

# The Elks

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Magazine

JULY, 1928

HONOR \* COURAGE \* SACRIFICE \* ACHIEVEMENT



In this Issue: "The Strong Man,"  
by Achmed Abdullah; "The  
Story of Sprinting," by Charley  
Paddock; "The Truce," by Myron  
M. Stearns, and Other Inter-  
esting Articles and Features

Norman  
Rockwell

## DON'T FOOL YOURSELF

Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it.



# Nice people recognize *Listerine, because of its marked power as a deodorant, ends halitosis.* the risk - and avoid it

RECOGNIZING, first, that halitosis (unpleasant breath) is widespread, and, second, that its victim is seldom aware of its presence, nice people avoid the risk entirely by using Listerine.

Simply rinse the mouth with it. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others. It immediately ends halitosis. The breath becomes sweet and inoffensive. And how important that is in social, home and business life!

Listerine ends halitosis because it strikes first at the cause. And then conquers the effect. Being antiseptic, it checks fermentation from which odors usually arise. Being a powerful deodor-

ant, it then dispels the odors themselves.

If you have the slightest doubt about Listerine's amazing power to deodorize, make this test. Rub a bit of onion on your hand. You know how hard this odor is to remove. Next apply Listerine clear. Immediately the odor disappears. Even the odor of fish yields to this treatment.

Don't take the chance of offending others when, by simply using Listerine halitosis can be prevented. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. And use it. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

### READ THE FACTS *1/3 had halitosis*

68 hairdressers state that about every third woman, many of them from the wealthy classes, is halitoxic. Who should know better than they?



Have you tried  
the new Listerine  
Shaving Cream?

# LISTERINE

*The safe antiseptic*

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



# FOR MEN who want to become independent in the NEXT TEN YEARS



IN the spring of 1937 two men will be sitting in a down-town restaurant.

"I wonder what's going to happen next year," one of them will say. "Business is fine now—but the next few years are going to be hard ones, and we may as well face the facts."

The man across the table will laugh.

"That's just what they said back in 1927," he will answer. "Remember? People were looking ahead apprehensively—and see what happened! Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before. They've certainly been good years for me . . ."

He will lean back in his chair with the easy confidence and poise that are the hallmark of real prosperity.

The older man will sit quiet a moment and then in a tone of infinite pathos:

"I wish I had those ten years back," he will say.

TODAY the interview quoted above is purely imaginary. But be assured of this—it will come true. Right now, at this very hour, business men are dividing themselves into two groups, represented by the two individuals whose words are quoted. A few years from now there will be ten thousand such luncheons and one of the men will say:

"I have got what I wanted."

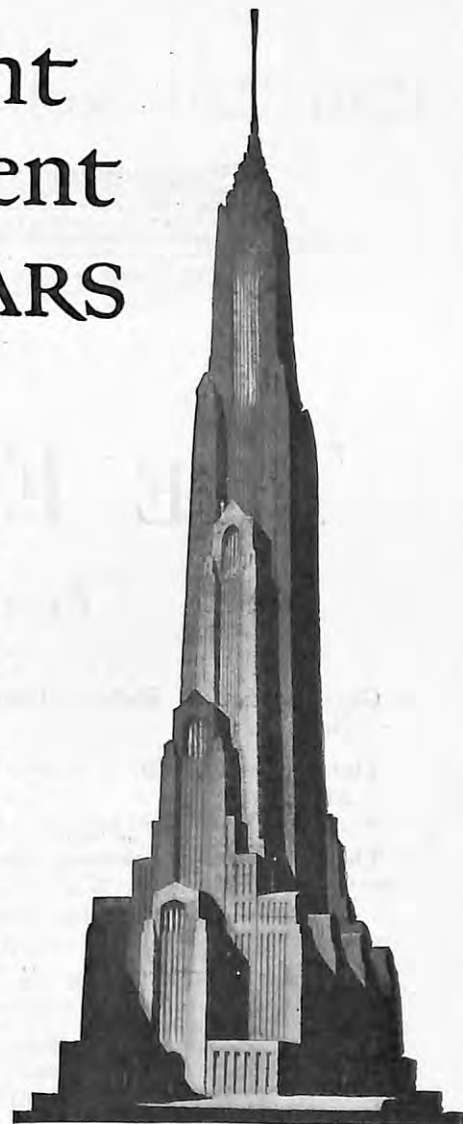
And the other will answer:

"I wish I had those years back."

In which class are you putting yourself? The real difference between the two classes is this—one class of men

hope vaguely to be independent *some-time*; the other class have convinced themselves that they can do it within the next few years. Do you believe this? Do you care enough about independence to give us a chance to prove it? Will you invest one single evening in reading a book that has put 300,000 men on the road to more rapid progress?

This book costs you nothing—and for a good reason. It is worth only what you make it worth. It explains how for more than eighteen years it has been the privilege of the Alexander Hamilton Institute to help men shorten the path to success; to increase their



"Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before."

earning power; to make them masters of the larger opportunities in business.

"FORGING AHEAD IN BUSINESS" is a cheerful, helpful book. It is yours for the asking. Send for it. Measure yourself by it. Look clearly, for a few moments, into *your* next few years. Whether or not you will follow the path it points is a matter that you alone must decide.

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Executive Training for Business Men



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Send me the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

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*Please write plainly*



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



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Seven  
 Number Two

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## The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

THE Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary 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, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Clyde Jennings, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, B. P. O. Elks Lodge No. 321, Lynchburg, Virginia.



Office of the  
**Grand Exalted Ruler**

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

**Official Circular Number Ten**

15 State Street,  
 Boston, Mass.  
 June 15, 1928

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

MY BROTHERS:

In all probability this will be my last official circular as Grand Exalted Ruler. Therefore, I take the opportunity to thank the officers and committeemen of the Grand Lodge, my District Deputies, the officers of the subordinate Lodges, in particular, the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries, for their loyal and efficient co-operation and for their prompt and courteous response to all requests and suggestions which I have made in the performance of my official duties.

I am grateful to the members of the Order for their wonderful hospitality, their generosity and friendliness, and their enthusiastic reaction to the program of Elk activities which I have laid before them.

The Past Grand Exalted Rulers have given me unstintingly of their time and abilities, and have assisted me by their wise counsel. An expression of thanks cannot state fully my appreciation.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE has carried in conspicuous place my messages to the membership of the Order, and has related my visits to the subordinate Lodges in a most interesting manner, and has supported the policies of this administration by forceful and effective editorials. I wish Brother Fanning and his capable assistants to know of my gratitude.

Indeed, the loyalty and the unselfish and untiring efforts of the officers and members of the Order have lightened my burden, gladdened my heart, and made possible whatever success may attend my administration. Thank you, my brothers, and know that I have for you the warmest fraternal feeling.

*Annual Grand Lodge Session*

Uppermost in our minds at the present time is the annual session of the Grand Lodge which is to convene in Miami, Florida, on Monday, July 9th. The plans which have been made and given to you through the columns of THE ELKS MAGAZINE indicate that nothing has been spared of time, or money, or energy, or thought, which could insure a convention notable in the history of the Order. I predict that both in constructive work for the future of Elkdom and in social festivities for the entertainment of visiting Elks and friends, the Miami Convention will establish an enviable record. So come to Miami, if it is possible for you to do so, and join in the great finale of this administration.

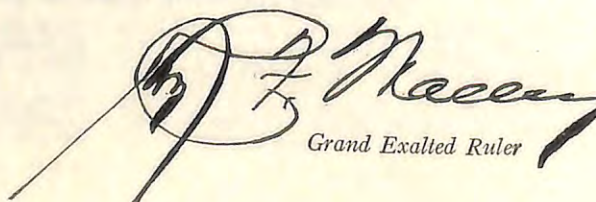
*Circular Letters*

During this year, no subordinate Lodge has been given authority to circularize the other Lodges for any purpose. In the few instances in which letters or pamphlets have been sent out without authority, immediate action has been taken to stop the issuance of further literature and to cause the abandonment of the project which was being promoted. The officers of subordinate Lodges should be familiar with Section 183, G.L.S., and should comply with its provisions.

*Appointments*

I announce the appointment of Brother Richard M. Davies of Panama Canal Zone Lodge No. 1414 as a member of the Auditing Committee of the Grand Lodge, to succeed Brother A. S. Cain of New Orleans Lodge No. 30, Chairman, who resigned on account of pressure of his personal affairs. I have designated Brother Blake C. Cook of Kent Lodge No. 1377 as Chairman of the Auditing Committee.

Fraternally,

  
 Grand Exalted Ruler



# How I Made a Fortune With a "Fool" Idea

*Learn my money-making secret—Be a Real Estate Specialist—Start at home, in your spare time—Use my successful System—Free Book shows how.*

"IT'S a fool idea!"

That's what my friends said, when I told them about my idea for starting a real estate business "on the side."

But with that "fool" idea I made more than one hundred thousand dollars net profit.

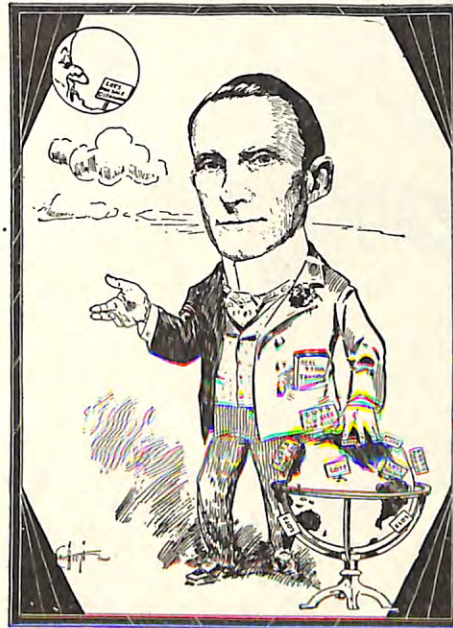
No matter who you are, where you are, or what your sex or present occupation, if you want to do what I did—if you want to get out of the \$25-a-week crowd and build up a high-class, money-making business of your own—right at home—in your spare time—send at once for my free book which opens wide the door of the biggest and best money-making business opportunity you ever heard of in your whole life.

## Use My Successful System

When I started in real estate, I tossed overboard all the hit-or-miss, haphazard, rule-of-thumb methods of the past, and put into operation a system of my own which is as superior to the old way as the modern Mazda lamp is superior to the tallow candle of our forefathers.

With little education—no experience—no influence—and less than five dollars capital—I started in my spare time and met with instant success.

If you want to follow in my footsteps—if you want to use my amazingly successful system—send for my free book now. It tells how I succeeded—how I have helped other men and women win big success—how you, too, can succeed—



A well-known Cartoonist's conception of my idea

how you can have a splendid business of your own and make more money than you ever made before.

## A Wonderful Business

Real estate—conducted my way—is a great business. It is as permanent as the earth itself. It is getting bigger and bigger as the country grows. It doesn't require years of study to learn like most other businesses and professions. It offers enormous earnings to ambitious men and women. Users of my system are making \$1,000—\$5,000—\$10,000 on single deals—as much as the average man gets for months and years of hard work. And the business is practically unlimited. Ten million properties are now on the market for rent, sale or exchange. And you can start with little or no capital—right at home—in your spare time. I did. So did others. So can you. My free book tells you how.

## Read These Records

Here are just a few brief extracts from the many letters received from happy users of my money-making real estate system:

- "Made \$5,500 on first deal after getting your system."—Mrs. Evalynn Balster, Chicago. (Former School Teacher.)
- "Sold a lot by your methods in less than one hour and my commission was \$800." J. A. Ferguson, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. (Former Dry Cleaner.)
- "Sold over \$100,000 worth of property my first year with your methods."—H. D. Van Houten, Passaic, N. J. (Former Grocery Clerk.)
- "Have sold thousands of dollars worth of property your way. Have deals that will go beyond the \$300,000 mark."—Carrie Marshall, Ocean Springs, Miss. (Former Housekeeper.)
- "My first day's work in real estate netted me \$435. I recommend your system to anyone wishing to get into a pleasant and profitable business."—F. B. Bennett, San Diego, Cal. (Former Planing Mill Man.)
- "Have sold one \$5,000 lot and 3 houses so far, with your system."—Mrs. B. H. Morehouse, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Former Housewife.)

These are just a few samples of success that you will read about in my free book. Get it. Read it. Follow its instructions. Make big money my way.

## Get Free Book Now

My big, new, illustrated book is filled with fascinating facts about my kind of a real estate business—what I did—what others are doing—what you can do.

Mail coupon right now and get this valuable, money-making information free. It doesn't cost you a nickel to find out what this book can do for you. So, act at once. You will never forgive yourself if you turn your back on this unusual chance to win big, business success. Address PRESIDENT, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 33-7, 18 East 18 Street, New York.

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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.

AMERICAN BUSINESS BUILDERS, Inc.



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Mail me your free book telling how you made \$100,000 in a new kind of real estate business—how others are making big money—and how I can do the same.

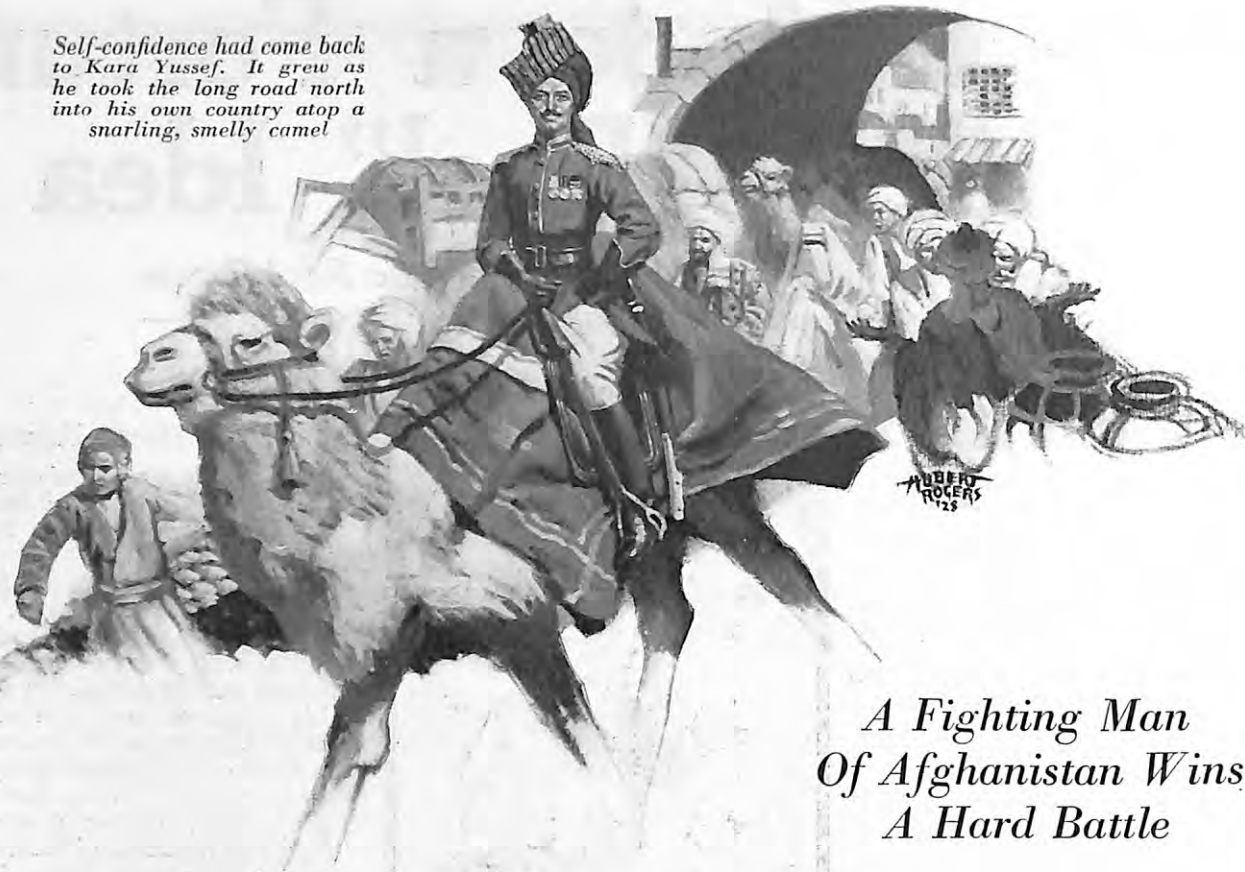
Name .....  
Print or write plainly

Address .....

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



Self-confidence had come back to Kara Yussef. It grew as he took the long road north into his own country atop a snarling, smelly camel



## A Fighting Man Of Afghanistan Wins A Hard Battle

# The Strong Man

By Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by Hubert Rogers

OUTSIDE, solitude, the purple rush of evening; the dying sun spiking a crimson diadem across the snows of the Himalayas, shooting a wedge of light down the Khyber Pass, straight into the stony, sardonic heart of Afghanistan.

Inside, noise, life; coarse, lawless life of coarse, lawless men who squatted on pillows around tabourets, eating, drinking, smoking, chattering, laughing.

They were a picturesque riff-raff of this turbulent northern Indian border. Afghans, Baluchis, Tartars. More rogues than honest men; nor stewing with remorse for past sins—rather stewing with longing for sins yet to be sinned. Cameleers, caravan guides, stable crimps, horse traders, bazaar bullies. Too, a few soldiers of native battalions in the service of the British Raj, and Red Mustaffa himself, the owner of the coffee shop, nursing his paunch in a fragile, creaking English chair perilously tilted against the door jamb.

He smiled benignly and sleepily upon his customers. A pleasant place, he thought, giving him a pleasant living.

He liked it. Liked the odor of roast mutton and garlic and acrid tobacco, the mingling of shifting fire smoke and livid candle wraith, the steam of human vapor, all floating up, companionably enough, toward the low ceiling. Liked the tapestry of faces, scarred and bearded, grotesque and handsome, ruddy and swart and ribald. Liked the symphony of guttural voices swapping spiced news of gutter and barracks and caravan road . . . voices suddenly stilled as words peaked up, staccato, threatening:

"Silence, O you with the leaky tongue!"

The speaker rose. He stood there, six feet of muscle and brawn, scarlet regimental tunic gay with medals and decorations won on the battlefields of Flanders and Mesopotamia, turban cocked at an arrogant angle, features hawkish, with the chin stick-

ing out like a battering-ram. Kara Yussef he was, soldier of the British Raj though Afghan by nation, with rank and pay of lance-daffadar in the 7th, King Edward's Own, Frontier Cavalry.

"Your sisters are vile, O creature!" he went on, heaping abuse on salty abuse. "Wah—seventeen dirt-fed infidels were your mother's lovers!"

His hairy hand stabbed down, pulled, brought up a squirming, squealing Tartar cameleer. The latter twisted, tried to free himself, did not succeed.

"I do not even know you!" he protested.

"You will know me hereafter, O grandson of a wart!"

"But—what have I done?"

"You said things."

"Just the gossip of the open road, no harm meant. What I heard in the hills—the price of cattle and fodder. . . ."

"YOU also spoke of a girl," Kara Yussef shook the other violently—"a girl of the Nadiri, my own tribe. . . ."

"I did not blacken her face. I only said that, when I passed through the village, there was a telling. . . ."

"Do not say it again!" yelled Kara Yussef; and, all at once, he planted a capable army boot on the seat of his victim's loose patched breeches and kicked him across a couple of tabourets and over the outer threshold.

The Tartar picked himself up. He trembled with hate and fear. But distance, even so short a distance, lent a measure of courage.

"And yet it is true!" he shrieked. "I heard it with these ears—saw it with these

eyes! Ah—" triumphantly, vindictively, since now he knew what scrap of news had enraged the Afghan—"it is Hajji Goor has the hugging of Jehanna's slim waist: One week from to-day she will become his wife and. . . ."

He interrupted himself.

"Aie!" he gave a cry of terror.

For a dagger had leaped to Kara Yussef's fingers. It described a shimmering curve; buried itself inch-deep in the door jamb a hair's-breadth from the Tartar's quickly ducked head—a hair's-breadth, too, from the bullet-shaped head of Red Mustaffa, the owner of the coffee shop.

"The Lord His mercy!" he exclaimed. Ponderously, indignantly, while the Tartar ran away, he waddled up to Kara Yussef. "What manners be these, O assassin from the North!" he demanded.

"I lost my temper."

"And I nearly lost an ear." He drew the Afghan aside. "Have you, belike, been overly brisk with the bottle? Hah!" accusingly—"there is a hiccup in your throat!"

"I am sober as an angel."

"But the dagger. . . ."

"Did you hear what the Tartar said?"

"Vaguely. I was half-asleep. Something about a girl. . . ."

"Whom I love."

"Allah—you love so many!"

"Why not? Am I not the sturdy lad? But her I love best. And now. . . ."

"There seems to be another man—another snake in the cactus hedge."

"Yes."

"Even so, why kill the Tartar—or me? Would it not be more reasonable to kill this other man?"

"I cannot."

"Eh?"—incredulously.

"He is my brother."



And Kara Yussef left the coffee shop. He walked down the street. He thought of Jehanna. . . .

How could he ever forget her—he asked himself—with her slim, proud height, the waxen white of her skin, the ebony of her hair, and the look in her eyes to break young hearts and heal old ones. . . .

How could he ever forget her?

Nearly three months ago he had met her. At that time, his term of enlistment ended, he had had his fill of fighting. So he had taken the long road home across the Afghan border to his tribe, the Nadiri, who tilled a valley east of the Kohee Baba Range; a rich valley that whispered silken to the winds with the swaying of green grasses and red millet, and the hillsides black with trees where dappled deer roamed and wild-birds chirped and clucked.

His parents were dead. Hajji Goor, his only brother, a young lad given to piety and gentle learning, had been away at a religious school in Persia, studying for the Moslem priesthood. But there had been many to wish him the hearty "Welcome home to the mountains, O neighbor of God!"; to tell him the simple news of the past years; to listen to his own epic telling of how he had wandered far, far, warring other men's wars for the sport of it.

"This scar on my arm"—he had told them that first evening—"look—is where a bullet of the *Allemani-log*, the Germans, singed me. Stout fighters! But what chance had they when, at night, we crept from our trenches with the red storm of our long knives? And here"—baring his chest—"a wound made by a Turkish bayonet. That



was the time I saved the colonel *sahib's* life, and later on he gave me this!"—showing a medal and ribbon. "And now I am home, and here I shall abide until my feet itch again and my sword arm. Ah—for a while I shall put this handsome head of mine where I can find it in the morning, all safe and snug!"

The tribesmen had laughed. They were a peaceful folk, content with their narrow bailiwick. Let all the world swagger past with motley glories and truculent weapons. . . . what did these peasants care? They



*Kara Yussef had seen her before the open door of her house and thought: "Here is a sweet face, and—by Allah the Redeemer—how my heart throbs!"*

had their fields, their cattle, their orchards. Still, they had enjoyed Kara Yussef's clanking exploits—Kara Yussef, who even as a child, to quote his own mother, had always been like a snarling wolf-cub in a litter of mild hearth-bred puppies; they had exclaimed:

"Tell us more, O hero!"

Other tales then of Flanders and Mesopotamia. Nor all of them truthful, as, for instance, when he had related how he had challenged the Grand Khan of the *Allemani-log*, the German Emperor, to single combat, had defeated him and ignominiously kicked him all the way across No Man's Land, crying:

"Begone, O low Egyptian! Back to your sty, O wearer of a verminous turban!"

Again applause. They had been proud of him.

Then, to an old woman's question if he would marry, his reply:

"When the right girl comes along I shall whistle to her. In the meantime," superbly, "it will be for me the kissing of other men's wives. . . . and is there finer kissing on earth?"

Bragging? Not altogether. For, during the next week or two, the forest might have whispered many a secret of golden words and crimson lips. Indeed he had a way with the women—a way, as we say in our hills, like the sword calling to the scabbard and the plough to the brown earth.

So it had always been with him. Women here and there; in war and peace; passing through his life, his heart, leaving no memory. A Belgian peasant girl in Flanders. A Jewish girl after the taking of Jerusalem. The wife of a Turkish Pasha when his regiment had garrisoned Damascus. Even now, in the city of Peshawar, where his enlistment had ended, a Hindu woman waited for him.

What was her name? Oh yes—Chandravati. So pretty—so faithful. . . .

Let her wait! Let them all wait.

**A**T LEAST for a time, the home winds had seemed best, the home women, the home kisses.

Then one morning, not long after his return, he had met Jehanna, the daughter of Abderrahman Terek, the *caufila bashee*, the caravan master. Her family, too, were of the Nadiri. But she had been born and brought up on the other side of the Kohee Baba Range where her father's caravans were trading among the Durani clans; had only recently come to the village to look after her grandmother, who was growing old.

Kara Yussef had seen her before the open door of her house, pounding grain with a wooden pestle in a wooden mortar. He had stopped; had thought:

"Here is a new face, a sweet face, and—by Allah the Redeemer—how my heart throbs!"

Aloud he had asked:



"What is your name?"

"I am Jehanna, the daughter of Abderrahman Terek."

"And I am Kara Yussef."

"Two days ago I came—and already I have heard of you."

"Of course," he had replied, misreading her smile. "The plains know my fame and the bulging, rocky sides of the world." And, after a pause: "May I tell you a truth?"

"Yes."

"I love you."

"Words, I understand, frequently on your lips?"

"Words without meaning—until I saw you, and seeing you, loved you. Ah—your head on my pillow—and it is not the King-Emperor of the British himself I would envy!"

He had been about to sweep her into his arms; had jumped back when her small fist had struck him across the cheek. He had broken into hooting laughter.

"I love you better because of your savagery," he had said; and walked away—to return the next day and the next and the next—again and again telling her of his love which had grown steadily as he continued to find her chilly, indifferent, rather contemptuous.

No longer, by the end of the week, boasting and bullying. But pleading. Speaking, for once in his life, with humility; speaking to her as he might to a child or a saint; speaking gentle words pulsing with a high, driving tenderness.

"Do you like me—oh—a little?"—humbly, so humbly; until, one day, she had taken pity on him.

"I did not like you at first," had come her honest reply. "But I like you now."

"And—you love me?"

"No."

"I thought you said . . ."

"To like is not to love. A flower is not a fruit."

"A flower can ripen into a fruit. Perhaps you will love me some day?"

"Never!"

"But . . ."

"Never!"—with utter finality.

He had shaken his head. How could this be? He loved her. Why did she not love him? Oh—but she must—she must—some day . . . and he had thought!

"I know what to do. I shall go away. And she will miss me—will rush into my arms when I come back."

So he had said to her:

"To-morrow I leave these hills."

"Where are you going?"

"To India, to fight again for the Raj. Ah"—he had smiled—"I am so filled with love that I shall have to walk slowly, warily, lest I jolt some of this love over the brimming edge of me."

Then, suddenly, the Old Adam had risen in him.

"TWO years I shall be gone, O crusher of hearts," he had added. "And if, in the meantime, another man should open the shrine of your soul . . ."

"Yes . . .?"

"My dagger across his throat—and a shroud for his wedding cloak!"

So, a few weeks earlier, he had returned to Peshawar. Once more he was a lance-daffadar in the 7th, King Edward's Own, Frontier Cavalry; was once more spending his spare hours between Red Mustaffa's coffee shop and the little house of Chandravati, the Hindu girl.

He could not forget Jehanna. Still, a man was a man; and Chandravati was

*So he parried strokes and thrusts, breaking ground again and again, while Jehanna, at first frightened, felt presently a keen elation. For was she not hill-bred, and—oh, the gorgeous Afghan savagery of it!—were there not two lads battling for the sake of her kisses?*



pretty and young and lissome. Faithful she was, and as good a cook as you could find in all India, and patiently clever—with the patient cleverness of her ancient race.

Thus, when occasionally he would speak of Jehanna, she would shrug her shoulders and say:

"You love her, and I love you. What difference—since you are in my arms? By Shiva and Vishnu!"—quoting the Indian proverb—"whether the knife falls on the cucumber or the cucumber on the knife—the result is the same."

Oh, yes—patient and clever.

Patient and clever, too, when Kara Yussef having gone straight to her house from Red Mustaffa's place and told her he was off to the hills in the morning, she replied:

"Go if you must, my lord."

"You know why I am going?"

"Jehanna . . .?"

"Yes. She is betrothed to another."

"You will kill him?"

Then the same answer he had given to Red Mustaffa:

"I cannot. He is my brother. Allah!"—furiously—"how can she love him? The

puny, prating, fledgling priest! How can any woman love him?"

"Love is blind," whispered Chandravati; and, without the slightest irony: "I love you!"

For a second he was conscious of remorse, of strange, welling tenderness. But, quickly, he brushed the feeling aside. He turned toward the door.

She ran after him. She kissed him.

"May you succeed in your quest, O my lord!"

He left. He went directly to the bungalow of Colonel Sir James O'Dwyer, though it was close to midnight and it needed bribery as well as threats to persuade the Punjabi orderly to call his master. Shortly afterward the latter appeared on the veranda, red-faced, peppery, martial even in his pajamas, speaking a fluent vitriolic Afghan with a strong Irish accent:

"To rouse me from sleep—at this hour! Are you drunk, O great buffalo?"

The other saluted.

"You are my father and my mother, sahib."

"The customary introduction to a quite preposterous demand. What is it?"

"Be pleased to grant me furlough—at once."

"Furlough—when you only re-enlisted a little while back? What do you think you are—the commander-in-chief?"

"I must go home to-morrow."

"Well—you won't."

"I must. Please, sahib . . ."

"I'll let you go some other time."

"Some other time will be too late."

The Colonel was getting more and more





Yes—that was it—she longed for him, missed him!

“I shall never love you!” she had said.

That, too, had been a trick of hers—to sharpen his passion. . .

**W**HY—she was meant for love—*his* love; and he felt elated, hummed snatches of an Afghan ballad:

“*The sword—is it meant for the blow?*

*Is it? Or is it not?*

*Your mouth—is it shaped for my kisses?*

*Is it? Or is it not . . . ?*

He interrupted himself.

For the queer memory came to him how he had sung this same ballad to Chandravati, the first time he had met her. That had been in Peshawar outside the city gate. They had gone for a stroll in the tangled old garden of Timoor-Shah-the-Golden, and he had said to her—oh! he remembered the very words:

“It is yourself makes the flowers sweeter and the sunshine warmer!”

He had meant it, he reflected; had surely meant it. And she—she had loved him then, loved him still . . . and, in spite of her love, perhaps because of it, had wished him luck with Jehanna. Well—some day he would see her again; would buy her that turquoise bracelet she had admired so often in the Bazaar of the Kashmiri Silversmiths. Yes, he would buy it for her, as a token of friendship, when he returned to Peshawar—with Jehanna. . . .

Jehanna—by Allah and by Allah—there was the girl for you!

All his thoughts were of her as he neared the Kohee Baba Range; as on the sixth day out of Peshawar, the great peaks of Maur Koh towered above him, white, frozen, austere, like huge icicles stood on end.

Winter up there on the peaks.

Full summer in the valleys below. The quick, sharp, riotous summer of the North. Summer rich and roaring and unashamed. Summer to forest and field, to beast and bird.

Summer to the heart of Kara Yussef.

“Ah”—he said to himself, on the morning of the seventh day—“Jehanna to the arms of me! Jehanna to the arms of me to-night!”

So he walked on, through the great, brave lands of trees where lordly stags pawed the ground and gave their deep-throated calls; across cleft granite stretches where small brooks whispered to each other; and, as evening dropped, by a short-cut where, as a child, he had found a cave hidden by boulders and gnarled roots. There, years ago, when his father had threatened him with punishment for some lawless deed, he had often found refuge. He had never shared the knowledge of its whereabouts with anybody except his brother. He had taken the latter there one day—he must have been twelve, Hajji Goor seven—and had

(Continued on page 64)

annoyed. He slapped viciously at a mosquito that had lit on his bare ankles. These Afghans—he thought—good soldiers, but—damn their souls—so stubborn. . . .

“Look here,” he said. “I’ll tell you why I can’t let you go. This afternoon I received word—confidential word—that the regiment entrains for Burma at the end of three weeks for a bit of border fighting. I’ll need all my troopers. So—you see—you’ll have to stay. *Hokum hai*—it is an order!”

“An order not for me, *sahib!*”

“Eh? What’s that?”

“I am a free man, an Afghan, not a subject of the Raj.”

“Makes no difference. You swore allegiance. What is the matter with you? Are you afraid? By God”—Irish temper and Irish accent lent a flavor to Oriental abuse—“may you be beat on the mouth with a slipper! May your mother, your sisters, and all your female relatives . . .”

“*Sahib!*” the Afghan flared up.

At once O’Dwyer was sorry; and, being a gentleman besides being an officer, he did not consider it beneath his dignity to apologize to a lance-daffadar.

“Forgive me, won’t you?”

He smiled. So did the Afghan. They shook hands.

“And now,” Sir James went on, “let’s talk man to man. What is calling you home in such a hurry? One of your asinine mountain feuds, I suppose? Well—let the feud wait.”

“A feud could wait. This matter cannot.”

“For heaven’s sake—what is it?”

“A woman whom I love—who will marry

another in seven days—and seven days it will take me to reach my village.”

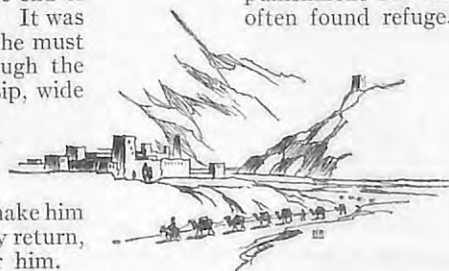
The Afghan was silent. Sir James looked at him. He remembered how, in Mesopotamia, Kara Yussef had saved his life, shielding him with his own body against the lunge of a Turkish bayonet.

“**V**ERY well,” he said. “Furlough is granted. A week to go—a week to attend to your business—a week to return. Tomorrow is the second of the month. By the twenty-third you will rejoin the regiment”—he laughed, slapped the Afghan on the shoulder—“with the woman—or without.”

“With the woman, *sahib*. It is an assured thing.”

For self-confidence had come back to Kara Yussef. It grew as, early next morning, he was off to his own country; as—on foot, astride a horse, atop a snarling, smelly camel, again on foot—he took the long road into the North.

His brother? A priest. Praying was his trade. A decent trade. But not fit for a strong-armed, strong-loined man—such a man as women loved. And—Jehanna would marry his brother by the end of the week? Impossible. It was just a trick of hers. She must have known that, through the everlasting border gossip, wide blown through hills and plains, bazaars and mosques, he would learn of the rumor. She was only trying to make him jealous, to force his early return, because she longed for him.





"The World's Fastest Human" Tells Here

# The Story of Sprinting

By Charley Paddock



Charley Paddock in one of his famous jumping finishes

LAWSON ROBERTSON, head coach of the American track team, has stated that he will select ten sprinters to compete in the Olympic Games at Amsterdam this summer. His choices will not be made known until after the Final Boston Tryouts in July. Some names on that list might almost be selected beforehand. Others are sure to be new to most sports followers, and right now somewhere in America there is, no doubt, a boy who will come unheralded to the games and win a place on the sprinting team. It has generally happened in the past, and it is almost sure to occur again. For, though there are a few well-established champions in the short-distance races, the known reserve material is not at all promising.

America has always prided herself upon the production of Olympic hundred-meter champions. Only twice in the history of the modern games has this country been forced to relinquish premier honors. In 1908 Reggie Walker of South Africa defeated our greatest sprinters, including Lawson Robertson, the present American coach. Again in 1924 Harold Abrahams of England, a Cambridge University student, won first place from the Yankee athletes. Tom Burke won the first Olympic hundred meters in 1896, and he was followed by Fred Jarvis and Archie Hahn. Ralph Craig won the race in the Stockholm Olympics of 1912, and the writer had the good luck to win in 1920.

This time it is going to be a more difficult task than ever before, with Germany in the rôle of our chief menace. Kornig of Breslau and Houben of Crefeld are two dangerously fast runners who will bear watching at Amsterdam. Both are incredibly fast on an outdoor track; both are splendid competitors and both have won many important races under fire. Fortunately for American chances each man has a weakness. Kornig is not overly strong and the many heats at Amsterdam will tend to weaken him, while Houben is very much a veteran and also will have trouble standing up under a series of

eliminations. If it was just one heat, it would be hazardous indeed to name any American who could beat them both.

Our greatest competitors are Charles Borah of Southern California, present 220-yard national champion; Chester Bowman of the Newark Athletic Club, the National 100-yard winner in 1927; Roland Locke of Nebraska, holder of the world's record for the 220 yards; Jackson Scholz, former National and Olympic champion in the furlong; George Sharkey of Ohio,



HERBERT PHOTOS  
Charles Borah

former National 220-yard champion; and Karl Wildermuth of New York. Cummings, Russell, Leconey and Loren Murchison (if he recovers sufficiently from his illness) are other possibilities. But any one of the latter quartet might very easily be displaced by some unknown sprinter, or by some veteran like Frank Hussey of New York or myself.

Always there have been short-distance runners of merit; in the Greek Olympics; in the Roman gladiatorial games; in the Dark Ages when warriors laid aside their armor to run races. Their names are often contained in history books, in stories of the period, and in annals of the time. But our actual records of running only date back accurately to the hamlet life in England, in those days when America was very young.

In those times every village boasted a fleet runner. On holidays, the champions would encounter, sums would be wagered and the winner would become the hero of the hamlet. Though most of the names of these old timers have been forgotten, there is an American of this early period whose deeds abroad won him lasting renown. His name was George Seward and he is credited with running the fastest hundred yards of the nineteenth century. There were no regulation tracks in those days. One either ran on the grass if it happened to be level, or else upon dirt roads, especially prepared. Seward figured that the road was the best, and he had a hundred yards carefully measured off. Race-track timers were procured and a starter was instructed to stand at the commencement of the hundred and to fire his gun when Seward passed. For George figured that he could make much better time if he ran the hundred yards with a flying start instead of a standing one. As he

broke the string at the start, the pistol flashed, the timers caught the flash and timed him in  $9\frac{1}{4}$  seconds for the distance. That race was run September 30, 1844, and gained Seward so much prestige that his name still lives in the record books.

At Berkeley, California, in the spring of 1923, the writer attempted the same race, only this time there was a good track underfoot and spikes to prevent slipping. I was in good physical condition, having run the hundred in  $9\frac{4}{5}$  seconds the previous Saturday, and having repeated this performance about fifteen minutes before I tried my hundred with a flying start. I gave myself fifty yards to get under way, then broke the tape and started down the course. About half-way down I became slightly off-balance owing to the momentum I had acquired. But I finished in my own lane, breaking the string in  $8\frac{9}{10}$  seconds, which after all was not much of an improvement over George Seward, when it is remembered that he ran on a road without spikes almost eighty years before.

THEY had runners in those days. Seward, in 1847, ran 200 yards in  $19\frac{1}{2}$  seconds on a straightaway, which has been seldom equaled or beaten since that time. Indeed, the mark still stands in England as the professional record. But there was to come out of the Lowlands of Scotland a greater runner than George Seward; a sprinter indeed whose achievements set him apart as the greatest professional who ever lived. His running marked the height of the professional sprinting game in England, and in fact, throughout the world. His name was Harry Hutchens, and the story of his career on the track is a lesson in fighting heart and courage, which after all is the chief asset for success in sport.

Harry Hutchens was the first man to win the Sheffield Handicap from scratch. This was considered the blue-ribbon event in the old days. The distance was 130 yards, and the man who had to run the full route was always so greatly handicapped that he was never expected to win. There were many heats, for every man who figured that he



Lawson Robertson, coach of the U. S. Olympic team



had the least chance in the world to win, entered in the hope that he might capture the big purse and the accompanying glory.

The men started from a standing position, with one arm far out-thrust, and the other thrown back, while the feet were in much the same position that sprinters assume "on the mark" today. This was known as the "Sheffield" start. Hutchens used this method and probably got away as fast as most sprinters of recent times have learned to do, from the crouch position. When Harry first commenced to run in the Sheffield races in the late 'seventies, he was a high handicap man and was gradually forced down, through a period of years, until he was a scratch performer. Even then he still ran well within himself. That is to say, as soon as he caught his field, he eased up, winning by the smallest possible margin. This, of course, helped the odds of his supporters, so that no man knew just how fast Harry Hutchens could run, and for certain distances, no man ever found out.

**H**UTCHENS stood a trifle under six feet, but was powerfully built, being quite heavy for a runner, with tremendous thighs, a great, barrel-like chest and big arms and shoulders. His ankles and waist were small, and it is said that he resembled a Greek god when he took the field.

Harry Hutchens did more than win the Sheffield Handicap from scratch. He won the event in later years from 2½ yards behind scratch. There were 10½-second sprinters in that race who had as much as 13 yards handicap, and there were 10½-second men who had 17½ yards. Yet Hutchens won the final heat in 12 seconds. This was 12½ yards under even tens and some will say that it was the greatest bit of running ever recorded. His burst of speed in the final thirty yards was almost uncanny, old-timers say. But Harry could carry on with the same momentum for a full three hundred yards. Indeed, he won his greatest fame in this race.

At Edinburgh, January 2, 1884, Hutchens set a record which has never been beaten by either professionals or amateurs. He was then at the height of his career. He had more strength than at any other period. He was trained to the minute, and he needed to be,



WIDE WORLD  
*Karl Wildermuth*



WIDE WORLD  
*Frank Hussey*



HERBERT PHOTOS  
*Jackson Scholz*

for he had the following handicaps to overcome. He was running 300 yards outdoors, on a turn, in the dead of winter on an extremely cold day. He had to buck a wind for part of the distance, and at no time was the wind in his favor. He had to run on a narrow path where there was room for only two men to pass. He was giving good men as much as thirty-five yards handicap, and there was a field of twenty-seven in the race. He was the only scratch man, and if he was to win he would have to pass every one of these competitors separately.

Hutchens started like a whirlwind. No one had ever seen him run a faster hundred yards. He did not seem to be conserving any speed or strength for the final burst to the tape. Thirty yards from home in some miraculous fashion he was in front, and from that point on he ran "within himself" finishing in thirty seconds flat, the fastest 300 yards ever officially run in the history of man.

If the great Scotsman had hung up his shoes after that race he would have reigned always as the greatest runner. But he went to Australia, as so many champions have done before and since his time, and Australia was his "jinx," as it has been to many others. Hutchens went "down under" with confidence and a host of backers. He won his

first races easily, and it appeared for a time that the champion of all England would soon be the champion of Australia as well.

Far from the eastern coast, where Hutchens did his first running in Australia, a man was being groomed to race him. He was black, an aboriginal. He had been taken from his tribe and brought into civilization. He could not read nor write. He could not think. He could not count the money that he made. But he could run. Like an animal. He gathered himself at the start of a race and left his marks as fast as the ordinary man goes at top speed. He was probably the greatest starter that ever lived. He knew only enough to run to the

finishing string. He did not understand the science of running, the art of starting or the knack of finishing. No one was able to teach him these things.

His manager and his trainers (he needed several of them) had their hands full keeping him sober. He would get away from them and be lost to civilization for long periods. Then he would have to be conditioned all over again. The animal strength of the black coupled with his marvelous natural speed would always assert itself again, and he would soon be as good as ever. Such was the type of athlete who was matched to run Harry Hutchens for the professional championship of the world.

**H**UTCHENS had never heard of Charlie Samuels. In a way, it was not a fair match, for it was not a man that the Scotsman had been pitted against who was a son of civilization and the offspring of generations of people who had lived in houses and been softened by partial luxuries, but it was an animal that Hutchens was facing, born in the brush, with an animal's instinct, an animal's alertness, and an animal's strength. The distance was 100 yards.

At the pistol crack, Samuels was away like a flash. The untamed kangaroo in a moment of intense fear, could not have left faster. Hutchens came out of his holes, true to form, like the great sprinter he was, gathered himself and increased his momentum as he pounded down the cinderpath. But the aboriginal was far ahead. Hutchens commenced to gain at the halfway mark,



KEYSTONE  
*Roland Locke, 220-yd. record holder*



KADEL & HERBERT  
*Loren Murchison breaking the tape*

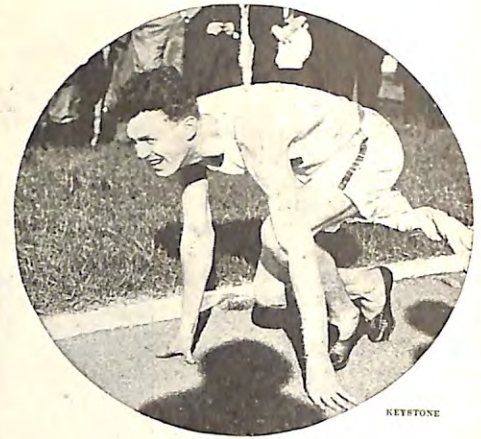


KEYSTONE  
*Chet Bowman, National 100-yd. champion*





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KEYSTONE

and from that point to the tape he cut down the distance, though he could not catch Samuels, the new champion of the world.

The black's managers would never allow Samuels to run Hutchens that distance again. They later met in longer races, with Hutchens always the winner. But no victories could overshadow the first achievement of Charlie Samuels, and though A. B. Postle and Jack Donaldson, Reggie Walker and A. R. Downer all ran great professional races in Australia, none of them could ever supplant the place Samuels had captured in the minds of track followers. And they say that Hutchens himself never quite recovered from that defeat which dimmed his mighty record as the greatest professional sprinter who ever lived.

Marvelous runners have followed Hutchens in sprinting history in this country and in England. Piper Donovan, of Boston; Tom Keane; Farrell, of Michigan; Lonnie Myers; Billy Applegarth, of England, among the professionals; and Charles Sherrill, of Yale, the first man ever to crouch in his holes when starting; Bernie Wefers, the first man to run 220 yards in 21 1/5 seconds; Johnny Owen, the first to run the 100 yards in 9 4/5 seconds, back in 1890; and Arthur Duffy, the first to run the hundred yards in 9 3/5 seconds in 1902, among the early amateurs. Marvelous champions, all. But I doubt if any of these ever gained the local prestige that Harry Hutchens acquired in his heyday, and certainly no single sprinter of this group ever left as many startling records for posterity to marvel at.

There are three distinct parts to a short-distance race: the start, the stride and the

finish. By far the most interesting and the most difficult of these is the start. The proper position of the weight is the secret of fast starting. If the body is balanced with the weight well forward on the front foot and the hands, the first step will be a drive that will send the runner swiftly into his stride. The quickness with which the runner can hit the ground in his first stride spells the secret of fast starting. Some sprinters have a tendency to raise their bodies too high as they come out of their holes, seeming to jump out, while others take too long a first step. Both of these faults can be eliminated by concentrating on making that first drive a fast and powerful one.

The second important part of the short-distance race is the stride. This embodies that part of the race from the fifteen-yard mark to the ninety yards of a hundred, and there are only two things that a runner must always bear in mind. First, he must not forget to lift his knees high. The higher his legs come up the longer the stride that he will take, and yet his feet will hit the ground almost as fast as when he takes short steps. Second, he must watch his arm action. He must both pull and push. He must make his arms do almost as much work as his legs. And his arms must be in front of him. Rear arm action, like rear leg action, is loss of motion, wasted energy. The action must be ahead of you, and at the same time you must preserve a slight forward lean, so that from heel to shoulder on each stride, your body forms a straight line.

The third important part is the finish. This is something that a runner must get for himself. He must learn to "gather" as he comes to the final yards. He must learn to throw his body across those last remaining feet and into the string. A good finish is partly form, partly fighting heart. He must drive through. The best method of finishing a race is to throw the side of the body into the tape. The side can be brought closer to the string than the chest, and the body angle is not as likely to be destroyed.

Neither is the breathing in so much danger of being checked, or the neck muscles of being tightened. Before a race, it is best to breathe easily and freely, and when the starter calls you to your mark, and when he gives the "set" command, it is well to fill your lungs and hold it for the gun. The exhalation will take care of itself. At about the sixty-yard mark, if you are in good condition you will probably feel the need of another breath. Take it. And possibly inhale again just before the finish. Do not be

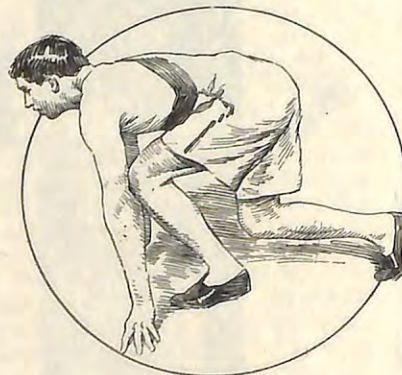
afraid to breathe deeply, filling the lungs, and I believe it is best to take that air through the mouth. By breathing easily, the runner will lessen his chances of tying himself up and of becoming taut and strained. Relaxation is one of the great secrets of running.

Charles Borah, the flash of the University of Southern California, possesses that characteristic most strikingly. His form is so near perfect that he does not seem to be trying. Yet he is working hard, but his perfect rhythm conceals his efforts. Chester Bowman, formerly of Syracuse University, our present national champion, is a splendid example to follow for the start. He knows how to drive that first step down, and "on the mark" his weight seems to be always in the right position. As for the finish, I know of no more correct stylist than Jackson Scholz, of the New York Athletic Club. He gathers well and he turns his body into the tape with a perfect "shrug finish"; his head to one side; his shoulder and his side cutting the string, his body well forward, his knee raised high for the downward drive, one arm still pulling forward, while the other is raised above the head, serving as balance for the leaning body.

Allow me to repeat what I said in the beginning: that somewhere in America to-day, there is a boy who will come unheralded to the Final Tryouts, and win a place on the American Olympic sprinting team. I say that again, because of what has happened in past tryouts, and because neither Lawson Robertson, the head coach nor the officials of the Amateur Athletic Union nor the veteran sprinters of the country can name enough good boys of the present crop of dash men to fill the lists.



INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

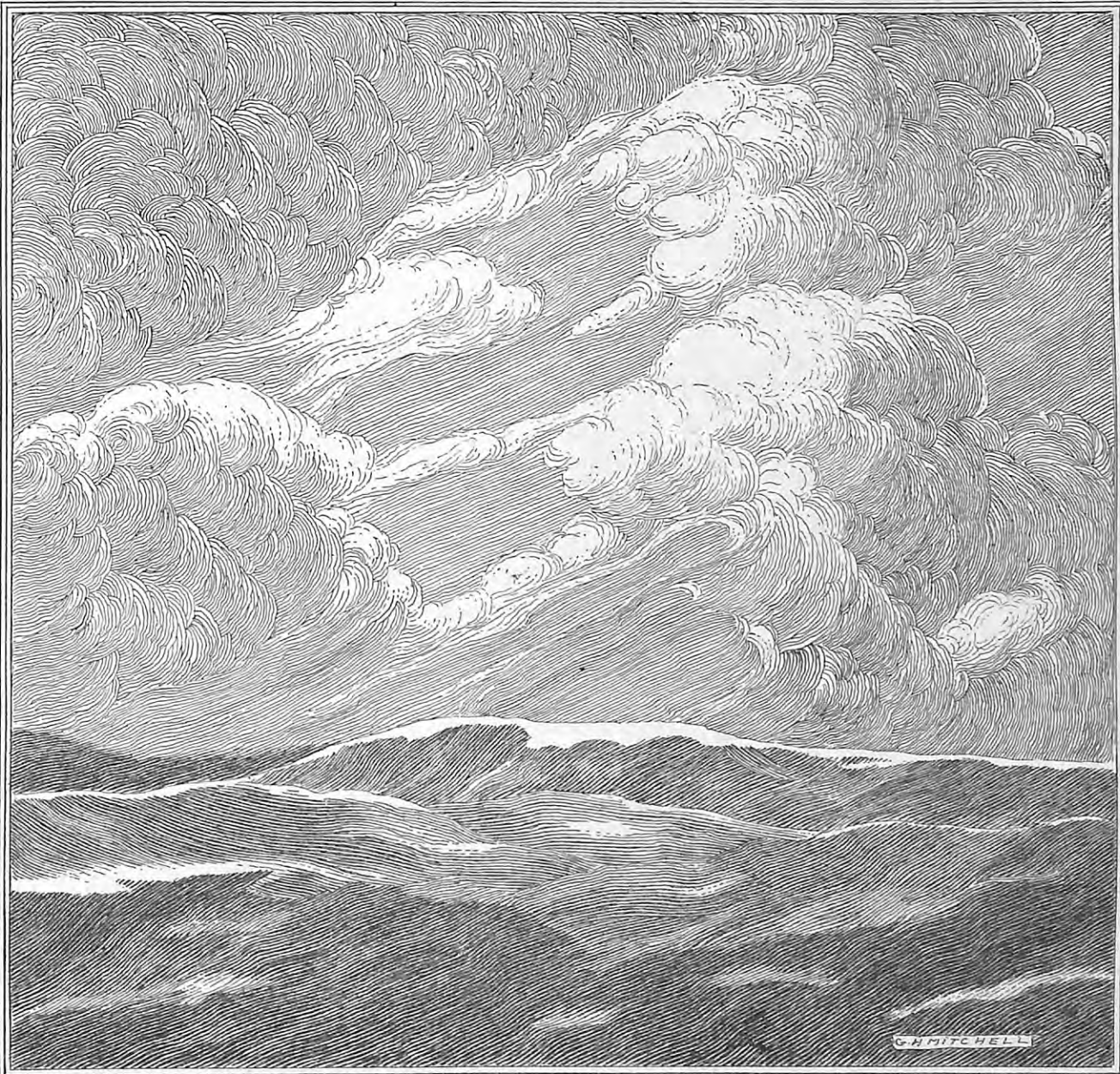


These six sprinters, together with Charley Paddock, who won in 1920, are the winners of the 100-meter event at the Olympic Games since their restoration in 1896. Upper left: Archie Hahn, U. S., 1904. Upper right: Ralph Craig, U. S., 1912. Bottom row, left to right: Tom Burke, U. S., 1896; Reggie Walker, South Africa, 1908; Fred Jarvis, U. S., 1900; Harold Abrahams, England, 1924



KEYSTONE





## The Sea

By Scudder Middleton

*Decoration by G. H. Mitchell*

**C**HILDREN from the ancient Garden,  
 Boasting sons of Eve and Adam,  
 You who dig and forge and whittle,  
 Laying keels and lifting forests,  
 Stretching wings to fly my cloud-ways,  
 Babbling meddlers out of darkness—  
 I am still the unbound sea!  
 What are all your works to me?  
 I am still the great god Ocean,

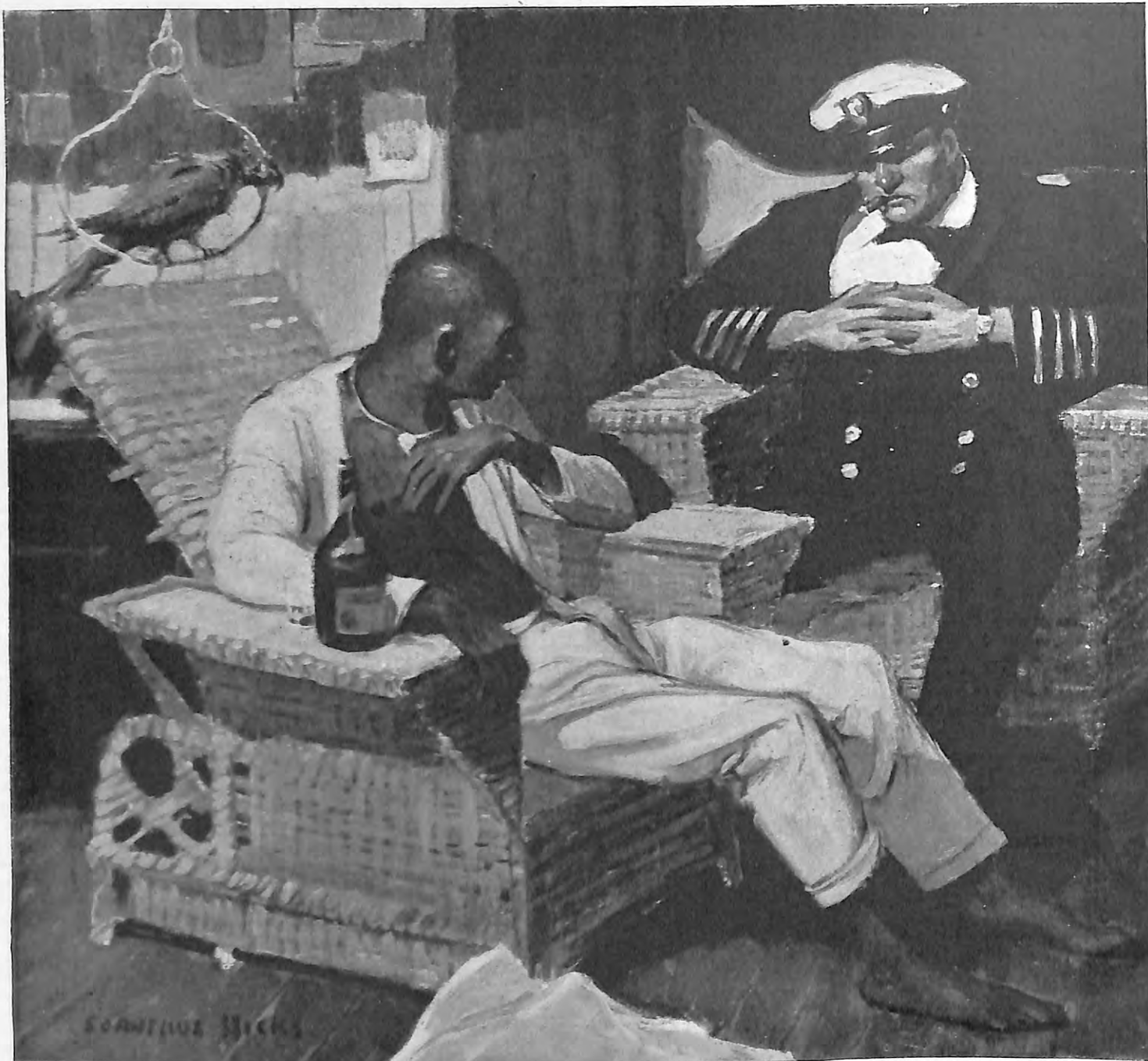
Reckless of all, save the high-hung  
 moon.

Remember, you sons of Eve and Adam,  
 And laugh at me not too soon!

✻

Though you plough my restless acres,  
 Harrow me with spinning blade,  
 Ride my night and foggy chaos,  
 Pierce my depths in masquerade—  
 I am still the great god Ocean,  
 Father of life and the wave-cut lands!  
 Remember, you children out of the  
 Garden,  
 The strength of my foam-white hands!





# Murder at Sea

## Part II

By Richard Connell

Illustrated by Cornelius Hicks

"I'll come," said Matthew Kelton, starting up.

"This way, sir."

"What's happened?" questioned Kelton as he followed the steward across the ship and to the next deck.

"I don't know, sir, exactly. The ladies are in a state of panic."

"What ladies?"

"The three in Cabin K."

"Oh," said Kelton. What had happened to the three school-teachers?

"Any of them hurt?"

"One is, sir, a little. But I think she's more scared than hurt."

Then they reached Cabin K.

The door was not opened until the occupants of the cabin were convinced that it was really Matthew Kelton and the steward who wished to gain admission.

"You'd better wait outside, Larsen," Matthew Kelton said.

"Yes, sir."

He found Miss Cobb, Miss Adams and Miss Partridge, in kimonos and curl-papers, three very frightened women. Miss Cobb was lying on her berth and the others were bending over her, with smelling salts.

"What's happened?" asked Matthew Kelton. A glance at Miss Cobb had told him that she was not at all badly hurt. The presence of a man in the cabin calmed them somewhat.

"Miss Cobb has been assaulted," said Miss Adams.

"Yes, knocked down," corroborated Miss Partridge.

"I'll never set foot on a ship again," declared Miss Cobb from her berth. "I'd no idea such things could happen."

"Please tell me what happened," said Kelton. "You tell me yourself, Miss Cobb, if you are able."

"Yes, I'm able," she said. She spoke almost pugnaciously, bearing out Kelton's estimate of her that she was the most self-reliant one of the trio. "Someone knocked me down—and I want to have him arrested."

"He should be hung," added Miss Adams.

"Miss Cobb is extensively bruised," stated Miss Partridge.

"Who did it?" asked Matthew Kelton, relieved to find that the matter was so much less serious than he had dared hope.

"I don't know," said Miss Cobb. "It happened in the dark. All I do know was that it was a strong, tall man with glittering eyes."





Matthew Kelton gave a smothered exclamation.

"The eyes again!"

"What did you say, Mr. Kelton?" Miss Cobb asked.

"Nothing. Please tell me your story, Miss Cobb."

"I went to the small writing room off the dining saloon to get some paper," said Miss Cobb. "I suppose I should not have ventured out of my cabin, after the awful thing that happened on this ship to-day—but I'm writing a diary of our trip for our school paper, and I had nothing to write on, so I made up my mind that duty came first, and that it would be perfectly safe to run up to the writing room and run right back."

"That was very plucky of you," said Matthew Kelton.

"I got the paper," continued Miss Cobb, "and started back for my cabin. There was just one dark spot on the way—a bend in the corridor where there is no light, and there should be one. Near it is a narrow door, which opens on a steep, unlighted stair which I suppose runs down to the engine room. The door was closed when I went up to get the paper—but when I came

*"What did the devil look like?" asked Matthew Kelton. "I can't tell you much about that, mister. I just ran . . . and then . . . there I was in the sea"*

back it was standing open. I hurried by it—and then I saw standing in the doorway—somebody—"

"Describe him, please."

"I can't. It was pitch dark in the doorway. All I could see were his eyes. I could see them shining. I was a little frightened, though not much. I simply hurried past. Then, suddenly, I was struck from behind."

"How?"

"He must have rushed out from the doorway and struck me a violent blow in the small of the back. It knocked me flat on my face, and almost stunned me. I was knocked down by a motor-car once. It was very much like that. I felt him rush past me and on down the corridor. I screamed, of course, and the steward came and helped me to my cabin."

"An accident, maybe," suggested Matthew Kelton, although he did not think it was an accident.

"I don't see how it could have been an

accident. There was enough light in the corridor for him to see me. No, Mr. Kelton, I think that man deliberately knocked me down."

"Have you sent for the doctor?"

"No. It won't be necessary. I'm a physical-culture teacher, you see, and I'm used to bumps. That's all it really amounted to—a good, hard bump. It's all right now. But it's outrageous that such a thing could happen on a supposedly respectable boat."

"It is, indeed," said Matthew Kelton. Privately he was thinking that Miss Cobb might consider herself a very lucky woman that she had escaped with nothing worse than a bump. "I'll report this to the captain," he said, "and we'll make every effort to catch and punish the man. Are you sure you can't give me some idea of his appearance?"

"No. I can't. I'm sure, though, he was tall. I'm five feet four, myself, and his eyes were at least a foot higher than mine."

"I see," said Matthew Kelton. "Well,"—he used his most fatherly manner, "you ladies have had a most unpleasant experience, and you have met it with courage and sense. I feel sure it was an accident



—some short-sighted stoker hurrying from the engine-room, a fellow too rude to stop and apologize. It will make an entertaining entry for your diary, won't it?"

He turned to go.  
"I think," he said, "you'd probably sleep better if you locked your door."

"We always do," said Miss Cobb. "Good-night, and thank you. After all, life is made up of experiences, isn't it."

"Of all kinds," agreed Matthew Kelton, as he wished them good-night. As soon as the door of the cabin had closed on him, he heard the key turn in the lock. He smiled, grimly.

He examined, with care, the scene of Miss Cobb's encounter with the unknown. Nobody was there, nor were there any traces. Then he started toward Captain Galvin's quarters to discuss with him the strange occurrences of the last hour.

The captain's cabin was on the top-deck, forward. To get to it Matthew Kelton had to walk the length of the ship, along the top-deck. Matthew Kelton walked cautiously, all his senses on the alert. He had not gone far when he heard a faint tap-tap, the sound of feet on the iron steps leading to the top-deck. Kelton acted quickly. He darted behind a thick stanchion, and flattened his slender body there, out of sight. A figure passed him, walking rapidly.

It was too dark to get a good look at the figure. At best, Kelton could only make out that it was short, squat. He strained his eyes and tried to follow it.

It was lost in the blackness. Then, in the darkness, there was a streak of light. Far down the ship, the door of the captain's cabin was being opened, and quickly closed again to admit—whom? For only an instant the light from the cabin fell on the figure, but in that instant Kelton discerned the hooded cloak he knew belonged to Miss Julia Royd, the nurse of Miss Yate.

**KELTON** resolved on a bold course of action. There was no time for tact, or finesse. The S. S. *Pendragon* was driving onward through the sea toward her destination. If the murderer of Samuel P. Cleghorn was to be discovered before the ship reached land, every avenue of investigation must be followed promptly and vigorously. The visit of the nurse to the captain's cabin might have no connection with the crime. But it might have a very direct connection. Kelton had a quick intuition about people. He was a hard man to lie to. That intuition told him that Captain Galvin knew something—which he had not told. A veteran sea-captain is not a man easily flustered—and Captain Galvin had shown signs of being distinctly flustered by the discovery of the crime on his ship. His manner, when Kelton was examining the body in Cabin B, had been strained, apprehensive. Yes, he knew something—but what? And the nurse? Miss Yate had described her as "stronger and braver than most men." From his brief meeting with her in the cabin, Kelton gained the impression that this description was apt. Determination showed in her rugged face. Did she know something, too?

To find out, Matthew Kelton marched straight to the captain's cabin. It was his plan to enter and find out, if he could, what business the nurse had there. As he approached he heard the muffled voices of the captain and the woman. He caught a few words. The woman was speaking. He knew that thick, deep voice.

"It's a bad, bad business, Dave," she was saying. "We must keep our heads—"

Then he heard the captain hiss.

"Sssssh, for the love of God. I thought I heard steps."

Matthew Kelton banged on the cabin door. "Who's there?" cried the captain.

"I, Matthew Kelton."  
"I'll open the door in a second," the captain replied. Inside Kelton could hear a scurrying. Then the captain threw open the door.

"Come in," he said, with great heartiness. "You'll notice that even I am keeping my door locked on a night like this."

"Yes," said Matthew Kelton, with a smile. "I noticed that."

"Any news?" queried Kelton.

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*IT'S been sometime since Octavus Roy Cohen has written one of his famous darkey stories for us. But we have secured one of his best for an early issue. It's called "Stranger Than Friction." Be sure to watch for it.*

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"None. Have you found out anything?"  
"A lot—and yet very little," Kelton replied. His eyes roamed idly about the cabin. In a corner he noticed a closet. It was just large enough for a person to crowd into.

"Won't you have a drop of some real old Scotch and tell me what you've learned," said the captain. He was playing his rôle well, Kelton thought.

"No thanks. You've heard about the eyes—"

"Yes, yes," said the captain, and as he poured a drink for himself Kelton saw his hands were not entirely steady. "And about the radio. Mr. Kelton, we have a job on our hands, a big job."

"I'll smoke a cigarette, if you have one, captain," said Matthew Kelton. He was watching the captain closely.

"Sorry, but I never use 'em. I can let you have a pipe, or a cigar," the captain said.

"I'll take the cigar, please."

The captain passed a box toward him. He seemed increasingly ill at ease. Matthew Kelton decided to play a waiting game. He knew too little to try to force the captain's hand then and there. It would be better, Kelton concluded, to keep his suspicions of Captain Galvin to himself. A man who knows he is suspected is on his guard. Kelton would wait till he had more data.

"You have some theory, haven't you?" the captain asked.

"A theory, yes," replied Kelton.

"Do you want to tell me what it is?"

"Certainly. Remember, though, it can be upset, any minute. The facts I have to date point to the existence on this ship of an individual who is daring, strong, ruthless. He is playing some game of his own—and just what it is I confess is too deep for me so far. Here we have a man who brutally murders another—and on ship-board, at that, where his chances of escape are minimized. Instead of lying low, he apparently continues to prowl about the ship doing fantastic, and so far as I can see, purposeless things. He does his best to wreck the radio. I see a purpose there, of course. He thought it would impede our efforts to get information, and to notify the police. But why should he risk his life to dangle over the side of the ship in an attempt to see into or even get into the cabin of an invalid woman?

Why should he knock down an inoffensive school-marm? Two explanations of his weird behavior present themselves to my mind. The first is that he is looking for something—something very valuable it must be, too, since he seems determined to get it at any cost—even at the cost of a human life. He killed Cleghorn, thinking Cleghorn had it; but Cleghorn didn't have it, because the unknown has continued his search. The prize, obviously, is a big one. You'll remember that Cleghorn's money and jewelry were ignored. Our unknown is after bigger game. But what?"

Captain Galvin shook his head.

"I'd like to know," he said. Kelton had an impression that the captain seemed relieved.

"My other explanation fits the case, too," went on Matthew Kelton. "That fat chatterbox—Mond—suggested it at dinner. It may be, captain, that we are dealing with a madman."

"Yes," said the captain. "I was thinking that, too. Now, off hand, Mr. Kelton, who would you say was the maddest-looking person you have seen on this ship?"

Kelton evaded the question.

"**YOU** can't always tell by appearances," he said. "I've seen dangerous maniacs who looked every bit as sane as you or I, captain. They seem perfectly normal until you happen to touch the infected spot in their mind—and then they go into a frenzy. But you have someone in mind, I can see. Who?"

"I'm making no accusations," said Captain Galvin, "but if ever I saw a man who struck me as being a candidate for a padded cell it's that fellow Mond."

"He's a queer one, I grant you that," said Kelton. He was thinking to himself, "the captain is not so slow-witted. He falls in instantly with my maniac theory—and tries to cast suspicion on a man who will fit it."

Aloud he said,

"Have you any facts about Mond?"

"None," the captain admitted. "Only—did you notice when he was telling that story about the killer on the *Marie Celeste* how excited he was? There was a hellish look in his eyes, Mr. Kelton."

"Yes, I didn't miss that," said Matthew Kelton. "Don't think I've been neglecting Mr. Mond in my speculations, captain."

"I'll clap him in irons, if you say the word," Captain Galvin declared.

Kelton smiled dryly.

"Not yet, captain. If you go about clapping people in irons because their behavior strikes you as a bit odd, you'll have us all in clink. Leave Mr. Mond to me."

"Have you had any answers to your wireless messages?" asked the captain. "I heard the machine chattering away awhile ago and perhaps something has come in."

Kelton knew the captain was not thinking of the messages, but of the woman penned uncomfortably in the closet.

"Haley is going to bring them to me as fast as he gets them," he said. "Perhaps one of them will contain a ray of light."

"I sincerely hope so," said the captain, moving restlessly in his seat.

"One more thing, captain," said Matthew Kelton. "The first officer spoke to me awhile ago about the crew. Said that some of them—especially the Bermuda natives—seemed disturbed about something. Have you any additional information?"

"No. Sailors are a temperamental lot, you know, Mr. Kelton. They've heard about the crime by now and it may be that which is bothering them. It's bad luck to



*"All I could see were his eyes. I could see them shining. I was a little frightened, though not much. I simply hurried past. Then I was struck from behind!"*



sail on a ship with a murdered man, you know. I can handle them all right so——"

A sharp, prolonged buzz, like the death cry of a monster hornet, sounded in the cabin.

"The emergency signal," cried the captain, catching up his telephone. Kelton was all eyes. Was this a ruse to get him out of the cabin? No; the captain could hardly be putting on the alarm which showed on his face as he listened.

"Man the life-boat," he shouted into the telephone. "I'll be there at once."

He leaped from his chair, snatched his cap from its peg, and rushed toward the door.

"What's the matter, captain?" exclaimed Matthew Kelton.

Over his shoulder the captain shouted:

"Man overboard!"

#### CHAPTER VI

**A**FTER the captain rushed Matthew Kelton. Let the nurse, Julia Royd; escape from her closet. This was something more important.

The night seemed quiet. The throb and thud of the ship's engines had stopped. Already the helmsman had veered off his course, and the ship was beginning to circle back in an effort to get near the man who was struggling for his life out there in that black expanse of water.

Men were tugging frantically at the ropes which held the life boat. McQuarrie was barking out sharp orders.

"Man that search-light," bellowed Captain Galvin, as he dashed up.

"Aye, aye, sir."

A long beam of light shot out into the blackness and played on the waves, trying to pick up the speck which was a human being.

With a splash the life boat hit the water. McQuarrie, in charge, screamed orders at the oarsmen. They bent to their task and sent the heavy boat shooting through the calm sea.

"There he is!"

The ray of the search-light had found a dark object, far off to the starboard.

"Follow the light," trumpeted Captain Galvin, through his megaphone. The life-boat headed for where the man was fighting the sea.



Captain Galvin shook his head, sadly.

"It's a hundred to one they won't get to him," he said. "Poor chap." He turned to one of the sailors. "Who is he?"

"One of the Bermudians, sir. Gabe Fest, an oiler."

"How did it happen?"

"He jumped, sir."

"Suicide, eh?"

"Looks that way, sir."

The captain was looking through binoculars at the speck in the light.

"He seems to be trying to keep afloat," he said. "He's sorry—probably."

"He's a strong swimmer, sir," the sailor said. "All those Bermudians are."

"He'll have to be," said the captain. "Those waves don't look like much from here, but they hammer the strength out of a man in no time."

The life-boat, its oars churning violently, was making steady progress toward the drowning man.

"If he can hold out five minutes more they may get him," said Captain Galvin.

The men on the deck waited, silently, their eyes straining to see the bobbing speck.

"THEY'VE got him," cried the captain. "Thank God!"

He lowered his binoculars.

"Wake up Dr. Charlesworth," he ordered.

"Tell him to have blankets and hot rum ready—and the pulmotor."

Presently the life-boat touched the side of the ship and was hoisted back to its place in the davits.

They helped out of it a drenched, shivering, exhausted—and above all, frightened negro. In his struggle to keep afloat he had managed to tear off his dungarees, and Matthew Kelton, watching with eyes alive with interest, saw that he was a man of unusual muscular development, with the swelling biceps and thick chest of a wrestler. Dr. Charlesworth took charge of him.

"He'll be O. K. in a few minutes," the doctor announced. "No water in his lungs. Fagged out and scared—that's all."

He gave the rescued man a heartening drink from a black bottle.

"Take him below to his bunk," Captain Galvin directed. "See that he is made comfortable. We'll get his story later."

The eyes of the man rolled in terror. His face, normally almost coal black, was mottled with pale patches.

"Please, sir, captain," he said. "Don't make me go down there. I don't never want to go down there again."

"What's the matter?" asked the captain.

"I ain't going below," said the man, doggedly. "He'll get after me again."

"Nonsense. Have you been fighting with one of the other seamen?"

"No, sir, captain. I ain't afraid of any of them. They're human. But, captain, I see something down there that wasn't human—"

"You're crazy," said Captain Galvin. "What did you see down there, Fest?"

"I ain't crazy," the man insisted. "I see what I see. Captain, sir, it was the devil."

"Captain," said Matthew Kelton, standing at the officer's elbow. "let's have him in your cabin. I want to talk to him."

A towel and a dry suit of dungarees were brought for the man, and when he had dried himself and dressed, he went with the captain and Kelton to the captain's cabin. As he entered Kelton noted that the closet door stood open. The closet was empty.

Matthew Kelton took charge of matters.

"With the captain's permission," he said, "I'll give you a drink, and ask you a few questions."

The seaman poured himself half a glass of whiskey, gulped it down, and stopped trembling.

"Tell us exactly what happened," Kelton said.

"I was down in the hold—alone," the man said, speaking the strange English of the British insular possessions, a combination of Oxford and Cockney. "I'd just come off duty and was lying down on my bunk in the dark. There had been some talk among the men that the ship was haunted. George Harris—that's the cook—had told how he was going along a dark passage with a leg of lamb under his arm, when he was hit from behind and the lamb stolen. Marty Corley, one of the stokers, said he'd seen eyes staring out at him from one of the bunks—and he was sure they belonged to the devil—"

"The devil is a very real person to these people," Captain Galvin explained, in an aside. "Go on, Fest."

"We were all sort of upset," the man continued. "They were saying that one of the passengers was murdered—and we kind of thought it might be the devil that done it. I wasn't feeling any too good, myself, lying there in the dark, when, all of a sudden, I see two eyes looking at me. They wasn't human eyes, mister. Human eyes don't glisten like that. They belonged to the devil, those eyes did. I couldn't move. I began to sweat. Then the eyes began to come toward me, nearer and nearer and nearer—"

"What did the devil look like?" asked Matthew Kelton.

"I can't tell you

much about that, mister. The bunk-room was black dark. He must have been tall, though, a lot taller than me. I didn't stay looking at him, I know that. I got up and ran—and he came after me. I don't know just where I did run, neither. I just ran—and he was right behind me. I was too scared to notice where I was going. I didn't care much—so long as I got away from him—and then—there I was in the sea—"

He looked, fearfully, at the captain.

"You won't make me go down in the hold again to-night, will you, captain, sir?" he pleaded.

"Pull yourself together, Fest," said Captain Galvin. "There's no devil on this ship. You keep your mouth shut and don't get the rest of the men any more jumpy than they already are. Sleep where you please. Tell Mr. McQuarrie I said you can pitch your bed on one of the upper decks, if you want to. Run along now—get yourself in hand. You're big and strong enough to take care of yourself."

"Not against the devil, sir," the man said, as he left.

When he had gone, the captain turned a harassed face to Matthew Kelton.

"What do you make of it, Mr. Kelton?" he said.

"It would simplify matters," Matthew Kelton answered, "if I could believe it was the devil. Unfortunately, a personal devil has no part in my own theology. We must look for—a man."

"I'll have the ship combed from stem to stern," declared the captain. "And that's no light job, either. There are a thousand and one nooks and corners where a man could hide."

"He doesn't seem to be trying to hide," said Kelton. "Make a search—if you want to—but I doubt if you'll bag him. He's too slippery a customer."

"I'll go over the boat by foot myself to-morrow morning," said the captain.

There was a knock on the door.

"Who is it?" said Captain Galvin.

"Larsen, sir," came the answer, "with some radiograms for Mr. Kelton."

"Come in."

The steward handed Matthew Kelton a sheaf of messages.

"I'll take these down to the cabin," Kelton said. "I'll need to study them. Meantime, Captain, let me know at once if anything happens."

"I'll do that. You can bet there'll be no sleep for me this night," said the captain.

Matthew Kelton went below to his stateroom with his radiograms. As he went he was thinking.

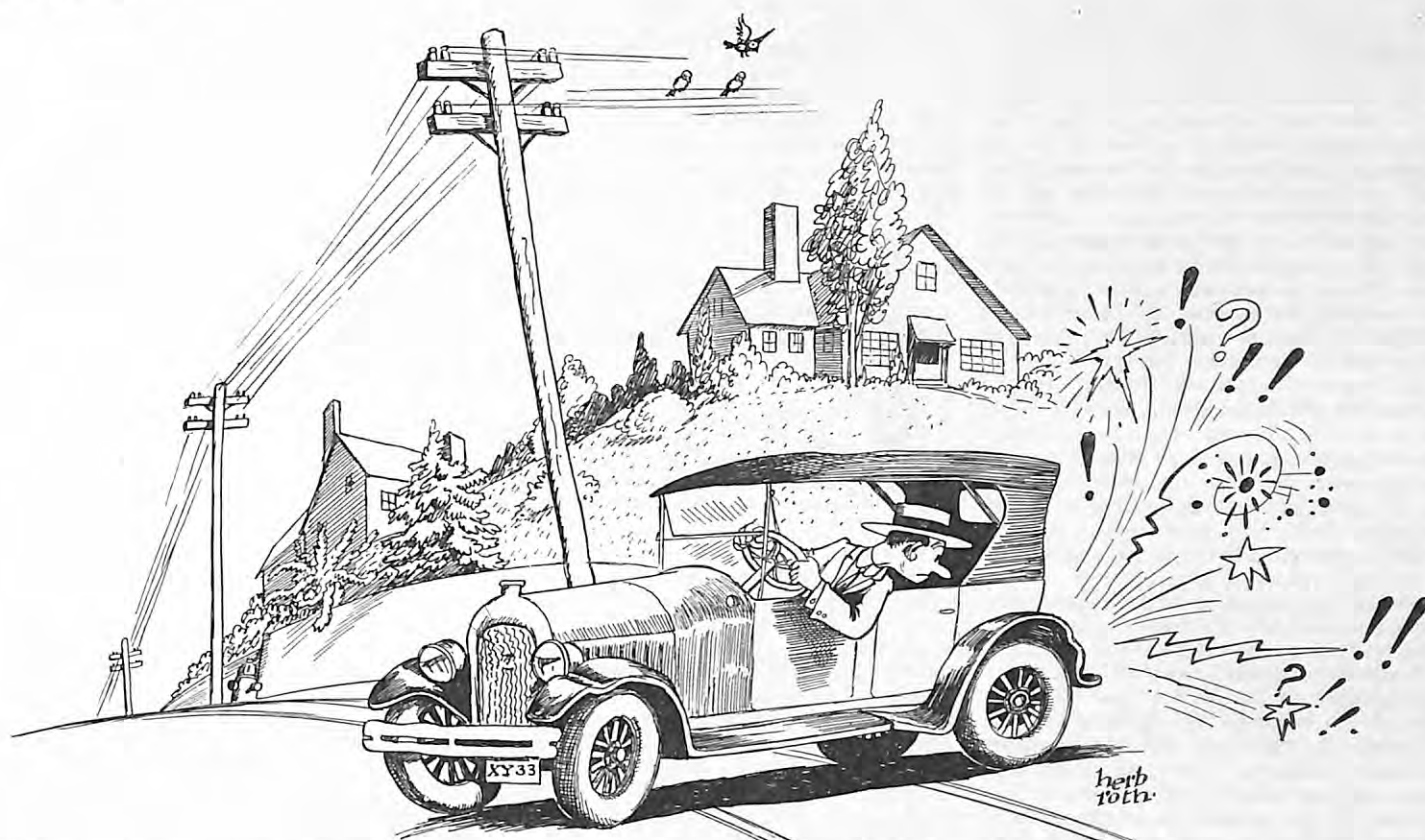
"This last incident complicates matters still more. I'm adrift without a rudder once again. Thought I had the basis of a case against the captain. He's big, strong, agile—and he knows the ship thoroughly. Because of his position he can go anywhere on it without arousing suspicion. Something is on his mind. What was it that Royd woman said? 'This is a bad, bad business, Dave. We must keep our

(Continued on page 55)



For only an instant the light from the cabin fell on the figure





# Perfect Condition—Will Demonstrate

## *The Confessions of a Used-Car Fiend*

By One Who Has Reformed

*Drawings by Herb Roth*

**S**OME suckers play the stock market. Others succumb to the lure of the shell game, or buy the New York Post Office from a narrow-eyed stranger for three hundred dollars, or what have you? Everyone has his favorite way of parting with his cash. My own pet method was to buy used cars from the gyps.

Buying used cars from the gyps a few years ago was just as effective a system of getting nothing for something as has ever been invented. There was this, however, to be said for it: you did, once in a while, get a run for your money. It may have been only a short run—say twice around the block—but that's more than you usually get when you dabble in Sure Thing Petroleum or similar knife-edged securities. And, in addition to some sort of run for your money, you enjoyed the satisfaction of knowing you had been stung by some of the keenest minds in the automobile world. It is more fun to be thimble-rigged by a master-intellect, than to have your pocket picked by some dim-witted dip.

Before I grew old and staid and acquired a realization of my responsibilities, I bought eleven used cars from various gyps. They were juicier than any carload of lemons ever shipped from the citrus groves of Florida.

One of the newspapers in town specialized in used-car advertising. Every spring, when the sap began to circulate in the lilac bushes, the motor-car fever surged up within me and I took to reading the classified ads. Every evening, to the detriment of my eyes and thoughts—which latter should have been occupied with higher things—I ploughed doggedly through these artless announcements from A to the end of the last column. Those which attracted me most read something like this:

A—. Gunboat roadster. Very fast. Motor perfect. Many extras. Needs slight repairs. \$150. Mechanic's opportunity. Phone Flatbush 0000.

M—. Touring. Most beautiful car in city. Looks and runs like new. Good rubber. Any demonstration. Bring \$300 and drive it home. No dealers. Blank Garage, 00 West 00 St. Ask for Joe.

P—. Touring, 1912. Just been overhauled. New paint. Five tires, electric equipped, ready for the road. Will sacrifice. No reasonable offer refused. Owner leaving town. Call private stable, 00 West 000 St.

H—. Widow must sell to settle estate almost brand new seven-passenger tour. Had best of care. Starter and lights, two spares, slip covers, tools. Will demonstrate. First \$400 takes it. Mrs. Blank, 000 West 00 St. Also two bearskin robes very cheap.

My system was to read this come-on literature steadily for about a month, to get an idea of the market values of the various makes and models, before actually sallying forth on a still hunt for the almost perfect car, run only 1,000 miles, that I always hoped to find. It was a good system, logical and sound, yet somehow it never seemed to work.

"What do you want for that boiler over there?" I would ask the gyp.

"Four bills," he would reply. (This, translated, means four hundred dollars.)

"I should think two and a half would be about right."

"What! For that boat? In the shape she is? Say, I ought to get five for her. Coupla months from now she'd bring six. At four hundred she's a steal."

And so potent was the car-owning virus within me that I always seemed more anxious to buy than he to sell.

One of my earliest experiences, ten years ago, was connected with a coupé of a make now long since forgotten. The only reputation this make had ever enjoyed was thoroughly bad. I knew this, but it failed to deter me. The car attracted me. I bought it. As he handed me the receipted bill of sale, with the "as is" clause neatly tucked away in its phrasing, the gyp, a suave giant who looked like the younger son of a foreign nobleman, said blandly: "You have a good little car there, Mr. Swink."

I thanked him and drove away. My wife was expecting me down in the country. I would hurry down, like an indulgent husband and father, and give our little one a ride in this beautiful chariot. It was a trifle difficult to keep the beautiful chariot off the sidewalks because there were some ten inches of lost motion in the steering wheel, but I managed pretty well for two whole blocks. Then it happened. Coasting over the trolley tracks of a cross street, I shifted into second gear to make a slight grade. There was a horrid metallic clashing from the rear and though the engine responded to the throttle, the car proper did not. I shifted into first, into second, into reverse and high, but the only result when I let in the clutch was to produce anew the blood-curdling noise of metal chewing up metal.

**I** RUSHED to a telephone and called up my bland gyp. But it was Saturday afternoon and he had left. His colored man was still on hand, however, and he appeared, in an hour or so, dragging reluctant feet and a bag of tools. I told him what I thought of the car and of the merchant who had stuck me with it.

"At car wuz all right, boss," he replied, loyally, "you must have drove her wrong."



Let 'at clutch in wid a bang, thassall. 'At car just come outen de shop, 'fore you buy her."

"She must have come out too soon, then," said I, with no little warmth. But his manner showed I was wasting breath.

Seating himself behind the rear axle, the dusky gentleman removed the large round cover of the differential housing and stolidly poked around in the grease and metal chips which covered the gears. Every car, as you probably know, is driven by a small "pinion" gear, attached to the end of the propeller shaft, which meshes with and revolves a larger "ring" gear. The latter, in turn, revolves the axle shafts on which the wheels are fitted. The trouble was, in this case, that by some weird freak of construction, the ring gear was free to move laterally about half an inch, so that the pinion, instead of deeply meshing with it, touched it only just enough to cut a gash in its teeth.

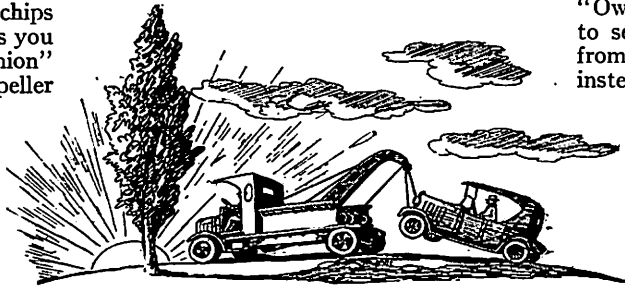
I had the car towed to a repair shop and went home by train. The following Monday I descended upon the brigand who had sold me the darn thing and by dint of passionate language induced him to bear half the expense of the repairs. Considering that I had bought the car "as is," this was an unprecedented triumph. The repair job proved to be a forlorn hope. Thrice I drove the car over the two blocks I had first covered in it and thrice it let me down in exactly the same spot. Finally, at the end of three weeks, I tired of the game. It was too monotonous. So with bated breath I tooled the piece of junk around the corner, to another gyp, and traded it in, at a loss of about a hundred dollars, for a debauched looking touring car minus one headlight and with no paint at all. This purchase did at least run. It ran quite brilliantly, in fact, for a month, until one fatal night. Then the axle broke while I was rounding a curve. The mechanic a few days later accidentally broke off the gear shift lever. To replace it, he was obliged to remove the entire body. He agreed to accept the car in lieu of cash in payment for his bill.

**I** OFTEN wondered what became of the hopeless coupé. Two years later, I found out. While driving one of my choice exhibits of Americana on Long Island, I cracked two cylinders by the simple process of pouring cold water into an overheated engine. The relic was towed to a rural shop of which I had heard and there, in the yard, stood the skeleton of my former coupé. Nothing was left of it but the frame, the radiator and the rear axle I knew so well. Inquiry of the repairman disclosed that he had bought the car for fifty dollars, a few days after I had parted with it. And then he had "junked" it. He had sold the engine, the magneto, the tires, the wheels and the body all separately and had cleared a good two hundred dollars over the purchase price. A stroke of genius.

In the used car business it has been my experience that when you want to sell it's a buyers' market and when you want to buy it's a sellers' market. Any car in a second-hand dealer's stock is a good car of a wanted make and very, very scarce. Any car you want to sell or trade is a citron—a pariah among automobiles. The gyp never relinquishes the clean end of the stick. He buys cheap and sells dear. The public does the opposite, just as it does in Wall Street.

There was another car that I owned for exactly three days. It happened, of course, in the early spring. We needed a machine in which to go to the country to look for a summer house. I found the machine,

a medium-sized touring car, the product of one of our best-known and oldest factories. And it seemed to my more or less practised eye to be in pretty good condition. The habitual used-car buyer, in estimating the mileage of a car, looks for signs of wear in certain places, such as on foot pedals and floor boards. The speedometer reading



never means anything. I examined the car for battered nuts on engine and chassis, indicative of wear due to constant repair work. Everything seemed all right. And in the hands of the canny demonstrator, who took me over cobbled streets so that the general noise would drown out specific and significant sounds, the car behaved well.

In my own hands, she began to show some of her real traits. She steered like a seven-ton truck, for one thing, and bucked at low speeds, and lost power on the hills. Likewise she literally spewed oil.

We drove her about three hundred miles that week-end and found a house for the summer. On the last lap of the journey I began to notice signs of trouble more disturbing than any I have just mentioned. There was an increasingly obvious backlash somewhere between the engine and the rear wheels. I decided to unload.

Monday morning I drove her to a sales-room on Broadway and asked a friend of mine to sell her for me. At five o'clock that afternoon he successfully demonstrated the car and took a deposit. The purchaser arranged to bring the balance of the money and take the car at nine the next day. At closing-up time, my friend sent one of the helpers out to drive the machine in for the night. Two minutes later the boy rushed in with popping eyes.

"Something's busted," he shouted.

The entire sales force went outside to see, and there, sure enough, was one end of the drive shaft, lying in the street. The nuts holding the universal joint together had sheered off and whirled away into space. Unless heroic measures were adopted the car could not be delivered on the morrow. My friend—he has since, I hear, become very successful—showed the iron that was in him. Calling in a pal who ran a machine shop, he helped him reassemble the joint with stove bolts and a sledge hammer. The car was delivered as scheduled and I broke even on the venture.

You may think, perhaps, that it was calous of me to allow the car to pass from my ownership knowing what had been done to it. The fact is, however, that I was not told until afterward. And then my remorse was tempered by the discovery that the hapless purchaser had been a gyp who had immediately unloaded on his own account, in an auction sale, at a profit. Tears would have been superfluous.

One does become hardened, however, after one has been stung half a dozen times in the open market. When you have spent most of your money in order to take title to a bunch of wornout old iron, and the remainder of your hoard providing the wreck with new tires, parts and hospital

service, and you then realize that in spite of all this lavish care the wretched thing is bound to disintegrate anyway, you just naturally don't care in whose backyard the final break-up takes place—so long as it isn't in your own.

The worst kind of gyp in the old days was the gyp in disguise. This was the elusive gentleman who would bait his hook with the "Owner leaving town" plea, or the "Widow, to settle estate" stuff. He would operate from a public, or private, garage, or stable, instead of from a salesroom and changed his address with every sale. It was a gyp of this type who sold me the car which gave me my most anxious moments.

One reason, aside from lack of capital, why I did not buy cheap new cars was that, in common with many other lovers of machinery, I felt a genuine affection for the old, heavy, expensively built machines of pre-war vintage. Though clumsy, inefficient and out of date, they were rugged. Their fittings were of solid brass. Like well-cut clothes, they carried an air of distinction to the last, a distinction which, to my mind, the never inexpensive cars had never possessed. I used to think it was a virtue for a car to be built "like a battleship." Nowadays, of course, I realize that a car is apt to be better if it is built like an automobile.

I had bought a cheap new car and become disgusted with it because it was so small and tinny. In comparison with the two-ton juggernaut I had previously owned it seemed like a toy. And although it had given me no trouble whatever in twelve thousand miles of use, I sold it that I might once more search for an old-time Behemoth.

**F**OR weeks I scanned the classified pages. I knew that there were models of the type I wanted that had been carefully driven and kept in good condition. At last I was rewarded. Such a car was advertised as having been in storage all winter. It was ostensibly the property of a wealthy man who used it only in the country in summer. Its outward appearance bore out the advertised claims. The paint was excellent; the tires even more so. True, the starter didn't work, but that, said the owner's "nephew," was because the battery was run down. We cranked the engine and that, too, seemed sound. Eureka!

When I suggested a demonstration, the young man demurred. There were no license plates. The car, you see, had not been used since the autumn before. On my insistence, however, he suggested that we take a chance and run it without plates. We did this safely, two policemen happening to look the other way as we passed, and the demonstration seemed satisfactory. The car became mine.

As soon as I took possession, I found that several things were not as they had seemed. I will not bore you with all the details; two will suffice. The self-starter would not work unless the engine was warm. And the gear lever slipped out of high every few minutes. Just why the starter acted as it did I have never been able to understand. But anyway the electrical systems on those old machines were so complicated that, as one mechanic remarked, not even the man who made them understood them.

In spite of these handicaps, I managed to run the car for about six weeks. At the end of that time I yielded to the desire of my wife for a more easily handled car and set about disposing of the old one. A classified ad brought fourteen replies the first day, mostly from hackmen, among whom models



of that make were popular. My demonstrations, however, were disheartening.

The first man looked at the car morosely, shook his head and requested me to take her away. The second man sent his mechanic with me under orders to scale one of the nastiest hills in the city. We scaled it, but in low gear and with difficulty. On returning to the garage, the mechanic proceeded to run down the old tub from radiator to tail-light, accusing it, among other things, of having two dead cylinders. Since there were only four cylinders altogether, this was a rather serious charge. He offered me a sum so nominal that I refrain from naming it.

Low in spirit as the result of more rebuffs, I had just put the car to bed and was heading for home, when two young men came in to see her. The engine being warm, the starter worked. We shot off in a trail of blue smoke, had a flawless performance and the sale was made. Here I must mention that I had mastered the knack of keeping the gear lever from slipping out of high, as had the cheerful impostor who had sold me the car. What follows reveals the degree of moral turpitude to which one sinks when he needs to sell a car.

My victim had arranged to come for his prize the next day at one o'clock. Promptly at nine I had his check certified. At nine-thirty it was in my own bank. At eleven, I went to the garage, cranked the engine for fifteen minutes before it would start and cruised around the neighborhood for an hour. No sooner had I rolled off the elevator and shut off the ignition, than the buyer appeared. He seemed a little surprised to see me. But I was not surprised to see him. The engine was nicely warmed up and went off at the first touch of the starter. I gave the new owner my registration card and advised him to go right down and have the plates transferred to his name.

I had been home half an hour when the telephone rang. Would I come down and explain one or two things about the car?

"Oh golly," I groaned, "here's the old bird come

back to roost again." But I went down to face the music.

"Do you know what makes the gear-shift slip out?" was the first question.

"Oh, does it?" I countered, innocently. "That's funny. It didn't when you were out with me yesterday, did it?"

"Maybe it's the way I drive," suggested the buyer, rather embarrassed.

"Maybe it is," said I, more or less truthfully. "Let me try it and see."

SO I climbed to the driver's seat prepared to demonstrate triumphantly once more. To my horror, however, I found that the car would go only about fifteen miles an hour. The harder I pressed on the accelerator, the slower it went. It was awful. I began to perspire. The engine chugged along deliberately, like a locomotive lugging a heavy freight up a long grade. I jumped out and examined the carburetor and the ignition, but could find no clue to the trouble. To this day I don't know what it was. It was now my turn to be embarrassed. But I was determined that the car should stay sold. So I spoke a little piece, as thus:

"See here, boys, this trouble is a new one on me. The car was certainly running all right yesterday, when I took you out. Maybe a little dirt in the carburetor or something. I don't understand this gear-shift business, either. But I tell you what I'll do. I don't want you boys to be stuck. You get a good mechanic to look over the car, and if there's anything serious the matter with it let me know and I'll help you out."

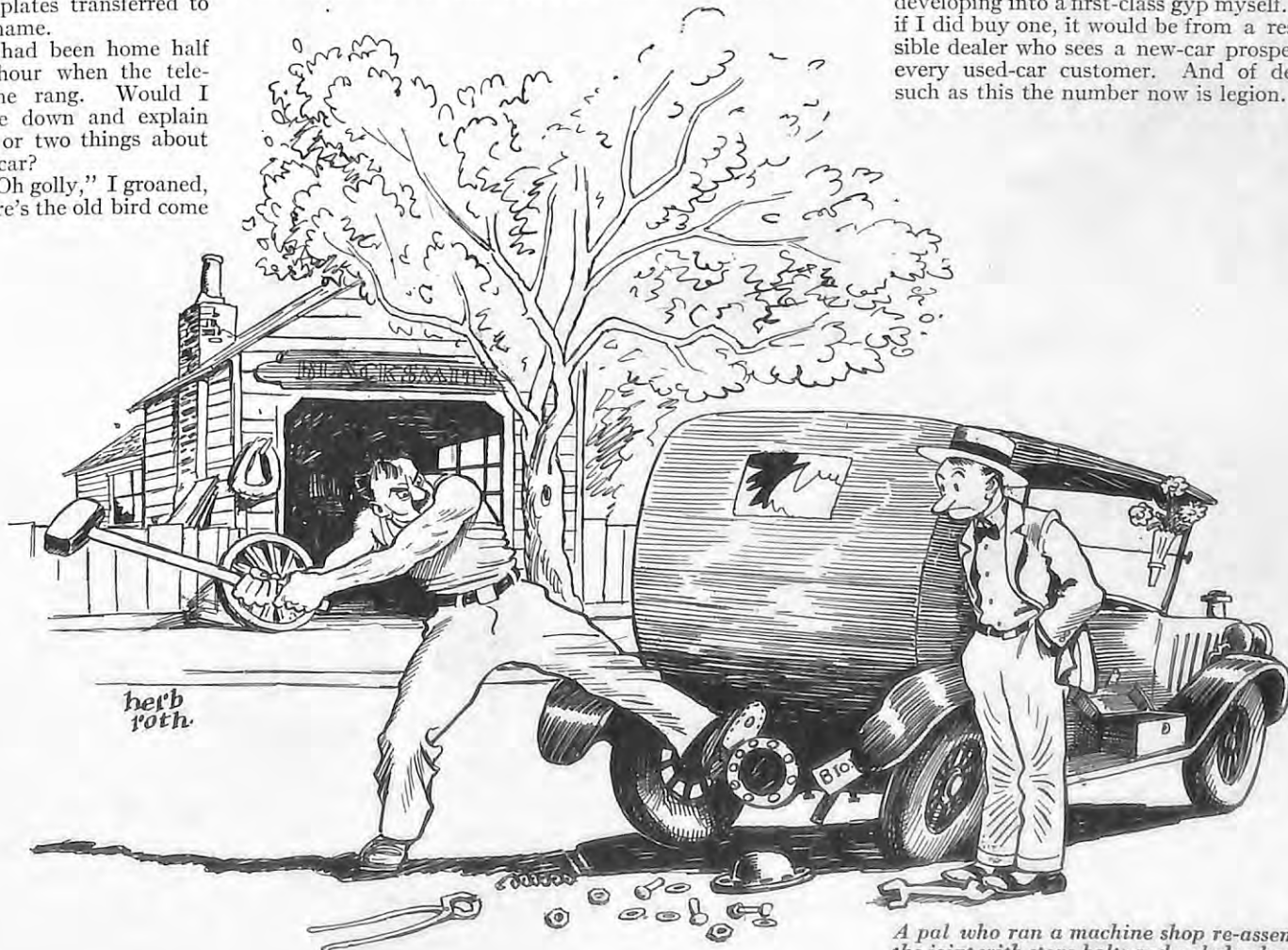
They agreed to this. The car was still sold. I had made seventy-five dollars on it. But I'm frank to admit that at the moment I felt like a species of caterpillar. That is, I did until about a month later. Then I received, in the mail, a warning from the

police department, stating that Blank automobile, registered in my name, had been seen bowling along a certain avenue at fifty-five miles an hour and must not be so seen again. But it was. And shortly after the second police notice, I was summoned to appear in court to defend an action brought by the owner of another vehicle into which my erstwhile possession had crashed. Fortunately I was able to furnish evidence that the car in question had ceased to be mine long before the accident.

The old order changeth. To-day the second-hand car business has for the most part degenerated into mere sordid merchandizing. Little Miss Ethics has spread the sunshine of her smile over the once piratical gyp and he has lost much of his picturesqueness.

Here and there, in the big cities, you can undoubtedly find him, camouflaged, perhaps, behind a bright show window and flamboyant guarantees that don't mean anything. But generally speaking used-car buying is no longer an adventure. The delicious uncertainty as to just how badly you would be stung; the cork-filled gear boxes and the grease-laden crank-cases; the coat of "molasses" which covered a multitude of scars and the aptly named lemon oil on top of that—these and the hundred other wiles of the vendor are virtually but memories of a bygone era. Honesty has become the watchword. Rather than pocket a man's money in exchange for a bundle of junk, the dealer of to-day would announce that it "looks and runs like hell." The penalty for fraudulent advertising is heavy, and most of the big papers censor their classified sections.

AS FOR me, I no longer buy second-hand cars. I stopped just in time to avoid developing into a first-class gyp myself. But if I did buy one, it would be from a responsible dealer who sees a new-car prospect in every used-car customer. And of dealers such as this the number now is legion.



A pal who ran a machine shop re-assembled the joint with stove bolts and a sledge hammer





By Lui Trugo

# Vanishing Cream



# The Book Parade

## The New Things to Read Come Marching Along Gallantly at This Time of Year

By Claire Wallace Flynn

### The Great American Band Wagon

By Charles Merz. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

ON ALMOST every phase of American life Charles Merz trains his fine, merciless but salutary spotlight of disillusion. But even if it is disillusion, it is good-natured and even hilarious. We are, thank God, a nation that enjoys laughing at itself.

Mr. Merz writes of the national highways, those avenues "of pop-stands, gas tanks, water cans, hot dogs, Kewpie dolls, and chocolate almond bars that have become the broad and pulsating arteries of a nation."

He glances at the radio, which he names The Tom-Tom:

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the radio family. This is Station WKD broadcasting from Albany, New York. I am sure those of you who have just heard Mr. Doolittle's interesting talk on the double-entry system will be glad to know that we have with us to-night the Griswold Troubadours, presented with the compliments of Griswold and Company, manufacturers of leather belting. . . ."

Of the silver screen, with grand statistics: according to the report of Mr. Hays to Mr. Coolidge, twenty million Americans go to the movies every day. (Just think that over for a moment!) And of the new American Bar, Mr. Merz murmurs: ". . . part the product of good advertising, in part the child of prohibition, in part the natural sequence of the servant problem." The "new bar" is located in the modern drug store, which, especially in the large cities, has become not only a novelty shop and circulating library, but also a quite complete quick-firing restaurant.

The soda fountain as it flourishes in America is a grand institution. We drink half a billion dollars' worth of its sweet production annually, and we, ourselves, have seen it used as a social club-house for the neighborhood youth.

Altogether Mr. Merz is very enlightening. We know just how he feels about most things—the difference is we aren't clever enough to whack them on the head as he does, until stars and streamers of light make the night brilliant.

Recommended as about as good as they come.

### Beauty and the Beast

By Kathleen Norris. (Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York.)

IN THIS, we arrive at the ultra-romantic, and how Kathleen Norris can do it!

"Tie these men. . . . To-morrow we will deal with them—they tried to kill me. Watch this woman, Rosa, she betrayed me to them."

"Me" is a gorgeous and modern young Sicilian bandit (who miraculously enough has had a year at Columbia University, which makes him all right with us, and allows him the use of the English tongue).

He steals Janey Davenport, who belongs to one of our first Southern families, while she is traveling abroad on her yacht *Dixie Bell*. He has his reasons, of course, and

Janey, while she is held captive in the young gentleman's mountain stronghold, "falls" badly for the bronzed outlaw who—can we believe it!—wears "a shirt collar falling open at the firm, brown throat."

"Home, America, sanity, were thousands of miles away. Life had found her, here on the great mountain. She was in love."

Tonio, the lawless youth, was also in love, and for a while we thought high romance was going to make a gesture and that the lad would just up and steal his woman for good and all in noble style. But no. . . .

### The Republican Party

By William Starr Myers. (The Century Co., New York.)

### The Democratic Party

By Frank R. Kent. (The Century Co., New York.)

**T**OGETHER, these two significant books furnish a spirited, straight-forward and important political history of the United States. Appearing at this critical moment, before the national conventions, they are, perhaps, the most vital books of the year.

One Gordon Raleigh, who had known Janey all her life, loves her too, drat it, and in the end she gives up her delightful bandit and his firm, brown throat, and his casa on a mountain top, and his dark-eyed "people" to whom he is a sort of feudal lord, all for the safe and sane Gordon so that her children (when they happen along) may be proud of a father who has a tennis record.

You perceive by this that Mrs. Norris takes no chances of antagonizing the nice young American gentlemen who may read her books.

Says Janey: ". . . to go down to market with a baby or two in your little runabout, and send flowers to some old friends in the hospital, and order the ice-cream for a company dinner—isn't that life?"

Well—perhaps it may be. But if anyone were at this moment (5:10 P. M. of a long dull day with the nose firmly "put" to a portable typewriter) to offer your reviewer the choice of a few dashing years as mistress of a gentleman-bandit's castle, or the luke-warm pleasure of going down to the candy store and saying, "Two quarts of bisque glacé, please, for half-past seven,"—well, there'd be no book notes next month—and that's that.

### The Gangs of New York

By Herbert Asbury. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York.)

**N**O QUARTER asked and none given—was the code that governed and still governs the underworld of New York. "Gangs" as Mr. Asbury describes them—

those organized groups of criminals who for over a hundred years have terrorized the city—are not what they used to be.

When we realize that the old-time bands numbered thousands, where the more recent squads of villains only count their dozens, we can see what crime has come to!

"There is more law in the end of a policeman's nightstick than in a decision of the Supreme Court"—said one of New York's most famous Inspectors, and putting this concrete idea into practice some time back in the '70's, he began one of the first systematic attempts to "clean house."

To tell the story of the "Gangs" is, naturally, to recount much of New York's history—a sort of glance at a beautiful thing through red and smoky and filthy glasses! There were the Astor Place Riots, for example, when a mob of between 10,000 and 15,000 men drove William C. Macready, the eminent British actor, from the stage of the Astor Place Opera House. That was back in 1849—and it makes a thrilling chapter of history; then there is the story of River Pirates; and the growth of The Bowery Boys; and the bloody Draft Riots of 1863, when citizens were shot in the streets, negroes hung to lamp-posts, and buildings burned. Regiments were recalled from the battle grounds of the South to augment the troops on hand in the efforts to quell this frightful uprising. Famous Bank Robberies and even the Tongs of Chinatown have their place in this book, and so on down to almost the last scarlet crimes that have made the tabloid what it is to-day.

Mr. Asbury (who, by the way, is the same man who very recently wrote "*A Methodist Saint: The Life of Bishop Asbury*") tells a thrilling side of American history, albeit a shocking one. In fact, it is so shocking that one feels Mr. Asbury's pen shudder every once in a while. However, it would take a Victor Hugo to recount all that Mr. Asbury has "researched" without turning a hair.

Odd pieces of metropolitan information necessarily crop up and out of this mass of story. Why—for instance—policemen are called "coppers" (see page 24), or where "beefsteak parties" first originated (see page 46). Things like that, you know. We could, of course, tell you the answers here, but the object of these pages, we believe, is to encourage the purchase of reading matter.

This is a man's book, if ever there was one.

### Spring Tide

By Octavus Roy Cohen. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

**T**HIS is a crackerjack story of the Florida real-estate boom—"the greatest gold rush the country had known since the mad days of '49."

A young millionaire hero—uninterested in business or investment or real estate—gets caught in the jam—caught badly, more ways than one—and there are the rather dangerous squatters on his land, and a girl—

(Continued on page 78)



## Hunter and Hunted, Facing a Common Enemy, Bury Their Feud

# The Truce

By Myron M. Stearns

Illustrated by Enos B. Comstock

IT IS hard to tell just where to begin some stories. A writer may hear tales bit by bit—scraps of information that come in second-hand, perhaps fifth- or sixth-hand, perhaps a word or two direct. Other bits he pieces out for himself, from his own imagination, or knowledge. Presently the whole thing fits together like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. The story is complete. If it happens to concern animals, and the author leans too heavily on inaccurate information, he will be accused of being a nature-faker. But if he is something of a doubter, with a background of fairly wide knowledge, he will probably draw, in the end, a true picture, even if it turns out to be a rather surprising one.

Perhaps we should start with Chino Pete. Then, since Chino is at best a rather unsavory figure, it will be something of a relief to get to the animal part of the story—just as, in counterpoint, dissonance may precede harmony.

Chino Pete lives in one of the minor chains of the Sierra Madres, the San Bernardino Mountains of southern California, that rise to better than 12,000 feet. His place lies just above the lower foothills, some 4,000 feet up. It is on a steep, little-used dirt road, about half-way between the edge of the great U-shaped valley that stretches westward from the mountains clear to the Pacific Ocean, and Hemet Lake. Hemet Lake, called also the Hemet Lake Reservoir, is a little-known bit of water in a dip of the San Bernardino hills, lying south and east of the better-known Bear Lakes—Great Bear and Little Bear. Although it is artificial, held by the Hemet Dam, it is as wild and inaccessible, and beautiful, as though it were the work of nature instead of man.

Chino Pete's house, in its little cove of the upper foothills, is painted red. From the road it looks almost respectable. But there is always an odor of death about it—the smell of small carrion, left to rot and dry up in the sun. That is because Chino Pete puts out poison for the trade-rats and ground squirrels, and gophers. I imagine the smell is augmented by the occasional pelts that he brings down from the hills. The place is known as "The Rancheria," which is a name that used to be given to the Indian villages that were located in the valley fifty years ago.

Pete himself is part Indian. For the matter of that, he is also part Mexican, and part white; but mostly he is just plain drunk. He is called "Chino" because he came from Chino, a little town forty miles away, that in turn takes its name from the great Rancho Chino, one of the royal land-grants of Spanish days, that is now all cut up into orange groves, and alfalfa fields, and vineyards.

Pete is almost never at home. The doors of

his old red house usually stand open, and creak in the wind. Inside you find only empty rooms; the place seems utterly deserted. In a sort of lean-to there is a rusty cook-stove, and in one of the rooms upstairs there is an old bed, with torn blankets piled on it as though some animal had slept there.

How Pete makes his living is a mystery—like his age. He may be forty, he may be sixty—but he is always dirty, and he is always, after a fashion, alive, even though that last fact may be evidenced only by slow, noisy breathing, that smells of bad whisky.

He needs little altogether; hardly more than an animal. Once in a while he sells a skin. In spite of drink and laziness, he is a good hunter. When he is on the trail of game he becomes for a time as alert and cunning as any beast. Once in a great while he gets a few days' employment as a guide. From time to time he does a little small stealing—a robe from some auto, a camper's hatchet, perhaps a little fruit from the ranches at the end of the valley. Toward the end of the rainy season he usually has a small, weed-grown garden patch of his own. In season or out, he kills most of his own meat. His alcohol is hardest to account for. It is possible that he makes the greater part of it for himself in one way or another, and may even swap a residue for the cut whisky with which he mixes it. Once he offered me a drink from his flask, and I took a swallow. It would take the varnish off a door.

One spring, less than a month after the rains, and while snow still lingered far down the shoulders of San Bernardino peak, a party of Redlands University students came past Pete's place. They had been on a long hiking trip up to the snow, and were still full of excited talk concerning some great animal they had seen.

"It was bigger than any dog you ever saw in your life, and yellow," they told Pete, who was toiling up the road with a fresh supply of tobacco and some heavy object that might have been a jug in an old burlap sack. "We could only see it for a moment, through the bushes. But you bet your life it was a big one—whatever it was!"

"Yellow?" asked Pete.

"Yellow," they assured him emphatically. "Yellow as—as a yellow cat."

"She was a lion," said Pete. "Sure thing."

There are a good many mountain lions



left in the more inaccessible fastnesses of the California hills. You read of them from time to time in the Los Angeles papers: "A mountain lion measuring 10 feet 8 inches was shot behind Mt. Wilson yesterday by H. C. Harbough of Monrovia. It is said to be the biggest ever killed in this region." Chino Pete was quite justified in jumping to the conclusion that anything as big as the description of the college students indicated belonged to this species, if it was yellow. But the

youngsters weren't convinced.

"It wasn't any lion," they said.

Chino Pete didn't even bother to turn round again.

Less than a week later he heard again of the strange beast that had come to the mountains. This time it was from a trout fisherman, returning from Hemet Lake.

"Yellow, he was," said the man. "Standing by a big pine—and six feet high if he was an inch! I couldn't see him very well, because of the trees. But whatever he is, he's an ugly customer, I'll tell the world! Must be some kind of gorilla, or something that got out of a zoo."

"Huh!" said Pete. He swayed a little, for he was quite drunk.

Next day, when he remembered the tale more clearly, he wondered for a moment what the man had really seen, adding his tale to that of the college students. Then he dismissed the whole matter. All men are liars—particularly men who fish.

But the accounts kept coming in. Three times, in the next two months, Chino Pete heard of the fabulous animal that had come





to the mountains above him—a strange creature that apparently changed its height and its speed at will, but that was always yellow and was seen only at a distance. Besides this continuing yellowness, one thing only was sure: that the visitor was no mountain lion.

All summer the tale grew.

Then, hunting one day far up the slopes of San Gregorio, Pete saw the beast himself. He saw it from a distance, as others had seen it, and for a moment felt a shudder of superstitious fear. The air was thick that day, with a blue haze; the season had been unusually dry, even in the hills, and a fire raging on the slopes of Old Baldy, thirty miles away, had thrown its mantle of smoke over the San Bernardino hills. Across the sharp ravine Pete saw the beast, yellow in a clump of low-growing poison oak bushes that were already turning red. As the movement first caught his eye he brought his rifle to his shoulder; drunk or sober, Chino Pete was a hunter. But the excitement, the chill of fear, the realization that he was at last seeing the yellow monster of the woods, held his finger for a fraction of a second. He wanted to see what he was shooting at, and where to aim. It was obviously an animal, a yellow hulk moving through the bushes. But how big, and what kind? Only a moment; the half-formed thoughts came and went together, no more tangible than the shudder that accompanied them. But in that moment the creature disappeared. For a long time Pete held his rifle cocked, waiting for it to appear at the other side of the

oak-clump. Then he slowly lowered the gun, staring in amazement. The beast had vanished utterly!

Warily, after a time, Pete reconnoitered. Step by step he made his way to the bottom of the ravine, and up the steep further slope. It occurred to him that the creature must have a den in the rocks. But when at last he reached the clump of bushes he found no entrance to a hole or cave of any kind. He began to believe that he had seen nothing at all. Then, searching carefully, he found the fresh tracks of a large animal. It was on a rough shale slope, and the tracks were mere indentations, but they seemed to have been made by a bear. They entered the clump of bushes from the right, then turned a sharp angle and went straight up the mountain. For quite a while Pete puzzled over this. The slope was clearly visible from the other side of the ravine. Evidently the animal, whatever it was, had waited in the cover, itself unseen, watching the hunter; then when Pete descended into the ravine, it had hurried safely up the slope. If it really was a bear, it knew more than a bear ought to.

**PETE** hesitated. Then, still warily, he followed the tracks up the mountainside. It was already late afternoon. At the top of the ridge he stopped, looking at the setting sun, and started back down the slope.

That night he got very drunk.

In the afternoon of the following day, he made his way, still a little unsteadily, up the mountain once more. It was in his mind to take another look at those tracks. But before he left the road he met the forest-ranger from the Hemet Lake station, driving down for supplies. Pete stopped him, and told him of the encounter.

"What kind you think she is?" he asked the ranger. "You think some *animal*?" He peered up dubiously, with bloodshot eyes.

"Sure it's an animal," said the ranger, Birdsall. "What did you think it was—some new kind of devil? . . . It's a bear, a black bear."

"No," said Pete. "Yellow."

"Yeah, I know. But it's a black bear, just the same. Some of 'em are. I looked it up. Of course, most of them are black, or dark brown—but they may be yellow, too. It's all the same. *Ursus americanus*. That's the baby. He's a big one, too. Must be all of 400 pounds—maybe 500. Half a dozen people have seen him already."

Pete tried to take this in.

"Maybe grizzly?" he asked.

"No," said Birdsall. "He's no grizzly. He hasn't gone digging up holes like a grizzly, and he doesn't make a grizzly's track. He's a black bear, I tell you, even if he's as yellow as a khaki shirt."

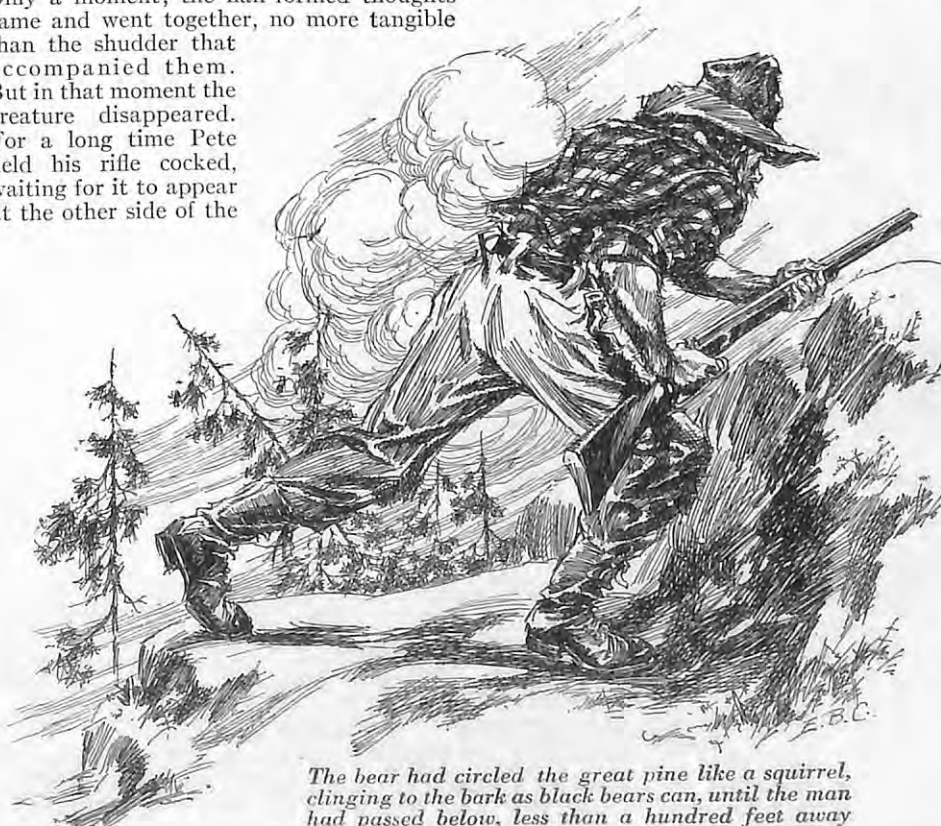
Chino Pete's eyes narrowed skeptically as he watched the dust that followed the ranger down the road. It was a still, hot day, even on the mountain. He climbed to the ridge where he had left the trail the day before and followed it continuously for several miles. It was a black bear's track; no doubt of that. It led to an area of upland pasture, spread like a great park across a saddle in the hills, beneath the shade of mighty trees—white oak and sugar pine. Here the great beast had foraged leisurely, upturning stones for grubs and other insects, digging for bulbs and roots, chewing occasional buds and grasses, searching for berries, clawing away rotted bark. Pete even found where he had slept in a thicket of young growth that had pushed through the dead branches of a fallen pine. All the time his search grew more and more cautious. Here at last was a quarry worthy of his utmost efforts. All the latent cunning of the born hunter was aroused. It was animal against animal—primitive man on the trail of his kill.

Suddenly the man-animal swung around. There had been no sound, yet behind a great oak trunk, less than a hundred yards away, stood the yellow animal of the mountain, waiting, motionless, for his enemy to pass. Against the background of dried grass and shale the bear was almost indistinguishable, but Pete's rifle came to his shoulder unerringly. At the movement, as though it sensed a changed situation, the bear wheeled and hurried clumsily away—but with such sagacity, or luck, that the great trunk remained always between himself and the hunter until other trees also intervened. Stepping first this way and then that, Pete tried to get a better mark, and finally fired. Even as the rifle spoke, he knew that he had wasted a bullet. A flesh wound was the best he could hope for.

**T**HE bear quickly disappeared. Pete went over and searched along the trail. There was no blood. Until dark he followed the tracks, but never came within sight or sound of his quarry. Then he went back down the mountain to his deserted red house, drank deeply, while his bloodshot eyes narrowed craftily, and slept.

In spite of the liquor, he was up before dawn, pattering around in the light of a single candle. His toilet was simple; he had only to put on his shoes. On the rusty little stove he fried a pile of what might have been called pancakes—more than he could eat. He made black coffee, and drank several cupfuls. Finally he rolled up the pile of extra cakes and stuffed them inside his shirt. From an old jug under the bed he filled a big flask with his customary varnish-remover and slipped it into a hip pocket. He made sure he had a dozen extra cartridges, besides those in his rifle. Cartridges were almost a luxury to Chino Pete; he wasted few bullets.

The air was cold as he started up the mountain. It was still so dark he could



The bear had circled the great pine like a squirrel, clinging to the bark as black bears can, until the man had passed below, less than a hundred feet away



hardly see the road. Ahead of him lay the first gray of dawn, and behind him in the west a faint glow of rose where the Baldy fire was still fighting along in some hidden valley.

Shortly after the sun rose he picked up the yellow bear's trail where he had left it the evening before. There was no definite resolve in his brain, but this time he settled down to following the tracks with a certain grimness of anticipation. He was no longer afraid of the yellow bear. It was only an animal. He was not afraid of animals.

For hours he followed the faint tracks. At first they led here and there, from feeding ground to feeding ground, as the bear wandered about in the leisurely, confident, happy-go-lucky way bears have. Then the trail changed, and became still more difficult to follow. It led straightaway, over bare rocks that showed no marks other than the occasional scratch of a claw, and up precipitous slopes that were hard to climb.

"Hell-damn!" said Pete. "He is one devil."

**EVIDENTLY** the bear, alert to sight and sound and smell, had sensed the hunter on his trail even before old Pete's keen Indian blood had warned him that the game was near. No animal in all the woods is more alert and wise than a bear.

In spite of the delays in following so diffi-

cult a track, Pete kept patiently along. He knew that man can walk down any animal that lives, if he can only keep on its trail.

Presently the marks circled one of the minor peaks of the range. Puzzled, Pete kept on until he found himself pursuing again the exact course he had followed an hour earlier.

Surely this was magic! He looked carefully; there was only a single track. He turned and retraced his steps, scrutinizing every bit of bare ground where an animal might set its foot. Presently he found a new trail at the exact point where the bear had come up to its old line of march. The animal had gone completely around the peak, until he had struck his former track, then turned off at an angle. If it was a trick, it was a good one; Pete lost an hour in locating the new trail. A less keen hunter would have been thrown off entirely. As it was, Pete took a long drink from his bottle and followed the tracks down the mountain. They seemed to be heading toward Hemet Lake.

At the reservoir the trail turned, skirting the shore. For a while Pete wondered dimly if the beast was trying again the same tactics and would circle the entire lake before turning off. But this time there was a new surprise.

One of the little streams that feed the reservoir enters the lake through a swampy patch of ground several hundred feet wide. Into this marshy place the trail led, but it did not appear again on the other side. Pete, with the instinctive effort of the human animal to save trouble, had circled the edge of the swale; when he failed to find the tracks at its edge, he went back to where he had left them, and plunged directly into the swamp. Straight to the little stream the tracks went, clearly marked in the deep mud.

Then the trail ended. Pete waded the stream, but there was no mark on the further bank. He went upstream, searching both banks for the place where the bear, if he was really clever enough to keep to the running water, which seemed incredible, had regained

the bank. But he could find no further track. He searched until the light began to fail. Dusk came early, augmented by the haze from the distant fires, that had evidently blazed up again during the day, as such fires will.

Pete scooped himself a hollow in the soft brown needles under a jack-pine at the edge of the lake, took another drink from his flask, ate a couple of pancakes, and went to sleep. He was accustomed to the cold of the mountain night; he was hardened to sleeping on the bare ground, wherever he might find himself. He slept as an animal sleeps, waking to change his position from time to time, and dropping off again almost instantly. As soon as it was light he started hunting for the trail again. Unable to find it in two more hours of searching, he at last started around the lake. The only way he could account for so complete a disappearance was that the yellow bear, reaching the brook, had waded down it to the lake and then started swimming. But even this possibility seemed lost when he circled the entire lake without finding a clue. The animal had completely outwitted him. It must indeed be great magic.

He started around the lake again. This time he had better luck. On the opposite side of the reservoir, directly across from the little stream, he detected a faint imprint on the dried earth beside a rock. Most men would not have noticed it at all. But on the chance that this might be where the bear had left the water, he began searching through the underbrush in the direction the mark indicated—and presently picked up the trail again. By that time it was noon.

**A FEW** miles beyond the lake the trail changed. Here was where the bear had slept again. Then, instead of keeping on into the distance, the tracks began to wander about, as on the other upland pasture. The bear, evidently no longer sensing his pursuer, had taken to foraging again. Pete stopped, at first inclined to go back down the mountain and get more food himself. If he had not lost the trail at the lake, he could have kept his quarry from feeding, and might have overtaken it sooner. As it was, he had probably lost many hours, perhaps even days. But he ended by shaking himself, as if to get the lingering fumes of liquor out of his brain, and starting on again. Until dark he hurried carefully along, and when he





slept again felt sure that the bear was no great distance from him.

The third day of the hunt dawned slowly through a blue haze, as had the others. Pete soon found his surmise of the evening before correct; within two miles he came on the hollow where the yellow bear had slept. For a little while beyond that the trail still wandered about, where the bear had foraged through the early hours of the dawn. Then it straightened out. The hunter's approach had again been recognized. Pete decided hazily that the bear was still within a few miles. There would be no foraging now. The hunt would be to the death.

All that day Pete held his rifle in readiness; each time he topped a ridge he crept over it expectantly, half expecting to catch sight of the great yellow animal somewhere before him, perhaps on some opposite slope. But never once did he see the bear. His early fears began to return: could it be that after all this was no real animal he was following, but some strange devil of the woods that had taken on the shape of a bear, and this odd color, to amuse himself?

Again hunter and hunted spent the night in the woods. Pete ate the last of his pancakes; ate sparingly, a morsel at a time. He had long before finished the liquor; all he could do now was take another useless pull at the empty flask. He was hungry, but it didn't trouble him particularly. All he wanted now was to get this strange yellow beast he had followed so unerringly. He felt more than ordinarily tired. The next day, perhaps the next forenoon, would see the end.

But for hours after daylight had come through the smoky haze, the tracks led ever onward through the hills as before. Finally they led into a great blind-alley ravine that

Pete knew as Rattlesnake Canyon. Surely this would be the finish, for the head-walls of the ravine lay stark and bare, shale and rock with almost no covering at all, even of sage or broom. Unless the bear was far ahead of him, which was no longer likely, he would get a shot at it as it climbed toward the skyline across the rocks and gravel, and bring it rolling and tumbling to his feet.

As he slipped from the last cover at the foot of the great naked slope that formed the head-wall, Pete raised his rifle.

**T**HEN he lowered it again. There was no bear in sight! Stolidly he searched the ground for tracks. Just beyond the last bushes, where he stood, they turned and went back down the canyon. Patiently Pete turned and followed. Surely this was impossible! He had passed no bear! But he would track it to the end now, whether it was a devil or not!

Less than a quarter of a mile from the edge of the cover, the returning trail topped a sixty-foot rock slope. There it disappeared. At the foot of the slope, it rejoined the up-trail that Pete had followed through the canyon. On the rock-face there was nothing that would screen a puppy, let alone any 500-pound beast—nothing except for one great pine that had forced its roots through a fissure in the rock. Laboriously Pete climbed to the foot of the tree and looked at it. Claw marks in the bark told the story. The bear had come to the top of the rock before the man approached; then, to avoid him and still get back down the canyon, had climbed the tree. Doubtless he had circled it like a squirrel, clinging to

the bark as black bears can, until the man had passed, less than a hundred feet away.

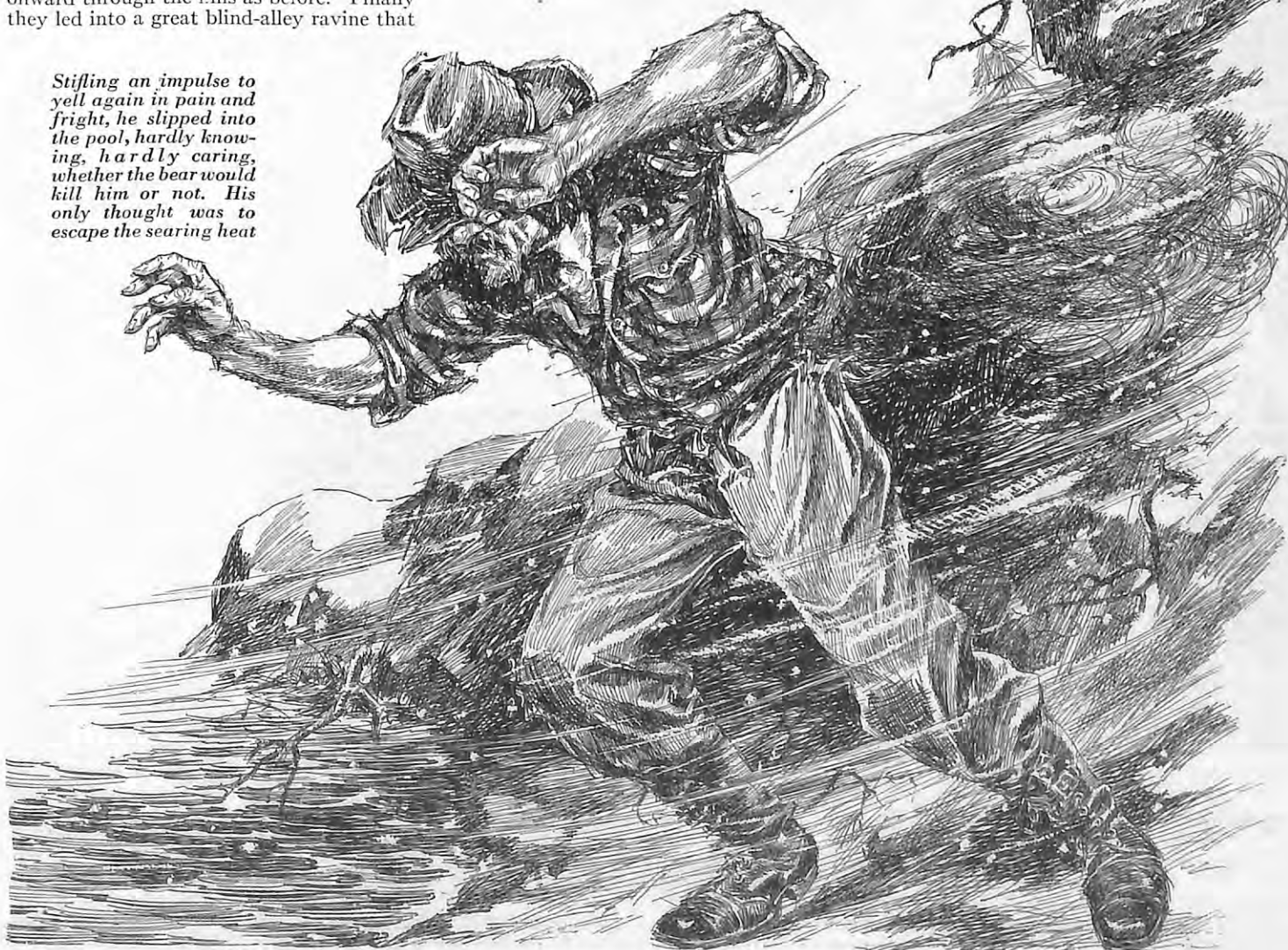
Devil or bear, the beast was a marvel!

But even though he had again been outwitted, Pete now leered triumphantly ahead. The game was almost up! Within another hour he would get a shot.

At the mouth of the canyon the trail turned downward and northward. Fifteen minutes later it crossed a little stream—one of the small brooks that rise in the high canyons just below the snows and flow musically down the mountain slopes into the hot lower valleys, where they dry up, or dive underground, before ever reaching the plain. So short a time had elapsed since the yellow bear had passed that the rocks on the farther bank, where he had set his dripping paws, after a hastily gulped drink of fatigue, were still wet. Pete, weary enough himself by now to drink gladly at every stream he came to, gave a grunt of satisfaction. The yellow bear was less than fifteen minutes ahead of him. If he knew bears—and if the forest ranger was right that this was some strange kind of black bear—it would soon take to a tree, or perhaps a crevice in the rocks, and offer to fight.

(Continued on page 53)

*Stifling an impulse to yell again in pain and fright, he slipped into the pool, hardly knowing, hardly caring, whether the bear would kill him or not. His only thought was to escape the searing heat*







## Get the News and Get It First

By Arthur Chapman

Illustrations by Louis Fancher

**T**WO Chinese 'rickshaw men, waiting for business on a dock in Hong Kong shortly after the noon hour on a lazy day in May, 1898, were startled out of their oriental calm when two Americans leaped from an incoming launch and ordered them to race for the cable office.

The Americans were rival newspaper correspondents, who had just arrived from Manila, where, on May 1, they had seen Admiral Dewey's squadron destroy the Spanish fleet. No authentic news of the battle had yet been given to the world. The correspondent who was first on the wire was destined to electrify civilization with the announcement of the victory which established the United States of America as a power in the Orient. It was to be the greatest news beat of modern journalism—a "scoop" which is still without a parallel in the long and fascinating record of feats of newspaper enterprise.

One of the newspaper men in the 'rickshaw race for the Hong Kong cable office was Edward W. Harden, representing the *New York World*. The other was Joseph L. Stickney, of the *New York Herald*.

The cable office was located in the middle of the block on the second street from that part of the waterfront where the correspondents had landed. Harden had sent a few dispatches at Hong Kong before going to Manila, and, with the true newspaper man's instinctive faculty for getting the "lay of the land," had noticed that there was an alley leading almost directly from the cable office to the waterfront.

Harden ordered his 'rickshaw man to go through this alley, while the *Herald* man went around the block. When Harden arrived at the cable office he saw his rival just turning the corner. Harden shoved his detailed story through the receiving window. The Chinese clerk, who was visibly appalled at the length of the dispatch, refused to accept it, saying that Harden would have to see the manager.

Meantime Stickney had dashed upstairs to the manager's office. Harden refused to take back his dispatch and left it in the hands of the clerk while he went upstairs to see the man-

ager. By that time Harden's rival had gone. The manager insisted that Harden should have come to him, and that Stickney's dispatch had precedence. Harden maintained that he was first in the cable office, and that his message had been filed first, at the window where dispatches were received, and that he would insist upon his rights. He even sat down and wrote two cablegrams, one to the manager of the cable company and the other to the *New York World*, telling what had happened and demanding the manager's discharge. The manager refused to accept these, saying they were not press dispatches. Harden said he would pay for them in advance, thus insuring their acceptance.

"Now if mine isn't the first news message out of this office," said Harden grimly, "I'll see that you lose your job."

Confronted with this sort of determination, the manager weakened and admitted that he had acted hastily and that Harden's claim was just. However, the newspaper man had not played his last card. Just what ensued is best told in his own language, as he gave it to the writer of this article, amid Wall Street surroundings far removed from the activities of newspaper life.

"I knew that it was going to take a long time to get a 3,000-word dispatch through," said Harden. "Likewise, I knew that 'urgent' messages, at nine times the press

rate, had the call over newspaper dispatches. I was confident that neither the *Herald* man nor John T. McCutcheon, who had been with us at Manila, and who had come into the cable office later and filed a dispatch for the *Chicago Record*, had sent anything at 'urgent' rates. So I wrote out a brief summary of the battle, in bulletin form. This was habit, no doubt, due to my ten years of training on the *Chicago Tribune* staff. Always, when out of town on an important assignment, the *Tribune* men were instructed to send a summary, marked 'bulletin,' ahead of their main story.

"When I presented this bulletin, at 'urgent' rates, to go ahead of my first dispatch, I was told that it would cost me \$500. Fortunately I had the money and paid the charge. Then I warned the manager that if any other 'urgent' message went out, it would be because he had tipped off the others as to what I had done."

At the time of filing his account of the battle of Manila Bay, Harden had no idea that, not only was he to score a "scoop" on his rivals, but was also to achieve the unique distinction of beating Admiral Dewey's official report, which had precedence over all other messages. This happened in a novel way, which also is best described by Harden.

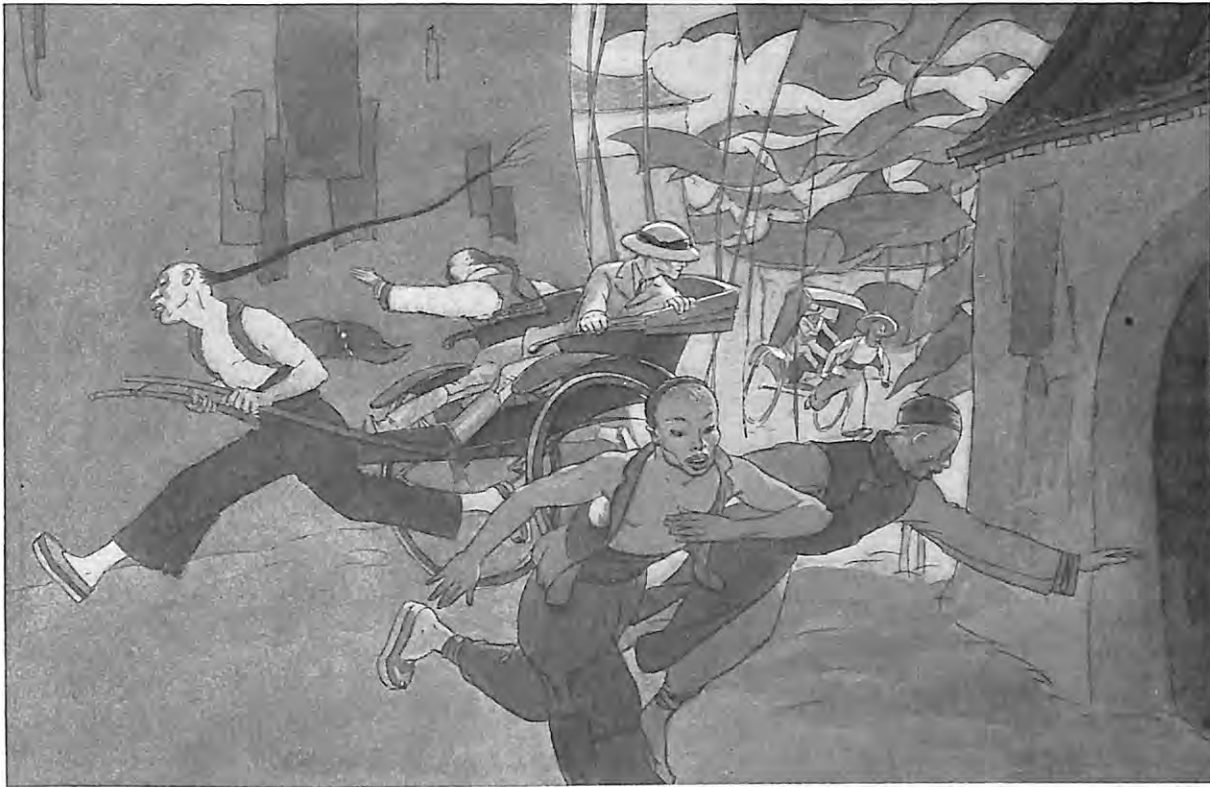
"My being in the Orient at the time of the Spanish-American War was due to chance," he said. "I had started out with John T. McCutcheon, the *Record's* cartoonist, on a trip around the world. As a matter of fact we did not know whether we had money enough to see us through, or whether we would have to swim part of the way. When war was declared we were in Tokio. Managing Editor Van Benthuisen of the *World* appointed me as correspondent—McCutcheon representing the *Chicago Record*. We were on the Treasury dispatch boat, *Hugh McCullough*, which was transferred to Admiral Dewey's squadron, and so we went along as correspondents and saw the battle of Manila Bay.

"After the battle it will be remembered that Admiral Dewey cut the cable, which the Spanish Governor-General refused to neutralize. It was over this cable that



The Spanish commandant put off in a small boat and politely explained that he could not return the "salute" because he was out of powder





*The rival American correspondents in a race for the cable office, had just seen the destruction of the Spanish fleet*

the Spaniards had been sending all sorts of wild reports about the damage done to the American ships. The nearest cable over which a truthful account of the battle could be sent was at Hong Kong, so Admiral Dewey sent the *McCullough* with Flag-Lieutenant Brumby, who was to file his official dispatches. The Admiral told us, as we left, that we could write what we pleased, his only restrictions being that we must not speculate as to the future, and that his official dispatches must go first.

**I**N FILING the official dispatches, Lieutenant Brumby specified that they be 'repeated.' That is, at each station where the dispatches were taken off for relay they were repeated back to the sender for O. K. My dispatches were to follow the Admiral's, which I was careful to impress upon the cable manager at Hong Kong. It was necessary to repeat the official messages some fifteen times between Hong Kong and Washington, resulting in a delay of seven hours, whereas my summary of the battle went on without interruption after it had reached the first point where there were two cables."

Harden's terse and electrifying description of the victory at Manila Bay reached the office of the *New York World* at 4:22 o'clock in the morning of Sunday, May 8. The city edition had been distributed, but an extra was issued and soon New York was buzzing with the news. How it was received in Chicago was told to Mark Sullivan by the late James Keely, then managing editor of the *Tribune*.

"When Harden's message was received in the *World* office," wrote Mr. Keely in a letter which is published in Mr. Sullivan's book, "Our Times," "there was a poker game going. Everybody had a hand but Murphy, the New York correspondent of the *Tribune*. Murphy answered the phone and the operator read the message to him. He took it down and sent it over the leased wire, and the *Tribune* had it five minutes later. We stopped the presses, called back 30,000 papers, locked the doors and got out an extra."

Harden remained as war correspondent in the Philippines until October. In 1904, with

associates, he bought the *Chicago Evening Journal* and became its editor-in-chief. Selling the *Journal*, he went to New York and became a member of the Stock Exchange and for the last eighteen years has been a member of a large manufacturing firm. On his desk is a paper-weight, fashioned from a piece of the cable which Admiral Dewey fished out of Manila Bay and cut, thereby not only stopping Spanish falsifications but making possible the greatest news beat in the history of American journalism.

The Philippines in those days were productive of several other news beats of international importance, the most startling being E. L. Keen's exclusive story of the Filipino insurrection, headed by Aguinaldo. It is not often that a correspondent finds himself the first to announce the opening of a long and costly war. Such things are dreamed of, but they blossom into reality about as often as the century plant. In this case it happened because one correspondent "carried on" a little farther than his competitors.

**THE** basis of American self-government is a free press. And it is most important that it be an intelligent as well as honest press. Wherefore there is great opportunity and commensurate responsibility for the journalist. Happily these facts are observed by the average newspaper man.

MELVILLE E. STONE,  
Counselor, Associated Press.

Keen, who is now London manager of the United Press, was representing the *New York Sun* and allied newspapers during the early months of American occupation of the Philippines. It was known that an insurrection was being planned, but when was it

to come? Aguinaldo had led an insurrection against the Spaniards and had been bought off with 400,000 pesos, but Uncle Sam was not buying peace.

The lid blew off on February 4, 1899, when Aguinaldo's followers attacked the American outposts at Manila, wounding twenty soldiers. There was a rush of correspondents to the cable office. Keen was first to arrive. He was coldly and firmly informed by the censor that not a line would be sent out.

"But this is news of world-wide importance," argued Keen.

The censor had his orders, and refused to yield. Keen turned away, and on the steps was met by an Associated Press man.

"Can we get past the censor?" was the first question asked of Keen, who truthfully explained the situation—that the censor was adamant in his refusal to allow any story to pass.

The other correspondents turned away, not evidencing much surprise, as the military censorship had been particularly rigid. It looked like just one more case of official dispatches taking precedence over news.

Keen had been doing some rapid thinking, and refused to give up. He went to Gen. E. S. Otis, then in command in the Philippines, and argued his case so well that the General consented to let a brief dispatch go through. Thus the newspapers served by Keen were an exclusive group in announcing that war had broken out in the Philippines. In New York, the *Sun* was the only paper to carry the big news. President McKinley secured his information of the start of the war through the *Sun's* Washington bureau.

**K**EEN'S beat was particularly stunning owing to the fact that it was twenty-four hours before the other correspondents were able to get their stories through, which then were merely confirmatory.

When the Island of Guam was captured by the American occupational force which sailed in May, 1898, for the Philippines, Oscar King Davis, then representing the *New York Sun*, gave the public its first clear idea of the possession which had been wrested from Spain. The other correspondents with the expedition contented them-



selves with describing the capture of Guam—how the fort was fired upon without reply; how the Spanish commandant put off in a small boat and politely explained that he could not return the “salute” because he was out of powder, and how crestfallen the official was when he learned that Spain and the United States were at war, and that he was a prisoner.

This was all a good story in itself, but Davis knew that the public would be hungry for information about Guam, which at that time was unknown. He wrote a typical *Sun* article about Guam and its people and its products. He spent several days gathering facts for the article, which made two and one-half pages in the *Sun*, and was telegraphed either wholly or in part to many other newspapers throughout the country.

The same Oscar King Davis, who won fame as a war correspondent for the *Sun* in the Spanish War, and as Washington correspondent for that newspaper and later for the *New York Times*, will have a large personal share of the decorations if medals are ever passed out to newspaper men for individual journalistic triumphs. Davis, who is now Secretary of the National Foreign Trade Council in New York, was responsible for a clean-cut beat on the Battle of the Yalu, because of his foresight in making sure of the details of mail transportation across the Pacific.

All the war correspondents at the front with the Japanese sent their “copy” back to Yokohama by messenger, to be forwarded by steamer from that port. Before starting from New York, Davis had been advised that all his correspondence was to be mailed to San Francisco, where it would be put on the telegraph wire. He pointed out that approximately half the steamers from Yokohama were routed for Victoria instead of San Francisco. To obviate this chance of

being beaten, Davis had half his correspondence envelopes printed via Victoria, and half via San Francisco.

“I was fortunate in having as my forwarding representative in Yokohama a man who knew the exact speed of every steamer on the Pacific,” said Mr. Davis. “After we had witnessed the Battle of the Yalu, the correspondents were called together by the Japanese generals, who took an entire afternoon in giving us a technical lecture on the engagement, every phase of strategy and action being pointed out. Then we wrote our detailed accounts of the battle. Mine made 40,000 words and filled two big envelopes.

“It was an even break for all the correspondents as far as Yokohama. The steamship *Pleiades* was due to sail from there the next day for Victoria. My representative knew that the *Pleiades* was slow. The *Empress of China*, which was to sail six days later for San Francisco, was the fastest ship on the Pacific, but it was a toss-up whether she or the *Pleiades* would be the first across. So, rather than take a chance on my being beaten altogether, it was decided to put my story on the *Pleiades*, which was carrying the mail from the other correspondents. My envelopes were put in the post-office, addressed via *Pleiades*, but on the way home the messenger happened to stumble across a notice, which had just been posted, telling that the sailing of the *Pleiades* had been postponed one day.

“My representative knew that the *Empress of China* could give the *Pleiades* a five-day start and win hands down, whereas a start of six days left room for doubt. He recalled the envelopes from the post-office and readdressed them via *Empress of China*. His faith in the speed of that ship proved to be well placed. Starting five days after

the *Pleiades*, she beat the slower steamer to port by three days.

“The story was at once put on the wire. It took three days to print the detailed account I had sent. It was telegraphed to other newspapers from New York, and, by the time the *Pleiades* arrived, with the accounts written by the other correspondents, the general details of the Battle of the Yalu had been broadcast all over the world.

“The correspondent who scores a beat today may be badly beaten to-morrow,” went on Mr. Davis. “Bob Collins of the Associated Press scored a clear beat on the death of General Lawton. It was simply because Bob followed through and did his work.

“General Lawton was a fighting man, and was always taking the field with some small expedition which ordinarily would have been left to a Major. I suppose I have been shot at fifty times, because I was out with Lawton. We went out on these expeditions time after time, with nothing important happening. The General started out one day just as a typhoon hit Manila. It was the worst storm I ever saw there. I did not go out, and neither did the other correspondents with the exception of Collins. There was a trifling brush with the Filipinos, with eleven casualties on our side—but among those casualties was Major-General Lawton!”

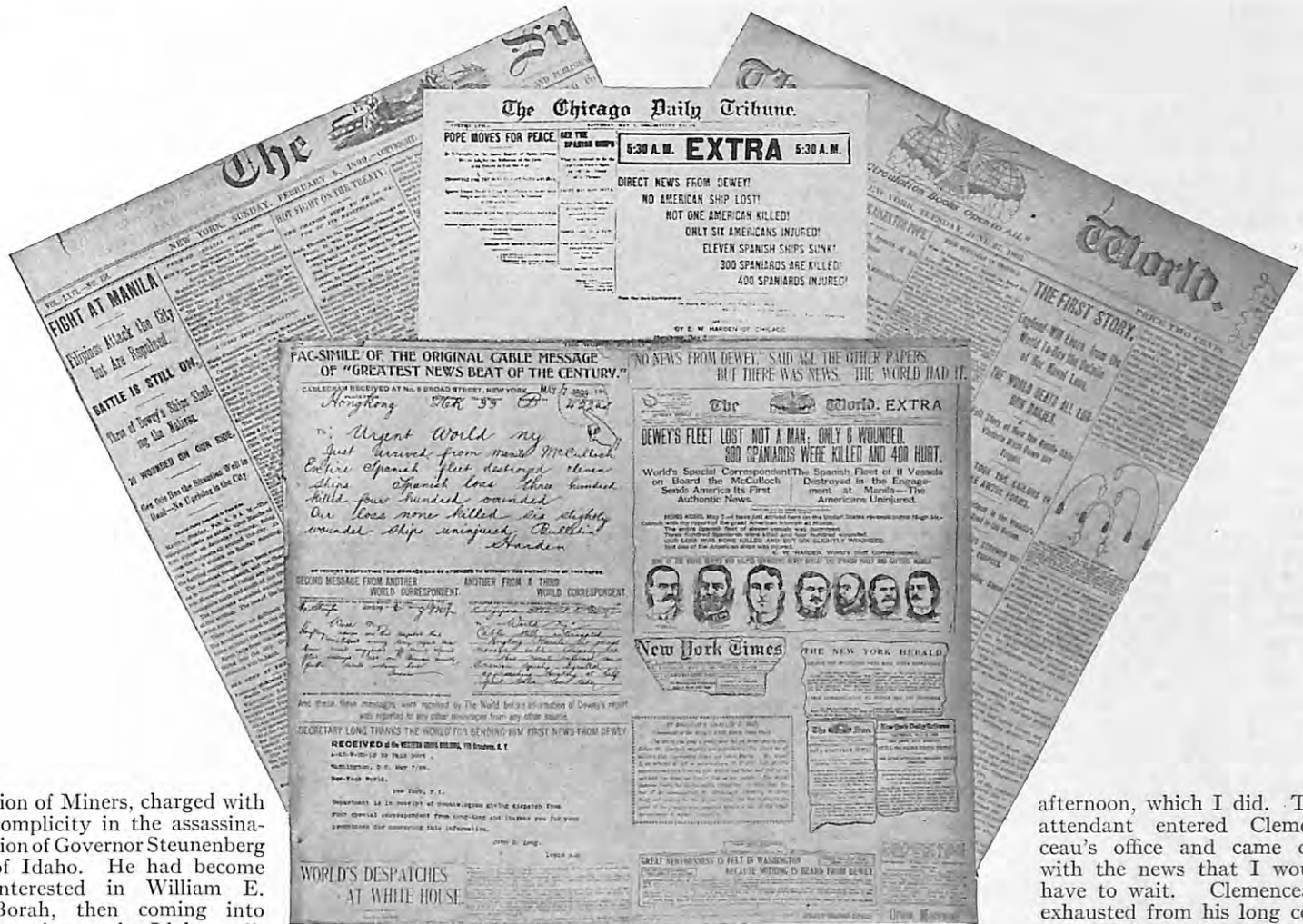
ONE of “O. K.’s” most notable scoops was put over when Davis enabled the *New York Times* to print the entire Republican national platform two days ahead of the Taft convention in Chicago in 1908. For years the source of this scoop was kept secret, but there is no mystery about it now, as Davis has told about it in his book, “Released for Publication,” one of the liveliest and most valuable studies of the Roosevelt political era.

Davis, in the year preceding the convention, had covered the trial of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, of the Western Federa-



Many war correspondents have taken part in actual fighting. One of them led a bayonet charge at El Caney





tion of Miners, charged with complicity in the assassination of Governor Steunenberg of Idaho. He had become interested in William E. Borah, then coming into prominence in Idaho politics. Borah, who had been attorney for a lumber company, and who was active in the prosecution of those charged with plotting Governor Steunenberg's death, had been indicted with others in some timber fraud cases which were being pushed by the Government.

Davis, with other correspondents at Boise, believed that Borah was being "framed." They made an investigation and were convinced that the indictment had no foundation in fact. Davis wrote the details of the investigation to President Roosevelt, who made inquiry on his own account and finally brought in an outside court to hear the case without prejudice. Borah, who had demanded an immediate trial, was acquitted in four minutes.

In June of the following year, Davis, who had never before covered a national political convention, was sent to Chicago with others of the *Times* staff. All the correspondents from the various newspapers and press associations were vainly trying to get a look at the platform. The most any one could hope for was a hint as to the nature of one or two important planks.

**D**AVIS told Borah what was wanted, but Borah made no promises. On the Sunday night before the convention opened, Davis called at Borah's hotel room. Borah pointed to a gripsack, and Davis took therefrom a paper, which a few minutes later he dropped on the desk of Arthur Greaves, city editor of the *Times*, who was in charge of the convention work for that publication.

The startled city editor found that it was the platform complete. That was at 11:20 P. M., or 12:20 New York time. In its later editions Monday morning the *Times* carried the two most important planks of the platform. On the following morning the

platform was printed in full. Denials came from Washington, but when the platform was introduced in the convention two days later the changes were so trifling that the *Times* had its Tuesday front page photographed and reprinted, with the slight variations marked in the form of proofreader's corrections. Not long afterward the *Times* presented Davis with a fine watch for his achievement.

Every happening in which big news is involved is a new challenge to the newspaper man's quickness of thought and his ability to overcome unlooked-for obstacles. Nor are these qualities demanded alone of the war correspondent or the reporter who must give the first news of some great disaster. The correspondent whose work is in the realm of diplomacy is often brought up facing a crisis which only the most extraordinary resourcefulness can bridge.

What a correspondent can do in the case of a seeming diplomatic *impasse* was demonstrated by Melville E. Stone, for twenty-five years manager of the Associated Press, in interviewing the French Premier, Georges Clemenceau, at the time of the peace conference in February, 1919. Correspondents from all over the world had been trying for weeks to get statements from Lloyd George, President Wilson and Clemenceau, who were in daily conference but who would say nothing. It remained for Mr. Stone to emerge with an authorized statement from the French Premier, setting forth the position of France—a statement secured under unique conditions which are here set down for the first time.

"Clemenceau is a dear friend of mine," said Mr. Stone. "I have known him since 1879. I wanted an interview and told him that I should like to see him. He told me to come to his office at five o'clock that

afternoon, which I did. The attendant entered Clemenceau's office and came out with the news that I would have to wait. Clemenceau, exhausted from his long conferences, had fallen asleep at his desk. I told the attendant not to disturb him and sat down and waited.

"Soon there was the ring of an electric bell summoning the attendant to Clemenceau's desk. Then I was told that the Premier would see me. When I entered the room Clemenceau asked why I did not awaken him and then he quickly added: 'What is on your mind?' I told him I wanted an interview setting forth the position of France. He replied that, much as he would like to oblige me, it was impossible—that he was not making any statements, nor were Lloyd George and President Wilson, though all were being besieged by the correspondents who were then numerous in Paris.

**I** ASKED Clemenceau if I might submit a list of questions which I would go home and formulate for presentation the next day. He said that I might submit the questions and he would look them over, but he doubted very much if he would answer any of them. Though Premier, he was not even speaking in the Chamber of Deputies at the time, and for him to make any outside statements seemed manifestly impossible.

"I went home and began to write out my questions, but was not satisfied with that method of approach, as Clemenceau's attitude seemed to indicate that failure was certain. I soon tore up the questions, and, in their stead, wrote a three-thousand word statement, in the first person. In that statement I tried to set forth exactly what the Premier would be likely to say under the circumstances.

"I left the statement with Clemenceau and soon he called me on the telephone.

"'It's great!' he exclaimed. 'Better than I could have done it myself. You may use it as coming from me.'



"I told him that the English correspondents and others would want the statement.

"Give it to everybody," said Clemenceau. "Give it to the whole world."

"To make his acceptance official, Clemenceau wrote out a characteristically brief note, which I still have. It reads:

"Paris, 7 February, 1919.

"My dear Stone: Here is the paper. You can cable it.

Affectionately,  
G. C.

"The statement, supposedly from Clemenceau himself, was given to all the correspondents that day and was carried in full in the Associated Press newspapers in this country on February 8."

Mr. Stone, even prior to his managerial duties on the Associated Press—for which institution he is still counselor in his eightieth year—was known as an aggressive news-getter. He founded the *Chicago Daily News*, which soon became a power largely through its faculty for printing the news first.

As general manager of the largest news-gathering organization in the world, Mr. Stone had much to do with many historic "beats" of international importance. It was by his order that an Associated Press correspondent was first on the scene at St. Pierre, facing the most grim and terrible situation which any newspaper man has been called upon to report.

**T**HE first intimation of the eruption of Mont Pelée came to the Associated Press in a brief cablegram from St. Thomas, Danish West Indies, on May 2, 1902, stating that the town of St. Pierre, on the Island of Martinique, was enveloped in fog and covered with ashes an inch deep. The report indicated that not more than 150 persons had lost their lives. No word had been received from the correspondent at St. Pierre.

Mr. Stone remembered that a former newspaper man, Mr. Ayme, was United States consul at Guadeloupe, twelve miles distant from St. Pierre. He telegraphed the State Department at Washington and secured a leave of absence for the consul, and then cabled Mr. Ayme to charter a boat and investigate.

After a dangerous run at night, through a shower of hot ashes, the intrepid consul, once more in the rôle of news-getter, came upon a situation so grim as to unnerve any one less intent upon the fulfilment of a duty to the press. Instead of finding 150 persons dead, as he had expected, the correspondent found the entire city of 30,000 one huge house of death, only one man having escaped with his life.

Ayme's first story of the disaster occupied a full page in the newspapers, and Mr. Stone, in his book "Fifty Years," characterizes the account as "worthy of the younger Pliny, whose story of a like calamity has come down to us through two thousand years."

Mr. Ayme spent three weeks faithfully following up details amid the smoldering ashes, and the work so undermined his health that he never recovered. The story of the St. Pierre disaster, which was cabled all over the world, cost the Associated Press \$30,000.

Another great disaster, first reported by an Associated Press representative, was the typhoon at Apia, Samoa, in 1885. Three American and three German war vessels were destroyed, and a British ship, the *Culliope*, steamed out in the teeth of the typhoon, while the Americans on the doomed *Trenton* dressed ship and the Yankee band played the British anthem.

John V. Dunning, of the San Francisco bureau of the Associated Press, happened to be on the scene. His graphic story of the disaster was not printed until a month later, as there was no Pacific cable and no wireless. The brilliantly written article created a world-wide sensation, but Dunning was accused of appropriating the work of another writer.

"It was alleged that the story was actually written by an English officer, and that Dunning signed his own name to it," said Mr. Stone. "We investigated the matter thoroughly and found there was no basis for the accusation, and that Dunning was

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entitled to all the laurels he received for one of the best-written news beats in history."

Newspaper-reporting is a constant spur to the detective instinct which lurks, to a greater or less degree, in the breast of every man. Reporters are constantly solving crimes ahead of the police, and there is a real basis for the newspaper-detective character which is so popular in fiction and on the stage. Chance sometimes puts the reporter in possession of important facts, but nine times out of ten his solution of a mystery comes through hard, faithful and intelligent following up of clues.

Isaac D. White, now in an executive position on the New York *World*, holds the record for a bit of detective journalism which stands unsurpassed. Mr. White was a reporter on the *World*, on December 4, 1901, when word came that an attempt had been made to kill Russell Sage with a dynamite bomb.

White was one of the first men to enter the shattered office of the eccentric multi-millionaire at 71 Broadway. A stranger had come into the outer office and had asked a clerk if he could see Mr. Sage. The stranger said he had been sent by Mr. Rockefeller. The clerk, Benjamin F. Norton, notified Mr. Sage, who went to a window in the partition. The stranger gave Mr. Sage a card, on which was written the name "H. D. Wilson." Then he thrust in a piece of paper on which had been typewritten:

"I hold in this package ten pounds of dynamite, sufficient to blow all the occupants of this office to instant death. I demand from you \$1,000,000. Unless I get this at once I will explode this package and kill you and every one in the building."

Mr. Sage said he had an appointment in two minutes and asked the man to wait. The stranger said:

"I understand, then, that you refuse. Do I look like a man who would say a thing and not intend to do it?"

While the men were talking at the window, William H. Laidlaw, a broker's clerk, came in. Mr. Sage opened the door in the partition, and just behind Laidlaw crowded the madman. Laidlaw claimed that Mr. Sage seized him and used him as a shield, which Mr. Sage later denied. The madman

dropped the bag and there was a terrific explosion. Laidlaw received such injuries that he was crippled for life. Mr. Sage was wounded in several places, and his eyebrows were burned off. The madman was blown to pieces. His head was blown from his body, and only a few scattered fragments of his clothing could be found.

It was on this scene that "Ike" White entered—a first-class reporter on the job. The police were literally running around in circles, but White had his wits about him. He picked up a shred of outer clothing and a suspender button belonging to the madman. On the button was stamped "Brooks, Boston."

White went to Boston, armed with these insignificant bits of evidence. He found a tailor named Brooks. Then he had the tailor identify the piece of cloth as part of a bolt of goods in his shop. Together they went over the books until they found that a suit from this cloth had been made up for one Henry L. Norcross, a young note broker who lived at Somerville, near Boston. White went to Norcross' home and found that the note broker had disappeared and had been acting strangely for several days prior to his vanishing. Norcross' mother was brought to New York. She viewed the fragments of the body in the morgue and identified the bomb-thrower as her son.

During all these investigations, White covered his trail perfectly. He was out to get an exclusive story for his paper—a "scoop" that would set everybody talking. The police were insistent that the bomb outrage was part of a deep-laid plot to kill several millionaires. They had no idea of the identity of the bomb-thrower—not until the *World*, eight days after the bombing, came out with the complete story, fully establishing the fact that Norcross was the man, and that whatever "plot" there had been was hatched in his own brain. The coroner publicly thanked White for his "intelligent and persistent fact-hunting," and the reporters along Park Row individually and collectively took off their hats to a fellow craftsman who had proved himself a master.

Incidentally, Laidlaw, who had stood, or was held, between Mr. Sage and the bomber, sued the multi-millionaire for \$250,000, but was unable to collect a cent, through the courts, though the late Joseph H. Choate espoused his cause. Laidlaw died in poverty several years afterward.

Robert H. ("Bob") Davis, whose book, "Bob Davis Recalls," covers many incidents which have happened in an active newspaper life, has the real detective instinct, as many rival newspaper men in San Francisco and New York found to their sorrow in early days.

**I**F a reporter can find out the personal characteristics of the central figure in a news mystery he can come pretty near getting the desired "scoop," said "Bob" at his desk in the New York *Sun* office. "When I was reporting for the New York *American* I was called upon to write what appeared to be the suicide of a young woman. She had been found hanging by her neck from her bedstead. The room was dark when she was found and the door was locked. The police and my fellow reporters said suicide. I said it was a murder—and was laughed at. It was explained to me, as a young and innocent reporter, that the girl probably had thrown the key out of the window before taking her own life. Some diamonds, which belonged to her, were found in the room, and therefore it was further explained that there could have been no real motive for murder.

(Continued on page 50)





### Jack Donahue and Marilyn Miller

VANDAMM

**O**UT of the confusing and sometimes embarrassing mass of sumptuously costumed chorus ladies with extra-agile legs and the husky male choristers who carry the burden of Sigmund Romberg's boisterous musical maneuvers, shine the blond appeal of Marilyn Miller's beauty and the inspired fooling of Jack Donahue. These two things, but

most especially Mr. Donahue, make "Rosalie" well worth while. All mixed up with Miss Miller's dancing, Mr. Gershwin's songs, a feeble plot and some good acting by Frank Morgan, Bobbe Arnst, and a number of other people, it is the effortless antics of the loose-limbed J. D. that reduce you to helpless giggles before the end of the evening.—E. R. B.





VANDAMM

Detmar Poppen, Douglass Dumbrille and Joseph Macaulay (above) are a perfect piece of casting for the famous trio in "The Three Musketeers." Then there is Dennis King, in excellent voice and form, as that irresistible braggart D'Artagnan; Vivienne Osborne, Vivienne Segal and Yvonne d'Arle in varying degrees of pulchritude, and Lester Allen, lightly and capably carrying the burden of comedy relief. It is a glamorous operetta which preserves the excitement and illusion of the Dumas original



Dolores Costello and Conrad Nagel (above) do good work as the principals in "Glorious Betsy." It is the screen version of that romantic interlude in the Bonaparte family during which Jerome, sent to America on a diplomatic mission, stayed on in pursuit of romance, causing his famous brother considerable annoyance. The film is well produced and enjoys the benefit of the vitaphone during dramatic climaxes



The lovely Irish colleen who is the heroine of Donn Byrne's "Hangman's House" is played by June Collyer (left) on the screen, while Larry Kent (left) is her romantic and devoted lover. Miss Collyer, who has recently appeared in "Four Sons," does a splendid piece of acting in this dramatic tale of Ireland's notorious Lord Chief Justice. Recently released



Russia and its revolutions remain a fertile field for the picture scenarist. "Tempest" is a particularly good story of this type, with fine colorful rôles expertly handled by John Barrymore and Louis Wolheim (right). Camilla Horn, who plays the haughty princess who does some plain and fancy spurning of the humble officer that is John Barrymore, before accepting his affections, is a newly imported German actress of great charm and promise

Captions by  
Esther R. Bien



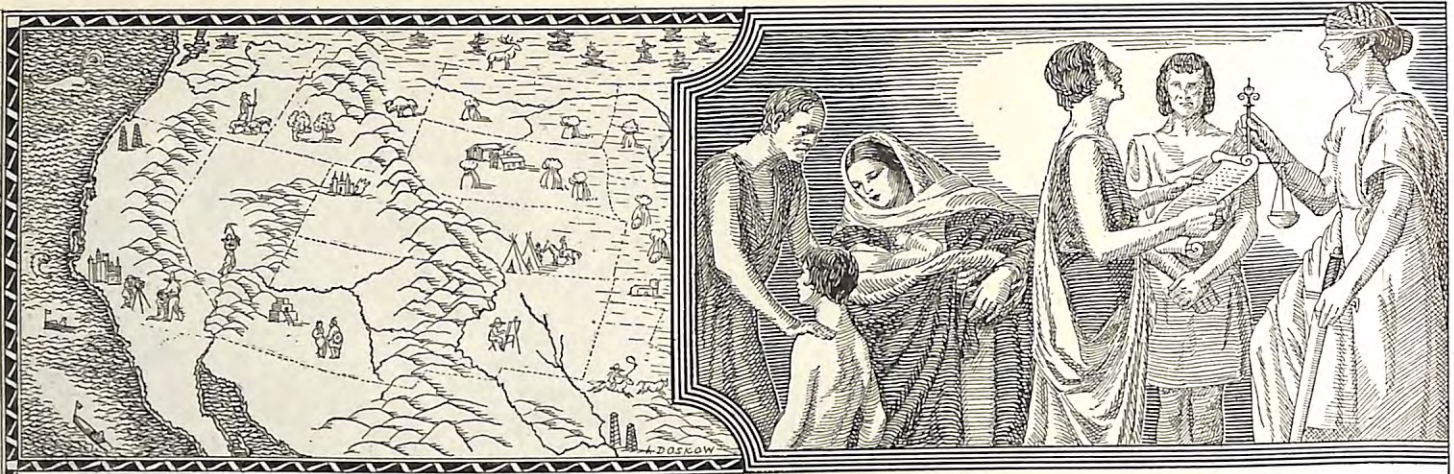
"Diamond Lil" is billed as a drama of the underworld of thirty years ago. Which means that its wickedness has the spice and flavor of a previous generation, and is furnished with costumes that strike the modern eye as vastly amusing. The play has all the divertissements of a slumming party with a dash of highly colored melodrama thrown in. The versatile Mae West (left) fabricated this vehicle for herself, and makes an excellent showing in it. To left and right are Merrill Holmes and Ernest Anderson, her capable henchmen

PHOTOS BY VANDAMM



"Here's Howe" is a workmanlike musical comedy along the lines of the favorite Cinderella plot that boasts good music and a couple of first-class song hits. Some of its chief assets are drawn from outside the regular legitimate field—namely Ben Bernie, who knows how to handle comedy lines and conduct his orchestra at the same time, and Peggy Chamberlain and Ross Himes from vaudeville. Irene Delroy (right) is the captivating little ingenue, and dances most delightfully





## EDITORIAL

### THE PROPOSED ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION FUND

THE Order of Elks has to its credit many fine achievements in the service of humanity. There are many pages of its history which its members delight to read again and again, because of the deep satisfaction that comes from the contemplation of worthy deeds worthily performed, and in the performance of which they have had a part. But the Order has never undertaken any benevolent activity that, in breadth of vision and in possibility of continuing helpfulness in different fields, is comparable with the one now under consideration.

Reference is made, of course, to the proposed Elks National Foundation. This Fund, with its accretions during the years, is designed to enable the Order to supplement and assist the charitable enterprises of the local Lodges and State Associations, in such a manner as will insure their continued maintenance, and provide for their proper development, to meet every reasonable need of the particular beneficiaries that have been locally selected.

The idea is so appealing and so fraught with splendid possibilities, and is so in keeping with the long maintained policy of the Order, that it is scarcely conceivable that the Grand Lodge will fail to carry it into execution. Indeed the general idea has already been enthusiastically endorsed. And it is anticipated that the unusually capable committee, which has been charged with the duty of drafting a practical plan of operation, will make so comprehensive a report, with such specific recommendations, that the Convention at Miami will be able to definitely establish the Foundation, with such nucleus of funds as may be available.

But a word of caution may not be amiss. The undertaking is a big one. It involves many considerations, both as to providing the corpus of the Foundation and as to its administration. It is impossible for the Foundation Fund to be created with any large initial endowment. It is improbable that the wisest and most effective plan of administration will be evolved, in all its details, except through operating experience. The membership should recognize these facts and guard

against impatience for early results of any great consequence.

The objective is worthy of the best thought and the best efforts of the whole Order. But it must be realized that it will take some years for the Foundation Fund to acquire proportions that will render it effective to the extent ultimately designed. And our minds must be kept on the future and schooled to patience, inspired by a faith that is unflinching and a purpose that is unswerving.

If we maintain this spirit, the seed to be sown at Miami will fall upon good ground and we may confidently look for an abundant harvest in due season.

### WERE YOU A GOOD ELK YESTERDAY?

RECENTLY, at a social gathering, a group were discussing a fellow citizen who was rumored to be guilty of a very grave breach of trust. One of the party was a prominent Elk, one who had made numerous speeches on fraternal occasions, in all of which he had laid eloquent stress on the Charity and Brotherly Love which the Order teaches should be displayed toward all mankind. He was quite outspoken in his denunciation of the defaulter. He expressed the opinion that the severest penalties of the law should be applied; that the offender should be publicly branded with his offense; that he should be "run out of town"; and much of the same import.

Later, as he was walking home with his wife, she said: "I thought you were a good Elk; and that the Order teaches Charity and forgiveness. You do not know all the facts in this case. You cannot know what the temptations were, nor how hard a fight was made against them. You are not practicing as an Elk what you have been preaching as an Elk. The Order seems not to exert the influence on its members I had thought it did."

The comment struck home. The husband was thus effectively reminded that he had failed to exemplify the virtues he had so frequently proclaimed as essential in a good Elk. He was chagrined to realize that he had not proved himself to be one. But the incident served a





very good purpose; for it impressed upon him a lesson he has not since forgotten: every Elk is an exponent of the Order to others; and the Order is judged by the manner in which its members reflect its teachings in their daily conduct among their fellows.

That fact cannot be too frequently called to mind. The Order is nothing apart from the individuals who compose it. Its declaration of principles, its lofty purposes, its noble teachings, are effective only to the extent that they are carried into actual practice by its members. And it is natural that others will esteem the Order only as those members with whom they come in contact display in their conduct the result of its influence.

Thus every Elk carries, in a measure, the good repute of the whole Order in his keeping. Many times when he may least expect it, his fraternal example is under critical observation. And the influence of that example is always more widely extended than he can actually discern.

Every Elk knows, in a general way, what a true Elk should do in any given circumstances. If he were asked to state the duty in words, he could do so with readiness. In just the degree that he lives up to that standard he is a good Elk. Conversely, the degree of his failure is the extent of the injury he inflicts upon the Order itself.

This may sound theoretical, and even trite. In a sense it is. Only impossible perfection could register consistently unflinching conduct. But it is also of quite practical moment; for the Order can be only what its members are.

#### CHARTER MEMBERS' NIGHT

**I**N EVERY Lodge of the Order there is one group of members who occupy a peculiar relationship to it. They are the Charter members, the men whose initiative and active interest have brought the Lodge into being. It is natural that they should retain a special personal interest in, and affection for, their offspring, even though they may have become less active in its affairs. And it should be true that the newer members entertain a special feeling of grateful obligation toward them.

But, as the Lodges grow in strength and numbers, and become engrossed in their many enter-

prises, the distinctive service of these original members is too often forgotten or disregarded. Their interest is taken too much for granted and they are less frequently included in those to whom active duties are assigned. This is particularly true in the older Lodges, whose rosters of Charter members are growing even more brief, and with pathetic rapidity, as Time takes its inevitable toll.

Experience has taught that no occasions are more gratifying and fraternally inspiring than those upon which these oldest members are brought again into contact with their younger brothers, in Lodge sessions at which they are the special guests of honor. The atmosphere of such meetings is charged with wholesome sentiment. And those present invariably become fraternally refreshed and re-enthused.

It is suggested to the subordinate Lodges that, at least once each year, they set apart one meeting night at which their Charter members are to be the special guests, to be honored by their Lodge brothers. The very suggestion carries an appeal that insures an occasion of unusual interest and fraternal value. It is, perhaps, more restrictive than the "Old Timers' Night," which has been popular for many years in some of the Lodges. But it offers a definition of 'old timers' that should give added significance to such occasions.

#### GOOD READING

**T**HE capacity for self-entertainment is as real an accomplishment as is the ability to entertain others. Its exercise helps one through many hours that would be otherwise dull and profitless. And at least one medium is so readily available to all that it is surprising that a greater number do not more frequently turn to it, for reading offers a never failing method of pleasantly passing the time to him who has acquired the easily formed habit.

There is something rather pathetic about the man who is miserable when he is alone, who does not know what to do with himself. And it is an experience so easily avoided; for no one is ever really alone when he is communing with the best minds, as he is while engaged in good reading.

When time begins to hang heavy on your hands, try turning to a good book. It is a panacea against lonesomeness.





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# The Elks National Home

*A Beauty Spot in the Virginia Hills, Where the True Elk Spirit Is Seen at Its Finest*

By John Chapman Hilder

YOU have assuredly heard of the Elks National Home and, more or less vaguely, perhaps, you know what it is. But unless you have seen it, or have had it vividly described to you by some one who has been there, you can have no clear idea of just how wonderful a retreat the Order has provided for its aged and indigent members. I make this statement so positively because it was true in my own case and I had heard, during the past six years, more about the Home than the average lay member has the opportunity to hear. In the very first issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, we published a brief article about the Home, and from time to time since then we have printed items relating to it—the last being in April of this year, when

we published a description of the new buildings, the erection of which was financed by this publication. At Grand Lodge Conventions and other times I had added to my information of the institution. Yet it was not until recently, when the chance came actually to visit the Home on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of its founding, that I realized that nothing I had read or been told about it came anywhere near to doing it justice.

We have all seen pictures of prisons which, but for the bars on their windows, might well have been taken for pleasure resorts. And we have seen pictures of great residences which, for all their visual loveliness, we have known to be houses of misery. Photographs can give you a mental image of the shape and style and extent of a group of buildings. Figures can give you a knowledge of their dimensions and capacity. But neither photographs nor figures can convey any conception of the spirit which pervades a place. And it is the spirit which pervades the Elks National Home that constitutes its most striking feature, that raises it completely above the plane

of the usual establishment for the aged, and that makes it, in the fullest sense of that often misused word—a home.

A master of writing might, perhaps, be able to define that spirit for you in a few crystal sentences that would go straight to your heart and make you feel its warmth. Lacking such wizardry, all that I can do is to take you with me on my visit to the Home, tell you simply what I found there and trust that in the telling some fragment of description may imbue you with the urge to go and see for yourself that what I have said is true. Every Elk who possibly can do so should spend a little time at the Home. He will leave it enriched with a deeper understanding of the fundamental ideals of his fraternity.

The first impressions you receive on entering the grounds in which the Home stands are of its size and beauty. I knew it was a big institution, placed in a beautiful setting; but as the big white motor-bus swept through the entrance gateway and along the winding drive to the administration building, my mental image of the place was completely dwarfed by my first glimpse of the Home in actuality. It seemed twice as big and, in the warm Virginia sunshine, twice as beautiful as I had previously imagined. The light buff concrete of its walls, the rich red of its tiled roofs, the varied greens of its lawns and shrubbery, combine to produce a striking effect. The architecture is simple, dignified, yet by no means austere. Nor for a moment do you feel the bleak, barracks-like atmosphere so frequently associated with refuges for the unfortunate. Here, on the contrary, you sense an air of quiet, unostentatious comfort, such as you find in the residence of a family of taste, where nothing is for empty show, but everything is for the use and enjoyment of its members. In short, you feel at once that this is, in fact, a home.

You feel it even more strongly on alighting from your conveyance, when the Elks who live here, at Bedford, cluster around to greet you,



Here is a view of the lobby, looking toward dining-room and sun parlor. Above is the new dormitory cottage



The Home Lodge room furniture used to be in New York Lodge. In circle, a doorway to one of the cottages





*A general view of the facade of the Elks National Home, showing the cloistered walk which connects the cottages and the central administration building*

with smiles and cheery words and hearty handshakes. This is no squad of regulation-ridden "inmates," but a group of free individuals, men of pride and men of heart, friendly and eager to welcome you to the pleasant world in which they are passing their remaining years. If ever you hear any one speak of these brothers as objects for pity, disabuse his mind of that idea. In the first place they don't want to be pitied, and in the second place they don't need to be. With the exception of those few who are in ill health, they have nothing, from a material standpoint, to worry about—a condition not many of the rest of us can share.

I have spoken of the spirit which impressed me as one of the outstanding features of the Home. It is to be found not alone in the attitude of the residents, but in that of the personnel generally. There was manifested, by all those with whom I came in contact, a feeling of pride in the institution and the things it stands for.

Lest you think that all the good things I am saying about the Elks National Home cannot possibly be true in this erring world, and that I must have looked at it through rose-colored glasses, at this point I am going to inject a few qualifications. Naturally enough, some of the two hundred and forty members occasionally find reasons for complaint. Naturally enough they do not always find everything to their liking; sometimes they bicker and quarrel amongst themselves and rail at the Home's management. Why not? They are human (and their average age is somewhat over sixty-eight). The fact I am trying to emphasize is that, considering the problems involved in ministering to the needs of a large group of elderly gentlemen, the administration of the Elks National Home does a simply magnificent job.

OF COURSE, it helps immeasurably to have a magnificent plant to do such a job in. And that is the only word which accurately describes the buildings and the equipment of the Home. Let's go on a tour of inspection. I went into every corner of it with some of the members of the Board of Grand Trustees, under whose jurisdiction, as you know, the management of the Home is conducted. The superintendent—a former Home Member of the Board—and the present Home Member were our guides. Their pride in the establishment is very warm and contagious. I hope this article may serve to transmit some of that pride to you.

Before we start out on our tour of inspection, suppose we review, briefly, the history of the Home. Because of the limitations of space and the fact that a complete chronological history was published so recently as our April issue, I shall not attempt to record here all the dates and the names of all the Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen involved. It will suffice to retell the salient points. The first step in the establishment of an Elks National Home was taken in 1898, by the appointment of a committee to study the question and to present to the Grand Lodge a feasible plan for undertaking such a venture. The proposition was studied for three years, and in 1901 the Grand Lodge authorized the selection and purchase of a suitable site. The failure of a land boom in Virginia threw onto the market the Hotel Bedford property, a structure originally costing in the neighborhood of \$120,000. This property, with ninety-seven acres of land, was acquired by the Order of Elks at the bargain price of \$12,050. At the 1902 Grand Lodge Convention, the joint committee which had so far conducted negotiations, was authorized to remodel the hotel and to make it more suitable for its new purpose. Changes were made at a cost of \$30,000. The first Elks National Home was dedicated and received its initial residents in May, 1903—twenty-five years ago.

Seven years later it was found that the institution had outgrown its facilities. Instead of adding to the original building, the Grand Lodge voted the erection of an entirely new establishment. The question of relocating the Home in some other section of the country came up, but the natural conditions at Bedford had proved so nearly ideal that it was decided to place the new structure on the site of the old one.

The commission appointed to carry out this work reported, at the Grand Lodge Convention in Boston, in 1917, that the new Home was occupied and had been dedicated on July 8, 1916. It was built at a cost of \$484,417.61. At this time the building was symmetrical, having three cottages on each side of the administration section. The seventh connected cottage was added in 1923, and was followed by the large new cottage and power plant which were finished this year.

FROM the beginning, of course, there has been a constant effort to improve and beautify both grounds and buildings, and the work of keeping everything well painted and in good repair goes on at all times.

The Home at present really consists of three units: the main group, made up of the administration building and the seven cottages connected to it; the new cottage; and the heating plant. Our tour will begin at the main entrance to the administration building. This, as the pictures indicate, is under the large central portico where you see the six tall columns. Giving lovely outlook over the broad lawns and pasture lands and the rolling hills beyond, this is a favorite spot in which to sit and smoke and watch sun!



*This is the sun porch. In circle, a view from the cloisters, of the game room and the superintendent's porch*



*The dining-room is a light and airy place to the left of the sun porch. Above is rear of main building*





*This was taken from the rear of the courtyard of the new cottage*

traffic as may enter the grounds. Right across the driveway in front stands the portrait bust of President Harding, who delivered the Memorial Day address at the Home in 1920. The main entrance opens directly into a spacious lobby furnished with easy chairs and decorated with potted plants. It is like the lobby of a first-class hotel except that it has a more lived-in quality. It is, in fact, more of a huge living-hall than a lobby, for there is a phonograph in it, and members of the Home family spend a good deal of time there in cold or rainy weather.

Behind the desk at the rear, where the mail is laid out, is the office of the superintendent and his clerical staff. Immediately opposite the front doors is a broad, winding staircase, flanked by steps leading to the rear exit. The principal social rooms are arranged on each side of the lobby. On the right, running almost half the total length of the administration building, is an attractive sun parlor, approximately sixty feet long, in which is a profusion of growing ferns, palms, and other plants. Adjacent to the sun parlor and separated from it by a wall that is mostly high, arched windows, is the main dining-room, a lofty, light, and airy place in which the decorative scheme is carried out in dark red brick and cream buff plaster. Like every other part of the Home, the dining-room is as clean as a whistle, bright with crisp napery and glistening tableware. Adjoining it is a smaller room, where the superintendent and his family and visitors take their meals.

Right here I must digress to put in a word about those meals. Visitors to the Home, be they lay members or Grand Lodge Officers, are given exactly what is served to the residents. Only one quality of food is prepared—the best procurable. And from personal experience I wish to go on record as stating that better, more appetizing food is not to be found anywhere. Nor

is there any limit as to quantity. Any resident who feels like having a good old-fashioned gorge is at liberty to send his plate back for more as often as he wishes. His own capacity is the only restriction, which is as it should be. Milk from the Home's own herd of Holsteins, bread, rolls, biscuits, and pies from its own bakery, pork from its own pigs, many vegetables from its own farm, all are factors in making breakfast, lunch, and dinner here occasions to be remembered.

The kitchen is, of course, next to the dining-room, but we will cover the social portions of the main building first and take that up later, together with the other service features.

To the left of the front door is the reading-room. Here books may be taken out by the residents, as with any circulating library, and here, too, are periodicals and newspapers from various parts of the country. As might be expected, certain members do not see as well as they used to, and for their benefit a reader announces the headlines and reads aloud such news stories as his listeners indicate they wish to hear.

Beyond the library are the game-rooms, equipped with card tables, chess and checkers, and two tables for pool and billiards. In this end of the building is the barber shop and the corridor leading to the hospital bay. The upper floor is devoted to the Home Lodge Room, a board-room, guest-rooms for visitors, and the living quarters of the Superintendent. The Lodge-room is a large one furnished with the benches, chairs, and altar from the original Lodge-room of New York Lodge, No. 1. Here members of the Lodge hold regular meetings, elect officers, and conduct services, just as do the other subordinate Lodges, the only difference being that the Home Lodge is not chartered. There is a grand piano in the Lodge-room and just outside, in the conference-room, a small pedal-pumped organ.

Another important adjunct of this conference-room is a fireproof steel projecting-room, completely equipped for showing motion-pictures. This is located in the doorway of a balcony that overlooks the main dining-room, at the far end of which is a proper motion-picture screen. Movie shows are regular and popular features of life at the Home, the use of current films being donated by subordinate Lodges all over the country.

The guest-rooms in the main buildings, arranged in suites with baths between each pair, are simply and comfortably furnished, and are approximately the same size as those occupied by the residents. The latter live, not in this building, but in the cottages, of which there are three on one side and four on the other, connected with it and each other by charming cloistered corridors. You can walk from one end of the group to the other—a distance of more than an eighth of a mile—under cover all the way. As the photographs show, this arrangement gives a very attractive architectural effect, the relatively small size of each cottage producing



*An attractive corner at the extreme easterly end of the Home*

a homelike atmosphere which would be lacking in a single dormitory building having the combined capacity of the seven separate cottages.

Each resident now has his own room. Before the new building was completed, crowded conditions made it necessary to lodge some members in the hospital sun parlor and wherever space could be found. But, at this time, there is a room for everyone, and very attractive rooms they are. All have outside windows, giving plenty of light and air. Each has a good bed, a rocker and a straight chair, a chest of drawers, a desk, a large closet, and a washstand with hot and cold running water. On each floor are several bathrooms, affording tubs and showers and ample toilet facilities. Each man's room is his castle and is adorned with his own pictures and trinkets and, provided he does not accumulate so many things that they constitute a fire hazard or seriously interfere with the general régime of cleanliness, he is free to bedeck his quarters as he sees fit. Incidentally, I might say here that all the buildings at the Home, with the exception of the pigsties and a small shed used for storing farm implements, are fireproof. The construction is hollow tile and concrete on a steel framework. The floors of halls and corridors are of terrazzo-chipped marble and cement. Though the living-room floors are of wood, as are the doors and window frames, there is no danger of a general conflagration spreading from a fire in one room. There is adequate fire-fighting equipment on each floor of the cottages and in the administration building. Such fires as have from time to time resulted from the carelessness of residents, have always been confined to the rooms in which they started. It is for this

*(Continued on page 79)*



*The new laundry and heating plant are shown above. To the right is a picture of the hospital wing*



*On the lower floor of this wing is the bakery. The kitchen department occupies the floor above it*



# Grand Exalted Ruler Visits West and South

## Mr. Malley Traveled by Airplane to Keep Engagements in the Dakotas

FOLLOWING his visit to Oshkosh, Wis., Lodge, as reported in the June issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley continued his tour of visitations with a stop at Duluth, Minn. Accompanied by Chief Justice W. J. Conway, of the Grand Forum; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers E. W. Mackey and T. J. Reinert, and Bert W. Arnold, President of the Wisconsin State Elks Association, Mr. Malley was met at the station by large delegations from Duluth, and from Superior, Wis., Lodges, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Mills, and taken on an automobile tour through the iron range country. Brief visits were made during the day to Chisholm, Hibbing, Eveleth and Virginia, Minn., Lodges. Following dinner with Duluth Lodge that evening, Mr. Malley and his party journeyed to Superior Lodge, for a joint meeting of Duluth and Superior Elks.

Leaving Duluth the following morning accompanied by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. A. K. Cohen, the Grand Exalted Ruler's next stop was at Brainerd, Minn. Here he was met by the Brainerd Municipal Band and by officers and members of Brainerd and eight other central Minnesota Lodges. A parade was formed and Mr. Malley escorted to the Lodge Home, where he held a brief reception. The distinguished visitor, the first Grand Exalted Ruler to visit Brainerd Lodge, was then taken to Breezy Point, on Big Pelican Lake, and there royally entertained. A banquet and Lodge meeting in Brainerd that evening, during the course of which the Grand Exalted Ruler was ceremonially received as a tribal chief by the Chippewas of the Mille Lacs Indian Trading Post, closed a most interesting day.

St. Paul, Minn., was next visited. On his arrival in the city, Mr. Malley was escorted to the Hotel St. Paul by a committee headed by Dr. Chester R. Leech, President of the Minnesota State Elks Association, and by a squad of motorcycle police. After broadcasting a brief talk on Radio Station KSTP, the Grand Exalted Ruler went to the Home of St. Paul Lodge for a reception and lunch in his honor. At Minneapolis, that afternoon, Mr. Malley attended the Appreciation Day exercises at the University of Minnesota, later going to the Home of Minneapolis Lodge for a banquet attended by more than 300 Elks from all over the State. In the evening the Grand Exalted Ruler directed the initiation of a special class of candidates, later making a splendid address to the Lodge. Lieut.-Gov. William I. Nolan and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John E. Regan were among the well-known guests on this occasion. At Aberdeen, S. D., his next stop, on May 6, Mr. Malley addressed a large meeting of members of Aberdeen and other South and North Dakota Lodges, among whom was Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, who also addressed the meeting. That evening, delegations of Aberdeen and Huron Elks accompanied Mr. Malley to Huron, S. D., where more than 200 members of the Order had come together to hear the Grand Exalted Ruler. Following an informal dinner and reception Mr. Malley and Mr. McFarland addressed the gathering. Deadwood, Lead and Rapid City were other South Dakota Lodges which later held meetings that were attended by the Grand Exalted Ruler.

FARGO, N. D., Lodge, 500 miles from Rapid City, was not on Mr. Malley's original schedule, but by making a spectacular airplane trip in the teeth of a violent gale, the Grand Exalted Ruler was able to add it to his itinerary on May 9, without affecting subsequent appointments. Forced down once by wind, Mr. Malley and his traveling companion, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James E. Donnelly, again took to the air, and after bucking the gale for a total of more than five hours, reached the municipal landing field at Fargo, despite the predictions of experienced aviators, who had prophesied that they would have to finish the trip by automobile.

Mr. Malley was enthusiastic about his first experience in the air and, the following day, flew from Fargo to Sioux Falls, S. D. At the field at Fargo Mr. Malley was met by Sam Stern, Past President of the North Dakota State Elks Association; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler D. S. Ritchie and a delegation of Lodge officers, and that evening addressed an open meeting under the auspices of Fargo Lodge. The next day, at Sioux Falls, following a luncheon at the Hotel Carpenter, the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke to a large number of members of Sioux Falls and other South Dakota Lodges. Leaving by automobile, immediately after the meeting, for Sioux City, Iowa, Mr. Malley, that evening, attended a banquet in the Home of the Lodge there, which was attended by several hundred local and visiting members of the Order. It was a most enthusiastic gathering and Mr. Malley's speech was received with great applause. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. H. Reynolds also addressed the diners, following which a social gathering was held in the reception rooms of the Home.

A banquet presided over by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Pickett was the principal feature of Mr. Malley's visit to Waterloo Lodge. His speech here, as everywhere else on his record-making trip, was followed with the greatest interest and applause, and at its conclusion the Grand Exalted Ruler was given a tremendous ovation. Other prominent visitors at the speakers' table included Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Charles E. Witt, his assistant, and a Past Exalted Ruler of Waterloo Lodge; Louie Forman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee, and Drs. Charles R. Logan and Jesse Ward, President and Secretary of the Iowa State Elks Association. Arriving at Michigan City, Ind., in the early afternoon of Sunday, May 13, Mr. Malley was informally entertained until the evening, when 200 or more members of Michigan City and near-by Lodges gathered for a banquet in his honor at the Spaulding Hotel. Following a brief address by the Grand Exalted Ruler, the diners adjourned to the Lodge Home, where they were joined by other Elks and invited guests. At this public reception Mr. Malley made a masterful address, and was enthusiastically applauded at its close.

ON MONDAY morning the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of Gary Lodge on a sight-seeing tour and at midday attended a luncheon held in his honor by the Lodge. During the afternoon, escorted by a convoy of motor-cars, he visited Hammond and Whiting Lodges, arriving in the evening at East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, where he was greeted by more than 1,000 Elks at a public reception, and attended a banquet given in the Home of the Lodge there. With Mr. Malley were Grand Secretary Masters; Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Harry Lowenthal; Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Elks National Home; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Abe Ottenheimer; John C. Hampton, President, Don Allman, Secretary, and other officers of the Indiana State Elks Association. Arriving at Fort Wayne at noon on the following day, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party, which had been joined by William E. Hendrich, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee, were met by a committee headed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Louis F. Crosby and escorted to their hotel, where luncheon was served. Following an afternoon at Fort Wayne Lodge's country club, the visitors attended a banquet in their honor, and later participated in a regular meeting in the Lodge room. A class of candidates was initiated for Fort Wayne Lodge by the crack Degree Team of Bluffton, Ind., Lodge, which has been mentioned in THE ELKS MAGAZINE for its fine work and which, on this occasion, was highly complimented by all the Grand Lodge officers present.

On May 16th Mr. Malley was the guest of Noblesville Lodge, where, following a luncheon, he took part in a regular meeting at the Lodge Home, and addressed a capacity gathering of

Elks of Noblesville and a dozen other central Indiana Lodges, among whom was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William F. Smith. Pushing on to Indianapolis Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were the guests of the members that evening at an elaborate banquet in the Home of the Lodge, where Mr. Malley's speech was broadcast over Radio Station WFBM. Other speakers included members of the visiting party and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. G. L. Masters.

Spending the whole day of the seventeenth as the guest of Terre Haute Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit was made the occasion of the dedication of the splendid monument recently erected at the Elks Rest in Highland Lawn Cemetery. In the morning, under the escort of Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers William E. Hendrich, David L. Watson and Sheldon W. Snively, Mr. Malley visited St. Mary-of-the-Woods, the largest Catholic girls' school in the country. After luncheon came the dedication ceremonies, and following his splendid address at the cemetery, Mr. Malley and his party visited Glenn Home, an institution for dependent children which is fostered by Terre Haute Lodge. Here the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke to some 150 youngsters, and was presented by them with a beautiful basket of flowers. A banquet and entertainment at the Home that evening, with the orchestra and choir of Sullivan Lodge presenting a delightful program, brought the day's festivities to a close.

LEAVING Indiana for Ohio, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived at Columbus early in the afternoon of the eighteenth, and was met at the station by a committee from Columbus Lodge, headed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price. Following an afternoon of golf at the Elks Country Club, Mr. Malley dined with the officers of the Lodge, the committee in charge of his reception and the Elks Chorus, after which a splendid address by the Grand Exalted Ruler and musical numbers by the Chorus and soloists were broadcast from the Lodge room over radio station WAIU. On the following day Mr. Malley was the guest of Coshocton Lodge at an elaborate luncheon, enlivened by a musical program, where he addressed the members and their friends. Leaving Coshocton accompanied by District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers A. C. Andreas and W. E. Cunningham, and Blake C. Cook, of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, the head of the Order journeyed to New Philadelphia, where he was met by the Lodge band and a battalion of police and city officials. Escorted to the Home of New Philadelphia Lodge, Mr. Malley held a reception and made a brief address to the members. At Akron, that evening, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended a banquet in the Home of the Lodge there at which some 200 Elks had come together to do him honor. It was one of the most enjoyable and interesting events in the history of Akron Lodge. Mr. Malley's speech was broadcast from Radio Station WFJC.

The Grand Exalted Ruler arrived at the Elks National Home, at Bedford, Va., on Monday morning, May 21, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Home's founding. He went into conference with the Board of Grand Trustees, who were holding their customary May meeting at the Home. That afternoon, Mr. Malley made an address on the occasion of the dedication of the new cottage and power plant which were completed this year. He was preceded on the program by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, who had been a member of the Board of Grand Trustees which originally purchased the site on which the old Home stood, and the present one stands. The speakers were introduced by Clyde Jennings, of Lynchburg, Va., Home Member of the Board of Grand Trustees. Among those in attendance on this occasion were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Robert S. Barrett; Justice Walter P. Andrews of the Grand.

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# Flag Day at Monticello

## Grand Exalted Ruler Malley Delivers Address at Ceremony of Virginia State Elks Association

**U**NDER the auspices of Charlottesville, Va., Lodge, No. 389, the Virginia State Elks Association held Flag Day exercises at Monticello, the beautiful old home of Thomas Jefferson, on June 14. This was the third consecutive year that the Elks of Virginia had conducted Flag Day services there, and it was the second time that a Grand Exalted Ruler had delivered the address of the day.

More than five hundred members of Virginia Lodges, many with their families, were in attendance. The program was planned by a statewide committee, consisting of Past State President Randolph H. Perry of Charlottesville, Chairman; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper of Lynchburg; Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Robert S. Barrett, of Alexandria; Past State President H. E. Dyer of Roanoke; and Past Exalted Ruler Joseph Kass of Richmond.

During the morning of Flag Day, Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley visited the tomb of Jefferson and, in the name of the Order of Elks, placed a wreath upon his grave. Later he made a call upon Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, President of the University of Virginia. The Flag Day ceremony began at four o'clock in the afternoon and was conducted by the officers of Charlottesville Lodge, assisted by the Municipal Band of Charlottesville, the Elks Glee Club of Lynchburg, and a Color Guard from the Monticello Guards, an organization that has been in existence since 1757.

The history of the flag was given by M. L. Masinter, of Roanoke Lodge, No. 197. The Flag Day Address, delivered by Grand Exalted Ruler Malley, is published herewith:

**"I**T IS with very great pleasure that I come to join with you, my brothers of Virginia, in commemorating the birthday of the American Flag. I am exceedingly grateful to you for affording me the opportunity, not only of meeting with you in these delightful and historic surroundings, but also of speaking over the radio to countless numbers of my brother Elks and other citizens throughout the nation. What a wonderful setting for a patriotic demonstration! What could be more fitting than to pay tribute to the glorious flag, which is the symbol of man's greatest achievement in free government and in the establishment of laws for the protection and preservation of human rights and human liberties, at this shrine of true democracy.

"Monticello is part of the ancestral estates of Thomas Jefferson. It is close to the spot where he first saw the light of day. Here stands the house in which he lived and labored for mankind. About these very grounds he walked in meditation while his master mind pondered upon the momentous questions of his day and time, until his thoughts crystallized in the principles which are now the greatest heritage of the civilized world. Thomas Jefferson, the Great Leveler, patriot, legislator, statesman, President, Father of Democracy, inspired champion of the rights of the common people! His spirit pervades this sacred spot. May we gather inspiration here to preserve our heritage that his toils may not have been in vain.

"On July 4, 1776, his pen wrote and gave to the world the creation of his heart and mind, the Declaration of Independence. Critics have said that it set forth no principle which was new to the minds of men. That may be true because new ideas do not spring suddenly from the human mind. They come after years of groping and brooding and dreaming. All agree that first of



The front porch of Monticello, where the Flag Day services were held

the men of his era, 'his sensitive ear caught the mutterings of the will of the masses,' and he wrote in clear and forceful language the desires, the dreams and the ideals of the human race.

"It is as author of the Declaration of Independence that he is most popularly known. That is but one child of his mind. His brain conceived and his labors made effective substantially all of the great principles which underlie our present governmental and social organization. Though he lived at a time when the mental attitude was monarchical, and in an environment of caste, his untiring efforts in the interests of the masses won for him the title of the 'Great Leveler'. Remarkable is the record of his achievements. As a member of the law-making body of this great State of Virginia, he caused to be legislated out of existence the system of entailed estates, and the principle of primogeniture, thus bringing about the equal distribution of property among the children of intestates, and fostering a similar distribution by will. These laws alone worked a social revolution in America. Jefferson afterward wrote that his purpose was 'instead of an aristocracy of wealth, of more harm and danger, than benefit to society, to make an opening for the aristocracy of virtue and talent.' His biographer states: 'But his brilliant triumph cost him a price. That distinguished class whose existence as a social caste had been forever destroyed reviled the destroyer from this time forth with relentless animosity; and even to the second and third generations, the descendants of many of these patrician families vindictively cursed the statesman who had placed them on a level with the rest of their countrymen.'

"With equal zeal he attacked the medieval conditions of religious legislation which then existed, drafting and pushing to enactment the bill for the establishment of religious freedom. His bill for promoting the prompt naturalization of foreigners gave the blessings of citizenship to the thousands who had been guided to our shores by the beacons of liberty which he had lighted. The unceasing efforts of his constructive mind devised new school systems, established courts of justice and wrote a code of punishment for crime to replace the abominable practices of the day. All these reforms were wrought in the short period of two years. It is not to be wondered that the Statute Book of Virginia for those years was called the Jeffersonian Code. The impress of his mind was upon all the social legislation.

"The principles which he enunciated and successfully enacted into law in his native State were destined to be the laws of the nation within a comparatively few years. To-day they are recognized as the foundation stones upon which rest the governmental structure of the United States, the great temple of human rights and liberties which we lovingly call America. Monticello where Jefferson lived, Monticello

from which Jefferson, on July 4, 1826, stepped into eternity, is the shrine of American principles. Here, on the anniversary of the day of its first construction, we raise into the sunlight the Stars and Stripes, our national emblem, the symbol of the great principles which Jefferson proclaimed, and we pay tribute to the man and to the Flag.

"I have the great distinction and privilege of speaking to you, my brothers and citizens, on this important occasion, and from this hallowed spot, because I

have been exalted by my fellow-men to the position of chief executive of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, which is the most potent agency in our whole social structure for the preservation, in their purity and integrity, of these same American principles. Just as Jefferson dedicated his life to the guidance of the thought of the nation through the mental fogs of arrogance, caste, pretensions and distrust of the reactions of the masses, so our organization has pledged its power and influence to the preservation of the national thought in consonance with the great principles of Liberty, Justice and Charity.

"HIS victories were in the field of constructive legislation. When the clouds of war overshadowed the country, men of greater physical force and military genius came into prominence and met the situation with effectiveness. Yet now that the historians have written of the times, the events and the men, there is no name more honored than that of Jefferson. There are no achievements of more enduring worth to humanity than his works. Truly 'Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war'. Let us therefore conceive it to be our duty as a great organization of patriotic Americans to stand forth as the defenders of American principles as valiantly in these times of peace as we would courageously make physical sacrifice in times of war.

"Since last July I have visited every State in the Union. Lifted up and strengthened by the prestige of the office conferred upon me by my brother Elks, I have had the privilege and opportunity of contacts and exchange of ideas with thousands of American citizens, both within and without our Order. Speaking with knowledge drawn from my experience, I say to you, my fellow Americans, that most citizens believe that they are patriotic because they harbor in their minds the thought that they would respond to the martial call to arms if there was threat against the physical integrity of the nation, but that it is the comparative few who realize that there is need in times of peace to guard the thought of the nation, to keep the heart and mind of America in beat and attunement with the principles which are responsible for its life, its growth, its power, its honor. After all, what is it that prompts us to sing 'My Country 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty?' Is it the soil upon which we tread, the mountains to which we lift our eyes, the rivers, lakes and picturesque spots which we find within the boundaries of the nation? Beautiful and enchanting as these are, the sun in its course looks down upon similar spots in other lands. It is not the physical things which thrill our hearts and exalt our minds to patriotic fervor. Our country, America, is a national ideal—it is the thoughts, the hopes, the dreams of the people, crystallized in laws and customs, and institutions. Let the mind of the nation adhere tenaciously to its traditions, principles

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# 1928 Grand Lodge Convention in Miami, Florida

## Bulletin No. 7

*To the Past Grand Exalted Rulers, the Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen, and the Officers and Members of all Subordinate Lodges of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America:*

### Greetings!

Miami and the whole state of Florida await the sixty-fourth Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Miami, July 9 to 13, eager to extend a hospitality that is a mixture of the Old South and a composite of the United States, for Miami is a cosmopolitan city with every state in the Union represented in its population.

This will be truly an all-state convention. Every city and town in the state, especially those in which Elks Lodges are located, is preparing to greet and entertain the visiting Elks and their womenfolk on their way to and from the big gathering.

Elaborate preparations are being made, not only in Miami but in the other cities of Florida, to make this convention one that will live long in the memory of those attending. It will be an ideal vacation trip, an opportunity to see the new South and at the same time mingle with folks from the old home state in a delightful environment. Reports at convention headquarters indicate that large delegations are coming from every section of the country.

From John W. Martin, governor of Florida, on down to the most recent initiate in Miami Lodge, No. 948, the Lodge host, a welcome is extended, while the citizenry of the entire state, regardless of their fraternal affiliations, has assured its cooperation in making the coming Grand Lodge meeting one of the most successful and enjoyable in the history of the Order.

"You will come to Miami for your convention," says Governor Martin, "but it is the hope and desire of all Florida that the contacts of your far-flung membership will not begin and end there alone, either in time or space. We want you to know all Florida, to come early and stay late, to bring your families and to make yourselves at home."

"Miami regards it as a privilege to act as host to the annual National Convention of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks," is the welcoming greeting of Mayor E. G. Sewell, a charter member of Miami Elks Lodge, No. 948.

"Members of the fraternity, their wives and friends who come here for the great national reunion will find our people warmly responsive and eager to make their visit an opportunity for sincere hospitality.

"It is with pardonable pride that I extend this invitation in the name of the city and personally, since it was with the advice and counsel of several close friends that I had a small part in organizing, as a charter member, the Miami Lodge of Elks.

"Right at the start I should like to say that Elksdom will be surprised and perhaps amazed at the balmy, temperate climate which it will meet during this national convention. One of the greatest surprises Miami gives its summer visitors is a mid-summer which Federal Weather Bureau records will show is more temperate than can be found in many far northern cities. We have always the temperate breezes from the West Indies to assuage any heat from our semi-tropical sun.

"In Miami, as nowhere else, will be found a community peculiarly representative of the high ideals of Elksdom—a loyal, liberty-loving community, builded under soft

southern skies, on the shore of singing seas, by Americans drawn from every state of the nation.

"Miami is a friendly city. There is much that instantly attracts. Today Miami offers ample accommodations for more than 100,000 visitors at a time. It is unquestionably the greatest winter resort in the world, and in time will become as great an all year 'round resort as there is in the world, due to its equable and even year 'round climate. We have 136 great hotels, modern in every respect, which makes Miami the fourth hotel city in America.

"Miami is an ideal convention city. There is entertainment, recreation and repose to be found in her marvelous beaches on the Atlantic Ocean, her unrivaled motor tours, her varied sports, which include a dozen famous golf courses, tennis courts, bridle paths.

"All these things await you upon your arrival here.

"As Mayor of Miami, I offer the hospitality of the community and invite all members of the Order, their families and their friends to give us the pleasure of entertaining them, and this we pledge ourselves to do to the best of our ability."

Judge D. J. Heffernan, Chairman of the Convention Committee and Past Exalted Ruler of Miami Lodge, extends an invitation in these words:

"When our brothers gather in the Magic City this month, the great heart of Elksdom will swell and throb as never before. While the mellow moon of a tropic sky casts its enthralling and magic spell over all, our visitors will enjoy an experience possible nowhere else in the world.

"While the fellowship of the Elks fraternity

is sufficient each year to mass members in a great gathering, this year there is an extraordinary appeal to attend the annual convention for the reason that the convention city occupies a distinctly appealing geographical location, as does in fact the entire state of Florida, rich in history and abundantly blessed with rare natural beauty.

"Supported by every Elks Lodge in Florida, Miami Elks have prepared a program which will assure every visitor participation in the allurements to be found here in the heart of the American tropics. The joy and sport of the ocean, with its surf bathing, its fish (more than 600 varieties), its beautiful marine gardens, will be experienced. The beauties of landscape, of sunrise, of sunset, of tropical fruit groves, will be manifest.

"Miami is the most southerly city on the mainland of the United States, and as such will have the distinction of being the farthest south city ever to have entertained an Elks National Convention.

"Elks of America—Miami and Florida extend the hand of fellowship and hospitality. We are waiting for you!"

UNIQUE advantages offered by Miami and its environs will make possible an entertainment program seldom found in the larger convention cities. And, above all, the visitor will be made to feel that it is his convention, that Miami has been turned over to him, and that every man, woman and child in the city is his host. That is the way Miami does things toward making the visitor feel at home.

Besides the customary features of a convention, such as parades, floats, pageantry, special drills, etc., there will be a trapshooting tournament on De Lido Island in Biscayne Bay, many side diversions, free trips to sections where citrus fruits can be seen growing on the trees and rare tropical foliage and growths will unfold their charms, including many remarkable specimens of the orchid. Dancing to the swish of swaying palm fronds and the soothing sound of ocean waves breaking on sands lighted by a great tropical moon will be a novelty once enjoyed never to be forgotten.

Bring your golf sticks and bathing suits. The courtesy of Greater Miami's golf courses has been extended to Elks visitors, while the ocean and casinos will furnish recreation for those who enjoy a dip. And the ladies. They have not been forgotten in the planning. Wives, sisters and daughters of Miami Elks are arranging many surprises for them.

Everything possible is being done for the comfort of the visitors. The new twenty-seven-story combined city and county building, which will serve as registration headquarters, is in the heart of the business district, easy of access to railway stations, steamship lines and local transportation. In this building will also be located a special Elks post-office to be established for the convention, baggage and taxi service information, sight-seeing information, Havana and all-Florida tours and headquarters of the fifty-six committees which will carry on the work of making the convention a success.

In this great structure, wide and spacious corridors and balconies will not only facilitate the handling of convention matters, but will provide an admirable reception place for meeting incoming delegations; while from the balconies birdseye views of the city and its surroundings will be possible.

(Continued on page 79)



The towering new City and County Building at Miami



The handsome Home of Pensacola, Fla., Lodge, No. 497, where a welcome awaits all travelers to the Grand Lodge convention in Miami, July 9-12



## Under the Spreading Antlers

### News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

#### Fourth Anniversary of Betty Bacharach Home Celebrated on Mothers' Day

THE fourth anniversary of the founding of the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children at Longport, N. J., was celebrated under the auspices of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, which administers the affairs of the Home. A large gathering of Elks and their friends attended the exercises, which were conducted by Past Exalted Ruler Joseph A. Corio. Hon. Harry A. Mackey, Mayor of Philadelphia, and a member of Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2, who was to have delivered the principal address of the occasion, was unable to be present and sent in his place Director of Wharves Richard Wegelein, also a member of No. 2. Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association, was the next speaker on the program, and during the course of his address he presented to the audience, as illustrative of the work of his committee and of the Home, a dozen of the little patients at Longport.

Following the speeches, which had been interspersed with a program of appropriate musical numbers, the guests inspected the buildings where there are now fifty-five youngsters being restored to health.

Presented to Atlantic City Lodge in October, 1923, by Hon. Harry Bacharach, former Mayor of Atlantic City and three times Grand Esquire, and his brother, Congressman Isaac Bacharach, the Betty Bacharach Home, named in honor of the donors' mother, has ever since been the chief beneficiary of No. 276's charitable efforts.

#### Officers of Georgia State Elks Association are Re-elected

Last year's officers of the Georgia State Elks Association were re-elected at a meeting of the Executive Committee, Exalted Rulers and Secretaries, held in the Home of Atlanta Lodge, No. 78. Those who will serve their second term with E. Foster Brigham, President, are: Vice-Presidents William H. Beck, Jr., J. H. Lumpkin, Charles H. Smith, A. B. King, I. G. Ehrlich, William Dooner, and Secretary-Treasurer B. C. Broyles, Atlanta Lodge, No. 78. The invitation of Griffin Lodge, No. 1207, to hold the October meeting in its Home was accepted.

No State convention will be held this year because of the Grand Lodge Session in Miami, which Georgia Elks will attend in large numbers, with every Lodge represented. The date and location of the 1929 convention will be decided in Griffin, when the autumn meeting is held.

President Brigham opened the session and Walter P. Andrews, a Past President, and now Justice of the Grand Forum, delivered the invocation. Reports were heard from all Vice-Presidents as to the condition of the Lodges

under their supervision, and the Association voted to absorb a large part of the balance which remains unpaid on the playground installed in January at Gracewood Home, the State institution for feeble-minded children.

Following the appointment of a nominating committee, and the auditing committee, Mr. Brigham adjourned the morning's session for a luncheon served in Atlanta Lodge's beautiful Home on Peachtree Street. At this luncheon, Mr. Broyles introduced Mr. Andrews, who spoke of the ideals of the Order; L. F. McCready, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Florida, East, and Judge D. J. Heffernan, Chairman of the Executive Committee for the Grand Lodge Convention, who told of the splendid arrangements made in Miami to entertain Elks from all parts of the country. Following the gathering in the dining-room, another business session was held in the afternoon.

*AS USUAL, the August issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE will contain a full account of the Grand Lodge Convention held in Miami, July 9-12. This number will also carry the reports of the Grand Lodge Officers, and the Grand Lodge Committees and Commissions*

#### White Plains, N. Y., Lodge is Planning to Build New Home

One of the principal aims of the membership of White Plains, N. Y., Lodge, No. 535, for the coming year will be the completion of the projected new Home for which plans are now being made. The Home when finished will be one of the most luxurious in the vicinity.

Recently the members of the bowling team of No. 535 were accorded a dinner in appreciation of their splendid work in bringing the third district championship to the Lodge. Several hundred visitors from the district joined in paying tribute to the champions.

#### Oil City, Pa., Lodge Has New Lodge Room

Oil City, Pa., Lodge, No. 344, has recently had completed, at a cost of \$15,000, a beautiful new Lodge room in its Home on Sycamore Street. The improvement was paid for as work progressed and as there are no encumbrances of any kind on the property, the Lodge boasts

of a neat treasury balance. The new room is finished in mahogany with floor coverings of Wilton rugs. A good-sized stage occupies one end, and folding doors leading to the grill, when thrown open, will give an added seating capacity of some 400. The Home is in the heart of the business district and as it now stands represents an investment of \$100,000.

#### Alabama State Elks Association Meets at Bessemer

With the city decorated in its honor and with several hundred delegates and visitors in attendance, the Alabama State Elks Association, a few weeks ago, held one of the most interesting conventions since its formation. The business meetings, held in the Home of Bessemer Lodge, No. 721, were productive of a number of important reports and resolutions, while the entertainment program arranged by the convention committee of the Lodge provided plenty of good times. Dances, sight-seeing tours, a barbecue and an evening of boxing bouts were among its features.

At the opening session, following the greeting to the delegates by Mayor P. M. Matthews, officers for the coming year were elected. They are: President, Ben Spielberger, of Sheffield; First Vice-President, J. L. McLane, of Talladega; Second Vice-President, W. T. Bean, of Montgomery; Third Vice-President, P. L. Plemons, of Ensley; Treasurer, M. B. Potts, of Sheffield; Secretary, H. M. Bagley, of Birmingham; Tiler, Fred Rewald, of Montgomery; Sergeant-at-arms, Arthur Lovett, of Ensley; Trustees: Sam Lefkowitz, Bessemer; John F. Antwine, Birmingham; M. E. Barganier, Montgomery; Hugh McEniery, Talladega. Grand Inner Guard Edward J. McCrossin conducted the installation ceremonies. Sheffield was selected as the place of next year's meeting.

#### Talladega, Ala., Lodge Home Totally Destroyed by Fire

The Home, furniture and all the records of Talladega, Ala., Lodge, No. 603, were totally destroyed by fire on the night of May 25. The loss, estimated at between \$10,000 and \$12,000, falls entirely upon the Lodge, as the building and contents were not insured. At the time of writing, the officers had had no opportunity to formulate plans for the future.

#### Blackfoot, Idaho, Lodge Purchases Fine Building Site

At a largely attended special meeting, the members of Blackfoot, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1416, voted to purchase five lots at the corner of Ash and Pacific Streets, as the site for their contemplated new Home. Construction is to start at



once and it is expected that the property, together with the building, will entail an investment of from \$60,000 to \$75,000.

Blackfoot is one of the most active small Lodges in the Order, its social and community welfare work being especially notable. Owing a Home of its own, No. 1416 is looking forward to a period of expansion and even greater interest on the part of its members.

**Delray, Fla., Elks Preparing Welcome For Convention Visitors**

The Elks of Delray Beach, Fla., are preparing a cordial welcome for travellers to and from the Grand Lodge Convention in Miami. They have established an Elks headquarters, at which they are inviting all members of the Order to stop, and have made arrangements for the entertainment of their visitors at the bathing beach and golf course, and on sight-seeing trips.

**Davenport, Iowa, Lodge Buys Site For Summer Country Club**

Announcement was made recently by the holding committee of Davenport, Iowa, Lodge, No. 298, of the purchase of a site adjoining the new East Davenport Park to be used for a country club. Plans and sketches are now being made and will be submitted to the membership in the near future. The club-house will be equipped to take care of all members and their families. Playgrounds, picnic grounds, and other summer features for the children will be arranged within a short distance of the club proper. Work on the building is to start early this year, but it may not be ready for occupancy until early next season.

**Anchorage, Alaska, Elks Initiate Class at Seward, Alaska**

At an out-of-town meeting recently held at Seward, officers of Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1351, assisted by a fine delegation of members, inducted a class of candidates into the Order there. On their arrival, a dance was given by the Seward committee for the visitors and candidates. The following day the meeting and initiation took place, after which a splendid banquet was served in the Seward Grill. The rest of the visitors' stay was pleasantly devoted to sight-seeing trips to points of interest.

**Torrington, Conn., Lodge Members Visit Junior Republic**

A delegation of more than fifty members from Torrington, Conn., Lodge, No. 372, accepted the invitation of the Connecticut Junior Republic, at Litchfield, and spent an extremely interesting evening with the young citizens of the organization. Following their reception and a tour of the buildings, the visitors were guests at a card of boxing bouts between boys of the Republic. At the conclusion of these, a gift of boxing gloves, baseball bats, balls and



Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, on his recent trip, dedicated this handsome monument in the Elks Rest of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86

gloves and other athletic equipment was made to the Republic by the visitors, on behalf of their Lodge. The gathering then adjourned to the dining hall, where supper was served. The occasion was a thoroughly enjoyable one for both hosts and visitors and promises to result in a closer interest in the institution by the members of Torrington Lodge.

**Sacramento, Calif., Lodge Initiates Record Class of Candidates**

The largest class of candidates, numbering 158, ever to be initiated in the history of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, was recently inducted into the Order at the first meeting held under the administration of Exalted Ruler J. F. Misphey. The initiation was in the nature of a two part ceremony with officers, staff and escort team conducting the ritual with fine formality at the regular meeting; after which the candidates were marched in a body to the Municipal Auditorium, where a novel initiation was introduced by a degree team of some forty members from Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015. Following this ceremony a buffet supper and social session were held in the Home with delegations from Alameda, San Francisco, Oakland, Palo Alto and San Mateo, Calif., Lodges in attendance.

**Official Visits by President Sizer of The Virginia State Elks Association**

President John G. Sizer of the Virginia State Elks Association has paid a number of official visits recently to Lodges of the State. Accompanied by fifty members of Richmond Lodge, No. 45, he journeyed to Fredericksburg

Another Florida Lodge which is looking forward to entertaining Convention visitors at its Home is Lake City, No. 893

Lodge, No. 875, where he and his escort were met by the Lodge band. Following a dinner at which Mr. Sizer was the guest of Dr. J. Garnett King, First Vice-President of the State Association, the visitors attended a regular meeting of the Lodge and witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates. Mr. Sizer congratulated the officers on their ritualistic proficiency, and later enjoyed the old time social session and smoker which followed the meeting.

At Norfolk, Hampton, Newport News and Portsmouth Lodges, fine meetings with large and enthusiastic attendances marked the visits of the State Association President, who spoke of the annual convention to be held in Norfolk on August 13, 14 and 15.

Special Pullmans on the "Everglades Limited" leaving Richmond on July 7, have been arranged for by Mr. Sizer to carry Virginia Elks to the Grand Lodge Convention at Miami.

**Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward J. Shine**

Just before going to press, word was received of the death, after a two weeks' illness, of Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward J. Shine, of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15. Mr. Shine, who was sixty-three years old, served as District Deputy from 1901 to 1902. He was well known in Washington, where, for thirty years, he was connected with the Government Printing office, having retired about three years ago. Washington Lodge conducted the services at the cemetery.

**Rich Hill, Mo., Lodge Provides Circus Tickets for Poor Children**

Always active in charity work for underprivileged children, the latest benefaction of Rich Hill, Mo., Lodge, No. 1026, was the purchase of over 100 circus tickets for poor children of the vicinity, thus enabling them to enjoy the show and its various attractions.

**Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge Plans New Membership Campaign**

Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593, has launched a membership campaign with 1,500 members as its goal. In 1926, No. 593 gained 322 new members and last year added 252 more. It is now planning to add 130 new ones to bring the total membership to 1,500, representing a gain of nearly 100 per cent. for the three years. One feature of the effort will be a "Friendship Night," at which an exceptional program will be offered and every member attending will be required to bring at least one non-member.

Aberdeen Lodge and Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174, recently opened the new Lodge year with an exchange of fraternal visits. Some 100 members of Aberdeen Lodge visited No.





174 early in April where they staged an entertainment for their hosts. Tacoma Lodge made its return visit in May and also put on a fine show. Both affairs were attended by over 500 members.

### Death of Past District Deputy James D. Tanner

New England Elks lost one of their most widely-known and respected associates by the death a short time ago of Dr. James D. Tanner, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, of Burlington, Vt., Lodge, No. 916. Since Dr. Tanner's retirement from active practice in 1911, he had devoted his time to the work of a number of welfare agencies, and had been an enthusiastic and hard working member of No. 916. It was largely due to his efforts that Burlington Lodge acquired the beautiful Home it now occupies, and his counsel in Lodge matters was always sought by his fellow members.

### North Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodge Celebrates Its Twenty-fifth Anniversary

One of the most brilliant affairs ever given by North Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodge, No. 860, was the recent banquet and ball held in celebration of its twenty-fifth anniversary, which was attended by close to 125 couples and many prominent officers of the jurisdiction. Dinner was served at seven o'clock in the Lodge room appropriately decorated for the occasion with spring flowers, the national colors and the purple and white of the Order. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers D. Curtis Gano and Frank H. Mott made the principal addresses of the evening, both outlining the manifold charitable activities and general sound work of the Elks. At the dance which followed, a number of special instrumental numbers and vocal selections were introduced.

On the following night the anniversary program was brought to a rousing climax with a brief meeting and stag party for several hundred members and visiting Elks. A variety of vaudeville acts and music by a large orchestra contributed to a memorable occasion.

### Columbus, Ga., Lodge Is Thanked For Its Welfare Work

The following letter, addressed to Exalted Ruler John D. Odom, of Columbus, Ga., Lodge, No. 111, by the Chairman of the Jewish Ladies Aid Society, was, naturally, a source of much gratification to the members:

"As the success and growth of the milk stations in our public schools is due in a great measure to the generosity of the Elks, I am delighted to inform your Order of its growth.

"Three years ago, we started by giving daily twenty bottles of milk on one station while now we distribute daily without charge 245 bottles divided among four schools.

"This wonderfully good work is so apparent when you see these children that we wish that every member of your Order would visit one of the stations at lunch time.

"Truly this great work is worthy of your Order and we gratefully acknowledge your big help."

### Clarksdale, Miss., Lodge's Outing Club Is Now in Use

The new outing club of Clarksdale, Miss., Lodge, No. 977, which was built at a cost of over \$15,000, was thrown open for use at the beginning of the fishing season early in May. Situated on Moon Lake in the Mississippi Delta, the new clubhouse is a recreation center for hundreds of Elks in the region.

### Summer Social Plans of Eastland, Texas, Lodge

It is the present intention of Eastland, Texas, Lodge, No. 1372, to continue the regular monthly family bridge parties, which have proven so popular, through the summer months. Upon these occasions the Home is specially decorated, delicious food is served and fine prizes awarded. The entertainment committee will also continue



This interesting building is the new Home of Elgin, Ill., Lodge, No. 737. Its dedication ceremonies were reported in these columns last month

the successful regular Friday Night chaperoned dance.

The wrestling matches held every Tuesday evening are becoming so popular with each succeeding bout that they will be given as long as the attendance warrants the staging of them.

### Recent Visitations of Spokane, Wash., Lodge

Seventy-five automobiles laden with members of Spokane, Wash., Lodge, No. 228, recently made a fraternal visit to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1254, where, on their arrival, an informal parade was held and the band, bugle and drum corps of the visitors gave several street corner concerts. A short, interesting Lodge session followed, and an entertainment program featured by several boxing bouts and topped off with refreshments, was enjoyed.

Some few days later, the band, bugle and drum corps and a fine turnout of officers and members of Spokane Lodge journeyed to Lewiston, Idaho, No. 806, where a similar get-together meeting was held.

### Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge to Continue Membership Campaign

The membership committee of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, put forth special efforts to climax the splendid work done during the winter and spring months and had a class of some 200 candidates ready for initiation before July. Ten groups, six men to a group, were organized to start the campaign and now that their efforts have been consummated new groups will be formed to carry on the work until the full membership of No. 13 has been enlisted.

### Approvals Given to Purchase Property And Building Plans

The Board of Grand Trustees and the Grand Exalted Ruler have approved purchase of property and building plans as follows:

Catskill, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1341. Purchase of site for new Home for \$10,000.

Niles, Mich., Lodge, No. 1322. Erection of a new Home. The estimated cost of the building is \$103,500, with furnishings at \$25,000.

### Ventura, Calif., Lodge Lays Cornerstone for New Home

On the occasion of the regular meetings of Ventura, Calif., Lodge, No. 1430, and the Past Exalted Rulers Association of California, South Central, the cornerstone of Ventura Lodge's new Home was laid with appropriate ceremony in the presence of some 1,000 members and spectators. The Past Exalted Rulers adjourned early and

participated in the Lodge session, which closed at 10:30. The officers, members and visiting Elks then formed in a line of parade and, headed by the drum corps of the American Legion, marched to the site of the new Home. Promptly at eleven o'clock the toast of the Order was given and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. T. Renaker, assisted by several Past Exalted Rulers of No. 1430, laid the cornerstone according to the special ritual. The principal address was made by Judge Ira Thompson, of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99. Immediately following the ceremonies, the Elks repaired to the American Theatre, where they were entertained with a fine vaudeville show.

### St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge Prepares Welcome for Visiting Elks

St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, No. 1224, is preparing to entertain visiting Elks with a lavish hand both before and after the convention. The local hotels have guaranteed the Lodge special low rates for the visiting members and all Elk Lodges are receiving invitations to join No. 1224 on its sightseeing trip to Havana, starting July 5 and ending at Miami on the afternoon of the 9th. July Fourth will be appropriately celebrated in St. Petersburg with a program which includes beach outings, motor rides, an entertainment in the Home, free street car and bus service and free bathhouse accommodations for the visitors.

### Davenport, Iowa, Lodge Holds A Gala Meeting

The last big meeting which Davenport, Iowa, Lodge, No. 208, expects to hold until after the summer season, took place a few weeks ago and was one of the most enjoyable of the year. The Lodge meeting was called to order at 4:30 o'clock, with a recess at 6:00, when more than 400 members of the Order were entertained at dinner. At 7:30 the meeting was again called to order and a class of twenty-two candidates initiated. Delegations from Iowa and Illinois Lodges helped swell the attendance at the ceremonies, and at the smoker and general get-together which followed. Among the well-known guests who enjoyed the occasion were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers E. A. Erb and W. L. Dieckmann, and many past and active Lodge officers of the surrounding country.

### Delegation from Mother Lodge Visits Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge

Headed by Secretary William T. Phillips, a delegation of thirty members of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, visited Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, where, after witnessing an initiation, they put on an excellent musical



entertainment for their hosts. Mr. Phillips, during the course of the meeting, made an inspiring speech on the principles of the Order, and it was at the supper which followed that the other members of the Mother Lodge furnished the musical program.

The annual opening of Poughkeepsie Lodge's Health Camp at Freedom Plains, maintained for the underprivileged children of Dutchess County, held last month, was attended by many Elks and members of their families. Another annual event which drew a large crowd was the Beefsteak Dinner, at which some 200 members were present.

### *Ogden, Utah, Lodge Holds Successful "Forty-nine" Party*

An annual event since 1915, the recent "Forty-nine" party given by Ogden, Utah, Lodge, No. 719, was one of the most successful of its kind ever attempted, netting some \$500 for the charity fund. The rooms were decorated to represent an old-time Western gambling house and were fitted with the various paraphernalia characteristic of the time and place. Stands where food was dispensed did a flourishing business and dancing and a buffet supper were enjoyed. The party was given on two successive evenings, the first for the general public and the second for members and their ladies only.

### *Norfolk, Neb., Elks Celebrate Their Annual Homecoming*

Members of Norfolk, Neb., Lodge, No. 653, now residing in the northeastern part of the State and more distant points, returned in numbers to celebrate the annual homecoming staged recently by No. 653. The festivities started early in the day with a general gathering in the Home. At 4:30 P. M. the visitors and local members witnessed the initiation of a class of twenty-five candidates, and after the meeting enjoyed a dinner held in the banquet hall. Following the repast the celebrants were entertained at the Grand Theatre with a number of vaudeville acts, and enjoyed an informal jollification afterwards.

### *Musical Clubs of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge Give Entertainment*

Under the direction of the Music Committee, a delightful entertainment was provided for the members following a recent regular meeting of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211. The program was a diversified one and brought out the really fine talent and training of the Lodge's orchestra and its glee club. Several solo numbers, carefully selected by Past Exalted Ruler Frank Walters, Music Committee chairman, to add further variety to the program, also proved highly popular with the audience. Following these there was a showing of motion-picture scenes from the countries to be visited by those members of No. 211 who will take the Caribbean cruise arranged by the Lodge to follow the Grand Lodge Convention in Miami.

### *Chorus of Pottsville, Pa., Lodge Gives Concert and Radio Programs*

The "Famous Forty" chorus of Pottsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 207, was given a rousing reception by a delighted audience at Shenandoah, where they gave a concert under the auspices of the Trinity Reformed Church. The program was a fine one in every way, including new numbers as well as those favorites heard when the chorus won first place in the "eisteddfod" held in Shenandoah some time ago.

As this was written the chorus was planning a personally conducted trip to New York, where it will broadcast a concert from Station WEAJ, and make a number of records for a well-known phonograph company.

### *Natick, Mass., Lodge Gives Community Concert*

Natick, Mass., Lodge, No. 1425, recently presented its annual community entertainment at the Coolidge Junior High School, with a varied program of vocal and instrumental music. This enterprising music festival, to which the community as a whole so eagerly looks forward, was most successful, netting a large sum, which will be used to finance the Mid-August "Kiddies Day," given by No. 1425 for the youngsters of the jurisdiction.

### *Oakland, Calif., Lodge Gives Second Old-Timers Night*

Encouraged by the success of its Silver Jubilee reunion for members of twenty-five years' standing, Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, recently gave another banquet for all the old-time members whose numbers ranged from 1 to 494. During the serving of the courses brief talks on the early history of No. 171 were given by several senior Past Exalted Rulers and reminiscences were indulged in by the pioneers. Songs of other years were sung and musical selections rendered. So successful was this second event that it was voted to make it an annual affair, with Past Exalted Ruler James M. Shanly as permanent chairman.

### *Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge Has Busy Spring Term*

Starting on April 11, with a Father and Son Banquet, the spring season so far has been a busy one for Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48. The banquet was one of the most memorable given by the Lodge. The Home was thrown open to the boys at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Dinner was served at 6:30 and balloons, candy, pencils and paper pads, flashlights and jackknives were distributed. An entertainment followed, consisting of novelty acts and musical selections, and several three-round boxing matches brought the affair to an exciting conclusion.

Among the other recent interesting events in the Home have been a meeting and initiation of nine candidates; the annual Easter Dance; "Thurston Night" at which the noted magician

entertained, and the recent visitation of Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley.

### *Testimonial Dinner Given Augustus Groll by New York, N. Y., Lodge*

The banquet hall of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, was crowded to capacity on the occasion of the recent "Good Will Dinner" tendered to Augustus F. Groll, chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, as a testimony to his diligent, unselfish work along humanitarian lines. At the attractively decorated speakers' table, presided over by Past Exalted Ruler John J. Martin, many prominent officials of the Order rose to pay tribute to Mr. Groll. Chief among the speakers of the evening were Exalted Ruler Edward A. Neylan and Past Exalted Ruler William T. Phillips, Secretary of No. 1; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clayton J. Heermance, and Murray Hulbert, Past Justice of the Grand Forum. Mr. Groll's modest response to the eulogies of the occasion included a glowing tribute to the others of the committee who had rendered him every aid in furthering his work. At the conclusion of the banquet, a rising vote of thanks and appreciation was extended to the guest of honor.

### *Recent Varied Activities of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge*

The Inaugural Ball held at the Oakmont Country Club by Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, was one to be long remembered by the record crowd of some 400 members and guests present. The dining hall was beautifully decorated with flowers, and a cleverly arranged screen in a floral centerpiece, hung over the speakers' table, flashed forth the names of the new officers as they were called. A fine repast was served, speeches were made and each officer's wife was presented with a bouquet of roses. The diners were entertained throughout the meal by musical selections rendered by the White King Quartet. After dinner the room was cleared and given over to dancing.

Close to 500 members were present at the first entertainment held under the new administration, the program including a number of Orpheum Circuit headline acts. On the Tuesday following a stag dinner was given, followed by a short meeting and a number of theatrical skits.

### *Recent Visitations of Lebanon, Pa., Lodge*

The high degree of proficiency in ritualistic work attained by the officers of Lebanon, Pa., Lodge, No. 631, has been the occasion for a number of special invitations to conduct the initiatory work for other Lodges in the district. At the invitation of Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 12, the Lebanon officers, and an escort of nearly 100 members, took part at a meeting, initiated a class of candidates and enjoyed a social function in the Home of their hosts.

Recently a special train carried the members to Lancaster, Pa., Lodge, No. 134, where, after the initiation ceremony, a fine banquet and entertainment was enjoyed. The newly organized male chorus of the visitors gave a program of choral numbers, while the hosts presented several vaudeville acts imported from Philadelphia for the occasion.

### *Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge to Form Boys Harmonica Band*

At a recent concert given by Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, at which twenty of the best harmonica players from the Philadelphia boys' Sesqui-Centennial Band performed, announcement was made of the development of an harmonica band among the school children of the city. The most proficient of these will be selected and formed into a uniformed band, taught and drilled by a competent instructor, at the expense of No. 842. The principals of the local schools are showing every interest and a fine spirit of cooperation.

Mt. Vernon Lodge opened its golf tournament for the new season on the links at Harrison, N. Y. The special prizes played for are the Daniel Hickey and Charles Schaefer Memorial



This picture of the ball-room of New York, Lodge, No. 1, was telephoned to Cleveland, O.





Thirty rooms are at the disposal of Grand Lodge Convention visitors in this picturesque Home of Sebring, Fla., Lodge, No. 1529

cups. These are perpetual prizes, and the winners of three tournaments of the four to be held this season hold the cups until next year and then have their names engraved on them.

#### **Dunkirk, N. Y., Lodge's Minstrel Show a Fine Success**

One of the finest amateur performances seen locally in many years was the recent minstrel show given to a crowded house by Dunkirk, N. Y., Lodge, No. 922, for the benefit of the Lodge's charity fund. The performance was further made notable as it was in the nature of a farewell appearance of the veteran minstrel man, "Happy Frank" Kimball, a charter member of Dunkirk Lodge, who has been connected with various minstrel companies for over half a century. A brief, moving tribute was paid to Mr. Kimball on this occasion.

#### **State Bowling League Holds Dinner In Union Hill, N. J., Lodge**

Delegations from the sixteen Lodges represented in the New Jersey Bowling League were present at the beefsteak dinner and cabaret held at the conclusion of the season in the Home of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357. The occasion was marked by fine fraternal feeling, and congratulations were extended to the contestants for the sportsmanlike attitude that prevailed among them throughout the year. Prizes were distributed and each team and individual recipient was given an ovation. During the course of the evening a substantial donation was made to the State Crippled Children's Committee, a policy adopted by the bowlers some years ago.

#### **Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge to Have New Beach Club**

The building committee of Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 1378, have secured the fine Del Amo homesite with a frontage on the ocean for a beach club and hotel. The new club is being planned for all visiting members of the Order and their families as well as those in southern California. The club will offer among other attractions a fine Lodge room, hotel accommodations, café and grill, an indoor swimming pool, golf, fishing and surf bathing facilities.

#### **Bremerton, Wash., Lodge Entertains Neighboring Lodges**

One of the largest and most enjoyable entertainments ever held by Bremerton, Wash., Lodge, No. 1181, was given when some 400 Elks, representing the Lodges of the Northwest District, and two of the Southwest, were the guests of No. 1181. A reception committee,

headed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. E. Gorman and Exalted Ruler Paul B. Cozine, greeted the visitors. The first event on the program was the regular Lodge meeting, at which the initiatory ceremony was performed most impressively by the officers of Port Angeles Lodge, No. 353, headed by their Exalted Ruler, Arnold Levy. The glee club of Port Angeles Lodge was also on hand, and sang several numbers in the Lodge room while the band from Ballard Lodge, No. 827, played in the spacious lobby of Bremerton Lodge's Home. A banquet and the entertainment followed the meeting.

#### **Charter Members of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge Hold Annual Banquet**

Nine of the surviving fourteen charter members of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 852, attended the twenty-fifth annual banquet of the Charter Members Association, in the Home of the Lodge. Reminiscences of the early days of No. 852 and a musical program following the dinner made up a pleasant and interesting evening. P. Joe Congdon was elected president of the Association for the coming year, and Edward L. McDevitt and Edward H. Bogert, secretary and treasurer, respectively.

#### **Ballard, Wash., Elks Visit Everett, Wash., Lodge**

Close to 140 members and officers and the thirty-piece band of Ballard, Wash., Lodge, No. 827, recently made a fraternal visitation to Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 479, where the visiting officers conducted the initiatory work for their hosts. Following the meeting an enjoyable social session was held at which an entertainment and band concert were provided by the visitors.

#### **Hancock, Mich., Lodge in a Practical Observation of Mother's Day**

Holding the regular Mother's Day service, Hancock, Mich., Lodge, No. 381, went further in its observance by seeking out and making happy a number of mothers who, but for its thoughtfulness, would have received no remembrance of the occasion. Packing up baskets of fruit and candy and other gifts, a delegation of members drove to the county institutions, where their visit and their presents brought touching pleasure to a number of aged women whose own children were either dead or far away. So moved were the members who made the trip by the gratitude and emotion of those on whom they called that plans to hold an entertainment at the county sanitarium were put on foot, when all Elks and their friends were invited to contribute to the happiness of the patients.

#### **Report of the Crippled Children's Committee of Camden, N. J., Lodge**

The report for the past year of the Crippled Children's Committee of Camden, N. J., Lodge, No. 293, shows an expenditure for this work of some \$6,000. Two hundred and sixty-eight cases, of which 67 were new ones, were registered. Twenty-five operations were performed; 19 patients, not operated upon, were provided with various orthopedic braces, and five artificial legs were supplied. Thirty-two children were given a total of 213 weeks of convalescent care and summer vacation; 208 visits were made to clinics, and 1,419 to homes. Forty-one cases were discharged from care during the year, and 58, previously operated upon, were followed up.

The above is a much condensed résumé of the fine work of Camden Lodge among the needy youngsters of its jurisdiction.

#### **Porterville, Calif., Lodge Officer Holds Attendance Record**

Harry F. Brunette, Tiler of Porterville, Calif., Lodge, No. 1342, holds an enviable record for faithful attendance at Lodge meetings. During his term of more than eight years, Mr. Brunette has been at his post of duty at every regular and special meeting, without an exception. His interest in the work of the Lodge is a comprehensive one and includes all of its activities.

#### **Lockport, N. Y., Lodge Holds First Meeting in New Lodge Room**

Some three hundred members and visitors from other Lodges of Western New York took part in the first meeting to be held in the new Lodge room of Lockport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 41. A class of twenty candidates was initiated by the degree team of Medina Lodge, No. 898, during which time the chairs were occupied by Past Exalted Rulers of Lockport Lodge. D. Curtis Gano, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, was among the guests. The new Lodge room is a part of the recent addition to the Home of Lockport Lodge, which also contains a handsome new banquet hall, in which dinner was served following the meeting.

#### **Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge Has Enjoyed a Banner Year**

The past year has been one of the most successful in the history of Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 12. In addition to the accomplishment of much fine charity work and the holding of a large number of most enjoyable fraternal and social events, No. 12 made fine financial progress. Twenty-two thousand dollars was paid on the mortgage on its Home, and it is expected that by the first of the year the Lodge will be entirely free from debt.

Among Harrisburg Lodge's recent welfare activities was an entertainment given at the Pennsylvania State Tuberculosis Sanitarium at Mount Alto, when more than 100 members were on hand. Refreshments were served the audience of patients and their friends after the show. The Home of No. 12 is the meeting place of many local welfare organizations, to which it is always hospitably open.

#### **Massachusetts Central Lodges Hold Dinner for District Deputy Brady**

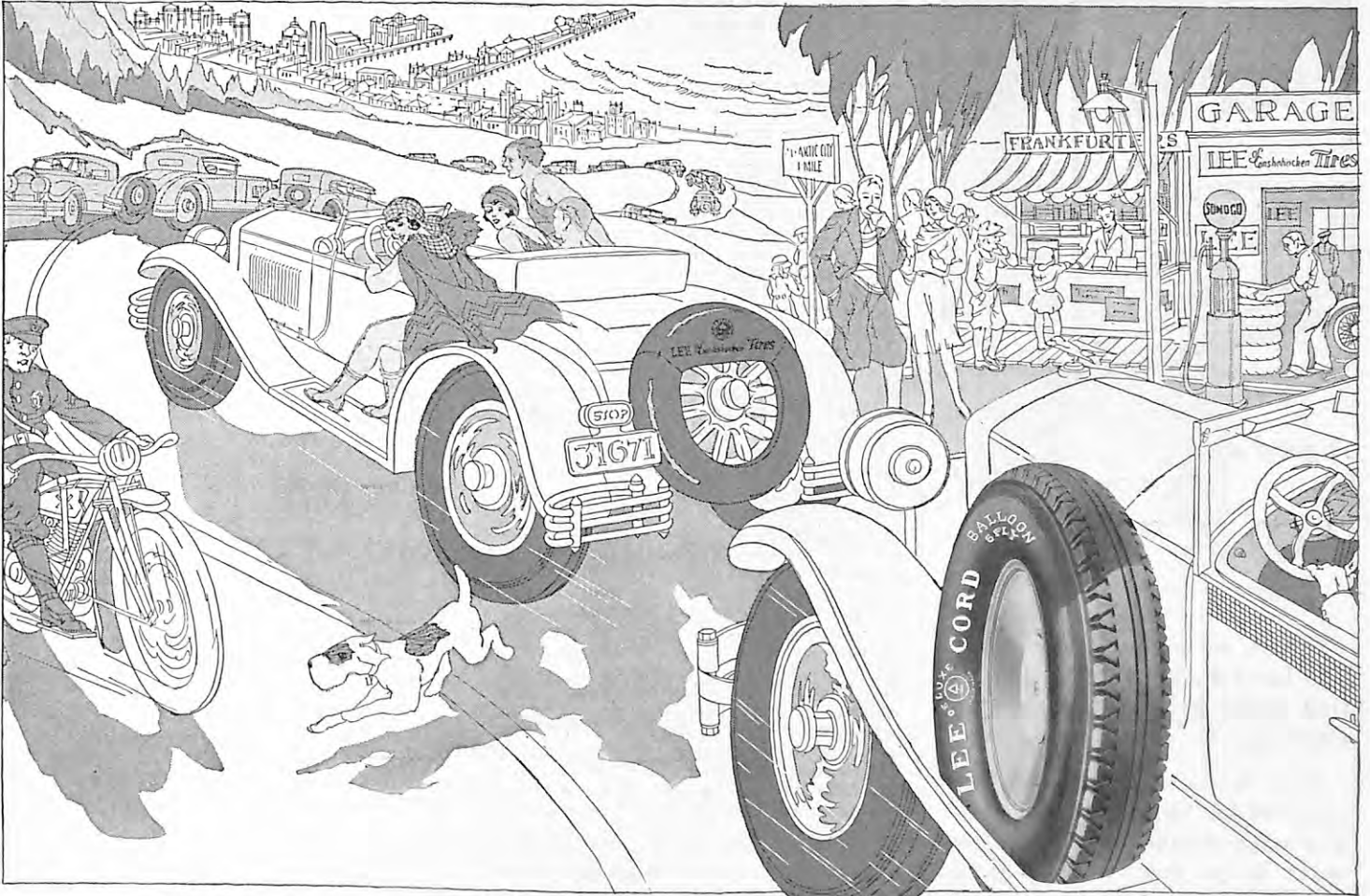
Some 200 members of Lodges in Massachusetts, Central, gathered in the Home of Marlborough Lodge, No. 1239, on the occasion of a testimonial dinner to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas J. Brady. Frank D. Houlihan, Past Exalted Ruler of Framingham Lodge, No. 1265, was toastmaster, while the fine entertainment which followed was arranged by Chairman Frank B. Twitchell, Past Exalted Ruler of Natick Lodge, No. 1425. Among the well-known guests who came to pay their respects to Mr. Brady were, in addition to many Past District Deputies and past and active officers of Lodges in the district, E. Mark Sullivan, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Andrew J. Casey, member of the Grand Forum, and S. John Connolly, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler. A fine mahogany

(Continued on page 69)



MAKE THE SUMMER TREK ON TIRES BY

# LEE of Conshohocken



The big summer "trek" is on. Many of you will travel thousands of miles, often over wet, slippery cement, blistering asphalt and rock strewn detours.

Weak tires will blow, cheaply made tires will show "yellow", while too light tires will demonstrate their false economy.

Why expose your dear ones to needless inconveniences and even dangers by careless tire attention.

Get good tires and be sure they are big enough. Ask the LEE of Conshohocken dealer in your town what kind of tires your car and your driving require. LEE dealers know tires.

The LEE *Shoulderbilt* is a Heavy Duty masterpiece, not only ideal for those little giants—Fords and Chevrolets—but also for the bigger cars whose weight and power necessitate, for safety sake, thick and wide treads, sturdy side walls and generous air space.

Oversize, even for balloons, these *Shoulderbilts* are so big, so thick, so strong, that any car tired with them will carry on where most others give up.

Make the summer trek on Tires by LEE of Conshohocken. LEE dealers all over the country are ready to serve you, and in other countries too, if your trek extends that far.



LEE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY  
Factories: CONSHOHOCKEN, PA. and YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

## TIRES BY LEE of Conshohocken

### HEAVY DUTY SHOULDERBILT Balloon

Steers more easily, wears much longer than any tire we know.

### LEE BALLOON

A lighter but extremely well made tire.

### LEE DELUXE FLAT TREAD

The old faithful high pressure tire. Has been and still is the peer of all high pressure tires.

### LEELAND

Balloon and High Pressure  
A second line tire. Less expensive but great money value.

### LEE PUNCTURE PROOF

Balloon and High Pressure  
Resists nails, glass, etc. For ambulances, commercial vehicles, and any vehicle where time is valuable.

### LEE BUS AND TRUCK PNEUMATIC

A big heavy tire which must and does stand terrific punishment.

### LEE STAGHOUND

The incomparable solid tire. Will do what no other solid tire can do.

COST NO MORE TO BUY—MUCH LESS TO RUN





A good start  
for a summer day!

## AQUA VELVA

for After-Shaving

Splash on Aqua Velva after you have shaved! Its stimulating tingle brightens a drowsy morning.

Let Aqua Velva care this summer for tiny nicks and cuts; protect, tone up your facial tissues; keep your skin flexible and fit.

At shaving time there's nothing pleasanter than a sniff of Aqua Velva; buoyant, distinctive, never lingering heavily.

Keep a bottle handy through the day. When you're fagged wash your face and splash it on generously—on face and forehead and back of your neck. What cool refreshment!

Aqua Velva can be one of your best summer friends. Give it a chance.

50 cents for a 5-ounce bottle. Or a Free Trial Size if you ask for it.  
Address:  
Dept. E 38, The J. B. Williams Co.,  
Glastonbury, Conn., and Montreal, Can.

# Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

## Get the News, and Get It First

(Continued from page 32)

"I was not satisfied, and went to Buffalo, where, I learned, the girl had a brother. I asked the brother about the girl's characteristics. 'Well,' he said thoughtfully, 'she was always terribly afraid of the dark.' That cinched my case right there, as no girl who was afraid of the dark was going to kill herself in an unlighted room. I asked him further about her jewels—if she did not have anything of greater value than the cheap stones which were found in her room. 'Yes,' he said, 'she had one good diamond, worth several hundred dollars—a pure white stone.' I got a good description of this diamond and we looked up the pawnshop records and found where it had been pawned. The man who had pawned it was arrested and confessed that he had killed the girl.

"ON ANOTHER case where a woman had been murdered, I was one of the first on the scene, as reporters had a lot more leeway than the police give them now. I opened the window to get some fresh air, and a shower of yellow feathers came down over me. I looked on top of the wardrobe and there was a dead canary—literally torn to pieces. It occurred to me that this dead canary had something to do with the mystery. I got to quizzing the landlady and asked her if any one ever came to see the woman who had been killed. 'Yes,' she said, 'her husband. He was a mean man, too—had a violent temper and bullied this nice, gentle woman a lot. Why, she even had to keep a towel over the canary-bird's cage for fear the bird would disturb this man in the morning.' That was enough. The man was found and confessed that he had killed the canary in a rage and then had killed the woman. Only for the shower of golden feathers which had floated down over me when I opened that window, the solution of the mystery might never have been reached.

"The most dramatic 'scoop' within my recollection occurred in San Francisco, in 1905, when I was cubbing on the *Call*," continued Mr. Davis. "A girl had been murdered in a waterfront saloon. Her identity was a mystery. With another reporter from the *Call*, a middle-aged man, I was sent to get the story. My companion went into the room where the girl lay, and came out looking pale. 'I know this girl,' he said. 'You write the story of the murder and I will do her personal story.' We went back to the office and together turned in about three columns, his story about the girl being complete in every detail.

"Who was she?' I asked of my companion. "My first wife,' he said, and collapsed at his desk."

When a great piece of news comes into an office from a lonely and distant point where no correspondent is available for further details, that indefinable sixth sense of the newspaper man must come to the rescue. He must know instinctively what to do in order to get the news and get it first.

The late David Graham Phillips, famous as a novelist in his later years, was face to face with such a situation when the New York *World's* London bureau, of which he was in charge, received word that the British warships *Camperdown* and *Victoria* had collided on June 23, 1893, in maneuvers off Tripoli, and the *Victoria* had sunk with great loss of life. The news had been "tipped off" by a Portuguese minister at the Court of St. James's, and no details were given, nor would the British Admiralty give out any.

In this extremity, those in the *World* bureau bethought themselves of the usual Yankee expedient of getting in touch with the nearest telegraph operator and having him tell the story or find some one to do so. Accordingly, word was telegraphed to the operator at Tripoli that the New York *World* would pay \$500 for an eyewitness account of the disaster. Word came back the next day to prepay telegraph tolls or send money. This mysterious message was signed "Pierre." Unfortunately, no money could be sent through, as the Turkish Government was enforcing a rule against accepting outside exchange. A plea was sent, saying that a draft would be forwarded immediately and for the unknown correspondent to beg, borrow or steal the necessary cash for tolls—but at any rate to get the story through. The London

papers were printing no details, and the public was getting in a frenzy of excitement owing to rumors.

It happened that the first telegram had been received by a Turk who did not understand English, but the only American in Tripoli, Ira Harris, a doctor, was in the office at the time. Harris understood the situation and resolved to get the story through to the *World* if it were possible. He borrowed enough money from a Tripoli merchant to pay the cable charges. Harris had seen the accident from the shore as he was watching the maneuvers. Then he got a first-hand interview from a midshipman who had stood on the bridge with Rear-Admiral Markham.

To Dr. Harris's dismay, the operators would not receive a message at night. After an irritating delay, he found a beginner who agreed to send the dispatch for him. The beginner did not know English, and every word had to be spelled out. In spite of these difficulties Dr. Harris got through a complete story of the disaster, telling how it had been caused by an order to turn when the ships were in close formation. In spite of a protesting signal in return, the order was repeated, and the *Camperdown* turned, ramming the *Victoria* in the side. The commander of the *Victoria* signaled that his ship did not need aid. He had hardly more than started for the shore when the *Victoria* literally dove to the bottom. Many men who might otherwise have escaped were cut to pieces by the whirling propellers. Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, who gave the fatal order, 22 officers, and 338 men were drowned.

All told it was a wonderfully complete story, barring a few mistakes which showed that the operator did not know English. The story was cabled to the New York *World*, reaching there at 7:30 in the evening of Monday, June 26th. It was not cabled back to the London papers in time for their Tuesday issues. On the morning of the 28th, five days after the disaster, the story was printed in the London *Telegraph* with full credit to the American newspaper. Other London papers tried to discredit the news. It was not until July 1st that they printed complete accounts from the Admiralty, and these merely confirmed the account which the New York newspaper had published exclusively.

MORE than one war correspondent has taken part in actual fighting. The late James Creelman led a bayonet charge at El Caney, where a Spanish bullet wounded him in the arm and back. Desperately wounded, Creelman dictated his story of the battle, his amanuensis on the field being none other than his employer, William Randolph Hearst, who with a revolver at his belt, and a straw hat with a bright ribbon on his head, took down the notes while bullets whizzed about him. After doing what he could to make his correspondent comfortable, Mr. Hearst mounted a horse and dashed for the sea-coast, where a steamer was waiting to take him to the nearest cable station.

A "beat" which Creelman put over, fairly against his will, was the Philippine Commission's first definite announcement of America's policy in the islands. The American press was waiting for the proclamation, and one paper had authorized its correspondent to offer \$2,000 for an advance copy, which could not be secured. When the copies were given out, Creelman had a native carriage waiting, with a Tagalog driver, ready to race for the cable station. To his dismay he saw that his chief competitor was a woman—the wife of a correspondent who was disabled by a poison thorn. The two correspondents had a break-neck ride to the censor's office and thence to the cable station. Creelman managed to beat the woman to the cable station by a minute and clinched his victory by sending the entire message at "urgent" rate, costing his paper \$7,602.

"It was a struggle for news, fierce and sexless," said Creelman afterward. "It was the old-style man against the new-style woman. The modern newspaper, with its thirst for news, takes no account of the amenities of life. It has one supreme law—send the news and send it first."

(Continued on page 52)





**HALF A MINUTE.** The grand rush! You've slept late. You've an extra job to do before going to work. Whatever the reason, rely on the swift, even sureness of your Gillette Blade for the smoothest shave per second in the world.



**ONE MINUTE.** Just sixty seconds of lathering and then you put your Gillette to work. A different lathering time means a different job for your Gillette Blade—but always the *same smooth comfort.*



**TWO MINUTES.** A bit longer for your beard to soften. Time for lathering may vary from day to day but there's one unchanging thing about your daily shave that brings sure, smooth comfort—your even-tempered Gillette Blade.

# You fast shavers—

*here's the smoothest, surest shave per second in the world!*



**THREE MINUTES.** For thorough preparation of your face, three minutes is the ideal time. It may seem a bit luxurious to spend so much time lathering up, but you'll be repaid by the fullest measure of shaving ease and comfort that your Gillette Blade can give you.

**T**IME affects the comfort of your shave, of course. Lots of men have to "race" it. Slow shaving is a luxury which we can't always afford.

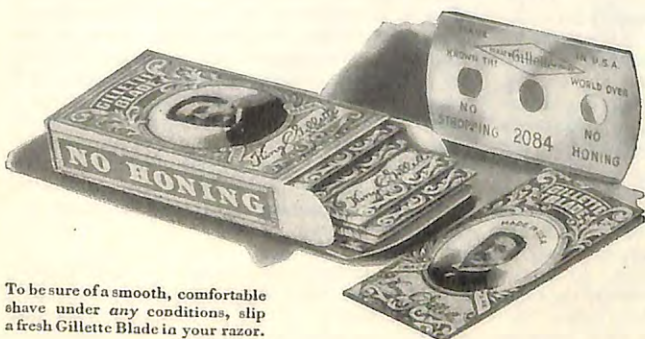
But the smooth, kind, thorough job that the Gillette Blade does on its easy path is something you can't afford to pass up—for it's the smoothest shave *per second* in the world.

Gillette hones and strops every blade on instruments so fine that variation of one ten-thousandth of an inch sends out a tell-tale signal. Gillette "coaxes" perfect shaves into every blade as no human hands could possibly hone and strop it. And nearly half of Gillette's people are special inspectors, paid double when they find a single blade that won't do a superb job of shaving.

It has cost twelve million dollars in the last ten years alone to keep this blade doing its job so uniformly and so *well* that eight out of ten men prefer it.

Gillette keeps faces smooth and comfortable; men of sixty look twenty years younger; young men are starting right, and staying young. No man ever gave the Gillette Blade the identical task two days in succession. Shaving conditions may change, but the blade meets every man's conditions.

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





# He may be the blond-haired boy to the boss



• • • but he's just the great unwashed to me

**WRONG AGAIN.** He was no more unwashed than you or I. A tub every night, shower every morning, how was he to know that while the rest of him was immaculate, under his arms where the perspiration couldn't evaporate he was far from immaculate—inevitably there was an odor. And in hot weather it can be pretty bad.

Try putting on a little Odorono No. 3 in the morning. It stops underarm perspiration completely and it stops the odor, too. Put it around your neck too, if you wear stiff collars. No more damp discomfort, no more wilted collars, or sweat-stained shirts and coats under the arms.

Try it every other day for a week at our expense. Clip the coupon and get a generous sample of this new Odorono without charge.



The chief function of perspiration is to regulate the temperature of the body, scientists say.

The Odorono Company, Dept. 587, Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada address The Odorono Co., Ltd., 468 King St., West, Toronto, Ont.

Send me, free, a sample of Odorono No. 3.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(Print name and address plainly)

## Get the News, and Get It First

(Continued from page 50)

One of the oddest "beats" ever recorded occurred in the spring of 1920, at the time of the Kapp *putsch*, when the Monarchist soldiery seized Berlin and held the German capital for several days. Most of the American correspondents were staying at the Hotel Adlon. When Berlin's streets were suddenly filled with armed soldiers, early in the morning, the correspondents were taken by surprise, but they rallied and soon filed ample stories about the revolution—all but one correspondent of an American press association, who had been celebrating rather heartily and was "sleeping it off" at the hotel.

After the other correspondents had filed their "stuff" one of them thought of the sleeping comrade of the pencil. One of the correspondents—the sleeper's deadliest news rival by the way—roused the slumberer. What harm could come of it? The kind-hearted correspondent had filed everything that there was to be written about the revolution and had filed it long ago. The most the slithering one could expect was to get out a few flashes—just enough to cover himself from a complete "beat."

The drowsy correspondent pulled himself together, and flinging on a few clothes, dashed out and filed a brief dispatch or two, just as his kindly rival had figured.

**IT** SO happened that the Monarchists had installed their own censorship, unknown to the correspondents. The censor had calmly thrown into the waste-basket all the voluminous dispatches giving the complete details of the revolution. But when this late-comer happened along with a few pitiful lines for the American press—well, let it go. What harm could a few lines do? So it happened that in America for several days all the news of the happenings in Berlin was contained in the few desperate "flashes" sent out by the correspondent who, according to all the sane and normal rules of the game, had been hopelessly beaten.

What part does chance play in news "beats"? Often it is the big element that leads to success or failure in getting the big news "across."

It was by chance that Charlie Marvin, a clever young reporter for the *Cleveland Press*, was sitting with his father, Judge Marvin, in the judge's home, when Mrs. Cassie Chadwick, later to become notorious as the greatest female swindler the world has ever known, walked by on Euclid Avenue. Young Marvin asked his father if he knew the woman. The judge replied that she was Mrs. Chadwick, a neighbor, but he suspected that she was really a "Mrs. Hoover" whom he had sent to prison for swindling an express company several years before. A Boston banker, the judge said, even then had a case pending against her for the recovery of a large sum of money which apparently had been secured under false pretenses.

Young Marvin, scenting a story, started inquiries for his paper. He went to Boston and then, step by step, went over the past of Mrs. Chadwick or Mrs. Hoover, alias Mrs. Bastedo, alias Lydia de Vere. Not a word of young Marvin's story was printed, after weeks of investigation. The newspaper was holding back for the greatest sensation of all.

Marlen E. Pew, then New York correspondent of the *Cleveland Press* and now editor of *Editor and Publisher*, received a long coded telegram from the *Press*, telling him that Mrs. Chadwick had fled to New York, and that he was to watch her day and night and spare no expense. Mr. Pew followed his instructions literally. When ordered out of hotels, at Mrs. Chadwick's complaint, he bribed his way back. Sometimes he went without meals and without being shaved, but Mrs. Chadwick never stirred out on the street without his knowing it. Bit by bit he unearthed evidence which dovetailed with Marvin's findings. Together the two reporters had the complete story of Mrs. Chadwick's career as a swindler, and how she had been able to cajole hundreds of thousands of dollars out of hard-headed bankers through a story so fanciful that it would not have been out of place in a book of fairy tales. Mrs. Chadwick claimed to be the natural daughter of Andrew Carnegie—a story which was proved to be absolutely false. "Securities," which she claimed had been given to

her by her "father," and on which she had borrowed large sums, which were supposed to be worth many hundreds of thousands of dollars, were found to be only a package of newspapers.

It was Pew who clinched the final bit of evidence that led to Mrs. Chadwick's arrest, and it was this same newspaper man, Pew, whom she denounced as she was led to the Tombs, from which she emerged only to be transferred to prison, where she died in 1907.

"When Mrs. Chadwick entered the Tombs," said Mr. Pew, "and the big gate swung shut on the ex-convict who was again behind the bars after ten years of freedom and high living, she uttered the most dreadful scream I have ever heard on or off the stage and fell fainting, her metal chatelaine bag, filled with medicine bottles, crashing on the concrete floor. The *Cleveland Press* printed the complete story of Mrs. Chadwick as a serial—think of playing a big news scoop in daily instalments with nobody else able to touch it!—beginning with her life as a child. The rest of the papers, outside of those in the Scripps-McRae League, knew that something big was afoot, but they were in the dark until the *Press* had its final say. The *Press* gained 50,000 circulation while this serial scoop was being unfolded in such tantalizing fashion, but as for me, I never have been able to get Cassie Chadwick's unearthly scream out of my ears."

It was Pew who put over a famous "scoop," with no element of chance involved, when he secured the first interview with John D. Rockefeller, in which the oil king predicted the panic of 1907. Mr. Pew was then writing for the Newspaper Enterprise Association, with full permission to choose his own topics. With characteristic determination he gave himself the assignment of getting an interview with the man who never had been interviewed and who had announced that he never would be interviewed—John D. Rockefeller.

Mr. Pew put the Rockefeller estate at Tarrytown, N. Y., under a one-man siege. He was denied by butlers and secretaries, but his determination was not dampened. He was convinced that if he could see Mr. Rockefeller he could get an interview. It was a rule that visitors could be driven through the Rockefeller grounds, but they were not permitted to leave their conveyances. Mr. Pew jumped out of the sea-going hack which he had hired for the occasion, and, heedless of the alarmed protests of the "cabby," approached a party of golfers, among whom was Mr. Rockefeller. At first Mr. Rockefeller firmly declared, though not in an unkindly way, that he could not grant an interview, but it was the newspaper man's argument that it should be given as a matter of public policy—that the public had a mistaken idea of Mr. Rockefeller, and that the multimillionaire owed it to himself and his family to be better understood by his fellow citizens.

The upshot of it was that Mr. Rockefeller invited the newspaper man to dinner and gave him a frank talk, in the course of which he predicted that the attacks which had been made on corporate interests would bring about a panic—which prophecy came true within a few months.

"Looking back over twenty years," said Mr. Pew, "I feel justified in saying that it was when John D. Rockefeller gave this candid personal talk that spiteful personal attacks on him ceased. I had only a news motive and attempted to do an honest job, but the facts reacted favorably to Mr. Rockefeller."

What are the sensations of a newspaper man when he is confronted with some overwhelming news event which he alone must give to the world? Every newspaper man who has been at the helm in a crisis can testify that the first unprinted words have a thrill which glaring headlines can never give. Such a thrill came to George Naeder, a veteran in the service of the Associated Press, on a sleepy morning at one o'clock in the New York office when an operator laid on his desk a sheet of paper containing the typewritten words:

"Titanic hits iceberg."

"It was just as if that bit of paper had floated onto my desk from somewhere out of the air," said Mr. Naeder. "I fairly jumped over to the operator and asked him where the message came



from. 'Montreal,' he said. Nobody knew who had sent it. It took us a scant three minutes to check up and find that the message had come from the Allan Steamship Line at Montreal. Then there was the question of getting more. I thought of getting the Marconi operator at Cape Race, Newfoundland. It was a long chance, but we got him. Then came the story from the *Titanic*, bit by bit, right up to the final break when the wireless stopped, just after the ship's operator told of the women and children taking to the boats."

One of Mr. Naeder's beats for the "A. P." came about as a result of his close study of weather conditions. It was at the time of the Johnson-Burns championship fight in Australia. The New York *Herald*, for years noted for its special cable service, had made elaborate preparations to cover the fight. It advertised a round-by-round account from special correspondents at the ringside. All the cable accounts were to come via San Francisco. Mr. Naeder, a day or two before the fight, noticed that heavy storms were prophesied in the West. He forestalled possible wire trouble by having the "A. P." account of the fight sent the other way around the world, being finally cabled to New York from London. On the day of the fight there was little or no telegraphic communication with San Francisco, a terrific storm having laid many wires low, thus forcing the *Herald* to use the "A. P." account.

Censorship was so rigid during the World War that the number of great beats was small in comparison with the size of the conflict. Will Irwin, gathering piecemeal accounts from official sources, wrote an outstanding story of the first battle of Ypres. Arthur Ruhl's effective story of the fall of Antwerp is one of the classics of World War literature.

When the Chicago *Tribune* presented the United States Senate with a copy of the Versailles peace treaty, which the Senate had vainly tried to secure from President Wilson, there was a sensation, followed by threats of an investigation. This notable scoop was secured by Henry Wales, of the Chicago *Tribune's* European bureau. It was given to him, without solicitation, by a disgruntled representative of one of the oriental powers participating in the Peace Conference. Wales recognized its great value and scored one of the big beats of the century.

Owing to the growth of great news-gathering organizations, individual newspaper "scoops" of moment have become fewer and farther between than in the days of more fierce competitive effort. Likewise there is a tendency among the more powerful newspapers to buy up any purchasable big news in advance. But emergencies still arise which are outside of the most astute planning. Newspaper men are still matching wits in the game of getting the news and getting it first, whether in print or in pictures, and editors still cluster about the city desk every day, scanning the damp pages of rival publications, looking for the "scoop" that goes on forever.

### The Truce

(Continued from page 27)

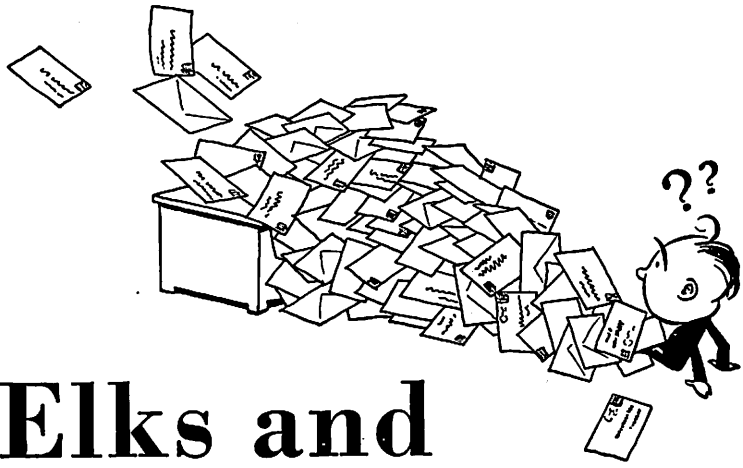
Then, rising from the burbling water to finish the chase Pete gave an exclamation of alarm.

"Fire!" he said aloud. "Big fire!"

Each day of the hunt had been blue and hazy with the smoke from the fires raging in the district around Old Baldy, thirty miles away. Intent on following the trail of the yellow bear, Pete had scarcely noticed how the haze had thickened. Now he suddenly realized, as he saw smoke rolling toward him from beyond the lower ridge of his own range, that he was no longer smelling only distant fires. The danger had come close.

In California the rainy season ends in April. By September the plains and lower foothills are dry as tinder. Even in the mountains the danger of forest fire is acute, and not a year goes past without dangerous flare-ups in hundreds of places. Occasionally, on unusually dry days of high wind, fires that would otherwise be harmless are turned into devastating sheets of flame. Pete knew that conditions in the woods were as dangerous as he had ever seen them. The wind was rising. With a big fire blazing up fiercely

(Continued on page 54)



# Elks and Lady Elks...

## We thank you!!

**EVER** since the May issue when we first began to tell the shock-absorbing story of Houdailles to you folks personally, we have been getting a big "kick" out of the way you Elks and Lady Elks have been asking about Houdailles. (That is going to make the boys who publish the Elks Magazine mighty happy.)



And now that there's a whole summer of good touring weather ahead—let's do a little checking up. First of all, most every car will take you there and bring you back now-a-days... **BUT HOW?** In other words, *how does it ride?*

You may not have realized that it's one thing to have both hands hanging onto the steering wheel, and something else again to bounce around on the back seat, with nothing to hang onto but your temper. Mrs. Elk can probably give you some pointers on that.

Thousands of car owners have found that the best way to control the tempers of their passengers is to control the car springs—with Houdaille Hydraulic Shock Absorbers. The same thing has been proved by the manufacturers of Lincoln, Pierce-Arrow, Stearns-Knight, Jordan, Cunningham, McFarlan, the new Fords, and many European cars. **AND HOW!!!**

Your car springs work both ways, up and down, and so do Houdailles. Houdailles have a steel arm that controls the spring action in both directions. There are no straps or cables to break or give that "tied-down" feeling.

The coupon will bring you an interesting booklet about how Houdailles give a smooth ride to anywhere and a compact little license case with the Elk Emblem in gold and fitted with a special key ring for your car keys.

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Send me the license case. I drive a .....  You might tell me about the Houdaille distributorship, if it is open in my town

Name.....

Address.....

City.....



## The Truce

(Continued from page 53)

right at the foot of the hills, there was no telling where it would be by night. And the trail of the yellow bear led downward toward the line of the approaching blaze.

For a moment Pete hesitated. Then he once more pressed forward along the trail. If worst came to worst he could retrace his steps and still have time to find safety on the bare head-wall of Rattlesnake Canyon. It might be an uncomfortable climb, with only an uncomfortable perch at the end, but it would be a way to avoid being burned.

For another thirty minutes he followed the trail down, hurrying now as fast as he could. His tracking was almost intuitive. It was as though he imagined himself in the animal's place, and chose the opening in the bushes that the beast had already chosen. But the bear was hurrying, too. And all the time the smoke overhead grew thicker, while the heat became more intense. It seemed as though the animal was intent on heading straight into the fire.

**FINALLY**, at the upper end of a razorback more than a mile below the mouth of Rattlesnake, Pete stopped again. The tracks led down in the next ravine, toward a cleft in the hills that lay directly in front of the fire. To follow further would be to court death; there was altogether too much danger of being trapped by the flames in that great gully. Even to go back to the head-wall of Rattlesnake Canyon would be dangerous now. Before the stirring wind, the flames could run up the side of a mountain many times as fast as a man could climb.

There was no time to lose. Pete left the trail he had been following so long and turned toward the other canyon, further to the south, and further from the fire. By hurrying, he should be able to reach the foot-hills below the timber line before the fire could overtake him.

It was hard to give up. In all the long hunt, following the single shot he had made five days before, he had never once seen the yellow bear. But now he had to get out—and quickly.

Pressed by the fear of death, man or animal can make great exertions. Pete raced to beat the flames. Above his head the smoke grew heavier and heavier. This was no child's fire. It was covering the mountain slopes like a race-horse, carrying terror.

Not until he was within a mile of the open did Pete realize that he was too late. Then he saw before him the smoke from a new line of fire, shutting off his escape. The blaze had crept across the mouth of the canyon, and was already mounting the further ridge.

The half-breed turned again. There was nothing now but to retrace his steps. Cut off in front, and with the further ridge already in flames, his only chance lay in trying to get back up the canyon to the woods he had just been through, and then make for Rattlesnake. Behind him the line of fire grew fast, blazing up fiercely as it struck the larger timber. Smoke became so dense he could hardly see his way. He stumbled through bushes and over boulders. He became himself merely a hunted animal, trapped by the fire. For all he could tell, the timber above the canyon was burning already. On three sides he was surrounded by fire; it might be that he was already hemmed in on the fourth. Behind him the flames were coming with a rush that made escape for more than a few additional minutes quite impossible.

He stumbled into the dry brook-bed at the center of the canyon. If he could only follow it far enough before the flames reached him, he might reach the stream, or some waterhole. But the wash, so near the plain, was as dry as a bone; the rocks were hot.

The dry brook-bed forked. Pete kept to the right—perhaps this course would lead him to another canyon, and shelter. In a moment the impossibility of this became apparent; the two trails joined again. They had merely separated around a small wooded hummock that, during the rainy season, would be an island.

Pete threw away his rifle. The barrel was already hot. It was merely useless weight. He tried to run faster, and fell. He got to his feet in a frenzy, yelling. He tried to remember prayers. He would have to die like a trapped animal. He fell again, and this time lay quiet,

except for convulsive shudders. Perhaps the flames would jump over him.

That was impossible. He got to his feet again, still muttering incoherent attempts at prayer, with curses intermingled.

Then—it was the yellow bear. Coming toward him through the smoke, not a rod away. How had it reached this canyon? Pete did not know; perhaps it had followed him back over the ridge. He crouched beside a rock, sinking to the ground in the weakness of fear and superstition.

After a single startled pause the bear came on, hurrying past as though the man were no longer of consequence. He merely climbed to the further bank of the brook-bed in a ludicrous anxiety to leave as much room as possible. Again he was going straight toward the flames.

Open-mouthed, still weak with fright, Pete watched. Then, as if obeying the summons of a god, he turned and followed. Perhaps this strange yellow beast, that always went toward fire, would save him. He was in a delirium of desperation.

The bear shambled hurriedly along down the brook-bed. Where the dry gully divided, the animal swung into the branch Pete had not taken, and a moment later, almost under the steep bank of the little islet that was now withering perceptibly under the heat of the approaching flames, plunged into a pool of water!

The half-breed checked in amazement. The bear had disappeared, except for his head. This was the sort of pool the man had been hunting for, but had not been able to find. And now it was occupied! Apparently the bear had known of it all the time, and made for it even in the heat of the fire, even hurrying past his enemy to reach it.

There was no time to lose. Sparks and flecks of burning leaves were already swirling in the smoke overhead, starting tiny spots of fire as they descended. In another moment the flames would be everywhere. Pete felt his skin burning; his eyebrows were already singed off. Stifling an impulse to yell again in pain and fright, he slipped into the pool, hardly knowing, hardly caring, whether the bear would kill him or not. His only thought, his only effort, was to get out of the searing heat.

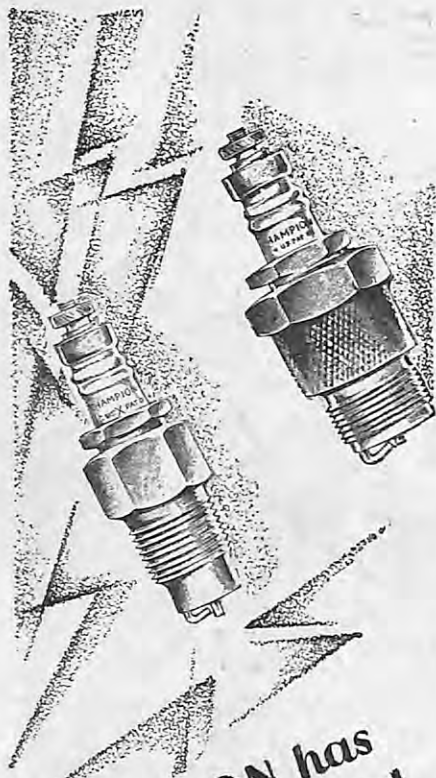
But the bear, although only a few feet away at the other end of the small pool, did nothing more than stick out his upper lip, as bears will when angered or frightened, and "whoof" a volley of the puffs and coughs that bears use to frighten an enemy. He kept to his own end of the pool, and as the flames jumped to the little land-island above him, ducked his head under water repeatedly. Pete did the same thing.

The pool was hardly larger than a big bathtub; the two were less than eight feet apart. Both kept ducking their heads under water. Then Pete managed to recapture the remnant of his old black felt hat, that had come off when he first ducked his head under, and pull it over his face, breathing through the holes in the crown. He was entirely submerged except for nose and mouth. His eyes burned as though they were red-hot. The bear did nothing to molest him.

The flames swept overhead. Ten minutes, and they were gone—although for a time the frightful heat remained. Presently Pete pushed his whole head out of water again, and set the dripping hat back where it belonged. He stared at his companion, and the bear stared back at him. It was a bear, sure enough—a yellow bear, and a big one. The broad skull was shaped like those of black bears Pete had killed.

Gradually the heat diminished. For nearly half an hour the two stayed in the pool. The fire swept up the canyon beyond them, blotting everything from its path. In all the ravine they were the only living things, unable to flee away or burrow underground, that had escaped.

The bear was the first to leave. With a sudden heave, he up-ended himself from the bottom of the pool, the water dripping from his long yellow hairs and fur as he rose on his hind legs. For a moment Pete thought he was going to be attacked, and his muscles tightened in anticipation of the final terrible conflict that would end his life. But the yellow bear had no such intentions. He lumbered, splashing, out of the



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TOLEDO — O



pool and onto the rocks of the dry brook-bed, pausing a moment uncertainly at the edge, turning his head first in one direction, then in the other. Then, with a last farewell "whoof" of relief or warning, he started up the canyon toward the hills in the wake of the great fire.

Pete watched him go. Then he, too, climbed out of the pool onto the rocks, his eyes still burning like coals. For a moment he stood uncertainly, as the bear had done. Then, almost from force of habit, he took a few steps in the direction the bear had taken, to see where it would go. Perhaps he expected it to disappear into thin air, as it had seemed to disappear in the oak-clump the first time he had seen it.

Hardly two rods from the water-hole, where the two branches of the brook-bed came together at the point of the little islet, Pete saw his rifle. He snatched it up. It was still hot. The quick heat of the passing fire had scorched and blistered the stock. But a single glance showed that the gun itself was uninjured. Lying among the rocks at the bottom of the gully, even the cartridge in the chamber had not been discharged.

The half-breed's bloodshot eyes narrowed as he brought the gun to his shoulder. The bear was still in plain sight, less than two hundred yards away—a sure target for a good shot.

Pete dropped on one knee. Deliberately he rested his elbow against a boulder. The barrel steadied. The bear came squarely between the sights.

But Pete didn't pull the trigger. Stirred by some momentary misgiving, some last flicker of generous sportsmanship that had lain dormant through the years of bad liquor, he lowered the muzzle of the rifle. Then his eyes narrowed again. The lust to kill mounted in him like bad whisky. But just as he raised the muzzle of his rifle once more, the bear disappeared beyond a rise.

His moment of hesitation had cost him the shot!

There the tale ends. Coming, as it did, largely from Pete himself, there is nothing more to add. Pete says he never saw the bear again, nor his tracks. He was too tired, and hungry, and overcome by the struggle and danger of the fire, to follow any further.

Of course, Pete may be lying when he says he let the bear go. But at least all accounts agree on this: that though he was sighted repeatedly before Pete's long hunt, the yellow bear was never seen again.

## Murder at Sea

(Continued from page 18)

heads? But—I was in his cabin when Fest, the seaman, saw the eyes in the hold. How can I connect them with the captain now?"

Reaching his cabin, Matthew Kelton concentrated his attention on the answers to the wireless messages he had dispatched.

The longest one was signed "B. Hong."

As he glanced at the signature, Kelton smiled. He was thinking of that astonishing man, B. Hong.

Mr. Hong described himself as "a clearing house of general information." New York is full of strange men engaged in strange enterprises, but the business of Mr. B. Hong was the strangest of them all. Matthew Kelton had said of him, "He knows everything, and what he doesn't know, he'll find out."

Just as it was Kelton's passion to ask questions it was Mr. B. Hong's life work to answer them.

Down in Mott Street, in the heart of New York's Chinatown, Mr. B. Hong had his office, which was also his residence; for Mr. Hong was a Chinese. Also he held degrees from the Universities of Peking, Edinburgh, Cambridge, Munich and Harvard. Had he told anyone he was a hundred years old, they would have believed him; they would not have been very sceptical if he had said he was a thousand.

His habitat was in a shabby brick building, full of pungent Far East smells. Climbing the dark, dingy stairs, one came to the top floor and to a door, which bore a small, worn sign, "B. Hong." Once the door was opened—by an incredibly thin and weakened Chinese—Mr. Hong, in person—the visitor had the sensations of one who has fallen down a coal hole and waked

(Continued on page 56)



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Suits obtainable in fancy materials at various prices.  
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The B. V. D. Company, Inc., N. Y.  
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# Cry Babies of Business



*Hard to deal with, these cry babies of business. Self-pity, bad-temper, and never quite enough drive to put things through. The boss often wonders if work wouldn't go better without them.*

*Most of them probably realize they're in bad shape physically. But they don't realize the way out . . .*

**F**EEN-A-MINT is different! It's just like a bit of delicious chewing gum. You don't swallow it—you chew it!

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Address . . . . .

## Murder at Sea

(Continued from page 55)

up in a palace. Those brilliant silk embroideries on the walls, those ancient jade statues, those thick plum-colored rugs were worth a fortune. But so was Mr. Hong. In a long life he had collected other things besides information.

Some of the information he had stowed away in an endless array of oriental boxes; most of it was in his head. He employed a corps of assistants, who were never seen. Mostly they paid stealthy visits to him late at night. Through them he collected facts—as a junk dealer collects bottles, old shoes, rags—and a man's secret must be well guarded indeed to be kept from Mr. B. Hong.

Tucked away in his apartment were the *dossiers* of many thousand people. He knew why Z, the Fifth Avenue millionaire, was not living with his wife, and he knew where P, the Canal Street dope peddler, got his supply. Just as commercial credit agencies have a way of finding out pretty accurately what a man's financial status is, B. Hong had ways of finding out not only a man's financial status, but nearly everything else about him, as well. He was an old and valued friend of Matthew Kelton, who often turned to him for help.

Kelton had sent him by wireless a list of the ship's passengers, with the laconic injunction, "What about them?"

About Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone, the honeymooners, and about the three school-teachers, Mr. Hong could give no information. "But it will be obtained," he added in his message. Nor had he any data on Carlo Varga, or Mr. Westervelt.

His report on T. Taylor Mond read—"Rich, eccentric. Travels a great deal. Old Connecticut family. Once confined in mental sanitarium, but discharged as cured."

Of Captain Galvin he said, "Born, Yorkshire. Excellent record. Unmarried. His employers have greatest confidence in him."

His message continued. "Lady described as Miss Esther Yate is probably Mrs. Humphrey Dyson née Esther Yate, a well known dramatic actress of ten years ago, known on stage as 'Esta Yale.' Married Dyson, wealthy cotton broker, 1913. He obtained divorce, 1917. She left stage as result of becoming some sort of drug addict. Is now travelling with companion. No information about Julia Royd."

Mr. Hong was able to report, in greater detail, about Samuel P. Cleghorn.

"Born, England, 1881. Came to U. S. in early twenties. Nothing known about his early antecedents. Employed as clerk in wholesale coffee house. Rose to be manager in six years. Reorganized firm as Cleghorn, Roe and Becker, 1912, with Karl Roe and Joseph C. Becker. Firm very successful. Cleghorn rated as shrewd and forceful business man, with personal fortune estimated at million and a half. Personally he was not very well liked because of harsh, dictatorial character. Had no real enemies, however, according to Roe and Becker. I notified his partners of tragedy. Roe sails to-night on S. S. *Tarragonno* for Bermuda to take charge of investigation. Cleghorn private life quiet. No scandals. Unmarried. Lived in apartment in West Seventy-second Street with young man, his nephew and ward—named Russell Sangerson. Rumor Sangerson left him recently result of quarrel. Cause said to be Cleghorn's opposition to Sangerson's engagement to Philadelphia girl—"

Matthew Kelton's pulse quickened as he read this.

"The ray of light," he exclaimed. "The one thing I've been looking for. Motive!"

He pushed the wireless messages into his coat pocket and stood up. A task, which he did not in the least relish, lay ahead of him. Still, it had to be done. He stepped out of his cabin, and tapped on the door of Russell Sangerson's stateroom.

"Who is it?" The voice which answered was the voice of a man whose nerves have been rubbed raw.

"It is Mr. Kelton," said Kelton, in his most pleasant manner. "I'd like to speak to you for a few moments, Mr. Sangerson."

"I really don't feel like seeing anyone," the young man returned.

"I'm sick, and I've gone to bed," he added. "I'm very sorry indeed to bother you," said Kelton, "but this is a highly important matter. It would be wise of you to see me."

There was a silence in the cabin. Sangerson, presumably, was doing some swift thinking. Finally he said, not very amiably, "Oh, very well. Come in," and unbolted the door to admit Kelton.

He was sitting on the edge of his berth—fully dressed. He turned a haggard face toward Matthew Kelton.

"Well?" he said, "what can I do for you?" Matthew Kelton believed in the psychology of surprise. He leaned toward Sangerson and looked squarely at him.

"Why did you kill Cleghorn?" Kelton said. The body of Sangerson grew tense; his face hardened. His eyes were defiant.

"I don't know anything about it," he said.

"But you knew him?"

"No."

### CHAPTER VII

**S**LOWLY Matthew Kelton repeated his question.

"You did know Samuel P. Cleghorn, didn't you?"

"I tell you I didn't," broke out Russell Sangerson. "I never laid eyes on the man, or heard of him."

Matthew Kelton shook his head, and smiled sadly. Sometimes, in questioning a person who was inclined to be obdurate, he employed a Socratic method of his own. If the surprise of a question fired point blank failed to get an answer, he employed more devious means. He had a way of asking apparently innocent questions, which gradually, imperceptibly, drifted nearer and nearer the truth he sought to discover.

"I'm sorry," he said, in a quiet voice, "for pitching into you like that, Mr. Sangerson, but you see I am investigating the death of Mr. Cleghorn, and time is an important element, so I have had to use somewhat violent devices in the hope that I can shock an admission out of the guilty person."

"You've no right to third-degree me," said the younger man, stiffly.

"No legal right, perhaps, Mr. Sangerson," agreed Matthew Kelton. "But you will grant, I think, that I may have a moral right. I do not believe, always, that the end justifies the means—but I do think that sometimes the ends of justice should be served even at the risk of temporarily hurting the feelings of a quite innocent person."

Sangerson seemed a little mollified by Kelton's words and courteous manner.

"Could you give me a cigarette?" asked Kelton.

"Certainly."

Sangerson held out a package of cigarettes. Kelton noticed that he had been right; Sangerson smoked a well-known, inexpensive American brand.

"Smoke a great deal, Mr. Sangerson?" was Kelton's next question.

"Very little."

"A couple of packs a day, perhaps?"

"Oh, much less than that. Not more than ten or a dozen cigarettes a day, I'd say."

"I see," said Matthew Kelton. "I'm not a heavy smoker myself, ordinarily. But when I have some weighty problem on my mind, I sometimes burn 'em up as fast as I can light 'em."

"That's the way with me—sometimes," said Sangerson.

"I judge," said Matthew Kelton, with a smile, "that you have a rather weighty problem on your mind now."

"What makes you think that?" asked Sangerson, quickly.

"Look at your ash-tray. It's piled high with stubs."

The young man jerked his head toward the ash-tray which stood on the wash-stand.

"Well, I have been smoking a lot to-night," he said, and the look of defiance had returned

(Continued on page 58)





*"After two years of continuous hard usage, your mattresses and furniture show no appreciable wear—and we regard Simmons equipment as one of our best investments and most valuable assets."*

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—that's the reason for the selection of Simmons equipment for the Los Angeles Lodge B.P.O.E., No. 99

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"We know of no better combination for restful, healthful, delightful sleep than Simmons mattresses and springs."

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—everything possible has been done to insure the comfort of visitors.

—and one of the most necessary things was sleeping chambers that would induce sound, restful, invigorating sleep.

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The Simmons Beautyrest Mattress is

unlike any other. To sleep on it is like sleeping on a cloud. This is due to its unique construction. Note the accompanying illustrations.

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In department and furniture stores Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$30.50; Simmons Ace Spring, \$19.75. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

*Simmons Ace Spring — of resilient spiral springs. Equal to a box-spring, but lighter. Less in cost. Slip cover additional.*



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# Murder at Sea

(Continued from page 56)

to his eyes. "Now if you'll excuse me, I'll go to sleep. I don't wish to seem rude, Mr. Kelton, but I'm not much of a sailor, and I feel rocky."

"I'm afraid I'll have to stay just a minute more, Mr. Sangerson," Kelton said. "I'll come directly to the point. I think it very foolish of you to tell an untruth which can so easily be checked up."

"Are you calling me a liar?" Sangerson bridled.

"Please don't get excited, Mr. Sangerson," Kelton said. "As a matter of fact, I don't think you are a liar by nature, because you lie so badly, so clumsily. You see, I know you know Samuel P. Cleghorn."

"How do you mean—" you know?" demanded Sangerson. Kelton's quiet, positive manner had plainly had its effect on his morale.

"I have been in wireless communication with New York," said Matthew Kelton. "Look here, Mr. Sangerson, I'm old enough to be your father, and I've had a great deal of experience with all sorts of cases where unfortunate people have run afoul of the law. My advice to you is, come across and tell everything. I'm not a police official. I am infinitely more interested in justice than I am in the law. If it is at all possible, I'll try to help you—and that young lady from Philadelphia."

The younger man bent over, buried his face in his hands.

"Give me a minute to think," he said. "My brain's all snarled up."

Matthew Kelton waited. The young man raised his head, and said:

"I guess you're right. It's foolish to try to dodge out of a thing when you're cornered. I'll tell you my story—and you can do what you please."

"Very well." "I did know Samuel P. Cleghorn," said Sangerson. "I knew him inside and out, every corner of his cruel, mean nature. I was his nephew and his ward—and supposedly his heir. I guess you know that already."

Kelton nodded. He had only surmised that Sangerson was Cleghorn's heir. It didn't help the young man's case.

"It was as miserable a position as ever a man found himself in," went on Sangerson. "Some people thought I was lucky—but they didn't know. Mr. Cleghorn was going to leave me his fortune. Yes, maybe. He kept dangling it in front of my eyes—and jerking it away again. Hardly a day went by that he did not threaten to disinherit me if I did not obey him even in the smallest matters. He was a cruel, hard man, Mr. Kelton. Ask anyone who knew him. I never met anyone who was so completely self-centered. Everything that belonged to him was just right; anything that belonged to anyone else was no good at all. They call it the Napoleonic complex, I believe. Mr. Cleghorn had it, badly. He was a tyrant, that's what he was, and from the time I was a small boy I lived in fear of him."

"When did you come to live with him?" put in Kelton.

"I don't know. I must have been a baby. I know nothing of my parents. He would tell me nothing. I was packed off to boarding school when I was a kid, and later to Andover. I had a wretched boyhood. My uncle was really a miser. He never gave me any pocket-money, for example, and he bought me the cheapest clothes. 'If you want money, work for it,' he would say. 'I had to when I was a lad in York.' He was constantly bullying me, until I wonder that I have any will of my own left. The place we lived in was run-down, and shabby, and no servant would stay with us long because he was so tight-fisted and nagging. Often, before I got to be as big and strong as he was, he used to beat me. God, how I hated him!"

The young man held back a sob.

"Please go on," said Kelton, gently. "I wanted to be an architect," said Sangerson, "but he wanted me to go into the coffee business. When you're young and pretty thoroughly cowed by an older, domineering person, it's hard to have a mind of your own. I went to

Yale—and I sneaked into all the architectural courses I could—but when I graduated he insisted I go into his office. He treated me exactly as if I were his possession, and he could do with me what he pleased. In the circumstances, it was natural that I loathed the coffee business. It meant I had to work long hours and be at his beck and call. He didn't hesitate to censure me and humiliate me before his other slaves. Well, one night he said to me, 'It's high time you were married. I'm going to save you a lot of trouble by finding a suitable wife for you.' That was like him. He'd order me to get married as readily as he'd tell me to fetch his pipe. He went on to tell me that the girl he had in mind was a Miss Gorse, the daughter of a man you've probably heard of—Franklin Gorse, the coffee king. I saw what was in his mind, right away. It wasn't my happiness or well-being that interested him. Old Mr. Gorse was a power in the coffee trade, a multimillionaire, and it would pay Cleghorn to be connected with him. Now, I knew nothing about Miss Gorse. She might be as charming as she was rich. But I did know that I was in love with someone else—a girl I had met while making a business trip to Philadelphia—the only person who was ever really kind to me in my life—a poor girl who made her living writing style advertising for a department store—"

"Miss Imlay?" asked Kelton.

Sangerson gritted his teeth, and nodded. "Yes," he said, "Pauline Imlay. Well, I made the mistake of telling my uncle about her. He flew into one of his rages. He said she was trying to marry me to get his money. She was a nobody. He'd done so much for me he wasn't going to stand by and see me made a fool of. Miss Gorse had social position as well as wealth. This girl—he didn't call her that—had nothing. I was a pig-headed young fool. He raved on like that. For the first time in my life, I asserted myself. I said I wasn't going to be forced into marrying someone I didn't love. We almost came to blows. I left his house."

The young man sighed.

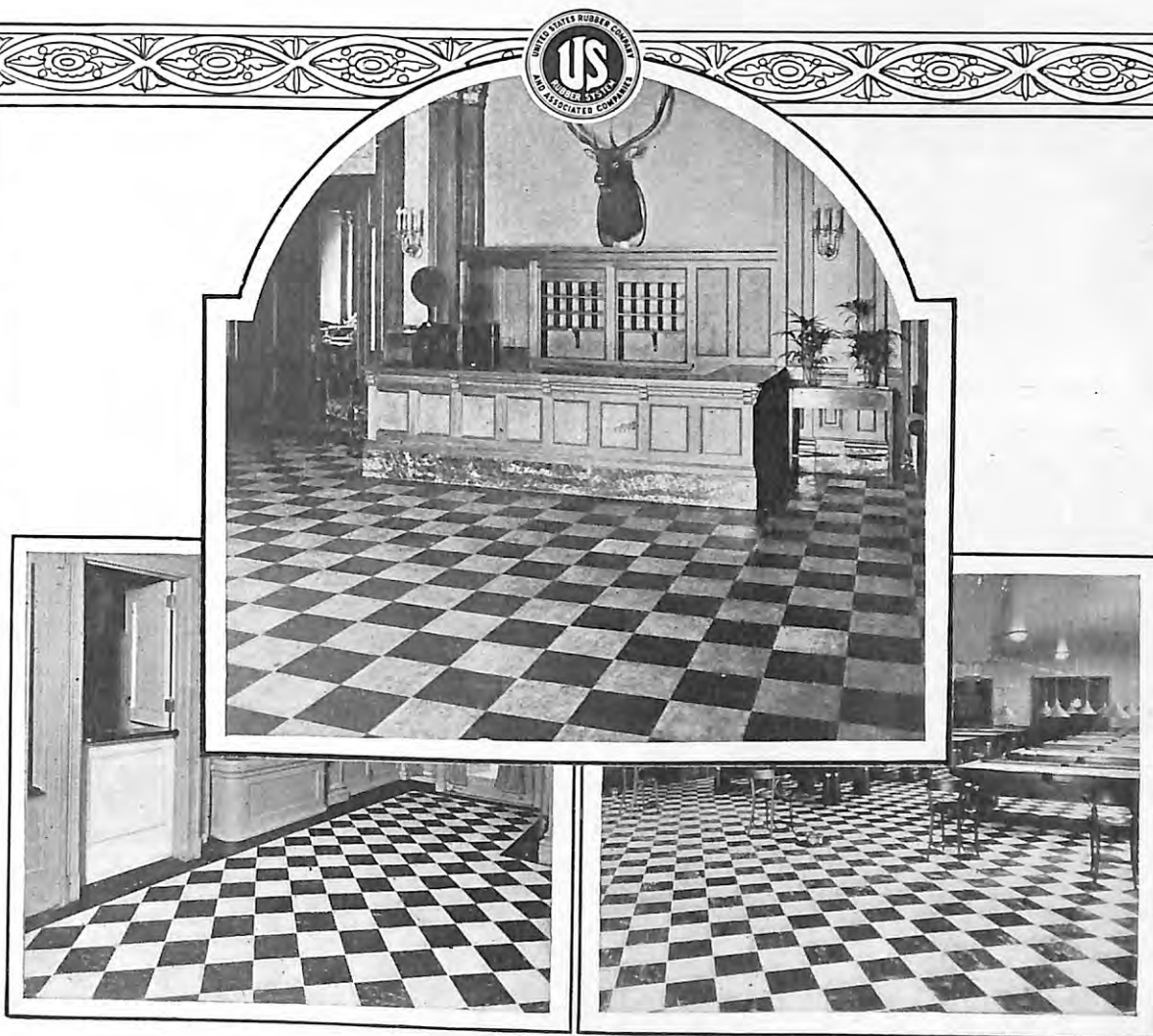
"If I had had a real backbone, I'd have quit him for good and all. But you see, he had never let me stand on my own feet. I talked matters over with Pauline. She had more spirit than I, and I guess she hated my uncle as much as I did, although she'd never seen him, but only heard about him from me. We decided to try to take a practical view of the situation. I had no job, and no money. She had a job, but it paid little, and she was the sole support of her mother, who was a chronic invalid. Also, she was in debt for doctor's bills. It was a pretty dismal outlook for us. I tried to get a job—and made the mistake of telling the people where I'd worked before. They wrote to my uncle and he wrote back that I was no good, incompetent and dishonest—which was a wicked lie. You see, he did not want to lose his hold on me. I've heard him boast that once he got his fingers on a thing it never got away, whether it was a penny or a man. The mainspring of his character was that he had to dominate and master people. Then I had an idea, and I see how stupid and foolish it was. Pauline had said that I'd spent my entire life trying to please my uncle, and that I'd richly earned my inheritance. It would be silly, she argued, to antagonize my uncle now—unless he made matters really too intolerable. I should at least give him a chance to patch up our differences. 'He might not feel as he does toward me if I could meet him and talk to him,' Pauline said. Then I had my absurd, romantic idea. You see, I was—I am—deeply in love with her. It seemed to me that nobody could dislike so lovely, intelligent, and fine a girl—"

"It would be difficult," said Matthew Kelton. "She struck me as being an unusually fine person."

"She is," said Sangerson. "Well, anyhow, my idea was that my uncle and Pauline should be thrown together, casually. I knew perfectly well that if I brought her to him and introduced her, he'd only lose his temper, and we'd have another ugly scene. So we worked out this scheme. She was to go to Bermuda on the same

(Continued on page 60)





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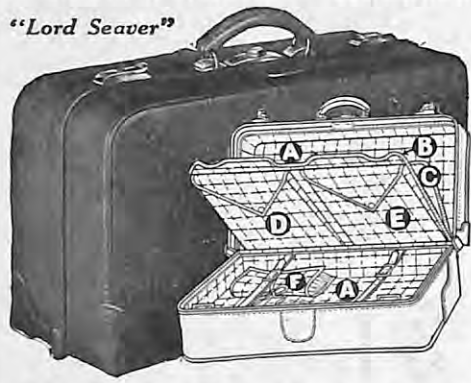
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# Murder at Sea

(Continued from page 58)

boat with him. It was his custom to go for two weeks every year to play golf. Pauline managed to get a leave of absence from her work, and between us we borrowed enough money for the trip. I went back to my uncle, told him I'd been a bit hasty, and that I wanted to go along on the trip with him to talk things over. He was pleased, because he thought he had beaten me. Also, he needed me as a golf partner. It was typical of him that he hated to be beaten, cheated when he could, and played a ball till it was knocked square. So I engaged passage for us on this ship. Our plan was that Pauline should meet him, and see if she couldn't make friends with him. I was to pretend that she was a complete stranger to me. I felt sure that she could win his confidence and approval—and then it would be plain sailing for us."

Sangeron stopped. "Go on," said Kelton. "It's going to be hard for me to tell the rest," groaned the younger man. "But I might as well. We started off, and my uncle, for him, was almost human. He'd paid for a vacation and he intended to enjoy it, he said. He met Pauline—she arranged it somehow so that it seemed one of those casual meetings which take place on shipboard—and they had a little chat. She slipped a note under my cabin-door, 'Good news, Russell dear. I'm making headway with uncle. Pauline.' I was out of the cabin at the time, so when my uncle stepped in to speak to me about something, he saw the note and read it. When I came back to my cabin, he called me into his. I knew at once the game was up. I had never seen him so angry. He began by saying that the thing he hated worst in the world was to have some fool play him for a sucker. He waved the note in my face. He'd show me that I couldn't swindle him. Just as soon as he got back to New York he'd have a new will drawn, cutting me off without a nickel. He shouted and swore, cursing me—and then Pauline. He called her a vile name. I lost my temper then. All the pent-up hate of twenty-four years rushed out. I told him he was a bully, a coward, and an inhuman brute. Uncle was a powerful man, and he flung himself at me, to knock me down, or perhaps to throw me out of his cabin. I lost all control of myself. I was blind with rage. As he came in, I hit him with all my strength. He staggered back, and then charged again. We fought across the cabin. I was too strong for him. I hit him again and again—"

"What with?" interjected Matthew Kelton. "I don't know. My fists, at first. Then with something heavy. Perhaps it was the water carafe. He went down on his back. Unconscious, I thought. I lost my head. I ran away. It was not until you announced it at dinner that I knew he was dead."

"What time did the fight occur?" asked Matthew Kelton.

"I couldn't say—exactly—" answered Sangeron. "Sometime in the late afternoon—about four-thirty, perhaps."

He sank back on his bed, with the helpless look of a man who is exhausted in every fibre of his being.

"That's all," he said, thickly. "Now what are you going to do?"

"Nothing," replied Matthew Kelton. "Not at once, at any rate. Tell me—have you told Miss Imlay this?"

"No," said Sangeron, miserably. "I haven't had the courage. But she suspects—"

"I suppose she must," said Kelton. "Well, look here. Say nothing of this matter to her or to anybody else until I say you may. Stay in your cabin, and get some sleep—if you can. I'm in charge of this case—and I'm going to handle it in my own way."

"Can you help me?" the young man asked, pleadingly.

"I can't tell you that—yet," said Matthew Kelton. "At present I can only say I sympathize with you. You appreciate that this is a matter of the utmost gravity—and I must give it a deal of very serious thought."

"I did it in self-defense," said Sangeron.

"I'll take that into consideration," said Kelton. "Now, I'm going. Remember what I

said. Don't talk—and try not to worry. Good-night."

Kelton went out. "A murder at sea," he was thinking, "has at least one advantage over one on land—for the person investigating it. The murderer, whether self-confessed, or tracked down, can't get very far away. Well, this case turned out to be easier than I had expected. It had all the earmarks of being outre and intricate, too. A most promising puzzle. Really, I'm disappointed that the solution was so simple and hackneyed. Oh, well—there'll be others—"

He went into his cabin, and sat down. "Poor Sangeron," he thought. "What a rotten life he had. His story about the sort of man Cleghorn was, rang true. Then—just as he was reaching out for the first real happiness of his life—this had to happen to him. I just don't want to believe it."

A spark came to his eye—the sign of a dawn-idea.

"Suppose," he said to himself, "I don't believe it! His story fits together—motive, opportunity, everything—but hang it all, it's too perfect. That girl now—she's a thoroughbred—and, if she isn't, all my years of experience in judging people have gone for nothing. This frightful thing will tear her heart to pieces. And as for him—well, I must trust my intuition, even though it flies in the face of facts. Why, even as he was telling how he had struck down his uncle, I liked him. He's a genuine and sensitive type. He might have done a thing like this in the heat of passion, but I doubt if he could have told of it as he did—with deliberation—and very little sign of remorse. Suppose I assume that there is something more in this case—some deep and subtle element—about which I know nothing yet? There may be no such element, of course, but at least it will keep me busy trying to find it. Besides—there are the eyes—"

To get an idea was with Matthew Kelton to act on it. He got up, and went to the cabin of Miss Pauline Imlay. He knocked, gently.

"Who is it?" There was a catch in her voice. "Mr. Kelton. Will it be convenient for you to see me for a few minutes?"

"Come in, Mr. Kelton," said Pauline Imlay, opening her door. "I was expecting that you might come to see me."

## CHAPTER VIII

SHE had not gone to bed. She was fully dressed. Her face was drawn, and she had been weeping, for her eyes were red.

Matthew Kelton entered her cabin, and bowed.

"I'm very sorry, Miss Imlay," he said, "to intrude on you at this hour. The matter I have to discuss with you is important and exigent. That is my excuse."

"I quite understand," Pauline Imlay said. "Will you sit down?"

"Thank you," said Matthew Kelton, taking a seat. "You said you expected I might call on you? Why was that?"

"I knew you were investigating the terrible thing which happened on this ship," she said. "I know your reputation for thoroughness. So I expected that you would question all the passengers."

"You'd heard of me, then?" said Matthew Kelton, pleased, in spite of himself, although he had never cultivated publicity. "How did that happen?"

"Through my uncle, Andrew Glenning. He was at one time a police commissioner in New York you know. He often spoke of you."

"I see," said Matthew Kelton. "So you are Andrew Glenning's niece. The public service lost a competent and intelligent official when he died. I hope you won't mind, Miss Imlay, if I ask you some questions."

"I'll do my best to answer them, Mr. Kelton," she said. Matthew Kelton felt an admiration for her. She was summoning every last ounce of her will-power to appear self-possessed. She was game, that girl, he thought.

"In the first place," began Matthew Kelton, "I want to ask you a question which may seem rather inane. Do you use perfume?"

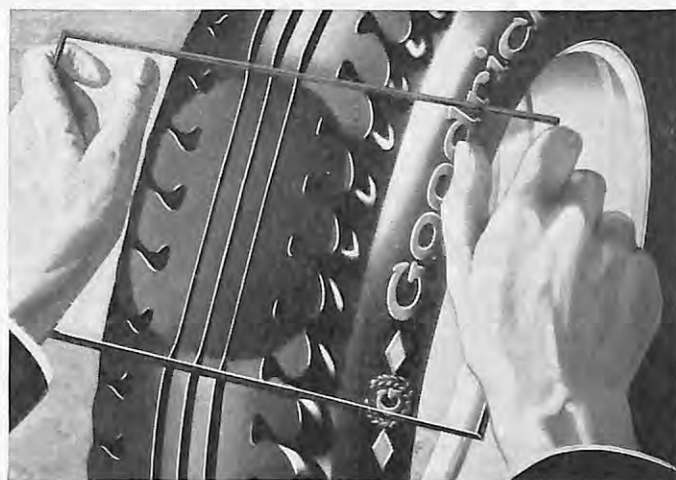


"Why, yes."  
 "What sort?"  
 "Just now I'm using 'Night of Roses.'"  
 "I see."  
 "It is odd that you should ask me that, Mr. Kelton."  
 "Why?"  
 "Because I brought a bottle abroad with me—and I'm quite sure I left it on my washstand—for I used some of it just before dinner—and now it's gone."  
 "You're sure?"  
 "Absolutely."  
 "Have you looked for it?"  
 "Yes. Everywhere. But tell me, why did you ask about it?"  
 "I'm asking the questions," returned Matthew Kelton, with a smile. "It's merely a detail which interests me. Now then—you know Russell Sangerson, don't you?"  
 Her acting was superb.  
 "Mr. Sangerson? Isn't he that young man who sat opposite to me at dinner? I don't mean that poisonous fat one—I mean the tall, dark young man."  
 "Come, come, Miss Imlay," Matthew Kelton said, "suppose we don't fence. I might as well tell you that I know you know Russell Sangerson, that you are engaged to him, in fact."  
 Her poise was badly shaken.  
 "Who told you that?" she exclaimed.  
 "Mr. Sangerson himself—not twenty minutes ago," he replied.  
 "You've been to see him?" she said, speaking with difficulty.  
 "Yes."  
 There was a moment of painful silence.  
 "Perhaps he told you why we thought it best to conceal the fact that we knew each other," the girl said, at last.  
 "Miss Imlay," said Matthew Kelton, "I might as well tell you that I had a long, heart-to-heart talk with Russell Sangerson and he told me—everything."  
 "Everything?" she quavered.  
 Matthew Kelton nodded.  
 The girl was biting her lips, trying to stifle sobs.  
 "What — did — he — tell — you?" she managed to articulate.  
 "The whole story of his life with Cleghorn, your little plot to win him to your side—and, finally, the disastrous result of it," Kelton said. The interview was torturing him, as well as her.  
 "The disastrous end?" she faltered.  
 "I mean," said Matthew Kelton, "the killing of Samuel P. Cleghorn."  
 "And do you think Russell did it?"  
 "He has admitted it, Miss Imlay."  
 She could not hold back her sobs now.  
 "Oh, he didn't. He couldn't have. Russell is the finest, gentlest man in the world. He had cause enough to fight with his uncle—Heaven knows—but he did not kill him." Her sobs overcame her. When she spoke again it was in a surprisingly calm voice. "I know he didn't do it. I know he didn't."  
 "How do you know that, Miss Imlay?"  
 "Because," said the girl, "I did."  
 "You?" Kelton was aghast.  
 "Yes."  
 "Steady, Miss Imlay. Do you know what you're saying?"  
 "I do." She had stopped sobbing. She spoke in the measured accents of a person who is rallying all her nervous resources to face a desperate situation. "I—and I alone—am responsible for the death of Mr. Cleghorn."  
 "Will you tell me how it happened?"  
 "Yes. It happened. That's the way to put it. I didn't do it deliberately. You see, there was a quarrel, a fierce quarrel between Russell and his uncle in his uncle's cabin. I was in my cabin—and I could hear them—"  
 "What were they saying?"  
 "I couldn't get the words. I knew their voices were loud and angry;—then I heard sounds as if they were fighting. I was afraid for Russell's sake—and I ran to his uncle's cabin. They were struggling in there—and Mr. Cleghorn had Russell by the throat. I thought he was strangling him. Mr. Cleghorn was bent over with his head toward the door, with Russell beneath him on the floor. Then I—I—struck Mr. Cleghorn with all my strength—"  
 "What did you strike him with?"  
 "One of his golf-clubs. It was standing in a

(Continued on page 62)



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## Murder at Sea

(Continued from page 61)

corner. I grabbed it and struck him—I don't know how many times—until he let go of Russell's throat and crumpled over on the floor. Then I ran away."

"Where did you go?"  
"Up on deck."  
"What did you do?"  
"Talked with Miss Cobb and those other ladies from Boston."  
"How long?"  
"Until a few minutes before dinner," she said.  
"Can you tell me, Miss Imlay, the exact time you were in Cabin B?"

She hesitated.  
"I don't know," she said. "In the middle of the afternoon, I think. I was too excited to notice."  
"About half-past two, perhaps?" asked Matthew Kelton.

"About then, I'd say."  
"Do you know what happened to the note?"  
Her eyes widened.  
"Note?" she said. "No."  
"I'm going now," said Kelton, abruptly.

"But aren't you going to arrest me?"  
"I am not. I'd have no power to, even if I wanted to—and I don't want to."  
"But why? I'm the guilty one, I tell you. Russell tried to take the blame to shield me."

Matthew Kelton spoke gravely.  
"You're a brave girl, Miss Imlay," he said, "and I'm going to do my best to see that no harm comes to you."  
"And Russell?"

"Yes, and Russell. I'm going to tell you what I told him. Keep your head up, and don't talk. It's a black situation—but there may be a way out—and if there is—I'm going to find it."

"You're very kind—" She began to weep again.

"I try to be," said Matthew Kelton, "and I try to be just. Now, good-night. And remember—keep your head up."

Outside her cabin Matthew Kelton stood for a moment, muttering to himself.  
"Plucky kid," he said. "But, good Heavens, what a lot of unscientific lying is being done aboard this ship to-night!"

He returned to his cabin to consider the fresh tangle in the skein.

HE HAD two admissions of guilt. If one was true, the other, obviously, was not. Miss Imlay's story was, patently, a fabrication. It was full of loop-holes. Those wounds which had caused Cleghorn's death, Kelton was sure, had not been produced by a golf club swung by a slenderly-built woman. Indeed, it would have been physically impossible for anybody to take a full swing with so long a weapon as a golf club in so small a space as Cabin B. Moreover, he had examined the golf clubs, and they were all in place in the bag, and there were no signs that they had been used to batter the life out of a man. Finally, and conclusively, Miss Imlay had fixed the time of the tragedy in Cabin B as in the middle of the afternoon. There was direct testimony from Larsen, the steward, that Mr. Cleghorn had spoken to him about five o'clock. At that time Miss Imlay was on deck talking to the three school-teachers, she had said. No doubt this could be corroborated by them. Yes, clearly Miss Imlay had invented her story, hastily, wildly. She had tried to guess at the time and manner of Cleghorn's death, and had missed badly. She was not guilty, but what about Sangerson?

She had lied in an effort to save the man she loved—and had only succeeded in making the case against him stronger. For one thing, she had no knowledge of the note Sangerson said she had written. Her manner when Kelton mentioned it was puzzled. There had been no note, of that he felt sure. Their stories did not agree at all. Reluctantly, Kelton was forced to the conclusion that Sangerson was telling the truth—that he was the murderer of his uncle. At one point was the young man's story vulnerable. He had set the time of the murder as late in the afternoon—half-past four—and it had happened after five. Perhaps he was inaccurate, or perhaps Larsen, the steward was.

Then, once again, Kelton thought of the eyes. Sangerson, conceivably, might have struck down his uncle in a quarrel—but why should he, some hours later, run amuck on the ship, frightening Miss Yates by staring through her port-hole, knocking down Miss Cobb, pursuing the terrified seaman, Fest, through the hold of the ship? That pile of cigarettes in his cabin seemed to be a mute confirmation of the fact that he had been in there all evening. No—the case was not finished.

"I'm not going to call it a day—yet," said Matthew Kelton, decisively. "I'm going to find those eyes."

He decided to make another trip to Captain Galvin's cabin to see if the captain had any new information; also to see if any more radio messages had come in for him.

He mounted the iron stairs to the after deck. He walked lightly, keeping close to the rail, as watchful as a hunter stalking a wounded tiger through thick jungle grass. He stopped, and froze in his tracks, like a pointer. He had heard a sound—it seemed like the deep, stertorous breathing of a large animal. Then a moan—a human moan, low and muffled. Kelton stood silent, tense against the rail—waiting.

The sound was repeated—the breathing—and the moan. It seemed very near him in the blackness of the sea night.

He strained his eyes and ears, trying to detect the source of the sound. Again he heard it. It seemed to come, not from the deck, but from above him. He looked up. A few feet ahead, some six feet above the deck, a life-boat hung on its crane. He was sure of it now; the sound came from there. Cautiously Kelton crept nearer. His curiosity gave him courage. Very gently he reached up, and rolled back a corner of the tarpaulin which covered the boat. As he did so, the moaning changed to a startled scream. A head—a man's head—was thrust over the side of the boat.

"If you move, I'll shoot," cried Matthew Kelton, backing away. He had no gun.

"Gollies, mister," said a voice, and it clearly came from between chattering teeth, "you give me a fright. Don't you go shooting at me. I ain't going to do nothing."

"Who are you?" demanded Kelton.  
"Gabe Fest, able seaman, mister."

"What are you doing in there?"  
"Trying to sleep, mister."

Kelton relaxed.  
"I see," he said. "All right, Fest. Sorry I disturbed you. I guess you were having a bit of a nightmare."

"That ain't no lie, mister," said the seaman. "A man can't see the devil and jump overboard and sleep easy right after. I reckoned this boat would be a handy place to be in case the devil started hunting 'round again."

"Go back to sleep," said Matthew Kelton, "and don't worry about the devil. We'll handle him."

The black blotch made by Fest's head in the night was pulled back under the tarpaulin. To Kelton it suggested a mammoth turtle drawing its head into its shell. He continued on his way to the captain's cabin.

It was lighted, and silent. He tapped at the door. As he did so he heard a sharp bang, the sort of sound made, he thought, by a desk drawer being hastily slammed shut.

"Who's there?" asked the captain's voice.  
"Kelton."

"Come right in, Mr. Kelton."

Matthew Kelton experienced a surprise as he stepped into the cabin. It was at once apparent to him that there had been a drastic change in the captain. Kelton had thought of him as a sturdy, solid type, with the firm nerves which go with a healthy, vigorous body. He had been under a severe strain, of course, as a result of the series of startling events which had taken place on his ship that day; but he had seemed, at first, to Kelton, to be built to stand strain. It appeared to have told on him suddenly. To Kelton he seemed like a man on the verge of a collapse. His face looked pinched; his words came out jerkily; his hands played with the buttons of his coat, or he ran them through his tangled mass of graying hair.



"Any news, Captain?" inquired Matthew Kelton.

"Nothing very helpful," said the captain. "Had a wireless from the *S. S. Tarragonno* saying that a Mr. Roe, one of Cleghorn's partners, is on his way to Bermuda with a detective to take charge of the case. He offers \$5,000 reward for the arrest of the murderer."

"That's good. I can turn the investigation over to the professional when the *Tarragonno* gets in."

"Doubt if we'll beat her to Bermuda," said the captain, "at this rate. She's bigger and a lot faster. Stopping to rescue that fellow has delayed us, and we've had a bit of engine trouble."

The captain ran one of his great hands through his hair.

"Any luck with your radio messages, Mr. Kelton?" he asked.

"Some," answered Kelton. "One ray of light, anyway."

"What was that?"

The captain thrust his face toward Kelton and asked the question in a voice vibrating with interest.

"CAN'T tell you just yet, captain," answered Kelton. "Sorry if I seem to be keeping you in the dark, but I agreed to investigate this case with the stipulation I could use my own methods. I don't believe in acting on a suspicion, no matter how strong it may be, until I have tested it thoroughly, all along the line. To-morrow I hope to have something definite to report to you. Perhaps I'll ask you to make an arrest. I rather fancy the idea of having a prisoner all ready to turn over to that New York detective when we reach Bermuda."

"You know best, I suppose," acquiesced the captain; but he was plainly disappointed. "So you think you have the man spotted, eh?"

"I've some evidence," Matthew Kelton said. "I'm not entirely satisfied with it, yet, though. I'll tell you this: my most important discovery to date has to do with motive."

Captain Galvin's face contracted.

"Mr. Kelton," he said, "I want you to promise me something. I want to ask you, before you make public anything you have found out, to tell me. If your facts warrant an arrest, I, as chief officer of this ship am empowered to make one, and I'll do so. But come to me with the man's name before you tell anyone else, will you?"

"Yes," assented Kelton. "I'll do that."

The captain's face was creased with lines of thought; once he cleared his throat as if he intended to speak, then apparently thought better of it. Finally he said, trying to recapture his earlier casual manner:

"I suppose you've eliminated the ladies and that young chap what's-his-name?"

"You mean Sangerson?" Kelton said.

"Yes. That's the fellow. He looks O. K. to me."

What, Kelton wondered, was the captain getting at? In the heavy-handed, unpracticed way of a man who usually comes directly to a point, he appeared to be fishing for information. But why had he mentioned Sangerson?

Kelton's reply was noncommittal.

"Most men look O. K.," he said. "It's my job to find what lies beneath the shell they show to the world. Don't worry, captain. It isn't my habit to jump to conclusions. I think I'll say good-night to you now. We both need rest. I've been pretty active for an old fellow to-day."

"Rest?" said the captain, wearily. "I wish I could get some. But how can I close my eyes on this ship? It's about as restful as a battlefield. Well, good-night, Mr. Kelton."

"Have you the correct time?" Matthew Kelton asked. "I want so set my watch."

Captain Galvin drew out his watch, an old gold hunting-case affair, glanced at it.

"Lord," he said, "it's three minutes to one."

He was about to snap the cover shut when something fell from the watch and fluttered to the floor, almost at Kelton's feet. It was a circular piece of paper about the size of a silver dollar. Kelton stooped to pick it up. As he handed it to Captain Galvin he saw what it was—a photograph—the photograph of a woman, or rather a young girl—a photograph

(Continued on page 64)



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**Murder at Sea**

(Continued from page 63)

faded and yellowed by time. Kelton had only the barest glance at it—but he had an impression that the face was not entirely unfamiliar to him. There was something about the set of the eyes he had seen—in some other face—before. He handed the picture to the captain without comment. The captain's face was very red.

"Favorite niece," he vouchsafed, and shut the watch.

Matthew Kelton took away from the captain's cabin three new questions to be answered. First, why should the captain have an obviously old picture loose in his watch? Possible answer: because he had but recently acquired it and had not had time to glue it in. Second, a picture of about that size having been taken from the watch of the dead man, Cleghorn, was this the picture, and if so what was its significance? Third, whose picture was it? Photographs, especially old ones, are notoriously deceptive, and yet those eyes were very like the eyes of the nurse, Julia Royd.

Then there was the captain's mention of Sangerson, and his obvious concern. Another knotty question.

On his way back to his cabin, Kelton stopped at the radio room. It was locked, and the operator, Haley, opened the door with a suspicious look on his face, and a heavy spanner in his hand.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Kelton," he said, in a relieved voice.

"I came to see if any new messages have come in for me," Kelton said.

"No, sir. None for you. But, Mr. Kelton, I think that strong-arm lad has been snooping 'round here again."

"The fellow who tried to wreck the radio?"

"Yes."

"What did he do?" asked Matthew Kelton, excitedly.

"Nothing much this time," answered the operator. "A little petty larceny, that's all."

"Tell me about it."

"About half an hour ago—maybe twenty minutes, Captain Galvin asked me to step into his cabin to examine his telephone. He said his communication with the engine room wasn't good. You see on a ship like this a radio operator is supposed to know all about electricity and do odd jobs on telephones, bells and so forth. Well, I went into the captain's cabin, looked over the phone, and it seemed to be working all right, but anyhow I cleaned off a couple of contact points and put it together again. Then I came back here. See that safe over there?"

Kelton's eyes followed his pointing finger to a safe in the corner.

"That's where I keep my duplicate radio messages," Haley continued. "When a message comes in, I make one copy for the person to whom it is addressed, and a carbon copy for my files, which I keep in that safe. Well, right after I got back to this room, I had to go to the files—and I saw at once that someone had been going through them in my absence—someone in a devil of a hurry, too. I checked them over—and, Mr. Kelton, the copies of the messages to you had been taken!"

"Really? Anything else?"

"No, sir. Only the messages to you."

"Tell me, Haley, where was the captain while you were fixing his phone?"

"I don't know, sir. He wasn't in his cabin."

"I see. How was the safe opened?"

"By somebody who knew the combination."

"Who knows the combination?"

"Only three people, sir—the chief radio officer of the line, who has it in his office in Liverpool, and me and the captain."

"I see. Well, I expect you'll keep your eyes peeled in case our inquisitive friend calls round again."

"I'll knock all the snoopiness out of him," said Haley, "if I get a crack at him. If any messages come for you, Mr. Kelton, I'll send them down by a steward."

"Right. Thank you. Good-night."

Matthew Kelton was in a deep brown study as he went back to his state-room. He was up against one of the most deceptive of all things—circumstantial evidence. He put it together, bit by bit. Captain Galvin had slammed a desk drawer shut before admitting him to the cabin. Clearly, to conceal something—but what? Captain Galvin had acted as if he had some knowledge of the radio messages, especially as relating to Russell Sangerson. Captain Galvin had had the opportunity of purloining them while Haley worked on his telephone. Captain Galvin had the combination to the safe. It seemed safe to assume that the captain had taken the messages and read them. But suppose he had? That still left a formidable enigma. . . . Why?

Kelton was asking himself that as he reached his cabin. He paused, abruptly, as he was about to lay his hand on the knob of his cabin door. His quick ears had caught a slight sound in his cabin . . . the sound of somebody moving about, softly. Someone was in his cabin.

(To be continued)

**The Strong Man**

(Continued from page 9)

sworn him to secrecy, boyishly imitating the grim oath of the grown-ups:

"Poison to my heart—poison to my soul—if ever I break this oath!"

The little medals tinkled; and he smiled. They told the tale of his prowess—did the little medals. . . .

Night came with gloaming, with deepening shadows, and the owls hooting that now was the time for a wary bird to be about its mousing. Still, eager, sure-footed, he sped on his way.

Home soon—and then—ah—"Jehanna to the arms of me!" . . . and how glad she would be to see him. . . .

He reached an immense basalt rock around which the road bent to the village; and, suddenly, he stopped.

This noise . . . the wind, he thought at first, twisting and shrieking among the cliffs. But—no—it wasn't the wind . . . but voices—yells, quivering, long-drawn:

"Yoo-yoo-yoo!"

"Yoo-yoo-yoo-yoo!"

"Yoo-yoo-yoo . . ." Islam's eternal chant; in sorrow and joy; in sorrow at death, the end of life; in joy at the beginning of life, the conceiving—birth or marriage. . . .

Marriage . . . ?

A terrible misgiving came to Kara Yussef. Had he fooled himself with his own passion? Could it be that his brother. . . ?

The next moment he knew. For, clear, distinct, a single voice called:

"Cry yoo-yoo-yoo, O Moslems! Yoo-yoo-yoo for Hajji Goor and Jehanna, the daughter of Abderrahman Terek!"

Kara Yussef shivered. His mouth seemed filled with the salt taste of blood. His heart was clogged with gray, gray-cold rage that gathered headway steadily; that grew to almost insane fury as he turned the corner of the rock and saw, beneath a golden flaring of torches, the wedding procession winding its way along the village street toward the little mosque on the hillside.

Shouts rose:

"Blessed life to Hajji Goor!"

"Blessed life to Jehanna!"

"Yoo-yoo-yoo!"

"Yoo-yoo-yoo-yoo-yoo!"

Laughter. Jest!

"May she bear you as many men-children, O Hajji Goor, as there are hairs on your head!"

"What sayeth the Koran? 'Forgive thy wife seventy times a day!'"

"Look at the tiny foot of hers! Foot? What do I say? A dream! A thrill! A flower!"

"Remember, Hajji Goor!" an old woman's shameless advice. "A drop of musk behind the ear to rouse waning passion!"

Again laughter.

(Continued on page 66)





# I Turned To Ice When I Tried To Talk

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My inability to talk was also affecting my business success. I dreaded going in and asking for a raise—I was afraid of any situation that meant using my voice—having to express myself. I didn't know how to present the ideas which I was sure the firm could use. I was just a plodder—a truck horse, capable of doing a lot of heavy work but of no use where brilliant performance was required. Often I would see men who were not half so thorough nor so hard working as I, promoted to positions where they made a brilliant showing—not through hard work, but through their ability to talk cleverly and convincingly—to give the appearance of being efficient and skillful.

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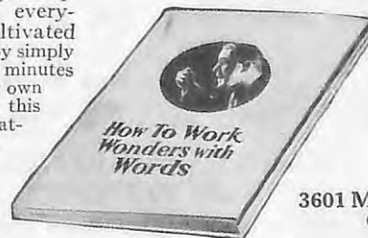
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The Strong Man

(Continued from page 64)

"Yoo-yoo-yoo-yoo-yoo-yoo-yoo!"

A long procession. All the tribe, preceded by the *neeka*, the chief. An elderly priest, green-turbaned. The older people walking solemnly, thinking—a little morosely—of their past youth. Young girls strewing flowers. Young men waving tall poles decked with ribbons or carrying torches. Children tossing crude fireworks. And, at the end, as tribal ritual demanded, Hajji Goor and Jehanna, he in a white robe, she veiled from head to foot. . . .

"Cry yoo-yoo-yoo-yoo, O Moslems!"

"Yoo-yoo-yoo!" echoing in Kara Yussef's soul as, unnoticed by the crowd, he watched.

He had not seen his brother in years; found him still the same pale, small scholar, peering short-sightedly through large spectacles, stumbling awkwardly as his foot hit a stone in the road. What could a woman, any woman, see in him? Women—Kara Yussef had believed all his life—followed the strong man. And was he not strong? Was he not bold among warriors and among splendid, storied heroes?

The tinkling medals on his chest . . . they told the tale . . . and yet, here, by Hajji Goor's side, hand in hand with him, was Jehanna. "Yoo-yoo-yoo!"

Toward the mosque. The torches blending into the purple of the night, their sparks of red and green softening to a running play of rainbow colors, then dying altogether, with just a single high-light still glistening like the blood gleam in a black opal, as the trees on the hillside swallowed the procession. . . .

Presently, faintly, through the open door of the mosque, came the priest's voice droning a *surah* from the Koran:

"For the Merciful hath taught the Koran. He created the male and the female. He taught them clear speech. He taught them desire and fulfilment, An echo of His own creation: Then which of the Lord's bounties would ye dare deny?"

The sun and the moon in their courses And the planets and the trees do homage to Him. And the heaven He raised it and appointed the balance, And the earth He prepared it for living things. Therein He created fruit, and the palm with its sheaths, And grain with its husks, and the fragrant herb: Then which of the Lord's bounties would ye dare deny?"

He created man of clay like a pot. He created woman out of a crooked rib of man. Man he created for woman, and woman for man: Then which of the Lord's bounties would ye dare deny?"

ON AND on droned the nasal chant. The tribesmen took it up in thick, palpable fervor:

"Then which of the Lord's bounties would ye dare deny. . . .?"

The words reverberated in Kara Yussef's brain. They assumed physical shape. His brother and Jehanna. He could see them—as they would meet—to-night. . . .

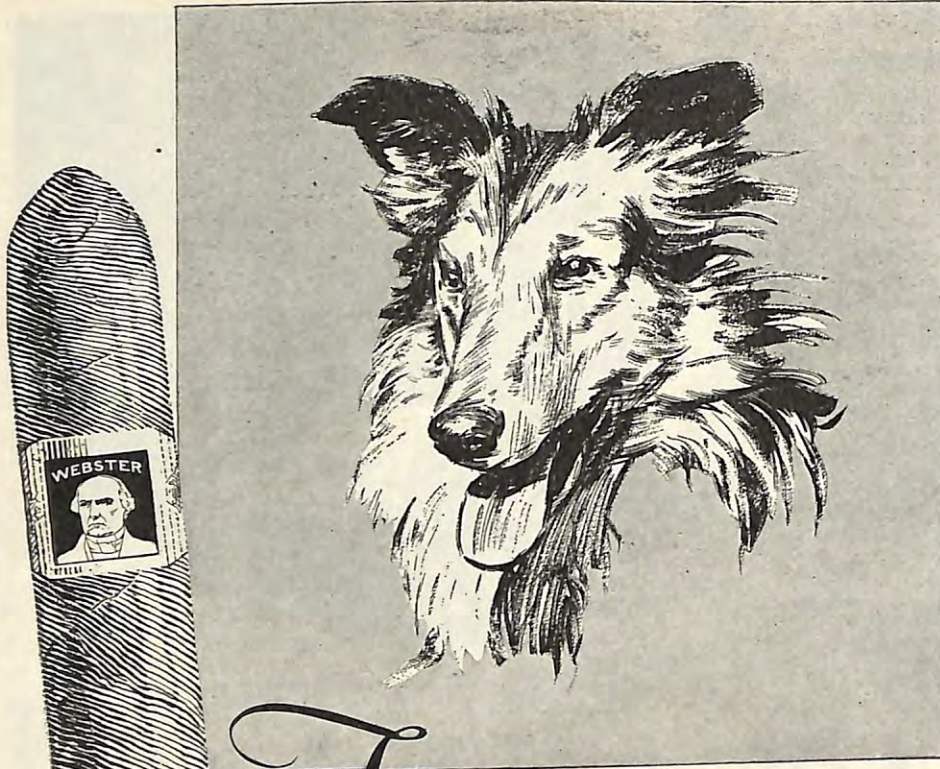
Hajji Goor would be waiting for her. At midnight she would go to him, veiled; and beneath the veil, as was the custom, her little face would be painted and powdered in stark white and red. Hajji Goor would salaam to her—would lift her veil, kiss her lips, take her in his arms.

Man and wife. His mouth to hers. His body to hers. . . . "Then which of the Lord's bounties would ye dare deny. . . .?"

Kara Yussef had always been fond of his brother. Nor did he hate him now, at this moment of piercing jealousy. He wished him well; would protect him, fight for him. But this—he could not stand it—this thought, maddeningly drumming at the base of his skull!

"Hajji Goor and Jehanna! Man and wife—man and wife—man and wife. . . ."


Then suddenly came another thought: "No! Not yet man and wife!"



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For the religious ritual was only the beginning of the ceremony; and there was a tribal law which demanded that, at midnight, the bride must pass through the village, alone, and go to the bridegroom's house. Only after she had crossed his threshold would they be truly married in the eyes of God and man.

At midnight. Alone. The street deserted. And here was he, Kara Yussef, a burly, jaunty, reckless man with medals on his chest. . . .

"Then which of the Lord's bounties would ye dare deny . . . ?" droned the chant, mocking him, defying him.

Well—he *would* dare—would dare deny—deny the Lord's bounties—to his brother. . . .

It was himself wanted the Lord's same bounties; Jehanna's lips, Jehanna's kisses.

And so, when the procession filed out of the mosque and down the hillside, he ran into an orchard and hid behind a tree.

He waited.

Slowly the minutes crept by. Wan lights sprang up in the villagers' houses. One by one they died.

Swathing darkness then. Swathing silence.

**H**E TOOK off his turban and shook out the folds, ten yards of tough, raw silk. He knew the old trick of Afghan robbers; had often used it in Flanders when a *sahib* had given orders!

"Go hunting in No Man's Land to-night. Bring back a German. Dead? No, you blood-thirsty scoundrel! Get us a live one—we want to ask him a few questions."

Then over the trenches and—Allah willing!—sneaking up on some lonely German scout. The turban cloth dropped from behind over the victim's head and pulled tightly against the Adam's apple, while the two thumb joints jerked into each side of the windpipe. A choked gurgle; unconsciousness; and, not long afterward, a rather sick prisoner examined by the *sahibs*.

Kara Yussef smiled. How good it was to be strong—to have gone traveling to the foreign wars and . . . .

He cut off his thoughts.

He sat up, listened sharply, heard an eager patter of feet down the street. In a couple of leaps he was out of the orchard. He saw a dim slight shadow, dark against the dark wall of night. Jehanna. . . .

He ran up to her. She heard; was startled; turned—too late; before she could call for help the turban cloth whipped through the air, descended over her head. He pressed. His thumbs jerked. Her fingers clutched, tore. Something struck the ground with a metallic tinkle. Then she fainted. He tied her wrists with his turban cloth, her ankles with his waist shawl. He picked her up and was off, sure-footed as a stag.

Allah—he thought again—how good it was to be strong! The pick of the world—that's what it meant—the pick of the world in his arms!

Not far away was the cave. There, some time later, she regained consciousness. She opened her eyes to find herself bound; to see sitting near her Kara Yussef, sharply outlined by the flickering flames of a brushwood fire.

And the first thing she said was:

"Happy your mother that her bones are below the sod—that she is not here to know of her first-born's black, black deeds! Ah—curse you all the angels! Curse you all the devils! May all the heathens curse you!"

"Let them curse me all they want to! What do I care? Here we are, the two of us, alone in the night!"

"The tribesmen will kill you!"

"They do not know this cave!"

"They will search the countryside—will find it. . . ."

"It will take days. Let them kill me then. Or is life so dear that I would not barter it—gladly, gladly—for the price of a night's passion—with you?"

He bent over her, close. Helplessly she struggled, straining her bonds.

"Kara Yussef!" she cried, a break in her voice. "Please—Kara Yussef . . . I am your brother's wife. . . ."

"Not yet his wife! Have you crossed his threshold? *Wah—*" triumphantly—"it is my own threshold you crossed. . . ."

"I love him—not you!"

(Continued on page 68)

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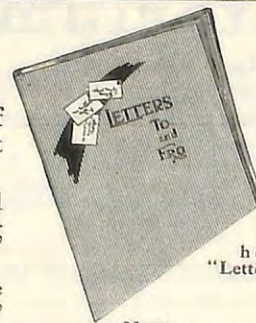
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## The Strong Man

(Continued from page 67)

"You will forget him—will love me—after you've thrilled to the strength of me. . . ."

"You—ah—" she spat the words at him—"with your strength, strength, strength! A buffalo has strength! But would I take a buffalo for a lover? A tiger has strength! But would I mate with a tiger? Ah—rather a tiger, rather an infidel, an eater of impurities, a worshiper of false idols, than you, O Kara Yussef!"

So her cries rang, foaming over with hate, stinging like asps; and he grew pale—then shrugged his shoulders.

"The first kiss I shall take by force," he said. "And it is yourself who shall beg for the second."

And he was about to crush her in his embrace when there came a voice from the mouth of the cave:

"Kara Yussef!"

He jumped up. There, at the entrance, stood Hajji Goor, and the first thing Kara Yussef noticed was a long sword in his brother's hand. Such a thin, nervous hand; a scholar's hand used to fingering reed-pen and paper, and now gripping a blade, ruddy-glistening in the light of the brushwood fire. . . .

"I waited for Jehanna," Hajji Goor said in a strange, flat monotone. "When she did not come I became anxious. I went to look for her and found this!" He tossed a medal to his brother; a little medal with the English inscription "For Valor," which Jehanna had torn from Kara Yussef's coat. "I knew then what had happened to her—you see, Jehanna has told me that once you spoke to her of love—knew, too, that I would find you here. . . ."

"The cave, eh?—the refuge of my childhood's misdeeds. And," wonderingly, "you came here alone—without rousing the tribesmen?"

"You swore me to secrecy when we were children."

"Many years ago—"

"But still the same oath."

"A man of the Koran, are you?" sneered Kara Yussef.

"Aye! A man of the Book Revealed!" Simply Hajji Goor said it; as simply added: "I love you, O my brother!"

"Priestly prating! How can you love me since—Oh!" he pointed at Jehanna, who was tensely listening and watching.

"I love you in spite of this evil thing."

"Call it what you wish—the thing is done."

"Undo it!"

"And give up Jehanna? How can I? I love her."

"YOU love her, perhaps, a little. But more do you love yourself, your strength, your stubborn pride, your naked desires." The priest's voice was quite gentle. "You have not changed. You are still the same Kara Yussef—brooking no law, no master but yourself." Hajji Goor advanced a few steps. "I knew you would refuse to give up Jehanna. . . ."

"Then why argue?"

"I did not come to argue. Ah—" Hajji Goor sighed—"I brought this weapon—"

"To fight me?"

"What else can I do?"

"No!" cried Jehanna. "You must not, O best beloved!"

"What else can I do?" he repeated, turning to her; and, to his brother, again: "I love you. But since love cannot solve the riddle of your stubborn, selfish pride, shall we try steel?"

Kara Yussef shook his head.

"You are a priest," he replied, "while I—why—up and down the broad roads of the world have I been, going among alien swords with a sword of my own nor acquitting myself ingloriously. How can I fight you? You know nothing of fence and parry. . . ."

"Enough words!" interrupted the other, with sudden violence. "By Allah!"—contemptuously—"you are mighty slow about a bit of strife!" And viciously: "Defend yourself, O son of Adam!"—and cut at his brother with a black clatter of iron.

What then could Kara Yussef do but draw his own blade? Smilingly he did it. So ludicrous it seemed to him; his young brother the priest, spectacles on nose and sword in hand, hardly knowing edge from hilt, yet attacking with a gallant, desperate bravado. . . .

"Beware, my little cockerel!" he warned, parrying Hajji Goor's wild blows. "Beware—or I'll skewer your liver!"

So here, in the red flickering, sardonic light of the fire, were two brothers at it with rasping, hissing steel. One small and puny; the other tall and broad. The small one charging madly, violently; the tall one satisfied with defending himself, elbow high, point to the fore, thinking:

"The little cockerel! Ahee—tough little cockerel! Ah—" with pride—"he is my brother indeed!"

Thinking, too!

"I must be very careful—lest I hurt this little man!"

So he parried strokes and thrusts, never lunging, never using ripost or feint, breaking ground again and again, while Jehanna, at first frightened, felt presently a keen elation surging through her soul. For was she not hill-bred, and—oh, the gorgeous Afghan savagery of it!—were there not here two lads battling for the sake of her kisses?

"Power to your arms, O Hajji Goor!" she cried. "Ahee—power to your arms, O king!"

Such puny arms, trying so hopelessly to bear down his brother's shrewd defense. And how tired he was—how heavy the sword. . . . and how the breath whistled in his tortured, bursting lungs!

Clash! Clash! Clash!

Iron on iron!

Clash! Clash!

"For my sake, O soul of my soul!" cried Jehanna. "Fight on, O just man!"

And he fought on. His spirit gave the lie to his body. He was no longer the priest. The wild blood of his ancestors screamed in his veins. Again he went to the attack. The blades shimmered. The ringing of forged steel quickened to a rattle.

Clash! Clash! Clash!

Iron on iron!

Kara Yussef was really enjoying himself. His brother—he thought—why, the little man had courage, reckless courage. He smiled. Hajji Goor saw the smile—and his rage rose; rage that was as the rage of the beast of prey. He snarled like a wolf. Foam was on his lips.

"I hate you!" he shrieked. "I hate you!"

"And I love you—because of your hate!" laughed Kara Yussef. "By the Prophet—blood of my blood you are and bone of my bone!"

And then, as he explained a week later to Chandravati, back in Peshawar, a queer thing happened to him. . . . "so very, very queer! For there was this girl, Jehanna, for whose sake we were stepping this dance of steel. And all at once—how can I tell you it with the telling of words?—but, somehow, all at once she did not matter. Only my brother mattered—my small, priestly, spectacled gamecock of a brother. And I knew he would not give in, would go on fighting. . . . and what could I do? I could not kill him. Nor could I crush his heart, his pride by defeating him. So since after all this Jehanna mattered no longer—and she is lovely, O Chandravati! the pick of the world she is or almost the pick of the world—well. . . . I made a clumsy parry. . . . and there was my little brother's blade slashing crimson across my wrist. . . ."

The blood spurted. Kara Yussef dropped his weapon; and quickly Hajji Goor rushed up to him.

"Forgive me!" he sobbed. "Forgive me, O my brother!"

"What is there to forgive? Honorably you fought. Honorably you won. By the teeth of Allah—it is yourself, not I, should be lance-daffadar in the army of the Raj—with grand medals across your chest!"

And, a few minutes later, while Hajji Goor had gone for water to bathe the wound, Jehanna said to Kara Yussef:

"My eyes are very sharp."

"What did your sharp eyes see?"

"They saw a brave man deliberately throw up his sword—saw a brave man deliberately choose defeat."

"And this same brave man asks you to keep the scrap of knowledge to yourself. For there is my little brother—there is his pride. . . ."

"You need not tell me," Jehanna flared up.



"I understand Hajji Goor. Better than you I understand. Do I not love him?"

A pause.

Then:

"Jehanna!"

"Yes?"

"Will you let me kiss your mouth—for the sake of friendship?"

"For no other sake!"

And her lips met his.

Thus, on the following morning, Kara Yussef left the hills. His bandaged wrist throbbled. But—*wah*—was he not strong? By the end of the week the wound would be healed.

Which was a good thing, he considered. For, up in Burma, a bit of border war was waiting him—and there would be his troop riding stirrup to stirrup and the colonel *sahib's* command:

"Hail *shumshere* aloom! Hail *shumshere* bu dust! Ho! swords out! Ho! swords in hand!"

A month or two of fighting. Border war never lasted long. Then once more Peshawar.

Red Mustaffa's coffee shop there—and the little home of Chandravati. . . .

Lissome she was and pretty and faithful. He must buy her that turquoise bracelet she had admired so often in the Bazar of the Kashmiri Silversmiths. . . .

Steadily he kept on his way. He reached the plains that flushed green with the rich summer herbage.

He hummed snatches of an Afghan ballad:

"The sword—is it meant for the blow?

Is it? Or is it not?

Your mouth—is it shaped for my kisses?

Is it? Or is it not . . . ?"

He hurried . . . .

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 48)

secretary was presented to the guest of honor, as a testimonial of the appreciation and affection of the Elks of his district.

### New York, N. Y., Lodge Telephones Photograph to Grand Exalted Ruler

A novelty May dance arranged by the Entertainment Committee of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, was one of the most successful and enjoyable affairs of its kind ever held in the Home of the Mother Lodge. Thousands of members and their friends enjoyed the alternating program of dances and vaudeville acts, and a large sum was added to the Crippled Children's Fund.

An unusual feature of the evening was the sending, by wire, of a photograph of the assemblage to Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, who was that evening visiting Akron, Ohio, Lodge, No. 363. The picture was taken, the plate rushed to the New York office of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, dispatched over the wires to Cleveland, Ohio, developed and printed there, and taken by automobile to Akron where, together with a telegraphed greeting, it was presented to Mr. Malley, whose wire of acknowledgment was read to the members and their guests in the Home of No. 1 a few hours later.

### Annual State Association Meetings Definitely Scheduled

The following State Associations have definitely decided to hold their annual conventions at the places and on the dates named below. This list, with additions as received, will appear each month in these columns.

- California, at Santa Barbara, Oct. 4-5-6.
- Colorado, at Walsenburg, Aug. 23-24-25.
- Illinois, at Moline, Aug. 7-8-9.
- Indiana, at Gary, in August.
- Maryland, Delaware, District of Columbia, at Annapolis, in August.
- Montana, at Billings, Aug. 3-4.
- Nevada, at Elko, last week in September.
- North Dakota, at Minot, in August.
- Oklahoma, at Mangum, Sept. 2-3-4.
- Ohio, at Cedar Point, Aug. 26-31.
- Oregon, at Astoria, Aug. 30-31 and Sept. 1.

(Continued on page 70)



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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 69)

Pennsylvania, at Meadville (Conneaut Lake), in August.  
Virginia, at Norfolk, Aug. 13-14-15.  
West Virginia, at Fairmont, in September.  
Wisconsin, at Oshkosh, in August.

### Butte, Mont., Lodge and Local Band Hold Birthday Celebration

Butte, Mont., Lodge, No. 240, and the Butte Mines Band recently joined in an anniversary celebration, the occasion being the thirty-sixth birthday of No. 240 and the fortieth of the Band. Upwards of 500 attended the observance, which was presided over by Past Exalted Ruler H. A. Gallwey, and a diversified program of band music, instrumental numbers and vaudeville sketches was enjoyed, followed by a buffet luncheon. From the opening overture to the 11 o'clock toast given by Mr. Gallwey, which closed the program, the joint event was added testimony to the happy relations long existing between the two organizations.

### Oklahoma City, Okla., Lodge Starts Playground Movement

A movement sponsored by Oklahoma City, Okla., Lodge, No. 417, to keep the school playgrounds and swimming pools open during the summer months has been a matter of great local interest. The Lodge has taken the lead in bringing this project before the various civic bodies and clubs and, as this was written, the cooperation of the city was practically assured.

### Coast Counties Elks Association Hold Meeting at San Luis Obispo Lodge

The recent gala get-together meeting of the Coast Counties (California) Elks Association held at San Luis Obispo Lodge, No. 322, had upwards of 500 members and visiting Elks in attendance. Delegations from Monterey, Watsonville, Salinas, Hollister, Santa Cruz and Santa Maria Lodges in the district, and many prominent members of the Order, including W. E. Simpson, President of the California State Elks Association, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry C. Kimball, were present for the meeting, initiation, entertainment and supper. It was one of the most interesting occasions ever held in the history of No. 322, rivaling the get-together meeting of last year in the Home of Salinas Lodge, No. 614.

### New York Elks Pay Tribute to Memory of Edward Leach

Twenty-two members of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, headed by Exalted Ruler Edward A. Neylan, recently journeyed to Waterbury, Conn., to pay a reverent tribute, at the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Leach, to the memory of one who contributed so much to the upbuilding of New York Lodge, as well as to the Order at large. A brief ceremony took place before the bronze Elk which marks Mr. Leach's final resting place, and a wreath representing the sentiments of his many friends was placed at the base of the monument.

### Lake City, Fla., Lodge Is Ready For Convention Visitors

Visitors to the Grand Lodge Convention who pass through Lake City, Fla., on their way to Miami, will find a warm reception awaiting them at the Home of Lake City Lodge, No. 893. They will be welcomed to Florida by road banners and other decorations erected by the members of No. 893, who have also arranged to have a buffet lunch ready at all hours for those members of the Order who drop in at their comfortable Home.

### Report of Crippled Children's Committee of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge

Under the chairmanship of John M. Bussow, the Crippled Children's Committee of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, in its annual report to the membership, shows a fine record

of work done. Aside from the usual line of Elk charities, forty-eight sessions of the clinic were held in the office of Dr. A. Urevitz, with an average attendance of forty-one. Three little patients have been maintained at the Convalescents' Home at Breezy Point, Far Rockaway, and seven at the Hospital for Joint Diseases in New York City. Seven operations were performed and six plaster jackets, one leg spica, three arm casts, and ten braces provided.

### South Carolina State Elks Association Meets at Greenville

With Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley present and taking active part, the two-day convention of the South Carolina State Elks Association entertained by Greenville, S. C., Lodge, No. 858, was one of the most notable in recent years. The first business session, formally opened by State Association President E. M. Wharton, was marked by a stirring speech by the Grand Exalted Ruler. After the meeting a buffet luncheon was served in the Home and at 3 P. M. the initiation of the John F. Malley class of fifty-eight candidates by a team of picked officers, selected by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond E. Cochran, took place. At 8 that evening a public meeting was held in the Rivoli Theatre, where Mr. Malley made a splendid address on the ideals and work of the Order, and following this, the convention ball was given in Textile Hall with over a thousand couples present.

The second day's business session was held in the morning, at which officers for the ensuing year were elected and installed, business of a routine nature was transacted, and Mr. Malley gave one of the finest speeches of his stay, leaving an indelible impression on his hearers. The afternoon was devoted to a general jollification and ball game and a trip to Rainola, where a fried chicken supper and barbecue was held. That evening the convention was brought to a close with a dance held in the Poinsett Hotel, with upwards of 500 couples participating, at which refreshments were served and beautiful favors distributed.

The officers elected to serve during the coming year and installed by the Grand Exalted Ruler are: President, Wilson G. Hunter of Columbia; First Vice-President, Henry Tecklenburg, Jr., of Charleston; Second Vice-President, Raymond E. Cochran of Anderson; Third Vice-President, Wyatt Aiken of Greenville; Secretary and Treasurer, W. H. Harth of Columbia; Tiler, Julian Wolf of Orangeburg; Inner Guard, L. D. Boyd of Rock Hill; Esquire I. H. Hollingsworth of Union; Chaplain, Rev. J. F. Burkhardt of Charleston. Trustees: C. F. McCullough of Greenville; Manly C. Sanders of Columbia; Frank W. Cooper of Charleston.

### Detroit, Mich., Lodge Holds May Festival for Underprivileged Children

More than 1,500 orphaned and crippled children from some twelve juvenile institutions of the city were entertained at the annual May Day Festival given by Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, in the Cass Theatre. The children were taken to the theatre in busses and street cars, where special vaudeville acts were presented, to their boundless pleasure. After the show the youngsters were treated to ice cream, cakes, fruits and candies.

On the occasion of their annual visit to the Detroit Tuberculosis Sanatorium, the Glee Club and twenty members of No. 34 put on an unusual program before an appreciative audience of over 1,000 inmates.

### Hartford, Conn., Lodge Brightens Day for Blind Children

Members of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Hartford, Conn., Lodge, No. 19, accompanied by an orchestra of eight pieces, recently motored to the Farmington Nursery for the Blind where they presented vocal and musical numbers for the afflicted children and provided them with many good things to eat. The little ones were so pleased with the treat that they gave a brief, im-

promptu entertainment of songs and recitations in return and a series of "nursery yells" at the parting.

### Pennsylvania Southwest District Holds Meeting at Allegheny, Pa., Lodge

All of the Lodges of the Pennsylvania Southwest District were represented at the meeting held in Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, No. 339, where the election of new officers took place and plans were completed for the annual outing at Kennywood Park in August. The new officers of the district body are: President, Joseph L. Connell, of Charleroi Lodge, No. 494; Vice-President, John F. Nugent, of Braddock Lodge, No. 883; Secretary, Charles S. Brown, of Allegheny Lodge, and Treasurer, C. H. Roberts, of Homestead Lodge, No. 650. The next meeting of the Association is scheduled to take place at Knoxville, Pa., Lodge, No. 1196.

### Purchasers of "Old Ironsides" Pictures Are Thanked

The following letter of thanks has been received by the editor of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, from Joseph Deguire of the Branch Hydrographic Office of the U. S. Navy, in New York. It is naturally most gratifying to the Magazine to have been able to be of help and to learn that its subscribers are so responsive to the news and announcements carried in its pages. The letter reads:

"The 'Old Ironsides' Committee, and Captain J. F. Hellweg, U. S. N., Officer in Charge of this office wish to thank you and all those who purchased pictures of 'Old Ironsides' at 50c each.

"The result of sales was remarkable, and naturally the volume of correspondence required to answer every patriotic purchaser would be physically impossible, hence, through the columns of our valued magazine, may I ask you to devote a little space in your next issue expressing appreciation to all who sat up and took notice of your splendid article on pages 65 and 66, in 'Under the Spreading Antlers,' in the April, 1928, issue."

### Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge Now Publishing Semi-Monthly Bulletin

Copies of the first two issues of the new semi-monthly bulletin now being published by Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge, No. 1455, have been received in the office of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. The Publicity Committee of the Lodge, headed by J. C. B. Millard, and James C. Logan, editor of the bulletin, are to be congratulated upon the appearance and contents of these inaugural issues. Eight well-printed and well-bound pages of interesting news announcements and reports, such as these are, cannot fail to stimulate the interest of the members, and will undoubtedly result in increased activity and cooperation in all Lodge affairs.

### Red Bank Elks Present Plaque To Hoboken, N. J., Lodge

The presentation of the bronze championship plaque to the degree team of Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, winners of this year's State Ritualistic Contest, was made with appropriate ceremony by Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233, holder of last year's title. The speeches of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Eichele, Exalted Ruler N. A. Cantillon and Past Exalted Ruler Charles Redfern, on behalf of the defeated team, were marked by fine sportsmanship.

Past Exalted Ruler Edwin Koopman responded in able fashion for the recipients of the prize, and the occasion was brought to a close when each of the officers of the Hoboken team received an engraved medallion symbolizing the pride of his fellow Lodge members.

### Chicago, Ill., Lodge Holds "Judges Night"

A recent regular meeting of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4 was designated as "Judges Night," and those members of the bench who also belong to No. 4, were the special guests of the evening. Following a number of brief addresses by the Judges, an entertainment and supper were provided, and were enjoyed by one of the largest gatherings of a long time. The

(Continued on page 72)



# "Don't make a monkey of yourself"

cried Bob as

I sat down at the piano

**B**OB was always putting his foot into things.

I was spending my vacation with him when I met his cousin, Helen. Instantly all other girls faded out of my life. It was love at first sight. But unfortunately she didn't seem to feel the same way about me.

Like all young lovers, I confided my troubles to the nearest willing ear. It happened to be Bob's.

"You've got nothing to worry about," he insisted when I finished my tale of woe. "Just leave it to me. All you need is a little publicity. . . ."

Right then and there I knew I should have kept my mouth shut.

The very next day he announced that he'd just had a long talk with Helen and, according to him, "put me over big."

"Boy! What I didn't tell her about you is nobody's business!" he exulted. "When I got through with my little song and dance about what a whiz you are at the office, I pulled my trump card . . . and believe me, it boosted your stock sky high!"

"What was it?"  
 "Well, you see, she's crazy about music. So I conveniently forgot that you can't play a note, and told her you are an accomplished pianist!"

"But Bob . . ."  
 "Not another word! I've got you sitting pretty, now. If by any chance you're asked to play—just say that you've sprained your wrist playing tennis. I'm some little fixer, eh, what?"

That very night we were all invited to the Carews' party. On the way over, I sensed a big difference in Helen—a difference that made my heart beat fast with a new hope. Perhaps, after all, Bob was a good fixer.

A little later in the evening we were all gathered around the piano, listening to the rather indifferent performance of one of the guests.

## I Am Asked to Play the Piano

"I'm just dying to hear you play!" cried Helen. "I've heard so much about your talent! Won't you play something for us?"

"Yes!" "Yes!" "Please!" came from all sides.

With a smile I bowed low . . . and replied that *it would be a pleasure!*

Glancing up I saw Bob's grin change to amazement. This was not part of the plan! Calmly ignoring his frantic signals I walked over to the piano.

Quick as a flash Bob followed me. "For the love of Pete get away from that piano," he whispered excitedly. "Don't make a monkey of yourself. If Helen ever hears you play she'll think everything else I told her is bunk, too!"

Turning to the guests in an effort to save his own skin, Bob announced, "Perhaps we should wait until some other time. You see, his wrist was slightly sprained in tennis this afternoon, and . . ."

"Oh, that's nothing!" I broke in, and as



he looked at me dumfounded, I sat down at the piano.

Without any further hesitation, and with a secret smile at the surprise I had up my sleeve, I began the first notes of Irving Berlin's famous "Russian Lullaby!" The tantalizing, irresistible strains seemed to throw a spell over the guests. One by one they quietly moved nearer the piano until soon I was completely surrounded by rapt listeners.

Bob was so stupefied that all he could do was to stand there in open-mouthed amazement.

On and on I played—losing myself in my music. I forgot Bob's astonishment—forgot the glow of admiration in Helen's eyes—forgot everything but the beautiful melodies that always opened a new world for my enchantment. Swept away by the sheer magic of Berlin's genius, I was unaware of the silent tribute that followed my playing until thunderous applause shook the room.

That brought me to myself with a start. For the rest of the evening I was the lion of the party.

Bob could hardly restrain his curiosity until we were safely home.

"Boy! You sure stopped that party dead!" he exclaimed. "You could have knocked me over with a feather when I heard you actually playing! Why didn't you tell me you knew how?"

"You never asked whether I knew how to play," I countered.

"Of course not! Last summer you didn't know one note from another—how was I to guess you'd blossom into an accomplished pianist overnight?"

"Not overnight, exactly!" I smiled. "Although it

almost seemed that way! Remember that Free Demonstration Lesson in music I sent for?"

"You don't mean the one that was supposed to show you how to play without a teacher, do you?"

"The same! All the fellows said it was a fool stunt and that I was crazy to send for it. Well, it happened to be the best bit of luck that ever came my way! I didn't say anything about it because I didn't want every one laughing at me when I sent for the course. That course certainly is wonderful!"

"So you really are an 'accomplished' pianist! The joke's on me, all right!"

"Oh, I wouldn't say 'accomplished,'" I laughed. "But enough of a pianist to get a lot more fun out of life than I used to!"

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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 70)

occasion was most interesting, and successful in every way.

The Memorial Day services carried out by No. 4 were of impressive proportions.—A parade of nearly sixty motor cars containing members, their friends and a detachment of the American Legion bugle and drum corps, motored twenty-five miles to Mount Greenwood Cemetery, where the services were held. The Hon. William D. Saltiel, of Chicago Lodge, delivered the principal address, while Exalted Ruler Sydney Lyon offered the invocation and prayer. The Lodge quartet rendered several appropriate selections and the buglers, sounding "Taps," brought the observance to an end. Additional services were also given at the Veterans Speedway and U. S. Marine Hospitals.

### Portsmouth, Va., Lodge Holds Ninth Charity Ball

The ninth annual charity ball of Portsmouth, Va., Lodge, No. 82, was the occasion for one of the most brilliant functions in local history with more than 1,000 Elks and their friends in attendance. The city auditorium was beautifully decorated, with the purple and white of the Order as the principal color scheme. A committee of forty prominent ladies of the city was active in assisting No. 82 in planning the affair and the net proceeds were over \$2,000.

### Financial Report of Welfare Committee of the Mother Lodge

The far-reaching and whole-hearted work of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, is outlined in its recent financial report. During the Lodge year \$80,475.17 was received by the Committee, \$76,444.93 of which was disbursed, mostly in the form of contributions to hospitals and charity societies and other agencies of social welfare. The largest single contribution—\$25,000, for the endowment of a room for the use of Elks at Misericordia Hospital—was donated by John J. Schmidt. This munificent gift was reported in the May issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. Other large sums were expended for aid to members of the Order, for the pensioners list and for the Christmas celebration.

### Texas State Elks Association Convenes in El Paso

The two-day convention of the Texas State Elks Association, to which El Paso Lodge, No. 187, acted as host, was one of the most interesting held in recent years. Aside from the important meetings and the election of officers, the program arranged by the hosts included sight-seeing trips to historical points in old Mexico, motor rides, special functions for the ladies, a grand ball, a street parade, and a barbecue at Juarez. The parade was a great pageant of color and music with Major Terry Allen, of the Seventh U. S. Cavalry, as marshal, representing General Pershing, who is a life member of El Paso Lodge. Seven bands and lavish decorations added to the splendor and effectiveness of the line of march. A symphonic concert opened the ball, at which Past State Association President J. H. Gibson and Mrs. Gibson led the grand march.

Among the prominent members of the Order attending the convention were Louie Forman, of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee, and Jack R. Burke, of the Grand Lodge Social and Community Welfare Committee.

The following were elected to serve the Association as officers during the coming year: President, Charles Mangold, Dallas Lodge, No. 71; Secretary, William G. Blake, Corpus Christi Lodge, No. 1030; Treasurer, Harry L. Hussman, El Paso Lodge. Vice-Presidents: Texas, Central—Otto Fullen, Waco Lodge, No. 166; Texas, North—W. B. Smith, Dallas Lodge; Texas, North Center—Sidney West, Cleburne Lodge, No. 811; Texas, Northwest—A. C. Estes, Burkburnett Lodge, No. 1489; Texas, South—H. C. Huweiler, Houston Lodge, No. 151; Texas, Southwest—C. E. Schmeltz, San Antonio Lodge, No. 216; Texas, West—N. J. Nanney, Breckenridge Lodge, No. 1480.

Trustees: A. T. Holmes, Temple Lodge, No. 138; F. A. Reed, Mexia Lodge, No. 1449; George L. Griffin, Waxahachie Lodge, No. 280; C. K. Johnson, Wichita Falls Lodge, No. 1105; Henry Block, Galveston Lodge, No. 126; H. S. Paulus, Yoakum Lodge, No. 1033; Dr. Harry A. Logsdon, Ranger Lodge, No. 1373. Breckenridge was selected as the place for next year's meeting.

### Elizabeth, N. J., General Hospital School of Nursing

The Elizabeth, N. J., General Hospital, in which Elizabeth Lodge, No. 280, is keenly interested, through its School of Nursing, has trained more than three hundred young women and sent them out into fields of usefulness and service. The new buildings provide modern equipment and adequate facilities, which, together with the work of experienced instructors, enable the student to secure a thorough training.

Applications are now being received for a new class to enter in September, 1928. Any young woman in good physical condition, eighteen years of age, who has had at least one year of high school work, is eligible, and may write for further information to the Directress of Nurses, Elizabeth General Hospital, Elizabeth, N. J.

### New Officers of Massachusetts and New York State Elks Associations

New officers elected at the annual conventions of the Massachusetts and New York State Elks Associations, the first at Northampton and the second at Buffalo, are named below. Full accounts of these important meetings will appear in the August issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Massachusetts—President, George Stanley Harvey, Malden Lodge, No. 965; First Vice-President, James R. Savery, Pittsfield Lodge, No. 272; Second Vice-President, William E. Earle, Newton Lodge, No. 1327; Third Vice-President, Robert M. Leach, Taunton Lodge, No. 150. Trustees: Edward L. Gihon, Wakefield Lodge, No. 1276; Charles S. Riley, Northampton Lodge, No. 997; Bernard S. McHugh, Watertown Lodge, No. 1513; Dr. E. Harold Donovan, Plymouth Lodge, No. 1476; Theodore T. Ellis, Worcester Lodge, No. 243; John C. Byrne, Lawrence Lodge, No. 65; Joseph F. Perault, Fitchburg Lodge, No. 847; Treasurer, Bernard E. Carbin, Lynn Lodge, No. 117; Secretary, Jeremiah J. Hourin, Framingham Lodge, No. 1264.

New York—President, D. Curtis Gano, Rochester Lodge, No. 24; Vice-Presidents: Joseph V. Fitzgerald, Lancaster Lodge, No. 1478; Marmaduke Wright, Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 842; Dr. Leo Roohan, Saratoga Lodge, No. 161; Fred L. Mallory, Norwich Lodge, No. 1222; Samuel D. Mathews, Saranac Lake Lodge, No. 1508; Secretary, Philip Clancy, Niagara Falls Lodge, No. 346; Treasurer, Jay Farrier, Oneida Lodge, No. 767; Trustees: William T. Phillips, New York Lodge, No. 1; J. Edward Gallico, Troy Lodge, No. 141; Howard A. Swartwood, Binghamton Lodge, No. 852; Perl W. Devendorf, Watertown Lodge, No. 496; Alonzo L. Waters, Medina Lodge, No. 898.

### Crippled Children's Committee of New Jersey State Elks Association

At the last quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association, the report submitted by Chairman Joseph G. Buch, of the Crippled Children's Committee, contained a number of interesting items. Through the efforts of Passaic Lodge, No. 387, an orthopedic department has been established in St. Mary's Hospital, in that city, the Lodge donating \$2,500 toward the cost of the initial equipment. As the result of an exhaustive survey of the state, 15,556 crippled youngsters were reported. This large figure, more than double the percentage found in other states where surveys have been made, is attributed to the activity of the State Elks Association, during the past several years, in searching out cases. Only 198 of those reported had never received treatment, and these were promptly followed up, to make good the pledge

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of New Jersey Elks that no crippled child within the State need be without attention.

**Convention Visitors Invited To Camp and Fish**

Carl A. Zimmerman, a member of Akron, Ohio, Lodge, No. 303, is inviting all visitors to the Grand Lodge Convention, who wish to do so, to spend a day on his large estate on Lake Apopka, twelve miles from Orlando, Fla. Mr. Zimmerman hospitably offers camping and fishing privileges to all members of the Order who visit him.

**Plymouth, Mass., Lodge Mourns Past Exalted Ruler Blake**

Plymouth, Mass., Lodge, No. 1476, lost by the death of Past Exalted Ruler Earl P. Blake one of its best loved and most respected members. Mr. Blake met his death when, while with a party of friends on an annual fishing trip, the motor-boat in which they were crossing Moosehead Lake, Me., foundered a long distance from shore, and all but one of the sportsmen were lost. As High Sheriff of Plymouth County and as an officer of the Lodge he had established an enviable record as an able, dignified and sympathetic executive.

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

Exalted Ruler J. Thomas Crowe of Tulare, Calif., Lodge at a recent meeting had the unique pleasure of initiating his father into the Order.

Frank A. Stortz, for nineteen years secretary of Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge resigned to become manager of the local country club.

Mortgages on its home were burned at a largely attended and enthusiastic meeting of Bethlehem, Pa., Lodge.

Ashland, Pa., Lodge conducted an informal dance in its new \$50,000 Home in commemoration of its thirtieth anniversary.

Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge's baseball team won the first game in the Island League series, which will be played once a week throughout the summer.

In keeping with its annual custom, Seattle, Wash., Lodge played host on Memorial Day to the veterans of the Civil War and their ladies.

White Plains, N. Y., Lodge held a monster smoker, cabaret and boxing show in the State armory, for the purpose of raising funds for the American Olympic Committee.

Some 400 members and guests enjoyed an informal dance and entertainment held in the ballroom of Tyrone, Pa., Lodge.

Close to 100 members and their ladies of Vallejo, Calif., Lodge were entertained at a dance and supper held at Rio Vista, Calif., given by the members residing there.

Lancaster, Pa., Lodge recently gave a crab feast, followed by a boxing program, which was attended by many Lodges of the district.

Putnam, Conn., Lodge held a three days' air carnival for the benefit of the High School Athletic Field Fund.

San Mateo, Calif., Lodge held a great open-air barbecue at King's Mountain, which was supplemented with vaudeville acts and musical numbers.

Thirty seafaring Elks from the U. S. S. West Virginia were given a supper and entertainment in the Home of Alameda, Calif., Lodge, which was appropriately decorated in nautical style for the occasion.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge opened its country club for the season with a formal dinner and dance.

"Little Nelly Kelly," a revival of the musical comedy of five years ago, was presented by the Charity Benefit Committee of Newark, N. J., Lodge.

The twenty-third anniversary of Bristol, Pa., Lodge was celebrated with a sumptuous banquet held in St. Mark's Auditorium.

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## Flag Day at Monticello

(Continued from page 42)

and ideals, and America will ever be a land of the free.

"It is the errors of the human mind arising out of sectional jealousies, racial hatreds, religious bigotries and class strife which lead men away from the paths of progress into hostile groups and factions, which foment the bitter antagonisms, menacing to the peace and permanence of the republic. The mind of America must not become enslaved by isms and un-American doctrines. It was freed from bondage by the forefathers. Since the spirit of America rose phoenix-like from the blood and ashes of Bunker Hill, there has been hope for the oppressed peoples of the world, regardless of race, religion or caste. Here in this wonderful country of ours was created a realm of unhandicapped opportunity. Here Liberty was born—not merely freedom in the physical sense of the right to come and to go, but liberty of mind, the right to think, to follow conscience and the urge of the heart. Indeed, the right to live one's life in its fulness, free from all restraint, except the divine laws and a proper regard for an equal right in every other person. That is liberty in the truly American sense. That is the conception of liberty which the minds of the Elks embrace.

"THERE is no cross-section of American citizenship more liberty-loving than the group of men who compose the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. In our minds there is no dark cell of bigotry or intolerance. In our hearts there is no desire for the accumulation of material things which can dam the flow of human feeling. We love our fellow men. In the great surge upwards to the ideals of America are the 800,000 God-fearing, patriotic Elks, with minds and hearts attuned to the national thought of equality of right, equality of opportunity.

"This Order came into existence as a protest against class distinction, hypocrisy, and intolerance. Always it has concerned itself with people, with men as they are, when sham and pretense are laid aside, with the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor, the distinguished and the obscure. It has insisted that its members believe in the existence of a Supreme Being that all might have the same moral standards. It has made American citizenship a requisite, that there might be no divided allegiance. Within these boundaries, the Order has reached out to men of character regardless of race, religion or caste, and has brought them into one great family, teaching them the true principles of life, urging them to make the Golden Rule the guide of their conduct toward their fellow men, and fostering the spirit of brotherly love. In any community in which there is an Elks Lodge, there is an agency effectively functioning to promote good-will among men, to efface lines of distinction, to break down barriers of prejudice, and to exemplify by deeds the spirit of true fraternity. This is patriotic service of the very highest merit. It has been our contribution to the nation during the last sixty years. Thus have we served our country! Thus have we brought the people of America into sympathy with each other's essential welfare! Thus have we promoted tolerance! Strengthened and inspired by the lessons of this day, let us go forth with unfaltering determination to lead the people into the realm of their ideals where peace and good-will and love abound.

"The American Flag is the symbol of the power and prestige of the greatest nation in the world, as such we salute it with respect. But to us it has a more tender significance—it is the flag of humanity, of brotherhood, of love. There it is, lift your eyes to it, vision its resplendent colors, and read its glorious record! Lift your hearts to it! Let them beat with love of country and love of fellow-countrymen. Let your minds know its lofty ideals. Let your very souls reach for its spirituality, for, save the cross which gave to man the hope of life eternal, there has not been raised by human hands a symbol to equal it in its promise of peace, good-will, happiness and joy to all the peoples of the world."





## Grand Exalted Ruler's Trip

(Continued from page 41)

Forum, and Past Justice Murray Hulbert; Chairman Edward W. Cotter; Vice-Chairman Conrad Reeb; and Grand Trustees Ralph Hagan and Richard P. Rooney; Past Grand Trustee Robert A. Scott, now Superintendent of the Home; Past Grand Trustee Robert A. Gordon; Judge D. J. Heffernan, Chairman of the Miami Grand Lodge Convention Committee, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. F. McCready, Vice-Chairman of the Committee, who had come to Bedford to confer with Mr. Malley regarding final convention arrangements; and Blake C. Cook, of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee.

Monday evening there was a large Anniversary Dance at the Home, in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, attended by some 500 persons from Bedford, Lynchburg, Roanoke and even as far away as Richmond. Tuesday Mr. Malley spent in further conferences with the Board of Grand Trustees and others.

In the evening the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, which held a special meeting and reception in his honor. The meeting was attended by a large number of members of the Lodge and their wives. Among those present were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Fanning and Harper, who presided; Grand Trustees Cotter, Reeb, Hagan and Jennings; Walter P. Andrews, Justice of the Grand Forum; Murray Hulbert, Past Justice; Blake C. Cook, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Chess McGhee.

Leaving Lynchburg early on the morning of May 23, Mr. Malley arrived a few hours later at Greensboro, N. C., where a day of festivity awaited him. Following a luncheon at the Greensboro Country Club, there was an initiation of a class of thirty-five candidates in the Home of Greensboro Lodge. At 7:30 a banquet was held at the King Cotton Hotel, attended by more than 300 Elks from Greensboro, Winston, Charlotte, High Point and Durham, N. C., Lynchburg and Danville, Va., and other Southern Lodges. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Norman A. Boren introduced Mr. Malley, while Past Grand Exalted Ruler Harper was another speaker of the evening. At the conclusion of the dinner and speech-making a dance was held, lasting until the early hours.

At Greenville, S. C., his next stop, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended the opening session of the annual convention of the South Carolina State Elks Association, in the Home of Greenville Lodge. He made a brief talk to the assembled officers and delegates, later attending a buffet luncheon, followed by the initiation of a large class of candidates. That evening he addressed a capacity gathering of Elks and their friends, presided over by E. M. Wharton, President of the State Association, at the Rivoli Theatre. On the second day of the meeting Mr. Malley addressed the business session in the morning, leaving for Wilmington, Del., after taking part in the festivities of the afternoon.

AT WILMINGTON Lodge the Grand Exalted Ruler was welcomed by Gov. Robert P. Robinson and a committee of members. A banquet in the beautiful, homelike building which houses Wilmington Lodge was the principal occasion of Mr. Malley's visit. Some 140 members were on hand to greet the head of the Order, and enthusiastically applauded his speech, in which he took occasion to congratulate the Lodge on the quality of its achievements.

Leaving the following morning for the North, Mr. Malley's next visit was to Barre, Vt. Here 300 Vermont Elks were gathered to celebrate the first anniversary of Barre Lodge and to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler. The festivities began with a parade through the principal streets of a caravan of sixty-five motor-cars, the occupants of which carried torches of red fire. Following the formal ceremonies in the armory, at which Mr. Malley, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry W. Witters, and Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers spoke, the meeting adjourned to the Lodge Home, where a bountiful supper was served.

On June 3 the Grand Exalted Ruler made the principal address at the public opening session of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, at Northampton, and left the next afternoon after attending the business meeting in the morning.



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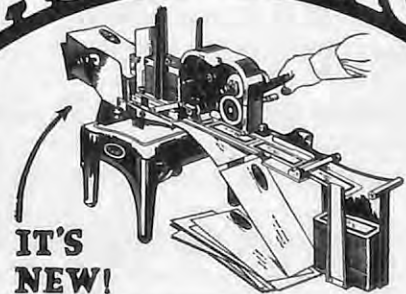
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Financial Department

THE ELKS MAGAZINE



## The Other Side of Investing

By Paul Tomlinson

**M**OST people, when they think of investing, think only in terms of themselves. That is to say, they consider only the benefits which they personally hope to derive from their purchases of bonds and stocks and mortgages. This is a natural and understandable point of view; and if that side of investing did not exist, or were not emphasized, few investments would be sold. In order to sell any commodity, be it automobiles, or clothes, or stocks and bonds, the purchaser must be offered an attractive return for his money. The seller, on the other hand, has interests of his own and he must receive a fair amount of money if his purpose is to be accomplished.

Why does a corporation sell securities? Primarily, of course, in order to raise money. Then the question arises, what becomes of the money received from investors in return for the securities they buy, and what does this money accomplish? Money makes money, and funds realized from the sale of securities not only earn money for the purchasers, or investors, but for an amazing number of others, and it is this other side of the investing business that we propose to consider here.

Suppose a corporation is engaged in a business that has proved so successful and such a demand has been created for its products that an addition to its plant becomes necessary. Such additions are expensive, and the directors decide that the best method of financing the new work will be by the sale of an issue of bonds or additional stock. An investment banking house is called in and the terms of the sale are arranged; the bankers buy the issue, and then offer it for sale to the investing public. The first people to make money out of the transaction are the bankers; this, however, is as it should be, for they are the people who by underwriting the issue are assuming the first financial risk, and investment bankers, like all other people, are not only entitled to a legitimate profit, but must make one if they are to continue in business.

The corporation receives its money and contracts are let for the construction and equipment of the new plant. A contracting firm engages to erect the building at a price which will show them a profit. The various firms which manufacture machinery and other plant equipment engage to furnish the building with what is required to make it workable and efficient; they also expect a profit. There are sub-contracts for plumbing, wiring, painting, etc., and each one of these sub-contractors puts in a bid which will result in a profit. Then, of course, there are carpenters, masons, electricians, painters, machinists, laborers, a vast army of people working for the various contractors and sub-contractors; these men are supplied with work because of these orders and are helped to earn a living for themselves and their dependents. Then, too, there are firms which supply the materials which go into such construction and equipment; these firms, like the others, are entitled to a profit, and the work thus supplied furnishes employment

for people in their organizations. And everyone who receives money as a result of this transaction, from the head of the main contracting firm down to the office boy or shop apprentice, puts a large percentage of his receipts into immediate circulation. The merchants in town, and in other towns, are benefited, the utility corporations get some of it, the railroads, the automobile dealers and garage men—the ramifications are almost endless.

When the new plant is completed and equipped, what then? At once employment is furnished for more people in the corporation's organization, and the wages and salaries they earn support their families, send their children to school, and add to the general prosperity of the community and of the country. The corporation's production is increased by reason of its additional facilities, and it is fair to assume that this means its earnings are increased also. With enlarged facilities it needs more raw materials, added business for the people who furnish them. More salesmen will be needed to market its larger output, which means that still more people will be earning their livings as a direct result of its activities. It is impossible to estimate how many people are directly and indirectly benefited by the corporation's expansion. The railroads will receive more freight, both from the shipment of raw materials and from finished products; this means more employment on the railroads. The community where the plant is located will benefit from increased taxes, but even more from the increased payroll and the new wealth brought directly or indirectly to all the residents.

When our corporations are prosperous the whole country is prosperous along with them. When our corporations find business bad, we have unemployment and hard times; we, you and I, all of us, are absolutely dependent upon the well-being of our corporations for our own well-being and prosperity. There is no possible divorcement, and when this fact is generally recognized we shall have even greater prosperity than we have had before. Think how many communities in this country, large ones too, are dependent, almost for their existence, upon the prosperity of some corporation located in their midst. Even the churches could not survive without the contributions derived from people who earn their contributions in the corporation's employ. We know what happened in some New England communities when the textile industry suffered depression. Ask any Detroit about business in that city when the Ford Company curtailed operations. What would happen to Pittsburgh if the steel mills all shut down? We can not escape our dependence upon the corporations.

In the face of all these facts there are still many people who think that big corporations exist for the benefit of a few individuals. Such a thing is impossible. Everything that Mr. Rockefeller ever got out of the Standard Oil Company is the merest fraction of 1 per cent. compared with the profits of the country at



large; and the same statement applies with equal aptitude to Mr. Ford and all the other great capitalists. It is impossible for any one man, or group of men, to retain all the profits from a business enterprise for themselves. One man, or one group, may make more money than other men or other groups, but as money is made, wealth is created and this wealth is divided among large numbers of people. And it is the investor who furnishes the original capital which makes the production of this wealth possible. Further, as wealth is accumulated, more funds are available for investment and the opportunity given for the accumulation of still more wealth. This is the other side of investing.

There are in this country more than ten million investors; some estimates put their number at fifteen million. Now it may be presumed that the majority of these people are investors by reason of their having saved a percentage of their earnings for the purpose, and as a result have not only benefited themselves and their fifty million or more dependents, but added immeasurably to the wealth and prosperity of the country at large. No nation can be prosperous without capital, and the true source of capital is the individual investor. All business enterprises must have capital if they are to make a beginning and provide for expansion and growth; where could this capital be had except from individual investors? Banks loan money, but this money comes from the savings of individuals. Insurance companies are large investors; their funds come from the premiums paid by policy-holders. And small investors far outnumber the large ones, and their number mounts rapidly and steadily.

The corporations borrow money through the sale of bonds, or they sell an interest in their businesses through the sale of stock. The investor buys bonds and becomes a creditor of the corporation, or he buys stock and becomes a partner. In either case the investor is furnishing capital, which means that in addition to the benefits he himself obtains, he is providing work for someone who needs it, is helping to increase the world's store of wealth, and adding to the

(Continued on page 78)

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John Muir & Co., Members New York Stock Exchange, 50 Broadway, New York, are distributing to investors an interesting booklet, "Odd Lot Trading," which contains valuable information to both the large and small investor, and shows the many advantages offered to traders in Odd Lots.

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## To Investors

Every month Mr. Paul Tomlinson has a strong financial article on some phase of investment in the financial department of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. It will pay you to read these articles because they are full of sound investment advice and helpful suggestions.

Financial Department  
THE ELKS MAGAZINE

## The Other Side of Investing

(Continued from page 77)

comfort of those who inhabit the earth. Further, the man who by investing his money in some useful enterprise and thus providing it with capital is helping to make it possible for someone else to become an investor and provide capital in his turn. It is an endless process which goes on and on to the benefit of all concerned.

When a man invests money in a railroad he is helping that railroad to render more efficient service to the passengers it carries and to the people who ship freight over its lines. When an investment is made in some public utility, the community served by that company reaps the benefit in more efficient and, frequently, in cheaper service. Money certainly makes the industrial world go 'round, and it is the investor who must furnish this money.

Business is largely done upon credit and borrowed money. If there were no investors from whom to borrow there would be very little business. Investors have made the steel business possible, and one can realize its magnitude when his attention is called to the fact that the products of the single county of Allegheny, Pennsylvania, exceed in value those of more than forty entire States. Where would the automobile industry have been without investors' money to finance its upbuilding and expansion? If our railroads had not been able to sell their bonds and their stocks they could not have built their transcontinental and interurban systems, and this country would never have grown and prospered as it has. In this connection it may be well to recall that a large part of the capital our railroads got in their early days, when they needed it most, and when the people who bought their bonds and stocks took the most risk, was furnished by investors in England, and France, and Holland. In other words, European investors did much to make the development of this

country possible, and we might bear this in mind when we hear criticism of our citizens who recently have been supplying capital to Europe and thus aiding her to recover from the war.

Corporations do not sell securities for the fun of the thing, but because they need money,—capital, in other words. In this age of big business and keen competition the company with capital is the one which wins, and the little fellow falls by the wayside. Almost every day the newspapers report the amalgamation and consolidation of business enterprises—in the banking field, in the automobile industry, in the railroad business, everywhere they are getting together in order to increase their capital assets and be in a better position to compete with their rivals. Capital, economical production, and efficient distribution are the three requirements of success nowadays, and without capital the two others are impossible of attainment. And in the last analysis capital must be supplied by the investors, big ones and small ones. No one has a monopoly of wealth any more; where bonds and stocks were held by comparatively few a short time ago, they are now in the possession of literally millions of our citizens. Many of these investors are stockholders in corporations for which they work, and not only are they helping themselves, but their companies.

Investing, like all proper businesses, is a two-sided arrangement. The buyer benefits and the seller benefits, and through the benefits obtained by both these parties beneficial results are extended to all of those with whom they do business and come in contact. One side of investing is what the investor gets personally; the other is what he contributes to the world's welfare through the capital he makes available. And, of course, the better off the world is the better off is the individual.

## The Book Parade

(Continued from page 23)

and the truly likable real estate crowd—all in a devilish sort of mess which assumes, ever and anon, a melodramatic tinge.

Here is material almost scene-ready for the movies. Suspense is dexterously prolonged and all is well in the end.

We enjoyed this tale to the point of staying up one night until 2 A. M. to read the final word, which—as all final words should be—is "dear."

Don't go off on a holiday or a business trip without this. It's absolutely good entertainment.

### Disraeli

By André Maurois. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

PERHAPS the most discussed, and undoubtedly the most delicious and charming, biography of the season.

"... I am never well," said Disraeli, "save in action, and then I feel immortal."

Here, one would say, was the clue to a great career—and André Maurois has handled his subject with that same fascination, that delicacy and brilliancy that sets his "Ariel" apart from all other studies of Shelley.

Read this history of England's great statesman, Lord Beaconsfield, and have a rare treat.

### A President Is Born

By Fannie Hurst. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

THIS is Miss Hurst's idea of the stuff of which a President should be made. It's a good idea, and makes a good book.

David Schuyler is born in the mid-West, of sterling immigrant stock. For eighteen years he lives a hard, busy life for a kid—but it is the kind of life that Miss Hurst knows produces something sturdy and reliant and big. At eighteen he goes off—leaves home to become handy boy in a grocery firm in Springfield, so that he may study law at night. At that point the novel leaves him.

It is, however, the "notes" written by his sister, and written after he has reached the

White House, that interestingly link up little "Davey" with the man whom Miss Hurst so bravely puts at the head of the nation.

This book is a big thing to have thought of—vital and tender and reaching down into the real roots of life. Particularly this year, when all eyes, and ears, will be centered on the conventions, will this surprising novel find an appreciative audience.

### Alice in the Delighted States

By Edward Hope. (The Dial Press, New York.)

THE cleverest parody of "Alice in Wonderland" we have ever read. Alice slips down through the stem of a drinking-glass and discovers us to be what someone has called a nation of Sinclair Lewis Carroll people. Read Alice's meeting with the Happy Ending and her participation at a Rotary luncheon, and even if you don't read another word you'll be repaid for getting the book.

### The Death of a Diplomat

By Peter Oldfield. (Ives Washburn, New York.)

A SO-SO mystery story. Post-war diplomats at a Geneva League of Nations Council. A secret treaty is dumb enough to get itself stolen. Then, "Button... Button... Who's got the treaty?" with appropriate thrills and complications. Well, if you've read all the other mystery tales in the house, this will do for an evening.

### Kitty

By Warwick Deeping. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York.)

THE large army of Warwick Deeping's admirers stand on the curb and cheer when "Kitty" comes along in the Book Parade. The rest of us escape down a side street.

"Sorrell and Son" had its points and made a good picture after it was put upon the screen, which is more than "Doomsday" did, but



even that dank novel, improbable and all that it was, held an emotion or two, a feeling of the soil and the English love of the land. But "Kitty"—if you don't mind our saying so, seems just simply poison gas.

It is the story of a man who is shipped home from the war about as completely done for as a man can be. Over his paralyzed body his domineering mother and his wife Kitty wage a war for supremacy—both descending, or perhaps ascending—to the rôle of kidnapper at various times. Kitty in the end is on the high-road to making something of the poor nothing, and mother—a magnificent example of old-time lady villain—loses any charm she had for us by softening in the end.

If you like Warwick Deeping—and indeed why shouldn't you when it comes to that?—you'll enjoy this yarn.

## 1928 Grand Lodge Convention in Miami, Florida

(Continued from page 43)

Official Grand Lodge Headquarters will be maintained in the McAllister, one of the best appointed and largest hotels in the South, overlooking beautiful Biscayne Bay and Bayfront Park.

Business of the convention will be transacted in the new and magnificent Olympia Theatre, air-cooled and comfortable, with a vista of stars, southern skies and tropical scenery in its unique decorative arrangement.

The convention setting will be one of the most picturesque, if not the most colorful, in the history of the annual gatherings. The Avenue of the Antlers, down which parades will pass and in front of which many entertainment features will be offered, extends from E. Flagler Street to N. E. Fifth Street, in Biscayne Boulevard, which at that point is 230 feet wide. On the east side of this avenue have been placed heroic-size elks in plaster, mounted on great pedestals, with one also on either side of a great reviewing stand to be occupied by the Grand Exalted Ruler. This stand will be decorated in the Elks colors, with an awning draped in similar colors over the Grand Exalted Ruler's stand. At E. Flagler Street and N. E. Fifth Street will be pylons 35 feet high serving as gateways to the Avenue of the Antlers. On each of these pylons will be the Elks clock and star and the elk's head.

In Bayfront Park, immediately east of the Avenue of the Antlers, will be the Green Pasture of Elksdom, a forty-three-acre tract of rare tropical beauty.

Fraternally yours,

- D. J. HEFFERNAN, *Chairman*,
- L. F. MCCREADY,
- WM. MARK BROWN,
- G. A. MCKINNON,
- C. B. SELDEN,
- A. J. CLEARY,
- R. B. GAUTIER,
- W. A. OTTER, *Ex Officio*

## The Elks National Home

(Continued from page 40)

reason that the Grand Lodge has never considered it necessary to take out a large insurance policy on the Home. Such minor damage as may follow a small fire is provided for in the annual fund appropriated for current repairs.

The new cottage, containing 102 rooms for residents and six guest-rooms, was so completely described in THE ELKS MAGAZINE for March, 1928, that a repetition of that description in this article would be superfluous. The new cottage is directly to the rear of the administration building. Its front outlook is therefore not quite so extensive as that of the other cottages, though the view from the rooms is very charming. The side windows give onto groves of beautiful trees, and the windows within the "U" open onto a courtyard garden which will soon be luxuriant with flowers and shrubs. As a matter of fact, so lovely are the buildings and their grounds, that you see a picture wherever you look. It

(Continued on page 80)

### New! The Halvorfold

EXTRA THIN MODEL  
Patented Loose Leaf  
Pass Case, Bill  
Fold, Card Case

Card pocket  
Bill-fold  
Card pocket  
4 or 8 pass capacity  
Celluloid face protects from dirt and wear.  
Patented loose-leaf device  
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100,000 Men Can't Be Wrong

## "Made to Order" for ELKS

Newly patented, extra thin model, HALVORFOLD—Bill-fold, Pass-case, Card case—just what every ELK needs. No embarrassing moments fumbling for your passes—just snap open your HALVORFOLD and they all show, each under separate transparent celluloid face protecting them from dirt and wear.

New, ingenious loose leaf device enables you to show 4, 8 or more passes, membership cards, photos, etc. Also has two large card pockets and extra size billfold. Made of high grade, black GENUINE CALFSKIN, specially tanned for the HALVORFOLD. Tough, durable and has that beautiful, soft texture that shows real quality. All silk stitched, extra heavy, no flimsy cloth lining. 4-10 14K Gold corners and snap fastener. Size, 3 1/2 x 6 closed, just right for hip pocket (flattens to only 1/2 inch thickness). Backbone of loose leaf device prevents breaking down. You simply can't wear out your HALVORFOLD. 25K GOLD NAME, address and lodge emblem FREE. This would ordinarily cost you \$1.00 to \$1.50 extra. An ideal gift with your friend's name. And now, for a short time, I am making the extraordinary offer of giving FREE TO ELKS my genuine calfskin key case (illustration at right) merely for the privilege of showing you the HALVORFOLD. No—no strings!

### FREE to ELKS

This Genuine Calfskin Key-case with your name in Gold for the privilege of showing your HALVORFOLD. Handiest thing you ever saw for car or latch keys. Keeps 4 or 5 on strong steel hooks.

It's yours whether you keep the HALVORFOLD or not. Don't miss this free offer!

Read Coupon Below  
Clip & Mail TODAY

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## The Elks National Home

(Continued from page 79)

might be said, really, that from the standpoint of appearance there is nothing to choose between the front of the buildings and the back. In proof of this, I call your attention to some of the pictures on these pages, snapped by your servant with a small folding camera. The rear views of the central gable of the administration building and of the kitchen were taken from the loggia which runs across the second story of the new cottage and is one of the most delightful features.

Returning across the service driveway to the main building, our tour takes us next to the hospital. Housed in a wing by itself, this is an important subsidiary unit of the Home. It has been the policy of the Grand Lodge, ever since the founding of the institution, to differentiate between the man who is eligible for resident and the man who is a hospital case. The Elks National Home was never intended to be a sanitarium. The rules governing the admission of members clearly state that, to be eligible, a man must be in good general health, able to take care of his daily wants and in possession of his mental faculties. It was not contemplated, when the buildings were designed, that the hospital should ever assume greater proportions than would be necessary to take care of such cases of illness as might develop in the normal course of events. The fact that there is, at the Home, a well-equipped hospital should not be taken to mean that the regulations regarding the admission of sick brothers have been suspended or even relaxed. As things stand now, with the increased population of the Home made possible by the new buildings, the hospital facilities are taxed pretty nearly to their limit by the normal requirements. And care should be taken by subordinate Lodges not to seek admission for members who are at present, or who are likely soon to become, cases needing constant medical and nursing treatment. (See Sections 63 and 67, Grand Lodge Statutes.)

The hospital is as clean and professional a place as any I have ever seen. It has nine private rooms and a ward containing some dozen beds; on its top floor is a solarium for convalescents. There is a diet kitchen in which special food is prepared not alone for members who are actually in hospital, but also for others unable to assimilate the usual fare, and these last are served in a separate dining-room in the hospital wing. The Home physician, in daily attendance, is assisted by two orderlies.

LEAVING the hospital, our tour of inspection takes us next to the storeroom beneath it. Here are kept the staple groceries and other supplies which are bought in large quantities at wholesale prices. Examination of the crates and boxes shows that everything is of standard brand, the best quality on the market. Misguided packers or commission men, thinking the Home might offer them an opportunity to unload second-rate stuff, do not try it twice.

From the storeroom one passes through a corridor in the basement of the administration building to the basement of the kitchen wing. Before the erection of the new power-house to the rear of the new cottage, this basement contained the boilers and mechanical apparatus. Now, however, the old boiler-room has been converted into a machine shop, and adjoining it is a model daylight bakery, whence come delicious bread, rolls, biscuits, and pies fresh every day. Though the storeroom and the bakery technically are in the basement, they are really on the ground floor, for the land at the back of the administration building is considerably lower than it is in front—a full story lower, in fact. Both bakery and storeroom, therefore, have plenty of direct light and air.

On our way to the kitchen above, we will stop a moment for a look at the refrigerating plant, which has a capacity of fifteen tons of ice and is in constant operation. About twenty tons are kept in storage at all times. This plant, in addition to making ice, cools the food chests on the floor above, adjacent to the kitchen. After a glimpse at the perishable food-stuffs in these capacious chests—which, needless to say, are immaculate—we pass into the kitchen itself. This is a large, light and well-ventilated room, with plenty of floor space and equipped with the latest devices for the efficient and

hygienic preparation and serving of meals. There is a huge range, a steam table, dish-washing machines, and all the rest of the apparatus one finds in the kitchen of a large hotel. As an example of the thoroughness with which all the operations here have been thought out, the waiters, instead of having to stagger under the weight of great trays, roll their orders right into the dining-room on rubber-tired metal wagons. It is interesting to note, in passing, that when the power plant was down below, the kitchen was obstructed by the great brick chimney which passed right up through the center of the floor. To-day, of course, that inconvenience has been done away with; a circular patch of new cement shows where the obstruction used to be.

Back now in the main lobby, whence we started, we turn our steps toward the new cottage and the power-house behind it. The upper floor of this latter building contains a splendid, modern laundry filled with all sorts of fascinating machinery from whirling centrifugal driers to ironing apparatus, each driven by its own electric motor and equipped with safety devices. The order noticeable through the Home is accentuated here by the faint smell of soap. No pains are spared in this laundry to return all linen spotless. Everything that comes in is subjected to eight courses of washing and rinsing. At one end of the room is a sorting counter, behind which are tiers of pigeonholes into which the individual bundles of clean things are placed for distribution. Here also, torn items are darned and mended before going back to their owners. A satisfactory place, that laundry, flooded with air and sunlight. Before the new addition was put up, it used to be in the basement of the main building.

Below it are the boiler-room and coal bunkers. Three huge furnaces and boilers generate steam for heating the entire Home. Another supplies high-pressure steam for the kitchen and laundry, and heaters provide hot water for the whole establishment. But I am beginning to repeat facts which have already appeared in our March issue.

Down a driveway at the back of the Home, some hundred yards or so from the new cottage, is the barn, with its silo and outbuildings. The lower floor is the dairy, which, like every other square foot of the Home, is absolutely spotless. Here are the stalls to which cows come for milking, each cow, by some miracle of instinct, always seeking out her own stall. The milking is performed by a farmer and his wife who live in Bedford. The herd is a fine, healthy-looking one, producing milk that seems to be at least half cream. Incidentally no skim-milk is served here; only the pure, unadorned fluid finds its way to the Home table. Some time ago the establishment was presented with a valuable prize bull, but unfortunately he became permanently bad-tempered and had to be destroyed. If the institution boasts no bull at present, however, it has a splendid and promising assortment of pigs. They are of all sizes, from tiny puppy-like creatures and slim, shy young shoats, to large matronly sows whose girth presages their early conversion into Virginia ham and bacon.

The land about the barns is partly pasture and partly under cultivation. A practical farm manager has supervision of the fields and orchards, where a variety of fruits and vegetables are raised. It is a little difficult, I was told, to harvest the fruit in any great quantity because some of the Home residents, who have never quite grown up, pick it and eat it before it reaches the proper stage of ripeness, and it would hardly seem to be really fraternal to prevent them from doing that.

Here is a little story that illustrates how un-institutional the Home is. The other day one of the residents approached the Superintendent and asked if he might pull up a few onions and potatoes from the farm. A little mystified, the Superintendent gave his consent, inquiring why the member wanted the vegetables.

"Come on down back of the barn in a couple of hours and you'll see," was the rejoinder. He went and saw. Some of the residents had caught

a good-sized turtle and, like a bunch of kids, had built a fire and, with the vegetables, had turned him into soup. They were all sitting round the fire gleefully eating it when the Superintendent went down. "It was darn good, too," he told me; "I had a couple of bowls of it."

You wonder, perhaps, what the old gentlemen down at Bedford do with themselves, how they pass the time. Well, some of them, active by temperament, work at odd jobs around the place, cutting the grass and the like. One told me that he is curator of the goldfish in the pool in the courtyard of the new cottage. Another likes to guide visitors about the establishment. Those who do work are paid for it. But it is entirely a matter of their own volition whether they do anything or not. Most of them spend a good deal of the time just sitting, and having experienced the soporific effect of the mild and soothing Bedford air, I am surprised to find that any of them find energy to do anything but just that. After all, if we were honest with ourselves, most of us would prefer to spend our lives sitting in the sun, or lying on the grass in the shade, taking just enough exercise to work up an appetite. And here, at Bedford, the residents have no reason for not indulging this primal human desire. No longer spurred by economic necessity, they can be as lazy as they please.

WHEN inactivity palls, as sometimes it must, there are books, there is music, there are games of various kinds, there is the adjacent city of Bedford, to which the residents may go at will, there are small jobs to be had, as I have said—and there is the never-ending and always entertaining possibility of starting an argument with a group of cronies.

Residents of the Elks National Home are supplied with food, tobacco and clothes. One thing, however, the Home does not give them is money. That is not exactly a necessity down there, but, as every one knows who has ever been without it, the jingle of coins in the pocket is a great help to one's morale. In most cases the home Lodges of residents at the National Home send their members regular allowances, so that they can feel free to buy such odds and ends as they may wish. A few Lodges, however, are remiss in this respect, with the result that their representatives at the Home feel at a disadvantage compared with others. They get the notion that they are forgotten, which, in the twilight of life, is not a pleasant idea to have in one's head. Any Lodge that has a member in the Home should send him a modest allowance regularly. The amount need not be large. It is the possession of at least a little ready cash that is important.

Nor does a Lodge need to have a member resident there to be able to be of some service to the aged brothers at Bedford. Books, magazines, tobacco, phonograph records and the like, addressed impartially to the Superintendent of the Home, are sure always to be welcome and put to good use.

You see, maintenance of the institution is one of the finest things being done by the Elks today. It is the only nation-wide activity carried on by the Order as a whole. The work it is doing is so useful, so wholly in the spirit of the fraternity, and is being done so well, that no opportunity to contribute to its effectiveness should be overlooked.

From its inception the Elks National Home has been a success and has grown. It is still growing. With the years it will need to be enlarged, probably many times. Yet to thousands of Elks it is little more than a name. Until now its light has been hidden under a bushel, because of the fear that, once its work became well known, applications for admission would be out of all proportion to the existing facilities. The belief is gaining ground, however, that the Elks National Home is destined to be more than ever the Order's outstanding welfare activity. Certainly no one can deny that it exemplifies, in the best sense, the benevolent and protective purposes of the fraternity.

I have no business, perhaps, to express an opinion, but I am sure that if every other member could have the inspiration of a visit to Bedford, he would say: "Let the applications come. If new buildings are needed, we'll build them."

For the Elks National Home is very wonderful. I've been there, and I know.





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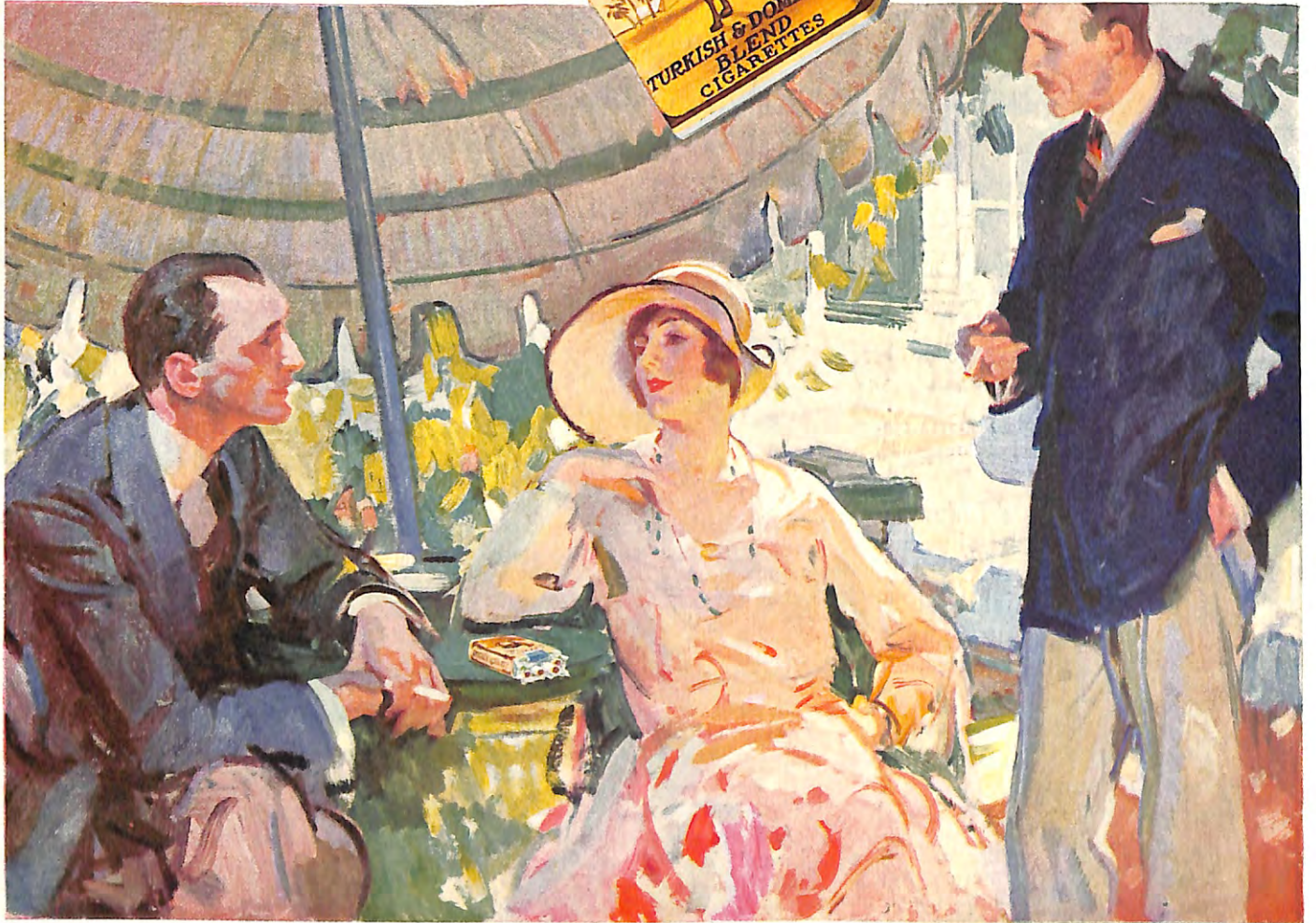
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