

# The Elks

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## Magazine

SEPTEMBER, 1928



J. F.  
-KERNAN-

Beginning "Catch-as-Catch-Can,"

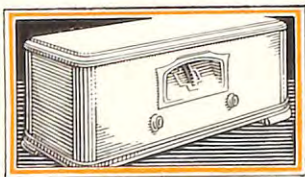
The Story of George Bothner, Once Lightweight Wrestling Champion of the World

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*A simple, practical AC set whose reception matches any known in special laboratory practice.*

Recall the development of the automobile. At a certain stage, the engineer had to step in, to make the work of the inventor *practical*, above all *dependable*. Radio has now reached the same stage.

Bearing in mind the complexity of previous radio, look at the Balkite chassis. Balkite has taken all that is known in radio, including its own discoveries. It has winnowed out what is best, and developed a set whose recep-

tion matches that of laboratory practice, and yet is simple, practical, trouble-free.

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Fine furniture is an art in itself. So Balkite has gone to Berkey & Gay, the most distinguished furniture house in America, for its cabinets. Women will appreciate this. Yet Balkite is reasonably priced. Ask your Balkite dealer. *Fansteel Products Co. Inc.* North Chicago, Ill.

FANSTEEL

# Balkite Radio

CABINETS BY Berkey & Gay



## So the man whose ship never quite comes in

"WHEN my ship comes in," you say—but your smile cannot hide the worry gnawing at your heart—

A fine sea-going vessel you thought that ship of yours when you launched it on the business ocean—

Yet the days and months and years slip by—and though others see their ships ride triumphantly to harbor, still you scan the horizon anxiously for a ship that never quite makes port.

No one's fault, perhaps—but what a misfortune that so many business ships should founder on a hidden reef or a treacherous shoal, when the channels to Success are plainly charted and a chart for every channel is available to every thinking man!

### How the Right "Chart" Increased E. T. Orcutt's Income 500%

Certainly my ship-of-fortune seems far off its course, said E. T. Orcutt, in effect, when as railroad clerk at \$20 a week he enrolled with LaSalle for home-study training in Traffic Management.

Before he had completed the training, however, came an opportunity with Hitchings & Co., Elizabeth, N. J., one of the largest manufacturers of greenhouses in the world.

Training had set his "ship" on the right course.

Today, as sales manager of Hitchings & Co., he is still training with LaSalle—in Business Management.

Mr. Orcutt is one of twelve members of the Hitchings organization who are furthering their progress thru LaSalle; and since taking his first course, his salary has increased more than 500 per cent.

### How G. W. Clason Placed His "Ship" on the Right Course

No bands were playing when G. W. Clason launched his "ship" upon the businessocean.

Clason had left school at 14, and at 19 his job was to take care of the horses in the barn of a laundry.

"Never mind," said G. W. Clason, "I'll make my opportunity right where I am!"

So he learned the laundry business from barn to office, and at 28 was operating his own plant. When fire wiped his business out, he rebuilt and started again. Unable to finance properly—thru lack of business understanding, as he testifies—he sold out and became superintendent of the Ideal Laundry Company, Spokane, Washington.

Right then he made up his mind to remedy his lack—and enrolled with LaSalle for training in Business Management.

Today, at 47, he is vice-president and a director of this successful company, and commands an income several times as large as when he started with LaSalle five years ago.

"I give all credit to my LaSalle training," writes Mr. Clason. "It has proved by far the most profitable investment I ever made."

### In Seven Years a Total Increase of 700%

I'm tired of trying to bring my ship to port without chart or compass, said B. J. Mertz, in effect, when as principal of a rural high school in Texas at \$80 a month he enrolled with LaSalle for training in Higher Accountancy.

Upon completing the training, he first took a place as Assistant Bookkeeper, in Chicago—then joined a firm of Certified Public Accountants, chiefly to get experi-

ence. Then he became Office Manager and Acting Secretary of a foundry in Southern Ohio. Already—in only four years—his salary had increased 500%.

Today he is comptroller of the Buckeye Union Casualty Company, Jackson, Ohio, and in addition conducts a private accounting practice which brings him back the entire cost of his training every month.

"At the end of seven years," writes Mr. Mertz, "I find that your training has increased my income more than 700 per cent."

### No More Drifting! Send for These Free Books—Today

Are you letting your ship-of-fortune drift where it will—or are you charting its course to the Harbor of Success?

There's a route that will take it straight to its destination. LaSalle can help you find it.

"The book you sent me—'Ten Years' Promotion in One'—gave me the inspiration that decided my future career," writes B. J. Mertz. The coupon will bring this book to you without cost or obligation—and with it your free copy of a 64-page booklet fully describing the opportunities in the business field that most appeal to you, and showing you how you can turn those opportunities into cash.

Are you going to keep on waiting on the shore of life when others have long since brought their ships to harbor? Fill in, clip and mail the coupon NOW!

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Ref-Ex is card-indexed, "brass tacks" business information built especially for the convenient use of the busy executive. It affords instant access to fundamental facts, analyses and principles that underlie all successful executive work. It is supplemented by current business surveys and carries the privilege of confidential consultation on specific business problems. Write on your business letterhead for full particulars.

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 —From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Seven  
 Number Four

# THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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

If any Lodge has accommodations, but is not listed here, The Elks Magazine will be glad to include it without charge.

## Traveling Elks

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

MAKE THEM YOUR HEADQUARTERS WHEN TRAVELING

# Personalities and Appreciations

## "Catch as Catch Can"

FOR some obscure reason—at least it is obscure to us—one hears little nowadays about the ancient and exacting sport of wrestling. Wrestlers there still are, to be sure, and wrestling matches. Yet the intense interest that used to be generated by the latter less than a decade ago seems no longer to be in evidence. It is doubtful, for instance, that one man in ten can tell, off-hand, the name of the current heavyweight wrestling champion. Can you?

Just why the "pachyderms," as our Mr. McGeehan dubs them, should have lost their hold on the popular fancy is an enigma, unless it be that the wrestling fraternity lack the genius of their boxing brethren for the ballyhoo. Certainly wrestling matches provide excitement enough and physical punishment enough to satisfy the most bloodthirsty audiences. Furthermore, as technicians, the best of our wrestlers are far ahead of the leaders among our prize-fighters. They have to be. In the wrestling profession, it takes more than a rubber jaw and a round-house swing to get you anywhere. In so-called boxing, nowadays, those seem to be the major requisites—together with a competent press-agent.

It may be that the public, which showed pretty plainly that it was bored with inferior fights by staying away from the Tunney-Heeney affair, may begin to insist that championship contenders be forced to take their boxing lessons in gyms, instead of in the ring, as they have been doing of late. We advance the idea in fact, for what, if anything, it may be worth, that the elimination of contenders should be conducted in private, attended only by members of boxing commissions and considered in the nature of Regents' Examinations. Under such a system, any fighter surviving an elimination series and demonstrating, in doing so, that he really knew the difference between a jab and a hook, would be awarded a diploma. This would entitle him to appear in the ring in public, to share in the net receipts, to call himself a contender, and to own one medium-priced automobile. During the elimination period, of course, no fighter would be paid anything; nor would his name be permitted to appear in print. The adoption of this system would mean that it would be years before we could see another fight. We should have to wait until an entirely new crop of youngsters had been developed, willing to learn their business and to prove their fitness before competent authorities, just as lawyers, dentists, and veterinaries are now required to do. All the present so-called contenders would automatically eliminate themselves, at once. But what of it? While waiting we could watch wrestling again.

We have digressed somewhat from our original theme. We started out to tell you to be sure to read "Catch as Catch Can," which leads off this issue of the magazine. It is the story of one of the greatest wrestlers that ever lived. His name—he's still very much alive—is George Bothner. You probably saw him in action more than once, in the days when he was tackling all comers, regardless of size. But whether you saw him or not, read his story. It's a corker.

## Stop, Look, and Listen!

THE American Railway Association has asked us to say something about the prevention of grade-crossing accidents. There seems little to be said that has not been said before upon this subject, but we are glad to add our support to any safety campaign.

It appears that in 1927 there were 5,640 accidents at railroad crossings, with 2,371 persons killed, and 6,613 persons injured. Automobiles were involved in 89 per cent. of these accidents. Over 1,100 instances occurred of automobiles colliding with the sides of trains. We quote the figures furnished by the Association.

If we lived in Utopia there would be no railroad cross-

ings, for there would be no railroads. But since we don't live in Utopia, we might as well remember that at railroad crossings *trains always have the right of way.* There is no exception to this rule.

In October, 1927, the United States Supreme Court handed down a decision which read, in part, as follows: "When a man goes upon a railroad track he knows that he goes to a place where he will be killed if a train comes upon him before he is clear of the track. He knows that he must stop for the train, not the train stop for him. In such circumstances it seems to us that if a driver can not be sure otherwise whether a train is dangerously near he must stop and get out of his vehicle, although obviously he will not often be required to do more than to stop and look. It seems to us that if he relies upon not hearing the train, or any signal and takes no further precaution, he does so at his own risk."

At some grade crossings the tracks are clearly visible in both directions. At others they are hidden by embankments, bushes, buildings or other obstructions. But the crossings are always marked. It is impossible for a driver not to know he is approaching a crossing, even at night. There is only one reason for the occurrence of crossing accidents: carelessness.

Traversing railroad tracks slowly is not necessarily a safe course. The important thing is to have one's car under control. Stalling the motor half-way across may be just as fatal as dashing over at sixty miles an hour. If it seems the part of wisdom to cross tracks slowly, do it in low speed, or second—not in high.

But first stop, look, and listen if you're not certain the tracks are clear.

## "The Captain's Chair"

THE serial which will follow Richard Connell's current story "Murder at Sea" is the result of a collaboration. The theme was supplied by Robert J. Flaherty, F. R. C. S., and the actual writing of the story was done by the managing editor of this magazine. By every one who goes to the movies, Mr. Flaherty will be remembered as the creator of those unexcelled films: "Nanook of the North" and "Moana of the South Seas," two of the most beautiful motion-pictures ever screened.

It may not be generally known that before he became interested in motion-picture direction and photography, Mr. Flaherty was an engineer, as had been his father before him. "Nanook of the North," a study of Eskimo life in Baffin Land and the Hudson Bay region, was made following other expeditions of his in search, not of picture material, but of iron-ore. Sent into Hudson Bay first to assay the iron-bearing rocks of the Eastern coast—which Mr. Flaherty found to be without commercial value—he returned on two other voyages of discovery. Though the charts of the time did not show them, Eskimos averred that there was a group of large islands some seventy miles off the eastern coast of the Bay. So convincing were their stories that Mr. Flaherty determined to investigate, though it seemed scarcely possible that islands of any size could have been passed unnoticed by mariners for more than two hundred and fifty years.

His first expedition failed, for lack of adequate equipment. His second, however, was successful. After many hardships, Mr. Flaherty found the islands, one of which is over a hundred miles long, and surveyed them; and it is due to him that to-day they appear, accurately, on our maps. In his book, "My Eskimo Friends," is an interesting and vividly written account of his discovery of the Belcher Islands, of other expeditions, and of the filming of "Nanook."

We shall have more to say about Mr. Flaherty in later issues. Meanwhile watch for the beginning of "The Captain's Chair." We believe it is an unusual story.

# This "Crazy Scheme" Made Me Independent

*Learn the secret of my success. Be a Real Estate specialist. Start at home in spare time. Use my successful system. Free Book shows how.*

"IT'S a crazy scheme," said some of the old-time real estate men. But with this "crazy scheme" I made a net profit of \$100,000 in less than five years—enough to make me independent for life.

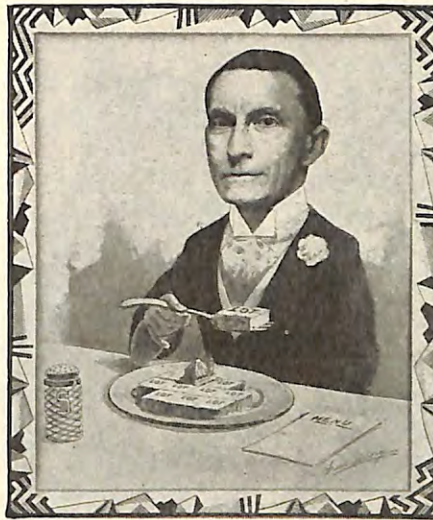
So, no matter where you live, or what you are now doing, or what your sex or present age may be, if you want to learn all about my "crazy scheme"—if you want to do as I did—if you want to make big money—right at home—in your spare time—mail coupon at once for a free copy of my beautiful, new, illustrated book, which contains the biggest and best money-making business opportunity you ever heard of.

### Use My Money-Making Method

When I started in real estate, I turned my back on all the ancient, threadbare, moss-covered methods of the past, and used a simple, scientific system of my own which is as far superior to the old-time methods as the radio is superior to the old-style music box.

With little education—no real estate experience, no money, no pull, I started a new kind of real estate business which met with overwhelming success.

If you want to follow the trail I blazed—if you want to use my amazingly successful system—



A well known cartoonist's conception of my idea

write for my free book now. It tells how I won success, how I have helped other men and women succeed, how you, too, can succeed, how you can have a high-class business of your own and make more money than you ever made before in your whole life.

### A Remarkable Business

The real estate business—in my way—is a wonderful business. It is as permanent as Mother Earth itself. And it is constantly increasing as our great country grows. It does not require years of study like most other trades, businesses or professions. And it pays big profits to ambitious men and women. Users of my methods report earnings of \$1,000, \$2,000, \$5,000—and more—on single deals; as much as the ordinary man or woman gets for months and years of hard work. And the business is practically unlimited. Ten million properties are always 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.

### What Others Say

Read the following record of results achieved by a few users of my remarkable system.

Anthony C. Maurell, Paterson, N. J. (former barber), reports earning of more than \$4,100 his first three months in my kind of a real estate business. Kate Luke (65-year-old widow) says she has averaged \$200 a week for the past 6 months. W. E. Shoop, Bloomsburg, Pa. (former weaver), earned \$6,000 in one deal. A. D. Perkins, Forestville, Conn. (former wood worker), reports earnings of \$1,252 in one month. J. W. Randolph, Elizabeth City, N. C. (former grocery clerk), reports 3 sales in 2 weeks that paid him \$510. W. C. Campbell, Wichita, Kans. (former druggist), made real estate sales amounting to \$22,875 in one day.

These are a few samples of the successes you will learn about in my free book. Get it. Read it. Follow its instructions. Make big money my way.

### Send For Free Book

My free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist," is filled with astounding facts about my kind of a real estate business. It tells what I have done—what others are doing—what you can do—in this big field of opportunity.

Mail coupon at once and get all of this valuable, money-making information free. For although this book costs you nothing it may be worth more to you—in actual dollars and cents—than any other book you have read. So, mail coupon now and learn all about the "crazy scheme" that made me independent for life. Address President, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 33-9, 18 East 18 Street, New York.

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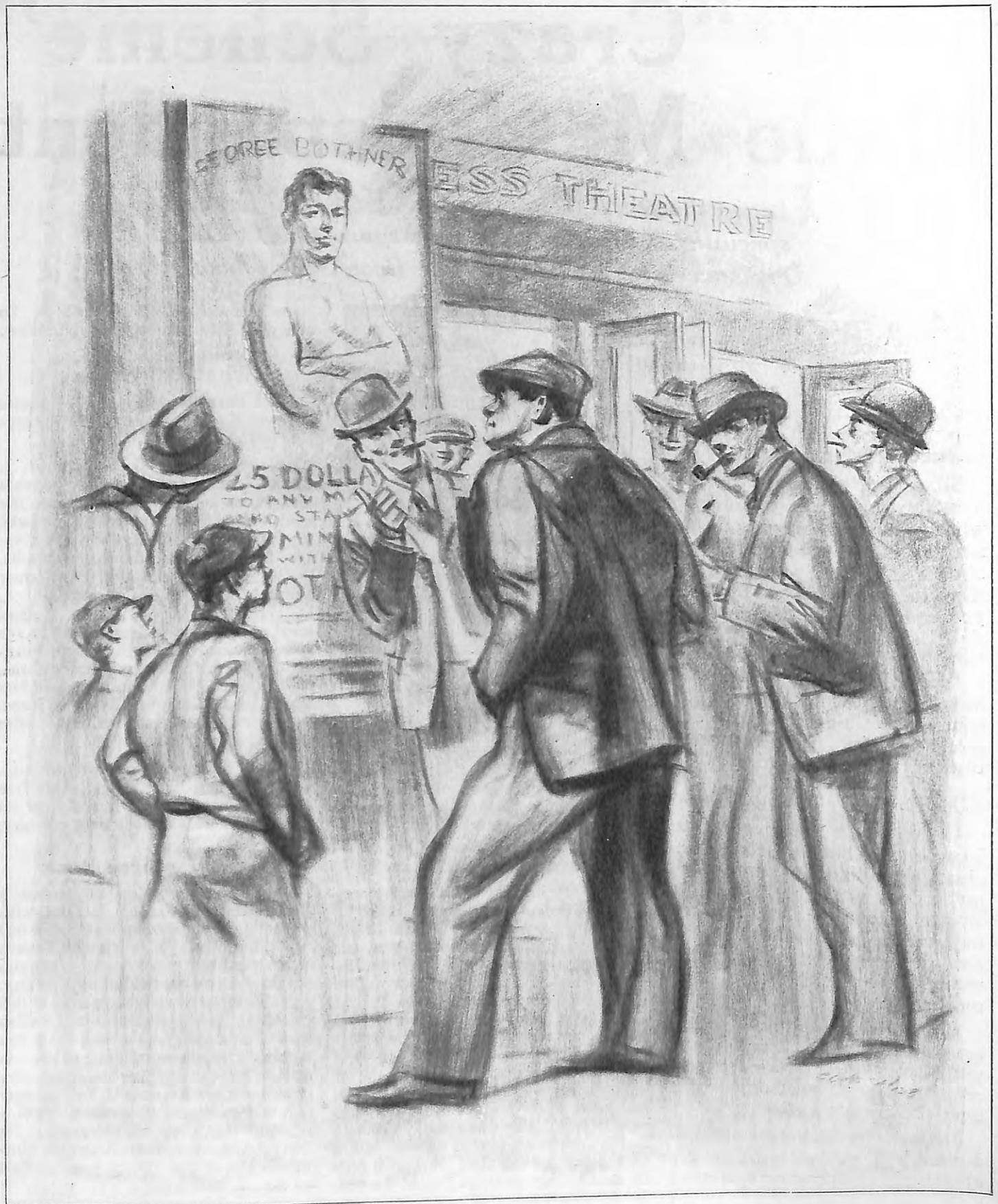
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Please send me—without cost or obligation—your new, illustrated book, telling how you will help me make big money in real estate, without capital or experience.

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*The Story of the World's Champion  
Wrestler Who Defended His Title  
Against All Comers for Twenty Years*





# Catch as Catch Can

*The Feats and Experiences of George Bothner, as Told to*

Tom Curry

*Drawings by Grattan Condon*

**M**OST men who are successful—and by successful I mean able to hold one's own in the match with life—have won out in the form of endeavor in which they are extremely interested. The love of the chosen occupation, chosen because it is loved, spurs a man on to victory.

With me, it has been wrestling. And wrestling has occupied me now for fifty years. I love the game, and I know it—I had to learn it. I could not keep away from it, and I never will leave it.

For over twenty years I held the lightweight championship of the world. Several times I retired, like all unbeaten champions; but each time I was forced back to the mat by taunts or challenges which I could not ignore.

I have never been a heavy man. One hundred and thirty-five was my weight in my prime days. But I have proved the value of wrestling as a form of exercise and as a form of self-defense by throwing or defending myself against men of more than double my weight. In open challenge bouts I have taken on all comers, regardless of size. I have grappled with jiu-jitsu experts, "Terrible Turks" and champions of every nationality.

Have you ever been on the mat? If not, you have missed a great sensation. You are face to face, brain to brain, muscle to muscle, with your opponent, and it is a question of single combat, a fight to prove who is the better man.

The crowd is watching, and among them are some admirers who shout your name, others who back your opponent. Between you and the audience shine the footlights. The mat is under your feet.

"Time!"

You step forward and take the referee's hold, placing one hand on your antagonist's shoulder, as he touches yours. You look into his eyes. Perhaps he sneers, perhaps he smiles; but you know it is to be a battle.

You must be supple, you must be quick. You must know the game, know more than the game, and you must have courage, courage to withstand the torturous holds. You must have agility, and above all, endurance, and once I learned fully the meaning of that last quality, for I wrestled eight hours at a stretch.

Perhaps your opponent desires victory

so much that he is willing to rough you, digging you with finger and thumb, brushing his hairy arm across your face, and butting you with his head.

You forget the spectators; they are nothing but a blur, seen from the corner of one eye. You must watch your man every instant, lest he secure a vital hold.

In my bout with Higashi, one of the masters of the inner lore of jiu-jitsu, I fought his attempts to maim me—for that is the chief object of jiu-jitsu. The Japs work with the idea of disabling or even killing the opponent. Where I simply use leverage to pin a man's shoulders to the mat, a jiu-jitsu expert applies it in the opposite direction to break the bone.

Against an unskilled or clumsy man, the jiu-jitsu is murderous; against a man who knows the tricks of wrestling as I do, it is frightful punishment; but I have beaten it.

The ordinary wrestler does not care to master the intricacies of his art. He relies on a few pet holds and the natural strength which encourages him to take up the sport. But when I began, I was weak and small, and the only way I could hold my own was through skill.

When I was fourteen years old, living with my family in New York City, I was anemic, just a little chap with no development. My father, Carl Bothner, was a champion gymnast.

He had taught me how to exercise in the New York Turn Verein, and I went there regularly.

One day, after school, I was in my gym suit, and I happened to see two boys wrestling. They knew only a few holds, but the game, crude as it was, fascinated me. I watched with open mouth.

When they finished, the winner, a lad much heavier than I, glared at me, and said, loud enough for me to hear:

"Look at the little rat! He thinks he'd like to get into it. But this is a man's game!"

I stepped on the mat.

"I'll wrestle with you," I said.

He laughed, crouched low, and in a moment had pulled me close, with my back to him. He crushed my waist, lifting me from my feet, showing the watching boys how strong he was.

I was untrained, and had no knowledge

of the game. I fought back as well as I could, but was unable to break his hold, and he threw me heavily to the mat and fell on me.

I would not give in. He applied a head-lock, and foolishly I resisted it. I burst a blood vessel, and when I got home, I went to bed and stayed there for five or six weeks.

My father said the sport was too strenuous for me. He forbade me to wrestle. I started to learn fencing instead, and gained some proficiency in it, though my brother Charles, who later became the national champion in foils, saber and duelling swords—the only man who has ever accomplished the feat—soon outstripped me. Fencing was Charles' game; but wrestling was mine. As I said, I could not keep away from it.

I began wrestling in 1884 as a member of the New York Turn Verein. At eighteen, in 1885, I joined the Pastime Athletic Club, of New York City, located in Yorkville, and began to train. My father relaxed in his attitude towards wrestling, and I took it up in earnest. I learned the various holds, and how to apply them, and I carried it to the furthest possible degree, since I was small and light.

My best hold has always been the body scissors, with perhaps an arm lock combined. In the body scissors I get my opponent's stomach between my legs, with the over leg higher than the under leg, thus making it impossible for him to sit up. The arm lock keeps him from turning.

I never lost a bout as an amateur. In the many tournaments in which I participated, my shoulders were never placed on the mat. One night I won the finals in the 125-pound and 158-pound classes in the Metropolitan championships.

Then I finished my schooling, and began to look around for a means of livelihood. Naturally I turned to the occupation which interested me most, wrestling.

**I** BEGAN my professional career by accepting a position as assistant to Hugh Leonard at the New York Athletic Club. After a short time I left the Club, and went to Columbia as an instructor.

Wrestling was not as profitable then as it became later. In those days, wrestlers traveled with burlesque shows. And that was what I eventually did. I accepted an engagement with Barney Gerard's burlesque show.

For several years I barnstormed over the country, jumping from place to place, appearing twice a day and wrestling catch-as-catch-can with any rube or city strong man who thought he could beat me. I would meet anyone at any weight. I was billed between acts, and outside the theatre would be a poster, with my name and picture, and on it, in large letters, "25 Dollars to Any Man Who Stays Fifteen Minutes with Bothner."

I wrestled hundreds of men, and in all those bouts I lost just two. Both men who won the twenty-five dollars were heavyweights. Shad Link was the first, and at the Monumental Theatre in Baltimore one night, as I started in to throw Link, the audience cheering us on, my foot caught in a tuft of the mat. As I paused to disengage it, Link leaped at me, seized me by the waist, and swung me around. I strained against him; but with one foot bound to the mat I could do nothing. My ankle snapped, and I went down. I was laid up for a good many weeks with that broken ankle.

**T**HE second occasion when a volunteer won my backer's money, was over in Jersey City. George Schnabel, a big butcher, who weighed two hundred and twenty pounds, to my hundred and thirty, insisted on wrestling Græco-Roman style instead of catch-as-catch-can. With the use of legs and holds below the waist barred, weight counted for a great deal. Tripping is a foul.

I held Schnabel off. I might easily have defended myself against him, for he was clumsy; but I wanted to throw him quickly in order to save the twenty-five. So I rushed matters, and Schnabel got a body hold on me. Face to face, forbidden to use my legs, I tried to push his chin up, but his neck was set. He gripped me with his immense arms, and lifted me off my feet, hugging me tight and trying to squeeze the breath out of my lungs.

My legs were dangling uselessly in the air; since it was Græco-Roman style I could not bring them up to hold myself and perhaps scissor him to the floor. Schnabel spun round and round, still gripping me about

the waist, and when he was turning at terrific speed, he let go of me. I sailed out into the audience, and landed in the fourth row.

Somebody caught me, and I rushed back with blood in my eye. But at Græco-Roman style, I could not throw the big fellow. He stayed with me for the fifteen minutes, in spite of all punishment, and earned his money.

However, I was not satisfied. As soon as the trip was finished, I sent a friend of mine over to Jersey and had him bring Schnabel back to New York. I wrestled the big butcher catch-as-catch-can, at Brown's gymnasium on West Twenty-third Street, in a fifteen-minute bout.

Arthur de Young was time-keeper. "When we've been at it about ten minutes," I said to de Young, "just tap the bell."

At the beginning, I let Schnabel cut out the work, allowing him to tire himself.

When ten minutes had elapsed, de Young tapped the bell with a pencil. I drew back, seized Schnabel's arm, while facing him, and stepped in close. This is the first movement of the flying mare, a spectacular fall. Bending from my waist, and dropping my head forward, I jerked mightily on Schnabel's arm. This pulled his arm across my shoulder, and I threw him out of the ring. When he returned to the mat, I grabbed him, and with another flying mare, brought him crashing down on his back. The fall left him dazed. I felt satisfied then.

Most of my antagonists in the barnstorming days were easy. A local strong man, who knew only a few holds, would be urged to try for the glory of beating Champion Both-

ner. Up the poor fellow would come, husky, nervous, but yet thinking he could easily trim such a little fellow. But skill counted. In a minute or two, after feeling him out, I would apply a body scissors and press his shoulders to the mat.

Between engagements with different theatrical companies I would go to the mat with wrestlers in special bouts. I trained for these at the old Pastime Athletic Club, located in a little church building on Sixty-sixth Street and the East River, where the Rockefeller Research Institute now stands. Bill Brown was my trainer, and he used to make me work hard.

I was continually on the look-out for means of testing my theory that skill counted more than brute force. I had beaten all men of my own weight; I was not afraid of any man. I would go up against wrestlers twice my size.

About 1897, Youssouf, the original Terrible Turk, came to this country. William A. Brady had Youssouf under his management. The Terrible Turk was booked at the London Theatre, on the Bowery at Stanton Street. He was working with Irwin Brothers show, and one hundred dollars was offered to anyone who could stay fifteen minutes with him.

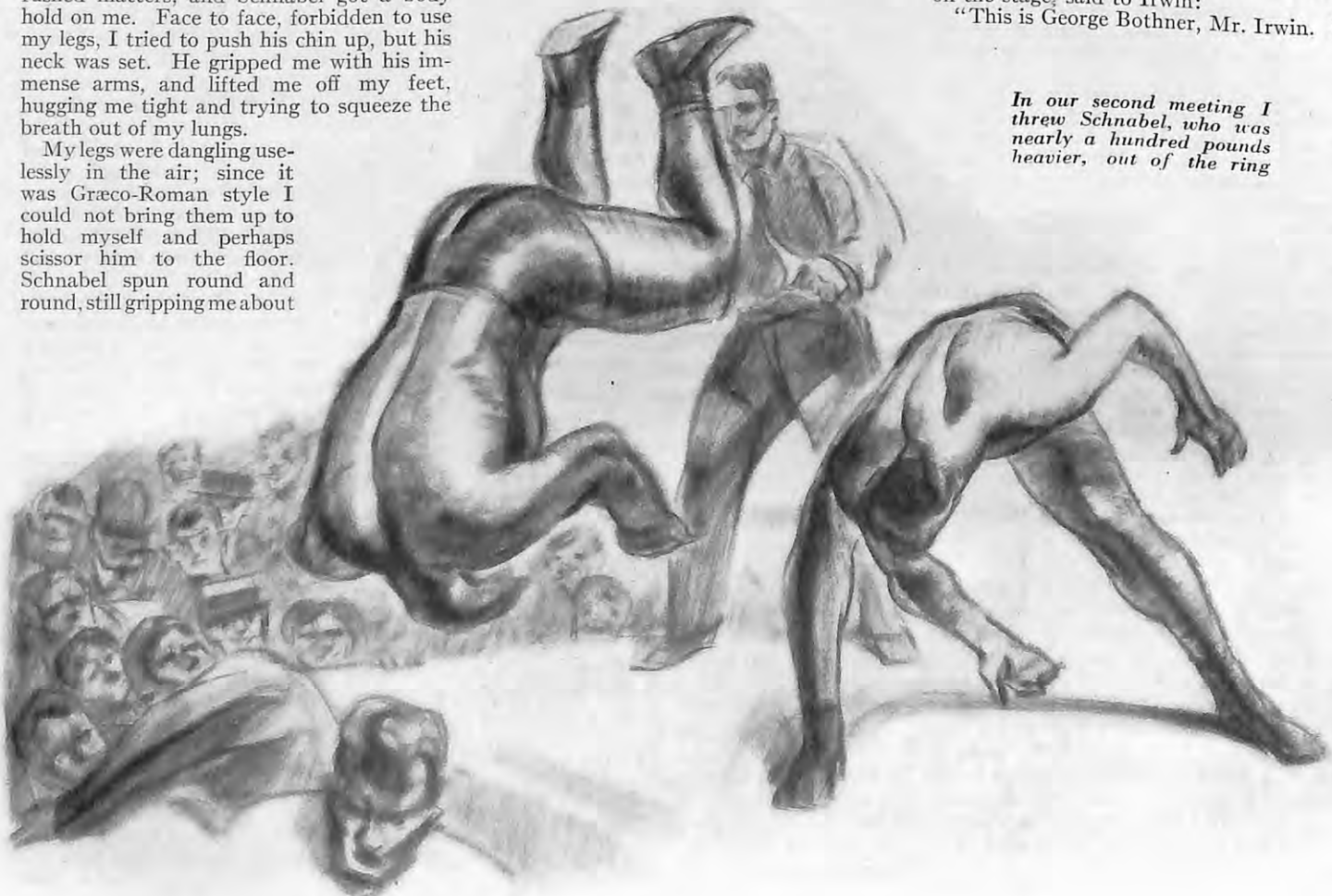
I went there on Monday evening to get a line on him, and saw Youssouf down a local heavyweight. I thought I might have a chance against the Turk, who balanced the scales at two hundred and sixty pounds. Anyway, I thought, I can stay with him for fifteen minutes. And in my inner heart, I hoped the Turk, up against such a little fellow as I was, would get careless and I might be able to throw him.

Next morning, I went down to Arthur Irwin, and told him I wanted to go on against Youssouf. Irwin looked at me and laughed.

"We want men, not boys," he said.

Steve O'Donnell, who refereed the bouts on the stage, said to Irwin:

"This is George Bothner, Mr. Irwin. He



*In our second meeting I threw Schnabel, who was nearly a hundred pounds heavier, out of the ring*

*A demonstration of one of Bothner's favorite holds—the punishing body scissors*



knows plenty of wrestling, and he has a large following. Why don't you advertise the match? It would bring a good house."

It was hard to convince Irwin that Youssouf could do anything to me but kill me. But finally, O'Donnell and I prevailed.

"If you get hurt now, you'll have no one to blame but yourself," Irwin said to me.

But I didn't care. A few nights later, I went down, with my friend Bill Brown. Previous to going on, I sat on a stool outside my dressing-room, with Bill beside me. Both of us were about the same size.

Pretty soon, the door on the other side of the wings opened, and the Terrible Turk himself, a huge cross-looking fellow, with a ferocious mustache, strode out. He was coming to take a look at his opponent of the evening.

Youssouf came within a few feet of Bill and me, and stood there, glaring at us. He couldn't understand it, because neither of us looked big enough to be a wrestler.

Whether he was trying to terrify us I don't know; but he stood there, frowning, and finally I couldn't keep from laughing. At that, Youssouf scowled all the harder, turned on his heel and slammed his door behind him.

We thought the next time we would see him would be when I was on the mat with him; but about two minutes later, the door of the Turk's room opened, and out Youssouf came again.

He went through the same proceeding as before, coming up to us, glaring at us and then, when we laughed and smiled at him, slamming his door on us.

Finally the door swung back for the third time, and Youssouf, accompanied by an interpreter, stamped along back of the scenes and confronted us.

"Which of you is Bothner?" asked the interpreter when Youssouf had spoken.

"I am," I said, standing up, and going closer to him.

On identifying me, and now sure that he was to wrestle a small fellow, the Turk grew really angry, cursed in Turkish, shook his fists and made for his door again. He slammed it for the third time.

"Some turkey," said Brown.

You see, Youssouf thought it was a joke, and that we were making sport of him by pitting a small man against him. He weighed just twice what I did.

O'Donnell was referee of the bouts. He was a friend of mine, and would have liked to see me win.

"If I can give you that hundred squarely, George, I'll do it," he said.

Of course my policy was defense. I hoped nevertheless to throw Youssouf.

It was catch-as-catch-can. My plan was to keep clear, and when we went on the mat, the big Turk made a dive for me, growling in his native tongue.

I easily eluded him, keeping behind him. He chased me around the mat, with me ducking every which way, and smiling at him sweetly. Poor Youssouf grew angrier at each turn. The crowd laughed and cheered, and for eleven minutes, Youssouf was unable to get a secure grip on me. As I said, Youssouf couldn't understand English. I was due for a fall.

The Turk, unable to catch me, stood in the center of the mat, a puzzled expression on his face. I had slipped from his big hands a dozen times.

Suddenly he lurched forward, and struck me with his open hand, in the chest. The punch threw me off balance, and I went sailing back, at terrific speed, unable to check myself. Finally, I toppled over backward, and fell flat on the floor in the wings, among the chorus girls who had remained to watch the bout.

The audience could not see what was going on. Steve O'Donnell, the referee, called to me.

"Get up, Bothner, and take the center of the mat."

That meant time was called until I was on the mat again. Of course Youssouf did not understand O'Donnell's words.

Starting to obey the referee's instructions, and off my guard, I did not see Youssouf, who had swiftly followed me. As I rose to my feet Youssouf leaped on me from behind, and out of sight of the audience, the Terrible Turk picked me up bodily, lifted me over his head, and held me for an instant at arm's length.

I heard him grunt as he threw me down, smash! to the wooden floor. The only spectators we had were the chorus girls and they screamed as Youssouf slammed me to the boards. I landed on the side of my head.

Youssouf, with a wild cry, fell heavily on top of me, as I lay there, dazed. It was the end for me.

The Turk's weight twisted my neck around in an unnatural position, and paralyzed the nerves, so that when finally O'Donnell and the others pulled Youssouf off me, and I rose, dizzy and sick, I found my head would not turn back to its natural position. For a week I looked north and walked east.

I retired, beaten because Youssouf had failed to understand O'Donnell's order. The audience showed great disappointment, for they had been unable to see the finish, and did not know just what had transpired.

**B**UT if Youssouf had understood O'Donnell's command to me, to take the mat, maybe I'd have won that hundred dollars.

I went to my dressing room and began to feel a little better, though my neck was still twisted. Bill Brady came in and shook hands with me.

"You know the conditions of the contract," he said. "Kid, you don't win that hundred; but here's a twenty-dollar gold piece for you, just for your nerve."

And then Youssouf's interpreter came to me.

"Before you go the Turk wants to see you."

I wondered if Youssouf was still angry because I had dared to defy him. I went into his dressing-room, where his handler was rubbing him down. Youssouf, the Terrible Turk, grinned at me,

and pushing aside his masseur, picked me up as a gorilla would lift a baby monkey, and began to splutter at a great rate in Turkish.

"Well," I said to the interpreter. "I suppose he's calling me a son-of-a-gun and everything else."

"No, he just wonders where you got the nerve."

"Tell him I was disappointed,"

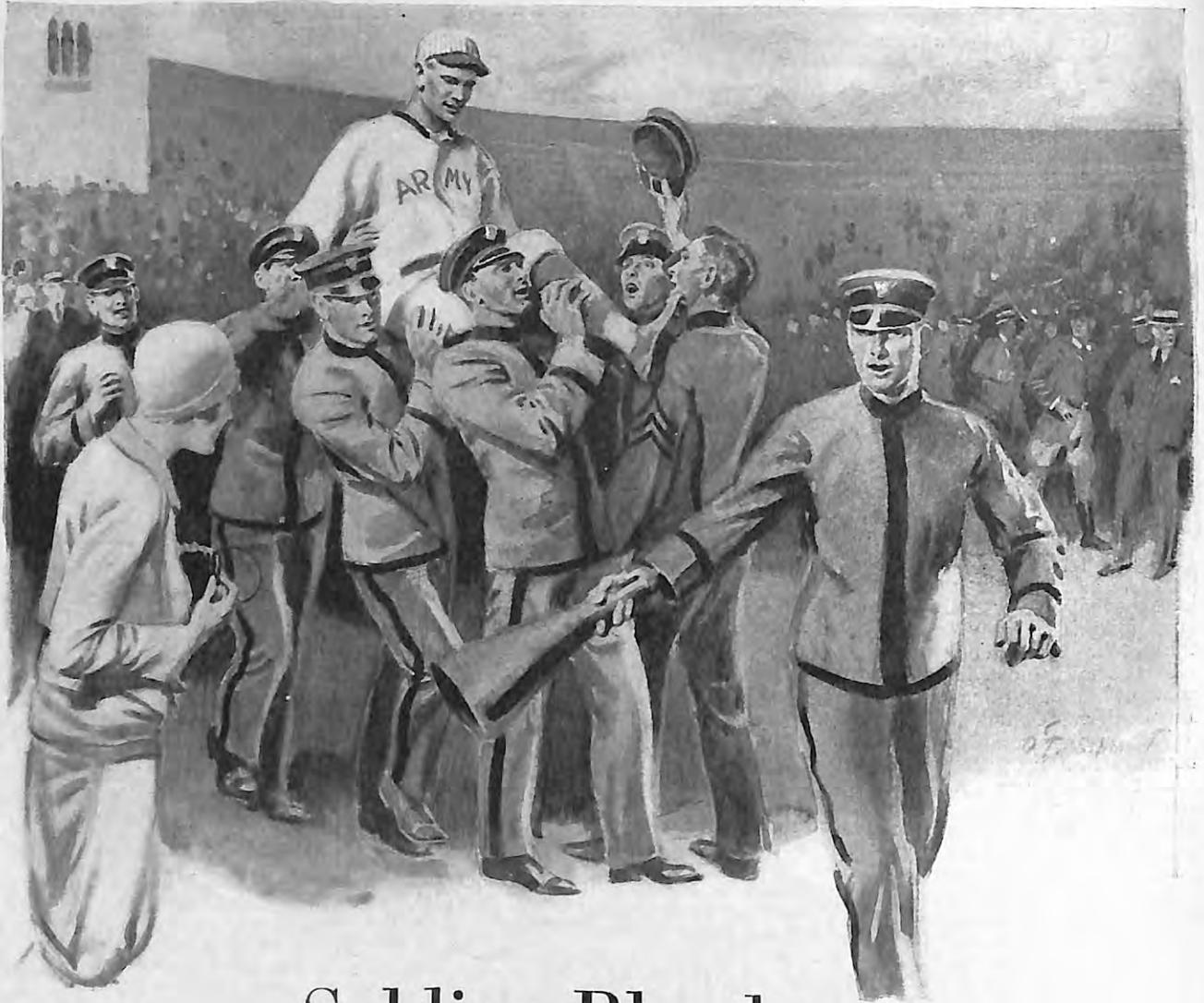
I said. "I thought I was going to throw him!"

Youssouf was quite a character. Poor fellow, he didn't live long to enjoy the money he made over here. He sailed for Europe on the ill-fated *La Bourgogne*, which collided with the British sailing ship *Cromartyshire*, July 4, 1898. Five hundred and sixty people were drowned in the disaster, and Youssouf was among them.

The Terrible Turk had insisted on being paid in gold, and  
(Continued on page 77)



Bothner at 24



## Soldier Blood

By Lawrence Perry

Illustrated by O. F. Schmidt

THE New York Yankees, having a hole in their mid-week schedule in late April, came up to West Point for an exhibition game against the cadet team. They came with the insouciance of a major-league ball club which is filling in an off day with pleasant diversion. Babe Ruth didn't make the trip, nor Lazzeri, nor Gehrig.

It became apparent presently that these fence-busters were going to be needed. For in their half of the fourth inning and of the preceding inning the cadet batsmen had laced into the recruit from Holy Cross who occupied the mound for the Yanks, sending four runs across the plate.

Now the acute phase of the situation was that the professionals had been unable thus far to nick even a single from the delivery of Colin Slade, the brawny fourth-classman who opposed them on the mound. A score of four to nothing after mid-game has passed is a distinct shock to the pride of a band of big-leaguers who, in facing a school nine, had been filled with the conviction that runs were available when and how desired.

You could see a certain tenseness developing on the Yankee bench, could hear covert witticisms of a distinctly big-league sort sent from the coaches' boxes to the mound where Slade stood.

But Colin was not subject to nerves. He was a cool youth, with a lot of dry humor of his own, who had entered this game not at all afraid of his eminent opponents, being naturally fearless. Besides, he had brought to the mound a store of saving philosophy.

"If," he had said to his catcher and room-

mate, "these big-leaguers knock me out of the box it will be nothing more than any one expects. After all, they are the Yankees, you know. And if they don't knock me out—which they won't if I can help it—why then all the greater credit. Nothing to lose, everything to win, eh?"

So this had been his mood from the time he had wound up for the first delivery until the beginning of the fifth, with the Yankees coming in from the field yipping at one another encouragingly and addressing covert remarks of a threatening nature to Slade.

IT IS doubtful that he even heard them.

For now his thoughts were wholly occupied with Miller Huggins. Throughout the game the sharpshooter eyes of the diminutive manager had never left him while he was in the box and Slade knew it. But now he was no longer in his place on the bench; trying to locate him, Slade at length discovered the man in the stand directly behind the catcher, where he remained until the end of the game, in which period the professional nine—thanks to resort to the bunting which led the highly-keyed cadets into the commission of woeful errors and a terrific home-run by Bengough with two on base—overcame the West Point lead and scored an additional run.

So the game ended five to four in favor of the Yankees, who had their victory as more

or less satisfactory compensation for the humiliation of having been let down by Slade with exactly three hits.

Huggins came up to Slade after the West Point team had been retired in the ninth inning.

"Son, you're a pretty good pitcher."

Colin smiled, flushing deeply.

"Thank you, Mr. Huggins."

The manager's eyes traveled over the cadet in swift appraisal.

"Ever think of playing ball for a business after you're out of here?"

"Why—" Slade hesitated. "You see, we have to serve four years in the regular army after graduation from the academy."

A shade of disappointment crossed the seamed, leathery face of the older man.

"What do you mean, 'have to'?"

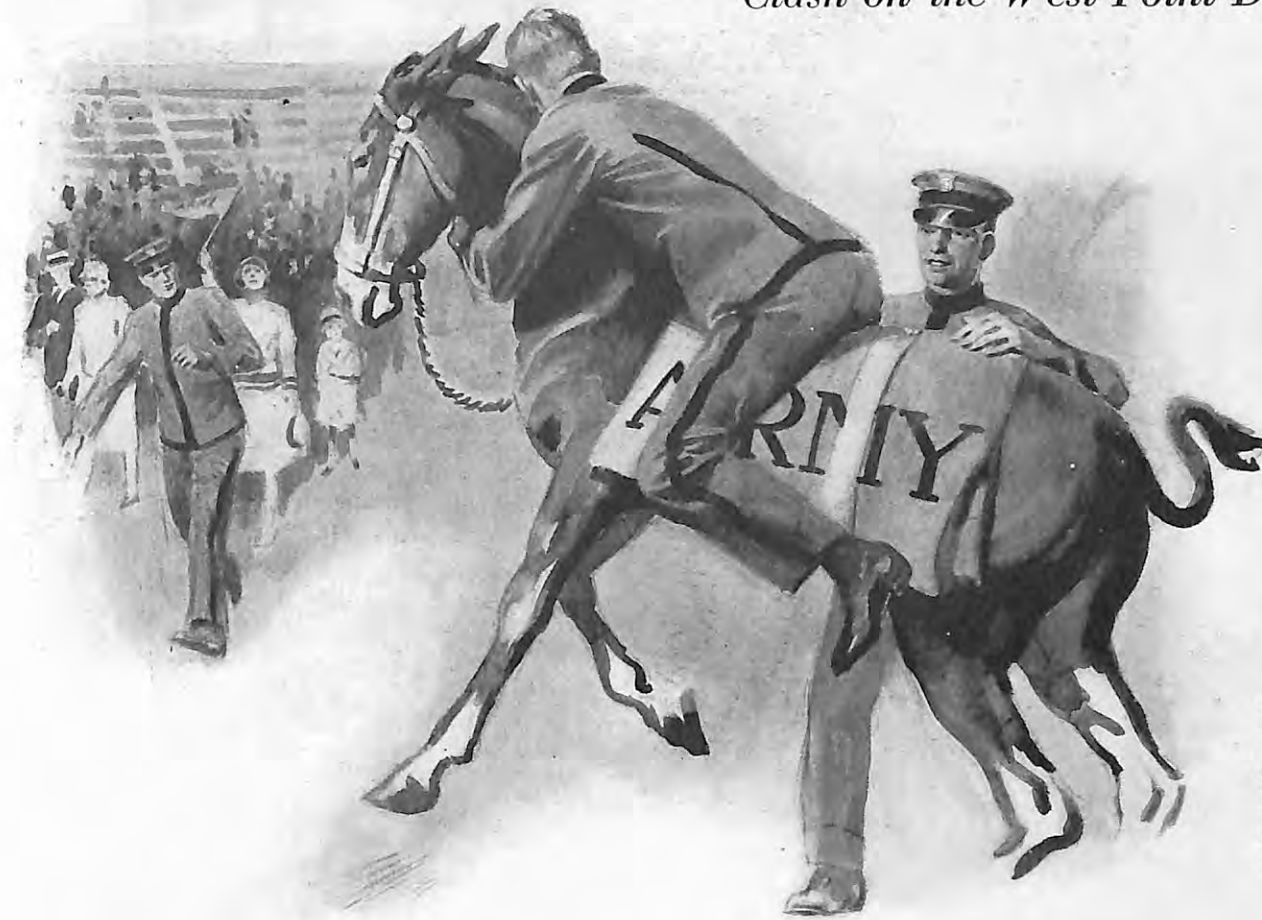
"We enlist for eight years when we enter here."

"Oh." Huggins surveyed the ground thoughtfully. "Wonder how it is that Ryan, the Navy center-fielder, is going to play professional ball when he gets out in June?"

"Maybe," said Slade, "it's a year when there aren't enough commissions to go round in the Navy. Or possibly he has some physical defect. I hadn't heard he was going to join a league club."

"All I know is that Chicago has him under consideration, and that Ryan, what do they call him, Cyclops, will sign if the offer is attractive. I'd offer him enough if the other club didn't have him cornered. He's a real hitter, that boy."

## Service Traditions and "Big Money" Clash on the West Point Diamond



*He was borne along upon the shoulders of his fellows. Ahead the Army mule was careening wildly, and Slade, throwing back his head, laughed*

"He is that," Slade agreed. "He's hit me for two years—the only Navy man who has—but this year he won't."

Huggins grinned.

"What's this I was reading yesterday from Annapolis? He says he'll wallop you good. Says you're easy to hit."

"Yes"—Slade flushed—"I read that. Well, we'll see."

"Well, anyway," said Huggins briskly, "we'll have an eye on you from now on. How'd you like to sign with the Yankees, five thousand a year say, and five hundred dollars bonus for signing?"

"How would I like it? Try me." Slade's eyes snapped with enthusiasm, then clouded. "But I don't know how I could get out of the Army."

Huggins, studying the boy as a poker player studies an adversary across the table, saw his jaw tightening, realized how strongly tempted he was.

"Is there any way you could work it, do you think? That is, of course if after watching your work further we make you a good offer?"

**R**ECALLING that the United States Senator who had given him his appointment to the Academy was one of the most enthusiastic followers of baseball in Washington, and that he owned a majority stock in the minor league club which represented his home city, Slade nodded slowly.

"I might—if a friend of mine in Washington has enough of a pull with the War Department. And I think he ought to have."

"Good stuff!" Huggins reached out his hand. "I'll keep in touch with you."

"Thank you, sir." Shaking hands with the manager, Slade was about to run across

the field to the dressing-room, when he stopped with a jerk. Looking about him he saw a girl and her escort standing by the grandstand, evidently waiting for him.

"I do believe," said the girl as Slade came up, "that you were about to forget us."

Slade laughed derisively.

"Likely, wasn't it, in view of the fact that I saw you in the stand and waved at you, and that I was pitching under your inspiration all afternoon."

This was largely true, but it was also true that his conversation with Miller Huggins had momentarily driven all thought of Faith Callender from his mind. Inwardly he was deeply chagrined about this. He hadn't believed that anything could have caused a lapse of this sort. Turning to the man, he offered his hand.

"Glad to see you, Dick, old boy. You'll have to excuse me if I seem to be wool-gathering. Had a pretty tough old game of ball out there." Acknowledging with a nod some complimentary remark about his pitching he tapped the girl lightly upon the shoulder with his glove.

"I hadn't any idea you'd be up to-day, Faith."

"I hadn't either until I read about the game last night and commandeered Dick and his motor. And you were splendid, Colin, perfectly splendid! It wasn't your fault the team lost." She was observing him curiously. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing." He was flushing. "Nothing, except that I hate to have you come up here when I can see you only for a few minutes."

"Nonsense, Colin. I have to hurry anyway. Dick and I both have a date this evening, and we'll be late as it is." She held

out her hand. "So good-by, and congratulations."

Slade took her hand, held her eyes for a moment and caught as he had so often caught from them in the past year a curious lurking impression, haunting, stirring.

He walked over to Cathcart's car with the two, and after it had disappeared around a bend in the mountain road, he stood lost in thought.

**S**LADE had met Faith Callender more than a year ago at one of the cadet hops. Their liking for each other had been instantaneous, and since then he had seen a great deal of her both in her home in New York and at the Academy. Dark, sensitive, impulsive, vibrant with life, to him there was no girl like her, and never would be. He had often wondered, knowing her popularity at the great proms and house parties at Yale and Princeton, about her enthusiasm for the simpler, if colorful West Point functions, and cherished the secret hope, if not theory, that her interest in him was really responsible for this—even granting that Cathcart, wealthy in his own right, good-looking in his healthy, obese way, was devoted to her.

Turning toward the dressing-room Slade shrugged, compressed his lips tightly, as he thought how little warrant he had for his optimism. The pay of a second lieutenant!—Against Richard Cathcart's resources, all Cathcart could offer her, Slade's assets were too paltry even to be ridiculous.

Was it fate that he should have commended himself to the New York Yankees at this time? Pausing at the dressing-room door his eyes narrowed while the strong hands twisted the glove he held into a rope.

Colin Slade didn't sleep well that night.



*"A baseball player." Slade heard the voice; he did not see her eyes. "You think that would be a good exchange for life in the Army?"*

He had intended before going to bed to write a letter to the Senator who had appointed him, setting forth the substance of his talk with Huggins, saying he would like to take up the bid for his services and asking what, if anything, could be done about his retirement.

So far so good. Doubt came when he tried to conjure up reasons for his resignation that would hold water. Some few cadets, he knew, had been able to resign on the ground of family dependency combined with the opportunity of civil employment, offering salary much more lucrative than the \$140 a month they would receive as second lieutenants.

But he could not truthfully submit this as a reason because he had no family. His mother had died when he was a child and his father, a major in the regular infantry, had yielded his life gallantly at Cantigny. He had no one else save an uncle and aunt with whom he now made his home, and they were in comfortable circumstances.

True, he would like to marry Faith Callender upon his graduation—assuming his willingness to be so unfair to her as to ask her to share his slender resources. But granting that he did do so, and that Faith loved him enough to accept him, he knew well the attitude of the War Department toward dependency of the sort, that if subalterns wanted to marry without private income of their own or their wives, they would have to struggle along on the pay going with their rank, plus certain grudging allowances—and like it.

Tossing on his cot he visualized a lucrative career in the American League. He had no doubt of his success there. He was big and strong, had blinding speed, absolute control,

and he could bend or break the ball as he wished. Another Matthewson!

But neither could he submit this as a reason for resigning from the Army. When he finally fell asleep he had been totally unable to devise one. Yet, when the strident bugles awakened him in the morning there was a subtly buoyant quality in the thought that if, as he had come firmly to believe, destiny was operating in his behalf, the way out of the Army, all obstacles cleared, would be in good time opened to him.

LATER in the morning he sat with the corps of cadets in the gray Gothic chapel which rises on the mountain side under Fort Putnam. Overhead the battle flags of all the nation's wars fluttered gently, and the windows memorializing classes that had gone out to serve the nation were subtly illumined in all their varied richness of color.

On each window installed by a modern class were the numerals of the class graduated just a hundred years previously. Looking upward Slade thought how some day his grandfather's class would be there. Colin remembered him quite clearly, remembered the gray pointed beard of the stalwart, eagle-faced cavalier, remembered the light that used to come in his eyes when he told of the morning at Corinth when the mists rose and Rogers' Texans charged Battery Robinett across the open field.

As he thought of him, the notes of the organ prelude, rising, swelling, filling the lofty nave, seemed a pean evoked out of his thoughts. Here, if nowhere else, the dead who have died greatly, he thought, never die. Here his father lived—that grave, taciturn, kindly man who had gone up El Caney

with Chaffee, had stormed the China Wall, fought through the rice swamps of Luzon and died reforming a shattered regiment in France.

Yes, all the heroes lived here on this lovely Sunday morning. But where was there a national pantheon of memory that would recall them to the consciousness of an unthinking, money-mad nation?

"The bubble, glory!" A wry smile played about Slade's lips. A bubble. A flight of patriotic imagination. The organ was dying now into thin poignancy. Slade's clear gray eyes swept across the pews filled with erect, gray-clad figures, brave, glorious in their unquestioning idealistic youth. Where might they not be twenty years from now? On what fields might they not, many of them, be sleeping? And at what price! His father had died a hero—and left nothing. Not a cent. Glory! His lips curled. They would not catch him that way; he knew too much about it all. The chapel, he smiled grimly, had almost got him. But the point was that in the end it had not.

Going to his room, his face determinedly set, he wrote a frank letter to his sponsor in Washington. He expected, he said, to receive an offer to pitch for the Yankees. It would probably depend on how he looked in the Navy game. If such an offer came he felt it would be best for him, in view of his desire to marry, to accept it, and he would appreciate any help that the Senator would extend in the way of getting his resignation accepted.

Living in nervous expectancy through days that followed Slade received a reply on Saturday, just before he was to pitch against  
(Continued on page 52)



*Ray Dooley and W. C. Fields*

**F**ULL of brazen costumes and overloaded with scenery; weighted down with ancient jokes in gaudy attire which parade as "sketches" and almost bare of cohesive plot the new Earl Carroll "Vaniities" yet achieves an exceptionally high degree of beguiling entertainment through the presence of W. C. Fields, official star, and his two able team

mates, Ray Dooley and Joe Frisco. Fortunately these three need very little in the way of material, their humor being a sort of spontaneous combustion along strongly marked individual lines. To her famous impersonation of the enfant terrible, Miss Dooley has added a fine burlesque of Marilyn Eaton, a musical comedy queen—E. R. B.



Mayo Melhot is listening coyly to the songs George Price (left) composed in order that he might sing them to her in "The Song Writer." Crane Wilbur, sometime actor and director, mapped out the events in this story of the life of a jazz-writer which also involves the services of Hugh Hunter, Ethel Wilson and a lovely chorus

Captions by  
Esther R. Bien

One of the season's early musicals will be "Ups-a-Daisy," early in October, for which Lewis E. Gensler has done the music. The delightful Marie Saxon (right) will have the lead, while her able support will include such players as William Kent, Roy Royston and Luel-la Gear. Book and lyrics have been compiled by Bob Simon and Clifford Grey

John Cromwell (in circle) plays the lead in "Gentlemen of the Press." This comedy by Ward Morehouse, himself a newspaper man, is the story of Wick Snell who tried the publishing business after twenty-five years as a reporter and editor and in the end was lured back by the fascination of his old job. Also of the cast are Helen Flint and Hugh O'Connell who will be remembered as the reporter in "The Racquet"



PINCHOT

TANDAM



PHOTOS BY  
VANDAMM



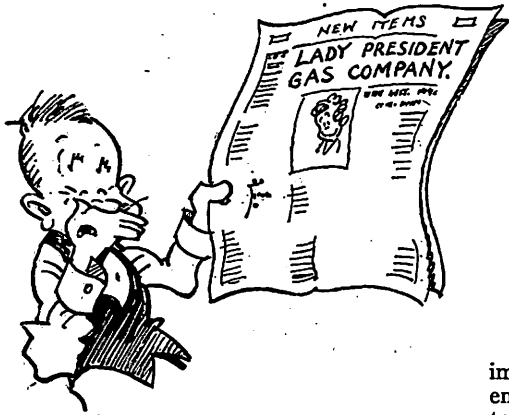
A murderer condemned to be hanged, Chicago politics and a sympathetic newspaper reporter are some of the ingredients that make "The Front Page" by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur a thrilling story of newspapers and their ways. Above are the three leading actors, Osgood Perkins, Frances Fuller and Lee Tracy in action



Trans-Atlantic marriage alliances can be tragic affairs or, as under the deft touch of George Middleton and A. E. Thomas in "The Big Pond," such flirtations may have a gay and happy career as a comedy of manners. Kenneth McKenna (circle) shines as the witty Frenchman while Reed Brown is excellent as his American counterfoil

Thousands have read Sinclair Lewis's novel "Elmer Gantry," and many thousands more will be entertained by the dramatization of the novel which has been made by Patrick Kearney. To the right are Edward Pawley in the title rôle and Vera Allen, but when you see the play on Broadway, Adele Klair will have replaced Miss Vera Allen as Sharon Falconer, the evangelist





# Why There Are No Women Cartoonists

By Fontaine Fox

Drawings by the Author

**W**OMEN have been getting away with a good deal during the last thirty years, including murder. The shops and offices are swarming with women, and behind almost any frosted glass door marked "private" you are as likely as not to discover that the smart executive enthroned in the boss's seat is a woman. There are women governors, women in Congress, women on the bench, women surgeons, women channel swimmers, women editors, and women financiers. I have scorned to utilize it in my work as a humorist-artist, but I am nevertheless smilingly conscious of the fact that in Brooklyn there is a lady-president of a gas company. In only one field that I can think of are men still free from dangerous competition in skirts.

There are no women cartoonists.

By cartoonists I mean those who by means of caricatures or symbolical compositions poke fun, not only at some political idea but at the common idiosyncrasies of contemporary life. There are a few women capable of making some very funny drawings of real incidents, there are some who make droll sketches to illustrate the comic ideas of others; but I do not know of a single one who may be classed as a cartoonist. I am willing to be dogmatic in the argument to this extent: if there are any women cartoonists, they are well back in the fourth or fifth flight.

I started my career as a political cartoonist, but after a few years began to caricature incidents of suburban life. Then in order to make my work suitable for publication in a great many newspapers, I developed out of my fancy a number of characters, an entire village of suburban Americans. John T. McCutcheon of the *Chicago Tribune* continues to draw political cartoons, but for a great many years he has been sandwiching in with such compositions soul-warming pictures of country boys on the farms where he tramped barefooted when he was a lad in Indiana. Briggs is a cartoonist, caricaturing married life, men in their clubs, men and women in their offices, village boys and girls of the days when he was a boy. J. N. Darling (Ding) is a political cartoonist, but often he takes a whack at some other field in which Americans appear ridiculous. Herbert Johnson is a political cartoonist.

Now, I ask you, are there any women competing with Briggs, or Darling, or Johnson, or McCutcheon, or (beat the drums) Fontaine Fox? I answer you: there are not.

I have a theory about this, arrived at after considerable thought and a certain amount of conversational research among editors and newspaper syndicate managers. What they have to say on the subject is

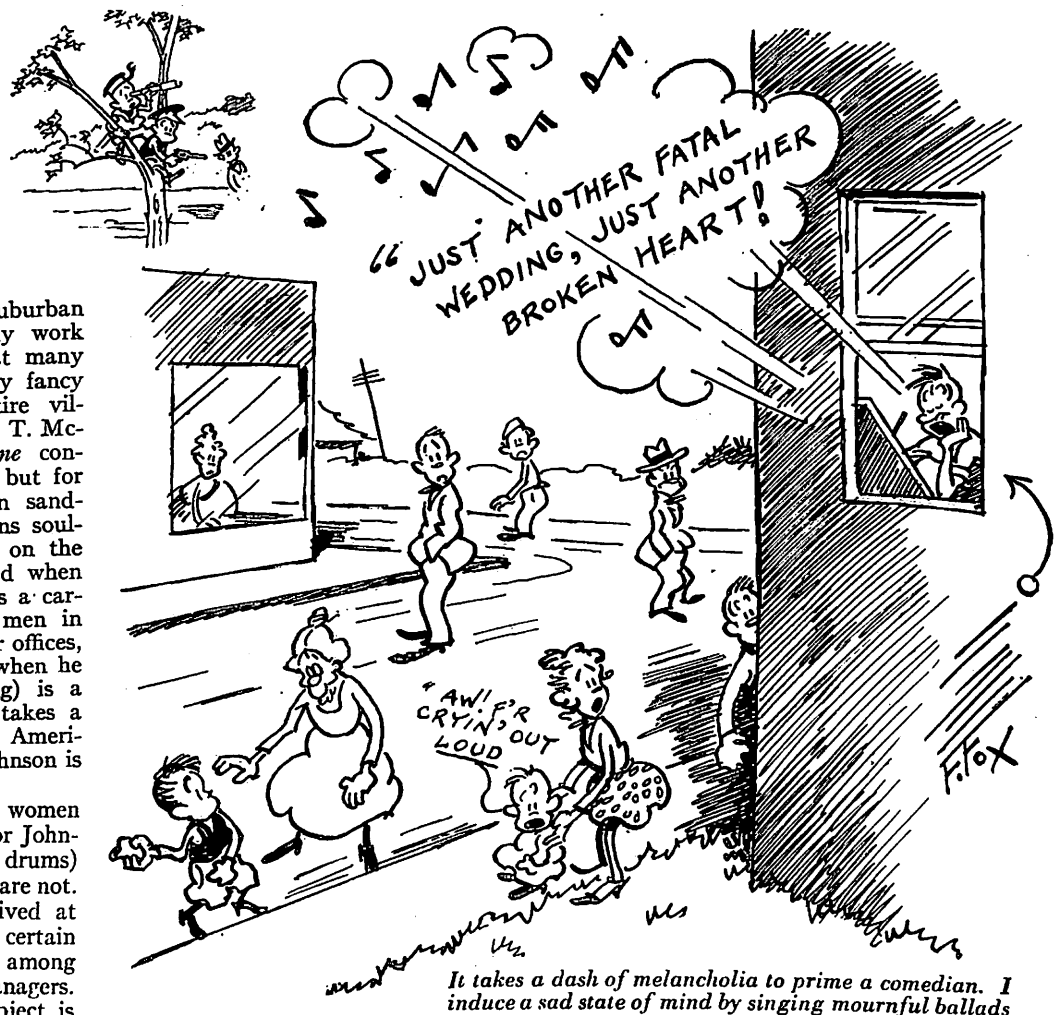
important because they are the ones who enable the capable cartoonists to hire men to put on their shoes for them, to pay their wives' bills (even when the wives outnumber them), to be extravagant, to own three or four automobiles, race horses, furlined coats and even, in some cases, to hire other men to be funny for them. All of this is just my modest, shy way of pointing out that there is gold in this game in which women are conspicuously absent.

Now this is my theory: particularly where humor is concerned, men are the sterner sex and women are the light-hearted sex. You may observe this thing on the veranda of any country club, or wherever men and women gather in numbers to enjoy themselves. If a man tells a story or gets off a gag of any kind, usually he does it solemnly in the intense manner of an Indian trying to spear fish through a hole in the ice. The man is thinking of the effect of his wisecrack on his audience. But when a woman does this, even if her effort to amuse is but the recital of something ridiculous in the adventures of one of her children, she bursts out with gay little phrases before she is half finished.

"You'll die when you hear this," she will say. "This is just screaming." As she finishes she will challenge you by saying, "Don't you love it!" Often you do not love it. Often you feel that this would be a better world if all of us who are living in it were as lacking in humor as so many carp gaping in an aquarium.

Now, I am painfully aware that I incur a risk of making dogmatic statements, but if I paused to qualify everything by mentioning exceptions such as Marie Dressler and Dorothy Parker and Edna Aug and Ray Dooley when I speak of women and funny business; or if I cited examples of men who laugh at their own stories, this would have to be a book instead of a brief paper. Nevertheless, I am so fearful of being challenged that I feel pretty much as I imagine Sinclair Lewis must have felt that time out on a Kansas lecture platform when he dared God to strike him dead. Right here I want to pause long enough to wonder if Sinclair Lewis had taken out additional insurance the day before he made that baroque gesture.

First I want to show how the professional funny man does his work. Mark Twain, I



It takes a dash of melancholia to prime a comedian. I induce a sad state of mind by singing mournful ballads.

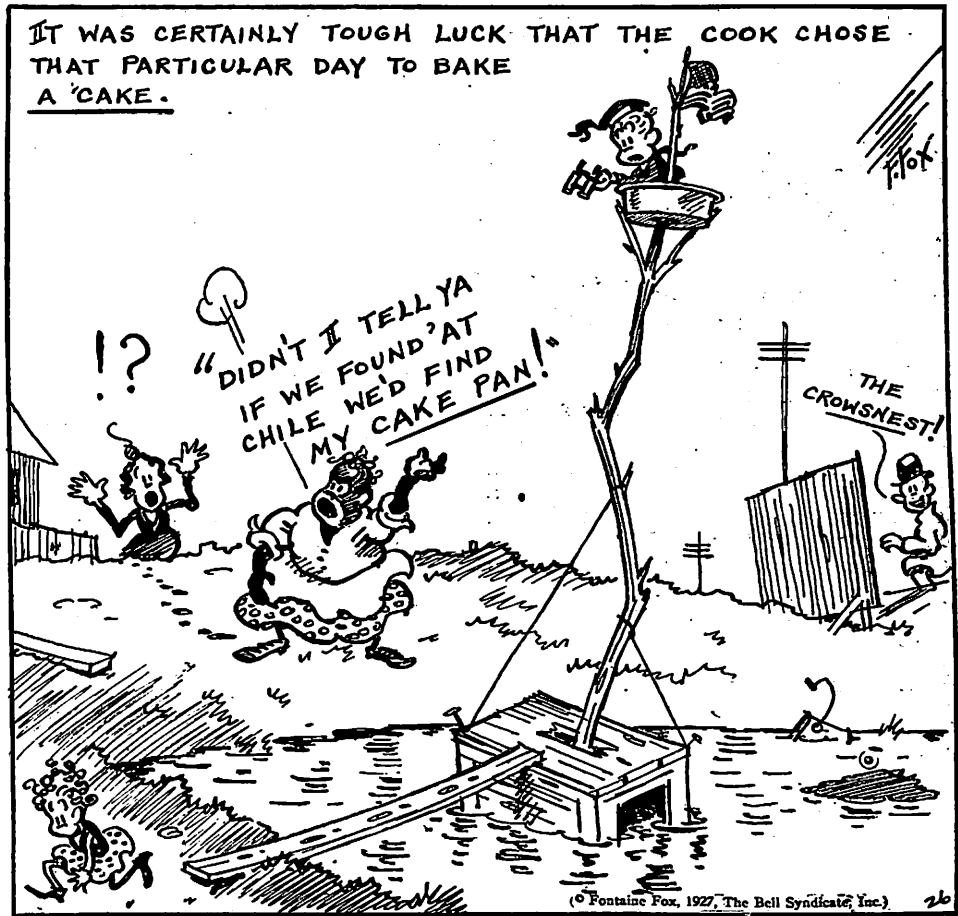
think, was the best of all times. He took his humor very seriously. He perspired over it. His manuscripts contain many interlineations on every page, showing that he worked over his humorous effects to be sure that they were funny. He realized that the business of being funny is a business. All the men I know who make their living by being funny, work with an idea, twist it around, turn it inside out until finally they get it down in black and white in its merriest form. Humorists are not inspired any more than inventors are inspired, but women who try to be funny in a professional way do not always understand this; and of the few women who try to be funny by means of comic pictures, only one or two seem to have grasped this essential requirement. Most of them, I am willing to bet, laugh over their typewriters or their drawing-boards, but no male humorist does that. He might, however, weep. Since this is an opinion I am expressing, I think I should be allowed to cite my own case to illustrate my point.

I HAVE a pretty wide audience, as Mickey (himself) McGuire, the Toonerville Trolley, Tomboy Taylor, the Powerful Katrinka, the Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang, Suitcase Simpson, and some others, appear in cartoons published in more than two hundred and fifty American newspapers. Each week I receive a good many letters from men and women who have observed some comical situation which they believe could be translated into an adventure of one or another of those fanciful characters I have invented as a means of making my work available to many newspapers instead of merely one newspaper.

Now, I learned long ago that when an idea is delivered to me by the postman, that it is well to be cautious. This is particularly true if the idea as presented is all ready for drawing. When someone sends me such a present I am lugubriously aware that it is a stolen idea, one that has been picked up, perhaps unconsciously, from the work of some other comic artist. Quite frequently the ideas thus submitted by these unseen friends are taken from my own published efforts to be funny. Comic situations almost never occur in life in a form sufficiently dramatic to serve the purpose of a conscientious funny man. They have to be processed just as cotton has to be spun before it can be made into a fabric.

The other day I received a letter from a lady out in Boone, Iowa. The incident she described was quite funny, but I cannot use it. She told me about her next-door neighbor who had recently purchased a small truck as an adjunct of a new business venture. The first night he had possession of this vehicle he drove it home to place it in his small portable, back-yard garage. When he stopped in front of his home, all the children of the neighborhood gathered around to examine the truck, ask questions, and beg for a ride. About a dozen of them climbed into the cart bed, and were yelling gleefully as the owner carefully piloted the truck into the small garage. It was nearly as close a fit as when the American Zeppelin-type dirigible, *Los Angeles*, is gently led into her hangar at Lakehurst.

The next morning when the truck owner



High spots in the life of little Stanley

started his engine and backed out of the garage he nearly pulled the small structure up by the roots. The top of the truck was higher than the door frame. My correspondent gave me a vivid word picture of this man scratching his head in bewilderment there in his back yard. Finally it occurred to him that his truck had gone into the garage because it was loaded down with a cargo of children. Without their

weight the stiff springs raised its top higher than the door frame. The Iowa lady closed her letter by explaining that since that time each entrance and each exit from the garage has been preceded by a careful rounding up of enough neighbors to load the truck so the top will clear the garage door. Now this is funny. But how am I going

to draw it so that its ludicrous point can be grasped from a single picture? How am I going to dramatize it? I am still struggling with this notion, and I may never succeed in using it in my work. The trouble is not that it is not funny, but it must be processed before it will make a comic picture.

I suppose I have received during the last fifteen years several thousand suggestions that my correspondents called ideas. They were not ideas, as I understand the word. Actually they were subjects, out of which an idea might be caused to grow.

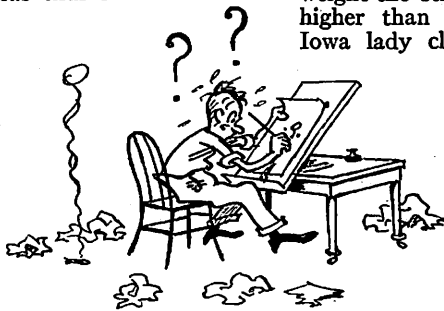
Times without number I have been forced under the pressure caused by the necessity of producing a comic

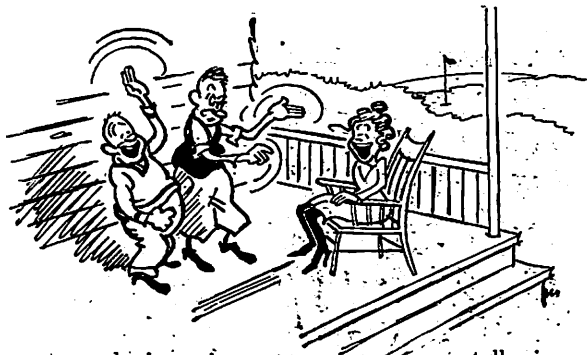
drawing for every day of the year, to employ as a sort of plot germ a suggestion not nearly so funny as this delightful little incident in the life of a Middle-West automobile truck owner. Whenever I do so, however, I have to rely on my powers of invention.

Recently I passed through the kitchen of my own home on my way out to speak a harsh word to the Airedale in the back yard. The cook was engaged in making a cake. A cake pan caught my eye. You know the kind: a sort of spout rises in the center of the vessel so as to carry heat to the inside of the cake, thereby causing it to bake more evenly.

I AM an observant person through necessity. If I had been a banker, or some other important executive, I should not, perhaps, have allowed my mind to be cluttered up with details. Probably I should not even have seen the cook, let alone the utensil with which she was preparing to work a culinary miracle. I can go farther than that in speculation on this subject. If I had been an important business executive, I should never have entered the kitchen at that hour of the day. I should have been down-town somewhere making life miserable for a lot of people. However, I saw the cake pan and immediately some of the convolutions in my brain registered it.

With that cake pan somewhere in the back of my mind, I drove to my studio in a Long Island village a few miles from my home. Somewhere along the way I saw a couple of little boys up in a tree, hands held to their foreheads to shade their eyes as they pretended to gaze at a distant horizon. It was quite apparent to me that





they were playing pirates or some other sea-going game. The crotch of the tree was to them a very real crow's nest. I can chuckle at that but I can not laugh at it. So, when I arrived at my studio and sat behind a drawing-board, two pictures were registered in my mind. One was of the cook and her cake pan and the other was of the two little boys pretending that the frunk of a tree was the mast of a ship. I was on the trail of a just fair cartoon idea then, but I did not know it. Likely enough I felt as if I might never have another idea.

**H**UMORISTS are like that, I find, and for a peculiar reason this quality of mind represents one of the finest examples of creative economy. In order to do his best work a humorist ought to feel sad. It takes a heavy dash of melancholia to prime a comedian, and any time one is obsessed with a fear that his funny days are over he is sad enough to do his best work. Usually I induce a sad state of mind by singing mournful ballads. "The Fatal Wedding" is a favorite with me, running second only to "The Baggage Coach Ahead." So, on this day I sang about as gaily as if I were serving a life sentence in prison, and as I sang I began to make queer figures on a piece of scratch paper. Without plan I sketched rapidly a picture of a small boy peering about for hostile sails while sitting astride the limb of a tree. I drew in other figures and a couple of Toonerville Trolleys. A school teacher would have said my mind was wandering. Then, without conscious planning, I drew a cake pan, and, as happens hundreds of times a year, my idea was born. I drew the cake pan as a play-ship's crow's nest, its unique central spout serving as a sleeve for the slender trunk of a ragged leafless sapling. Then I drew the small boy in this improvised crow's nest, standing in such an attitude as clearly to reveal him in the state of mind of a Sir Francis Drake looking for Spanish galleons. I drew the colored cook standing on the ground wearing an expression of angry don't-that-beat-all? What else was needed but a few words, stating that at last the mystery of the strange disappearance of Aunt Jenny's cake pan had been solved. And one day's work was nearly done.

Long experience has persuaded me that any homely article used for an unusual purpose is mirth provoking. A picture of Father using the vacuum cleaner to remove potato bugs is funny enough, but it becomes even more funny if Mother, who owns the vacuum cleaner, is shown coming to the rescue of her precious sweeper.

As a sort of companion drawing to the cake-pan episode I might cite the one of the little boy I saw playing a war game. He was partially hidden in a ditch that was for him a shelter from

imaginary shells, minnenwerfers, hand grenades, machine-gun bullets and other missiles, all of which were represented by his loud yells of "bing, bang, bop, BOOM." It occurred to me that if the stewing pan that he had fitted to his head as a helmet should get stuck there he would be in a comic fix. I fancied his family trying to get it off with a can opener, and then decided that that was not so good. I pictured him, mentally, in various stages of that hypothetical situation until at last I drew him reclining wild-eyed on a couch at home, surrounded by concerned relatives while the doctor broke the news that the plumber would not be back until Monday.

I caught my chief trick from O. Henry who always thought out a climax and then worked backwards until he had his story.

I think that the writers of short stories come as near as any group of people to working as the comic artist or the cartoonist works. They begin with a complication in the life of some character, evolve a struggle

and finish with a solution that is in character, something that is uniquely characteristic. Suggestions come to them from all sides. The news columns of the papers are rich with drama, with pathos and comedy, but that material has to be processed before it can be converted into short stories. Clarence Budington Kelland, who keeps office hours to write stories, and with whom I shoot a little golf every now and then, gave me a suggestion recently that I could use. Maybe it was not very funny, but I drew it just to oblige a friend.

"Can't you," he asked me, "have the Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang do something about the criminal practice of serving sandy spinach?"

I suppose he asked me about that a dozen times. He was very earnest, until finally I gave in and drew a picture of Mr. Bang's rebellion. The caption explained that Mr. Bang almost carried out his threat to throw the spinach out of the window the next time there was sand in it; but the picture revealed that he had missed his aim and the dish had splattered against the dining-room wall. I have drawn funnier pictures hundreds of times, but I do not think I ever had a wider reaction. I suspect the Powerful Katrinka would have a hard time lifting all the letters I received from husbands who wrote to

thank me for permitting Mr. Bang to indulge in this public outburst against kitchen tyranny.

Bud Kelland in giving me that notion hurdled many of the obstacles that prevent the outsider from getting close to an understanding of the comic artist's work. He knew that Mr. Bang was a character who would inevitably react to sand in spinach just as Emma Bovary reacted to the drabness of her life by taking a lover, and then another, and another.

Madame Bovary is a great tragedy. As you read it you are persuaded that everything Flaubert set down in that book had to happen. It was inevitable that she would wreck her life and bring unhappiness to those who loved her. I do not mean to set myself beside Flaubert when I use him in this fashion, but I can think of no better illustration of the necessity of making a fictional character perform *in* character than this French masterpiece. If Flaubert had ended Bovary's story by reforming her, if he had permitted her to live to a ripe old age, taking an interest in her dull husband's work, we should all have ended by calling the author, not Flaubert but Camembert.

Suppose, then, that some day I permitted Mr. Bang to react with politeness to some imposition. Suppose I allowed Tom-boy Taylor to abandon her airgun for a doll carriage. Suppose I caused the Toonerville Trolley to be replaced with a smart-looking double-track traction car and a skipper who was neither resourceful nor obliging.

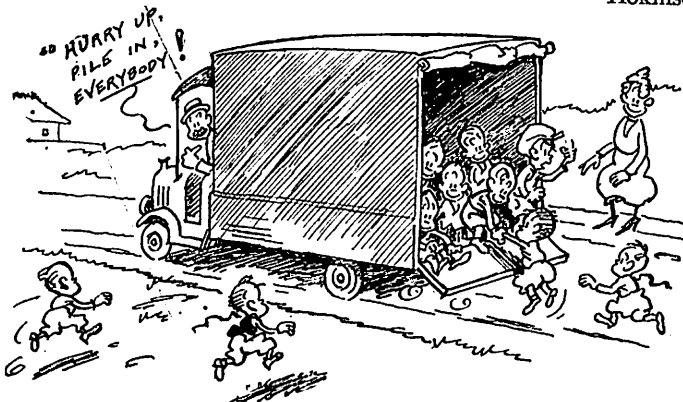
Suppose I put curls on Mickey McGuire and a tough expression on Stinky Davis. Suppose I reduced Aunt Eppie Hogg with an electric exerciser. Suppose the Little Scorpions abandoned their cave and their shack for the sake of winning good-conduct medals in Sunday School. Well, I may as well admit that if I so far forgot myself and my duty it would ruin the Fox family.

There are plenty of women writers whose understanding of the importance of character in fiction surpasses my understanding of the mechanics of fiction. There are scores who know that a plot can be built out of two dissociated ideas brought together, but there are no women doing that as a means of achieving a humorous drawing; at least, I do not know of any.

There are women engaged in making comic drawings, but with very few exceptions they are illustrating the comic ideas of others and those others, most often, are men. There is one girl, whose work appears in the *New Yorker*, who stands out, in my estimation, far above her sisters. Her name is Helen E. Hokinson, and she can draw a dowager like

nobody's business. I remember one especially which showed a fat woman leaning over a goldfish bowl, in which swam two small fish, and their mistress was exclaiming that she feared Peleas and Melisande had been quarreling. Now that was a fine piece of satire. You might write a book about that empty-headed, pampered female, and tell less than Miss Hokinson revealed in her drawing. Most of her drawings that I have admired have relied

(Continued on page 63)



*Patiently she gave to the officer the names of Girondin's intimate friends; she told him that she suspected no one*



## The Adventure Of the Two Blind Spiders

By Ben Lucien Burman

Illustrated by George Wright

**T**HIS true detective story, the third of a European series gathered by Mr. Burman during an extensive tour, was chosen from a score of unusual French cases because it demonstrates the amazing part played by science in the detection of crime in Paris. It was told the writer by Monsieur Edmund Bayle and Monsieur Louis Riboulet. Monsieur Bayle is not a detective. He is an internationally-celebrated scientist, who at the invitation of the French Government, organized the Bureau of Science to cooperate with the police, and who has developed that bureau to a point where its accomplishments are little short of miraculous. Monsieur Riboulet, formerly Chief Inspector of the Paris detective force, is one of France's greatest police officers. A few years ago he achieved world renown for his brilliant work in solving the Landru case, the famous "Bluebeard" murders.)

**A**CARRIAGE slackened its pace as it neared the great oak tree towering hazily above its fellows which formed the Bois de Boulogne; the stylishly clad woman who lounged languidly upon the cushions of the vehicle sat up quickly and craned her supple neck to peer over the fringing bushes. She looked only an instant, however. Then her face, beyond the borders of its deftly applied rouge, whitened; shuddering, she ordered the liveried coachman to drive on. The carriage vanished in the forest.

Another vehicle approached the oak, a battered taxicab bearing two laughing, straw-hatted tourists; they too halted, gaped, and would have descended had not a brilliant-garbed gendarme approached and with an emphatic gesture of his blue-sleeved arm ordered them to proceed. They obeyed

slowly; the gendarme returned to the other side of the bushes.

Here two men stood at the edge of a wide cloth stretched on the grass. As the gendarme came up, one of them, a tall, carefully attired individual with long, quick-moving head and dark, swift-searching eyes, knelt and began examining a bulky object which the cloth had apparently enclosed. The tall individual was Louis Riboulet, Chief Inspector of the Paris Police; the object on the cloth was a body. It was the body of an oldish, slightly corpulent man who in life had seemingly been the head of a French family, with cheeks jovially rounded from generous glasses of Bordeaux, and full scarlet lips topped by a genial and graying mustache. He was clad in a pair of gray trousers and a shirt lined with thin orange stripes; the shirt was half concealed by a tightly bound bundle which lay upon it. Taking out a knife, the officer cut the string of the package and thrust aside the wrappings. A few more articles of clothing were exposed, a coat and vest matching the trousers, a blue dotted necktie, a broken straw hat. The detective put the bundle aside and gazed at the prostrate figure.

"One thing's clear," he remarked to his bearded assistant. "He was struck at the back of the skull by some heavy instrument. And I think it equally clear he wasn't a manual laborer. His hands are too delicate for that. But there's not a particle of evidence, however, by which we can identify him. His pockets are empty and all the

labels and numbers are torn out of his clothing. Curious, those shiny black grains on his palms. Look a little like coal dust. And those two other minute black spots on his shirt are even queerer. Strange shape." He arose and rubbed his cramped knee. "We'll send the clothes over to the Bureau of Science and see what they can find out. Meanwhile, the Medical Office can hold the inquest, and we'll try our luck in discovering who he was."

He strode to the roadway; an hour after entered the gloomy structure serving as the morgue and heard the report of the rubber-gloved surgeons. The unknown one had been dead three days, they stated; his stomach showed that four hours before his end he had eaten a roll and drunk a cup of coffee. The information was little; but it was very valuable. The first fact enabled the officer to limit his search through the files of the missing; the second permitted him to state that beyond doubt the crime had been committed in the morning, for a cup of coffee with a roll—the famous *petit pain*—is the invariable breakfast of every native of France.

He returned to his office in the rich-marbled Palace of Justice, in whose magnificent halls king and tyrant had for centuries administered bloody justice and through whose mighty gates the proud Marie Antoinette had stepped to the guillotine. He sent for the lists of those who had vanished and, studying them closely, settled on as the most likely a certain Etienne Girondin, who had been employed by a fashionable jewelry store near the Rue de la Paix as one of those elderly errand boys so common in the French metropolis. Hopping into an auto bus, he dismounted at the Place

de l'Opéra, swarming with Americans off on a summer's holiday, and hurried to a regal establishment where a silvered plate in the window bore the inscription: "Vitot and Company, Jewellers." Striding inside, he inquired for the proprietor.

A moment later that individual advanced toward him, a burly man, with sleek combed, red tinged hair. Though his name, Vitot, was French there was little of the characteristic Latin in his countenance; rather he seemed a product of some corner of Southeast Europe where Orient and Occident are so extraordinarily intermingled. His whole appearance was distinctly unpleasant; his eyes too far apart, his nose so flat the two orifices at its base were uglily visible.

HE SHOOK the detective's hand unctuously, nodded oilily as they walked into his office and the visitor explained his mission. "Yes, this may very well be our Etienne," he declared as his long-nailed fingers straightened a crease in his perfectly-tailored coat. "But if it is he I cannot understand why anyone should kill him. He was an attractive person, a *bon garçon*. From the day he came here six months ago every one in the shop was very fond of him, even though his position was so little. All the time he was laughing, or telling a funny story to make the others laugh. And cheerfulness is a good thing for an establishment such as mine, Monsieur. It pleases the customers. It will not be easy to find another like Etienne."

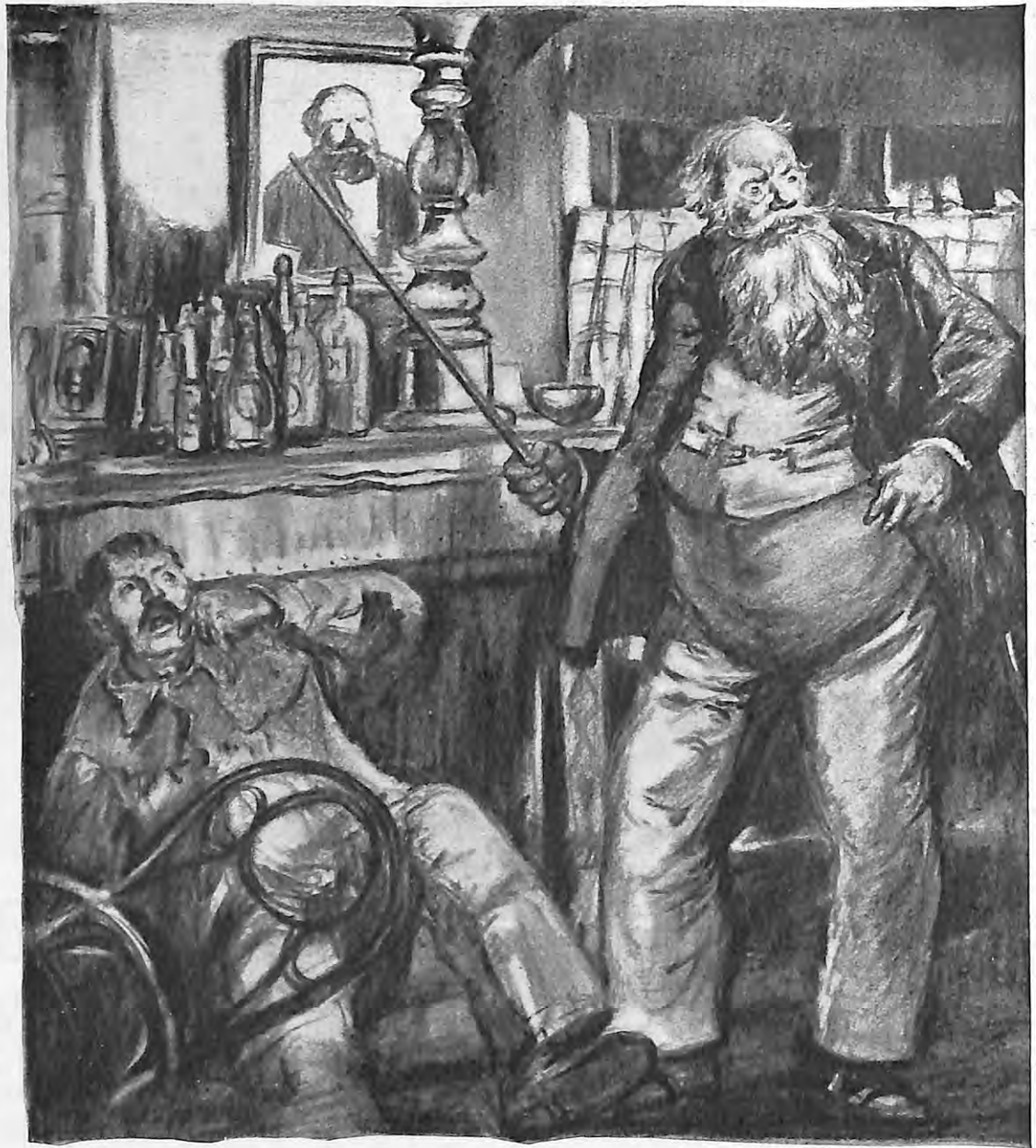
"There was nothing missing?" the officer asked quietly. "No jewelry? No money?"

"Nothing. We searched carefully when he did not return from the errand on which we had sent him."

"That was in the morning, was it not?"

"Yes, Monsieur." He began gazing through a small window opening onto the shop. The inspector followed his glance; saw a clerk, on whose thin shoulders was a slight hump, caressing the hand of a pretty, delicately molded girl clad in a yellow flowered dress, a girl with a dark, somewhat Spanish face and eyelids heavy with sleeplessness or suffering. The proprietor bit his pendulous lip. He started to open the window as though he would deliver some cutting phrase, suddenly changed his mind and turned to the detective once more. "Yes, Monsieur," he repeated. "It was morning when Etienne disappeared. He had gone with a costly necklace to the home of Madame d'Ortolan, who lives near the Arch of Triumph. A very costly necklace. Of pearls which one of my agents had just brought from India. Of course, when Etienne did not return I feared for it. But there was no need to fear. It had been delivered."

"Have you any idea who might have had a motive for the murder? Were you at all acquainted with Etienne's life?"



The proprietor thrust out his long-nailed hands in expostulation and smiled urbanely. "I am sorry, Monsieur. But I have seven men who work for me and three women. If I concerned myself with their lives I would have time for nothing else, is it not so?"

The inspector picked up his hat. "Yes, of course. You're much too busy. But I would like someone to go with me to identify the body. Someone who knew Etienne well."

Monsieur Vitot reflected a moment. Then he smiled obsequiously again, and opening the office door called a name.

A clerk entered hurriedly. It was the little hunchback.

"Morette, you will get your hat and go at once with Monsieur the Chief Inspector," Vitot commanded sharply. "They have found someone they think may be Etienne and wish him identified. Do not loaf on your return, as is your custom. You know we are busy."

The hollows in the clerk's lean cheeks deepened; his mouth, hardly more than a reddish line, grew taut. "It would be better if you sent someone else, Monsieur," he stammered.

Monsieur Vitot unwrapped a cigar from a piece of lead-foil, bit off the end, and spat it into a cuspidor. "You're the only one I can spare now."

Morette's humped shoulders began to quiver; his eyes, the wistful, profound eyes of a cripple, searched his employer entreatingly. "I cannot look at dead people, Monsieur Vitot. It makes me sick. Sick. I am not strong. You know this. I beg you. Send someone else. Etienne was . . . my friend."

"I'm sorry, Morette. That's just why you'll have to do it. You knew him best."

Dreadfully the clerk plodded into the shop and took down a cheap straw hat from a hook; gloomily he accompanied the detective to the morgue. With a turn of his bony head he pronounced the murdered one to be his fellow employee; brushed off a bit of plaster clinging to his hat and started to take his departure.

"Just a moment, please." The inspector's voice was even, gentle. "I wish to ask you a few questions."

The cripple sat down uneasily. "I will answer if I can, Monsieur."

THE officer offered the other a cigarette. The cripple took it and feebly struck a match.

"The report at headquarters stated that Etienne was not married," the detective went on. "Do you know whether this is correct?"

"It is, Monsieur."

"Was he interested in women?"



"Canaille!" he shouted.  
 "Son of a pig! You'll follow me into my cellar, will you? You'll spy upon me? We'll see! We'll see!"

mustache which would have indicated a rather stern, forbidding nature, had it not been belied by the jolly unscientific mouth beneath and the vivacious blue eyes twinkling behind a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles.

"At once, at once," he explained hastily. His words were sputtery; came in jerks like the movements of his naked head. "I'll get to work on your case this instant."

He searched about under his desk until he found a green-labeled package. "Here we are," he flashed. He took out a thin envelope, opened it and exposed a lock of hair clipped from the head of the dead Etienne. Without further preparation he spread it out expertly on a white sheet of paper and peered at it through a high-powered glass. "You may know there's coal-dust here, *mon ami*," he said without lifting his eye from the lens. "Coal-dust. A few grains of sand. Some tiny pieces of sharp-pointed stone. Some sawdust. A little piece of yellow paper." He picked up the white shirt lined with the orange stripes and examined it in the same manner. "There's what appear to be coal-dust here, too, on the back and shoulders. But no sand nor sawdust." His eyebrows wrinkled slightly.

"Queer, those two black specks on the front. Look like minute insects which have been crushed. I'll have a peep at them through the microscope." Delicately he cut the bit of cloth which bore the motes and put it under the brass-tubed instrument; the dots became two huge black balls from which spread out in all directions a myriad octopus-like tentacles. His eye-brows relaxed. "Humph," he grunted. "They are insects. . . . Spiders."

THE inspector toyed with the flint of his lighter. "Makes it pretty obvious the body's been in a cellar."

The scientist deftly turned the wheel of the microscope with his long, sensitive fingers. "Positive of that. Positive. But it doesn't help you much, does it? Plenty of cellars in Paris. Too many. We'll see if we can't find out what kind of a cellar." He peered into the tube again, whistled thoughtfully. "This might help you. Might help you a lot. Anyway, it's interesting."

"What's that?"

"They're blind spiders. Totally blind. More than that, they never had eyes. They're like moles. Spend their lives in total darkness." He twirled the end of his bristling mustache. "Let's see. . . . Let's see. . . . That means the body was in a spot where not even the slightest ray of light penetrated. Which means of course

Morette let the cigarette slowly consume itself in his fingers. "Of his life before he came to Paris, Monsieur, when he lived in the province, near Marseilles, I know little. I do not think he was a man for women. But when he came to the shop of Monsieur Vitot, he quickly changed. In a month he had become betrothed."

"To whom?"

"To Mademoiselle Sauvalle, who also works in the shop. . . . Perhaps Monsieur noticed her. . . . She who was wearing the yellow dress. They were to have been married in the fall."

"Mademoiselle is very popular in the shop?"

"Yes, Monsieur. All love her dearly."

"You also?"

Morette bent his head. "Before Etienne came I had hoped . . . she would marry me. . . . Cripples forget sometimes, Monsieur."

Inspector Riboulet leaned over to touch his lighter to the hunchback's cigarette. Their faces were but a few inches apart. "You know perhaps," he said easily, "of someone who because of Mademoiselle might wish to kill Etienne?"

At the words the cripple jerked back his head as though the sputtering flame had seared him. Then his eyelids half closed; his head drooped leadenly upon his flat breast. His wandering fingers began twisting at a carved elephant forming a watch

charm on his flimsy chain. It broke off harshly. The slight noise seemed to rouse him from his stupor.

"I know no one," he murmured in a strained, suffering voice. "Why do you ask me these questions, Monsieur? I have done no wrong. Let me go back to the shop."

The officer nodded his acquiescence; the cripple thrust the broken elephant in his pocket and shuffled down the stairs.

The inspector returned to the gray-turreted Palace of Justice. But he did not seek his office. Instead he went down a long corridor and speaking to a portly watchman hastened through a narrow door into the wide chamber beyond. In one of the many compartments into which it was divided bizarre-shaped retorts hissed, grunted, and spilled out mad-colored liquids; in another a curious octagonal dome sent out floods of ghostly green light, causing the long-aproned men moving beneath it to appear like fantastic corpses toiling at some gloomy labor in the after-world.

The visitor spoke to one of these seeming demons, who emerging into the sunshine near the window, became merely one of the laboratory heads of the Bureau of Science, serving under the celebrated and seldom-seen Edmund Bayle, who had brought its remarkable instruments into being. Lean, bald-headed, electric in his actions, the research worker was possessed of a sabre-like

that the cellar had no windows. That's something, my friend, that's something."

"Rather."

"We'll see now what the paper and sawdust can tell us." He placed the bit of paper in a test tube filled with acid, then let fall upon it a few drops of half a dozen gay-colored fluids. In a few seconds he put this to one side, took up his high-powered glass again and, looking through it, immersed in paraffin a few grains of the sawdust adhering to the lock of hair. When the wax had somewhat hardened, he removed the stiffened grains with a thread-like tongs, then brought out an odd-shaped, slicing instrument with a blade so fine the objects set into it emerged in discs or squares hardly a ten-thousandth of an inch in thickness. Painstakingly, still under the lens, he arranged the paraffined grains as a butcher might arrange a ham on his cutting machine, and set the apparatus in motion. Soon tiny particles were cleaved into flat sections like the records of a phonograph with surfaces new and shiny. Through the microscope he could now clearly see the cell structure of the wood from which they had come.

"THE sawdust is a mixture of oak and pine. Probably came from kindling wood," he announced tersely. He shot a glance at the muddy deposit now forming at the bottom of the test tube in which he had placed the scrap of paper. "And that paper, properly speaking, isn't paper at all. A bit of cardboard really. Coarse cardboard made of straw. The sort used in packing boxes. There was a packing-box near the body."

The officer leaned and began stroking a silky Angora cat which came purring against his leg. "I'm beginning to get a good picture of that cellar."

"We can make it better, I hope," the bald-headed one answered, again bent over the microscope. "Here's another slight bit of information. The sand is composed of transparent quartz crystals and an opaque rock bearing iron." He bustled over to a bottle-like apparatus graduated with a scale, and dropping a few grains of coal-dust in the liquid which filled it, noted where they came to rest. "One more item. The coal's anthracite."

With a pair of fine, sterilized brushes he began cleaning the clothing and collecting in separate vessels everything dislodged from each garment. "Still we get coal-dust," he announced after a quick scrutiny. "More sand and sawdust as well.

But there are two new substances here. One, a few little fibers of green cloth, quite heavy and like nothing he's wearing, the other, a flake of some reddish, semi-transparent substance. Can't make it out. I'll see if a microscope will help." He focused the instrument upon it. "No. . . . Can't make it out on the microscope either. Well, I'll try the spectroscope and see if that gets any results."

CRUSHING the reddish flake into a fine powder, he dissolved it in acids as he had dissolved a bit of cardboard, then set up a mechanism so arranged with prisms as to break up any light passing through it. If a substance absolutely clear, such as water, were placed before these arduously ground glasses, the light would form a rainbow, a perfect miniature of the rainbows which brighten the mid-summer skies; but let some foreign substance, no matter how infinitesimal the quantity, be introduced into that water and instantly the rainbow changed its hues. By long research scientists had determined the exact color variations which followed the introduction of every known element or combination of elements; when the reddish solution was placed in the apparatus the saber-mustached scholar had only to glance at the oscillating color beams to know instantly its identity.

He looked up, blinking, and rubbed his strained eyes. "It's varnish," he announced. "A special kind of varnish with a red coloring material known as rhodamine as the chief constituent. Used for lacquering furniture. There's probably some reddish piece of furniture down in that cellar. The fibers of heavy green cloth I combed out look as if

they came from upholstery cloth. So the furniture almost certainly has a green seat or a back. An old chair or sofa, probably, that's shedding."

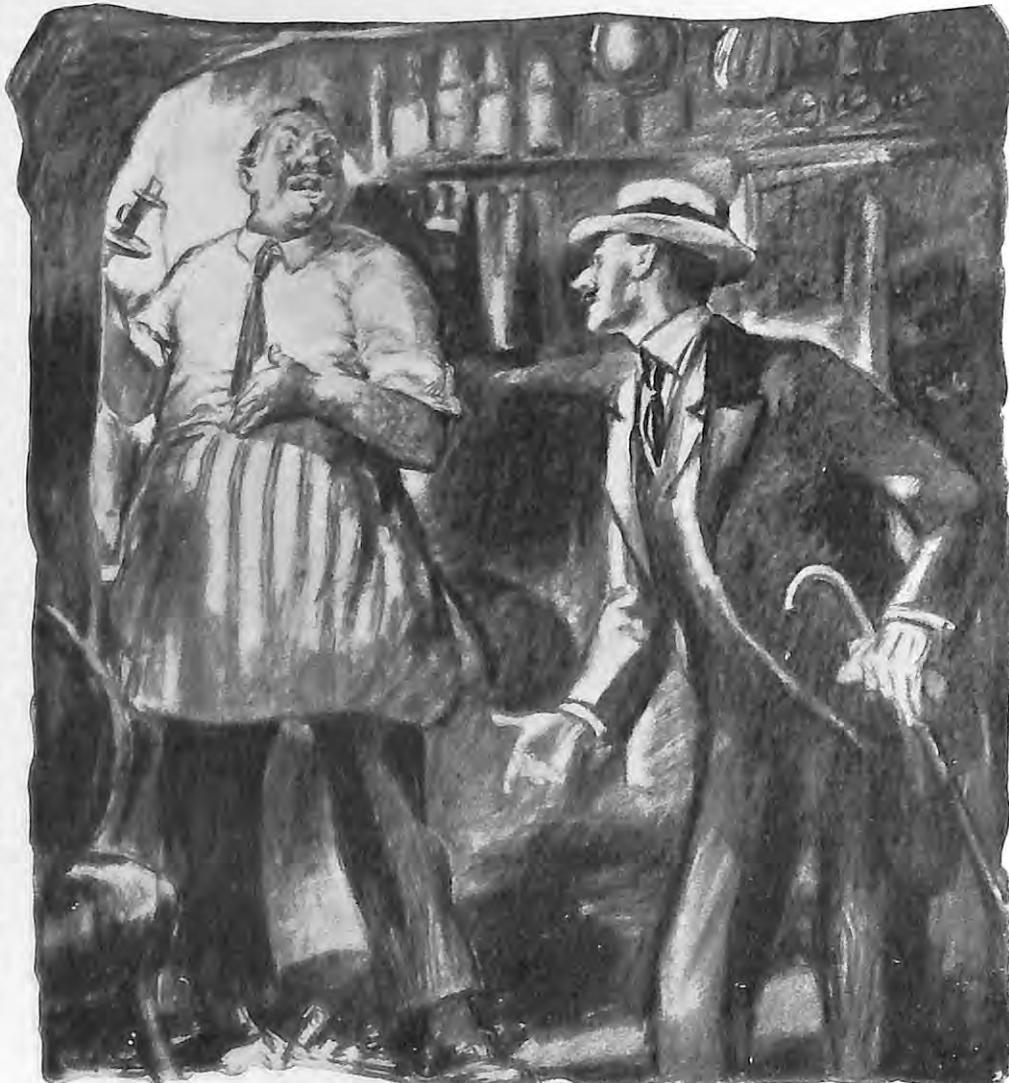
The cat now deserted the detective and affectionately hooked its forepaws into the scholar's trouser knee. He petted it and when the paws had descended brushed off a few hairs clinging to the cloth. "Here's some one else who's shedding," he chuckled. He put a cover over the microscope. "Well, I guess that finishes all we can do here this afternoon, *mon vieux*. There are a few more experiments I want to perform. But they'll take a few days."

The officer left him and strode reflectively along the Seine where a squat, timber-laden barge ploughed silently past the melancholy towers of the Conciergerie. He had learned much, thanks to these machines become detectives, detectives whose eyes were circles of glass and fingers burning acids. True, they had not told him the murderer; but indubitably, as though the assassin himself declared it, they had demonstrated where the body had lain. It was a cellar. More, it was a very particular cellar. The coal it contained was anthracite; the sand on its floor was composed of transparent quartz crystals and an opaque rock bearing iron; somewhere within it was a cardboard packing-box, a little kindling wood of oak and pine, and a piece of red-varnished furniture upholstered in green; lastly, it was a cellar in total darkness.

Yet to search every cellar in Paris until he found this fatal one was a task so Herculean as to be impossible. The galleries of Paris were countless. Darkly the galleries of the ancient catacombs stretched their lab-

yrinthian way under the streets of the Latin Quarter where the youthful students made merry; tortuously the secret tunnels built by the Romans along the river coursed from long-vanished fortresses to prisons now become cabarets; far under the moldering houses sheltering the Paris poor lay the dank cells which medieval lords had fashioned into torture chambers and where their hunted descendants had fled to escape the pikes of the avenging Terrorists.

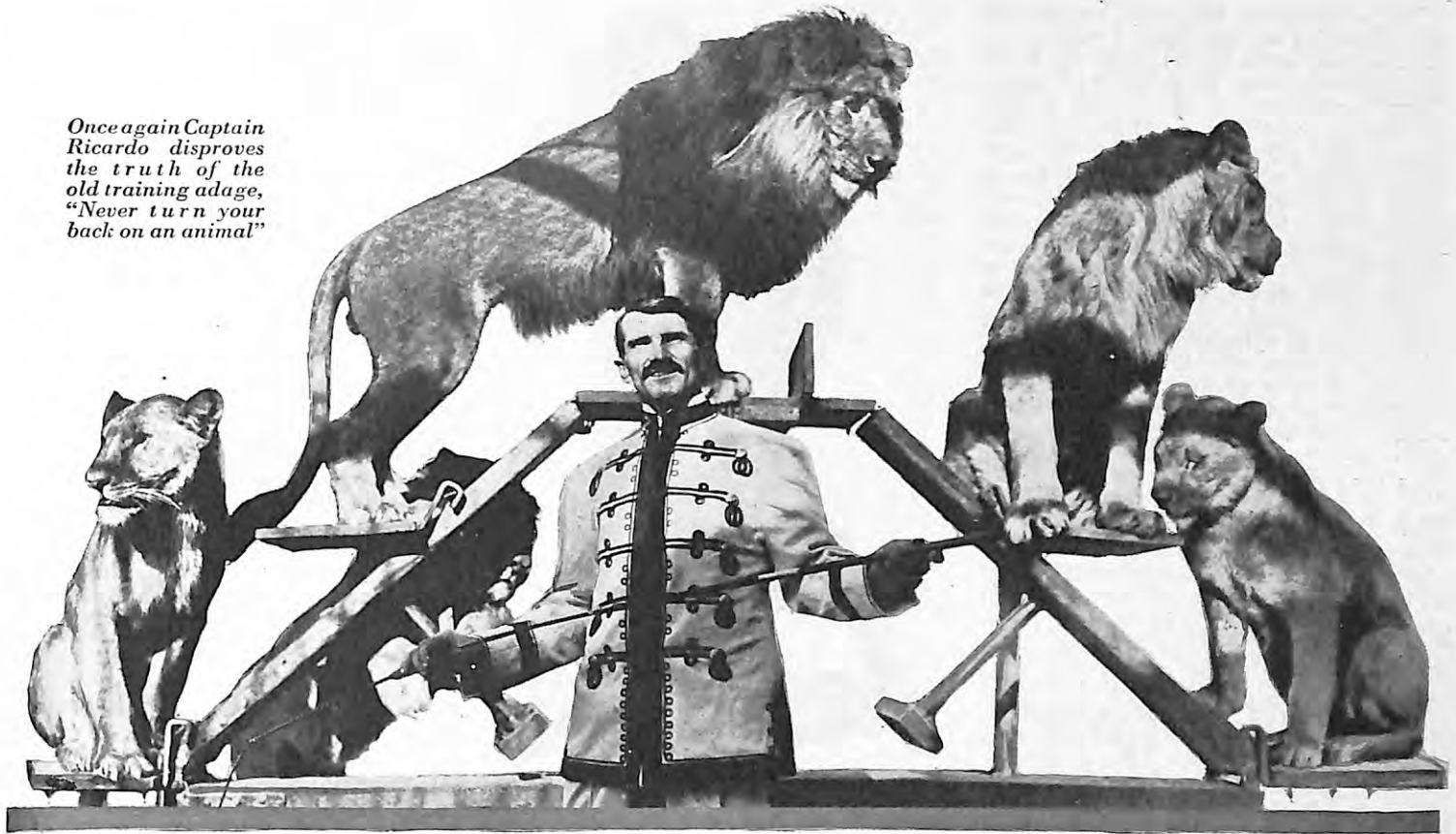
The officer theorized. How had Girondin reached the cellar, whatever (Continued on page 64)



He looked up at his companion. "Why did you kill him?" he asked, quietly



Once again Captain Ricardo disproves the truth of the old training adage, "Never turn your back on an animal"



## Prod Irons and Baby Talk

*Captain Richard "Dutch" Ricardo, Famous Animal Trainer, Tells More of His Amazing Experiences to*

Courtney Ryley Cooper

### Part II

ONE inevitable rule of animal training had saved my life during that encounter with the leopard which, all in a half-hour, gave me more scars than I had received in many years. The same rule held in my mastery over the lion act that night, a rule incidentally by which animal trainers live or die. It is:

"Keep your head"

There is more to the rule than mere coolness in time of emergency. Animals come to depend upon their trainers to a large extent, in the same way that a clerk depends upon his boss. If the head of an office is upset, the whole organization soon becomes the same way, nervousness begets nervousness, and while an office force may take it out in talk and mistakes in business, it is a different thing with animals. The only way in which they know how to express themselves is with their claws and teeth. More than that, the trainer must hold down that nervousness on the part of his animals, engendered by outside forces, and one never knows what these influences may be. A horse may decide to put on a bucking act just outside the arena, or a spectator throw a fit, or dogs wander under the big top and get into a fight just beyond the bars. I have held my animals calm in many a storm, with the canvas lashing overhead and the quarter-poles dancing so madly that the audience itself was on the verge of panic. But the animals held steady simply because I held

steady; if I could keep my head, they could too. One must talk fast and encouragingly under those circumstances.

Human beings often commit murder in time of dementia without possessing true killing instinct. The good trainer knows that the same thing holds true for animals; no matter how well trained and friendly his beasts may be, an untoward incident can throw them off balance, and unless their boss's brain is agile enough to combat that incident, they may kill him.

With Colonel Boone's show, many years ago in San Francisco, was a trainer named Fritz Greenburg, who in addition to working an act consisting of seven lions and two Great Dane dogs, possessed two other lions which he drove about the arena, hitched to a chariot. One of them, named Parnell, was inclined to fight at night, with the result that Greenburg put a collar and chain on him after performance.

ONE night we all started to dinner, and Fritz said that he would join us in a few minutes, that he was going to put on Parnell's collar. He went on to his work and we went to dinner. Just as we sat down, the electric lights—they had a habit of winking in those days—went out for about five minutes. When they came on again and the restaurant resumed the serving of food, we ate without much thought of Fritz. He had not appeared, but that was nothing unusual. There might have been work to do around the menagerie, or he might

have decided to go somewhere else for his meal. An hour or so passed, and we returned to the show. Fritz was not there. After a half-hour more in which he did not appear, we began to look for him, calling his name. He did not answer. There was no evidence of disturbance in the cages; certainly he was not there. But at last we decided to make a closer investigation.

The lions were roaming their den as usual; only a slight flutter of something in a far corner attracted our attention as one of the great cats passed over it, rumpling it with his heavy foot. It was a piece of cloth; we hurried closer. Then something round seemed to evolve from the shadows—with black, staring eyes. It was a human skull.

We found the other bones, scattered and broken. Fritz had not kept his head when those lights went out. Evidently he had become panicky, and the animals had done likewise. They had attacked the strange thing which had bumped against them in the dark. The attack had continued until death, and with the salt taste of human blood they had reverted to the instincts of the wild. The bones were licked clean when we found them.

Against this was an experience of my own some years later. I had evolved an act in which I sat at a table, the open drawer of which was toward me and filled with strips of beef. About me, upon their pedestals, were grouped five lions, three males and two females. I called the act "The Feast of Kings."

The performance was one of animal control. Starting at the right, I would feed the two lions strips of meat from my hand, making each wait until his turn came. Then I would switch to the left and feed the two beasts there. After I had done this, I would take a long strip of meat and place one end of it in the mouth of the lioness which faced me, taking the other end between my own teeth. Then with only a few inches between us, the lioness and myself would have a tug of war for possession of the food; first she would pull me half over the table, then I would retaliate by stretching her a foot or so in my direction. One night, I had fed the four other lions. I had placed the strip of meat between the teeth of the lioness and taken the other end in my own mouth. She was just pulling me across the table; the audience was applauding. Then the lights went out!

**I**MMEDIATELY the audience began to fret; I could hear seats rattling as various groups rose, and with that hysterical herd instinct which is a human as well as animal trait, seek escape. I could hear the voices of ushers calling for order, and nearer the anxious call of assistants:

"Cap! Cap! Are you all right?"

"Shut up!" I commanded between closed teeth. I had not released that strip of meat. Then I continued talking, as I had done every instant since those lights flickered out: "Major! Duke! Prince! Easy boys—e-a-s-y now! Hold it, boys! Hold it! Queen! Betsy! H-o-l-d it!" And at the same time, I continued to sway and pull on that strip of meat, the lioness opposite me doing the same. Only one move out of the ordinary did I make, and of that the lions knew nothing. Carefully—so carefully that I did not even display the motion to the lioness with whom I was playing a pitch-black tug of war—I had reached into my boot-top for my blank-cartridge revolver, carried there for emergency. I knew the position of the arena door; in the same tone that I was using to the lions I called to an assistant to unstrap it and have it ready for quick opening.

"I've got her unstrapped!" the excited voice answered. "Want to make the run now? Don't know when the lights are coming on—they've sent for lanterns."

"Shut up! Stay by that door! Easy Prince! Duke, hold that seat—hold it Duke—!"

Then the lights came on again. An audience, scattered from the topmost row of seats down to the hippodrome track, turned and, still obeying the herd instinct, returned to its former position. And I, in the arena, finished my tug-of-war with that strip of meat!

Flightiness in the training den is, in fact, a cardinal sin. On a show where I worked recently, I watched with a great deal of interest the vain attempts of a man to train a certain lion. The man was nervous, the lion was the same. They had constant brushes. One day the lion ran the trainer out of the arena. The man sought the manager.

"I can't go on!" he said. "That lion's bad. He'll get me if I try to do anything more with him."

"G'wan," I said, "that lion's not bad."

The manager laughed.

"I guess you think you could handle him?"

"I guess just well enough to be willing to bet a new suit of clothes that I can put him through the whole routine, and even put my head inside of his mouth in twenty-four hours and never get a scratch!"



The manager walked away, jeering over his shoulder:

"I always thought you were crazy; now I know it."

"Is it a bet?" I asked.

"Sure it's a bet."

The next day I got my new suit of clothes and the manager threw a new hat into the bargain. I had sent that lion through his entire routine, not once but several times, and I put my head in his mouth until both he and I were tired of the stunt. There wasn't any miracle about it. The trainer's nervousness had increased that of the lion's until both were at fighting edge. I simply took things easy with the brute, coaxing him and petting him; baby talk with that lion did what forcing and rough commands could never accomplish. The lion was simply of a sensitive nature, that was all.

The caged animal really wants to do his part, if you'll only give him a chance. I remember a lion named Julius, which had experienced about everything in the world that could make a beast bad. After having been handled by inexperienced persons with a picture company, he was purchased by an equally inexperienced showman who believed that a lion act would take well in Old Mexico. He transported the lion there and turned him over to a Mexican trainer whose sole knowledge of animals was what he had gotten from hearsay, coupled with the belief that one must have an hypnotic eye and a strong right arm to cow the savagery of a wild beast. He tried it with this lion, and got killed. Then the owner conceived the idea that he could make the lion safe for handling by knocking out all his teeth. The poor brute was strapped and tied and his teeth were broken out one by one, as cruel a piece of human ignorance as I ever heard of; it accomplished nothing. The lion still had his claws, and even had the cheerful thought struck this man to pull these out by the roots, the beast would have continued to possess his muscles. A lion fights by striking, and the force of his blow is sufficient to disembowel animals even larger than he. Deprived of his claws his blow would not

have the same tearing qualities, it is true, but it would possess force sufficient to cause fatal internal injuries.

But the teeth were knocked out and the lion made "safe." He was so safe, in fact, that the next trainer, relying on the lion's reputation, and believing that he must use force, was attacked, almost at the first command. His clothing was ripped from him and he was clawed into insensibility. The lion was sold as a cage beast, and its reputation traveled with it—that of being a "bad actor," an "untamable" and a "man-killer." At last he came into my control, and I treated him as I treated all the rest. I stopped by his cage and talked to him. I called him pet names, and I treated him gently. One day I determined to see just how fierce he was, and took him into the arena.

He didn't have many tricks, it is true—he'd never had time to learn many. But he responded, and he learned. More than that, he seemed all the more willing to work because he had found someone who didn't beat or force him. I worked that lion four years, and did not even get as much as a scratch! You'll find few humans with that much sense of forgiveness!

To tell the truth, it is usually the trainer's own fault when he gets torn up. I know that such has been my experience; even with that leopard which nearly ended my life. I took too much for granted; I gave the leopard qualities which I should have known he did not possess. I am often called by the press agents "The Man of a Thousand Scars," and while I never have taken a day off to count the marks left on my body by the teeth and claws of various animals, I am sure that the estimate is conservative. Out of that number, there are very few that I can not account for as having been preventable.

After the accident has happened and the trainer has been led away to the doctor or the hospital, as the case may be, if he will look back and be perfectly frank with himself, he can usually find a cause which could have been avoided. There is so much more to animal training than the mere facing of the beasts in the steel arena. There are physical causes which may make a beast intractable. A careless helper may have neglected the ventilation of the animal house, for instance, thus confining the ammonia fumes which arise from caged beasts, causing them terrific headaches. Or an otherwise placid animal may have developed some illness, the symptoms of which have not made themselves apparent. Animals are not machines, always the same. They are subject to moods, indispositions, and these must always be taken into consideration. When a trainer forgets, something usually happens.

**O**NCE while working for Col. P. J. Mundy, I had a lion about which I boasted to everyone. He was the steadiest performer I ever had seen, and whenever an argument came up about animals, he was always my example of a good-tempered beast. But one afternoon as I started into his den to give him a work-out, I had a strange premonition that it should not be done.

I forced the feeling aside and went in. The lion went to his pedestal, then refused to budge. I coaxed him a moment, in vain. Then I started to move closer, my kitchen chair before me, for I realized suddenly that the brute's temper had changed. He was angry, vicious and apparently looking for a fight. Even my kitchen chair wasn't enough when he leaped; it was knocked aside and the lion was upon me, sending me half across the arena with one sweeping blow of his forepaw.

In an instant he followed, striking me again, and breaking my left arm. Then he mauled me, first to one side, then the other, at last to leave me, walk across the arena, and there squat on his haunches, merely watching.

No assistant was near. For a time I merely lay still, wondering what the lion intended to do when I attempted escape. There was only one way to find out, and at last I struggled to my feet; the beast made no attempt to follow me. He merely sat there; he neither growled nor snarled—he merely watched, and that was all, as I dragged myself to the door, unstrapped it and went out of the arena.

THAT night in the hospital I still was thinking about it. As I looked back upon the attack, I saw that there was some reason for it all, as though the animal were angry about a specific thing and had expressed himself in the only way he knew. At last it came to me; for six years I had fed that lion promptly at five o'clock, and then, when his meal was done, had worked him. That explained my feeling of premonition as I entered the den—I had forgotten the feeding process! The change in procedure had thrown the animal off balance. Besides that, he was grouchy because he had been asked to work without food. No wonder he had punished me, and then sat down and allowed me to think it over—which I did in the hospital! The proof lies in the fact that after my arm got well, I worked this lion consistently for years and never had another encounter with him!

The average person, of course, would reason that since an animal knows nothing about clocks, he would naturally not know whether it was feeding time or not. That is entirely wrong. How they do it, I can not understand, but an animal has a pretty exact knowledge of time. I have tested it too often. The solution of how they compute is no more explainable than the nicety with which a dog can distin-

guish the hum of his master's motor out of a thousand others—presumably just like it. Nevertheless they know time so well in fact, that I have often taken their word for it instead of bothering to look at my watch.

This was during a session as a nurse to a number of orang-outangs for one of the big circuses. The shipment had started from Borneo with a total of twenty-three, eighteen of which had died through feeding problems. The remaining five were given into my care, for a system of dieting which must be exact and punctual. Meals were prepared for them at certain hours; after a time I noticed that the five orangs gathered at the cage netting at almost precisely the minute I should start my cooking. After they had become strong again, I decided to test them, and would deliberately forget to look at my watch. They did not fail once to remind me, and if I still hesitated, there would be a chorus of whimperings and pleadings which made the matter emphatic!

The dumbness of animals therefore is not their own ignorance, but ours. Because we don't know how to talk their languages, and because we don't understand their ways, we believe they don't know a number of things which are supposed to be wholly human. That is our own blindness. Many animals, I have found, have certain practices of medicine and self-healing that are supposed to be discoveries of the human race. They can use their heads and their brains and when an attack comes, there is usually some good underlying cause for it. I once knew a trainer who when he was dying, cursed his lions for treachery. They had worked faithfully for six years, then suddenly one day, according to his story, had set upon without cause and fatally injured him.

The truth was that the trainer had allowed other things to supersede the care he should exercise in the arena. He had fallen in love with a woman on the circus and instead of giving his every attention to his animals, had induced

her to be present outside the bars during his act so that he could talk to her. On the day of the accident, he had been so busy telling her what a good trainer he was that he neglected his work. As the last lion entered the arena, he closed the steel chute-door without looking to see whether the lion was fully within. The heavy gate clamped tight upon the lion's tail. The beast roared, whirled and struck out, knocking the man across the arena and full into another lion. This beast, surprised, also strove to protect itself from what seemed to be an attack. Soon the whole den had closed in, and another trainer was missing from the steel arena.

There are also incidents in plenty where a trainer has been saved, not through any brilliancy of his own but through fast thinking on the part of the animal. It has happened with me more than once; had the beast been one that could not use his head or had there been less understanding of what he was supposed to do, I might have been dead. But the animal used his brain and I'm still here.

ANIMAL work in motion pictures, for instance, is not the set work of the circus or the carnival exhibition. There animals must understand to a certain degree what the work is all about, and why it is done. In this regard, there is one phase of training which is overlooked by the average person—that is the play element. Every animal plays, and loves to do it. He has a certain sense of the dramatic; watch a colt in the pasture with its mother. It will pretend to be frightened of this, that and the other thing. It will run and kick its heels in an equine dramatization all its own. Kittens will crouch after a piece of string, dramatizing it into prey, finally to leap upon it. Dogs will growl and bark and chase each other in a pretense of fight. This play instinct runs through the entire animal kingdom, and once a beast has learned a trick, providing, of course, that the teaching has been done humanely, there is a certain pleasure in its performance. He is acting, dramatizing, playing. Observe some time with your dog, since that is the handiest animal, how he can catch your moods, and

(Continued on page 58)



"Fierceness" in an animal, according to Captain Ricardo is nothing more than a spirit of play

# Murder at Sea

By Richard Connell

Illustrated by Cornelius Hicks

## Part IV

"GOOD-MORNING, Miss Yate." Kelton stopped beside the steamer-chair. He was amazed at the change in her. On the night before in her cabin, she had been wan, limp, highly nervous, a typical chronic invalid. Now she was a different woman. Her eyes were bright, and there was color in her face. Her manner was animated and spirited. Women, he knew, are supposed to look their worst in the glare of the sunlight, but it seemed to him that Miss Esther Yate looked very much better, as she sat there on the deck, than she had looked in the artificial light of her cabin.

"Sit down, Mr. Kelton," she said, "and tell me if you were able to discover the person who frightened me last night."

Matthew Kelton sat on the steamer-chair next to hers.

"No," he said. "I didn't have much luck. Did he appear again?"

"I suppose," Miss Yate said, "it was silly of me to get into such a state of nerves about it. It was rather a shock, of course, but I shouldn't have taken on so."

"I don't blame you in the least," Matthew Kelton said. "Were you bothered again?"

"No. He may have appeared again. But, you see, once I've taken my sleeping-draught, nothing troubles me until morning. Sleep is a wonderful refuge from troubles, isn't it?"

"It's man's greatest escape from reality," agreed Matthew Kelton. He looked at her steadily. "Miss Yate," he said, "last night I had a feeling that your face was familiar to me. Now I feel sure of it. I hope you will not consider it impertinent if I ask you again, a personal question?"

"Ask it," said Miss Yate, with a smile.

"Weren't you once on the stage—under the name of Esta Yale?"

She laughed.

"My secret is discovered," she said. "I might as well admit it. Yes, I was. But I gave up the stage—oh, years ago—and I prefer to be known under my real name."

"I remember seeing you in 'The Last Woman.' You were capital."

"THANK you, Mr. Kelton. There is still enough of the actress in me to enjoy a little flattery."

"A great many people were sorry when you gave up the stage," said Matthew Kelton.

"It's nice of you to say that," said Miss Yate. "I was rather sorry, myself. But I found it the most trying, and over-rated of all professions. There's hardly an actress who isn't dreaming of the day when she can retire to private life. And yet—well, there are very few of them, too, who don't come back to it—if they can. The stage virus is one which no inoculation seems to be able to



"Then, without warning, he caught up a blackthorn stick he had carried aboard, and hurled himself at me"

cure. Anyone who has been connected with the theatre—"

Her voice trailed off. The color left her cheeks. Julia Royd, the nurse, who had been standing near-by, apparently watching the sea, hurried to her side.

"I think you'd better go down to the cabin, now, Miss Yate. You've overtaxed your strength."

"Perhaps I'd better," said Esther Yate, feebly. Her head had fallen forward and she seemed to be about to faint. "Excuse me, Mr. Kelton."

Supporting her, with an arm around her shoulder, the nurse led her away. Kelton was left sitting there, wondering. One minute she was so animated, the next so frail and haggard. It seemed, almost, as if she were two persons.

Kelton tried to recall where he had seen a person behave like that before. Years before, he thought, he had had a somewhat similar experience. Its details were not clear in his mind. He seemed to remember that he had been talking to a man in a café in Paris, and the man had been holding forth with great spirit on the art of Monet, when suddenly his voice died away, his whole body went flaccid, and he tottered away from the table. Fifteen minutes later the man returned and resumed the discussion with as much zest as he had shown before his collapse.

The case of Miss Yate resembled that one, Kelton thought. It interested him. He would ask Dr. Charlesworth for an opinion on it, he decided; then he remembered that he had no time to stray into the by-ways of curiosity, just then. The ship was making good speed toward Bermuda—and the murderer of Samuel P. Cleghorn was still at large.

He turned his mind into another channel of thought. When Julia Royd, the nurse, had spoken, something had clicked in Kelton's mind. It was the voice of Julia Royd which gave him the idea. He had noticed her manner of speaking before, that broad, rather rough accent. It struck him now that there was someone else on the ship who spoke with the same sort of accent—Captain Galvin. That accent, Kelton realized now, was the mark of a person born and brought up in Yorkshire. Royd—that was a Yorkshire name, too, and Galvin might be. Kelton clapped his hand to his head. Here was something—merely a thread perhaps, or a coincidence. Cleghorn came, originally, from Yorkshire, too. He had, according to Sangerson, spoken of "his boyhood in York." In his mind's eye Kelton sketched a triangle—Captain Galvin, Cleghorn, Miss Royd. Did the answer he was seeking lie, after all, within that triangle? If so, how could he get at it? Yorkshire folk are noted for being clannish and close-



mouthed. If the captain and the nurse were guarding a secret, they could be depended upon to guard it well, stubbornly. It would be difficult to see the cards they held in their hands unless—he could force those hands. He remembered then the captain's badly concealed interest in young Sangerson. Were they all in it? What use could he make of Sangerson's confession—counterfeit though it might be?

He paused in his speculations. It exasperated him to remember how little that was concrete and certain he had to go on. Suppose the captain, the nurse, young Sangerson were all mixed up in the case in some way? That did not square very well with his elaborate story of the Unknown, seeking a treasure.

NOR did it take into account the challenge of Mr. Mond. Farther down the deck he could see that gentleman's large and gaudy figure, as he sat near the three school-teachers, giving free rein to his garrulity and punctuating his anecdotes with resounding chuckles. If his admission that he had brought about the death of Samuel P. Cleghorn were true, then he was a singularly light-hearted murderer. Kelton thought. Could it be true? Mr. Mond was big enough, probably strong enough to have done it—but a motive was lacking, so far as Kelton could see. It was difficult for Kelton to see any connection between Cleghorn, a hard-headed, dour business man who led a rather arid and secluded life, and Mond, idler, globe-trotter, habitu  of night-clubs, who lived the life of an obese social butterfly. Yet it was not impossible that their paths had crossed. Kelton's first impulse had been to discount Mond's words of the night before, to ascribe them to an aberration

on Mond's part, or to a perverted sense of humor. True or not, they complicated the issue.

"If one more person confesses the murder of Cleghorn," said Kelton to himself, "I'll feel like sinking the boat. My head is spinning. I'm like a chicken in a field of crickets—everywhere I turn I see a self-confessed murderer. Well, no good comes out of fretting. There must be an answer—the one, right answer."

Pondering over what place to assign to Mr. Mond in the crazy-quilt picture, he made his way toward the cabin of Dr. Charlesworth.

On his way he passed a figure, wrapped in a blanket, a cap pulled down over his eyes, apparently asleep in a steamer-chair. It was Mr. Westervelt. As Kelton passed him, from the corner of an eye he noted that Mr. Westervelt was not asleep at all, but was watching him intently. Kelton stopped.

"Pleasant day, Mr. Westervelt," he said.

"Yes."

"Is this your first trip to Bermuda?"

"Yes."

"Staying long?"

"No."

"That's a sad affair—the death of Mr. Cleghorn," remarked Kelton.

Mr. Westervelt regarded him from expressionless eyes. After a long silence, he said, "All crimes are sad affairs."

"What do you think about it?"

Mr. Westervelt was silent again, and then he used the words he had used to Mr. Mond the night before.

"I have no opinion; I have no facts."

"A sensible view to take," agreed Kelton, wondering how he could break through the other man's reserve. He tried again.

"Going to Bermuda on business, Mr. Westervelt?"

"Yes."

"How are business conditions down there now?"

"I don't know."

Matthew Kelton was nettled.

"You know I'm investigating this case," he said.

"Yes."

"As a matter of course I'm getting statements from all the passengers about their movements yesterday. I'd like one from you, Mr. Westervelt."

The man did not answer at once. Then he said, with no show of emotion,

"You shall have one. I spent the afternoon on deck, right in this chair, doing crossword puzzles, and dozing. I went down to my cabin to wash-up at six twenty."

His manner became a shade less impersonal.

"Mr. Kelton," he said, "I realize that my unsupported word may not be enough to convince you that what I've said is true. In your place, I'd want a stronger alibi than that. However, the fact is it is true—as you will learn. It will be wise, and it will save you time, if you accept my assurance that I had nothing at all to do with the murder, and that I know nothing about it that will help you. To-morrow I think I can convince you of that. Now I am not in a position to do so."

Toward the end he was speaking with great earnestness.

"Thank you," said Matthew Kelton, and continued on his way. He was impressed by the ring of sincerity in the man's words. Sincerity, he reflected, can, of course, be simulated. He was puzzled by what Westervelt had said. Why could he convince Kelton of his innocence to-morrow, and not then and there?

"Well, anyhow," decided Kelton, "I can hold him to his promise to-morrow. Before he sets foot off this ship, he'll have to make good his words. Either he's telling the truth, or trying to get away with a brazen bluff. That is at least one question I can leave to time to answer. I'll put the reticent

Mr. Westervelt in a pigeon-hole and leave him there for the time being."

He found Dr. Charlesworth in his cabin, which was also his office. Kelton had two motives in going to see the doctor. He wanted an opportunity to study him at close range. A man's personality, a word he chanced to drop, a gesture—these in other cases in the past had given Matthew Kelton valuable hints. He wanted, also, to consult the doctor's medical library, if he had one, which Kelton considered unlikely. He had already cataloged Dr. Charlesworth as a man going nowhere in particular, and as one who probably did not exert himself to keep up with the latest movements and discoveries in his profession.

Dr. Charlesworth greeted him courteously.

"Not a patient, I hope?" he said



"No," answered Kelton, with a smile. "I'm much too busy to be sea-sick. My trouble is mental. My mind is full of pugnacious facts, all fighting with each other. Can you help me?"

"Not much, I'm afraid," said the doctor, motioning Kelton to a seat. "My practise on this ship is confined to giving out big brown pills and to painting with iodine ankles sprained by people hurrying out of the dining-room. The only mental purge I know is psycho-analysis—and that takes time."

AS HE talked, Kelton was looking over the cabin. He had half-way expected it to be slipshod, and in disorder. It was, in fact, meticulously neat and orderly. Cases against the walls were filled with books, thick, scientific-looking tomes. Kelton ran his eyes over the titles and was again surprised. He knew enough about medical literature to see that the doctor's library was unusually complete and up to date.

"That's only part of my library," the doctor remarked. "I've a lot more books in a store-room. I've a hard time keeping my books. Passengers are always dropping in for a pill, and trying to pinch one of my books. I suppose they hope they are naughty. I've finally worked out a scheme. I gently take the medical book away from them and loan them a copy of J. K. Huysmans' 'Against the Grain.' That has enough psycho-pathology in it for any layman."

Kelton laughed.

"A remarkable book," he said. "What men will do to find new sensations—" He stopped. Another idea had clicked in his mind.

"Doctor," he said, "what do you think about this murder?"

"I haven't the information you must have about it, Mr. Kelton," answered the doctor. "I'm hardly in a position to have any definite theory. I'm not much of a psychologist, or detective, you see. My field is the physiology and chemistry of metabolism. That's why I'm on this ship. This job gives me leisure for study and research. I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I can't shed much light on the mystery."

"You've no theory at all?"

"No. I have only the medical evidence to go by. To tell the truth I've been so engrossed in a new book on vitamins I haven't thought much about the matter. All I know is that Cleghorn was beaten to death by a series of powerful blows which crushed his skull, blows delivered by a heavy instrument, in the hands of a person of more than ordinary strength. Who did it, why it was done, I haven't the faintest notion."

"How long had he been dead?"

The doctor smiled.

"I'm not one of those wizard doctors of detective fiction who can fix the time of a man's death within ten seconds by glancing at his brow," he said. "In Cleghorn's case *rigor mortis* had set in—but it is a gradual process, you see. It begins usually within an hour or two after a man's death—but there are cases on record where it has started within fifteen minutes after life had become extinct; also there are other cases where *rigor mortis* was not observable for several hours, due to conditions of temperature. Naturally heat delays the process. So, you see, the man in Cabin B might have been dead twenty minutes, or several hours. Your guess is as good as mine."

"Thank you, doctor. Now let me ask you something more. It may not be exactly in your field, but could you give me any

idea what ailment Miss Esther Yate is suffering from?"

"Oh, the lady in the invalid chair," said Dr. Charlesworth. "No, I can't tell you much about her. She hasn't required my professional services. I've seen her, of course, and I'll admit I've taken more than a passing interest in her case. I've had a brief chat with her—about things in general—flying fish and porpoises mostly—but I'm not enough of a diagnostician to hazard an opinion without a very thorough examination. I had a feeling, though, that she

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is not suffering from any ordinary complaint."

"Really? Doctor, do you think it possible that she is a drug-addict?"

The doctor considered a moment.

"Possible, yes. I'll admit I asked myself that question. I had considerable experience with poor devils suffering from various forms of the drug-habit before I gave up private practise. I got rather expert in spotting them, and classifying them. Probably you know that users of any of the commonly used drugs, such as morphine, cocaine, opium, hasheesh, ether, and so forth, show the particular signs of the particular drugs. I won't go into that now, but a specialist can tell a user of opium from a user of cocaine without much difficulty. Now my offhand impression of Miss Yate was that she uses, or has used drugs in some form—but in what form I'm not prepared to say. None of the ordinary signs which point to one drug or another are present. And remember this, Mr. Kelton, though it is dangerous for a doctor to admit he may be wrong, I'll admit to you that my suspicion about Miss Yate may be entirely without basis. Her trouble may be psychic—and any honest doctor will admit that in the realm of the mind the best he can do is grope and hope."

"Can you tell me anything about Mr. Mond?" was Matthew Kelton's next question.

"There again I can only guess," answered the doctor. "He's not completely normal, I'm fairly sure of that. I've had a visit from him."

"You have? Tell me about it."

"He came to me this morning to get a pill for indigestion," said the doctor, "and, after seeing him eat, I wondered he didn't need a stick of dynamite. His behavior was strange. He took the pill, tossed it into the air, and caught it as it fell in his open mouth. Then he drank six glasses of water. Then he said he felt like singing and asked me if I wouldn't join him in a duet. When I declined, he sang 'Life on the Ocean Wave'—and stopped in the middle to ask me which I considered the most painful, hanging, electrocution or shooting. I'm interested in nuts so I talked to him. He's very much

down on doctors, it seems. Got really rabid about it. I questioned him and found that he had once been in Dr. Morgenstern's Sanitarium where they treat rich alcoholics and mental and nervous cases. His particular kick was that Dr. Morgenstern had discharged him and had written on his report, 'Harmless.' Mond seemed to resent that a lot. 'I'll show him who's harmless,' he said, a number of times."

"Do you think he is harmless?" questioned Kelton.

"Yes, I do," answered Dr. Charlesworth. "I know Dr. Morgenstern and his work. He's about the best alienist in America—and if he pronounces Mond harmless, the chances are a thousand to one he is right."

"But there's one chance in a thousand he's wrong?" asked Kelton.

"I suppose so. No doctor is infallible. Still, I think he's right in Mond's case. The fellow struck me as being a super-egoist, the sort of chap who has to have the spotlight trained on him, and who seeks to attract attention by his clothes, his talk and his behavior. It's an infantile, show-off type. Mond is really a great big baby and should be treated as such. I'll bet if you threatened to spank him he'd begin to blubber."

"Thanks for the suggestion," said Matthew Kelton. "It may prove very useful."

"I'd like to have the moving-picture rights to the scene when you spank Mond," said the doctor.

"It will be a metaphorical spanking, I think," said Kelton.

"Do you think he had anything to do with the murder?"

"He may have."

The doctor shook his head.

"I doubt it," he said. "I doubt it very much. He has a too well developed example of what Dr. Stekel calls 'the beloved ego' to do anything which might cause him real pain."

"That's very illuminating, doctor," Matthew Kelton said, "and I'm much obliged to you. I wonder, now, if you'd let me consult some of your books. An idea, so tenuous that I hate to put it in words, came to me just now. I'm not going to explain it—yet. I'll have to do a good bit of research first."

"My library is at your disposal, Mr. Kelton. So am I," said Dr. Charlesworth.

"Thank you. Is that book 'Against the Grain' here?"

"YES, on that second shelf. Do you expect it to help you?"

"It has given me an idea," Kelton replied. "It is many years since I read it, but I remember vividly the decadent young man who is its hero. I recall how he was satiated with all the usual worldly sensations, so he set out to discover new thrills for himself. He devised strange new vices. It is one of those vices which particularly interests me just now."

"Can I help you, Mr. Kelton?"

"No, thank you, Dr. Charlesworth. I hope to be able to work this out by myself."

"Very well. I'll take a turn on deck. Please make yourself at home here."

Matthew Kelton plunged at once into his reading. So absorbed was he that he did not notice the passage of time, nor heed the luncheon gong. When he finally glanced at his watch, an annoyed exclamation escaped him.

"The whole morning gone and nothing tangible done—except a probable wild-goose chase launched."

He hurried to the dining-room. It was empty. The others had finished their lunch. The dining-room steward was obliging, however, and Matthew Kelton was supplied



with a chop and a salad. He did not know he was eating a chop and salad. His mind was so intent on the problem that he hardly knew he was eating at all.

Just as he finished his lunch, Captain Galvin entered the dining-room. The day had brought no peace to the captain. He seemed distraught, and he seemed, too, to be trying to conceal the fact. He hurried to Kelton.

"Ah, Mr. Kelton," he said. "Here you are. I've been looking for you."

"Some new development, Captain?"

"Yes," said the captain, hoarsely, "the eyes have been seen again."

## CHAPTER XII

"THE eyes!" cried Kelton. "Where?"  
"Down below—near the galley," answered Captain Galvin. "Mr. Kelton, I'm not a religious man—but this newest occurrence comes pretty near convincing me that there is a devil."

*"My heart was heavy when I said good-bye and yet I was happy. In a year I'd return and take her with me as my bride"*

"Why? What did he do?"

"He killed Caesar."

"One of the crew?"

"Not exactly. Caesar was a dog. We almost considered him one of the crew, though. He'd been on this ship eight years. He was a great pet. If I get my hands on the man who killed him, God help him. As for the crew, they talk of lynching him. They loved Caesar."

"Give me the facts," said Kelton.

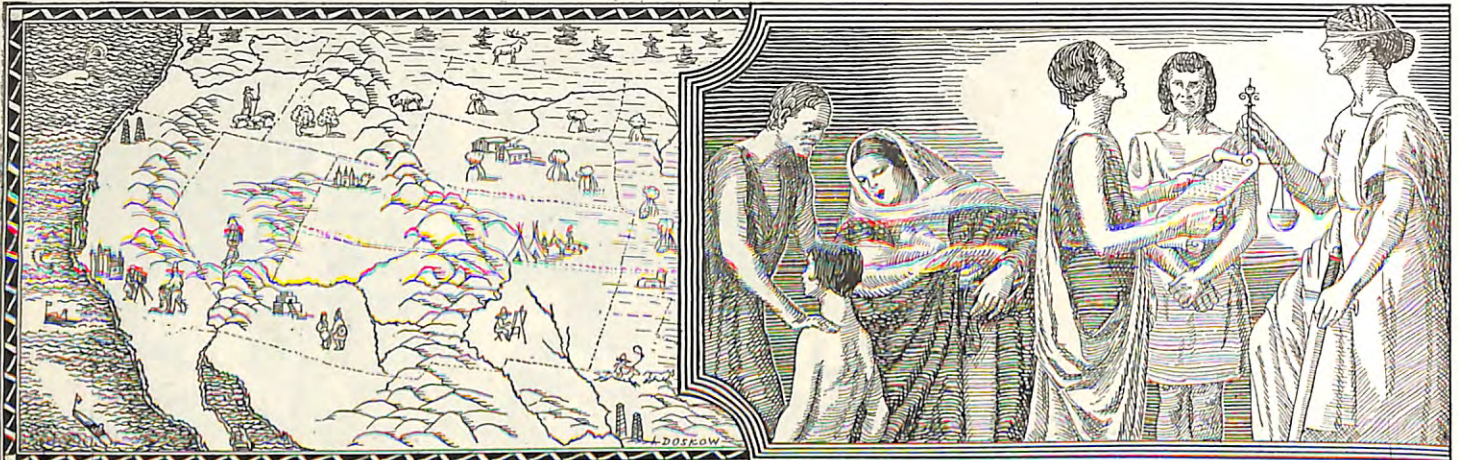
"Caesar," said Captain Galvin, "was an English bulldog, the biggest I ever saw, and a grand scrapper. With people he knew—and of course he knew all the officers and crew—he was gentle, but let a stranger come near him—alone—and there was bound to be trouble. He was kept down in the crew's quarters, because we didn't want him chewing up any of the passengers. I saw Caesar

go for a fellow once when we were anchored at the pier in Hamilton—a sneak thief the man was—and Caesar nearly killed the man before we pried them apart. I'm telling you this because it has a bearing on what happened just now. No, that dog wasn't a coward. Now, listen to this."

"I'm listening," said Kelton.

"The men, to amuse themselves, used to play a little game with Caesar. Outside the galley is a long narrow passageway—just wide enough for one man—leading to a door which connects with the engine-room. The men used to stand in the galley and throw a ball down the passageway. Caesar would run after it and retrieve it, but before he could get back to the galley they'd close the galley-door leaving Caesar in the dark. He would bang and scratch at the door till it was opened. Not much of a sport, you'll say, but on shipboard men will do anything to pass the time. It was this game which cost Caesar his life."

(Continued on page 44)



## EDITORIAL

### GRAND EXALTED RULER HULBERT

THIS is the first opportunity that has been presented, in these columns, to felicitate the Order and Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert alike, upon his elevation to that office. The high honor that is involved in being chosen as the executive head of a great fraternity, particularly when it is conferred with such acclaim as attended his election at Miami, justifies the congratulations here tendered to him. And his splendid ability, wide experience, proved devotion, and loyal service prompt the equally sincere congratulations to the Order.

The new Grand Exalted Ruler is peculiarly well qualified for just the character of leadership that is needed. He has had a long and valuable experience in the administration of public affairs. In offices of high dignity and importance, municipal, State and national, he displayed such ability, integrity and forceful personality as to win for himself a front place among his official associates and to earn the confidence and esteem of his constituents.

For a number of years he has been specially interested in the promotion of amateur athletics, and the development of recreational facilities throughout the country. As President of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, and as this country's representative on the Executive Council of the International Amateur Athletic Federation, he has been closely identified with the conduct of the Olympic Games, and was largely instrumental in securing the next Olympiad for the United States.

His service in important offices of the Grand Lodge has given him an accurate knowledge of the Order and its activities. His keen interest in all that pertains to its welfare is attested by his record. His splendid address to the Grand Lodge, at Miami, following his election, convinced his hearers of his deep sincerity, fine enthusiasm, and earnest purpose to devote himself unreservedly to the Order's service. His popularity through the

Order is already established, and will inevitably increase as the members come to know him personally, for he has the real gift of fraternal fellowship and friendliness.

Happily, Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert has a splendidly united and enthusiastic membership behind him. An unusually fine corps of officers have been selected to assist him. All are willing and eager to support his every endeavor for advancement and well-being of the Order. With such leadership and such cooperation, it is safe to predict another year of prosperity and progress, marked by real fraternal achievement.

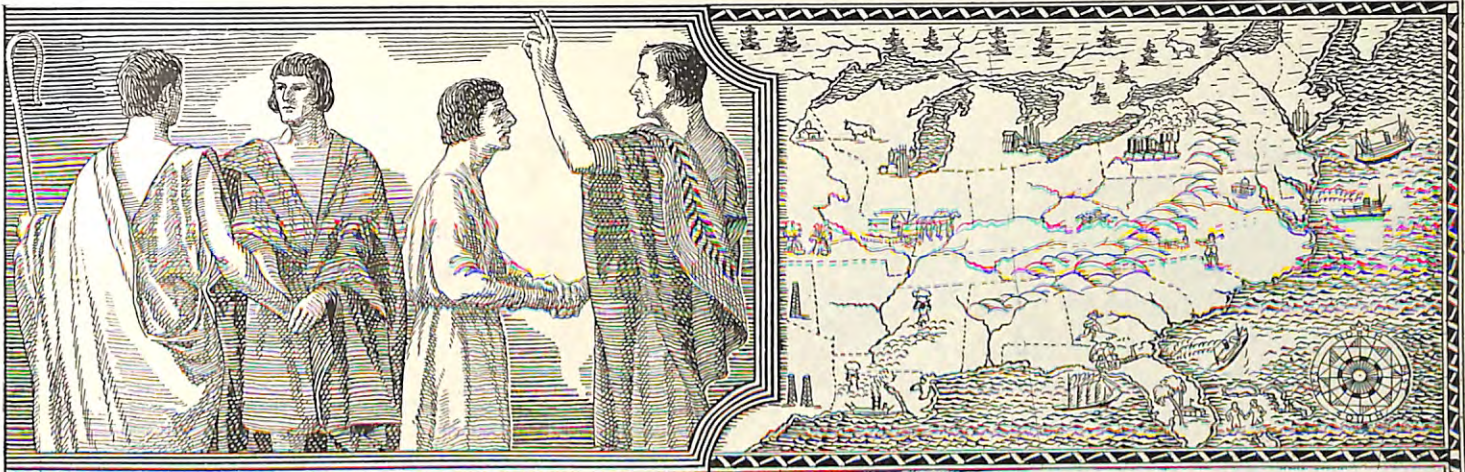
### NEW FIELDS

IT WILL doubtless be surprising to many to learn that there are in the United States nearly five hundred cities, of the requisite population under our present Constitution, in which no Elks Lodge has ever been organized. This does not mean, of course, that each of them should have a subordinate Lodge. It is probable that many of them are so located with reference to existing Lodges, or have such unfavorable internal conditions, that it would be unwise to issue charters for Lodges therein. But there must be many others in which the conditions are favorable to the maintenance of thriving Lodges. And it is apparent that this promising field of fraternal growth has been unduly neglected.

It is no satisfactory explanation to say that each of these cities is in the jurisdiction of a Lodge already established; and that membership is available to those who are duly qualified and who seek it. The opportunity for convenient attendance upon regular Lodge meetings and for frequent fraternal contacts is one of the most appealing features of membership. And experience has demonstrated that wherever a new Lodge has been instituted, the number of Elks in its geographical jurisdiction has been materially increased.

Two or more Lodges in different cities in a given territory, each having a soundly supporting roll of





members, are quite likely to be more fraternally active and effective than a single Lodge in the same territory, even if it have a comparable membership. This is because the sustained interest of members, quite generally and quite naturally, depends upon the convenience and comfort with which they may personally share in the activities of their Lodge. And this in turn depends very largely upon their proximity and ready access to Lodge headquarters and Lodge sessions.

The Grand Lodge, at the recent convention in Miami, recognizing these facts, and that the increase in the number of Lodges offers a most satisfactory method of insuring a substantial increase in the Order's membership, by a unanimous vote approved an amendment to Section 17, Article III, of the Constitution, looking to this end. It provides that a dispensation for a new Lodge may be granted in any city or incorporated village of the country, irrespective of the number of white inhabitants therein, when, in the judgment of the Grand Exalted Ruler after a careful investigation of all the conditions, the establishment of a Lodge therein is deemed wise. The final grant of charter is, of course, left to the discretion of the Grand Lodge.

There was also submitted to the Grand Lodge, at Miami, a proposed amendment to Section 18, of Article III, of the Constitution, authorizing more than one Lodge in the large cities of the country. But this proposal failed to receive the necessary vote. The Grand Lodge evidently deemed it unwise at this time to approve this change in our unique fundamental structure. There are many members of the Order who favor this proposed amendment, however, and it is likely to be again presented to the Grand Lodge for consideration.

It will be seen, therefore, that there already exists, in the large number of qualified cities in which there are no Elks Lodges, a very promising field for cultivation. And the adoption of the submitted amendment, which is to be earnestly hoped for and which is confidently anticipated, will very considerably extend this field.

It is suggested to the Grand Exalted Ruler that he require each of his District Deputies to make a

careful survey of such cities and incorporated villages in his jurisdiction, and to report his recommendations as to the advisability of an effort to establish Lodges therein.

It is believed that such a survey, with such a report in view, will lead to a substantial increase in the number of subordinate Lodges. It is a much saner, more wholesome, and more assured method of securing an increased membership of the Order, than by high-pressure drives with their attendant, and seemingly unavoidable, evils.

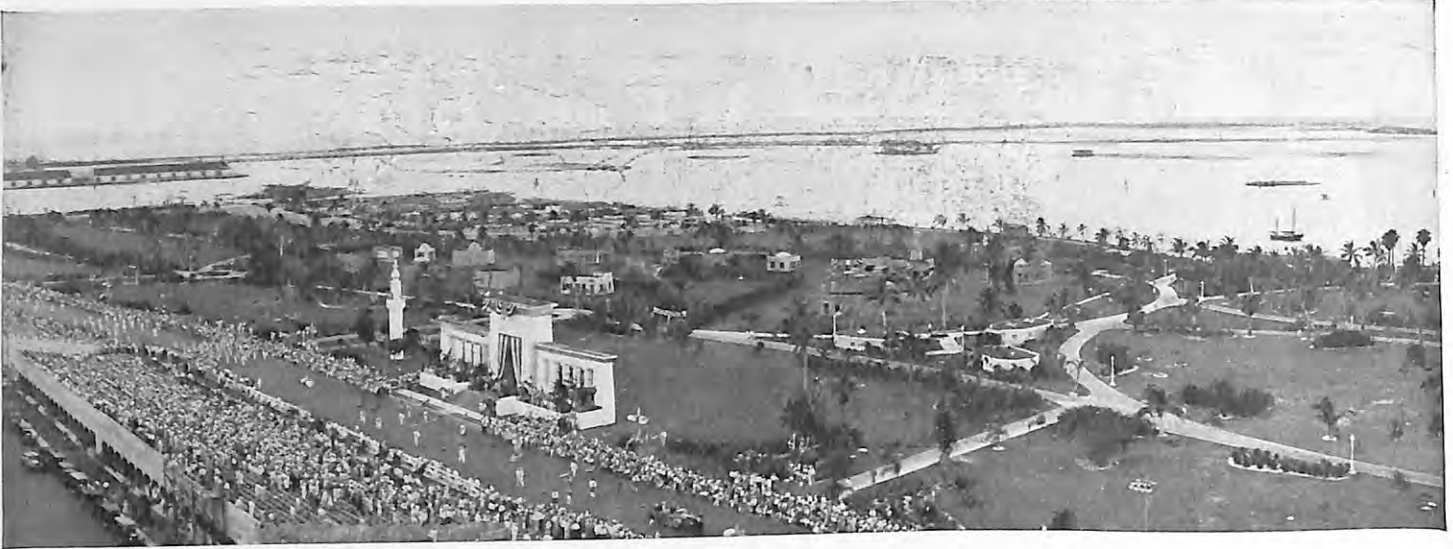
#### ANOTHER STEP FORWARD

THE enthusiastic unanimity with which the members of the Grand Lodge, at Miami, registered their approval of the proposed Elks National Foundation, gives assurance of the ratification by the subordinate Lodges of the submitted constitutional amendments creating it, and providing for its administration.

In anticipation of this, the Grand Lodge appropriated \$100,000 as the initial corpus of the Foundation, a very gratifying beginning. And it is interesting to note that this substantial nucleus has already been assured of prompt increase by handsome donations from individual members, who vied with each other in the effort to secure the coveted distinction of being the first Honorary Founder.

It seems quite probable that the goal of \$1,000,000 at the end of the first year of the Foundation will be successfully attained. Such an achievement would justify the prediction, frequently heard at Miami, that the Elks National Foundation is destined to become the greatest instrumentality in America for the promotion of fraternally conducted charitable, educational and benevolent activities.

Active efforts by the proposed trustees, to secure accretions to the Foundation, only awaits the action of the subordinate Lodges. It would be a wonderful record if the vote of the Lodges should be unanimous, as was the vote of the Grand Lodge, in favor of the proposed amendments. We trust that such an endorsement will be accorded to this noble cause, the most ambitious the Order has ever fostered.



# The Social Side of the 1928 Grand Lodge Convention

*The Story of the Delightful, Busy Week in Miami*

*Photographs by Biscayne Studios*

"FLORIDA in July. What will it be like?  
Let's go and see."

So said thousands of Elks this spring. A few of them, perhaps, were speaking only to themselves, others to their fellow members, but the great majority must have been addressing their households, for one of the features of the 64th Grand Lodge Convention and Reunion, held at Miami from July 9 to 12, was the great number of family parties to be met with wherever one turned.

Men, women, and children from the East, the North and the far West, most of them making their first visit to a semi-tropical land, came, saw, and were charmed with what they found. For Miami, in January or July, is an ideal convention city. Acre upon acre of beautiful parks; Biscayne Bay, with its brilliant blue and green waters and its never failing breeze; Miami Beach, of splendid homes and hotels, and miles of sand, and warm, creamy Atlantic surf. . . . The Everglades, where the unconquered Seminole Indian established his villages, with their sport (it is in their waters that the mighty tarpon has his home) and their mysteries, now open to the tourist with the completion of the concrete Tamiami Trail. . . . These, to the Convention visitors, meant long, interesting, outdoor days, on foot, in the water, aboard a fishing-boat or behind a steering-wheel. And thanks to the many theatres and cabarets, the hospitality of civic and social groups, and the ingenuity of the Convention Committee, no one with a taste for evening entertainment had cause to complain of the variety or quality of the choices offered him.

Every community has certain imponderable

attributes which, whether he knows it or not, have their effect upon the visitor. Their sum total may be called the spirit of the city, and this spirit, like an individual's, may take many forms. It may be doleful or devil-may-care, discouraged and lackadaisical, or it may be purposeful, courageous and energetic. This obvious fact is mentioned here because, to the writer, the 1928 Convention seemed a peculiarly zestful one, and, searching about for the ingredient which, added to the natural jollity of all Elk gatherings, made the occasion so notable on this score, he believes that he found it in the spirit of Miami. The city, though now of metropolitan proportions and equipment, and though it has suffered from adverse circumstances, is still pervaded by the courage, energy and resourcefulness which always mark the pioneer and the builder. If one sees, here and there, an incompleting structure on which work was stopped two years ago, or a subdivision project temporarily relinquished to the lush Florida growth, one also sees a busy, cheerful populace, and much evidence of new plans to take the place of old ones; plans which have been carefully wrought out and which are backed by an intelligently optimistic belief. Generous as she was with her entertainment, Miami contributed nothing more valuable to the Convention than this fine, contagious spirit of her citizens.

The first arrivals in the city were struck by the

*Below is the fine Colonial Band of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, winner for the fourth time of the national championship*

beauty of the decorations with which practically every residence, hotel and business building had been embellished in honor of the Order. The colorful mass of flags and bunting which they saw on all sides of them was the first visible result of the twelve months of hard work which the Executive Committee of Miami Lodge and the All-Florida Convention Committee had indulged in since, at Cincinnati last year, it was voted to hold the 1928 Grand Lodge Convention in Miami.

The Executive Committee was headed by Judge D. J. Heffernan, Chairman; L. F. McCready, Vice-Chairman, and C. B. Selden, Secretary. Other committees and their chairmen, included: All-Florida, David Sholtz; Baggage, Harold Withers; Banners, Charles Snell; Banquets, Arrangements, G. A. Muller; Banquets, Ceremonials, F. B. Shutts; Balls and Orchestras, Frank Novak, Jr.; Church Services, T. H. Bogue, John Cavanaugh; Concessions, Burton Mank; Registration Grand Lodge, Grand Lodge Officers, L. F. McCready; City and County Beautiful, Dan Hardie; Country and Night Clubs, W. R. Becker; Entertainment, Walter Sheaffer; Esquire Committee, Wayne Allen; Decorations, Floats, Grandstand, O. A. Sandquist; Docks, Dockage and Yachts, George Schallenberger; Executive Office and Hotels, G. A. McKinnon; Fireworks, J. B. Jeffries; Finance, W. M. Brown; Glee Club, R. E. Hall; Golf and Tennis, R. B. Burdine; Hospital and Medical, Dr. John W. Shisler; Ladies, W. M. Brown, Mrs. Roberts, Vice-Chairman; Legal, Ben Axelroad; Local Transportation and Parking, Frank Beavers; Moving Pictures, S. Triplet; Music and Bands, Walter Sheaffer; Parade





*A panoramic view of Bayfront Park, Biscayne Bay and, in the distance, Miami Beach. At the extreme left are the Avenue of the Antlers, the grandstands and reviewing stand. At the right are the band stand and amphitheatre*

A. J. Cleary; Post-office, O. W. Pittman; Badges, O. W. Maynard; Patrols, Marching Squads, Drill Teams, R. W. Marshall; Program, C. B. Selden; Publicity, R. B. Gautier; Public Speakers, Isidor Cohen; Railway Rates, A. J. Cleary; Railway Transportation, Harold Colee; Redland Tours, A. H. Keller; Restaurants, V. G. Farr; Reviewing Stands and Tickets, Morris Harkins; Ritualistic Contest, W. A. Otter; Side Tours, Dr. E. R. Tuttle; State Associations, John W. DuBose; Steamship Transportation, T. B. Walker; Street Illumination, H. H. Hyman; Street Refreshments, W. N. Elliott; Theatres, Irwin Waite; Trapshoot, Dr. W. B. Mell; Uniforms, John Cavanaugh. The Director of the Women's Hospitality Committee was William Mark Brown, and Mrs. Brown was its General Chairman; Mrs. R. E. Hall and Mrs. D. J. Heffernan were the Vice-Chairmen, and Mrs. McCord Roberts was the Secretary.

Grand Lodge officers and committeemen, the Past Grand Exalted Rulers and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, many of them accompanied by their families, began to arrive in Miami on Friday and Saturday, and as each group detrained or came ashore from its steamship, it was met by a Florida band and escorted to Grand Lodge Headquarters at the McAllister Hotel. These early arrivals took full advantage of the many opportunities for outdoor sport which Florida affords, and enjoyed a number of informal entertainments arranged in their honor. On Sunday there were special Elk services in all of the churches and synagogues of the city, the pulpits in many cases being occupied by Elks of national reputation. Among the well-known members of the Order who addressed large gatherings during the course of the morning were Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley; Past Grand Exalted Rulers Rush L. Holland, Fred Harper, William H. Atwell and Charles H. Grakelow, and Andrew J. Casey, Justice of the Grand Forum. An open-air religious service that evening in Bayfront Park, for which a great crowd of Miamians and visitors had assembled, was cut short by a sudden tropical downpour. This, by the way, was the only occasion on which rain interfered with any scheduled event.

On Monday the first events of the Convention

proper began to get under way. On San Marino Island the initial shots of the Elks National Trapshooting Championship were fired. There was a business meeting of State Association officers, followed by a dinner to which the District Deputies were invited, and at the Miami Women's Club the Women's Hospitality Committee were hostesses to the wives of Grand Lodge members at a reception and dinner, held at six o'clock to permit the guests to attend the public opening services of the Convention in Bayfront Park. These simple but impressive ceremonies, held under perfect tropical night skies, were reported in detail in the August issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. Suffice it to say here that there was not a vacant seat in the whole great amphitheatre, and that the interest and enthusiasm of both speakers and audience were prophetic alike of the important work accomplished at the business sessions and the pleasant times enjoyed by the visitors, during the following days.

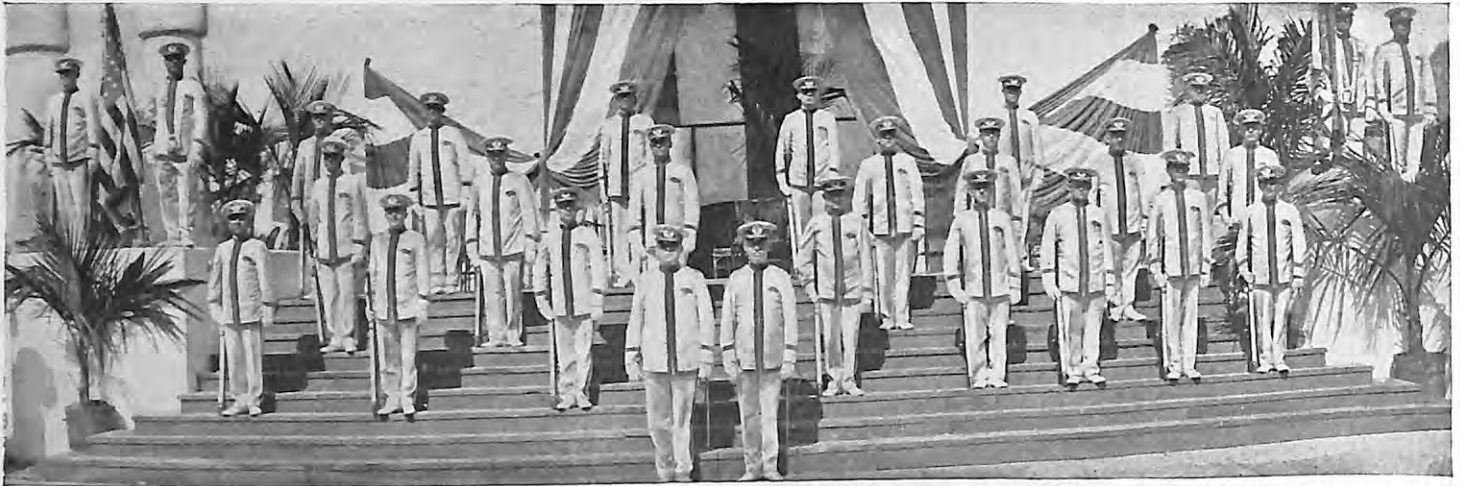
ON Tuesday morning the guns of the trapshooters were cracking on San Marino Island as the Grand Lodge business session was formally opened at the Olympia Theatre. Hundreds of new arrivals were registering at the imposing New City and County Building, while the old-timers of the Convention, already a day or two in the city, were enjoying the brilliant weather, engaged either in the sightseeing tours or the sports arranged for them, investigating the interesting streets or listening to impromptu band concerts. That afternoon the drill team contest, the first of the competitions, took place in the Avenue of the Antlers, before well-filled grandstands. This annual event always seems to bring out the brightest and hottest sun of the Convention week, and this year was no exception. But while feet may have burned and collars wilted, there were no signs of unsoldierly distress among the smartly stepping units from Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23; Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, and Hammond, Ind., Lodge, No. 485. The team from Buffalo Lodge, under the command of Captain Martin J. Mulligan, winners at Cincinnati last year, retained their title as national champions, but only after

the stiffest kind of a fight with the team of Hammond Lodge, which has never before finished among the prize-winners, but which this year trailed the champions by only 1.1 points. The final scores were: Buffalo, 95.1; Hammond, 94; Detroit, 83. An exhibition drill by the Drum and Bugle Corps of Miami Lodge gave the spectators an opportunity to watch in action the finest unit of its kind in the country. This is the same outfit which, representing Harvey W. Seeds Post, No. 29, of the American Legion, at the Legion Convention in Paris last summer, won all honors and the championship title. Performing a faultless drill of some thirty or forty movements, all executed upon blasts of a whistle blown by Drum-Major Howard, who did not utter a word of command, the members of this famous corps provided the onlookers with occasion for great applause, an opportunity which was enthusiastically accepted.

A concert by the Colonial Band of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, and a reception at the Miami Women's Club to the visiting ladies were other enjoyable features of the afternoon. In the early part of the evening there was vaudeville in the Avenue of the Antlers, and an entertainment was given at Venetian Pools in Coral Gables, followed at a later hour by the Grand Exalted Ruler's Ball at the Coral Gables Country Club. The ball in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler-elect Murray Hulbert and the retiring head of the Order, John F. Malley, was perhaps the most brilliant affair of the week. Dining tables were set about the dance floor, among the palms and colored lights of the beautiful, stone-flagged court at the side of the clubhouse. During the course of the evening



*The winning float in the Florida division*



The smartly stepping drill team of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, twice winners of the national title



This float won for the Indiana State Elks Association its third successive first prize

more than 2,000 Elks and their partners danced under star-lit skies, in surroundings of the greatest romantic beauty, and added a typically tropical evening to the score of new experiences which most of them were enjoying.

Wednesday's program was equally full. Golf, trapshooting, sightseeing tours and a luncheon at the Coral Gables Country Club for all visiting Elks and their ladies occupied the morning hours. In the early afternoon, the band contest was held in Bayfront Park. In the national competition the splendid Colonial Band of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, three times winner of the annual championship, was unopposed. The musicians from Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, winners at Cincinnati last year, as well as a number of others who had expected to attend, had been obliged, at the last moment, to cancel their trips to Miami. An appreciative audience enjoyed the selections played by the Detroit members, and was further entertained by the bands of St. Petersburg and Tampa, Fla., Lodges, Nos. 1224 and 708, which were competing for the State championship. St. Petersburg won the first prize in this event.

The Miami Beach Frolic, at which the Women's Hospitality Committee entertained the visiting ladies and their escorts, drew large crowds to the Ocean Beach Casino. Swimming, a buffet supper and a vaudeville entertainment filled the afternoon and early evening hours in thoroughly enjoyable fashion. The Boys' Band of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, added much to the gaiety on the beach. Dressed in their bathing suits the youngsters paraded across the sand and into the surf, where, with the waves breaking about their knees, they played a number of selections. After a refreshing swim, they again played during the serving of supper.

Meanwhile, across the bay in Miami, other events were drawing their crowds. Vaudeville in the Avenue of the Antlers; the formal, invitation ball of the Anglers Club, a dinner given by the delegation from New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler-elect Murray Hulbert, and another by the California members, were well attended.

At 10 o'clock the first rockets of a magnificent

display of fireworks whizzed aloft, and broke into colorful showers above Bayfront Park. As the display continued, a carnival spirit took possession of the great throng which filled the grandstands, blocked the Avenue of the Antlers and, stretching away into the darkness, covered the open spaces of the park with an undulating, kaleidoscopic blanket. In the streets around the park's edges, kept open with difficulty but the greatest goodnature by the ablest, calmest and most pleasant-tempered set of traffic police a motorist could pray for, automobiles, their horns shrieking and their running-boards and motor hoods covered with revelers, tore in a joyous merry-go-round. Seen from above, through drifting clouds of smoke from the burning set-pieces, thrown into occasional high light by the bursting of some particularly brilliant rocket, the spectacle took on an unreal quality—the never-to-be-realized dream of a master stage director. Never were cares more completely forgotten or everyday customs more gaily abandoned. It was, perhaps, the highest moment of the whole week.

Thursday saw but few special events, for no one wished to miss the great parade in the afternoon. There was a motor tour for Elk ladies through the distinctive gardens and estates of the surrounding country, and following the adjournment of the business session, luncheon and entertainment were tendered the Grand Lodge officers at the Country Club Estates.

Promptly at 5:30 the parade got under way. First to pass the reviewing stand were a detachment of motorcycle police; an artillery battery marching on foot, and Grand Esquire Lloyd R. Maxwell and his aides, wearing white linen uniforms and mounted on excellent horses. Behind these in automobiles, came Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, who, followed by the other Grand Lodge officials, took up their places on the stand. Next came the massed colors of the units in line, followed by the Miami Lodge drum and bugle corps, band, glee

club, and uniformed members. Several beautiful Florida floats preceded the Boys' Band of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, which escorted the championship drill team of Buffalo Lodge. There followed then some 5,000 marchers, many splendidly decorated floats and automobiles, bands, drum corps, and novelty features. Some 50,000 persons, it was estimated, witnessed the parade, and while but a fraction of that number were within ear-shot of the writer, the applause which he heard was undoubtedly typical of the whole line of march.

AT THE end of this report will be found a complete list of the various prize-winners, as rated by the judges. In a number of cases these awards were anticipated by the unofficial but enthusiastic verdict of the spectators. Units which received particularly warm applause included the degree team of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge, No. 1517, costumed most realistically as bloodthirsty pirates of the Spanish Main; the flower-decked automobile of the Emblem Club of Bradenton, Fla., Lodge, No. 1511, which halted in front of the stand while two little boys presented a bouquet to Mrs. Malley; the delegation of five members from far-away Manila, Philippine Islands, Lodge, No. 761; the Colonial Band and the gaily uniformed marchers of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34; the large delegation from Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge, No. 18; the prize-winning float of the Indiana State Elks Association, escorted by Hammond Lodge's drill team, winners of second place in the national contest; and youngest, but far from least, the boys' and girls' harmonica band, sponsored by Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge, No. 1530. These youngsters, ranging in age from 7 to 13 years, as they trudged along in their white ducks, red capes and blue overseas caps, blowing valiantly on their tiny instruments, received perhaps the most spontaneous greeting of the afternoon.

Because of its size and elaborate formation, and because it closed the parade, the historical pageant brought from its city by St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge, No. 829, is mentioned last. Depicting the various rulers of Florida from the days of the Seminoles were groups of men-at-arms in the uniforms worn by the Spanish, French, English, and American troops which, in their turns, occupied the country, while in elaborately decorated old Spanish coaches rode Queen Isabella of Spain and the members of her court. St. Augustine Lodge may well be proud of furnishing so colorful and interesting a feature to the annual review of the Order.

Following the break-up of the parade all of the bands which had marched gathered for a massed band concert, under the direction of Walter Sheaffer, leader of Miami Lodge's musicians. Later came more

(Continued on page 76)





The straight-shooting team from Tallahassee, Fla., Lodge, No. 937, winners of the national championship in the Lodge team race

# The Elks National Trapshoot

THE fourth annual Elks National Trapshooting Championship was shot on San Marino Island, one of the beautiful Venetian group in Biscayne Bay, during the course of the 64th Grand Lodge Convention, held in Miami from July 9 to 12.

While the attendance at the shoot was not as large as it has been in previous years, the conditions and management were beyond praise. Dr. W. B. Mell, Chairman of the Trapshooting Committee, and his assistants, are to be heartily congratulated on the way in which the shoot was run. Perfectly placed traps, fine targets well pulled, comfortable rest tents, and efficient handling of the squads made the three-day event thoroughly enjoyable for every one who took part. And if the scores were not quite as high as have come to be expected in these yearly affairs, there is, not an alibi, but a very pleasant explanation. Miami Lodge, host to the Convention, had a program of entertainment for its guests that was continuous, and too delightful to be resisted; and if one plays until late into the evening, one's shooting the following morning is likely to be a bit below par. But, in the language of the day, what of it? The first consideration of Convention visitors is a good time and, high scores or low, the trapshooters, along with everybody else, enjoyed one.

John R. Taylor, Newark, Ohio, professional, is

the new Elks' champion trapshooter. He won the honor by breaking 97 of 100 targets shot at in the feature event of the three-day competition. R. R. Stevenson, of Dayton, Ohio, title winner last year, was not there to defend his crown. To C. A. Young, 71-year-old marksman of Springfield, Ohio, however, went the major honors of the largest shoot in Miami's history. Mr. Young started home after it was all over with five trophies in his arms. High gun for all targets shot at during the meet, with 426 hits in 500 tries; tied for high gun on all 16-yard targets, with 337; high gun on doubles; gun breaking most pairs of doubles; second high gun in handicap, was the record hung up by the veteran.

In addition to the Elks' championship singles trophy, Taylor tied with Young for high gun on all 16-yard targets and won the toss-up. Young and W. R. Beckwith were tied for runner-up honors in the Elks' singles championship, with 96 hits each. In the shoot-off Young won, breaking 25 targets straight, while Beckwith missed a pair to record a 23 score.

OTHER trophy winners were Mrs. Walter P. Andrews, of Atlanta, Ga., Women's Trophy, 140 x 150; Wilbur Leavine, of Tampa, who was second high gun in the doubles; E. R. Oberlin, of Tampa, gun breaking second largest number in the doubles; E. S. Tubbs, of Dania, high gun in the

handicap; J. B. Royall, winner of the first day's singles; R. O. Collins, of Tallahassee, who tied with Royall in the second day's singles, and W. L. Wilson, of Miami, open day handicap winner.

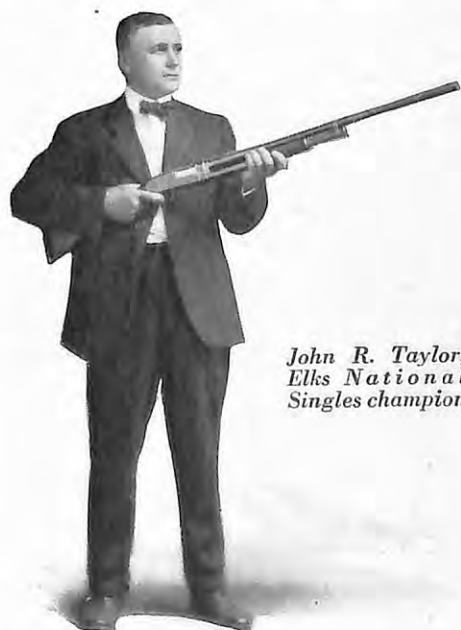
The Lodge team event was won by the Tallahassee, Fla., Lodge, No. 937, team with a total of 439 targets, against 433 broken for second place by the team from Tampa, Fla., Lodge, No. 708. Scores were:

Tallahassee—R. H. Bradford, 88; L. S. Lossing, 89; L. A. McCants, 95; R. O. Collins, 87; C. E. Daffin, 80. Tampa—W. R. Beckwith, 96; Arthur Cuscaden, 90; Wilbur Leavine, 87; E. R. Oberlin, 95; R. G. Johnson, 65.

Florida nosed out Virginia by two targets in the State race, with the Floridians breaking 461 of 500 targets to the Virginians' 459. The individual scores were:

Florida—W. R. Beckwith, 93; L. A. McCants, 93; E. R. Oberlin, 92; E. E. Bush, 92; R. A. Coachman, 91. Virginia—H. R. Cox, 91; K. G. Swain, 88; R. L. Mason, 89; J. E. Fitzpatrick, 93; L. G. Richards, 98.

Following Young and Taylor for high gun overall were W. R. Beckwith, in third place with 416; J. B. Royall, fourth, with 410, and R. O. Collins, fifth, with 407. The same five finished in like order in the 16-yard over-all competition, Young and Taylor breaking 337 targets, Beckwith 331, Royall 327, and Collins 324.



John R. Taylor, Elks National Singles champion



The keen-eyed quintet of shooters who won for Florida the State team title

# Facts from Annual Reports

Submitted to the Grand Lodge at Miami, Florida, in July

## From the Report of the Board of Grand Trustees

THE year just closed has been one of marked progress at the Elks National Home, located at Bedford, Virginia.

Brother Robert A. Scott of Linton, Ind., Lodge No. 866, was elected by the Board of Grand Trustees to assume management of the Home on August 1, 1927.

In August of last year the new buildings authorized by the Grand Lodge at the Chicago Convention were completed and turned over to the Board. These new buildings consist of a modern central heating plant, a fully equipped laundry with new machinery and a dormitory building, designated as Cottage G, containing 108 rooms. With the opening of the new cottage, the present capacity of the Home is 335 residents.

Other needed improvements of great importance were the renovating of the kitchen and bake shop and the installation of new equipment. Additional space was made available for these improvements by the removal of the smokestack of the former heating plant, which was located in the basement of the above building.

The Board, through Home Member Jennings, who lives only twenty-six miles from Bedford, has been able to give the Home closer supervision than in former years. All matters concerning the Home have been given immediate attention, likewise the inevitable grievances of the Residents. The latter have been few and far between, none of any moment.

At the present time there are 241 Residents in the Home, a net gain of 32 during the year. As a matter of record we mention that since the Home was first opened in 1903 there have been 886 applications to the Home.

The Board wishes to call the attention of Subordinate Lodges to the necessity of using more caution in sending Brothers to the Home whose physical conditions are not clearly within the law. The laws of the Order state that the Home is for aged and indigent Elks and not in any sense a hospital or infirmary. The Home has been burdened in the past with a number of cases that should not have been sent, they being clearly hospital cases requiring more care and attention than the Home can give them with its limited hospital facilities. In several cases the Board has been obliged to return men to their Lodges because of this condition, thereby causing great embarrassment to the Board and to the Brothers who were returned.

In another part of this report there will be found a list of the entertainments given at the Home during the past year. Theatrical companies and circuses are especially kind in inviting the Residents to attend their performances whether showing in Bedford, Lynchburg or Roanoke. The people of Bedford are very attentive to the Residents and show them many courtesies in various ways. Both Lynchburg and Roanoke Lodges are very kind to the Residents, showing them much attention in the way of entertainments, etc. Special credit should be given Roanoke Lodge for their efforts in behalf of the Home. Roanoke Lodge carries in their budget each year the sum of \$1,200.00 for the purpose of entertaining the Residents of the Home. They make two trips to the Home each year, for a picnic in the summer and an annual Christmas entertainment. At Christmas they erect a huge tree in the lobby, and in addition to a program of entertainment give to each Resident useful gifts and confections.

All buildings at the Home are in most excellent repair. With a plant as large as the Home, the services of a painter, carpenter and general mechanic are constantly in use.

The farm is in excellent condition and the land being constantly improved. The dairy herd has been able to keep the Home fully supplied with milk during the year. The herd is continually being added to by the addition of young stock.

The barns, all fences, roads, lawns, etc., are in perfect condition and truly the Home is a

show place, one that any member of the Order might justly feel proud of.

It is most gratifying to the Board that even with a large increase in Residents during the past year, which naturally increases the cost of operation in every department of the Home, they are able to report to the Grand Lodge a substantial decrease in the per capita cost of maintenance.

### Maintenance of Home

The total outlay by the Grand Lodge for operating the Home:

|                                    |              |
|------------------------------------|--------------|
| Amounts to.....                    | \$103,054.26 |
| Add—Inventories at beginning.....  | 4,586.20     |
|                                    | <hr/>        |
|                                    | \$107,640.46 |
| Less—Inventories at close.....     | 4,226.85     |
|                                    | <hr/>        |
|                                    | \$103,413.61 |
| Less—Sale of Supplies at Home..... | 1,050.59     |
|                                    | <hr/>        |
| Net total outlay.....              | \$102,363.02 |

To arrive at the per capita cost of maintenance, in compliance with the Grand Lodge Statutes, the following items must be deducted:

|                                           |             |
|-------------------------------------------|-------------|
| Building Maintenance.....                 | \$2,952.26  |
| Grounds Maintenance.....                  | 956.20      |
| Insurance.....                            | 473.08      |
| Traveling.....                            | 250.00      |
|                                           | <hr/>       |
| Total Deductions.....                     | \$ 4,631.54 |
|                                           | <hr/>       |
| Leaving basis for Lodges' proportion..... | \$97,731.48 |

The amount collected from Lodges for the past fiscal year amounted to \$33,776.56 (Subordinate Lodges pay one-third of the per capita cost based as above, on each brother maintained at the Home). This collection reduces the total cost of \$102,363.02 to a net cost of \$68,586.46.

On May 31, 1928, there were 241 Resident brothers at the Home, and the average cost per Resident for the year ended that date was \$444.23.

The following table shows the average number of Residents for the past five years, with average maintenance cost of same:

|                         |          |
|-------------------------|----------|
| 1924—177 Residents..... | \$459.12 |
| 1925—191 Residents..... | 472.88   |
| 1926—204 Residents..... | 451.35   |
| 1927—208 Residents..... | 480.65   |
| 1928—220 Residents..... | 444.23   |

### Louis Boismenu

We deeply regret to have to record that Brother Louis Boismenu, after a prolonged illness, died January 18, 1928.

Our Board desires to embody in this Report a tribute to his character in reverent and grateful appreciation of the association it has been our privilege to enjoy. Louis Boismenu was elected a member of the Board of Grand Trustees at the Grand Lodge Session held in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1923. Immediately upon the organization of the Board, he was chosen as its secretary and filled that position of trust and responsibility in a most efficient manner until the day of his death.

Louis Boismenu will be long remembered by his associates as one exceptionally devoted to duty. Throughout his career in Elksdom he served as a model of dependability. He was dependable not only in the sense that he was faithful in observance of the essentials of our fraternity; he was reliable in gathering facts and in his recording them for our Board.

His early training as a business man was a great aid to him during the period he served as a member of the Board of Grand Trustees. He had a wide acquaintance, a mind well stored with the history of Elksdom, and an attractive personality that made for friendships. It was a privilege to associate with him, and his untimely death breaks a companionship helpful and delightful.



## From the Report of the Grand Secretary

IN HIS annual report for 1927-28, the Grand Secretary, J. Edgar Masters, submits the following data on membership: During the year Lodges added to their membership rolls 75,881 new names by initiation, reinstatement and dimit. In the same period they suspended or expelled 186, dropped from the rolls for non-payment of dues 57,964, granted dimit to 13,620 and lost by death 9,912. In addition to the foregoing our membership table shows a loss of 1,322, same being the number on the rolls of Lodges whose charters were revoked by Grand Exalted Ruler Malley. Lodges failing to report for the year ending March 31, 1928, had a membership the previous year of 762. These figures show a decrease in membership of 7,885, but this loss of 7,885 will be materially reduced when all Lodges have reported.

Final figures as to the membership of Subordinate Lodges will be printed in the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge Session to be held at Miami.

### Grand Lodge Finances

The total income of the Grand Lodge for the year ending May 31, 1928, amounts to \$427,630.63; expenses amount to \$401,036.27, showing a net gain of \$26,594.36.

Current assets, \$587,200.08; invested in bonds, \$78,585.96; deferred assets, \$1,010,109.16, making the total assets of the Grand Lodge \$1,675,895.20.

### Subordinate Lodge Finances

Reports filed in this office show that the Subordinate Lodges of our Order had at the beginning of the year just closed cash assets of \$6,462,687.54. During the year they received from all sources \$30,562,153.74 and expended \$30,082,273.80, leaving their cash balance as of March 31, 1928, \$6,942,567.48. These reports show the total assets of Subordinate Lodges to be \$96,529,453.10.

We can point with pride to the moneys expended by our Subordinate Lodges for charitable purposes, which for the year just ended amounts to \$2,556,634.44. This is \$58,710.47 larger than the sum so expended last year and represents the largest expenditure for charity by Subordinate Lodges in the history of our Order.

Two new Lodges have been added, giving us, as the last numbered Lodge 1541.

This year's report shows that there are, altogether, 159 Lodges with a total membership of over 1,000. The largest Lodge in the Order is Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, with a membership of 17,613.

There are seven Lodges with memberships of from 5,000 to 10,000, namely: Boston, Mass., No. 10, 6,372; New York, N. Y., No. 1, 6,240; Los Angeles, Cal., No. 99, 6,097; Newark, N. J., No. 21, 6,050; Queensborough, N. Y., No. 878, 5,523; Detroit, Mich., No. 34, 5,333; Buffalo, N. Y., No. 23, 5,006.

Five Lodges have memberships between four and five thousand: Jersey City, N. J., No. 211, 4,960; Seattle, Wash., No. 92, 4,759; Portland, Ore., No. 142, 4,627; Cincinnati, Ohio, No. 5, 4,214; Chicago, Ill., No. 4, 4,025.

Five Lodges have memberships between three and four thousand: Milwaukee, Wis., No. 46, 3,823; Oakland, Cal., No. 171, 3,339; Union Hill, N. J., No. 1357, 3,281; San Francisco, Cal., No. 3, 3,145; Bronx, N. Y., No. 871, 3,032.

Twenty-six Lodges have memberships between two and three thousand: Tacoma, Wash., No. 174, 2,908; Salt Lake City, Utah, No. 85, 2,783; Spokane, Wash., No. 228, 2,729; Albany, N. Y., No. 49, 2,709; Sacramento, Cal., No. 6, 2,636; Providence, R. I., No. 14, 2,531; Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13, 2,424; San Antonio, Texas, No. 216, 2,346; Rochester, N. Y., No. 24, 2,332; Paterson, N. J., No. 60, 2,319; Binghamton, N. Y., No. 852, 2,307; Omaha, Neb., No. 39, 2,307; Syracuse, N. Y., No. 31, 2,303; Erie, Pa., No. 67, 2,300; Cambridge, Mass., No. 839, 2,290;

Toledo, Ohio, No. 53, 2,226; Columbus, Ohio, No. 37, 2,220; Salem, Ore., No. 336, 2,215; New Orleans, La., No. 30, 2,196; Elizabeth, N. J., No. 289, 2,195; Grand Rapids, Mich., No.

48, 2,160; Long Beach, Cal., No. 888, 2,118; Santa Monica, Cal., No. 906, 2,116; Washington, D. C., No. 15, 2,082; Camden, N. J., No. 293, 2,037; Jackson, Mich., No. 113, 2,026.

Last year eighty-one Lodges gave \$5,000 or over to charity. There are many others who gave more in proportion to their size, but the list would be too long to publish here.

# Summary of the Report of the Committee on Social and Community Welfare

A LITTLE more than a twelvemonth ago two great floods swept the United States. Similar as twin peas in a pod in some respects, they were as widely divergent as the two poles in others.

The same cause initiated both. Both came at about the same time. Both were national in their scope. Yet one was viciously destructive and left in its wake waste acres that had been fertile fields; wrecked dwellings that had once been secure homesteads; ravaged settlements that had once been prosperous communities.

The other brought healing and comfort to those in distress. In its train were fields and plantations restored to production, homesteads rebuilt and ringing once more to the laughter of children, and stores of food in larders that had been stripped by want.

But there was an even more pointed difference between those two floods. One, the destruction which burst through the walled levees of the Father of Waters and swept devastation before it, was a national calamity, it is true. Indirectly it involved the prosperity of all our land. Yet the blight of it fell directly only upon those communities and lowlands that lay in the path of the river's unleashed fury.

Not so with the other flood. That one involved the high ridge of the Continental divide just as swiftly, just as completely, and just as thoroughly as it did the far-flung valleys which the Mississippi inundated. In the far north of Alaska it made itself manifest as swiftly and as vigorously as it did in the bayou-traced low country. Wherever, beneath the Stars and Stripes, those brothers who call themselves Elks were wont to meet, there were the headwaters and the wellsprings of the healing inundation that followed so closely upon the flood of fury. For scarcely had the first earthen dike been breached by the advancing deluge's crest than the call was sounded by the Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order of Elks; and scarcely had the call been sounded, than the answer was delivered.

As closely as the tabulations of your Social and Community Welfare Committee can figure it, within a fortnight or less, after the sounding of that call The Elks of this country had raised \$128,730.70, and turned it over either to the Grand Exalted Ruler or to the American Red Cross for relief work. In reality, the amount was much larger, for many lodges, in making their reports, failed to segregate their flood relief activities from other benefactions, so that much that appears under the heading of "miscellaneous reports" in the appended figures, represents flood relief funds. But even without those additions, the sum of \$128,730.70 is sufficiently imposing, in what it represents, for it means fields re-seeded to a new harvest, milk for hundreds upon hundreds of hungry babies, clothing for the naked, barriers of anti-toxin reared across the path of threatened epidemics, schools kept open and supported in districts whose financial resources had been wiped out.

No words or figures can add luster to the splendor of the Elks' relief work in the flood crisis. For that matter, imposing as that generous flood may be, it forms but a small fraction, almost an insignificantly small fraction, of the whole sum of benefactions which this Order of ours carried on during the past year. Habit has accustomed us to the total of millions spent in welfare work by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. And yet, there is for your Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare each year a new and unspoiled thrill in the realization that every passing twelvemonth has found that tremendous total larger than it was the year before. The past year has been no exception. There has

been an increase, running into the thousands, over the welfare total of the previous report which, in its turn, showed the largest total ever before reported, and so on. Each year there has been set a new record, only to be broken by the record of the next. Here are the figures:

|           |                |
|-----------|----------------|
| 1922-1923 | \$1,456,501.69 |
| 1923-1924 | 1,973,716.08   |
| 1924-1925 | 2,370,193.38   |
| 1925-1926 | 2,370,199.44   |
| 1926-1927 | 2,881,318.93   |
| 1927-1928 | 2,890,288.65   |

These figures, it must be pointed out, are not mere guesswork. They are statistically accurate, compiled from questionnaires sent out to every subordinate Lodge, and followed up by letter and by wire, to secure as complete a return as possible. If they err at all, it is that they are too low, as there are some lodges—only a few, it is true, but some none the less—which have not made their reports, and others, which have not included in their reports all of the figures desired. If we should be permitted to make an estimate, it would be that the benefactions of all kinds, carried on by the subordinate Lodges of the B. P. O. Elks during the past Lodge year, totaled more than three and a quarter millions of dollars.

The figures given above, as had been pointed out, are accurate. They are based upon the following sub-totals:

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| Amount spent on summer outings for the underprivileged                                                                                                                                                                              | \$ 135,492.13  |
| Amount contributed toward the maintenance of 22,539 persons in camps and health resorts during the past summer                                                                                                                      | 40,548.65      |
| Amount spent for playground donations, athletics, etc.                                                                                                                                                                              | 20,820.71      |
| Rent paid for 912 needy families during the year                                                                                                                                                                                    | 37,211.97      |
| Fuel furnished to 3,727 needy families during winter                                                                                                                                                                                | 40,776.24      |
| Food relief brought to 10,311 needy families at times other than Christmas, Thanksgiving, etc.                                                                                                                                      | 112,443.40     |
| Gifts of clothing (at times other than Christmas or holidays) to 15,459 needy individuals                                                                                                                                           | 72,992.95      |
| Thanksgiving baskets sent to 11,316 needy families                                                                                                                                                                                  | 48,863.28      |
| Christmas benefactions extended to 99,221 needy families and 426,662 children through baskets, tree parties, shows, gift distributions, entertainments and donations to Christmas community funds                                   | 898,006.55     |
| Donations to Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Girl Reserves, Camp Fire Girls, Sea Scouts, etc.                                                                                                                                              | 45,760.87      |
| Aid extended to 2,578 youngsters through Big Brother work                                                                                                                                                                           | 11,628.82      |
| Special Medical Aid extended to 2,862 needy cases                                                                                                                                                                                   | 64,917.18      |
| Special aid extended to 4,627 crippled children                                                                                                                                                                                     | 138,880.85     |
| Amount spent for entertainments in hospitals (exclusive of donations of sweetmeats, fruit, talent, music)                                                                                                                           | 18,008.98      |
| Amount spent for donations to hospitals, upkeep of wards, flowers to the sick and bereaved, funeral expenses                                                                                                                        | 529,184.90     |
| Various forms of Veterans' relief                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 7,118.87       |
| Amount spent for public observance of Flag Day                                                                                                                                                                                      | 61,595.27      |
| Educational Activities of all kinds, ranging from furnishing books or clothing, glasses, or dentistry to needy school children, and the support of milk funds, to college endowments and scholarship maintenance                    | 77,020.53      |
| Amount raised by benefits, tag days, etc., for other agencies of welfare work, and donated to them                                                                                                                                  | 27,775.71      |
| Flood Relief (to Grand Exalted Ruler's fund or Red Cross)                                                                                                                                                                           | 128,730.70     |
| Other Donations, too miscellaneous in their nature to be classified individually (local disaster relief, traveling expenses, cost of a band concert, moving a piano to the next county, providing a duck dinner in almshouse, etc.) | 372,510.09     |
| Total reported cash expenditure for welfare work                                                                                                                                                                                    | \$2,890,288.65 |

(In addition to the above, employment was found by the Subordinate Lodges of the Order, directly, for 5,039 persons; and 839 aliens were assisted during the year in becoming naturalized citizens of the United States; these activities not involving any reported expenditure.)

In any such brief summary as this, the task of giving an adequate idea of the infinite diversity of welfare work carried on by our Order seems well-nigh hopeless. The only comprehensive statement consists of the digest of individual reports which makes up the bulk of this volume, and even these have been skeletonized down to the bare facts. Yet what a volume could be made if some of these facts were properly elaborated, without the least reference to the magnitude of the figures involved, for much of the best work has been carried out at little or no expense. For instance, there is in North Dakota an agricultural community, where the post-war bitterness between town and country has been practically wiped out by a Lodge of Elks. How? By the institution of bi-weekly bridge whist games during the winter. There is in Idaho a family whose prosperity hinged upon a piano—and the piano was saved for them by Elks. There is in Connecticut a Greek family, the bodies of whose two drowned children were recovered and given proper burial because an Elks' Lodge furnished the funds to hire a diver. There is a hard-bitten mining camp in Nevada where the youngsters are saved from turning to the streets for their only nightly recreation because an Elks' Lodge furnished and sponsored a Scout troop. In New York there is a widow with two small orphaned children, all tided over their time of disaster because an Elks' Lodge in Ohio auctioned off a dog at a prize-fight. The list could be extended almost indefinitely.

The whist club as an Elk solution for the farm versus town unrest? Here is the report of Jamestown, N. D., Lodge No. 995:

"Outside of the satisfaction we derived from our work with the children, we (and the community at large) have derived a great deal of good from our whist club. A very bitter feeling had developed since the war over political conditions which aligned the farming communities against the towns and cities. Our whist club was organized for the purpose of breaking down this feeling, and our success has been surprising and very gratifying. We give two parties each week during the winter, one in the country and one in our Home, where every effort is made to break down the feeling referred to. The success of our movement has had a lasting effect on the community as a whole, and has been the means of bringing many fine men into the Order."

The piano and happiness? Here's the report made by Elks Lodge No. 896, at Lewiston, Idaho:

"*Ques.*—Please describe briefly some single incident of the Social and Community Welfare Activities of your Lodge last year.

"*Ans.*—Picture a typical American family. Husband an energetic, skilled mechanic; wife well educated and with considerable musical ability; three small children. A good home nearly paid for; a car; and the first instalment paid on a piano. Members of a church. Contributors to various charitable organizations. Altogether a happy, prosperous family.

"Then calamity knocks at the door, hesitates a while, and finally enters and takes possession. The husband falls ill. He must have specialists and expensive treatments. The car is sold. The home is mortgaged. His case becomes hopeless. The home is lost. Bit by bit the furniture is sold. The wife does odd jobs, and the eldest boy, nine years old, helps to the limit of his ability.

"The wife is worried with mind-clouding horrors of what the winter has in store. Would they have to go 'on the county'? No; the wife manages to complete a short Normal School course. She is then offered a position at a school several hundred miles away. During all this

(Continued on page 74)



Pacific Coast Elks and their families, on the way to the Grand Lodge Convention at Miami, entertained by Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414

# Under the Spreading Antlers

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

### Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge Plans Huge Outdoor Frolic

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, is planning for the biggest outdoor show ever to be held in the State, scheduled to run for a week at the Fair Grounds, beginning September 10. The proceeds will be devoted to establishing and equipping two boys' gymnasiums on the east and west sides of the city, at an estimated cost of \$125,000, and to the completion of certain improvements at Memory Grove in City Creek Canyon. The fullest co-operation has been promised by more than 125 clubs, business and civic organizations and an unprecedented success seems assured. The week's program will include parades, water shows and carnivals, a musical and dancing revue and the numerous other attractions connected with such an event.

### San Antonio, Texas, Lodge Initiates Class at Special Meeting

At a special meeting held recently in the Home of San Antonio, Texas, Lodge No. 216, a class of twenty-six candidates was initiated into the Order. The officers, headed by Exalted Ruler Jack R. Burke, assisted by the Lodge's double quartet, exemplified the ritualistic work. A feature of the meeting was the presentation of a medal to Mr. Burke in recognition of his able services as a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. San Antonio Lodge, through the efforts of Mr. Burke, has attained a notably high average in charitable activities.

### Wilkinsburg, Pa., Lodge Remodels Lodge Room

The Lodge room of Wilkinsburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 577, has been completely remodeled and is now one of the finest in the jurisdiction. The walls and ceiling are finished in a soft shade of California stucco over metal lath. The lighting system is arranged in a panel effect in the ceiling, while the officers' stations are equipped with new, individually lighted altars. Dedicatory exercises will probably be held this month.

### Two Unfortunate Children Aided By Millville, N. J., Lodge

Elmira and Charles Erickson, orphans, aged ten and eight respectively, who have been undergoing treatment in Millville Hospital for serious burns received in a fire some time ago in which their parents lost their lives, and their home was destroyed, have been the special guests of Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, on numerous occasions, and widespread interest has been manifested in their case through the Lodge's activities. Recently the children, partially recovered from their burns, accompanied by nurses and members of No. 580, were taken on an outing to Trenton, N. J., where they visited points of local interest, paid a call on the little inmates of the orthopedic hospital, and were tendered a fine reception in the Windsor

Hotel by the owner, Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association. Another visit was made to Philadelphia where Mayor Harry Mackey, of Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2, acted as host, and a trip to the Zoo was a feature of the day's program. The children had not at the time been told of the death of their parents.

### Jackson, Miss., Lodge Gives Picnic For Orphans and Old People

Children from the Baptist and Methodist Orphanages, and Mississippi Children's Home Society, and a number of residents from the Old Ladies' Home, were guests of Jackson, Miss., Lodge, No. 416, at its annual outing, held at Livingston Park. Under the direction of Exalted Ruler E. C. Smith, the young and old charges of the Elks were taken to and returned from the Park in automobiles. Bathing, amusements, a watermelon festival, baseball and games of every description, along with quieter activities for the old people, added notably to the interest and pleasure of the day.

### Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge Holds Children's Picnic

A few weeks ago some 500 underprivileged children of school age were the guests of Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge, No. 131, at a picnic held on the shores of a near-by lake. Bathing, rides and so on at the various concessions, a bountiful lunch and souvenirs of the occasion provided a joyous day for the little guests. The Lodge was heartily thanked for its kindness by many parents whose children had enjoyed the occasion, which was also the subject of much favorable public comment.

### Secretary Albert K. Kneule, of Norristown, Pa., Lodge, Dies

Albert K. Kneule, for the past seven years Secretary of Norristown, Pa., Lodge, No. 714, and one of the most widely known citizens of his community, died some weeks ago after a five-year battle with ill health. The fatal attack came as Mr. Kneule was on board ship en route to Jacksonville, Fla. The sick man was put ashore at Savannah, Ga., and was taken by train to his home, which he reached but a short time before death overtook him.

Mr. Kneule was widely known as the printer, editor and finally publisher of the *Daily Register*, and, following the suspension of the paper, as Postmaster at Norristown for eight years, after which he began his term as Lodge Secretary.

### Pensacola, Fla., Lodge Wins Prize in Municipal Parade

Celebrating the entrance of the Frisco Railroad into their city, Pensacola, Fla., residents arranged an elaborate program of entertainment for the visitors who came to participate in the inauguration of the new passenger service. Among the events of the day was a great parade, with three prizes for the best

floats, three for the most beautifully decorated automobiles, and a grand prize for the float or automobile scoring the largest number of points. Pensacola Lodge, No. 497, with a magnificent float, defeated twenty others for the first prize, and took the grand prize in a field of some fifty floats and automobiles.

### Possessor of Mercedes, Texas, Lodge Card Is Cashing Worthless Checks

Secretary H. E. Hager of Mercedes, Texas, Lodge, No. 1467, advises THE ELKS MAGAZINE that Winthrop Moliere, carrying membership card No. 554 in Mercedes Lodge, is cashing worthless checks throughout the country. The checks are drawn on the First National Bank of Mercedes, where Moliere has no account. At the time of writing he had passed such checks in San Antonio and El Paso, Texas, Pocatello, Idaho, and Seattle, Wash. If Moliere's card is presented, Mr. Hager requests that it be taken up and returned to him at Mercedes.

### A Notice from San Antonio, Texas, Lodge

San Antonio, Texas, Lodge, No. 216, reports that it is receiving requests from Elks all over the country for room reservations during the national convention of the American Legion, to be held in its city in October. Secretary G. G. Collins requests us to announce that San Antonio Lodge has obligated itself to house the Wisconsin Band, and is unable to accept any further reservations.

The American Legion Convention Bureau has its headquarters in the Gunter Hotel in San Antonio, and will be glad to take care of the matter of room reservations upon request.

### Wife of District Deputy William H. Kelly Dies in Automobile Accident

A sad aftermath of the Grand Lodge Convention in Miami, was the death on the way home, in an automobile accident, of Mrs. William H. Kelly, wife of the District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for New Jersey, Northwest. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly were motoring north when, near Brunswick, Ga., their automobile skidded on the wet pavement and overturned. Mr. Kelly was unhurt, but Mrs. Kelly's skull was crushed. Her body was sent north, and burial was in New Jersey. The sympathy of the entire Order goes out to Mr. Kelly in his tragic bereavement.

### Wards of Millville, N. J., Lodge Are Given Day at Seashore

Scores of crippled and underprivileged children, the wards of Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, were recently transported in a caravan of automobiles to Wildwood, N. J., for their annual day's outing at the seashore. The children were accompanied by their mothers, guardians, nurses and physicians, and many members of No. 580 who saw that every wish of the youngsters was gratified. The day's program included



a stop at the Green Creek Cemetery where the children visited and dropped flowers on the grave of the late Mayor of Wildwood, Richard Culver, a fine friend of the little ones during his life. A police escort met the caravan at the shore gateway on the mainland and cut off all traffic that the company might have the right of way into the heart of the resort. Mayor Robert Pierpont presented Eugene Gallaher, chairman of the Crippled Kiddies Committee of Millville Lodge, with the Freedom of the City and reminded him that the resort and all concessions were at the disposal of the Elks' wards.

### *Ellensburg, Wash., Lodge Cooperates In Community Rodeo*

Ellensburg, Wash., Lodge, No. 1102, is an enthusiastic supporter of the big rodeo which is conducted each year in September in its city. All of the Board of Directors are members of No. 1102, and the Lodge's Rodeo Orchestra, which won first prize for novelty bands at the recent convention of the Washington State Elks Association, does much to advertise the show. The rodeo is community owned, and is operated to provide funds for a park and playground system for the city.

### *Fraternal Visitations of Bronx, N. Y., And Bergenfield, N. J., Lodges*

Over 300 members of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, recently made a fraternal visitation to Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 1477, and were escorted on their journey by a police guard provided by their hosts. The officers and fine Drill Team of No. 871 put on an exhibition of ritualistic work that called forth much applause. A return visit by the officers and some seventy-five members of Bergenfield Lodge took place on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Bronx Lodge.

### *Eureka, Calif., Lodge Holds Novel Meeting*

Following a recent regular meeting and initiation of a class of candidates, Eureka, Calif., Lodge, No. 652, presented "German Night," the second of a series of novel entertainments being featured by No. 652. With several hundred Elks in attendance the program was opened with a concert by the Lodge band and was followed by vaudeville acts, a number of boxing bouts and a fine, hearty repast, all contributing to make the occasion a most happy and successful one.

### *Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge Entertains Children on Fourth of July*

One of the finest events in the history of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, was the Independence Day Celebration held on the grounds of the Home at which more than three thousand children were entertained. The youngsters were carried to the Home in a fleet of buses, each child being presented with an

*The handsome, newly dedicated Home of Tyrone, Pa., Lodge, No. 212*



American flag on arriving. A parade was then formed, headed by the Lodge band, and the children marched around the grounds singing patriotic songs, presenting an impressive sight. A rodeo, with trick and rough riding exhibitions, followed, and was received with enthusiastic acclaim. Then came refreshments, games and running races and the presentation of medals to the winners. More refreshments followed and after a beautiful display of fireworks brought the celebration to a close, the tired and happy children were transported home.

### *Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge Opens New Park with Barbecue*

The beautiful new Elks park, adjoining the Home of Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge, No. 461, saw its first large party a short time ago, when some 200 members enjoyed a barbecue which preceded the installation of Secretary L. J. Benjamin, who now fills the office held for eighteen years by Frank A. Stortz. The open air part of the program was enlivened by selections by the Lodge band, and by group singing to its accompaniment. At the meeting which followed Trustee O. A. Matson, as well as Mr. Benjamin, was installed and retiring Secretary Stortz presented with an honorary life membership.

### *Fine New Home of Portland, Ind., Lodge is Dedicated*

With District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Will F. Smith conducting the ceremonies, the handsome new \$40,000 Home of Portland,

Ind., Lodge, No. 768, was dedicated some time ago. In the dedication oration Hon. James J. Moran, former Judge of the Appellate Court, and a member of Portland Lodge, paid tribute to the fraternal spirit of William Henry Reed, who had bequeathed his old home to the Lodge as the site for the present commodious building. Beginning with a dance the night after the formal dedication, the housewarming was continued throughout the week, the Lodge holding open house every evening.

The new Home is a substantially constructed building, resembling in its architecture a college fraternity house, though built upon a larger scale. The furnishings and decorations are in the best taste, and there are few Elk Lodges in cities of but 6,000 population which have more beautiful or more convenient Homes.

### *Girls Are Winners of Essay Contest Sponsored by Temple, Texas, Lodge*

At public exercises conducted in the city park by Temple, Texas, Lodge, No. 138, the winners of the Annual Flag Essay Contest sponsored by No. 138, were announced by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Col. P. L. Downs. The winning essays were then read and the prizes awarded to their authors, three young girls. The first prize, a beautiful gold medal set with diamonds, known as the Holmes Medal, is presented annually by H. E. Holmes, a member of Temple Lodge. The second and third are cash prizes, and are presented by the Lodge.

### *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, October 4-5-6.  
Nebraska, at Kearney, September 12-13-14.  
Nevada, at Elko, last week in September.  
Oklahoma, at Mangum, September 2-3-4.  
Oregon, at Astoria, August 30-31, and September 1.  
West Virginia, at Fairmont, September 15-16-17.

### *Orphanage Receives Gift in Memory Of Sacramento Elk*

A dozen new beds equipped with hospital wheels were recently given to Stork's Nest Cottage, at the Sacramento Orphanage, by Mrs. W. H. Caswell, in memory of her husband, who was a staunch and loyal member of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6. The gift came at an opportune time as the cottage, maintained by No. 6, had just been repainted and repaired throughout. Sacramento Lodge also would like donations of books that would make



*The well-trained and smartly uniformed band of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672*



The well-known Degree Team of Paterson, N. J., Lodge, No. 60

interesting and appropriate reading for little girls, fourteen of whom are now present at Storks' Nest.

#### Williamsport, Pa., Lodge Adopts Plan of Community Welfare Work

At the last regular session of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, a fine plan of community welfare work presented to the membership by the Social and Community Welfare Committee was unanimously adopted and a sum of money was set aside for the project. The Lodge now stands committed to the work of caring for the old people of the city who are without relatives, friends, or funds. The membership as a whole has been enlisted to keep the committee informed as to cases in need of help. These will then be investigated and the form of relief necessary prescribed, which in many instances will be legal as well as financial.

#### San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge Entertains Bakersfield Elks

The officers and a large number of members of Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge, No. 266, were recently entertained at a meeting of San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge, No. 322, which was one of the most successful of the past year. The initiation of a class of candidates took place, with the visiting officers occupying the chairs and exemplifying the ritual in admirable fashion. A buffet lunch and social session were enjoyed in the banquet hall after the meeting.

#### Superior, Wis., Lodge Equips Two School Playgrounds

Among the many recent charitable activities of Superior, Wis., Lodge, No. 403, has been the donation of modern playground equipment to two schools, the John Ericsson School and a Catholic parochial school of the vicinity. It is characteristic of the breadth of Elk charitable work that two such schools should be so aided, and the gifts have created wide and favorable comment in the community.

#### Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Holds Second Twenty-fifth Anniversary Celebration

The formal celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, held in the Commodore Hotel, and reported in this department last month, was followed by another celebration in the Home which featured the initiation of twenty-five candidates before a capacity crowd of members and visiting Elks, the work of the officers and drill team receiving a fine ovation. Prior to the meeting 100 old-time members of Bronx Lodge gave a dinner at which the present officers of No. 871 were guests.

Over 100 members and their ladies enjoyed a dinner, dance and entertainment recently tendered to Captain M. William Byrne, as a mark

of appreciation for bringing the New York State drill team championship to Bronx Lodge.

#### San Mateo, Calif., Lodge Holds Annual Kiddies Day Picnic

The annual picnic and Kiddies Day held at Fenton Gables by San Mateo, Calif., Lodge, No. 1112, was one of the most delightful events ever staged under the auspices of the Lodge. Members and their wives and children were present in large numbers while games, races, a fine dinner of barbecued meat, ice cream and soft drinks added to the enjoyment of the occasion.

One of the best attended sessions ever held in the Home of No. 1112 was on the occasion of the special night staged by the Burlingame members of San Mateo Lodge, which featured an old time initiation, followed by a fine lunch and entertainment.

#### Recent Activities of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge

Some 225 members and their ladies attended the second Mount Lowe dinner-dance given some time ago by Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672. The trip to the village above the clouds was made under the most ideal conditions and the dinner, dance and entertainment, in conjunction with the surroundings, made the occasion a thoroughly enjoyable one.

The recent monthly stag dinner given in the Home, attended by close to 400 members, was one of the most successful ever held. The banquet was served to the accompaniment of

dinner music and a number of cabaret and vaudeville acts rounded out an interesting evening.

The officers of Pasadena Lodge made their second visit to Glendale Lodge, No. 1280, a short time ago and initiated a class of ten candidates for their hosts.

#### Easton, Pa., Lodge Sends Boys to Summer Camp

At a regular session of Easton, Pa., Lodge No. 121, held some time ago, it was voted that any poor boy between the age of nine and sixteen years, sponsored by a member of No. 121, could have the opportunity, if he so desired, of going to a Y. M. C. A. summer camp for a period of two weeks at the expense of the Lodge. At the present writing, Easton Lodge is maintaining some thirty boys in camp with many more on the waiting list.

#### Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge Sponsors Summer Trip to Hawaiian Islands

Headed by Past Exalted Ruler C. G. Pyle, chairman of the "Trip to Honolulu" committee, officers and members of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, have extended invitations to members of Lodges throughout California to join their de luxe cruise to the Hawaiian Islands aboard the Lassco Liner, *City of Honolulu*, scheduled to take place as this issue of the magazine goes to press. According to Mr. Pyle, the 2,000 mile trip will be in the nature of a good will tour of the Islands. The Hawaiian Elks Lodges are arranging the largest program of entertainment ever to be staged for a visiting delegation, and other elaborate plans are being made for the entertainment of members aboard the steamer, both going and coming. The trip will consume about three weeks.

#### Oakland Elks Are Guests Of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge

A delegation of Elks and their ladies from Oakland, Calif., recently were guests of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420. The party was met at the dock by Exalted Ruler Henry Messerschmidt and many members of No. 420, and escorted in automobiles on a sightseeing tour, which included a trip to the glacier. On their return a banquet, reception and dance were held in their honor.

#### New York, N. Y., Lodge Renovates Statue of General Sherman

The equestrian statue of Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, by St. Gaudens, which stands in the plaza at the Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street entrance to Central Park, in New York City, is now resplendent in a new coat of gold leaf and shellac, thanks to the Social and Community Welfare Committee of



The new Home of Grand Haven, Mich., Lodge, No. 1200, which was recently dedicated

New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1. Noticing that with the passage of years the St. Gaudens group had become shabby and weather-stained, New York Elks offered to pay for a thorough restoration. The Park Department gratefully accepted the offer, and issued a permit for the work.

### Red Bank, N. J., Elks Entertain Blind

Members of the Blind Men's Club of New Jersey who summer at Atlantic Highlands were taken by Red Bank Lodge, No. 233, for a trip to Sea Girt, where they were greeted and tendered a luncheon by Governor A. Harry Moore, Past Exalted Ruler of Jersey City Lodge, No. 211. Mr. Moore, in a brief address, praised Red Bank Lodge for its work in the community. Later in the afternoon the party returned to Red Bank and were served dinner in the Riverside Grill, and attended a program of entertainment, arranged especially for them in the Carlton Theatre. The guests were taken back to Atlantic Highlands after the show.

### Pasadena Elks Initiate Large Class For Long Beach, Calif., Lodge

Headed by Exalted Ruler Joseph L. Krah, members to the number of 300, along with the drill team and fifty-five-piece band of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, recently made a fraternal visitation to Long Beach Lodge, No. 888, where Mr. Krah and his staff initiated a class of fifty-five candidates for their hosts before a capacity crowd. The meeting was an enthusiastic one in every way, and after the regular session had been adjourned, a fine entertainment and buffet lunch added to the pleasure of the occasion.

### Muskegon, Mich., Lodge Holds Third Annual Family Picnic

The third annual family picnic held by Muskegon, Mich., Lodge, No. 274, at its beautiful summer park on the shore of Lake Michigan, was one of the finest and most largely attended ever held. Automobiles transported the members, their families and friends to the park, where the day was spent in many pleasurable ways. Bathing, baseball games, races and other sport activities, along with band music, contributed to the enjoyment of the occasion. The picnickers brought basket lunches with them, and coffee, milk, ice-cream and soft drinks were furnished by the Lodge.

### Weehawken, N. J., Lodge Plans Carnival for Building Fund

Weehawken, N. J., Lodge, No. 1456, is planning to hold a carnival, scheduled for September 15 to 22, inclusive, for the benefit of the Lodge's new building program. It is expected by Chairman Edward Fetterly and the building committee of No. 1456 that a net profit of \$25,000 will be realized from this event. Weehawken Lodge has made remarkable financial progress since its institution, and a new Home within the near future is practically assured.

### Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge Entertains Circus Elks

Elks to the number of eighty from the Al. G. Barnes Circus, headed by Lee McDonald, a member of Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge, No. 461, were recently entertained in the Home of No. 461 with a supper, dance and program of musical numbers. Mr. MacDonald was presented with a large, tastefully decorated cake in honor of his return to Albuquerque, and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

### Alhambra, Calif., Lodge Initiates Record Class

The officers of Alhambra, Calif., Lodge, No. 1328, initiated a class of eighty-two candidates at a recent meeting, which was attended by large delegations of Elks from other Lodges in the district. Before the meeting a parade of visitors, members and candidates, headed by the band and drill team of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, was given through the principal streets of the



This beautiful Home was recently acquired by Westfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 1481

city. At the meeting a microphone was installed in the Lodge rooms and loud-speakers in the other rooms, which were crowded to capacity. Alhambra Lodge is flourishing in all departments, and is rapidly becoming one of the most important in the jurisdiction.

### Two New York Lodge Members Entertained on Eve of Sailing

On the eve of their departure for a trip abroad, John J. Schmitt and Daniel A. Kerr, distinguished members of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, were tendered a banquet and entertainment in the Home, with a capacity gathering present to wish them *bon voyage*. After a dinner of exceptional quality had been served, speech-making was in order, with Dr. Hugh M. Cox presiding as toastmaster. Exalted Ruler Edward Neylan delivered an appropriate opening address; and then Past Exalted Ruler William T. Phillips, on behalf of the diners, presented Mr. Schmitt with a life membership card and a beautiful loving cup in appreciation of his fine character and splendid benefactions in Elk welfare work. Acting District Attorney of New York County, Ferdinand R. Pecora, presented Mr. Kerr with a handsome ring as a tribute from his many friends and well-wishers. The responses of the guests of honor were met with great applause. An excellent program of entertainment and the exchange of farewells brought an interesting evening to a close.

### District Deputy Hay Visits Toledo, Ohio, Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Fred L. Hay was present at a fine meeting and initiation held some time ago by Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, which was also attended by many visiting Elks, including a large delegation from Bowling Green, Ohio, Lodge, No. 818. Among the candidates inducted into the Order during the evening were "Casey" Stengel, manager of the Toledo Baseball Club, and "Rosy" Ryan, one of his best players. District Deputy Hay, in an inspiring address, complimented the officers of No. 818 on their rendition of the ritualistic work and gave unstinted praise to the excellent work of the Social and Community Welfare Committee which has been functioning admirably, particularly on behalf of unemployed men and women.

### A Notice to All Lodge Secretaries

The following letter has been received by THE ELKS MAGAZINE from Exalted Ruler E. B. Hendrick, of Corning, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1071: "One of our members, C. E. Krause, has been using his card to borrow money at Elk Lodges. Would you kindly run a small item in the

magazine advising any Lodge at which he presents his card to pick it up and advise me?"

### Monthly Broadcasting Program By Bellingham, Wash., Lodge

So successful was the special radio program, broadcast by remote control from the Home of Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 194, over Station KVOS, on behalf of the B. U. C. K. S., that a regular schedule has been arranged for. On the last Thursday of each month a program will be broadcast from the Home in which Elk bands, glee clubs and entertainers will be featured.

### Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge Holds Annual Picnic for Children

The annual children's picnic of Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1351, held in July at Lake Spenard, was considered to be the best ever given by the Lodge. Close to 700 children gathered at the Home at noon and were provided with balloons and other novelties. The Anchorage Brass Band played several selections and then the youngsters were taken in automobiles to the lake, where an afternoon of sports and band concerts, along with food and refreshments, were enjoyed.

### Mrs. William B. Keating, Daughter of Pardon Commissioner Judge Browne

It is the sad duty of the Magazine to record the death of Mrs. William B. Keating, of Key West, Fla., daughter of Pardon Commissioner Judge Jefferson B. Browne, and wife of Dr. William B. Keating. Mrs. Keating died on Sunday, July 15, her illness having kept the Pardon Commissioner from attending the Grand Lodge Convention in Miami, the preceding week. The sympathy of Judge Browne's many friends, and of the entire Order, go out to him and to Dr. Keating in their bereavement.

### Recent Activities of San Rafael, Calif., Lodge

Among recent events enjoyed by the members of San Rafael, Calif., Lodge, No. 1108, was the third annual chicken barbecue. Held under the direction of the House and Entertainment Committee, the affair has become so popular that the net proceeds pay the entertainment expenses of the Lodge for the year. Some 500 members of Bay Lodges attended this year.

Another pleasant occasion was held when No. 1108 was host to the members of San Rafael Lodge, No. 10, Order of Antlers, and their invited friends. About 150 prospective Elks were on hand for the meeting, and the entertainment and buffet supper which followed.

### News of the Order From Far and Near

The Connecticut Past Exalted Rulers Association held its summer meeting in the Home of Bristol Lodge. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and William T. Phillips, Secretary and Past Exalted Ruler of New York, N. Y., Lodge, were elected to Honorary Membership.

At a recent meeting of Galena, Ill., Lodge, the officers initiated the fourth son of Joseph Guggenheim to join the Lodge in recent years. Mr. Guggenheim, Sr., is also a member.

A sum of \$1,446.53, the proceeds of the May dance held by New York, N. Y., Lodge, will be used in connection with work for crippled children.

Centralia, Wash., Lodge recently received a visit from a large delegation of members headed by the officers and orchestra of Olympia, Wash., Lodge.

The open-air band concerts given twice monthly by Glendale, Calif., Lodge, on the lawn in front of the Home, have attracted ever increasing crowds of music lovers.

A father and two sons were initiated at the

last regular meeting of Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge, and a third son is to be balloted on.

The prize Band and Guard of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, accompanied a delegation of members to the *Café Chantant*, held by Somerville Lodge, where they gave a concert and exhibition.

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge recently staged one of the finest entertainments of the year for the patients of Glen Lake Sanitarium, with the Silver Masked tenor of radio renown, as the star of the occasion.

Keamy, N. J., Lodge held its annual orphans' outing some time ago for the two children's institutions in the jurisdiction.

Portland, Ore., Lodge won second prize in the Merrykhana Parade, the fun feature of the local Rose Festival.

Work on the fine new Home of Washington, Pa., Lodge is progressing fast and it is expected to be completed at an early date.

Some 315 members of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge and their wives recently spent an enjoyable week-end at Lake Tahoe Tavern.

The annual ball and banquet, held by Ouray,

Colo., Lodge was one of the most interesting occasions of the Lodge year.

A series of "Oriental Nights" was held in June by Montclair, N. J., Lodge for the benefit of the Lodge's Charity fund.

Admiral Richard H. Jackson, chairman of the Naval Board and recently Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Squadron, was a guest of honor at a reception held by Florence, Ala., Lodge.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge formally opened its country club with cabaret dinner and dance.

The annual orphans' outing given by Paterson, N. J. Lodge was held in Pennington Park.

"A Night in Spain," replete with Spanish features, was given by Blue Island, Ill., Lodge as the first in a series of similar entertainments.

The Ladies' Afternoon Club of Elizabeth N. J., Lodge, recently brought their contributions to the crippled children's fund of the Lodge to a total of \$1,000, the net profit of a series of card parties.

Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge conducted the dedication ceremonies incident to the opening of the new municipal casino on the city-owned beach at Boynton, Fla.

### Address to the Grand Lodge by

## William T. Phillips of New York, N. Y., Lodge

### Nominating Hon. Murray Hulbert for Grand Exalted Ruler

GRAND Exalted Ruler and my Brothers of the Grand Lodge: On February 12, 1871, the birthday of the great Lincoln, and a most significant date when we consider the great patriotic force our Order has become, the Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, then existent only in the City of New York, realizing its potential fraternal possibilities, resolved itself into a Grand Lodge for the purpose of instituting and supervising the government of Subordinate Lodges. George J. Green, of New York, was selected the first Exalted Grand Ruler, as the office was then titled. From that time until the present the Order of Elks has been singularly happy in the earnestness, the capacity, the vision and the wisdom of its leadership.

This, my Brothers, is a statement borne out by the growth, the expansion, the rise to prestige and influence that mark every step of our progress in the past fifty-seven years.

Each year the Grand Lodge is charged with the duty of selecting a successor to this worthy line, and here at this Session, this morning, and by your votes will be selected the Brother who is to lead our Order for the ensuing year.

As a representative of New York Lodge, No. 1, and of 100,800 Elks in the State of New York who, through their Lodges, have endorsed his candidacy, I present for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler the name of a Past Exalted Ruler of my home Lodge. In the presentation I am mindful of the qualifications demanded of the head of our Order. I appreciate the qualities of heart and mind and understanding essential to lead this incomparable body of citizens to greater heights, higher ideals, and a finer conception of fraternity and its possibilities of service to humankind.

I am also aware that this Grand Lodge rightly demands that the Grand Exalted Ruler shall be a man independent in thought and action, of standing in his community, with clean and wholesome standards of living, a success in his chosen vocation, and an Elk of wide experience. I am aware also that your Grand Exalted Ruler must be constructive and progressive, and yet one who will preserve all that is good in our splendid past; who will maintain those traditions of good fellowship which are the keynote of our faith; a man who will harmonize discord, and preach a doctrine of good-will; a builder, who, as he adds new material, will see that it matches and conforms to the architecture of that splendid spiritual structure that loving hearts and able hands have been erecting for the past sixty years.

To substantiate the claim that the candidate I will present possesses all of these qualifications, I ask you to come with me upon a little journey

over his career. He was born in Rochester, N. Y., on May 14, 1881. In infancy he moved with his parents to the little town of Waterloo, some few miles away. Shortly thereafter, his father was killed at his post of duty as station agent of the New York Central Railroad.

Left alone with his widowed mother the boy managed to secure an elementary schooling and graduate from High School. Then, urged on by a sense of obligation and a desire to make good for the mother who helped him through his early struggles for education, and realizing the limited possibilities of the little community in which they lived, he came in 1898 to the city of New York, that great city so often accused of coldness and materialism, but the city which seldom fails to recognize ability, and reward courage, perseverance and integrity.

Our candidate obtained employment in an export house and matriculated at New York Law School, graduated with the degree of LL.B., was admitted to the Bar in 1902, and entered upon the practice of his profession. Being a young man of congenial nature, kindly heart and gregarious instincts, he was attracted to the Elks and initiated by New York Lodge on March 15, 1908. In 1909-10-11, he was Esquire; in 1911-12, Esteemed Loyal Knight; in 1912-13, Exalted Ruler, and during the twenty years of his membership he has been actively identified with all of our Lodge's undertakings. In the past two years he had been a member of the Social and Community Welfare Committee that last year raised and distributed for charity community purposes over \$80,000.

This Brother has also introduced into the Order of Elks perhaps more famous men than any other one individual. Through his efforts we have upon the roll of New York Lodge many of the judiciary of our highest courts, men of the highest business and professional standing, men of every political faith and creed, two United States Senators, the present Mayor of our city, one former Governor, and the present Governor of the State of New York.

Like most young lawyers, our candidate was attracted to politics. In 1914, he was elected to the House of Representatives from the Twenty-first New York district. He was re-elected in 1916, and sat in that legislative body during that period when the red haze of War was sending its devastating breath throughout our land.

In 1918, he resigned to accept the post of Commissioner of Docks and Director of the Port of New York City, a post carrying with it executive jurisdiction over 517 miles of ocean, bay, harbor, river, and lake shore that con-

stitutes the water-front of the City of New York.

In 1921, he was elected President of the Board of Aldermen, and during the long illness of his immediate superior, the Chief Executive, he acted as Mayor of the City of New York.

Our candidate has led a busy fraternal, professional and political life, and yet he has found time to devote to the upbuilding of young physical manhood through a deep and abiding interest in athletics. As an appreciation of this devotion he was four times elected President of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States. He is American Commissioner of the International Amateur Athletic Federation, he is Vice-President of the American Olympic Committee, and when this Grand Lodge Session is over our candidate will journey to Amsterdam, a patriotic duty and a fitting duty for the Grand Exalted Ruler of this Order, to supervise in an executive capacity the participation of our athletes in the Olympic Games. And these Games, within four years, largely through his efforts, will come to the City of Los Angeles.

The Brother's active Grand Lodge career began in 1919 when he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Reception to General Pershing, during the great demonstration held in the City of New York in honor of the General's return from France. He was Chairman of the Distribution Committee of the Grand Lodge in 1920. In 1921, 1922, and 1923, he was a member of the Judiciary Committee. In 1923 and 1924, he was a member of the Committee on Social and Community Welfare, and 1925-'27 was a Justice of the Grand Forum.

My Brothers, I believe that the career of our candidate, briefly as I have sketched it, fully sustains the claims of fitness I have attempted to set forth, in the opening of this nomination. He is a successful practitioner at the bar; he is a man of standing in his community; he is an Elk of wide experience; his domestic life, with a charming wife and delightful daughter, is beyond reproach; he believes in the principal Elk tenet which admonishes love of country, home and friend, and throughout his career there runs like a strain of music, a sacred obligato, a beautiful melody of love, the love of mother and son, the love which inspired a boy to go forth from a little town into the great metropolis of the Western world and win success. That mother has learned to love the Order as her son loves it, and to-day, in the old home-town of Waterloo, she is waiting for the word that you have conferred upon her boy the crowning glory of his life, the Grand Exalted Rulership of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks—and for the office I present the name of Murray Hulbert.



**ONE MINUTE** We haven't taken a vote, but we're willing to wager that most men take but one minute for lathering. Hurried morning schedules cut down the time you can spend with soap and shaving brush to soften your beard—but they can never change the smooth comfort you get from your Gillette Blades.



**THREE FULL MINUTES**

This man likes his comfort. He prepares his face thoroughly. He used to be the exception. But now more men are giving more time and thought to this important job of lathering. Three minutes—and then the swift, sure sweep of your smooth Gillette Blade!

# The longer you lather the better the shave—

*But whether you lather much or little,  
your Gillette Blade does its swift, sure job*

**I**F you're like most of the Gillette users in America, you lather as much as you have time for and leave the rest to the Gillette Blade.

If you're one of the careful leisurely minority, you lather a full three minutes. Then your face is thoroughly prepared. But while you may often lack time, you need never lack comfort. Just slip in a fresh Gillette Blade and enjoy the smoothest possible shave per second.

This comfort is a family trait in all Gillette Blades, put there by Gillette's own patented machine processes. During the past ten years, Gillette has spent millions in improving these

processes and in perfecting one of the most scrupulous inspection systems ever devised. Four out of every nine Gillette workers are inspectors, paid a bonus for every blade they discard. Hence when you take the finished inspected blade from the little green envelope which is its certificate of perfection, you can be sure that shaving comfort is waiting for you, ready for whatever lather you see fit to use.

Your Gillette Blade always does its job well, or eight out of ten American men wouldn't stick to it as faithfully as they do. They judge a shave on its face value and they choose—the Gillette.

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



The Cream that  
leaves **FACES**  
**FIT!**

—if ever you've watched  
it rise beneath your lath-  
er brush—*super mild,*  
*thick, rich.*

—if ever you've watched  
a razor blade glide  
through it—*quick, close.*

—if ever you've sensed a  
skin smooth, glowing,  
supple, *Fit*, when a Wil-  
liams shave is over . . . .

—then you know what the  
drug clerk means when  
he says, "Oh, yes, some-  
times they change, *but*  
*they all come back to*  
*Williams!*"

Next time say

**Williams**  
Shaving Cream  
*please!*

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

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

## Murder at Sea

(Continued from page 29)

"How?"

"George Harris, the cook, was in the galley and Cæsar was playing around, when suddenly Cæsar began to bristle, the way he always did when he sensed that a stranger was around. Usually, soon after he began to bristle, he went for the stranger—but not this time. He cowered, close to George. He whimpered. He showed, in short, in every way that an animal can, that he was afraid. George couldn't understand it. He'd never seen the dog behave that way before. He got out the ball and made a motion to toss it down the passageway. Cæsar actually clung to his arm, as if he wanted to prevent him from throwing the ball. George remembered all this, of course, afterward, when it was too late. Finally, he did throw the ball, and said, 'Go get it, Cæsar.' Cæsar hung back. He'd never refused to obey that command before. George thought the dog was playing, and pushed him out into the corridor. Cæsar started to walk, very slowly, down the passageway, his hair standing on end. George, according to custom, shut the galley door. Then he heard Cæsar growl, then there was a scuffling noise, and the poor dog let out a sharp cry of pain which was broken off short. George flung open the galley door. He swears he saw the face of someone standing in the door at the other end of the passageway—the face of some one very tall, with blazing eyes. Then, like a flash, the face disappeared. George ran down the corridor, and there lay Cæsar. His body was twitching, but before George could get him back into the galley he was dead. Mr. Kelton, that devil had broken Cæsar's neck—as cleanly as you could break that stalk of celery with your fingers!"

"How horrible!" exclaimed Kelton. "Poor dog, he sprang at the stranger, I suppose, and paid for his courage with his life. What have you done, Captain?"

"I've turned out the entire crew and had the men make a thorough search of the ship below deck. I should have done that early this morning but I couldn't spare the men."

"What did they find?"

"Nothing—absolutely nothing. Not even a trace."

"I'll go below with you, Captain," Kelton said. "I want to examine the scene."

TOGETHER they went to the passageway leading to the galley where Cæsar had met his fate. A light was brought and Kelton, on hands and knees, examined the floor.

"No sign of footprints," he muttered. "But, then, there wouldn't be on shipboard—no dusty or muddy feet. What's this?"

He picked up something which looked like a flake of isinglass, about the size of a postage stamp, but oval in shape. He examined it closely, and shook his head.

"Where do you keep your provisions?" he asked of Harris, the cook.

"Perishable stuff is kept in the big icebox the other side of the galley," Harris answered. "Fish, meat, eggs and so forth."

"Are the provisions brought in through this passageway?"

"Yes, sir. Most of them."

"I see," said Kelton, disappointedly. "Now I'll take a look at the dog."

Cæsar had been a magnificent animal, with bowed legs and a potent-looking undershot jaw. His head was jerked back in an unnatural position as he lay on the galley floor. Captain Galvin was right. The dog's neck was broken. Kelton bent over the dead animal.

He gave a whistle.

"It wasn't done with a blow," he said. "In that case it's likely the head would be bent forward. The head is bent back. That looks as if Cæsar was not struck with some weapon, but was caught, and his neck snapped. It would take terrific strength to do that."

He examined the dog's mouth.

"I think," he said, "Cæsar got in one bite before he was killed. Look—there's a trace of blood on his fangs—and—what's this?"

Adhering to one of the dog's lips was a small mica-like object, flat and translucent—in size, shape and composition identical with the thing Kelton had picked up in the passageway.

"I'm going back to my cabin," he announced.

"I've got an idea—a crazy idea—and I'm going to try and develop it. Tell your men to be on their guard, Captain Galvin. We have a cruel and malevolent enemy of mankind to contend with."

On his way to his cabin Kelton stopped at the radio room and dispatched two messages. One was to B. Hong, Mott Street, New York. The other was to Prof. Adrian Tyne, Silvermine, Connecticut. The one to Mr. Hong was in code.

He started for his cabin, via the promenade deck. Mr. Westervelt was in his chair, looking as if he were asleep, although he wasn't. The honeymooners, Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone, were sitting in steamer chairs, very close together, slyly holding hands. The three school-teachers were reading books about the flora of Bermuda. Kelton hurried along the deck.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Kelton."

IT WAS Miss Esther Yate, in her steamer chair, and once again Kelton was astonished by the change in her. He had seen her led to her cabin by her nurse, very weak, very pale. Now she had color in her face, and she was talking, with a great deal of energy, to Mr. Mond. Her manner was that of a person who is physically on the crest of the wave. Mr. Mond, obviously, was captivated—so much so that he was listening, and was not, according to his habit, monopolizing the conversation.

"Good afternoon, Miss Yate," said Kelton. "Feeling better?"

"Much, thank you. How is your investigation getting on?"

Kelton was visited with an inspiration.

"It is practically completed," he answered, looking not at her, but at Mr. Mond. "I haven't a cruel nature, Miss Yate, but I'll admit I'll take a certain satisfaction in seeing the man hung."

He addressed Mr. Mond.

"Mr. Mond," he said, very gravely, "I'd like to have a few moments conversation with you in my cabin, please."

"Why? What's up?" asked Mr. Mond, looking startled.

"I'll tell you, if you'll come with me," said Mr. Kelton.

"But I'm enjoying Miss Yate's society so much," protested Mr. Mond.

"I regret to have to deprive you of it," said Kelton, "but I feel sure she'll excuse you. This is an urgent matter, Mr. Mond, and a most serious one for you."

"I'll come," said Mr. Mond, rising, his large face troubled. "Excuse me, Miss Yate."

"Yes. Will you be back?"

"Very soon, I hope."

Mr. Mond followed Kelton down to the latter's cabin.

In his most solemn manner, Matthew Kelton closed the door, locked it, and waved Mr. Mond to a seat. Then for a long time Kelton sat staring fixedly at Mr. Mond, and saying nothing. Mond stood the tension as long as he could, and then burst out.

"Look here, Kelton. What do you want of me?"

In a sepulchral voice, Matthew Kelton said, "Mr. Mond, last night you made an admission and issued a challenge. I am prepared to act on that challenge now. I have asked Captain Galvin to arrest you, and confine you in the ship's brig for the murder of Samuel P. Cleghorn. You will be delivered either to the police in Bermuda, or the police in New York. In Bermuda, I believe, the penalty for murder is hanging. In New York, it is electrocution. I do not know enough about the law of the sea to know which will be your fate—but you can be sure it will be one or the other—"

During the recital Mr. Mond underwent a very palpable change. His round face grew pale, his lips began to quiver. Suddenly he broke into sobs, the sobs of a child caught with his fingers in a forbidden jam pot.

"Now, Mr. Kelton," he cried, "don't do that. Please don't do that. I didn't do it, honest I didn't. I was just fooling. Can't you take a joke?"

"This is no joke," said Matthew Kelton.

"It was, I swear it was," wailed Mr. Mond.

(Continued on page 46)

# AS AT THE CLUB SO IN THE HOME

IN selecting floor coverings for buildings of importance, decorators look for more than *beauty*... more than *quality*. They expect the floor covering to be in style... to conform to the *fashion* of the hour. It is the possession of this trinity of virtues which causes Bigelow-Hartford rugs and carpets to be chosen for your finest clubs. † † † Their patterns range from inspirations derived from 16th and 17th Century masterpieces to designs which vividly express the tempo of modern life. And whatever their patterns, Bigelow-Hartford floor coverings blend gracefully with furniture, walls and draperies to achieve a pleasing decorative effect. † † † The nearest Bigelow-Hartford dealer will be glad to show you how appropriately the new Bigelow-Hartford rugs and carpets can be used in your home. A handsomely illustrated, informative booklet—*Color and Design—Their Use in Home Decoration*—will be sent upon receipt of 25 cents. Bigelow-Hartford Carpet Company, 385 Madison Avenue, New York.

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Many men suffer so needlessly the embarrassment and discomfort of perspiration odor.

It is easily prevented with Odorono. Try it after your morning bath. The new colorless Odorono No. 3. Put a little under your arm pits. Around your neck too, if you wilt your collars.

Let it dry before your clothing touches it. Then you are protected for at least 48 hours.

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(Print name and address plainly)

## Murder at Sea

(Continued from page 44)

"I never killed anybody. Why, I couldn't harm a kitten, honest I couldn't. I was just talking, that's all. I thought it would be sort of exciting to have you think for awhile that I was a murderer and trail me around and get all the others watching me. I never thought you'd take my confession seriously, honest I didn't. Nearly all afternoon I was talking to the purser—and he'll bear me out, I know he will. You're not going to get me hung, are you, Mr. Kelton?"

Mr. Mond's fright and penitence bore every evidence of being genuine.

"Mond," said Matthew Kelton, severely, "I'm going to accept your explanation. I'm not going to take action against you. I have not asked the captain to arrest you, nor do I intend to. I'm going to give you a piece of advice: Curb your sense of humor or your sense of self-importance. A confession of murder is a very sorry jest. One of these days someone less tolerant than I am will take you seriously and you'll find yourself in jail, which is not pleasant, or dancing at the end of a rope, which is even less so. That's all."

Kelton's words had restored to Mr. Mond a faint trace of his old swagger.

"I guess you're right," he said. "I've acted like a fool. You won't tell anybody about this, will you?"

"No," promised Kelton. "It won't be necessary. Now please get along out of here. You've caused me to waste a lot of time and thought."

"I'm sorry for that, Mr. Kelton," said Mr. Mond, and took his departure, looking like a caricature of a chastised school-boy.

Kelton's face relaxed into a smile.

"THAT gets the joker out of the deck," he remarked. "Lucky thing I called on the doctor, and read a few case histories in his books. The big, soft sap! The half-baked nuisance! Well, anyhow, that's one confession accounted for. Now—what about the others?"

For the first time since the start of the case, Matthew Kelton had an uninterrupted period when he could concentrate. He had made a wager with himself—a new and very expensive microscope—that he'd get to the bottom of the mystery before the ship's side scraped the Hamilton wharf the next day. As he sat there in his cabin, it seemed to him that the chances were heavily against his winning his bet. Mond was eliminated. But there remained Sangerson, the captain, Westervelt, Varga—and Miss Royd. All possibilities. Yet his case against any one of them was very far from being strong. He had surmises, conjectures, theories—and they added up to—what? Confusion.

He wished the answers to his radiograms would come in. He needed all the rays of light he could get, no matter how puny they might be. He focussed his mind on the incident of the dog's death.

On the surface, it seemed to be easy to explain. The dog had detected the presence of the stranger. With an animal's intuition where danger is concerned, he had been afraid of the stranger. Then, with the courage of his breed, he had attacked—and been killed. His killer had fled and concealed himself. Where? The captain had said the crew had made a thorough search—but sailors, in general, are not notable for their intelligence, and it was probable they had been outwitted.

Kelton examined again the particles, like bits of isinglass, he had collected in the passage-way and from the mouth of the dead dog. He examined, too, one of the first things he had collected—the tuft of hair he had found caught in the wash-stand in Cabin B. The hair was long, coarse, rather brittle. Kelton clapped his hand to his forehead, an outward sign that something was stirring briskly within.

Was this another such case as Poe described in his macabre story "The Murders in the Rue Morgue?" There the killer had been a gorilla. That tuft of hair was not from a human head; it was from some animal. What was a gorilla's coat like? Kelton tried to remember. Shaggy, certainly. But was it brindled, as these hairs were? Then he laughed at himself for getting so excited by such a fantastic idea. A gorilla is larger than most men. He is smart enough in his native African jungle, but on shipboard,

wasn't it probable that he'd be completely bewildered, and would be sure to be seen?

Besides, how to account for the presence of such an animal on the S. S. *Pendragon*. Gorillas do not drop from the sky, nor emerge from the sea. Their habitat is Africa—and a small section of Africa, at that. There are very few of them in captivity, Kelton knew. No, the gorilla theory was absurd. He'd have to seek a less fantastic explanation.

All afternoon Kelton sat in his cabin—thinking, thinking. He found some answers to his questions, but they were cancelled by other answers. The dinner gong broke in on his speculations. He ate his dinner in silence. Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone were present, and the three school-teachers, the purser and the doctor. Mond was there, in a very subdued mood, which did not, however, interfere with his consumption of pounds of mashed potatoes and quarts of ice-water. Mr. Westervelt also appeared at dinner, as discreet, correct and self-contained as ever. The captain, Miss Imlay, Sangerson and Varga did not come to the table, nor did Miss Yate and her nurse.

The net result of all Matthew Kelton's cogitation that afternoon had been a decision to try another of his "psychological depth-bombs." He had made up his mind to explode it—after dinner—and he had fixed for the scene of the explosion the cabin of Captain Galvin.

He found the captain in. The captain was puffing at an old briar pipe, but was getting little solace from it, to judge from his face. He looked very tired.

"Good evening, Mr. Kelton," he said, trying his best to appear genial and at ease. "Any luck?"

"Yes," said Matthew Kelton. "If you want to call it that. It's a mighty unpleasant duty you wished on me, Captain. It's the sort of duty which makes me feel rather unfriendly to that abstract thing we call justice. I hate to be the instrument of a justice which will cause people who are not really criminals to suffer for a single lapse from the right path."

"I don't follow you, Mr. Kelton," said the captain, but his manner showed that he had more than an inkling of what was coming. "Have you caught your man?"

"I have," replied Matthew Kelton. "I have come to you to ask you to place him under arrest."

"Who is he?" The captain's voice trembled.

"Russell Sangerson."

"But what have you against him?"

"Enough. Motive. He was the nephew and heir of the dead man. They quarrelled. Sangerson struck him down."

"But that is simply a guess—"

"It is not a guess, Captain," said Matthew Kelton. "Sangerson has confessed."

"What?"

"I repeat," said Kelton, "Russell Sangerson has confessed to me that he killed his uncle, Samuel P. Cleghorn. I have sought in vain for other explanations of the murder, but have found none. I am sorry for young Sangerson but I see only one course open. Arrest him and turn him over to the detective who is aboard the *Tarragonno*."

The captain said nothing. Then, finally he spoke, and his voice was thick, and his face set.

"I'm not going to arrest Sangerson," he said.

"You refuse? Why?" Kelton shot at him.

"Because," answered Captain Galvin, "he's not guilty of the murder—and I know who is."

### CHAPTER XIII

"YOU know who is guilty?" gasped Kelton.

"I do," said the captain. "I know."

"Who?"

The captain seemed more composed.

"There's a story that goes with it," the captain said. "I want you to listen to the story before I tell you the name. I'm not much at stories—but I'll do my best. We've plenty of time—now that your hunt is over. Here, try this cigar, Mr. Kelton?"

Kelton lit the cigar, and leaned back in his chair. The cabin's light was on the captain's

(Continued on page 48)



“**B**ecause of the nerve strain in to-day's living . . . more restful sleep is needed than formerly,”

says

HON. JOHN K. TENER

**M**EN quit eating beefsteak and mashed potatoes for breakfast long ago

. . . because it made them loggy and stupid.

The active man of today does twice as much as his father did—he's interested in twice as many things

. . . but the days are no longer.

Each waking minute is draining vital nerve energy—like a huge fire creating steam to drive a giant engine.

To keep that human engine in condition, to replace the worn out tissue, nature has given us . . . Sleep.

The more restful the sleep, the more complete is the repair and the greater the reserve strength built up.

Speaking in comparison with others Governor Tener continues, “The vast improvement represented by Simmons Mattresses and Springs, is, to my mind, a most important contribution to health.”

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The Beautyrest Mattress, for example, is as unlike any other mattress as day is from night. Between two thick (top and bottom) layers of finest mattressing is a center layer composed of hundreds of



HON. JOHN K. TENER, former Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, ex-president of the National League. A prominent banker, who has mastered the problem of crowding busy days, with healthful exercise and the necessary rest.

springy wire coils. Each spring is sewn into its own individual pocket—and then all the pockets joined, so that you get an accordion-like action that permits the Beautyrest to follow every convolution of the body—resting, supporting, inducing the soundest sleep.

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In department and furniture stores Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; 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.



Beautyrest Mattress—a center of hundreds of springy wire coils, over that softest mattressing—what could be more comfortable.



Ace Spring—more spirals than most springs. Equal to a box spring, but lighter. Less in cost. Slip cover additional.



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# Twinplex Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER, QUICKER SHAVES

## Murder at Sea

(Continued from page 46)

weather-beaten face. The captain put down his pipe—which had gone out—and sighed.

"The story begins," he said, "in a little Yorkshire village, Abbott's Glade its name is, a tiny market town where the nearby countryside come to sell their produce. It begins some thirty years ago. Were you ever in Yorkshire, Mr. Kelton?"

"Once," replied Matthew Kelton. "I stopped off in York for a day to see the cathedral."

"Then you hardly know Yorkshire and its people, Mr. Kelton, and this is a story about those people," the captain said. "Yorkshire people are not easy to know. A stranger could spend a good many years among them without really understanding them at all. He wouldn't like them much—at first. They might seem hard, sullen you might say. They don't talk much, but they work hard. They're farming folk, mostly, living close to the soil, and they're not rich. They're thrifty with what little money they make, because they have to be. People from London call them rough, uncouth; they don't look beneath the surface and see that under the roughness are characters as rugged, and solid as the Yorkshire hills. They're a simple, strong people, Mr. Kelton—and they love that way, aye, and hate that way too. There's an old saying in Yorkshire—a riddle, you might call it—What is stronger than death? The answer is: Love. You'll not hear of many divorces among the real people of Yorkshire. When a man is 'for' a woman, as they say there, he is for her always. When a Yorkshire man gets to know you, and you're honest with him, and he likes you, you have a friend for life, a friend who'll burn off his right hand for you. And, it's true, too, if you wrong a Yorkshire man, you've made a bad, black enemy, who will not forget, but will bide his time and pay you back, if he has to follow you to hell to do it."

The captain lit his pipe again.

"I'M a Yorkshire man," he said, "born and reared in Abbott's Glade, on my father's little farm. There have been Galvins in that part of Yorkshire—near the Scotch border—for many a century. I had four brothers and five sisters, and my father was a poor man, bent with work. It was a sort of family tradition that one of the younger sons should follow the sea—there was a Galvin with Nelson at Trafalgar—and it was decided, when I was just a lad, that I was to be a sailor. I was glad. I've always loved a seafaring life. So I put a pine chest full of my clothes on my shoulder, and went off to be a cabin boy in the merchant marine. I liked the life, I'd been strictly brought up, so I paid attention to my duty, and began to rise in the service, and I looked forward to the day when I'd have a ship of my own to command. I'd just turned nineteen, and was making good wages—and saving them—when I got shore leave and went to stay a month with my parents in Abbott's Glade. I hadn't been back home in three years, for my ship had been off in the China Sea. Well, a lot can happen in three years—particularly to young people. The first evening I was home I strolled over to the next farm to spin the people there a few yarns about my adventures in foreign parts. I'd known them all my life. They were John Royd and his wife, and their young daughter, Julia—"

"Julia Royd?" asked Kelton.

The captain nodded.

"Yes, the same," he said. "I'd known her since she was a baby—a few years younger than myself. We'd played together as lad and lass. When I went away she was just a pretty little kid in short dresses, still playing with dolls. But when I came back she was a young woman, with her hair done up—and before that evening at John Royd's farm was over, I knew I was in love with Julia Royd. I knew something else—from her eyes. She loved me. That month I stayed in Abbott's Glade was the finest, happiest time of my life. I saw Julia every day and there were picnics, and hay-rides, and walks and talks in the moonlight, and with every day we fell more deeply in love with each other. Before three weeks had passed she had promised to marry me. I was beside myself with joy. We talked it over with her parents and mine, and they were well pleased. We talked of get-

ting married at once, but the older ones were against it. Julia and I were young, they said, and could wait a year or so until I had gained the promotion which was coming to me after another trip. I expected to be gone about a year—on a trip round the Horn—and I consented to wait. My heart was heavy when I said good-bye to Julia, and yet I was happy. In a year I'd return and take her with me as my bride. She kissed me good-bye at the little Abbott's Glade station—and off I went to join my ship."

The captain paused, drew at his pipe, and went on.

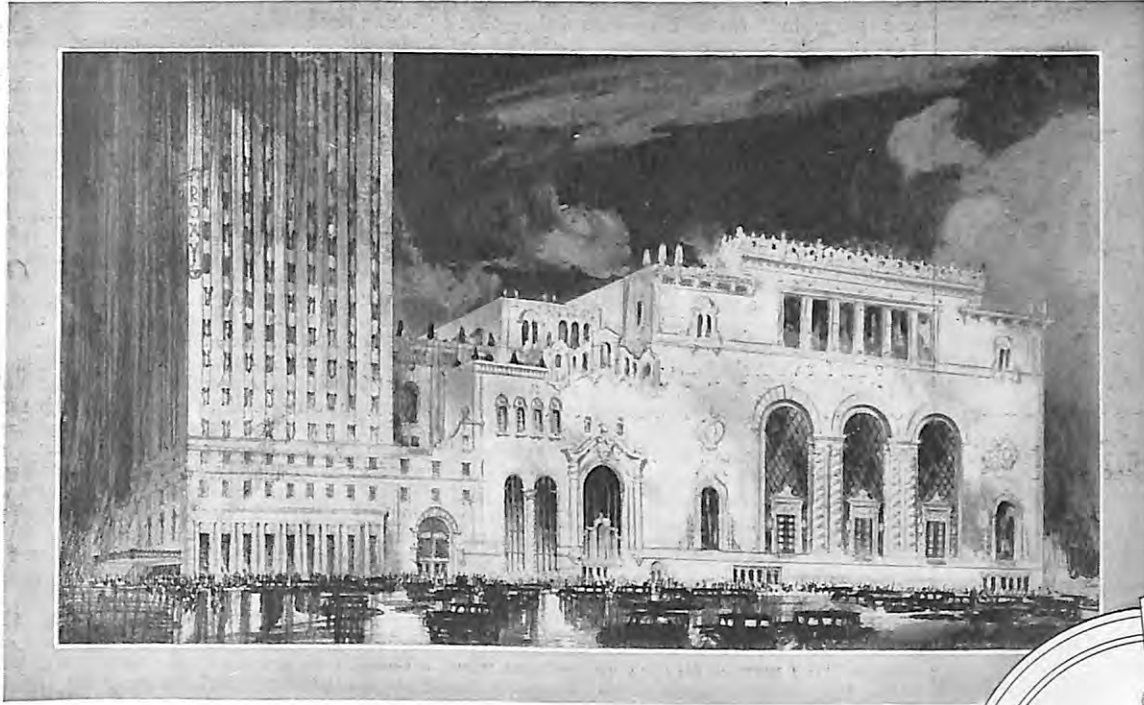
"I HAD a grand voyage—Sao Paulo, San Francisco, Singapore—and finally back to Dundee. I'd written to Julia from every port and sent her little presents, and had a few letters from her, warm, loving letters they were—though she, like most Yorkshire folk, was no great hand at writing. I skipped off my ship at Dundee, a furlough in my pocket, and gold, too, a neat new uniform on my back, and my heart beating high. It seemed to take the train forever and a day to get to Abbott's Glade, where I knew Julia would be waiting for me. I jumped out of the train before it had stopped, I was so eager to run to her house and take her in my arms. I hadn't let her know I was coming, you see. I wanted to surprise her. She had last heard from me when the ship was coaling at Bombay—and at that time I thought I wouldn't get home for five or six months.

"Well, I did run to her house—and she was there—and as soon as I saw her I knew something was wrong. She kissed me, and tried to pretend she was glad to see me—but I knew her laughter was forced. I tried to get her to tell me if anything was amiss, and for a while she insisted there wasn't, and then, suddenly, she broke down and began to cry and she told me—"

The captain bit his words off short. His face was working with emotion.

"It was the old story—a story you'll hear I suppose, as long as there are men and women in the world. In my absence Julia had met another man. I'll call him a man—though he wasn't. Mr. Kelton, if there ever was a beast in man's form it was Jacob Murdo. He was a big, rather handsome fellow, older than me by a few years. He came from York, and he traveled about the country, selling ploughs, harrows and other farming implements to the farmers. A shrewd man, everyone said, and bound to rise in the world. Already he was pushing toward a partnership in his firm. He seemed to be one of those men who are bound to get ahead—for he had no end of self-confidence, and a masterful way with him. Well, you can guess the rest. He saw Julia—and he wanted her. He knew how to get what he wanted—whether it was money or women. Julia slapped his face—once—but he came back again, and he kept coming back. He told her he was in love with her, that he wanted to marry her, and painted a picture of an easy life with him in York, the life of the wife of a rich man. Still she resisted him—on my account—though he laughed at her and told her she was a fool to throw her life away by marrying a poor sailor. He didn't love her—he was the sort of man who can love nobody but himself—but he had made up his mind to have her, no matter what methods he had to use. When everything he tried had failed, he told her a lie about me. He said he had seen in a Lloyd's report that I had been lost at sea. Poor Julia—she believed him. I couldn't find it in my heart to blame her. She was just a lass, who'd never seen anything of the world, and he was clever, damnably clever. Well, it ended with him persuading her to elope to Edinburgh with him, where he promised to marry her. Of course, once he got her there, he did not keep his promise. He put her off. Finally, he tired of her, and sent her back home with a story that she'd gone off to Edinburgh to work in one of the mills. Her parents believed her, for she had always been a true, honest girl—but—that terrible day—sitting on the bench where she had pledged herself to marry me—she told me that she could not keep her secret from them much longer. She

(Continued on page 50)



The Roxy  
Walter W. Ahlschlager  
Architect  
Chanin Construction Co.  
General Contractor

# The Roxy Theatre is protected by **JOHNS-MANVILLE** Built-up Asbestos Roofing

The Roxy Theatre was built at a cost of twelve million dollars. Here is the world's greatest theatre, the largest of pipe organs, a famous broadcasting studio, magnificent lobbies, comfortable dressing rooms, offices, club rooms and rehearsal halls all under one roof—and that roof of Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos. The roof was chosen with full knowledge that it must give positive protection to one of the most costly interiors ever constructed.

The selection of this roofing to protect the beautiful appointments in the Roxy Theatre is one more endorsement of the record which Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofs have made all over the country. Tens of millions of square feet of Johns-Manville Built-up

Asbestos Roofing cover theatres, large and small, factories, warehouses, railway stations, public buildings and many other structures.

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### All Industry is Served by Johns-Manville

Besides the Roxy and other famous theatres, millions of square feet of Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofs cover factories, warehouses, railroad structures and every type of building which requires fireproof, long-lived protection.

### Johns-Manville Conserves Heat

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Johns-Manville Standardized packings provide a packing for every possible packing purpose. By using these packings, important savings are made by reducing the stocks required, by the long life of Johns-Manville packing, and, where friction is a factor, by doing away with the excessive friction of ordinary packing.

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## Murder at Sea

(Continued from page 48)



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was going to have a baby—his baby—that beast, Murdo's."

The captain stopped. He could not continue for a moment.

"What did you do?" Matthew Kelton asked.

"I went crazy—for awhile. I wanted to kill him. I wanted to feel my bare hands on his throat, crushing the life out of him. Julia begged me to be calm. The thing was done—she said—and could not be mended now. For me to kill Murdo would only mean putting my own neck in a noose, and bringing disgrace on her, her parents and mine. Well, I listened to her—and I've always regretted that I did. We talked it over. I said I'd marry her myself. She said she could not do that—that I'd only hate her for what she had done, her and the child. I told you, Mr. Kelton, that we are a simple people in Yorkshire. According to our code, the man who wrongs a girl must marry her. It's barbarous, I know, but it was what Julia and I had been taught to believe. I said I'd go to York and put the case before Jacob Murdo—and ask him to do the fair thing. I didn't know him, then, you see. I believed what I wanted to believe, and that was that he had been honestly in love with Julia, and that circumstances had forced him to put off marrying her. I went to York to see him. It did not take me long to find out what he really was like. He sneered at me. 'If I married all the country lasses who fall in love with me,' he said, 'I'd have to set up a harem. Run along now.' Why I didn't kill him then and there, I don't know. I'd faithfully promised Julia to keep my hands in my pockets all through my interview with him—and I kept my word. I went out of his office, and when I came back I had a revolver in my pocket. I showed it to him, and his face went green, and I knew that, for all his size, he was a coward. 'You are going to marry Julia Royd,' I said, 'and this very day, and give a name to her child, or I'm going to shoot you.' He was smart enough to see that I meant business. His manner changed. He really cared for Julia, he said, and had intended all along to marry her, but a rush of work had come along, and as he was in line for a partnership he had delayed, and so forth. I half believed him. I wanted to believe him for Julia's sake. I didn't trust him, however, and I marched him back to Abbott's Glade, my finger on the trigger all the way, and saw them properly married in the little stone church there, with my eyes blinded with tears and my heart sick and empty. Then I went away.

"Just before I went," continued Captain Galvin, "I had a private talk with Jacob Murdo. I told him, with all the force I could, that he had married the finest girl in Yorkshire, and that she would make him a wife any man could be proud of. I said to him, 'Jacob Murdo, you are going to be kind to her and take good care of her. If you are not, if you mistreat her in any way, then I swear by my hope of salvation, you will answer to me for it. I'll kill you,' I said. He was cowed by then, and he knew I meant every word I said. He promised to make Julia a good husband. I went off to Dundee and stayed drunk, rolling drunk, for two weeks, the first time I was ever drunk in my life. Then I joined my ship, and sailed off for Liberia and the Gold Coast to collect rubber and ivory."

The captain filled his pipe again.

"This is all ancient history, I know, Mr. Kelton, but it has to be told if you are to understand the case," he said. "That trip gave me no pleasure, but I did my work well. I was trying to forget, you see; but I knew I couldn't forget. I knew I loved Julia Royd and would always love her. I worked hard because work kept my mind active and sort of numbed the pain that was there. From the Gold Coast we went on to Capetown, and then were in service between Capetown and New Zealand. Time went by—but I didn't care. I had no wish to go back to Yorkshire. When I did go back—some three and a half years later—it was because of the death of my mother. I made guarded inquiries about Julia Royd. She had gone to York to live with her husband, I learned, and there a child had been born to her, a son. I went to York, hoping for a sight of her,

nothing more. I felt I could never have a part in her life now. I could not find her. I began a search. At last, from the neighbors, I learned what had happened. Murdo had not kept his promise to me. As soon as I was away at sea, even before the child was born, he began to treat Julia badly. After the child was born, he was worse. The neighbors said he beat her—"

The captain's big hands were knotted into hard fists.

"I could not keep my promise to him," he said, "because he had left York. When the boy was two years old, he deserted Julia, leaving her sick and without a penny. He went away—nobody knew where—and he took the baby with him. He had struck Julia, knocking her senseless when she fought to keep the baby, saying, 'It's my child. He'll be a rich man's son.' It came out soon enough why Jacob Murdo had fled from York. He had been stealing from his firm, and when he left he took some two thousand pounds of the firm's money with him. A search was made, of course, and you know the English police are efficient, but Murdo slipped through their fingers. They got no trace of him at all. Poor Julia—her parents had died, and she was deserted, penniless, and half-crazed with grief at the loss of the little boy. God, if I'd only got back a month sooner. But I didn't, and just a month before I arrived in York, Julia left to search for her child. No one could tell me where she had gone."

The captain wiped the sweat from his brow.

"THE story skips a good many years now," he said. "I had to go off to sea again—sailing to every corner of the world—for the sea was my only means of making a living. Everywhere I went I made inquiries about Julia Royd, and about Murdo and the child. When I had leave, I went to inland cities, hunting. The world is a big place, Mr. Kelton. I did not find her. I did not even find a trail I could follow. So the years went by, and Julia was never entirely out of my mind or heart. I put advertisements in the papers—wherever I went—but they were never answered. Many times my reason told me to give up hope—but I wouldn't. That's the way Yorkshire men are, Mr. Kelton. Love, with them, is stronger than death. So time passed, as I said, and I became a captain with a ship of my own, and I was proud, but never a day went by that I did not think 'Where is Julia? If I only had her—sailing with me—' Then we started—it seems like a year ago, though it is only a few hours—on this ill-fated trip.

"I was standing on the bridge, watching the preparations to cast off, and watching, sort of absently, the passengers come up the gang-plank. Then I saw a man coming aboard—and my heart stopped beating. He was older, stouter, grayer—but his face had burned itself into my memory—and I knew that one of my passengers was—Jacob Murdo. I turned away. He had not seen me. I went to my cabin—hardly knowing what I was doing—and read the passenger list. From the purser I learned that Murdo was booked under the name of Samuel P. Cleghorn. I could see the reason for that. As soon as he left York, he took a new name. He wanted, naturally, to throw the police off the track. I hadn't a doubt in the world that under his new name he had settled in America and had prospered. My brain was all jumbled. What was I to do? He might know where Julia was. He probably knew what had become of the child. But if he saw me, he'd be sure to recognize me, and he'd be on his guard; or he would flee off the ship and be lost again. I stayed in my cabin till the ship had cleared the harbor, debating what I'd do. Then I made up my mind. I'd go down and face Murdo. I'd get the truth out of him, about Julia, if I could. If I couldn't, I'd punish him for what he had done to her. It was reckless, insane—but I did not think of that. It would cost me my ship, perhaps my liberty—but I remembered Julia's trusting, gentle face—and with my heart banging inside me, I went down to the cabin of Jacob Murdo—or Samuel P. Cleghorn."

"What time was this?" asked Kelton.

"About half an hour after we passed the

Statue of Liberty," replied Captain Galvin. "Well, I pushed open his cabin door without knocking, and there he was. He knew me at once. I saw that he did. His cruel eyes widened and the color left his face.

"He tried to bluff. 'What can I do for you, captain,' he said. 'You can tell me what has become of Julia, Jacob Murdo,' I said. 'You're mistaken,' he said. 'My name is Cleghorn.' 'You're lying,' I said. 'Do you think I could forget you in twenty years or twenty centuries? Tell me what you know of her, while you have breath to speak.' He was yellow. 'I know nothing of her, David Galvin,' he said. 'I have had no word from her since I left York. I have looked for her everywhere. I did her a great wrong, and I wanted to make amends.' I knew he was lying. I could see behind those rattish eyes that he was playing for time, trying to stall me off till he could make a break for safety. 'You remember what I told you in the churchyard at Abbott's Glade,' I said, and I knew from his face that he remembered. Then, without warning, he caught up a heavy black-thorn stick he had carried aboard, and hurled himself at me. I was in the doorway, barring his path. I broke the force of the stick's blow with my forearms, and we clinched. He was strong, but I was stronger, and my hate was hot within me. I got the stick away from him and hit him, hit him again and again, till he lay in a bloody heap at my feet. Then I was like a man waking from a nightmare. I saw what I had done. I lifted him and put him in his berth and drew the curtains. I threw the stick out of the port-hole and closed the port-hole. I would have thrown his body out, too, but it would not go through. I had no plan. I did whatever came into my confused mind. Then I heard sounds in the corridor, and thought it might be the steward, who would catch me, so I dashed out of the cabin and up to the deck."

"What then?"

"I was running along the corridor when I saw a woman standing outside Cabin B, where Murdo lay. My first thought was that she must have heard the sounds of the fight. My next thought was that I knew her. Years had changed her, but a man never forgets the face of the girl he first loved. At the same instant I saw Julia Royd, she saw me. She gave a cry and started toward me. All my instincts told me that I must get away from the vicinity of Cabin B, so I started to run again, knowing she would follow. Well, perhaps you'll remember I collided with you on the stairs?"

"Yes. I remember," said Matthew Kelton. "So did Miss Royd."

"SHE had half-fainted when she saw me," said the captain, "and as soon as she recovered she ran after me. She came to my cabin. The meeting I had yearned for all those years took place—but it was a bitter meeting for both of us. I told her—I knew I'd have to tell her sooner or later—of my meeting with Murdo, or Cleghorn, and what I had done. She said she would stand by me. I can not say the deed weighed very heavily on my conscience. Murdo had struck me first, and I had had to defend myself. I felt, too, that the world was a better place with him out of it. Certainly, if any man deserved his fate it was Jacob Murdo. I knew of course that the law does not countenance murder or manslaughter. It would mean prison and ruin for me if I was caught—just when I had found Julia. So we decided to trust to luck that I would not be caught. Probably there were plenty of men who hated a man like Murdo enough to want to kill him. We decided, Julia and I, that I would come forward and tell the truth only if it was necessary to do so to save an innocent man. That's what I'm doing now, Mr. Kelton. I can not stand by and see Russell Sangerson accused of the crime—"

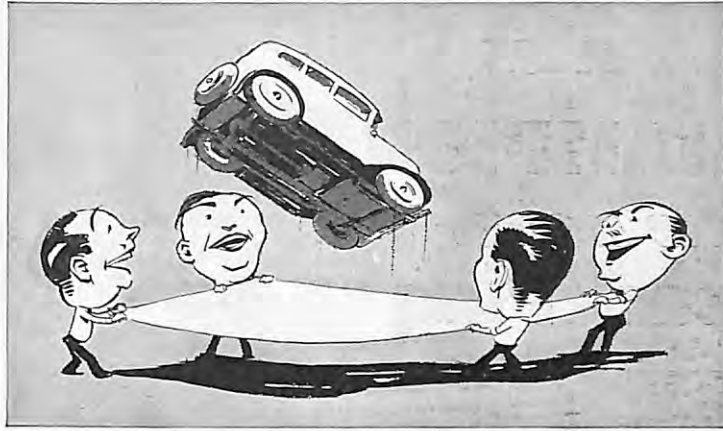
"Captain," said Matthew Kelton, "I'm greatly moved by what you have told me. But there is more—I know there is—"

"What more can there be?"

"It's obvious. What is your real motive for wanting to save Sangerson?"

"I think you know," Captain Galvin said, quietly. "At first I had no idea who Sangerson was. I did not know that he was connected with Murdo in any way. Then, as you probably suspected, I got hold of the cablegrams to you—"

(Continued on page 52)



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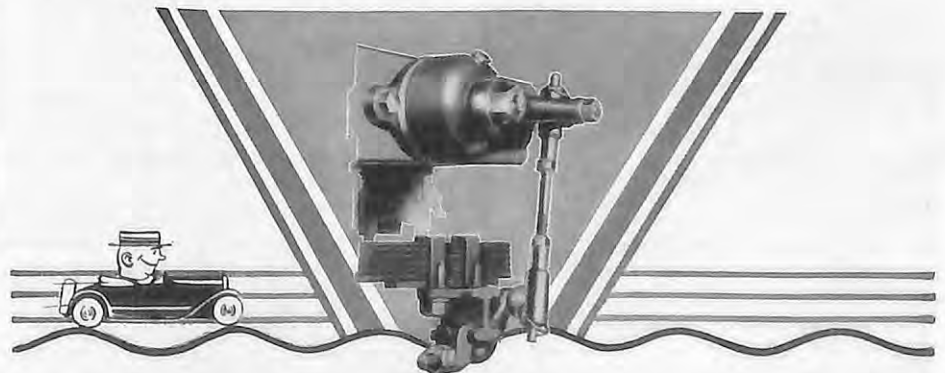
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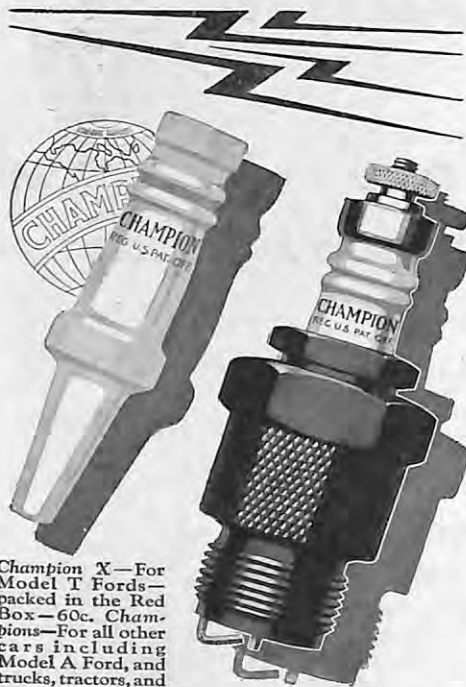
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## Murder at Sea

(Continued from page 51)

and found out from them who Sangerson really is. He's not Murdo's nephew. He's his son—his son and Julia Royd's. I was sure of it when I saw Sangerson's eyes—they are his mother's eyes—as I remember them back in Abbot's Glade."

"But why should Murdo, or Cleghorn, pass his son off as his nephew?"

"To make it more difficult for the police to detect him, I suppose," said the captain. "Once he had started the fiction, he had to keep it up. He was always wily, Jacob Murdo was. Why he took the boy at all, and kept him, is harder to explain, but I think I know why."

"Why?"

"Pride. Yorkshire men are full of it. They want sons to inherit their fortunes. They may treat their sons badly—as I've no doubt Murdo did his—but they want any money they accumulate to pass on to their own flesh and blood. I know Yorkshire men, and I'm sure I'm right."

"Does Julia Royd know that Sangerson is her son?"

Captain Galvin shook his head.

"It would be right to tell her, I suppose," he said. "But I haven't been able to make up my mind. You can not think very clearly when you've done a murder and expect every minute to feel the hand of the law on your shoulder."

"Captain," said Matthew Kelton, "for the time being, don't tell her. She must be told—but not yet. Now, I want to ask you something."

"Yes, Mr. Kelton."

"What time was it when you were in Cabin B?"

"About one o'clock, I'd say. Not much later, anyhow."

"Then how do you explain the fact that at five Larsen, the steward, distinctly heard Cleghorn's, or Murdo's, voice in his cabin?"

The captain shook his head.

"I can't explain that at all," he said. "The only thing I can think of is the man with the eyes. Murdo's killing is accounted for, God help me—but the eyes are not. He—call him devil or what you please—may have been in the cabin for reasons of his own; but it wasn't

Murdo's voice that answered the steward. He was dead when I left the cabin."

"I see," said Kelton, half to himself. "Then our one mystery splits into two separate ones."

Captain Galvin sat in his chair, his head slumped forward on his great chest.

"You've heard my story, Mr. Kelton," he said. "I suppose the thing to do is for me to navigate my ship into Hamilton harbor and then turn myself over to the police. I won't try to get away. I'll face the music. The Murdo case is finished. But we still have to find those eyes—"

A knock sounded on the door.

"Mr. Kelton in there?" asked the voice of Haley, the radio operator.

"Yes."

"Couple of messages for you."

"Thank you, Haley," said Matthew Kelton, opening the door and taking the messages.

One was in code. Without stopping to figure it out, he thrust it into his pocket. The other was brief. It read, simply,

"Yes. Tyne."

Kelton smothered an oath.

"The old dodo," he exclaimed. "Why couldn't he have been more specific?"

"What?" asked the captain.

"Never mind. Talking to myself," said Kelton. "Captain, I'm going to find those eyes for you—this very night. It's not going to be easy—and it's going to be dangerous. What firearms have you aboard?"

"Not many. I have an automatic pistol, and I think McQuarrie has an old army revolver, and there's a shotgun in the purser's office, left there by some passenger—great heavens, what's that?"

The captain and Kelton had both leaped up from their seats. What they heard was a human voice—screaming frightfully.

"Quick," snapped Kelton. "We may be in time. Oh, why was I such a dumb fool. I was afraid this would happen. Got your pistol, captain?"

"Right here—ready," cried the captain, and he rushed out of the cabin, Kelton at his heels.

(To be concluded)

## Soldier Blood

(Continued from page 12)

an important university nine. Tearing open the envelope with nervous fingers he read a cordial note in the Senator's own handwriting, saying that Slade had long impressed him as too fine a pitcher to serve as cannon fodder, advising him that if he received a worth-while offer from a ball club he would undertake to see that the cadet's resignation from the Army would be accepted on some grounds, later to be determined, that would pass muster.

Another letter, this from Faith Callender, saying she and her parents would motor up Sunday, made the morning complete, and he celebrated by letting the Yale batters down with five hits.

Slade had lunch with the Callenders next day at the Thayer Hotel—special permission—and then Faith and he took a walk, climbing the hill to the rampart of the old revolutionary fort, which looks down upon West Point and the silver stretches of the Hudson, and stately panorama of vale and mountain.

It was one of those delicately lovely days which sometimes in this region herald an early spring. The wooded hills were flushed with the dusky reds of young buds, relieving the winter starkness of the trees; there were flashes of green among the underbrush and the sweet smell of revived earth was all about.

Going up the trail Slade had fallen into pre-occupation and the girl, deferring to his mood, had walked silently at his side. Now, sitting with him upon the breach of an old cannon, she looked at him curiously.

"Colin, what are you thinking about? Tell me, won't you?"

He gestured impatiently.

"I've been thinking how great it will be when I'm through with this prison in June."

She started, glancing at him quickly.

"I didn't know you felt that way. West Point is wonderful to me."

"That's because you haven't been a cadet here."

"But, Colin, you've been so successful—a cadet officer; likely to graduate No. 1 or at least 2 in your class; tackle on the eleven and a crack pitcher. I should think . . ." She paused, smiling at him uncertainly.

"I've never got any of the alleged poetry of this place," he confessed.

"But—but, I hadn't realized. Not the least bit." She was flushed and her fingers were intertwining nervously as though Slade's bitterness had shocked her. "Your family is all Army way back in history."

"Maybe it's because of that, because I was brought up in Army posts, that I haven't those illusions about soldiering that a kid normally has. I entered the Academy as a matter of course. Now I'm fed up."

"I see." Her voice had a flat cadence.

"What do you want to do?"

"Make some money," he said fiercely.

HE turned to her squarely. "Look here, Faith; I'm going to be honest. I—now don't think I'm proposing; for I'm not. So I don't want you to say anything. But I care for you more than anything in the world, and when I have the right I'm going to give you the chance to turn me down."

"When you have the right, Colin?"

"I mean when I see the prospect of more money than a second lieutenant gets. Do you suppose I'd have the nerve—" He shrugged, leaning forward then, his chin upon his hands.

A full minute elapsed before she spoke.

"What have you in mind?"

"I expect an offer to go with the Yankees as a pitcher at five thousand a year for a start."

"A baseball player." She said it without emotion, but her expressive brown eyes were deep with feeling. Slade heard the voice, he did not see her eyes. "You think that would be a good exchange for life in the Army?"

"Well, you see," he said eagerly, raising his head from his hands, "I shouldn't expect to spend all my life in the game. Out of season I could carry on my engineering studies at Columbia, and when my arm gave out—or before, if I wanted—I could start in my profession with a young fortune."

"Do all ball players do that? Dick Cathcart was telling me the other day that few of them save, and that when their best years are gone they've forgotten all they learned in college and haven't anything."

"I won't be that kind of a player. And you know I won't."

"Colin—" she was eyeing him thoughtfully. "Have you reached this decision because, solely because you—you want to give me a chance to turn you down? I mean, have I been the influence?"

He hesitated.

"Well—yes. Pretty much. But," he added quickly, "not altogether. There's a lot of money loose in this old U. S. A., and I want some of it. I'm not going to be one of Uncle Sam's come-ons. What thanks do you get? Have you read the papers and noticed what Congress thinks about the Army in peace time? Bunk!"

She rose slowly.

"I THINK," she smiled, "he's in a frightful mood to-day and is merely talking to hear himself talk. I can't picture you anywhere but in the Army, Colin. You've always—well, you know, filled my mind as a dashing officer and . . ."

"Yes." For some reason for which Slade did not attempt to account he was blazing with sudden irritation. But he controlled it momentarily.

"Your grandfather was a soldier; your father . . . they both were."

"They were here, sure, bleeding and dying for the country while Dick Cathcart's father and grandfather were piling up dollars in Wall Street."

"There is something in life besides dollars, Colin."

"Is there? Well, all I know is that I have to sit back because I haven't them or any prospect—unless I quit the Army—and keep my mouth shut, and let Dick Cathcart run on the inside track just because he has the financial right to it and I haven't."

She was flushing vividly now, her eyes hard and bright.

"What makes you think Dick has the inside track, as you say, and that you would have it if you had money?"

He glanced at her quickly, sharply hurt by the remark.

"I don't get you, Faith."

"Maybe—" she laughed with a note of bitterness—"I don't get myself." She moved toward the rampart steps. "I must go, Colin, and you have to get ready for dress parade, yourself." She paused, studying him.

"I don't think," she said, "I've been very helpful. It's not, you know, because I haven't wanted to be. I can only tell you I have always thought of you as a soldier, and that I can't seem to think of you as anything else. But, you see, I simply don't want to influence you. It's natural for you to feel as you do about it—about money. I can understand that. You've got to work it out for yourself, and, of course, I'll still be your friend, whatever you do."

"Friend!" Involuntarily he caught her hand, letting it fall quickly.

She fixed him thoughtfully with her lustrous eyes.

"Colin, I don't know what to say. I wish I did. Everything has been awfully upsetting to-day and about baseball—" she closed her eyes. "You'll have to work it out. But then," she went on, "you say you have decided. I can't believe you have. Anyway, let me know. Good-by, Colin." She hurried to the car.

Walking to his room, depressed as he never

(Continued on page 54)



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# Soldier Blood

(Continued from page 53)

had been, Slade's mood developed finally into the sullen conviction that Faith Callender did not care in any vital way what he did, that her interest in him was no deeper than that of a good friend and would never be, that she got a certain kick out of association with an Army man, wanted to have that thrill endure, and over and beyond this was not interested.

It had to be faced. It was sheer torture for him, but there was no sense in evading plain facts. He had the impression of the crumbling in his heart of a beautiful structure, a dream fabric long in the rearing which he had hoped some day would be made substantial and enduring. Well, it was gone, had to be lived down, forgotten.

In Slade, as in all fighting men, there had to be a strong saving reaction, and it came to him in the form of savage rebelliousness. Now that he had only himself to consider he would get out of the service anyway. He would take Huggins' offer if it came, and if it didn't he would sell himself elsewhere. There were plenty of big-league clubs, he felt, who would want him if they knew he was eligible.

SEARCHING for something tangible to vent his mood upon, Slade devised the foolish idea that Huggins would have made an immediate offer if it had not been for the contemptuous words of Cyclops Ryan, the Navy slugger, as quoted in the newspaper dispatch from Annapolis to which the Yankee manager had referred. What had gotten into Ryan anyway? True, he was one of those windy athletes. But he ought to have at least a particle of sense. It did not help Slade's rancor when thought came that, if Ryan had said what he was reported to have said, it was warranted. The Navy man, unquestionably, had never had any trouble in connecting with Slade's delivery, and hard at that. Maybe, thought Slade angrily, this big fellow would have reason to think and talk differently after the coming game with Annapolis. He would make it the aim of his athletic career to see that he did.

His mood was not lightened next morning when he received a note from Faith Callender. It was short, impersonal, almost monitory.

"Dear Colin," it read, "I can't let this day go without asking you to search your soul deeply before you decide to leave the Army. You will never be happy or content anywhere else. That is my ideal of you."

"Is it?" Frowning, he sat down at once, writing a reply in which he said his mind was fully made up about leaving the Army to play ball and inviting her up for the forthcoming Navy game.

Three days thereafter Slade looked for an answer to this letter despite the feeling, which, as time wore on became confirmed, that she would not write. So eventually, in that dogged dejection which had come to characterize him in all his work and all his associations, he definitely assigned his friendship with the girl to the limbo of things lost.

The one ray of light was a letter from a newspaper sporting writer in New York saying that several big-league scouts had been covertly watching him, and that they would be on hand for the Navy game, together with a note from Miller Huggins to say that he himself would attend the game, and that Slade should hold himself in readiness to sign a contract. Word from the Yankee's manager had come in response to a letter from Slade in which he had reported the success of his request for help from Washington.

So it seemed that this Navy game was to be the most important by all odds that he had ever pitched. He had no fear of any of the Navy batsmen except Ryan, and he felt, in view of his great improvement this season, that the big midshipman was due to be shown up. Somehow he found himself unable to think of the man without a quiver of anger.

The previous year Ryan had made three hits off Slade, the only Navy batter who had been able to touch his delivery at all. Two of those hits were for extra bases, and memory of his failure to subdue the mighty hitter lingered in the pitcher's mind like a livid, still-sensitive scar. Now he knew, or thought he knew, the sort of

balls Ryan liked best. He would get none of them, not a one.

There would be less gloating at Annapolis after this game. The approaching duel became an obsession in his mind. He intended to show up that big Navy bird if he never did anything else. So Ryan would knock him out of a big-league contract, would he!

Thus working in him, as May, never so lovely, set in, and the days trended ever toward the climactic struggle with the Navy on the last Saturday in the month, his combative ardor served to add a certain lurid note to the dourness which had characterized his mood throughout the storied Hundred Days, and he would have found, had he cared to know, that his popularity with his fellow students was receiving a test which in more cases than one was not reacting in his favor.

Faith Callender's long silence, too, was oppressive. More than once he began—several times, in truth, he completed—letters to her; in every case he had torn the sheets for various reasons, but always for one main reason, that when he read them over they were unconvincing, and in other ways unsatisfactory. In view of her silence there was no letter, he finally decided, that he could write.

Then on the Thursday before the Navy game he was startled by the appearance of an orderly who announced that the Superintendent wished to see him in his office.

Knowing that scholastically his standing was high, his list of demerits at a minimum, Slade had but one conjecture, that the famous general in command at the Academy had heard of his plans to leave the service. With emotions of guilt, but of brooding defiance as well, he left his room and hurried over to the administration offices.

The Superintendent looked up with a smile as Slade entered his office, saluting, standing before him rigidly at attention.

"Mr. Slade, I don't know exactly how to begin what I have to say. No definite order is involved. I am merely setting before you something which comes to you not only because of your honorable Army ancestry, but because of your brilliance as a student, an athlete and a man."

"Yes, sir," Slade's voice was a mere whisper. "In China, as you know," the general went on, "we have the Fifteenth Infantry, together with a few small detachments. Now—this is quite between us—the United States and Great Britain are combining to send a small joint force on a mission of very great importance into the interior. It will be done with the approval of the Chinese Government, but none the less there are hazards connected with the enterprise; some of them are likely to be acute."

"Yes, sir," Slade nodded. "General Busted," the officer went on, "has requested that a member of the class to be graduated here next month, a man of attainment, physical courage and initiative be sent with him as his aide. I have taken advisement from the faculty and they have concurred in my decision that you are the man, if you care to go. Do you?"

Slade, who had been regarding the man blankly, his thoughts whirling, shivered slightly.

"May I ask, sir, if my choice was made by you? I mean, sir, did it come from the War Department?"

The general glanced at the cadet as though in surprise.

"Why no, it was my choice. And I want you to feel free in making your decision. If you'd rather serve with troops, why—" the general shrugged—"that is for you to say. You must think it over and let me know—well, you may have until Saturday night, after the game."

"Yes, sir." Saluting, Slade turned rigidly and left the office.

He had no reaction to this new whimsy of fate other than annoyance. It was a sardonic break, to say the least for it, and, in view of the prospect of fame and fortune that he expected would open to him in baseball, somewhat amusingly sardonic—or should be. But he felt no amusement of any sort. His faculties, indeed, seemed numb.

Yet for a moment when he stood in the bar-



racks area surrounded by buildings grim as the granite which composed their walls, he felt the stirring of curious emotion, and that night his dreams were surcharged with the smell of wood smoke of lurid, lancing spits of rifle flame through fog; of muddy rivers silent in the mystery of lurking adventure.

He rose at reveille early next morning, unrested, perturbed with doubt. At the first opportunity he went to the telegraph office and sent a telegram to Washington apprising his Senator of the new turn of affairs and asking for advice. Reply came before the day was ended. "Don't worry about China."

This was reassuring and his thought turned to the morrow's game against the Navy which would see him the object of scrutiny by a big-league manager and by more than one scout from a major ball club. Cyclops Ryan would share with him in this interest, and before the day was over one or the other would dominate. Slade felt the big muscles in his back and shoulders quivering in anticipatory zest. He was not afraid of the Navy hitter. He was a fighting man and never had an approaching contest done anything other than gear him mentally and physically to the importance of what he had to do.

Silent throughout the evening meal, he went out into the Area, standing on the outskirts of the pre-game rally. The Navy team had arrived and was quartered on the reservation. Not one of Slade's fellows but was on fire with the partisan ardor that West Point's greatest rival alone can arouse. Since the football season there had not been as sharp a bite to the cheers, so fervid a swing to the songs. Yet Slade was not carried away as he used to be at these affairs. Somehow he felt apart from these cadets, as though his association with them had been severed physically as already it had been mentally. His thought visualized the impression he would make upon those who had come to watch him, what time they were not formulating plans for the discomfiture of Cyclops Ryan.

Again and again he canvassed the improvement in his pitching since last season, the increased speed, the sharper breaks to his curves. He would, he told himself scowlingly, as the bugles blew for the cadets to go to their rooms, wrap that ball around the ever-confident Navy walloper until he was cross-eyed trying to locate it effectively.

LATER, after he had written a note to the Superintendent telling him that, for various excellent personal reasons, he would be unable to accept the China assignment, he went to bed, passing a wakeful night. But it was the sleeplessness of the man of action on the eve of conflict.

Dressing mechanically next morning he glanced at the letter he had written, but decided to hold it until after the game. There would be time enough. He went through the morning, to his classes and elsewhere, like an automaton, and it was not until he came out upon the field from the dressing-room that he felt himself to be really alive to the glory of his youth and strength. He saw the typical Army-Navy game crowd, the gray mass of cadets; the officers; their wives in gay spring attire; the hundreds of girls who had come up for the game, lovely as May itself; he heard the blaring band and the strident organized cheering. Above, the heavens were an even turquoise and the sun lay upon the turf and upon the mountains like the golden varnish which painters apply to the enrichment of their landscape canvases.

Instinctively he searched the crowd for Faith Callender, and then shook his head as he reproached himself for his fatuousness. She would not be here; this was one place she would not be to-day. He didn't think much about that. He would not permit himself to do so; he wanted nothing now that would take the edge off his competitive mood. For he felt that if ever he had his stuff he had it to-day.

He never felt himself, in fact, so completely in hand. His fingers, as he touched the ball, quivered with sensitiveness; his muscles flexed and relaxed like oiled mechanism and his nerves were strung in perfect harmony. Tom Touchstone looked at him as he caught for the warm-up, nodding his satisfaction and Slade nodded back, grinning.

As he slowly wound up and leisurely threw the ball his eyes almost constantly sought out Ryan, (Continued on page 57)



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# Soldier Blood

(Continued from page 55)

gigantic in his bulk, swaggering in his demeanor, the personification of untroubled confidence, as he fraternized with the big-league scouts, whom he seemed to know, talking to them upon easy terms, laughing, exchanging quips.

Slade smiled satirically, envisioning the end of the game when Ryan would be employing his fat intelligence in the formulation of alibis in the place of badinage.

When the game began Slade opened up on the lead-off Navy man in a fever of impatience for the time when Ryan would face him. Working his blinding speed the pitcher forced the batter to send a little bobbling grounder to first where he was out, and the second man he struck out.

Now Ryan was coming to the plate, lazily swinging three bats, grinning about the crowd while all that disordered confusion which marks a service game converted the scene into a turbulent cross sea of emotion.

Throwing away two of his bats Ryan stepped into position, baring his teeth in a quick assured smile at Slade who stood like a statue, his face inscrutably set.

"All right there, Colin," Ryan crouched and was ready.

On the theory that he would not greatly care for a low ball Slade carried his wind-up low, falling to one knee as he sent in a side-arm cross-fire with a whip-lash out on the end of it.

And Ryan, still smiling, under-cut just as it broke with the easy grace of an artist, connecting with it squarely. There came a sharp crack and the ball, as a shell goes from a seventy-five, drove into the air, high, soaring, destined, it seemed, to clear the far confines of the field. But Ransome, the stocky centerfielder, who with his brother fielders had moved far back when Ryan came to the plate, was racing with the ball, his bowlegs twinkling in the velocity with which he moved them. And then the silence which had hung leaden awoke in tumultuous hysteria as the fielder turned suddenly, leaped into the air and speared a ball labeled homer in every phase of its flight, with his gloved hand.

"Bing!" Slade watched Ryan as he stopped short after rounding first and with a disappointed gesture turned toward the plate. Involuntarily, then, he glanced toward the place where Miller Huggins was sitting. He couldn't let this go on. He did not admit that he was startled. But he was.

**I**N THE fourth the riotous crowd, sensing the duel, fell silent as Ryan came to bat; his team had scored one run to date and the Army had scored two. There was a Navy man on first and one out. It would be good baseball to bunt. But Ryan would not bunt. Not he. Slade and his whole team were convinced of this. But they were wrong. Evidently obeying the instructions of his coach the home-run hitter laid down a beautiful bunt and the cadets, double-crossed, were caught so flatfooted that the burly batsman reached first safely. There was no trouble with the two batters who followed, so Ryan's act of self-abnegation went for nothing.

In the seventh a cadet outfielder grossly misjudged a liner, and it was deemed expedient when Ryan came up to send him four balls he could not possibly have reached. It proved to be good strategy, well worth the humiliating taunts of the Navy players and the few rooters from Annapolis who were on hand. Slade, savage with conflict as always, groused at Ryan under his breath as he blew batters who succeeded him back to the bench.

It was Ryan alone who could rouse him. For the other Navy batsmen he had nothing but contempt and he had his will with them. But Ryan—there was the feeling that he was destined to do something with this ball game, and it rubbed the Army pitcher raw. His teammates had hit hard enough but had batted in woeful luck, the balls going straight to the fielders who made the most impossible circus plays when they didn't. And so with the Navy coming in for their half of the ninth, score 2 to 1 in favor of the Army, there was nothing in the situation that tended to minimize the menace that resided in Ryan's big bat.

The head of the batting order was due at the plate, and it was certain that Ryan would have a

chance to accomplish what he had been itching to do all day, and what he had it in him to do, hit that ball so far that no one would ever find it.

Thinking only of Ryan, Slade grooved one for a Navy man whom he had already struck out three times, and a single went whistling between short and third. The runner went to second when the next batter singled to right and took third as the fielder made a bad throw in to the diamond.

And now, as that awed hush again fell upon the crowd, Ryan walked to the plate. The Army outfielders dropped back, the infielders played deep.

"Come on now." Ryan shook his bat at Slade. "Give me the best you've got and watch it ride."

**S**LADE, staring at his catcher, refusing a signal, felt himself upon the verge of trembling. Raging, he knelt upon one knee, pretending to tie his shoelace while he fought for self-control. It wasn't fear, he told himself; not fear. Then, what was it? Of course it was fear; that big stiff was dominating him, making him quit cold. Setting his teeth he rose, determined to waste one ball, straight at the batter, which would make him give ground or lose his head. Ryan ducked it without moving his feet and smiled.

Incapable, as it seemed, of thinking for himself, Slade caught Touchstone's signal for a slow curve and took a big wind-up. And then as the man on third dashed for the plate with the movement of the pitcher's arm the unbelievable happened. Evidently the coach had decided to cross the defense, to catch the Army flatfooted and thus make sure at least of tying the score and perhaps getting by without even the price of one out. At any rate, Ryan held out his bat for a squeeze-play bunt. Dashing in wildly a thrill went through Slade as he saw the ball pop up from the bat, floating right into his hands. Catching it he wheeled swiftly, throwing it to third for a double play. As in a dream he struck out the next man.

For a moment, as though not realizing that the game was over and won, unmindful of the shrieking tumult, the figures gyrating, reeling, leaping on all sides, Slade stood upon the spot where he had caught and thrown the ball, watching Ryan as he made his way to the bench for his sweater. There was still the proud set to his head; the militant swing of the great shoulders was undiminished. He saw him catch unconcernedly the sweater which a fellow player tossed into his arms, saw him nod and shrug at another, replying to some remarks. Somehow Ryan was great.

And why did he seem so? What was it? Colin's forehead was furrowed as though in pain. All the cold ferocity of conflict had gone from him and he was viewing not what Cyclops Ryan had done, not the tactical reasons, which were clear enough, but the basic elements that had made him sink his natural proclivities, ignore his rivalry with Slade as a matter of course, not once but twice; that had made the presence of the league scouts who were watching him, as well as the Army pitcher, negligible. Slade stared forbiddingly as a group of cadets made for him. He held up a menacing hand.

"Let me alone," he growled. And they obeyed him.

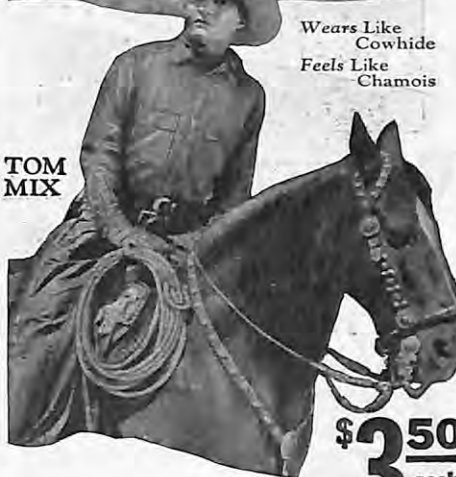
What was it? It was the last chance that big fellow would ever have to duel with Slade. Never again, unless in the big league, would they meet again as rival athletes. Ryan's chance had come and gone—unused. What was it?

Then suddenly, as though something had snapped in his head, he knew. He saw it all, as the meaning of all his years here was made plain. It was background; sacrifice in the interests of his team—bunting when he had the likely chance of earning personal glory with home runs. That was it, sacrifice—the one element that makes service worth while; or at least makes it signally noble. Background—that intangible essence of devotion to a cause that had led the officers and crew of the *S-8* to make their "morale submersion" in waters that still entombed their sister submarine and their comrades; that which had led Slade's

(Continued on page 58)



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## Soldier Blood

(Continued from page 57)

forbears into the Army and carried them gallantly and unquestioningly onward in peace and in war. And that was what West Point, all its grimness and all its code meant—service, the ideal of sacrifice.

Yes! Slade nodded slowly, but a great light shone upon his face. That was it, and that was what he had missed here, always, until now. As though emerging from a dream, he ran to Ryan, holding out his hand.

"I got you, old boy. You're a credit to the service."

Ryan turning, took his hand. They looked at each other and smiled. The next instant Slade was caught up, lifted high, borne along upon the shoulders of his fellows. Ahead the Army mule was careening wildly with two joyous cadets upon his back and Slade, throwing back his head, laughed.

Suddenly, glancing toward the stand he saw Faith Callender. With a cry, savagely fighting free of those who held him, sprawling upon the ground, scrambling to his feet, he dashed toward the girl who was now coming toward him, her face anxious, her eyes dark with doubt.

"Well, Colin, congratulations! You were——"

He interrupted her with a sweep of his hand.

"Faith, I—I want to tell you first of all."

Drawing her to one side he looked into her face, breathing heavily. "Faith, as soon as I'm graduated I'm going to China with an Army mission. It's apt to be dangerous," he added, self-consciously. "But I hope it is. I want it."

"So you are going!" Her face was radiant.

"Colonel West told me about it as a secret," she explained noting his amazement. She touched him upon the arm, staring up at him with blazing eyes. "My soldier!"

"You mean——" He paused.

"Yes, that's what I mean, Colin. You've always been my hero, and I just couldn't stand your leaving the Army and being humdrum, simply because that is not you. Can't you see? You're a soldier, and you were never meant to be anything else. That's why I've always liked you." She glanced at him curiously, flushing, her voice lowered. "That is why I know that I—I——" Her eyes fluttered. "Oh, Colin, boy!"

"Faith!" They had walked far apart from the crowd now. "Faith, do you realize I have nothing but my pay? That I'm going to China on a——"

"All I realize is," she smiled, "that wherever you go I shall be the one to buckle on your belt, to hand you your sword—if—if you want me to. Do you, Colin?"

Mindful of nothing but her, Colin threw his arm about the girl's shoulder, drawing her close as they talked side by side.

"Do I want you to! Oh, Faith!" With voice rising poignantly he leaned down suddenly and kissed her and the girl laughing, not resisting touched his cheek with her hand.

"What will every one think, Colin?"

"They'll think that the guy who let the Navy down with one hit is getting just what is coming to him."

## Prod Irons and Baby Talk

(Continued from page 25)

when you run and play how quickly he imitates you. The same instinct prevails with lions. It is the basis in fact of one of the most exciting wild-animal acts known—the untamable.

In pictures this play instinct must be developed to the highest degree. One doesn't see the trainer in the motion picture, but he is always there, directing his animals, holding them in check, giving them confidence when working with persons they never before have seen, sending them where the director wants them, and keeping them before the camera. Often the hero is no one else but the real trainer, doubling for the star who may be a hundred miles away. And the things the animals do is a graduation of their tricks of the arena, particularly the chases.

It was in one of these affairs that a lion saved my life by not killing me. Off and on, I have spent some ten years of my training existence as a handler of animals in motion pictures, and this time I was doing the part of a renegade on a derelict ship. There was supposed to be another man aboard the vessel, and a lion in a small den. Why? Ask the scenario; this was a motion picture. Anyway, the other ruffian and myself were supposed to get in a fight in which I worsted him, and for revenge his part called for him to climb on top of the lion's den and turn the beast loose on me. The lion then was to chase me to the edge of the ship where I was to leap into the ocean just in time to save my life.

Everything was set. We had the fight. I knocked the other ruffian down time and again. Then he leaped to his feet, announced that he would turn the lion loose and in spite of my pleadings, jumped to the top of the den and raised the door. Out came the lion, Old Mose, roaring and hissing in his supposed hatred. Down the deck we went, with the lion gaining. I reached the end and prepared to jump. But just then I realized what a long way it was down to the water and hesitated, forgetting the lion. As suddenly I remembered and made the leap. That instant of hesitation however, was enough to cause miscalculation. Old Mose did his part all right, running to the very edge of the ship and swiping forth a claw in an apparent last effort to catch me. That was just the trouble. He did!

His big, hooked claws went straight through the seat of my trousers, and held. Old Mose roared and shuffled slightly, striving hard to prevent being pulled overboard, while I scrambled wildly in an effort to shake myself loose.

It couldn't be done; directors shouted, attendants stood gaping, and there I hung, until at last Old Mose solved the matter by shaking me like the proverbial rag until I at last fell loose and did a breath-taking "belly-buster" into the water. Then he sat waiting until I should climb up the side of the ship and send him back to his cage until the next cue. We had to do the whole thing over again.

In the same manner Old Duke, a lion on the Sells Floto Circus, and myself were wont to tangle every few days. With any other lion it might have meant death, but Duke knew his business. We were doing an untamable act in the sideshow, with a performance every hour or so. Often, owing to the size of the lot upon which the circus tents were pitched, it would be necessary to change the size of the arena. Automatically Old Duke would gauge his act to conform to it; he never overstepped, he never failed to roar and switch forth a vicious blow just as I escaped through the steel door.

Often too, the platform floor would be uneven, owing to the roughness of the lot, causing me to stumble and on several occasions to fall while I was making my supposed attempt at escape after having fought Old Duke to the very ver-r-r-r-ge of death, as the ballyhoo man would say. Twice that I remember, Duke was so close behind me that when I tripped, he fell over me, the two of us tangling on the floor while the audience shrieked—and hoped inwardly to see another trainer killed. But Old Duke knew his game. He simply jumped to one side, looked at me in surprised fashion, then, as tame as a housecat, went back to his pedestal so that we could do the stunt over again. Duke was the "fiercest" untamable lion I ever knew. One could hear his roaring even in the big top when we were putting on the act, and persons would go away white-faced from watching it. Yet Old Duke was absolutely tame! Anyone could go into the cage with him, remain as long as he pleased, pet the lion, and even have flashlights taken without the slightest danger.

The explanation lay in the fact that Duke understood wholly the spirit of play—and as I have mentioned before, it is upon this that the supposedly fierce untamable act is founded. Perhaps I can explain better by telling just how that training is done.

Have you ever played with a dog and a stick, letting him pretend to attack it until you wanted him to stop? The untamable and chase acts

are handled in the same manner. The first thing to do, of course, is to choose a level-headed animal with plenty of spirit, so that he will enjoy the exercise. Then with a broomstick, you go to the outside of the cage, pounding it on the floor in front of him and shouting until he becomes slightly irritated and makes a bound for it.

Immediately your whole attitude changes. You jerk the stick away. Your voice changes. The commands are soothing ones: "Easy, there! That's enough! Easy old boy! Easy now!" The lion naturally is puzzled. The thing is repeated. Again he attacks. Again he is halted and coaxed and soothed. Far sooner than one would expect, that lion begins to get the idea. This is a game of some sort, in which the stick isn't an enemy but a supposed one, and his part is not to be really mad, but to pretend it! So well can animals learn this that I can go to the cage of any beast under my control, particularly when photographs are to be taken, shake my fists and make faces and immediately have those animals apparently trying to break the very bars to get at me. Then I can change my tone and as quickly reach between those bars and ruffle the manes of those same animals, pat them on the head and even pull their ears without the slightest danger. They know it's all pretense.

Since pretense forms the basis of the untamable act, in which the trainer pretends to try to force the animal into its tricks and the animal in turn pretends to become so infuriated that he finally drives the lion-tamer out of the den, the whole affair is simply an amplification of that work with the broomstick.

After the trainer has firmly fixed in the animal's mind the fact that there is no danger in the stick, and to chase it only so far, he substitutes an animate object for the inanimate one, the same being himself. This step is to go into the cage, walk close to the lion, shout, stamp your feet and taunt the animal. He'll start for you at last. Then the switch of demeanor comes again, the command to halt, the soothing baby talk. Of course, this isn't recommended for a person who doesn't understand animals, or as a new Saturday night diversion, nevertheless, it is surprising how quickly the animal gets the idea. After the first few primary lessons, it is easy to enlarge upon the first steps—and to create a scene in which the animal and trainer are apparently fighting each other every inch of the way, but which is nothing but imitation, and which for both, is a lot of fun.

**F**OR things have changed in the animal den. Where there was suffering there now is peace, where there was forcing there exist to-day a communion and understanding between the trainer and his beast which accomplish more than all the cruelty in the world. Just as I make no excuses for the old-time training methods, and just as I do not deny that there was blood-thirstiness in them, inhumanity and cruelty, so do I insist that times have changed until the average caged beast of to-day is much better off in captivity than in the wild state. To those who object to this statement I respectfully insist that they don't know animals. I have met many well-meaning persons in that condition. I met one a few years ago while on a vaudeville tour. A man came back-stage and insisted that my act be stopped. Either the lion I was working was so bad as to be dangerous, he said, or I was so cruel to it as to be inhuman.

The lion was Old Mose, the same cat which shook me loose in the motion-picture scene. Outside of Old Duke he was the best untamable I ever saw, and I knew that any statement I might make to the man concerning his tameness would be discounted by the apparent ferocity of the beast itself. So I merely turned to my cage boy.

"Run across to the butcher and get me fifty cents' worth of beef strips," I said. Then while the boy departed and the misguided man argued, I merely waited. The boy returned with the meat and I went into the cage.

"How's this for fierceness?" I asked, and tossed Old Mose a piece of meat. "And how's this?" I walked closer. "Then maybe you'll like this," I added, moving close enough so that Old Mose took the strip out of my hand. "And maybe this will convince you," I insisted, kneeling down and putting a strip of meat between my teeth, while Old Mose reached gingerly

(Continued on page 60)



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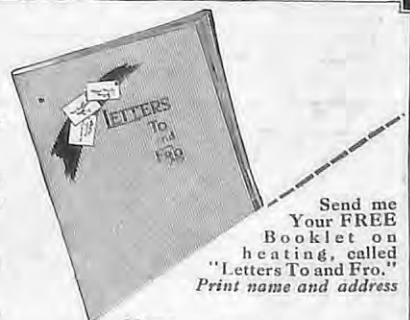
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## Prod Irons and Baby Talk

(Continued from page 59)

forward, caught the other end and minced the beef into his mouth until our noses touched. After that, my boy handed me a broom. Old Mose sighed with happiness, rolled over, and put his feet into the air, like a great housecat while I brushed him off and tickled his stomach. Following this, I swept off a place on the floor for myself, tossed the broom aside, lay down with Old Mose and pillowed my head on the whitish fur of his neck, directly under his jaws. "Did you ever see such a fierce lion?" I jeered.

"Well, I didn't understand," said the man and departed.

That is my point, a lack of true understanding. The caged beast to-day is happier than he would be in the jungle. After all, the average cat cares for little except a moderate amount of exercise, plenty of food and a comfortable place to sleep. Try it on your own housecat and reflect that lions and tigers and other felines are only a larger breed. The same instincts are there. The caged animal to-day is better fed than he is in the jungle, he is better looking and often weighs more, he is free from the worms, the diseases and the pests, and of these latter the most vicious of which is a human being with a heavy express gun, equipped with telegraphic sights which enable him to shoot animals from a distance so that he can send home photographs with his gun in one hand and his foot on a dead animal's head to show what a great, big, brave he-man he is!

HOWEVER, this is not intended as an argument. The condition of the animals in the various zoos, their contentment, their health, the operations by which their lives are often saved—even to the removal of the appendix from ill chimpanzees—is argument sufficient. I simply cite it to explain the reversal in viewpoint which has come about, through public opinion, sensible trainers, humane officials and those broad enough to understand that animals can have brains and reason and emotions as well as human beings. The average trainer to-day can do about anything he desires with his animals. He can put on any kind of an act from the gentlest to one apparently ferocious. But even this versatility sometimes gets him into trouble. It did for me, at least. In the scenario of a motion-picture serial a few years ago, the action demanded that I be chased by six lions, and escape from them by catching a hanging grapevine and with this swinging myself to safety over a supposed jungle stream.

Naturally, knowing a cat's antipathy for water, I figured that the beasts would stop when they reached the edge of the stream. I didn't rehearse the act, simply choosing six lions which had been trained to the chase. The cameras were made ready—in a safety zone, of course. The director gave the signal and I caused the doors of the dens to be opened, immediately giving the chase cues to the lions as they came out.

Into the scene I went, as hard as I could run, with six lions after me, the leading one only about three feet behind me. A leap and I grasped the grapevine, swung wildly—then scrambled. The thing had broken, and I was headed for the water, while behind me, coming stronger than ever, stream or no stream, were those six lions.

This was all wrong. I shouted, but the lions were splashing into the water so fast that they couldn't hear me. Besides, water was new to them; they were excited now and I did some quick thinking as to how I might be able to handle them. There was no chance to escape—if you think a lion can't swim, just try to out-distance one in the water. In a moment more, they would all be milling about me, and I never had tried training lions in a bathing-suit. Suddenly I turned, and cupping both hands, began to spat water—with the palm of the hand. The spray struck the lions in the eyes and halted them.

"Get back to your cages!" I shouted when I saw that I had their attention. "Cages! Cages!"

So like good, tractable lions, they turned and swam back, acting for all the world like a bunch of boys who had been caught in a smart-aleck trick.

In a way that was a miraculous escape, because the beasts were excited and something might have happened if we had tangled in the middle of that stream. But I knew my animals and they knew me. All I did with the spitting of water was the gaining of their attention and the halting of their enthusiasm for pursuit. That done, they obeyed my orders.

It is the old story of the teacher and her pupils. I was working in another picture a year or so later, and the scenario called for two men to be trapped in a cave with a number of lions. Their place of safety was the root of a tree with the lions just below, leaping to get at them. All I had to provide, of course, was the leaping lions almost reaching the root of that tree; the tricks of the camera would take care of the rest. But I couldn't get those lions to leap.

"Curiosity killed a cat," I quoted at last.

"Lions are cats."

I sent to the property-room for the dummy of a woman. I wanted a woman because of the long, human hair and its scent. Then I ascended the root of the tree and pretended to have a terrific fight with this dummy, at last knocking it down so that it hung part way over the tree-root and just above the highest point that I figured those lions could jump. After that, I left.

For some ten minutes those lions sat and stared upward at the dummy. Then one raised on his haunches. A second one did the same, and a third and a fourth. At last one made a little jump, and after that, leaped higher. Soon all of them were at it; they continued to leap and bound in their attempt to get at this person whom I had fought until the cameras had ground their quota and I took the dummy away.

Which proves that one can do about what one cares to do with animals, if he'll try. But that isn't the worry. It's the human reaction one gets sometimes that brings the difficulties. Some years ago, I was in vaudeville with six lionesses. I could do anything with them, and I was proudest of an act in which I merely stood in the center of the arena, giving my commands in a whisper while the animals went about their work apparently of their own will. Because of the gentleness of this act and the entire dependability of every cat under my command, I had a very light arena—it made the stage work much easier and traveling expenses lighter. But in one town, the manager, after he had watched my rehearsal, came angrily back-stage.

"I thought when I booked you that you put on animal acts!" he bellowed.

"Isn't that an animal act?" I asked.

"It's a tame-cat act!" he countered. "This town likes its stuff rough! Can't those cats do anything but sleep?"

I grinned.

"Oh, you want a strong act, do you?" I asked.

"The stronger the better."

"You'll get it, Brother," I said.

EVERY one of those lionesses was broken to the untamable act, and they loved it. Into the arena I went, forgetting entirely about the lightness of it, and fired my revolver, the signal for the beginning of the mass untamable. Into action went those cats. They jumped at me. They hissed. They roared and leaped and scrambled by the sides of the den, jumping apparently directly at me from above. Then as I chased them around the arena, one got excited and butted against the bars.

She was going at express train speed. Before she could even swerve, she had struck those bars, and with the impact steel turned to rubber. It spread fully a foot, and out she went, the other five lionesses following. I heard a yell from the orchestra where the manager, a cigar stuffed in the side of his mouth, had been watching the rehearsal and sending a command now and then for more action. He was getting it now—and furnished some himself. Six lions were coming straight at him; he jumped over the back of his seat, hit the aisle and ran yelling for the entrance, while I went through the hole in the arena and yelled likewise for him to keep the doors closed.

"We don't want lions scattered all over town!" I shouted. "Shut those doors!"

He didn't hear me; he merely kept on going. A leap and I was down from the stage, running

(Continued on page 62)



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Prod Irons and Baby Talk

(Continued from page 60)

as fast as I could to outdistance the lions. I succeeded, turning them from the daylight of the open door much as one would turn a bunch of runaway horses on an open road. Then, their course broken, they scattered to look over the house.

Two of them chose the ladies' dressing-room and the thing which interested them most in there was the curtains. So they pulled them all down. Then one decided to bed down on a chaise longue and got her claws tangled in the silk. So that was ripped to pieces. Other furniture went the same way.

At last, with my assistants, we gathered up all the strays except one, which still remained missing. At last, however, in answer to my meowing, a sound came from far above, and I found my missing lioness in the projection room at the top of the gallery, badly tangled in that week's film news reel. By the time I had shooped her down the stairs and into her cage, the manager peeked in the door.

"Caught 'em yet?" he asked.

"Yes, all safe."

He entered then and looked over the wreckage. Then he came back-stage, canceled my act and fined me eight hundred dollars for tearing up his theatre. Some people never do seem to know what they want! In his report to the circuit the manager stated that I had brought a fierce bunch of lions in there and worked such a "strong" act that he was forced to take the action he did. I contested the statement and won. Other persons had seen those same lions in their quiet act.

You never can tell just what kind of an animal you're looking on by the act he does. I once possessed a mixed group with which I put on a terribly fierce appearing number. Those same animals used to appear with me, uncaged on the lecture platform at Luna Park, New York, and the only thing I used to command them was a rolled-up newspaper. One comes to know strange things in the menagerie.

And in the circus, for that matter. I mentioned at the beginning of these articles that I ran away from home looking for Gus, my older brother. I didn't find him, but as I traveled from town to town with the old John Robinson Circus, I continued my search. Every boy I saw for a time brought memories of him. Then the elasticity of youthful memory allowed me to submerge the thought of him in that of making a living.

I did not forget him. I thought of him often—he was the one person in the world who meant the ties of close relationship. But he never appeared.

YEARS passed. I went from one show to another, from carnival to fair and exhibition to exhibition. At last, after an engagement with the Barnes Wild Animal Circus, I went to the Sells Floto Circus, with winter quarters in Denver, Colo. There, one day, I met a teamster whose sole name seemed to be Wooden Shoe Dutch.

I suppose it was because I was called Dutch and he was called Dutch, and because we both possessed an accent which made us the butt of circus jokes that we were first drawn together. Maybe it was something more; our friendship was a rapid thing. We were constantly with each other, we quarreled and bickered and argued, while circus men gathered around and laughed at the "two dutchmen putting on a show." We borrowed money from each other and argued as to whether we had paid it back. After the show o' nights—it was before prohibition and the opportunities were many—we would have our beer together and talk of the events of the day, he dilating upon his beloved horses, I upon my lions and tigers and bears. Then a chance came for me to go into motion-pictures. Wooden Shoe Dutch and I said good-by to each other. I was in California for some years, finally leaving there to go to Bridgeport, Conn., as a trainer for the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus. I hadn't heard of Wooden Shoe Dutch for some time; he had rather passed out of my mind, except for the good times we had seen together. Then one day, he showed up on the outfit. He was to work there, he told me, at his old job of teamster.



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Well, the old comradeship was on again. We laughed together, quarreled together, often slept together. A season or so passed. Then came the winter of 1922.

We were standing at the gate of the old winter quarters—it was before the big show moved to its present wintering grounds at Sarasota, Fla. Snow was on the ground; something had been said about the weather.

"Oh, well, I like snow," said Dutch.

"So do I," I answered.

"Always liked it as a kid," Dutch went on.

"Don't remember much about it as a kid," I told him. "I was brought up in the South and they didn't have much of it there."

"You live in the South?"

"Uh-huh."

"So did I. Didn't like it very much. But that wasn't where I saw the snow. It was in the old country. I used to like it, along about Christmas time; great times, Christmas in Germany."

I laughed.

"Yeh, I guess I can remember," I said. "I was pretty much of a kid, then, but I remember. You talking about Christmas time. This was a little town we lived in—you know, in the old country. Near Leipzig, it was."

"Leipzig!" said Wooden Shoe Dutch. "Ach, I remember Leipzig. It was the big town; we used to go to it once in a while, from Bausdorf—"

I looked at him for a long time. My eyes grew misty.

"Hello Gus," I said.

THE END.

## Why There Are No Women Cartoonists

(Continued from page 18)

rather less than this one on the caption. Most often she seems to have captured something seen on the street, at the zoo, or in the art museum, as, for example, a drawing of three women standing before a picture. You could tell from their backs and the angles at which they held their heads that they were responding to the picture by feeling graceful, but of course the one thing they lacked was grace. The picture was called The Bowl of Roses, as I recall it.

There are several other women whose work is really humorous, such as Barksdale Rogers, Alice Harvey, Barbara Shermund, and Marge. They make comic drawings, but they are not the cartoonists. You would class them with that very fine humorist, Tony Sarg, rather than with John McCutcheon. The classification is not designed to be a detraction any more than if I said, gazing out to sea, that boat is a private yacht and that one is a battle-ship.

Even in the field of comic illustration there are only a few women as compared with the number of men who are engaged in making their living out of the joke business. *Life* and *Judge* between them count one woman contributor, and practically all of her work, according to the art editors of those publications, is the drawing of pictures to illustrate comic ideas which they submit to her just as other magazines send stories to artists to be illustrated.

In the comic-strip field I know of two women. One is a girl named Virginia Hughet, who draws the pictures for some lines written by a man. The other is a girl who signs herself Edwina, but what she is doing is a humorous story in daily instalments of pictures and words. Her chief character is a boy of the Tom Sawyer type, done with a real charm.

In recent times the story strip has acquired a place in the brief-cases of all the salesmen who travel about the country selling syndicate features to newspapers. Even the humorous story strips cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be classed with the work of cartoonists. The creators are authors as much if not more than they are picture-makers. People enjoy the stories they tell, or editors would cease to buy and publish their work, but, as Moran often says to Mack, or maybe it is Mack to Moran, "Even if it was good, I wouldn't like it." Some of these are sex strips, rather than comic strips. You know what I mean, all right.

(Continued on page 64)



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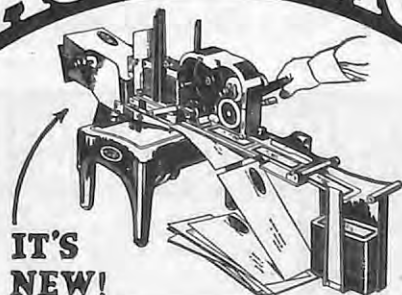


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# Why There Are No Women Cartoonists

(Continued from page 63)

Recently I learned from Harry Staton, who manages a newspaper syndicate, that the dearth of women cartoonists and the comic-strip artists was not due to lack of effort on the part of women-aspirants.

"Why," he said, "women are coming to our offices all the time with comic ideas that are not comic. Usually they submit something that is an imitation of an established comic. Sometimes they are almost tearful because they can not break through into this game. Someone has told them that So-and-So is making \$100,000 a year and that some other comic is making twice that. This arouses their ambition all right, but it does not open up that particular talent which seems to belong only to men, and not so many men at that. Usually the women who want to become comic artists are working as illustrators."

Gene Byrnes, who draws "Reg'lar Fellers," has a niece who aspired some three or four years ago to some of the money that comes to successful comic-strip artists. Every time Uncle Gene appeared in a new automobile, Marion Farley decided that she wanted to have a career like his. Some uncles take their nephews and nieces into the grocery business with them, and it seemed appropriate that Gene should train his niece to be a comic-strip artist. So she became an apprentice in his studio.

I do not remember seeing any of her work, but Gene says she had everything necessary—natural talent for drawing and a wonderful sense of humor, in addition to being a pretty girl. That, of course, is not essential. I should be the first to admit that the creator of the Toonerville Trolley is not a pretty girl, although I once had an assistant who could do some parts of the work better than I could myself, and she was a very, very pretty girl. Anyway, Gene Byrnes's niece evolved a strip with the help of her fond uncle. But what happened? She decided she would rather become a dancer, and walked out on him.

Gene is still puzzled about that, but I am not. My theory covers the situation like a tent. It requires men, stern, iron-jawed men, to be funny every day. I can't do it myself. My system is to try to be funny three times on Monday, three times on Tuesday, and then rest up on Wednesday so that I can turn out a twelve-panel color comic for Sunday's papers.

In spite of my theme I am a great admirer of wit and humor in women, but I still insist that somehow they do not seem to be able to put it into pictures. In a recent discussion on this subject with a syndicate manager he made the point that there could not be a female Briggs,

because women could not see anything funny in married life. To them, he contended, it usually becomes either boring or tragic after a few years. With that I disagree heartily. No man ever saw in married life half as much raw material for humor as Josephine Daskam Bacon, but she was a writer not a maker of pictures.

The same syndicate manager says that women artists do not understand the lives of small boys well enough to transform their activities into daily laughs. I can't wholly agree with that, either, because there was Myra Kelly, an East Side school teacher, who wrote, until her death, of children that are as real to me now as when I first read her stories. But she wasn't making pictures; she was writing stories. She had to invent and embroider to make those stories, and if she had selected the comic drawing as her medium of expression, well, in that case I might not have set down these thoughts. Myra Kelly would have been a whiz if she had put her inventions into pictures. She always used her fancy to make the children she wrote about a little more interesting than they actually were. Still I do not think even Myra Kelly understood the forces that operate in any gang of boys. Plenty of women understand two or three little boys who have to run errands for them, go to bed when they say go to bed, go to school at their command, wash behind their ears and tiptoe through the house when grandma is sleeping. But those ladies would feel that they were dealing with entirely strange little monsters if they could follow those same boys through certain mental barriers into their gang world.

A boy who can stand a lot of annoyance and ridicule from the members of his own family withers and pines in the face of the contempt of his fellow gangsters. It was not a mother, but a man, T. S. Stribling, who set down in type the thought that there are no tragedies in after life like those that afflict children, for the reason that the child has had nothing in its experience with which to measure its woes. Each trouble seems mountain high.

In spite of what I say about the lack of women cartoonists, I have noticed that women are making more money out of cartoons and other forms of comic art than men. The United States might win a small war with a selective draft in which the only conscripts were the makers of comic strips and cartoons, and yet there exists this paradox. There are not enough women stars in the cartoon game to make up a table of bridge, and yet women get more money from cartooning than the men. They marry the cartoonists.

# The Adventure of Two Blind Spiders

(Continued from page 22)

lightless recess it might be? Had he been lured into it on some pretense, the promise of a few sous for lifting a heavy box or carrying up a basket of coal? His wage was small; a few pennies for a minute's work would be useful. Had a seeming friend invited him below stairs for a drink of sparkling Chamberlain or mellow Moulin au Vent? Or had he rather been killed in a house and taken to the cellar later for hiding? This appeared unlikely; had he been murdered in some room of a dwelling, it was more probable the criminal would cart the body off to the woods at once rather than undertake the dangerous labor of dragging the body below and risk its presence there for several days. One point was unquestioned: if the cellar was indeed the place where the attack had occurred, Etienne had entered it of his own volition. The report of the doctors showed that the crime had been committed shortly before noon; it was inconceivable that a man could be kidnapped in broad daylight in the greatest city of France. And if he thus had entered willingly, it was therefore probable that the unknown one who had invited him was a person of whom he had no fear, a person whom he knew.

Thus meditating, the inspector stepped into a café to eat a thoughtful dinner. The meal completed, he journeyed to the neat dwelling

where lived the pretty, Castilian-moulded Mademoiselle Sauvaille. The girl was still wearing the yellow-flowered dress which had made her so conspicuous in the jewelry store that afternoon; but her eyes, now swollen and red with weeping, disclosed that she knew her fiancé was dead. Patiently she gave to the officer the names of Girondin's intimate friends; sobbingly she told him she suspected no one. Etienne had no money, she went on, no valuable possessions to have attracted a thief; he had never done anyone an injury. Yes, he had insurance, she replied brokenly. But it was little, only a very little. Two thousand francs. And since the war that was nothing. Yes, it was she who would receive that insurance. But she would not spend it on herself. No. With it she would buy a beautiful gravestone, a gravestone on which she would have carved words to honor Etienne's memory forever.

The officer bade her good-night, and rode to the little hotel which Girondin had made his home. Systematically he ransacked the red-papered chamber, with its piles of letters and drawers filled with patched clothing, but he found nothing.

Taking the subway to headquarters he assigned certain of his officers to delve into the lives of Girondin's acquaintances and set others to search for some trace of the vehicle which had

carried the body to the Bois. Then he walked to his home, to sleep.

In the morning, when he knew the unctuous Monsieur Vitot would be at his shop, he knocked at the door of the merchant's dignified mansion. "I'm a fire inspector, Mam'selle," he affably told the trim maid who appeared in answer. "I must look at the cellar." He displayed a badge and followed the servant down a long flight of stairs. Reaching the bottom, he looked about. There appeared nothing unusual, a pile of coal gleaming dully in a corner, some scattered newspapers, a few bundles wrapped in heavy paper resting on a shelf. Pretending to examine a box of rubbish, he scraped a finger along the mortar of the walls where the formation of the stones seemed to suggest a doorway. He tapped the stones lightly with his fountain pen. "This is the only cellar, Mam'selle?" he inquired politely.

"Yes, Monsieur." She gave a hitch to her jaunty apron. "There's a terrible lot of paper and rubbish about. The concierge is cleaning this week. But Monsieur knows how that is, isn't it so? I hope Monsieur doesn't find anything wrong?"

He smiled. "No, Mam'selle. Perfectly all right. Just have to look, you know."

HE MOUNTED the stairs. This was not the cellar. Other cellars might be beside it or beneath it, connected with the rooms above in a fashion which he now did not know. But the body had not lain here. That was proved by the two blind spiders. This cellar had two narrow windows; in the sunlight which streamed through them the sightless insects could not live.

He spent the remainder of the day as he had begun it, descending and mounting the cellar steps of Girondin's acquaintances. Two more hot, sweaty days he employed in the same fashion, only to find his quest of no avail. The third steaming afternoon he returned to the laboratory.

The saber-mustached scientist greeted him cheerily. "I've news for you," he flashed with a characteristic jerk of his spectacled head.

The officer swept a handkerchief about his perspiring neck. "Good news, I hope."

"I think so. Quite. I'll show you what we've been doing. Was a pretty experiment. Very pretty. Maybe it'll interest you." He led the way to an instrument-littered table. "Last time you were here you saw everything that could be seen with the microscope. To-day I've got something for you that even the microscope couldn't detect then. Something we've had to develop. I'll explain it to you. It's a little complicated." He wiped his spectacles. "First we took the clothes of your man Girondin and cut off little squares of cloth from each garment, then put these squares to soak in test tubes of distilled water. Just ordinary test tubes. Not like this one." He picked up a tube with a sharp-pointed base. "This is a very special kind. Arranged to fit in a whirling machine. Notice how it forms a sort of cone?"

The inspector nodded. "That cone's important. It's a sort of trap. When the cloth had been in the ordinary test tubes a while we poured the water into tubes of this type and spun them around at a terrific rate in the whirling machine. That way anything which had been soaked off the cloth drifted to the bottom. And once it got down, it couldn't come up. The cone had trapped it."

"Germ or anything else, I suppose." "Anything. No matter how small. Of course it was very easy then to pour off the water on top and get down to the trapped part. We put a drop of the fluid there on a microscope slide. Instantly we saw some organisms in it. But unfortunately they were in such an undeveloped state we couldn't identify them. So we put the cells in a jelly where they'd grow quickly. This is what we got. Have a look."

The inspector leaned over. "Odd-shaped creatures. But I can't make them out. I'm not a bacteriologist. What are they?"

"Yeast cells, saccaremyces cereviside, if you want to be precise. But the important thing is they're only found in places where there is considerable alcoholic fermentation going on. That means—"

"A wine or beer cellar." "Exactly. We found these yeast cells on the shirt, the pants, and the tie, that is the clothes

(Continued on page 66)



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## The Adventure of Two Blind Spiders

(Continued from page 65)

he was wearing. But we didn't find them on the coat, the vest, or the hat, which you told me had been in a separate bundle on top of the body. Instead on those garments we discovered this." He removed a slide from a box and substituted it for the one in the microscope.

The inspector lowered his head to the eyepiece once more. "These are madder looking than the others. All mixed up, aren't they?"

"They certainly are. But if you look hard you'll see one that predominates. He's a bad fellow. A very bad fellow. One of the sort that causes pneumonia. Someone in the house may have had pneumonia and put the contaminated clothing down in the cellar. Or it might have been through a number of other reasons. Whatever it was, we can say positively there are pneumonia germs in that cellar. And we can be certain, too, that the bundle of clothes on top of the body and the clothes in which the body was clad were not lying in the same place."

"That's odd." His long forehead knitted. "Hum. . . . In different places, yet both under ground. Seems to show pretty clearly that cellar had two compartments. Well, needless to say, I'm enormously grateful to you."

HE STRODE outside and again directing his steps along the glassy river, meditated over his newly gained clues. Little by little his net was tightening; now he felt he could fairly reconstruct the crime. Briefly he reenacted it in his mind. It is morning; Etienne Girondin is coming from the house of the rich Madame d'Ortolan. Constantly he is wiping his face with his handkerchief; he is stout, the day is hot, and he has walked far. At last the heat becomes too galling; he takes off his coat and vest and carries them over his arm. He has not gone far in this new fashion when he passes a house where wine is stored in the cellar, a wine shop perhaps, perhaps a café. He decides to enter, perhaps is asked to enter, walks through the door and then for some reason goes downstairs. He does not notice the club which the person accompanying him has hidden behind a post; drops like a stone when the unknown one brings the weapon down upon his head. The murderer kneels beside his victim to make certain he is dead; ponders, and decides to leave the body lying here until he can take it to the woods. Satisfied with his work, he is about to depart when he remembers that others may chance to visit this part of the cellar; determines to place the body in a second, rarely opened compartment kept always in darkness because of the wine stored there. He drags his victim to the new location; locks its door securely behind him. Scarcely has he done so when he sees on the floor the coat and vest which had dropped from the dead man's arm and the hat which had fallen from his head. The discovery comes as something of a shock. His first impulse is to take up these telltale garments and place them with the body. Accordingly he begins to unlock the door leading to the wine. But nervousness has begun to touch him; he is not anxious to look again upon the face of his victim, and hesitating, fails to turn the key. He glances about, at length conceals the clothes in some obscure corner of the main cellar, in a box perhaps, where pneumonic germs are breeding, goes upstairs, and awaits his opportunity. It comes. He places the dead man in the vehicle of some innocent or criminal acquaintance, and driving to the deserted forest under cover of darkness, tosses his awkward burden into the trees.

Still cogitating, the officer set out a second time for the dwelling of Mademoiselle Sauvaille, to find her dreadingly stitching the hem of a mourning dress. Gently he inquired what cafés Etienne had frequented and whether by chance he had ever incurred the enmity of some café employee; gravely he listened when the girl broke a dreamy silence to say that Monsieur Poissy, the eccentric proprietor of the near-by Café Voisin, had once threatened to kill him. The cause of the trouble she did not know exactly, she went on as she hypnotically drew the needle in and out the somber skirt. Etienne, out of friendly curiosity, had sought to see some object belonging to the eccentric café-owner, who had unexpectedly responded by flying into a rage and nearly felling his inquisitive

customer. The never-serious Etienne had told her the story as a joke; that was why she had not thought of it before.

Again on the boulevard, the inspector sauntered to a doorway outside which stood three rusty marble tables and on whose panels a few enameled letters proclaimed brokenly that the Café Voisin served a goblet of superb beer for sixty centimes. Strolling inside, he sat down and ordering an anisette, gazed interestedly at the proprietor, who after a brief interval came forward to greet the new patron. He was a pleasant-faced old man, with silvery white hair, a curly beard so long it obscured the middle button of his colored vest, and wrinkled but healthily wine-colored cheeks. In sharp contrast, however, his eyes possessed little of this attractiveness, constantly fixing themselves upon some trivial object in those piercing, uncanny stares so often characteristic of the insane.

Taking a seat, the old man began to chat. The conversation veered from the state of the franc to the new taxes, drifted to the unusual torridity of the weather. At the mention of the latter Monsieur Poissy chuckled and rubbed his wrinkled hand. "Ah, Monsieur," he squeaked in a voice cracked as the wine glass he was holding. "Just you wait five years. Five years. Then you won't be complaining any longer about the hot weather. You won't be complaining about any kind of weather. The weather will be regulated."

The officer touched the liqueur to his lips. "That's an extraordinary thing you're telling me, my friend."

The old man laughed delightedly. "It is extraordinary, Monsieur. But it's true. Absolutely true. A big station in the middle of France will give out just the weather people want, just the weather they need for their crops. It'll be operated by means of electricity. Currents passing through coils arranged in a certain way. It's a simple thing, Monsieur. Very simple when you see it done. But it took me a lifetime to find out how."

"Is your . . . invention completed?"

"Pretty soon, Monsieur, pretty soon. Just a few more alterations in the sparking devices attached to the coils, and a few changes in the composition of the wires which hang down from the towers— You understand, Monsieur, if you're an electrician. I tell you it'll revolutionize the world. Then Poissy will be one of the great ones with Napoleon, and tourists will come to see the little Café Voisin, where he used to live." He arose to salute a new patron.

INSPECTOR RIBOULET soon made his exit. But each evening thereafter, he journeyed back to sip his anisette and solemnly listen to the endless wonders of the marvelous machine. He had been a visitor thus for perhaps a week, when one wet night on approaching the café he heard the sounds of a violent altercation. As he drew nearer, he saw through the doorway the wrinkled old man standing at the feet of a vagabond drunkenly attempting to rise from the floor. Poissy's withered body was shaking with paroxysms of fury; the madness always latent in his eyes had now obtained a raging mastery. Frenziedly he brandished his gnarled cane over the sprawling figure. "Canaille!" he shouted. "Son of a pig! You'll follow me into my cellar, will you? You'll spy upon me? Rob me maybe of the work on which I've spent my life? We'll see! We'll see!" He started to bring the cane down upon the drunkard's squirming back, but catching sight of a customer advancing toward him suddenly let it fall limply to his side. His madness abated. He thrust at the vagabond with quick stabs of his clumsy-booted foot. "Get out! Get out!" he grunted.

The derelict floundered to his feet, and stumbled up the boulevard. Poissy shuffled to the rear of the café and began a wrathful muttering.

Inspector Riboulet took a place beside a one-armed peasant in whose lapel showed the striped ribbon of the Croix de Guerre. "What's the trouble?" he inquired.

The other grinned. "He's got a temper, Papa Poissy, hasn't he? *Mon Dieu*, how he's got a temper!" He touched a rusty finger to his forehead significantly. "The drunken one was a

(Continued on page 68)

# A New Discovery of Vital Importance to Men Who Are Getting Bald!



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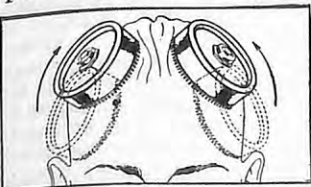
This remarkable discovery—called BLUD-RUB—is a machine which almost *compels* the hair to grow. Yet there is nothing mysterious about it. The principle employed is one which is endorsed by practically every recognized scalp specialist. For a long time they have recognized it as the greatest known force for preventing hair-loss—a force which BLUD-RUB now multiplies 24 times!

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# The Adventure of Two Blind Spiders

(Continued from page 66)

good-for-nothing who's been coming here for two or three years to beg. Papa Poissy always gave him something. To-night he came in when Poissy wasn't about. But he asked somebody and found out the old man was in the cellar. So he went down there to look for him. He must not have known about the invention." He wiped a few flecks of beer-foam from his smacking lips. "For only an ignorant one or one whose brain buzzes like the Normandy bees in the springtime would go into the cellar where Papa Poissy keeps it. I've been coming to this café a long time, my friend. So I know what I'm talking about when I say it. Papa Poissy would kill on account of that silly invention."

THE following morning, when the half-mad proprietor had gone to the wine market, the detective descended the stairs which had been so costly to the vagabond intruder. Quickly passing over the tangled masses of wire and crazily joined sheets of carbon with which the old man hoped to remake the universe, he saw a door leading through a wooden partition. He pulled it open and stepped into a pantry-like chamber devoid of all light. Here surely, he told himself, a body could have lain without detection, here surely the tiny blind spiders would thrive. Striking a match to a candle, by its flickering light he peered at the bottles of wine overhead and the broken green-upholstered chair rotting in a corner. Then he bent to scoop up handfuls of the coal-dust and sand forming the floor. Before half an hour the samples were on their way to the Bureau of Science.

Three days later he called to hear the verdict. The gold-spectacled scientist shook his head. "Sorry," he said. "It's not the cellar. The coal-dust is bituminous, not anthracite. The sand is entirely different in structure; the saw-dust is poplar; and the bits of furniture varnish don't contain a trace of rhodamine. There are yeast cells present, but they're not of the same type. And there's not a single pneumonic germ, not a single blind spider."

Musingly the inspector scratched the head of the cat which had come forward to welcome him. "Looks like this is going to be a long job," he murmured.

But the experienced officer loses no time in regrets. Back in his office he drew out a map of Paris, and studying it, theorized once more. From investigation he had learned that Etienne had habitually breakfasted at seven o'clock; since the report of the doctors had showed he had been killed four hours after, the time of the murder was fixed at eleven o'clock. He was last seen at Madame d'Ortolan's house near the Arch of Triumph at ten-thirty, a half hour before; it was likely therefore because of the short time elapsed, that the assassination had taken place at no great distance from the monument. Moreover the body had been found in the Bois de Boulogne, which was also close to the Arch; the fact went far toward confirming the hypothesis that the crime had been committed somewhere in that neighborhood.

Determining to act on this supposition, he drew on the map a wide circle with the Arch as the center, and set out on a methodic tour of the area embraced. Cellar after cellar he invaded, musty cellars of cafés, myriad-odored cellars of restaurants, spice-perfumed cellars of groceries, always laboriously seeking a second, perhaps concealed, cellar, always diligently probing the closets where the wine was stored. His nights he lived in the cafés of the region, ever hoping to hear some casual word, some accidental phrase which would lead him to his goal. Month after month he toiled. Summer became autumn, autumn became winter. Then one evening when spring had begun to touch century-old gardens with brilliant yellows and crimsons he sauntered down the Champs Elysée, and strolling off to a less fashionable section not far away, sat down at a table of a little sidewalk café. Two young men on adjoining chairs, clerks evidently, were aimlessly discussing the virtues of licorice as a remedy for colds. The officer listened as he ever listened. Suddenly the conversation shifted; his senses became acute. Pretending to read his paper, he inclined his head slightly so



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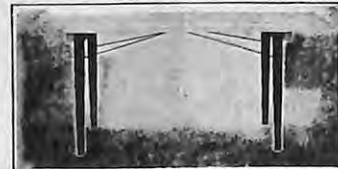
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as to better hear their words, then leisurely paid his check and went to his home. In the morning he rode to a shabby apartment house a few blocks from Madame d'Ortolan's residence and rang the bell. A plump, merry-faced little man clad in a long apron appeared in the doorway. In his hand was a broom.

"You are the janitor?" the officer inquired politely.

The other straightened the dusty rag tied about his hair. "That's right, Monsieur," he answered. His accents, his sunny, carefree manner proclaimed him a Burgundian. "I'm the one. Charonne. Georges Charonne. Is it ice, coal, laundry, you're bringing, or have you come to collect a bill?"

The detective laughed. "Nothing like that, my friend. My errand's different. You read in the papers no doubt of the murder of Etienne Girondin six months ago?"

"I did, Monsieur. I did. I don't see how anybody in Paris could miss it." He lifted the broom he was holding, struck at a wasp trying to enter the house, and went on garrulously. "I read about it in a couple of papers. But the story in the *Petit Parisien* was best. The *Parisien's* always best, Monsieur. You can say what you want but there's no paper in France that's better. In politics I'm on the other side. But after all what's politics in a newspaper? My cousin Charlot used to work in the pressroom and he said to me once that politics—"

The officer cut short his loquacity. "I'm an inspector of police," he stated. "We have information that the man who killed Girondin was a Greek named Kolmenakos, who was a criminal in Marseilles and for reasons of his own followed Girondin here. Our information is that for a time he lived in this house. He was a slight man with a head shaped rather like an eggplant and had a little red scar like a nail under his eye. Do you remember him?"

The concierge shook his head in eager affirmation. "I do, Monsieur. I never could forget him with a name like that and that face of his. There are a lot of foreigners stay in this house but I couldn't get mixed up on that fellow. He stayed here about three months."

"Have you any idea where he went then?"

"No, Monsieur. When he was leaving, just in a friendly way, I asked him. But he wouldn't tell me. He had a bad disposition, that one. A bad disposition. He would jump at you like a tiger if you only asked a light for your cigarette. Once I did hear him talking to a friend, and he said he was very soon going to America. But whether it was North or South America, I don't know."

INSPECTOR RIBOULET saluted him and journeyed to the jewelry shop near the patrician Rue de la Paix. As he entered Monsieur Vitot advanced to greet him oilily, and obsequiously shook his hand. The humpbacked Morette, on the contrary, paled a little and drew off to a remote corner of the store as though he feared to be again summoned on some grim, funereal mission. The inspector exchanged the customary polite phrases with the proprietor, then stepped to a counter behind which stood Mademoiselle Sauvalle.

"I've come chiefly to ask you one question," he said after a moment. "It may be quite an important question. I want to know if Monsieur Girondin was interested in any forms of gambling. Lotteries, to be exact."

While her employer looked on suavely, the girl continued to ply the cloth with which she was polishing a glistening tiara. "Yes, Monsieur. Sometimes he bought lottery tickets. He came from the south, you see. And the people in the south love games of chance. But he did not buy the tickets very often. Just a few sous now and then. He always told me, Monsieur, that to gamble all the time is a thing for only the very foolish or the very rich."

"Hum! . . . I see." He made a few other inquiries and nodding to the eager proprietor, left the shop.

Three days passed, days filled with visits to the laboratory, watching parafined sawdust cloven into discs a ten-thousandth of an inch in thickness, or regarding bizarrely distorted rainbows flashing in the spectroscope.

The fourth day brought another excursion to the dingy apartment house over which the

(Continued on page 70)



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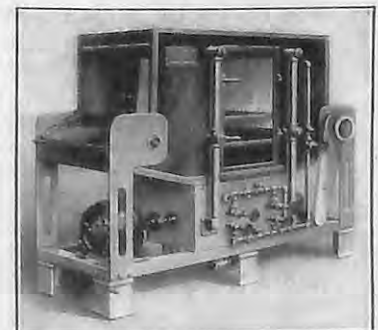


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# The Adventure of Two Blind Spiders

(Continued from page 69)



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bustling, corpulent Monsieur Charonne presided. The janitor grinned through a face thick with carpet dust as he recognized his caller. "I won't think you're a bill collector to-day," he chuckled. "Is there any more news of Monsieur the Greek?"

Inspector Riboulet adjusted a button in danger of falling from his cuff. "Well, a little," he answered. "We've learned now that it's quite possible he might have killed Girondin in your cellar. I'd like to have a look at it if you don't mind."

The janitor's dusty eyes were incredulous. "What's that you're saying, Monsieur? In my cellar? That's impossible. I go down there at least ten or twenty times a day."

"I'd like to have a look at it just the same."

Charonne shrugged his amiable shoulders. "Of course if you wish to, I'll take you down. But I tell you in advance you won't find a thing. I'm a good janitor. Different than a lot of them. I don't poke my nose into the business of the tenants. But the cellar is the janitor's part of the house. If a tenant only went down there and came right up, I'd know it." He led the way to a basement lighted by a dirty window, and clinking his keys regarded his companion good-humoredly. "Here we are, *mon ami*," he said.

The officer glanced at a door under the stairway, fastened with a rusty padlock. "That's the cellar I mean," he replied placidly.

The little man's expression became apologetic. "I'm sorry. But I'm not allowed to open it. The man who owns this house keeps his expensive wines there because it has such a good temperature. He comes here once or twice a month and those days I open it. But other times I am ordered not to."

"I'll remind you I'm a police officer. I insist that you open it."

Dubiously the concierge scratched a mole beside his nose and unwillingly selecting a key, thrust it into the lock. Pulling the door open, they stepped into the musty blackness beyond. Charonne lit a candle; the detective perceived rows upon rows of shelves where gloomy cobwebbed bottles stood like nine-pins waiting to be bowled over by gnomes inhabiting the darkness. His loosened cuff button finally slipped from his sleeve; stooping to pick it up, he smiled as his finger touched the earth and a tiny black speck, hardly more than a pin point, crawled upon the white flesh. He raised his hand and gazed an instant while the ebony mote stumbled awkwardly, blindly over the skin. He looked up at his companion. "Why did you kill him?" he asked quietly.

THE concierge had stretched out plumply to push back a bottle dangerously near the edge of a shelf; at the words the flagon went spinning to the ground. He turned to the detective, his fleshy jaw hanging, his fat-rimmed eyes mere beady points of terror. He struggled to speak, then slowly bent over and stonily began picking up the pieces of glass. "You're joking with me, Monsieur. Joking with me," he murmured. He raised a fragment still containing a little wine to his lips and drank greedily.

"I'm not joking, Charonne."

The concierge brushed a rigid finger across his trickling mouth. "Why are you saying this, Monsieur the Inspector? You know it isn't true. Something's led you to the house. But you yourself said it was Kolmenakos, the Greek, with a scar like a nail on his cheek." His eyes became pleading. "Believe me, Monsieur. It's he who did it, if anyone here did. He was a bad man. The first day he came I knew he was a bad man. I knew . . ."

"He never came to this house; there never was a Greek Kolmenakos. I invented that whole story merely to test you."

The candle in Charonne's fingers drooped as his taut wrist became limp; little rivulets of tallow began to drip soundlessly upon his shoe. He began a feverish explanation; the officer shook his head.

"It's no use, Charonne. As you'll understand when I tell you what I know. And you'll see, too, why it will be better for you to confess. The judges may be . . . kinder." He let the spider on his wrist drop to the ground. "For a

long time you've been running a lottery. And shortly before Girondin died you began meeting your customers in the cellar in order to better hide your actions from the police. Girondin used to visit you at fairly regular intervals. This I think you realize we can prove without question. But far more important than that, we can prove that he was killed in the outer cellar and dragged in here. Our agents searched this basement three nights ago. The rather rare blind spiders we found here are exactly the same as the spiders on his shirt, and there's an exact correspondence between everything else as well, the oak and pine sawdust on the floor, the anthracite coal, the cardboard of that box in the corner, the red varnish on that green upholstered chair near it, even certain germs which only the microscope can see. The machines in our laboratory do not lie. We've learned, moreover, why you kept the body here three days. Your wife was ill during that time and you couldn't leave the house until she recovered because there'd be no one to open the door in your absence. Only one thing we don't know. And if you tell us this, if you confess, honestly, completely, I repeat the judges may be kinder. Why did you kill him?"

LONG beads of tallow continued to drop like milky icicles upon the little man's shoe tip until a layer of wax obscured the leather; the flame began to scorch his powdery trousers. A gray, jerkily breathing automaton, he straightened the holder, and making a bit of the grease into a lopsided ball, rolled it nimbly in his palm. Then he spoke, gloomily, lifelessly. "He'd won a lot of money from me. A lot of money. And I didn't want to pay it. Couldn't pay it, I guess. So when he came to ask for it I struck him over the head with a club. I didn't mean to kill him. I only wanted to frighten him so that he'd leave me alone. But the club was heavy. I hope my trial will be quick."

His wish was granted; brought before the grim-robed judges, he plodded off beside a silent, bright-clad guard to begin a long term in the penitentiary.

The afternoon sentence was pronounced, Inspector Riboulet was once more in the laboratory, chatting with his saber-mustached friend, who was painstakingly cutting the cloth around a bullet hole in a weather-beaten hat.

"A fascinating case," the scientist remarked as he pushed his glasses down on his thin nose to critically examine the felt. "Fascinating for us and probably more so for you. And probably a little exhausting. But since people only come here to ask questions, I didn't hear the end of it. How did you happen to select Charonne as the possible guilty man?"

The Inspector sneezed as a biting vapor stung his nostrils. "Thanks to you, largely. I happened to overhear a clerk in a café remarking that Charonne was selling lottery tickets and was using the basement of his house as headquarters. Of course anything about a cellar interested me at once, particularly this cellar, because I believed Girondin was of the sort who'd be inclined to gamble a little. I investigated and found that two persons in Charonne's house had been ill of pneumonia. And when I saw the blind spiders and the other objects there, exactly as you had predicted them, I knew my work was done. . . . Just what are you doing to that hat?"

"Trying to help catch a criminal, as usual." He resumed his expert plying of the scissors. "It's evidence found beside a dead man up in Lille. I'm going to see if we can't discover a few atomic traces of lead in the felt where the bullet passed through. It's too small a quantity to be seen even by our highest powered microscope, but I'm counting on some of our electric apparatus to detect it and tell us the exact composition of the lead. Then there'll be a good chance for your colleagues up North to trace the bullet."

The officer chuckled. "Well, this is a mechanical age," he philosophized. "If you keep on making your instruments any cleverer, one of these days when a murder is reported they'll clank out of their cabinets, hurry over to the scene, push back the spectators, and take charge of the case from the beginning."





# They Thought I Would Be "Scared" Stiff —But I Swept Them Off Their Feet!

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The night of the meeting four or five of my most intimate friends collected on the platform. They frankly told me that they had come to see the slaughter—to watch me make a fool of myself. As I walked toward the speaker's table I could hear them whispering and laughing among themselves at my coming downfall. One of them had even bet five dollars that I wouldn't last three minutes.

And then came my little surprise. For I proceeded to sweep that great audience off its feet—I actually made them stand up and cheer me. Once when I was stopped by applause I glanced behind me and got a glimpse of my friends sitting open-mouthed with amazement.

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**Who Makes the Money?**

By Paul Tomlinson

**M**OST people buy stocks and bonds with an eye to profits. Some are more successful than others, and obviously there must be reasons why this is so, for cause and effect are more powerful factors than luck, which frequently is given credit for successful people's success. When the most famous member of the famous Rothschild family was asked to impart the secret of his investment success, he is reputed to have said, "I never sell at the top, and I never buy at the bottom." This remark may sound rather cryptic on first thought, but as a matter of fact it is good common sense, and worth every investor's consideration. Undoubtedly another practice of Mr. Rothschild's, whether he mentioned it or not, was not to buy at the top, and not to sell at the bottom.

"Buy when they're low, and sell when they're high" is advice often given investors, and described as the only advice that anyone needs to make money. True enough, but not always easy to follow. In the great bull market of last spring many large fortunes were made by people who had bought when prices were low, and sold out when they had risen to hitherto unprecedented levels. Who were the people who bought stocks at the peak, and what is their situation to-day? How many people had paper profits, and failing to follow Mr. Rothschild's practice, tried to squeeze out the last penny and overstayed the market? When there is a profit to be had it is not a bad idea to take it, for as the Wall Street saying goes, "no one ever went broke taking a profit," and a profit is a profit no matter how much higher your favorite may go after you have sold out.

Amateur investors often feel worse about losing a profit they might have made had they held on a little longer than about losing actual cash. Old hands at the game seldom have this feeling; they are content to take their share and let the other fellow have some too. The person who tries to sell at the very top and to buy at the absolute bottom is sometimes too shrewd for his own good.

How many people who read these words have owned a stock which they bought at say 125, have watched it climb to 160, and then seen it slump back to nearly what they paid for it? All the way up it is possible that they considered selling; perhaps they set 145 as the figure they would take for it, but when it reached 145 they decided they might just as well get 150; when 150 was possible they wanted still more, and then they found one day that prices can go down just as easily as up; on the way down their thoughts were still concentrated on what prices had been, and they hung on, hoping against their better judgment that a turn would come. Finally they sold at about what they paid originally, and took a small profit, or broke even, when they might have had a very handsome profit indeed if they had not been too grasping.

Similarly when prices are going down and people are waiting to buy they are naturally anxious to secure bargains. The trouble is that frequently they want too much of a bargain,

and in their zeal to get in at the rock bottom price they wait too long. Instead of buying at 80 they wait 78, and when the price goes to 84 they begin to worry, but still hold off, thinking of the lower quotation, and when the price goes still higher they worry still more, and finally in a sort of panic buy at 90. Avarice warps the judgment of those who try to sell at the top and buy at the bottom, and when judgment is faulty profits go glimmering.

There is just one basis on which to judge security prices, and that is the basis of value. Is a stock or bond a good buy at 90? If it is and you have money to buy it, why hesitate? It may go lower, but that cannot be helped, and need cause no trepidation. Someone else may get a better bargain than you, but why worry about that so long as you have a good bargain yourself? Is a stock or bond that you own selling at 110 really worth any more than that? If on the basis of value you doubt it, and you are interested in making a profit, why hesitate? Someone else may sell at a higher price than you, but why worry about that so long as you make a reasonable profit? The people who bother and fuss about what might have been are not the ones who make the money.

Profits from securities are made in two ways from speculation, and from outright purchase. The speculator to be successful must in the first place have capital, and be in a position to face bad times as well as good. He must not only judge intrinsic values, but be competent to judge of other factors which affect speculative values: the economic situation, the political situation, money rates, and what not. He is not always going to be correct in his judgment, for no one is, and at times he must assume losses. As one rather successful speculator put it: "The secret of making money speculating is to have your gains exceed your losses." Losses, in other words, are a part of the speculative game, and the trouble with many people who try to play it is that they have not capital enough to take losses; they have one misadventure, and they are through forever. And in addition to capital, successful speculators must have a certain kind of temperament, and judgments which cannot be warped, no matter what situation confronts them.

**O**NE writer has described the ideal speculator as, "old enough to be able to test all claims against a background of personal experience; young enough to be looking forward and able to wait for results; having an assured income from personal earnings or capital not involved in the speculative chances; a temperament combining enough imagination to sense potential values with enough stubbornness to hold a reasonable position, and enough courage to accept inevitable losses before they have become disastrous." Men of this sort probably make money speculating. Does this description fit you?

The other way to make money out of securities is to buy only sound stocks and bonds, buy them for their intrinsic value and safety, and as the

country grows and prospers they are liable to increase proportionately in value. One great advantage of this method is that the chance of loss is pretty well eliminated, and while gains may be relatively small, net profits are what really count. Small gains and no losses show a better profit than large gains and equally large losses.

There are other advantages. Speculators are concerned with a hundred and one things that scarcely affect the outright purchase at all. One of these is the price of money, about which there has been so much said and written during recent months. Speculators do not put up their own hard cash to pay for the stocks they buy, but borrow the largest percentage of it, and for the use of this money they pay interest; if the interest rates get too high the cost of borrowing money becomes prohibitive, and they must sell, sometimes at a big loss. As collateral for these loans they deposit securities, and the securities must be high grade and readily marketable. Sometimes, too, as happened early this summer, banks may refuse to accept odd lots—i.e., small units of stock—as collateral, and many little fellows speculating in the market find themselves frozen out, their loans called, and their money gone. The way of the speculator is frequently hard. The man who buys outright, who pays for his purchases in full, can sit back and laugh at money rates.

Value enters into speculation as well as outright investment, but security markets have been known to fluctuate violently at times, and these fluctuations affect speculators much more than investors. A man who holds stock on a twenty-point margin is seriously concerned with a fifteen-point drop in the market, and must be in a position to answer his broker's call for more margin. If he can furnish additional collateral he may still hold on, and eventually perhaps make money; if not he may be forced to sell and take a loss. The man who owns stocks outright need not worry about a sudden drop in prices. Like as not it is caused by factors entirely unrelated to intrinsic value, and this being so, dividends are not affected, and the owner can look forward with confidence to prices being reestablished. It may take time, but time is not so important to an investor as to a speculator; he is not paying interest on a loan which may eat up a large share of his profits, but is getting the same income return he always got.

Not long ago we heard a man telling his friends about a certain stock that held the possibility of large profits. "So-and-so is in Europe," he said, "and when he gets home they are going to shoot the stock up twenty points right off the bat. I know that he personally owns about ten thousand shares, and he's the kind of man who makes

(Continued on page 74)

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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.

American Title and Guaranty Co., 26 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y., will be very glad to send an interesting booklet dealing with their Guaranteed 5½ per cent. Mortgage Certificates.

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# Who Makes the Money?

(Continued from page 73)

money out of everything he goes into." Maybe so. On the other hand, suppose that when this gentleman returns home call money is still selling at from 8 to 10 per cent.; no "pool," however strong, is going to force the price of a stock up in the face of such a situation. Suppose that this same powerful individual is really interested in acquiring control of the company in question and needs more stock; he is not going to put the price up, but hopes rather that it will go down. There are any number of things which can happen, and it is highly improbable that an individual like the man who was passing out this tip should be in a position to make definite predictions. That is the logic of the situation. The sense of it, for the man who wants to make money, is to investigate sound securities and buy them outright, for therein lies his best chance of profit.

The people who make money are the ones who buy value. Value may consist of property, or of earnings, and may depend upon management. Look back over the history of security prices. The companies which have made the most money for their bondholders and stockholders are those which have had a valuable property to start with, and have been efficiently managed. This is true in every field: railroad, industrial, banking, public utility, any one you can mention. Take the automobile business alone, and think of the appreciation in the value of the stock of the leading companies during the past five years; a recent compilation shows that profits in six of the strongest companies

in this short period range from 43½ to 1,650 per cent. How many people among the great investing public know enough about judging underlying value to have chosen these money makers?

Any stock or bond purchased without full and accurate knowledge of its value is nothing more or less than a gamble. Securities bought with full realization of value, however, are a pretty sure thing, and as the wealth of this country increases—as it does steadily—such investments are practically certain to make money for their owners. Knowledge is said to be power; in the business of investing it undoubtedly means money, and money is power too.

The man who makes the most money from securities is he who knows what to buy, when to buy it, and why he is buying. All three are important. The layman can not know about these things, for it is not his business, but fortunately there are investment bankers who do know, and their advice is free for the asking. Who of you who read these words can tell right now what would be a good thing to buy? Could you tell whether or not this is a good time to buy? Suppose you could answer both of these questions, what reasons could you give to support your choice of investments, and why do you think this is a good time to invest? Have you a "hunch," or have you real knowledge? The hunch may make money for you, and it may mean a loss. The man who makes the money is the man who has the knowledge.

# Summary of the Report of the Committee on Social and Community Welfare

(Continued from page 37)

time (about five years), by extra sewing and other odd jobs, she has managed to keep up the payments on the piano, for the boy has shown remarkable musical talent. She has no money. There are a few small debts, and to satisfy these and get the family and their few remaining possessions moved to this distant place will cost her \$140. The only asset, and their only hope now, is to sacrifice the precious piano. She has just made the last payment on it. It has cost her \$550. She tries to sell it for \$140, but the best offer is less than \$100 cash.

"Despair and tragedy loom large at the family council that night, and it is decided that the wife will have to find something to do close to home. The boy could then work a paper route—that is, if he had shoes. However, the Elks were known sometimes to furnish shoes to needy children. Maybe they would help in this case.

"The next day the boy's story touched the button that started the wheels of Elksdom to turning. Investigations confirmed the boy's story. Immediately an Elk with an idle truck was found, and he agreed to move them for less than \$100. The family is moved. All danger of their being a community burden is gone. They are not only in a fair way to being self-supporting, but they are an asset to their new community.

"The piano? It went along, of course, to lend courage to the brave wife and mother."

The auction of a dog at a prize-fight? Here is a report from Lodge No. 37, Columbus, Ohio: "Man, wife, two small children, and a big dog, touring toward old home in New York State from California. Man hit by traction car and killed. No funds, no home, woman sick. We wired all over the country trying to locate relatives. Buried the man. Took the dog to a prize-fight and auctioned him off for \$65. Asked for a shower of cash and collected \$150 more. Took up collection around the Elks Club and raised \$200 more. Hired a chauffeur to drive old auto with mother and children to New York and gave her \$273 to tide her over."

Here is a report from Lodge No. 1359, in Rockville, Conn., to which reference has been made.

"Two children of poor Greek parents were drowned. Several members gave their services in trying to locate the little bodies, but to no

avail; so a professional diver was secured and after much diligent search the bodies were found and returned to the parents. All expenses were borne by the Lodge."

From Lodge No. 1072, in Goldfield, Nevada, we read:

"We consider the Boy Scout movement our outstanding work last year. We have had some rather wayward kids in the community, and in a mining camp there is little amusement for them, but our Scout work has taken most of these boys off the street at night and has aroused a lot of interest among them. It's going along great and we are going to have a summer camp this year."

Few of these instances involved the expenditure of much money; yet it would scarce be possible to overestimate the value of the work of these Elks to their respective communities. And throughout the nation, whether it be Agana in Guam, or Hilo in Hawaii, or Anchorage in Alaska, or a small, drab town along some midwest Main Street, or New York, the mightiest metropolis in the world—Elks who are your brothers and ours in the indissoluble bonds of fraternity, have thus been doing quietly and, without ostentation, the duty that lay nearest them, whatever this happened to be. New England or Sunset coast; parched desert or marshy lowland; North, East, South and West—all have known the helpful deeds of those who wear the Order's golden emblem.

From Lodge No. 886, at Brookline, Mass., we read: "A woman deserted by her husband was found destitute with her two young children. We furnished food and fuel and obtained some town aid for her. Within two months she had earned enough to repay us by taking in laundry work, and discontinued receiving aid from the town."

A case like the above, of course, constitutes out-and-out "charity." Here is a bit of real welfare activity reported from Lodge No. 110, at Franklin, Pa., which is not connected with that type of beneficence, and yet is community service in the highest sense:

"Two years ago a number of musicians got together and organized a symphony orchestra, which grew until its members numbered more than fifty of the most earnest musicians in Northwestern Pennsylvania. They gave free concerts in our high school auditorium and in

Oil City, and reached a point where the two communities were regarding them with real appreciation. Then the Baptist Church, whose Sunday-School auditorium they had used for practicing, told them it would be impossible for them to practice there any more. They could find no other place where fifty-five or sixty persons could gather to practice. Brother Jos. Riesenman, Jr., being greatly interested, secured from our trustees their consent to give these musicians the use of our Lodge Room as often as they desired it, and they have availed themselves of this offer ever since. This has not only made the Lodge very popular in the communities, but for our Memorial Service last December the symphony orchestra furnished the music and refused to accept any remuneration."

It is a Florida Lodge, St. Petersburg, No. 1224, that has established and maintains, a seamen's home which is taking care of about thirty seamen each week while they stop at that port.

It was a Southern Lodge—Athens, Ga., No. 790—which offered and awarded, as prizes for a Boys' and Girls' Canning, Corn, and Pig Club, ten-day trips to summer camps for ten farm boys and girls.

It was a Midwest Lodge—Mansfield, Ohio, No. 56—which built, furnished and donated to the orphans of the county home a lake for boating, bathing, and skating.

It is a Lodge of Elks at Watertown, S. D., which specializes in Big Brother work and reports: "We have actually saved about fifteen boys this past year by having them paroled to our members in the Lodge. Some of these boys have graduated from our high schools and are honor students both in high school and as they go on through college. We have been carrying on this work for the past ten years, and as yet have our first boy to fail us or break his parole."

Far in the Southwest, in Las Vegas, New Mexico, a Lodge of Elks saw to it that every child in the entire surrounding territory received a gift at Christmas time.

It was a Lodge of Elks in Red Bluff, California, that reported: "A widow came to us stating the doctor said her 14-year-old daughter must be operated on at once. She had been to two banks trying to borrow some money, and one of the banks sent her to us. We got in touch with her doctor and asked about sending the girl to the County hospital. He stated there was not enough time; that he would donate his services, but the hospital bill would have to be paid. We gave the lady fifty dollars and told her, if she needed more, to come to us. Six months later she called with twenty-five dollars, and insisted we take same, and she would pay the rest later on. She insisted so strongly we took the money, but told her we would not accept the balance."

North, East, South and West—wherever the Elks gather about the Altar whose first symbol is the Flag of the United States of America—there have the brothers of the Subordinate Lodges of our Order been swift to do the duty that lay nearest them. Whether it was the alleviation of the distress caused by a national flood or the offering of a high school athletic prize, the endowment of a hospital ward, or the moving of a piano, the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars for Christmas benefaction, or a haircut for the inmate of an almshouse, the maintenance of a seamen's home or the recovery of the body of a drowned baby—no matter what the community need, the Elks did it. Your committee is grateful to you for even so humble a part in this mighty work as the opportunity to chronicle it in this report.

Respectfully submitted,  
 JOHN P. SULLIVAN, *Chairman*,  
 New Orleans, La.  
 W. G. ROBERTSON, Minneapolis, Minn.  
 JACK R. BURKE, San Antonio, Tex.  
 G. PHILIP MAGGIONI, Savannah, Ga.  
 EDWARD J. MURPHY, Washington, D. C.

Note.—In addition to the compilation of the annual report of benevolences, the Committee on Social and Community Welfare was also charged with the preparation of rituals, constitution and by-laws for use of a Junior Order of Elks, said rituals, by-laws, etc., to be submitted to this meeting of the Grand Lodge. (These matters were covered in a separate report, which was printed, but was referred to the Committee on Good of the Order for report to the Grand Lodge at Los Angeles in 1929).

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Two years ago a noted surgeon, seeking to bring back his own hair—applying all his scientific knowledge to the problem—made a remarkable discovery. It is the first time a scientific man of his standing has ever entered this field of helpfulness.

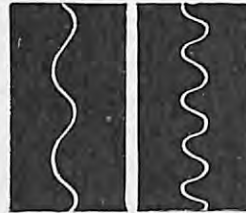
He discovered a simple way in which to use life-giving, invisible heat rays—known to all scientists—to restore health and normal conditions to the scalp tissues, and so RESTORE HAIR in all but certain rare instances. It ended his own baldness. Today his hair is unusually thick and luxuriant.

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*Rough Diagram Suggesting: Left—the Long-Wave Infra-Red rays; right—short-wave Ultra-Violet.*



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In 9 out of 10 so-called cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead. They are only dormant. But when you try to reach them with hair-tonics, oils, massages and salves, you are obviously wasting both time and money. For you treat only the surface skin—never get to the roots.

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## The Social Side of the 1928 Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 34)

vaudeville in the Avenue of the Antlers and another display of fireworks, and the last official day of the Convention was over.

The Miami Lodge Committee, however, had one more event scheduled. Anxious that residents of the city generally should have an opportunity to mix with the visitors in a joint celebration, it arranged, for Friday afternoon and evening, a masked carnival, in the manner of the famous New Orleans Mardi Gras. From long before sunset till after midnight gaily costumed revelers filled the streets. With the coming of dusk there was a torchlight parade, and the selection of the various costume winners, who, at midnight, were presented with their prizes.

The splendid work in most difficult circumstances of the traffic department of the Miami police force has been mentioned. Other agencies which contributed notably to the success of the Convention were the morning and evening newspapers of Miami, which each day printed many columns of accurate and interesting accounts of Elk activities; and the Florida East Coast Railway Company, which, through the Model Land Company, provided the Convention headquarters and assisted in every way, particularly through its publicity department. Miami Lodge is proud of and grateful for the cooperation extended it in making the 64th Grand Lodge Convention the fine success that it was.

And so to Los Angeles!

### Prizes Awarded

1. Trophy for Best Ritualistic Work, won by West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1352.
2. Largest Number in Band Coming Greatest Distance, \$500 trophy, won by Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34.
3. Best Band, 35 or More, First Prize, \$500 trophy, won by Detroit Lodge. Added cash, \$500.
4. Best Boys' Band, First Prize, \$250 cash, won by Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24.
5. Best Novelty Band, First Prize, \$75 cash, won by Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge, No. 1530.
6. Best Drum and Bugle Corps, First Prize, \$125 trophy, won by Scranton, Pa., No. 123.
7. Best Decorated Float by Lodge or State Association outside of Florida. First Prize, \$500 trophy, won by Indiana State Elks Association. Second Prize, \$250 trophy, won by Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142.
8. Float Depicting Most Original Subject by Lodge or State Association, First Prize, \$500 trophy, won by St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, No. 1224. Second Prize, \$250 trophy, won by Daytona, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141.
9. Best Glee Club, \$100 Cash Prize, won by Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34.
10. Lodge Coming Greatest Distance in Proportion to Numbers, \$500 trophy, won by Detroit Lodge.
11. Lodge Bringing Greatest Number of Ladies, \$100 Cash Prize, won by Detroit Lodge.
12. Lodge with Most Original Costume, outside of Florida, First Prize, \$200 Cash, won by Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85. Second Prize, \$100 Cash, won by Detroit Drill Team.
13. Lodge with Greatest Number in Patrol, First Prize, \$500 trophy, won by Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23.
14. Best Lodge Drill Team or Patrol, First Prize, \$500 trophy, won by Buffalo Lodge.
15. Best Decorated Auto, First Prize, \$100 Cash, won by Bradenton, Fla., Lodge, No. 1511. Second Prize, \$50 trophy, won by Jacksonville Ladies' Auxiliary. Honorable Mention, Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142.
16. Best Florida Band, First Prize, \$500 trophy and \$500 cash, won by St. Petersburg Lodge, No. 1224. Second Prize, \$250 trophy, won by Tampa Lodge, No. 708.
17. Best Decorated Float in Florida Section, First Prize, \$200 trophy, won by Jacksonville Lodge, No. 221. Second Prize, \$100 trophy, won by Daytona Lodge, No. 1141. Honorable Mention, Florida State Association.
18. Lodge with Most Unique Costume Depicting Distinct Subject, Florida Section. First Prize, \$200 trophy and \$50 cash, won by St. Augustine Lodge, No. 820. Second Prize, \$100 trophy, won by Fort Lauderdale Lodge, No. 1517. Honorable Mention, Tampa Lodge, No. 708.

## Catch as Catch Can

(Continued from page 9)

had all his metal in a money belt, around his body. Perhaps the gold helped to sink him.

In 1899 I got my chance at the professional lightweight championship of the world. Tom Riley came over from England wearing the Lord Lonsdale belt. The Lonsdale bouts run for several weeks and hundreds of wrestlers participate. The winners are recognized as champions in their respective classes.

On Riley's arrival, Richard K. Fox, owner of the *Police Gazette*, offered a belt emblematic of the lightweight championship of the world. As I was considered at that time the best in America, I was challenged by Riley; the match to be held at the Polo Athletic Club at 129th Street and Park Avenue. It was catch-as-catch-can, two out of three falls to decide the championship.

We both weighed about one hundred and thirty-five pounds. A large crowd watched as we took the referee's hold.

As we faced one another, each feeling for an opening, I can still remember how my heart beat. I had been in many bouts, but this was for the championship of the world. We tore into one another, trying to get a winning hold. Riley had me in bad positions time and time again. He was a fine wrestler, good at offense and defense. Once he got a hammerlock, pushing my arm into the small of my back; but suppleness came to my rescue and I broke his hold. Finally after forty minutes of the hardest kind of work, I managed to work Riley into a scissors hold, with which I obtained the first fall.

Riley was no quitter. He came back from the rest and fought me for an hour; but I knew I was the better man, and I threw him for the second fall at the end of one hour and twenty minutes with the same sort of hold. He shook hands with me and congratulated me, saying, "The best man won," but there were tears in his eyes.

I was now undisputed lightweight champion of the world—that is, undisputed in the mind of press and public.

One man, Jack Harvey, although I had beaten him two years before, wanted to try again, now that I was champion. Harvey, a lightweight, was known as "The Brooklyn Strong Boy." At that time he was a wrestling instructor at Yale.

The match was arranged, and was to be catch-as-catch-can, but instead of the best two out of three winning, Harvey insisted it be three falls out of five.

I agreed to wrestle him as he wished, and the match took place at the Polo Rink at New Haven.

Just before the bout, while I was talking to the newspaper men, Harvey came over and offered me his hand. As we shook, he tried to crush my knuckles. This made me angry.

"What are you trying to do?" I asked. "Show off?"

Harvey sneered at me. "Remember the last time we wrestled, Bothner?"

"Yes," I answered.

"I was easy for you then," he growled. "But keep your eye peeled to-night."

I turned to Bill Brown and said, "This guy is either chesty, or he must have improved a lot since I beat him."

"He's just chesty," said Bill.

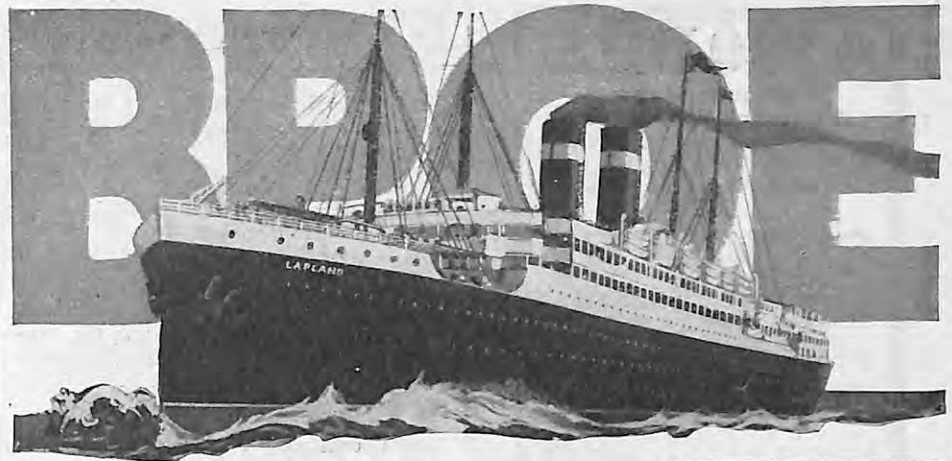
When we went to the mat, I stepped in and obtained a forward chancery, gripping Harvey around the neck with my arm. The Brooklyn Strong Boy straightened up quickly and snapped me over his head. I struck the mat, injuring my head.

The blow dazed me; I was not down, but I guess Harvey sprang on me. I cannot remember what happened in the next two seconds; the next thing I recall is that I heard Bill Brown's voice shouting "Bridge, George, bridge."

Instinctively I pushed up on the flats of my feet and the top of my head to keep my shoulders off the mat.

I recovered my equilibrium, and found that Harvey had a crotch hold and a hammerlock, and that one of my shoulders was touching the mat. Making a supreme effort, I broke the hold and sprang to my feet. Then I set after Harvey. I got back of him, picked him up

(Continued on page 78)



## AGAIN to the WEST INDIES!

The Third Annual Floating ELKS' Club has been arranged. The Red Star Line S.S. Lapland will carry another party of Elks, their families and friends on a delightful tropical cruise under the auspices of The Elks Magazine. We sail from New York Feb. 25th, and will be gone 15 days. One fee includes all expenses.

We Sail  
Feb. 25 to  
NASSAU  
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SAN JUAN  
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## Come Along to the Colorful Caribbean

YOU'LL be fed up on winter by February 25th. And tired of the daily routine. You'll be ready to join a party of congenial Elks and sail away to the sunny isles of the Caribbean. You'll glory in the complete change—of scenery, of climate, of companions, of activity. Your health will improve. Your mental vigor will surge above par.

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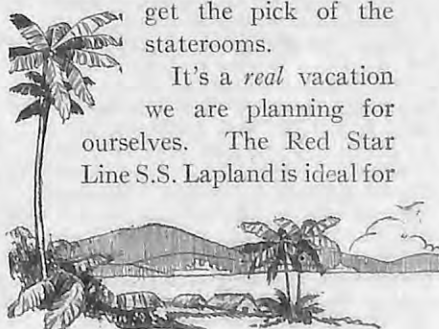
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DETROIT MICHIGAN STOVE CO.  
Garland Hotel Appliance Division  
DETROIT, MICH.

## Catch as Catch Can

(Continued from page 77)

with a body hold, slammed him down to the  
mat and applied my scissors hold.

"You can't faze me with your scissors hold,"  
said Harvey. And he went on to tell me just  
what he thought of me.

This angered me, and then Bill Brown sang  
out: "Give it to him good, George."

So I "gave it to him good." I applied pres-  
sure and worked Harvey into a fall. The  
referee gave me the first round and we rested.  
All this had taken but seven minutes.

When he came up for the third fall, Harvey  
was not so chesty. I lost no time, but slammed  
him heavily to the mat, and won the third fall  
in about ten seconds.

I wrestled Tom Jenkins when he was heavy-  
weight champion of the world. As Tom  
weighed about two hundred pounds, it was a  
handicap match, and Jenkins agreed to throw  
me four times within an hour.

In spite of his great weight, Jenkins was a  
fine wrestler and knew how to handle himself.  
He put dangerous holds on me, but time after  
time I managed to squirm away.

His weight crushed me, however. He got a  
half-Nelson and leg hold on me after thirty-two  
minutes, and Tom Sharkey, who was referee,  
gave Jenkins the fall.

Billy Elmer, my partner, was very angry  
when Sharkey gave Jenkins that fall. He jumped  
into the ring, and actually had the nerve to  
take a swing at Sharkey.

"You're a liar," shouted Elmer. "Bothner  
was not down."

Sharkey said very politely that he wanted to  
be fair, and that he would not have called it a  
fall had it not been one.

The police arrived about that time, and  
dragged Elmer off to the station, where they  
charged him with disorderly conduct. The  
match proceeded. Toward the end of the hour,  
Jenkins managed to down me for a second and  
third time, with a wrist lock and body hold.  
But three falls were all he got. I was declared  
winner by Referee Sharkey.

The next morning Elmer was arraigned,  
charged with disorderly conduct. The Judge  
who presided had been a witness of the mix-up.  
Elmer was very apologetic.

"I'm sorry, Judge," he said. "I lost my  
head."

"No," broke in the Judge. "No, you didn't  
lose your head. But you were lucky you  
didn't."

Meaning, of course, that if Referee Sharkey  
had lost his temper, he might have knocked  
Elmer's block off.

WHEN I finished barnstorming, I took a posi-  
tion as coach at Princeton University. My  
first year there I developed Heff Herring, who  
became intercollegiate heavyweight champion.  
While teaching at Princeton, I was offered the  
job at Yale, but I did not want to leave Tiger-  
town. I refused. The Yale athletic authorities  
asked me to recommend someone for the position.  
I told them to apply to Ed O'Connell, one of  
New England's crack welterweights. They gave  
O'Connell the job, and the following year Ed  
brought his boys down to wrestle mine.

Kohler Huyler, son of the chocolate magnate,  
couldn't rest until he knew whether or not I  
could beat Ed O'Connell. Huyler went to  
O'Connell and asked him if he could lick me.  
O'Connell was not sure either way. In order to  
start the ball rolling, Huyler came to me and  
told me O'Connell thought maybe he could  
beat me.

I went to O'Connell and said: "Say the word,  
O'Connell, and we'll have a match."

Much to the delight of my team, Dick Howell,  
now of the Bridgeport *Herald*, arranged the  
match. Howell was to be referee, and the bout  
would take place in New Britain, two out of  
three falls. The winner took 60 per cent., the  
loser 40.

This was in June, 1903. Now, in those days,  
when I held the lightweight championship, my  
Nemesis was one Harvey Parker, a welterweight  
who thought he could beat me. Parker was a  
broad-shouldered, slim-legged fellow, with a  
heavy neck and a powerful tongue. He was one  
of the roughest fellows in the wrestling  
game, and was very aggressive. Parker kept

insisting that he was the better man, and I  
knew I could beat him.

The first two bouts I had with him were  
draws, in which neither of us obtained a fall.  
A third had been arranged for the 9th of June.  
Thus, I was to wrestle O'Connell a week before  
the important match with Parker. I was  
determined to beat Parker this time, and end  
once and for all the controversy as to who was  
the better man.

At New Britain, a great many boys from both  
colleges had come to see their coaches wrestle.  
We took the referee's hold and each tried for a  
grip. I feinted for an arm-hold, and then we  
clinched and went to the mat.

O'Connell got a scissors on me, and crushed  
me between his legs; he hurt my ribs, but I was  
busy wrestling, and did not notice much pain  
at the time. I quickly twisted his toe, and  
broke the hold, and at the end of eight minutes  
rolled him around with his shoulders to the mat,  
for the first fall.

We were to have fifteen minutes rest between  
falls. I went to my dressing room, and sat  
down, and for the first time I felt the pain in  
my rib. I looked down. One rib was sticking  
away out, bulging the skin.

IT FRIGHTENED me, not because I was  
worried over a broken rib, but because I  
wanted to be in good shape for my third match  
with Harvey Parker. I didn't give a hang about  
the O'Connell match; but I did care about the  
Parker bout.

"I can't go on with this match," I said to  
Bill Brown. "My rib is broken, and I've got  
to meet Parker on Tuesday."

"I'll go and tell Dick Howell," said Bill.

He was just starting out to find the referee  
and tell him I forfeited the match to O'Connell,  
when Howell knocked on the door.

"Listen, Dick, I—" I began.

"Just wanted to tell you, George, that O'Con-  
nell won't go on with the bout," said Howell.  
"He's had enough."

So I won the match with O'Connell after all.

But I was worried. My rib was painful; it had  
almost punctured the skin. I was in an agony  
of spirit, because I knew that if I refused to go  
on with Parker, Parker would call me yellow.  
Also, I would lose my forfeit of five hundred  
dollars. I had to wrestle Parker and I wanted  
to beat him. But I could not go on training,  
because every time I moved, my rib hurt.

About six o'clock the night of the match,  
Tommy Sawtell, my boxing instructor, who had  
been commiserating with me because of the  
broken rib, offered to test it out.

"Get down on the mat, George, and we'll see  
what it's like."

I lay down, and applied a quarter-Nelson, a  
hold in which there was not much strain on my  
rib, and pressed on Sawtell's neck. It hurt me  
terribly, and pushed the rib out.

Billy Elmer, my partner, said:

"Let Parker collect the forfeit, George. Wait  
till you're O. K., and then you can throw him  
through the roof."

There was no love lost between Parker and  
me, and I knew how he would cheer if I quit.

"Listen, Billy. That bird is not going to  
collect my forfeit. He's not going to beat me."

At 8 p. m. the same night I was attired in my  
togs, sitting in my dressing room. Preliminary  
bouts were going on. It was at Sulzer's Harlem  
River Park. Somebody knocked on the door,  
and Billy Elmer opened it. There stood Clar-  
ence Mackay with a friend of his, Dr. Martin,  
a noted surgeon.

"George," said Mr. Mackay, "I understand  
you've met with an accident."

I pointed to my rib, which was bound.

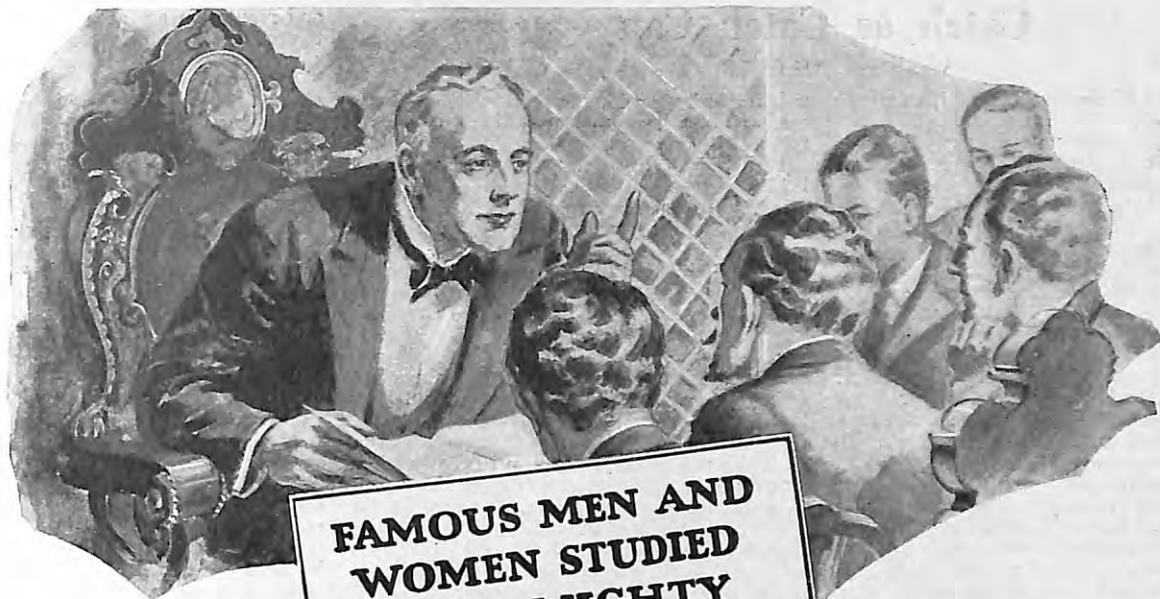
"I've brought Dr. Martin with me," said  
Mackay, "and I want you to let him look you  
over and tell you whether you can wrestle or  
not."

Dr. Martin examined me briefly. He shook  
his head. "You cannot wrestle tonight, Both-  
ner. You could not stand five minutes in a  
bout."

"I've got a five hundred dollar forfeit up," I  
said. "If I don't go in Parker gets it. I'm  
going to wrestle."

(Continued on page 80)





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## Catch as Catch Can

(Continued from page 78)

"I'll take care of the five hundred, George," said Mr. Mackay.

But it was more than money. I would have given up the five hundred myself, if it had been anybody but Harvey Parker I was booked against. At last the announcer, Joe Humphries, called my bout. I stepped out to the mat, and looked my enemy Parker in the eye. We took the referee's hold, and the match was on. I had a broken rib, and Parker was out for revenge.

My rib was not bound; Parker was unaware that I was handicapped.

"I'm going to squeeze your guts out to-night, Bothner," growled Parker, as we closed.

The conditions under which we were wrestling were best two out of three falls, and the style was catch-as-catch-can. It was to be to a finish. For a minute or two we tugged at one another, stepping round the canvas, feeling each other out. Parker jerked me violently, and pain shot through my side. I fainted for a body hold; Parker applied a headlock, and we fell heavily to the mat, with Parker on top.

Parker started his rough tactics, trying for hold after hold, and four times I broke half-Nelsons he put on me. On the fifth attempt Parker got a secure half-Nelson, but I locked my feet over his, and Harvey was stumped. Parker was continually telling me what he thought of me, and I answered him, though the pain from my rib made me sick. When Parker failed to turn me over with the half-Nelson, he tried for a leg hold, but suddenly shifted to a hammerlock, trying to bend my arm up back of my head, as I lay there on my stomach. Parker roughed his arm over my face, and as I tried to get away, I butted him on the chin. Johnny O'Brien warned us for using rough tactics.

Thirty-five minutes had gone by. I gripped Parker and squeezed with all my might; but it nearly killed me, for his big shoulder was pressed into my rib. I was forced to relinquish my hold.

The pain made me fail; I dropped my hands and knees, and gritted my teeth. Parker, surprised at the easy way he had broken my hold, fell hard on me. I was forced to use my head to break away from his holds, and O'Brien warned me. I was half-crazy with pain, and was instinctively defending myself.

FOR an hour more the match proceeded, with Parker unable to keep me down. Once he had me on one shoulder; but I bridged and managed to roll over on my stomach. Parker, on top still, fainted for a half-Nelson, and got another hammerlock on me. He pushed my right arm up into the small of my back, forcing my head down. I was almost done for, the pain in my rib was so great; and Parker, sitting astride me, squeezing my waist with both knees, managed to jerk out my left arm, which I tried to hold down to my left side, and got another hammerlock on me.

You can picture it. Parker on top, bending over me; both my arms pushed along my spine until my hands almost touched the back of my neck; Parker's knees squeezing my broken rib.

I had put a lot of money on that match; all I could get hold of. And my friends were betting on me. Just for an instant I felt I had done the wrong thing in coming into the ring in such condition. Parker was sure he had me. The two hammerlocks, the knee-scissors, and with me lying still, simply fighting pain, made it look like sure defeat.

"My God, Bothner, I've got you now," said Parker. Then he laughed, and holding me as before, turned and called to Jack Little, who was his second and trainer, "Jack, go out and collect the bets!"

I had had a moment of respite; Parker's boast, shouted out so that many of the audience could hear, infuriated me. If Parker beat me—well, I would not let that thought enter my head. I gathered myself together and with the sweat pouring off both of us, with my face jammed into the mat and Parker astride me, I began to break the hammerlock.

It was pure torture. I could feel my rib bulging as I strove against Parker's grip. Slowly, a fraction of an inch at a time, I brought my arms round in a half circle, my shoulders

twisting and wrenching in their sockets. It was not strength, but suppleness, that enabled me to break those two hammerlocks.

Parker was surprised. He fought hard to hold my arms back in their painful position, but I gave a final jerk, and rolled free. For an instant I lay on my side gazing up at Parker in triumph.

"My God," Parker growled, "this guy must be double-jointed."

"Before you're through with me," I answered, "you'll think I'm triple-jointed."

We went at it again. Hold after hold was taken and lost. Parker could not beat me; and I could not beat him, with my broken rib. My breathing was greatly hampered because of my injury.

At the end of three hours, neither of us had scored a fall. Referee John O'Brien stopped us to make an announcement. It was almost 1 a. m., and many of the crowd had gone home, tired of the continual hold and break.

"If no fall is secured within fifteen minutes," bawled O'Brien, "the match will be declared a draw."

Parker threw himself at me, but I slipped away from him and he could not get a vital hold. The fifteen minutes passed at last and O'Brien called it a draw.

Parker left the mat cursing. He would not speak to me. As for myself, I was almost finished. I staggered to my dressing-room, and could not move for almost an hour, but my good condition carried me through.

That third match, which went to a draw, was the last I ever had with Harvey Parker. A fourth was about to be arranged, but it never was, and I will tell you what occurred.

Johnny Dunn, who was Parker's manager, came to me after I had left Princeton, and was teaching at the old Knickerbocker Athletic Club, and asked me if I would care to wrestle Parker again.

I said I was ready at any time. So I made an appointment to meet Dunn and Parker in a little restaurant back of the Tombs. Parker was not my kind of man; I was not his. Neither of us had wasted any love on the other. One Saturday morning, we all met in the restaurant, and sat down at a table together. Parker nodded shortly to me and I returned the compliment. Johnny Dunn was a good scout, and he did not like to see Parker and me at odds.

"Why don't you shake hands and be friends?" he said. "You're both good wrestlers; there's no reason to bear hard feelings."

Dunn did not guess the deep dislike which we both held for each other, an almost instinctive dislike.

"I'm afraid Parker and I can never be real friends," I said.

"And why not?" asked Parker, who knew the answer as well as I did.

"Because," I replied, "you have always boasted you could beat me."

"I can," growled Parker.

The memory of the punishment Parker had given me welled up in my brain. I was angry. I reached down in my pocket and pulled out all the money I had with me, about eighty-five dollars, and held it toward Dunn.

"You can beat me?" I asked Parker.

"Yes."

The restaurant had a tiled floor, but I didn't care. "Here's all the cash I have got with me, Parker," I said. "We'll have it out right here."

"You're crazy!" shouted Parker.

"Yes? Well, money talks," and I threw my roll on the table.

Parker cursed once, then rose, and though it was raining cats and dogs, walked out into the street.

Dunn, instead of following him, grabbed me by the arm.

"That's the first time I ever saw Parker show a streak," said Dunn.

Johnny Dunn became my manager after that. I never came to grips with Parker again.

I would not have it thought that wrestling is a dangerous sport. It is only dangerous when a man goes out of his class. Most of my injuries were sustained while I was a professional, wrestling men who outweighed me many pounds. And in the professional game, money

and reputation are at stake, and men are apt to use harmful holds.

Spectacular holds, throwing a man over the head, are all very well with an opponent who knows how to fall; but with an amateur, such holds should not be used. In college wrestling the boys seldom even get minor injuries as the bouts are strictly confined to weight limits.

I left Princeton and took the post of wrestling instructor at the old Knickerbocker A. C. When the Knickerbocker closed down I spent my time at the gymnasium which Billy Elmer and I owned. Next I accepted a position as manager of Brown's gymnasium, 23rd Street and 6th Avenue, where I remained several years, defending my title against all comers and taking on a big fellow occasionally.

In the early part of the century, jiu-jitsu was in vogue. Many Japanese came here to teach us how to defend ourselves. All sorts of stories went the rounds, how the Japanese could kill or maim a man by a little pressure of the fingers. A regular fad started, with Japs teaching the science all over the country, at the universities, and even to President Roosevelt at the presidential mansion in Washington. The New York Police Department hired Higashi, a jiu-jitsu expert, and the Jap threw the giant cops around in great style.

I WAS interested in jiu-jitsu from the beginning.

At first, I was much impressed by the accounts I heard of it. Had the Japs really invented a method of defense which could outdo all the defensive and offensive tactics I knew?

But I concluded I would take a chance, and see just how good jiu-jitsu was. If it upset all my defense, and I was injured, then it would be worth going into. Bob Edgren, the sports writer, had seen the little jiu-jitsu men throw big fellows, and he was continually writing articles in praise of the Japs. The publicity helped the Jap athletes performing in New York. It also furthered my plans to get a match.

I knew I was taking a chance.

Over at Hammerstein's Victoria, at Forty-second Street and Broadway, a troupe of Japanese wrestlers was performing. They offered fifty dollars to any man who could defend himself against them for five minutes.

It was there that I went first, in my attempt to test the value of jiu-jitsu, and incidentally to get for myself some of the publicity the Japs were basking in. Bob Edgren, with whom I had been talking about jiu-jitsu, and to whom I had said I thought I could beat it, went backstage with me to interview the Japs.

There were several of the little men in their dressing-room, and they were very cordial and bowed all round. When they heard that I was George Bothner, the lightweight champion of the world, the Japs told us they were too busy to arrange a match that night. But they asked me to come back again. I went the next night. They had a real alibi ready, and very politely told me that against such a good wrestler as myself, they might have to unloose some killing, or at least, bone-breaking holds. On account of the audience, in which there would be women, they did not wish to injure their opponents.

I was itching for a match with them now. I was sure they were bluffing. I told them that I would be glad to arrange a private match, and they agreed to that. But when I went back again a few nights later, the troupe was gone and they hadn't left me any word. I never did get a chance against that troupe.

"Professor" Higashi was one of the most famous of the Japanese. He was said to belong to the "inner circle" and to know the deadly holds. I got in touch with Higashi through a friend of mine. Higashi was engaged to teach the police some of his tricks, and he sent several of them to the hospital with broken bones. He also crippled Ralph Rose, Olympic heavyweight champion, in a match. Rose was a giant of a man, standing about six feet five.

I challenged Higashi. The "Professor," as they called him, was willing. But he said I must wear a shirt, a regular jiu-jitsu wrestler's shirt or else he could not get his favorite holds.

More conditions of the match were agreed to, with Bothner doing most of the agreeing. No holds were to be barred; I was to wear the shirt that Higashi provided; also, I was to sign a paper absolving the Professor of all blame should I be killed or maimed.

(To be continued)

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