of Grand Island; Leonard Skold of Fremont; Secretary, L. L. Turpin of Plattsmouth; Treasurer, Frank Real of McCook; Trustees, C. A. McCloud of York; Walter C. Nelson of Omaha, and Howard Loomis of Fremont. Hastings was chosen as the place of next year's meeting. After lunch the band contest was held and was won by Lincoln Lodge, No. 80, which also won a loving cup for having the largest delegation present. After a parade to Harmon Field, where a baseball game was staged, the convention was brought to an interesting close with a large dance.

New Jersey

THE first quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association was held in the Home of Dunellen Lodge, No. 1488, in September. There were present 128 delegates, representing forty-three Lodges. State Association President William Conklin presided. Reports were made by the Vice-Presidents in charge of the various districts, and by Committee Chairmen. Much interest was indicated in the schedule of ritualistic contests planned for the winter months. S. E. D'Ippolito was elected Vice-President, for the Southern district, to complete the term of Rudy Preisendanz, who had tendered his resignation. An interesting program was outlined by the new Americanization Committee. The next meeting will be in the Home of Bergenfield Lodge, No. 1477.

The magnificent total of \$365,485.10 was expended for welfare work by the fifty-five Lodges of New Jersey during the year of 1927-'28, \$120,306.36 of which was in the interests of crippled children. More than seventy different activities were aided during the period, according to the report signed by Chairman

George C. Fernandez, including contributions, the purchase of clothing and fuel, the payment of rent, the support of summer camps, holding of outings, etc. The sum spent represented an increase of \$112,091.38 over that disbursed during the previous year.

Georgia

THE Executive Committee of the Georgia State Elks Association was scheduled to meet late in October for its autumn session, at the Home of Griffin Lodge, No. 1207. The place and date of the 1929 convention were to be decided at this meeting, as were other matters of importance to Georgia Lodges. An inviting program of entertainment for the visiting officers and committeemen was arranged by State Association Vice-President W. H. Beck, Jr., and other Griffin Elks.

New York

THE fall conference of the officers and committee chairmen of the New York State Elks Association, and of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the Lodges throughout the State, was held in the Home of Syracuse Lodge, No. 31, with the largest attendance of members present in the history of the Association. Many distinguished members of the Order throughout the State, were present including D. Curtis Gano, William T. Phillips and Philip Clancy, President, Chairman of the Board of Trustees and Secretary, respectively, of the State Association.

A feature of the conference was the presence of the newly appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, Peter Stephen Beck; Southeast; George W. Denton, Northeast; Arthur G. Holland, South Central; Harry Nugent, North Central; and Theodore Moses, West.

The conference was opened by President Gano, who presided for the first time since his election at Buffalo, and many matters of interest and importance to the Association and subordinate Lodges were discussed at length and with profit.

Reports furnished by Secretary Clancy disclosed a remarkable state-wide growth in the membership with every indication of a continuance in this respect. A pleasing incident at the meeting was the presentation by Mr. Phillips of a token, expressing the affection and esteem of those present to Past Exalted Ruler William J. Crosson of Staten Island Lodge, who was celebrating his seventieth birthday, surrounded by friends and well-wishers, in the Home of Syracuse Lodge.

South Carolina

THE first quarterly meeting of the South Carolina State Elks Association was held at Charleston, where officers and members of Charleston Lodge, No. 242, entertained the delegates and their families with a delightful program of hospitality. At the business session reports of the activities of the member Lodges were read. These, together with the program of events planned, showed a most healthy condition. Social, fraternal and welfare interests all have their places in the life of the South Carolina Lodges.

Oregon

A FEATURE of the eleventh annual meeting of the Oregon State Elks Association in Astoria on August 30, 31, and September 1, was the adoption of a resolution pledging the Association to raise \$2,000 for the endowment of a bed in the Doernbecher Hospital for sick and crippled children at Portland, an institution to which Oregon Elks have already donated, from time to time, a sum totaling around \$18,000. Another event of interest was the initiation of a class of 252 candidates in the Home of Astoria Lodge, No. 180, with the officers of Klamath Falls Lodge, No. 1247, exemplifying the ritual. On the occasion of this inspiring initiation a dedication of the Astoria Lodge Memorial tablet took place.

(Continued on page 72)



Following his visit to the annual convention of the Ohio State Elks Association, Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, laid this wreath on the tomb of Warren G. Harding

The Annual Conference of District Deputies

Held in Chicago, September 22 and 23

GRAND Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert introduced an innovation in arranging the annual District Deputy Conference this year. Instead of calling for a one-day meeting, as had hitherto been done, he called meetings for two days, Saturday, September 22, and Sunday, September 23.

On the first day, the newly appointed District Deputies were requested to gather at the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building. Here, divided into thirteen groups of approximately ten each, the Deputies were received in the offices of the Grand Exalted Ruler, the Grand Secretary and THE ELKS MAGAZINE. By meeting them thus in small groups, the Grand Exalted Ruler, the Grand Secretary and the management of the Magazine were able to make their personal acquaintance, to explain plans and policies for the year's work and to answer individual questions. By holding these meetings at the National Memorial Headquarters Building, those of the District Deputies who never before had seen it were given an opportunity to inspect it in detail, with plenty of time to examine its manifold beauties. All were agreed that the series of conferences held Saturday at the building were extremely successful and resulted in imbuing those in attendance with increased knowledge of the Order and its problems, while stimulating enthusiasm for the work ahead of them.

During the group conferences of District Deputies, meetings were held, also in the National Memorial Headquarters Building, by the Board of Grand Trustees, the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order, the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations and the newly formed Ritualistic Committee. The work of these committee conferences was made known to the District Deputies at the general meeting held in the Congress Hotel on Sunday, September 23, following a luncheon. A condensed account of this general meeting is published herewith.

Immediately preceding the luncheon, the Grand Exalted Ruler called upon Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37, to invoke the Divine Blessing.

At 1.15 P. M., the meeting was called to order. Mr. Hulbert's introduction, in part, follows:

"I desire to extend to you a hearty and cordial welcome and to express my appreciation of your presence here and, particularly, of the interest which through the medium of the conferences of yesterday you have manifested in the work. I compliment myself upon the fact that a better class of District Deputies and Committeemen never has been appointed, and I look forward with every reassurance that by the cooperation of men such as you are, interested in your work, as you appear to be, if this year is not recorded upon the pages of Elk history as an outstanding one, it will be my failure and not yours.

"My Brothers, I want to call your attention to this painting (indicating picture of an aviator's head with the words: Courage, Honor, Sacrifice, Achievement,) which was used as the cover of the July number of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, and which struck such a responsive chord with me that I took it as the index to my acceptance speech at Miami.

"It is a great honor to serve as a District Deputy of this American organization, but, as you have doubtless already found, it will require a considerable exhibition of courage. You have difficult problems to deal with and to cope with, and in order that you may properly discharge your duty you will find not alone your patience but your courage taxed to the utmost.

"Moreover, I realize the sacrifice that all of you are called upon to make, first, in leaving

your homes to come here; and then, as you will be required to do, to leave your homes on many other occasions in order to pay your official fraternal visits to the subordinate Lodges in your respective jurisdictions, and then to attend the Grand Lodge Convention which will be held in Los Angeles next July. My Brothers, I realize the seriousness of this situation full well because I have arranged my affairs and am determined to devote to the discharge of the duties of this great office to which I have been elevated by you and your associate members of the Grand Lodge all of this year, if it is necessary, every day of every week, every week of every month and every month until next July, because I realize that it is an opportunity for service—service to my fellowmen, service in the upbuilding of an organization to which I feel I owe so much that I can well afford to dedicate not only this year but other years to come in that service, and I know you feel as I feel myself that with all the sacrifices each and every one of us make, I am sure, we can attain achievements which will more than compensate us. No one who labors in the cause of humanity need fear that he will miss the benevolence of the Almighty.

"Now, yesterday, for the purpose of convenience, considering the distances that you traveled and the hour of arrival, an effort was made to divide the country territorially into thirteen groups, just as this Nation of ours began its existence as a republic with the thirteen colonies. It seemed to me that the work we had to do could not be adequately covered in one day's session. Therefore, this year, the conference was extended to two days, and I wanted to have at least one session held out in that building so that every one of you would have an opportunity to inspect it and appreciate its great worth and the great value of it to us as an organization, and that you should be in a position when you make your visitations to the subordinate Lodges to discuss this Memorial Building with your Brothers from first-hand knowledge acquired from a personal inspection.

"NOW, whilst you were engaged as you were yesterday, the Committee on Good of the Order, which has been increased from three to five, and the new Committee on Ritual, which I feel will play a most important part in the success of this administration, and the Committee on State Associations, through which we expect to appeal for a closer spirit of coordination between the Grand Lodge and the State Associations and between the State Associations and the subordinate Lodges, were likewise engaged all of yesterday in conference, discussing various matters that have been referred to them as a result of the analysis and study of the reports submitted to the Grand Lodge at Miami, and the answers to the questionnaires which were sent out by my predecessors, and the reports which have been made by your predecessors, as well as information that has come in from time to time from subordinate Lodges, in order to give you at least an outline of the great program that will be a part of the policies of this administration, so that at the very outset you can take that information with you and propagate it to the subordinate Lodges.

"The function of a District Deputy is a very important one. You are the personal representatives of the Grand Exalted Ruler. There are nearly 1,600 Lodges in this Order, and there are approximately only 300 days between the time you get the machinery in operation after one Grand Lodge reunion and the time that you must set your house in order for the presentation of your report at the concluding

session of the term which marks the end of your administration. It would not be physically possible for the Grand Exalted Ruler to visit more than 20 per cent., or perhaps even less, of the Lodges within the year, but the District Deputy is the medium through which the Grand Exalted Ruler reaches the officers of every subordinate Lodge and a very substantial proportion of the members of that Lodge.

"With a desire to help you to assist me, I have set out this year in an endeavor to meet personally as many of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries as I can, but I shall only meet those now serving until the next election in the subordinate Lodges, or those who are elected at the next election and who are serving at the time that I retire from office. You, on the other hand, in your respective districts will not alone have the opportunity of meeting the officers now in office, but I hope that after you have concluded your official visits you will still find the opportunity of calling together the newly-elected Exalted Rulers in your various districts before the departure for the convention in Los Angeles, for the purpose of reinforcing upon the successors of the men whom you found in office when you made your visitation the various theories and policies of Elksdom that you have been disseminating among their predecessors.

"WHEN you visit the subordinate Lodge, I hope that the first thing that you ask for when you go in there is the 'Visitors' Book.' I want to tell you, my Brothers, that a Lodge that doesn't maintain a book, or, having a book, does not utilize it for the purpose of recording the names and addresses of those who visit that Lodge, isn't appreciative of the requirements of Elksdom, and there is something lacking on the part of the officers of that Lodge. It may not be anything serious; it may be just a case where something is going to rust, but all you need to do is to apply a little kerosene and a little elbow grease and polish it up, and when it begins to shine with its former splendor, then, you will see that there will be an appreciation in that Lodge of the little service that you have rendered them in that particular line, and things will brighten up on the part of the membership, and they will follow along as they should.

"You should make an inspection of the books of the Lodge in accordance with the instruction and advice that was given to you yesterday by the Grand Secretary.

"Insist upon an initiation on the occasion of your visit, and when you make your report of that visit, I hope that you gentlemen will prove to be, as I feel looking out upon your countenances that you are, earnest, sincere, courageous men, not afraid to call a spade a spade. Now, my Brothers, for the honor of this organization, for the glory of Elksdom, if you find a situation you can't put your stamp of approval on, call attention to that condition, first, to the officers of the subordinate Lodge, and then to your superior in Grand Lodge. Give us an opportunity to know what is going on that we ought to know about and let's correct that condition. In that, I want to assure you you will not only have the cooperation of your Grand Exalted Ruler, but you will have the cooperation of the Chairman of the Committee on Good of the Order, the Chairman of the Committee on Ritual, and the Chairman of the Committee on State Associations. I am working out, as I meet the Presidents of the State Associations, a plan whereby the State Associations so far—and I am sure they will continue—have very graciously, willingly and enthusiastically given assurances of the determination on their part to work with the Grand Lodge, and they can work at a closer

range than we can in helping to build up the Lodges in every State Association that really need assistance, and we, on the other hand, are going to help the Associations to bring in the Lodges in their territory that are still outside the bulwarks:

"MY BROTHERS, you are what I might term—and I say it in a spirit of the highest appreciation of your services—the salesmen of Elkdome. You have not been appointed because of my personal acquaintance with you, or my personal knowledge of your qualifications, but you have been appointed upon recommendation of men who know you, who know your ability and capacity, and who are familiar with your record of achievement in your subordinate Lodge, and in whom I have confidence because of the zeal which they have given evidence of in their association with this Order in building it up to the position which it attains to-day. It will be your function when you go out to the subordinate Lodges to sell Elkdome to the Brother who is not so keen about it and so enthusiastic about it as you are. I am going to ask you always to keep uppermost in your minds the idealism of Elkdome, that respect that Elkdome should command from every person in every community because of its loyalty to the Flag, and because of its loyalty to the principles enunciated in the Bible. In order to do that, however, as I think I emphasized yesterday, you must impress upon the officers of the subordinate Lodge the necessity of the conduct of the affairs of the Lodge in such a way that they will demand the respect of that community, just as the man who would have the respect of his fellowmen must first learn to respect himself.

"Tolerance, to my mind, is one of the outstanding virtues of this Order. The fact that we can bring together at our altar men of all creeds, men of all religious opinions, that they can receive at the altar of Elkdome the same solemn and binding oath and obligation, before God, and as citizens of this Nation, stamps the Elks as an organization unique in the field of fraternalism. We have no time in this Order for the bigot. I don't believe that you will find many of that type that come into Elkdome. I do believe there are many men whose breadth of vision can be greatly enhanced if brought into the confines of the Elks circle, and I believe, therefore, if you preach to the subordinate Lodge this glorious principle of tolerance, of which Thomas Jefferson was one of the greatest exponents to whom we can look back in the whole history of America, you not alone will be performing a great service for the advancement of Elkdome, but you will likewise be performing a greater service for the advancement and purity of the citizenship of this glorious Republic of ours.

"I would like to have you bring home to the subordinate Lodges the value of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, as an agency for the development of Elkdome. I have always felt if there was any one thing that was lacking in America to stamp us as a nation in comparison with other nations it was the absence of national spirit. THE ELKS MAGAZINE, in my opinion, has not only been a most important factor in the development of our Order through the medium of the interchange of Elk ideas on the part of one community with another, but I am also seriously convinced that just as this Order has been a great agency in the restoration of peaceful, fraternal association that was rent asunder by the war of '61 to '65, so has THE ELKS MAGAZINE been a medium in the interchange of ideas between the people of different sections of the country and different communities in those sections in building up a national spirit and pointing that development of Americanism toward the one single idea in that respect; and I hope that each of you as you visit the subordinate Lodges will urge upon the officers of the Lodge a use of the Magazine as the medium for the advancement of the interest of that Lodge, by having the officers send in to the Editor information which would be of general interest if published in the columns of the Magazine, and thus aid the officers of the Lodge in the development of the community.

"Another matter that I would like to stress because I do not feel it has been much, if any, touched upon is the disposition to receive an application of a man in a Lodge other than that

in the community in which he lives, in many cases for a very good reason, but in other cases perhaps because of a desire that he should affiliate as an Elk among his intimate friends, instead of in a community where he may have his legal residence, but isn't active in that community. Unfortunately, a practice has grown up whereby a man, in order to gain admission in a Lodge other than that in the community where he lives gives a fictitious address and places the date far enough back so that under the laws of the Order it isn't necessary to communicate with his last actual place of residence, and when that situation is discovered by the Lodge in the community within which he resides it files charges in the Lodge where he is attempting to receive membership. Of course the charges involve the officers of the Lodge where the man has been elected and initiated, and it has become the invariable common experience that after the disposition of the charges, the Grand Exalted Ruler has to take an appeal.

"In the first place, no man should be regarded as a desirable member of this Order that feels he is called upon to falsify the facts in order to gain admission. If there is some good reason he should join some Lodge other than the one in his place of actual residence, he can make his application and be truthful about it, and the Lodge with which he files the application may apply to the Grand Exalted Ruler for dispensation. The Grand Exalted Ruler notifies the Lodge in the community wherein the man has his place of residence, and, unless serious objection is made, the Grand Exalted Ruler may in the exercise of his discretion grant that dispensation, and allow the man to be elected and initiated in the Lodge with which he chooses to affiliate. Of course, as far as I am concerned, he has got to show good reason for it; it can't be just a matter of whim or caprice. There have been a number of cases that have come to my attention where if it were not for the falsification of the application I would have been glad to grant them. Let me say in these cases it is my belief that instead of having the Lodge which feels offended by the action of the Lodge which admitted this Brother to membership file charges in the latter Lodge, the proper procedure would be to present a petition in the name of the Lodge offended against the Lodge which has offended to the Grand Forum, and there the matter will be tried as a question of original jurisdiction, and when it is finally tried that decision is final in all respects, and it isn't necessary for the Grand Exalted Ruler in that case to concern himself about taking prosecution or appeal, which detracts his attention from many other things to which he ought to be free to give his attention."

Mr. Hulbert at this point introduced Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Editor and Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, who spoke as follows:

"Brother Grand Exalted Ruler and my Brothers:

"I am glad to have this opportunity of summing up the things that were said to you yesterday concerning THE ELKS MAGAZINE, in the group conferences held at the National Memorial Headquarters Building. If you will pass along this information to the officers and members of subordinate Lodges during your official visitations, I am sure a great deal of good will result. It will be a help to the membership to gain a fuller understanding of what THE ELKS MAGAZINE has done and is doing for the Order; and it will help the magazine to be more fully understood.

"One of the prime functions of THE ELKS MAGAZINE is to carry to all Elks and their families a knowledge of the aims, ideals, activities and achievements of the Order as a whole, and of the great work being carried on by the subordinate Lodges all over the country. It was also intended to be a medium through which the Grand Exalted Ruler and his officers, and the Grand Lodge Committees, should be able to communicate direct with every individual member. Its purpose was to help to unify the Order, by making each member realize that he was part, not of a subordinate Lodge only, but of a very large national organization. It need hardly be said, I think, that in these respects, THE ELKS MAGAZINE had fulfilled these obligations to the letter. No Elk who reads his

magazine can fail to become a better-informed, more enthusiastic member than he was before.

"From the very beginning, it was intended that THE ELKS MAGAZINE should not be a mere fraternal bulletin, but a real magazine, of interest to the entire Elk family. I believe it goes without saying that the publication has also handsomely fulfilled that obligation. THE ELKS MAGAZINE has made a name for itself among American periodicals for the excellence of its stories and articles, the beauty of its covers and illustrations and the high quality of its paper, printing, and make-up.

"There is still another obligation which THE ELKS MAGAZINE has fulfilled. It was foretold, when the publication was started, that some day its revenue would help defray the expenses of the Grand Lodge and lift a financial burden from subordinate Lodges and their members. And this prophecy has come true beyond our highest hopes. It is not often that a new periodical does better than break even during its first five or six years. THE ELKS MAGAZINE, on the other hand, has been financially successful from the beginning.

"In its first six years, THE ELKS MAGAZINE has earned a net surplus of \$1,163,756.04—an average of \$193,959.34 a year.

"Out of this surplus there was turned over to the Grand Lodge in 1924, the sum of \$200,000 which was used by the Grand Lodge that year to reduce the per capita tax from 35 cents to 15 cents.

"When it was found that the mural paintings, sculptures and other decorative features of the National Memorial Headquarters Building would cost \$480,000 more than the original appropriation, the earnings of THE ELKS MAGAZINE were further drawn upon. Instead of levying an assessment upon the membership of approximately 50 cents per capita, the Grand Lodge depended on THE ELKS MAGAZINE to meet the need. And THE ELKS MAGAZINE paid, out of its surplus earnings, the sum of \$480,000 to defray the cost of the art features of the building. In addition to this, the magazine has, by direction of the Grand Lodge, paid an aggregate of \$129,533.29 for taxes, assessments, public improvements and other maintenance expenses of the National Memorial Headquarters Building, and the expenses of the Commission, since the dedication of the structure in July, 1926.

"WHEN the Grand Lodge, acting on the recommendation of the Board of Grand Trustees, voted to build a new dormitory cottage and a new power-house and laundry at The Elks National Home, in Bedford, Va., at a cost of \$350,000, it turned again to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, instead of levying an assessment upon the membership. This year the magazine, out of its surplus, paid off \$150,000 of this commitment, and will pay off the remaining \$200,000 in 1929.

"Adding together the amounts already paid it will be seen that THE ELKS MAGAZINE has made available, out of its earnings, the remarkable sum of \$959,533.29—or nearly one million dollars—for Grand Lodge use.

"How has this very large record been made possible? By the revenue from advertising carried in the Magazine. If it were not for our advertising revenue, we should be unable to give you a publication of either the same size or the same quality. For the money we receive from the members in subscriptions at \$1.00 a year pays only about two-thirds of our cost of publishing and distributing the Magazine. The other third, and any surplus, must therefore come from the sale of advertising.

"The more our readers—the members of this Order—and their families—respond to the advertising in the magazine, the easier it will be to obtain new advertisers and to retain those we already have. And here is one way in which you District Deputies can help us: Explain to the membership what their magazine is doing and has done for the Order. Explain also the importance to the Magazine—and therefore to them as well—of patronizing our advertisers whenever, other things being equal, it is possible for them to do so.

"The time is coming when more new buildings will be needed at the Elks National Home. Money will be required for that. Other Grand Lodge activities, including The Elks National

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Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert on Western Tour

Head of the Order Confers with Los Angeles Lodge on 1929 Convention

AFTER conducting the services dedicating the magnificent new Home of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, and attending the subsequent festivities, as reported in our October issue, Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert left New York City, on September 15, to attend the meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of New York North Central, at Oneida. Stopping off at Utica on the way, Mr. Hulbert, accompanied by his traveling companion, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James E. Donnelly, and William T. Phillips, Secretary of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, was the breakfast guest of Exalted Ruler John T. Buckley, and the officers and members of Utica Lodge, No. 33. After attending church services and lunching with friends, the official party, escorted by a number of prominent up-state Elks, motored to the Home of Oneida Lodge, No. 767. Here the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the Past Exalted Rulers Association and attended their business meeting. The following noon Mr. Hulbert presided at the dedication of the addition to the Home of Lockport Lodge, No. 41, and that evening formally dedicated the new quarter-million-dollar Home of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 346, as reported in "Under the Spreading Antlers."

Leaving for the West on September 18, Mr. Hulbert's next stop was at Jackson, Mich., where he was happily surprised by being met in the station by a delegation of officers and members from Jackson Lodge, No. 113. After breakfasting, the party drove to Grand Rapids, where they were met by Grand Trustee John K. Burch. At a luncheon meeting in the Home of Grand Rapids Lodge, No. 48, the Grand Exalted Ruler conferred with the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the Eastern and Western districts of the state, and later was the guest of honor at a banquet given by the Lodge. The next morning the head of the Order and Mr. Burch left for visits in the northern peninsula, stopping at Manistee, Petoskey, Marquette and Ishpeming,

paying the first calls upon these Lodges ever made by a Grand Exalted Ruler.

Leaving Michigan, Mr. Hulbert spent some days in Chicago at the annual conference of the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers held in that city. A full report of this important session will be found on pages 33 and 34 of this issue. Quitting Chicago on the evening of Sunday, September 23, accompanied by Mrs. Hulbert, Miss Jean Hulbert, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Edward W. Cotter, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Grand Trustee Ralph Hagan, the Grand Exalted Ruler was next welcomed at Newton, Kansas, where Exalted Ruler R. C. Porter and Secretary L. F. Goerman of Newton Lodge, No. 706, came aboard the train. This was the first of a series of surprise greetings which greatly pleased Mr. Hulbert. At Albuquerque, N. M., he was visited by Exalted Ruler F. B. Kimberlin and Secretary L. J. Benjamin of the Lodge there; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry D. Johnson, and a group of members. They had brought with them a number of Indians, who performed a war-dance for the official party. While the train was making a brief stop at Gallup, N. M., Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. P. Gribbin extended a welcome. At San Bernardino, Calif., Exalted Ruler W. B. Wells, of Riverside Lodge, No. 643, and Exalted Ruler Milton R. Standish and Secretary Jack F. Hosfield of San Bernardino Lodge met the train, their arms filled with flowers for Mrs. and Miss Hulbert.

UPON arrival at Pasadena it seemed as if the whole city had gathered at the station to welcome the Grand Exalted Ruler. Headed by Exalted Ruler J. L. Krah, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Miffin G. Potts, W. E. Simpson, President of the California State Elks Association, and Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Harry M. Ticknor, the large group of prominent Elks, municipal officials and citizens generally gave Mr. Hulbert a rousing welcome. Grand

Esteemed Leading Knight Potts joined the party here, accompanying it to Los Angeles, where the head of the Order and his traveling companions were met by Exalted Ruler J. J. Doyle, and Secretary Charles Burr, of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers C. G. Pyle and Michael F. Shannon, and other prominent members. Proceeding to the City Hall, the party was met and welcomed by Mayor George E. Cryon and Lieut.-Governor Buron R. Fitts, after which Mr. Hulbert, his party and hosts went to the Home of No. 99. That evening he was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the Lodge officers, and attended a joint meeting of the Lodges of the South Central district, in the handsome building.

The following morning Mr. Hulbert inspected the building site recently purchased by Whittier Lodge, visited the magnificent Home of Anaheim Lodge, and lunched in the Home of Santa Ana Lodge, where he addressed several hundred members. In the evening he attended a banquet given by the officers of San Diego Lodge, later attending a joint meeting of the Southern District Lodges in San Diego's Home. The next day the party inspected the Naval Base and Aeronautical Station, and then motored into Mexico, stopping at San Diego again for dinner on the way back to Los Angeles.

ON September 29, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Pasadena Lodge, where he attended a luncheon given in his honor. In the evening he was present at the funeral services held by Los Angeles Lodge for Past Exalted Ruler Fred E. Pierce. Sunday, the 30th, was a day of rest before the exacting work of inspecting and approving the plans laid by Los Angeles Lodge for the entertainment of the Grand Lodge Convention to be held there next July. On October 1, the Grand Exalted Ruler met with the Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, the Chairman and Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, the Grand Secretary, the Grand Esquire, and the

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Elks Relief Work in Florida and Porto Rico

AFTER one of the most devastating hurricanes in the history of the South had subsided, leaving an incredible loss of life and property in its wake, with hundreds homeless and starving, Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert took immediate action and forwarded sums of \$10,000 to Florida and \$5,000 to Porto Rico, appropriated for the emergency from Grand Lodge funds, as a start toward the prompt relief of the sorely stricken areas in the track of the storm. In order to save time the money was sent before a general call for help was made to the Lodges of the country. The Grand Exalted Ruler's appeal to the members of the Order issued later through the columns of the press was as follows:

"The recent disaster which has overtaken our fellow citizens in Porto Rico and Florida is overwhelming. The full extent of the loss of life and property cannot, at this time, be estimated. From reports sent in to me by the subordinate Lodges throughout the stricken areas, thousands are homeless and in immediate need of food, clothing, medicine and emergency relief.

"Realizing the necessity for immediate assistance, and answering the Appeal of the subordinate Lodges in Porto Rico and Florida, I drew on the Treasury of the Grand Lodge and have forwarded funds to Porto Rico and Florida.

"As the Executive head of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, I appeal to and urge every subordinate Lodge and the individual members thereof to contribute promptly and generously, and to cooperate with the American Red Cross, in accordance with the appeal of the President of the United States of America, Calvin Coolidge."

Mr. Hulbert, in a recent communication asks

THE ELKS MAGAZINE to advise all subordinate Lodges desiring to aid in this work to remit sums for relief direct to the office of the Grand Exalted Ruler, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The reports of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edwin Baker of West Palm Beach Lodge, No. 1352, chairman of the various committees on relief in the Florida area; Exalted Ruler C. E. Woodsum, F. E. Cook, secretary, and Victor Braegger, chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of San Juan, Porto Rico, Lodge, No. 972, show that the work of relief is being carried out in a very efficient manner.

District Deputy Baker reports that through the assistance of Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight David Sholtz, acting as the special representative of Mr. Hulbert, a committee was organized to carry out the program of rehabilitating destroyed or partly destroyed homes, as its best line of endeavor. The committee had the further assistance of Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. F. McCready of Miami Lodge, No. 948, who gave it the benefit of his experience during the disaster south of Palm Beach two years ago, and of District Deputy Harold Cole, who materially aided in getting the actual work under way. In Lake Worth fifteen houses have been completed and construction on fourteen more has been started. In West Palm Beach ten houses have been completed with twenty more in process. Under the operation of the committee, material and labor have been furnished on most of these projects and in one instance it built a small cottage complete. After due investigation, truck-loads of clothing and supplies have been sent to towns in the Everglades sec-

tion and other parts of the devastated region. The subordinate Lodges throughout the state have been of incalculable help with cash contributions and donations of supplies. It is felt that with the assistance of the Grand Lodge and the subordinate Lodges of the country, the work of the local relief committees, when it is brought to a final conclusion, will have been distributed quite evenly over the entire Florida storm area.

Exalted Ruler Woodsum of San Juan, Porto Rico, Lodge, on receipt of the Grand Lodge appropriation, wired the immediate organization of committees to take over food, housing, clothing and medical relief. One of the main objectives of the local Elks in the work of reconstruction has been a concentration on medical aid for children, and to this end the Home of No. 972 has been converted into a hospital for afflicted youngsters. Secretary F. E. Cook reports a splendid functioning of the Lodge relief committees in cooperation with the committee on Social and Community Welfare under the chairmanship of Victor Braegger, who is also a member of the executive committee of the local Red Cross. Food and clothing needs and medical attention are slowly being met, but the requirement of shelter is still a major problem. It is too early yet for full reports of the actual work achieved, but both the Florida and Porto Rico Elks will have prepared as soon as possible a complete account of their activities, which will be printed in the magazine. Although they are working when necessary in conjunction with the American Red Cross, the danger of duplication is so great that many of their programs are conducted as separate enterprises to insure a full benefit from the Grand Lodge appropriation funds.



Both boys and girls play in this picturesque harmonica band, sponsored by Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge, No. 1530. It was one of the hits of the Grand Lodge Convention in Miami last July

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Detroit, Mich., Lodge Is Host to Local Orphans

HEADED by the Governor of Michigan, Fred W. Green, and Exalted Ruler Burt P. White, a parade of over 3,000 children, 2,000 of whom were from local orphanages, marched from the Home of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, to Navin Field, where they witnessed a baseball game between Detroit and Cleveland, guests of the Lodge. This baseball day for the youngsters has been an annual feature of No. 34 for some years, and the attendance was greater than ever before. The youthful fans were plentifully supplied with flags, noise-makers and sweets, which added considerably to the day's pleasure.

Patients confined in the Wayne County Tuberculosis sanitarium at Northville, together with their doctors and nurses, enjoyed a concert on a recent Sunday given for them by the prize band of Detroit Lodge. A generous program, one part of which was given in the open air for those patients segregated from the convalescents, brought joy to hundreds of the afflicted.

Panama Canal Zone Lodge Celebrates Birthday

A joint celebration of birthdays was held some time ago by Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, when it observed the anniversary of its organization with a dinner at the Castle of Silver Spray, in honor of Theodore McGinnis, owner of the resort and new member of the Lodge, who is a well-loved citizen of the community. The large representative gathering of members and their ladies present enjoyed an evening of speechmaking, dancing and special entertainment, followed by a buffet luncheon.

One of the recent important events of local interest was the appointment of Past Exalted Ruler A. W. Goulet of No. 1414, resident of Cristobal, to the post of General Manager of the Canal Zone Commissary Division to succeed C. A. Gilmartin, who resigned. Mr. Goulet has been a resident of the Isthmus since 1912, and has been connected with the Commissary Division since 1914.

Vallejo, Calif., Lodge Holds Successful Fiesta

The Fiesta held on the grounds of Vallejo, Calif., Lodge, No. 559, the latter part of August, was a success in every way. It is expected that the profit from the event will be in the neighborhood of \$1,700, and will be used to cover the cost of repainting the Home, and in various other similar improvements. The active cooperation of the membership found its reward in the gratifying returns.

Vallejo Lodge recently turned over its Home

to the local council of the Boy Scouts, for a dance, the proceeds from which will be used to further scout work in the community. The members of No. 559 assisted in every way possible to make the occasion a success, and it was hoped that enough money would be realized to carry out the establishment of an adequate scout camp.

Recent Activities of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge

Improving the environment and health of restless city boys and developing them into sturdy farm youths has been one of the constructive tasks performed by the Big Brother Committee of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, this past summer. More than 100 boys were given excellent farm homes and, although some have returned to the city for the winter, the majority have learned to like the work, and a fair percentage have seriously decided to make it their life occupation.

A class of candidates was impressively initiated into the Order by Exalted Ruler Harold Armstrong, and his staff of Minneapolis Lodge, at a recent regular meeting. Following the business session the large gathering present was entertained with a program of vocal and piano music, and partook of a buffet luncheon at the enjoyable social session which brought the evening to a close.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Makes Extensive Improvements

The Home of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, has been undergoing alterations which will considerably enlarge and improve it. The Secretary's office is now joined with the Lodge room and divided to make a separate office for the Exalted Ruler and Board of Trustees. The walls of the Secretary's former room have been torn down, thus giving added space to the grill. Rooms formerly occupied by the chef have been turned into committee rooms, with a separate room for the use of the drill team.

Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge Singers Visit Glendale Lodge

One of the largest Elk gatherings held locally this past summer was on the occasion of the visit of the officers and glee club and their wives of Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 1378, to Glendale Lodge, No. 1289, where they participated in a meeting and rendered a program of music for their hosts. The Redondo Beach ladies were entertained at bridge by the wives of Glendale members during the regular Lodge session. After the meeting refreshments were served in the grill room and then the concert was given.

The program consisted of musical numbers by the glee club and several soprano and violin solos. At the conclusion of the entertainment the lady soloists were presented with bouquets of roses by Exalted Ruler Paul J. Holmes of No. 1289.

Columbia, S. C., Lodge Sends Children to Camp

Approximately 100 underprivileged children of the city, selected by an examining board of physicians and nurses, were given a week in camp at Lakeview by Columbia, S. C., Lodge, No. 1190. During a week of healthful activities the children were fed a balanced series of meals calculated to build up their undernourished bodies in a relatively short space of time. Motion-pictures furnished amusement each night before bedtime, and the days were spent in outdoor sports and swimming, with prizes for those who qualified in the various athletic events, and for those who learned to swim during the week. The fine success of the camp was due in no small measure to the responsive generosity of the citizens and merchants of the community, who contributed quantities of food, clothing, shoes, soap, towels, and other numerous necessities required for such an occasion.

Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge Entertains Orphans

Close to 600 orphan children of the city were royally entertained at Riverside Park on the outing recently given them by Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13. Through the courtesy of the Indianapolis Street Railway Co., the youngsters were delivered at the Park at 9 o'clock, and were first treated to rides on all the amusement devices. Then headed by the Indianapolis News Newsboys Band, they marched to the shelter house, and were served with sandwiches, fruits, milk, cake and ice-cream, and participated in a singing contest. Running races, throwing contests, penny hunt, shoe race, milk drinking and watermelon eating contests completed the program after lunch. The wives of members and members of the Cervus Club contributed materially in the success of the day.

Further Progress on Home of Loveland, Colo., Lodge

The Lovelander Hotel property, acquired some months ago by Loveland, Colo., Lodge, No. 1051, and duly noted at the time in this department, will undergo further extensive improvements and alterations at a cost of some \$10,000. Eleven bachelor apartments, equipped with showers and every modern convenience will

be installed on the third floor. Twenty-two rooms on the first and second floors will be converted into one huge auditorium with an arched ceiling for the Lodge room proper, which will have two ventilators and three large windows. It is fully expected that when completed, the new Home will be among the finest in this part of the country. November 15 is specified in the contract as the time for completion of the work.

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge's Band and Patrol Hold Annual Picnic

The annual band and patrol picnic of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, held at Tournament Park, the latter part of August, was marked by a spirit of good fellowship and fun. Some 200 members of the Lodge and their families participated in a pleasurable program of sports, games, and general jollification. A number of fine prizes, donated by the merchants of the city, were awarded the winners of the various competitive events.

Red Bank, N. J., Lodge Gives Annual Outing for Children

Fifty-one crippled children were transported in private cars to Atlantic Beach Park, Atlantic Highlands, on the annual outing given for them by Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233. The occasion proved to be one of the most happy ever arranged by No. 233 for the youngsters. Free use of all the various amusement concessions and devices was theirs for the day, and fortified with a wholesome chicken dinner, plenty of ice-cream and cake, supplemented with gifts of toys, the children had the time of their lives.

Past Exalted Rulers Association of New York, North Central

The annual meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of New York, North Central, was held in the Home of Oneida Lodge, No. 767, on September 16th. Ninety-eight Past Exalted Rulers, representing the several Lodges in the district, were in attendance, and the guests of honor included Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, D. Curtis Gano, and William T. Phillips, President and Chairman of the Board of Trustees, respectively, of the New York State Elks Association, and the newly appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, Harry Nugent of Seneca Falls Lodge, No. 992.

This spacious and dignified Home is the property of Bucyrus, O., Lodge, No. 150. It is situated in a fine residential district



The affairs of the Association are in exceptionally good condition, and the interest and enthusiasm that prevail throughout the district were manifested by the large attendance at the conference. Mr. Hulbert, Mr. Gano, and Mr. Phillips were elected honorary members of the Association at this time. After the business session had terminated, those present were guests of Oneida Lodge at a fine dinner served in the handsome dining-room of the Home, and brief addresses were made by the honor guests of the evening and the representatives of the district Lodges.

Omaha, Neb., Lodge Holds Annual Barbecue

Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, recently held its fourth annual picnic and barbecue at Krug Park, which was attended by large numbers of members, their families and friends. Ideal weather conditions prevailed during an afternoon of sports and games for both young and old, and many beautiful prizes were awarded the winners of the various events. A fine dinner of barbecued meat and other good things to eat was followed by an evening spent in enjoying the various amusement concessions, and in dancing.

Red Bank, N. J., Fair Nets Large Sum

The report of the Fair Committee of Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233, showed a profit of over \$2,000 derived from the recent carnival and fair staged by the Lodge. In view of the stormy weather at the time the returns were exceedingly gratifying, and Chairman Lester E. McQueen expressed thanks to his committee and to the Ladies Auxiliary for their cooperation in making the event a success.

San Francisco Elks Charter S. S. "Maui" for Voyage to Hawaii

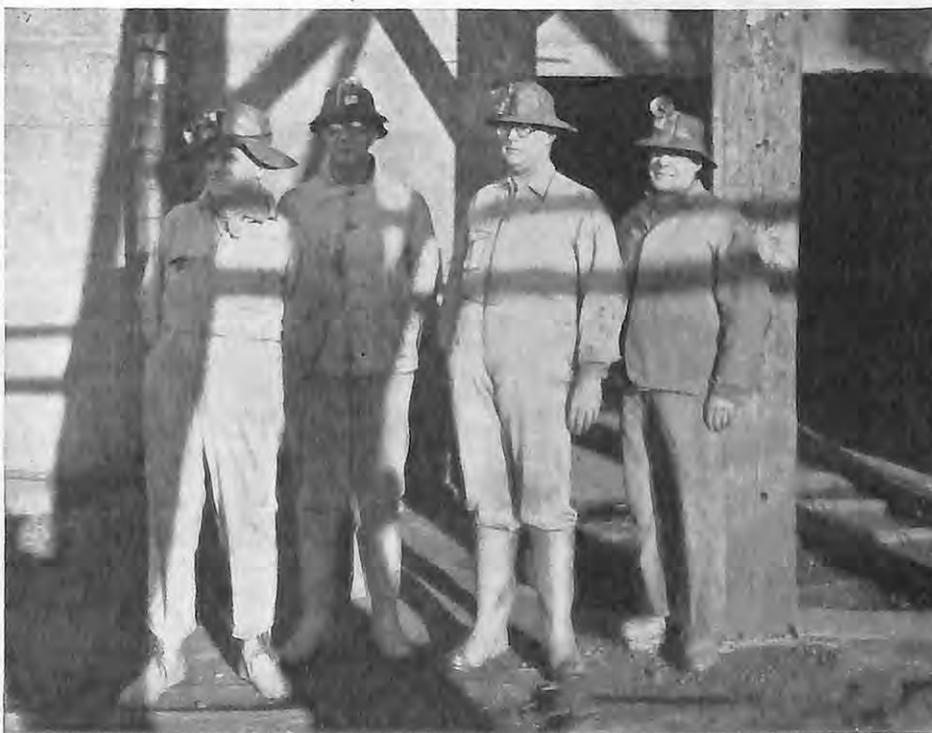
San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, has chartered the commodious Matson Liner *Maui*, and extends an invitation to all Elks, their wives and friends to join them on their cruise to Hawaii, on February 27, 1929. Leaving San Francisco on the above date the voyage will consume some twenty-one days, and is to be replete with interest and charm. The party, after six days at sea, enjoying deck sports, games, bridge tournaments, dancing and motion-pictures, will arrive at Honolulu, and will be welcomed by members of Honolulu Lodge, No. 616. Nine days of sightseeing tours, dances, entertainments, golf, and surf bathing will follow and will be interspersed with interesting and attractive native programs arranged especially for the visitors. The party is scheduled to arrive at the home port on March 19.

Scranton, Pa., Lodge Opens Fall Season with Large Meeting

The opening of the newly remodeled, repainted and refurbished Home of Scranton, Pa., Lodge, No. 123, was fittingly observed with a large meeting, initiation and entertainment. Close to 500 Elks were in attendance, including a delegation of members, together with the band, of Easton Lodge, No. 121. The initiation, conducted by the officers of Eastern Lodge, was one of the most impressive, the entertainment one of the most lavish ever given in the Home at No. 123, and the colorful and inviting surroundings contributed in making the occasion a memorable one.

Coast Counties Elks Association Hold September Meeting at Salinas

The September meeting of the Central Coast Counties (California) Elks Association was held at Salinas, at the Jeffery Hotel, with over a hundred members present from the Lodges of the district. Representative gatherings were in attendance from San Luis Obispo, Salinas, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Watsonville, Hollister, Santa Maria and San José. The meeting was in charge of the President, L. W. Kamm, Past Exalted Ruler of San Luis Obispo Lodge, No. 322, and, through an act of the last Grand Lodge Session which reapportioned the



Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert went to the 1600 ft. level in an iron mine at Ishpeming, Mich., while visiting Lodges in the northern peninsular of the State



This handsome building is the Home occupied by Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge, No. 287

districts of the State, a formal invitation was extended to San José Lodge, No. 522, to become a member of the Association. The invitation was accepted by Exalted Ruler John T. Gribner. The ritualistic contest, always a feature of these meetings, was conducted before and after the business session and was won by Salinas Lodge, No. 614, which will represent the district in the finals at the convention of the California State Elks Association at Santa Barbara. The next meeting of the Association will be held at Santa Cruz, on Sunday, December 9, preceded by an initiation and entertainment on Saturday night.

Welfare Activities of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge

The activities of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, have become increasingly varied. In August the committee entertained

and provided a luncheon for Crippled World War Veterans from Brooklyn Naval Hospital, who were being taken on a tour through Staten Island. Last month the committee transported a number of orphans of the Island for a theatrical performance in one of the local theatres. The management of the Greyhound Racing Association at Dongan Hills generously donated the entire gate receipts of a recent Saturday's dog races to the crippled children's fund of the Lodge. The sum exceeded all expectations and will materially help to meet the increased expenses incurred by the committee in its widespread work.

The annual clambake of the Lodge, held on August 22, was larger than any previous one given by No. 841. In spite of inclement weather, delegations were present from New York, Brooklyn, and Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodges; and Rahway, Jersey City, Elizabeth, Perth Amboy and Hoboken, N. J., Lodges, for a most enjoyable time.

Grand Exalted Ruler Dedicates Home of Niagara Falls Lodge

With Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert officiating, the new Home of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 346, was dedicated with impressive ceremonies before a gathering which included many prominent in the councils of the Order, the State and the Nation. The stage setting which formed a background for the group of past and active Grand Lodge and subordinate Lodge officers was unusually attractive and during the course of the ceremony the new lighting devices of the auditorium were used with telling effect. The meeting was called to order by Exalted Ruler James A. Franklin, and Past Exalted Ruler George Kehoe introduced the local Lodge officers and acting Grand Lodge officers. Mr. Hulbert was accorded an enthusiastic ovation as he entered, accompanied by the degree team of Niagara Falls Lodge, and formally conducted the ceremony according to the special ritual. In a masterful address to the assemblage Mr. Hulbert paid a tribute to the late Exalted Ruler Francis D. Sheehan of No. 346, who died as a result of influenza contracted at the laying of the cornerstone on December 17 last, at which Mr. Hulbert also officiated; and to the late Secretary Jacob D. Hanson, whose tragic death by a coast-guard's bullet was reported at length by the press of the entire country and in the pages of this magazine. "Dedicated to the uses and purposes of the Order, the beautiful new building stands, too," Mr. Hulbert said, "as a memorial to these two leaders of the Lodge who passed on before they could witness the fulfillment of an enterprise in which they were vitally concerned." The Grand Exalted Ruler outlined briefly his plans for the coming year. Other addresses were made by D. Curtis Gano, President of the New York State Elks Association; Exalted Ruler Franklin, Exalted Ruler Ralph Quinlan, of Lockport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 41, and George M. Tuttle, prominent Niagara Falls attorney and member of No. 346.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge Holds Two-Day Trapshoot

One of the most successful events ever sponsored by Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, was the two-day trapshoot held during the Dutchess County Fair at Rhinebeck. Some forty shooters took part the opening day, and twenty-two contested on the day following for the Elks championship and that of Dutchess County, with many interesting prizes awarded to the winners.

(Continued on page 67)

Hon. Henry Laurens Kennan

SHORTLY after midnight, September 17, Judge Henry L. Kennan, Past Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, died at his home in Spokane, Washington. He succumbed to a heart attack which had seized him while he was in Seattle two days earlier.

Judge Kennan was one of the most able and distinguished members of the Order of Elks. He joined Spokane Lodge, No. 228, in 1901, and in 1906 was elected Exalted Ruler. In 1907 he was elected Representative to the Grand Lodge.

Appointed to the Grand Forum for the first time in 1910, he served three consecutive five-year terms, in the course of which he was Chief Justice for the years 1914-'15, 1919-'20, and 1925-'26. He served as Acting Chief Justice for the year 1920-'21. During this long period, fifteen years, he was a member of many important special committees in his own subordinate Lodge, and received every honor in the power of his Lodge to bestow.

Judge Kennan was born in Norwalk, Ohio, April 11, 1852. He was graduated from Western Reserve University in 1873 and studied law with his brother, C. L. Kennan, being admitted



CHAMPLAIN STUDIO

Distinguished Member of the Spokane, Wash., Bench Served for Many Years as Justice of the Grand Forum

to the bar in 1875. At the age of thirty-two he was elected probate judge of Huron County, Ohio, serving until 1891, when he took up residence in Spokane, Washington. He was elected Justice of the Peace in 1898. In 1902 he was elected to the Superior Court, holding office until 1917.

Besides being prominent as an active Elk, Judge Kennan was one of the leading Masons of his State, having held the highest offices in a number of Masonic Orders. He had served as a Captain in the Ohio National Guard and was widely known as a tactician.

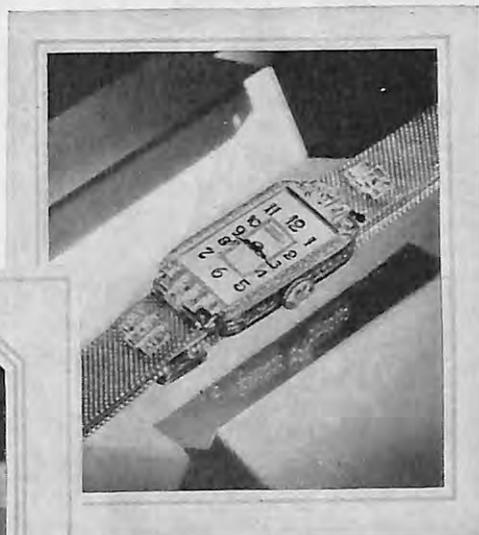
Funeral services for Judge Kennan were conducted at the Masonic Temple in Spokane on the afternoon of September 20. Interment was in Riverside Park Cemetery.

Judge Kennan, a widower for some years, is survived by his daughter, Miss Alga Kennan, of Spokane, and his son, Ralph Anthony Kennan, of Seattle. To them THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends the heartfelt sympathy of the entire Order in their bereavement. The passing of Judge Kennan has deprived the Order of one of its finest, most valued and most devoted members.

GRUEN MODE du BIJOU WATCHES

Diamond Set

Offered now
by Your Gruen
Jeweler



Thirty-two diamonds in all, completely encrusting the bezel, but it is the baguette diamond at either end of the dial, in design 330 above, that holds the key to character. \$475

Bold color contrast enters into design 304 with 4 large cabochon green onyx, of unusual cut, now dominating, now playing a subordinate role when 14 diamonds flash their fires. \$325



This emblem is displayed only by jewelers of high business character, qualified members of the Gruen Guild

In design 329 the true modern touch lies in the parallel arrangement and new setting of the diamonds, so simple, hence so effective! The modest repetition of this motif in the smart mesh band, making watch and bracelet one unit, is in reality a brilliant inspiration. 32 diamonds in all. \$375

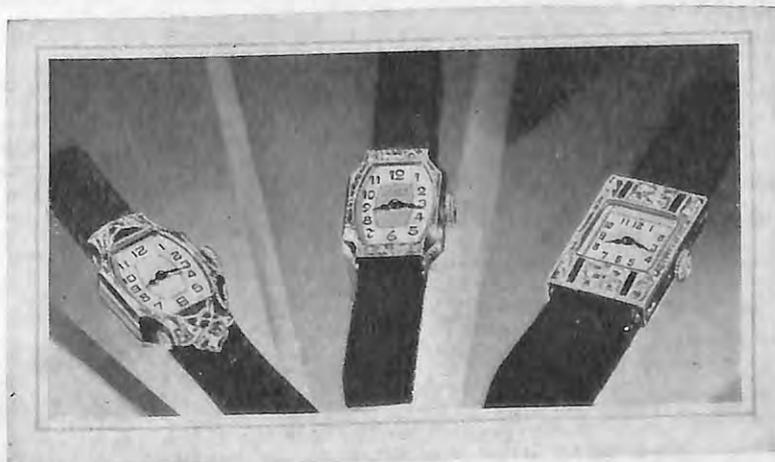
It is primarily in the treatment of watch and flexible bracelet as a single ornament that the Mode du Bijou finds its expression in this distinguished timepiece, design 328. 18 diamonds. \$285

LA MODE du bijou—*mais la vraie!* Now expressed in a new series of diamond-set watches by Gruen.

In Paris, on Fifth Avenue, in the very centers where all our notions of design are being literally remade, these watches were conceived. The Gruen Guild Workshops in Europe and America have united to produce them.

So authentically modern, so brilliantly keeping with the newest vogue in jeweled decoration, from which they get their name, the Gruen Mode du Bijou Watches are well worth a special trip just to see.

And you can see them today, if you like! There is a Gruen jeweler near



Three more examples are here pictured from the great variety your Gruen jeweler can please you with. For Gruen diamond-set watches range in price from \$10,000 to \$60. These, reading from left to right, are priced at \$125, \$160 and \$275, designs 161, 160 and 262 respectively

you who can show you the actual watches pictured here—a jeweler you know as one of the very best in your community.

His reputation, together with the Gruen name, is a splendid assurance that the watch cases and the diamonds with which they are set are of unquestioned value. That the cases are sturdily fashioned to give ample protection to the fine Gruen movement within.

And don't forget to ask him for the valuable Gruen Mode du Bijou book which tells you many things that every prospective purchaser of a diamond watch ought to know. Or write direct to

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD

TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

Paris Toronto New York Berlin Biel Los Angeles Geneva

Engaged in the art of making fine watches for more than half a century

"Just notice the fine skins
of men who use
Williams"



You can't
lose this cap!

The Cream that
leaves **FACES**
FIT!



To help them toward *Face Fitness*, well-groomed men look more and more to Williams.

Utterly pure. Uncolored. Supremely mild. It makes shaving speedy and simple.

And more than that it has a wonderful effect upon facial pores and tissue. It leaves the skin, no matter how close the shave, soothed, satiny and *Fit!*



There's quite a lot in the drug clerk's canny observation: "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . but they all come back to Williams!"

Next time say

Williams
Shaving Cream
please!

Then, a splash of Aqua Velva on that newly shaven skin. Made just for that. Try it!

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREAL, CANADA.

By Remote Control

(Continued from page 26)

be before you was born, young lady—all of twenty-three years ago."

"Don't be too sure I wasn't born then," she smiled. Turning to Billy she said, disconcertingly, "I hear you're only a trial horse, Mr. Brockett. Is that correct?"

"I—I guess that's right," Billy returned uncomfortably. "I—I got that name round here."

"Well, I'll withhold judgment until I watch you in action. How do you feel about your fight with Dovello next Wednesday night? Think you'll win?"

Billy looked at Price. "Think I'll win, Harry?"

"You ought to," Price answered shortly. "Maybe I will," Billy told his interviewer. "It's hard to say 'cause I never fought that boy before. They say he's pretty good."

For a moment Mary was silent. Then she said:

"Whenever my father fought, he always bet his entire end of the purse on himself to win. He would never admit that the man lived who could beat him. That's why he was champion. Well, good-by, Mr. Brockett. I'll watch you Wednesday night."

Billy stood still, following her with his eyes until she disappeared through the door. Then, with the vision of her in his mind, he turned back to his work.

"What a girl!" he thought. "Gee, but she's a peach I wish—" And the rat-a-tat-tat of the bag drowned out his very thoughts, leaving the wish unspoken.

III

MEANWHILE, a memory of Billy Brockett persisted in the mind of Mary Wilcox; and this rather annoyed her because she told herself that Brockett was not worth the wasting of a thought. She was the daughter of a champion, and a man as obviously unambitious and unconfident as Billy Brockett, was, she decided, beneath her notice. Yet, she had taken undue interest in him and did continue to think about him; and often during that day of their meeting she found herself picturing his splendidly molded body and his handsome, boyish face—a clean somewhat gentle face, unusual to a prizefighter. She remembered also the square cut of his jaw and the firm lines of his mouth, and she was puzzled.

She withheld judgment of him until she watched him fight Tony Dovello, previously remarking in her column, *Ringside Jobs*, only that the bout was to be held at the Stadium, and not venturing to predict the result. Sports writers of other papers were unanimous in their choice of Dovello and, as it turned out, their judgment was vindicated; for Dovello won the decision after ten fast and interesting rounds.

In the press-box at the ringside, Mary watched with mingled emotions the progress of the fight. When Brockett more than held his own during the first six rounds, she was actually delighted and far too thrilled for a professional sports writer. When, onward from the sixth round, Billy allowed Dovello to forge to the front, she was at first disappointed and then unreasonably irritated. Billy had seen and smiled to her when he entered the ring and she had answered his smile; but when he again smiled to her as he left the ring, she pretended not to see him. He was a quitter! He could have beaten Dovello if he had tried hard enough. She began to make mental notes for her report of the bout for tomorrow's paper: "Dovello won, though his victory is not very significant; for Brockett, despite a certain cleverness, has little to commend him. He is totally lacking in everything that goes to make up a champion, or even a first-rate fighter. . . ." She would not speak of him merely as a good trial horse! She would flay him as he deserved to be flayed.

As she was gathering together the notes she had made during the evening, Karlson, the fight announcer of WTS, the radio station owned and operated by the *Star*, came to stand beside her. He was sucking a throat tablet and offered her one from the carton.

"Announcing these fights is no fun," he said hoarsely. "What it does to my throat is nobody's business."

"That Brockett fight wasn't worth wasting your voice on," she replied. "Brockett is a rank quitter."

"I recently heard an interesting story about that fellow," Karlson said. "Ted White told me. D'ye know Ted White? He's trainer for Jarvis."

"I met him," said Mary, "at Jarvis's gym. What's the story about Brockett?"

"I'll let Ted tell you. I'm too hoarse to talk. He's right over there. Wait, I'll get him for you."

When she left the stadium, she had heard the story about Billy Brockett. White had told it feelingly. She had been able to vision, as he spoke, the persistent, confident boy whom Jarvis had sent to the slaughter. It was a picture of Billy Brockett that she wanted to have. Tears came into her eyes when she heard White's description of the heartless battering Billy had suffered at the hands of the experienced Mike Kelly.

"It just broke his spirit," White had declared, "and it's no wonder. Why, you know how beginners are carried along carefully at the beginning so they'll gain confidence in themselves. Jarvis thought the kid would quit after a punch or two and go away and not bother him any more. But that Kid stuck and took all Kelly could give—which was enough! By the time Jarvis regretted, it was too late. A youngster never forgets that kind of a licking."

"It's the cruellest thing I ever heard," said Mary.

"Now, you promised not to write about this," he reminded her. "It's as much as my job is worth, if you do."

"I won't," she affirmed. "Thank you for telling me."

In her column the following day she wrote:

Dovello's victory over Brockett at the stadium last night was not at all conclusive. In the opinion of the writer, Brockett is Dovello's superior in every department and a return match would tell a different story. There were many at the ringside who left with the conviction that Brockett could have won every round as he won the first six, if he had at all extended himself, and the writer, for one, would like to see these two men rematched in the near future.

Next morning, Manager Price showed the item to Billy.

"What do you know about that?" he exclaimed. "It's just what I told you last night after the fight; just what I've been telling you after every one of your fights for the past two years. You could have licked that guy, Billy."

Billy's eyes were on the newspaper, his face glowing with pleasure. Could it be possible that that beautiful girl had written this about him? Why—she had liked his work, even though he had lost the decision!

"Say!" he cried. "Maybe she's right about it, Harry! Maybe I could beat Dovello if I met him again. Somehow, I couldn't keep going after the sixth; I kinder lost heart, I guess."

"Like you always do," added the manager. "Don't I know it?"

For a moment Billy was thoughtfully silent. Then he said:

"How about a return match? Think you could get it, Harry?"

"Sure I could. I'll talk to Thompson right away."

Leaving Price's office, Billy went to his room at Mrs. Wells' boarding-house, dressed himself in his best clothes and, with quickened heart, visited the sports department of the *Star*. He had made up his mind to call on Miss Wilcox and thank her for her opinion of him. Perhaps then, he could find an opportunity to ask her to go out with him some evening.

But when he sent in his name to her, the office boy returned with a pencilled note:

Sorry I can't see you, but I'm very busy this morning. Hope to see you fight Dovello again and beat him.
M. Wilcox.

Billy sighed, folded the note, put it away in his wallet, and took his leave.

"I might have known," he reflected sadly. "She ain't interested in me, except professionally. Gosh, but she's a wonderful girl! I'll show her she guessed right about me. I'll knock out

(Continued on page 42)



SUNDAY
Plenty of time



MONDAY
Hurry up



TUESDAY
Feeling fine



WEDNESDAY
Out of sorts



THURSDAY
On the train



FRIDAY
Hot Water



SATURDAY
Cold Water

Every Day

you give your razor a different job to do
but your Gillette Blade will do every job smoothly and surely



IT TAKES all kinds of days to make a week. This morning you can take your time. Tomorrow you have to rush. One day you're feeling fit; the very next morning you may be ragged from lack of sleep. Hot water, cold water, soft water, hard water, a slapdash lather, or a careful thorough preparation of the beard which may take a full three minutes.

You never give your Gillette Blade the same job twice.

Yet you can always get a smooth, comfortable shave from your Gillette Blade; the blade, at least, doesn't change, and its swift, sure

job is the same under any conditions.

Eight out of ten American men count on the Gillette Blade to start the day right—seven days a week. And Gillette takes extraordinary precautions not to disappoint them.

The steel is the finest in the world. It comes in long gleaming ribbons, and we test every ribbon with crucible and micrometer before we even pay the im-

port duty.

During the last ten years Gillette has spent millions of dollars on steady blade improvements alone. Four out of every nine Gillette employees are inspectors and do nothing else. They get double pay for every blade they discard. They make certain that every package of Gillette Blades contains its full quota of smooth, comfortable shaves for you.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

To be sure of a smooth, comfortable shave under any conditions, slip a fresh Gillette Blade in your razor.

Gillette





Have You Got . . . New Blade Fallacy?

It's almost an epidemic, this idea that a new blade must be good because it is *new*. Millions of men are missing their best chance for really good shaves because they believe that a new blade is ready for shaving when they unwrap it.

A new blade that left the factory in A1 condition is liable not to reach you with a perfect shaving edge. The fine ground edge of a highly tempered blade seldom stays put for long. That's why a new blade should be stropped and why stropping makes such a difference.

This is interesting

Fine razors have edges of tiny invisible teeth. Temperature changes, jolts and handling get these teeth out of alignment. That's why a blade pulls. Stropping smoothes them into line and restores a keen cutting edge.

A few turns on Twinplex puts an edge on a NEW blade that is a marvel for smooth shaving. And it's so easy to strop with Twinplex. No fussing—no reversing blade. Just slip blade in and turn—strops both edges at once and reverses blade at every turn, just as a barber does. You can't fail, 30 seconds a day will keep one blade marvelously keen, for weeks of the smoothest shaves you've ever known. Shaving is also easier and quicker with Twinplex, for a keen blade is a quick, safe shaver. Twinplex soon pays for itself.

You will be proud to own the new Twinplex Aristocrat at \$4.00 or DeLux at \$5.00. Either will be a classy and serviceable Christmas present for your particular friends. Other attractive models at \$2.50 and \$3.50 at your dealers.



Send for the
DULL HOUSE
and FREE NEW
blade stropped

Clever little Dull House solves the problem of disposing of old blades safely. Send 10c for it and we will also send you, FREE, one brand NEW blade stropped on Twinplex, and specially packed to protect it. You will get from it a new idea of what a real shave is. Name your razor.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1642 Locust Street, Saint Louis

London

Montreal

Chicago

Twinplex Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER, QUICKER SHAVES

By Remote Control

(Continued from page 40)

Dovello when we fight again. Maybe some day she'll—she'll get more friendly and let me take her out."

As he walked on, scarcely aware of the people among whom he threaded his way, he clenched his fists, and his face took on an expression which only Jarvis, White and Mike Kelly had ever been privileged to see.

IV

THE sudden change in Billy Brockett, lightweight, caused no little stir in the boxing world. The plans of managers were quite upset; for the trial horse, against which they pitted their young hopefuls, proved too severe a trial, and they became wary of using Billy Brockett as a stepping-stone to greater achievements. The stepping-stone, strangely enough, had assumed the proportions of an almost insurmountable wall.

Billy, after knocking out Dovello in seven rounds at their second meeting, swept through the ranks of the second-raters. His six months' record gave the sporting writers something to consider and to write about. At first they were cautious; and when, after Billy's surprising victory over Dovello, he fought Humphrey, and Waters, and Young Kilbane, only M. Wilcox of the *Star* dared to pick him in advance as the winner. After that, there was a marked increase in respect for the fistic ability of Billy Brockett—and for the judgment of M. Wilcox.

Billy would have been unconscionably happy had it not been for the fact that he was very much in love with a girl whom he was able to see only from a distance. Whenever he entered the ring, he sought her with his eyes; when he smiled to her, she answered with a smile that set him tingling with hope and sent him into action with the determination to impress her with his skill and power. His only reward was to be found in M. Wilcox's column, *Ringside Jabs*, next day; for she continued to evade his personal advances, always being too busy to see him when he called at her office.

He read her column religiously; it became his gospel.

Brockett would have knocked out Waters last night—one item stated—instead of merely winning a decision, if he had ventured to use his right more often. Brockett has an effective right cross, but he seems disinclined to use it as he should. Once he has developed this one-two, many of the leading lightweights around here would have cause to worry.

Three weeks later, Billy knocked out Young Kilbane with a right cross to the jaw.

Or again, when an item suggested that "Brockett should be matched with Red Mason." Here's a bout that would pack 'em in!" Billy went to Price and asked him whether a fight with Red Mason could not be arranged.

"I think so," Price answered, surprised at the request. "You think you can handle Red? He's gone far since you met him; he was just a novice then, and now he's as good, or better, than any boy around here, excepting Mike Kelly."

"I can take him," Billy declared. "You get him for me, that's all, and I'll do the rest. He licked me that other time, but I—I hadn't found myself then. I should have whipped him that time."

So Brockett fought Red Mason, and he was a two-to-one short-ender, because only M. Wilcox, of all the boxing experts, expected him to win. Mary's salary was increased after that fight, for Brockett jabbed Mason to pieces with his piston-like left hand, and then battered him to the canvas, in the ninth, with a series of crushing rights to the jaw.

Several days later, *Ringside Jabs* was entirely devoted to a somewhat ridiculous suggestion and discussion. Reading it, Billy was at first amazed, and then considerably perturbed. When he reached Price's office, the manager asked him at once:

"Did you read it?"

Billy nodded. "Yeah. I read it."

Billy shrugged. "Darned if I know. That's going pretty strong, ain't it? Mike Kelly! Gosh! He—he's practically signed up to fight Towney in New York for the championship."

"That's right. But, looka here, Billy: I can

put it through if you want it. I spoke to Jarvis ten minutes ago on the 'phone; and when I asked him if he'd let Kelly fight you, he laughed and said, 'Sure, Kelly needs a trial-horse scrap under his belt to prime him for Towney.' What do you say?"

Billy hesitated, fingering a button of his coat. "You—you think I got any chance at all, Harry?"

"Sure you got a chance," Price answered in a tone not entirely convincing. "Kelly's good, but—but you're good, too, ain't you? And anyway, we'll get a nice slice of coin for the evening."

"We'd get good money, wouldn't we?" Billy replied. "If you arrange it, Harry, see that we get a certain amount, win or lose."

"Leave that to me."

"I sure could stand the money," Billy added pensively. "My account has gone up grand the past year and I want to make it bigger. When I hang up my gloves for good, I'm gonna be fixed for life. . . . Come to think of it, Mary didn't say I'd beat Kelly, did she?"

"Mary! Who's Mary?"

"I mean . . . Miss Wilcox of the *Star*," he corrected, blushing pinkly.

"Oh! No; she just said it would be a great attraction. And it would."

"I—I guess she's right," Billy said. "You go ahead and sign us up."

After the announcement was made that Billy Brockett was signed to meet Mike Kelly, the lightweight champion of the Middle West and an outstanding contender for the world's title, Billy turned to the sporting page of the *Star* each morning and half fearfully read *Ringside Jabs*. A week before the date of the battle, he discovered that which he dreaded to see: Mary Wilcox had at last ventured her opinion of the result of the fight; and her definite choice was Billy Brockett! Several writers, wary of past errors, weakly conceded that Brockett had an outside chance. But M. Wilcox seemed quite confident that Kelly would be defeated.

Brockett is one of the best lightweights in the world—(she wrote)—and I pick him to win the decision from Kelly, even if he doesn't put over a knockout wallop before the final bell. Kelly is good, but Brockett is better. Brockett is faster and far more clever; and though Kelly hits harder, perhaps, he is going to find Brockett an elusive target. Kelly is at his best when he works in close, and Brockett, with his lightning like left, will find it easy to keep Kelly away, make him miss his wide swings and then come through with some smashing rights of his own. . . . I may be staking my reputation, but I intend to string with Brockett in this fight of fights.

BILLY read the paragraph with sinking heart.

I may be staking my reputation. . . .

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned. "That girl's gone too far! I can't lick Kelly! What does she want to do a thing like that for? Why, she'll get laughed at, after this fight. The men writers are just aching to get back at her and give her the laugh."

The more he reflected upon Mary's unqualified statement, the greater became his uneasiness. He had the queer feeling that he had in some way deceived her, had indirectly lured her into a trap which would prove her undoing.

He was quite willing to go through with the match with Mike Kelly, for already the advance sale of tickets was huge, and, even if defeated, he would receive a greater sum for this fight than he had ever earned in any three bouts. But he was convinced that he could not defeat Kelly. Vivid memories of long ago rushed to his mind. . . . And Mary was staking her reputation on him, Billy Brockett!

"I can't let her," he finally decided frantically. "It's not too late for her to change her opinion. I'm gonna see her and tell her I ain't got a chance. I'll make her write that she's for Kelly this time!"

He decided to get her on the telephone before he went to her office; he would not risk being turned away again without an interview.

"Hello," he said huskily. "Miss Wilcox? This is Billy Brockett."

"Yes, Mr. Brockett?"

"Say, Miss Wilcox, I—I want to see you today," he blurted out. "I—I won't take up

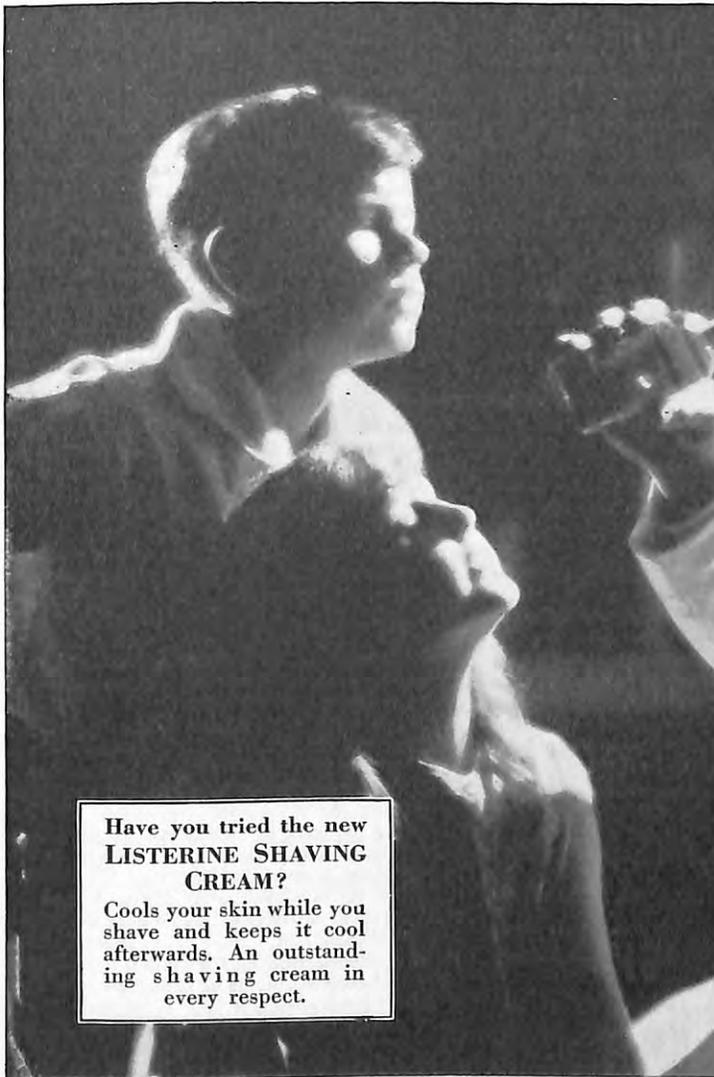
(Continued on page 44)

Step into the laboratory, and see why

LISTERINE

full strength is effective against

SORE THROAT



**Have you tried the new
LISTERINE SHAVING
CREAM?**

Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterwards. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.

Prevent a cold this way? Certainly!

Millions of ordinary colds start when germs carried by the hands to the mouth on food attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate it allows germs foothold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine, as many physicians do, before each meal. Listerine, as shown above, is powerful against germs.

Use only a little Listerine for this purpose—and let it dry on



the hands. This simple act may spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.

WHY is Listerine full strength so successful against colds, sore throat and other infections?

The test outlined below answers the question scientifically and convincingly. It discloses the power of Listerine—unchanged in 47 years.

Step into the laboratory a moment. In one test tube are 200,000,000 of the *M. Aureus* (pus) germ. In another, 200,000,000 of the *B. Typhosus* (typhoid) germ. These are used by the United States Government for testing antiseptics.

Now Listerine full strength is applied to them. A stop-watch notes results. Within 15 seconds every organism in both tubes is dead, and beyond power to harm the body.

With this evidence of Listerine's germicidal power, appreciate why you should gargle with Listerine at the first sign of sore throat—for sore throat, like a cold, is caused by germs.

Listerine full strength may be used with complete safety in any body cavity. Time and time again it has checked irritating conditions before they became serious. You can feel your throat improve almost immediately. If not, consult a physician. The matter is then no longer one for an antiseptic.

For your own protection use Listerine systematically through the winter months. It may spare you a long siege of illness. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

WHEN YOU GET A SHOT
YOU GET A BIRD—with XPERT



Back up the good work of your dogs with WESTERN Xpert shells—the load that makes their work count the most at the end of each day's shooting.

WESTERN Xpert is "the shell with a million friends." A dependable, smokeless, top-quality load for quail and rabbit shooting. Try it and you'll never shoot anything else.

When you go out for ducks and geese, shoot Super-X. It gives you 15 to 20 yards greater effective range. Gets the high-flyers with few cripples. The shot hold together as they travel through the air. More pellets reach the bird. That's the secret of Super-X Short Shot String.

Write for literature describing Xpert shells and the many other exclusive WESTERN ammunition developments, including Captain Askin's booklet on Super-X.

WESTERN CARTRIDGE
COMPANY, 1143 Hunter Ave.
East Alton, Ill.
Branch Offices:
Hoboken, N. J.
San Francisco, Cal.



By Remote Control

(Continued from page 42)

much of your time. Won't you please see me some time to-day?"

His heart fairly stopped its beating as she hesitated to decide. Then she said:

"All right. Come in at four this afternoon."

Promptly at four he presented himself at the office of the *Star*. The office boy told him to go right in, and Harkins, the telegraph editor, after a cheery greeting, directed him to the private office of Miss Wilcox.

Hand on knob, he paused a moment before opening the door. He was at last about to be face to face with Mary, for the first time since their meeting in the gymnasium nearly a year ago! If only the circumstances were different! He had rehearsed what he would say to her. It was a self-deprecating statement—a strange declaration for a man to make to the girl he loved, however hopelessly. But it was his duty to tell her the truth even though it cost him her distant regard and the smiles she sent him from the ringside.

Drawing upon his courage, he turned the knob and opened the door. At her desk sat Mary Wilcox. And in a chair up at the side of the desk sat—Mike Kelly! Kelly grinned broadly. Mary said:

"Will you please close the door, Mr. Brockett? Thank you." She held out her hand. "How are you to-day?"

He managed to make the necessary steps toward her and shook her proffered hand. He was stricken dumb with surprise.

"Howdy, Brockett," grinned Kelly, his hands in his trouser-pockets. "Why, I ain't seen you since the old days when I give you boxing lessons."

Billy looked at him, suddenly filled with hatred.

"What you doing here, Kelly?"

"Me? Why, the young lady sent for me, that's all. As for your little proposition, it's all okeh with me."

Billy turned to Mary questioningly, his brow knotted with puzzlement.

"Yes, I sent for Mr. Kelly," she enlightened Billy, genially. "Mr. Kelly didn't seem to like it because I picked you to defeat him next week; and he was in here yesterday to argue with me about it. I told him that you were willing to bet your end of the purse on yourself to win; and Mr. Kelly is ready to take the bet and even give reasonable odds. That is, since his share is to be 35 per cent. and yours 17 per cent., he will make it winner-take-all. That's fair enough. I've drawn up the private agreement and you can both sign it right now. In fact, Mr. Kelly signed just before you came in."

"You said it!" Kelly confirmed. "And it's going to be easy money for me."

"That's where we differ, Mr. Kelly," Mary smiled. "Mr. Brockett probably has a little grudge to settle with you, too."

Billy caught his breath, looking suspiciously from one to the other. What was this—a trap? How did Mary come to know about—that? Oh, no, no; Mary was square! She was wholly sweet and good, and doing all this only because she believed in him. So she knew about—that! And she expected to see him make Kelly pay for that merciless beating of long ago! Kelly must have told her, braggingly.

Suddenly he picked up a pen from the desk.

"Where's that paper, Miss Wilcox?" he asked in a low voice. "I'm ready to sign it."

"Of course," she said. "Sign right here—on both these papers."

When Billy had twice affixed his signature, Kelly rose, still grinning to show his mouthful of auriferous teeth.

"The easiest coin I ever made," he declared, putting his copy of the agreement into his pocket.

"We'll see about that," said Billy, his eyes narrowed.

"We will," Kelly agreed. "And after the fight you'll have a scar over your other eye, too."

Involuntarily, Billy raised his finger to the white scar above his left eye. A sickish feeling caught at his stomach.

"Now that the business is over with," Mary spoke up, "will both of you leave, please? I have so much work to do."

Billy had made up his mind to linger after Kelly's departure, but there was no mistaking

the meaning of Mary's words. Yet, he let Kelly go first through the door and, as he himself was leaving, he turned back appealingly.

"I don't understand all this," he said. "Mary—Miss Wilcox—when are you going to let me see you?"

"After you lick Kelly," she answered.

And something that he saw in her blue eyes sent him hurrying away as if his cloud-treading feet would keep time to his hammering heart.

V

THE stadium was crowded to the rafters.

Every seat was occupied, and as many patrons as the fire regulations permitted paid for standing-room at the rail behind the ringside chairs and the tiers of gallery benches that climbed the circular walls. It was a noisy, expectant throng, excited by weeks of reading the ballyhoo of sporting pages, by heated discussions in offices and noonday cafés, by small and large wagers placed on Brockett or Kelly.

There was another, and even greater, audience, grouped about radio loudspeakers in hundreds of homes in Central City and surrounding countryside. The main event of the stadium boxing matches was being broadcasted over WTS, through courtesy of the Central City *Star*, as usual—well, not quite as usual, the radio listeners discovered when, at ten o'clock, the stadium came "on the air."

"Hello, people of radio land!" It was a woman's voice that sounded through thousands of loud speakers, a clear, musical voice that brought expressions of surprise to the faces of the vast invisible audience. "This is WTS, the voice of Central City, owned and operated by the Central City *Star*. We are operating by remote control from the stadium where the long awaited bout between Mike Kelly, sectional lightweight champion, and Billy Brockett, the contender, will be fought this evening. It is five minutes to ten o'clock, the ring has been cleared after the semi-final bout between Jackson and Kaufman (Jackson won the decision after eight slow rounds of fighting) and this great crowd, utilizing every available space in the big arena, is impatiently waiting for the principals of the main event to enter the ring.

"While we are waiting, I'd like to make a brief announcement. Mr. Jack Karlson, who is your usual announcer at these Wednesday evening programs from the stadium, has been kept away from the microphone by a bad cold. I have been assigned to take his place and I hope I'll be able to entertain you half as well as our fast-speaking friend, Mr. Karlson. He's sitting right beside me, folks, and he's so hoarse he must speak in a whisper, but he asks me to tell you all 'hello' for him. . . . What's that, Jack? I should tell your friends not to feel sorry for you, because your cold is so bad you were given a prescription for it? I certainly won't make such an announcement! . . . Well, folks, I'll have to do the best I can for you, and if I can't call the blows as fast as Jack Karlson, I'll be the first woman who couldn't compete verbally with a man. The microphone is right down at the ringside, so close you'll probably hear the blows as they land.

"Here comes Mike Kelly! He's walking down the aisle now, toward the ring. With him are the Ted White, his trainer, and Noel Jarvis, his manager. Now he's climbing into the lion's robe with his well-known green robe with the head embroidered on the back. He's getting a big hand from the fans. Being a champion, he's a two-to-one favorite.

"And here comes Billy Brockett into the ring. His seconds are with him, Manager Harry Price and Lew Mulligan. They tell me Lew was the sectional heavyweight champion many years ago. He looks pretty spry right now for an old man! Lew heard me make that statement and is smiling. He's really only about forty.

"Brockett wears a dark blue robe. He's a handsome boy, this Brockett! Honestly, he looks more like a movie actor than a boxer. His blond hair is carefully parted and brushed and he looks as trim as if he'd stepped out of a band-box. But Brockett is a hard fighter, just the same, and I understand he's going to put up the best fight of his career to-night. Let me turn

the microphone around so you can hear the cheering. . . . There! Brockett got a pretty good hand himself!

"The boys are now in the center of the ring, and the referee, Howard Willis, is giving them instructions. It won't be long now! Now they're in their respective corners, pulling on the ropes to limber up—waiting for the first bell! Both men look in fine condition. Kelly seems to be the most confident, but that's natural for a champion. . . . The bell!

"Kelly comes out with a rush; Brockett more slowly. Brockett is CAUTIOUS. He's WATCHING KELLY'S RIGHT HAND, BOXING HIM. Kelly swings his right—misses. Brockett stabs a light left to the face—another light left. Kelly misses a left-hook to the body and lands a hard right—but too high. They clinch—referee parts them. Brockett dances away, jabbing, holds Kelly at arm's length with those left jabs. What a boxer that boy is! Kelly tries a right and misses; a left, then a right and misses. No damage so far. BROCKETT IS BOXING HIM. THAT'S THE WAY! Kelly is trying to get in close but BROCKETT KEEPS THAT LEFT IN HIS FACE. Kelly rushes and lands a stiff left to the body but Brockett ties him up in a clinch. Referee parts them. Kelly rushes in again but misses with his left and Brockett nails him with a left and right to the jaw—as the bell rings! . . . Brockett's last two punches were the hardest ones of the fight so far. That was Brockett's round all the way."

VI

"HERE'S the bell for the seventh round! Kelly comes out more cautiously this time. Brockett has been cutting him to pieces with that lightning left of his. Kelly's fighting flat-footed, trying to get past that left and work in close. Brockett jabs him as in earlier rounds—one, two, three, four—four lefts to the face without a return. BROCKETT IS KEEPING THAT LEFT OUT! HE NEVER MINDS USING THE RIGHT VERY MUCH NOW! Kelly rushes and Brockett dances away. They spar. Kelly seems mad now. He's telling Brockett to fight him, or something like that. Kelly rushed in swinging rights and lefts. . . . Oh! . . . Kelly landed a left to the body and a right to the jaw. That last one hurt Brockett! He . . . he's a little groggy. He'd better FALL INTO A CLINCH! Kelly brings up another hard right to the jaw—a left to the jaw—Brockett is down! Oh!

"Brockett is on the floor near the ropes, right above the microphone. Four—five—six—he's still lying face downwards. But he seems to be trying to GET UP! HE'S NOT LICKED! BROCKETT ALWAYS SEEMS TO LET DOWN WHEN HE HAS THE FIGHT WON! NOW HE'S GETTING UP. On his knees. Count is eight . . . nine . . . BROCKETT GETS MARRIED IF HE WINS THIS FIGHT. . . . He's up! Kelly rushes, lands a light left too high and Brockett falls into a clinch. He HOLDS ON! Referee parts them. BROCKETT KEEPS AWAY! He KEEPS OUT THAT LEFT! Kelly rushes. Has Brockett on the ropes but Brockett keeps well covered. THAT'S THE STUFF. . . . The Bell! . . . Brockett saved himself that round. His seconds are working over him and he seems to be getting over the effect of those punches to the jaw. What a close shave that was, folks! What a fight this is!"

"I'll say it's a great fight!" Mr. Jennings told his wife as they sat before their radio set in the Jennings' living-room. "I thought Brockett was out for good that round."

"That woman's a good announcer, isn't she?" Mrs. Jennings replied. "She makes things so exciting, just as if she was excited herself."

"She's got a trick of accenting certain things so very loud," said Mr. Jennings. "Notice that?"

"I guess that makes it sound exciting," hazarded Mrs. Jennings. "I'd like to ask her what she meant when she said, 'Brockett gets married if he wins this fight.'"

"Is that what she said?"

"Didn't you hear her? She hollered it loud enough!"

"I was too excited," said Jennings. "Here's the eighth round!"

(Continued on page 46)

WALK-OVER SHOES



*Reg. U. S.
Pat. Off.



The young man is wearing the Harvard—a Walk-Over shoe with Main Spring* Arch. \$10.00

Smart as they are

these shoes give perfect arch support

ONLY in Walk-Over shoes can you get the Main Spring* Arch, which massages the foot muscles, keeping them fit and supporting both of the foot-arches. It is built on the three-point suspension system, with a soft rubber pad in front to support the extremely important metatarsal arch.

The Main Spring* Arch is so light in weight that you can scarcely detect it in the shoe, yet it is both curative and preventive. Many of the smartest Walk-Over models have the Main Spring* Arch. It will pay you to see them.

Many astonishing facts about feet and foot-ills are in our new booklet, "Watch Your Step." Write for a free copy.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY



CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

MAKERS OF FINE SHOES

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

George Wanted Money— I Pay Him —Plenty



Louis George
Illinois

\$10,000 a year is what I paid Louis George, Illinois, for the last three years. This year he says he is going to earn \$20,000.—And before he accepted our offer he was earning only \$35 a week!

ANY MAN CAN GET This Money From Me

I paid L. D. Payne, Iowa, \$4,500 for his first 200 days with me—he is still averaging from \$500 to \$650 a month. Putnam of a small Michigan town averages \$600 every month. Many others averaging from \$6,500 to \$10,000 a year in this big pay field—the field of Fire Prevention.



Ray C. Hahn
Sales Director

AMAZING DISCOVERY DOUBLES AND TREBLES INCOMES

Latest discovery by Fyr-Fyter chemists has doubled and trebled the incomes of our men and has made it necessary to make an immediate addition of 250 men to our sales force. No experience needed—no capital required. The successful applicants who can furnish good character references will be assigned to good paying territories at once—income to start immediately. Complete training, entire Fire Prevention working outfit will be furnished, and our whole organization will back you up with profit-making plans.



TELL THIS WONDERFUL STORY

As a Fyr-Fyter representative you will have a marvelous story to tell. Among our customers are such as Ford Motor Co., Diamond Match Co., Bethlehem Steel Corp., Eastman Kodak Co., International Harvester Co., Standard Oil Co., and thousands of other nationally known companies. The U. S. Government alone has purchased 260,000 Fyr-Fyters.

Every store, garage, school, hospital, home, factory or farm is a prospect. Our national advertising helps you to make quick sales. National, State and City governments cooperate.

NEEDED AT ONCE

We must add 250 men at once! Send coupon today for full information and details of our generous money-making plan for men who have good character.

Ray C. Hahn, Director of Sales
FYR-FYTER CO.,
7-L Fyr-Fyter Bldg.



Dayton, Ohio

Ray C. Hahn, Director of Sales
FYR-FYTER COMPANY
7-L Fyr-Fyter Bldg. Dayton, Ohio

Send full information about representatives plan and application for territory.

Name
Address
City State

By Remote Control

(Continued from page 45)

VII

THE eighth round is boxing history in Central City; for in that harrowing session Billy Brockett knocked out Mike Kelly. Despite his grievous knock-down in the seventh, Brockett came up for the eighth with recovered strength and poise, and he fought as he had never fought before—he fought like a real champion.

Perhaps Kelly, too certain of victory, was careless with overconfidence. Perhaps his defeat was caused by Brockett's sudden and unexpected use of the right hand which he had used so seldom in earlier rounds. Perhaps it was a combination of these two factors that made for Brockett's surprising victory. The fans were discussing it for weeks afterwards. But the conclusive fact remained that Kelly had been knocked out by Brockett and it was generally

agreed that Brockett had proved himself to be Kelly's master.

"Well, what do you know about that!" cried Mr. Jennings when the woman announcer, in a voice that sounded ecstatic, told of the final result. "That was a hot round, all right."

"Now the fight is over," came through the loudspeaker, "and the fans are filing out, talking about the great battle they witnessed. Kelly has been revived and has left the ring, assisted by his manager and trainer. Brockett is still in the ring. He certainly looks happy! He makes no attempt to leave the ring; but seems to be waiting to talk to someone.

"We must sign off now. This is WTS, the radio-super-station owned and operated by the Central City Star. This concludes the broadcasting of the main event at the stadium, from which we have been operating by . . . by remote control! Good-night, Everybody!"

One Thing Well

(Continued from page 20)

Even the guy with the white pants ain't so bad. His name's Duckie. He offered to shave his beard off if I'd supply razor blades for a year. I said I would—how's that! And, by gosh, he went upstairs and shaved it off. I damn near fell dead."

Penelope, awake at last, said, "Tell me more, Horatio."

He handed her six sheets of paper.

"That's my part, Pen. Wait a minute—I mean, those are my sides."

She peered at the first sheet. "It doesn't make sense, Butch."

"That's right. Not supposed to. This is just my part, see? I mean this is just the speeches I make in the play. The three-four words on the lines between are what they call my cues. Every time I hear those three-four words I open up with a speech. Or else after where it says, 'Long silence.' Then I throw a speech just the same. Me, I'm supposed to be a wise-cracker. I'm president of the Spillmore Soup Company."

"You're president of what?"

"Spillmore Soup Company. I'm a big soup king from some place. It opens with a gang of us eating soup, with a three-piece orchestra outplaying us. See?"

"I can't say I do," said Penelope.

"Doesn't matter. You come to the next rehearsal. You'll get it then. Anyway, I believe in Spillmore Soup, because the more you spill the more you sell."

Penelope shook her head dismally. "Why do you want to sell it?" she asked.

"Because I'm head of the company, naturally. Anyway, Spillmore Soup is the spillingest soup on the market and we've made a killing. That's where the play opens. I wear a bald-headed wig and a checked suit. I'm newly rich."

"Good," said Penelope.

"Well, I am. Look!" He pointed to the typewritten sheet in her hands. "Suppose you read the first one to me and I'll show you what I mean."

Penelope flattened the paper. "Honesty is the best policy," she read in an even tone.

"No, no," said Henry. "That's my speech. That isn't what you read. You just read the three-four words in that dinky little line ahead of it."

Penelope said, "Oh, yes." Then she read: "Experience, Mr. Schmaltz?"

"What the bird really says is, 'And what is your experience, Mr. Schmaltz?' What you see there is just what they call the cue. Schmaltz is my name in the play. We're having a business conference, you see, only we always serve our own soup at all our conferences. Patriotic, like. Anyway, now read it again."

Penelope read it again.

Henry drew himself up. "Honesty is the best policy," he announced with dignity. Then he turned to his wife. "Now why is that funny?" he asked. "Honesty is the best policy, isn't it? Everybody laughs every time I make a speech, but just listen to the rest of them. By damn, they make common sense to

me. I'm going to learn 'em and learn 'em right."

Penelope glanced through the typewritten lines.

"I—I guess I don't quite understand it yet," she faltered.

"Oh, they're all kidding me!" he informed her. "That's the point of the play. They call it an efficiency satire. I'm the president, the big success, and the only things I say are these wise-cracks. Whenever they ask me a question I just look solemn and say one of my lines. I'm a sort of goat—see?"

"You're not either."

"You just come to the next rehearsal," mumbled Henry.

Penelope did. She sat there and watched a mock-solemn burlesque in which seven unsmiling executives of the Spillmore Soup Company went deeply into the problems of their vast and growing business; the problem of distributing soup more widely on the tables of the nation; the problem of making America soup-conscious; the problem of a rapid turnover in soup without liquidation; the problem of soup stocks; the problem of a cooling demand; a long and animated discussion of how to stop leaks, with the chief buyer for the factory thinking they meant a vegetable—all very comic, without question. Against her own will Penelope laughed.

She didn't want to laugh because, as Butch himself had said, they were making a goat out of him. He occupied the head of the table, and Penelope knew they had chosen him because he looked big and well fed and prosperous and because, even when he knew his lines, he would hesitate perceptibly before speaking them. And when he spoke he would speak with unhurried dignity.

"What about this situation, Mr. Schmaltz?" he would be asked.

Here Henry would blink, thinking hard. There would fall a pause, while the seven unsmiling executives would hang upon his decision. Then at length he would break silence:

"Only the game-fish swims upstream. Any dead fish can float down." Henry would smile with satisfaction, mostly because he had remembered the line, and the seven executives would applaud and whisper, "Marvelous!" Those who sat listening would roar with mirth.

Again that night, after they were home, Henry asked Penelope what was so darned funny about common sense. He could understand the humor up to a certain point, he confessed, because actually the seven executives of the Spillmore Soup Company were such boobs. Said Henry:

"After all, Pen, if I were president of a company, would I be telling my sales manager whether he ought to sell Charlie Farnam in Mechanicville, New York? No, of course I wouldn't. What I'd say would be something like what I say in the play. I'd give the sales manager credit for knowing his territories. Why is it so darn funny, then, when I say: 'Be sure you're right, then go ahead.' That isn't comedy,

that's sense. Like when I tell that other bird, 'Eternal perseverance brings success.' He wants to know should he stick at something. Well, I tell him, don't I?"

Penelope said, eyeing him: "Why don't you drop this, Butch? You know it's going to take your mind off the office. I was wrong, honey. It's got you all upset."

"Upset?" he proclaimed. "Shucks, Pen, I wouldn't drop this now for anything. You know what I say that place where Dexter starts complaining: 'Nothing worth while is achieved without effort.' Well that's truth."

"But Butch, are you sure this is worth while? I—I'm worried."

"Banana oil, Penny. Wait a minute and I'll think of the speech. Oh, yes! 'It doesn't matter how dull or how inconsequential the game may seem. Play it for all you have in you, and win or lose, you will achieve victory within yourself.'"

"Butch, are you kidding me?"

"Kidding you, honey? Lord, no."

"But you take it so seriously," she protested.

He laughed. "Sure I do. You know first off, that first night I went down there, I got sort of mad. Then I said to myself: 'Wait a minute, you. Here's something that's not so hard, and suppose you make a good job of it.' That's what I said to myself. You see, I was thinking about that thing my father said when I was a kid—about doing one thing well. Because here's something I can do as well as anybody else. I can learn these speeches. There are only forty-nine of them."

"As many as that?"

"You just watch me learn 'em," he prophesied. "I'm going to learn 'em frontwards and I'm going to learn 'em backwards and I'm going to learn 'em all mixed up—so you can shoot me any cue and I'll come back with the right line. After that I'm going to learn 'em without any cues at all."

"But why, Butch?"

HE GRINNED. "Oh, I don't know, honey. I mean—you know what I mean. Fun of doing a job right, I guess. Anyway, there's a lot of things there a man ought to learn. Some of those things make you think, you know. Just listen to this one—Dexter says Benjamin Franklin wrote it: 'Beware of little expenses. A small leak will sink a great ship. Buy what thou hast no need of and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities.' Now that's a mouthful, Penny."

"But why? What has it got to do with us?"

He said: "Shucks, honey, weren't we thinking of trading in the old 'bus for a new car—when we don't really need it? That's what I mean. At the advanced age of ninety-six I'm beginning to learn something."

Penelope giggled uncertainly. "Never too old to learn," she hazarded. "I think that's a proverb too, Butch. In self-defense I think I'll get a book of them so I can go around spouting them while you spout yours."

His forehead crinkled. "You mean mine are proverbs, Penny? My speeches are all proverbs?"

"Most of them are, I think."

Henry said, "Gee!" He said it with a sort of awe. Then he added: "I thought proverbs were sort of stilted things. Aren't most of them, Pen?"

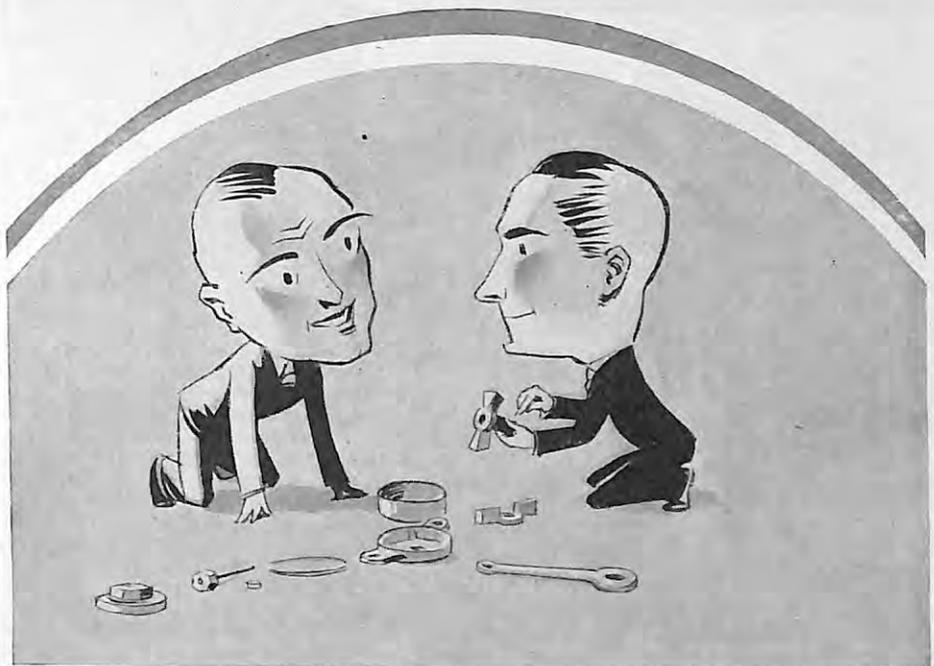
She was at the dictionary, fumbling with the edges of its myriad elusive leaves. She said: "Here we are. Pontiff, prank, prove, provoke. No, it's a page back. Ah, protoplasm—here, proverb!" She smoothed the page. "Proverb: An old and common saying. A sentence briefly expressing some practical wisdom.' How's that?"

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Henry. "Suppose we get a half-dozen proverb books to start with, Pen. Only solid common sense I've ever heard in my life. Practical wisdom—that's what hits me. Sort of gets to me; I don't know. Do one thing well! Gosh, I was brought up on a proverb and I never knew it."

Penelope studied him. She smiled fondly. She said: "Butch, you really mean you're taking these wise-cracks that seriously?"

"Sure I am," he answered. "Aren't you, Pen? Look—honesty is the best policy, and it is. A good name is better than riches—and it is. Truth is afraid of nothing but concealment—and gosh, that's true! Old age, though de-

(Continued on page 48)



If you are an Elk from "Missouri" ...

IT always tickles us when we meet an Elk from "Missouri." By the time we are half through showing him what makes a Houdaille do what only a Houdaille does, he gets so excited about it that he forgets all about Missouri and wants to begin driving all over the U. S. A. (with Houdailles on his car, of course.)

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*Every Elk from "Missouri" is invited to write for a mighty readable book—"What I Didn't Know about Shock Absorbers."

I drive a.....
Name.....
Address.....

One Thing Well

(Continued from page 47)



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spised, is coveted by all. Why, damn it, Pen, who wouldn't take stuff like that seriously?"

She said softly: "Do you know that some of those proverbs come from the early Chaldeans, centuries and centuries ago?"

"Do they? That makes 'em better, doesn't it, honey? It means they've worn that long-worn that long and stood up under the wear and tear. Me for them. Get me some books." His eyes were sparkling with eagerness.

Penelope said, "You bet." Then she kissed him.

HENRY said: "Unhand me, woman. I've got forty-nine proverbs to learn. And I had one to start with, about doing one thing well. That makes an even fifty."

Henry set about his task methodically. First he had his stenographer copy his part, making two carbons of each page. Only he had her do it in a way all his own. He had her copy the cues on one set of pages, the cues but nothing else. These he checked carefully and set aside. Then he had her copy his own lines, his forty-nine speeches. Without cues between them they covered three pages. Next he numbered the cues and numbered the speeches correspondingly. After that he gave a set of the cue-sheets to the stenographer and bade her listen.

"You keep these—see, Miss Lindquist? The carbons go to my wife. All right. Put 'em in your desk. Hide 'em, only keep them handy. Of course we shouldn't do this on the company's time, but maybe we can work it in. Anyway, what I mean, any time you see me not doing anything you peek into your desk and shoot me a cue. See? Then I'll come back at you. If I'm wrong, tell me. If I'm right, shoot me another. Get me?"

Miss Lindquist, who in her own calm way adored Henry, told him, "Yes."

Of course the thing began to drift around the office, as things will. Miss Lindquist, pledged to secrecy, confided it solely to Miss Gerdon. Miss Gerdon, to whom a confidence was a confidence, merely breathed it to Ann Mullane. Ann Mullane, of course, was secretary to the Eastern sales manager, and in a spirit of loyalty she decided he ought to know. The Eastern sales manager, whose name was Flynn, thought it was funny enough to tell to a couple of his road men.

Within a week the entire office, so it seemed, was shooting cues at Henry. A head would appear in Henry's door. The face on the front of the head would grin maliciously. Two lips would open and a mouth would say, "Second long silence!" Unfailingly Henry would tell the intruder where to go, but two hours later there would be another intruder, so it didn't do much good.

Henry managed to laugh about it to Penelope. "I don't care," he confided. "They can't spill me. I'm learning this stuff and it's stuff worth learning. No, ma'am. This time I'm going to do something right. Nothing can happen."

But something did, as something so often does. Five days later the general manager sent for Henry. He said: "Porter, we need you in Pittsburgh. You know—meeting of branches—next Wednesday."

Henry froze. He said: "But—but I can't." The general manager measured him. The general manager said: "Something important? Wife sick?"

"Oh, no," said Henry, gulping. "I—it doesn't matter, I guess. I'm in a play, I mean—for the hospital here."

"Hm!" murmured the general manager, cocking his eyes sidewise. "This play more important than your business, Porter?"

Henry gulped again and whispered, "No." "All right. Wilson's down with flu." Wilson was the office manager, Henry's chief. "We've got to have a man to represent the office," the general manager went on. "As long as you're Wilson's assistant, that means you. Or do you want us to take somebody else?"

"Oh, no!" said Henry. "I—I'm—what I mean, sure."

"Good," said the general manager. Then: "I'm sorry if this interferes with your personal plans."

"Oh, that's all right," said Henry. He stood

there irrefutable, trying his best to smile. Then all at once he remembered something; he remembered one of his forty-nine speeches. He was so pleased with himself that he beamed. He heard himself speaking: "There are no gains without pains, Mr. Carruthers."

"That sounds like a proverb," the general manager grunted.

"It is a proverb."

The general manager eyed Henry coldly. He said: "Save it for somebody else. I've been fed up on 'em for the last three years, ever since Old Man Gatling started nosing into this business."

"Who's he?" asked Henry.

The general manager looked surprised. Then he smiled bitterly. "You might enjoy him," he remarked with sarcasm.

Henry went back to his desk with heavy feet. Uppermost in his mind was the dread of having to tell Penelope. He had bragged so. He had been so cocksure. At last, for once in his life, he had proclaimed to her, he was going to do one thing well—and now that one thing had been pulled off from under him.

He recollected his boast that this time nothing could stop him. He made an ugly sort of noise, so ugly and so extraordinary a noise that Miss Lindquist jumped to her feet and ran to him. He looked up at her, for now he was sitting down, sprawled loosely in his desk chair, and he managed to smile.

He said: "Hell, Enid, I'm a flop." It was the first time he ever had called her by her first name, though he had known it for years. He repeated his pronouncement. Then he said: "By damn, I'll bet if somebody asked me for a glass of water, either the glass would break or the faucet wouldn't turn on."

Miss Lindquist looked at him sternly. "Seventh long silence," she shot at him.

Said Henry: "Seventh long silence? Why—why—!" Then he grinned at her. "There is no education like adversity," he said.

She said, "Right!" and walked back to her desk.

The meeting in Pittsburgh—they called it a convention—seemed nightmarish to Henry. It lasted three days; three days of conferences and bus rides and golf and more conferences. Henry was in on the conferences; first time he had ever attended. He found himself bored. Too much talk, too much exchange of empty flattery; too little accomplished. The only person who preserved a strict silence, the only person who did not seem to be pushing himself or his interests forward, was a little man with side whiskers. While the others talked the little man drew geometric figures upon a pad of paper. Somebody whispered to Henry that the little man's name was Gatling, and Henry wondered idly what the general manager had against him, because the general manager invariably spoke to him with the utmost cordiality.

Presently the conferences ceased, to be followed by the annual banquet. Somebody must have engineered the matter of cocktails, for cocktails were served. Two cocktails apiece; more for those who cared about grabbing. A roomful of white-covered tables; confusion; men at last sitting down. Olives and celery and cigarettes on the table. Ah, a half grapefruit, rather small but still something to eat! Oysters, five tiny oysters on a plate of crushed ice. A cup of pale broth.

Somebody said: "Have a drink, fellows. This is real pre-war—"

"Here's looking at you. . . Thass right, clink 'em together . . . for luck."

Came fish; rather lukewarm fish, smeared with a pinkish sauce. A dozen small, round marbles accompanied it. Henry tried the marbles and found they were a form of potato. Next came chicken, that is a part of a chicken, bolstered up by a spoonful of never-so-green infantile peas. Waiters poured mineral water into glasses. Other waiters dropped none-too-warmish rolls from the prongs of professionally-held forks. Lettuce was brought on; lettuce from which the hearts had been taken to some better place; lettuce vaguely spattered with vinegar and bits of whitish cheese.

Somebody said: "Good grief, gents, let's finish bottle." The table did. Ice cream

appeared. The table waved it away. Coffee appeared. The table drank it. Cigars appeared. The table smoked up. A plate appeared, set down by a deft waiter. In the center of the plate was a dollar bill.

Somebody said: "Kill that. A quarter apiece is enough. What's he think we are, a bunch of suckers?" The table laid a quarter apiece upon the plate. The waiter snatched it away, scowling and mumbling.

Somebody said: "Let's get it back. I don't like that waiter's face. What say we kill him?"

Nothing happened except a loud rapping noise that was going on somewhere in the room. A hissing "Sh-h-h!" fell upon the place. Somebody was making a speech.

There were several speeches, to which the general verdict was unanimous: "Hell with 'em. That's old Jack Cole. Let 'im talk. Try some of this—guaranteed pre-war—"

Abruptly Henry sat up. Somebody was speaking his name. He blinked. Gosh, it wasn't possible! The general manager, who was toastmaster, was saying: "Come on, Henry Porter. Where are you anyway. Get on your feet. This bunch wants to hear from the home office."

Henry, who had once been a private, stumbled to his feet. He stood straight, facing the general manager.

That gentleman seemed to leer at him. He seemed to give orders. Walking very erect Henry approached the head table, which was set, as head tables are, upon a dais or raised platform. In a blur he heard the general manager introducing him to the crowd:

"Gentlemen, this is Henry Porter, assistant office manager of the home office. I am told his close friends call him Butch. He bears a message for you all."

Henry turned to the spokesman. He said: "Message? Nobody gave me any message. Gee, I can't talk."

The general manager said: "Got to talk. Give 'em a message."

HENRY stood there. As he stood there he seemed to grow smaller and smaller. He had nothing to say, and what was more, he couldn't think of anything to say. He opened his mouth, half hopefully. Then he shut it. He was stuck, and he knew he was stuck. He was not only stuck; he was rattled.

From somewhere in the center of the room a shout came to him; a not unfriendly shout and yet not quite friendly. Somebody was riding him; somebody was kidding him, he knew. The voice that shouted sounded something like the voice of Jimmy Flynn, the Eastern sales manager. The shout was not to be denied. It said: "And what is your experience, Mr. Schmaltz?"

Something seemed to click inside Henry's brain. Gears meshed. He surveyed the room. He drew himself up.

"Honesty is the best policy," he announced, and grinned.

Somebody yelled, "The dickens it is."

Henry leaned forward.

He said: "You're crazy. That's a proverb. And proverbs are practical wisdom—practical wisdom that has stood up for thousands of years."

"How long are you going to stand up?" a voice questioned cheerfully.

Still Henry grinned. "I can give you fifty swell proverbs," he suggested. "They'd probably do you birds a lot of good. I know they've done me good. Want some proverbs?"

"No!"

The general manager spoke in a loud whisper. "Give them a message, Porter. Give them a message."

Henry peered down at the general manager. Then he blinked across the room. "I'm damned if I don't give 'em a message," he muttered slowly. "And it'll be about proverbs, too, because proverbs is all I know. Fifty of 'em." He raised his voice. "I'm going to strike while the iron is hot," he announced. "I'm going to take time by the forelock. For the first time in my life I'm going to make a speech, and I can do it because I've got something to say. It's about an idea I've had lately that if everybody knew fifty simple proverbs, and used 'em, life and business and everything else would go a

(Continued on page 50)



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One Thing Well

(Continued from page 49)

whole lot easier. Me, I got into the proverb business sort of accidentally. . . ."

He went on, and he was sincere, and after a time the whole room was quiet and listening.

Presently a little man edged forward from the back. The little man was adorned with side-whiskers, but his eyes were cool and his mouth was straight and firm. People seemed to fall away as the little man came forward. Eventually he caught Henry's hand. He said:

"You're talking wind."

"I'm darned if I am," said Henry. "I'm talking truth—truth that's stood up for six thousand years."

"Can you build business on it?" the little man asked, speaking mildly.

"Build business—foeey! Build anything! Business is no different from anything else, is it?"

The little man smiled, almost wistfully. He said: "I don't believe it is. But then, I'm old-fashioned." He regarded Henry quizzically. "Funny thing. I've owned voting control of this company for three years. Kept my mouth shut. Waited. I had an idea I'd eventually find a man in your generation who set store by the old fundamental truths. Man I can get behind, man I can train from the bottom up, man I can bet my shirt on."

Henry stared blankly. He could feel eyes focussing upon him; hundreds of male eyes, all big and round and curious. He shook his head bewilderedly.

The little man's own eyes twinkled. He said: "There's a proverb about the man who is willing to learn to do one thing well—"

"My father!" gasped Henry. "How'd you know? He taught me that one."

The little man beamed. "Your father planted at least one good seed. There's a proverb about good seed. In fact there's a proverb about every wholesome truth."

"Yes, sir," said Henry. He couldn't think of anything else to say. Nervously he ran his fingers through his hair. Then abruptly he brightened. "I—do you mind if I telephone my wife?" he inquired. "I—I want to tell her I made a speech." Anything to get away from those hundreds of round and questioning eyes!

The little man with side-whiskers regarded him paternally.

"Come up to my room," he suggested. "By the time your call comes through I imagine you'll be able to tell her more than that. Because I'll stake my reputation that the man who is willing to do one thing well is the man who can learn to do the next thing well. Come on, son, let's get out of here."

Henry said: "To-morrow morning when I'm shaving I'll think of whatever it is that I ought to be saying now. I know I ought to say something, but my brains take twelve hours to turn over."

The little man spoke over his shoulder as he led the way out of the room. "The earth takes twenty-four," he said.

The Brass-Knuckled Motorist

(Continued from page 29)

is used too much, and there will be added strain if the car is asked to move in high speed when it should be in second. Americans, for some reason, hate to shift gears. Well, a car will move along at a snail's pace in traffic in high, the way cars are built and geared today, and it will climb most hills in high. But, for that matter, you can, if you please, run up a long flight of stairs instead of walking. But your doctor won't compliment you for doing it, and he will tell you that you'll pay for it later on."

Getting back, though, to the subject of lubrication, there is another point upon which the service men are unanimous.

"Not only do 90 per cent. of all our jobs arise from faulty lubrication," they say, "but in 90 per cent. of all these cases again the owner firmly and fully believes that he has done all that was required of him. So far as he knows he has, too. He has left his car, perhaps, at some roadside gas station, giving orders for the oil to be changed and the car to be greased, and then gone off to lunch. When he comes back he pays the bill and drives off, perfectly satisfied.

"Sometimes the work has been properly done—more often it hasn't. The average gasoline station attendant isn't, to begin with, a mechanic. He may know just how to grease that car, and he may not. He may know the right grade of oil for that crankcase, but, even if he does, he may not have it, and may substitute a different sort of oil that is almost worse than no oil at all. He is constantly being called away from the car he is greasing to fill some newcomer's tank. Naturally, in a certain number of cases, he forgets whether or not he has attended to some particular phase of the job.

"Free crankcase and greasing service, with only the oil and grease charged for, sounds very tempting. But, more often than not, it's poor economy. When a charge is made for such work, in a regular service station, it's very low—and you know the job has been done. Many a man has saved a dollar at the expense of a fifty dollar repair job a month or so later on.

"There are times, of course, when an owner has to depend on roadside service for that sort of work. But, even so, he can protect himself and his car. It doesn't take him long to learn the lubrication chart; to go over the car and find, for himself, all the points requiring attention. Anyone can find out what oil is right for his own particular motor. And, knowing these

things, if the owner will actually stand by while a strange garage or gasoline station is doing this vital work, he can be certain that nothing has been neglected. He can't check up afterward, but he can at the time."

That brings up, indirectly, another way in which many owners are unfair, not only to the service station, but to themselves. My own rule has always been never to go to any shop or garage except a service station maintained by the maker of the particular car I happen to be driving, save in an emergency. It stands to reason, after all, that the maker of my car will give me better service than anyone else, because it's to his interest to do so. That implies no criticism of service stations specializing in a car of some other make, or of the thousands of excellent shops maintained by independent garage owners.

But the argument in favor of your own service station is unanswerable. First, it has on hand, or can quickly get, any necessary replacement parts. If its mechanics haven't been factory trained—and usually they have—they have had special instruction in factory practice. They know your car thoroughly, and spend all their time working on cars just like it in every respect. They have the special tools required for work on your car.

Moreover, that service station has a reason for treating you well. It wants you to think the car you own is the best on the market. I don't know just how much of the price of a car is absorbed by selling cost—advertising, the time of the salesman who argues you into the purchase, and so on. But it's plenty. And that cost is far greater, or ought to be, the first time a car of a particular make is sold to you than when you buy a second one. Second sales, third sales, repeat sales, in general, bring down the average selling cost.

And isn't it obvious that the service station is the biggest single factor in keeping you happy and, consequently, disposed, when you need a new car, to buy another of the same make? No matter how good your car is when you get it it will require a certain amount of care and attention throughout its life, and your satisfaction is bound to depend on the quality of the service you get.

Suppose you own a Zipper Six, say. Who will be most interested in keeping you pleased with that car—the dealer who sold it to you and hopes, in due time, to sell you another, or a man who sells the Eminent Eight? Both

dealers maintain good service stations, it is safe to assume; each takes excellent care of its own cars. The Eminent Eight shop will, no doubt, do perfectly good, honest work if you take your car to it. But it hasn't the same interest in keeping your car fit as had the Zipper station.

"We're constantly up against the owner who doesn't bring us his car until it's been practically ruined by the wrong sort of handling in small shops," one service manager told me, wearily. "After all, we do know our own cars, and what they need. We know more about them than mechanics who may not work on one for a month at a time. We're a little more competent to diagnose trouble than some well-meaning man at a gas pump along the road. We don't figure on making money out of service to our owners. We simply don't want to lose any."

That last statement is generally true, too, though most owners don't believe it. Since I first owned a car that situation has changed materially. In the old days the cost of any job varied according to the shop—even as between authorized stations maintained by manufacturers or dealers. Now service charges are standardized, and flat-rate schedules are to be seen in any shop. You know exactly how much any one of hundreds of operations will cost you—if the mechanics in that particular shop are slow, and take longer than the estimated time, you don't pay, as we used to do; it's the service station's hard luck.

You're the sufferer, though, if you don't choose to take advantage of the facilities the maker of your car maintains. He's no philanthropist, of course; he doesn't create his big and elaborate service organization because he's a good fellow, but because he knows it's good business to do so. It's equally good business, as it happens, for you to make use of them.

But the owner who tries to get service to which he isn't entitled, or in some other way to gyp the dealer, the garage, or the service station, is hurting all his fellow owners. If you take good care of your car, and stand prepared to pay for necessary service, there's no reason why you should also pay, in added charges, for the tactics of the man who neglects his car and does a little cheating as well. It's precisely the same when it comes to insurance.

Plenty of owners, after an accident that entitles them to some recovery either from their own insurance company or that covering the other fellow, try to have all sorts of work done, and paid for out of the insurance, that they ought to have had done long ago at their own expense. Insurance rates are mathematically calculated; every successful attempt to cheat an insurance company sends up premium rates.

That holds true all along the line in the automobile business. The incompetently run gasoline stations, selling poor gas and bad oil, damage the good ones—of which there are plenty. In the East the roadside stations haven't yet reached the standard set in California, which is a revelation to tourists, but matters are improving right along. The big oil companies set the pace in this respect; they correspond, in this, to the big authorized service stations, as it is to their interest really to serve motorists well.

On the whole, the owner who plays fair himself will get fair treatment. He will find all manufacturers, whether of cars or accessories, ready to make good any actual defects—and he won't find them disposed, either, to stand too strictly on the ninety day limitation of all automotive guarantees.

But the owner who tries to cheat is finding it harder every day to succeed. Have you ever had the man who checked your car, when you put it up for the night in some strange garage, call your attention to a damaged mudguard? There's a reason. He does that so that you can't claim, in the morning, that the damage was done overnight in the garage. Similarly, if you happen not to have a spare tire, something will be said about that. Many an owner has tried to collect for a spare tire that never went into the garage at all.

Maybe there was a good deal of gyp in the bad old days. But the automobile industry has found that honesty and fair treatment of owners pays. The next step will be taken when owners realize that they can't, as a body, get something for nothing, and that the dishonest owner simply transfers to them charges he ought to pay himself.



Falling Night and a lonely road

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The Captain's Chair

(Continued from page 10)

seemed to be doing little but give an occasional order to one or another of the officers or men, was actually watching everything with the eye of a condor. Nichol, the mate, seemed by far the more occupied of the two. He appeared to be everywhere at once, a lithe young giant.

"Is Captain Small really so busy, Mr. MacTavish?" asked Mary at length. "Mr. Nichol seems to be doing most of the work." The trader took several puffs at his pipe before he answered.

"Oh, aye," he said, "he's the busiest man on board. Young Nichol looks busier, maybe, but it's the captain who has the responsibility for everything being right. He works with his head, d'ye see, and that doesn't always show. He's not a man to waste any effort. But wait till danger comes, then you'll see him in action."

"Danger?"

MacTavish chuckled grimly. "There's little else but danger on this voyage," he said. "But don't be afraid," he added quickly. "You'll be safe enough. Captain Small's made this trip to the Bay every year for thirty years and he's never failed to come out yet. And he didn't have a ship like this under him, either. His old vessel was a rat-trap next to this."

"She is a beauty," said the girl. "I'm dying to see all over her—the engines and all. Will the captain let me, do you think?"

"Of course," the trader assured her. "After we're out at sea we'll ask George to show you around."

"George?"

"Nichol, the mate. He'll be pleased as Punch to show you the sights. He's just about as proud of the ship as the captain is."

"Has he been with the captain long?" asked Mary, casually.

"A matter of ten years or so. He's like a son to him. Won't leave him, in fact, though he's had a master's license now for some time and chances to command a ship of his own. But he's too devoted to the captain. He won't leave him as long as the old man's alive and able to walk the bridge."

While the last of the supplies were being stowed on board and the final inspections being made, Mary and MacTavish stood on deck, by the rail, just aft of the bridge companionway, chatting and watching the proceedings. Not far away, barely out of earshot of their subdued voices, the little captain grimly walked his bridge. The arrival of Cameron had cast a damper on the fire of his enthusiasm. He felt that he did not care much whether the *Mackenzie* sailed or not or how she got away. His pleasurable anticipation of her triumphal departure from the harbor had lost its savor. His quick appraisal of Cameron the instant the old man set foot on the dock confirmed his belief that there would be trouble between them. Without even meeting him in person he knew that sooner or later they would clash. That the Director went almost immediately to his cabin and did not follow up the desire to see him had been a relief. It postponed the evil moment of coming face to face with him and the necessity of simulating civility. Ordinarily a man who would do his duty, no matter how unpleasant or arduous, without flinching, the captain balked at the duty of greeting his unbidden guest.

THE aversion he felt for Cameron, however, did not extend to Mary. Out of the corner of his shrewd blue eyes he watched her as she talked with MacTavish, and, in spite of his prejudice against the idea of a woman on board his ship, found himself inclined to friendliness toward her. She seemed unaffected. From MacTavish's manner it was plain that he at any rate, was enjoying her conversation. The impulse came to him to go down on deck and briefly welcome her. But he figured that if he did so Cameron might emerge and think he was trying to curry favor through attention to the girl, and that restrained him.

By mid-afternoon the last of the cargo had been slung on board and stowed securely in the hold. The hundred and one details and formalities incident to sailing had been attended to. The last official and unofficial visitors had gone ashore. The gangplank was lowered to the wharf.

Nichol, hurrying past Mary and MacTavish, grinned.

"We're off," he said, and went on up to the bridge. After a few words with Captain Small, he came down again.

"The captain's compliments, Miss," he said, "and will you and Mr. MacTavish join him. I am to invite your uncle also."

As Mary ascended to meet the captain, she felt vaguely relieved. Knowing of no reason why she and her uncle should not be welcome on board, she had been bothered and perplexed by the hostile skirmish attending their arrival. Being used to her Uncle Angus's overbearing manner—though not impressed by it personally—she had not thought it strange that his first action on boarding the ship should be to order the captain peremptorily to appear before him. Nor had she considered it odd that the captain should have sent word that he was too busy to comply. But she had deduced, largely through the demeanor of Nichol, the mate, who had seemed embarrassed and nervous, that there was something deeper in the captain's refusal to see her uncle than the mere fact that he was busy. After all, it would have taken him only a minute or two to greet him and return to his station. Just what it was that lay behind the captain's behavior she could not imagine. She had heard of no old enmity between the two men. On the contrary, her uncle had told her that they had never happened to meet. Throughout her casual talk on deck with MacTavish, while watching the little captain, she had wondered what the inevitable meeting would be like and hoped there would be no unpleasantness. And now that he had invited her and her uncle to the bridge, it seemed that perhaps the first exchange of discourtesies might prove to have held no special significance.

When MacTavish introduced Mary, who held out a firm hand to the captain and smiled, the little man was not exactly effusive. He took her hand, however, and wrung it, and, as he did so, it seemed to the girl that there was a slight melting of the wintry aspect in his eyes. For barely a second the wooden face became flesh, then, with the return of Nichol, followed by the dour-visaged Cameron, it stiffened to wood again.

The meeting between the two men was quietly dramatic. Mary introduced them. As if each had determined that the other should speak first, they acknowledged the introduction in silence. Captain Small nodded almost imperceptibly. Cameron merely glared. Neither spoke. The atmosphere grew tense. Then, just as Cameron seemed about to speak, the captain turned away and waved in the direction of the wheelhouse. Instantly the ship's whistle thundered into action. The decks vibrated with the power of it. Tugs fussed and puffed at the vessel's bows. The lines were cast off. Slowly the great ship swung out into the stream.

From every craft in the harbor spurted the din of whistles and sirens as liner, tramp, four-master, tug and fishing-boat paid tribute to the *Mackenzie* and her master. Ensigns fluttered from crowded rigging. Way up on the signal hill where the government station is perched, there were puffs of smoke as the roar of the signal-gun drifted down. Whenever the mates, or the men of the crew, could catch his eye they smiled toward Small and touched their caps. Standing at the rail with MacTavish and her uncle, Mary was thrilled by the ovation. Cameron, who stood touching his cap solemnly to men who waved from other ships, appeared to think it was all for his benefit. But the racket soon got on his nerves.

"MacTavish," he said, "when will this damned noise end?"

The factor shrugged his shoulders, but made no reply. Mary, who had heard the question, looked at her uncle as though he must be out of his mind. He did not notice it.

In a few minutes the ship cleared the bottleneck of the harbor and stood out to sea. Her nose swung north. By sundown Newfoundland was but a smudge to the south. Small and MacTavish were standing on the bridge. Cameron, to everyone's relief, had gone below long since. The two old friends just stood there, watching the foremast swing across the sky. There were

big lumps of seas, but the *Mackenzie* rode easily like the good ship she was. The little captain was too choked up for speech. All he could say was, "Mac, just look at her!"

Below on the deck everyone was in high spirits. A young Scotchman on board, who was going up apprenticed to one of the posts, burst out of his cabin rigged in kilts and blowing his pipes. From where they stood on the bridge, Small and the factor could hear the scuffle of a dance and the laughter of the girl. Mary, comfortably tucked in a steamer chair by Nichol, was enjoying herself tremendously. The tenseness and electricity of a few hours before seemed to have been dispelled by the fresh sea-winds. Nichol, the mate, was telling her interesting things about the region for which they were bound.

CHAPTER IV

TO a seaman, the first meal of a ship's maiden cruise is an important affair. To a high priest of the ritual of the sea, such as Captain Small, it was an almost sacred rite. He had given orders to the steward to ransack St. John's for the choicest and freshest of foods. Usually dinner on board was in the middle of the day, but on this particular occasion it was to be at night. When the hour arrived, the mess-boy paraded the decks, beating his gong. Cabin doors opened and everyone not on duty filed into the saloon. Mary, looking very lovely in black silk, was closely followed by Nichol, whose brass buttons and rosy face looked equally highly polished. The young Scotchman, the third mate, the chief engineer, old MacTavish—all clustered round her laughing and talking, while they waited for Captain Small to come down and open the ceremony.

They had almost forgotten Cameron, until he appeared. Then, as she joked with Nichol, Mary saw the mate's expression of amusement turn suddenly to one of horror. She followed his gaze. Her uncle was seating himself, that was all. She turned again to Nichol. "What's the matter?" she asked. For a moment he seemed unable to answer. At last he said:

"Your uncle has taken the captain's chair!"

MacTavish was the first to act. He went to Cameron and told him of his mistake. Enraged, the latter half rose.

"Well," he demanded, "what of it? Where should a director sit?"

Before Mary could intervene to persuade her uncle to move, the captain's tread sounded and he entered. As if struck by a whip he halted before the table. For a moment he stood there, staring, the look on his face terrible to see. But he said never a word. He turned on his heel and left the saloon. His slow steps could be heard going back whence they had come.

Nichol and old MacTavish climbed to the bridge. By the time they got there the captain's door was locked. Repeated knockings failed to elicit an answer. Reluctantly they returned below. It was a glum company that sat around the table at that first dinner. No one had any appetite nor interest in food. What was to have been a gay rite had become a mockery. Only Cameron seemed untouched by what had occurred. He ate enormously. The others could neither eat nor speak. Of them all, Mary was perhaps the most distressed. She soon left the table.

When MacTavish climbed to the bridge again, hoping for a sight of Small, Mary was standing off in a corner with Nichol. He saw there were tears in her eyes. Evidently she was trying, in some way, to explain away her uncle's misstep. Nichol looked grave.

"Won't he answer, George?" asked the factor.

The mate shook his head.

Having finished his dinner, Cameron, a cigar between his teeth, strolled leisurely out on deck. Half the crew were there, just to get a look at the man who had had the impudence to sit in the captain's chair. Cameron did not notice the way they stared at him. He had dined well and was not concerned with little breaches of maritime etiquette. He was a director. He glanced around the deck and then, calmly puffing his cigar, mounted the companionway that led to the bridge. The men watching could have told him he was walking to the edge of an abyss.

Cameron hadn't been on the bridge a second before Captain Small burst out of his cabin. He went for Cameron like a madman, shouting the language of the docks. MacTavish rushed over



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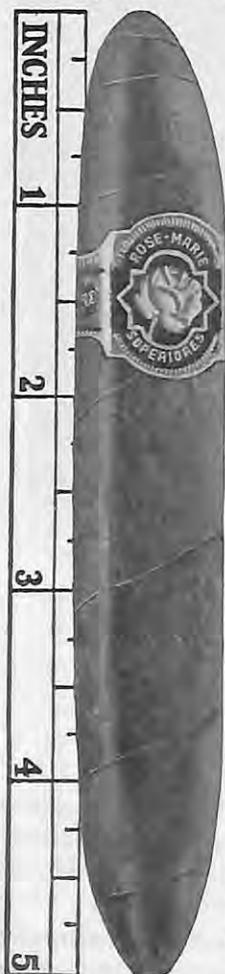
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The Captain's Chair

(Continued from page 53)

to Nichol and tried to lead Mary down off the bridge, or stop her ears, but to no avail. She heard everything. And though she knew Cameron was wrong, after all he was her uncle, her own kin. Anger and shame filled her as the little captain poured out his flood of invective. As for Cameron, he was speechless in face of the attack. Before the fury of the raging little captain he backed slowly down the steps. Only when he reached the bottom did he find words. Then he started to roar.

"By God," he thundered, "just you wait. I'll strip you from the service. I'll strip you from this ship. I'll—" His rage choked him.

Captain Small went down and stepped up close to him. He was calmer now, though his fists were clenched and his face livid.

"I don't doubt you'll break me. You'll see to that. But meantime, Mr. Director, remember this: I'm the master of this ship." The little man rose on tiptoe, the better to be heard. "I'm the master of this ship, understand. You and I have got a journey to make together. A bit of a tour, see? So keep to the main deck and your room and mind your mouth, you low-down, back-country mongrel, you, or by God, I'll iron you."

(To be continued)

Down in the Sea for Ships

(Continued from page 23)

In 1911 divers again uncovered the *Lutine*, and found that the vessel itself had seemingly acted to keep men from taking away its treasure. The ship had broken up, and several hundred cannon-balls had fallen around the gold and had rusted together in such a way as to make an iron safe. Divers began to blast away the cannon-balls, but the arrival of winter forced them to quit. The following spring the *Lutine* was lost again in the sand. It is there yet, with over \$4,000,000.

The richest haul ever made by salvage divers was the recovery of the gold from the *Laurentic*. The *Laurentic* left England for America in 1917, carrying \$25,000,000 to pay for American munitions. It was torpedoed off the coast of Donegal, with a loss of 354 of its crew. The ship sank 120 feet. Britain could ill afford such a loss at the time, and desperate efforts were made to salvage the wreck, or at least its treasure. But the Germans learned of their attempts, and harried the salvagers with submarines.

On one occasion a submarine attacked a salvage vessel on the scene at a time when a diver was below, looking for the wreck. There was nothing to do but run for it, and the diver felt himself jerked off his feet and dragged through the water at a terrific pace. The crew on the diver's life-line hauled away as their ship fled, and he was brought to the surface bewildered but unharmed.

The *Laurentic* had sunk in an exposed position, where storms frequently scattered the salvage fleet, and strong under-surface currents made work difficult. The year after the armistice \$2,500,000 was recovered before winter set in. The next year the *Laurentic* had been so badly crushed by the pressure of the water that divers were forced to blast her apart to get at the compartment containing the gold. They kept at it year after year, until practically all the money was recovered.

WHAT is considered the greatest feat of raising an entire ship was the recovery by the Italians of the flagship of their battle fleet, the *Leonardo da Vinci*. The *Leonardo da Vinci* was blown up and sunk by an enemy time-bomb in Taranto harbor, in the Gulf of Taranto. The 24,000-ton battle cruiser sank in thirty-six feet of water, and, what made it worse, sank upside down. As in the case of our own S-type submarines, it was a matter of pride with the Italians to recover it. Naval engineers used Professor Milne's idea of floating the *Leonardo* on air. Divers first went down and removed everything possible—fuel, munitions, furnishings. Then the great hole in the hull was roughly mended with great steel patches, made water-tight by layers of rubber on inner surfaces. Then they sank great steel pontoons alongside. Thus patched and cradled in the pontoons, the *Leonardo* would have floated, but the ship's being upside down presented added difficulties. In that position, her funnels and superstructure would draw so much water that she could not be moved into a dry dock.

So, working from the inside, divers cut off funnels and gun-turrets with acetylene torches. Then the *Leonardo* and the pontoons were pumped out, and up they came, leaving funnels and guns buried in the sand and mud. The battleship was taken to dry dock, still inverted, and in that position it was completely repaired. Then came the great day, and the populace

lined the hills overlooking the harbor. The *Leonardo* was towed into the bay; ballast tanks on one side were filled with water, and finally the great hulk rolled over, right side up. Her salvagers had added a theatrical touch that drove the crowd into a frenzy of cheering. While the ship was in dry dock, they had painted on the deck a quotation of da Vinci: "The evil men do will right itself."

Sometimes there occurs in harbor waters a wreck that seriously impedes navigation. Not long ago a Hudson River passenger liner, the *Washington Irving*, just leaving its pier, collided with a freighter. The captain of the liner got his vessel almost back into the pier before it sank. It was an old vessel, and its condition made the great expense of raising it a gamble; but a pier is too valuable to be left permanently out of commission, so the liner was raised.

A freighter, *El Sol*, was rammed and sunk in harbor waters by another ship in a fog. The mast of the wreck just showed its tip above low tide and provided as great an obstruction as a wrecked bus in the middle of Fifth Avenue. After a survey of the damage, the ship's owners declared they didn't want the wreck. The owners had both vessel and cargo insured. But the underwriters didn't want *El Sol*, either, for the cost of raising and reconditioning it was estimated to be as much as the price of a new ship. All that was thought worth saving was the mixed cargo of copper, lead, and cotton.

So a diving crew went to work. For months, working in eight-hour shifts twenty-four hours a day, they prowled about the hold of *El Sol* with their electric lights, slinging bundles of the cargo into cradles which were lifted through the hatches and onto surface ships by derricks. But the wreck was still there, a menace that must be cautiously detoured.

In the case of an orphan wreck in harbor waters, the United States Engineering Corps finds the wreck on its doorstep. The engineers must get it out, for maintaining the waterways is part of their job. So in the case of *El Sol*, a survey of the damage was made, and the task of salvage thrown open to bidders. *El Sol* is still in the harbor. When the engineers accept the winning bid, then a crew of divers will go to work. They may patch the wreck under water, attach some pontoons for added buoyancy, and float it up. Or, if it is too badly damaged to be floated, they may use dynamite and blow the vessel into fragments small enough to be lifted by derricks.

A weird tale of a ghost ship rising to the surface for an instant was recently brought into Halifax, Nova Scotia, by the crew of a steam trawler. They had been trawling at night on the fishing banks, when one of their trawls caught in something heavy. Thinking they might have caught Frances Grayson's missing airplane, the *Dawn*, which disappeared a short time before, they set the winches going. As they hauled away, the masts and gleaming decks of the *Columbia*, pride of the American schooner racing fleet, broke the surface of the waves and hung for an instant on the sea like the Flying Dutchman's spectre ship. The weight was too much for the trawler's tackle, and the cables snapped. Once again the *Columbia* plunged below. That trim little racer had gone down in a furious hurricane in August, 1927, car-

rying with her every member of her crew of twenty. Now that her location is known, salvagers may get to work and bring the *Columbia* once more to the surface, where she may again reign as the queen of the schooner fleet.

Just as the raising of the *Columbia* for that fleeting moment was unexpected, so is the whole business of salvage largely a gamble, according to a veteran of the game. "No two jobs are the same, and you never have a precedent to go by," he says.

"The circumstances of each wreck present a separate problem—its location, size, the extent of its damage, the time of the year—all the surrounding details make it a brand-new puzzle to solve. So we must be equipped to tackle we know not what. Most of our work is done on vessels that are not completely submerged, for a majority of wrecks are ships that have gone aground in storms or fog.

"Sometimes, when a vessel has grounded, it can be floated at high tide when the cargo is removed. Often its hull is so damaged that it must be patched well enough to keep it afloat, and then taken to dry dock for thorough repairs."

He told of a wreck several years ago, on an island west of Jamaica. The ship was loaded with mahogany logs, the largest of which weighed eleven tons. A salvage ship went down there from its New York base.

"We floated the big logs ashore, on an almost barren island having a population of 150 natives. Then we patched the bottom and left the logs ashore. We took the wreck to Newport News, repaired it properly, steamed it back to the island, and then floated the logs back on. There was no precedent for handling a cargo like that, and I'll admit it taxed our ingenuity."

The salvage business, he declares, is not what it used to be. Each year the Lighthouse Service puts more aids to navigation in American waters, and other civilized countries do the same. So each year there are fewer wrecks along the North Atlantic coast.

"Right now," he says, "most of our work is being done in the West Indies, where there are not so many traffic signals. But there are still enough local wrecks to keep us busy. We keep a salvage vessel at our pier with steam up and completely equipped to undertake any kind of a job within half an hour. We keep in close touch with wireless reports, and when we hear of a wreck, we may start our ship out without waiting for a request for help from the owners. When we get alongside we offer our services, and if the captain makes a deal with us, we begin immediately."

The rate of pay has the same basis as it did in the days of Perseus. It is determined according to the value of the wreck, the risk involved in saving it, and the difficulties encountered. Frequently the contract is on the no-save, no-pay plan.

IT HAS taken the stories of the *S-4* and the *S-57* to persuade the public of the difficulties of marine salvage. In a calm lake almost any undertaking would be easy, but the ceaseless roll of the ocean and the bitter storms that may spring up at any time make it something else again.

Says one of the most experienced men in the game: "We often have to persuade people not to spend their money. A few weeks ago two coal barges sank off the New Jersey coast—and, incidentally, four lives were lost. The owners asked us to salvage the cargoes. We learned that the wrecks were eleven miles at sea, and at a relatively great depth. We advised against any attempt to recover the coal.

"Do you mean to say it is impossible?" the owners asked.

"No," we replied, "but the cost will be several times greater than the value of the coal."

Both navy and commercial salvage workers are always on the alert for new methods of operation. Whenever a great disaster occurs, hundreds of persons rush forth with sure-fire inventions. Immediately after the *S-4* disaster, the Navy Department in Washington was deluged with suggestions. These were all carefully considered. At the scene of the wreck anybody who professed to have a suggestion was thoughtfully consulted by Rear-Admiral Brumby and his staff. Practically none was practical; but at the naval court of inquiry into the disaster it was testified that the means by which air was finally pumped into the torpedo room, too late to

(Continued on page 56)

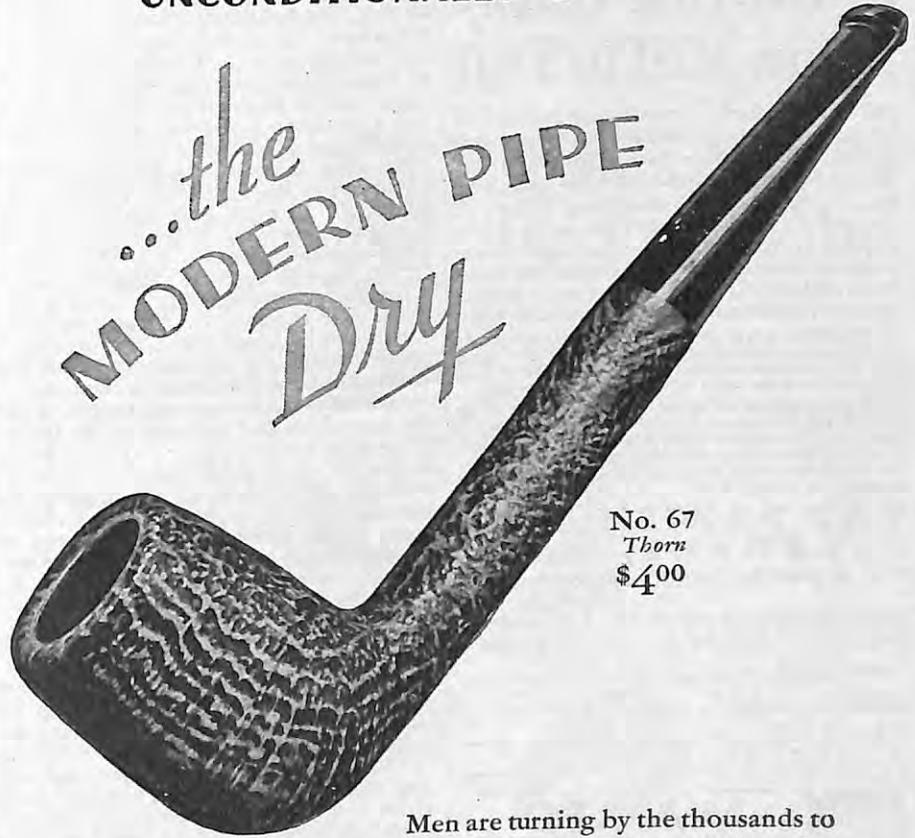
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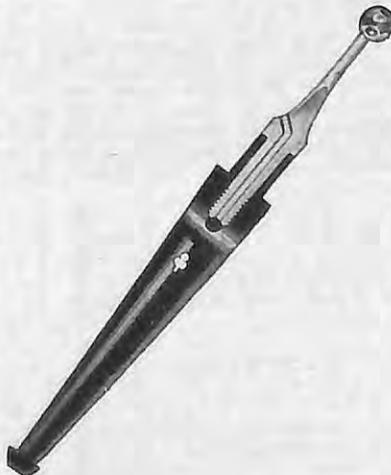
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Down in the Sea for Ships

(Continued from page 55)

save the lives of six men there, was suggested by a submarine officer on the Pacific coast.

One private operator says his company has a file a foot thick of schemes for raising wrecks that have been submitted by confident inventors. He related that one Chicago man was so sure that he had the one perfect method of salvage that he demanded that the company post a bond before he would reveal his secret. The company persuaded him that its reputation was such that no bond was needed, and finally the Chicagoan journeyed to New York.

"He brought into the president's office," said the operator, "a huge cardboard box, carefully covered. He insisted that only the president be in the room. In about twenty minutes he came out, carrying his box. I found the president in his office, almost prostrated from laughter. It seems that the inventor had rigged up the box with a model ship inside, with an intricate cradle of cables around its hull.

"That's a fine cradle you have designed," the president told the inventor. "Yes, sir, that's a fine cradle. It would carry the load, all right. But tell me one thing. How are we to get the cradle under a ship?"

"Oh," said the inventor. "That's up to you."

And that was the big difficulty with the raising of the *S-51* and the *S-4*. Submarines of that size cannot be lifted bodily, and even if they could, it would still be necessary to put cables under their keels. No hooks or rings on a submarine's side would be strong enough to stand the tremendous pull necessary to lift the ship. A few years ago an inventor tried out a machine he thought would revolutionize salvage by permitting men to work at far greater depths than they can reach now. It was a steel chamber, heavy enough to withstand great pressure, and enabling men to work in it under normal atmospheric conditions. Drilling and other work was done by machinery on the outside of the chamber. The apparatus was mounted on a caterpillar tractor which could "walk" along the ocean bottom from a beach.

To test the invention, a submarine chaser was sunk off Whitestone Landing, Long Island. The chamber walked alongside the sunken sub chaser, and men within drilled holes in the vessel's sides. In these holes were hooked steel pontoons, which were pumped out in orthodox fashion. Instead of bringing the wreck up, the pontoons pulled loose, tore to the surface and leaped twenty feet or more in the air.

WHEN the *S-4* sank, Navy critics were outspoken. Why couldn't it be lifted? Although the largest derrick ships on the Atlantic coast were rushed to Provincetown, they were useless, for they could lift only a fraction of the weight. It is estimated that it would take two derrick lighters the size of the *Leviathan* to haul up a submarine of the *S* type, and the Government is now building V types two and three times as heavy. Some critics, notably the fishermen of Provincetown, asked, "Why don't they get a few battleships up here and tow the submarine into shallower water, where it will be easier to work?"

Lieutenant-Commander Edward Ellsberg, director of salvage operations, and the man who triumphed in bringing the *S-51* up, answered that, and many more questions. "An *S* boat," he said, "half filled with water, weighs more than 400 tons. It takes more power to drag an object than to lift it, as is proved every time a ship weighs anchor. The vessel does not pull the anchor laterally through the mud, but instead is hauled ahead herself by the anchor windlass until the chain is vertical when the anchor breaks free.

"It would take a pull of 4,000 tons to drag that submarine, and no attachment of chains can be made that would stand the strain."

Then Ellsberg told the story of the *S-19*, which was not sunk, but beached in a storm 100 feet beyond the water-line. Here was a fine opportunity to work. The vessel was not flooded, and workers need not put on diving suits. Tunnels could easily be dug under the keel, and it was a down-hill pull. Yet it took four months' work and cost \$100,000 to get the *S-19* back in the element it was designed for.

The sinking of the *S-51* off Block Island, in

Long Island Sound, provided a laboratory for the most advanced kind of salvage work. The knowledge gained in the task has been of inestimable value. The *S-51* went down in more than 100 feet of water in September, 1925. It was not until the following July that it was brought to a dry dock in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and opened. Commander Ellsberg and Captain King, in charge of the work, soon determined that the undersea boat must be floated on air. When Spring came, with calmer seas, there were weeks of the most dangerous kind of work before a handful of hardened old deep-sea divers. First, they had to make as much as possible of the submarine watertight. It was an eerie job, groping through the narrow passageways of the craft and encountering the bodies of the crew. Removing what bodies could be easily reached, the divers set about closing valves and hatchways, and cutting away wreckage. Pipes that could not be stopped any other way were filled with concrete pumped down from above.

Then, at four points along the keel they tunneled through the mud and dragged cables beneath the wreck. It was a strange way of tunneling, without shovels. The men used powerful jets of water pumped from a salvage vessel to clear away the mud and sand before them. These tunnels had to be mathematically placed under certain frames of the submarine, in order that the lifting strain might be equalized.

Then eight pontoons were sunk alongside the wreck, the cables were tightened, and the water pumped from both the wreck and the pontoons. The first attempt at floating the *S-51* failed, for one end came up prematurely. In a wild sea, men scrambled on the pontoons that had floated up and, at the risk of their lives, opened valves that let in water and sank the big barrels again. The second try was successful, and months of dangerous work were rewarded by the sight of the crushed conning-tower of the submarine. One end of the *S-51* grounded in East River a short distance from the Navy Yard in Brooklyn, and one set of pontoons had again to be sunk, fastened, and pumped out.

That sort of job is what a private salvage operator would call commercially impossible. He means that the wreck saved is not worth the cost of the saving. The *S-51*'s hull was mended, but her rusted, acid-eaten machinery has not been repaired, and it is improbable that she will ever be reconditioned. She was brought up by the Navy as a point of honor, and to recover the bodies of the men who died in her. It is the same case with the *S-4*.

The United States was confronted with another "commercially impossible" job in the raising of the *Maine*, which sank in Havana Harbor in 1898. One of the most costly methods of salvage known was used. A private concern had estimated a cost of \$1,000,000 for the work, and it proposed to do it the cheapest way—by blowing the wreck to pieces. But the Cuban government would have no blasting in its harbor. So a dam was built around the wreck, the water pumped out, and the badly damaged parts of the battleship removed piece-meal. Half of the *Maine* was repaired, floated, taken out of the harbor with ceremony and sunk at sea.

The most extensive salvage job ever undertaken is the work of a London shipbreaker, C. F. Cox. He has been engaged for years in raising the German navy. As Henry Ford did with a fleet of war craft, he breaks the ships up and uses their steel. Cox sells it for junk.

By the terms of the Armistice, the Germans surrendered their fleet of seventy-two ships, headed by the 27,000-ton battle cruiser *Hindenburg*. They delivered it at Scapa Flow, and in June, 1919, the crews opened flood valves and sank every vessel.

One of the craft obtained by the British elsewhere from the Germans was a floating dock, 400 feet long, used for the repair of U-boats. Cox bought it, thinking to break it up and sell the steel. He had actually begun dismantling it when he got an idea. Why not use it to raise the German fleet? Cox bought the right to salvage the fleet from the British admiralty for a small sum, and the admiralty was glad enough to get that much for what was once a \$200,000,000 fleet. Cox sawed the dock in two, making two huge barges 200 feet long and 80 wide.

Then he proceeded to use the plan which failed when Tracey tried to raise the *Royal George*. Ten cables were dragged beneath a wreck and attached to ten winches on each of the barges. The barges themselves were partly filled with water, so they sank eight feet lower than usual. Then, as the tide ebbed, the man in charge of operations commanded his crew through a megaphone, like a movie director staging a mob scene.

"Take twenty turns!" Crews on the twenty winches would take twenty turns, and the wreck would be lifted an inch and a half. "Twenty more!" And the men would strain away. By low tide, the cables would be as taut as necessary. Then the barges, weighted on the outside to keep them from capsizing under the strain, were pumped out, giving a lift of eight feet. As the tide flowed, an additional eight feet of lift would be gained, and the wreck thus was pulled high off the bottom.

The barges were towed as far inshore as possible until the wreck grounded again. Then another hitch was taken, and so on, until the wreck was maneuvered into a dry dock. While a crew on the dock began cutting up the barnacle-crusted craft, the barges went back for more. Each ship raised brings between \$10,000 and \$15,000.

Some of the German ships that were scuttled did not sink, but were beached, and these were more easily saved by the admiralty. It is believed that more than fifty, however, sank outright. Up to this year, Cox has recovered twenty-two destroyers and the battleships *Hindenburg* and *Moltke*, whose price as junk is estimated at \$135,000 each.

IN THE case of the big ships, Cox's barges were aided by pontoons, and the raising of the *Moltke*, which had turned turtle, ranked with the Italian feat of recovering the *Leonardo da Vinci*.

The sea now imposes a deadline on salvage work, and anything that sinks below that deadline will remain lost until new methods are perfected. This deadline stands around 304 feet, the depth to which the *F-4* sank off Honolulu. The record established by navy men when they went down to the *F-4* has never been beaten, and at that great depth they suffered untold hardships.

According to Commander Ellsberg, there are few deep-sea divers left in the country, and these are mostly Navy men or men trained by Navy divers. The day after the *S-4* went down, sixty undersea adventurers were mustered in Provincetown, or on the salvage fleet, or were on their way there. One of these was Chief Gunner's Mate Thomas Eadie. Eadie got the Congressional Medal of Honor from President Coolidge for the work he did on that job.

A modest, laconic fellow, Eadie, with Carr and Michels, and a few others, was a veteran of the *S-57* job. On the Sunday following the Saturday the *S-4* sank, Eadie had discovered life aboard the submersible, and frantic efforts were being made to get air to the trapped men. Night came, and with it a wind that rocked the salvage vessel *Falcon*. Fred Michels went down to put an air hose on the compartment salvage line—a measure that, later carried out, proved useless. The *Falcon* yawed in the waves above him, and Michels' life and air lines snapped up and slapped him prone on the *S-4's* deck. Fearful that a tautened line might snap, the *Falcon* crew paid out slack on Michels' lines, and these, fouling on either side of him, rendered him helpless. He telephoned for help.

Eadie put on several layers of thick clothing, for the water down below was only two degrees above freezing, and then donned his diving suit. The helmet was fitted in place, and Eadie slid down Michels' lines. Michels was unconscious. He crawled over the wreckage made by the collision with the *Paulding*, to free Michels' lines on one side. A jagged point of metal tore the leg of his suit. In an instant freezing water had filtered in up to his neck. Pressure in the helmet kept it from going farther, but Eadie had to be careful of his balance, for if he upset, that precious bubble of air might be driven elsewhere.

He freed the lines on one side. But they were caught on another, so tightly that he could not pull them loose without danger of breaking the air hose. He telephoned for a hack saw, and for nearly an hour, neck deep in water and under

(Continued on page 58)

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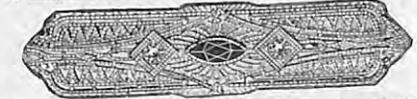
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Down in the Sea for Ships

(Continued from page 57)



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terrific pressure, he sawed patiently away until the metal projection that fouled the lines was cut away.

"Pull Mike up," he telephoned. "Stop!" His line had become fouled with the other's. Then suddenly, Michels wasn't there. Unable to regulate the valves in his helmet, Michels had allowed the air-pressure to become so great that it floated him up. Eadie just grabbed his feet as he zoomed upward. Eadie pulled him down and let out some air. Then he untangled the lines, and was about to give the signal to haul away when Michels disappeared again.

Then Eadie felt himself being drawn up. There was no stop half-way up, as usual, to get him accustomed to the change in pressure. On the surface, in the light from the *Falcon*, the helpless Michels bobbed. Both men were hauled aboard and put in the decompression chamber.

Eadie's first thought was for the man he had saved. "He looked like a cold-storage bird," he told a Naval court of inquiry afterwards. "We cut his suit off him. He was so stiff you couldn't bend him. Four of us just beat the devil out of him to bring him to."

In those first weeks of effort to raise the *S-4* many a diver faced death, and some escaped it as narrowly as Michels did. One pair were below, working from either side along a certain frame of the submarine, blowing a hole under the

keel with their fire hose. The nozzle is mounted on a heavy weight which will withstand the back-kick of the high-pressure stream of water. A diver aims the jet ahead, and as it washes sand and clay away, he follows into the hole. One of the divers, Smith, suddenly discovered that a cave-in from the rear had imprisoned him. There he was, buried in earth, and above that 120 feet of water. He telephoned for help, but before his partner worked over to him he had reversed his nozzle and had blown a path back out. The mishap didn't even scare him. He went right on with his tunneling.

Good divers are more than just divers. They must know in great detail ship construction. The men who grope in the submerged German fleet, closing valves that were opened to sink the vessels, must know where to look. They must avoid falling into open hatchways, and a thousand lurking deaths. They must be first-rate mechanics, able to use acetylene torches under water, to cut away wreckage, or to replace a broken hatch cover with a new one. For his great bravery and sagacity, Eadie received the highest honor this country can bestow. Well did he deserve it; but no one will deny that this gesture by President Coolidge was by inference a decoration of a whole host of men—civilian and uniformed—who dare do blood stirring things when they go down in the sea for ships.

Annual Conference of the District Deputies

(Continued from page 34)

Foundation when it is organized, all will need money. Increased prosperity of THE ELKS MAGAZINE will play a large part in meeting these financial needs and in further relieving the individual member from the burden of assessments.

"There is another way in which you can help. We are anxious to print the news of subordinate Lodge activities. We will make room for as much of this news, and news of the State Associations as we can get. But we cannot print it unless it is sent in to us. You can help by suggesting, in your visitations, that every Lodge have one man, or a committee, who will be charged with the duty of sending us the news of that Lodge every month. We keep accurate records and we can tell that there are an astonishing number of Lodges that never send us their news. That should not be. Every Lodge is entitled to representation in our columns and we want them to have it. But they must send us their news themselves.

"ONE more point: At the request of any Lodge we shall be glad to send THE ELKS MAGAZINE, free of charge, to the hospitals and libraries of their communities. We cannot do this on the request of an individual, but if any Lodge will ask us to we will gladly do so.

"The success of THE ELKS MAGAZINE in the past has been due in a large measure to the whole-hearted cooperation of the District Deputies and the officers of subordinate Lodges. They have always shown themselves ready to put a shoulder to the wheel and I am sure that, knowing our problems, you too will do splendid work for us. It has been a pleasure to meet you personally and a privilege to be able to talk with you about THE ELKS MAGAZINE. I appreciate greatly the interest you have displayed to-day, and in the group conferences of yesterday. I thank you, in advance for the help I feel you are going to give the magazine, and I hope you will all have a very happy and successful year."

The next speaker to be introduced was Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, Chairman of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, who said:

"Grand Exalted Ruler, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, Grand Lodge Officers and my Brother Elks: What I have to say will be brief, for the very good reason that with respect to the building, since the inauguration of these District Deputy meetings in 1922, by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Mountain, I believe, either Brother Fanning, or myself, or both of us,

has spoken in each succeeding year of matters concerning THE ELKS MAGAZINE and the building; so to us and to many of you, perhaps, it is an old story.

"The inception and conception of this great building—perhaps I should call it a Memorial and Headquarters Building, for it really is both—were interesting, especially during the years of its construction. Now, the building practically speaks for itself.

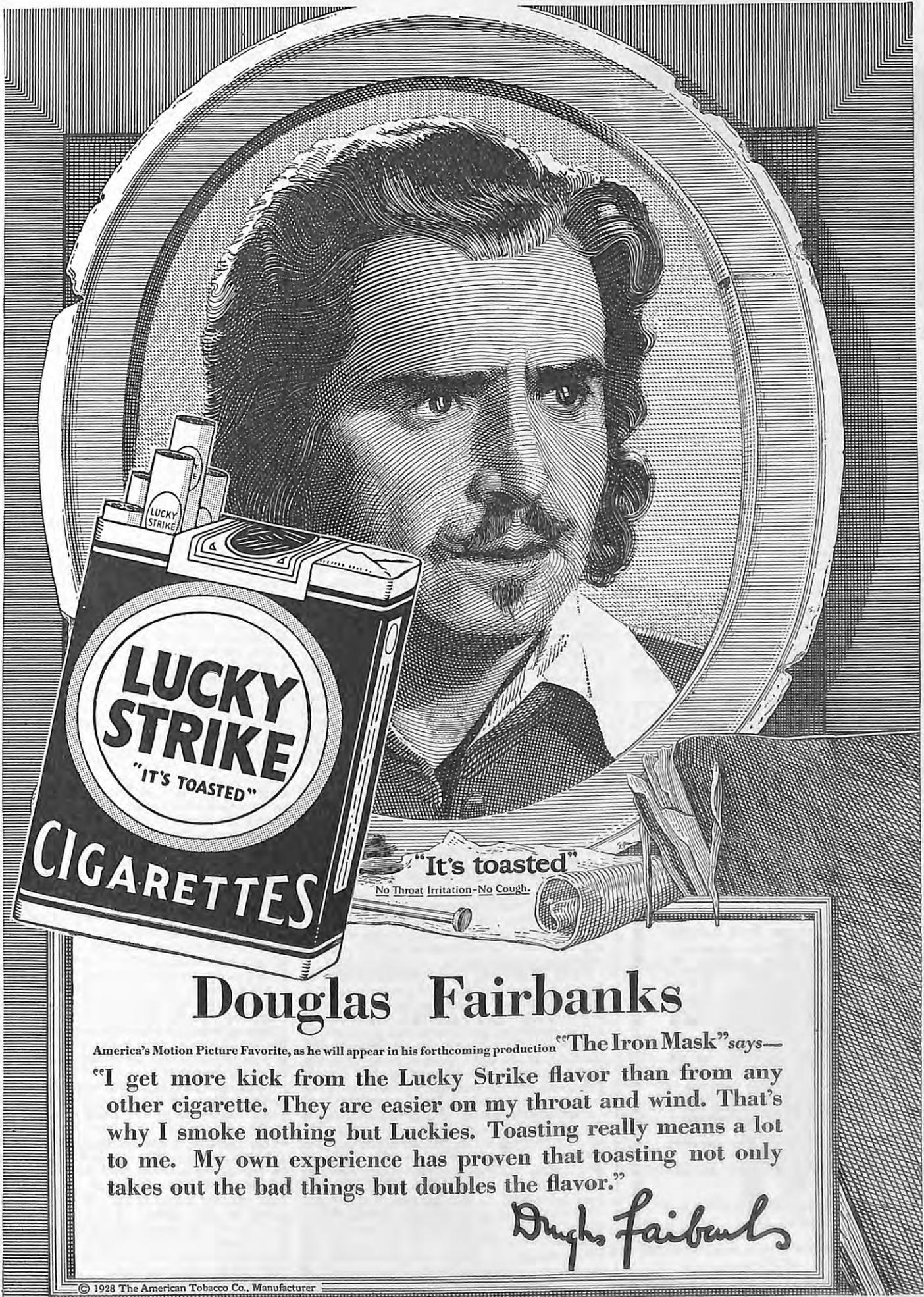
"It was a happy idea of the Grand Exalted Ruler, in my opinion, that he should call you to meet in the building for the important conferences yesterday, when you had an opportunity to meet with not only the Grand Exalted Ruler, but with the Grand Secretary and with Brother Fanning, who is at the head of our splendid publication, so that you might all view this edifice and, as you go about among your Lodges, know whereof you speak regarding it.

"The building was conceived in 1921 and its erection begun about the year 1922. The first assessment was made in 1921. We first called for an assessment of one dollar, and the following year for sixty-five cents. Then, one year elapsed when no assessment was made, and thereafter were two assessments, one of a dollar and the last, of forty-five cents, so that altogether the assessments which each member of the Order, who was a member in the years from 1921 to 1926 paid were \$3.10, an aggregate of \$2,500,000, which was the amount the Grand Lodge had appropriated. From the membership, therefore, there was collected only \$3.10 per capita.

"The building was erected, and it was evident that that amount would not furnish the decorations and embellishments for it. As explained by Brother Fanning, the necessary balance came from the surplus earnings of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

"Now, you have all seen the building. You will probably be asked, as you go about, what is its purpose, what it cost, and why should the Elks be burdened with the expense of maintaining it. I might say that the real estate itself cost something over \$370,000. The larger portion, or \$350,000 was for the land on which the building stands. The balance of \$20,000 was for the additional lot in the rear, bought as a protection against encroachment. That you may know how the real estate has increased in value, and that the Commission bought wisely, I might repeat what I said at Miami: that for the small lot in the rear, an area of 50 by 150 feet, we have already been

(Continued on page 60)



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Annual Conference of the District Deputies

(Continued from page 58)

offered \$150,000. If such values obtained for the balance of our property we could dispose of it for more than \$2,000,000. We have been asked to lease the air rights over that lot, should we not desire to sell it outright, so that the realtors, when they build, may have an unobstructed view to the Lake, except for our low building and its low wings. We are negotiating with them now and if our negotiations are completed we will secure from them not only a nice cash return, but a help in the maintenance of our building.

"When you are asked the purpose of the building you can say that among other things it is to commemorate and keep alive the memory of those who died during the war, some 1,100 of our Brothers, as well as a tribute to the 70,000 more who served in the cause of world liberty. Our building, as erected, is more than justified. Not only is it a Memorial, but it houses our headquarters, the offices of our Grand Secretary, and also the western agency of our Magazine.

"I WANT to thank the Grand Exalted Ruler for the opportunity to come again and meet with you here. Surely do I join him in his belief and his confidence that such a body of men as is represented here can best sell this great Order of ours, and resell it to our membership, and create a greater admiration for our Order in the several communities in which our Lodges are located throughout the United States. I sincerely hope you will all carry home with you the spirit of this meeting and that you will all prove the live sparks of Elksdom in the communities from which you come, so that our Order may not only increase in membership, but that it may continue to be the great force for good in your respective communities. I thank you."

The Grand Exalted Ruler introduced next members of the enlarged Committee on Good of the Order. Charles C. Bradley, of Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142; Dr. Carroll Smith, of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, were present. Past Esteemed Leading Knight Robert S. Barrett, of Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758, was abroad, and John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336, also was unable to attend the conference. The Chairman of the Committee, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, made the following address:

"Grand Exalted Ruler and my Brothers—The Good of the Order Committee was originally designed to act in such matters as successive Grand Exalted Rulers might refer to it. In the past, its reports of an affirmative or negative character have had a strong influence in determining the attitude of the Grand Lodge on many serious and important problems and policies. At Miami, at the last Grand Lodge Session, this Committee was increased in number and broadened in its scope and its possibilities. Already, the Grand Exalted Ruler has outlined activities for the committee which offer it wonderful possibilities for accomplishment.

"The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is a great corporation, fraternal it is true, but nevertheless depending upon the same elements and the same activities as are essential to the success of any commercial or industrial enterprise. The Grand Exalted Ruler has asked the Good of the Order Committee to act in the first instance as the business analyst of this great corporation, and in that work we want your cooperation; we need your assistance.

"Let us take a brief view of this corporation we are asked to analyze—the corporation extending over the entire breadth of our country, and as far as the flag of our country flies! Do you realize, my Brothers, that it has assets of \$100,000,000? Do you know that its income last year amounted to \$30,500,000—that its expenses amounted to \$30,000,000—leaving \$500,000, or a half a million dollars, to be carried as a surplus in this organization, which I characterize as a corporation, and which includes all the subordinate Lodges of our Order? Do you know it spent last year for charitable purposes \$2,500,000, nearly 10 per cent. of this great income that it has? Surely here is an organization worthy of study.

"Over this corporation presides the Grand

Exalted Ruler. Custom and the demands of the local groups of stockholders, the subordinate Lodges of our Order, require that the Grand Exalted Ruler devote a great deal of his time to visiting those local groups, leaving him little opportunity for a careful analysis of conditions in each of these groups. It is difficult even for you District Deputies, who may be likened to the field supervisors of the corporation, though you function earnestly and intelligently and make your reports clearly, promptly and faithfully.

"The work of the Grand Exalted Ruler is executive and inspirational, and he has little time for the sort of an analysis that he has asked this committee to perform, and in which the committee expects that you will render most helpful and important service.

"What this corporation that I am attempting to picture here has to sell is its own stock, carrying rights to fraternity, good fellowship, benevolence and patriotism. It has 1,500 selling organizations, and something over 800,000 salesmen. It becomes your duty as field supervisors to see that each one of these selling agencies is functioning earnestly, efficiently and effectively, and that these 800,000 salesmen are selling Elksdom every day to the citizens of their communities.

"It is the duty of the Good of the Order Committee to study the conditions in the territory which is under the jurisdiction of each one of you, noting the advantages and helpful and effective activities in the section and making constructive suggestions.

"Did any of you ever see a corporation with 1,500 selling agencies, each one of which was operating successfully? Of course, you didn't. And the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks isn't any exception to the rule. We have selling agencies that are operating successfully, and we have selling agencies that are not operating successfully. Why the loss [of membership in some cases] and why the gain? Those are the things that this Committee, with your assistance, desires to learn.

"We want to transmit the successful activities of one section to those sections where the activities are not as successful. Let us learn what these successful methods are, and let us assist the Brothers in the sections that are not successful, in adopting them and putting them into execution! What is good for one city or section is good for another. What will work in California will work in Texas; what is effective in Pennsylvania will be effective in Illinois. Why should the membership of our Order in New Jersey, for instance, comprise 17 out of each 1,000 of population, and in Texas about 3? Why should the membership in Massachusetts reach about 12 to each 1,000 inhabitants, and in Minnesota less than 5?

"In the last fiscal year of this corporation we are talking about there were added 61,000 customers; 10,000 were lost by death. Now, if all of the old customers of this corporation of ours had remained on the books there would have been an increase of 51,000.

"It becomes our duty to learn why these conditions exist, and you are going to hear more from us directly later by letter in our efforts to learn just what influences are at work. We want to know what these causes are. That is your job and our job—why should our old customers leave us?

"One thought that comes to us is the question as to whether or not we have been spending so much money on marble palaces, gilded halls, costly tapestry and rugs that the stockholders of our corporation can not stand the expense of the annual dues. If so, we had better go back to the simple manners and methods, and the simple ways of the earlier days. If we have been building houses so expensive that we can't afford to own, operate or live in them, then, perhaps we had better sell them, take our loss, and go back to the rented quarters on the third floor rear, where we probably had the best times we have had, anyway.

"Another thought is: Have we been using high-pressure selling methods, and, as is always the case in methods of that character, making sales that are not final and permanent? Have we, as the result of drives and high pressure

selling methods, been making what we thought were sales, but which were not actual sales, and thus confronted with the necessity of making re-sales? If so, let us substitute the method of making our products so good and so well known that they will sell themselves, and when a man is once sold then he remains sold. It becomes the duty of the Committee on Good of the Order to learn more about that situation, and in that we want your assistance.

"Have we lost those Brothers for good? Can we get them back? What is the proper and most effective method of getting them back? More work for the Good of the Order Committee, and more work for the District Deputies! Undoubtedly we can secure new customers for this corporation of ours without any unusual effort. . . . Now, the question is: How are we going to hold those that we have? New ones we can apparently secure. What other causes are at work effecting our advance and our growth in one section and causing us to stand still and go backward in another section? Are charitable and social community welfare activities, to which Lodges in some states give their money and their efforts so earnestly and so generously, a factor in creating a standard for the Order in those states that causes thousands of our citizens eagerly to seek membership in the Order? Some of the soundest thinking members of our Order believe that this is so.

"The members of the Grand Lodge at Miami were influenced not only by a desire to serve humanity but also, I am sure, by a desire to serve our Order, when at the session there they unanimously accepted the report of the Elks National Foundation Committee, and adopted, subject to the approval of the subordinate Lodges, the proposal for the establishment of this great endowment fund, the greatest humanitarian enterprise upon which our Order or, in my opinion, any other Order has ever embarked. We cannot doubt that the subordinate Lodges will approve the action of the Grand Lodge at Miami, and that soon this wonderful endowment proposition will actually be brought into being.

"It becomes your duty to inform the members of our Order in your respective districts about this great enterprise. It follows, therefore, that your first duty is to be well informed about it yourself. Let me suggest that you take THE ELKS MAGAZINE of the August issue and turn to page 35, and read what Grand Exalted Ruler Malley said at the Opening Exercises at Miami, relative to this great humanitarian enterprise upon which we are embarking.

"TELL the membership, that the Grand Lodge at Miami started this fund with an initial appropriation of \$100,000. Tell them, too, that a thousand members of the Order are going to subscribe to a Foundation membership at \$1,000 each which makes another million dollars, and tell them when you were at the District Deputies' Meeting in Chicago, you saw (indicating) the first check that was drawn as a contribution to this Foundation; that it was a personal check of \$1,000 for one of those Foundation memberships, and that it bore the signature of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning.

"Tell them also—and let me remind you, my Brothers, that these contributions I am referring to now have come in before this Foundation Fund is actually accepted by the subordinate Lodges and in existence—these Brothers and Lodges of the organization are way ahead of the game—tell them that you saw a check (indicating) for \$1,000 for another one of those Foundation memberships, and that it was the first check drawn by a Lodge for such Foundation membership, and that it was from New York Lodge No. 1.

"Tell them that the first State Association that came in on this was the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, and tell them that Pennsylvania didn't stop at \$1,000, but they made out a check for \$2,500.

"Tell them that this proposition isn't entirely for men who can contribute \$1,000 or Lodges that can contribute \$1,000 or State Associations that can contribute \$2,500, because one man, at least, has already recognized that there is opportunity for the little fellow in this campaign, and Joe Hart, an old-time member of the Elks in Pennsylvania, has sent in his check for \$5.00.

(Continued on page 62)



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Annual Conference of the District Deputies

(Continued from page 61)

"Tell them also that on the desk of the Grand Exalted Ruler in New York City there is a will already drawn, waiting for signature, which will be executed as soon as this Fund is actually in being, drawn by a man who joined this Order in 1871, when it was a very few years old, and which provides that his entire estate after the death of his sister, who is about the same age as he, sixty years old, shall go to this Fund.

"Tell them that after Brother Fanning's organization in THE ELKS MAGAZINE has finished paying for those buildings down in Bedford, Va., at the Elks National Home, the magazine will present a possible source of future contribution to this Fund running into hundreds of thousands of dollars annually.

"Tell them from how many different sources and in how many forms contributions can be made to this Fund which will undoubtedly in a very satisfactory short time grow into a fund of millions of dollars, the income of which will carry the beneficences of our Order throughout the land, bringing comfort, sustenance, courage and hope to the handicapped, the underprivileged and the suffering.

"Tell them that they will be allowed not only to assist in the creation and development of this Fund, but actually they will be given the opportunity to assist in the formation of agencies through which this great fund will be distributed, an activity which I am sure you will agree, my Brothers, will do much to make membership in the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks something to be greatly desired, greatly sought, and most proudly boasted of.

"When you accepted that appointment as District Deputy this year you didn't accept an invitation to a tea party unless it was one of the type of the Boston Tea Party of a few hundred years ago. The Grand Exalted Ruler is going to do his part, and I am sure we are going to do ours. Let me remind you that your appointment was not merely honor and glory, but it represented a job—a job which gives you opportunity to show what you are made of, to perform some service, and show what you can accomplish.

"Let me close with the suggestion that we all go forth from here to-day realizing that we have work to perform, and determined to devote the very best we have to the successful consummation of that work."

UPON the completion of Mr. Nicholson's address, the Grand Exalted Ruler commented further on the Elks National Foundation, pointing out that only the interest of the Foundation Fund, when established, will be used and that the principal will remain intact. He then introduced the members of the Board of Grand Trustees, all of whom were present, in the order named, Richard P. Rooney, of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, John K. Burch, of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, Clyde Jennings, of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321, Dr. Ralph Hagan, of Los Angeles, Cal., Lodge, No. 99, and Chairman Edward W. Cotter, of Hartford, Conn., Lodge, No. 19. Mr. Cotter spoke regarding the Elks National Home, in part, as follows:

"Grand Exalted Ruler and my Brothers: One of the outstanding projects of the Order which, if it continues to grow at the same rate it has grown this year, will be the major one, is the Elks National Home, at Bedford, Va. There is none like it in the country, or in the world, situated as it is in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, ideal as to location, blessed with a delightful climate, a restful place for the aged and less fortunate of our Brothers to spend the twilight of their lives.

"As District Deputies you will be asked many questions regarding the Elks National Home. We furnish the residents with food, clothing, tobacco, stationary and stamps. Barbers come to the Home once a week to take care of the Brothers' requirements. Part of the food is furnished from our own farm and a dairy herd of twenty-five cows supply practically all the milk needed. Motion pictures are shown once a week.

"With all these necessities and entertainment



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furnished, it would seem that a resident has little use for cash, but we find that a Brother who has a little money to spend is much happier and contented. Most Lodges are willing to send their members a small amount of cash each month. Numerous Lodges have seen fit to contribute in many ways to the comfort of the residents, either by cash donations or by candy, fruit, clothes, victrola records, books, and so forth. Anything of this nature will be received and acknowledged by the Superintendent.

"You will be asked during your visits to your Lodges how a Brother may be admitted to the Home and also as to the cost to the subordinate Lodge. So that you will be able to give this information, the procedure is as follows: A blank application may be obtained from the office of the Grand Secretary. This should be carefully filled out and sent to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. It will then be passed upon by the physician at the Home and the Board of Grand Trustees. If a favorable report is made the Lodge will be notified and the Brother admitted. Under the law a subordinate Lodge must pay one-third of the expense of maintaining a member at the Home, based on the last year's per capita expense. Last year this amounted to \$444.23. This means that during the year the total expense to the subordinate Lodge for maintaining a Brother at the Home will be about \$136.00.

"UP TO the present time, with the number of residents at the Home, and the increase being so small, it has given us no concern as to its becoming a burden on the Order, but judging from the number of applications received this year thought and study must be applied if this most necessary activity of ours is to be kept within economic bounds.

"On May 31, 1928, there were 241 residents. The number at present is 250, with 27 accepted applications, a total of 277. From the number of inquiries received each week a very short time will elapse before the 335 available rooms are filled. Last year, we completed a cottage of 108 rooms. This will be fully occupied before it is finally paid for and a new one must be started.

"This is not all! Our dining-room seats 280 people, making increased space necessary. Alterations of this kind are very expensive, especially on buildings so well constructed as those at our National Home. We estimate that each new cottage of 100 rooms will cost \$175,000 to build and furnish. Assuming that we shall have 800 residents, one-tenth of one per cent. of our total membership which is very probable within a very few years if the present increase continues, it will mean a capital outlay of \$875,000 for new dormitory buildings alone, necessitating enlarged dining-room, hospital and laundry space and also large increase in help and so forth."

The next speaker on the program was Grand Trustee Dr. Ralph Hagan, whose remarks follow: "As the Grand Exalted Ruler has told you, it is the duty of the Grand Exalted Ruler and the members selected by him to proceed to the next city that is going to entertain your Grand Lodge and make arrangements with the hotels and with the business interests of the city, and the committees of the local Lodge, relative to the entertainment that shall be given, how it shall be given, and what they have to offer. This is principally done, as you know, to protect the boys from being separated from too much at the convention city. Of course, we have a reputation on the Coast of separating anybody from anything, and we warn you when you come out there to watch yourself.

"The convention city, as you know, next year is Los Angeles, off in the southwest part of your great United States, but it is not Los Angeles alone that is entertaining you. It's the great West. We want you to come West. You come one way through Arizona and New Mexico or you can come through Montana, but no matter what direction you pick, the West belongs to all of us and we want you to see what we have. They are all going to entertain you. It isn't Los Angeles alone. When we have you there, we will have you for a few days and we will show you all the things possible and maybe sell you some real estate. We hope so. Possibly a great many of you will

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1/8-3/32 Ct.
Accurately Cut



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remain with us. At least, that is what has happened in the last few conventions that we have had out there.

"We have had the pleasure of entertaining you in 1909, and in 1915 and again in 1921. We hope to make the entertainment this year the greatest ever. We hope to arrange for quite a unique feature at this convention in Los Angeles, by having all of our business and Grand Lodge functions under one roof. We hope that our Committee which is now making arrangements to submit to the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Trustees and the Grand Secretary, can show us where all this can take place under one roof—at the Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel. We are having an elaborate addition there of some 500 or 600 rooms, which will make over 1,000 rooms in one building, and we will have a convention hall in that building which will seat 2,500, all completed before next July. It is our very great hope and expectation that we can have the entire Grand Lodge Session held in that one building.

"I don't know that there is anything that I can say about Los Angeles. You have all heard of it, I think. We have tried to boost it. We talk Los Angeles and live Los Angeles. As I have said, this is a Western Convention, my Brothers, and not Los Angeles, but the entire Pacific Coast that will entertain you. I thank you."

THE Grand Exalted Ruler next introduced the following members of the new Ritualistic Committee: C. Fenton Nichols, of San Francisco, Cal., Lodge, No. 3, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight David Sholtz, of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141, and William T. Phillips, of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1. James H. Gibson, of Houston, Texas, Lodge, No. 151, was unable to be present because of an operation from which he was convalescing. Chairman William C. Robertson, of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, addressed the conference:

"My Brothers, I think you all realize the purpose in re-creating this Ritual Committee was not to change the ritual. It was decided by the Grand Lodge that a much better constructive work could be done by this Committee than to change the ritual. As a matter of fact, there are very few Elks who want to see many changes made in the ritual in the immediate future.

"It is a lamentable fact that the standard of our ritualistic exemplification is probably poorer today than it was five years ago. Brother Nicholson in his very analytical speech referred to salesmanship, and it seems to me there is no greater opportunity for salesmanship than there is at the time a new Brother is being brought into the Order. At that time his mind is all set for impressions. We know that because the Exalted Ruler just before the initiation ceremony calls attention to the fact that the effect upon the minds of the candidates is likely to be lasting. Then, too often the Exalted Ruler himself and possibly the rest of the officers read their lectures in anything but an impressive manner. I think we all realize that when a new Brother comes in if he is not impressed by the Ritual, and he cannot be unless it is delivered impressively, he is not going to come down to the Lodge and participate in the activities of the Order with that enthusiasm that he naturally would if it had been read or delivered very effectively.

"Now, your Committee has in mind doing everything possible to stimulate increased efficiency in the deliverance of the charges of the Order. A circular will be sent out in a few days calling the attention of the officers of the Lodge to the statute which states that they must learn their Ritual, also endeavoring to impress upon them that that is their time for salesmanship to make really interested and enthusiastic Elks.

"Another means by which we hope to stimulate interest in ritualistic work is that of contests. Contests have been attempted in a number of the states. Some of the State Associations hold regular ritualistic contests, but they are not generally held. We feel that every Lodge of the Order should endeavor to bring their officers' ritualistic work up to the highest standard possible, and in choosing

officers for succeeding years a great deal of thought should be given to the capability of the candidates from a ritualistic standpoint.

"We are asking you District Deputies and you Officers of State Associations who are here to-day to consider that you are unofficial members of this Committee. We want your cooperation. We want you to feel that you have got a partnership with us in this work, and without you we cannot accomplish what we hope to accomplish. We trust that when you return to your homes that you will do everything possible to get the officers of the various Lodges to commit their charges and to render them efficiently, and at the same time impress upon them that when you make your regular visitation you expect to grade those in your district and select the best team from your district to compete in a state contest with teams of other districts in the state under the auspices of the State Association. In talking with a few of the Brothers yesterday we found that this suggestion was very cordially received. The President of one of the State Associations announced that as soon as he returned he was going to see that his Ritualistic Committee of the State Association was appointed at once, and he intended to name on that committee the District Deputies of his State. That is undoubtedly a happy suggestion."

The Grand Exalted Ruler now presented the members of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, namely: Dr. Richard J. Decker, of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, Louie Forman, of Bloomington, Ill., Lodge, No. 281, and the Chairman, William E. Hendrich, of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86. Mr. Hendrich spoke, in part, as follows:

"Grand Exalted Ruler and Brothers: It is the desire this year of your Committee to have 100 per cent. state organization. Also it is desired that within each state the State Association can say: 'We're 100 per cent.' at the end of this year. Last year we had the cooperation and hearty support of the District Deputies who helped us in many ways. Many visitations were made with District Deputies by members of this committee in which Lodges were brought into the fold in those states which had State Associations.

"THIS year we are going to ask you District Deputies to assist us. Those of you who have State Associations where a good many Lodges do not belong, or where some have belonged and have withdrawn, you can get at the cause of that when you make your visitations and see what you can do to get them back in the fold. In those states which haven't any State Associations, the Committee wishes the District Deputies in those states to get together and call in some of the leading Elks and start the organization. You can do it. If you need any help just write your State Association Committee and we will do anything within our power to help you to organize. We need this, Brothers, this year, in order to help the Grand Exalted Ruler and to help the Good of the Order Committee, the Ritualistic Committee, the Endowment Fund and many other causes.

"Especially do we want to help subordinate Lodges who for some reason or other are weak from loss of membership. Along this line, if you have a good Lodge that is weak, write your State Association President, where you have a State Association, and let him visit with you. See what the case is, and call on him, and if he does not respond, call upon your Committee on State Associations and we will endeavor to help to straighten you out.

"In going to your Lodges, we would like to ask you to send to the State Secretary or the President of the State Association, a list of the nights you are going to visit the respective Lodges, and request that he attend with you or that he send a member of the State Association to accompany you. That's how to do it.

"Another thing you District Deputies can do, and that is to send in to the Secretary of your State Association the recommendation that he have a list of speakers. Many Lodges require for Memorial Day and Flag Day and other occasions good speakers. You have within

(Continued on page 66)

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Now at last—through the electric magic of Infra-red Rays—Science has found a startling way to grow new hair quickly.

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All observant men have noticed that their beard grows faster in hot weather than in cold. What causes that?

Simply this: Heat rays of a certain kind that stimulate and vitalize the hair-growing tissue.

Two years ago a noted surgeon, seeking to bring back his own hair—applying all his scientific knowledge to the problem—made a remarkable discovery. It is the first time a scientific man of his standing has ever entered this field of helpfulness.

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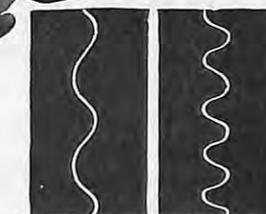
but certain rare instances. It ended his own baldness. Today his hair is unusually thick and luxuriant.

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In nine out of ten so-called cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead. They are only dormant. But when you try to reach them with hair tonics, oils massages and salves, you are obviously wasting both time and money. For you treat only the surface skin—never get to the roots.



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Your own physician will tell you that the warm, soothing Infra-red Ray penetrates more deeply through human tissue than any other harmless heat-ray known to science. It reaches the hair root and electrically, almost magically, revitalizes it. Hair literally "sprouts" as a result.

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Annual Conference of the District Deputies

(Continued from page 64)

your various Lodges good speakers. Send in that list so that when a Lodge writes to the Secretary of the State Association he can refer to the list of speakers.

"We wish that you would give us your hearty support this year. Let's put it over. We have a good Grand Exalted Ruler, a good Good of the Order Committee, and we all want to do good work. I would like to have each state show good timber and show a gain—no matter how much, just so that we have a gain all over the country."

The last speaker on the program was the Grand Secretary, J. Edgar Masters. Much of what Mr. Masters had to say was of interest primarily to the District Deputies, but the following extract is printed as being of general interest:

"It has been good for us to be here and I am sure that you, as representatives of the Grand Exalted Ruler, will go back to your districts well equipped to supply the Lodges under you with valuable suggestions for use in building up their organizations.

"As I view the situation, our membership is up to the general standard, equal to the best found in any fraternity, but I have sometimes feared that some of our members fail to come to a full realization of what it means to be an Elk. Too many Elks take little interest in the Order aside from paying their dues and wearing the button. In a perfunctory way they are Elks, but the relations are cordial rather than vital. I believe this situation is about to be changed. Through the medium of the Elks National Foundation much will be accomplished to bring our members to a realization that a Lodge of Elks is an asset to any community, membership in which is something to be desired as an honor, and that being an Elk means being a citizen who serves his city worthily.

"So it follows that you as District Deputies should impress upon subordinate Lodges the fact that their welfare, standing and integrity are always first in the mind of Grand Lodge. As is the subordinate Lodge so is the Order, and upon its character more than anything else does the greatness of our Order depend.

"TO MORE closely acquaint the Grand Lodge with its rank and file, and to more closely acquaint the rank and file with each other and Grand Lodge as well; to sharpen and quicken the pride of Elks everywhere in the achievements of Grand Lodge, to dwell upon the expectations of tomorrow, and to combine energies until these expectations round into reality, to promote always the best thought of our Brotherhood as it points upward—these are some of your important duties. Give earnest consideration to them and you will do much to coordinate the work of the subordinate Lodge with the work of the Grand Lodge.

"Just one word more. As the representatives of the Grand Exalted Ruler, you will often be brought in contact with officers of your State Associations. Use your best endeavors to bring these Associations into closer relations with Grand Lodge. Urge them to renewed efforts to make their aims and purposes conform to those of Grand Lodge. After all, State Associations owe undivided support to the Grand Lodge, for it is deeply interested in their welfare."

In his closing instructions to the District Deputies, prior to administering the oath of office, Grand Exalted Ruler Hubbert touched upon various matters which had not been covered by the other speakers, and made a number of suggestions of assistance to his representatives in carrying out their work. He urged them to give special impetus in the subordinate Lodges to Roll Call Night, the last meeting in October, and Past Exalted Rulers' Night, the last meeting in February. He urged also, that on both these nights, if initiation took place, the District Deputies ask the members to remain in the Lodge Room for the ceremony and repeat the oath with the initiates. He asked them also to request Exalted Rulers on those occasions, if initiations were not held, to substitute therefor, as an order of

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business, the readministration of the obligation.

He advocated also the holding at each subordinate Lodge meeting of a roll call so that the name of each Past Exalted Ruler present may be entered in the minutes, thus giving them credit for their attendance.

Mr. Hulbert dwelt on the question of instituting new Lodges in the 500 communities of sufficient population which as yet have none. He likewise explained under what circumstances it might be advisable to establish Lodges in towns of less than 5,000 population, as provided by one of the constitutional amendments adopted by the Grand Lodge in Miami last July.

There followed a period of informal discussion, in which questions were asked and answered, and suggestions made by the District Deputies. After this, the Grand Exalted Ruler administered the oath and the annual conference came to an end. The benediction was pronounced by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 38)

James C. Murtagh, of Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge, is Dead

James C. Murtagh, a Past Exalted Ruler and a widely known and beloved member of Waterloo, Ia., Lodge, No. 290, died on September 13, at St. Francis' Hospital, in Waterloo, following an emergency operation.

Mr. Murtagh was nationally known in the councils of the Order. Following his service to his Lodge as Exalted Ruler, he became President of the Iowa State Elks Association, a District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Iowa, Northeast, and served for two years on the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, during one of which he was its Chairman. Ten days before his death he was appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert to the Committee on Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler James U. Sammis.

Mr. Murtagh was one of the most prominent lawyers and best beloved figures in Iowa. He was a leader of the Democratic party of his State, and four years ago received the nomination for governor. Previous to that he had three times been the candidate of his party for Congress. The courts were closed during the time of his funeral, and the members of the Black Hawk County Bar Association attended the services in a body. Mr. Murtagh's great ability in his profession and his all-inclusive charity and kindness of heart received spontaneous and widespread tribute when the news of his untimely death was communicated to the citizens of Waterloo. An "irreparable loss" was the tenor of all the comment.

Rahway, N. J., Lodge Entertains Crippled Children

Over sixty-five crippled children were taken on this year's outing given by Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075. Seated in large, comfortable de luxe buses and in private cars of the members, the happy little ones were taken on a ride through Linden, Elizabeth, and over the new Goethal's Bridge to Midland Beach, Staten Island, where the full privileges of the resort were turned over to them. A sumptuous lunch was served and, along with many pleasurable features of the day, motion pictures were taken of the party. The children were from Rahway, Linden, Clark Township, Woodridge, Avenel, and Carteret, places within the jurisdiction of the Lodge.

Braddock, Pa., Lodge Will Celebrate 25th Anniversary

Braddock, Pa., Lodge, No. 883, will celebrate its 25th anniversary on November 18 and 19. The observance on the opening evening will be held in the Capitol Theater, and will include the initiation of a class of 100 candidates and a reception to the District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler. The following night a banquet will be given in the Home and the principal speakers scheduled to address the gathering on that occasion are Past Grand Exalted Rulers Charles

(Continued on page 68)



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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 67)

H. Grakelow, John K. Tener, John G. Price, and J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary.

Of Interest to Lodge Bands

Carl Mader, of Forest Park, Ill., has an offer of interest to all Elk bands and drum and bugle corps. He will send them a complete band arrangement of the "Colonel Lindbergh March" for the cost of printing and mailing. Mr. Mader is a well-known band leader and his offer may appeal to Elk conductors. They should communicate with him at Forest Park.

Memphis, Tenn., Lodge Celebrates First Anniversary of Its New Home

Celebrating the first anniversary of the opening of its new Home, Memphis, Tenn., Lodge, No. 27, recently gave a stag smoker and vaudeville show followed by a buffet lunch to some 1,000 members and friends. Two orchestras, many celebrated vaudeville performers from the local theaters, and several skits written and presented by talented members of the Lodge, contributed to make the evening a notably enjoyable one.

Planned Activities of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge

Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, has planned a generous and interesting program for the fall and winter season. The bowling league of the Lodge has already started its first matches. The membership has expressed a strong desire for a trapshooting team, and one is now in due process of being organized to participate in the contests held each year at the Grand Lodge Convention. The fishermen of No. 53 who are interested in fly-casting are planning to develop this activity during the year. The program of the dance committee calls for a number of interesting occasions at which the wives and families of members will be entertained. The extremely popular Thursday luncheon club of the Lodge has resumed its regular sessions and bids fair to be more successful than ever.

Millville, N. J., Lodge Sponsors Public Clinic

The clinic held on a recent Saturday in the Millville hospital under the auspices of the crippled children's committee of Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, has been the subject of much favorable public comment. The hospital was filled to overflowing with unfortunate children and Dr. R. B. Ernest, whose surgical skill with children is well known in this section of the State, made examinations of each case, from which diagnosis sheets were later forwarded to the Lodge committee.

Grand Exalted Ruler Dedicates Monrovia, Calif., Lodge Home

Assisted by a galaxy of nationally known Elks, Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert conducted a brilliant dedication of the new Home of Monrovia, Calif., Lodge, No. 1427. Among the Grand Lodge officers taking part in the ceremony were, in addition to Mr. Hulbert, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Mifflin G. Potts; Grand Trustee Ralph Hagan, who served as Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Edward W. Cotter, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, the orator of the evening. William E. Simpson, President of the California State Elks Association, and Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Harry M. Ticknor were among the group of well-known Californians who assisted.

On the evening before the dedication, the initiation of the first class to be inducted into the Order in the new building was conducted by Exalted Ruler Paul Jones, and the new members helped to swell the capacity gathering at the services. Other guests of honor, in addition to those actually taking part in the formal dedication, were Chief Justice Walter P. Andrews and Justices Walter F. Meier and Dwight E. Campbell, of the Grand Forum; past and active District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers and State Association officers, and the Exalted Rulers of many southern California Lodges.

The new Home, a handsome \$75,000 building of Spanish architecture, was made possible by the generosity of W. S. Baird, who willed the Lodge \$25,000 to aid in the construction of new quarters when the membership should have reached the 400 mark. One of the features of the Home is the Baird Memorial Library, named for the Lodge's benefactor.

San Mateo, Calif., Lodge Orchestra Plays for Hospital Patients

The orchestra of San Mateo, Calif., Lodge, No. 1112, recently made two visits to the San Francisco Health Farm, near Redwood City, presenting a delightful program on each occasion for the shut-ins there, with the addition on the second visit of a number of vocal solos rendered by the talented singers of the Lodge. So successful were these trips that the musicians plan to present a program each month at the hospital during the fall and winter.

Summer Welfare Activities of Paterson, N. J., Lodge

The Crippled Children's Committee of Paterson, N. J., Lodge, No. 60, recently submitted to the membership the following report of its activities during the months of July and August. Sixteen clinics were held at the General Hospital. Nine children were operated on and fourteen casts were made. Three children received new braces, and 118 visits were made by the nurse. Two children were sent to the country, and seven operated cases were sent to Atlantic City for after care. Several orphaned charges of the Lodge were placed by the nurse with generous people who have summer homes.

Building Projects of Subordinate Lodges Approved

Building projects of Subordinate Lodges representing a total expenditure of \$720,640.00, have been approved by the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Grand Trustees. The Lodges which will erect new Homes are:

Kalamazoo, Mich., No. 50; Savannah, Ga., No. 183; New London, Conn., No. 360; Blackfoot, Ida., No. 1416; Galion, Ohio, No. 1191; Sedalia, Mo., No. 125; Hoboken, N. J., No. 74; Marysville, Calif., No. 783; Whittier, Calif., No. 1258.

Building Plans of El Paso, Texas, Lodge

The committee lately appointed by Exalted Ruler George L. Arnold of El Paso, Texas, Lodge, No. 187, to investigate plans for raising funds for a new Home is expected to make a report to the membership at an early date. Tentative plans discussed by the Lodge for a new building call for the erection of a six-story Home, covering a space 75 x 120 feet on the present Lodge-owned property. Some \$250,000 has been figured on as the cost of such a structure, with the additional expenditure of from \$35,000 to \$45,000 more for furnishings, decorations and other equipment.

Jersey City, N. J., Lodge Takes Children to Sea Girt

The crippled children wards of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, were given their annual outing by the Lodge at Sea Girt, where they were received and entertained by Governor and Mrs. A. Harry Moore. The caravan of automobiles, pausing only once en route for refreshments, made the trip direct to Camp Moore, at Sea Girt, and after having been welcomed by the Governor, his lady and the Governor's civil and military staff, a thrilling program of military maneuvers and airplane stunts was staged for the youngsters. A bugle then sounded mess call, and the children were given a delicious dinner, followed by another round of entertainment. On departing for home, Mrs. Moore presented each child with a container of candy and as-

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sorted delicacies. Upon arrival in Jersey City, the children were delivered safe, sound, and happy to their respective homes.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge Gives Shut-in Party

Crippled and bedridden war veterans and scores of shut-in men, women, and youngsters were recently given a huge party in its Home by Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92. Automobiles supplied by the members and interested friends transported the helpless ones to the Home, where a number of boxing bouts, a three-act play, and a three-reel comedy were presented for them.

Veteran Inner Guard Elected Secretary of Marion, O., Lodge

Edward H. Huggins, initiated into Marion, O., Lodge, No. 32, in 1890, with the class which included the late President Harding, has been elected to the office of Secretary to fill the vacancy caused by the recent death of John M. Brigel, who had held the post for many years. At the time of his election Mr. Huggins had served as Inner Guard for twenty-seven years, during which period he was absent from but fourteen meetings of his Lodge.

"John K. Tener Class" is Initiated By Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge

The initiation of the "John K. Tener Class" and the presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Tener brought an unusually large gathering of members to a recent meeting of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842. The new Escort Committee of fifteen members, appointed by Exalted Ruler Charles S. Hart, functioned for the first time at the ceremony.

Following the meeting, ex-Governor Tener held a reception in the new lounge room of the Lodge Home, where the many members present manifested their pleasure at meeting the distinguished Past Grand Exalted Ruler.

Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge Celebrates Silver Jubilee

As this was written, plans for the celebration by Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877, of its twenty-fifth anniversary were practically complete. The silver jubilee activities, scheduled to be held during the week of October 22, were to include the initiation of a class of candidates for the home Lodge by the officers and degree team of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, with a social session to follow. The anniversary ball and the silver jubilee banquet, for which many distinguished members of the Order had accepted invitations, were other features of the planned program. The celebration was to be the first held in the re-built Home of the Lodge, which was almost totally destroyed by fire some months ago.

Changes and Corrections in Subordinate Lodge Directory

The following changes and corrections are to be noted in the Directory of Subordinate Lodges, 1928-1929, as published in the August issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE:

- Akron, Ohio, No. 363—L. R. Read, Exalted Ruler.
- Augusta, Me., No. 964—Dr. William H. Sherman, Secretary.
- Barre, Vt., No. 1535—H. Nelson Browne, Secretary.
- Beacon, N. Y., No. 1493—Henry L. A. Forrestal, Exalted Ruler.
- Berlin, N. H., No. 618—William F. Everding, Exalted Ruler.
- Brownsville, Texas, No. 1032—R. R. Colley, Secretary.
- Cleveland, Ohio, No. 18—William F. Bruning, P. E. R., Secretary.
- Cocoa, Fla., No. 1532—Dr. Leslie L. Anderson, Exalted Ruler.
- Connorsville, Ind., No. 379—Edwin M. Maley, Secretary.
- Coraopolis, Pa., No. 1090—E. R. Dithrich, Secretary.
- Cynthiana, Ky., No. 438—Russell Fryman, Secretary.
- Decatur, Ind., No. 993—G. F. Eichhorn, Exalted Ruler.
- Decorah, Iowa, No. 443—Dr. J. D. Hexom, Exalted Ruler.
- Donaldsonville, La., No. 1153—Sidney L. Harp, P. E. R., Secretary.

(Continued on page 70)



"We're Going AGAIN!"



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THIS time we want you with us. You can help us make this year's Elks' Cruise to the Caribbees the best of all. And we know you'll have the most glorious 16 days you have had in many years.

We want you to begin planning NOW. If you don't, the good ship *Lapland* is likely to steam out of New York harbor on the early morn of February 25th, *without you*. This is why: to absolutely prevent crowding, membership has been strictly limited to half of the ship's capacity. And lately, reservations have been flocking in.

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From there we will sail to San Juan where we will be entertained by its curious mixture of Spanish and American civilizations. Then we'll troupe over the old Pirate haunts of Kingston. After that we will revel together in the Paris of the West Indies—Havana.

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 69)

Duluth, Minn., No. 133—Frank Tresise, Secretary.
Effingham, Ill., No. 1016—Adolph Reutlinger, Secretary.
Eveleth, Minn., No. 1161—Frank J. Brince, Exalted Ruler.
Fort Smith, Ark., No. 341—Chas. F. Kent, P. E. R., Secretary.
Glendive, Mont., No. 1324—Thos. G. Melaney, Exalted Ruler.
Grass Valley, Calif., No. 538—L. V. Michell, Exalted Ruler.
Green Bay, Wis., No. 259—T. A. Pamperin, Exalted Ruler.
Hartford, Vt., No. 1541—Meeting nights—12.
Hot Springs, Ark., No. 380—Dr. Leonard R. Ellis, Exalted Ruler.
Ionia, Mich., No. 548—D. O. Mellinger, Exalted Ruler.
Jackson, Miss., No. 416—L. M. Darnall, Secretary.
Jacksonville, Ill., No. 682—H. A. Williamson, Secretary.
Jeffersonville, Ind., No. 362—W. Barringer Catlin, Exalted Ruler; Clarence Taggart, Secretary.
Joliet, Ill., No. 296—Dr. William R. Fletcher, Exalted Ruler.
Kansas City, Mo., No. 26—Theodore B. Cornell, Exalted Ruler.
Lawrence, Kans., No. 595—J. H. Cohn, Secretary.
Lead, S. D., No. 747—E. A. Steinback, Secretary.
Ludington, Mich., No. 736—George E. Dorrell, Exalted Ruler.
Marion, Ind., No. 195—Harry E. Carleton, Exalted Ruler.
Marion, Ohio, No. 32—Edward H. Huggins, Secretary.
Marshfield, Wis., No. 665—W. J. Koenig, Exalted Ruler.
Mayfield, Ky., No. 565—Otto Byrn, Exalted Ruler.
McCook, Neb., No. 1434—Dr. B. A. Dennis, Exalted Ruler.
Mexico, Mo., No. 919—T. L. Marshall, Exalted Ruler.
Norristown, Pa., No. 714—James C. Smith, P. E. R., Secretary.
Nowata, Okla., No. 1151—G. L. Myers, Exalted Ruler.
Owosso, Mich., No. 753—Earl S. Yeiter, Exalted Ruler.
Oxnard, Calif., No. 1443—Leo. J. Doerner, Secretary.
Plattsmouth, Neb., No. 739—J. W. Holmes, P. E. R., Secretary.
Santa Maria, Calif., No. 1538—Dr. O. C. Jones, Exalted Ruler.
Springfield, Mo., "Florence," No. 409—B. D. Miller, Secretary.
Texarkana, Ark., No. 399—R. E. Floyd, Exalted Ruler.
Trenton, Mo., No. 801—Ira A. Searcy, Exalted Ruler.
Troy, N. Y., No. 141—Harry H. McCarthy, Secretary.
Troy, Ohio, No. 833—E. C. Wolford, Exalted Ruler.
Vineland, N. J., No. 1422—Wm. Myers, Secretary.
Wallace, Idaho, No. 331—Wm. C. Rullman, Exalted Ruler.
Washington, Ind., No. 933—J. Watis Ward, Exalted Ruler.
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., No. 693—W. J. Miscoll, Secretary.
York, Pa., No. 213—C. M. Ehehalt, Exalted Ruler.
Yuma, Ariz., No. 476—R. I. Winn, P. E. R., Secretary.

12, held some time ago at Highspire, Pa. No. 12 is in a flourishing condition; the membership is enthusiastic, a number of improvements were made during the summer in its Home, and plans are being laid for an elaborate entertainment and ceremony on January 1, 1929, when the mortgage on the building is to be burnt.

St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge Makes Generous Relief Contribution

As this was written, St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, No. 1224, had contributed from its funds a total of \$1,300 for relief in the storm-devastated sections of the State. This was in addition to the donations of individual members, which included both cash and supplies. Exalted Ruler J. A. B. Madden and A. J. Weane and Edwin Murphy personally visited the afflicted regions.

No. 1224 is active in all of the work of the Order. In addition to charitable enterprises, it maintains a happy social and fraternal life, and carries on its share of the welfare activities of the community. One of its most successful efforts in the latter direction is the sponsoring of a boys baseball team which, under the management of members Cumming and Smith, are the Pinellas County champions in the American Legion's junior circuit.

District Deputy Russell Mack Honored by His Home Lodge

More than 500 Elks of Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593, gathered at the Lodge Home to stage a Home Coming night for Russell Mack, newly appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, on his return from the Chicago conference of the District Deputies. Mr. Mack was presented with a gold honorary life membership card in recognition of his two years of service as Exalted Ruler of Aberdeen Lodge. This is but the second time in the history of the Lodge that a life membership has been voted. The program consisted of a large number of professional vaudeville acts, and a most interesting talk by the District Deputy.

Police Arrest Man Who Has Been Swindling Lodges

The swindler using the name, among others of H. T. Lotz, about whom we have warned Lodge Secretaries in recent issues, was arrested some weeks ago in Canton, O., and returned to North Attleboro, Mass., where he faced charges preferred by the Lodge there. On account of the plight of the man's family, the Lodge did not seek a heavy penalty. Lotz was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and the sentence suspended and the prisoner placed on parole, after all Lodges filing complaints against him had been reimbursed.

West Haven, Conn., Lodge Celebrates Its First Birthday

Members of West Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 1537, are justly proud of its record during the first year of existence. With some 400 enthusiastic Elks on its rolls, it has established itself, in twelve months, on a firm foundation. At the banquet celebrating its birthday, a feature of the evening was the burning of the mortgages on its Home. Its holdings, free of encumbrances, represent an investment of approximately \$40,000.

Many well-known Connecticut members, headed by Edward W. Cotter, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, were in attendance at the anniversary party. Mr. Cotter was the first of the after-dinner speakers; he was followed by Past Exalted Ruler James S. Burnes, of New Haven Lodge, No. 25; Exalted Ruler Albert F. Snyder, of No. 25; William T. Conkling, first Exalted Ruler of West Haven Lodge, and others. Exalted Ruler James P. Cannon had welcomed the members and guests and introduced the Toastmaster of the evening, William Cox, Chairman of the Inter-Fraternal Association.

Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert Dedicates Lockport, N. Y., Lodge

The greatly enlarged and extensively remodeled Home of Lockport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 41, recently dedicated by Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, is now one of the most attractive buildings in the city. The Grand Exalted Ruler was accompanied to the dedication by Dr. Richard J. Decker, member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; D. Curtis Gano and Joseph V. Fitzgerald, President and Vice-President, respectively, of the New York State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers A. F. Leuthe and John B. Bordwell.

The new addition joins on the rear of the old building, is two stories high and contains the new auditorium and Lodge room, with new grill, billiard and kitchen rooms in the basement.

Following the dedication the Home was formally opened with a week of celebration and festivities for both members and the public, ending in an informal ball and reception.

Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge's Fall Picnic Attended by 1,000 Members

More than 1,000 members turned out for the annual fall picnic of Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge, No.

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

McKeesport, Pa., Lodge celebrated its thirty-ninth anniversary with an indoor corn roast for members and their friends.

The entertainment committee of Lewiston, Idaho, Lodge has arranged an ambitious schedule of formal and informal dances to be carried out during the fall and mid-winter months.

The Silver Jubilee Clam Bake held at Hunter Island, Pelham, by Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, had more than 600 persons, including many ladies, present, and was an unqualified success.

Batavia, N. Y., Lodge celebrated the renovation of its Home with a meeting and lunch on October 2.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Braddock, Pa., Lodge was observed with two days of celebration. The program included a reception, banquet and dance.

The entertainments given by San Mateo, Calif., Lodge in the past have been so successful that the Lodge is now planning a new show, to be presented early in December for the benefit of the charity fund.

The net proceeds derived from the successful musical revue, and three-act farce comedy, "Up in the Air," presented by Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, are to be placed in the crippled children's fund of the Lodge.

The Elks Health Camp at Freedom Plains, N. Y., maintained by Poughkeepsie Lodge, closed on August 25 after a most successful two months' season, during which over 100 children were benefited.

Birmingham, Ala., Lodge plans a series of weekly dances to be given in the Home during the winter months.

An investment of some \$100,000 will be represented in the new Home now under construction for Marysville, Calif., Lodge. The new building will be of brick and concrete with terra-cotta trim.

The opening fall meeting of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge was attended by more than 200 members with the full complement of officers occupying the chairs.

The annual outing held by the Lodges of Pennsylvania, Southwest, at Kennywood Park, was a highly enjoyable one and included, aside from the picnic, many other interesting attractions.

More than 300 members and out-of-town Elks were present at the outing and clam bake given by Fulton, N. Y., Lodge.

The Home of Leominster, Mass., Lodge has recently been enlarged and redecorated throughout.

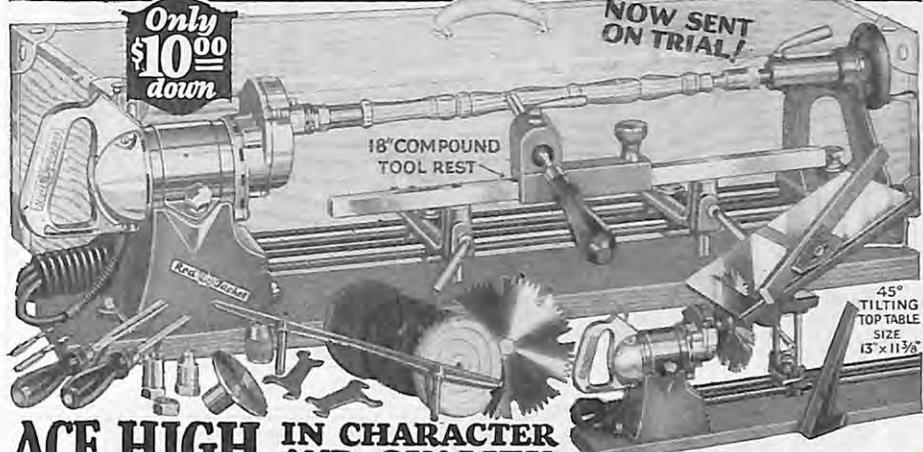
The officers of Red Bank, N. J., Lodge paid a fraternal visit to Bound Brook, N. J., Lodge on October 9 and initiated a class of candidates for their hosts.

White Plains, N. Y., Lodge will give a monster exposition and bazaar called "Oriental Nights" in the State Armory at an early date, for the benefit of charity.

Visalia, Calif., Lodge recently inducted two classes of candidates into the Order, the first on the occasion of the Lodge's fifteenth anniversary; and the second some weeks later. Each meeting was followed by an entertainment, lunch, and social session.

Over 400 members and friends sailed from Tarrytown to Woodcliff Park, Poughkeepsie, for the annual outing and clam bake given by White Plains, N. Y., Lodge.

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Came the dawn

YES, it finally came. Touring last summer, driving late one night trying to make the next town. Loose wire, short circuit, no lights. Box of matches didn't last long. Well, the family finally walked four miles to a farmhouse and I spent the night in the car. Believe me, there's a flashlight in the side pocket of that car now. And one that's dependable—an Eveready. Ever ready to help me out in the dark because I keep it primed for action with the best there are—Eveready Batteries. Here's a straight tip to tourists and don't pass it up. Get the flashlight habit.

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Present Position.....
Address.....

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 32)

The officers to serve during the coming year were elected at the third business session of the convention and are: President, Harry B. Cusick of Albany; Vice-Presidents, Perry O. Delap of Klamath Falls; J. L. Tucker of Astoria, and E. H. Jones of Baker; J. Edward Thornton, Ashland, was re-elected Secretary, and H. L. Toney, McMinnville, was re-elected Treasurer. Trustees, Connie J. Grabb of Baker; H. A. Cohn of Heppner, and J. D. Finnegan of Portland. Klamath Falls Lodge will entertain next year's meeting.

This year's convention was packed from start to finish with a variety of interesting events and activities. Parades, golf tournaments, sight-seeing tours by automobile and steamer, salmon-fishing trips on the Columbia River, band concerts, theatrical entertainments, luncheons and special programs for the ladies, culminating in the Purple Bubble Ball which closed the reunion, made it one to be long remembered by the record crowd of Elks present.

Indiana

AT THE business sessions held in the Home of Gary, Ind., Lodge, No. 1152, host to the twenty-seventh annual convention of the Indiana State Elks Association, the proposed Elks National Foundation, sponsored by the Grand Lodge, was the principal topic of interest and discussion. The members and delegates were addressed on this subject during the three days of the reunion by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Harry Lowenthal, and the comprehensive detailing of this plan by these distinguished members of the Order caused wide-spread interest and enthusiasm.

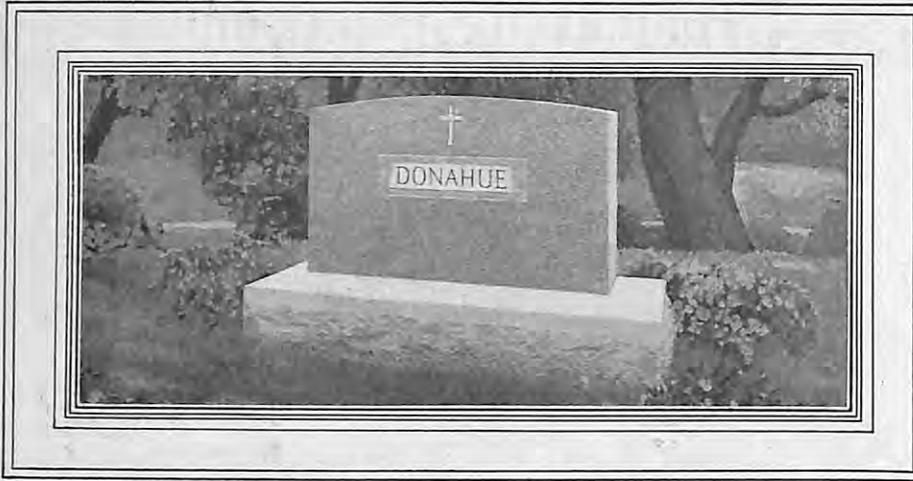
The officers elected to serve during the coming year are: President, John F. Holliday of Washington; Vice-Presidents, Fred C. Cunningham of Martinsville; Fred Weicking of Bluffton; Frank Coughlin of South Bend; Victor Bournique of Marion; Secretary (re-elected) Don Allman, of Noblesville; Treasurer, Harry Kramer of Michigan City; Trustees, Joseph L. Clarke of Indianapolis; Edward Greenwald of Whiting; Lee Bays of Sullivan; and Joseph Goetz of Fort Wayne, re-elected for a period of five years. By a unanimous standing vote New Albany was selected as the place of next year's meeting.

The convention this year was probably one of the most varied, colorful and largely attended ever given by the State organization. With the city decorated throughout with the purple and white of the Order, the several thousand visiting Elks and their wives enjoyed three days of wide-spread activity and entertainment. Members of the Gary Vivian Society were hostesses to the visiting ladies during their stay, at bridge parties, luncheons and on sight-seeing trips. Many general tours were made to the steel mills and to Indiana State Dunes Park, and various fraternal smokers and stag sessions were held for the men in the Home of Gary Lodge.

One of the features of the reunion was the ritualistic contest held for the Joseph T. Fanning cup, which was won by the crack degree team of Bluffton Lodge, No. 796, competing against Hammond Lodge, No. 485. In the band and drum and bugle corps contests, Hammond Lodge won the former and Whiting Lodge, No. 1273, won the latter. The parade which wound up the convention was the largest and most spectacular ever given in Gary. The 2,500 Elks marching, the beautiful floats, handsomely decorated automobiles and the crashing music of many bands, created an unforgettable impression on the watchers who lined the way. The proportions of the parading columns were generously swelled by the presence of school bands and boy-marchers, police, firemen, members of the American Legion and local civic organizations.

North Dakota

THE new officers of the North Dakota State Elks Association are: President, William G. Owens, Williston Lodge, No. 1214; Secretary, George T. Richmond, Jamestown Lodge, No. 995; Treasurer, William Brodrick, Williston Lodge; Trustees, Frank V. Kent, Grand Forks Lodge, No. 255; C. H. Doyon, Devils Lake



Good Taste It is easier to recognize good taste than to define it. Yet it is of such supreme importance in memorial art that it is worthy of more than passing mention. Dignity in both material and design are, of course, essential, since anything trivial or grotesque is manifestly out of place. It is important, also, that your memorial be given a correct setting. No matter how beautiful its design, it

is ineffective when crowded or out of harmony with its surroundings. **GOOD TASTE** in material points directly to Rock of Ages Granite. It is soft and lovely in color and spotlessly pure and even in texture. It is an excellent medium for carving, and is often chosen by sculptors when delicate work is required. Its beauty and purity, too, are permanent, unspoiled by heat, cold, moisture, or the passing of time.

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The 1929 convention of the Association will be held in Valley City.

Pennsylvania, Northwest

THE largely attended meeting of the Pennsylvania, Northwest, Elks Association, in the Home of Ellwood City Lodge, No. 1356, was marked by further consideration of the Students Aid Foundation. It now remains for the Association to close the final details and secure the charter, after which the full plan embodied in the constitution and by-laws will be submitted to each of the eighteen Lodges of the district for ratification, following which the organization will be ready to begin operations. It is understood that only those Lodges which ratify the plan will be operative members, and from them will come the funds to carry on the work. As this was written, the first anniversary of the inception of this enterprise was scheduled to take place in the Home of Franklin Lodge, No. 110, the executive committee of the Association was expecting to have prepared and ready for the meeting all contracts, notes, and other papers to be used in the operation of the foundation. The membership of the district is enthusiastic over the project, and is confident of its successful outcome.

Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert on Western Tour

(Continued from page 35)

Exalted Ruler of No. 99. After a general survey and review of the conditions, the Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel was decided upon as headquarters for the 1929 Convention. This means that all the business of the meeting will be conducted under one roof, for the Grand Lodge sessions will be amply accommodated in the air-cooled hotel ballroom, with its seating capacity of 2,500.

On the following morning Mr. Hulbert was the guest of Glendale Lodge at a breakfast in Verdugo Woods, and at noon addressed the Advertising Club at the Los Angeles Biltmore. Both of these meetings were broadcast by radio. At five o'clock the official party left for Monrovia to dedicate the new Home of the Lodge there. This occasion is reported in more detail in "Under the Spreading Antlers." On the morning of October 3, the Grand Exalted Ruler and the tennis champions, Helen Wills and Henri Cochet, were the guests of honor at the Los Angeles Breakfast Club. Mr. Hulbert's party then left to dedicate the new Home of Ventura Lodge, after which they proceeded to Santa Barbara for the three-day meeting of the California State Elks Association. Following the convention, the Grand Exalted Ruler was to spend several days in visits to Lodges in the San Joaquin Valley, and then proceed on the following schedule: Oct. 10, Fresno, Calif.; Oct. 11, Oakland, Calif.; Oct. 12, Stockton, Calif.; Oct. 13, Sacramento, Calif.; Oct. 15, Portland, Ore.; Oct. 16, Olympia, Wash.; Oct. 17, Tacoma, Wash.; Oct. 18, Everett and Seattle, Wash.; Oct. 19, Spokane, Wash.; Oct. 20, Butte, Mont.; Oct. 21, Idaho Falls and Pocatello, Idaho; Oct. 22, Salt Lake City, Utah.

As this went to press a telegram was received from Mr. Hulbert listing additional visits interspersed in the above schedule. These will be reported in the December issue.

The Schubert Centennial

Elks Lodges, with their musical traditions, will undoubtedly be interested in the celebration of the Schubert Centennial, during the week of November 18 to 25. The message of Franz Schubert, the greatest melodist who ever lived, who died in his thirty-first year, leaving to the world 1,100 compositions, was written by a man of the people for the people.

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Easy Money

By Paul Tomlinson

"SAY that again, will you?" the banker asked. "I wish you would recommend a stock," his caller repeated, "that will double in value or better within the next year. I have a small amount of money to invest, and would like something good."

The banker laughed. "So would I," he exclaimed. "I have a small amount of money to invest myself, and if I knew of something that would surely double in value or better during the next year I would invest all I have, mortgage all my real property, pawn all my personal property, and I'd borrow every additional cent I could on my personal credit and buy on margin, and pyramid my holdings, and at the end of the year I'd retire."

His caller looked crestfallen. "You're making fun of me," he said.

"Not at all," the banker assured him. "You have merely whetted my appetite."

"But there must be some stocks that will double in value in the next year."

"Probably there are. On the other hand there are stocks that a year from now will be worth only half what they are now, and there are others with value now which in twelve months will be worth nothing."

"You are a banker," his caller insisted. "Can't you tell the good stocks from the poor ones?"

"I can recommend good investments if that is what you mean," said the banker seriously. "Frankly, however, I cannot tell you what will prove the most profitable speculations."

"So many people have made money speculating," said his caller wistfully. "I wish I could get in on it."

"You hear about the ones who have made money," smiled the banker. "Those who lose keep it pretty quiet."

"That might be," his caller observed thoughtfully, and from his look it was evident that this was a new idea to him. "It does seem sort of dull only to get the same old 5 or 6 per cent., though."

"Let me tell you something," said the banker, "and if you don't mind I'll quote you an example which is a favorite of mine. Invested money is very much like a person who works for wages or a salary. If a man has a job that is his permanently, civil service, for instance, his duties are not usually very irksome and his responsibilities are light; this being the case his pay will not be high, for his job is safe, and his occupation is not hazardous, and these are compensations for the small salary he receives. If on the other hand a man's work is dangerous, and he is in constant danger of accident, or even loss of life, the remuneration he receives must be sufficiently large to compensate him for these risks. Investments are like that. If you want to play safe, know your principal is safe, be assured of a regular income, and relieve yourself of worry you can find investments which will accomplish these things, but the return on them will be comparatively small. If, on the other hand, you want to play for big stakes the risks you run will be in

proportion, and while you may win, there is also the chance that you will lose."

"You discourage me," said the caller. "I have always thought that making money in Wall Street would be easy."

"Is it easy to make money in your own business?"

"Not at all. I work like a dog."

"And you know your business from top to bottom, don't you?"

"Of course I do."

"All right then," laughed the banker, "you learn the investment business from top to bottom and work like a dog at it, and you'll probably make some money out of it."

"But I haven't the time."

"Of course you haven't," said the banker. "It's as much of a specialized business as your own, and few people can do two things successfully at once. That's the reason we bankers urge you to consult experts when you have money to invest. You work hard for what you get, and we hate to see you throw it away."

"But lots of people do make money speculating," his caller insisted.

"I admit it readily," said the banker, "and it's sometimes very easy money, I still maintain though that it is terribly risky business for the layman."

"How about the experts? They make money, don't they?"

"Well," said the banker, "one of them told me the other day that he always hoped to make more on his winnings than he lost on his losings. Suppose you started to speculate and your first venture resulted in a loss."

"I'd be through," said the caller grimly.

"Because your capital would be gone?"

"That is the sad truth."

"The same is true of a large percentage of speculators," said the banker. "The man who speculates without knowledge of what he is doing is a simpleton, and the man who speculates without knowledge or capital either is a fool."

"But how does the man with only a little money ever get anywhere without making a killing now and then?"

"It has been my experience," the banker observed, "that the man who puts his money into good sound securities, no matter how small his investment, and who guards against loss, is in the long run further ahead financially than the man who tries to make what you call a killing."

"What about all these letters and circulars I receive through the mail? They talk about making money in the stock market, and they make it sound so easy that I've been tempted sometimes to take a chance."

"What kind of circulars do you mean?" asked the banker.

"Well," said his caller, "I got a letter the other day telling about different stocks that were due for a big advance in price. One selling at five dollars a share, the letter said, looked good for twenty points inside of ninety days. At that rate I could invest five hundred dollars and make fifteen hundred in three months. The letter

mentioned others, too, that seemed to be on the point of big advances."

The banker listened with a smile on his face. "Did the letter mention any of these stocks by name?" he asked.

"No," said the caller. "The letter was really selling a financial service. There is a yearly subscription fee, and if you subscribe they will put you on to all these opportunities."

"Let me ask you a question," said the banker, leaning forward over his desk. "Does it seem reasonable to you that if these people really knew as much about speculative stocks as they would have you believe, that they would waste their time trying to sell a financial service?"

"They charge a good fee."

"I know they do, but they could make so much more money and make it so much easier merely by playing the market that they would not have to concern themselves with anything else."

"You mean there are no good financial services?"

"On the contrary. There are several excellent ones, and they have proved of great value to many investors, but it's like everything else, you want to know with whom you are dealing. Look here, you buy a lot of things which you use in your business, don't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"All right then. Do you buy from firms that are reliable, whom you know you can trust, and whose products you know are good or do you just take a shot in the dark, and place your orders with any old Tom, Dick, or Harry that comes along?"

"I stick to the people I know are good. I can't afford to take a chance on getting poor stuff. If I bought cheap materials my product would be inferior, too, and the first thing I knew I'd be losing customers, and money too. I buy the very best quality I can, and I have found it good business."

He was becoming excited, and the smile on the broker's face widened as he listened. "In other words," he said, "you have certain rigid rules and standards in the business where you earn

(Continued on page 76)

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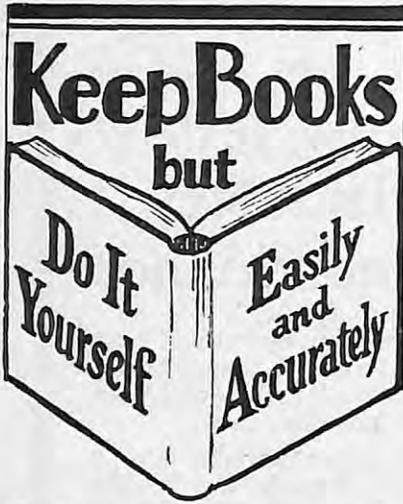
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Financial Department
THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Easy Money

(Continued from page 75)

your money. Why have anything different in the investing of it? You investigate the standing of everyone you deal with in your business and yet you told me here a few minutes ago you were thinking of entrusting the hard-earned money from your business to the tender mercies of someone you know nothing about, and who for all you know may be a crook."

"I suppose that's the way to look at it," the caller admitted rather shamefacedly. "We wouldn't sell goods to anyone we knew nothing of, and I suppose it would be kind of dumb to send money to people I know nothing about."

"Or to buy some stock or bond you know nothing about," the banker added.

His caller smiled ruefully. "I guess you've got me," he said. "But how can I learn about stocks and bonds? You say investing is a technical business, and how can I judge whether an investment is good or bad?"

"Perhaps you can't," laughed the banker. "What do you do when you buy a suit of clothes? Can you tell from the look of the cloth whether the material is good or not?"

"No, I'm not a judge of textiles," his caller said. "I have to take my tailor's word for it."

"In other words, you deal with a reliable tailor. Well, when you buy securities the thing to do is to deal with a reliable investment banker and take his word that what you are buying is all right."

"Yes, but on the other hand," the caller objected, "I have found that investment bankers all have some axe to grind and always try to sell me some security they are particularly interested in themselves."

"That's probably true," the banker admitted. "When a prospective purchaser comes to you I suppose you urge him to buy from one of your competitors."

"I do like fun."
"You mean you try to sell him your own product?"

"Of course I do. What kind of a business man do you think I am?"

"What kind of a business man do you think an investment banker is?" laughed the banker. "Is it any worse for him to try to sell his own goods than it is for you to try to sell yours?"

"I never thought of it quite that way," said the caller.

"But isn't that the fair way to look at it?" the banker demanded. "And because an investment banker recommends his own securities is no reason to think they are not worth while, is it?"

"No, I suppose not."

"BUY securities from people you know and trust," urged the banker. "If all investors followed this plan the problem of fake securities would solve itself automatically. Do you realize that 80 per cent. of worthless investments are sold direct by mail, sold to people who know nothing about the people from whom they are buying; if they did know about them no sales would be made. It's the same way with the salesman who goes around peddling fake securities; he must be unknown to the purchasers or he would make no sales. I am not talking about letters and circulars from reliable banking houses, or about salesmen representing these houses."

"How can people tell the difference?" his caller demanded. "How could I personally, for instance, hope to tell the good from the bad?"

"Have you ever heard of the slogan, 'Before you invest, investigate?'"

"Yes."

"All you have to do is follow it. I am a banker and there are thousands of other bankers in the country. If investors would only come to us before they committed themselves to buy we could save them a lot of money. Do you realize that a billion dollars are lost every year by the investors of this country? We couldn't prevent all the losses, but we could find out about the people who are offering securities for sale; if the sellers have a good reputation the chances are that what they are selling will be good too."

"And you think it's unwise to try to get too much for your money?"

"I do indeed," exclaimed the banker. "There is a limit to what money can do, and when you put too great a burden on it you are running the

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risk of losing it all. No one would expect a half-ton truck to carry a five-ton load, and yet many people who would not expect too much of a truck will ask a good deal more than they have a right to ask of a dollar."

"Oh, you're right, of course," said his caller. "You know more about it than I do, and while I'm disappointed at being obliged to give up the idea of easy money, I'm convinced that what you say is true."

"They aren't my own ideas, you know," said the banker. "I've merely been telling you what experience has taught."

"Well, I'm much obliged anyway," said the caller, rising to his feet. "Maybe I'll stop in again some day."

"I hope you will," the banker exclaimed cordially.

Making Little Men Big

(Continued from page 17)

gave Sloan a great ovation, which lasted until the horses reached the barrier.

Tod Sloan was riding for real money that day and his horsemanship on Daly's entry, which was six to one in the betting, was of a quality which brought exclamations of admiration to the lips of every experienced turfite at the track. The Daly horse won easily and when Sloan came back to the betting ring he reversed the usual procedure between owner and jockey by handing Daly \$600 instead of collecting the \$25, the usual fee for riding a winner.

"Sloan made enough money that day to have kept him in comfort the rest of his life," said Daly, telling of the incident, "but he didn't hang on to it. He's out at Tia Juana now, working for Jimmy Goffroth. Poor Tod!"

Around the race tracks one often hears the remark that Father Bill "brought his boys up on bale sticks," meaning that he punished them with these sticks when they needed it. The old horseman—Father Bill is past the eighty-third mile post to-day—vehemently denies this charge. He will admit, however, that he "used a pair of martingales or a good whip on the boys."

"In those days," said Daly, "the Jockey Club didn't have a lot of Sunday-school rules about boys that a horseman had the papers on. We were permitted to punish them just as their fathers would have, had they done wrong at home. Eddie Garrison never would have become a good jockey if I hadn't warmed his pants many a time.

"Eddie, like Jimmy McLaughlin, was a Hartford boy. His mother, who was my first wife's sister, gave me papers on him when he was fourteen and his weight about 90 pounds. He was a well-built lad and I knew I'd have to watch his weight pretty carefully. I put him through the dumbbell and boxing exercises regularly and made him walk from five to ten miles a day.

"But he was as wild a youngster as I had under my care and a devil for the girls. Down at Brighton, where I developed Snapper, I had a big stable with rooms overhead for the boys. Snapper slept up there. When he got to riding and making big money—seven and eight hundred dollars a month, and him only sixteen!—I discovered that he was in the habit of sneaking out after all of us were in bed, going to Coney Island or New York and staying out most of the night.

"I had an Irish girl doing the cooking at Brighton and one day she told me how Garrison was getting away with it. She said he had some friends on the outside who would come to the stable when the lights were out, shove a ladder up to Snapper's window and let the boy come down it.

"I watched that night, and sure enough about 10:30 along came Alfie Lakeland, who worked around the stables. Alfie stuck the ladder up against the building and Snapper came down it. Alfie knew all the girls and Snapper had plenty of money with which to entertain them.

"Well, I sat up until two o'clock waiting for him to return. When he came in I said nothing, just noted the time. But the next morning! Oh, man, how I tickled that boy with a pair of martingales.

"Mad as a hatter, he went downstairs to breakfast. The Irish girl who had told me how

(Continued on page 79)

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Age..... Occupation.....

Making Little Men Big

(Continued from page 77)

he was working the ladder racket was bending over the stove cooking hot cakes. Garrison suspected she had told on him, so he gave her a terrific slap on the back. His auntie, who was there at the time, saw him and gave him licking number two. After breakfast, still sore, he went out to exercise some horses. Douglas Carter, my foreman, tossed him upon a horse and immediately Snapper jerked the horse's head. Carter admonished him against such tactics, and Garrison, still smarting under the two whippings he had received that morning, sassed him. Carter reached up, yanked Garrison off the horse and gave him his third licking of the morning.

"Those three tannings made a pretty good boy out of the high-tempered Snapper. He settled down for quite a spell, bought his mother a fine home at Sheepshead Bay, and saved quite a sum of money.

"Two years later, after Garrison came to me, he developed into a good rider. He was a smart lad and full of tricks. He outsmarted many a starter and many a jockey. One of the smartest stunts he ever pulled was at the old Washington Park track, out in Chicago, in 1893, when he rode Boundless in the American Derby. That year the American Derby had a value of \$49,500, the richest stake ever run in America up to that time, and J. E. Cushing, owner of Boundless, was very anxious to annex it.

"Boundless drew number one post position. His impost was 122 pounds and he had only an outside chance of winning even with the best racing luck, as he was up against strong contention in the form of St. Leonards and Clifford.

"There was a large field and when the horses got to the post there was a great deal of twisting, turning, and lunging. Garrison took Boundless close to the rail, and while the others were milling about he took all the weight off his mount's back by standing on the rail in such a way that the starter didn't notice him. Whenever it looked as if they might get off Snapper would dismount and pretend to fix his saddle, reins or stirrup. In this way he delayed the start for more than an hour, during all of which time Boundless had nothing on his back, while the others tired themselves out with their milling and the heavy impost they carried. When they did finally get away Boundless was comparatively fresh and he won with little trouble.

The racing term "a Garrison finish," which means a finish in which the horse wins in the last strides by coming from behind, grew out of Snapper's riding. Hundreds of his mounts won "in the final strides."

Next to Fred Archer, the greatest English jockey that ever bowed to the judge, Danny Maher occupied the most affectionate spot in the heart of the average English sportsman. Danny was a product of the Daly school.

He was "bound" to Daly by his mother when he was fourteen and about to start on a career as a newsboy up in Connecticut.

Father Bill had him under contract for five years. At the outset he didn't have much hope of making a good race rider out of Danny, as the boy seemed too slight. But Danny's mother pleaded with Daly to do his best with the lad as she was anxious for him to bring honor to the Mahers.

Young Maher displayed exceptional aptitude at the post, however, even before he had sufficient strength to really control a horse during the running of a race. He was alert, courageous and intelligent. Better than most boys he had a knack of following Bill Daly's instructions. These instructions, which never varied in the slightest degree since Father Bill began racing, were and are: "Boy, take this horse right out in front and keep him there!"

On the American race track to-day when a race horse goes to the front, takes a lead and holds it, he is said to be "on the Bill Daly." The old owner-trainer believes in this method of racing. He says: "Horses are like human beings. They will run better when they hear others coming up behind them. And besides, it stands to reason that there are fewer chances of a horse being knocked off his stride or caught in a pocket or being carried out, if he's in front, where he can take the track to himself."

Danny Maher was one of the best boys that

ever lived when it came to getting "on the Bill Daly." Father Bill cannot recall a single time that Danny was ever left at the post, and he had a knack of getting his mounts in motion when the barrier went up. Father Bill realized the importance of a good start and he spent many hours at the schooling post perfecting his young charge in this department of the art of jockeyship.

Maher, under Mr. Daly's tutelage, won many important stakes in this country, but it was not until he went to England in 1901 that real fame came to rest on his name. During the ten years he rode on the English turf he had the rare honor of winning, at least once, every important stake on the English racing calendar.

In the colors of Sir J. Miller he piloted the famous Rock Sand to victory in the racing classic of the world—the Epsom Derby—in 1903; rode Lord Rosebery's Cicero to victory in the same event in 1905, and in 1906, astride the gallant Spearmint, came home first in the colors of Major E. Loder.

He also rode winners in the Epsom Oaks, St. Leger Stakes, the Two Thousand Guineas, One Thousand Guineas, Sandown Eclipse Stakes, Jockey Club Stakes, Ascot Gold Cup, Ascot Stakes, and others too numerous to mention.

King Edward was one of Danny Maher's greatest admirers. The American lad had the distinction of riding in the royal colors and carrying them to victory. As a token of his appreciation King Edward presented Maher with a diamond stickpin and an automobile. It was a long jump from the street corners of Hartford, Connecticut, where newsboys were his pals, to the Royal box at Epsom Downs and the favoritism of a King. Perhaps it was too far a jump for a boy to make and still keep a Lindbergh keel. Anyway, it was for little Danny, according to Pop Daly.

"Danny was firmly entrenched in the hearts of Britons when Patsy McDermott signed a contract I got for him to go to England to ride," said Daly in relating how success affected Maher. "The night before I put McDermott on the boat he stayed with me. I knew he was going to a strange country and that he would be glad to see one of his own countrymen, especially a boy in his own game. So, I told him to go to Danny Maher as soon as he got on British soil. 'Danny will be glad to see you,' I told him, 'and he'll make you welcome while you are getting your affairs straightened out with your new employer.'

"McDermott, as nice a boy as I ever developed, called at Maher's home in London, or maybe it was in the country, and was met at the door by a flunkey in uniform. He was asked if he had a card, and having none he wrote his name on a sheet of paper and sent it in to Danny. Imagine his feelings a few minutes later when the flunkey came back and said, 'Mr. Maher says you can't stop here!' Danny didn't even come out to greet him.

"But that wasn't the worst of it. Two days later, when McDermott met the man who had imported him to England, the new employer said, 'Mr. McDermott, I want to be released from my contract with you. How much will you take to cancel it?'

"Patsy could hardly believe his ears. But, being a quick-witted lad, he instantly guessed the real reason behind the Englishman's proposition. He figured—and rightly, too, he learned later—that Danny Maher, not wishing the kind of competition McDermott would give him, had gone to the sportsman and put him in Dutch, as the saying goes.

"You have some horses entered in several stake races in the next two weeks, haven't you?" asked Patsy. When the Englishman admitted he had, Patsy said, 'Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. You let me ride your horses in those events and if after the third you're not entirely satisfied with my work I'll give you back your contract for one dollar, and then go home to Pop Daly.'

"The Englishman accepted this offer. He could hardly do otherwise. Now we come to the best part of the story. It so happened that Danny Maher had mounts in the same events. In each case his horse was the favorite in the betting. But, bless Patsy's heart, he went

(Continued on page 80)

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Making Little Men Big

(Continued from page 79)

out there on the English turf and took the three events, Maher's mounts finishing second each time.

"The Englishman was so pleased that he increased Patsy's salary from twenty to thirty thousand dollars a year, and Patsy made a fine record for himself and lots of money for his employer while they were together."

That Pop Daly's success in making little men big is not accidental is evidenced by the fact that he has taken boys who showed no promise as jockeys under other horse owners and made them into top-notchers. A case in point is that of "Winnie" O'Connor, who in his heyday enjoyed the friendship of President Theodore Roosevelt, King Alphonso of Spain, and last and least, Kaiser Wilhelm.

In the late '80's Winnie's papers were in the hands of Mike Daly, brother of Pop. Mike was a good horseman in those days and knew a thing or two about developing riders. But under his training wee Winnie O'Connor showed no promise.

One day Pop Daly saw Winnie exercising a horse at the old Guttenberg track in "Jersey,"

The next time he saw his brother he spoke casually of the O'Connor boy and asked how he was getting along. When Mike said the boy would never make a rider Pop offered to trade him a good horse for Winnie's papers. The deal was made and Winnie O'Connor went to Father Daly.

In less than six months Billy Daly had corrected all of Winnie's faults, showed him how to get away from the post in the lead, taught him how to sit closer to the saddle, and by exercising developed strength in the boy's wrists, which had been weak.

Before he was twelve years old Winnie had won such important events as the Brooklyn Handicap, the Futurity, and the California Derby. He won races in all sections of America and eventually attracted the attention of August Belmont II. When the Rothschilds wanted a first-class boy to go to England to ride

for them Mr. Belmont recommended Winnie O'Connor, and the great English financiers engaged him.

O'Connor developed into a steeplechase rider in England and on the Continent. He rode for King Alphonso in Spain, and one day, after Winnie had won an important race for the King, his Majesty took a diamond stickpin from his cravat and presented it to the rider.

Two years before the war broke out in Europe O'Connor rode the winner of the international steeplechase at Berlin.

Every big racing stable has its Peck's Bad Boy, and Tommy Burns filled that rôle in the Daly barn back in the first years of 1900. Cards and Canadian rye were Tommy's weaknesses. He loved to gamble, and often left the gaming table to go to the track and ride.

Even after he married Dorothy McLaughlin, daughter of the incomparable Jimmy, he refused to settle down to the grind of daily training.

It was while Tommy Burns was the star of this troupe of jockeys that Father Bill entered a maiden by the name of Sailor Boy in a stake race with William C. Whitney's great Broomstick, and other good horses of the early 1900's.

The day before this race, which was run at Belmont Park, Daly went to Mrs. Burns and said, "Doty, we've got a good chance to win this race to-morrow. Sailor Boy is in grand shape and full of run. It's all up to Tommy now. See that he gets to bed early to-night."

It so happened that Tommy had an engagement that night to play cards with a bunch of his friends. He was restless after dinner and about 9 o'clock said, "Doty, I'm going out for a bit of a stroll."

Now, Doty Burns was a strong-minded woman. She was a bit taller than her husband, but couldn't match him in strength. She was determined, however, that he wouldn't leave the house that night. She argued against it for a time, but without avail. Picking up his cap Tommy started for the door. But Doty beat him to it. Standing with her back against the

door she pulled a gun from the folds of her dress. "Go to bed!" she commanded. "You've got a hard day before you and you can't throw down Pop Daly!"

There was a glint in her eyes that Tommy didn't like. He turned, tossed his cap on the table and meekly went to bed.

The next day, as Sailor Boy and Broomstick were going to the post Daly met August Belmont II.

"Your horse is out of his class to-day, isn't he, Mr. Daly?" asked Belmont.

"I don't think so, Mr. Belmont," said Daly. "In fact, if you've got ten dollars on you, I'll show you how to make some money."

Mr. Belmont wasn't much of a betting man, but he pulled out ten dollars.

Daly bet the ten on Sailor Boy, getting six to one. Tommy Burns rode one of the greatest races of his life that day and brought the poorly considered Sailor Boy home in front of the Whitney horse. Father Bill went to Mr. Belmont and handed him seventy dollars.

"That," said Daly, "shows that you can never tell what one of Bill Daly's horses will do even against the great Broomstick."

For fifty years Father Bill has been doing things like that. He has put over more 100 to 1 shots than any owner in turf history.

"How do you do it, Mr. Daly?" I asked him the day he won with Rockport at 100 to 1.

"Good horses and first-class jockeys!" he replied. "My boys are brought up by hand. I won't have one around who smokes, chews, drinks, or uses chewing gum. Chewing gum, a doctor once told me, is bad for their brains. And most of them know more than I do. How come? Well, first of all I pick smart boys. Then I teach them all I know about horses and riding. If they have an ounce of sense they are bound to learn a little something on the side. That something gives them the edge on me."

And Father Bill chuckled over his explanation of how he makes little men big.

To Foster and Perpetuate 100 Per Cent. Americanism

By J. M. Lonergan

Note.—Mr. Lonergan, who made this address at the American Legion National Convention, in San Antonio, Texas, in October, is a Past Grand Chaplain of the American Legion and is a member of Rockford, Ill., Lodge of Elks, Number 64.

THERE never was, I doubt if there ever will be, a 100 per cent. American.

To be a 100 per cent. American an individual would need the blood, the traditions, the aspirations and the genius of every race in the civilized world.

No heart is big enough to beat in full accord with every race which makes up America.

No mind can comprehend in its full the genius contributed by the total race contribution to America.

No individual ideal can focus its full glare of sympathy to the height accumulated by the aggregate ideals of the races which make up America.

No blood can course in normal action made up of the blood of all the races in great big human America.

"To foster and perpetuate a 100 per cent. Americanism" therefore does not mean a 100 per cent. accomplishment in the individual. It means a 100 per cent. accomplishment in the mass.

Americanism is not language.

Americanism is not education.

Americanism is not religion.

Americanism is not social betterment.

Americanism is opportunity—opportunity by which each individual shall freely speak, shall freely grow, shall freely worship and shall freely advance.

The men who fell at Lexington and Gettysburg and San Juan, as well as the men who fell in the Argonne did not contribute their all for a language; they did not die for a school; they did not sacrifice their human lives for social welfare. They made their contribution to save liberty—

the opportunity for every human soul to know, to speak and to grow.

This is the most distinctive plank in the American Legion platform. But it has been robbed of its grandeur and force by fanatics who have made it seem trivial, even by fanatics who have made it seem oppressive.

"To foster and perpetuate 100 per cent. Americanism," means to promote sympathy with the elements that make 100 per cent. America; and to promote loyalty to the cause of America.

The best test of a man's sympathy for his fellow humans is the comradeship of war.

The best test of a man's loyalty is the rigid war-proof that he will die for a cause.

The American Legion is made up of those men and those men only of proven comradeship and of proven loyalty. This is what makes it American.

The American Legion is made of men of all the nationals that make up 100 per cent. America. This is why it is "Legion."

America is founded upon the principle that "all men are created free and equal." Not only Albions, but also Latins; not only Gauls but also Slavs; not only Germans but also Celts; not only Scandinavians but also Greeks; not only Gentiles but also Jews. One hundred per cent. means all. Any division in this total means less than 100 per cent.

Americanism means the opportunity for every man and woman in sympathy with human liberty and human rights to come here and be welcome.

This welcome should be limited to our physical capacity to supply their material wants; and our moral capacity to assimilate their vast human contribution.

The people of America cry out to us, the representative patriotic organization of America,

to preserve Americanism. To do so we must contact the future Americans.

The future Americans are the children. The people who are having the children are largely the people of the new citizenship. Therefore, the American Legion should contact the new citizenship—commonly called but wrongly called our "foreign" population.

There are two ways of sympathetic contact—one American and one un-American.

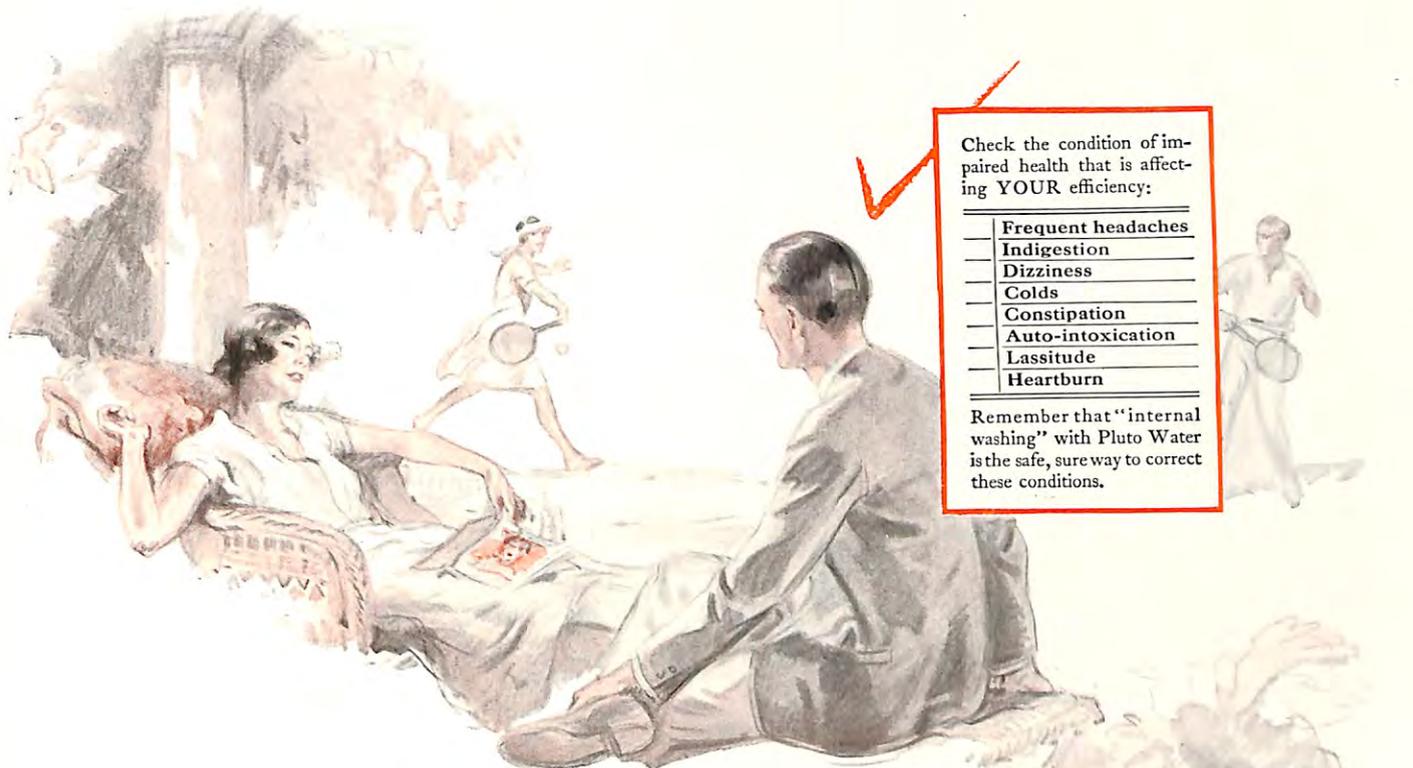
The un-American way is by paternal and patronizing approach.

The American way is by approach that will not destroy their genuineness—their independence and their God-given characteristics.

The American way can be accomplished by establishing American Legion Posts manned by our own comrades and patriots from this newer citizenship. Charge them with the task of Americanization. They functioned 100 per cent. in the Argonne—they will function 100 per cent. now.

Let every Post face this issue squarely. Discuss it in open meeting. It is the biggest question to-day in America. Whether we stick to our original contract for a 100 per cent. human contribution which alone can accomplish 100 per cent. Americanism; or whether we curtail our broad policy of the past and by the use of discrimination among the elements of that contribution we develop only 50 per cent. of that contribution—and thereby arrive at only 50 per cent. Americanism.

I see only one answer. The American Legion will not betray its comrades of the newer citizenship. The American Legion will not admit America and 100 per cent. Americanism have been a failure. The American Legion will carry on the God-given mission of the founders of the Republic which set up 100 per cent. humanity as the standard of 100 per cent. Americanism.



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<input type="checkbox"/>	Frequent headaches
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Not Really Sick -and still not really well

—does that describe a condition in which, too often, you find yourself?

HOW often have you said to yourself —“Wish I felt better—don’t know just what’s wrong”? Not really sick—and still not really well.

That is the time to take stock of your physical condition. Nine times out of ten you’re in need of a thorough internal wash.

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Just think. If the water you drink every day were to pass through the intestines, you would never need any other laxative! Unfortunately, it does not. Instead it is pre-absorbed—and excreted by the kidneys.

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Water has a mineral content exceeding that of the blood. Therefore it is practically “absorption-proof.” It passes directly through the intestines. And it *flushes* as it goes.

That accounts for the prompt action of Pluto—positive, complete results in 30 minutes to two hours—an unequalled safeguard to your health. That, too, accounts for its harmless, soothing effect. Since it merely *washes*, it does not gripe or irritate, and has no habit-forming tendency.

For nearly a generation, doctors have consistently prescribed Pluto Water. Either for regular daily use, or in time of emergency, you will find Pluto a never-failing friend. Dilute with *hot* water—directions on every bottle. Sold at all drug counters and at fountains. Bottled at the springs, French Lick, Indiana.

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