

The Elks

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OCTOBER, 1928

Magazine



In this Issue: Sport, Romance, Mystery, the "Talkies," by W. O. McGeehan, Richard Connell, Boyden Sparkes, and many others

CABINETS BY
Berkey & Gay

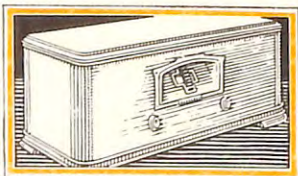


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WINTER. IT IS BROADCAST
BY BALKITE

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Radio fans who have heard the marvel-

ous reception now achieved in the laboratory, and who are familiar with the mechanism required to produce it, are amazed when they look at the Balkite chassis.

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Here, too, is an AC set, a complete unit ready to operate from your light socket. It is AC without hum. It has push-pull audio, complete shielding, dynamic power, a jack for reproducing records electrically, tube protection.

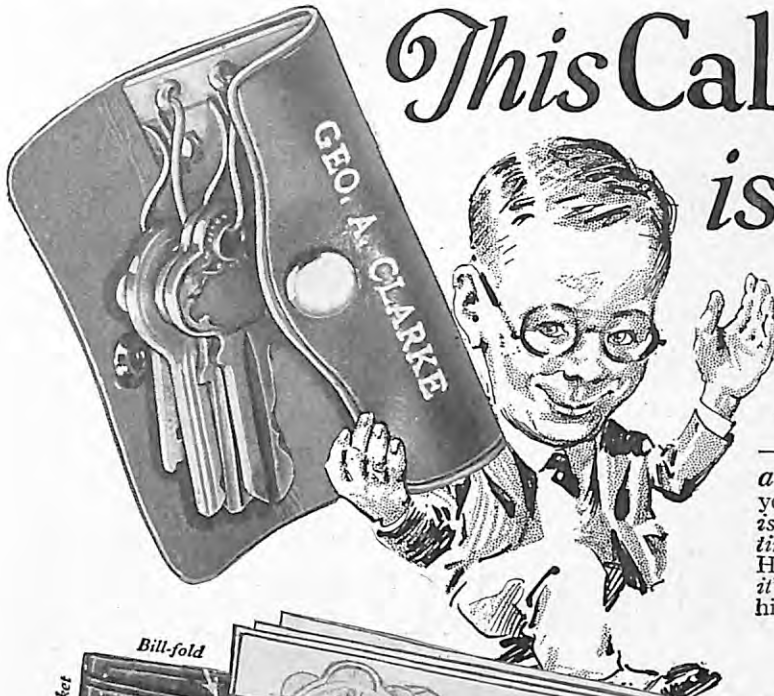
The cabinets are by Berkey & Gay and the price to you is well within the upper limits of what you expect to pay for fine radio. Ask your dealer. Fansteel Products Company, Inc., North Chicago, Illinois.



FANSTEEL

Balkite Radio

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MADE OF HIGH GRADE, BLACK GENUINE CALFSKIN, specially tanned for the HALVORFOLD. Tough, durable and has that beautiful soft texture that shows real quality. All silk stitched, extra heavy, no flimsy cloth lining. 1/10 14K GOLD CORNERS AND SNAP FASTENER. Size, 3 1/2 x 5 closed, just right for the hip pocket (flattens to only 3/4 inch thickness). Backbone of loose leaf device prevents breaking down. You simply can't wear out your HALVORFOLD.

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Read my liberal offer in coupon. No strings to this (the genuine calfskin key-case is yours whether you keep the HALVORFOLD or not)—just send the coupon and your HALVORFOLD and key-case come by return mail. No C. O. D.—no payment of any kind. Examine the HALVORFOLD carefully, slip in your passes and cards and see how handy it is. Show it to your friends and note their admiration. Compare it with other cases at \$7.50 to \$10 (MY PRICE TO YOU IS ONLY \$5.00). No obligation to buy. I trust ELKS as square-shooters and am so sure that the HALVORFOLD is just what you need that I am making you the fairest offer I know how. Don't miss this chance.

FREE 23K GOLD NAME, address and lodge emblem FREE. This would ordinarily cost you \$1.00 to \$1.50 extra. An ideal gift with your friend's name. And now, for a short time, I am making the extraordinary offer of giving FREE TO ELKS my genuine calfskin key-case (illustration at top) merely for the privilege of showing you the HALVORFOLD. NO—NO STRINGS!

Calfskin Key-Case Given to ELKS

This Genuine Calfskin Key-case with your name in Gold for the privilege of showing you the HALVORFOLD. Handiest thing you ever saw for car or latch keys. Keeps 4 keys on strong steel hooks. It's yours whether you keep the HALVORFOLD or not. Don't miss this free offer! Send Coupon. CLIP AND MAIL TODAY.

[Ladies of the Elks please note: Kindly refer to Friend Husband's No. and Lodge when ordering]

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1-10 14K Gold snap and corners

FREE Ask for our catalog showing our complete line of U. S. Leather Goods.

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Send me HALVORFOLD for free examination, with name, address, etc. in 23K Gold as per instructions below—also the FREE key-case. If I decide not to keep the HALVORFOLD I'll return it at your expense within a week and call the deal closed. If I keep it, I will send your special price of \$5.00. Either way key-case is mine to keep free. HALVORFOLD comes regularly for 8 passes. Extra 4-pass inserts—50c.

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SPECIAL PRICES ON QUANTITIES. Executives and men in business will want quantities of HALVORFOLD for gifts and premiums. Write for quantity prices.

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



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

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Number Five

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

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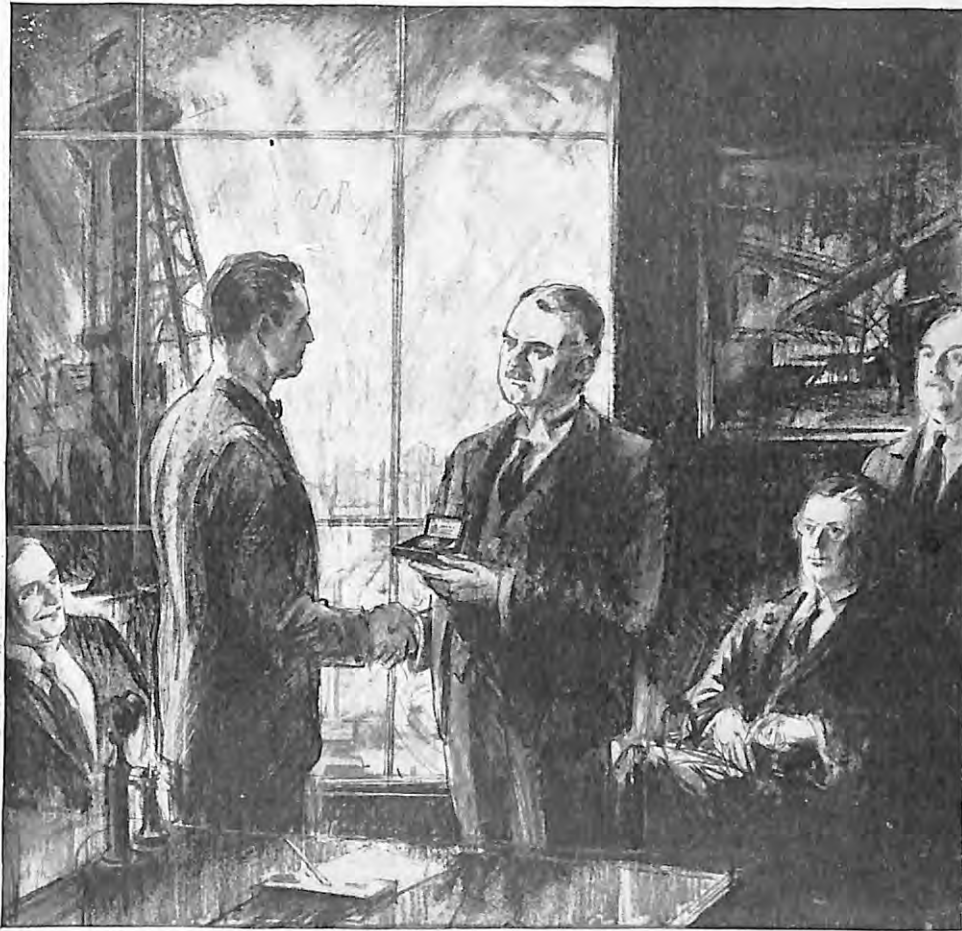
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As a token of affection from employes: to Joseph B. Shea, Joseph Horne Co.; to John D. Sage, Union Central Life Insurance Co.; to Wm. A. Law, Penn Mutual Insurance Co.

For industry of employes: by Equitable Life of Iowa, to twenty-five men showing unusual production; by J. Frank Darling Co., New York, to six salesmen showing unusual increases;

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to over 500 employes of the Cincinnati Traction Company for twenty years of faithful service.

For loyalty and service: to Nathan P. Reed, retiring President, Rotary Club, Somerville, Massachusetts; to Howard D. Smith, retiring Governor, Ohio Kiwanis; to Judge William A. Westfall, retiring President, Lion's International.

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for this special purpose can only be explained by the particular qualities of the watch itself. By its patented shape, it is readily recognizable wherever it is worn.

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Every Pentagon carries this GRUEN pledge mark, placed only upon watches of higher accuracy, finer quality and finish. Made only in the Precision workshop

The Gruen Pentagon

Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number One

*Elks National Memorial
Headquarters Building,
Chicago, Ill.,
September 25, 1928*

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

MY BROTHERS:—

In the August number of **THE ELKS MAGAZINE** there appeared a very inspiring editorial, entitled
"FRATERNALISM A WORLD INFLUENCE"

I ask you to read it, if it escaped your notice.

After the close of the Grand Lodge Convention at Miami, I went to Amsterdam, Holland, to attend the Olympic Games, as the American Member of the International Amateur Athletic Council, which supervised the track and field events.

It was the first time that a Grand Exalted Ruler of our Order had been brought into participation in such a movement of world-wide importance and influence for universal good fellowship and the promotion of peace among the nations of the earth.

In view of the fact that the Xth Olympiad will be held in our own country, at Los Angeles, in 1932, I consider it was a happy coincidence that my term of office as President of the Amateur Athletic Union overlapped my election and installation as Grand Exalted Ruler.

At the conclusion of the games I returned, physically refreshed and mentally attuned, for the performance of my duties as your Chief Executive, having had ample time meanwhile to reflect upon and plan the work in hand. I undertake it with ambition, vim and vigor.

If the number of congratulatory telegrams and letters received in my absence, and since my return, are any criterion, there is a nation-wide desire and determination to cooperate, which fills me with the hope that my fondest dreams for a year of successful accomplishment will be fully realized.

Time will not permit me to personally reply to all of those communications, but I trust the authors will accept the will for the deed and take my earnest and sincere appreciation for granted.

Constitutional Amendments

The Grand Secretary has transmitted to each Subordinate Lodge of the Order, for adoption or rejection, the five Constitutional Amendments, which were approved at the Grand Lodge Convention at Miami. The Exalted Ruler of each subordinate Lodge should familiarize himself with the context of these amendments, and at the first regular meeting of his Lodge in October, present them with clarity, and accurately record and promptly report the vote (attested by the Secretary) on forms which have been provided for that purpose.

Statutes

Your attention is urgently called to the Statutory Amendments made at the Grand Lodge Convention at Miami, as follows: Sections 22, 31, 40b, 41, 44, 47a, 51, 52, 56, 113, 134a, 141, 157, 172, 192, 209, 234; repealed 55a.

These Amendments will be found in the report of proceedings of the Grand Lodge, printed in the August number of **THE ELKS MAGAZINE** on pages 39, 40 and 41.

Each District Deputy has been charged by me with the duty of satisfying himself that the elected officers of all subordinate Lodges in his district have acquainted themselves with these Amendments.

For the convenience of subordinate Lodges, I have issued an Executive Order, authorizing and empowering each District Deputy to grant dispensations, upon good cause shown, to omit regular sessions, *except in the month of February*. Application for dispensations to omit regular sessions in the month of February, must be made directly to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Elections—National, State and Local

Politics has no place in this Order; but every member of this Order should be interested in the election of public officials. There is no greater obligation attached to the privilege of American citizenship, and I urge every member of the Order to discharge that duty—REGISTER and VOTE.

Elks National Foundation

The Grand Lodge accepted and unanimously approved the report of the Elks National Foundation Committee, appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley to make a survey along the lines suggested by Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, in his report at Cincinnati, in 1927.

By direction of the Grand Lodge, one of the Constitutional Amendments, which you are required to pass upon is that to establish the *Elks National Foundation*, to be administered by a Board of seven members of the Grand Lodge. If this Amendment is ratified by the subordinate Lodges, I shall appoint the Trustees and lend them every assistance possible in putting this Permanent Endowment Fund, only the income of which may be expended, under way, and will then address you at greater length upon this subject.

Appointments

Appended is a list of Grand Lodge Officers, Grand Lodge Commissions and Committees, and District Deputies for the year 1928-1929.

Your attention is especially invited to the personnel composing the new Ritualistic Committee, upon which I confidently depend, with your cooperation, to stimulate interest in what should be one of the outstanding features of our Fraternity.

The Members of the Committee on Good of the Order (increased from 3 to 5) were also carefully selected to aid in analyzing conditions in the Order, diagnosing the ills and suggesting remedies where the influence of Elkdom is at ebb tide.

The annual conference of District Deputies was held at the National Memorial Headquarters Building, at Chicago, Ill., on Saturday, September 22, and Sunday, September 23.

On the first date above mentioned, your Grand Exalted Ruler received the newly appointed District Deputies in groups by States, thus affording the opportunity of personal acquaintance and intimate contact. The District Deputies were then escorted in groups to the Office of the Grand Secretary, where they were made familiar with the operations of his office, and given detailed instructions in the examination of the books of subordinate Lodges. They were next taken on a tour of inspection of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, and made acquainted with the activities of the National Memorial Headquarters Commission, and then received at the office of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. Meanwhile, the Ritualistic Committee, and the Committees on Good of the Order and State Associations held meetings, and the Chairmen of each of these Committees outlined the programs determined upon for the ensuing year at a conference of the District Deputies on Sunday. Through the medium of this two-day session the District Deputies left Chicago with a much better understanding of the duties required of them, and should be able, in consequence, to stimulate the progress of the Order in their respective districts.

Subordinate Lodges

The last meeting night in October is designated as Roll Call night (see page 13 of general instructions in preface to Ritual). I particularly urge its observance.

As the years pass on, and the responsibilities of life multiply, it becomes more difficult for the older members to attend the Lodge Sessions regularly. This occasion affords a special opportunity for the senior members on the roll of membership to come together and register their continued interest, at a time when they are sure to meet a greater number of their old acquaintances, and make new ones.

I also beg to suggest that members in attendance at meetings be particularly requested to remain for initiation and if, on Roll Call Night and Past Exalted Rulers' Night, initiation is not held, that Renewal of the Obligation be made a special order of business.

It might stimulate the interest of Past Exalted Rulers, if, after the roll call of officers, the names of those Past Exalted Rulers attending the meeting were entered in the Minutes.

New Lodges

In his report to the Grand Lodge at Miami, my distinguished predecessor stated there were nearly 400 communities in the United States having a sufficient white population to justify the establishment of an Elks Lodge—but none exists. I have asked each District Deputy to endeavor to organize one new Lodge. Of course, there may be some jurisdictions where this is not possible, but there are others where more than one Lodge can appropriately be instituted, thus maintaining the general average of one to a district, a total of 125.

Of course, some Lodges will object to the loss of territory, but what would the situation be to-day if your Parent Lodge objected? If you approve of the Amendment to the Constitution, authorizing the institution of Lodges under special circumstances in communities having a white population of less than 5,000, I am sure that a number of applications for dispensation will be made in very deserving cases.

Again I reassure you that I am at the call of the Order, and at the service of its humblest member. I appeal for your enthusiastic support and hearty cooperation.

Let us all pull together for the best year that Elkdom has ever had.

Grand Lodge Officers and Committees, 1928-1929

Grand Exalted Ruler—

Murray Hulbert (New York, No. 1), 551 Fifth Avenue.

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight—

Mifflin G. Potts, Pasadena, Cal., No. 672.

Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight—

O. L. Hayden, Alva, Okla., No. 1184.

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight—

John J. Powel, Wilmington, Del., No. 307.

Grand Secretary—

J. E. Masters (Charleroi, Pa., No. 494), Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, Chicago, Ill.

Grand Treasurer—

Fred A. Morris, Mexico, Mo., No. 919.

Grand Tiler—

Thomas J. Brady, Brookline, Mass., No. 886.

Grand Inner Guard—

W. H. Mustaine, Nashville, Tenn., No. 72.

Grand Chaplain—

Rev. Dr. John Dysart (Jamestown, N. Y., No. 263), Flint, Mich. St. Paul's Parish House.

Grand Esquire—

Harry H. Atkinson (Tonopah, Nev., No. 1062), Carson City, Nev.

Secretary to Grand Exalted Ruler—

S. John Connolly (Beverly, Mass., No. 1309), 551 5th Ave., New York.

Pardon Commissioner—

William J. Conway (Grand Rapids, No. 693), State House, Madison, Wis.

Grand Forum—

Walter P. Andrews (Chief Justice), Atlanta, Ga., No. 78.
 Andrew J. Casey, Newburyport, Mass., No. 909.
 Walter F. Meier, Seattle, Wash., No. 92.
 Floyd E. Thompson (Moline, Ill., No. 556), 409 First Trust Building, Rock Island, Ill.
 Dwight E. Campbell, Aberdeen, S. D., No. 1046.

Board of Grand Trustees—

Edward W. Cotter, Chairman and Home Member (Hartford, Conn., No. 19), Pilgard Building.
 Clyde Jennings, Vice-Chairman, Lynchburg, Va., No. 321.
 Ralph Hagan, Secretary (Los Angeles, Cal., No. 99), 709 Blockman Building.
 Richard P. Rooney, Approving Member, (Newark, N. J., No. 21), 1048 Broad Street.
 John K. Burch (Grand Rapids, Mich., No. 48), 219 Division Ave., South.

National Memorial Headquarters Commission—

John K. Tener, Chairman (Charleroi, Pa., No. 494), Oliver Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Joseph T. Fanning, Secretary, Treasurer and Executive Director (Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13), 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
 Fred Harper, Lynchburg, Va., No. 321.
 Bruce A. Campbell, East St. Louis, Ill., No. 664, Murphy Building.
 William M. Abbott (San Francisco, Cal., No. 3), 58 Sutter St.
 Rush L. Holland (Colorado Springs, Colo., No. 309), Metropolitan Bank Building, Washington, D. C.
 Frank L. Rain, Fairbury, Neb., No. 1203.
 William W. Mountain (Flint, Mich., No. 222), Tremainsville and Upton Aves., West Toledo, Ohio.
 Murray Hulbert, Grand Exalted Ruler (Ex-officio), (New York, No. 1), 551 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Committee on Judiciary—

Lawrence H. Rupp, Chairman, Allentown, Pa., No. 130.
 E. Mark Sullivan (Boston, Mass., No. 10), Ames Building.
 George F. Corcoran, York, Neb., No. 1024.
 James T. Hallinan (Queensboro, N. Y., No. 878), 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.
 Blake C. Cook, Kent, Ohio, No. 1377.

Good of the Order Committee—

James R. Nicholson, Chairman (Springfield, Mass., No. 61), Elks Club, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Robert S. Barrett, Alexandria, Va., No. 758.

Carroll Smith, St. Louis, Mo., No. 9.
 Charles C. Bradley, Portland, Ore., No. 142.
 John R. Coen, Sterling, Colorado, No. 1336.

Ritualistic Committee—

William C. Robertson, Chairman, Minneapolis, Minn., No. 44.
 William T. Phillips (New York, N. Y., No. 1), 108 West 43rd St.
 David Sholtz, Daytona Beach, Fla., No. 1141.
 C. Fenton Nichols, San Francisco, Cal., No. 3.
 James H. Gibson, Houston, Tex., No. 151.

Committee on Credentials—

Frederick A. Pope, Chairman, Somerville, N. J., No. 1068.
 P. J. Callan, Washington, D. C., No. 15.
 Norman A. Boren, Greensboro, N. C., No. 602.
 Richard M. Davies, Panama Canal Zone, No. 1414.
 W. H. McKone, Lawrence, Kansas, No. 595.

State Association Committee—

William E. Hendrich, Chairman, Terre Haute, Ind., No. 86.
 Louie Forman, Bloomington, Ill., No. 281.
 Richard J. Decker, Rochester, N. Y., No. 24.

Auditing Committee—

Sidney Cain, Chairman, New Orleans, La., No. 30.
 Charles J. Howes, Frankfort, Ky., No. 530.
 H. E. Dyer, Roanoke, Va., No. 197.

Committee on Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler William E. English—

Joseph T. Fanning, Chairman (Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13), 50 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
 J. Harry O'Brien (Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13), 130 N. State Street, Chicago, Ill.
 Thomas L. Hughes, Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13.

Committee on Memorial To Past Grand Exalted Ruler James U. Sammis—

John G. Price, Chairman, Columbus, Ohio, No. 37.
 Thomas B. Mills, Superior, Wis., No. 403.
 James C. Murtagh, Waterloo, Iowa, No. 290.

District Deputies

Alabama, North—P. J. Machtoff, Sheffield, No. 1375.

Alabama, South—Thomas E. Martin, Montgomery, No. 596.

Alaska—Harry Sperling, Juneau, No. 420.

Arizona, North—James W. Smith, Jerome, No. 1361.

Arizona, South—Fred W. Curtis, Globe, No. 489.

Arkansas, East—Merlin Fisher, Little Rock, No. 29.

Arkansas, West—Talbot Feild, Hope, No. 1109.

California, Bay—A. H. Brandt, Berkeley, No. 1002.

California, East Central—Rollin Laird, Bakersfield, No. 266.

California, West Central—James R. Williamson, Santa Cruz, No. 824.

California, North—Philip G. Scadden, Nevada City, No. 518.

California, South Central—Frederick W. Lake, Huntington Park, No. 1415.

California, South—William C. Jerome, Santa Ana, No. 794.

Canal Zone—Robert W. Glaw, Panama Canal Zone, No. 1414.

Colorado, Central—Henry J. Stahl, Central City, No. 557.

Colorado, North—Hugh B. Mark, Boulder, No. 566.

Colorado, South—Charles Owen, Lamar, No. 1319.

Colorado, West—Charles Dailey, Sr., Aspen, No. 224.

Connecticut, East—John J. Mack, Hartford, No. 19.

Connecticut, West—James F. Degnan, New Haven, No. 25.

Florida, East—J. Edwin Baker, West Palm Beach, No. 1352.

Florida, North—Harold Colee, St. Augustine, No. 829.

Florida, West—Paul Henderson, Lakeland, No. 1291.

Georgia, North—John S. McClelland, Atlanta, No. 78.

Georgia, South—Samuel A. Cann, Savannah, No. 183.

Guam—(To be supplied), No. 000.

Hawaii—James Henderson, Hilo, No. 759.

Idaho, North—Harry A. Struppler, Moscow, No. 249.

Idaho, South—R. W. Jones, Pocatello, No. 674.

Illinois, Northwest—Ray Weingartner, Rockford, No. 64.

Illinois, Northeast—Jack P. Eaton, Des Plaines, No. 1526.

Illinois, West Central—Edward P. Allen, Quincy, No. 100.

Illinois, East Central—Frank Bollin, Lincoln, No. 914.

Illinois, Southwest—R. Emmett Costello, East St. Louis, No. 664.

Illinois, Southeast—E. Perry Huston, Paris, No. 812.

Illinois, South—Walter H. Moreland, Jr., Metropolis, No. 1428.

Indiana, South—George S. Green, Mt. Vernon, No. 277.

Indiana, North—Frank J. McMichael, Gary, No. 1152.

Indiana, North Central—Fred Ardner, Bluffton, No. 796.

Indiana, Central—John C. Hampton, Muncie, No. 245.

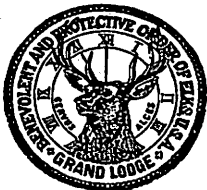
- Indiana, South Central—William C. Groebl, Shelbyville, No. 457.
- Iowa, Northeast—Joseph F. Cahill, Clinton, No. 199.
- Iowa, Southeast—Sam W. Hirschl, Davenport, No. 298.
- Iowa, West—C. G. Clark, Atlantic, No. 445.
- Kansas, North—Beldon Bowen, Concordia, No. 586.
- Kansas, Southeast—F. G. Lobban, Osawatomic, No. 921.
- Kansas, Southwest—James F. Farley, Wichita, No. 427.
- Kentucky, East—D. D. Crabb, Winchester, No. 539.
- Kentucky, West—John L. Grayot, Madisonville, No. 738.
- Louisiana, North—J. S. Mallett, Jennings, No. 1085.
- Louisiana, South—Abraham Abrahamsen, New Orleans, No. 30.
- Maine, East—W. P. Toulouse, Waterville, No. 905.
- Maine, West—C. Dwight Stevens, Portland, No. 188.
- Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia—John B. Berger, Baltimore, No. 7.
- Massachusetts, Central—Edward A. Counihan, Jr., Cambridge, No. 839.
- Massachusetts, Northeast—M. C. O'Neill, Everett, No. 642.
- Massachusetts, Southeast—Charles L. Magee, Taunton, No. 150.
- Massachusetts, West—Patrick J. Garvey, Holyoke, No. 902.
- Michigan East—J. Bradford Pengelly, Flint, No. 222.
- Michigan, North—Earl Leininger, Ishpeming, No. 447.
- Michigan, West—Peter C. Servaas, Kalamazoo, No. 50.
- Minnesota, North—Mathias Baldwin, Minneapolis, No. 44.
- Minnesota, South—Chester R. Leech, St. Paul, No. 59.
- Mississippi, North—J. S. Hopkins, Aberdeen, No. 620.
- Mississippi, South—W. G. Paxton, Vicksburg, No. 95.
- Missouri, East—G. D. Bartram, Hannibal, No. 1198.
- Missouri, North—Harry G. Owens, Moberly, No. 936.
- Missouri, West—R. Louis Covington, Clinton, No. 1034.
- Montana, East—Charles J. Carroll—Billings, No. 394.
- Montana, West—W. H. Reif, Bozeman, No. 463.
- Nebraska, North—F. M. Deutsch, Norfolk, No. 653.
- Nebraska, South—Blaine L. Yoder, Falls City, No. 963.
- Nevada—(To be Supplied), No. 000.
- New Hampshire—Frank J. Kelly, Concord, No. 1210.
- New Jersey, Central—Rene P. F. Van Minden, Dunnellen, No. 1488.
- New Jersey, Northeast—Lewis Mory, Ridgewood, No. 1455.
- New Jersey, Northwest—Fred W. Bain, Boonton, No. 1405.
- New Jersey, South—Albert E. Dearden, Trenton, No. 105.
- New Mexico—Walter J. Turley, Santa Fe, No. 460.
- New York, North Central—Harry S. Nugent, Seneca Falls, No. 992.
- New York, Northeast—George W. Denton, Gloversville, No. 226.
- New York, South Central—Arthur G. Holland, Ithaca, No. 636.
- New York, Southeast—Peter Stephen Beck, Freeport, No. 1253.
- New York, West—J. Theodore Moses, North Tonawanda, No. 860.
- North Carolina, East—Harry T. Paterson, New Berne, No. 764.
- North Carolina, West—John J. Morton, Charlotte, No. 392.
- North Dakota—Sam Stern, Fargo, No. 260.
- Ohio, North Central—J. R. Perrin, Norwalk, No. 730.
- Ohio, Northeast—Charles A. Booth, Canton, No. 68.
- Ohio, Northwest—Emmett D. Lusk, Wapakoneta, No. 1170.
- Ohio, South Central—Melrose Harbaugh, Logan, No. 452.
- Ohio, Southeast—Samuel G. Austin, Cambridge, No. 448.
- Ohio, Southwest—Max Friedman, Cincinnati, No. 5.
- Oklahoma, Northeast—W. W. Woody, Tulsa, No. 946.
- Oklahoma, Northwest—Harold L. Street, Woodward, No. 1355.
- Oklahoma, Southeast—Harry A. P. Smith, Shawnee, No. 657.
- Oregon, North—Frank J. Lonergan, Portland, No. 142.
- Oregon, South—J. R. McKy, Eugene, No. 357.
- Pennsylvania, Northeast—Charles V. Hogan, Pottsville, No. 207.
- Pennsylvania, Northwest—Robert R. Risher, Woodlawn, No. 1221.
- Pennsylvania, South Central—E. C. Miller, Huntingdon, No. 976.
- Pennsylvania, Southeast—Claude C. Merrill, Harrisburg, No. 12.
- Pennsylvania, North Central—C. Gordon Hay, Ridgway, No. 872.
- Pennsylvania, Central—J. K. F. Weaver, Tarentum, No. 644.
- Pennsylvania, Southwest—R. C. Robinson, Wilkesburg, No. 577.
- Philippine Islands—H. M. Cavender, Manila, No. 761.
- Porto Rico—(To be supplied), No. 000.
- Rhode Island—John P. Hartigan, Providence, No. 14.
- South Carolina—E. M. Wharton, Greenville, No. 858.
- South Dakota—J. Ford Zietlow, Aberdeen, No. 1046.
- Tennessee, East—L. Z. Turpin, Columbia, No. 686.
- Tennessee, West—R. D. Conger, Jackson, No. 192.
- Texas, Central—W. Lee Watson, Brownwood, No. 960.
- Texas, North—Omar Wilson, Marshall, No. 683.
- Texas, North Central—Wallace Hughston, McKinney, No. 828.
- Texas, Northwest—W. E. Settoon, Plainview, No. 1175.
- Texas, South—Henry Block, Galveston, No. 126.
- Texas, Southwest—Paul E. McSween, Sequin, No. 1229.
- Texas, West—B. S. Huey, Cisco, No. 1379.
- Utah—J. T. Farrer, Provo, No. 849.
- Vermont—Robert V. Crowell, Brattleboro, No. 1499.
- Virginia, East—W. B. F. Cole, Fredericksburg, No. 875.
- Virginia, West—John W. Carter, Jr., Danville, No. 227.
- Washington, East—William Metz, Walla Walla, No. 287.
- Washington, Northwest—William B. Ritchie, Port Angeles (Naval), No. 353.
- Washington, Southwest—Russell V. Mack, Aberdeen, No. 593.
- West Virginia, North—Thomas C. Ashton, Parkersburg, No. 198.
- West Virginia, South—J. C. Hicks, Logan, No. 1391.
- Wisconsin, East—Henry C. Baker, Racine, No. 252.
- Wisconsin, West—R. F. Hoehle, Superior, No. 403.
- Wyoming—Al S. Leslie, Cheyenne, No. 660.

Fraternally,

Murray Huber

Grand Exalted Ruler

Attest:



J. E. Masters
Grand Secretary



Outside The Door

By Elizabeth Sanxay Holding

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

THE Parleys had been "old-fashioned" people, and boasted of it. They had lived all their days among black-walnut furniture and oil-lamps and heavily draped windows; isolated lives, ruled by a sort of pious lynch-law. There had been Parleys, hot for revenge, who had dared to call themselves, and perhaps to believe themselves, the instruments of a jealous God; fathers who had disowned their children, women who could hound to despair an unfortunate sister; people who were proud of never forgiving.

Coralie was the last of them; an only child, and though she was obliged to go out into the world, she went in armor, clinging always to the old tradition. She liked to call herself "old-fashioned," and to talk about the "good old-fashioned virtues."

"Well, I don't know, Corry . . ." said her husband. "I can't say I've noticed any great change in the virtues. Loyalty—courage—charity—so on. . . . Never seem to go out of style, do they?"

He smiled when he spoke, but he did not look at her. She sat across the table from him; between them lay an expanse of white damask, set out with a substantial Sunday-night tea—cold ham and chicken, potato salad, hot biscuits, baked custard, a layer-cake. And he thought that between them lay something else, too—a gulf that he dreaded to acknowledge.

"Charity?" she repeated. "There's precious little of that left in this town, Miles! Why, we couldn't raise half the money we needed for the new Sunday-school."

"I wasn't thinking of money," said the doctor.

He stifled a sigh of profound weariness. He had had a hard day; he had driven along miles and miles of muddy road in the rain; he had been cheerful for his patients; it was his business to be so; and he meant to be cheerful at home. But it was an effort.

He glanced at his wife. She was a handsome woman, blonde and robust; she was straight and vigorous, not a touch of gray in

her hair, not a line in her fresh-colored face. He could not understand why it was that she didn't look *young*. Nor why her brisk good-humor did not hearten him more; nor why the comfort of his home gave so little comfort to his spirit.

He blamed himself for that.

"She's a good woman," he thought. "A good wife . . ."

The rain fell, steady and quiet; the lead-pipes made a little song. Outside it was a melancholy April night, but in here, so warm and bright, an excellent meal before him, a man ought to be well content.

Ought to be, yet was not. The stillness of the little house worried him. The servant had gone out; there was nobody but himself and Coralie; no children here, no friends; just themselves. If their baby had lived . . . He stirred restlessly.

"Let's ask the Rodmans in?" he suggested abruptly.

"It's Sunday," said his wife. "And, anyhow, I didn't think you cared much for them, Miles."

He didn't. It was only that he wanted some one here, any one; longed for voices and laughter, and a stir of life.

"They're pretty young for us," she pursued.

He pushed back his chair.

"We're not old!" he said, with an energy that surprised her.

"Well, we're certainly not young!" she said, indulgently. "You're forty-five, and I'm pretty close to forty."

"We're not old," he repeated.

As he rose, he caught a glimpse of his own image in the mirror over the sideboard, and he stood for a moment, staring at it. He was a big man, a little stooped, his face was worn; there were fine lines about his eyes; his hair was growing gray on the temples.

"Getting old, eh . . .?" he said, half-aloud.

"You're tired out, that's the trouble," said his wife briskly. "I'll light the gas-logs in the parlor and get your slippers. And

don't you go out again in this weather for any one. It's time you spared yourself a little, Miles!"

He followed her into the parlor, and, sitting down in a big leather chair before the fire, began to unlace his boots. The chandelier of colored glass threw a cruel light upon the stiff little room with its dull green rug, the massive chairs, the center table on which were a fern in a china pot, a white-bound copy of "Evangeline," and a little bronze lion. Nothing here had changed for fifteen years. Only himself, grown gray and tired. . . .

The telephone rang.

"You sit still, Miles," said his wife. "I'll go."

She crossed the room with her firm, quick step, and went into the hall.

"Hello!" he heard her say. "Yes . . . yes, he's here. But he's been out all day . . . He's tired. I should think the morning would do."

She was silent for a moment, listening.

"Well," she said at last, in a grudging tone. "I suppose I'll have to speak to the doctor. Just hold the wire."

SHE came back into the room, with a frown on her face.

"It's Briggs at the Eagle Hotel," she said. "There's a woman sick there. He says she's really bad—but people exaggerate so."

"I'll go," said the doctor.

"Such a shame, to drag you away from your comfortable home, a night like this!"

"Part of my job," said the doctor cheerfully. "Tell him I'll come, my dear."

He began to lace his boots again, and presently his wife came in with his overcoat, and held it for him. Moved by a queer feeling of compunction, he stooped and kissed her.

"You're mighty good to me, Corry!" he said.

"Nonsense!" she answered, patting his shoulder.

As he went down the garden to the garage, through the cold Spring rain, his own words echoed in his ears. "Mighty good to me—to me—only to me . . ." And to the rest of the world deaf and blind.

He was ashamed of thinking that. He conscientiously recalled her many obliging little services for neighbors, her church-work; she would have called herself a charitable woman. But her charity was a matter of careful selection; she could always say just who "deserved" it, and who was unworthy. She didn't really know what he meant by the word; his immense love of life, his pleasure in the company of his fellows, his uncritical, unflinching sympathy. Coralie wanted to shut him up in snug comfort, away from the world; she saw their home as a fortress, with every wayfarer sharply investigated before the drawbridge was lowered. And he would have liked to make it an inn, with every traveler welcome.

He started the car and set off. There was a thrilling freshness in the air; the earth was grateful for this rain; the budding trees whispered in the dark; his shabby little car splashed sturdily through the mud. And he began to hum, in a cheerful, tuneless fashion, because he was on the road again, out in the world.

THE little town was dimly empty this wet Sunday evening. Dim lights burned in a few shops; the drug-store windows sent a stream of blurred red and green across the glistening pavement; even the Eagle Hotel looked forlorn, with the rain driving through the brightly lit portico. He got out, and went into the lobby, where one traveling-salesman sat, reading a newspaper. Mr. Briggs himself was on duty this evening, and as the doctor entered, he came out from behind the desk, with an agonized expression on his lean Yankee face.

"I'm glad you came, Doc!" he said.

"What's the trouble, Briggs?"

"Well, sir, it's like this. It's a woman. There was one of these here touring companies come to town a while back, and they busted up. The rest of 'em went away, but this one, she stayed. Said she was waitin' for a check. Well, I've heard that tale before. But what you goin' to do? Didn't want to turn her out—only I'm not runnin' this hotel for my health. . . . And now, yesterday she took sick. Well, you see how it is." He paused. "She hasn't paid a cent for two weeks. . . . I guess I could let that go—but if she's goin' to be sick a long time—seems to me the hospital . . .?"

"I see," said the doctor. And with his own particular sort of charity, he did see. Briggs was a kindly fellow, but his kindness had its limits, and the doctor was neither shocked nor cynical about that. "I'll have a look at her," he said.

Briggs led the way into the little elevator, and again that expression of anguish crossed his face.

"Doc," he said, with a great sigh, "I guess you can send the bill for this here call to me."

The doctor smiled, and said nothing. Briggs stopped the car at the top floor, and they went down a dim, red-carpeted corridor to a door at the end, upon which Briggs knocked.

"Who is it?" asked a clear voice.

"Me. Miss Lester. I got the doctor along."

"All right! Come in!"

Briggs opened the door, and they entered.

To Briggs, lingering in the doorway, there was a faint suggestion of devilry in the scene. That woman, an actress, in a green silk kimono, smoking a cigarette. . . . He



"I'm sorry to go," she said simply. "I liked it here, and your friendship was a very wonderful thing for me." "I am sorry to lose you," he said

was a kind-hearted man, tolerant in his way; he was sorry for her; but certainly he looked upon her with a wary curiosity. An actress, smoking a cigarette, all painted up, too! Reluctantly he went out, closing the door behind him.

But in that cheap little room, garishly lit, heavy with tobacco smoke, Doctor Anderson found something profoundly stirring. He had been born and brought up in a little New England town; he had gone to a college and medical school not fifty miles from his home; he had never set foot outside his own country, never met any celebrated or distinguished people; he was an overworked general practitioner, and content to be so. Yet there was no side of life that he had not seen, no baseness and no splendor that he had not glimpsed. And he had done more than observe; he had understood, born lover of life that he was. He understood now.

The woman lying on the bed was very ill; beneath the rouge on her thin cheeks her face was white; her dark eyes were heavy with pain. She knew very well how ill she was, yet she smiled; she talked to him with a sort of dignified carelessness. Evidently she had once been a very beautiful woman; she was beautiful still, in her fine features, her splendid proportions; and still young. "Miss Lester," she called herself, but there was a wedding-ring on her finger.

"WELL . . ." said the doctor. "It's what I'd call a general breakdown. And I'd advise a good rest in the hospital." She smiled quietly.

"That's just like me!" she said. "Always extravagant! But I'm afraid I can't manage that, doctor."

"I'm afraid you'll have to," he said.

Her dark eyes sought his face, in an anxious but steady look. It was the truth she wanted, always.

"Is it really—necessary?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered.

She was silent a moment; then abruptly, with a touching sort of earnestness, she began to talk. It was as if she had been waiting, and waiting, for so long a time, with all this locked in her heart, and at last this man had come whom she could utterly trust. She was very candid, yet with little proud and honorable reserves; not then or at any other time did she say one word of her past history. She had suffered; that was obvious; and she had grown wise and patient and gentle in suffering. But she wanted no pity.

She admitted that "things had been rather hard." She had written to an aunt for a loan, but no answer had come.

"And of course it's been—worrying," she said. "I've had this room for two weeks now. But perhaps after a rest. . . ." She paused, and smiled again.

"And food," she said.

"You haven't been eating?"

"I really wasn't justified in eating," she answered. "The room rent was bad enough. Poor Mr. Briggs!"

"You'll go to the hospital to-night," said the doctor, grimly.

"Can I make—some sort of arrangement—to pay later—after I'm well?"

"Yes," said the doctor briefly. "I'll see to it."

She held out her hand; for a moment her fingers grasped his firmly.

"Good-night!" she said.

"Good-night!" he answered. "The ambulance will be down in an hour or so. . . . I'll see you in the morning. Don't worry!"

He stopped downstairs to speak to Briggs, and the traveling-salesman put down his newspaper to ask about the sick woman. The doctor accepted a cigar; he lingered, he listened to a joke from the salesman, and he told one himself; the dingy lobby resounded with his big laugh. For that was his way; he so loved to talk, to laugh.

He started the car and drove off home. The lights of his house shone out through the rain, like the lights of a ship on a dark sea, a ship that would not stop, would not hear the hail of any shipwrecked creature drifting past. He put up the car and went in, closed the door behind him, and the world was shut out.

HIS wife was sitting in the parlor, reading.

"What was it, Miles?" she asked.

"Hospital case," he answered.

Coralie asked no further questions. He sat down before the fire and took up the newspaper. It was so quiet here, in the snug, bright little house; only the clock ticking out the minutes. Outside the world was vibrant with the stir of Spring, all waking to life in the dark and the rain. But in here, so quiet . . .

He never mentioned Miss Lester to his wife. He could not. The word's he would have to use would have so changed a meaning to her ears. An actress, stranded here. . . . He came and went, his usual kindly and courteous self, but, as he had long ago learned to do, he left his life outside.

He saw Miss Lester every day at the hospital. She was recovering from her weakness—and her hunger; strength was quietly coming back to her. And, with no effort whatever, ill, poor and worn, she drew all the little world to her. The nurses came to her room when they were off duty; the internes; even Briggs came. Mrs. Meek, the stationer's wife, brought her a little phonograph; all sorts of people came; her room was filled with flowers, with voices and laughter and music. Sometimes the matron would come to close the door, with an indulgent rebuke, but she too was under the spell of that quiet, gracious woman.

And, whoever else was there, Doctor Anderson had always the feeling that he was the chief, the important one for her. Her face changed when he came; a sort of quiet comfort passed across it; she would look at him, and they would smile at each other, in content.

Whenever they were alone, they talked eagerly,

about books and plays and stage folk; or she would make him talk about his work, listening with her beautiful responsiveness, tears in her eyes for anything pitiful, her quick, vivid smile for any humor.

She spent two weeks in the hospital, and then, though the doctor wanted her to stop longer, she declined.

"It's time for me to be up and doing," she said. "But I think I'd like to stay here, for a while, in this quiet little place—if I could find something to do."

It seemed to the doctor a very obvious, a natural thing, to find her something to do. He knew every one in the town, and his word was an open sesame. Mrs. Meek engaged her to help in the shop; it was easy work, and she liked it. Indeed, she became enthusiastic.

"I have the dearest room!" she told the doctor—she was boarding with the Meeks. "And the most wonderful breakfasts! I never knew what a charm there was in a small town before. I think I'll save up, and some day I'll get a little cottage—willow-pattern china and old furniture—and a garden. I'd love that! I'd have a garden!"

The doctor listened to her with a smile, and she had to smile too, for she knew as well as he did what an absurd and touchingly romantic notion that was. Daisy Lester in a cottage with a garden! The theatre was in her blood; she was born to it; she would have to go back to it. But not just yet. This quiet, tranquil life was a blessed thing for her just now; she was gathering strength in body and soul every day.

Then the incredible thing happened. Mrs. Meek said she "couldn't see her way to keeping Miss Lester in the store any longer," and she asked her to give up her room.

"She says she needs it for some friends," said Miss Lester.

"Well, we'll find another one," said the doctor.

He spoke in a cheerful, matter-of-fact tone, but in his heart he was very angry. He spoke privately to Mrs. Meek.

"We don't want people like her in this town," said Mrs. Meek.

With an effort he held his tongue, knowing that any defense would do only harm.

"She's a fine woman," he said.

"It's easy to fool you men," said Mrs. Meek.

He had some difficulty in finding another room for her. At last Miss Walters, the dressmaker, admitted that she had a room to rent, and Miss Lester engaged it. But the day before she was to move in, Miss Walters changed her mind, said she didn't think she wanted to rent the room after all.

"She's not the only one," said the doctor. "And I was speaking to one of the trustees of the library to-day, Miss Lester. There's a place there for you, for the next month, while the librarian's away."

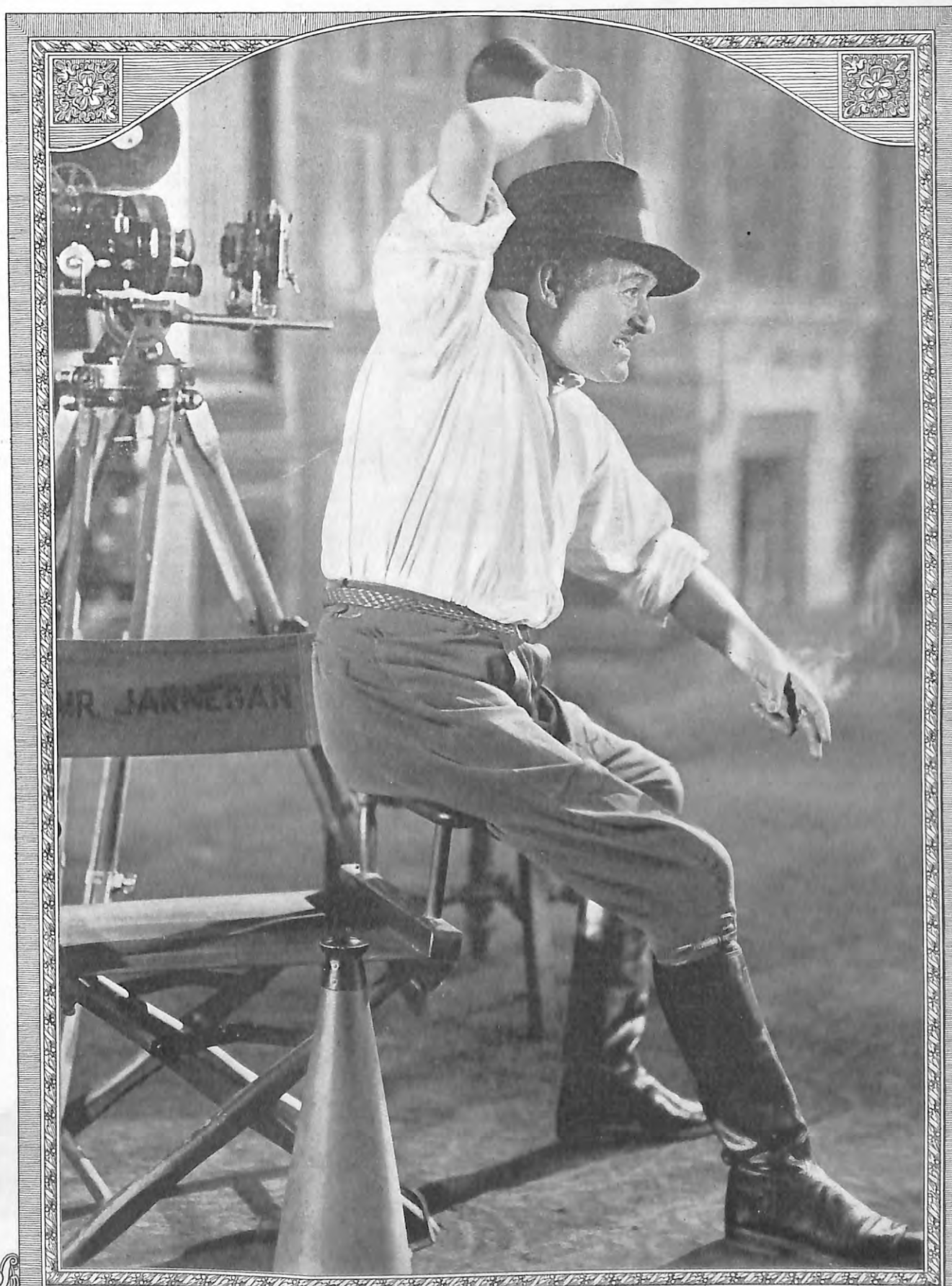
But the trustees decided, after all, to give the place to some one else.

The doctor had to go and tell Miss Lester this. It was a mild evening; as he drove down the lane behind the Meeks' cottage, he saw Miss Lester standing near the gate, and he got out and went to her. She listened to him quietly.

"Of course, there's not much opportunity here for a stranger," she said.

He was silent. Better to let it
(Continued on page 52)



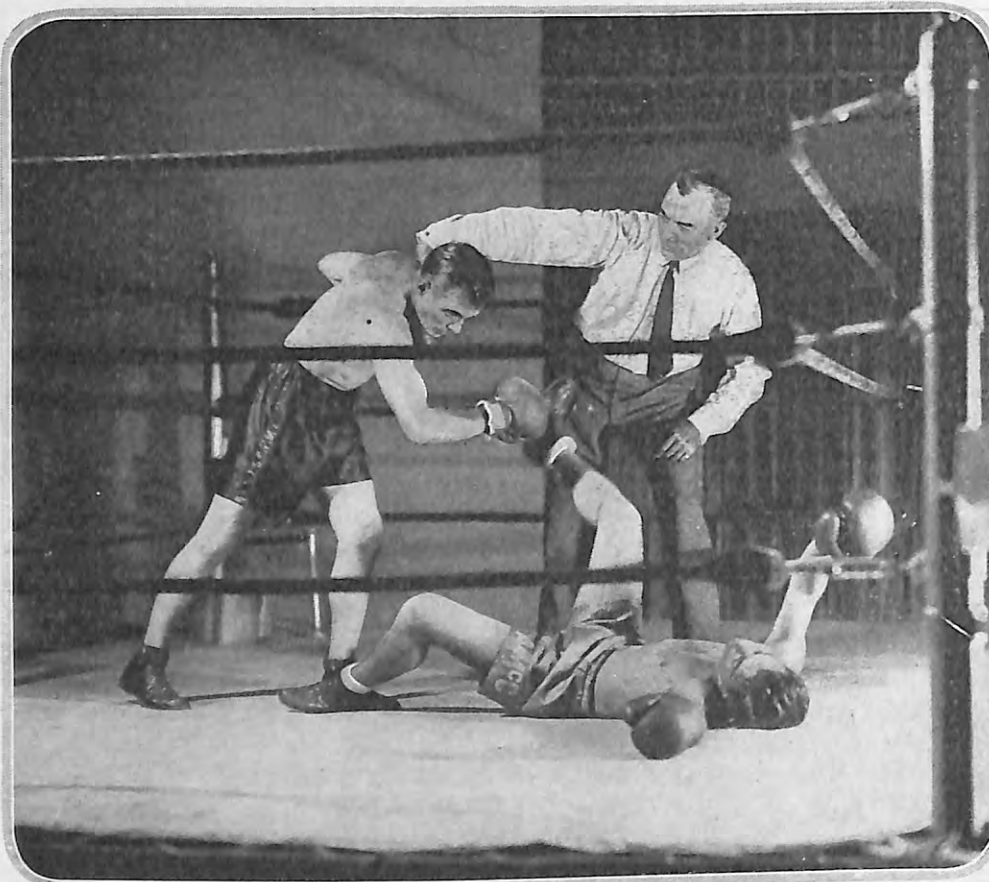


Richard Bennett in "Jarnegan"

JIM TULLY wrote a story about a bum and a hobo who forged his way to directordom in Hollywood and held it against the machinations of fellow craftsmen who tried to frame him. Charles Behan and Garret Fort, scenario writers, have transformed the book into a play, practically the first story of Hollywood which is content with a straightforward presentation of

its plot and makes no attempt to satirize the foibles of the town and its players. Mr. Bennett, fresh from considerable screen experience in the West, plays the title rôle with force and understanding. With him are his daughter, Joan, who is making her first departure from the movies; and a few veterans such as Harry Mestayer and Margaret Mower—E. R. B.

VANHAMM



VANDAMM

"Ringside" is the vanguard of the theatrical movement in pugilism. It involves quite a lot of people. Edward E. Paramore, Jr., Hyatt Daab and George Abbott wrote it, and the three pictured to the left are active in its presentation. Down and out, Packey O'Gatty; counting him out, George Spelvin; and the hero, Bobby Murray, played and played well by Richard Taber. Designed to show how honor and square shooting can triumph in the ring, the play creaks slowly through the first act, brightens up considerably in the second and lands on both feet for a breathless climax

De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, who made "Good News" what it was, have been at it again. They've written the music and lyrics and, with Jack McGowan's assistance, the book for a musical comedy called "Hold Everything." Ona Munson (below) is the bright particular star and among her satellites are Victor Moore, Bert Lahr, Allan Prior, Betty Compton and Harry Beresford, dear to memory as the Old Soak. The play, in rehearsal at the time of writing, is said to be both pugilistic and satirical in plot



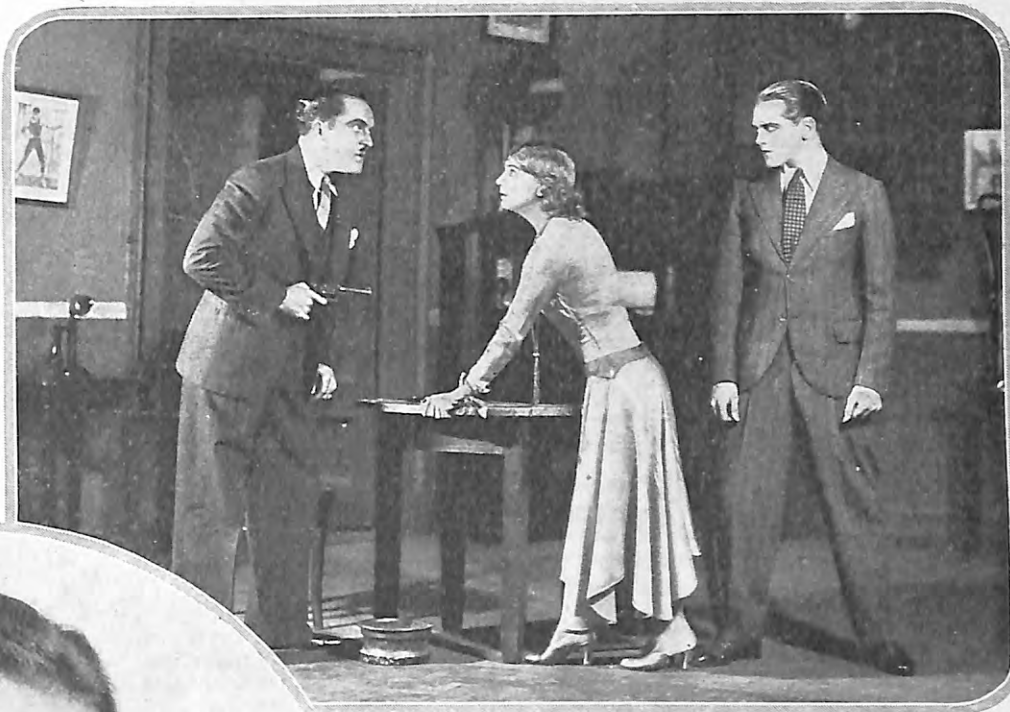
VANDAMM

Zita Johann (above) plays the heroine of Sophie Treadwell's tragedy "Machinal." It is her first big part and she has achieved great distinction in its handling. The dead level of her voice and passive body convey the thwarted passion for freedom and a glimpse of happiness swelling slowly till they burst their dam in the murder of her husband. Tried and condemned she goes to the chair still wracked by the sordid puzzles of her life. The play becomes irritating and monotonous in spots but also has redeeming moments of great beauty. Much has been done to enhance the play by unusual lighting effects



VINCHOT

Left to right they are Donald Krike, Anne Forrest, and Hardie Albright in "Gang War." This is Willard Mack's "play of the moment," which means chiefly that every ear-splitting device for eliminating surplus population—preferably gangsters—has its moment in the plot. On the whole, though, this is very fast, intensely modern melodrama, with almost no comic relief, and throws some very illuminating light on the liquor war as conducted in a mid-western city



VANDAMM



It is possible to have an entertaining musical comedy without good music—"Good Boy" proves it. Perhaps it's the trick scenery that helps most. A sliding stage that shoots out from the wings all set with people talking or dancing, so that you have the feeling that you've been let into the middle of something real, and when their business with the plot is finished the scene slips off through the other wing. Most of the acting is good—particularly that of Eddie Buzzell (left), as the "Good Boy," and of Charles Butterworth, who will be remembered for his priceless after-dinner speech in "Americana"

Captions by
Esther R. Bien



England will have to go wanting the sight of Gertrude Lawrence (right) another season. She is scheduled for a new George Gershwin musical comedy early next month for which no title has yet been settled on. It is impossible at this time to disclose the plot, if it has one, but judging from the roster of actors and authors, it promises to be something quite splendidly good. Also present will be Walter Catlett, Paul Frawley, Gertrude McDonald and Bobbie Conolly, the dancer. The lyrics will be by the other Gershwin brother and the book by Fred Thompson and Vincent Lawrence



Shanks

The "Talkies"

By Frank L. Brady
Drawings by George Shanks

MANY a time and oft at the Rialto, or whatever may be the name of the movie theatre we are accustomed to frequent, the screen has given us contrasting scenes of some village in the war zone just before and just after the outbreak of hostilities.

First it has pictured for us the life of the community in the normal times of peace: the barnyard with its geese waddling pompously in line; a cat sunning itself; women pounding their washing upon the stones by the leafy bank of a stream; the young farmer driving his cart of hay, and his love, in a very chic peasant costume indeed, waving to him as he rumbles past her cottage. All is quite serene and soft-focus.

Then abruptly upon this tranquillity of apple blossoms and fields drowsing in the summer morning there bursts an ominous subtitle. Sometimes it comprises a single and all-sufficient word: War. At others it is more rhetorical: "And then the grim god Mars, restive in his inactivity, stretched his giant limbs and strode roughshod over the world of men." Or, at still other times, the upheaval is indicated by the sudden sight of an excited group in the village street staring at the white poster on a wall, the placard announcing a general mobilization.

But whatever the device for denoting the event, things are never the same thereafter. The cobbled street is filled with plodding columns of troops, making way heavily now and then for frantic side-car couriers. The fields lie fallow, the apple branches are torn by shell-fire. Jacques changes his cart for a caisson and Elise her apron for the garb of a Red Cross nurse. Every element of life is altered.

Such a transition as this in the aspect of a community Hollywood has staged and filmed many times. In some instances clumsily, in others most effectively. But in all cases with detachment; from the viewpoint of the spectator or commentator. Never with the feeling or the foreboding that Hollywood itself might sometime be the scene and its inhabitants the participants in it, of circumstances almost equally disruptive and confusing.

Yet to-day this is precisely the case: where

a year ago Hollywood and the entire industry it supplies was, to the outside eye, a quietly running and efficiently operating community of workers, it is now—in comparison—a wide-eyed and rumor-ridden mob.

It could never be said, of course, that in pastoral serenity the movie capital was at any time like a little country village. The mixture of much money and many thousands jostling one another to get a share of it could hardly make for a poetic degree of tranquillity. But in its own fashion Hollywood had settled down to an orderly routine of growing and marketing its produce.

This was certainly true in so far as what might be termed the citizenry of the screen is concerned: the workers at and the participants in the making of pictures, the players, the directors, the writers and the other members of the studio staffs necessary for their proper functioning.

To these there seemed to be nothing untoward in the trend of affairs. Now and then, of course, a report would filter through from the executive offices that a certain par-

TALKING pictures have arrived and there is turmoil in the screen world. Actors, directors, scenarists, title writers—all are wondering what is going to happen to them. For the sudden rush of producers to make "Talkies" involves them in radical changes of technique. This article sums up the movie situation, past and present, and tells what this new upheaval is all about

ticularly ambitious picture, calculated to gross four million dollars, had actually come back from its tour bringing only two. It would be heard, too, that a particular foreign star, imported with the confidence that she would combine all the charm and skill of Pola Negri, Greta Garbo and Vilma Banky rolled into one, had not quite achieved—ac-

Extra girls, who ventured to invade the studios, with no more than a dozen years' stage experience as an excuse, are being asked to come in, please

ording to the yardstick of box-office returns—this reasonable expectation.

There were hints, again, that the tried-and-true comedy team, appearing for the seventh time in a variation of the same story that had been provided for its debut, had been greeted in some playhouses with a silence as pronounced as that of the screen itself.

But these random fragments of gossip, as against the solid and orderly appearance of the surface of affairs, held attention and interest for little more than a moment. They were no more than the paragraphs here and there that one sees in the papers about trouble in the Balkans, or the overthrow of the water-power commission in Central America. They were things that always seemed to be happening in one form or another, and which, for reasons best known to those who did it, were being circulated as significant. But they were not so important, apparently. Pictures were still being sold regularly to the theatres, and people were still lining up to see them. Pay-day came regularly at the studios, and, this being the case, the companies controlling them must still be ordering dividends with their customary regularity. Of course, Hollywood had not quite the boom-town flair it once possessed. Things had been and might now be better. But, taking it all in all, they were good enough.

THIS was the appraisal of the situation arrived at by the people of the studios. The one determined by those engaged in the labor of satisfying the bankers back of the enterprises was something else again. Among these there was many a conference, many a decision forced by expediency, many a cunning retrenchment in appropriations for management and production; and by them there was ordered greater and greater pressure, to speed up the sales-machine that inserts the films into the projection machines of the country.

Of such events, however, Hollywood as a whole was unaware. There were so many cabinet meetings behind closed doors and held without admitting the newspaper men. To the picture-making public the scene was still one of moderate prosperity and contentment; and they had no intimation to the contrary until, as if borne into their midst suddenly by a bandaged and travel-torn

messenger, there came the sudden news: The talkies are coming.

But the instant this did happen, the life of the movie metropolis underwent a drastic and swift readjustment.

Beginning with the studios, it extended to every province of their influence. First, in the very writing of stories for the screen, dialogue must displace the sub-title in assisting to interpret the action. The players, moreover, must be skilled in speaking lines, and their directors capable of coaching them in the art of doing it. Again the very stages upon which the screen plays were enacted must be reconstructed to be proof against the intrusion of any sound except that designed to be recorded on the film. And the theatres in which the audible movies were to be exhibited must be equipped with apparatus for the reproduction of voice. Furthermore means must be found to permit the showing of pictures with spoken words: adaptation for distribution abroad became more than a matter of translating printed titles into the several native tongues of the audiences of Europe, Asia and points south.

It is these requirements, among others, that have brought Hollywood to the nearest approach to chaos and panic that it has ever known. Foreign stars of established reputation and earning capacity have begun intensive drives to learn more than enough English to ask what time it is. Native stars with hardly larger vocabularies and a hitherto unbounded faith in the efficacy of baby-talk, have enrolled in courses for the inculcation of the rudiments of grammar and the cultivation of diction. Elocution teachers are getting their suits made to order; and extra girls, who ventured to invade the studios with no more to recommend them than a dozen years' stage experience, are being asked to come in, please, and Mr. Soandso will see them right away. Hollywood is not itself; it has gone talkie-crazy.

This is a clearly apparent fact and one which, since its inception only a few months ago, has brought to light many another and amazing evidence of expediency and change of attitude, in the rush to equip the screen with a voice. But to the observer of all this turmoil the most astonishing point of all in connection with the commotion that is taking place is that it is taking place only now. In other words, given a sudden demand for talking pictures, the overnight change of values in the making of film plays would perforce and naturally bring out many an emergency measure and shift in the appraisal of personal worth. But why the sudden demand? Why are all the movie boys in such a hectic hurry to make talkies?

THE general impression to be gained from the utterances of those who are making them is that they have just been invented. This is both true and untrue, depending upon what invented means. It is true that recently devices have been evolved which enable a picture to be shown with what is regarded as satisfactory effectiveness in connection with related sounds. But it is equally true that some fifteen or twenty years ago there were instruments of like purpose nearly as effective. George White, the theatrical producer, has for the sake of keeping step with the vogue, incorporated in his newest revue a short talking picture. But he has said that when he was eight or ten years old he saw and heard entertainment of the same sort. He adds to this that in his opinion the quality of the talkies of to-day is

not appreciably better than was that of those he remembers from at least a decade and a half ago. And this is only one instance of earlier attempts to introduce the audible movie. Another was the inclusion, some seven or eight years ago, of a speaking device in the New York showing of D. V. Griffith's "Dream Street."

And there have been several other efforts in the same direction in the course of the same period.

The talking movie is thus not, strictly, a new invention. It is not, according to professional testimony, a medium which in its excellence of reproduction is much improved over what it was fifteen years or so ago. And it was, in the time between then and now, once developed to a degree of excellence capable of prompting one of the screen's most prominent directors to use it in connection with a photo-play whose success meant much to his own.

Had these fitful efforts been the only examples of attempts to free the screen of its silence, one might readily believe that the effects they produced were simply not acceptable to the public in comparison with the results achieved by the talkies of to-day. It might well be assumed that motion picture producers had rejected them because they did not work; and the corollary, too, be assumed, that once instruments that did work were invented, the screen and the public supporting the screen would have the benefit of them at once.

But other and more recent circumstances hardly bear this out. Some four years ago the laboratories of one of the great electrical manufacturing companies turned out a machine which, both from the point of view of clarity of tone and synchronization with the film, was as nearly perfect as one of the devices used to-day for talkies. This can be stated definitely because it is the same device.

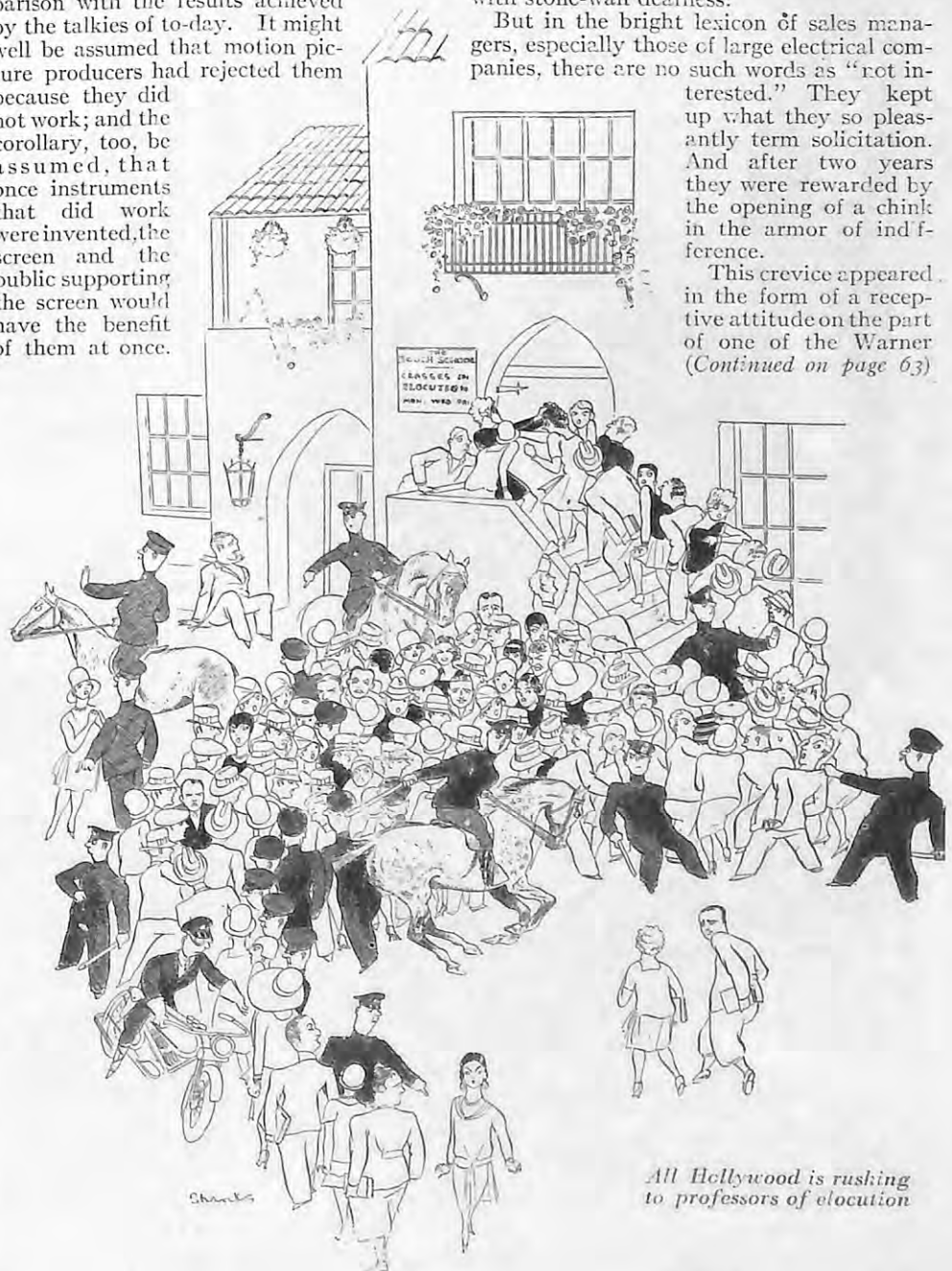
TO THE electrical company, at the time of this discovery, this machine seemed a triumphant achievement. The idea had been projected for years. When it should become an actuality, then from the film producers would come a ringing shout of exultation. The speaking screen, the marvel of marvels, journey's end, what the world was waiting for.

It was therefore something of a shock to the inventors to discover that nothing of the sort took place. Their emissaries to the courts of the mighty in the celluloid empires were either refused audience or, when they were not, given to understand that this was my busy day. True, from time to time, this talking device got a hearing. But usually exactly that and nothing more, just one hearing. Thereafter sales efforts were met with stone-wall deafness.

But in the bright lexicon of sales managers, especially those of large electrical companies, there are no such words as "not interested."

They kept up what they so pleasantly term solicitation. And after two years they were rewarded by the opening of a chink in the armor of indifference.

This crevice appeared in the form of a receptive attitude on the part of one of the Warner
(Continued on page 63)

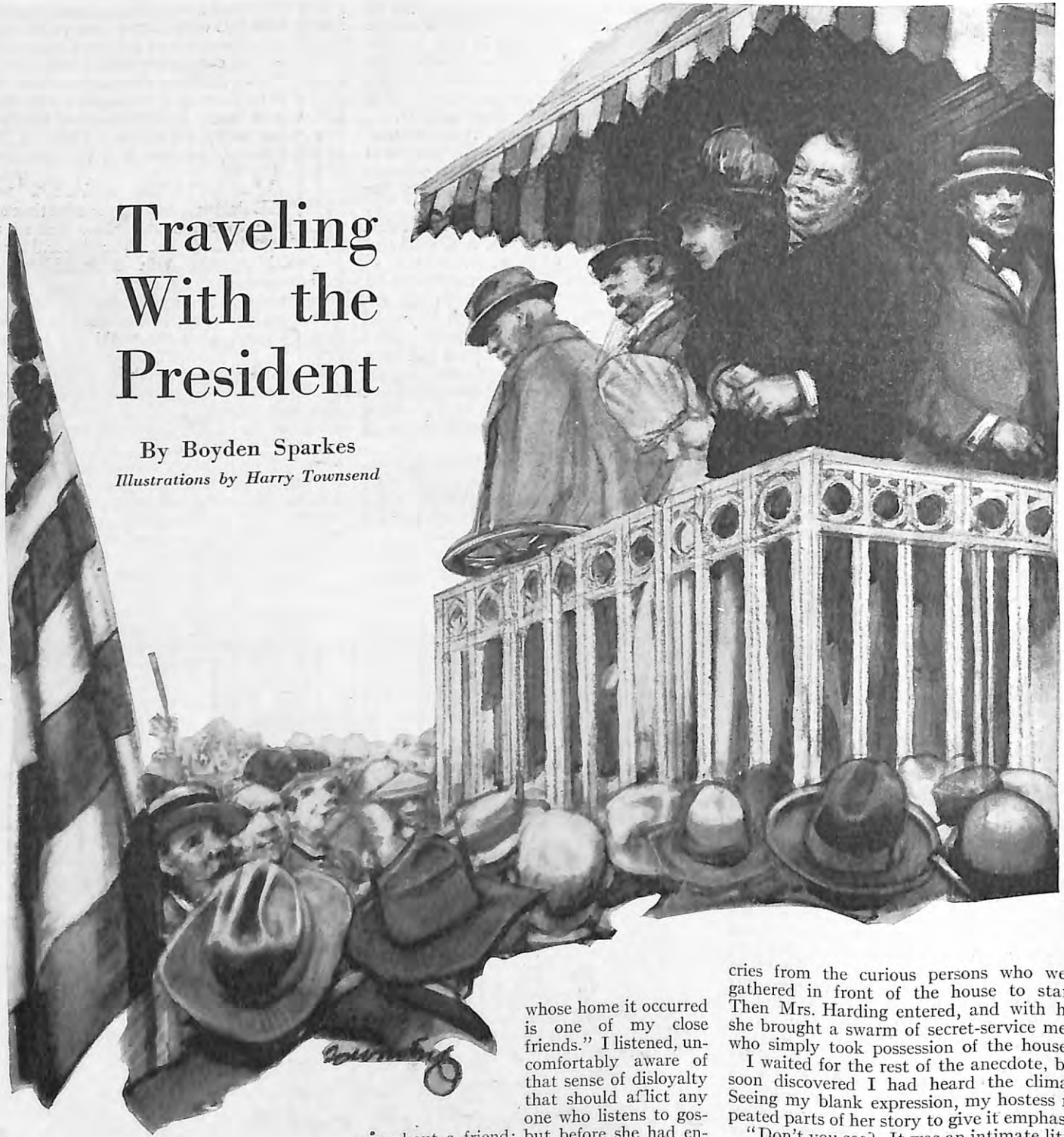


All Hollywood is rushing to professors of elocution

Traveling With the President

By Boyden Sparkes

Illustrations by Harry Townsend



AT a dinner table in a lovely home in a Southern city recently, I heard some more gossip about the Hardings. My hostess, aware that I, as a newspaper correspondent, had been thrown in contact with the late President of the United States and his wife, opened the subject by saying,

"Of course, you heard about the unpleasant occurrence in connection with their visit here a few years ago?"

"Not a word," I retorted.

"You didn't?" She seemed a bit skeptical.

"No," I insisted. "I had supposed that down here where they did not need to worry much about the delicate balances of local Republican factions, down here where their hosts were nearly all of a differing political faith, there was small chance of any unpleasant occurrence."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I know all about this, because I was present. The woman in

whose home it occurred is one of my close friends." I listened, uncomfortably aware of that sense of disloyalty that should afflict any one who listens to gossip about a friend; but before she had entirely finished her account of the episode, I experienced a sense of relief and a little gust of rage that made me burst forth in a way that was not entirely becoming, in view of the fact that I was speaking to my hostess.

"It had been made perfectly clear before the Hardings arrived," this lady said, "that the luncheon was to be strictly intimate. The woman who was to entertain for her explicitly stated that no officeholders, no local attachés of the Government were to be at the table. It was to be in her home, and the guest list had been restricted to a small group of the most prominent women of the city. Then what do you suppose happened?"

I could not hazard even a guess.

"Well, she was late for one thing, but we excused that because we understood how difficult it was to keep to a schedule of appointments. Her automobile swung into the driveway and under the porte cochere. We could hear the sputtering of the motorcycles of the traffic squad men and a few out-

cries from the curious persons who were gathered in front of the house to stare. Then Mrs. Harding entered, and with her she brought a swarm of secret-service men, who simply took possession of the house."

I waited for the rest of the anecdote, but soon discovered I had heard the climax. Seeing my blank expression, my hostess repeated parts of her story to give it emphasis.

"Don't you see? It was an intimate little luncheon; nothing official about it, and she brought that gang of men into the home of my friend. I tell you they went all over it, guarded the doors, stood in the halls and simply destroyed the effect of intimacy which it had been intended to create. I think it was horrid of her to bring those men—policemen, you might say."

It was then that I expressed myself.

"Mrs. Harding," I said dogmatically, "had nothing to do with it. Nor would Mrs. Coolidge, or the ladies who will succeed her, in years to come, as mistress of the White House. When the President travels he is entirely in the hands of the Secret Service, and so is his wife. The Secret Service is charged by law with his safety."

I must have raised my voice. My hostess and her family, all charming people, were, I fear, a little hurt because of my brusquerie.

There was small chance of making myself clear without monopolizing the conversation for the rest of the dinner, but even though I

subsided I had a lot of thoughts on the subject that remained bottled up. What I write now is by way of drawing the cork so as to relieve that pressure, and if, incidentally I can serve to show how completely most Americans fail to understand the problems that, when they travel, beset the President of the United States and the lady who married him for better or worse, I shall feel more at ease.

Maniacs, cranks with weird obsessions, office-seekers, cameramen, and other pests are as nothing in estimating nuisance values compared with the annoyance caused a traveling President by social climbers. The maniac with his fixed idea is usually discovered and steered away from the President by the secret-service men. The cranks, too, are easily identified and easily handled. All our Presidents have been able to cope with office-seekers if for no better reason than because the office-seekers' only hope of reward is to remain in the good graces of the President. The cameramen serve a worthwhile purpose, and prefer anyway to work in the open because of the superior light. But the social-climber is an insidious trickster, and there are social-climbers in every community. At one time or another I have talked with all of the secret-service men whose careers are devoted to the guardianship of the President, and all of them are in accord in saying that the social-climber is the worst affliction to which the President is subject when he travels.

I can illustrate my meaning with one little incident in the life of Mrs. Harding as mistress of the White House. It occurred during a trip the Hardings made to New York, when the President played on some of the finest of Long Island golf courses. On the lawn of one of those clubs Mrs. Harding caught sight of me and said, "I'm furious."

She looked it, too, and when I asked for the cause she chided me for writing in my newspaper account of the Hardings' movements a paragraph about a visit she was supposed to have made the day before to the estate of a wealthy family dwelling on Long Island. It would serve no good purpose to identify them now, so it will be just as well to label them as Doe.

"What was wrong with that?"

"I did not go there."

"But you were scheduled to go there while the President was playing golf. All of the papers said that you had gone. The local committee—"

"I DID not go there. I did not go by design, and the Does knew I had refused to come. Will you do something for me? Make it clear in your newspaper article to-morrow that I did not call on the Does?"

In this cruel fashion are high hats sometimes kicked from their perch. Behind that incident lay an old score dating from the time when Warren Harding was an obscure newspaper publisher in Marion, Ohio, and Florence Harding, as his partner,

was helping him by running the circulation department, managing the squad of delivery boys, sometimes by sweeping out the editorial-room and doing anything else she could to make the enterprise go. The Does then were a snobbish family seeking to rule the society of a certain Ohio city. The article of commerce manufactured by the Does was one needed in the production of newspapers. Whether Mr. Doe offended the Hardings then by some business transaction, or whether he snubbed them in some social encounter, I do not know. I do know he made them angry at a time when their anger seemed unimportant.

WITH the passage of years the Does had increased their wealth, and had striven to increase their social prestige by buying an estate close to a certain well-known Long Island rival of Newport. But they had not climbed so high as the once obscure Hardings.

When the Hardings left the White House on the trip that brought them to Long Island Mr. Doe managed to get himself named on the local committee, and did a thing characteristic of reception committeemen. He agreed with other members of the committee that the President should play one round of golf on a certain country-club course and yet another round on another course. He supported the contentions of other members that Mrs. Harding should

be entertained here and there during the President's golfing periods, and thereby gained their support for his proposal that Mrs. Harding should pay one tiny little visit to his new estate. He was an Ohioan of some prominence; the Hardings were Ohioans and this seemed quite reasonable. The arrangement was approved by the whole committee, and the matter rested there until the Hardings arrived in the presidential yacht *Mayflower*, were brought ashore in a smaller naval vessel and then proceeded to move about in motor-cars. They made so many visits to places of interest that it was difficult for the reporters who traveled with them on shore to record in chronological order all of their stops. Some one (could it have been Mr. Doe?) caused the reporters to receive the erroneous information, that his home had been distinguished by a visit from the first lady of the land. It was distinction he was looking for, because the Hardings as human beings meant nothing to him. Consequently publication of the false report was partial compensation for his disappointment at not being able to receive Mrs. Harding in his home; and, by the same token publication a day later of a pointed denial that any such visit had occurred was a humiliation that probably has left him until even to-day in a state of chagrin.

I have given the details of this episode because I think it illuminated a fierce kind of struggle that attends almost every journey of any President of the United States. I have seen imposing stone monuments in some town set before houses wherein some recent President has been given a night's lodging. You and I might ask, as we read the inscription on such a monument, "What of it?" but the owner of the house never asks that. He knows the stone commemorates a battle—a battle with other local dignitaries who had wanted the right to erect such a



monument in front of their own homes. Is this because they love their President, or because they have an extraordinary degree of respect for his high office? Perhaps, but even if they dislike him personally they wish to entertain him because of the distinction this gives their household.

"Yes, sir," you will be told on the slightest provocation for years thereafter, "that chair you are sitting in is a wide chair. President William Howard Taft sat in it when he was my guest back in February, 1909."

"When I say social-climbers are a principal source of annoyance to a traveling President," a Secret-Service man of the White House detail told me some time ago, "I do not mean the kind who are striving to get on in the once-restricted group that Mrs. Astor ruled. I mean social-climbers who are native to every city, town, village or cross roads in the country. I mean the people everywhere who are continually striving to put something 'over' their neighbors."

OFTEN when the President is away from Washington the best available accommodations are not to be had in some hotel in the city where he is to pass the night, but he stays in the hotel because that is the easiest way to compromise all the jealousies of those who want him under their roof tree.

Sometimes the Secret-Service advance man who has arrived to confer with the local committee in a town where the President is to visit, discovers that a curious program has been devised. It is likely the President can afford half a day in this town, but the committee will have prepared a program of visits, parades and speeches that could not be completed in a week. Reluctantly the members of the local committee will prune and shear at the program until it is almost within the bounds of reason, but nearly always there will be some time-devouring part of the plans which they will seek to defend to the last ditch. When the Secret-Service man insists on a reason for having the President's automobile routed through narrow streets in some remote part of the community it is usually discovered that this has been done so the procession will pass the factory of the chairman of the committee, or else the home of another member. In any event the schedule of the visit is submitted to the President for his final approval, but as a rule, before he sees it, the Secret Service has eliminated such selfish arrangements.

The men and women on a local committee charged with making arrangements for the reception of a President of the United States may engage in such activity once in their lives; but the men of the Secret Service devote their careers to the work, not merely of guarding the life of the President, but of shielding him as best they can from needless annoyance.

Certain patterns of annoyance that recur when a President travels are as familiar to them as a stenciled design on their bedroom wall paper. That kind they can prepare for, but the thing for which they must always be prepared and never can be, is the unexpected.

President Taft had a narrow escape one time that could not have been anticipated. He was cruising on the river at Savannah, Georgia, aboard the *Yamacraw*, a coast-guard cutter of what was then designated as the

revenue service. Mr. Taft was standing on the deck where he could see far up the green avenues of tributary streams, and respond to greetings of enthusiastic crowds that waved and called to him from every dock and wharf along the shore.

At the President's back stood Capt. Archie Butt, his military aide, who later went down with the *Titanic*, and Jimmy Sloane, one of his Secret-Service bodyguards. Suddenly there was a flare of orange flame

NOT in vain has newspaper reporting held the reputation for being one of the world's most exciting businesses. In an article called "Bits of Reportorial Wisdom," which is coming soon, Henry Irving Dodge will tell you many interesting anecdotes about interviewing famous personalities.

from a crenelated wall on shore. Then those on the deck with the President heard a shrill ripping sound as if a sheet of canvas had been torn by giant hands. Some missile had passed with terrific force right across the bow of the *Yamacraw*. Almost simultaneously there sounded a deep boom, and screams.

A saluting cannon loaded with a heavy charge designed to honor the President had exploded prematurely. A white man lost his eye in that accident; a negro lost his arm; but the ramrod that whizzed out over the river making all the racket of a shell might easily have made the disaster historic. It might have killed the President. How may our Presidents be shielded from unexpected dangers of this sort? Not all the vigilance of the Secret-Service men may protect him from such menacing things. But the fact that such menaces exist does justify the Secret Service in taking all of the elaborate precautions upon which its agents insist.

One time in New Orleans—it was in October, 1909—President Taft was being escorted to the French opera. The Taft of that day would make physically almost two of the gentleman who now presides over the Supreme Court of the United States. Just how much more than 300 pounds he weighed has always been a State secret such as the calibre of the guns of certain of our coast defenses. The lobby of the opera was packed with as many notables of New

Orleans as could persuade the police that they had real business in the lobby.

One of the policemen there, suffering from the state of emotional officiousness that invariably infects policemen called upon to smooth the pathway of a president, espied a dark-eyed, muscular little man who was striving to get closer to the President even though he had already forced his way to his plump elbow. With great presence of mind the policeman seized the dark-eyed man and yanked him backwards. Immediately that policeman was involved in something very like a rough and tumble with a small bear. Four more policemen jumped into the fight.

Mr. Taft had passed on into the opera house, but the members of his party who were streaming in his wake, suddenly saw the tall and powerful form of Secretary of War Dickinson reach out and grab a blue-coated policeman by the collar, toss him aside and then reach for another cop. With such an ally the small man succeeded in shaking off the other three policemen and dashed after the President as he had every right to do. He was Joe Murphy, who had been for seven years a Secret-Service man with Roosevelt and had been inherited by Taft. Now Murphy is the assistant of W. H. Moran the chief of the service. Moran has been in the service for a few more years than I have been alive, and his father was a distinguished member of it before him.

To me it is not a cause for wonder that a secret-service man should be seized by a policeman every now and then as they trail along with a President of the United States. The wonder is that it does not occur more often. The Secret-Service men try not to be conspicuous as they perform their duties, and to the policeman, hungry for distinction and quick promotion, they often appear as suspicious characters, the capture of whom may bring them glory.

THE hazards that exist in any journey are swollen to dramatic proportions when a President travels. In the first place a crowd in an emotional state of excitement becomes a curiously wayward entity, likely to obey any foolish impulse, as if it were a single mad being. The Secret Service, which has the wisdom of the serpent, may not always operate with the gentleness of the dove. Sometimes its men have to compel the police to enforce strict regulations designed to keep throngs of admirers from engulfing the President as such throngs have engulfed Lindbergh again and again. If it were not for the Secret Service I am positive there are times in these days of intense publicity, when too-enthusiastic fellow citizens would snatch the President's hat,

clip buttons off his coat and otherwise mutilate him in a hunt for souvenirs. As proof that I do not exaggerate I can cite some of the experiences of the Hardings.

During the campaign of 1920 when Senator Harding was the Republican candidate for the presidency, his fellow countrymen used to swarm into Marion to attend gatherings at his front porch at which time he made most of his campaign speeches. Mind you, he was not even president-elect at that time. One day Mrs. Harding called my attention to the condition of her dining-room chairs.

"Souvenir-hunters," she declared wrathfully.

(Continued on page 40)





Catch as Catch Can

The Feats and Experiences of George Bothner, as Told to

Tom Curry

Drawings by Grattan Condon

Part II

THE match with Higashi would take place at Grand Central Palace. It was in the spring of 1905. I was thirty-eight years old, and had been light-weight champion of the world for six years. Higashi weighed about the same as I did. He had immense hands and wrists for his size. The match was given plenty of publicity, Bob Edgren helping out. Several experts claimed that Higashi could throw any wrestler in the world. Public interest was hot. Jiu-jitsu was a fad, as I said, and it was to be a battle between East and West. Wrestling was popular in those days.

Finally the day appointed for the bout came. Higashi had not yet sent me the jacket I was to wear. I inquired about it, and he answered that it would be waiting for me in my dressing-room that night. I undressed, Bill Brown with me, and a couple of the boys. Then, just a few minutes before we were to go on, the jacket was brought to my room. It was of heavy canvas, and the sleeves came down over my elbows. I put it on and felt as though I were in a bag.

The old Grand Central Palace was packed. The late Tim Hurst, famous baseball umpire, was referee. I took my corner, and there was Higashi, attired in a thin silk shirt with short sleeves. It was much lighter and more pliable than the one he had sent me. But I would not complain. The referee called time. Higashi, squatting low, his beady black eyes fixed on me, slowly sidled towards me.

No holds were barred. My nervousness disappeared. Here I was, on the mat, and that was the place I felt at home. No man of my own size, and few of any size, had defeated me there. Upright, just bent a trifle from the waist, I started to

close with Higashi. The Jap suddenly leaped in, inserted his hands inside the neck of the canvas jacket I had on, and fell backwards, dragging me with him. As we went back, he pushed one foot into my stomach, and sent me sailing over his head.

I bounded to my feet, sick from the kick he had given me. But I went at him again. Higashi pulled the same trick, catching me by the coat and flinging me over his head.

Each time, he tried to fling himself on me. If he had been able to catch me down, he would have choked me, or twisted a toe or finger till I gave in. But I rolled out from under him both times. And then I invented a foil for his kick. I went at him, and let him get his grip on the neck of the coat, but as we fell backwards, I knocked his foot down, and instead of sailing over his head, I slipped in and put my scissors hold on him.

The Jap struggled violently, but I squeezed him until his tongue came out. A

chin lock pushed his head down, and an arm lock kept his shoulders to the mat. Fourteen minutes after we came together, I won the first fall. Higashi was angry. Into my own heart confidence flowed back. He came at me like a wild bull, and unloosed every trick he knew. For over two hours he tried to paralyze me, maim me, or break a bone.

He did take one hold, on my arm, that was pure torture. He pinched hard, and it felt as though little devils were sticking red-hot needles into me. But I broke his grip. He would try to choke me, and there was a buttonhole at the back of the suit, put there for just that purpose. Several times he managed to throttle me till I thought the end had come; but each time, with a great effort, I rolled clear, and twisted from his grasp. I took a strangle-hold on him—remember, no holds were barred in this—and I thought I had him; but he threw his chin down, and reaching back swiftly, pinched a nerve in my neck, and the pain made me let him go.

WE SEPARATED for an instant; I seized his arm as he came in, and threw him over my head, using a flying mare. But when I whirled around to pin him, he had slipped away. Of course, I was nearly done for. The torture of it was horrible. But I managed to punish Higashi too, and he weakened first. I took another body scissors, with a face lock combined, and squeezed till the Jap's face swelled like a balloon, and the second fall was mine.

Fifteen minutes rest and then I had to stagger on to the mat again and face Higashi. The contract called for three falls. We sparred for a minute or two, and I would not go near him. I needed my wind. But the Jap launched himself at me and caught my arm, bending it back across the grain till it cracked. He grinned



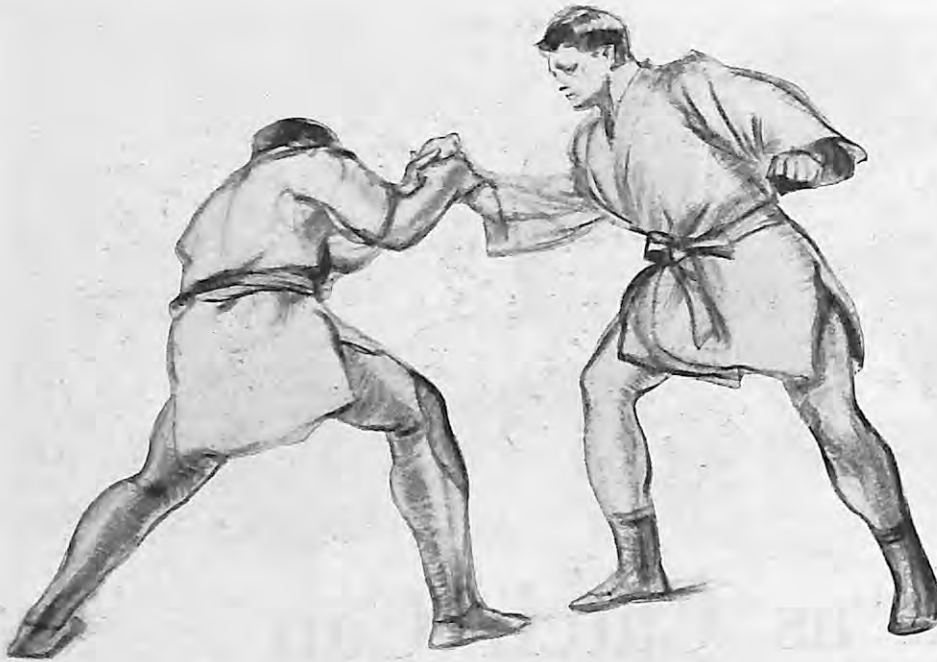
Youssouf, the "Terrible Turk"



Tom Jenkins

Pierre Colosse

PHOTOS BY BROWN BROS.



and murmured in triumph. If I resisted his hold, I would have a broken arm; if I did not, he would break the bone anyway. I had to work fast.

The pain was so intense, I think it helped me in my move. I threw my whole body round, releasing the pressure on my arm but losing my balance, but as I flew in a half-circle I struck Higashi on the chin with my free hand and caught his waist again in the deadly scissors. He swayed for a moment, then crashed to the floor, with me on him. I squeezed brutally, pushing his chin back with my hand.

When he finally turned over and I pinned his shoulders to the mat, his body was limp. I got up, after Hurst touched my shoulder as the winner, and went to my dressing-room. Higashi had to be revived. From the jacket he gave me, which had a long, concealed buttonhole at the back of the neck, it was obvious that Higashi had had as many doubts about his ability to throw me as I had about defending myself against the so-called deadly jiu-jitsu.

The longest match I ever had was with Eugene Tremblay, the Canadian lightweight champion. It was to a fall, and my championship of the world was at stake as well as large sums of money. This took place in April, 1904, at Sohmer Park, Montreal. It was a popular match. The French-Canadians, who considered Tremblay their champion, swarmed to see him strive to beat me, the world's title-holder. Thousands of people stormed the gates, breaking down fences and flooding the park.

PERSONALLY, I considered half an hour on the mat with a worthy opponent more strenuous than ten rounds with the gloves, and Tremblay was surely worthy. I had to defend myself constantly, and could not get an effective hold. Neither Tremblay nor I could down the other. Midnight came, then two o'clock, and still we wrestled on. For eight hours and fifteen minutes, in which time few of the audience left their seats, we struggled for supremacy. Great excitement was felt and shown by the French-Canadians.

I was unable to pin Tremblay. He was elusive, alert, a good wrestler. And, finally, as day was breaking, the referee called it a draw. I was in bed for three days after that match. It took Tremblay some time to recover also.

The shortest match I ever participated in was at a tournament in Newark, N. J. Bobby Baird was my opponent, and I won the first fall in seven seconds, with a crotch hold and half-Nelson. So you see, when you go on the mat, you never can tell how long you'll be there.

In 1912, at the age of forty-five, and undefeated in the lightweight class, I decided to retire. I intended to quit competition and simply teach wrestling. I knew that I was not yet finished, but I had had enough traveling for a while, and wished to remain quietly at home with my family.

NO SOONER had I retired, and announced my withdrawal from competition, than Henry Irslinger, wearer of the Lord Lonsdale belt, representing the middleweight championship of England, arrived in New York. Irslinger was very successful. He defended his title against many wrestlers, heavyweights and middleweights.

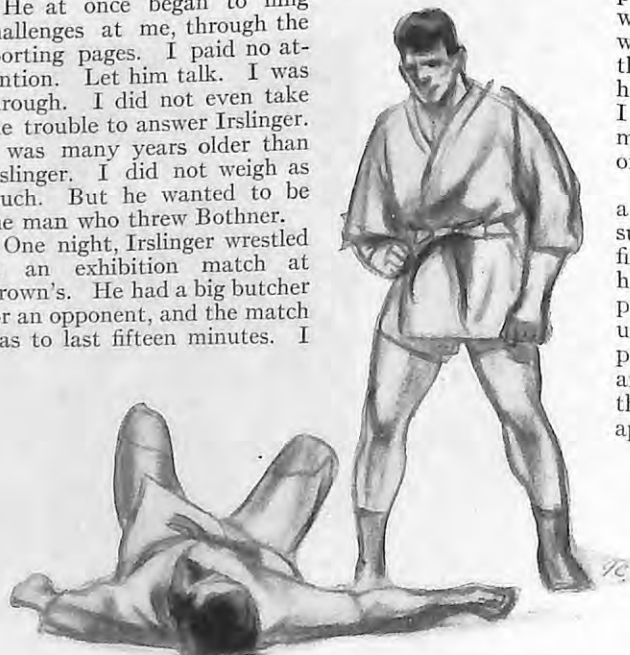
I had retired. I was firm in my decision not to go on the mat again in competition.

Irslinger was persistent. His friends assured him that I could not be coaxed or taunted into a match.

"Bothner has retired," they said.

He at once began to fling challenges at me, through the sporting pages. I paid no attention. Let him talk. I was through. I did not even take the trouble to answer Irslinger. I was many years older than Irslinger. I did not weigh as much. But he wanted to be the man who threw Bothner.

One night, Irslinger wrestled in an exhibition match at Brown's. He had a big butcher for an opponent, and the match was to last fifteen minutes. I



was standing in the background, watching the bout.

Irslinger was good. The butcher was not. The skillful champion waited for a few minutes, showing how easily he could break the man's holds, and then he applied a flying mare and threw the big fellow over his head. He fell on the butcher and twisted his shoulders for a fall, inside of eight minutes.

Everybody laughed and applauded. Irslinger got to his feet, raised his arm for silence, and spoke.

"I have challenged George Bothner to a match at least fifty times," he said slowly, looking in my direction. "I have spoken through print, through the mail, and by word of mouth. And Bothner has refused to meet me. Now, I am going to speak openly, and tell what I think. Bothner is yellow. He wants to rest on his past laurels. He has a great record; and he wants to keep it. In his heart he has always harbored the fear of defeat. I can beat him, and since I am a heavier man, I will say here that I will give him a handicap. I will throw him three times within an hour. I can do it, easily. And Bothner knows it. He is afraid to wrestle me!"

Of course, Irslinger was just talking to make me come out of my shell. And he succeeded.

Next day Irslinger and I went down to the Globe office, and posted forfeits for our appearance. The match was to take place January 23d, 1912, at Brown's gymnasium. Irslinger was to try to make good his boast that he could throw me three times within an hour. The contest would be catch-as-catch-can, with only the strangle-hold barred.

Could I hold my own against this youngster? Or had age taken away my skill? I trained hard for the match, and was as worried as I had been in my first days of competition. Irslinger was a fine wrestler, and a heavier man. And I was forty-five.

I faced the youngster on the mat at Brown's gymnasium, January 23d, 1912. I had decided simply to defend myself against Irslinger. There were many who said that I had reached the end of the tether, and would be defeated. Irslinger and I took the referee's hold. The English champion would have to work fast to throw me three times in sixty minutes.

He tried for a body hold, but I slipped around in back of him, and when he spun to seize me, pushed his face back and mussed his hair. Irslinger bent low and tried to apply a flying mare; but I

worked the counter for that, which is to step in front of the opponent and apply a headlock. With the headlock I brought him crashing to the mat. He worked his way out of the headlock by bridging.

In several attempts to take a fall out of me, he almost succeeded. He had me in difficult straits. Once he got a half-Nelson and toe-hold; one powerful arm was twisted under my shoulder, the hand pressing the back of my neck, and there is nothing worse than the toe-hold, properly applied. It is likely to mean a broken leg if resisted.

Lying on my side, pinned with the two vital holds, it looked as though Irslinger had me. But I threw myself forward, pushing up his chin viciously, and bringing up my free leg I shoved

at him, just managing to break the holds. I leaped to my feet. Irslinger came back and tried to get a body hold, endeavoring to lift me off my feet. I drove his chin back, forcing him to release me. He could not hold me.

The hour was up. I was declared winner. It was a handicap match and Irslinger had failed to down me even once, let alone three times.

Next day he came out in the papers with the usual alibi: that he had been injured in the early part of the match, and so had been unable to make good his boast. He wanted a match to the finish.

Since I had come out of retirement I decided to accommodate him. The match was arranged. This time it was to be two falls out of three, catch-as-catch-can, and there was to be no time limit. Fifteen minutes' rest would be allowed between falls.

WE MET for the second time. Irslinger was out for blood. The match began at 9:50 P. M. Irslinger was the aggressor in the early part of the bout. I planned to let him wear himself out and remained on the defensive. Three-to-one odds had been placed against me. Three thousand dollars to one thousand was bet that Irslinger would win the match. For the first hour Irslinger rushed me and I let him cut out the work, trying to tire him. At the end of the hour Irslinger was still forcing the match and showed no signs of weakening. We kept at it hammer and tongs, and in spite of his greater weight and strength, he gained nothing.

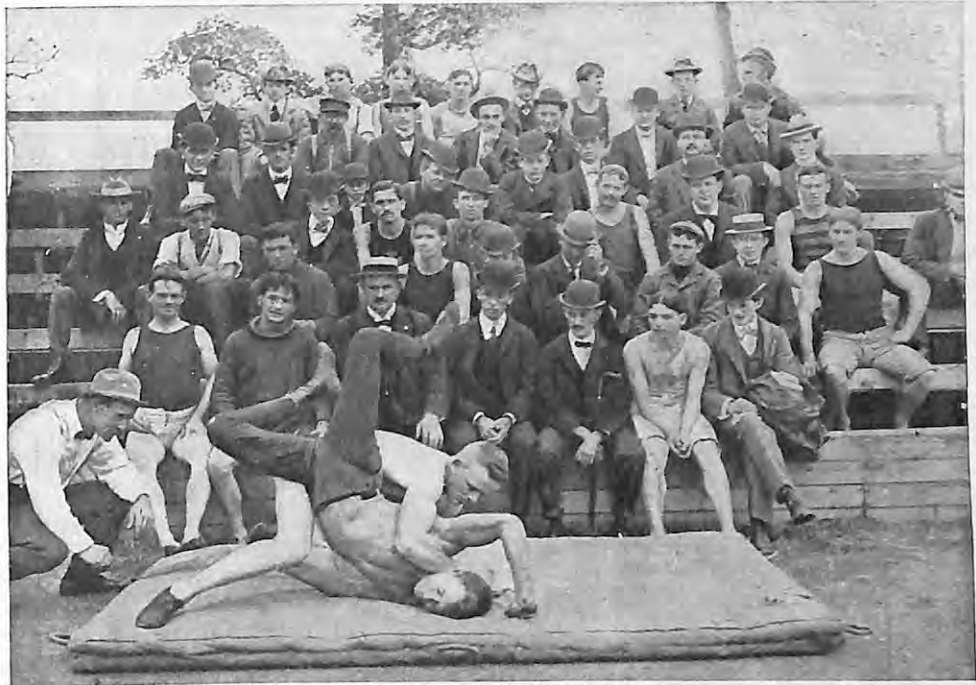
Shortly after midnight, when we had been wrestling for over two hours, I applied a head hold on Irslinger, and when he broke away he was bleeding from the nose and mouth. Irslinger then suggested to the referee that we call the match a draw.

"Are you agreeable to that, Bothner?" asked O'Brien.

"No," I said. "Let's finish it."

For another hour we wrestled on, both of us extremely tired. About 1 A. M. O'Brien notified us that he would stop the bout if no fall was secured within fifteen minutes. We went at it hotly for the remainder of the match, but at the call of time, neither had succeeded in obtaining a fall. So the contest was called a draw.

The showing I made against Irslinger and the fact that I was out of retirement, encouraged me to go to the mat with several welterweights. After several more bouts, in which I was victorious, I decided to retire again. I announced for the second time that I was through with competition. I



George Bothner and Bill Brown training at the old Pastime A. C. in 1891

thought I had earned the right to retire with my laurels, and that I would remain undisturbed by taunts.

But I was mistaken. Along came a Japanese heavyweight, Tarro Miyake. Miyake claimed the jiu-jitsu championship of the world, and he also had spent some time in England learning the holds of catch-as-catch-can, which he picked up very quickly. Miyake launched a campaign for a match with me, by telling the newspapers that he did not want a cent if he did not throw me three times within an hour. For several weeks I refused to wrestle with Miyake; but finally my patience was exhausted and I agreed to the match. When we came to sign the contract, Miyake had given up the idea that the winner should take all the profits, and insisted on a 75-25 split. He agreed to throw me three times within an hour.

Tarro Miyake had been disparaging American wrestling, claiming that catch-as-catch-can was only a side line with him, and that he could beat any man in the world. Miyake was squat, heavy-muscled and a powerful man. He weighed about one hundred and seventy-five pounds. When I faced him in the ring, a large, painful carbuncle had developed on the back of my neck, near the shoulder. We were in Brown's gymnasium, and the house was packed. Now I did not have to do anything but defend myself against Miyake, because the conditions of the match were that he was to throw me three times inside the hour.

For over twenty minutes I held Miyake off. He soon discovered the carbuncle on my neck and he made good use of it. As often as he could he rubbed his hairy muscular arm across it, and the pain of it nearly drove me crazy. Then Miyake got a leg hold and a half-Nelson. As he gripped the back of my neck with his hand he continually roughed the carbuncle, and I struggled in an ecstasy of pain to break away. I lost my poise, and before I

knew it Miyake had pinned my shoulders to the mat for the first fall.

Referee Joe Rogers called for the usual rest between falls. I pulled myself together. Miyake had thrown me once, and he was triumphant, though he had not yet fulfilled his contract. As I sat in my corner, trying to recover myself after the agony of pain from the carbuncle, Leo Pardello, a heavyweight wrestler and a friend of mine, came to my corner.

"Listen, George," said Pardello, who knew about my sore neck, "Miyake will try the same thing again, if you let him. He'll torture you till you lose your head and then he'll throw you. Go in and take a chance. The first opening you see, slip in and try to throw him."

PARDELLO'S advice was good. I gave up the idea of caution, and when I faced Miyake at the end of the rest, it was with the intention of throwing him, throwing him as hard as I could. The big Jap had had to exert himself mightily to get that first fall. He thought I would let him cut out the work, as I had at the beginning, and that he could take a few moments to recover his wind completely.

I watched my chance. I was on my hands and knees, with the big Jap over me trying for a further Nelson. It was then that I saw my opportunity. Quickly I turned out from under him, and reaching forward, grasped his further arm with both my hands, jerked mightily, and in a twinkling of an eye Miyake was on his back. Miyake rose and wanted to continue, but Referee Joe Rogers led him to a corner. It was only then the Jap realized he had been thrown. When this came to him, that I had been declared the winner, he became infuriated and tried to rush at me; but Referee Rogers, who weighed two hundred and eighty pounds, held him back.

The conditions of the match were that Miyake was to throw me three times in an hour; or if I got a fall, that made me winner and terminated the bout.

Well, having come out of retirement to defeat Miyake, I found myself again on the mat in competition. I kept on wrestling, but retired again in 1914. Bill Brown decided to close his gymnasium and spend his

(Continued on page 54)

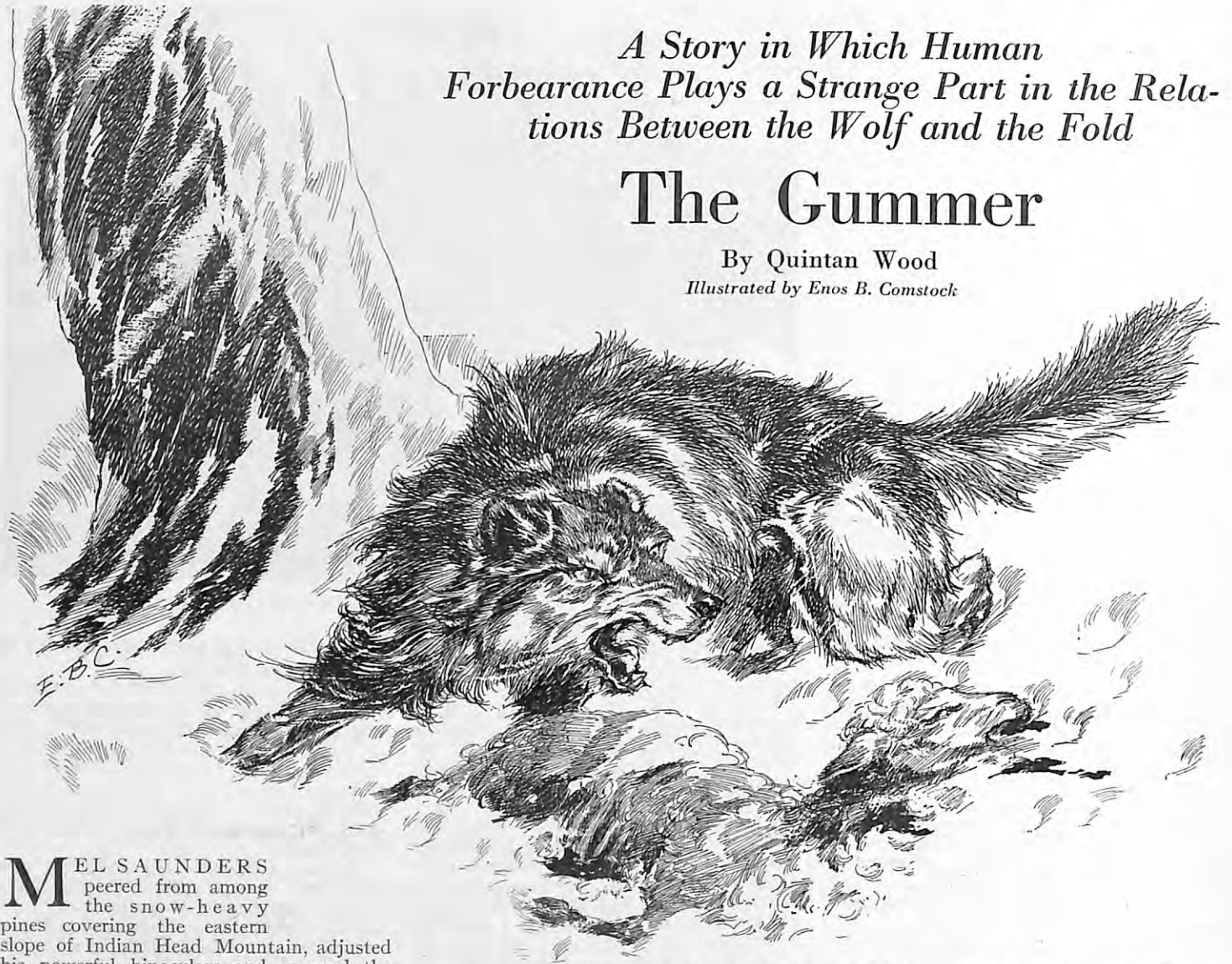


*A Story in Which Human
Forbearance Plays a Strange Part in the Rela-
tions Between the Wolf and the Fold*

The Gummer

By Quintan Wood

Illustrated by Enos B. Comstock



MEL SAUNDERS peered from among the snow-heavy pines covering the eastern slope of Indian Head Mountain, adjusted his powerful binoculars and scanned the valley below him. In the gray November dawn pine, spruce and cedar trees loomed black against the bluish whiteness of last night's snowfall and, at first, no sign of life was visible along the valley. Nevertheless he continued his scrutiny, and presently, as the light grew, his patience was rewarded. Near the timber on the far side of the valley, where the mountain rose in long, undulating curves to the distant, ragged peaks of the Lost Range, something moved. Instantly Saunders' wandering gaze became fixed. Each moment the approaching sunrise added its light to the reflected glow from the snow, and after another short and careful examination the watcher stood up, muttered to himself and readjusted his binoculars with greater precision.

Gazing again through the lenses, his lips tightened and jaw muscles bulged. There in the snow, near the bole of a huge spruce lay that which he sought—the mangled body of the stray sheep he had been tracking. Around the carcass clustered a dozen dark forms. The marauding band of coyotes which three hours earlier had raided his ranch pens and scattered his flock were feasting on their quarry. Now, as the light increased, the individuals of the pack became easily discernible to the naked eye. They were oblivious of his presence. Nodding grimly to himself Saunders reached, with a sudden determined move, for his rifle. Adjusting the sights he swung the high-powered weapon to his shoulder, sighted it, then slowly lowered the muzzle.

An odd movement among the pack had caught his eye. Again he resorted to the

powerful glasses. Then, as the flooding daylight made each object more distinct, he stared in unfeigned amazement. The coyotes were leaving their kill; scattering; drifting away, tails low and ears flattened; each one warily eyeing the timbered rise opposite. Fear of some unseen foe showed in their actions, and for a few seconds Saunders swept the concealing trees vainly. Then he exhaled sharply, half in surprise, half exulting.

A huge grizzled form had debouched from the pine trees. Head low, tail stiffly erect, the newcomer trotted across the snow-covered open space, making straight for the abandoned kill.

Meanwhile the coyotes, hackles standing and slender tusks clashing their anger, gave ground as the timber wolf advanced. A few, loath to desert their meal, made as if to resent the intrusion, but the great wolf, twice the bulk of the largest coyote, lifted his scarred lips in a silent snarl, and the boldest coyote shrank from his path.

Saunders adjusted his glasses again, wiped the frost from the lenses, and, although he could now see the group plainly with naked eye, he continued to use the binoculars. With their aid he studied the great gray head; the stubs of mangled ears—mute testimony of many savage battles; the powerful grizzled body and the peculiar stiffness of the lone animal's gait. Then, as the wolf swung broadside and lifted his long lips, revealing his fangs, Saunders gasped. The powerful glasses showed worn and splintered tusks and some teeth in the long jaw were missing. Age and long use had plucked at

and dulled the wolf's fighting tools till now they were almost useless. Again Saunders studied him minutely. Now he saw that the unusually heavy mane was tinged with black, and he nodded to himself, grinning at the coyotes' discomfiture.

"It's him, all right," he muttered. "By George, it's The Gummer."

And he fell to studying the old wolf anew. Meanwhile The Gummer, so called because of his worn teeth, which no longer permitted him to kill as of old and so forced him to live by his wits, halted at the sheep's body and commenced to tear ravenously at a hind quarter. Now and then he lifted his battle-scarred muzzle to view the angry coyotes with a hatred mixed with contempt. The pack, in turn, sensing The Gummer's weakness, yet fearing him, circled, snarling their anger impotently.

THE Gummer was hungry. It seemed that he was always hungry nowadays. Age had so stiffened the mighty muscles, dimmed sight and hearing and dulled his fangs, his weapons both of defense and by which he subsisted, that he was forced to live upon mice, pack rats, rabbits, ground-nesting birds, and the kill of other animals, and to forego the slashing attacks which formerly brought down deer and even the mighty elk, and he resented the enforced change in his mode of living.

Time was when The Gummer, his black-maned shoulders testifying to the strain of dog in his make-up—a throw-back from some long-forgotten ancestor—had been well known to Saunders and had been undis-

puted ruler of the wild reaches of the Lost Range. But he had wandered afar with the years, and only recently had returned to this section. His inability to kill big game as of old had forced him to resort to this well-known country, where he might gain a living without so much expenditure of effort, and in addition to hide from the many hunters who now inhabited the lower valleys. Here he knew that his great cunning, coupled with his knowledge of the Lost Range, would enable him to offset the handicaps of advancing age.

But a change had come over the Lost Range since his departure. Much of the game had disappeared. There was no longer the abundance of rich grazing here either, and even the settlers had departed. Saunders alone remained with his tiny flock of sheep. To add to The Gummer's troubles, a band of coyotes had usurped this hunting ground. Their coming had brought destruction to much of the small game, and their constant hunting kept the mountain dwellers on the alert and made the old wolf's living much more difficult to obtain. However, this was their first attack on Saunders' flock. He had gone unmolested so far, eking out a slim living at his ranch. But now his property rights had been violated by the destructive pack, and The Gummer, wise in the ways of men, knew that close on the heels of such a raid would follow the hunters, and he snarled his anger at the fools that had brought on this thing, though he fed their kill at the same time.

Traps, poison and the hounds were sure

dainful of their presence. But presently the wind veered and one of the pack raised his head. Then as his nose tested the wind, a sudden change came over him. He dropped his head. His tail brushed the snow in fear, and a moment later he had slunk from sight among the trees. His followers, likewise catching the man scent, vanished like shadows, and a minute later The Gummer was alone.

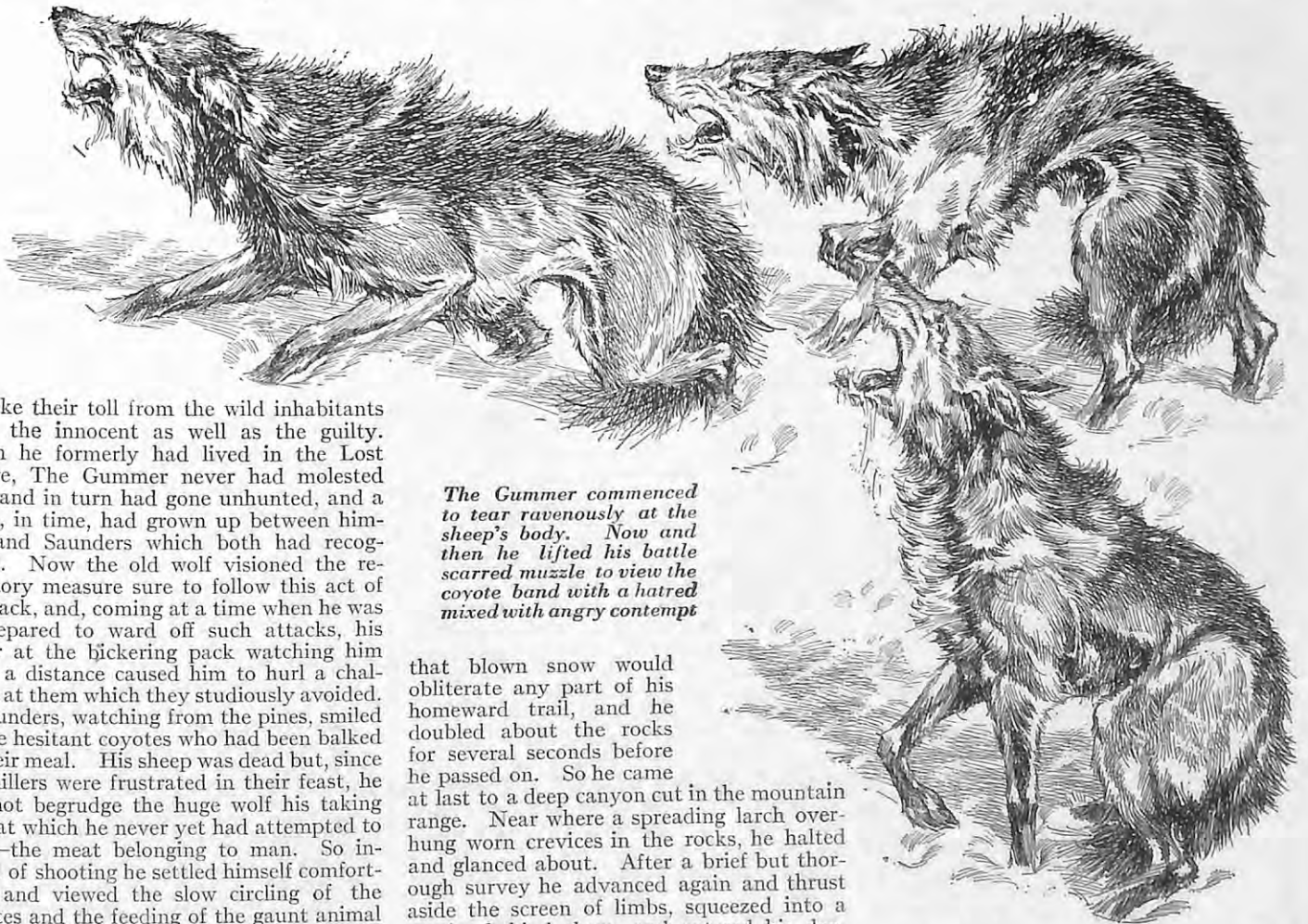
NOW the old wolf, noticing their departure, thrust his huge muzzle high and tested the chill air. The scent which the coyotes had detected came to him, too, and turning hurriedly from the nearly devoured carcass he made for the timber. Saunders grinned as he noticed how The Gummer placed a huge spruce between himself and the direction of the man scent, and as he crouched there, waiting, brilliant blue-black mountain jays, black-and-white long-tailed magpies and slate-colored camp robbers hovering in the trees fluttered down to the feast, and Saunders knew that the meat-eaters would not be back. So, straightening at last, he thrust aside the interlaced boughs, and, turning to the right, angled off along a faint trail leading across the slope of the mountain toward his distant cabin. Meanwhile The Gummer moved swiftly through the timber of the mountainside, traveling at a stiff trot, yet covering the ground at a good pace.

Two miles from the scene of the kill he turned aside from the timber and mounted an open space where wind swept the snow from the rocks. Here the old wolf knew

search for the food which he must have to live. But, before he dozed, the strange actions of the man, who had not attempted to shoot, came back to him, and the fear he had held of all men lessened.

For several days after the sheep-killing, a cessation in the fall of snow made travelling easier and The Gummer managed to strike down several unwary jack-rabbits and a couple of grouse, to appease his enormous appetite. Yet he carefully avoided the region of the Saunders ranch. The coyote attack still worried him, and two weeks later, when he came again upon the remains of fresh-killed sheep and the scent about the kill told him that the same pack had been the perpetrators of this outrage, his hackles rose in anger. A definite uneasiness gripped him. Two days passed, and another such kill was discovered. Immediately The Gummer decided on his course of action. Vengeance was certain to be meted out impartially now to all killers, as he knew from past experiences. He must put the greatest distance between himself and the avengers before the menace arrived. So, with a last sniff at the sheep carcass, he struck off up the rise of the range.

The Gummer had come upon the kill before daylight. It was already some twenty-four hours old, so by the time the sun rose the old wolf was still far from the haven he sought and already forces were at work to punish the guilty. But much as he feared the relentless hunters, the old wolf was unwilling to travel in daylight, and now he secreted himself in a growth of heavy timber, to await nightfall.



The Gummer commenced to tear ravenously at the sheep's body. Now and then he lifted his battle scarred muzzle to view the coyote band with a hatred mixed with angry contempt

to take their toll from the wild inhabitants now, the innocent as well as the guilty. When he formerly had lived in the Lost Range, The Gummer never had molested man and in turn had gone unhunted, and a truce, in time, had grown up between himself and Saunders which both had recognized. Now the old wolf visioned the retaliatory measure sure to follow this act of the pack, and, coming at a time when he was ill-prepared to ward off such attacks, his anger at the hickering pack watching him from a distance caused him to hurl a challenge at them which they studiously avoided.

Saunders, watching from the pines, smiled at the hesitant coyotes who had been balked of their meal. His sheep was dead but, since the killers were frustrated in their feast, he did not begrudge the huge wolf his taking of that which he never yet had attempted to slay—the meat belonging to man. So instead of shooting he settled himself comfortably and viewed the slow circling of the coyotes and the feeding of the gaunt animal whose battle to survive against the forces of nature, despite his infirmities, paralleled the struggle which for several years Saunders had made on his tiny ranch.

For a quarter of an hour the coyotes circled impotently and The Gummer fed, dis-

that blown snow would obliterate any part of his homeward trail, and he doubled about the rocks for several seconds before he passed on. So he came at last to a deep canyon cut in the mountain range. Near where a spreading larch overhung worn crevices in the rocks, he halted and glanced about. After a brief but thorough survey he advanced again and thrust aside the screen of limbs, squeezed into a crevice behind them, and entered his den.

For the first time in a week The Gummer, well fed, settled in a corner of the rocky cavern. Now he prepared for the sleep from which he would not awaken before nightfall again called him forth to the never-ending

Toward afternoon a sound awakened him. Instantly he was on his feet, listening. Now the deep baying of a hound floated up to him. It was yet daylight, and his most-feared foe, the hunter with dogs, was on

his trail. There was no time to attempt to confuse his pursuers now. So a gaunt gray-and-black body slipped through the tangle of dry brush and headed straight toward the snow-shrouded peaks of the Lost Range.

The coyote pack had departed from the kill previous to its discovery by The Gummer, so the dogs of the hunters, who had been called in by Saunders to end this menace took the freshest scent they found, the trail of The Gummer.

Soon the lead hounds were rooting about in the underbrush, where the old wolf had slept but a short time before, and the hunters, seeing the wolf tracks, urged their dogs joyfully. They were after any killer that crossed their path. To them a timber wolf was even more destructive than coyotes. But to find tracks and come up with the owner of those tracks were entirely different problems. All afternoon the hounds held on and The Gummer, pressing stiffly through the deeping drifts of the high country, panted from his terrific exertions as he heard the relentless baying of the hounds come closer.

Half an hour before sunset the old wolf struck the first bare rocks above timber line. A ten-minute climb along a sheltered ridge, a leap from ledge to higher ledge, a last reconnaissance and the wolf halted. The climb in that rare atmosphere, bitter cold as it was, had sapped his waning strength and he gasped for breath and staggered wearily where, in his youth, he would have negotiated the ascent with ease. But as he settled his big body among the gray, wind-swept rocks he was able to peer from hiding and far below make out a part of the back trail.

Presently in the approaching dusk he sighted the tiny figures of two men at the edge of some timber. About them clustered several dogs. Had they decided to call off the hunt? For a minute hope beat high in his breast. Suddenly from near at hand sounded a clicking and a scratching. It carried above the whine of the wind and caused the lone watcher to rise stiffly. For the minute The Gummer stood, undecided. Then an unseen hound gave tongue. Again the challenge floated up. Yet no man's voice, urging on the dogs, accompanied this challenge. The figures far below did not move or even glance in this direction as the wind carried any sounds away from them. But again the baying of the hound sounded. This time it was stronger, more exultant. Some of the pursuers were close by and The Gummer knew that it was useless to flee. Instead his grizzled old body tensed and, eyes flashing, he faced the back trail. Then around the face of a large boulder appeared the head and shoulders of a huge hound. For a second, although he scented the wolf, the dog did not sight his quarry among the gray rocks. Halting he threw back his head and bayed. With the first booming note The Gummer charged.

THE astounded hound, too late, half turned and took the shock on his shoulder. But the impact of the blow bowled him over. Worn tusks scarred his soft neck as he strove desperately to cling to the rock ledge; slipped; held a moment; then tumbled to the boulders below. As the old wolf hesitated a second and a third dog appeared. Flanked by reinforcements, the leader scrambled back to the rocks. A



Worn tusks scarred his soft neck as the big hound strove desperately to cling to the rock ledge; slipped; held a moment; then tumbled to the boulders below

leap, a feint as the old wolf sought a better position, then the hounds were upon him.

Hampered by his dull weapons it was only the tremendous strength of The Gummer which threw them off. Then as one more bold than his mates again closed, the long jaws opened. Worn teeth crunched the hound's shoulder. The chopping blow sprawled the attacker in a heap, from which he arose to retreat on three legs. Another strike gashed a second hound from nose to ear, and the leader refused to advance now.

For several minutes The Gummer faced the hounds. The dogs seemed to realize that no reinforcements could be counted on, and their steady baying became less vigorous. Darkness was already shrouding the peaks when the faint shrill note of the recall whistle floated up from far below. At the blast they commenced to retreat, barking loudly, and were soon lost to view.

Weak from several wounds and worn by the tremendous exertion of the chase, The Gummer listened a moment before he turned, crossed the ridge and dropped to the opposite slope. As night shut down about the peak he was lost to sight in the protecting timber which blankets the eastern slope of Indian Head.

Hatred for the coyote band which had caused the hunters' visit grew with The Gummer as the days passed. In addition he was finding it more and more difficult to find game. The trail of the coyote band led everywhere, mute testimony to why the range was being stripped of its food; and always the scent of the roving pack sent the hackles erect on the old wolf when he read their signs in the snow.

January came and The Gummer was now a gaunt and hunger-ridden skeleton. Starvation daily stalked his footsteps, and at last, driven by necessity, he took to haunting the forbidden ridges about the Saunders

ranch. Here the coyotes had not hunted, and here he managed to pick up an occasional rabbit or an unwary grouse. Many nights his nose sampled the warm scent of the sheep as it drifted up on the wind. But each time the man-smell was mingled with the sheep scent, and The Gummer was deterred from violating his long truce.

But as the days dragged by the coyote pack learned that the territory about the Saunders ranch, which they had shunned since the coming of the hunters, promised abundant game, and now they, too, scouted the upper ridges. Yet they did not linger here, for when The Gummer's deep cry cut the icy air of a night it silenced their yapping and sent them slinking to other hunting

grounds to give way to the dread presence of the timber wolf.

Meanwhile Saunders, held to his ranch duties except for short hunting forays to vary his meat diet, traveled the ridges only in the daylight. Here he recognized the huge tracks of the lone wolf, and recalling the feud between the wolf and the coyotes desisted from setting traps for this strange visitor. The coyote pack had slain his collie, and the old wolf, with the touch of dog in his makeup, served in a measure to compensate for the missing collie. So the man came, at night, to listen for the deep cry which announced The Gummer's rival on the ridge, and he speculated on the lone wolf's queer actions, not knowing that The Gummer, too, drew his measure of comfort from the sight of the familiar ranch house in the valley.

JANUARY and February passed, and still The Gummer haunted the ranch more and more boldly. Then, one week early in March, Saunders, on a tour of his outer fences and after small game, came upon the old wolf's tracks near the far end of the pasture. Apparently this was a favorite visiting place, from the many tracks here. The following day fresh ones indicated that during the night The Gummer had again come as close as the edge of the pasture. This time Saunders was carrying a rabbit which he had just shot. It was warty, and useless to him, so he tossed it in the fence-corner, where the old wolf was sure to find it.

Tracks about the fence the next day proved that The Gummer had returned. The rabbit was missing. Again Saunders left an offering. This time a grouse which he had shattered when it sprang up too close to his gun. Once more The Gummer's tracks marked the snow and the bird had disappeared. Soon it became a habit with the lonely man to drop something here for his strange acquaintance, and by the end of March the old wolf had grown to expect these offerings and to make nightly trips as far as the ranch yard itself whenever the food was not forthcoming.

Now Saunders came to listen for the long-drawn wail which announced The Gummer's arrival at night and which silenced the yapping of the coyotes, and the old wolf, jealous of his latest hunting ground, patrolled the ridges zealously and the coyotes avoided the ranch once more.

April brought a thaw and then a hard freeze, followed by an unusually heavy snow. Ice underlay the soft covering, and one afternoon, Saunders, negotiating the distance between the corral and his cabin

was deceived by the covering of snow. A careless step, an attempt to regain his balance, and his foot slipped. A pail of water he carried contributed to his downfall, and his head struck the bucket rim as he went down. For a minute blinding pain left him sick and helpless. When he finally dragged himself to the cabin he discovered that he had not only sprained his back and bruised his head, but had wrenched his right knee so severely that it would not bear his weight. So now his exits were reduced to two laborious visits a day to the corral. On hands and knees he negotiated the distance; let the sheep into the corral in the morning, where feed and water were available, and again at night visited them and penned them safely in the low barn once more.

THE heavy snowfall also handicapped the meat eaters, and the coyotes now grew so bold that they commenced haunting the vicinity of the ranch again. The deer and elk long since had retreated far down the range, where they might feed about the haystacks of the valley ranchers, and there the killers feared to follow. Those grouse, not caught beneath the hardening snow crust when the sudden freeze followed the first thaw, were soon reduced to a pitiful and wary few by the starving hunters, and the big snowshoe rabbits, generally available for food, easily negotiated the soft new snow and evaded attempts at capture.

So, among the rest, The Gummer suffered. Only he was less able to get about than the coyotes. He spent long hours wallowing in the drifts and endlessly searching for the pitifully small amount of food which fell to his lot. In addition he sorely missed Saunders' offerings, and night after night he scouted the fence-corner and the edges of the ranch yard for some scrap of food.

One morning Saunders, in need of more meat, butchered a sheep in the corral and dragged the carcass to his cabin, where he hung it in the lean-to so that it would freeze and keep while he used the meat. The scent of the butchered animal was too much for The Gummer, scouting the edges of the ranch yard that night, and soon he had advanced until he was sniffing about the corral. There, strangely enough,

As he limped past the cabin the door opened. The Gummer halted, too weary to run. Then something struck the snow with a soft thump.



a flock of frightened animals huddled against the opposite fence and the door to the protecting barn was closed. He could not know that Saunders, exhausted from the work of butchering the sheep, had fallen asleep in the cabin. So the darkness had arrived without his wakening and his flock were left in the open corral at the mercy of every marauding beast.

Toward midnight Saunders stirred and sat up staring about the dark cabin. Then as he listened he heard a sound which brought him erect with a start. A frightened sheep was bleating its terror from the corral. The sound came faintly through the closed door. In a flash the situation came over the lone occupant. He started to rise, and his head swam while a tinge of pain shot up his back. Nevertheless, he tried again and at last managed to drag himself to a chair beside the window. For a time in the dim light outside he could make out nothing. Then as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness his hands clenched in desperation. Several dark forms were moving across the pasture. They were making towards the corral. Farther out was a cluster which appeared to be more. Saunders reached for his shotgun. Then his hand fell. The ammunition both for it and the rifle had been exhausted a week ago. He started to rise but his legs would not hold him; so, dragging an old coat about his shoulders, he propped himself in the chair by the window and, helpless, waited.

Meanwhile the coyote band, drawn to the ranch by the blood smell, advanced across the pasture till the more bold of the lot were circling the area on the forest side of the sheep corral. The Gummer, at the same time, had drawn close to the lean-to and was sniffing at a crack in the door through which the odor of fresh-killed sheep was wafted. Now as he quested about the door of the cabin itself a faint

sound from the far side of the corral drew his attention.

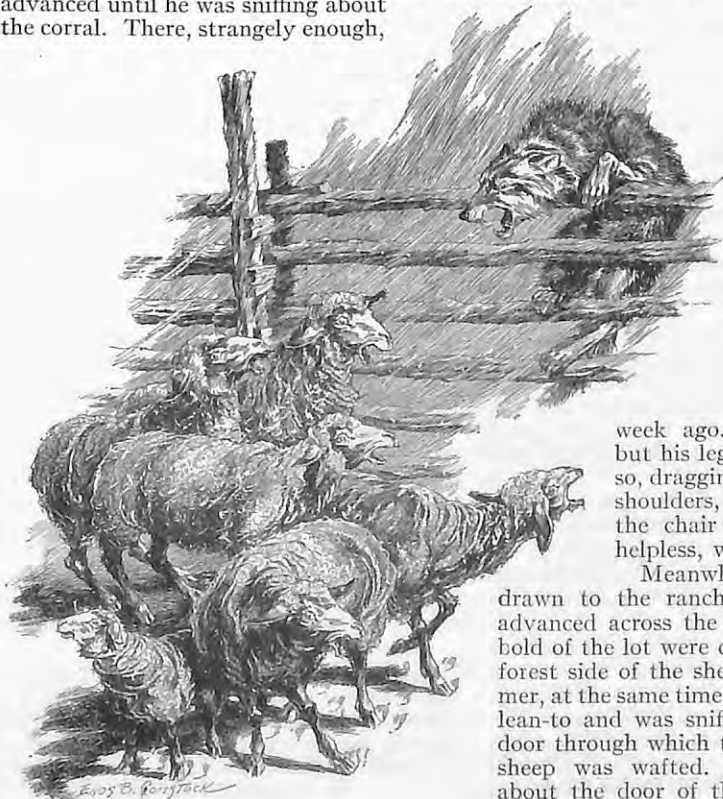
For a long time, head up and body motionless, the old wolf waited. The sound was not repeated and he returned to the lean-to. So he did not see the curtain drawn from the window of the dark cabin nor glimpse the drawn face pressed against the pane. Instead, his eyes returned to the corral. He was starving, and within the pen was food in plenty. Suddenly his head sank toward the snow. Motionless he remained, watching. Near a low place in the corral bars a form had appeared. It skulked there, raised at last on hind legs to sniff a moment and then dropped again in the snow. Sheep raced back and huddled in the centre of the pen, bleating their terror. Presently another form joined the first and two more followed, gathering silently.

Hackles rose on The Gummer's shoulders. His eyes showed green, and worn teeth were exposed in a soundless snarl. Hatred—utter hatred of the coyote band and that deep jealousy which is the wolf's heritage welled up within him. The pack had dared to usurp his range.

FOUR coyotes had clustered at the low place in the corral. The rest of the pack whimpered and snarled in the offing. Suddenly the coyote leader backed from the fence, crouched, and then shot into the air. His front legs caught on the top bar of the corral, held a minute, and then he fell back. Another essayed the leap and almost made it. Again the leader retreated from the fence, preparing to try a running leap, which must have carried him over. He had taken but a single forward bound when a deep-pitched snarl cut the night air. Instantly the entire pack whirled to face the cabin. For a second they hesitated, ears flattening and tails dropping. A huge form was advancing from the shadow of the cabin. Several coyotes shrank away. But the answering snarl of the ravenous leader caused them to halt. Now they spread, circled, and began to move forward.

One by one they widened the circle, yet The Gummer came on. At last he stood in the open, ringed by the band of gaunt animals who, driven by hunger, refused to

(Continued on page 46)



The Reading Lamp

Sheds Its Friendly Rays on Some New Autumn Books

The Son of Man, The Story of Jesus

By Emil Ludwig. (Boni & Liveright, New York.)

EMIL LUDWIG, the author of some of the most brilliant and challenging biographies of recent years, now turns his eyes toward Jesus, as toward one of whom something more may be said—some new picture given—some lost vibration found.

It would seem, at first thought, as though the thing had been done for all time, and yet, strangely enough, each of us on reading the New Testament may distil a fresh image and a fresh emotion from the Gospels. Perhaps there is no end, then, to the possible new stories of this Teacher of the Jews.

Five years ago, Giovanni Papini burst forth in a "Life of Christ" with all the ardor of a man who, lately numbered among the unbelievers, has found light at last. The flame of his devotion touched his pen and helped create a shining and a very lovely book. Papini shouted for all the world to hear that he was a true disciple, that for him, Jesus was the Messiah, the Son of God.

Now, Ludwig stands completely aside from all theology, resting his story entirely on Jesus, the Man, as the people of Judea beheld Him—a neighbor, a teacher in the Temple, a scorned and deserted martyr on the Mount. He deals with Jesus, but not with Christ, yet he assures his readers that it has not been his purpose to shake the faith of those who believe in the Divinity of the Nazarene. Indeed, one aim in his having attempted to handle so difficult a subject in just this way has been to convince those who believe the story of Jesus to have been "artificially constructed," that historically He is a "real and intensely human figure."

Accepting these explanations, then, one may, from any religious point of view whatever, find joy and illumination in this volume.

In addition to the main figure, who, of course, dominates every page, a tremendously vivid reflection of the times and life in Judea is presented. With his usual genius in such matters, Ludwig draws unforgettable pictures: Romans, Greeks, Arabs, and Babylonians crowding on the lower and unfordable terraces of the Temple in Jerusalem during the Passover, a mass of color flowing and shifting amid the din and clamor of a hundred tongues. John the Baptist in prison, pressing his stern face against the gratings, drinking the air that filters in from the outer world, begging his disciples for some news from the strange young Man whom he, himself, baptized not long ago in the Jordan. Pilate, in a short Roman toga, standing close to the gray-robed Jesus in the judgment hall and asking him, eye to eye, "What is truth?"

Mr. Ludwig's interpretation as put forward in his book is, he knows, not the only one. But it is his, and he has handled it with dignity and respect.

Looking at it entirely apart from its subject and as biography alone, one can hardly refrain from comparing it with others of his works. To us, his Life of Napoleon seemed more masterfully handled, more rushing, more instinct with life. But that is a mere, unimportant, opinion. His "The Son of Man" remains a great book and one to be read with absorption and profit.

By Claire Wallace Flynn

Swan Song

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

FAREWELL, old Soames Forsyte! We hate to see you go, but if you must vanish, we'll think of you often and read of you often in that beautiful and sparkling history of you that John Galsworthy has carried on through the splendid "Forsyte Saga," and which now he brings to a close.

Here, in this department, we think that Mr. Galsworthy stands master of the writing world. Much of the rest is dust beneath his chariot wheels. He interprets the times with complete penetration. He peers into the heart and mind with complete tolerance and sympathy. His satire and scorn flash into flames that purify, and his art is mellow and arresting.

If, by some strange oversight, you have failed to follow the fortunes of the Forsyte family, a typical English clan, through the numerous novels that Galsworthy has dedicated to them, please get about reading them immediately. It will mean a winter of real literary joy if you begin them now, for the stories—each distinct and whole in itself—link up into one long and gorgeous romance.

Galsworthy started off with Soames Forsyte in his youth, in the late Victorian period; and in this volume, "Swan Song," in the persons of Fleur, Soames's daughter and Michael Mont, her husband, he carries the novel down to this very day with its perilously shifting values, its post-war standards, its lost illusions, and its eternal and still elemental human questions.

Love and desire have torn Fleur Forsyte through many chapters, but these things at last are laid at rest beside her father, and Michael, that almost too-noble second fiddle, picks up the tattered fragments of their lives, obeying blindly and silently that "instinct within all living things which says: 'Go on!'"

Adventures of an African Slaver

By Captain Theodore Canot, trader in Gold, Ivory, and Slaves on the Coast of Guinea. (Albert and Charles Boni, New York.)

OH, my good gracious! We just thought something like this would happen!

Ever since Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis discovered her bearded genius, Trader Horn, standing at her doorstep selling toasting forks and spouting masterpieces, all the publishing and writing world has gone almost cock-eyed looking for another gold mine of reminiscence.

And so the Messrs. Boni now come forward with this quite remarkable account of the bootlegging in slaves which went on brazenly even after the slave trade was outlawed by most of the more respectable nations.

The material of the book is taken from the memoirs of one Capt. Theodore Canot as taken down in the '50's by Brantz Mayer, a prominent journalist of Baltimore. Mr. Malcolm Cowley writes the introduction, which is important, and edits the whole thing, which is a Godsend, for just between

you and me, the original manuscript must have been pretty trying stuff.

The "Adventures" embrace mutiny and sea-fights, hurricanes and pirates, smallpox and cholera, imprisonment and escape, picturesque anchorages and wild nights in the West Indies. It tells of thousands of shining black savages bought for a few drinks of rum and a few yards of calico on the Guinea coast and sold in New Orleans for Eleven Hundred Dollars in 1819, which was about the time that Canot shipped on his first African voyage as cabin boy.

All these things are recounted in an elaborate style, and occasionally a bit of sentimentality creeps in. He tells us, for instance, that once in an African village he was warned of danger by a beautiful quarteronne, and, says he: "Who will censure me for halting on my door-sill as I led her forth, retaining her little hand in mine, while I cast my eyes over the lythe symmetry of those slender and rounded limbs; while I feasted on the flushed magnolia of those beautiful cheeks," and so and so, and so and so.

As we read that, our hearts cried aloud for Trader Horn, who in many a like situation touched off his story with apt and robust observations.

Lately, we have been forced, between the books of these two Traders and because of ladies like the quarteronne and Horn's beautiful "Nina T—", goddess to the Isorga," to come to the conclusion that Africa might, under certain conditions, be as fatal to a susceptible young man as Broadway after dark.

Best bide at home, say we.

In all fairness, of course, comparisons should be eliminated. But how on earth can one eliminate Horn while reading Canot? The fact is, that if we hadn't fallen so thoroughly for Aloysius (in his first book), these tales of an African Slaver would seem quite remarkable. As thrillers, they are all there, indeed; and as a chapter to add to the history of the coming of the black race to America the book is undoubtedly of some importance.

Miguel Covarrubias donates some illustrations done in quite the proper manner.

Bambi

By Felix Salten. Translated from the German by Whittaker Chambers. (Simon & Schuster, New York.)

ALITTLE prince of books. We have just finished reading this story of a forest deer, and are still so under the spell of its entrancing simplicity that it is difficult to put our enthusiasm into words.

All we can do, at the moment, is to urge you to hurry—as fast as Bambi himself used to hurry through the thickets—to the nearest bookstall, and if there isn't any bookstall handy, just write to us here at the Magazine and we will tell you where to get it.

But read it you must. Also your wife. Also your small boy and your small girl.

It's that kind of book.

And what is more, it is, we suspect, going to play a part in lowering the batting average of many a hunter this autumn, for we defy any sportsman to read this history of Bambi and not recall it as he sees some

(Continued on page 48)



Murder at Sea

By Richard Connell

Illustrated by Cornelius Hicks

Part V

THE cries had stopped. They had, apparently, come from some point on the upper deck, near the stern. It was a dark night, filled with the velvet blackness which comes to the semi-tropics. Captain Galvin's electric torch made a white path along the deck. Toward the stern, beneath a life-boat, he and Kelton stopped, and from both of them came a cry of horror. In the path of the light lay the body of a man.

"Who is it?" Kelton asked, and he could hardly enunciate.

"Can't tell. Kelton, this is ghastly. He's been horribly mangled—"

The light played on the shapeless mass on the deck.

"It's the sailor, Fest," said Kelton in a whisper.

"Yes. It's Fest. Quite dead."

The captain knelt beside the body.

"Who could have done this? A poor inoffensive negro sailor! Look, Kelton, how terribly he has been beaten. His chest and head are crushed. Why, even his legs are broken."

"Oh, how stupid I've been," groaned Kelton. "I'll never be proud of my intelligence again. I might have prevented this. Captain—"

"What?"

"There isn't a second to lose. Go to your cabin. Get that shotgun. Bring it here. I'll stand guard by the body. Give me your pistol. I won't take time to explain—but hurry back with that shotgun. Give your officers orders to have every man and woman on board either lock themselves in

some safe place, or arm themselves and be ready. Unless I'm wrong there is a killer on board, running amuck, and apt to appear anywhere, any second. I haven't time to tell you what I suspect—hurry. It's a matter of life and death—"

The captain, unquestioningly, sped away. Kelton swung himself up to the life-boat, very cautiously. The tarpaulin had been torn aside. Fest had clearly been dragged from his improvised bed to be beaten to death on the deck below. On the edge of the life-boat, Kelton perched, his finger on the trigger of the automatic, and in his other hand the captain's electric torch, extinguished, but ready to be switched on by the pressure of a thumb.

He heard the captain's steps as he hastened back toward the life-boat.

"Quick," said Kelton, in a low tense voice. "Up here, beside me. Hand me that shotgun. You take the pistol. Now, for the love of heaven, don't make a sound."

"Are you going to leave the body lying there?" whispered the captain. He climbed up to the life-boat and crouched there beside Kelton.

"Ssssssh. Not a sound. Leave it to me. The body must be left there. You'll see why—very soon—unless I'm wrong."

In the black silence they waited. The minutes crawled by. Once the captain, holding his lips close to Kelton's ear, whispered, "What's the idea?"

Kelton's reply was "Sssssh, for God's sake."

Then, in the blackness, the waiting men heard a sound. It was a curious sound, a rustling, and scraping, and a faint creaking of the iron stair leading to the deck. Something was coming up those stairs.

Captain Galvin's fingers convulsively clutched Kelton's arm.

"Look," he whispered.

In the darkness at the head of the stairs, two eyes gleamed. They were six feet or more above the deck. Then, slowly, the eyes moved across the deck—toward the life-boat.

In the tense hush of the night Kelton could hear the captain's heart thumping. Nearer drew the eyes. They were within a yard of where the body of the sailor lay when Kelton whispered,

"Quick. Turn on the light."

The white beam of the flashlight cut through the blackness. Then Matthew Kelton fired the shotgun, both barrels. The flash-light beam quivered insanely in Captain Galvin's trembling hand.

"Great God," he said, "a snake!"

"Don't move," cried Kelton. "He may not be dead."

IN THE beam of light a giant snake writhed in a death agony; then all motion stopped, and the long body lay still.

"Look," said the captain. "He's dead. You blew his head off."

He and Kelton scrambled down.

The sound of the shots had brought First Officer McQuarrie and several sailors to the scene, lanterns in their hands.

"Stand back," directed the captain.

"He'll do no more harm," said Matthew Kelton. "He's done enough, heaven knows. Will someone notify the doctor to take charge of poor Fest's body. His murderer lies beside him."

"Throw the snake into the sea," ordered the captain. "Kelton, I've got to get back to my cabin. I'm shot to pieces. I've got to have a drink."

Back in the captain's cabin, Matthew Kelton was despondent. He heaped reproaches on himself.

"I guessed what it was—this afternoon," he said. "If I'd only acted on my guess,

I might have saved that poor fellow's life. Too late now. Why didn't I see at once that it was the work of an anaconda. Those scales should have told me—even if reasoning didn't."

"An anaconda? So that's what it was?"

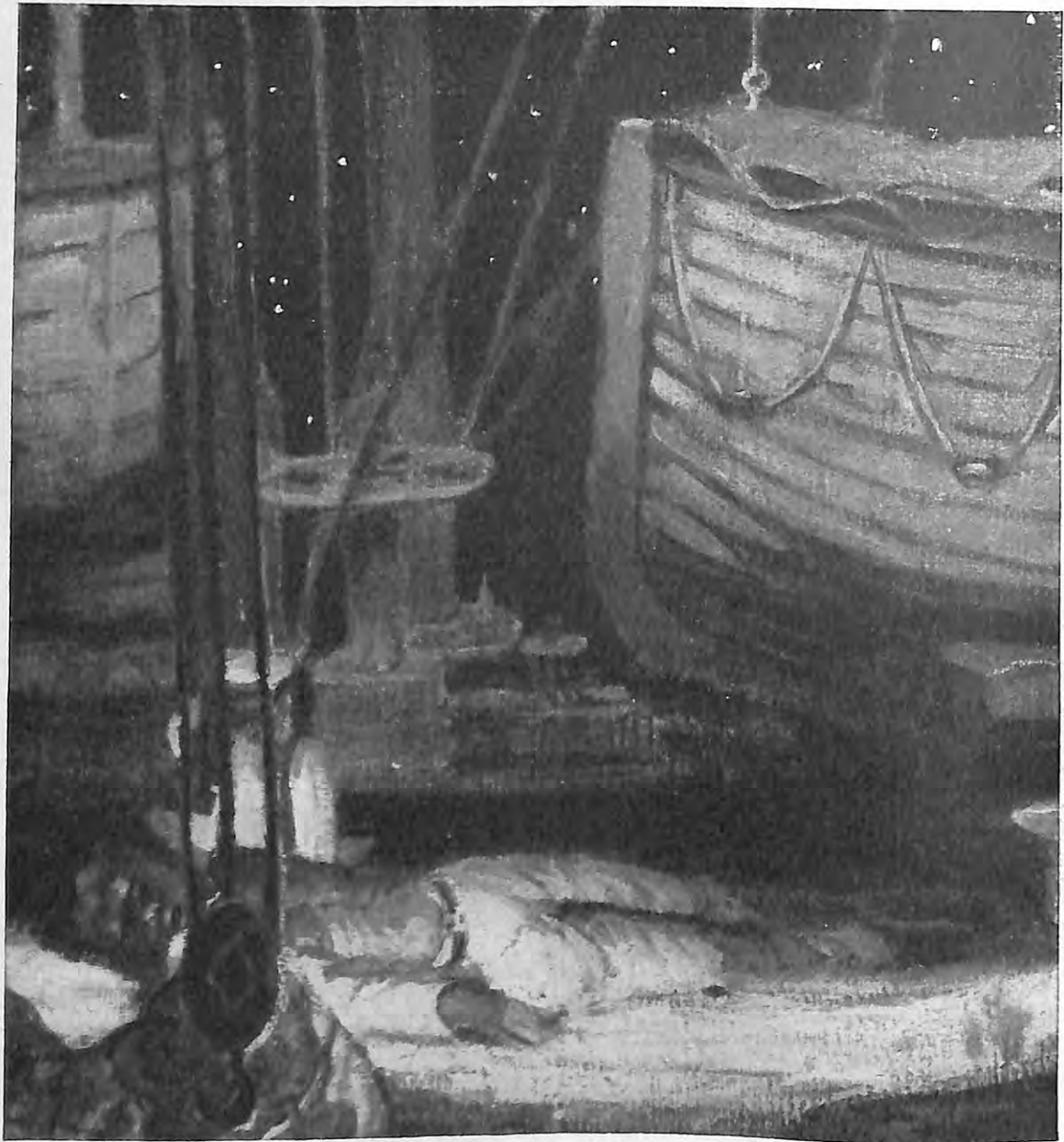
HIS drink of rum had steadied the captain's nerves a trifle.

"Yes. Part of Professor Tyne's collection. After his shipwreck he had no time to check up on just what animals and snakes he had, and this one got away and wasn't missed on the voyage. Yes, an anaconda, thirty feet long, and strong as any living thing. They live in trees and hunt for their prey at night. They're noted for their intelligence and craftiness. This one, apparently, soon adapted himself to life on shipboard. By day, he hid, probably along the steam pipes in the engine-room. No wonder your men, looking for a man or a devil, overlooked him. By night he stole out through the ship. He made no sound. He picked dark places and moved stealthily, for he was a trained hunter. If he heard some one near he had only to remain motionless to be mistaken for a rope or a hose; or he could slip away with incredible speed at the approach of danger. When he raised his head

erect, his eyes were some six feet from the ground, and it was that which gave Miss Cobb and Fest the idea that it was a tall man, and fooled me, too. It was certainly the anaconda which hung over the rail and looked through Miss Yate's port-hole. Lucky thing for her it was closed. She was right in describing his eyes as hypnotic. That's a little aid Nature has given him to get his prey. A snake like that can hypnotize an animal—a deer, or a wild pig, or even a jaguar—so that it cannot move, and the snake can crush it in his coils and devour it. Why the snake was content with knocking Miss Cobb down with one blow of its powerful head, and then leaving her, I don't know. Frightened, probably. She might easily have shared Cæsar's fate. Fest saw him in the bunk-room last night—and sought to escape by jumping into the sea. Poor fellow, he might better have been drowned. Fate, it would seem, had marked him as prey for the monster."

"I didn't know they attacked men," said the captain.

"They don't, ordinarily. But remember this creature was ravenously hungry. In that condition, a member of the boa family will attack any living thing. He was prowling about on deck—he could see in the dark, of course—when he heard Fest snoring in his life-boat. And Fest had gone there for safety! Ironic, isn't it? Once the anaconda had spotted his prey, Fest hadn't a chance.



The strongest man that ever lived would be like a child's wooden soldier in the grip of such a brute. A twist and a squeeze and every bone in a man's body would be broken."

"How did you know the snake would come back?" asked the captain.

"I WASN'T sure. It was a guess. I figured that he had been frightened off by hearing us coming and seeing our light. Therefore, he was still hungry. The chances were that when he thought the coast was clear, he'd return to his kill, to crush it into a size he could devour. That's what he did—and we'll hear no more about the eyes."

"When you got that radiogram, you were sure it was a snake, weren't you?"

"Not positive. I wired Professor Tyne to-day asking him if he had missed any snake or large animal. The exasperating old idiot wired back 'Yes.' Nobody can be more inexact than a scientific man when he is not interested."

Captain Galvin was leaning forward on his desk, his head bowed over on his folded arms.

"I'm terribly, terribly tired," he said. "I haven't closed my eyes since we left New York. I think I can sleep now. I have squared my account with Jacob Murdo, and I have told you my story, and I'm now ready to square my account with the law."

"Captain," said Matthew Kelton, "you

go ahead and get ready for bed. I'll stay a minute or two more, if you don't mind. I want to talk to you."

"There isn't much to talk about now—" said the captain, as he began to undress. "Your duty is plain, Mr. Kelton. I suppose that since the crime was committed in American waters, I'll be turned over to the detective who came down on the *Tarragonno*. She'll be in a few hours ahead of us, I've heard by radio."

He had taken off his uniform coat and his shirt, revealing thick, powerful arms and heavy-hairy forearms. Kelton was watching him.

"Captain," he said, "you'll remember we have one minor mystery to clear up."

"What's that?" asked the captain, reaching for his pajamas.

"The voice in Cabin B—about five o'clock," said Kelton. "You thought it had something to do with the eyes. But the eyes belong to a snake, and snakes cannot talk."

"It doesn't matter much," said the captain, yawning. "Just now sleep is the only thing that matters to me. Sleep—and lots of it. To-morrow I'm in for one of the worst days of my life."

"Don't be so sure of that, Captain."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I'll let you know to-morrow—maybe," said Matthew Kelton. "Good-night."

Kelton went back to his own cabin. He



Toward the stern, beneath a life-boat, the Captain and Kelton stopped, and from both of them came a cry of horror. In the path of the light lay the body of a man—mangled

felt let down and weary. He was thinking about the captain's story, and his confession. What stand could he take, ethically, in the matter? Doubtless Cleghorn, or Jacob Murdo, had been an evil character, and no ornament to the world, but murder is murder—and Kelton knew that the New York detective who stepped aboard the *Pendragon* in Hamilton would make an arrest, if for no better reason than to earn the five-thousand-dollar reward. The reasoning of the detective would be sure to lead him to arrest Russell Sangerson. He'd know about Sangerson's relationship to Cleghorn, of course, and perhaps about their quarrel. He'd reason that Sangerson had a strong motive—the inheritance of a large fortune on the death of Cleghorn. Yes, assuredly, Sangerson would be arrested—and then Captain Galvin would come forward to save the son of the woman he loved. The captain might get off with a light sentence for manslaughter but his career would be utterly ruined, and Kelton felt that in the circumstances this was a harsher fate than the captain deserved.

"There are just two things which make me think there may be hope for the captain," Kelton said to himself. "One is a very trivial matter—a tuft of hair. Since my gorilla turned out to be an anaconda, that tuft of hair I found in Cabin B is not accounted for. It couldn't have been there when Cleghorn came aboard. I've watched

Larsen, and he does a very thorough job of cleaning. A blotch like that on the washstand could not be overlooked. Therefore it got there after Cleghorn moved into his cabin. It's up to me to find out where it came from and what it signifies.

"And there's another odd thing," mused Kelton. "The captain stated that Cleghorn, or Murdo, struck him on his forearms—waited round especially for that purpose—and there were no bruises, black-and-blue spots or other marks on them, as there certainly would be if he really was hit with a blackthorn stick. By jingo, is the captain lying too? Is his confession a fake like the rest of them? There's one person who may be able to throw some light on that—and that is Miss Julia Royd."

HE HAD begun to get ready for bed. Now he threw on his clothes again. He knew himself well enough to know that he could never get to sleep while an important question—for which he knew how to find the answer—was tormenting his mind.

On tiptoes he went round to Cabin A, and very gently knocked on the door.

"Who is it?"

He recognized Julia Royd's whispered voice.

"It's Matthew Kelton," he answered. "I must speak to you. Will you come to my cabin?"

It was no time for etiquette or the pro-

prieties. Miss Yate, as he had surmised, had taken her sleeping potion and gone to sleep.

"What do you want of me?" asked Julia Royd.

"I want to ask you a few questions."

"What about?"

"About Captain Galvin."

"I'll come," answered Julia Royd, at once. Presently, wrapped in her blue cloak, she was sitting in Cabin C, looking at Matthew Kelton with anxious eyes.

"I do not want you to be alarmed, Miss Royd," Matthew Kelton began.

"I am trying to act as a friend toward you and Captain Galvin."

"What has he said?"

"You know what he has said," returned Kelton. "I have just now returned from his cabin. I spent most of the evening there. The captain and I had a long talk. You can guess, I think, what it was about. Miss Royd, I want to ask you one question. Do you believe that Captain Galvin killed Jacob Murdo?"

Her eyes did not waver. "Did he say he did?" she asked.

"He did."

"Did he tell you the whole story?"

"He did."

"About Abbott's Glade—and all the rest?"

"Yes, Miss Royd. I think he kept back nothing."

"I think he did."

"What?"

"The name of the person who really killed Jacob Murdo."

"And you know it?"

"Yes."

CHAPTER XV

"IT WASN'T the captain, then?" asked Matthew Kelton.

"It was not."

"Who was it?"

She did not drop her eyes. She looked back at him, her head held high.

"It was I," she said. "David Galvin is in no way guilty—he is simply shouldering the blame which should rest on me alone."

"You did it?"

"If you know my story, can you blame me?" she returned.

"It is not I who have to blame you, or absolve you," said Matthew Kelton.

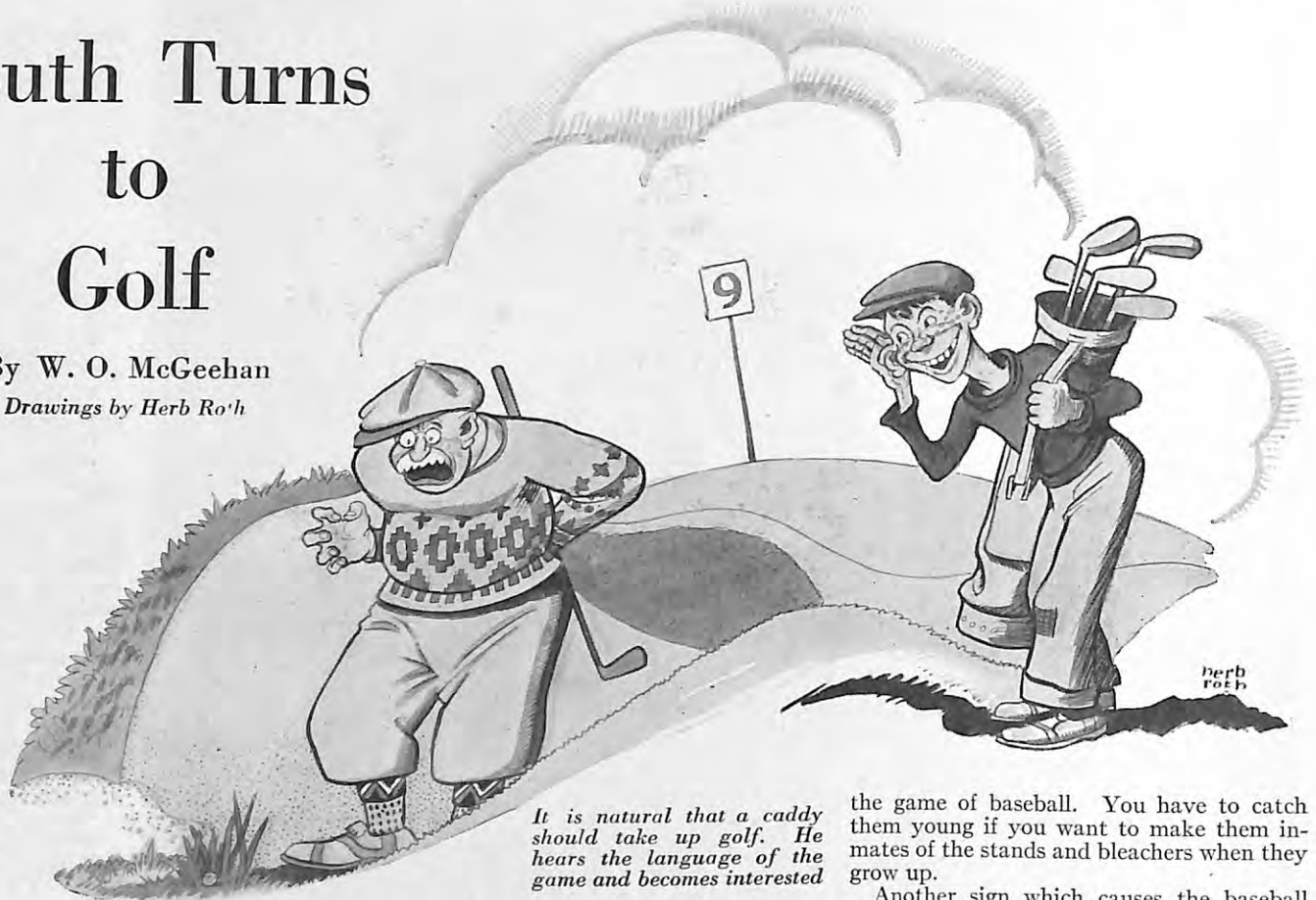
"You know why I did it—or part of the reason. You cannot know—no one but I can know—what I suffered at the hands of Jacob Murdo. Perhaps David has told you about—about the early days."

(Continued on page 57)

Youth Turns to Golf

By W. O. McGeehan

Drawings by Herb Roth



It is natural that a caddy should take up golf. He hears the language of the game and becomes interested

THE growing popularity of golf in the United States for some time has caused the gentlemen who have their money invested in million-dollar baseball plants and in expensive franchises, not to mention many millions in what is called ivory, to view conditions with alarm. The golf links not only have lured some of the chronic customers who used to get their sporting excitement vicariously by sitting at the afternoon ball games, but it is threatening the game at its source, the "sand lots."

At the current writing the baseball magnates, through the big leagues, are contributing \$50,000 to a fund for a nation-wide tournament of boys' baseball clubs and "for the furtherance of interest in the national pastime." Now I may do the magnates wrong and this contribution may have been made through altruistic and patriotic motives.

But baseball magnates are business men. They have to be because the entertainment enterprise in which they are involved is big business of a sort. In the big leagues alone there is approximately \$100,000,000 invested in stadia, franchises and players.

It is my notion that some figures brought before the magnates some time back caused them to display all of this intense interest in the boys' attitude toward the national pastime. It was shown that there were over 3,000,000 golfers in the United States, which required 500,000 caddies. Now a caddy is the sort of youngster who would be developing into a "sand lot" baseball player were it not for the fact that his employment as a caddy is profitable and interesting.

It is quite natural that a caddy should take up golf himself. He hears the language of the game and he becomes interested. He starts to play and his interest in the

game grows. Instead of limbering up by playing pitch and catch as the youngsters of a few decades ago used to do, he is practicing putting or driving with a phantom golf ball.

When the youth of the land who used to think nothing but baseball take up this sort of gesture there certainly is cause for the baseball magnates to view it with alarm. If the trend is as strong as it seems to be it is only the scarcity of golf links that saves the national pastime from an early doom.

The youngsters still can practice pitch and catch even in a small alley; but you need a green for your putting and you need some open space even when you are only pretending to drive. Getting the feel and suggestion of baseball is much simpler.

JOSEPH PAGE, the veteran scout of the White Sox and former big-league baseball player, who is known as the "Father of Baseball in Canada," illustrates this. Over thirty years ago Joseph, doubled up with rheumatism, went to Montreal to recuperate. When he could walk about, Joe, who used to be a pitcher in his youth, produced a baseball and induced someone to catch for him while he rehearsed his old curves.

It was from this beginning that interest in baseball was developed in Montreal, which now has a team in the International League, and a pair of young men playing pitch and catch is no strange sight in that city. But they tell me that it is not such a common sight in American cities as it used to be. Personally I do not think that the national pastime is being menaced as seriously as some would believe. But the magnates are wise in seeing to it that the youth of the land do not forget Maj. Abner Doubleday, who is credited with inventing

the game of baseball. You have to catch them young if you want to make them inmates of the stands and bleachers when they grow up.

Another sign which causes the baseball magnates no little annoyance is the decreasing interest in baseball and the increased interest in golf at the colleges. Certain colleges have abandoned the national pastime entirely, while other colleges are making golf one of the major sports. Colleges are going in for the construction of golf links.

In the good old nineties they used to play pitch and catch as they meditated around the campus. Now you are quite likely to see the undergrad in his plus fours with his golf bags hurrying off to the links. And this happens just when the magnates have discovered the superiority of the college baseball player as a big league potentiality and had just about started to count on our institutions of learning for the bulk of the future raw ivory supply.

There is still another source of alarm. I note it in New York and I hear that it is true in other cities. Men who belong to what is known as the "sporting fraternity" are taking up golf. The "sporting fraternity" comprises that semi-leisure class which always could be depended upon to keep the turnstiles moving at the baseball parks.

Only a short time ago while there was a very crucial series on involving the Giants I saw a café proprietor and a prizefight manager, both of whom used to be rabid Giant fans. They were entering a motor with their golf bags.

"What? Not going to the Polo Grounds?" I demanded.

"No," said the café proprietor. "This game has got me and I am glad that it has."

"I expect to break ninety this week if I keep going the way I have been," said the prizefight manager. "Besides, I expect to meet Tex Rickard at the links and arrange something. We'll get the score out there."



When golf first invaded these shores the commercial side of it belonged exclusively to the Scotch. All of the professionals came from the region on the Firth of Forth where golf links adjoin golf links and where in certain seasons of the year the laddies can play into the long twilight. No American golf club would consider hiring a pro unless he happened to be a MacPherson, a MacDonald or a MacSomething, though an occasional Sanderson might be hired.

THE winning of the American open some time back by a young Italian-American and an ex-caddie, named Gene Sarazen, brought consternation all along the region on the Firth of Forth. There was moaning at Muirfield and there was gnashing of teeth at the Royal and Ancient at St. Andrews. Here was an alien laddie threatening to take the scores out of the mouths of the Scots bairns.

Of course Sarazen was not the first American ex-caddie to figure in what might be called the big money of professional golf. There were others, but in a way they were related to the breed from the Firth of Forth. Sarazen as far as golf was concerned was a decided alien. There never was a Mac-Anything in his family tree, and yet the laddie was a grand golfer and he earned plenty of siller from the game.

A Scots laddie, even if he should manage to win the British open, would not receive a fiftieth of the siller earned by Sarazen. Moreover, being a professional, he would be "kept in his place." He would not be allowed in a British club-house and the prefix Mr. never would be used before his name in the announcements or in the program.

It is somewhat embarrassing to American professionals, who are lionized by golf club members at home, welcomed to the club-house, given "good things" on the market and treated by club members generally not as equals but as superiors, to face the treatment accorded professionals in Great Britain.

You can imagine that it is not pleasant for Walter Hagen, called the Great, to be excluded from a British club-house during a tournament or being permitted only as far as the back door. Nor does it please him any when he happens to be coupled with an amateur that "Mr. Robert Tyre Jones and Hagen" participated in a tournament. In England the distinction between the amateur and the professional is emphasized decidedly.

And the profits netted by a great professional in Great Britain are negligible as compared to the large purses in this country, which have grown so that a great professional golfer can count upon as good an income as a great big-league baseball player. Also in the United States he is not annoyed by any consideration of social strata. But it is necessary for the great American professionals to compete in Great Britain—not for the immediate returns—but for the prestige which can be converted into money on this side of the Atlantic, where the money is easier.

Like Sarazen and Johnny Farrell, Hagen learned his first golf while he was a caddie, and he started very young around Rochester, New York. A venerable gentleman who was chairman of the greens committee at the club where Hagen was one of the smallest and the most youthful of the caddies was telling me the other day that he almost ended Hagen's career quite early.



Johnny Farrell, aware of his extreme youth, got himself a derby hat and a coat many sizes too large for him in order to give himself a sophisticated air

Young Walter, as a caddie, was seriously interested in the game from the start, consequently he developed quite early a distinct aversion to caddying for women. They played so badly then that they grated on his youthful appreciation for the game. When women appeared on the horizon young Hagen frequently would run off and hide. He needed the money that he would receive for the work but he would stint himself rather than caddy for golfers of the so-called gentler sex, because, the young misogynist had concluded, they were terrible golfers.

Complaint was made to the chairman of the greens committee by the irate wife of a prominent member that this young caddie had refused with much rudeness to carry her clubs. She demanded his immediate dismissal.

The chairman called young Hagen up before him and demanded an explanation. Young Hagen stood his ground and made it clear that his artistic appreciation of the game made it impossible for him to caddy for women who were terrible golfers. The explanation fell upon sympathetic ears, for the chairman of the greens committee understood the sentiments of this born golfer, and young Walter Hagen was allowed to continue his connection with the club and his earnest study of the game.

Johnny Farrell, the winner of the last dramatic American Open, who beat the

great Robert Tyre Jones, whom the golf writers have called the Beau Geste of the links, almost was frightened from the game early in his boyhood by his diffidence. Johnny, who still is radiantly young, was much younger then and felt it.

His brother Jimmy, who was then a full-fledged caddie for a Westchester Club, asked for a job for the kid. Johnny, aware of his extreme youth, got himself a derby hat and a coat many sizes too large for him in order to give himself what he felt was a mature and sophisticated air and made himself look more youthful than ever. But the innocent Johnny felt that he was getting away with the disguise and that he appeared to be quite a matured caddie, otherwise his diffidence and self-consciousness might have caused him to be frightened away from the place.

With that winning smile and his winsome personality, backed by his wonderful game, it is quite certain that young Johnny Farrell will go quite as far in his game in the long run as any of the professional baseball players will go in theirs. It is my notion that professional baseball players have about reached their peak in the matter of affluence and influence, while the profession of golf is just about beginning to grow as far as the United States is concerned.

The professional baseball players will not admit it, even those who keep abreast of things, like John J. McGraw, for instance. Mr. McGraw and I were watching a match in the South one day in which Robert Tyre Jones and Walter Hagen were concerned. Mr. McGraw spent his time counting the gallery rather than the strokes.

FINALLY he said, "There are just about 2,300 here at \$3 apiece to see two of the greatest golfers in the world. How can you say seriously that this game ever could be a rival of baseball? How are you going to get the money out of it? No, baseball always will remain safe for Democracy, as President Wilson put it."

Obviously the competition between baseball and golf will not be in gate receipts or in crowded grandstands. But all of the time there is a growing inclination on
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You can imagine that it is not pleasant for Walter Hagen, called the Great, to be excluded from a British club-house during a golf tournament





EDITORIAL

DISTRICT DEPUTY VISITS

WITH the statutes before them, their letters of instruction, the addresses delivered at their conference, and the official and editorial advice addressed to them from time to time, the District Deputies should have a clear conception of their duties and a fine appreciation of the obligations that rest upon them. Fortunately, it is the exceptional case when the appointee fails to realize the dignity and importance of his office. And quite generally they are most efficient in their representation of the Grand Exalted Ruler in their respective jurisdictions.

But it is still unfortunately true that the subordinate Lodges, their officers and their members, are not so generally responsive to their own obligations toward the District Deputies, particularly upon the occasions of their official visits to the Lodges. Too often this visit is regarded as a mere formal incident rather than the real event it should be.

The District Deputy is the personal and official representative of the Grand Exalted Ruler in his District. He is also, in a way, the Inspector-General of the Grand Lodge assigned to that territory. He is charged with the duty of bearing his Chieftain's message direct to the Lodge members, and of investigating, and reporting upon, every phase of the Lodge's condition and its activities. And upon his official visit, the Lodge should be like a regiment on dress parade; not for the purpose of creating a false impression, but that it may present itself at its best.

The books and records of the Lodge should be in accurate, well kept, up to date, condition. Its physical equipment should be ready for the closest inspection. The ritual exemplification should be conducted in the best possible manner. And there should be a fine attendance of the membership, not only that they may derive the designed benefit of the visit, but also to attest their interest in their membership and their loyalty to their Lodge and to the Order.

The natural result of such attention to, and consideration of, the District Deputy's visit will be a favorable report on the Lodge. But the ultimate, and far more important result, will be the influence upon the Lodge itself, in inspiring it to a determination to keep itself more constantly ready for such official inspection, and to a keener pride in its record, and to a purpose to keep it worthy of the favorable report it naturally desires and seeks.

The officers of the Lodge, primarily responsible for its condition, should bear these suggestions in mind and should bestir themselves in due time, to the end that they, and their fellow members, may properly play their part when the District Deputy pays his official visit. The correlative obligations are of equal importance.

REPRESENTATIVES TO THE GRAND LODGE

GRAND SECRETARY MASTERS has compiled some very useful and interesting statistics relating to the Miami Convention. They disclose the surprising fact that nearly five hundred subordinate Lodges were without any representation at that meeting of the Grand Lodge. Among these delinquents were a number of the larger and more prosperous Lodges of the Order. There were also a number of Lodges thus unrepresented although located within a comparatively short distance from the Convention City.

The natural assumption from these rather startling facts would be that they reflected an unusual experience and related to peculiar, and perhaps unfavorable, conditions. But a study of the records of previous Conventions reveals the even more astonishing fact that the figures in question are not at all abnormal. On the contrary they indicated an average experience. In other words, it is quite usual for nearly one-third of the subordinate Lodges to be unrepresented at the annual Conventions of the Order.

The Constitution provides, in mandatory



language, that each Lodge shall elect a Representative to the Grand Lodge, and shall pay his necessary expenses incurred in attendance. While no specific penalty is imposed upon the Lodge for failure to obey this mandate, or upon the Representative for failure to attend, it is obvious that the whole purpose of the provisions is to insure such representation. And it thus appears that a large percentage of the Lodges each year fail to perform a duty prescribed by the Constitution.

It is quite likely that the Lodges regard this matter as one in which they alone have an interest, and of importance only to themselves. But such an attitude is wholly untenable, as will be disclosed by a little thought given to what is involved.

The sole legislative authority of the Order is vested in the Grand Lodge. Among its members, other than its officers and committeemen, the only ones whose attendance upon its sessions is specifically sought to be assured, are the Representatives of the subordinate Lodges. Matters of grave importance, affecting the whole body of the Order, are presented for consideration at every session of the Grand Lodge. And the wisdom and good judgment, which the whole Order has a right to have exercised in dealing with these problems, depends upon the fullest possible attendance of its members and their intelligent participation. This applies particularly to the Representatives of the subordinate Lodges who almost always come fresh from active service and with accurate knowledge of the views and needs of their particular constituents.

The Order is entitled to this contribution to its well-being from every one of its subordinate Lodges. It is a claim upon their loyalty and interest that should not be disregarded.

The resultant benefits to the Lodge itself from the direct contact with the Grand Lodge, through the attendance of the chosen Representative upon the annual sessions, are too obvious to require detailed statement. The consideration of self-interest should alone prompt it to avail itself of the privilege thus accorded. And the additional consideration of the constitutional mandate, and of its importance to the whole Order, should insure its loyal observance.

JACOB D. HANSON

THE death of Jacob D. Hanson, Secretary of Niagara Falls Lodge, August 25 last, after many weeks of suffering and blindness, the effect of wounds inflicted by Coast Guardsmen on May 6, came, perhaps, as a merciful relief to him. But the fatal results of the injuries received by an innocent citizen at the hands of officers of the law, accentuates the seriousness of the offense involved. And it gives added force and significance to the Resolution adopted by the Grand Lodge at Miami, declaring that this reckless, intolerant and illegal act calls for the prompt and vigorous prosecution, and proper punishment, of those guilty persons who participated in it.

There is nothing vindictive in this suggestion. It is entirely impersonal and in the interest of the whole public. Unless such acts be curbed, everyone will be at the mercy of every Government officer who is privileged to carry a gun and who is without the discretion which such privilege implies.

The unusual display of interest and affectionate sympathy of thousands of people of Niagara Falls, as an incident of the funeral ceremonies, was not only a deserved tribute to the character and standing of Brother Hanson from those who knew him best, but it was obviously a public protest against the reckless and wanton method of law administration, of which he was the innocent victim.

The whole Order of Elks shares in the sorrow of the bereaved family and of his brothers of Niagara Falls Lodge, over so unhappy and so unjustifiable a sacrifice of gentle, kindly, and useful life. And it is earnestly hoped that, out of the distressing occurrence, and the publicity which has attended it, and the courageous prosecution which should follow, will come such a reformation in the methods of law enforcement that innocent citizens, pursuing their peaceful ways, may no longer be in danger of their lives at the hands of incompetent and irresponsible officials.

It is the one bright gleam in an otherwise dark and depressing picture.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge's New Home Dedicated By Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert

Luxurious \$6,000,000 Structure Is Scene of Four Days of Festivity

THE magnificent new twelve-story, \$6,000,000 Home of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, the largest in the Order, is now occupied by its proud members. It was opened a few weeks ago with four days of ceremony and festivity, with the formal dedication service on the first evening conducted by Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert.

The first event of the program was a banquet in the new Home in honor of Mr. Hulbert and other Grand Lodge Officers, among whom were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and Grand Trustees Edward W. Cotter and Richard P. Rooney. Other guests honored at the occasion included Albert T. Brophy, Chairman, and his assistants of the Building Committee; Borough President James J. Byrne and many prominent members of the Order. Exalted Ruler Edward J. McCarthy acted as host, with Surrogate George A. Wingate in the dual rôle of Chairman of the Reception Committee and Toastmaster.

Meanwhile, despite the rain, the members of Brooklyn Lodge had gathered at the old Home on South Oxford Street for the scheduled parade to the new building. Marching, thousands strong, to the enlivening music of a number of bands, they passed Borough Hall, where the Grand Exalted Ruler, Bor-

ough President Byrne and other members of the dinner party reviewed them from stands erected especially for the occasion. Continuing to the new home at Livingston Street and Boerum Place, the marchers attended the formal dedicatory service conducted by Mr. Hulbert, who was assisted by Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Brophy, Mr. Byrne and Harry A. Hanbury, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Brooklyn Lodge.

On the following day it was estimated that 10,000 Elks of the metropolitan district inspected the building from basement to roof, while at least 1,000 diners kept the kitchen and grillroom staffs busy until a late hour. That evening the first session was held in the new Lodge room, which, with a seating capacity of 3,000, barely showed an empty chair. After the opening banquet the next evening, at which Exalted Ruler McCarthy had acted as Toastmaster, more than 1,500 persons were addressed by Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning; Mr. Hanbury, and Nathan F. Jonas, another member of the Board of Trustees of Brooklyn Lodge; Attorney-General Albert E. Ottinger, who represented Governor Alfred E. Smith; and a number of other well-known members and citizens.

On the next and last day of the scheduled

festivities, more than 20,000 persons availed themselves of the Lodge's invitation to inspect its new Home. That evening the facilities of the building were opened for the use of the members, and the bowling alleys, billiard-rooms and restaurants were crowded until a late hour by enthusiastic Elks, who showed in this way their appreciation of the building.

Brooklyn Lodge is, by many hundreds, the largest in the Order. Its membership, according to the report made by the Grand Secretary at the convention of the Grand Lodge at Miami in July, is 17,613. The first home which it owned, at 123 Schermerhorn Street, was valued at \$15,000; the vacated building in South Oxford Street, opened in 1915, is appraised at some \$500,000, approximately the price of the furnishings alone in the new quarters which its members now occupy.

THE new Home is twelve stories in height, with a beautifully furnished and decorated roof garden on a terrace at the seventh floor. The equipment of the building is such as to provide the means of satisfying every possible demand of resident and visiting members of the Order. There are 220 living-rooms, each provided with private bath, more than fifty of which were reserved by Brooklyn Elks before the building was opened. Two grillrooms, two dining-rooms, and a banquet-hall seating 1,200, furnish ample accommodation for the satisfaction of appetites, light and heavy, at any time of the day or night. All the usual indoor sports have their places in the splendidly planned building. There are 12 bowling alleys, 22 billiard and pool tables, a gymnasium, handball courts, and a 75-foot swimming pool. The great Lodge room, with its places for more than 3000, is three stories in height, running from the third to the sixth floor. A magnificent pipe-organ, installed at a cost of more than \$100,000, is a striking and beautiful feature of the lofty room. It was first publicly played on the last day of the opening festivities, when a series of recitals was given for the visitors to the building. A spacious and well-stocked library provides a quiet retreat for members of a meditative turn of mind, while the lounges and game rooms afford opportunity for jovial companionship.

One's first impression on entering the home is one of stately dignity. The high, vaulted lobby, finished in the finest of marble, with its arches and columns and its carefully selected furnishings, is at once cheerful, restful and inviting. The same evidences of careful, intelligent planning are to be found throughout the building. Each of the many special rooms and halls is not only equipped and laid out in the most practical fashion, but its decoration and arrangement carry out the spirit of its purpose.

Brooklyn Elks, and the Order at large, are to be congratulated on the completion of this truly remarkable Home, for in its richness, its perfection of construction and its provisions for meeting the social and fraternal needs of its members, it symbolizes perfectly the strength and the purposes of the Order of Elks.

The twelve stories of the latest splendid Home to be added to the Order rear themselves at Livingston Street and Boerum Place



News of the State Associations

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

Note

BECAUSE of the growing importance of the State Associations, THE ELKS MAGAZINE has decided to devote a special department to the news of their plans and activities. Heretofore, many State Associations have been mentioned in our pages but once a year, on the occasions of their annual conventions. Now, it is hoped, every Association may be mentioned every month. To accomplish this we must, of course, have the full cooperation of the Presidents and Secretaries. We have asked them, or their designated representatives, to send us reports, mailed to reach this office not later than the first of each month, of all work accomplished or plans laid during the previous thirty days. We need, and are counting upon, their help to make this new department one of the greatest interest and value to the Order at large.

Illinois

FITTINGLY commemorating its twenty-fifth anniversary, the Illinois State Elks Association featured the Silver Jubilee convention at Moline in August by the adoption of a state-wide program of crippled children's activity. The project was enthusiastically endorsed by the membership after a special committee of five Past Presidents, headed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, completing a six months' investigation, had recommended this form of welfare endeavor.

The program calls for absorption of the Illinois Society for Crippled Children, an organization of five years' standing, whose splendid personnel includes the most noted of Illinois orthopedists and whose achievements have been numerous and noteworthy. Under the terms of the arrangement, the Elks will assume complete control and management of the Society on April 1, 1929, and in the interim details for fulfillment of the new program will be worked out by a commission of thirteen members just appointed. At the outset the Illinois Elks plan to raise \$20,000, which will be sufficient for present purposes. There will be a complete survey of Illinois, with clinics at stated intervals in various sections of the state.

In observing their silver anniversary, the Illinois State Elks Association adopted a program similar to the Grand Lodge program—with an opening evening session at which the birthday features were of outstanding interest. Andrew Olson of Moline, a former mayor of that city and a Past President of the State Association, presided. Addresses were given by Theodore S. Bunn of Bloomington, first Secretary and one of the organizers of the Association; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, and Justice of the Supreme Court Floyd E. Thompson, a Justice of the Grand Forum of the Order.

In conjunction with the jubilee, there were memorial services for Dr. B. A. Maienthal of Decatur, first President and one of the organizers, and also for Louis Boismenu of East St. Louis, another Past President, who was a Grand Trustee at the time of his death.

Metropolis Lodge, No. 1428, after finishing second in the 1927 competition, landed first place in the ritualistic contest, thereby winning possession of the beautiful White trophy, presented by former Grand Treasurer Charles A. White, for the next year. Metropolis scored 95.61; Granite City Lodge was second with 95.55; Monmouth Lodge, last year's winner, third with 95.22; Aurora Lodge fourth with 95.07, and Kewanee Lodge fifth with 94.18.

The activities of the Inter-Lodge Relations Committee, which sponsored a number of district and sectional meetings during the winter and spring, aroused much favorable comment. The Association adopted a recommendation to create a new committee on Lapsation and Membership, with a view to assisting Illinois Lodges with these problems.

William M. Frasor of Blue Island Lodge, No.

1331, a Past Exalted Ruler of his home Lodge and a Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler in the old Illinois Northern district, was chosen President to succeed Dr. C. D. Midkiff of Harrisburg Lodge, No. 1058.

Other officers chosen were: First Vice-President, R. C. Shallberg, Moline; Second Vice-President, R. R. Dennison, Lawrenceville; Third Vice-President, T. D. Gradineroff, Granite City; Secretary, George W. Hasselman, Chicago (La Salle Lodge); Treasurer, William Fritz, Peoria; Trustees: N. H. Millard, Aurora; H. M. Weyrauch, Sterling; J. F. Mohan, Pontiac; Fred Perkins, Canton; William Ryan, Jr., Jerseyville; J. C. Dallenbach, Champaign; Louis Calcaterra, West Frankfort.

President Frasor immediately reappointed the venerable chaplain, the Rev. V. H. Webb of Monmouth, to the position he has filled for years.

Among the many elaborate entertainment features enjoyed by the visitors were golf and trap-shooting tournaments; picnics, dances, theatre and card parties, and a splendid parade.

Pennsylvania

THE business sessions of the twenty-first annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association were held in the Crystal Room of the Hotel Conneaut, at Conneaut Lake Park. The meeting, held under the auspices of Meadville Lodge, No. 219, was productive of some of the most interesting work in many years.

After the convention had been formally opened the preceding evening with a public meeting, the first session, held on Tuesday, August 28, saw the election of officers for the coming year. It resulted as follows: President, Howard R. Davis, of Williamsport Lodge; Vice-President, Louis N. Goldsmith, of Philadelphia Lodge; Secretary, W. S. Gould, of Scranton Lodge; Treasurer, Henry W. Gough, of Harrisburg Lodge; Trustee, Harvey C. Ritter, of Allentown Lodge.

The following morning retiring President S. Clem Reichard again called the session to order, and the reports of the officers and committee

chairmen were heard. At eleven o'clock memorial services were held for W. W. Morgaridge, of Corry Lodge, No. 769, first Secretary of the Association, who had died since last year's meeting. The installation of the new officers took place the next morning.

The convention was honored by the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, who made an inspiring address on Good of the Order, in which he laid particular stress upon the newly established Elks National Foundation Fund. At the close of the speech, the Pennsylvania State Elks Association went on record as the first contributor to the Fund, turning over to Mr. Hulbert a check for \$2,500. This was the new Grand Exalted Ruler's first official visit, and he was particularly pleased with the generous support by Pennsylvania Elks of the plans of the Grand Lodge.

Trap-shooting, golf, boating, bathing and entertainments of many kinds at the summer home of Meadville Lodge and at other places in the Park, provided delightful recreation for the delegates and visitors. A mammoth street parade and the drill-team contests were notable features of the outdoor program.

Colorado

THE Colorado State Elks Association convention, meeting in Walsenburg, August 23, 24 and 25, with Walsenburg Lodge, No. 1086, acting as host, was attended by some 2,000 Elks, and a most profitable and enjoyable time was had. One of the most important features of the convention was the resolution which was adopted authorizing the State Association immediately to formulate a department to handle crippled children's welfare work and relief, together with hospitalization and medical treatment for members suffering from tuberculosis.

The officers elected to serve during the coming year are: President, Malcolm McDonald, Walsenburg; Secretary, B. T. Poxson, Denver; Treasurer, W. J. Patterson, Greeley; Trustees: Louis

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The championship ritualistic team of Lansing, Mich., Lodge, No. 196, which won its title at the recent State Association meeting held under the auspices of Manistee Lodge, No. 250



Prominent Elks Shipwrecked on Congressman Bacharach's Yacht

A VIOLENT storm which raged along the New Jersey coast some weeks ago drove a number of craft ashore and endangered the lives of many yachting parties. Among the vessels caught in the blow and rendered helpless by it was the *Betty B.*, the handsome \$50,000 yacht belonging to Congressman Isaac Bacharach, of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276. Cruising with Mr. Bacharach at the time were his brothers Benjamin and Harry, both widely known in the Order, and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Harry Bacharach; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow; Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association; a captain and a crew of five men. Caught on Great Bay in the sudden gale, the *Betty B.* dropped two anchors in an attempt to ride out the storm, but in the face of the sixty-two-mile wind, they dragged. The yacht ran aground in four feet of water at the mouth of Oyster Creek, and in a few moments was awash from stem to stern as great waves broke over the decks. When the vessel grounded Captain Vanaman jumped overboard, carrying a rope with which he made his way to the shore. The members of the party, donning life belts and supporting themselves by the rope, then made the difficult passage to dry land through swirling, waist-deep water. The *Betty B.* was so badly broken up by the pounding that it was believed she would be a total loss.

Jacob D. Hanson, Secretary of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge Is Dead

After lingering for nearly four months, blind, at times demented and at others unconscious, Jacob D. Hanson, Secretary of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 346, shot through the head by a coast guardsman on May 6, died on August 24.

The story of the shooting of Mr. Hanson by the coast guardsman, when the latter, attired in nondescript clothing, attempted to stop the Secretary's automobile upon a lonely highway, is too well known to need retelling here. It was reported in the June issue of this magazine and in the press all over the country. It was the subject of a Senatorial investigation, of resolutions at the annual conventions of the Grand Lodge and the New York and other State Elks Associations, of editorial comment and of public condemnation. The officers responsible for the fatality are now under indictment in the New York courts.

On Sunday, August 26, Mr. Hanson's body lay in state in the magnificent new Home of Niagara Falls Lodge, of the construction of which he had been in charge until the coast guardsman's bullet ended his able and devoted services to the Order. Flowers were banked for twenty feet on either side of the coffin. Thousands of persons attested their sympathy and interest, as for hours the public filed past the body. Thousands that night followed the coffin to the train, passing through flower-strewn streets as an escort of airplanes flew overhead. The officers of the Lodge had stood vigil all night and all day.

The funeral services, held at three o'clock on the afternoon of the 26th, were opened with a

reading and prayer by the Rev. A. S. Bacon, of the First Presbyterian Church, who went often to see Mr. Hanson while he was in the hospital. Exalted Ruler James Franklin then conducted the Elks' service, paying a heartfelt tribute to the charity, justice, fidelity and brotherly love of the late Lodge Secretary. Nine Past Exalted Rulers sat in front of the coffin, while in a balcony overlooking the crowded room were a brother and sister of Mr. Hanson. Following Mr. Franklin's eulogy the coffin was again opened, and the public continued to pay homage until time to start for the train which carried the body to its final resting-place at Iroquois, Ontario.

Vallejo, Calif., Lodge Pays Visit to San Rafael Lodge

Over seventy-five members of Vallejo, Calif., Lodge, No. 559, made a bus journey some time ago to San Rafael, Calif., Lodge, No. 1108, where they participated in a meeting and witnessed the impressive initiation of a class of candidates. After the meeting the band of Vallejo Lodge entertained the gathering, a buffet supper was served, and the guests departed for home with much praise for the hospitality of their hosts. San Rafael Lodge is planning a return visit in the near future.

Lowell, Mass., Lodge Holds Third Annual Orphans' Picnic

Favored by the finest of weather conditions, and with members out in large numbers to lend energetic aid to the proceedings, the third annual orphans' picnic of Lowell, Mass., Lodge, No. 87, was an unqualified success. Happy little ones from St. Peter's Orphanage, the Ayer Home, and the training school were taken in trolley-cars and in many automobiles of Lodge members to Thompson's Grove, near Silver Lake, Wilmington, where races and a varied program of outdoor recreation were held in the bright sunshine. The busy committee of Lowell

Lodge, headed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James E. Donnelly, had provided lavish supplies of milk, cake, ice-cream, candies and cookies for their charges. The return was made at six o'clock, each child receiving a balloon or other memento of the day as it entered the car for the homeward ride.

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Votes New Improvements

So successfully have all departments of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, functioned over the past few months, that the present quarters have been found inadequate to handle the pressure of social and business affairs of the Lodge, and at a recent meeting a unanimous vote was cast by the membership for the general enlargement of the Home.

Some of the improvements to be made are as follows: The present billiard and social room will be moved downstairs into the old jinx room, divided by a partition and outfitted with windows reaching to within 18 inches of the floor. A new auditorium, 45½ x 71 feet, with a 20-foot ceiling and an orchestra stage, will be built on the lot adjoining the present billiard-room, which will give the auditorium added space when the party wall is removed. There will be many changes made in the present ballroom, lounge and lesser rooms. A 9-foot driveway along the east side of the building, making a private entrance to the auditorium, will be one of several exterior improvements. The committee empowered to carry out the plans is going ahead rapidly, and construction is expected to begin in the near future.

Crippled Children Are Given Outing By Trenton, N. J., Lodge

Approximately 1,000 crippled children of Trenton and vicinity were the guests of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, at the annual outing recently given in Woodlawn Park. The committee on arrangements, headed by Joseph G. Buch,



The stately Home of
Aberdeen, Miss.,
Lodge, No. 620

Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association, saw that every desire of the little ones was gratified. The youngsters arrived on trolley cars provided through the courtesy of Edward J. Peartree, General Manager of the Trenton and Mercer County Traction Corporation, and in automobiles provided by members of Trenton Lodge. From the time the children were officially welcomed by State Senator A. Crozer Reeves, and John E. Gill, master of ceremonies, they had a busy and happy day. Along with free use of the many amusement concessions, various sport events were held with suitable prizes awarded to the winners. Impressive services were conducted in the afternoon at which the children were instructed in the oath of allegiance to the flag, and were again addressed by Senator Reeves. The Reverend Francis H. Smith, chaplain of the Elks, led in prayer, and the Reverend Father John F. Walsh pronounced the benediction at the close of the special exercises. Mr. Buch, for whom the outing was in the nature of a birthday celebration, was then presented with a large, beautifully decorated cake and a basket of flowers by members of his committee and Lodge in appreciation of his untiring efforts in making the affair a success.

Card of W. A. MacDonnell, of Rutland, Vt., Lodge Is Stolen

Secretary John J. Cocklin, of Rutland, Vt., Lodge, No. 345, has notified THE ELKS MAGAZINE that the membership card of William A. MacDonnell, of his Lodge, has been stolen, and may be used for fraudulent purposes. Mr. MacDonnell's membership number is 936, and his card is No. 134. Should it be presented, this card should be taken up and the police and Mr. Cocklin notified.

North Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodge Gives Field Day Program

Nine hundred boys and girls participated in the Field Day given by North Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodge, No. 860, and the Y. M. C. A., to mark the close of the community's playground season. Headed by the German Orphanage Boys' Band of Buffalo, the young contestants marched from the Elks Home to the field, where they participated in races, novelty contests, singles and doubles in tennis, and baseball games. The winners of the various events received interesting and substantial prizes.

Montclair, N. J., Lodge Celebrates a Unique Event

With many distinguished members of the Order present, Montclair, N. J., Lodge, No. 801, recently tendered a banquet to Past Exalted Ruler Charles W. Potter in celebration of his attendance at 500 consecutive meetings of the Lodge. Past Exalted Ruler Thomas J. Dunnion served as toastmaster and introduced as the principal speakers of the evening Secretary and Past Exalted Ruler William T. Phillips of New York Lodge, No. 1, and William Conklin, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association. Both Mr. Phillips and Mr. Conklin spoke of Mr. Potter's record and wished for him on behalf of his associates many years of life and prosperity. Mr. Dunnion then presented the guest of honor with a suitable testimonial and a bouquet of flowers for Mrs. Potter. At the hour of eleven, Charles B. Boyd, Vice-President of the State Association, impressively delivered the Elks Toast.

Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge To Aid County's Paupers

With the intention of eliminating pauper graves in Broward County, Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge, No. 1517, has applied to the city governments of Fort Lauderdale, Dania and Hollywood for a number of lots in the cemeteries of their communities which the Lodge may have at its disposal if and when it chooses to use them. The requests have been granted and a real work for humanity is under way. If an individual dies in such poverty that there is nothing left for funeral expenses, or if the family of the deceased is not financially able to pay the expenses of burial, the Lodge will see that the body does not



The imposing new Home of Fort Worth, Tex., Lodge, No. 124, which recently was opened with three days of festivity

rest in a pauper's grave. Only recently, before the Lodge had worked out its plan, a man died in a Broward County community. The family was unable to pay the funeral expenses and the county had to bury him. Exalted Ruler Arthur O'Hea, of No. 1517, heard of the occurrence, and with the sanction of the membership purchased the lot in which the man had been buried and presented the deed to the widow. Fort Lauderdale Lodge has rapidly carved for itself an enviable niche among the local organizations devoted to upbuilding the community.

Orphans Are Given Outing By Union Hill, N. J., Lodge

Orphan children and their attendants, numbering close to 400, were first given a ride through the country and then a gala afternoon at Palisades Park by Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357. Six buses donated for the occasion, and many private cars furnished by members and decorated with American flags and Elks banners, along with an escort of police, carried the happy, singing youngsters up the Hudson Boulevard. At two o'clock they arrived at the park, which was turned over to the party for the afternoon. After the children had filled up on sandwiches, generous slices of cake, all the milk they could drink, and ice-cream, the fun began. The carousel, airship, and all other attractions of the park were tried out, and finally an entertainment and circus brought the day to a perfect end, sending the children singing home. In the party were a number of elders from the Old People's Home on Hudson Boulevard. The children came from the Gervaud Home, Holy Rosary Home, Franciscan Home, the Salvation Army, and the West Hoboken and Weehawken day nurseries.

Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge in Varied Welfare Work

Three unusual incidents marked the welfare work of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, during the summer. One of them was a 230-mile errand of mercy in which two musical units, the string band and the glee club, under the leadership of Henry J. A. Newton, Past Exalted Ruler, Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, spent eight hours on trains going to and from the White Haven Sanatorium, where they each gave nine concerts in the

course of one Sunday afternoon. In the other cases, the Lodge was host to large groups of boys. The Chattanooga Boys' Band, sponsored by the wives of members of Chattanooga Lodge, spent several nights in Philadelphia Lodge on their way to visit New York, where they were the guest of Adolph Ochs, publisher of the New York Times, while later a visit was paid by a group of 250 orphan boys from Erie, Pa., who were on a ten-day tour of historical places. The trip was the gift of public-spirited residents of Erie, with virtually all of the accompanying party members of Erie Lodge. The lads bivouacked in the ballroom of Philadelphia Lodge, sleeping on cots. They were addressed by Harry A. Mackey, Mayor of Philadelphia, and John F. Dugan, Director of Public Welfare, both of whom are members of No. 2. William Freihofer, Jr., was their host in Philadelphia, and Paul M. Gottlieb, secretary to the Mayor, arranged for a visit to the Zoo, after which they saw a Detroit-Philadelphia baseball game at Shibe Park.

District Deputies Honor Past Grand Exalted Ruler Price

More than forty past and active District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers from all over Ohio gathered at the Elks Country Club of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37, to honor Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, upon the celebration of his fifty-seventh birthday. Following a delightful dinner at which Blake C. Cook, Past District Deputy and Past State Association President, presided as toastmaster, a handsome gift was presented to Mr. Price.

Livingston, Mont., Lodge Gives Huge Children's Picnic

Nearly 1,500 boys and girls of Park County turned up at the picnic party given for them by Livingston, Mont., Lodge, No. 246. It was the biggest and most successful event held in Livingston for many a year. Gathering in the morning at the carnival grounds, the youngsters had free run of all the rides, amusement devices and concessions. Following several hours of this, they formed in line and, headed by the High School Band, marched to Sacajawea Park, where a bountiful picnic lunch was served them. Afterwards there was a baseball game between two teams of the American



The recently organized boys' harmonica band sponsored by Spokane, Wash., Lodge, No. 228

Legion Junior League, and races and sports of all kinds for both boys and girls, for which \$100 was given as prize money. Before leaving the park, to go to the Orpheum Theatre as the guests of the management, the little guests stood silently at attention as the band played a number in memory of W. I. Penny, who during his life gave much thought and attention to the activities of the youngsters.

Harmonica Band Formed and Sponsored by Spokane, Wash., Lodge

Anxious to have a novel feature to present to the visitors at the annual convention of The Washington State Elks Association, Exalted Ruler J. J. Schiffner, of Spokane Lodge, No. 228, with the assistance of Harvey Guertin, formed a boys' harmonica band that was the big hit of the meeting.

Starting but six weeks before the opening of the convention, Mr. Guertin welded into a

competent unit some eighty harmonica-playing youngsters of the city schools. The uniforms in which they are pictured were made by the wives of Lodge members, assisted by expert cutters and enthusiastically encouraged by their husbands. During the three days of the convention the band serenaded the banks, business houses and hotels, and marched through the streets. On the last day of the meeting, when the boys appeared in what was probably the most spectacular parade ever held in the city, they were cheered to the echo.

Originally formed as a convention feature, the band aroused so much enthusiasm among Spokane members, that it was decided to continue it as a permanent organization. That it will be the nucleus of a far-reaching movement is indicated in Mr. Schiffner's report that the best players will be detailed as instructors in all the city grade schools and orphanages, in which it is planned to form auxiliary units.

The Third Annual Elks Magazine Cruise

Begin Now to Plan Your Winter Vacation

LAST winter four hundred and fifty persons, Elks and their families and friends, left a cold New York night behind them and sailed over summer seas, on the Second Annual Elks Magazine Cruise, to the warm islands of the Caribbean.

So successful was this 1928 cruise and also the one that preceded it in 1927, so enthusiastic were the members' words of praise over the wonderful travel experiences they enjoyed and the wonderful times they had—that another voyage has been arranged.

It is the Third Annual Cruise to the West Indies conducted under the auspices of THE ELKS MAGAZINE by James Boring's Travel Service, Inc. The *S. S. Lapland*, one of the finest ships that sails the seas, has been chosen to carry the party this year. She is one of the most famous ships of the Red Star Line. Her sixteen-day itinerary includes six ports in Nassau, Cuba, Jamaica, Porto Rico and Bermuda. Comprehensive sightseeing trips have been arranged in the different cities. These are included in the price of the cruise.

It should be understood that the cruise is arranged for the enjoyment of Elks all over the country and is in no sense a local, or an Eastern affair.

On February 25, 1929, the *S. S. Lapland* will carry a happy party of Elks and their families and friends out of the chilly harbor of New York to the sparkling tropical waters of the Spanish Main. They will cross the very waters where

Columbus and Cortez anchored their caravels; where Bluebeard and Captain Kidd staged their sea fights, over which towering galleons filled with golden cargo sailed with their roistering crews. They'll call at white-walled towns and fortresses besieged by Drake and Morgan, and the old-time haunts of pirates and buccaners.

They will leave work behind and play! On shipboard there'll be exciting games of tennis, quoits, golf and shuffleboard, swimming in outdoor pools and horse-racing. And on shore—swimming along white beaches splashed with rainbow waters and dancing in cool starlit ballrooms and luxurious roof gardens. There'll be golf, the races, and jai-alai games to enjoy, and shopping excursions that will produce all sorts of surprises, for shops in the West Indies offer for sale everything from lace-bark curios and elaborately embroidered lunch cloths to parrots and hand-wrought jewelry and murderous looking old swords.

Those who join the cruise will have sixteen days in which to enjoy complete rest and relaxation. No time need be wasted in thinking up the places they wish to see or worrying about sightseeing arrangements and ship connections. For the entire cruise is under the management of James Boring's Travel Service, Inc., which so efficiently handled this trip the two previous

First Visitations by Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert

Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, on August 28, paid his first official visit as head of the Order when, accompanied by D. Curtis Gano, President of the New York State Elks Association, and Secretary William T. Phillips, of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, who is Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the State Association, he attended the annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association at Conneaut Lake. As reported in the account of this meeting, on page 35, Mr. Hulbert was much pleased that his first public address since his installation at Miami should result in a \$2,500 contribution by Pennsylvania Elks to the new Elks National Foundation Fund.

On August 30 the Grand Exalted Ruler visited, and made an address at, the annual convention of the Ohio State Elks Association at Cedar Point. The following day, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price and James S. Richardson, Secretary of Cincinnati Lodge, No. 5, and Max Friedman, Past Exalted Ruler, Cincinnati Lodge, he visited Sandusky Lodge, No. 285; later lunching at Bucyrus Lodge, No. 156, with Exalted Ruler Walt J. Michael. The party then visited Marion Lodge, No. 32, where Mr. Hulbert placed a wreath on the tomb of the late President of the United States, Warren G. Harding, and Mrs. Harding. A brief visit was then paid to Delaware Lodge, No. 76, after which the party dined at the home of Columbus Lodge, No. 37; the Grand Exalted Ruler leaving that night for Chicago to attend the meeting of the National Memorial Headquarters Commission.

On September 6 Mr. Hulbert conducted the services dedicating the magnificent new \$6,000,000 Home of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, and on the 8th was guest of honor at an inaugural dinner in the new building.

Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert left New York on September 15, to attend the annual meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers Association for the North Central district of New York State, at Oneida, September 16, and the dedication of the new home of Niagara Falls Lodge, No. 346, on September 17.

His next stopping place was Grand Rapids, Michigan. From there, by automobile, he toured the Northern Peninsula, never before visited by a Grand Exalted Ruler, returning to Chicago for the District Deputies Meeting, which was held at the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building on Saturday, September 22. At this meeting the Grand Exalted Ruler introduced an innovation. He received the District

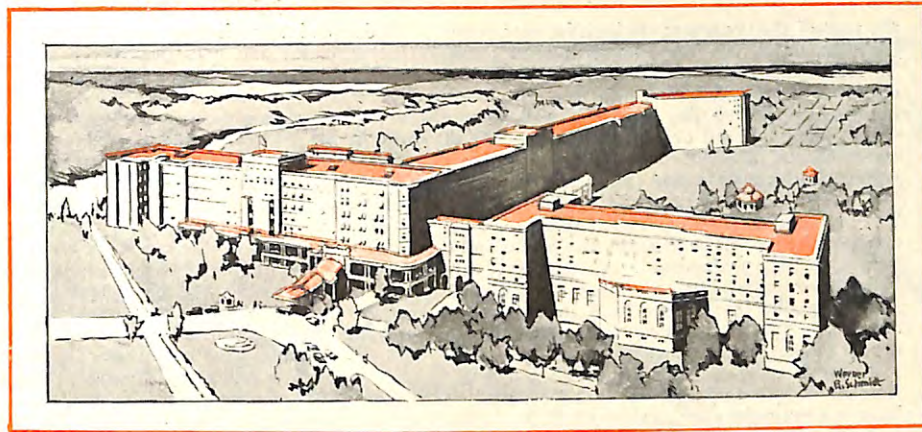
(Continued on page 67)

years. Liberal shore excursions and sight-seeing programs have been arranged and the necessary accommodations secured in advance, and the cost has been included in the membership fee. Their cruise staff composed of both men and women will attend to all travel details.

Not long after leaving New York, the air will become mild as Spring and two days later the cruise will reach the Bahamas, a lovely archipelago of islands formed from wind-blown coral sand, one of which, San Salvador, holds the distinction of being the first land sighted by Columbus. The ship will anchor at Nassau, the capital, whose setting of deep blue sky and rainbow waters, magnificent trees and gorgeous flowers, its excellent climate, and the brilliant and gay social life, make it an extremely popular winter resort.

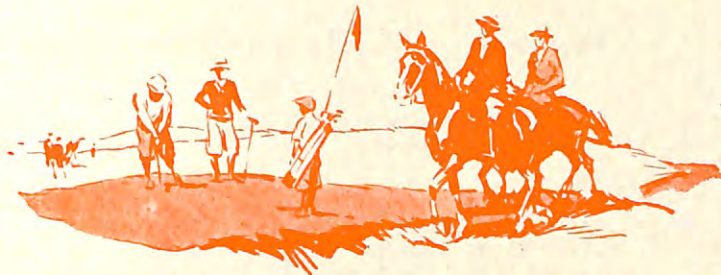
After a day of sailing over summer seas that flash with flying fish, the ship will reach Havana, one of the most joyful and carefree cities in the world. Narrow cobbled streets with awning "roofs" and balconied houses run down to the waterfront and bid the voyager explore this city, which is as quaintly Spanish as old Castile and as sparkling and sophisticated as Paris. There will be drives along the laurel-shaded Prado; and the Plaza de Armas surrounded with old Spanish Government buildings; visits to the Cathedral where the remains of Columbus once reposed; and to venerable churches, charming old castles and dungeoned fortresses which still

(Continued on page 50)



“Let’s Have Better HEALTH”

A world-wide guardian of Health from a health center of world-wide renown — PLUTO, America’s Laxative Water



Long ago the deer and Indians—and later the early white settlers—discovered in the French Lick waters a rare medicinal value.

Then, as the fame of these waters spread, visitors from over the entire world came to French Lick Springs seeking renewed health. French Lick today, with its mammoth hotel and unexcelled facilities, rivals the greatest spas of Europe.

Mineral laxative water, Nature’s finest agent for cleansing the digestive system of accumulated impurities—that in brief describes the virtue in taking “the treatment” at French Lick Springs.

And that also explains the value in using bottled Pluto Water—America’s Laxative Water—brought to you in concentrated form from French Lick Springs and sold at all drug counters.

When your system is sluggish—when you are constipated and in need of an internal cleansing—there is nothing else so effective as Pluto Water.

Pluto achieves results in a manner most to be desired. It washes the system—naturally and effectively.

Ordinary drinking water would have the same effect as Pluto if it passed through the intestinal tract. But it does not. Instead, it is pre-absorbed and passes out through the kidneys.

Pluto Water, on the other hand, contains a percentage of minerals exceeding the percentage of these same minerals contained in the blood. For that reason, Pluto passes intact through the intestinal tract—washing and flushing the system as it goes—completely carrying away the poison accumulations.

You gain welcome relief with Pluto in 30 minutes to two hours! Yet, as Pluto merely washes the system, its action is gentle, non-gripping—harmless, non-habit-forming.

For nearly a generation, doctors have consistently prescribed Pluto Water. Whether for regular daily use, or in time of emergency, Pluto is always reliable—safe. Dilute with hot water—directions on every bottle. Sold at all drug counters and at fountains. Bottled at the Springs, French Lick, Indiana.

When Nature Won’t, PLUTO Will

The HOME OF PLUTO WATER

America’s Laxative Water

*French Lick Springs,
America’s Spa of
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Each fall brings thousands of visitors to French Lick Springs—for French Lick is at its best in the fall.

This is the time to enjoy unexcelled golf on the two sporty eighteen-hole courses owned by the French Lick Springs Hotel Company.

At this season the air is most bracing—the climate most delightful—the French Lick scenery most gorgeous.

Ride horseback through wooded trails—thrill at the magnificent Cumberlandlands in whose foothills this famous spa so snugly nestles.

Hike—play tennis—drink health-giving Pluto as it bubbles from the ground. Take the wonderful curative baths—rest—play—enjoy yourself—let French Lick Springs give you new health and vigor.

French Lick, located forty miles from the United States’ center of population, is conveniently reached from everywhere. Splendid roadways lure the motor tourist. Railroad service is convenient.

A modern, fireproof hotel, with 800 rooms, affords service and comfort par excellence. Complete medical staff in attendance.

Write or wire for reservations—or send for booklet

FRENCH LICK SPRINGS HOTEL CO.
T. D. TAGGART, President
FRENCH LICK, INDIANA





The crispness
of autumn in its touch—

Aqua Velva for After-Shaving!

Everything else seems tame when once you've used Aqua Velva! The tingling thrill of it wakes you for the day, leaves your face with the live and healthy glow that makes you feel Fit for what's before you.

There's no guesswork in the Aqua Velva blend. Eighty-eight years of study of the needs of the newly shaven skin preceded it.

Aqua Velva gives tone and tonic to the facial tissue; takes care of tiny nicks and scrapes; protects the skin; conserves its natural moisture so essential to Face Fitness.

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream, that millions use each morning, Aqua Velva keeps the skin all day as the Williams lather leaves it, flexible and Fit!

Have a bottle handy when you put your razor down. It will mean a lot to you.

50 cents for a 5-oz. bottle,
Or a Free Trial Size if you ask for it.

Address:
Dept. E-48, The J. B. Williams Co.,
Glastonbury, Conn. and Montreal, Can.

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

Youth Turns to Golf

(Continued from page 31)

the part of the youngsters to look for new popular idols. The boys are finding them in Jones, Farrell, Hagen, Sarazen and the others and the opportunities for learning the new game are increasing. Every day there is a new golf course being laid out or projected somewhere in these United States. They are making new golfers, both amateur and professional.

That is another charm of the game of golf. The amateurs predominate, while in baseball the spirit of the game, the essence of it, seems to be almost entirely professional. A very good baseball player inevitably becomes a professional. A good golfer frequently elects to remain an amateur. Then, too, the golfing fans all are ardent players, even if they are in the dub class.

I have not the exact figures but I should say that the income of Johnny Farrell for a time at least will run quite close to that of Mr. Ruth, the highest paid of the baseball players. Like Ruth Mr. Farrell also has literary rights to dispose of, cigarette rights and so forth. And the occupation of young Mr. Farrell is particularly pleasant. He can travel and see the world and he travels alone. He is not part of a team. He is his own setting. He needs nothing but his clubs and the ability to keep on top of his game.

All of the caddies have not turned professionals. There is, for instance, Chick Evans and there is the gay Francis Ouimet. Both of these players learned the rudiments of the game when they were caddies. The ruling of the United States Golf Association is that they must not caddy after they are sixteen. At that tender age it seems that both Evans and Ouimet elected to be amateur golfers.

I do not know whether or not we have a distinct amateur and a distinct professional class in this country—socially, I mean. If we have, Robert Tyre Jones is of the former. He learned his golf, not as a caddie, but as a player when he was in his very early teens. He was a frail youngster who built up a fine physique and robust health on the links while at the same time he was building a game that was to make him the greatest golfer of them all.

To youngsters of the amateur caste—if we have one and perhaps we have—Robert Tyre Jones is the model and the inspiration. Jess Sweetser, who staged the greatest melodrama in amateur golf at Muirfield, Scotland, when he won the British amateur, when he was so ill that he hardly could drag his weary limbs over the course, is another.

There is no doubt that every day the game of golf is building up new popular idols for the youngsters. I hesitate to predict, but it is not at all unlikely that the most popular athletic idol of the very near future will not be a Babe Ruth or a Gene Tunney but a Robert Tyre Jones or a Johnny Farrell.

The game is growing away from the region of the Firth of Forth. There are comparatively queer names in it now following the Sarazens, the Espinósas, the Turnesas, the Ciucis and the others, youngsters whose forefathers never heard or dreamed of the game which is starting to crowd our national pastime in the matter of popularity at least.

Youth certainly turns to golf in the United States as enthusiastically as it used to turn to baseball.

Traveling With the President

(Continued from page 18)

All but a few of the finials on the backs of those chairs had been unscrewed and carried away as prizes.

I expressed amazement. "This is nothing," she went on, her indignation mounting as she talked. "When a recent delegation came to the front porch there were a great many women in the party. I arranged for the visitors to make use of an upstairs chamber and bathroom. Do you know that some of those people went into my maid's room, thinking, I suppose, that it was mine, and abstracted small coins—as souvenirs—from the maid's purse? Not only that, but they took hand towels and numerous other articles that I have not been able to inventory. I am furious."

She was furious, too, and it was her complete inability to disguise her feelings on such occasions that made her a charming person to know. Dissimulation was beyond her. If she liked you she never was hesitant about showing that regard; and her candidness was just as pronounced when she disliked a person.

One time on a journey from Washington to New York the combination living and dining-room of the private car "Ideal" seemed less commodious than usual. Taft, Wilson, Harding, and Coolidge have all used that car which is chartered when needed from the Pullman company. Fully a quarter of the space there was occupied by American beauty roses with stems that seemed to be more than a yard long. Yards and yards of crimson satin ribbon held dozens of them in a silken embrace above the mouth of a deep and costly vase. A crisp, white envelope nestled among the blooms.

When the wives of our Presidents travel anywhere they are always recipients of flowers in an abundance that would widen the eyes of the most popular stage favorites; but that bouquet of roses was of epic proportions.

"Who sent them?" every one present asked. "A friend of mine," said Mrs. Harding with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. Then, as the President in golf clothes and cap lifted his shaggy brows above the newspaper that had held his attention in the rear corner of the car, she named the rose-giver, a man whose friendship for the President had been a cause of some political embarrassment to him. "He is a friend of ours," continued Mrs. Harding, with her chin lifted

determinedly, "and I want everybody to know he is a friend. I don't care what is said about it."

Truly she did not care, but even so she had to reckon with busybodies who write letters. One of her intimate women friends, a lady of enormous wealth and bizarre taste, once stood beside Mrs. Harding on the platform of a railroad station in a Middle Western city. Photographers clustered in front of them, heads down like pigs about a trough as they elbowed one another and strove to focus their cameras. The lady had a cigarette pasted to one ripe lip. Mrs. Harding reached over and removed the cigarette.

"You can smoke all you want to, —," she said, "but not when you are having your picture taken with me. I'd be busy writing letters for a couple of weeks, replying to all the people who would write complaining about the bad example I had set the nation."

Most of us, when we travel, get a certain sense of freedom from the fact that we are, in a sense, wearing a cloak of invisibility. We are among strangers and in small danger from gossips. But a President and his wife are constantly oppressed by the knowledge that any spontaneous action of theirs is likely to be misjudged. Every eye that is focused on them is alert for any slip.

It is easy to become enthusiastic about Theodore Roosevelt when one recalls how he went along day after day, seeming to allow each action to be the result of a spontaneous burst of feeling.

When Roosevelt left the White House for a trip his days were a long round of enthusiastic greetings, each conversation full of a sputter of positive assertions, and more, perhaps, than any President, he managed to convey the impression that he did not care what effect his words might have so long as they expressed what he meant. I am willing to concede that this may have been just an impression. Nevertheless his manner always suggested impulsiveness.

Once, though, at Sagamore Hill, I stood in a small crowd on the verandah behind him as he addressed a gathering of neighbors clustered on the lawn. The occasion was his birthday, a fine October day. The foliage was richly tinted. A smoky haze softened the outlines of objects along the shore line of Oyster Bay below us. A

(Continued on page 42)



Are you blinded by the New Blade Fallacy?

Men by the million miss the joy of velvet smooth shaves every day. They are blinded by the idea that a new blade shaves smoothly because it's new. They use a new blade every few days, thoughtlessly believing that they are getting the best shaves possible—but they are NOT.

The maker of fine razors would like to get his blades to you in perfect shaving condition—if he could. But tempered steel is sensitive to weather conditions and the finishing touches must be put on the blade by stropping just before the shave.

This is interesting

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

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

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



Send for the **DULL HOUSE** and **FREE NEW** blade stropped

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

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1641 Locust Street, Saint Louis
Montreal London Chicago

Twinplex Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER, QUICKER SHAVES

Traveling With the President

(Continued from page 40)

moving-picture tripod had been quietly set up just behind Mr. Roosevelt, and apparently out of his view.

He spoke a few sentences with his hands in his pockets. Then the camera began to whirl as the operator ground away at the crank. Instantly Mr. Roosevelt's hands were out of his pockets and he began to gesture with them as busily as a prize-fighter defending a championship. That was not only spontaneous; it was presence of mind; it was, if you please, acting.

As Colonel of the Rough Riders Roosevelt might have been expected to have established a claim to horsemanship, but when he became President the Secret Service had, in addition to its other duties, the frequent task of testing out some horse which the President was going to ride. On a trip through Yellowstone Park there would be photographs showing President Roosevelt in khaki breeches and puttees mounted and riding beside Major Pitcher, but there would be no photograph of an earnest Secret-Service agent, up before dawn, making sure that the horse assigned to the President was kind and gentle. If the President had known probably he would have been angered, but it would not have altered the situation, except that the Secret Service might have become a little more secretive about its precautions.

WHEN President Coolidge rode for a time in the parks about Washington, he was astride an animal that had been ridden repeatedly by a Secret-Service man before the President mounted. In Andrew Jackson's day such precautions were not taken, nor in George Washington's time, but this is a very different period, and a horse's disposition is no longer something to be taken for granted.

So little use had the United States for an organization such as the Secret Service during the first seventy-five years of its existence as a nation that, when it was deemed necessary to guard the life of the successor of President Buchanan, a private detective had to be employed, and Allan Pinkerton was sent to Springfield to act as bodyguard for Abraham Lincoln on his journey to Washington for the inauguration in 1861. The Secret Service was created in 1865 as an agency for the detection of counterfeiters and it therefore became a part of the treasury department.

Although it had frequently been employed to guard Presidents it was not until after the assassination of William McKinley at Buffalo, that the Secret Service was legally and inescapably charged with responsibility for the safety of the President of the United States. An awful symbol of that responsibility is exhibited in a glass case outside the door of the treasury of the United States in Washington. It is a flag, a red, white, and blue fabric torn in one place by a spur. That flag was draped about the box in Ford's Theatre in which Abraham Lincoln sat the night he was shot by his assassin, John Wilkes Booth. The tear in the cloth is an historic blemish for it was caused by the rowells of Booth's spur catching in its threads as he leaped from the box. If he had jumped clear he might have escaped. Instead, he was thrown heavily to the stage and broke his leg, with the result that his mad act was followed within a short while by his horrible, and deserved, death.

Because of its skill in tracking down counterfeiters the Secret Service earned a reputation as the most efficient man-hunting organization in the United States, but its service in guarding the President calls for even more astuteness, much more of tact and finesse. J. E. Wilkie, a former chief of the service, said some time ago that this protection of the nation's leader called for eternal vigilance, a constant watch for the unexpected. Naturally that vigilance is more difficult to exercise when the President leaves the shelter of the White House, and it is when they are traveling with the President away from Washington that their finest skill comes into play. It is then that tragic things are likely to happen.

The spear head of the Secret-Service scheme of guardianship is an advance man who precedes any Presidential party just as an advance man goes ahead of a theatrical company on tour. When President Coolidge plans to leave Wash-

ington for an overnight stay in, let us say, Chicago, the local reception committee receives word that it will be expected to confer with a representative of the Secret Service. Usually this advance agent is met at the railroad station when he arrives. Thereafter he goes over the program as outlined by the committee. For obvious reasons he prefers to have the President driven through the city he is to visit by way of wide, well-paved streets, rather than through narrow streets overhung with fire-escapes.

Next, perhaps, there is the essential conference with the chief of police. Policemen who are selected to guard the line of march of a procession in which a President of the United States travels never—if they obey orders—see their President. They keep their backs to the President so that they may watch the crowd. After discussing the police arrangements the advance man must oversee the arrangements for the living quarters of the President, whether these are to be in a private home or in a hotel. Assume that he has elected to stay in a hotel.

In such case the advance agent sees the manager of that hotel. First he asks to see the rooms that have been assigned to the Presidential party. If there is a fire-escape he knows this means that Secret-Service men will have to occupy posts on it during every minute the President occupies those rooms. It may be in bitterly cold weather with a blizzard blowing, but nevertheless Secret-Service men will have to be stationed on the exposed iron stairway to guard against the possibility of some person using this means to gain access to the President. Next the advance man selects an elevator for the use of the President. During his stay at the hotel he will not use any other elevator car, and the same operators will be required to attend it. Similarly the advance man, with the cooperation of the hotel manager, selects the chef who will prepare the President's meals, the waiter who will serve him, the maid who will make up his bed, and any other servants who may come in direct contact with him.

If the President and his wife are to be entertained in a private house the Secret Service are just as curious about the servants who are to prepare their food or to come in contact with them in other ways. This may seem impertinent to the host of the President, but how could they do otherwise and fulfil their obligation to the country? Not only that but there is also the necessity of advising one who is to be honored in such fashion, that besides providing quarters for the President, for his wife, for a valet, for a maid, for a personal physician, strict arrangements will have to be made to shield the visitors from a deluge of the host's own friends and acquaintances.

NOWADAYS Colonel E. W. Starling, a tall and courtly Kentuckian, generally is sent by Chief Moran to make the advance arrangements for the reception and entertainment of President Coolidge. It was Starling who selected the resort in the Black Hills of South Dakota where the Coolidges passed their vacation last summer. He visited a number of places in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and other States before he gave his approval to several from which Mr. Coolidge made his selection. Two things were uppermost in Starling's mind as he made his survey: the safety and the comfort of the President.

Once, during the Harding Administration, Starling went to Cincinnati in advance of a visit from President Harding. Arrangements had been made for the chief executive and his party to go to Point Pleasant, Ohio, the birthplace of General Grant. The trip was to be made from Cincinnati on the Ohio River. Starling found that an old side-wheel excursion steamer had been chartered for the journey. This was to be the President's river yacht, but Starling also discovered that hundreds of Cincinnati people had been solicited to make the journey on the same boat. Pay \$5, it was proposed, and travel with the President.

Starling promptly ordered a change in that arrangement. A government tow-boat, a staunch, safe little craft with a powerful thrust in her stern-wheel paddles was provided instead.

(Continued on page 44)

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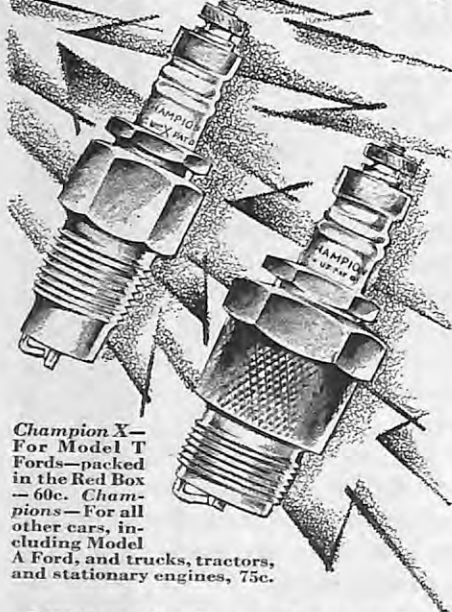
THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Traveling With the President

(Continued from page 42)

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TOLEDO - O

The local committee was perturbed about this. Perturbed is a mild word, really, to describe the hysterical agitation of some of those who carried their tale of woe to President Harding himself. Mr. Harding was always ready to oblige friends at no matter what cost in inconvenience to himself. When his biography is written that trait will be found woven in it as one of his strongest characteristics.

"Oh," he said, it may be assumed, "let's ride on the big boat. Why should I disappoint all these people? This hunger of theirs to have a contact with their President is a fine and understandable thing."

"Mr. President," he was told, firmly, "a river-excursion crowd is hard to handle. Such a journey is needlessly dangerous to you."

The President grumbled. The Secret Service insisted. In the end he rode on the stout little tow-boat.

The newspapers of that day carried a dispatch which told of an accident aboard the big excursion side-wheeler. Under the weight of too large a proportion of its ambulatory cargo the foredeck collapsed. Many were hurt.

Beneath that part of the superstructure which collapsed the committee in charge had spread oriental rugs and arranged a palm garden. Comfortable chairs had been placed there. That was the place which President Harding and his party would have occupied if they had been aboard. When the foredeck collapsed, its heavy timbers and planking, together with more than thirty passengers, fell with crushing force upon that little bower that had been arranged for the President.

One might suppose that with all the precautions that are taken a President of the United States would be much safer than ordinary citizens who travel, but such a conclusion would not take into consideration the eagerness of people to see their President. Crowds of people bent on some purpose may upset the most carefully prepared schedule. In North Adams, Mass., in September, 1902, President Roosevelt was rather seriously hurt in an accident that would have been hard to prevent and which might have been disastrous. He had been planning to make a tour of the country, and Pittsfield was one of the first places on his list.

HE WAS in an open carriage, teeth flashing in a constant smile at crowds yelling "Hurrah for Teddy." The road over which the President's carriage traveled ran parallel with an electric-trolley railroad, down a steep hill at the bottom of which the carriage road crossed the tracks of the trolley.

Descending the hill, loaded with people eager to see the President was a heavy street car, and just before it reached the crossing the heavy vehicle got out of the motorman's control.

Bill Craig, one of the Secret-Service operatives, was riding on the box with the coachman of Roosevelt's carriage. He was there to watch out for emergencies and true to his training he saw the danger of the terrific speed with which the car was sweeping down the hill. It was as if it was a great missile aimed at the President of the United States. He knew it was going to hit the carriage. There was no time to get the President out of the way. Frantically Bill Craig stood up in the box waving his arms and yelling at the motorman. He did not realize, of course, that the car was out of control. There still was time for Craig to have jumped to safety. He was agile enough beyond question for he was the champion broadswordman of the United States, a man of admirable physique. When the crash came Craig was pitched beneath the car and mangled beyond recognition. Why had he not jumped? It would have been as impossible for a true Secret-Service man to have abandoned his post to save his own skin as it would be for a mother to leave her child in such a fix. I can think of no better phrase to explain this constant, self-sacrificing guardianship of the President than that it transcends maternal solicitude. There was an unhealthy pallor under the bronzed skin of Teddy as he was helped from the carriage, but he insisted he had been merely bruised. Nevertheless when he reached Indianapolis a day or so later his physician ordered him to cancel the rest of his traveling schedule and

return to Washington. One of his legs had been injured more severely than was generally suspected. It was just another example of the unexpected.

Impatiently Mr. Roosevelt waited more than seven months before he resumed that trip. Then he left Washington in the private car "Elysian," one of a special train of six furnished by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. For nine weeks and three days that train was his home. He made 265 speeches, exchanged hand-clasps with tens of thousands of Americans and had, as he himself said, a bully time. Nine weeks is a long stretch aboard a train. Occasionally he had to bathe. Even a private-car shower is not to be recommended to any one who enjoys bathing. Mr. Roosevelt, and the others of the party, did as much of their bathing as they could in hotels and homes into which they were invited as the tour progressed.

THOSE who traveled with Roosevelt aboard his special trains, newspapermen as well as other guests, received typewritten slips each day informing them how they were to attire themselves. Morning clothes and evening clothes were an essential part of every man's baggage. It is somewhat surprising nowadays, in view of our recollections of Roosevelt as a rough, out-of-doors man, to look over a collection of old press photographs and discover how often he was pictured in a double-breasted frock coat. I doubt if Mr. Coolidge has such a garment in his wardrobe.

Mr. Harding never made any suggestions to those who traveled with him as to how they should dress. On the recent trip of President Coolidge to Havana, correspondents and others in the party were informed each day what costume was to be worn; but that was probably due to the sensitive character of the visit. Latin America would not have understood it if the people with Mr. Coolidge were less formally attired than the President himself.

When, during his administration, President Taft went to the border and shook hands with the President of Mexico at the middle of a bridge across the Rio Grande the newspapers of Mexico City printed critical articles about the slovenly dress of the Yankees who came with him. Their President, it seems, had worn a general's uniform especially tailored in Paris for the occasion, while Mr. Taft wore only the drab clothes of civil life. Some who stood behind, seemed in the jaundiced eyes of the Mexican writers, to have dressed carelessly as if deliberately to affront the Mexican people. Most Americans would see in such a reaction mere childishness, but to do so is to overlook fundamental qualities of the Latin character. The State department has a long memory for such incidents, or, if not a memory, at least an admirable filing system. At any rate the mistake of being too informal with Latin Americans was not repeated at Havana.

With the President, as his personal guests, often travel a number of the country's most distinguished men. General Pershing, cabinet officers, wise men of many fields have been included in Mr. Coolidge's parties on numerous occasions. But there is one distinguished man who never is permitted aboard the same train on which the President rides, and that is the Vice-President of the United States, General Charles G. Dawes. This, too, is because of a rule of the Secret Service. A train might be wrecked and the President killed. It is obvious that it would be an unwise risk to expose both President and Vice-President to the same hazard. The law provides for the succession, in such a dire event, of the Secretary of State, and after him in the order of their rank, the other cabinet officers. The line of succession runs even farther than that, but the custom invoked by the Secret Service holds. The Vice-President may not travel with the President.

Those who do travel with the President as his guests, have one great advantage that is not the lot of ordinary travelers. When they leave their compartments to go to a hotel, or a ship, or a private house they do not ordinarily have to worry about their baggage. They walk out leaving it behind. When they reach their hotel

(Continued on page 46)



Hitch-Hiker? Or Hobo?

HITCH-HIKER or hobo — often it's impossible to tell. Many journey thousands of miles on the good nature of motorists — many really need a lift — others more vicious make easy prey of those who can be inveigled into stopping.

When you read the recurrent story of the roadside outrage in your morning paper you may swear off giving lifts for a while.

But you find it hard to feel like a Bad Samaritan very long. And the best of resolutions never kept a tire from going flat.

Isn't it simply a matter of modern common sense to own the most dependable and accurate revolver that money can buy, going to the small trouble of getting a permit if your local laws require it?

There's often good sport to be had from its normal, law-abiding use. Occasionally, either at home or on the road, there's urgent and immediate need of the vigorous protection it affords. A Smith & Wesson — the final achievement of small-arms development — is a lifetime purchase.

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The smooth, chocolate coatings—the surprise fillings, vindicate your judgment in choosing the gifts of gifts. Your dealer has the famous Mi Choice Package in one, two, three and five pound sizes. If not, send the coupon and \$1.50 for the one pound Mi Choice or 25c for a Miniature Sample Package filled with the pieces which have made Mi Choice the choice of people who discriminate.

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Traveling With the President

(Continued from page 44)

room, even though they have paused meanwhile to help the President lay a cornerstone, or plant a tree, or make a speech, there is their baggage waiting for them.

I have referred to that private car, "Ideal," property of the Pullman Company. I have been aboard trains of which it was a part when the really luxurious car of a multi-millionaire made it seem like a pretty shabby vehicle for a President to be riding in. The rich man's car was coupled into the train ahead of the President's car, which invariably is last. Ahead of the millionaire's car was the compartment car in which rode a dozen or more newspaper correspondents. Next to that was an ordinary Pullman, then a diner, a couple of passenger coaches, just to give the train weight, and then a baggage car.

As the train went Southward through the Carolinas it was preceded by a pilot train which kept one-half hour in advance of the presidential special, heroically prepared to jump the track at any obstacle or plunge through any draw-bridges that might have been left open. That was not a requirement of the Secret Service, although I am prepared to bet that Chief Moran slept more soundly in Washington that night because he knew there was a pilot train, testing out the steel ribboned pathway of the special. The pilot train was evidence of the solemn regard for their high obligation entertained by the executives of that railroad. Behind the special a clear space of another half-hour was kept by means of telegraphic orders. Nothing was allowed to roll on the rails within half an hour either way of the important train. So much for that.

Not much was going on in the baggage car, of course. In the extra day coaches rode a few lesser officials of the railroad. Representatives of each division boarded the train as it entered their territory. In the diner the tables were ready for service long after the customary hours. This was not because it was feared the President might require a little snack. That was a railroad courtesy to the newspaper writers and the Secret-Service men, the presidential secretaries and other attachés. A few correspondents and Secret-Service men who lingered over their coffee smoked. That is one advantage of traveling on a special train. You may smoke in the diner. If the steward squawks at the sacrilege there is always a higher railway authority to tell him to hush, and say,

"Allow these gentlemen to do anything they wish. This is their dining-room for the time being."

There is usually one other distinctive thing about the service in a diner on such occasions. The menu is adorned with a flag, or red, white, and blue ornamentation, or perhaps the seal of the President. Sometimes they are quite as handsomely engraved as a banquet menu, which suggests that somewhere in the railroad organization there are men who are truly proud of the chance to assume the responsibility of carrying their President in safety and in comfort on a part of his journey.

In the Pullman ride the satraps and bashaws of minute political dominions, of counties and congressional districts. This one, with his shoes off and his pipe alight is, perhaps, a fairly important postmaster in a city of the fourth class; that one, more smartly attired, is, it may

be, a collector of internal revenue. There may be a few other minor Federal officeholders of the region through which the presidential special passes. Sometimes a person of real consequence rides there, but not often.

If you were to ask one of the newspaper writers to identify the men in that Pullman, likely enough he would say, "Oh, those are just visiting firemen," or else he might term them "boll-weevils." As a matter of fact they are quite often persons who have used a surprising amount of energy to arrange for themselves a short ride aboard the presidential special.

The faces in that car change almost at each stop. The men who ride there seem to have the feeling that they are helping to make history just by riding on the President's train. Sometimes, though, the space is occupied by really important persons who are by instinct self-effacing and travel in comparative discomfort only to await a favorable chance to keep an appointment with the President at such time as he may be at leisure.

In the correspondents' compartment car is always plenty of activity. Portable typewriters are being flailed so that morning newspapers may inform you at your breakfast table of the President's day, whom he has seen and talked with, what he has said in rear-platform speeches, even true reports of the food he has eaten. Word seeps along the corridor that the President has retired. Typewriters are put away. Copy is entrusted to the agents of the Western Union and the Postal Telegraph who ride with the correspondents for their greater convenience.

So long as "he" is in bed there is little prospect of news developing concerning him. Reporters and Secret-Service men relax. I do not wish to tell any tales on the Secret Service, but I can say that the reporters generally begin at that time to play cards, bridge, hearts, or poker, and within a few thin partitions of the President of the United States! The irony of this is that the President enjoys no such liberty. If he wished to play cards he would feel impelled to do it almost furtively with the blinds down. This is a fact. I doubt if a man of ordinary strength could lift all the letters of protest that would come flooding through the mails to the executive offices of the White House, if it were published that the President had been seen playing casino or even solitaire. It really is surprising to discover how many busybodies one nation can harbor within its borders.

Back in the President's car there is quiet. The door of the President's compartment is closed. All lights are dimmed. The rhythmic sounds of the car wheels clicking over the rail joints, an occasional mournful hoot from the locomotive whistle as the train sweeps through the night past lonesome cross roads, now and again a wild yell of enthusiasm from flag-wavers at a small-town station beat against the presidential ears as a lullaby. If, by chance, he lies in his narrow bed wakefully those sounds, no doubt, are transformed for him, as for the least important of his countrymen, when they travel, into a doleful echo of his problems.

When the brakeman, tip-toeing down the corridor with shoulders brushing each wall, speaks in a hoarse whisper there is a warning "shshsh" from one of the eternally watchful Secret-Service men who stand guard even when the President sleeps.

The Gummer

(Continued from page 25)

retreat. Instead, the ones behind the old wolf commenced to edge closer. Stiff-legged he waited them, long tongue flicking out like a snake's, lips writhing about worn tusks, and his scarred head swinging slowly back and forth. His challenge had been accepted. This would be a battle to the death. Hunger and their superior numbers had emboldened them till they were about to attack. Every advantage lay with the pack. Yet The Gummer accepted the odds, even welcomed them as the fire of battle flared in his old veins.

Ten feet separated the leader of the pack from the old wolf. The ring closed, inexorable.

Suddenly the wily leader sought to circle in The Gummer's rear. Then the old wolf wheeled. A flash of dark bodies, a roar of rage, and The Gummer charged. As he struck hideous snarls rent the night air. Then the pack closed in.

The first lightning-like chop broke the neck of the pack leader. Strength which once had enabled those armored jaws to hamstring a yearling steer at a single stroke cracked the bones when worn teeth failed to cut cleanly. But others took the place of the wounded. Dagger-like teeth cut the grizzled body in a dozen places. Coyotes swarmed upon him, and

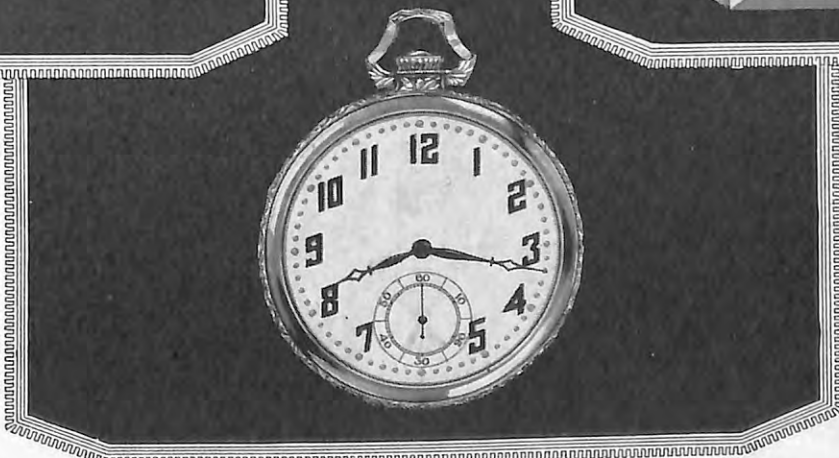
(Continued on page 48)

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Finally, in the finer grade you would have it plated with pure cadmium, and for the very finest you would use indestructible Solid Copper 10 gauge.

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This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

The Gummer

(Continued from page 46)

at last The Gummer was borne down by sheer weight of numbers.

If they kept him down the old wolf knew he was doomed. So now he battled with all of his sinewy strength to regain his footing. Finally he fought free and his terrible jaws chopped a lane for him until he stood with his back against the corral. Here he made his stand. Head low, mangled ears flat against his great skull, his scarred face a mask of hideous rage, he waited the next onslaught. No coyote could get behind him now, but the pack had tasted blood, and again they surged forward. Once more The Gummer was the centre of a whirling mass of bodies. But where the coyotes sought, with their slashing bites, to maim and weaken The Gummer with every snap of his jaws reduced the odds against him, and he left a clutter of dead and dying foe reddening the snow along the corral.

Old muscles quivered under the terrific strain. Old lungs labored. But The Gummer drove himself to the limit. The coyotes were battling for food and the right to the range. But their enemy fought for his life with a savage hatred which could not be matched. However, the strain at last commenced to tell. More and more difficult it was to keep his feet, and when he again found himself with his back to the corral he stood on three legs, weaving back and forth as he waited the final attack.

But this time, as he hunched there, a coyote detached himself from the attackers. Blood from his torn throat crimsoning the snow, he sought to escape to the timber. Another coyote which had taken but little part in the fight, edged toward his wounded comrade. Suddenly he flashed in and struck. In a moment two more had sunk their fangs in the gasping beast. The rest of the pack hesitated. Their eyes sought the cannibal feast, and another edged toward it.

The Gummer, lungs laboring, took in the situation at a glance. The pack was half inclined to drop the fight. But the old wolf knew that with this battle undecided he was merely postponing the inevitable. He must be the master now, or never. Before the pack could prepare themselves for the surprise, his muscles tensed and he charged. A coyote went down at the first onslaught. Another made feeble resistance and then fled. In a minute the snowy slope was dotted with retreating animals and the old wolf stood alone.

For several minutes he waited, stumpy ears forward, listening. Then from far up the ridge sounded the death scream of a stricken member of the pack. Another wounded animal, unable to defend himself, was being offered up that the majority might survive. The Gummer turned now and sniffed disdainfully at four stiffening forms in the snow. No sign of life was visible except the terrified flock in the corral. The old wolf felt sick now that the excitement of the battle was over. His empty stomach cried for

food, and the multitude of wounds added their toll to his weakened condition. Rigid muscles relaxed presently and he sank in the snow. For a time he lay there, licking his wounds, too spent to rise. Finally he staggered erect, passed the slain coyotes without a second glance, and dragged himself across the ranch yard, heading toward the distant ridge.

As he limped past the cabin the door opened. The Gummer halted, too weary to run. Then something struck the snow with a soft thump. The old wolf waited as the door closed. Only the faint sound of quarreling coyotes and the nervous milling of the sheep in the corral broke the stillness. Finally he dropped his head and advanced a step. Man smell was strong here. But his long nights about the cabin and the food which had been in the fence-corner carrying this odor had accustomed him to the scent. Finally he thrust his head forward, his jaws opened and, a meaty shank gripped between worn teeth, he started on.

But a sudden movement among the penned sheep caused him to face about. Two dark forms skulked near the edge of the corral. Another could be seen farther out. The Gummer dropped the sheep shank. With a terrific roar he limped toward the corral. Three coyotes scattered, panic stricken, whimpering their fright as they ran. For a long time the old wolf stood there. At last the cold began to creep into his wounds. He turned wearily and hobbled back to where the sheep shank lay in the snow. He was very weary now, and the den seemed too great a distance for him to travel in his weakened condition. So he looked about for some shelter into which he might crawl till his strength returned.

An old shed, open on one side, yawned invitingly. The Gummer advanced toward it and sniffed. Inside was the faint stale smell of a dog. But that smell the wolf had noticed before. Again he nosed at the entrance of the shed and then glanced toward the cabin. Somehow the bulk of that dark building was vaguely comforting. The Gummer picked up his sheep shank and entered the shed. Half a minute later he was circling in the straw. Then his body settled, and, the fresh bone between his huge forepaws, he fell to licking his wounds.

Meanwhile from the window of the darkened cabin Mel Saunders kept his vigil. Presently he hobbled to the door, opened it softly and peered about. No sign of life was visible in the weird reflected light from the snow. Then far up the ridge sounded the chorused cries of the coyote band. Immediately from the old shed where Saunders' faithful collie had slept there issued a low, deep growl.

Saunders closed the door softly, and in the darkness groped his way to his bunk. Stumbling against his empty rifle, he allowed it to lie upon the floor where the contact had thrown it. A new, perhaps even a better weapon was out in the doghouse.

The Reading Lamp

(Continued from page 26)

other Bambi standing motionless and proud at the edge of a clearing in the woods.

It won't be an easy matter to bring a dead deer back to camp this year, and there will be fewer antlers given away as souvenirs, believe me.

The hunter, however within the game laws and his own rights, will not be able to drive the picture of Bambi and his mother and his kin and all the other forest folk out of his mind. He will remember them as being suddenly warned by the crows and by the scent of humans when they are being surrounded. HE is coming.

A pheasant tries to save his panicked brother birds.

"Don't try to fly . . . Don't fly, just run! Don't lose your head! Don't try to fly! Just run, run, run!"

And then, when that terrible crashing that means death is heard in the forest, the mother of our hero knows that she must get her little son out of the fatal ambush.

"Watch out," said Bambi's mother. "Don't

run. But when we have to cross the open place, run as fast you can. And don't forget, Bambi, my child, don't pay any attention to me when we get out there. Even if I fall don't pay any attention to me, just keep on running. Do you understand, Bambi?"

Thus she teaches him his way around in their beautiful but perilous world. And the old stag, Bambi's father, teaches him self-reliance and courage and, at the last, that power so needed by all the creatures of the earth, the strength to be alone. It is he, also, who shows the young deer the flaw in the forest myth of man's supposed supremacy.

They stand together in the wood, looking down upon a dead poacher.

"We can stand right beside Him," the old stag began softly, "and it isn't dangerous . . . do you see how He's lying there dead, like one of us? Listen, Bambi. He isn't all-powerful as they say. Everything that lives and grows doesn't come from him. He isn't above us. He's just the same as we are. He has the same fears, the same needs,

and suffers in the same way. He can be killed like us, and then He lies helpless on the ground like the rest of us, as you see him now."

Did the young deer understand?
 "I think so," Bambi said in a whisper.
 "Then speak," the old stag commanded.
 "Bambi was inspired, and said, trembling,
 "There is Another who is over us all. Over us and Him."

"Now I can go," said the old stag.
 However, excerpts will give you but a meager idea of the beguiling spirit of this book which has captivated Germany and Austria and which already is headed for a great success in our own land.

Felix Salten, writer of plays and novels and articles, spends a good part of each year in his forest-lodge not far from Vienna. It is here that he has cultivated his naturalist's instinct and his poet's heart. It is these two things, combined with the acme of artistic restraint, that have been responsible for one of the rare literary feasts of the season.

More, Mr. Salten, please!

Show Girl

By J. P. McEvoy. (Simon & Schuster, New York.)

"SHOW GIRL" is simple, fly-weight entertainment.

It is Broadway, night life, traveling salesmanship, tabloid standards and the latest in vaudeville slang all woven together into a galloping yarn designed to take the agony out of train rides, rainy nights, lonely Sundays or an overdraft at your bank.

Dixie Dugan, defying her adoring "road" lover, tries her hand and her two twinkling feet at dancing in a night club. So successful is she that shortly this "swell" young person is involved in a little stabbing fray in which a Wall Street broker and an amorous South American go to the mat.

Then she is kidnaped, thus providing no end of front-page excitement in the tabloids, and no end of distress in the detective agencies.

(There's lots more to the plot, but you will have to read it yourself. We can't go on with it.)

The tale is told in letters, telegrams, snappy snatches of dialogue and lively newspaper clippings. And a very clever notion that is, too. The native-tongue is used throughout.

None of us must be what is known as high-brow over a little gift from Allah like this. It is a piece of hilarious fooling, and as such has a definite place in the scheme of things. We have only to add that already it has found a resting place in the "movies," and in book form is counting its contented readers by thousands and thousands, and you will get some idea of how glad Mr. McEvoy is that he thought of writing it.

The Happy Mountain

By Maristan Chapman. (The Viking Press, New York.)

WHEN folks talk this year about genuine native literature, they will probably get all heated up patting "The Happy Mountain" on the back and saying it's one of the best. Well, it is darned good, but we're just sitting pretty, thinking about it a little longer.

Consumed by wanderlust and spring urges, Wait-Still-on-the-Lord Lowe, a true son of the Tennessee mountains, fares forth from his home and takes himself down toward the valleys and the towns.

His sweetheart is a little bitter about his going, but his understanding mother lays out clean shirts and socks and bravely sends him on his way.

Wait is a simple lad (Charles Ray will do him admirably in the motion-picture—if there is a motion-picture), and, having no particular bump of direction, it takes him months and months to cover ground that Thornton Wilder and his Tunny could hike-up in a day.

Indeed, he might have gone ambling on like this forever, had not word reached him that Dena, his girl, was slipping just a little.

Of course, he didn't believe that, but he took the next train back to his hills, and there settled the account with a certain worthless philanderer (called a *losel* in that region), and adores his Dena and his mountains more than ever.

(Continued on page 50)

WALK-OVER SHOES



The man above is wearing the Custom—retailing at \$10.00.

This is the Croydon, a smart English last, as advertised in Vanity Fair, \$12.00

Shoes that

will shine in any company

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The Reading Lamp

(Continued from page 49)

The chief value of this very excellent piece of writing lies in the authentic picture it presents of a distinct "folk," of a distinct life and of a distinct philosophy found down in the Blue Ridge.

Born and bred in this very section, the author makes the dialect her own, and so rich is the yarn in words that have remained unchanged for generations and generations of isolation and aloofness, that a short glossary is appended to add to the reader's enjoyment.

The Stream of History

By Geoffrey Parsons. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

HERE is a universal history of the world—clear, rich, tingling and so superbly linked, era to era, that there are no sharply dividing lines of time, but only one swift, comprehensive stream of fellowship upon which all mankind flows forward to some still recondite destiny.

Throw yourself into the porch swing some late afternoon and let the warm autumn winds do strange things with your imagination. Send your mind back to your own childhood—America and what it stood for when you were a little chap—its great events and men—and how those were related to what was transpiring at the same moment across the Atlantic—in England, Germany, France—and events and heroes and villains living there! Italy!—How easy at that word to drift still further back—to some wide image of ancient Rome—Nero. Back still further to Egypt—the dawn of civilization. Much further back to the stone age—the lost ages—to the earth a great mass of seas receding, mountains pushing up, gigantic gaps being torn in the surface—convulsions and chaos.

You think, if such flying shreds can be called thoughts, of the first writing, in picture signs, discovered on the walls of age-old caves. You don't connect, perhaps, this picture-writing with modern advertising, but you will after you read what Mr. Parsons has to say.

Well, to go back. You lie and let your mind run loose for a few exciting moments along such currents, and then you groan and give it up in despair. The beginning—the end—the middle! Where are they? What is the whole scheme leading to, anyway, and how come we are on this planet at all, and why?

And that, my good friend, is the exact minute

at which to rise and procure for yourself a copy of Mr. Parsons' absorbing book.

The great thing is, here is a man who has gladly given over nine years of tremendous study and labor in order to make our own individual state of mind at the present instant a more consistent and understandable thing.

The boiled-down essence of three and four months of research often finds its home in one single, glistening paragraph. And there are whole chapters which read like romance.

Her Knight Comes Riding

By John V. A. Weaver. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York.)

SHARP judge of character and all, as we pride ourself upon being, we were surprised when George Cary turned out to be such a swine!

We realized that he was "tough" and terrible in his way, but with Fannie (the protagonist of this harmless romance) we did trust that at heart he was a regular fellow.

And he a Marine!

Just as the Great War breaks out he comes crashing into Fannie's sweet young life, taking her practically out of the arms of her helpless partner at a Canteen dance over in Brooklyn, and finally breaking her heart.

Fannie—believe it or not in an age like this—was as romantic as some slim maiden holding down a secretary's job at the Court of King Arthur. In fact, Fannie was all loaded up with stories and dreams of knights and of chivalry, and life being what it is to a pretty stenographer who lives in a modest Brooklyn flat, George Cary, in his uniform and making breathless love, must indeed have seemed like some modern version of Mr. Launcelot.

It was Fannie's error. And it nearly did for her.

From this, perhaps too-glib, little hint, you might imagine that Mr. Weaver's tale is cheap. It isn't. It is simple, authentic, tender and appealing.

Fannie is typical of a great class of American girls who earn their livelihood bending over typewriters in metropolitan offices. She is modest and proud and hungry for life, but she asks that life be decent and fine, and just because she is poor is no excuse to Fannie for viewing things otherwise.

Third Annual Elks Magazine Cruise

(Continued from page 38)

breathe the romance and history of days gone by. While in Havana, the cruisists can wander through the tempting shops, attend the races, watch the jai-alai games, play some golf, or enjoy a swim, and at night we can attend one of the theatres or an open-air café, or dance in the Casino out in Marianao.

After a never-to-be-forgotten day and night in this pleasure-loving city the cruise will sail on to Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, and the largest town in the British West Indies. It rests in the shadow of lofty dark green mountains flashing with shimmering cascades and waterfalls. The highest of them, the Blue Mountain Peak, towers 7,000 feet above the water.

A drive through this enchanting island to Port Antonio over one of the most beautiful motor routes in the world, will take the Elks through the famous Garden of the Gods, through several quaint villages, along a turquoise sea, over lofty mountains, beside shimmering waterfalls, giant banana and coconut trees, and luxuriant bamboo thickets.

San Juan, the capital of Porto Rico, will be the next stop. This city was founded by Ponce de Leon, and it was from this early settlement that he set forth in search of the fountain of youth and accidentally discovered Florida. Later it was besieged by Hawkins and Drake.

The necklace of old forts with which Ponce de Leon encircled the harbor—long before the time of the *Mayflower*—are the best preserved medieval fortresses in the western world. And San Juan is the finest example of a walled city.

Overhanging, barred balconies and interior

patios, the strumming of stringed instruments, dark-eyed señoritas, clattering ox-carts and venerable churches and ancient castles give it the colorful atmosphere of old Spain.

Among the most important features to be seen in this town are Casa Blanca, the lovely "White House" of Ponce de Leon enthroned on a high bluff overlooking the sea; the Cathedral where his remains are entombed; the Governor's Palace; the Marina, and the Sea Walk at Vorinquen Park—the fashionable promenade of the city, El Morro, the historic old castle that guards the harbor, and San Cristobal.

Sailing back toward home, the cruise ship will visit the Bermudas, a cluster of three hundred or more islands—only fifteen of which are inhabited—resting in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream and boasting a climate said to be the most equable in the world. They were named after their discoverer, Juan Bermudez, who was shipwrecked on their shores in 1527.

On these isles—enchanting as a bit of Paradise—brilliant flowers glow against the whiteness of coral-built houses; white coral roads run like ribbons around the hillslopes and glisten through the cedars; pink-tinted beaches are splashed with waters colorful as a rainbow. And gorgeous sea gardens, delicately tinted coral reefs and bright-hued fish gleam beneath the surface of the sea.

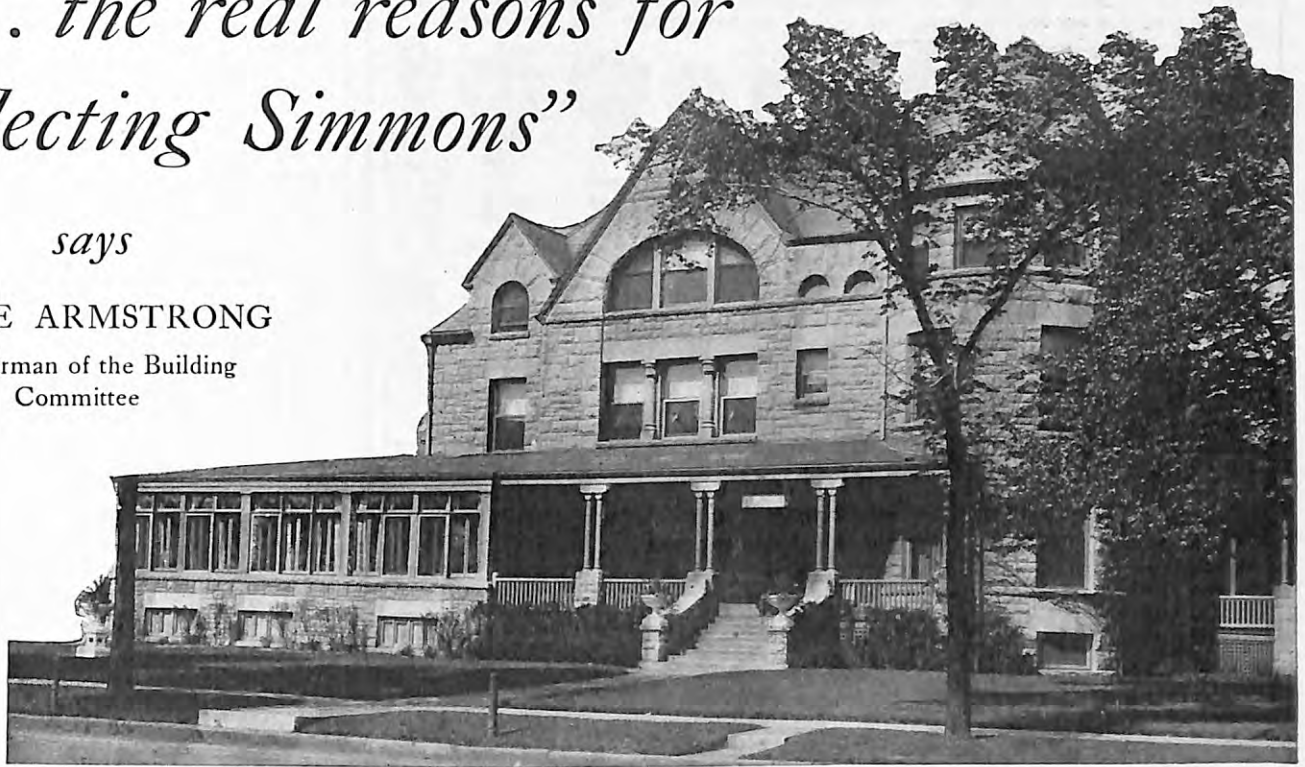
At Hamilton, capital of the Islands, the cruise members will spend a day. This place, where there are no railways or street cars, no factories or skyscraper office buildings to remind one of work or bills, or spinning tickers, seems a fitting climax to the cruise.

"Quality, Comfort, Durability ... the real reasons for selecting Simmons"

says

BEDE ARMSTRONG

Chairman of the Building
Committee



Club House, Waukegan, Illinois, BPOE 702

THE WAUKEGAN LODGE is another of the many who have investigated Simmons Beds, Springs and Mattresses and equipped their club house with them.

There are lots of beds, lots of mattresses, and lots of springs that cost far less money (although Simmons are not high priced), but there are none that under rigid test can equal their advantages.

That's as it should be. For Simmons are the world's largest makers—they have spent years and thousands of dollars developing their products to a point where they would give greatest value—and greatest sleep.

For instance, the Simmons Beautyrest Mat-

ress is unlike any other. Its center is a layer of finely tempered wire springs, each securely sewn in its individual pocket. The springs follow the slightest movement of the body—resting it, supporting it—inviting complete muscular relaxation.

With a Beautyrest, there will be no more tossing, turning, restless nights. No more nerve-weary mornings—but instead a feeling of completely restored vigor.

In furniture and department 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.



Simmons Beautyrest Mattress—a center of close-packed, springy wire coils. Hundreds of them. Over this the thick soft mattress layers



The minute you see the Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring you know they will be comfortable and long wearing



The Simmons Ace Spring—an extra number of resilient spiral springs. The equivalent of a box spring, yet lighter. Less in cost. Slip cover additional

BEDS & SPRINGS
MATTRESSES

SIMMONS

[BUILT FOR SLEEP]

Outside the Door

(Continued from page 10)

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This Beautiful 18k Solid White Gold Diamond Mounted Ring \$75.00
A beautiful hand-carved blossom design overlaying the richly pierced sides. The fine full cut blue-white Diamond shows off to exceptional advantage.



LADIES' RING

This Fine, Full Cut, Blue-White Diamond of exceptional brilliancy is mounted in an exquisitely pierced 18K solid whitegold ring—the latest basket design greatly enhancing the beauty of the gem - - - \$85.00



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Fine, full cut blue-white diamond of exceptional brilliancy securely set in 18K solid white gold ring, which is richly carved and set with 2 smaller diamonds - - - a splendid value \$150.00



LADIES' RING

Ladies' 18K. Solid White Gold Diamond Ring
A beautiful hand pierced and carved creation of finest workmanship. The perfectly cut blue-white Diamond is of excellent brilliancy. This is one of the very latest productions of our skilled artisans—a ring of rare charm and beauty. Money refunded if it can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$400.00. Our price direct to you - \$325.00



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go at that, he thought, far better her quiet ignoring of this shameful thing, than any protest could have been. She knew, and he knew, that she was being driven away, and that as long as she stayed she would be persecuted in a dozen petty ways.

"I'm sorry to go," she said simply. "I liked it here. And your friendship was a very wonderful thing for me."

"I am sorry to lose you," he said.
He glanced at her; she was resting one hand on the gate, looking up at the darkening sky; she looked very frail and slight, yet there was about her an air of endurance that was not passive, but resolute. She put him in mind of the story of the Ugly Duckling; she might be driven out of this barnyard because, in her strangeness, she was hateful to them here, but her wings were strong. She would go very far away, and he would never see her again.

He sighed inaudibly, yet without bitterness. She had her life and he had his; it had been a fine thing to have met and talked a little, but it was for both of them no more than an interlude, something to remember with quiet pleasure.

"So I think I'll go to-morrow, when my week's up here," she said.

"Yes..." he said. "Well, I'll see you again, of course, before you go. Good-night!"
"Good-night!" she answered, her voice coming clear and steady through the dark.

He got into his car and set off, and almost at once his mind turned to one of his cases. For his life ran in a deep and strong current, not to be deflected.

He had to go to a farm out in the country, and he was kept longer than he had expected. As he turned home, he realized that he would surely be late for dinner, very late, and he was sorry. It upset Coralie. He could imagine her, going in and out of the kitchen, worrying over her savoury dishes, watching the road.

"Poor Corry!" he thought. "Poor old girl..."

His unanalytic mind was aware of something faintly disloyal in this pity. She wouldn't like it. She was always saying that she had "much to be thankful for," especially comparing herself with other people. Well, no doubt she had... She liked to be shut up there, in her snug little house.

A strange heartache seized him. He remembered her fifteen years ago; such a funny, serious, pretty little thing! He had thought her "old-fashioned ways" so lovable and amusing then.

"And she's just the same!" he said to himself, stoutly defending her. "She hasn't changed!"

Had not changed in fifteen years, had not developed, or suffered, or learned...?

He would not think that.

"I'll stop and bring her home some ice-cream," he decided, and he went into Simons' Ice-Cream Parlor and got a quart in a pasteboard box. He knew well enough that it was a poor sort of gift, but she would not let him bring her those other splendid things he might have brought, his laughter, his zest in life, his experience.

As he came out of Simons', he saw something which made him stop short. He saw Daisy Lester going into the Eagle Hotel, carrying a suitcase.

He hurried after her.
"Miss Lester!" he said.
She turned, and he saw how very pale she was, with an odd light in her dark eyes.

"I'm going to have my dinner here," she said. And though she spoke with her usual quiet smile, he could see that at heart she was not quiet but very greatly troubled.

"But why?" he asked. "You'd arranged to have your meals with the Meeks..."

"Mrs. Meek was—rather dreadful," she said. "So—I think I'll go back to New York to-night."

For the first time since he had known her, her voice was unsteady, and her lip trembled. It was more than he could endure, to see her like this, such a fragile and solitary figure. He was quite at a loss for a moment; he did not know what to say. He took the bag from her, and followed her into the hotel.

"We'll have to talk this over, he said."

Melina Ware, the head-waitress, was standing in the doorway of the dining-room. The room was full; they were busy to-night. But busy or not busy, there was something Miss Ware had to do. She slipped away, into a telephone-booth, and she rang up Mrs. Anderson.

"I had a few spare moments," she said, "an' I jest thought I'd ask how you're getting on, Mis' Anderson."

Mrs. Anderson had been just about to put the breaded veal cutlet back into the oven to keep hot for her husband. But she showed no impatience with Miss Ware; she chatted with her for a few minutes; her voice sounded bland and amiable. But there was a queer grim look on her face. Melina Ware wouldn't telephone for nothing.

At last it came.

"I jest see the doctor come in," said Melina, "with that actress. And she's got a bag with her. I jest wondered if she's going away . . ."

"Oh, yes!" said Mrs. Anderson. "She is. The doctor told me—all about it. Good-night, Melina!"

She went back into the kitchen and turned out the oven and all the burners. Then she stood by the window, looking out at the dark little garden.

SHE had known, all along. She knew that her husband had guaranteed that woman's hospital expenses; a private room, too. She knew that he had gone about, looking for jobs and rooms for her. She had gone to Mrs. Meek's shop, for a look at her, and she had seen her.

"Jezebel!" she had cried in her heart.

Ever since that day and night she had had before her the image of that woman, in her strange dark loveliness.

"Oh, God, You won't allow this!" she had prayed. "I've been a good, faithful wife to Miles. I know You won't allow this!"

Something would happen. This could not be. She had waited and waited, in anguish and amazement.

Day after day her husband had come and gone, his usual kindly, considerate self. He had never mentioned that woman, never once. Nothing had happened. She had had the interminable hours to wait, though, to think of that Jezebel. . . .

And she, who had believed herself so calm, so thoroughly "settled," was conscious now of a fierce, hot rebellion within her, a passion such as she had never before imagined.

"I won't let him go!" she had thought. "He's mine—my own husband. I love him. I won't let him go!"

It had seemed to her monstrous that he noticed nothing, that she could lie awake for hours in the dark, while he slept tranquilly, that she could suffer so, and he not suspect.

Yet she had not blamed him, her anger was never directed against him. It was that woman, that actress, that Jezebel.

"She'll be punished!" Mrs. Anderson had said, again and again.

But nothing had happened. And, in her agony, she had reverted to that horrible and impious idea of her ancestors. If God would not punish that woman, then *she* would.

She knew how. Just a few words to Mrs. Meek—a suggestion of the danger to Mr. Meek in the presence of that woman. Another word, here and there, backed by all the weight of her reputation for cool common sense. . . . It was done. Mrs. Meek had told her that the woman was going away.

She stared out blindly at the dark garden. At this very moment he was with that woman. So infatuated, so besotted was he, that he had not even troubled to telephone, to invent some lie as an excuse for his lateness. Perhaps he was going away with her. . . .

Her knees gave way, and she sank into a chair. "Miles!" she cried aloud. "No . . . Miles!"

Suppose he knew what she had done?

"But I had a perfect right to get her out of the way!" she cried. "I couldn't be expected to stand by and see—that. God means people like that to suffer!"

Her own words seemed to ring through the empty house with a great clamor. They terrified her. She began to cry, tears raining down her cheeks, fear and confusion in her heart.

She had lived so long with her own conscience, she had grown to believe that the voice of her own desire was the voice of God. And she saw

(Continued on page 54)



Just between "Us Elks" --

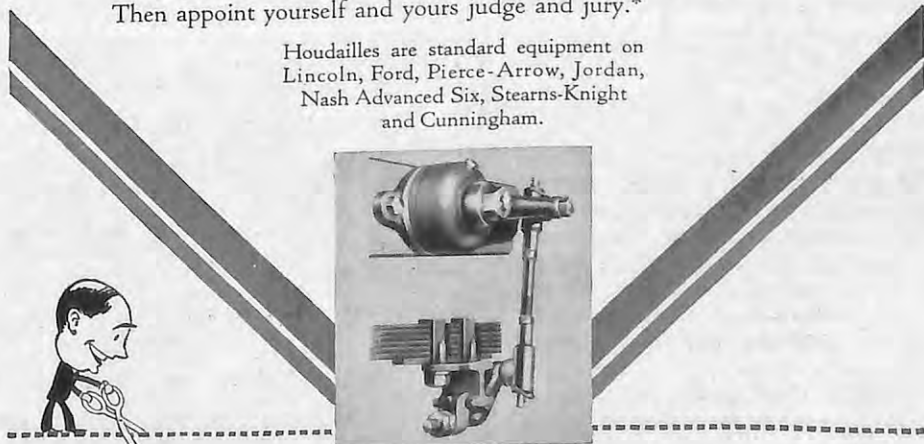
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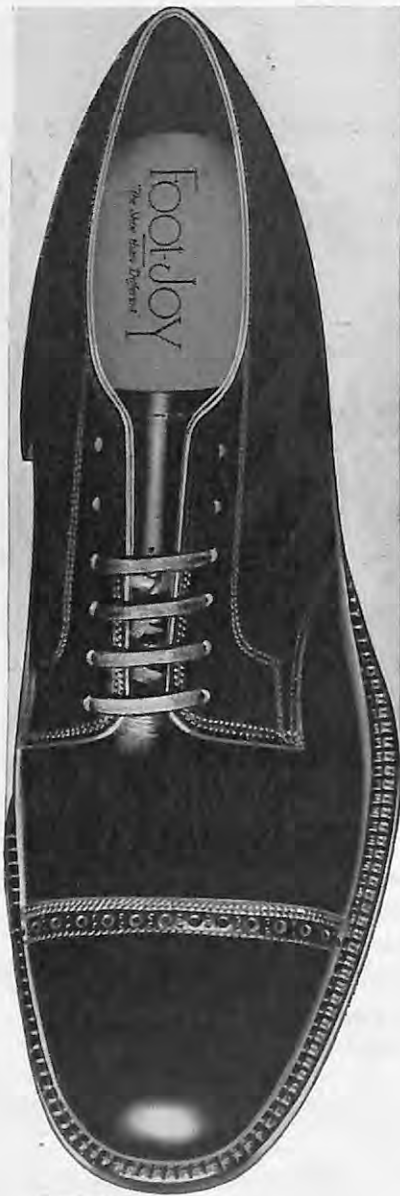


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Outside the Door

(Continued from page 53)

now how horrible a thing that was. She saw now how her "justice" would look to Miles. It was not God who had punished that woman; it was she, in her jealousy, who had slandered her and driven her away.

"I'm wicked!" she whispered. "Cruel and mean and wicked. I deserve to lose him. He'll never come back."

If he never came back, if she never heard his voice, never saw his face again. . . . ?

"He's with her now. . . . Perhaps she's not really bad. . . . He couldn't care for any one really bad. . . . Perhaps he's found out now what I did. . . . He'll never come back. . . . It's my punishment!"

The sound of the car coming up the drive terrified her. She sprang to her feet, and dried her eyes roughly.

"What can I say?" she thought, panic-stricken. "I don't know. . . . I can't—I can't. . . .!"

The situation was utterly beyond her. She wanted time to think; she was filled with a wild confusion of remorse and sorrow and dread. How could she face him, how could he face her?

The front door opened and she heard his voice, hearty and strong.

"Corry? Where are you?"

"I'm here!" she answered. "In the kitchen. I—my head aches. . . . I thought—I'd just rest—in the dark a while."

He came in and turned on the light.

"Why, Corry, old girl!" he cried. "Why, what's the matter?"

There she stood, stout and buxom, her face stained with tears, her eyes dim.

"Just a headache, Miles!" she said hurriedly.

He set down the sodden package of ice-cream he was carrying and came toward her, put his arm about her shoulders and his hand on her forehead, pushing back her hair.

"This won't do, old girl!"

She did not know that she was weeping again until he took out his handkerchief and dried her eyes.

"Why, Corry, my girl, what's upset you so?"

"Nothing. . . ." she said, resting her head on his shoulder, closing her eyes, wishing only that she might never open them, never have to stir from the shelter of his arm. But he put his hand under her chin and raised her face, and looked at her with an anxiety she could not endure.

"Oh, Miles!" she cried. "I wouldn't blame you. . . . Oh, Miles! I was the one. . . . I

went to Mrs. Meek—I told people—horrible things—about her. . . ."

For a long moment he was silent, still looking at her.

"Why, Corry?" he asked, at last.

She shook her head mutely, and at the sight of her pain, a great compassion stirred him.

"You might have known, old girl, after all these years. . . ." he said.

"I wouldn't blame you, Miles. . . . I thought—oh, Miles! I thought—you'd gone away with her. . . ."

"Corry!" he cried, profoundly moved. "I ought to have told you, long ago. Only, you see, I—I don't talk much about—outside things—at home—"

A light, dim and troubled, was beginning to dawn upon her.

"But you do—care for her, don't you, Miles?" she asked.

"I think so much of her, Corry, that I've brought her here—to you."

"Here?"

"I didn't want her to go off—like that. I thought maybe you'd let her stay here, just for a day or two—until she'd made her plans."

"You've brought her—here, Miles?"

"She waiting outside in the car."

She was looking into his face with a terrible anxiety.

"But Miles—after what I've done. . . . ?"

"It would be a pretty good way to undo it," he said.

"Do you mean—I'll have another chance?"

"Pshaw!" he said, with rough gentleness.

"We'll forget that."

She moved a little way from him, and he saw in her a dignity that transcended her tear-stained face, her disordered hair.

"I think I see—now. . . ." she said, and, going past him, she went down the hall and opened the door. The fresh night air blew in, went romping through the house, setting curtains and table-covers fluttering.

"Bring her in, Miles," she said.

Again his arm went round her, and they stood together in the open doorway.

"And that's the way it's got to be," she thought. "I think I see. . . . The world's got to be let in. I can't keep him—unless I leave the door open. I've got another chance. I do see now!"

"Corry, dear old girl. . . ." he said.

"Miles. . . ." she said. "Bring her in."

Catch as Catch Can

(Continued from page 21)

time at his health farm at Garrison, where he now is. And I made up my mind to own a gymnasium, where I could give courses in physical culture and teach wrestling. I took my present place on West Forty-second Street, and settled down.

Then came the great revival of interest in wrestling. The big championship tournament at the Manhattan Opera House, in New York City, was widely heralded throughout the country.

Large crowds came to see the wrestlers. Dr. B. F. Roller Joe Stecher, champion heavyweight of the world, who at thirty-five still holds that title, Vladek and Stanislaus Zbyszco, Mort Henderson, who was known as the "Masked Marvel," because he always wore a black cowl over his head in competition, and Strangler Lewis, shone prominently. Those were grand days for wrestling. Everybody was interested in the sport.

Bouts were staged nightly at the Manhattan Opera House. I refereed most of the matches, and it was difficult for me to restrain myself from getting down on the mat and trying a fall or two myself.

One of the numerous bouts I refereed was between Dr. Roller and Ivan Linow, called "Linow the Cossack." It was Græco-Roman style, with the use of holds below the waist and tripping barred.

Linow used his legs when Roller got him in a tight place.

"I'll disqualify you if you do that again," I warned him.

Linow lost his temper. He turned and struck me in the face. I let the blow go then, but next morning I went to Samuel Rachman, manager and promoter of the tournament. I said I wanted a bout with Linow.

"If he wants to use his legs," I said, "I'll show him how."

Rachman consented to stage a bout between Linow and me.

They advertised the match, and it drew a crowd which filled every nook and corner of the Manhattan Opera House—society was there. We were to wrestle to a fall. The Cossack sneered at me, expecting to crush me in the first few seconds. The bout was catch-as-catch-can. On the mat we took the referee's hold, hand on shoulder. For fifty-two minutes that maddened Cossack fought me, and I broke every hold he applied. I avoided all his rushes, and he could not obtain a winning grip. The joke in that match was that Dr. Roller was waiting in the wings to go on in the next bout. The crowd was yelling for me, as they always like to see a smaller man holding his own. But Roller, who had wrestled Linow, Græco-Roman style, in the bout where the Cossack had lost his temper and struck me, couldn't contain himself any longer. Doc rushed out on the mat and shouted:

"Why don't you wrestle a man your own size, you big stiff?"

And Linow, who had a quick temper anyway, dropped me and rushed at Roller. The two of them grappled and went at it hot and heavy,

(Continued on page 56)

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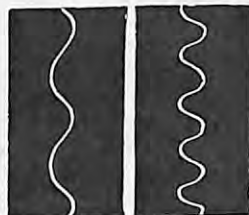
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Catch as Catch Can

(Continued from page 54)

leaving me out in the cold. The crowd loved it. I could not keep out of the game. Rachman arranged bouts between me and Sulo Hevonpa, the giant Finn, who weighed two hundred and forty pounds. My match with him ended in a draw at the end of twenty minutes, as it was a handicap affair.

My next opponent in the tournament was Carl Vogel, the "Prussian Giant." I beat him in eight minutes with a side roll. I wrestled with Nicolo Montagano of Italy, catch-as-catch-can, and downed him in eleven minutes with a half-Nelson and crotch hold. It was great to be back on the mat, and I felt younger and stronger than ever.

On the same evening I beat Montagano, Pierre Colosse defeated Bowers of America in two minutes. Pierre was French and balanced the scales at the tremendous figure of three hundred and twenty pounds. He was a Colossus, the biggest man I have ever seen. The spectators delighted in his appearance.

RACHMAN decided to put me against the big fellow, and I consented. Colosse was actually so immense that no one could get any kind of hold on him. It would have been impossible to use my body scissors on him. The crowd was much amused when Colosse and I stepped onto the mat together. The great mountain of a man smiled at me as we closed. It was like cutting down a huge tree. The axeman must be careful that the enormous weight does not fall on him and kill him. I felt that way with Colosse towering over me.

For a quarter of an hour I ran round Pierre the way a terrier runs round a bull, allowing him to take the offensive. I tried to push him over, but he stood firm. To put such a big man off his feet is next to impossible, especially for such a comparatively small man as I am. So I had to wait until Colosse got down on the mat himself, which he did when he thought he had a hold on me. When he was off his feet I watched my chance.

I was puzzled. He was too big for a scissors hold, my specialty. I had to turn him over on his shoulders somehow. It was easy for me to slip out of any hold he could apply. He tried to twist me round as we struggled together on the mat. I secured a half-Nelson and a further arm hold; I tugged and tugged and finally Colosse rolled over, and I fell on his head and pressed his shoulders to the mat. That took me sixteen minutes.

Interest in wrestling began to die after the big tournament held in Madison Square Garden in 1916. The Great War came along and sport took a back seat. At the end of the war, boxing came into prominence and has held the spotlight ever since.

In spite of the fact that I am touching sixty, I still go to the mat occasionally, though not in competition. I guess I have finally retired.

As an end I want to say that wrestling is a great sport, and worthy of some attention from the public. There are different styles of wrestling in use, but the most ancient and the style most popular in America is catch-as-catch-can.

The successful wrestler must be a master of strategy. The proper time to throw a man is when he is putting his weight in the direction in which you wish to topple him.

And a most important point is suppleness. Rigid muscles are a mistake. Strangles and flying holds should not be indulged in by amateurs; they are too dangerous.

Above all, play fair; and wrestle.

EVER since the days of the Spanish Armada—and long before that—sunken fortunes have lured the adventurous. Millions in gold lie at the bottom of the sea waiting to be salvaged. Year by year new methods of raising sunken vessels increase the chances of reclaiming this booty. Watch for an article, "Down in the Sea for Ships," by John Chapman, which tells fascinating things about sunken treasure. In an early issue.

Murder at Sea

(Continued from page 29)

"Yes, he has."
 "Even David does not know—everything," she said. "Oh, he knows I was beaten. I've the scars, still. But I alone know the scars Jacob Murdo left on my soul. Taking my baby—which I loved—even though it was his—"
 She pressed her lips together.
 "Yes, and a hundred other indignities, humiliations, cruelties. He liked to see me cry. He said so, often. Well—as you say—it is not for you to judge whether or not I was justified. You want to know what I did."
 Kelton inclined his head.

"WHEN I left York," Julia Royd said, "I was a crushed woman. My father had left me a little money—a few hundred pounds—so I was able to start out in search of my baby. I came to New York, steerage. Jacob Murdo had often threatened to leave me. 'I'll go to the States,' he used to say, 'where the big money is.' Money—it's all he ever cared about. I could not find him in New York. I searched—everywhere until my money was gone—and then I got a job as a nurse maid. I pretended it was my own baby I was taking care of. The family I worked for was very kind to me. They were of Yorkshire stock, originally, themselves, and they made me almost one of the family. When they moved out near Calgary, in Canada, to a ranch, they took me along to take care of the two little girls. I went, because I was weary of searching, searching, searching. Murdo might have gone to Australia—or South America—and I had no money to keep up the search. I stayed in Calgary many years. I was not happy, but the people were kind, and it was the only home I had. Then they moved back to New York to put the girls—they're young ladies now—in college—and I had no work to do. At their house I met Miss Yate, who is a distant connection of theirs, and she offered me a position as nurse and traveling companion. Two weeks ago I went with her, and, suddenly, she decided to take a trip to Bermuda. Of course I accompanied her. I saw that she was settled comfortably in her cabin, and I went out to look after some of her luggage which hadn't been sent to the cabin. I had just stepped out of the corridor—when I ran into—Jacob Murdo. He recognized me at once—and I knew him. I could see it was a shock. He looked pretty sick at seeing me. 'Come into my cabin,' he said. 'Let's talk things over.' I went. I wanted news of my child. He adopted his old bullying manner once we were safely behind a door. He said, 'I suppose you'll try to blackmail me. Well, I'll make you an allowance—a hundred dollars a month—to keep your mouth shut. I had been frightened of him in the old days—but I wasn't then. I demanded that he tell me what had become of the baby. 'Oh, he died years ago,' he said. Then he threw the old accusation at me—the one he used to make in the old days in York when he wanted to make me cry—'I was never sure he was mine, anyhow,' he said. 'He might have been that sailor fellow's, or any of the lads about Abbott's Glade.' It was a shameful lie, and I was wild with rage, and began to call him names. He said, 'Stop that. You can't threaten me. I have money and position—and you're nothing. Try blackmailing me, and I'll crush you. Now get out.' He took me by the arm to put me out of the cabin. Well, I'm strong. I've done hard work all my life. I hit him—with all my might—between the eyes."

"What with?"
 "Some sort of club."
 "How did you happen to be carrying a club?"
 "I wasn't. I—I—picked it up in the cabin. He snarled and rushed at me and I struck him again. I think I must have been insane. I may have struck him a dozen times—I don't know. Then I ran out of the cabin."
 "What time was this?"
 "Very soon after the ship left the pier—about twenty minutes, I think."
 "I see. After you left the cabin, what did you do?"
 "I went back to Cabin A."
 "And then?"
 "Miss Yate asked me to go out to see if I
 (Continued on page 58)



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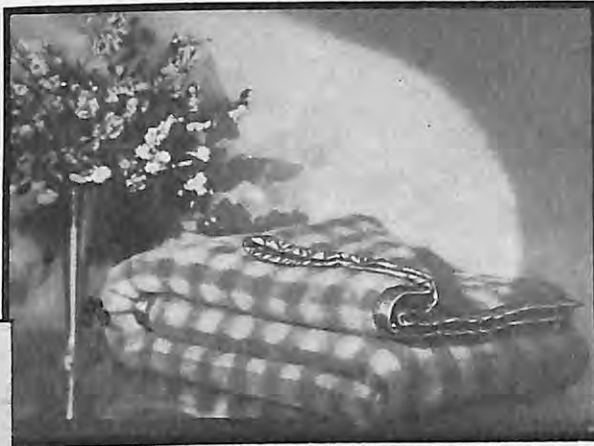
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Murder at Sea

(Continued from page 57)

could find a small bag of hers that was missing—the one I had started out to find before. As I stepped out of the cabin, a man passed down the corridor—he stopped and looked at me—and it was David Galvin. I thought he recognized me, but I wasn't sure—for he ran away. I was overcome for a minute or two, and then I hurried after him—"

"Colliding with me on the way," put in Kelton.

"Was it you? I was too upset to see clearly. You see, Mr. Kelton, I've always loved David Galvin. I'd hoped that sometime, somehow, we'd meet again. I didn't try to find him. I had done him a great wrong—and I was ashamed of it. I didn't think he could love me—after what happened. Well, even as I hurried along, I seemed to know what had occurred. David had recognized Murdo when he came aboard. David had gone down to the cabin to give him a thrashing, possibly even to kill him. But when David got to Cabin B, Murdo had already been killed. David must have known that I did it. What he did in the cabin, I don't know. We talked it over—the death, I mean—and agreed that if the fact of who the man was who called himself Cleghorn came out—David or I might be suspected, so we'd better say nothing and hope that it would be an unsolved mystery."

"And you agreed to speak out only if some innocent person was accused; is that right?"

"Yes; that's right," answered Julia Royd. "We were terribly worried, of course. We wanted to talk together—to comfort each other, but it was difficult. Perhaps you don't know that last night, while you were visiting the captain, I was hidden in his closet."

"Were you indeed?" said Matthew Kelton.

"I was—and I nearly smothered, too. Well, it would have saved a lot of trouble if I had. I don't care about myself—it's David I'm thinking of. He's loved me—all these years—and searched for me. Men like David Galvin are rare in this world, Mr. Kelton."

"All too rare," said Matthew Kelton. "Tell me, Miss Royd, what did you do with the club you say you used?"

"Why, I—I—threw it away."

"Where?"

"Into the sea."

"Through the port-hole?"

She hesitated.

"No. I threw it over the rail."

"Then you must have had it when you collided with me?"

"Yes—I did."

"I didn't see it."

"It was hidden under my cloak."

"I see."

He studied her a moment.

"MISS ROYD," he said, "you have my sympathy. I'm going to do everything in my power to help you. I don't, as a rule, condone murder, but in this case, I'm going to try to get justice for you. I'm going to ask you to let me take charge of your case. You will have to be arrested, and stand trial, of course, but I know a lawyer who will tell your story to a jury so that they will see Murdo as you saw him—and I think an American jury will be lenient with you."

"I'm grateful to you, Mr. Kelton," Miss Royd said, impassively. "I'm not worrying about the consequences of my act. I have broken the law—and I am ready to be punished. I don't think that there's anything more to say."

She rose.

"Just a moment before you go, please," said Kelton. "I've another question I'd like to ask you."

"Well?"

"It's about Miss Yate."

Her face hardened.

"What do you want to know about her?"

"I want to know where she was yesterday—say between the time she came aboard and six o'clock."

"In her cabin," replied Julia Royd.

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes."

"You can't be positive, Miss Royd."

"Why not?"

"You've just told me that you spent at least part of the afternoon talking with Captain Galvin in his cabin. Now—after all those years

of separation—and with so much to talk about and decide about—I can't believe that you were away from Cabin A a short time. As a matter of fact, you were away from Cabin A most of the afternoon, weren't you?"

"Perhaps I was. But Miss Yate was in her cabin!"

"How do you know she was?"

"She said so."

"Ah, that's another matter. Now, were you in the cabin from quarter to five to half past?"

"No. I wasn't. I was taking a bath."

"Then if Miss Yate was out of her cabin at that time you wouldn't know about it, would you?"

"No. But I don't see what all these questions are about. Miss Yate has nothing to do with this case. She's a very kind woman, and she's an invalid. Why are you questioning me about her?"

"Because I'm trying to find out something," replied Matthew Kelton. "I want you to tell me more about her—and her illness—"

"I do not feel I have the right to discuss her private affairs," said Julia Royd.

"Even if by so doing you may be able to save her from an embarrassing, perhaps dangerous, predicament?" asked Kelton.

"What do you mean?"

"Suppose Miss Yate were to be charged with a very grave offense?"

"You don't mean murder. How could she have anything to do with it—when I did it—myself."

"I don't mean murder—exactly," said Kelton. "There are other grave offenses against the law, you know. Come now, Miss Royd, I appreciate your loyalty to Miss Yate, but there are times when loyalty may throw sand in the eyes of justice. Since you won't tell me about her, I'm going to tell you—and, believe me, it will be for the best if you will tell me if I'm right."

She listened, carefully, while Matthew Kelton spoke. When he had finished, Julia Royd nodded.

"You're right," she said. "But I don't see that it has anything to do with the case."

"You may see to-morrow," said Matthew Kelton. "Now, good-night, Miss Royd, and remember this: justice is often clumsy, stupid, near-sighted, but I've been watching its wheels go round for a good many years, and it's really quite astonishing how few people who are really guilty get away, and how few who are really innocent are punished."

"When will they arrest me?" asked Julia Royd.

"Well, not to-night, anyhow," said Matthew Kelton. "Please try to get some sleep. Take one of those sleeping powders—if you have to. To-morrow will be plenty of time to think about getting arrested. Now, good-night."

He held out his hand to her.

"You've been brave for a good many years," he said. "Try to be brave just a few hours longer."

Julia Royd took his hand.

"Talking to you has made me feel easier in my mind," she said. "Thank you, Mr. Kelton. Good-night."

The door closed behind her.

Matthew Kelton looked yearningly at his bed.

"Not yet a while," he muttered. "There are a few points I want to run over. First, why did Julia Royd lie about that club she said she used? She said she had it with her when she bumped into me in the hall. My memory is better than hers. I remember distinctly that she put out both hands to keep from falling. She had no club then, surely. Question—was there a club? Oh, well, this ship is chock full of earnest liars—and none of them seem to know their job."

He pulled out of his pocket the radiogram he had received from Mr. B. Hong, and which he had not had time to read. He studied it, with creased brow.

The radiogram read:

"Are monkey silver vest canoe wall truck cattle-men needle panther dish aspen poker spike yes are oil tumbrel essence pond goat.

"HONG."

Matthew Kelton and Mr. Hong had a private code, agreed on years before, so in a short time,

with a stub of a pencil and a sheet of paper. Kelton decoded the message. He read it through three times. He sat motionless for half an hour. Then he went to bed, observing, "To-morrow promises to be quite a day."

CHAPTER XVI

THE S. S. *Pendragon* stopped off St. George's, Bermuda, late that morning. It stopped only long enough for the mailboat to come alongside and take off a few sacks of mail. By steamer Hamilton is about an hour's run from St. George's. The steamers, usually, stop briefly at St. George's and then skirt along the palm-fringed coral island to Hamilton, where, after pushing into the narrow neck of the harbor, they dock.

When the postal launch drew alongside of the S. S. *Pendragon* at St. George's that day, the passengers, watching on deck, saw that the launch contained two passengers in civilian clothes, in addition to the uniformed representative of the postal service.

A small gangplank was lowered, and the two men in civilian clothes came aboard the *Pendragon*.

Matthew Kelton, standing on deck, recognized one of the men at once—Detective-Sergeant August Rudolph, of the homicide squad of the New York Police Force, who looked more like an actor playing the rôle of a detective, than like a real one. He was a real one, however, as Kelton, from experience knew. Kelton considered him a keen young man, even if he did wear rather noticeable suits and highly colored shirts and ties. The other man, Kelton surmised, was Mr. Roe, one of the partners of the dead Murdo, alias Cleghorn, who had come by fast steamer to assist in the investigation, and to take charge of the arrangements for Cleghorn's funeral.

Detective-Sergeant Rudolph saw Matthew Kelton at once, and promptly gave him a well-concealed wink. That wink asked, "Do you want to let it be known that I know you, or are you working under cover?"

Matthew Kelton's answer was to go up to Detective-Sergeant Rudolph, and shake him warmly by the hand.

"Glad to see you, Rudolph," he said.

"And I certainly am glad to see you," said the detective. "If you've been aboard, there isn't going to be a thing for me to do. Well, hand over the man. I can park him in the local jail a few days while I look over the island."

"I'm not quite ready to do that," said Kelton with a laugh. "I didn't expect you to come aboard till we got into Hamilton."

"Thought I'd save time by hopping on at St. George's," said Rudolph. "By the way, Mr. Kelton, I want you to meet Mr. Roe."

Matthew Kelton shook hands with Cleghorn's partner, a ruddy-faced, youngish man.

"It's a sad errand you're on," remarked Kelton.

"Yes," Mr. Roe agreed. "We'll miss Mr. Cleghorn. There were very few more capable executives in New York than he. It was a shock to all of us—this business. Did I understand you to say that you've made an arrest?"

"Not yet."

"You've got the man spotted?"

"I think so."

"That's good. None of us in New York could figure it out at all."

"Had Cleghorn no enemies?"

"No, I think not. Business rivals, of course. But nowadays business men cut prices, not throats."

"I understand that your firm has offered a reward for the arrest of the murderer."

"Yes. Five thousand dollars. Mr. Becker, the other partner and I, are offering it, jointly."

"I'm afraid I won't get a chance to cut in on it, if Kelton's been on the job," observed Detective-Sergeant Rudolph, gloomily.

"Well, you'll have had the trip, anyway," said Kelton.

"But will I take a prisoner back with me? That's what's on my mind just now," said the detective.

"It's quite possible," said Kelton, with a smile. He noticed the detective give a slight start. Down the deck, the figure of Mr. Westervelt had passed. It seemed to Kelton that Mr.

(Continued on page 60)



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FREE BOOK—Just Out

Murder at Sea

(Continued from page 59)

Westervelt had seen the detective, and had promptly turned his back, and gone indoors again. Kelton said nothing.

"What's the next move, Kelton?" Detective-Sergeant Rudolph inquired. "We're under way again and we'll be in Hamilton before long. Let's have the fellow. I don't want to have to play hide-and-seek with him all over the island."

"Take it easy, Rudolph," said Matthew Kelton. "I'm calling a little conference in the dining saloon. I've already sent out invitations to those I wish to attend. Perhaps you and Mr. Roe would like to be on hand. It may prove interesting."

"Another one of your little shows, eh?" said Detective-Sergeant Rudolph, with a chuckle. "I've attended 'em before, and they're always good. Plenty of suspense and a whacking good climax—not like a lot of the tripe I've been paying to see on Broadway."

"When did a New York cop ever pay to see a show?" Kelton asked, mildly.

"Well, I've gone to 'em, anyway," amended Rudolph. "Now, let's see what you have to offer."

"Come along, then. This way, Mr. Roe," said Kelton.

They went to the dining saloon. Around the table the other passengers were grouped, waiting in strained silence. All of them were present—Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone, the three school-teachers, Mr. Westervelt, Mr. Mond, the captain, the purser, the doctor, Miss Imlay, Russell Sangerson, Julia Royd, and Mr. Varga, who sat glowering at one end of the table. They were all there—except Miss Esther Yate. The New York detective and Mr. Roe found seats near the table, and watched the spectacle with interested eyes.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Matthew Kelton, in a somewhat professional manner, "I must ask you to excuse me for the rather theatrical aspect of this meeting. I can only say that I have thought it the best way to handle the situation. I know that you will bear with me—while I tell you my idea about the death of Mr. Cleghorn."

He looked about blandly. He had no need to ask them for their attention.

"I am going to tell you the whole story—as I see it," he said, "omitting nothing I consider important. When I finish, I hope you will agree with me."

"You'd think he was going to deliver a lecture on the life of Longfellow," murmured Mr. Mond in Miss Cobb's ear. He received a withering look in reply.

"THE killing of Mr. Cleghorn," went on Matthew Kelton, "presented the most intricate problem I have ever tried to solve. It was full of complicating factors. The first of these was the appearance of a pair of gleaming eyes, which I, not very brightly, I'll admit, connected with a man, and so, with the crime. You all know about the eyes now, and the tragedy of the death of the poor sailor, and the killing of the anaconda. Until I was able to separate those eyes from the main problem, I was very much up in the air. I theorized about a madman, a killer, who was seeking some priceless jewel which was concealed in a perfume bottle. The thefts of those perfume bottles had me badly baffled—until yesterday in a talk with Dr. Charlesworth I got a clue by following which I was able to explain the thefts. In this instance, I am not going to mention any names, but I'll tell you this. On this ship there is a person who had the misfortune to contract an unusual habit, a form of drug-addiction, rare but not unheard of in medical annals. That habit was using strong perfume to produce a species of intoxication by inhaling it. If you are interested in knowing more about the vice—for a vice it is—I advise you to read certain passages in 'Against the Grain,' by J. K. Huysmans. As in the case of other drugs, the habit becomes fixed, and the perfume-inhaler will do anything to get his favorite drug. It blunts the moral sensibilities of people who, normally, are straight and honorable. They will not steal money, but they will steal perfume. Now you begin to see what happened on this ship. The person I refer to—it might be any one of us—entered a number of

cabins intent on finding, and purloining perfume. When that person had some, that person was animated, lively, but without it that person was miserable and in a physical slump. I think we should not judge the perfume-user very severely. The craving gets to be well-nigh irresistible. You are wondering what perfume-using has to do with the murder of Samuel P. Cleghorn. I'll tell you."

Matthew Kelton paused, then went on.

"THE time of the murder of Mr. Cleghorn was fixed at a little after five by the fact that Larsen the steward went to Cabin B at five in answer to a ring, and a voice, which he naturally thought belonged to Cleghorn, told him that he was not needed. If Cleghorn was able to speak at five, it followed that he had been killed sometime after that hour—probably about five-fifteen or twenty, as *rigor mortis* had set in when his body was discovered a few minutes after six. Since the time of the murder seemed clearly established, I felt I had something to work on—but I found that I had been working on an entirely false premise. The voice in Cabin B at five o'clock was not Cleghorn's at all. It belonged to the perfume-addict. That person had gone into Cabin B hoping to find perfume in Cleghorn's baggage. The cabin seemed empty. It was a good chance. But the cabin was not empty, for Cleghorn was lying there. Dead, behind the drawn curtains of his berth. The person I shall call the addict found no perfume, but in rummaging around for it, touched, by accident, the bell which summoned the steward. Before the addict could escape from Cabin B, there was the steward knocking at the door. The addict thought quickly. Then putting on a disguised voice, the addict told the steward to go away. When he had gone, the addict got out of Cabin B, without ever knowing that a dead man was lying there. I reasoned this all out, and later secured an admission from the addict that my reasoning was correct. Now to the next step.

"Since the time of the murder was not after five, but before five, it could have taken place almost any time in the afternoon. Before I knew this, however, a gentleman present obligingly confessed that he had committed the murder. That gentleman is Mr. Sangerson, and I shall not go into the motives he declared were responsible for his act. His confession did not ring true, however. He was not sure of the time—remember I then thought the murder had taken place after five—and he said he used a weapon which I demonstrated could not possibly have been used. Don't frown, Mr. Sangerson. You have no cause to. I know why you confessed the murder—"

"Why?" asked Russell Sangerson.

"For a very good reason—you were afraid someone you loved had. Since it is certain to be known soon, I'll tell you all that Mr. Sangerson has the good fortune to be engaged to Miss Imlay. I say 'good fortune' for in a pinch Miss Imlay proved her quality. When she heard that Mr. Sangerson had confessed the crime, thinking to shield her, she immediately confessed that she was guilty, to shield him. Her story was even more at odds with the known facts than his. It was one of those not uncommon situations where a few minutes of candid talk would have cleared up everything—but Mr. Sangerson and Miss Imlay did not have a chance to have that talk—for when I announced the news of Cleghorn's murder, Miss Imlay, fearing Mr. Sangerson was guilty, promptly fainted, and Mr. Sangerson, knowing he wasn't guilty, attributed her fainting to a guilty knowledge of the crime on her part. Neither was guilty, and each was willing to take the blame to save the other. I think we'll have to classify those two confessions under love's labor lost.

"No, that is not accurate," went on Matthew Kelton, "Mr. Sangerson's confession proved very useful—to me—at any rate. For a time I half-believed it, and I went to Captain Galvin and discussed having Mr. Sangerson arrested on suspicion. I'm afraid it was a rather shabby trick to play on the captain. I think, though, he will forgive me, before I have finished. When he heard that I was thinking of having Mr. Sanger-

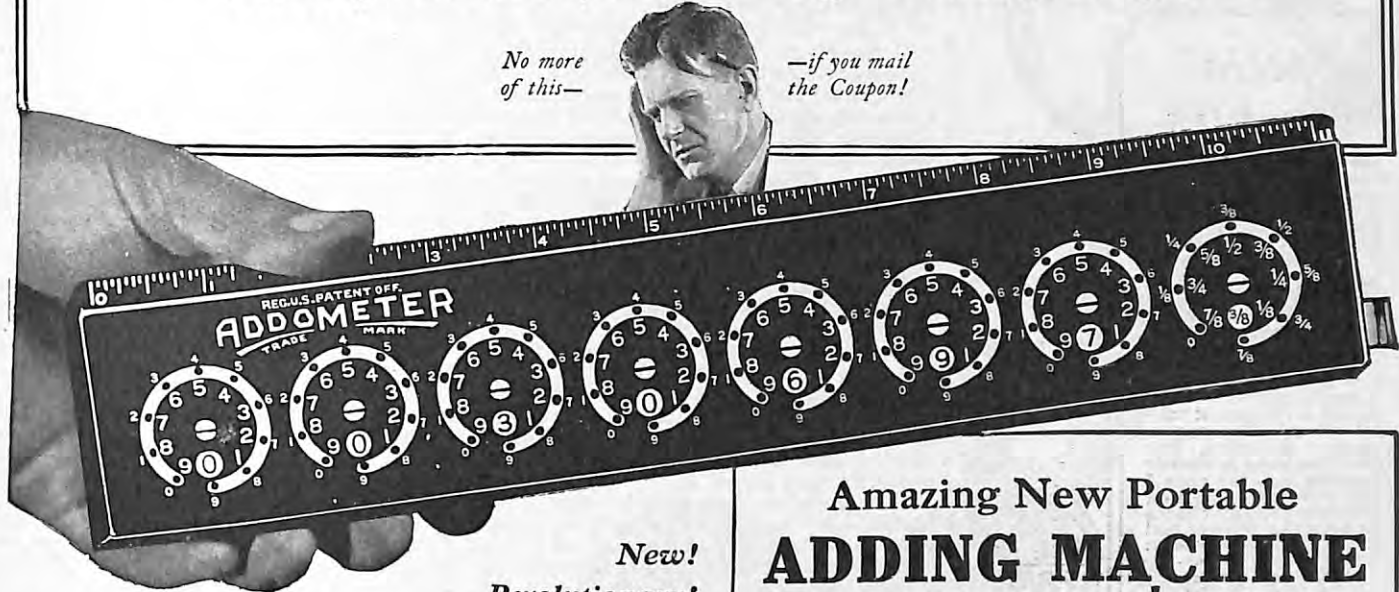
(Continued on page 62)

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Murder at Sea

(Continued from page 60)

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Diamond
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\$100
3/4 less 3/16
Carat
BlueWhite

son arrested, the captain himself owned up that he had killed Cleghorn, because of an old feud which we need not consider here. His story sounded true enough—I grant he had a strong motive for killing Cleghorn—but he told one little lie which made me suspect that his whole account of the murder was false. He said he had been struck by Cleghorn with a black-thorn stick—on the forearm—but I saw his forearms and there was no mark there. That may seem to some of you a minute point, but you see, I did not want to believe the captain's confession. I have my own reasons—and they're good ones—for wanting the captain to marry and enjoy a long and happy life.

"If the captain's confession was false, the next question was: Why did he make it? I found the answer to that. There is a lady on this ship who was the captain's boyhood sweetheart and a kind fate reunited them after many years of separation. She had a strong reason for killing Cleghorn, for he had done her a grave wrong years ago. When she learned from me that the captain had confessed that he killed Cleghorn, she declared that she herself had done it. I'll stop being mysterious about her identity. The lady is Miss Royd—"

They all stared at her. Kelton brought their attention back to him by saying,

"Miss Royd also made one slip which made me suspect that her whole story was a fabrication. She told me she had taken a club up on deck and thrown it into the sea. I happened to run into her at a time she said she was carrying the club, and she had no club with her. Once again I suspected that some needless self-sacrificing was going on.

"This, I feel sure, was what happened. The captain saw Cleghorn come aboard and recognized him as an old enemy whom he had known under the name of Jacob Murdo. After the ship left the pier, Captain Galvin went down to the man's cabin to have a talk with him. Entering the cabin, he found Cleghorn, or Murdo, dead, murdered. The captain, with a pardonable curiosity, examined the dead man's effects, and in his watch found a picture—probably forgotten by Murdo—of Miss Julia Royd. Captain Galvin took the picture, and went out of the cabin to do the natural thing, namely report his discovery. But in the corridor not far from Cabin B, he encountered Miss Royd, and knew her at once. He knew that she hated Cleghorn, or Murdo, to give him his right name, and his mind jumped to the conclusion that she was responsible for his death. Now at the very moment he had that idea about her, she had a similar idea about him. For Miss Royd had also recognized Murdo when he came aboard, and had gone to his cabin just before the captain got there—and had found Murdo dead. She too was about to report her discovery—when she saw the captain, and knowing his hate for Murdo—she at once concluded that the captain, the man she loved, had done the killing. The fact is—and I'm sure they'll both admit it now—that neither of them killed Murdo for the very simple reason someone had been there before them. Do you see what that means? It means that bit by bit the time of the crime was pushed back from five in the afternoon, when the ship was well out at sea, to early in the day when the ship was not out at sea at all—"

There was a sudden uproar in the cabin. The ship had reached the narrow opening to Hamilton Harbor, where the channel approaches close to the shore, and land is perhaps a hundred or two hundred yards away. The cause of the uproar was the sudden vanishing of Mr. Varga. He leaped from his chair, and dashed toward the steamer rail, and was on the point of diving into the sea, when he was tackled from behind by Mr. Westervelt, and brought crashing down on the deck. Then Mr. Westervelt produced a revolver, in the business-like way of one who had done so often, and said,

"No monkey business, Charley. Stay right where you are or I'll drill you."

Mr. Varga stayed where he was on the deck and his face was very ugly to look at. His black beard had come off in the struggle and he had a scarred chin. The passengers, who had rushed out of the dining saloon, clustered around the tableau. It was Detective-Sergeant Rudolph who broke the silence.

"Hello, Westervelt," he said, "what are you doing so far from home?"

"Business," said Westervelt. "This man is Charley Vanniman, alias Carlo Varga, alias Professor Garvani and a few other things, hypnotist, swindler, confidence man and general all-round crook, wanted for jobs in a lot of places but especially by us in Denver. I had a tip he was on this boat, so I tagged along. I was afraid he'd get wise and I'd lose him. That's why I played so cautious. Lost a prisoner once by letting on I was a dick, so I made up my mind I'd take no chances this time, but would keep my trap shut, and my eyes open. I guess he got nervous just now—and tried to skip. Don't worry about this bird, Mr. Kelton. Murder isn't his line. Besides, I've had my eyes on him ever since he came on this ship, except for a few minutes when he slipped away and tried to wreck the radio set. Gosh, it's a relief to be able to be myself again. Come on, Charley. Let's have your wrists. I've a nice pair of bracelets for them."

So saying Mr. Westervelt hand-cuffed the scowling Varga, and sat with him on the edge of a steamer chair.

The other passengers shepherded by Matthew Kelton, returned to the table in the dining saloon. Not far off the white hotels and villas of Hamilton could be seen through the open door.

"I'm almost finished," said Matthew Kelton. "I've eliminated Mr. Sangerson, Miss Imlay, the captain and Miss Royd. Let me see—who's left. Keep your seats please. I'm coming back to the all-important point—the time when the murder was committed. Remember—Miss Royd went into the cabin very soon after the ship left its pier—and found Murdo already dead. When I got that point straightened out, I began to see daylight. The daylight I saw was just this: Murdo was killed before the ship left New York."

They were all watching Kelton with fascinated eyes.

"Now I have in New York a remarkable man, B. Hong by name, who has a way of finding out things. I happened to ask him the right questions, and he happened to be able to supply me with the right answers. One thing he told me. Someone came aboard—not as a passenger—but as a visitor. That person had a motive for killing Murdo, or Cleghorn. The oldest motive in the world, money. That person had stolen from Cleghorn and was about to be found out. That person killed Cleghorn a minute or two before the ship sailed, and hurried off with a crowd of other visitors. That person left behind in Cabin B a tuft of hair from his raccoon coat—and that person is sitting—there."

Kelton wheeled around and stabbed a long finger directly at Karl Roe, Cleghorn's partner.

Nobody in that cabin doubted for a second the guilt of Karl Roe. He was like a man struck by lightning. His jaws sagged open, his ruddy face turned sallow, he swallowed convulsively.

"I promised you a prisoner, Rudolph," said Kelton to the New York detective. "There he is."

Without a word, Roe held out his hands to receive the handcuffs. Then he collapsed.

"Thank God it's over," he said.

"Look at the sleeve of his fur coat," said Kelton. "See, there's a bare spot. The tuft of hair I found in Cabin B fits it exactly. Look."

"Yes," said the New York detective. "Kelton, you are a wonder."

"I'll give you a complete summary of the case, with all the evidence," said Kelton, to Rudolph, "before you sail back. You'll find that Roe has been speculating heavily in Wall Street, and I think I assumed correctly it was with embezzled money. He knew Cleghorn was about to catch him, and he knew Cleghorn would be merciless. He took a long chance, stole aboard the ship, blackjacked Cleghorn in his cabin, then mingled with the visitors, leaving the ship, and was not noticed. He probably hoped that the body would not be found until the ship was well out at sea, and then one of the passengers would be suspected—perhaps Sangerson, who is really Cleghorn's, or Murdo's, son. Luck was with Roe for a while—he almost brought it off, but I've found that luck does not tarry long with murderers—"

"Well, I suppose you get that reward," said Detective-Sergeant Rudolph.

"I'll see you get a slice of it," said Kelton. "I've a use for the rest."

"What's that?" The detective, having secured his prisoner, was paying no further attention to him.

"Most of it I'm going to turn over to the family of the dead sailor, Gabe Fest, but a little of it I'm going to save out to buy a couple of wedding presents with."

He glanced across the dining saloon. In a corner Julia Royd had her arms around her new found son, Russell Sangerson, and Pauline Imlay and Captain Galvin stood close by.

Matthew Kelton went out into the sunlight. The S. S. *Pendragon* was almost at the Hamilton dock now. It made him uncomfortable to see people cry, even if they were crying from happiness.

CHAPTER XVII

TO HIS hotel went Matthew Kelton in an old-fashioned open hack drawn by old-fashioned horses. It was a clear, peaceful day. At his hotel, he went at once to his room. He kneaded the bed with appreciative fingers.

"Now for a real rest," he said. "No crimes. No problems. No questions. Rest—nothing but yards and yards of rest."

He lay down on the bed and closed his eyes. He was awakened, perhaps half an hour later, by a knock on his door.

"What is it?" he called, sleepily.

"It's Mr. Galloway, the manager," a voice answered.

"What do you want?"

"I must see you, Mr. Kelton, I must, really."

"Come in," said Matthew Kelton. "Am I in the wrong room, or is the hotel afire or what is it?"

A plump little bald man minced into the room.

"You must help me, Mr. Kelton," he said. "I know you by reputation. You really must help me!"

"Help you?" inquired Matthew Kelton. "In what way can I help you, Mr. Galloway?"

"The oddest thing has happened," said the manager, "and this is a first-class hotel—de luxe, in fact."

"What on earth is the matter?" asked Kelton.

"Well, sir," said the manager, "a stout gentleman by the name of Mond has taken a suite on the second floor. Well, sir, it appears on the way here from the ship he stopped in at Edgerton Brothers' Emporium, our leading haberdashery, sir, and ordered a new top hat to be sent to him at this hotel by messenger at once. Well, sir, the hat arrived, in its regular card-board box not ten minutes ago—"

"Man alive, must I be kept awake to hear about Mr. Mond's hat?" demanded Kelton.

"What do I care about his hat?"

"Oh, sir, it isn't the hat that I'm bothered about. It's an excellent hat. It's what Mr. Mond found in it that worries me—"

"And what was that?"

"A head," said the manager, "a man's head."

Matthew Kelton sat up in bed and sighed loudly—but there was a certain happy note in his sigh.

"I'll be with you as soon as I can slip my trousers on," said Matthew Kelton. "Now, tell me—"

(FINIS)

The "Talkies"

(Continued from page 15)

brothers. This group of relatives constitutes, or did at that time, a motion-picture company of what might be called an odd size. It was beyond the short-pants stature of the host of little side-street producers of Hollywood, yet not of the full-grown strength of the bigger lads, such as the Famous Players, the Metro, the Fox, and the Universal companies. But this second fact the Warner organization did not perceive, or chose to ignore. It always insisted upon playing with its elders, upon fighting in the class heavier than itself in resources. This propensity Hollywood was wont to smile at. Whenever the Warners announced an extra-special or signed John Barrymore, it was a frequent

(Continued on page 64)

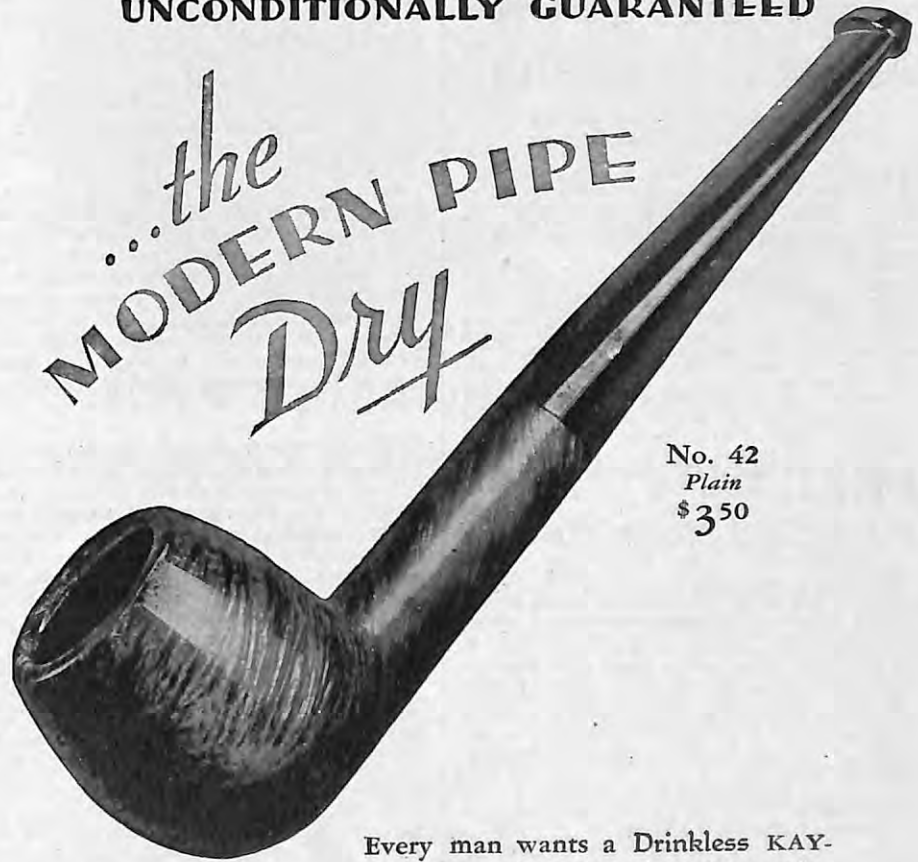
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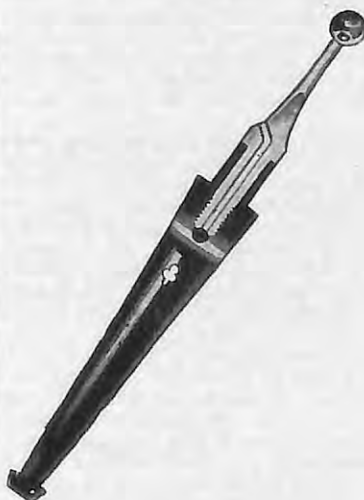
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They may offend others as much as these offend you

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These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make different mistakes which offend other people as much as these would offend you. How do you know that you do not mispronounce certain words? are you always sure that the things you say and write are grammatically correct? To you they may seem correct, but others may know that they are wrong.

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The "Talkies"

(Continued from page 63)

and facetious speculation, What are they going to use for money?

Whether there ever was at any time real justification seriously for questioning the stability of the company is not known. Certainly it had not the financial resources of some of those longer established. And its directors may have felt at the time when the talking device made its appearance that its introduction might aid them to get abreast of at least some of the leaders. Whatever the reason, the outcome was that they took a chance on it. They gathered together a technical staff of their own which, working with that of the parent electrical company, developed a process of sound-recording and reproduction known as Vitaphone.

This, in its essential principle, was no more than the synchronizing of a motion-picture camera with a recording phonographic record, and, for the reproduction, the synchronizing of the same record with the machine projecting the film on the screen.

With this equipment, about two years ago, began a showing of audible movies. They were, for the most part, short subjects in which sound was of more importance than scene: operatic stars caught in the act of singing; philharmonic orchestras; or more generally popular acts, such as Whiteman's band or Al Jolson or Van and Schenck tearing a new song hit apart. They were exhibited usually as preliminary attractions to the main—and still silent—feature picture.

IF THE sponsors of the Vitaphone expected from the start to set any Thames on fire with their talkies, they must have been definitely disappointed. For the moviegoers accepted them with no more than a pleased interest. Comment upon them was favorable, but it was not madly enthusiastic. And all the extravagance of ballyhoo and publicity and advertising which accompanied the innovation failed to step up the voltage of the public ardor in regard to it.

But if these first talkies proved insufficient to arouse to unusual activity those who contributed to the box-office, such was not—at least so definitely—the case with those to whom the box-office contributes: the movie-makers. They began to give heed to other and available processes which with a miraculous suddenness came to light. One of these was the Movietone, first noticed and used by the Fox Company, and since adopted by several other of the large producers.

In the principle and operation of this there is a variation from those obtaining in the Vitaphone. The Movietone method is photographic, while the Vitaphone is a combination of the photographic and the phonographic. In the case of the newer, or at least the more lately issued method, the Movietone, the sound, as of a voice, is caught in a microphone and the modulations from it transformed into electrical fluctuations. And these in turn cause a light in the recording device to flicker, and this flicker to register as a varied series of light and dark streaks upon the negative film, right beside the picture being photographed. In projecting the process is reversed: variations of light and shadow are transmuted into those of sound. This system, together with the Vitaphone, is the most generally used to-day; their dual popularity is due, for one thing, to the fact that the projecting machine using the one can also use the other.

With these two mediums of record and reproduction the making of talking movies began, as a sort of side-line, a tentative dipping of the toe into the chill waters of the unknown. For even if the speaking screen was never to be a practical thing for pictures of the ordinary feature length, from five to seven reels, there was at once a market for the shorter subjects. With their musical and vocal elements they provided the theatre, especially the theatre which could not, for either financial or geographical reasons, book worthwhile stage acts to supplement its films, with almost personal appearances of the stars of the operatic, the revue, and the legitimate stage. The small exhibitor could have Van and Schenck, with a salary of \$3,500 a week at the Palace in New York, for a rental, in the talkies, of about \$25. So, proportionately, could he present to his audience in Sedalia other celebrities until

now only names on victrola records, or ghostly voices over the radio: Gigli, Schumann-Heink, for example, to be seen as well as heard! So, too, could he provide for their inspection the gentleman who always has made a practice of saying the right thing at the wrong time, Mr. George Bernard Shaw—in the act, of course, of burlesquing one of the world's go-getting idols, Mussolini.

In addition to these prepared and rehearsed spectacles, one of the sound processes, the Movietone, began to specialize in the reporting, by sight and noise, of news events: motor-boat races, with the staccato roar of the engines making them more vivid; military parades rendered more stirring by the music and the pounding and gritting of hob-nailed marching boots upon the pavement.

In this manner did the makers of films first begin to feel out both the possibilities of their new mediums and the reactions of their audiences to them. And, auspicious as it may be regarded now, the likelihood is that further activity with the addition of sound to photograph might have been delayed for a year or two years, or more, had it not been suddenly quickened by a single and precipitating event.

A precipitating event is a turn of affairs or a manifestation which brings to light abruptly and vividly a situation which every one has long suspected and done nothing about.

In the life of the movies, one of the most notable of precipitating events was "The Birth of a Nation." Until this picture was made, the movies were regarded, and perhaps truly, as being equivalent in artistic merit and entertainment-value to the five or ten cents it cost to see them. But after this one Griffith production, the screen was instantly recognized as being a flexible and powerful means of expression, and the word art was first associated with it without fear of ridicule.

As with the unspeaking, so with the speaking screen, there came a precipitating incident, an achievement marking a turning-point in its destiny. And this was the making of a picture entitled "The Jazz Singer," in which appeared one of the greatest revue and musical comedy entertainers in the country, Al Jolson.

This photoplay was released for exhibition almost exactly a year ago, but it was seen first at only a few of the larger cities, and so it was not for two or three months thereafter—about the first of this year—that its effect became manifest. And that effect was that, in comparison with the most ambitious silent productions on the screen at the time, this talkie proved overwhelmingly more popular. Against the stiffest kind of competition, it broke theatre attendance records right and left.

This—and the point is significant—wherever it was released as a talkie. For "The Jazz Singer" was, like all the speaking films to-day, made so that it could be shown without sound and dialogue as well as with them. And the record-breaking performances of this film were without exception restricted to its exhibition with sound accompaniment.

Because the Jolson picture was the first striking success in feature-length talking pictures, and because it was the first to be made with both sound and dialogue, the impression got around that it was actually the pioneer of all. And the conclusion drawn, too, was that the very novelty of the offering was to be held accountable for its record.

But this picture was not the first; it was, to be accurate, the second. And before it was shown on the screens of the country, its own producers had already put out an earlier full length dialogue film. This, however, failed in any way to make a sensation when it was released, but after "The Jazz Singer" was shown, it was again issued; and on the strength of the reception the Jolson feature had met with, it, too, proved to be a tremendous attraction.

These events, and particularly the first of them, were the factors responsible for the present mad rush on the part of the studios to turn out talking pictures. They account for the fact that virtually every picture factory on the coast, including several of the smaller and independently owned concerns, are rushing night and day to construct sound-proof stages. It is said

that the total cost of those under way at present is more than \$5,000,000.

These events, too, account for the similar frenzy on the part of chains of theatres either owned by the firms that own the studios, or under contract to use those studios' pictures, to install the necessary apparatus for exhibiting talkies. The cost of this, too, will run into huge sums. A single installation comes to about \$15,000, and there is a theatre in this country for every dollar in that sum. This would mean, unless the electrical companies controlling the manufacture and sale of the equipment reduce their prices, an expenditure finally of more than \$200,000,000.

Even according to the grandiose freedom of spending for which the picture industry is celebrated, this is money. But it is being spent, or at least it is beginning to be spent as fast as possible. And it is certainly a substantial and concrete bit of evidence in answer to the question in so many people's minds, as to whether or not the talkies are here to stay. It says that in the opinion of movie producers, they are; and it says it with considerably more than flowers.

It would be absurd to suppose, of course, that the unusual earnings of any one picture, silent or otherwise, would prompt an entire industry to remodel its entire structure. It should be borne in mind that while the wholesale participation in the making of talkies followed and was precipitated by the showing of "The Jazz Singer," its effect was solely that of a precipitant. It served only to bring to light, and vividly, a condition which for some time had existed and about which no one had successfully done anything. It served, too, and finally, to provide a remedy for the situation in the picture business which heretofore apparently was beyond reach.

This situation was that for some time the movies had not been the limitless bonanza that they at one time had been. There was a time, a little over six years ago, when not only good pictures made money, but any pictures made money. This golden age preceded, and its passing inspired, the golden and deathless motto of the art of the screen: bigger and better. It came along, approximately, about the time when Mary and Doug went abroad to be received by royalty and returned to Hollywood to become it. It was at that time that the screen as entertainment had an unchecked monopoly on public interest. Those engaged in any department of the film business may recall that in 1921, while banks and department stores and flour mills were failing right and left, the movies rode the storm like a cork. And they continued, even after the waters subsided, to retain their buoyancy for some little time. They were universally popular.

THE reason for their popularity was that they were, for the price they asked, better than any other form of entertainment. Faulty as they might be here and there, they far outdid in effectiveness and finish any small-town stock company or third or fourth-string road-show cast. The ten-twenty-thirty could not compete with them. The movies had at their disposal the spare time of every one, except the most strong-minded correspondence-school students.

And it is to be feared, with the world turned to duck soup for their consumption, that they failed to take note of another customer watching them at their repast. They forgot, or overlooked, the fact that for every man with a splendid dinner before him, there are several other men waiting and watching for an opportunity to get a share, or, better still, all of it.

In the case of the movies of a few years ago, one of the hungry faces whose nose was flattened against the dining-room window was the radio. He had been thinking for some time of dipping into the gravy, and all of a sudden he did so.

Not only did the radio rush in to absorb a large share of public attention suddenly, but it has from its very first incursive gesture continued to do so. Taken lightly at the outset by some and with a serious ecstasy by others; passed off with a shrug as a fad, or regarded as a permanent and useful marvel, it has, bit by bit and with the improvement of sets and programs, come to be practically a necessity. And, considering its universality of adoption and the generally interesting and sometimes supremely thrilling nature of its offerings, it has quite naturally kept home many and many an erstwhile
(Continued on page 66)



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The "Talkies"

(Continued from page 65)

buyer of movie tickets. If it has lacked the visual appeal of the screen, it has offset this by variety of subject, convenience and economy. It has brought about a situation wherein only a very good movie indeed can compete with its special features.

This the motion-picture interests have felt, from the first. They have sought to offset it by several devices: the placing of emphasis upon especially ambitious productions; extra portions of entertainment in addition to the picture: vaudeville and elaborate and presumably awe-inspiring presentations. They have had to do this or—taking the country as a whole—drop back to the pre-war level of fifteen-cent admissions. And opposition to this reaction had been so intense, and the interest of the public so otherwise, that here and there the theatre stubbornly demanding its half or full dollar has had to close its doors. The cuff of the industry's trousers has become a bit frayed.

The radio alone has not wrought this. The legitimate stage, robbed of its road profits by the movies, has been on the alert to seek a re-entrance into the out-of-town field. Perhaps because of the mechanical nature of the entertainment both in radio and on the screen, the pleasure-seeker has come to long for something uncanned. This would explain the welcome that has been accorded a revival of local stock and theatrical road companies. Many of these, within the last year or so, have had encouragingly successful seasons.

Caught thus between the interest in a new form of entertainment and in the renaissance of an old, the movie needed to bestir itself. As has been seen, it has already made efforts to stimulate trade, but they have all been in the nature of expediencies, the essential weakness of which was that they entailed the enlistment of an art not of the screen but of the stage, and, less frequently, of the opera.

It may seem strange, therefore, that the talkie was not at once seized upon as a heaven-sent stop-gap, and, with luck, a permanent plug to check the dripping away of the screen's popularity.

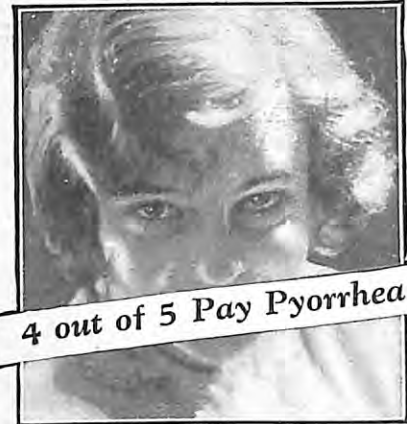
By a few, of course, it was recognized as that. But if there is praise to be accorded them, there is likewise to those who hesitated at bringing about a widespread upheaval in the method of both making and exhibiting pictures. The amount of money that now has been laid out and is to be laid out for that modification, shows that there was something to be said on the side of conservatism, of caution before headlong procedure.

The result of such several states of mind was that a few went ahead and the rest watched closely to see if they got across the street without being run over. And so it was that when an early and doubtless crude—by the standards of to-morrow—talkie stepped out and took the crowd away from one of the season's champion silent pictures, the producers were convinced. The project was at once lifted beyond the realms of theory which, right or wrong, clips no coupons. It was a fact. Talkies had something that the non-talkies did not, and what the talkies had the public liked.

So now they are getting it: not in great quantities, because it requires time to make the speakies. And because, too, only about four hundred and fifty theatres in the country to-day have the machines to show them. But as fast as science and high-pressure construction can accomplish the change, the fans are getting their shipment of speakies.

It would be better to amend that: to say sound pictures, for not all of the films one can hear are speaking pictures. Some have merely an orchestral accompaniment; others have that and an occasional noise, as, say, of gun-fire. Still others have music and noises and a few bits of dialogue. And still others are attempting dialogue right straight through, wherever it is demanded by or serves to enhance the story and its effectiveness. Indeed, most of the companies are reaching up on their shelves and pulling down earlier popular releases, adding mechanical orchestration and other audible effects to them, and reissuing them as sound pictures. In one form or another, the public is going to get an earful of the no-longer silent drama.

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In all cases, too, the talkies will be produced in speechless as well as speaking form; every picture is now being made in duplicate—one silent and one noisy negative. The more than fourteen thousand unequipped theatres must be served and also the foreign market, which alone represents over 40 per cent. of the total sales.

For all the belief that the industry, by its equipment for them, manifests, there are many prophecies that the talkies will soon go the way of the opaque stocking and the bicycle built for two. Indeed, one of the largest and oldest companies is proceeding most doubtfully; it takes its talkies late at night, letting nature supply the stillness and silence that others are paying good money to create artificially. And there are other expressions of faint faith. But most of them, like that of King Vidor, director of "The Big Parade," come from men whose success has been won and their technique developed in the visual medium of expression alone. The very irksomeness of having, when one is soundly established, abruptly to learn a new trade is not calculated to inspire enthusiasm for the outlook.

There are undoubtedly many problems confronting those who have set themselves to make speakies. And one of the largest of these is the one connected with the foreign distribution of film: the problem of how to translate the speaking parts into foreign languages and still maintain synchronization with the action.

This problem has brought about many absurd speculations and comic-strip suggestions for solution. But its serious consideration is causing many people in Hollywood to work their mental machinery to a point which threatens its collapse. For, by some means or other, the knot must be untangled, and this because the profits from the foreign sales of films are, in the aggregate, roughly the amount that comes back to the producer from the American market. And so under the normal scheme of things, he has been able to make productions that neither America nor any other single nation could pay for, yet which every country might have because the whole world was chipping in. The lopping off of this wide margin of income thus cuts profits almost in half; and this would choke production to the point of severe pinching.

The first solution offered for the removal of this highly important detail of the translation of

speech was that voice-doubles would be used: persons employed to speak, in the languages required, the lines incident to the action. The idea has called forth much fanciful comment, but it is beginning to be considered as the only possible way out. And it is considered possible because already several stars—a notable one is Al Jolson—have first acted their scenes for the silent camera and later, while the film was being run off, contributed the vocal accompaniment. Producers therefore are encouraged to believe that if a man can be his own voice-double, so can another man double for him.

There are other and many stumbling blocks being met daily. But they, like that of the translation of speech, do not prove to be, upon close inspection, quite as immovable as they had first appeared. And so it would seem that in so far as the technical difficulties are concerned, the talkies need face the future with no great misgivings.

Inasmuch as sound gives to the movies an additional instrument of appeal; inasmuch as it has so far proven only an advantage, no counteracting disadvantage having yet cropped up, it would also seem that the talkies in truth have come to stay. It has much in its favor and little, or nothing, against it.

One may argue, of course, that the mere addition of another element, as of sound, to the screen does not improve it, any more than slapping on color lends merit to a bad drawing. That is true; one cannot expect the screen henceforth to succeed merely because it makes a noise. It must improve steadily in its story-technique and its acting, as well as in its mechanical implements. The talkies alone cannot carry the burden. But if they perish because they are asked to do so it is not they who will have failed; it is the movies themselves.

And this does not seem likely to happen. The movies have been careless at times; they have become purse-proud and overconfident. But they are now aware of the fact and they have shown, by their adoption of sound to assist them, that they are willing to go to any extent to hold the public favor which for so long was theirs alone. If they will do this mechanically, they will, when they are forced to, do it artistically. And there is no doubt but that to-day there is in the field against them opposition strong enough to force them.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 38)

Deputies at his office in groups according to States, thus coming into personal contact with each individual District Deputy. From his office, each group was escorted to the office of the Grand Secretary, where they received special instructions in connection with the relation of that office to the subordinate Lodges, and especially in the matter of the examination of books and records of subordinate Lodges.

From the Grand Secretary's office, the District Deputies were taken to the offices of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, where they were received by the Executive Director and representatives of the editorial and business departments of the publication, who familiarized them with ways in which they could help the magazine in their visitations to subordinate Lodges.

Meanwhile the new Ritualistic Committee, the enlarged Committee on Good of the Order, and the Committee on State Associations each held a meeting for the purpose of mapping out their programs of work for the ensuing year.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Chairman of the Committee on Good of the Order, W. C. Robertson, Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee, and William E. Hendrich, Chairman of the Committee on State Associations, placed their respective programs before the District Deputies at a conference held on Sunday, September 23.

Immediately following the Chicago conference of District Deputies, Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert, accompanied by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Chairman Edward W. Cotter, of the Board of Grand Trustees, left for California to make arrangements for the National Convention to be held in Los Angeles next July, and to attend the Convention of the California State Elks Association at Santa Barbara.

Mr. Hulbert will return from his Western tour

on Election Day, November 6, just in time to vote.

California State Antlers Association Holds Fourth Annual Convention

Traveling by train, airplane and automobile, the youthful delegates to the fourth annual convention of the California State Antlers Association arrived in Los Angeles for the meetings to be held in the Home of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99. Thirty-one Lodges of the Junior Order were represented. High points of the three-day session were the recommendation of a change in the ritual, the adoption of a magazine to be called "The Antler," and the election of the State officers for the coming year. The officers elected are: President, Pal Bradley, of Los Angeles; First Vice-President, Norris Rebholtz, of Stockton; Second Vice-President, George Nixon, of Petaluma; Third Vice-President, Alfred Nisbet, of Taft; Secretary-Treasurer, William Hutto, of San Francisco; Guide, Leonard Bartlett, of Modesto; Chaplain, Berrion Powell, of Long Beach; Guard, Dudley Stephens, of Woodland.

The opening day of the convention was spent in a tour of the motion-picture studios, with dinner in the Home of Santa Monica Lodge, No. 906, followed by a pajama parade at Venice headed by the San Bernardino Antlers Band. The opening business session the following morning was addressed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. Fenton Nichols of San Francisco, and Robert L. Hubbard of Los Angeles. At the afternoon business meeting Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Mifflin G. Potts delivered a fine address to the boys relative to the taking over of the problems of the junior organization by the Grand Lodge.

(Continued on page 68)

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Address

City

State

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 67)

After a final business meeting in the morning, and a round of pleasure and sightseeing in the city and neighboring beach towns, the convention was brought to a most successful close Saturday night with a gala dance in the ballroom of Los Angeles Lodge's Home.

Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge Takes Orphans to Seashore

Some 2,500 children from the various institutions in and around the city had one of the happiest days of their lives cavorting in the ocean and along the sands of Seal Beach, where they were taken for one of the best picnics ever given by Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99. Plenty of fresh air, clean surf, substantial food and untold quantities of ice-cream, soda pop, and crack-crack, contributed to their day's pleasure, while a trained dog and pony show, jugglers and acrobats, thrilled big and little alike. At four in the afternoon the youngsters were transported home with the promise of another big time next year.

Is Anybody Looking for News of this Man?

Some weeks ago a man, in whose pocket was found a card with the name J. J. Ely, the address 22nd and State Streets, Chicago, and the statement that the bearer was an Elk, killed himself in Geneva, Ohio. The police have been unable to identify the body, and believe that Ely was an assumed name. There was nothing to indicate to which Lodge the man might have belonged. The police description of the body is as follows: About 65 or 70 years old; 6 feet in height; weighs over 200 pounds; blue eyes; gray hair; Elk pin; left leg was much shorter than right and he wore a brace; wore gray invisible strip suit; panama hat; had a worn leather traveling bag and good cane.

Thomas M. Hunter, Injured in Miami, Returns Home to Denver

Thomas M. Hunter of Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order, is now at his home in Denver, practically recovered from the injury which he sustained while attending the annual convention of the Grand Lodge. Mr. Hunter, who is 72 years old, fell and broke his hip, and was forced to spend some six weeks in the hospital in Miami. While confined he was the recipient of every attention from the members of Miami Lodge. When he was ready to leave Secretary Leo F. McCready sent him on his way, accompanied by a nurse, and arranged to have Elk committees meet his train at St. Augustine and Jacksonville, Fla., and at Birmingham, Ala.

Secretary O'Connor, of Mobile, Ala., Lodge Seeks News of John F. Powers

Secretary Thomas J. O'Connor, of Mobile, Ala., Lodge, No. 108, is anxious to locate a friend and fellow Elk, John F. Powers. Important news from his sister awaits Mr. Powers in Mr. O'Connor's office.

Recent Activities of Watsonville, Calif., Lodge

The degree team and some forty members of Monterey, Calif., Lodge, No. 1285, recently paid a fraternal visit to Watsonville, Calif., Lodge, No. 1300, and initiated a class of candidates for their hosts. The visitors were dressed in the costumes of the Sierra Pilgrimage, the local Fiesta which was scheduled to open at that time. Following the meeting, refreshments were served and a varied entertainment was enjoyed.

Close to 300 members and their ladies were present at Ladies' Night, given some time ago by Watsonville Lodge. Dancing was the main diversion of the evening, with a fine program of entertainment presented during intermissions and card parties for those who did not care to dance. The Home was beautifully decorated with baskets of red flowers and ferns along the walls and the stage was banked with ferns and greenery. Gay-colored paper hats, paper horns and individual flower corsages for the ladies were



This illustration shows the main building of the McCleary Sanitarium and Clinic at Excelsior Springs, Missouri—the largest institution in the world devoted to the treatment of piles and other rectal troubles. (Only curable cases are accepted.)

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distributed. At the close of the gay evening a delicious lunch was served in the banquet hall.

Newark, N. J., Lodge Entertains 14,000 Children

Practically every poor, crippled and orphaned child in the city was the guest of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, on the Lodge's annual picnic held in Olympia Park, August 30th. Children to the number of 14,000, arriving at the park, were given American flags, souvenir hats and free tickets to the various amusement devices. They were then assembled in a body and instructed in the pledge of allegiance to the flag. Everything possible to delight the hearts of the young was done for them, and so lavish had been the preparations of the committee that enough food-stuffs were left over for a generous distribution among the various institutions of the city. The crippled children were given the preference on all of the rides and, attended in a special section by members and their ladies, were showered with gifts. The park had been donated to No. 21 for the day by its owner, Henry A. Guenther, Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, who contributed so largely to the success of the outing.

Louisville, Ky., Lodge Gives Outing For Widows and Children

More than 2,500 widows and children were the happy, all-day guests of Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, at the Elks first annual boat trip and picnic in their honor. Boarding a river steamer at nine o'clock in the morning, the party was conducted to Rose Island, where refreshments, games and entertainments had been arranged for. The Social and Community Welfare Committee, under the chairmanship of Robert H. Lucas, which was in charge of the affair, was assisted by members of the Ladies' Auxiliary, while two physicians and two nurses, supplied by the city Health Department, were on hand to care for emergency cases.

At the end of a thoroughly successful and enjoyable day the guests of the Lodge were returned to their homes, and one of the finest events of recent years was written into the annals of Louisville Lodge.

Long Beach, Calif., Lodge Initiates Class of Eighty

Membership efforts of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, have met with great success. Four hundred and eighty applicants have been listed since April and many of these have been inducted into the Order.

At a recent meeting of the Lodge the officers, headed by Past Exalted Ruler Stanley Hess, initiated a class of some eighty candidates, exemplifying the ritual in a way to impress the fine gathering present.

Lodge Secretaries Warned Against This Persistent Swindler

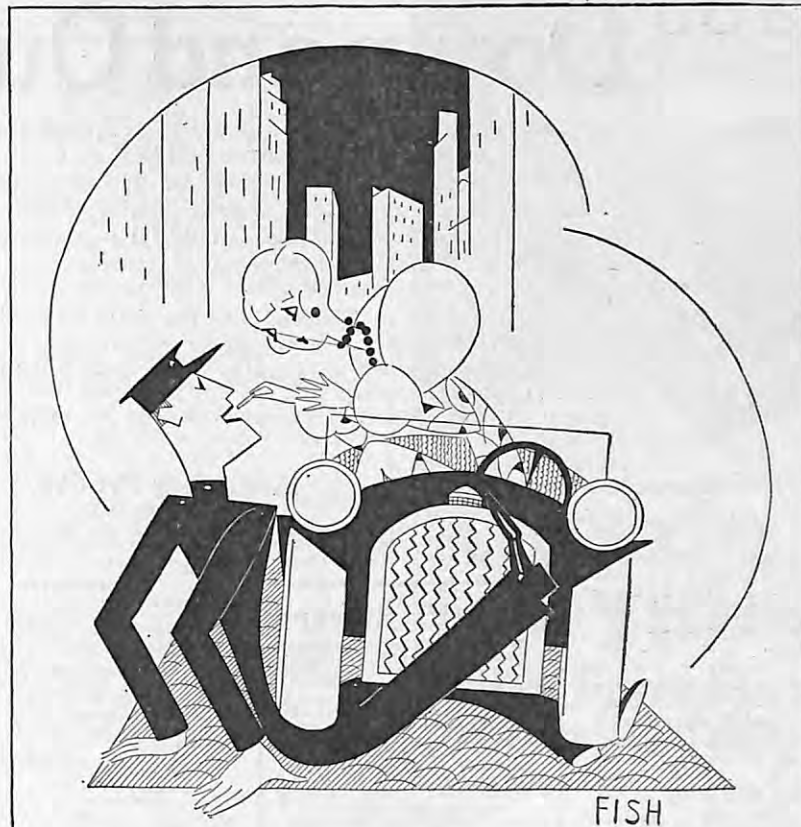
On page 34 of THE ELKS MAGAZINE for August, was a warning to all Secretaries to be on guard against a man named F. T. Lotz, or Lots, carrying a card purporting to be from Galena, Ill., Lodge, No. 882, and using it to cash worthless checks. We are now informed by Secretary John G. Hedges of North Attleboro, Mass., Lodge, No. 1011, that Lotz, who is also using the name of B. H. Lyons, stole cards Nos. 270-271 in North Attleboro Lodge, during a visit to Mr. Hedges' office, and is using them to further his fraudulent activities.

A careful watch should be kept for this persistent swindler and should he present himself at a Lodge his cards should be taken up and his arrest accomplished.

Mobile, Ala., Lodge Host To City's Orphans

More than 350 orphans were the all-day guests of Mobile, Ala., Lodge, No. 108, a short time ago. Transported across Mobile Bay on the steamer *May Queen*, the youngsters enjoyed a picnic and frolic arranged by the city playground director, and sponsored by Mobile Elks. There were bountiful refreshments and all sorts of games and amusements for the little guests

(Continued on page 70)



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If YOU Were Down and Out



AND I agreed to start you in a big, new, money-making business of your own—WITHOUT CAPITAL OR EXPERIENCE—a business in which I have helped other ambitious men and women double, triple and QUADRUPLE their earnings, would you jump at it? You BET YOU WOULD!

Well, you may not be down and out. But if you are earning A CENT LESS than \$100 a week—\$5,000 a year—here is your chance to break into real estate MY WAY—build a big profit business of your own—right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience. My free book tells the whole story. Get it now!

From Failure to Success

I like to get hold of the down-hearted—the "has-beens" and the "also-rans." I get a real thrill every time I help such a man or woman. It's easy to make successful men more successful. But give me the man struggling along with never a real "look-in" on business success. The most fun I get out of life is turning such men into happy, prosperous, independent business men. And I'm doing it right along! There's E. G. Baum, past 50, lost job as bookkeeper, sick, downhearted. I got Baum started. He cleaned up \$8,000 his first year. And J. M. Patterson. He'd landed in Texas with a baby, sick wife, and \$10.20. He started to use my Successful Real Estate System, and writes me that he will clean up \$20,000 this year. Send for my free book. Learn how I am helping others—and how I can help you win big business success.

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Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 69)

who, that evening, steamed back to Mobile a tired but very happy group.

His Family Seeks News of Robert H. Hahn, of Davenport, Iowa, Lodge

Because of a death in his family, his relatives are anxious to get in touch with Robert H. Hahn, a member of Davenport, Iowa, Lodge, No. 298. Mr. Hahn left Davenport in 1927, and his present whereabouts are unknown to his family or his Lodge. Although he told some friends at the time of his departure that he was going to Kansas City, Mo., it has not been possible to locate him there. Any member knowing where Mr. Hahn is living would be doing a favor by bringing this notice to his attention, or by notifying Secretary Sam W. Hirschl, of Davenport Lodge, of his address.

Adams, Mass., Lodge Entertains Infirmary Patients

The orchestra and minstrel cast of Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 1335, under the direction of the Lodge Social and Community Welfare Committee, recently paid a visit to the Adams Infirmary, where a program of songs, sketches and orchestral numbers was given for the patients. Refreshments were served at the conclusion of the concert. Adams Lodge is very active in this sort of work among local institutions, the United States Veterans hospital at Leeds being visited regularly.

Orange, N. J., Lodge Gives Picnic For Children of the Vicinity

Children of the Oranges to the number of 325 were given the pleasure early in August of a day's outing at Olympia Park by Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135. The children were transported from the Orange Orphan Home, Trinity Mission, Open Air School, and Day Nursery to the park, accompanied en route by a detail of motorcycle police. At the park, after lunches and many quarts of milk had been consumed, the youngsters were given tickets for the various amusements, with ice cream following later in the afternoon. At a late hour, tired and contented, they were taken back to the various institutions.

Troy, N. Y., Lodge Works For Crippled Children

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Troy, N. Y., Lodge, No. 147, recently conducted two annual events with gratifying success. The first of these, a boxing show for the benefit of the Lodge Charity Fund, drew a capacity house to witness the fine bouts arranged by the committee, under the leadership of Chairman Samuel R. Cooper. Among the many well-known citizens who attended the show were Mayor Cornelius F. Burns, and the greater part of his official family.

Some days later Troy Elks were hosts to more than 1,000 youngsters from the various orphanages of the city at their second Sunshine Picnic at Crystal Lake. The buses carrying the little guests to their day of fun were routed to pass City Hall, where, to the gay ringing of bells, they were reviewed by Mayor Burns and other municipal officials.

At Crystal Lake Park Fire Chief Cornelius A. Casey and a committee had erected long counters at which, with the assistance of twenty-four firemen from the Central Station, the appetites of the husky youngsters were fully satisfied. Free run of the amusement devices and an afternoon of sports followed.

Among the more than 500 visitors who came during the day to watch the happy children were Mayor Burns, Mayor George E. Halpin of Watervliet, and the Health, Public Safety, Charity and Industrial Commissioners of the district. Mr. Cooper's committee overlooked nothing to make the day one of happiness for the city's orphans, including those too young to attend the outing. To these were sent consignments of the same fare served at the lake and separate picnics on a smaller scale were held at the various institutions.

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irritation**

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Bayonne, N. J., Lodge Takes Crippled Children on Boat Trip

The annual outing for crippled children and members of their families given by Bayonne, N. J., Lodge, No. 434, was a successful one from start to finish. The Lodge had chartered one of the handsome Hudson River Day Line steamers, and with the little ones safe on board a trip was taken to West Point, with an enjoyable stop made at Indian Point. Fresh, cold milk was served in abundance and candy and fruit were distributed. A threatening storm held off long enough to permit all hands a bracing trip and a safe return.

Sioux City, Ia., Lodge Gives Picnic for Orphans and Old People

Two hundred and twenty-five orphans from the institutions of the city and sixty-five old people from the Woodbury County Home were the guests a short time ago of Sioux City, Ia., Lodge, No. 112, at its annual picnic at Riverside Park. After a day of sports and light refreshments, old and young sat down together to a delicious supper served them by the wives of Sioux City members. It was one of the most successful and heart-warming affairs ever given by No. 112; and not the least moving moment of the day came when, before leaving, each resident of the county home was presented with a shining new twenty-five cent piece.

Agana, Guam, Lodge Publishes Interesting Year Book

A year book, containing much interesting information, was recently published by far-away Agana, Guam, Lodge, No. 1281. Fifteen new members, all but two of whom were members of the U. S. Navy or Marine Corps, were added to the rolls during the period which the report covers. During this year the Lodge also became the owner of the pleasant property which it occupies as its Home; this despite the fact that the great majority of its members belong to the United States military forces, and so are subject to sudden and frequent changes in their posts of duty. Agana Lodge is active in the social life of the Island, and its varied welfare work is reported from time to time in these columns.

Franklin, Pa., Lodge Holds Unique Children's Day

Abandoning its annual picnic for the youngsters of the city in favor of a more spectacular and varied program, Franklin, Pa., Lodge, No. 110, held a unique Children's Day. A parade was the first and most colorful event, more than 800 youngsters taking part, in costumes representing practically every nationality and trade or calling, from that of the farmer to those of the moving picture actor, policeman or hula dancer. Escorted by bands the parade, after having started on the exact time scheduled, marched through the city streets, which were lined with spectators, five and six deep, who cheered enthusiastically the many beautiful and amusing costumes and entries.

Arriving at the end of the line of march, ice cream, candy and toy balloons were distributed to the young paraders. Later, in the city park, a program of sporting events for both boys and girls was held. One hundred and ten prizes, donated by Franklin merchants, were awarded to the place winners in the various events, which had been run off to the accompaniment of sprightly band music. The whole affair was the most satisfying sort of success, and the subject of the highest commendation by the press and the public generally. It is planned to make it an annual occasion.

Well Known Member of Oswego, N. Y., Lodge Dies

Joseph A. Wallace, one of the oldest and most prominent members of Oswego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 271, died a short time ago. An enthusiastic Elk and a member of the Order since 1894, Mr. Wallace was widely known in the theatrical and advertising fields. With his father, he was a pioneer in the bill-posting business and was one of the organizers of the New York Poster Advertising Association.

(Continued on page 72)



Amazing Invention
Ends "Razor Burn" and Smarting Forever

NOW you can say "Good-bye" to stinging, painful shaves! Now you can turn your back forever on dull blades that pull and skim without cutting. For science has discovered an amazing way to multiply the sharpness of ordinary razor blades almost beyond belief!

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 71)

From this he went into theatrical work, and conducted a circuit of theatres in which the best road companies played.

Army Mortuary, and solemn requiem High Mass celebrated in Cathedral Church, Plaza McKinley.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Gives Annual Boat Ride for Children

A party of close to sixty children and attendants from the Montefiore Hospital were again guests on the annual boat ride given by Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871. The children left the hospital in a bus and several military trucks to take part in a parade of the entire boat party of some 900 members, wives and friends, which started from the Home. At this first stop the youngsters were given refreshments and provided with caps, horns and whistles. Then amid much tooting and blowing the caravan started off escorted by a squad of motorcycle police. In spite of rain during the greater part of the trip, the Lodge had laid such excellent plans for entertainment that the enthusiasm of the children was not dampened in the slightest. Five bands were placed over the boats, and clowns, magicians, singers, a Punch and Judy show, plenty of refreshments and good things to eat made the day a bright one for the delighted guests.

Hamilton, O., Lodge Visits Children's Health Camp

The members of Hamilton, O., Lodge, No. 93, recently paid a visit to the Children's Health Camp, at Wilson Hill, near their city. The camp, one of the best in the State, was established by the combined efforts of public-spirited groups and individual citizens, and is conducted largely by funds from the Community Chest.

The visiting members, arriving at about 5:30 in the afternoon, had sent ahead of them gifts of fruit and candy, which delighted the youngsters. Following a tour of inspection, an excellent dinner was served the visitors among whom, in addition to the Elks, were many prominent State and municipal health officials. Exalted Ruler George T. Smith was among the speakers who made brief addresses after the dinner was finished.

Toledo, Ohio, Lodge Mourns Senior Past Exalted Ruler Ritchie

Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, has suffered a heavy loss by the death of its senior Past Exalted Ruler, Judge Byron F. Ritchie. Respected throughout the community, and held in the greatest admiration and affection by his fellow members, Judge Ritchie for twenty years was outstanding as one of the most devoted and able leaders of his Lodge. By his death not only No. 53, but the Order as a whole, is poorer for the loss of a man who exemplified during the whole of his life the finest Elk traditions.

Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge Raises Large Sum for Crippled Children

During a recent drive by the Schuylkill County (Pa.) Crippled Children's Society to raise a fund of \$25,000, the city of Shenandoah, largely through the efforts of Shenandoah Lodge, No. 945, contributed \$3,514.00 to the cause. The Society was enabled to cancel all its indebtedness and to arrange for three diagnostic and corrective clinics which, according to custom, will probably be held in the Home of Shenandoah Lodge. George J. Post, Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, is President of the Crippled Children's Society.

Hoboken, N. J., Lodge Adopts New Building Program

One of the most notable meetings ever held in the long career of Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, was on the occasion of the midsummer session, at which new building plans were presented to the membership. In spite of the intense heat a record crowd was present and engaged in animated discussion. The question of the acceptance of the resolution and adoption of the building plans was finally voted on and carried by a two-majority well in excess of the necessary two-thirds. The building committee of No. 74 is now actively engaged in the usual preliminary work and will report its progress to the Lodge at an early date.

Visalia, Calif., Elks Initiate Class for Merced, Calif., Lodge

Headed by Exalted Ruler E. C. Niete, the officers of Visalia, Calif., Lodge, No. 1208, recently made a fraternal visitation to Merced, Calif., Lodge, No. 1240, where they were entertained on their arrival with an excellent dinner at the Tioga Hotel. At the meeting in the Home which followed, the visitors initiated a large class of candidates for their hosts in brilliant fashion, calling forth much favorable comment. An encouraging social session was held after the meeting.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge Opens Fleet Week Program

Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, was recently given the honor spot in the city's Fleet Week program, when it opened the festivities in honor

As this was written Bronx Lodge was planning a silver jubilee outing and an old-fashioned clam bake, to be held at Hunter Island Inn, Pelham Bay, which would include dancing, golfing and bathing.

Four Members of One Family To Join Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge

As this was written four members of one family, a father and three sons, were awaiting initiation into Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1323. It was through the efforts of Jerome V. Jerome, President of the Long Island Association of Sportsmen's Clubs and an enthusiastic Elk, that these men, all well known on the vaudeville stage, and all at home together for the first time in four years, signed their applications. They were to be initiated under their stage names, the father and youngest son using that of Desvall, while the other two will be enrolled under that of Novelle.

Wenatchee, Wash., Elks Hold Successful Water Circus

The Water Circus recently held by Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge, No. 1186, the first attempt on the part of the Lodge with this form of entertainment, was a successful one in every way. The Better Baby Clinic, held during the circus, was presided over by the local medical association, and met with wide public approval. The doctors and nurses who so generously gave of their time in furthering this constructive work have received the whole-hearted thanks of the Lodge.

Harmonica Band Being Formed By Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge

Under the auspices of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, a boys harmonica band is being formed among the youngsters of the city schools. Instruction is being given by Fred Conner, one of the leading players of the country, and the first concert is tentatively scheduled for this month.

Death of Exalted Ruler Murphy Of Manila, P. I., Lodge

One of the greatest losses to be sustained by Elks of Manila, P. I., Lodge, No. 761, was occasioned by the death on June 12 of Exalted Ruler Robert E. Murphy, who passed away after weeks of suffering. Mr. Murphy, who was fifty-eight, had been a captain in the Manila Quartermaster's Department of the U. S. Army from 1900 to 1918, and was an important and respected citizen of the community. Impressive and beautiful joint funeral services were held under the auspices of the various social, fraternal and civic organizations to which he belonged, while full military honors and rites were observed at the

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of the visiting battleships with an entertainment for shut-in sailors on board the hospital ship *Relief*. On that occasion officers and members of No. 92, accompanied by their ladies, were present while the crack band of the Lodge and the Seattle Elks Chorus of thirty voices brought cheer to the sailor patients and made the opening night a memorable one.

Oklahoma City, Okla., Lodge Entertains Orphans

Exalted Ruler Norman Vaughan and a delegation of members of Oklahoma City, Okla., Lodge, No. 417, played host to some 450 orphans of the city at a special performance of the Al. G. Barnes Circus given some time ago. Transportation was furnished to and from the circus grounds. The children, seated in a section reserved for them at the show, were provided with plenty of the peanuts and balloons without which no circus would be complete. To their added enjoyment and interest motion pictures were taken of the party, to be shown in the local news reel.

St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge Inaugurates Fall Season

St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, No. 1224, inaugurated its fall season with one of the largest gatherings ever assembled in its Home. At the regular business meeting the Lodge voted a substantial gift to the crippled children's hospital, donated the use of its auditorium for a benefit to be given for the hospital fund, and completed arrangements for the annual children's picnic to be held at Pass-a-Grille Beach. The evening was rounded out with an exceptional program of vaudeville, music and recitations.

Some 5,000 youngsters assembled from all parts of Pinellas County for the Lodge picnic. Aided by gifts from the local merchants, lunch, ice cream and soft drinks were provided in abundance by No. 1224 for each child, and prizes to the value of several hundred dollars were given the winners of the various contests held on the outing. It was one of the largest affairs of the kind ever attempted in Southern Florida.

Improvements Completed on Home of Alameda, Calif., Lodge

The Home of Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, has recently undergone considerable alteration. Although the general facilities of the Lodge have been much improved and the surroundings made more attractive, nothing has been done that is out of harmony with the architecture and proportions of the original building. The banquet hall has been enlarged to one-half again its original dimensions, and a singularly attractive stage has been built on the north side, with entrances on both wings. The hall is finished in a pleasing tone of ivory. Several important changes have been made in the social room, including the addition of an annex, which has been painted and decorated in the same scheme as the larger room. The members of Alameda Lodge are justly proud of their new dwelling and, as this was written, were counting on an early occupancy.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Mt. Carmel, Pa., Lodge entertained 500 children between the ages of six and twelve years at a carnival exhibiting in its city.

Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge and the local Rotary Club recently played host to the crippled children of the district at a matinee theatre party.

White Plains, N. Y., Lodge called a special meeting some time ago for the purpose of considering plans and specifications for its new Home.

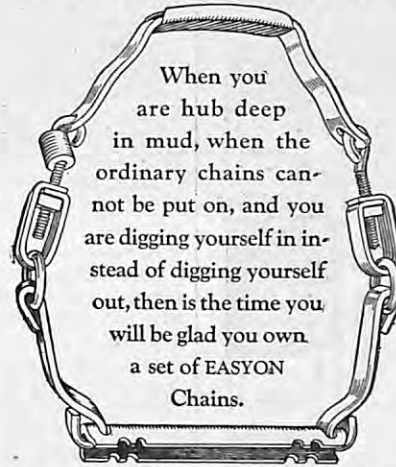
Union Hill, N. J., Lodge will hold its annual frolic and bazaar during the week of October 6 to 14, inclusive.

Malden, Everett and Melrose, Mass., Lodges held a very successful joint picnic at Pemberton Inn, going and returning by steamer.

At the last regular session of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, a resolution was adopted to set aside a room in the Home to be used as a clinic for the rehabilitation of crippled children.

(Continued on page 74)

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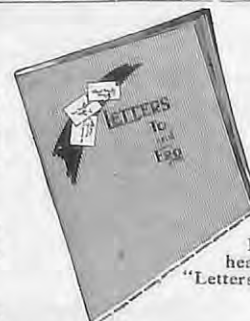
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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 73)

A group of members of Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge, provided street sprays for the use of the city's youngsters during the hot summer weather.

With many distinguished members of the Order invited to participate, Braddock, Pa., Lodge will observe its twenty-fifth anniversary on November 19, with an elaborate program of ceremonies.

The baseball team of New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge recently played and defeated the National Vaudeville Artists' nine for the benefit of the crippled children's fund of the Lodge. The game drew the largest crowd of the local season.

After twenty-five years of active service as Secretary of Cynthiana, Ky., Lodge, R. H. Conway has resigned, due to ill health. Mr. Conway will be succeeded by Russell Fryman.

Medford and Ashland, Ore., Lodges celebrated together a midsummer frolic at Jackson's Springs, at which dancing and a general jollification were enjoyed.

Washington, Pa., Lodge is planning to hold the dedication of its new Home around the middle of November, and will celebrate with a week of interesting activities.

A large turnout of members and friends enjoyed the old-fashioned picnic given by Seattle, Wash., Lodge. Dancing, band concerts, water sports and a barbecue contributed to a most enjoyable occasion. Seattle Lodge has planned, for its major activity of the coming year, an active membership campaign.

Elmira and Charles Erickson, the wards of Millville, N. J., Lodge, about whom we printed an item last month, were the personal guests of Congressman Isaac Bacharach and his brother, Exalted Ruler Harry Bacharach of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, on a recent day's outing to the seashore.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 35)

Rachofsky, Loveland; Earl Brooks, Pueblo. The place of next year's meeting will be Fort Collins.

Montana

WITH Billings, Mont., Lodge, No. 394, as host, the 26th Annual Convention of the Montana State Elks Association, held on August 3 and 4, had close to 1,500 Elks from all parts of the State in attendance, and every hour of the two days was filled with interest and entertainment for the visitors. Along with the usual features arranged for the convention, a special series of teas, luncheons, theatre parties, sight-seeing tours and swimming events was held for the ladies when the men were engaged at the business sessions. The parade held on the second day was one of the longest and most attractive ever given locally. The streets and places of business were gay with the national colors and purple and white of the Order, while the floats of the many business, civic and fraternal organizations vied with each other; and the stirring music of bands and quickening roll of drums set feet to tapping along the line of march. The convention was brought to a close with a gala ball held at the Hilands Golf Club.

One of the important matters taken up at the business sessions was the furthering of the Orthopedic Hospital at Billings, which makes a specialty of treating invalid children, and which has a school in connection with the hospital where the little unfortunates are given the rudiments of an education usually denied them. The officers elected to serve for the coming year are: President, Charles T. Trott, Billings; Vice-Presidents: George L. Steinbrenner, Missoula; Dr. J. H. Long, Lewistown; Hugh Adair, Helena; P. W. Nelson, Livingston; Treasurer, F. J. McQueeney, Butte; Secretary, William F. Schnell, Kalispell; Trustees: H. M. Stewart, Bozeman; L. E. Choquette, Havre; A. J. Baker, Lewistown; F. L. Riley, Butte; J. W. Walker, Kalispell.

Wisconsin

THE three-day convention of the Wisconsin State Elks Association, which convened in Oshkosh on August 8, 9 and 10, was a most successful

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one in every way. The opening meeting, held on the evening of August 8, was addressed by Governor Fred R. Zimmerman of Milwaukee Lodge, No. 46; Mayor H. F. Kitz of Oskosh Lodge, No. 292; and State Association President B. W. Arnold of Oskosh Lodge. At the next morning's business session the following officers were elected to serve for the coming year: President, C. E. Broughton, Sheboygan; Vice-Presidents: T. A. Pamperin, Green Bay; Henry C. Baker, Racine; J. W. Selbach, Eau Claire; R. F. Hoehle, Superior; Secretary, Theo. Benfey, Sheboygan; Treasurer, Lou Uecker, Antigo; Trustees: Edward W. Mackey, Manitowoc; Edmund Grassler, Milwaukee; A. J. Horlick, Racine; Harry A. Kiefer, Wausau; Ray F. Steinhauer, Madison. In the afternoon the convention parade took place, with the many civic and fraternal organizations of the city taking part and lending color to the line of march. In the evening a large banquet was held in honor of retiring President Arnold.

At the various business sessions of the convention much important work was transacted. The Association has decided on the crippled children's movement, for which it has achieved so much in the past, as its main activity for the coming year. Mr. Broughton, the new President, on assuming office donated personally \$250 to the fund. The Association also donated \$50 to the Elks National Home, and \$25 to the Wisconsin Home and Farm School, at Dousman, for neglected boys.

Virginia

WITH several hundred visiting Elks and their ladies in the city, the Virginia State Elks Association, to which Norfolk, Va., Lodge, No. 38, was host, held one of the most successful conventions in its career. Much important business was transacted at the meetings and the entertainment tendered by Norfolk Lodge, the city of Norfolk and the local chamber of commerce made the meeting a stimulating and unusual one. The business session of the first day was followed by afternoon theatre parties, and the convention ball at the Monticello Hotel in the evening. After memorial services the next morning the visitors were guests at Ocean View Park and were taken on a sightseeing trip to the Naval Training School. A moonlight sail to Old Point Comfort and the lower Chesapeake Bay, with music, dancing and a buffet supper on the boat, rounded out the evening. The third day was devoted to the final business session, election of officers, and a number of sightseeing trips for those who stayed on. One of the chief items of business transacted was the commitment of the Association to the eradication of tuberculosis in Virginia. A special resolution was also adopted endorsing the administration of retiring President John G. Sizer as an outstanding feature of the most successful year in the history of the organization. The Secretary was instructed to purchase a suitable gift for Mr. Sizer as a testimony of the high esteem and affection in which he is held by the Virginia Lodges. Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight David Sholtz was in attendance and presented a silver cup, to be awarded at the ritualistic contests of each succeeding convention, which will be supplemented with a cash prize of \$100 to the winners. The officers elected to serve during the coming year are: President, Dr. J. Garnett King, Fredericksburg; First Vice-President, Cecil M. Robertson, Norfolk; Second Vice-President, H. F. Kennedy, Alexandria; Third Vice-President, J. W. Morrison, Harrisonburg; Secretary, H. E. Dyer, Roanoke; R. D. Peoples, of Manchester, was re-elected Treasurer; Mr. Sizer was elected trustee for a term of five years. Harrisonburg was selected as the place of next year's meeting.

California

THE Fourteenth Annual Convention of the California State Elks Association will be held in the city of Santa Barbara, California, October 4, 5 and 6, 1928. At this meeting all of the seventy-one Lodges in California, with their 62,000 Elks, will be represented.

Santa Barbara Lodge, No. 613, is making special preparations to entertain delegates and visitors with many unique features. The program of events will start on Wednesday, October 3, and continue until Sunday, October 7. The State Association will provide for band and drill contests, trap shooting, bowling, baseball and golf events. The winning ritualistic team from

(Continued on page 78)



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Conversation With A Broker

By Paul Tomlinson



"ALL right," said the broker, "you ask me the questions and I'll do my best to give you the proper answers. One thing you should understand, though, and that is that I can't tell you whether any given stock is going to go up or go down."

"In other words, you're not a prophet," laughed his friend.

"Indeed I'm not. I'm a broker, a man who buys and sells what he's commissioned to buy and sell, and that's all."

"You wouldn't even venture an opinion?"

"Not officially," said the broker, "and not even unofficially if I can help it. Opinions are dangerous things to have in Wall Street."

"That reminds me," said his friend, "lots of people seem to be of the opinion that the Stock Exchange is a wicked thing. What is your opinion of that?"

"Well," said the broker, "suppose you held shares of stock of a certain corporation and the time should come when you felt you had better use for cash than for stock; in other words, you wanted to sell. What would you do?"

"Take them to my bank probably."

"Very well. What would the bank do with them?"

"Sell them for me."

"Where?"

"On the New York Stock Exchange, I suppose."

"That's right, but suppose there was no Stock Exchange?"

"Maybe the bank would buy the stock themselves."

"That's possible," the broker agreed. "But suppose the bank wouldn't buy them, what then?"

"I'd have to find somebody who would buy."

The broker laughed. "Right again," he said. "Have you any idea how you would manage it?"

His friend thought a minute. "I suppose I'd have to advertise, and keep asking everybody I saw."

"And keep hoping," the broker added. "The New York Stock Exchange exists because of the need of a central market for the purchase and sale of securities. It is because of this need that the Exchange was founded one hundred and thirty-six years ago, exactly three hundred years after Columbus discovered America. Imagine what a mess there would be if each man had to find his own buyer, and if each man who wanted to buy had to find someone himself who wanted to sell."

"In other words, you think the Stock Exchange is a perfectly legitimate market-place for stocks."

"And bonds," said the broker.

"Tell me this," said his friend. "Suppose I lived somewhere out in the Middle West, and I wanted to buy a hundred shares of stock. How would I go about it, and how long would it take to execute my order?"

"Well, you'd probably go to your local bank," said the broker, "and you'd tell them what you wanted to buy. Possibly the bank would have some firm of brokers representing them in New York, or there'd be a brokerage house in your town, or some nearby town, with correspondents in New York. In either event your order would be relayed to the New York broker's office, from where it would be passed on to the partner who does the actual buying and selling on the floor of the Stock Exchange. He would execute the order, report to his office, and they in turn would report back to your bank. The whole transaction would take anywhere from two to ten minutes."

"Whew!" whistled his friend. "That's service."

"It is indeed," said the broker, "the fastest in the world probably."

"How about the man on the floor of the Exchange? How does it happen that he can work so fast?"

"Every broker on the floor has a number. He also has at least one clerk, and if the broker is wanted on the telephone his number is flashed

on the big board at one end of the room. When it appears the clerk answers the call, takes the order, tells the broker what it is, and the broker hurries over to the particular trading post where the stock in question is dealt in, and executes the order. Some brokers have stock to sell and others have stock to buy, and of course they very quickly get together."

"Is it all done orally?"

"Each man makes a note of the transaction, of course," said the broker, "and news of it goes as a matter of course to the news ticker which sends word of the sale all over the country to the various offices which subscribe to the news-ticker service and have a machine installed."

"No written contract is made between the brokers?" exclaimed the questioner in surprise.

"None at all. Each man keeps his own records."

"But I should think there would be a lot of mistakes."

The broker laughed. "It does sound rather casual," he said, "and if you could see the floor of the Exchange on a busy day you'd think everything was in the greatest confusion, and that no one would ever know where he stood. Speed, however, is of the utmost importance, and if written memoranda had to be exchanged between seller and buyer business would be slowed up tremendously."

"But think of the sums of money involved," exclaimed his friend. "All done orally without a written contract of any sort."

"True enough," laughed the broker. "It does sound staggering, I'll admit. It would never occur to anyone to wobble, however, and no business dealings in the world, probably, are treated with greater respect than the sales on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange."

"Suppose a broker makes a mistake."

"Then he makes it good, and pays for it out of his own pocket. I can remember an occurrence in the early days of my experience as a floor member: I had an order to buy a hundred shares of Steel at the opening price, and though I bought it all right I found later that through my own fault the sale had not been recorded; I had to produce the hundred shares just the same, and at the opening price; unfortunately for me the price had advanced five points during the day, so that that little slip cost me just five hundred dollars."

"Too nerve-racking a business for me."

"It's nerve-racking for everyone," said the broker. "That's why the Exchange is open only five hours a day. Human nerves couldn't stand the strain any longer than that."

"Tell me about puts and calls," exclaimed the broker's friend. "I hear about them all the time, but I don't know what they are."

The broker smiled, and lighted a fresh cigarette. "You are talking about bets now," he said. "If you buy a call in a certain stock you are betting that that stock will go up; if you buy a put you are wagering that it will go down."

"For instance."

"Well, suppose I am a put-and-call broker and you come to me and say you want to buy a call on U. S. Steel. You think it will go up fifteen points in sixty days, and I, not agreeing with you, say that, all right, for a fee of two hundred and sixty dollars I'll sell you a call on that basis. What it amounts to is that if you are wrong and the stock does not go up the specified number of

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THE ELKS MAGAZINE

points in the specified number of days you lose your money; if you are right you make at least fifteen points profit on whatever number of shares were agreed upon. A put is just the opposite, and you win if the stock goes down the specified number of points."

"Suppose I want to buy the stock outright when my option has expired. Can I do that?"

"Oh, certainly. If you give the broker the money he'll give you the stock; no fear about that."

"Tell me something about buying on margin. How is that done?"

"It is done very easily indeed," laughed the broker, "and I suppose that many more stocks are bought on margin than purchased outright. Here is the way it goes. You have two thousand dollars in cash, let us say, and you decide that Oilcake Petroleum is a good buy at one hundred dollars a share. For two thousand dollars you can buy twenty shares outright, but you want more shares than that—in fact, you think a hundred are not too many. You take your two thousand dollars to your broker and commission him to buy one hundred shares, and you turn over your two thousand dollars to him. That means that for every share purchased for your account you have deposited twenty dollars in cash, or in other words, you are buying on a twenty-point margin. Is that clear?"

"So far, yes. But where does the rest of the money come from?"

"The broker loans it to you. In this case it would amount to eight thousand dollars. One hundred shares of stock at one hundred dollars a share is ten thousand dollars; you have put up two thousand yourself, and the broker loans you the other eight. Of course you are charged with the buying commission, too."

"The broker charges me interest on those eight thousand dollars, I suppose."

"Indeed he does. You see, he borrows the money from the bank, the bank charges him interest, and he charges you a little more than the bank charges him. You have seen a lot in the newspapers about money rates during the past few months, and what it refers to is the rate of interest charged by the banks on such loans

(Continued on page 78)

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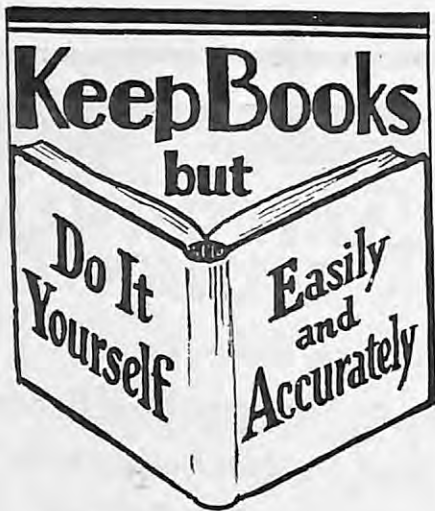
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Conversation with a Broker

(Continued from page 77)

as I have just described. Obviously if rates get too high people will hesitate about borrowing, and the purchase of stocks on margin—what is commonly known as speculation—will be discouraged."

"I can see that," said the broker's friend. "Sometimes the banks call the loans, too, don't they? That means that they want them paid off, I suppose."

"Exactly. Further, it means that they have possibly made it very embarrassing for somebody. If a broker's loan is called he will probably pass the word along to his customer that he must put up the cash necessary to pay for his stock outright. If the customer has not got the cash the broker will sell him out, and the chances are ten to one it will be at a loss."

"People who buy on margin then are often overreaching themselves, you think, and in case of trouble lack the capital to stand the strain."

"That is right," said the broker. "Of course, you must remember that the man who bought the Oilcake Petroleum would have made only two hundred dollars if the stock went up ten points, and he had used his two thousand dollars to buy twenty shares outright, while his profit would have been a thousand dollars on a ten point rise on a hundred shares bought on margin. Less, of course, interest on the borrowed eight thousand dollars and commissions."

"On the other hand, his losses would have been proportionately larger if the stock went down."

"That is well worth considering, too," smiled the broker. "Further, if the price fell, say fifteen points, the broker would probably ask for additional margin and if he couldn't put it up he would be sold out and his two thousand dollars have gone the way of many another stake like it."

"Fine if you win, but kind of bad if you lose, eh?"

"Yes, and you hear about the winners, while the losers drop out of sight, sadder, and wiser, and considerably poorer."

"Do you think the Stock Exchange can be blamed for the money lost in speculation?"

"How could it be?" exclaimed the broker with a show of warmth. "How can such an institution keep people who know nothing about what they are doing from spending their money foolishly? Most brokers will advise you to buy outright, but buying on margin is frequently a perfectly legitimate undertaking and the broker can't inquire into what every customer should or should not do. No organization has been more active in the campaign against fake and worthless securities than the New York Stock Exchange, and its governors, along with the Investment Bankers Association, the Better Business Bureau, and similar organizations are always urging investors to investigate thoroughly before they buy. If investors refuse to heed their advice they are helpless, aren't they?"

"I suppose they are. It's an interesting business, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," the broker agreed. "There's a lot to learn about it, too, and people who hope to make money out of it would do well to know something about what they are doing."

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 75)

each of the five districts in California will contest for the Benjamin Cup, which is a perpetual prize, Friday, October 5. Great interest is being shown in this particular work. At the present time San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, holds the cup. The baseball game will be between the North and South; contestants in the other sports, including the band and drill competitions, will come from various districts.

The Association meeting, under the direction of President William E. Simpson, will convene at the Home of Santa Barbara Lodge on Thursday morning, October 4, at 10:00 A. M. Among the well-known Elks expected to be present are Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, Past Grand Exalted Rulers Raymond Benjamin, William M. Abbott and James G. McFarland, and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Grand Trustees Edward W. Cotter, Ralph Hagan, and Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Mifflin G. Potts.

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Vermont

AT a meeting called by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry W. Witters and held in the Home of Rutland, Vt., Lodge, No. 345, on June 25, the Vermont State Elks Association was formed. The following officers were elected: President, Frank E. Robinson, Burlington; First Vice-President, William P. Hogan, Bennington; Second Vice-President, Arthur R. McGuirk, Rutland; Third Vice-President, Charles F. Mann, Brattleboro; Secretary, Harry T. Bacon, Burlington; Treasurer, James Mackie, Montpelier.

The seven Vermont Lodges have all voted to join the new Association. They are, Rutland, No. 345; Bennington, No. 567; Burlington, No. 916; Montpelier, No. 924; St. Johnsbury, No. 1343; Brattleboro, No. 1499; and Barre, No. 1535.

At the time of writing, the Trustees had not definitely decided upon the date for their first State Association meeting, though it was expected that it would be held during the month of September. The committees, and other appointments, will be reported as soon as they are complete.

Oklahoma

THE establishment of an Orphans' Home was one of the main topics discussed by the Oklahoma State Elks Association, convening in Mangum, with Mangum Lodge, No. 1169, as host, and the project is now practically assured. The dedication of the new Home of Mangum Lodge was also a feature of the convention. Over 10,000 delegates, visiting Elks and their families and guests were in the city for one of the most successful and interesting three day annual meetings ever held in the history of the twenty-one years of the Association.

The first day of the convention, Sunday, was spent by the visitors in attending special services at the churches, participating in golf tournaments, swimming events, and sight-seeing tours through the beautiful surrounding country. On Monday morning the convention parade, over two miles long, with many beautiful floats in the column, brought enthusiastic response from the throngs crowding the line of march. The prize winners were: First prize, Mangum Greenhouse; second prize, Mangum American Legion; third prize, Altus Lodge, No. 1226. Following the parade an open meeting was held in the Rialto Theatre with Exalted Ruler Ralph E. Helper presiding, and Mayor Dr. G. Fowler Border delivering the address of welcome. The State Association officers were introduced by Exalted Ruler Norman M. Vaughan of Oklahoma City Lodge, No. 417. Early in the afternoon, the new Home of Mangum Lodge was dedicated with impressive ceremonies by Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight O. L. Hayden who was acting as the special representative of Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert. The remainder of the afternoon was taken up with ball games, an air circus, golf and swimming parties and a reception in the Lodge Home for the visiting ladies, tendered by the wives of the local Elks. That evening the ritualistic contest for the Harold L. Street cup was held between the officers of Woodward Lodge, No. 1355, and those of Mangum Lodge, and was won by the latter.

At 10:00 A. M. Tuesday, the State Association business session was held in the Home of No. 1169. Officers to serve during the coming year are: President, L. A. Browder, Duncan; First Vice-President, H. I. Aston, McAlester; Second Vice-President, Don F. Copeland, Tulsa; Third Vice-President, Ralph E. Helper, Mangum; Secretary, L. F. Pfothenauer, Oklahoma City; Treasurer, A. V. Smith, Enid; Trustees: Bert Barefoot, Chicasha, re-elected for five years; Bert Brown, Shawnee; P. B. Bostic, Muskogee; Tiler, F. E. Lemke, Okmulgee; Sergeant-at-arms, Harry Tucker, Blackwell. Ponca City was selected for the place of next year's meeting.

Letters were read from Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and other prominent members of the Order throughout the country, assuring the Association of their best wishes. Many varied amusements were enjoyed in the afternoon and twenty-five rounds of boxing were staged in the evening during a big fire works

(Continued on page 80)



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News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 79)

display and night aerial show. A complimentary dance was given for the visiting Elks and ladies as the closing event of the convention.

Ohio

MEETING at Cedar Point, under the auspices of Sandusky Lodge, No. 285, the Ohio State Elks Association held a most enjoyable convention from August 28 to 31. Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price and President D. Curtis Gano, of the New York State Elks Association, were among the many prominent members of the Order who attended.

At the opening public session the visitors and delegates, to the number of more than 1,000, were greeted by Past Exalted Ruler Joseph F. Starkey of Sandusky Lodge. State Association President James R. Cooper responded, drawing attention to the fact that this was the twenty-first annual meeting of the Association to be held at Cedar Point. Tuesday was devoted to entertainment, boat excursions, picnics, card parties and boxing bouts being on the program.

On Wednesday, the first business meeting was devoted largely to the reports of officers and committees. President Cooper appointed Past Grand Exalted Ruler Price to head a committee of four to meet the Grand Exalted Ruler at the train the following morning. On Wednesday afternoon the team of Cleveland Lodge, No. 18, defeated groups from Coshocton, Elyria and Marion Lodges in the ritualistic contest for the John G. Price cup.

On Thursday came the great parade which formed at Court House Square in Sandusky, marched to the boat dock, was transported to Cedar Point, and continued through the grounds of the famous resort. In the afternoon was the second business session, and election of officers for the coming year, followed by a banquet at which Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert addressed the visitors and their families. Later came the grand ball at the Coliseum. On Friday morning the newly elected officers were installed. They are: President, Fred W. Maerke, Lakewood; First Vice-President, William G. Lambert, Cleveland; Second Vice-President, Howard Robinson, Coshocton; Third Vice-President, J. Charles Shaffer, Chillicothe; Secretary, Harry D. Hale, Newark; Treasurer, William Petri, Cincinnati; Trustee, three years, Norman C. Parr, New Philadelphia.

It was decided at the business meeting to continue the work of the Association in assisting worthy students to complete their education by means of scholarships.

Delaware, Maryland, and Washington, D. C.

WITH a maximum attendance on the fourth day of its meeting of some 2,500 delegates and visitors, the Delaware, Maryland, and Washington, D. C., State Elks Association held a most interesting and enjoyable convention in Annapolis, Md., under the auspices of Annapolis Lodge, No. 622. A varied program of entertainment and business kept every one busy from the time, on Monday evening, when the degree team of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15 conducted a class initiation, until the farewell ball on Thursday night. The opening session of the Convention was addressed by Governor Albert C. Ritchie, of Maryland; U. S. Senator William Cabell Bruce; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland, and Mayor Charles W. Smith. In the afternoon there was a shore party for Elks and their guests, and in the evening a dance at the State Armory.

The following morning saw the election of officers for the coming year. They are: President William H. Bovey, Hagerstown, Md.; First Vice-President, James A. Balderson, Washington, D. C.; Second Vice-President, Roy J. Rhodes, Salisbury, Md.; Third Vice-President, U. F. Edwards, Frostburg, Md.; Treasurer, John E. Lynch, Washington, D. C. (re-elected); Secretary, Bremer L. Stouffer, Hagerstown, Md.;

Trustees, Lawrence E. Enson, Towson, Md.; Lloyd L. Shaffer, Cumberland, Md.; William A. McCready, Annapolis, Md.; A. L. Hardester, Crisfield, Md.; Alfred W. Gaver, Frederick, Md.; J. Albert Oliver, Wilmington, Del.

Hagerstown was selected as the 1929 convention city.

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight John J. Powel, a former President of the Association, conducted the memorial services for those who had died during the previous twelve months. Before adjournment a resolution, introduced by Judge Leon Youtree, the first President of the Association, was adopted, thanking Annapolis Lodge, Governor Ritchie, the U. S. Navy, Mayor Smith, the Chamber of Commerce and the citizens generally for cooperating to provide one of the most enjoyable sessions in the history of the Association.

In the afternoon many hundred Elks and members of their families visited the battleships *Arkansas*, *Florida* and *Utah*, which had just returned from the annual summer practice cruise with the cadets of the Naval Academy. Later, a moonlight excursion down Chesapeake Bay was enjoyed.

The installation of officers, grand parade, awarding of convention prizes, band concerts and the farewell ball in the gymnasium at St. John's College, filled the fourth and last day of a most successful gathering.

Florida

A SPECIAL meeting of the Executive Committee of the Florida State Elks Association was held in the Home of Gainesville Lodge, No. 990, on August 12. The meeting was called to order by President L. F. McCready, with the following members of the Committee present: John T. Viney; W. J. Kenealy; Curtis Lindstrom, and Paul Henderson.

The attendance of the Florida delegation at next year's convention of the Grand Lodge, in Los Angeles, was discussed, and a Transportation Committee was appointed to go into the matter of a special train. The annual convention, at Gainesville next April, of the Florida Association, was also discussed, and the officers pledged full support to the committees of Gainesville Lodge in their efforts to make it the finest meeting ever held in the state. Suggestions and plans for bringing closer together in cooperative effort the various Florida Lodges were discussed and recommended. A number of members of Deland Lodge were present, and extended to the officers of the State Association, and to all Elks in Florida, an invitation to be guests of their Lodge at the big get-together which was to be held at DeLeon Springs on Labor Day. The invitation was accepted with thanks, and Secretary Harold Colee was asked to forward it to all Lodges. Mr. Colee then drew attention to the Publicity Committee of the State Association, headed by W. A. Joughin, of Tampa Lodge, No. 708, and spoke of the establishment in THE ELKS MAGAZINE of this new department for the chronicling of State Association activities. A meeting of the Executive Committee, Officers, Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and District Deputies will be held in Gainesville on October 28th, when Gainesville Lodge will submit further plans for the entertainment of next year's convention.

West Virginia

THE West Virginia State Elks Association will hold its annual convention in Fairmont on October 15, 16, 17, with Fairmont Lodge, No. 294, acting as host. Much interest is centered in the ritualistic contest, in which a number of crack organizations are expected to run a close race.

October Meetings

THE following State Associations will hold their meetings on the dates and at the places listed below:

California, at Santa Barbara, 4-5-6.
West Virginia, at Fairmont, 15-16-17.

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