

The Elks

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Magazine

APRIL, 1928



In this Issue:

"Battling Bass or Tempered Trout?"—by Arthur Chapman, an Article for Fishermen

Office heat . . . chilly street . . . sore throat!

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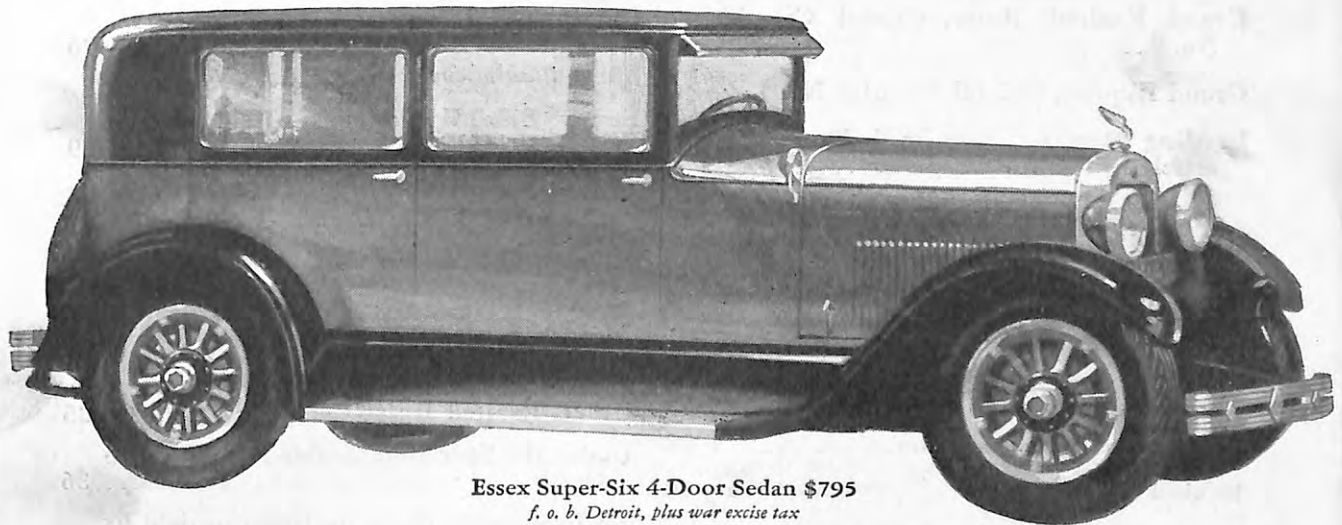
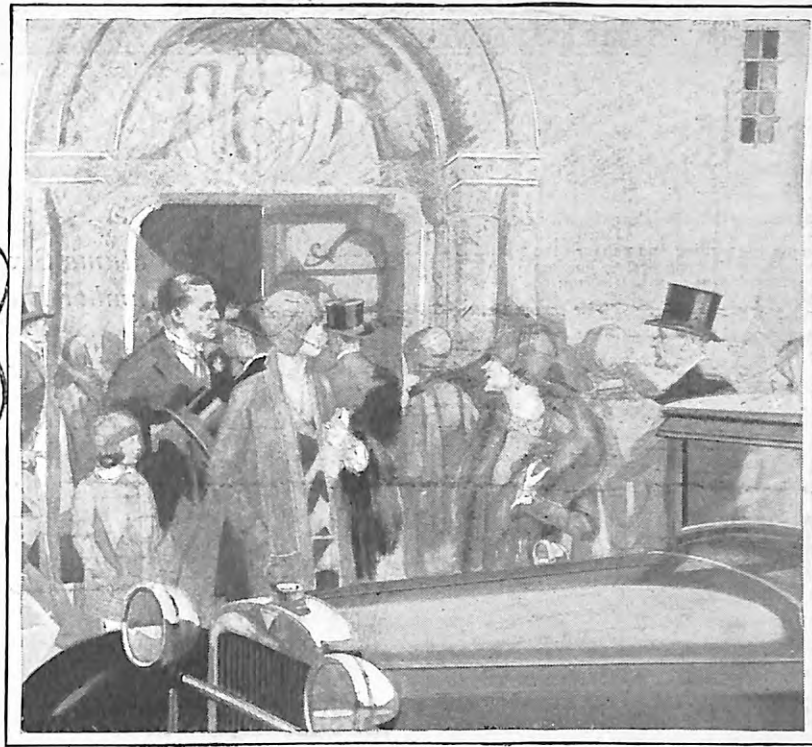
have their beginning or development. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

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Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Six
 Number Eleven

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

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

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50 East Forty-second Street, New York City

The Elks Magazine is published monthly at 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, U. S. A. Entered as second class matter May 17, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in New York City, N. Y. Single copy, price 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and

Possessions, for Non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Elks, \$1.00 a year. For postage to Canada add 50 cents; for foreign postage add \$1.00. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address it is essential that you send us: 1. Your name and member's number; 2. Number of your Lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address. Please also notify your Lodge secretary of change, and allow four weeks' time. Address notice of changes to the Circulation Department.

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

Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Clyde Jennings, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, B. P. O. Elks Lodge No. 321, Lynchburg, Virginia.

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

Official Circular Number Eight

*Boston, Mass.
March 5, 1928*

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

MY BROTHERS:

When this letter reaches you, the annual elections will have been held and you will be making preparations for the installation of officers who are to preside over the Lodge for the ensuing year. I hope that you have selected men well qualified for the duties which they will be called upon to perform, and that you have resolved to give the new officers your loyal and enthusiastic support in all their efforts for the good of the Lodge and of the Order.

I recommend that the installation of officers be conducted with impressive ceremony. All the members of the Lodge should attend the meeting of installation.

Their presence will do much to convince the officers of the responsibility as well as the honor concomitant with official position.

BROTHER EXALTED RULER-ELECT, I urge you to enter upon your duties with a determination to lead your Lodge in accordance with the highest standards in every field of Elk endeavor. Above all keep in mind that you are the leader of one of the units of a great fraternity; that fidelity to Charity, Justice and Brotherly Love is the virtue which has brought the Order to the position of prominence and influence and honor which it occupies to-day. It is at the Lodge meetings, where the principles and purposes of the Order are taught, that the member receives the inspiration which sends him out encouraged and strengthened and purposeful. On the other hand, most of the trouble with which the officials of the Order are confronted are the outcroppings of conditions brought about by club activities. Therefore we should build with and around the elements of our strength. The importance of the Lodge meeting should be accentuated. The inculcation of the fraternal spirit and the promotion of charitable and welfare activities should engross the attention of the members under your leadership. All else should be subordinated. Elk club life should assume its rightful place as the pleasant, comfortable and entertaining adjunct of the Elk Lodge life. You should arrange your program for the year with this thought in mind.

I direct your attention to the forceful editorial under the caption "The Lodge Spirit" in the March issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. It is a frank discourse upon a real menace to the growth and prosperity of our Order. The fact that in many instances the amount of interest paid from Lodge revenues, upon the mortgages and other indebtedness incurred for the purpose of maintaining a building devoted chiefly to social club activities, greatly exceeds the annual expenditures for charity is an indication of a trend in the wrong direction. I have instructed the District Deputies to make a survey of their districts and give me a special report upon any Lodge which is neglecting to function as it should, or which is subordinating the Lodge feature to the social club activities.

I appeal to you, Brother Exalted Ruler-elect, and to your fellow-officers to cooperate with me in the effort to make this year notable for our advance as a Fraternity in the field of charitable and welfare endeavor.


Building Projects and Membership Drives

While visiting the Subordinate Lodges, I have made the membership statistics and the financial soundness of the Lodges special subjects of inquiry. Invariably, loss of membership has been explained by the officers as the reaction from a membership drive, entered upon to put over an elaborate building project, or to shore up the financial pit into which the Lodge had been thrown by such project. The Board of Grand Trustees is cooperating with me to check all building propositions which are basically unsound or which would require a large and burdensome investment or which would carry too far into the realms of commercialism. We are working for your interests, my Brothers, guided by the information and experience of those who have been "over the course."

The "drive" for members initiated upon any ground does not bring permanent advantage. Inevitably there is a let-down of standards and a superficiality of investigation, usually unintentional, which brings about conditions most detrimental to the healthy growth of the Lodge along the lines of its true purposes; indeed, sometimes the control of the Lodge passes to those who are incapable of grasping Elk principles and of appreciating Elk ideals. Let us substitute for the "drive" the constant endeavor to bring into our Lodge the men of character with whom we are associated in business and social life. Let us make our Lodge so favorably known in the community that every worthwhile American citizen will desire membership. It is the quality of our deeds and not the number of our members that has made the Elks a truly great fraternity.

I announce appointments as follows: Brother Conrad Reeb of East St. Louis Lodge, No. 664, as Grand Trustee to succeed Brother Louis Boismenu of East St. Louis Lodge, deceased; Brother Andrew J. Casey of Newburyport Lodge, No. 909, as Justice of the Grand Forum to succeed Brother Murray Hulbert, of New York Lodge, No. 1, resigned; Brother Harvey M. Blue, Montgomery Lodge, No. 596, as District Deputy of Alabama South, to fill the vacancy caused by resignation.

Fraternally,



Grand Exalted Ruler



Office of the
Grand Esquire

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

Official Circular No. 1

*Chicago, Illinois
 February 25, 1928*

GREETINGS, FELLOW ELKS:

Four months to July, and a glorious week in Miami!

Far down in the Southland, where Nature has been most generous, and a kindly weather man is always considerate, the good folks are preparing for our coming.

Never before has it been their lot to share their bounties with the Elks. Florida realizes this, and is keenly insistent that we shall know all the fine hospitality and glories of her great commonwealth. For weeks her people have been planning. Our comfort, our convenience, our pleasure, the speedy dispatch of our business affairs—these are their uppermost thoughts.

Rest assured, Florida is doing her part—and more. Now let's do ours. And the time for us to get busy is this very day. By descending upon Miami in great numbers, and by a true exemplification of the spirit of Elkdom, we shall be able to show our appreciation of the pleasure and profit that is to be ours—more important, to convince the Southland that theirs is the correct conception of Elkdom.

As your Grand Esquire, I am most of all concerned with the success of the Parade, the culminating feature of what will be a marvelous week. Our hope and desire is to make the Miami Parade the greatest in all history, and I am mindful that the past has seen many beautiful and colorful spectacles. But with your help, the goal is by no means beyond our reach.

We want you to labor with us. We want you to come with large delegations to Miami. We want your band, your drill team, your bugle and drum corps, your mounted guard, your glee club. We want every distinctive Elk feature your Lodge may possess. Above all, we want dignity as the keynote.

Do your Grand Exalted Ruler the honor of assisting the Grand Esquire in a big job. For your interest and your help, I thank you ever so much.

Fraternally yours,

Lloyd Maxwell

Grand Esquire.



How, after 12 years' hard work as a railroad brakeman, I got into real estate, and now make more in a month than I used to make in a year.

By L. C. CLARKE
(Address furnished on request)

FOR TWELVE YEARS I was a brakeman on the Mohawk Division of the New York Central.

During that time my wages averaged exactly \$638.40 a year.

Then I got started in the real estate business, and during the past year I made one sale that gave me a commission of \$4,500, which is more than I made on the railroad in seven years of hard work.

And I don't feel that I have done anything wonderful—anything the other fellow can't do if he will, I simply got into the right kind of business—a business of big opportunities—a business where big money is made.

You—who are reading these words—can do what I have done if you have a mind to. You don't need education, experience, capital or influence. I didn't have any of these things.

I had to leave school when I was thirteen, so I had mighty little education. I had no real estate experience. I never earned more than just enough to keep me out of the poorhouse, so I had no capital. And, as for influence, where would a \$50-a-month brakeman get any?

And you don't have to go to a big town to succeed. I am located in a little New York State town of only 3,000 population.

Of course, I am pretty enthusiastic about the real estate business. I think it's the greatest business in the world. It has more advantages and bigger opportunities than any other business I know of. It is as permanent as the earth itself. It is almost unlimited in its possibilities—about ten million properties are always on the market. It is easy to learn. You don't need capital to get started, as you do in almost any other business. The business can't grow smaller—it keeps getting bigger as population increases. And you can get started in the business right at home in your spare time. When I realize that I have an independent, enjoyable business of my own, a good home, two automobiles, and every convenience and comfort a sane man could want

I sometimes find it hard to believe that I'm the same fellow that put in twelve long years of hard work as a railroad brakeman.

And I'm not the only one who has taken advantage of this wonderful business opportunity and pulled himself out of the rut of routine work. Chas. F. Worthen, formerly a salesman, did, and he made \$8,500 in 17 weeks. H. G. Stewart made \$14,400 in less than six months. Anthony C. Maurell made \$4,100 in 3 months. M. J. Stokes, a Pennsylvania man, made \$900 in three months, just in his spare time. H. J. Dwillard, of Michigan, was fitted to hold the position of Sales Manager of the largest contractors' and builders' real estate department in his city.

Now, if you are kicking about what I used to kick about—long hours, hard work and poor pay—if you want to get into a business where you can have the biggest kind of an opportunity to make good—simply send your name and address to American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 33-4, 18 East 18 St., New York, and they will send you *without cost or obligation*, a copy of their free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

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So get busy, if you want to grab something big. If you are ambitious to make something of yourself—get ahead—make more money—this is one chance you can't afford to let slip out of your grasp. It costs you nothing to find out what there is in this for you. You take no risk. So, mail the coupon at once. Take my word for it, you will never regret the day you sent for this free book. And some day you may do just what I did—put through a deal that will put more money in your bank account than you ever saw in one pile before.

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Battling Bass or Tempered Trout?

By Arthur Chapman

Illustrated by Albert Levering



but Saturday night in fishing time would find them on the banks of the big river which bisected our town, or perhaps on the bright waters of the Kishobee, its nearest tributary. A baser note than mere ridicule greeted us from Doc and his fellow club members. They wanted to badger us into bets which were to be placed on the comparative catches of fly and bait.

"Flies are all right for the dudes who go trout fishing up North," observed Doc, "but they're no good for bass. Here's ten dollars that says any two of us'll fish the Kishobee with you next Sunday, and will get more fish and bigger fish with minnows than you fellers will get with your fancy fly foolishness."

Doc was right in betting that a bait-fisherman will catch more fish and bigger fish than a fly-fisherman, under most conditions. And his attitude was a reflection

of the general sentiment of the day—that fishing was alone a matter of getting the fish. The manner of catching the fish—the skill in casting, and the pitting light tackle against a sturdy fish—did not matter.

Our fly-fishing club proceeded to hold sessions, despite the unfeathered barbs that were flung our way. The Kishobee was chosen because it was just large enough for wading—a clear and well-shaded stream, with riffles, pools and stretches of still water conveniently alternated. Our conveyance was the bicycle, and our club-house was the arching sky. A blanket at the camp-fire sufficed for bed and bedding.

I did not imagine that these first fly-fishing excursions were to be the start of a full-sized set of convictions. Yet, here to-day, is the way those convictions are fixed:

First—The black bass is a gamier fish than the trout.

Second—Fly-fishing is better sport than bait-fishing.

Third—Stream fishing is more sporting than lake fishing.

Fourth—Down-stream fishing is better than up-stream fishing.

Fifth—There is no difference in the gameness and fight-

ing qualities of the small mouth and large mouth bass.

In our two-man fly-fishing club, we had opportunity to observe how the prejudice of custom will slow up any idea that appears to be new. The fathers and grandfathers of the community had set out with their minnow buckets and their cans of worms, in April and May, at the very time when fly-fishing would have been at its best. Consequently their sons and grandsons heeded the call of tradition and used the lure that was dipped from cans. Often, in our days of experimental casting, we would pass a fisherman of the old school, with a small minnow pail or worm can attached to his belt. It usually happened, at such a juncture, that we made a bad cast and were forced to leave leader and flies in some tree-top.

"Huh!" would come the inevitable comment. "You must be tryin' to ketch birds instid of fish."

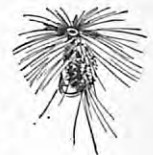
We persisted in our efforts, not because of any rebellious desire to run counter to tradition, but because we were getting more enjoyment and excitement out of fly-casting than any other form of fishing. Occasionally we had the satisfaction of making a convert—not through any eloquent argument of our own, but through the subtle influence of the fly-casting outfits which we carried.

Although we belonged to a school which was little short of anarchistic, we were welcome at the sessions of Doc's bait-casting club at camp-fires along the Kishobee. Sometimes we suspected that these evenings were Doc's main reason for going fishing. They gave him a chance to spread the doctrines of atheism, to which he had been one of the Oldest Subscribers in our community. When Doc could quote no more from Ingersoll and Paine, he would look about the circle of faces at the camp fire. Apparently there would come home to him the discouraging thought that after all

his eloquence he had not penetrated our thick intellects. Despairing of any further logic borrowed from the atheistic classics, or thought up during his long hours of work-bench toil, Doc would bring his clenched fist into his open palm and give us his final clincher, which was:

"By God, there is no God!"

Nobody ever called Doc's attention to any inconsistency in his closing argument. We didn't want to stop his lectures, which provided the quiet




THERE was a hearty laugh at the expense of our black bass fly-fishing club, when we organized it with two members.

The laugh arose from the fact that ours had always been a bait-fishing community, and did not appreciate the true sporting qualities of the black bass—to my mind the noblest and gamest fish that swims our inland waters. Ever since the close of the Black-hawk War, when people had time to think of something besides fighting Indians, fishing had been a matter of getting results, with the sporting element set aside as something not worth giving serious consideration.

The news of our fly-fishing club got around to The Fannery, the cigar store on West State Street, where baseball fans, fishing fans and poker and pool fans were wont to congregate.

"By gosh," observed Fred, the rotund proprietor of The Fannery, stopping his dusting operations to examine one of our books of home-made flies, "you can't tell me that feathers are good for anything but feather dusters like this here in my hand. When you fellows get tired playin' with them things, come in and I'll sell you some minnows."

Over on the East Side, where Doc's club had long been an established institution of bait-fishermen, scorn was mingled with the derision with which our new-fangled fly outfits were greeted. Doc and his brother were bald-pated bachelors who had long run a jewelry store. All during the week they would peer into the dislocated interiors of the large and fractious watches of the period,



*The Author of this Article
is a Fly-fishing Bass Man—
And Any Trout Man or Bait
Caster is Free to Answer Him*

amusement of the internal-combustion sort, most calculated to round out a perfect evening before there came the general rolling up in blankets at the camp-fire.

Doc and his fellow bait-fishermen, secretly curious about fly-casting, determined to get some first-hand information without betraying their interest by questions. So, unbeknown to me, I was followed to the stream by three or four of our rivals in camp. As I made a preliminary cast into midstream, for the purpose of straightening out the leader—we had not risen to the dignity of leader boxes that kept the silkworm gut constantly wet and ready for use—I stepped on a stone a foot or two from the edge of the water. The stone was slippery and I sat down in the water with a splash which must have driven away all the bass in the neighborhood.

When I returned to camp some hours later, Doc remarked to the assembled company: "Behold Big Chief Sit-in-the-Water, who casts himself into the stream with his fly!"

And from another bait-fisherman, who was manipulating a panful of bass and bacon, came the remark:

"Seems to me this new-fangled fly-fishin' is just another name for fancy divin'."

One evening Doc himself went so far as to put one of our fly outfits together and try it out. He carefully jointed the strange rod, ferrule by ferrule, ran the silk line through the tiny rings, attached a six-foot leader, and slipped a couple of our home-tied flies into place. He examined the single-click reel and took careful note of its strange position below instead of above the hand. Then he whipped the line back and forth in the firelight and cast for a tin can, which glistened twenty feet away.

SEEMINGLY the trial had satisfied Doc and he was through with fly-rods forever. But there were two of us who suspected differently. We knew that it is hard for an outdoor man to pick up a well-balanced fly-rod and not fall victim to something which urges him to try it out. Its slender grace and resiliency, its delicate "whip" which permits it to bend in a graceful curve and then spring back into place—these things are not lightly to be forgotten, and we felt, as we went to sleep, that Doc was at the turning-point, which would lead him to the outdoor gods which heretofore he had considered false.

I was not surprised the next noon, when I came into camp, to have Doc ask me if he could try out my rod. I turned over my fly-book, despite his pro-

testations that he would be gone only a few minutes. Soon Doc had disappeared around a bend, in water above his knees and whipping vigorously. It was four o'clock ere Doc reappeared, and then it was obvious that he had been driven back only by the necessity of returning my rod so I could get the evening's fishing. He had caught only two or three fish, and they were small ones. He could have done better in the way of poundage in his creel had he taken his bait-rod and minnows. But there was a light in Doc's eye which indicated that he had at last sampled the real delights of fly-casting, and it was no surprise to me when, a few days later, he called me to the back of his jewelry shop and showed me a fly outfit he had bought.

We of the two-man club fished religiously from our fly-books, and I began to sense, for the first time, the real fighting qualities of the black bass. The sudden swirl and flurry as the fly was struck, the wild charge underwater when the hook was set, the shower of spray as there leaped into the sunlight a warrior in an armor of scales, with a clump of bristling spears on his back, and with red, fierce eyes and a jaw of bulldog determination—all these things had their appeal. Surely this was the kind of fighting fish—the Richard the Lion Hearted of stream and lake.

Comparison in many and distant waters has only strengthened the opinion that the black bass, inch for inch and pound for pound, has no equal among our fresh-water fish in the matter of gameness. There is something in the lines of a black bass that spells determination. Compared with the trout he is the dynamic battering Babe Ruth as against the skilful Ty Cobb. He is the driving, mauling Sullivan or Dempsey against the more agile Corbett or Tunney. And courage? Wait until the last round of the fight and see it proved.

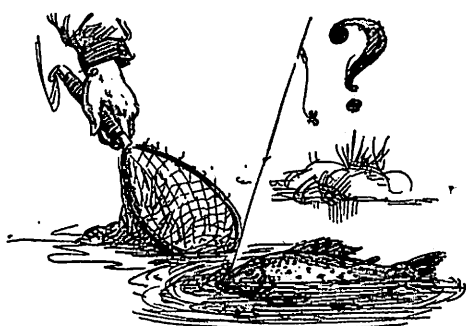
You have made a perfect cast at riffle or lily-pad, and your bass has taken the fly, or whatever lure you may have thrown. Your warrior has shown amazing speed for all his bigness. With a line of just the right tautness, you have headed him back from underwater danger spots time after time. He



has leaped again and again, shaking his body in a frenzied attempt to loose the hook from his grim jaws. The tide of battle begins to turn your way. The rushes are shorter, and there is no more breaking the water in those startling leaps. It looks as if the fight is about over, and unconsciously your mind goes back to some night at the arena, and you get a Bellows-like mental picture of a battered boxer, staggering, weary, dazed—but still dangerous because he has the real heart of courage.

YOU draw the big black bass toward your landing net. There is no doubt about his weariness. He is swaying groggily, and you catch a glimpse of the white belly that forms such a contrast to the dark, olive green of that glistening back. Once more your mind goes back to the ring, and you see that fighter staggering wearily, with arms drooping from exhaustion and with head sagging beneath what are meant to be the finishing blows.

Then those bright, red-rimmed eyes of the big bass catch sight of you or your boat or your landing net—or something that rouses the reserves of power within him. Now comes the grandest spurt of all. The water is churned about your arm as you make a despairing lunge with the net. You have been caught with your line too taut. The bass has broken free—and the armored warrior has gone to his fief in the deep waters, to lord it over the weaker fish, while you try to muster philosophy to your comfort. As you wipe your brow of perspiration, you remember that it was that way in the ring. There was a flurry at the last moment





ALBERT
LEVERING

—a sudden rousing of latent forces—a lashing out of seemingly powerless arms, and a sudden victory for the man whose great heart simply would not let him be defeated.

I HAVE creeled trout after trout without that last flare-up of the vital spark of courage. Some trout have fought to the last, but much in this final round has depended upon various things, such as the species of trout and the temperature of the water. But the black bass is of two species only—the large mouth and the small mouth—and he knows no such thing as temperament on his part, nor temperature of the water. He puts up the same sort of fight in warm, sluggish waters that he puts up in cold streams or lakes, for he is a real son of battle, and it simply is not in him to quit.

Inasmuch as the bass and trout are the chief game fish of inland waters, comparisons favorable to the bass, which arise from my own fishing experience, are made in dispassionate spirit. In the aggregate, I have spent more time on trout water than in the haunts of the black bass, not as a matter of choice, but because I have happened to live in trout country. The pleasure and physical profit I have reaped from trout fishing have been past calculation. The trout, being at home in the roughest water, leads one closer to nature than one can ever get by following the black bass. The trout fisherman, at the mountain headwaters of some snow-fed stream, penetrates primeval fastnesses to which the bass fisherman is a stranger. To cast one's fly upon the foam-flecked waters of a grim and darkening canyon; to see the leap of a silvery body against the gray-green granite which forms the base of a Rocky Mountain pinnacle—such



delights are for the trout fisherman only. The trout is an explorer, swimming upstream against waterfalls which would hurl back any other fish but the salmon, to whose family, of course, he belongs. No bass could follow him into the upper haunts where he reigns supreme—a fit denizen of this sloping world of crags and forests and troubled waters.

But when it comes to the final test of gameness, what do we find? I have dragged unresisting trout from the Firehole in the Yellowstone, the fish seemingly having lost their fighting spirit in the geyser-warmed waters of that stream. The next day, from the snow-water in the northeast corner of the great park, I have been given battle by active, belligerent red-throat trout (generally, but erroneously, called cutthroat) which would leap high out of the water in a mad endeavor to free themselves from the barb. But even here the last-minute rally, inevitably staged by the black bass, has been missing.

I have pulled a five-pound trout out of a Colorado stream with no more fight than would have been put up by a carp, while, in the same stream, a two-pound trout of the same species has given the sort of battle that carries an unforgettable thrill. It was just one of those days temperament was running strong in the trout family. But the bass family knows but one compelling impulse—the insistent urge to fight against capture.

Trout are subject to strange freaks of growth, as well as of temperament, whereas bass run more consistently to form. When you have caught a five-pound small mouth bass or an eight or ten-pound large mouth bass, you can put away your pocket scales, pretty well assured that they will register nothing larger. But trout occasionally find certain kinds of food which break down

all rules of growth as applied to class and species.

Nobody has ever explained the superlative bigness of the trout in the Gunnison River, which flows into the Colorado. For a stretch of thirty miles or more, the Gunnison flows smoothly, though swiftly, between rolling Colorado hills of sagebrush, nine thousand feet above sea-level. Then it plunges into the dismal depths of the Black Canyon, where no fisherman may venture and keep his life. In that thirty miles above the Black Canyon, the Gunnison is one of the fishing wonders of the world. It is lined with fishing communities, in which are found bamboo-swingers from many States, and even from many countries. In its steel-blue waters, the Gunnison holds trout that range from two pounds to ten or twelve pounds in weight. Why are the fish of the Gunnison so much larger than the trout in other Colorado streams? The answer, no doubt, is found in the helgramites which are to be found in great numbers beneath the rocks. The fishermen have played on the trout's weakness for this centipede-like delicacy. The twelve-pounders are mostly caught by the helgramite fishermen, who float their strange lure on the surface.

I RAN into what seemed to be the limit of piscatorial grotesquerie at Virginia City, an old-time placer mining-camp in the Tobacco Root mountains of Montana. Near Virginia City is Lake Axolotl, which name the Montanans thereabouts can pronounce without hesitancy.

"If you want to see big trout, go up to Lake Axolotl," was the advice handed me from many sides, followed with the information that the word "see" was used advisedly as the trout there could be seen, but few of them could be caught. When it came to the size and weight of the trout in this lake with the name which I, as a pilgrim, could not venture to pronounce, I was told things that sounded like the ultimate in fabrications. I charged off 50 per cent. to the local pride which is strong in the bosom of every real "booster." Then I took a look into the waters of Lake Axolotl and found that there had been no exaggeration whatever. Surely those monsters, swimming lazily in the waters of this crystal clear lake were no sort of inland fish. Yet they were trout—

ordinary steel-heads which were first planted in the lake in 1902. Previous to that time there had been no fish in Lake Axolotl, which was given its name because of the great numbers of axolotl, or tailed amphibians, which frequented it. These axolotl, which are common to streams and lakes in Mexico, and whose appearance on this solitary lake in Montana has not been explained by science, proved to be ideal food for trout. The steelheads thrived on these crawling gill-tufted amphibians, which look like gigantic tadpoles about to turn into frogs. In fact, so consistently did the trout thrive on the axolotl that they have scorned almost any other kind of food, and the ordinary lures of the fishermen are no lures at all in this case. Henshall visited the lake in 1907, five years after it had been first planted with trout, and he reports a catch of these axolotl-fed trout which averaged thirteen pounds in weight!

The trout is that way—whereas in all probability you could feed axolotl to the black bass until the traditional cows came homeward, and he would still be a black bass and would not aspire to be a whale.

It may be said that the black bass has suffered misunderstanding, and has even been maligned, for lack of proper litera-



ture to put him in his true light. What would have been the standing of the black bass to-day if he had shared the waters of England with the trout? Since the earliest days of English literature there have been writers to extol the virtues of the trout. If one were to collect a library of trout literature, he would need many times a five-foot shelf. The supreme press-agent of the trout came along in the person of one Izaak Walton, a seventeenth-century London shop-keeper who told of his fishing adventures in "The Compleat Angler," a book which has had a lasting influence in behalf of true sportsmanship.

The black bass had no Izaak Walton as his press-agent. There was no literature at all on the black bass outside of Agassiz, prior to 1869, and then only fleeting, inadequate sketches which failed utterly to ignite the spark of sportsmanship. Our few sporting writers copied the English and lauded the trout. The bass was here, in our Atlantic streams and lakes, a ready source of food for the pioneers who made the first clearings, but who was to sing his praises as a fighter? As the pioneers pushed westward, the bass was looked upon merely for its food value. It was a time when people gave little or no thought to outdoor recreation, and the same was true of the era of industrial expansion in the Middle West after the Civil War.

THE black bass was given all sorts of odd names, which still cling to him. In certain parts of the South he is known as the "chub," "white salmon," "welshman" or "trout perch" or "trout." Other local names for him are "jumping perch," "tiger bass," "bull bass," "buck bass," "green bass," "yellow bass," "cove," "slough" or "marsh bass" or "Oswego bass." Yet he is one and the same, and as distinctive as the trout.

When it came to fishing for the bass, rods were cane affairs, and lines were clumsy and heavy. The Kentucky reel was the first step in the right direction, and then James A. Henshall, whose name is rightly revered by all bass fishermen, came along with the eight-foot split bamboo bait-rod and the ten-foot, eight-ounce fly-rod. The light and indestructible steel rod soon followed and found many enthusiastic users.

The field of real adventure was now open to the bass fishermen. Instead of snagging the black bass with a clumsy cane pole, and heavy line and large hook, it was possible to go fishing in true Waltonian spirit, matching light tackle against the weight and speed of the fish. The gossamer-like leader and the silk line brought their own appeal. There comes the memory of a gentle Christian clergyman, an ardent fisherman, who came home with springy step and exhibited a silk line which he had just secured from Cincinnati, then the center of fishing supplies for the Middle West. It was the first silk line ever seen in that Indiana community. Compared with the clumsy lines then in use, it was indeed a thing of beauty.

"Look there, Albert," said the clergyman to a neighbor boy, "isn't that a wonderful fishing line?"

"Gee," said the boy, his eyes sparkling as he gave the line a tug, "it's strong, isn't it?"

"Strong?" echoed the clergyman. "Why, that line would hold a horse."

A glance around at the incredulous young faces with which he was surrounded showed that his reputation for veracity was trembling in the balance.

"I mean a red horse," he added, hastily.



And this reference to the sucker familiarly known as the red horse, saved the clergyman from being found guilty of telling a "whopper."

When bass fishermen were armed with lighter tackle, and fishing became a means of relaxation from the cares of business, the true qualities of the black bass began to shine forth. Various lures and multiple reels came upon the market in great numbers. Nobody used the long bait-casting rod any more. The fisherman

was one with the Romans who conquered the world when they shortened their swords. Armed with a stubby yet resilient casting rod, and equipped with a multiple reel as delicately balanced as a watch, and a silk line which ran swiftly through jeweled gaskets, the bait fisherman could cast incredible distances, and do it accurately.

Various kinds of lures were offered as substitutes for live bait. In some instances these lures appeal to the curiosity or the pugnacity of the bass. Perhaps he has both qualities in equal measure. At any rate it was found that the bass would strike at lures which in no sense could resemble any of the articles of food to which he was accustomed. Strips of bacon, and even a red rag attached to the hook have proved deadly. Whirling spoons, glinting in the sunshine, and "phantom minnows" have all aroused the fighter to the charge.

Fly-fishing for bass made slower progress, because there were few to sing its virtues. Henshall was perhaps the first to put up a convincing argument in favor of fly-fishing against bait-fishing on bass waters in certain seasons of the year. He

transferred the paraphernalia of the trout fisherman to the bass fisherman, plus a little extra weight in the rod and a shade greater dimension to the fly.

Is not this extra weight of the bass outfit conclusive proof in itself of the superior fighting qualities of the armored fish? Wade with me into waters which are inhabited by bass and trout alike—say a branch of the Raritan in New Jersey. It is a day or two before the bass season opens, so all we have is our light outfits for trout—five-ounce rods, tapered lines, delicate leaders, and flies on number twelve hooks. With such equipment we can handle and creel any ordinary trout, but how about the bass?

They are striking as regularly as the trout, these fighting bulldogs of the stream. There is the noise of the singing reel, and the cry:

"I've got him!"

But the exultation comes too soon. The first rush of the bass is at once stronger and longer than that of the trout. He dashes into the still water and leaps high in the "break." He is so far away that he catches your line taut and snaps off the hook, and is gone. Time after time it happens—five or six bass that have broken away, in that first rush, while every trout that has been hooked has been safely played and brought to creel. Then you understand the whyfore of that extra ounce or two of weight to the bass rod, and the extra strength and largeness of bass hooks as compared to those for the trout.

The relative sporting merits
(Continued on page 79)

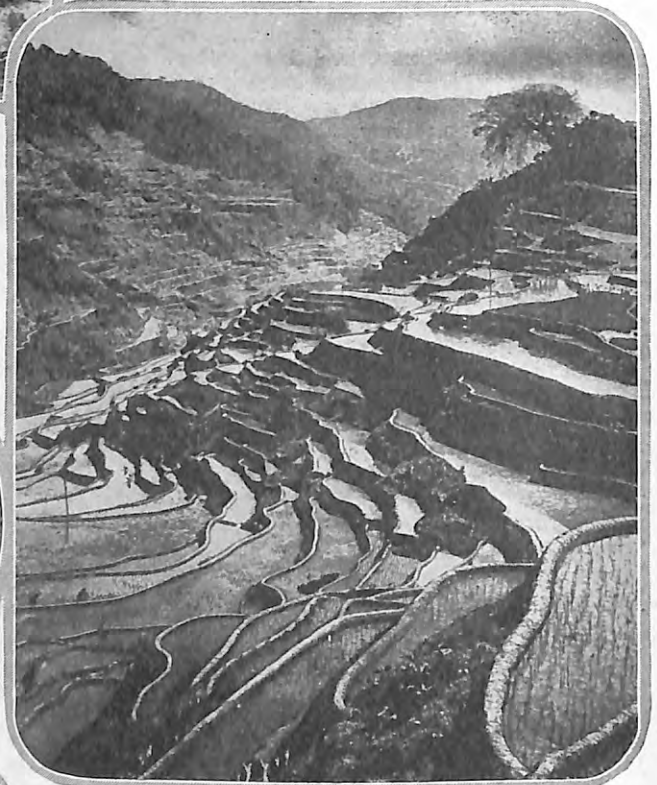


How Well Do You Know Your Country's Possessions?

Compiled by Charles Phelps Cushing
The answers to this questionnaire will be found on page 80



EWING CALLOWAY
1. Can you tell what island group we got, with the fine harbor (above) and (2) the city of 10,000 (view below is from pirate Bluebeard's castle) in a recent deal involving \$25,000,000?



PUBLISHERS PHOTO
3. What you see above are terraced rice fields. In what dependency (an island group exceeding Arizona in total area) would you find such fields?

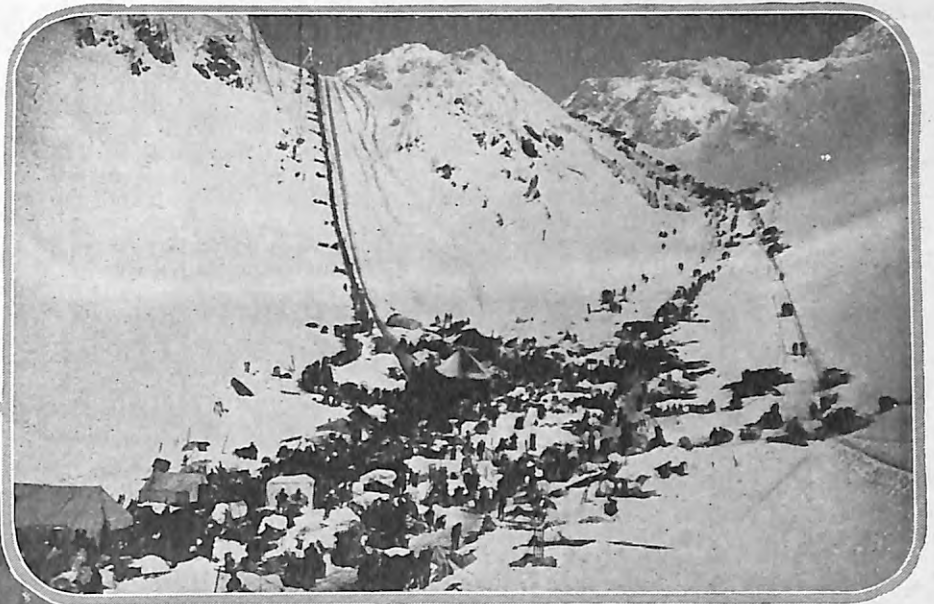


KEYSTONE
4 Haven't you met before, in cross-word puzzles, this little four-letter island? It's some 5,000 miles from San Francisco's harbor



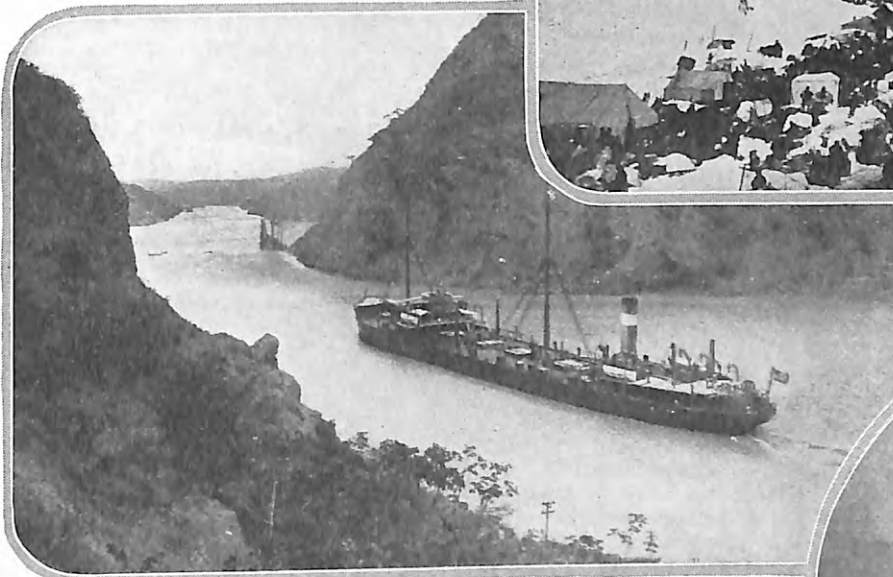
KEYSTONE
5. Do you know this place (at the right) where sailors see in the profile of hills a reclining figure of George Washington?

*The Stars and Stripes
Flies Over All of These
Distant Lands*



BURTON HOLMES-GALLOWAY

6. The snapshot above was taken thirty years ago. Can you place it? And tell what big real estate deal preceded it?



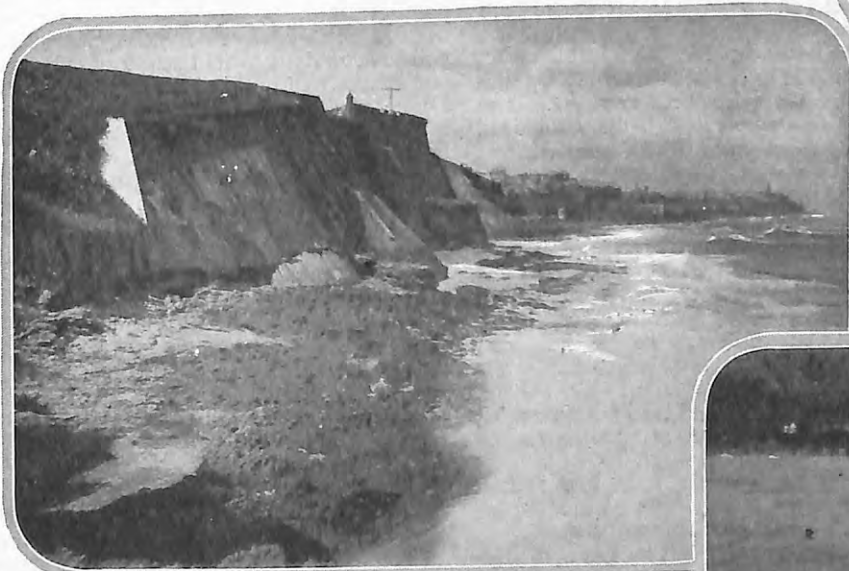
EWING GALLOWAY

7. Can you tell in whose honor, and why, the canyon pictured above was rechristened? Uncle Sam signed a lease in this instance and promised to improve the property



EWING GALLOWAY

8. (Above) Can you identify this scene in a new national park on a volcanic island?



PUBLISHERS PHOTO

10. One of these days the island, whose old walled capital is pictured above, will become a state; its people already have been granted citizenship. It will rank in size then between Delaware and Connecticut, but in density of population, per square mile, will top the list. Now can you locate it?

9. (Below) And name this beach, famous in song, on another island of the same group?



EWING GALLOWAY



Pals

By Maryse Rutledge

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

JOHN PETER most enjoyed in Paris the hour of the *apéritif*, when he could sit and sip and watch the passing show. He had chosen, this hot late July afternoon, the terrace of the Café de la Paix, which everyone knows is one of the busiest corners of the polyglot world. So there he sat, a huge ruddy man in his panama suit, sipping his lemon Vermouth, while his keen gray eyes observed the thickening stream of passersby. He had attended to his affairs. He could afford to relax. The heat slowed down the passing faces, quickened the colors, blended the motley voices.

There is nothing lonelier than a lonely American who is not having a good time in Paris. He can't speak the language. He doesn't really want to, because he is sure sooner or later that he will find someone who will speak *his* language. And he always does find someone.

J. P. had been like that himself, once upon a time. And he was to-day in the mood and humor to appreciate that particular kind of loneliness. He was conscious of the little man at the next table whose untasted beer and crumpled *Herald* betrayed him. It was a lost and forlorn tourist who had been given this hour to enjoy himself before the relentless program of seeing Europe continued.

Ordinarily, J. P. had no patience with lost and forlorn middle-aged men. They should have got somewhere if they were going anywhere, and if they weren't, they were better lost. But this man was smoking a cigar, and J. P. had a nose for cigars. Smoke a cigar with a fellow and it's all right with you. You'll buy him a drink if he doesn't buy you one first. The fresh smooth fragrance of his lonely country-

man's cigar drifted pleasantly. It should have meant comfort and leisure. The trim appearance of the gentleman, the neat cut of him, the neat clip to his gray mustache, implied an able, conscientious citizen bewildered by the Paris he was supposed to see in a few days. But J. P. recognized genuine distress. And there was distress and confusion in the mild brown eyes behind their glasses. Here was someone who wanted badly to talk about his troubles.

Perhaps he was conscious, as a compatriot in trouble, of that massive benevolent presence beside him, for presently, as J. P. took off his panama to let a small wind stir the thick whiteness of his hair, his neighbor turned.

"Hot, isn't it?"

"It is," said J. P., and forthwith they fell into the conversation of two strangers sitting in a café.

"Here on business?" J. P. had shifted his bulk around so that he seemed to be shielding the smaller man.

"No," his neighbor said quickly. "No—not exactly. It's only that—" And he relapsed into a mournful, nervous silence.

Oh, well, every man to his own business. None of his. J. P. was almost cynical. Probably someone had stolen the man's passport or his traveler's checks. J. P.'s eyes roved once more, selecting in the crowd a slender ankle, a smile, gestures of gloved hands, faces passing, too pallid or too painted. A lot of riff-raff in this world. A lot of material for the scrap basket. A lot of arms and legs and faces sloppily sewn together.

His inner self dreamed of brightness, of

such cleanliness and brightness as the polished steel he loved. His inner self went restlessly about, hunting the sharp, polished, radiant thing he understood, while stolid, wise as a Buddha, he sat and watched. Dinner waited his fancy. He might have invited Greenleaf, but that meant more palaver about the Paris office. And Greenleaf had a sly way of dropping his voice before he started on a party.

"Could you help me, sir?" It was his neighbor again. "I'm kind of desperate to-night. I'm trying to find my boy. I think he's here in Paris, somewhere. I landed last night, and I've been to the Embassy and the Consulate, and—well, it seems kind of hard to find anyone here. Not that they didn't do everything they could." He was quite positive on that point. "But, you see, I've only got a certain amount of time, and—"

J. P.'S shrewd glance rested upon him, computing, weighing. No, the man wasn't trying to put anything over. Trying to find his boy? J. P. took out his watch. Any boy lost at this hour in Paris would be dining somewhere, or wishing he could eat somewhere. J. P. himself had wondered what he would do this evening. He was in a mellow mood.

"Dining anywhere?" It was a crisp and impulsive invitation.

"No. To tell you the truth, I don't just—"

"Let's dine together." J. P. rose, knowing that his neighbor would follow. J. P. moved like a heavy ship riding lightly, cleaving his way across the boulevard.

The hot July twilight was waning. One pushed one's way through the laziness of it all, because no one seemed in a hurry and everyone was in a hurry.

The little man trotted behind as in uneasy waters. They spoke not a word as the taxi started for Foyot's. J. P. felt like Foyot's. You could be quiet there when you wanted to and you could talk there when you wanted to. Crossing the bridge, the little man beside him talked. He talked very hard and fast. His gratitude, his agitation, his trust in his new-found friend, loosened anxiety. He gave never a look at the bridge in that warm deepening evening; never a look at the richly colored streets. Paris of color and sounds and smells went by him. He had to tell his story.

J. P. summed it up as they drew near to Foyot's. "Far as I can make out, this boy of yours came over here on his way to Bucharest where he was to take a job on for the Amber Oil Company. You've only had two or three letters from him and so you got worried and went to the New York office. They told you there they'd fired him in Paris."

"Yes, sir." Mr. Smith's agitation had increased. He was obviously trying to control it. He sat so tight and trim on his side of the taxi. Habit kept him trim and neat, but it was as if a hand had been fumbling in an ordered place, hunting for what was most precious.

"You see—" he said, "my boy and I—well, he's all I've got. My wife died," he added almost apologetically—"She died when the boy was only three. I've brought him up. When he went through college—Yale—I used to visit him pretty often. When he came back last year I kind of hoped he'd go into real estate with me. But they offered him this job. He always wanted to travel just as I have. So I understood. And I wouldn't stand in his way. But now—"

"Now—" said J. P. climbing out of the taxi, "now, we're going to eat."

The headwaiter knew J. P. Headwaiters usually did. It was quiet at this hour, and at their corner table they were undisturbed by discreet arrivals.

J. P. ate slowly, with enjoyment. He liked to savor his dinners; liked to linger over them as busy men do who still appreciate what the art of eating can become in leisure moments. The melon, the cold consommé, the broiled chicken and green peas, the café soufflé, seemed to hold his entire attention. His color mounted richly. His gray eyes remained cool and clear as steel. His thick short fingers lightly handled his glass of Corton, 1907. There was a hungry feeling in him all the same—the feeling he always had when anyone talked to him about sons. If he and Fanny—

Harvey Smith ate too, almost ravenously, as if, with the floodgates open, he could afford now to eat. As he knew good cigars, he also recognized good food. This J. P. realized and was pleased that his dinner was not wasted, no matter what trouble the man had had.

And there were troubles. Those days in New York wait-

ing for a letter. Those days on the boat waiting to land. The day in Paris not knowing how to go about things. Taxis. The Embassy. Kind people. Taxis. The Consulate. More kind people. Taxis. The American Express, Cook's, banks. Hotels. Streets and boulevards, hunting, hunting—the Café de la Paix with the *Herald*, vaguely hoping he could find something there.

"I CAN'T think what got into the boy, Mr. Peter." He said it over and over again. "He'd never given me a moment of worry. Why, he used to come to me and say—'Dad, I'm going on a party to-night. Want to come along?' Sometimes I'd go, and—you know—just kid stuff. We were pals. There wasn't a thing he couldn't tell me. Why, when they offered him this job, he came to me and asked my advice—yes, sir, he asked me what I thought about it. I bet you he'd never have taken it if I'd advised him not to. He knew I'd miss him. Why, we'd never been separated. We'd never—"

"Humph!" grunted J. P. He had been guiltily fingering the little nail file his wife so objected to. He kept it hidden and always felt for it when he was thinking hard. He had it out now, and was filing what was left of his thumb nail. A sudden unwonted sense of weariness was upon him, a heaviness of mind and body. Hard job bringing up a boy. If he'd had a boy he might have wanted to keep him as closely. But he would have let him go, by Jove. Send 'em out. Let 'em take their chances. Nobody had bothered about him when he was a kid. Fought every inch of the way by himself until he met Fanny. Even then. No coddling for him. Mistake to coddle.

Mr. Smith stirred his coffee, took up the cup, set it down, twirled his liqueur glass with clumsy, unaccustomed fingers. Accepted a cigar. His cheeks were faintly flushed.

"When I think he's somewhere in this city—why, it nearly drives me crazy, Mr. Peter. You'll have to forgive me, I'm not quite myself. I'm—"

J. P. leaned his elbows on either side of his small glass, his big shoulders jutting forward, his hair whitely gleaming. Red and white. His gray eyes were blades cutting through the soft stuff of life.

"You're wondering what's happened," he said harshly. "You've happened. You've tried to be mother and father to him, and you've been a doddering old grandmother. That's what." With his little nail file, he pointed at his guest. "You've happened."

"I've happened!" Mr. Smith stared at him.

"If I had a boy," said J. P., and his voice unconsciously had

deepened, "if I had a boy, I wouldn't tag after him. No, sir. No matter what he meant to me or I to him. I'd start him off. Then I'd say—'Now, son, the race is on, and it isn't my race. Win if you can. If you don't win, you're not in training. Get in training,' I'd say," boomed J. P., half rising from his seat. "If he lost the first race, he'd have a go at the second."

"I'll bet," interrupted Mr. Smith, draining the last drop of his cognac, "I'll bet that Harvey won't lose."

"All right—all right. What are you worrying about then?" J. P. glowered at him. "Suppose he does lose," and J. P. rapped very hard on the table to call the waiter who came scurrying and went scurrying away at the dismissing wave of that hand. "I'll tell you," said J. P. still fiercely. "If he wins at all it will be in spite of you. Yes, sir. You've milk-fed that young man. And the milk's turned sour."

The flush deepened in Mr. Smith's cheeks, his eyes grew brighter behind his glasses; he met J. P.'s grim glance with defiance.

"I hardly think you can say quite that, Mr. Peter," he returned stiffly, "Perhaps you haven't understood me. Perhaps you've never had a boy—"

"I haven't. That's why I'm telling you." J. P. poured himself another cognac. His own face was set now in obstinate lines, rich with after-dinner tints. Damn it all, the man needn't rub it in. Never had a boy! If he'd had one—

MR. SMITH carefully laid the stub of his cigar on his saucer. "Sorry. I didn't mean—" He'd got the look in J. P.'s eyes. "I guess you do understand. That boy is all I have in the world. I can't believe he'll disappoint me. There must be some reason why he's lost his job and disappeared this way. Never even let me know. Never even—"

J. P. hunched himself back in his seat. "Most fathers expect great things of their boys." His tone was dry.

"Yes, they do," Mr. Smith soberly agreed. "But our relationship is a bit different. His mother's death—" He drifted off into silence, resuming, "I feel justified in my anxiety."

J. P. slipped the little file back into his pocket. His thick brows drew together as he sipped his cognac.

"There's a lot in what you've said," Mr. Smith finally conceded thoughtfully.

"Well, if he's got into a scrape, it's a lot to his credit that he hasn't come bawling to you about it," J. P. snapped. He resented his own feeling: getting wrought up about a youngster who was probably a weakling anyway. Served him right to get fired.

"I'm afraid I'm keeping you," said Mr. Smith wearily. Lines of weariness, doubt, fatigue, had crept back into his face. "I'm afraid I can't do any more to-night. Perhaps I'd better try to get a little rest. I haven't slept very well since I sailed."

J. P. moved his bulk impatiently. His fingers tapped on the table. Tap—tap—tap. His gray eye studied the drooping figure by his side. Darn old fool to take such an



"You're a quitter," J. P. thundered. He was red-faced, mad clear through. "I wouldn't waste that on you if I were your father!"

interest in a stranger and his boy. Darn soft old fool! Then brusquely—"Look here," he said—"I have a kind of a hunch—" Savagely he chewed at his cigar. "I'll look into a few places to-night where such jack-anapes as your boy may be frittering away their time. I won't take you with me though," he warned as Mr. Smith's face warmed into sudden hope. "I'll be damned if I want you around while I'm hunting for that boy of yours—and I won't hunt long either."

"Why that's mighty kind of you. That's—" "Kind nothing. It's only a hunch," growled J. P. Where was that damn notebook? Never could find it when he wanted it. He drew it out of his pocket—one of the little notebooks he carried in each of his suits. Not even Fanny, his wife, dared look at those notebooks. He fingered its pages deftly, delicately. Nothing important to-morrow. Had to see Greenleaf in the morning. "Meet me here for lunch to-morrow. Got a picture or a snap shot of him?"

HE WOULD have such a picture. J. P. had one of Fanny in his wallet. He hid it among his papers.

Eagerly, Mr. Smith produced a snap shot and proudly handed it over. "It isn't very good. The light was bad that day. I—"

J. P. grunted. Nice enough looking kid—broader, stockier than his father. Same eyes. Rigged out in golf togs, his hair ruffled by the wind. "All right," he said gruffly, and with one of his sudden boyish smiles, "I feel like a regular detective."

"Why, sir, if you can do this for me—you don't suppose I could go with you—?" There was almost doglike appeal in Mr. Smith's brown eyes.

J. P. curtly signaled for the waiter. "You'd cramp my style," he snapped. He paid and moved his weight with surprising lightness. His white mane shone as he stood huge and red, waiting for Mr. Smith to join him outside.

"Go back to your hotel and rest," was his final advice as he put the little man into a taxi.

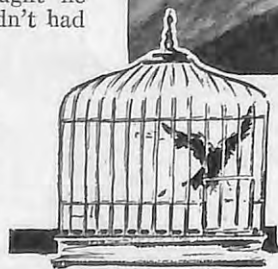
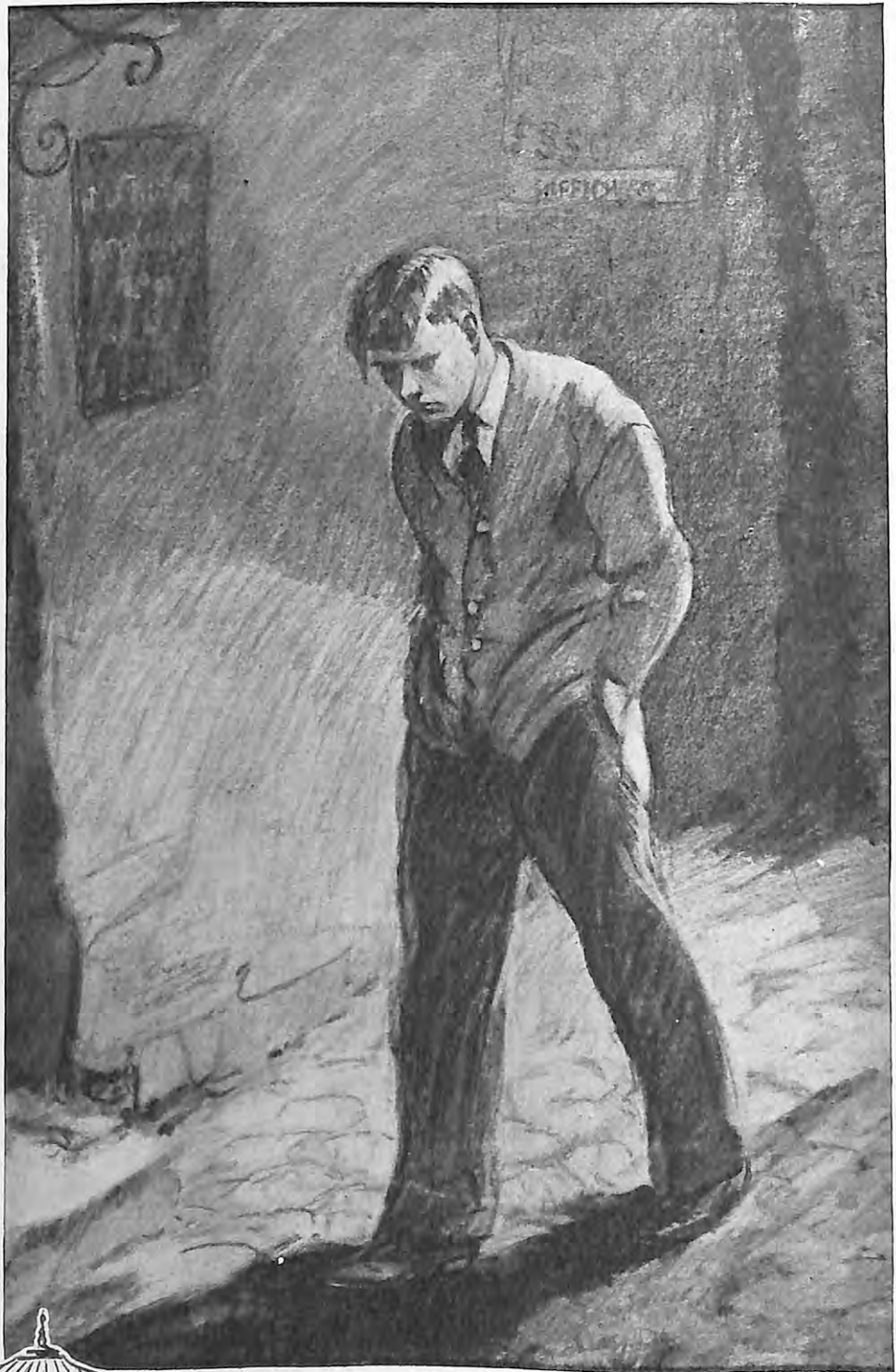
Funny part of it all was that he was beginning to find a certain enjoyment in this fool chase. Where would the young idiot go anyway? Probably dead broke by now. So it wouldn't be Montmartre. Certainly wouldn't be bed at this hour for a boy who'd got himself fired and thought he was a regular devil in Paris. Hadn't had time yet to become a dead beat. Plenty of near dead beats in Montparnasse. All kinds of half baked young fools in those cafés.

There was an alertness to his stride as he turned toward Montparnasse. He'd been there once or twice, conducted by mellowed acquaintances whose winks and whispers hadn't convinced him that it was as bad or as good as all that. He guessed he could find his way around alone.

CHAPTER II

He could. The Rotonde. Not there. The Dôme. Not there. In and out of small bars, his scowl forbiddingly turned on the care-free sprawling tourists and pseudo artists making sound under glary lights; drinking their mild beers; jammed on benches and at tables. Jabbering Russian, Italian, Polish—God knows what. Tongues clawing at each other. Hands clawing. Sticky eyes. Hair.

It wasn't such fun after all. He'd try the Select, and then he'd go home. His step



grew heavier. He stood glaring in at the Select, glaring at the rows of faces all pink and white, faces screwed up in silly smiles. A young man was lurching from the bar back to one of the tables.

His hair was ruffled as by a wind. He wore a dirty gray sweater in spite of the season, and he seemed to be on jocund speaking terms with everyone in the place.

No need to consult the snap shot. J. P.'s icy gray eyes looked him over. A promising specimen.

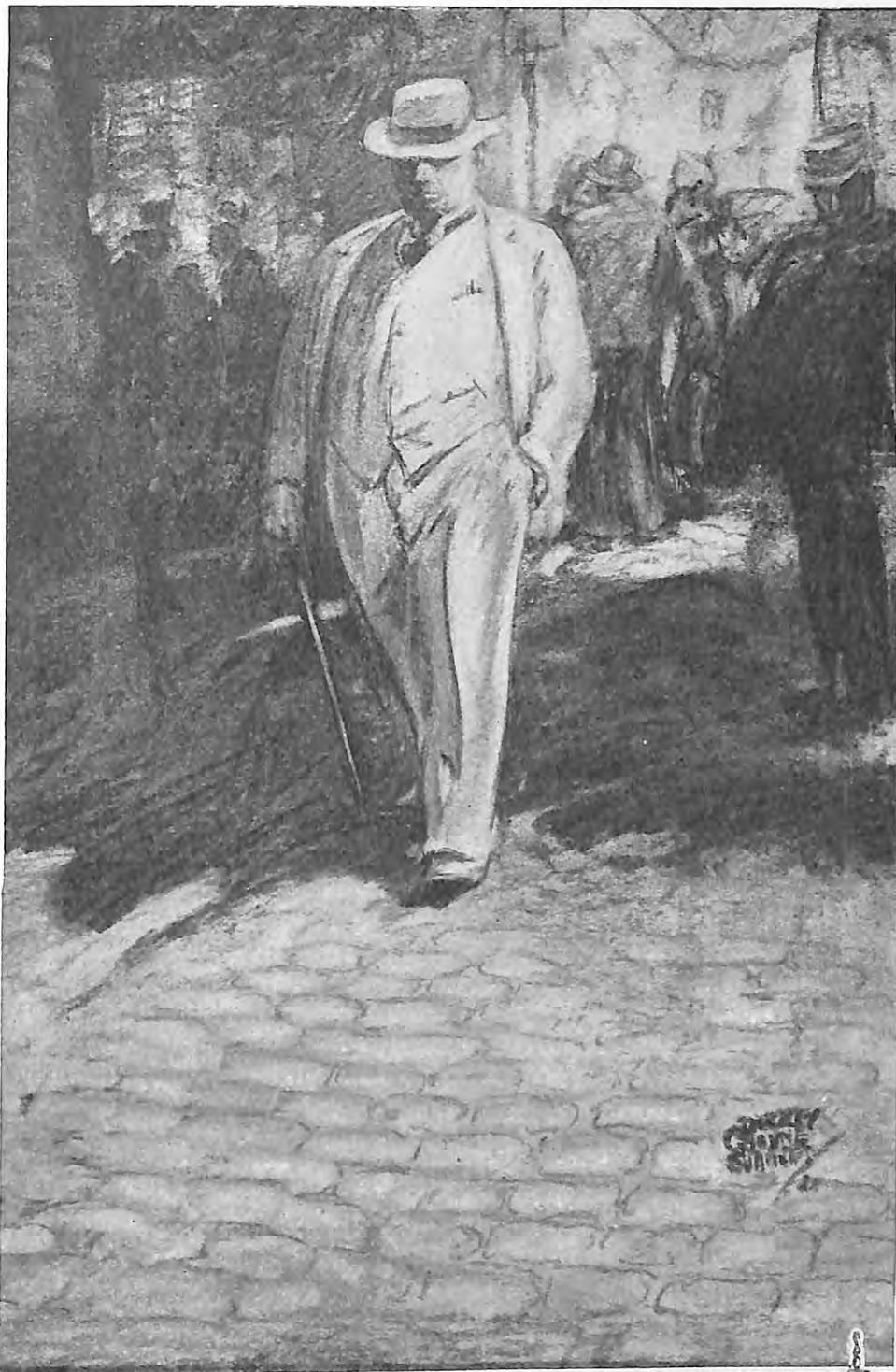
Shouts and laughter greeted this Harvey Smith, Junior, as he slid to his table, slid on the bench beside an artificially pale, languid lady whose cigarette drooped from the end of a long blue holder. She made room for him languidly, and languidly raised her eyelashes. The others of the party were boisterous. There was a dumpy little woman with red hair, a lanky youth, a fat youth.

Grimly J. P. strode over to the next table, which happened to be vacant. The small group in evening clothes, just leaving it, moved on insolently, as people who have done their slumming and whose motor is waiting to take them to more costly entertainment.

J. P. wedged his bulk on to the bench. That young pup deserved a hiding, that's what he deserved. And now that he had found him, what was there to do about it? Lean over, whack him on the shoulder and bellow—"Go home to your poor father." A lot of good that would be.

The boy's face, flushed and excited, was turned toward J. P. Evidently the spectacle of this large, imposing, and fierce gentleman amused him. He whispered to the girl who stared and shrugged her shoulders, fitting another cigarette into her absurd holder. The boy laughed and began talking in a loud excited voice about the races. The fat youth and the lanky youth twitted him on his losses.

How long was he going to sit here and



Hatless, in his old gray sweater, Harvey Junior paced ahead, his hands in his pockets, his head drooping. He walked with quick hard steps that rang on the night pavement. J. P. followed quietly

The youngster seemed unaware of the departure of his merry companions. He hunted in his pockets, dumped on the table a few francs, a dirty ten-franc note and glowered down at them. "Enlevez moi tout ça—" He waved fretfully at the array of beer glasses. "Et de quoi écrire."

J. P.'s annoyance was ebbing. A stir of secret memory brought to the surface of his mind fragmentary pictures. His smile was a little sad as he sat on, his big knees spread apart, his hands resting on them—too solid, too rooted in what he represented, too highly colored a gentleman of vast affairs to suggest restlessness of any sort. Yet restlessness there was stirring these memories of boyish rebellions; of those hard grinding years selling scissors, selling knives and steel and still more steel until the Peter Tool Co. emerged from it all. Yes, he'd had his wild times when that single purpose of success had faltered, and—well, he'd done things even Fanny didn't know about. Times when his expression had been not so unlike the sullen misery of this young man's face, blotched and pasty with late hours.

The waiter brought the writing things. Harvey Smith stared moodily at them. He started to write with quick, nervous jerks of his pen. Tore up a sheet. Started again.

J. P. didn't need to look around. A letter to his father, he shrewdly suspected, often begun, never finished. It was not, at least, to be finished to-night. For with an exclamation of impatience and anger, the young man crumpled the last sheet, flung it on the floor and rose.

J. P. quietly paid his own bill and followed.

Hatless, in his old gray sweater, Harvey Junior paced ahead, his hands in his pockets, his head drooping. He walked with quick hard steps that rang on the night pavement. Crossed the Boulevard Raspail, turned into the rue Vavin, and suddenly ducked into a shabby little hotel. Not an inviting entrance. It suggested damp sheets, and the warm stale odors of frying, of sour wine.

J. P. made a slight grimace as he crossed the street and penetrated into the unpleasant narrow hall. A wisp of a woman in limp gingham popped up from behind a counter and eyed him sharply. Her manner changed when she saw the large man in the panama suit. Ah, yes, Monsieur Smith lived here. He had, in fact just come in. Third floor back. Was there anything she could—?

There wasn't. J. P. brushed past her and up the dingy stairs. Confound the pup, living in such a hole. His breath grew short as he climbed. Too many sauces, not enough exercise. He waited a bit, getting his breath back, before knocking on the thin paneled door which was almost immediately opened. Young Smith stood staring at his visitor.

"May I come in?" J. P. was already across the threshold. "My name's John Peter. I'm a friend of your father's," was his brief introduction.

Smith still stood by the door. He was in his shirt sleeves, the gray sweater flung on the bed. In fact, everything seemed flung everywhere in the tiny room lit by a pale

(Continued on page 54)

listen to this twaddle, J. P. disgustedly asked himself. Better telephone the hotel and get Mr. Smith to come over and take charge of his boy. A mean trick to play on Mr. Smith, who needed his night's rest before getting another shock.

J. P. got out his nail file, oblivious to amused glances. Absently, he bent it in his thick powerful fingers, flexed it against the table edge. Absently he worked on his thumb nail.

THERE was nothing positively wrong about Harvey Junior's friends. They were just sloppy with nonsense and too many beers. Hangers-on, stale with idle hours. Cheap. Suddenly the boy's gaiety dropped from him. He relapsed into a morose silence out of which even the girl with the cigarette-holder could not draw him.

"Oh, snap back, Harve," the fat youth urged.

But Harve didn't snap back. He sat there, his hands nervously rumpling his

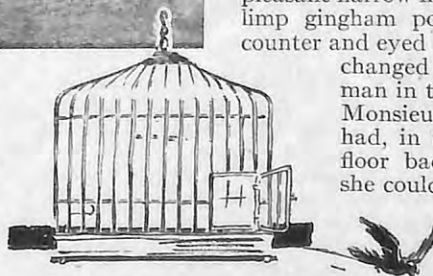
hair, a scowl on his young face, his mouth drooping and sullen. "Leave me alone, can't you?" he finally grumbled.

"All right—all right," from the lanky youth. "Come on, let's leave Harve alone. Let's go to Vikings, Margie. Your treat to-night, isn't it, Harve?" And he rose with a clownish bow.

"It usually is," giggled the dumpy little woman with the red hair. "Better toddle around later, big boy, and join us. Coming, Marie?"

The pallid lady languidly uncoiled herself. Her cigarette-holder still dangling from her carmine lips, she turned and looked down at the silent boy. "You're not very amusing to-night, Harvey," she said, and sauntered off, followed by the others.

J. P. took out a cigar. He'd wait around a bit.



COURTESY OF THE
FERARGIL GALLERY

Time to Wake the Garden

The Books Reviewed Here This Month Go Off Like Alarm Clocks

THIS is the chill, bewitching hour when the call of the garden is heard in the land. No use stopping your ears. No use saying "to-morrow." If you really want that lawn, that little vegetable garden, those rows of flowers there against the fence to take the curse off the unsightly thing, why, this is the time for you to go into some quiet corner and pray to your God to make you a strong, persistent and patient fellow.

There is no time left, except for some wise reading, because reading the right thing now, may save you hours and days of back-breaking weariness later on, and without doubt will result in many more beautiful gardens. Reading will take a good deal of the bitter gamble out of sowing seeds and nursing them.

To that end, we have prowled amongst the garden books and herewith set forth with much joy a few of our enthusiasms concerning them. To the man or woman who has no garden, all we can say is, read some garden books, anyway. They do something very pleasant to the heart.

The Flower Garden Day by Day

By Mrs. Francis King. (Frederick A. Stokes, New York.)

THIS is—quoting from the jaunty little jacket—"a daily garden guide book, with advice about what to do, for and in the garden every day of the three-hundred-and-sixty-five" . . . and in running through Mrs. King's comprehensive volume, one can only wonder if Satan ever finds, amongst garden folk, even one small moment to fill with mischief. They must be a distinct discouragement to him.

"April 17. Roll the lawn now; add more fertilizer if needed; and fill up any holes with good black earth, scattering grass seed on this. And visible weeds may be taken out with less trouble than when they are older." And so it goes.

But suppose one hasn't a lawn! How shall one exist on a sweet April seventeenth! Perhaps slaving in some dusty office; or traveling on some dustier train. But something has clicked. It is our belief that just to read about that lawn makes for deeper and sturdier ambition, so that by next April seventeenth there may indeed be a lawn

By Claire Wallace Flynn

to roll and fill in. That, we surmise, is the real magic of some of these garden books . . . they goad you to unwonted effort to possess a garden of your own.

The amateur, facing his first season in the open will be wonderfully sustained by Mrs. King's practical advice, always briefly and explicitly presented. The book is rife with rare secrets of the soil.

The intimate and charming thing about so many of these books is that they are not only to be read, but actually to be used. In this particular case, there are pages set aside for your own garden notes, beside lists of books on garden subjects.

In fact, it is a book to be studied, loved, scribbled in, and made disgracefully, but thoroughly yours.

Gladiolus

From *The Home Garden Handbooks Series*
By F. F. Rockwell. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

WE NOW discover that there is an American Gladiolus Society. We also discover that this Society has thousands and thousands of members. And more than that—State Agricultural Colleges are doing research work among the "glads" and even the most amateur members of the Society are cooperating. New kinds of gladioli are forever appearing, it seems, startlingly beautiful in color and in form, and the craze for this plant which can be grown splendidly anywhere in the United States and in most parts of Canada, has practically only just begun.

Mr. Rockwell tells us that the gladiolus was grown in our grandmothers' gardens . . . a simple, short spike of small red flowers. Now, well, read for yourself what has been done in the way of hybridizing and cultivating. It sounds like—and perhaps it is—sheer necromancy.

The author of this book, when giving advice upon growing these spirited flowers in your garden, asks you to picture a dozen or more tall spears of glowing orange or yellow gladiolus planted in front of some blue delphinium along a path, or against a background of evergreens! Need he say more!

And added to the little impact of delight that the beauty of his suggestion gives, he calls your attention to the fact that the bulbs of the gladiolus are not expensive . . . that a proper amount of care in the easy planting will insure sterling results . . . that if planted in April and early May the plants will flower at a season when the perennials are looking bored to death.

Insects and disease rarely attack these flowers. Mr. Rockwell has been growing them himself for over twenty years and has never had his heart broken by any insect. And disease prevention is not difficult.

While Mr. Rockwell's book makes no attempt to solve the perplexities and needs of the commercial grower, "nor is it the intention of the author to urge any amateur to break into the commercial market"—yet he is forced to admit that "glads" quite easily can be made to pay for their board and lodging, even if they live in a tiny garden on the very edge of the town.

All this is stimulating. It will be a poor sort of citizen indeed, who, after reading this excellent little flower book, does not put some *Ming Toy*, *Mary Pickford* and *Scarlano* bulbs four or five inches deep in his garden and then say his prayers over them.

Lawn Making

By Leonard Barron. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

YOU cannot escape. Not only from Mrs. King, but now from Mr. Barron, do we learn that this is the exact moment to become frantically busy with that lawn.

In fact, you are to forget all about delphinium and gladioli and bulbs and concentrate on green, and on the not entirely care-free task of creating a greensward "once and for all."

We claim that no amateur gardener, just getting out his bags of fertilizer and dressings, and sending for seeds and looking his mower over, should go a day longer along his innocent and stumbling way before he sends for this book. He can, by so doing, save himself a tremendous amount of trouble and disappointment.

Mr. Barron holds out a helping hand that should be gratefully grasped.

(Continued on page 58)



Joe Cook in "Rain or Shine"

A CIRCUS goes broke in a small town, Higginstown to be exact, and everybody would be in a pretty bad way if the circus manager was anyone less resourceful than "Smiley" Johnson (Mr. Cook). But Joe Cook is practically a whole circus in himself, and unlike the majority of circuses he's always funny. He walks the slack rope, juggles, dances,

and, to cap the climax, exhibits a personally invented mechanical contrivance of great complexity for playing the triangle that must be seen to be appreciated. Of course he saves the situation, but it's only fair to say he has some able assistance from Tom Howard, Nancy Welford, and others, a high-stepping chorus and a tuneful score.—E.R.B.

VANDAMM



The action of "The Ivory Door" is laid in a king's castle, "once upon a time," and is a tale of a prince, whose passion for finding things out made him defy the traditions and superstitions of his people, and of the lovely princess who had the courage to follow him into freedom and exile. The story is told in A. A. Milne's usual style of mild satire and gentle humor, and charmingly acted by the group on the left; Henry Hull as the Prince Perivale, Linda Watkins as the Princess Lilia, and Ernest Lawford as the sympathetic but worldly chancellor

Captions by
Esther R. Bien

Ed Wynn is one of those satisfactory comedians, who, year by year, look just as you remember them, never seem to make any violent effort to entertain, and yet, if you like their special brand of humor, can keep you in mild convulsions of laughter for an entire evening. Mr. Wynn's present vehicle is called "Manhattan Mary," and is an all-round handsome production, with Ona Munson as Mary



John C. Brandon and George Pickett worked together to make "The Silent House" as mysterious and melodramatic as they knew how. Helen Chandler (above) plays the heroine, held captive by the sinister Dr. Chan-Fu (Howard Lang), and made to do his wicked bidding under the spell of hypnotism. Of course, a handsome hero wins and rescues her, but the real bulwark of the defense is Clarke Silvernail, the ever-resourceful Japanese retainer, seen above with his little knife all ready for action. First rate entertainment if you're not too fussy about logic, and like thunder and thrills



The play called "Rope" by David Wallace and T. S. Stribling gives a stirring picture of what can happen to a backwoods southern town under the combined emotional stress of a revival meeting and too much moonshine. The group above includes Mary Carroll, Ben Smith with the gun, and Crane Wilbur, trying to pour oil on the waters—all assets to the piece. There is excellent character work done in small rôles and an unusually effective handling of crowds at dramatic moments



PHOTOS BY VANDAMM

If you had a dozen chances you probably wouldn't guess that the couple in the rickety looking car above were the time-honored hero and heroine of Mr. Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew." But that's who they are, and played with fine spirit and understanding by Basil Sidney and Mary Ellis in the modern-dress version of this classic which has flourished these several months before delighted audiences, proving what a timeless appeal there is in this rollicking farce even when deprived of its traditional gaudy trappings



When a play is still going strong after a five months' Broadway run, it usually has some merits to recommend it. In the case of "The Five O'Clock Girl" the chief attraction is the outstanding team work of Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw (stepping off to the left). Then there is Pert Kelton and Louis John Bartels, some very pleasing songs by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, and plenty of comedy to season the sentimental plot



Vaudeville Ain't Refined

By Paul Schubert

Illustrated by Delevante

"STELLA," I says across the board at which my beautiful spouse is spoiling a sirloin cooked by me to a juicy turn for her supper, "let's go out to-night."

The scene is the dining-bed-living room of our Seventy-second Street, New York, "apartment," and she has just got home from rehearsing in what will be Izzy Schwartz's *Frivolities* when it gets past this summer stage and opens in Izzy's own theatre in September. Stella, I might add, is a show-girl who, though she is legally Mrs. Henry V. Perish, wife of a not unsuccessful press agent, myself, clings to her stage appellation of Stella Splendid and likewise to her hoofing job. She says she can't get away from the lure of the foot-nights.

"Go out!" she echoes in answer to my proposal. "Listen, that's out before it starts. It would mean I'd have to stand up on my feet again, and my dogs are simply devastating. Izzy's new routines are positively killing me."

"Aw, come on," I urge. "It'll do you good. We'll go down in a taxi."

She raises her eyebrows. "That's the only way I ever go anywhere," she confides icily. "Do you regard it as a kindness," she goes on, "to propose taking me some place to dance?"

"What put that idea in your head?" is my surprised retort.

"Isn't that what you meant?" she queries. "I can't think of anything else these days."

"You got me all wrong," I inform her. "I was going to take you down to the Palace."

"Oh! Vaudeville!" she says in a tone of great contempt, and delicately holds her beezee.

"Yeah. What's the matter with it?" I come back defensively.

"Oh, I guess it's all right in its way," she disparages. "But it's hardly the kind of entertainment a legitimate principal in a legitimate review cares to patronize."

That makes me snicker. "Who's a principal?" is my polite inquiry. "You ain't and I know I ain't."

"Don't say 'ain't," she snaps. "It's vulgar."

"All right. All right," I pacify. "But who's a principal? Have they got a new stage manager or who else have you deceived?"

She looks at me with frost all over her mascara. "I expect to be a principal tomorrow," she announces.

"How come?" I inquire with excusable curiosity.

"That ham May Moon dropped out of sight to-day," she says. "I guess she got canned. They had her billed as third lead and you know for yourself that she isn't one, two, three with me. As soon as I heard she was gone I braced Izzy for the part and he said he'd tell me in the morning. I'm sure to get it."

"May wasn't canned," I inform her. "She's who I was gonna take you to see. She's broke into vaudeville and was around at the office to-day handing out paper. She give me a pass for two, and I thought you might like to look her over."

"Broke into vaudeville!" snorts Stella. "That tramp? Well, I'll be Trixie Friganza. I'll bet she's terrible."



A Proud Lady of the Chorus Takes a Whirl at the Two-a-Day with Unexpected Results

"If you heard that she must of told you herself," pipes the wife scornfully. "Listen, everybody around that theatre has been assuring me how much better they knew I could do it. The part was made for me. It used to give me the Peruvian crawl-crawls to see her mangle it. Anyway, no dame with a shape like that has any business on Broadway. She done right to leave the stage."

"What do you call vaudeville?" I interrogate.

"What do you call the movies?" she comes back disdainfully. She turns on me with some heat. "What's the matter with you, anyway?" she criticizes. "What's your interest in that big double portion of Kraft?"

"Not a thing. Not a thing," I soothe hastily. "I was on'y trying to get the inside on the question." And for the moment the argument is ended as our taxi swings madly around seven other panting vehicles in the New York manner and brings up at the brilliantly lit Palace entrance in a volley of oaths.

We are pushing across the sidewalk towards the *Temperature Inside 70 Degrees* sign when something catches Stella's eye.

"Oh, my God," she burst out. "Focus on the big frame filled with nothing but pictures of May! *The Famous Frivolities Girl.* Are you dying!"

"It's nothing," I tell her. "All the acts have them."

"Nothing!" she yelps. "With that face? I wonder what it cost her to have it put out here."

"Aw, give her credit," is my peaceful suggestion. "She's not so bad looking, and though of course it don't compare with yours, her shape gets by."

"Hmf," she sniffs. "Some photographer has performed wonders for her, that's all. You should see her in the dressing-room."

THE act is spotted third and we are just in time to see it. I will admit, in justice to Stella's loud denunciations, that it will never be responsible for May getting any downtown shower-bath of ticker tape. It is a single in one, the regular line of stuff,—a little stepping, a little singing, a few gags and for a novelty a couple of jazzy numbers on a harmonica that she seems to have mastered acceptably. The summer audience is easy to entertain and she goes over for a good hand, one encore and two bows.

I have forgotten all about it and am deep in the soft-shoe work of Casey and Katz, who follow, when I hear a moan beside me. "Terrible. Terrible," says Stella.

"What do you want?" I ask her. "The guys are dancing on everything but their faces, and maybe they'll do that before they're through."

"Oh, not them, I don't mean," she says. "May. She was unspeakable. Let's go around and see her."

"Ssh," I murmur. "Sit still, can't you, and take your night out in peace."

For an answer she gets up and starts walking across people's bunions to the aisle, so there is nothing left for me to do but follow. She makes straight for the lobby, where she spots one of the staff that we know and trips up to him with sparkling eyes and her brightest smile.

"HELIO, Charlie," she carols musically. "Listen, Charlie, will your local guardian let me go backstage? There's a dear girl friend of mine just finished her act. May Moon, and I want to give the poor thing a little encouragement. She prob'ly needs it."

"Sure, sure," he says, catching my wink. "I'll take you through myself."

"Well, Henry," he whispers as we go down through the darkened house, "how goes it? Still as strong for the home life as ever?"

"Yes," I admit to him, "stronger, in spite of everything. Punishment and me seem to agree wonderful. Honest, I wouldn't give up that little apartment of ours for the world. Me and Stella are settled there for life."

"How does she feel about it?" he asks.

"The same," says I. "They tried to get her to go on the road last spring, but she says to them, 'My elbow,' she says. 'I wouldn't leave New York for nothing. I'm too comfortable where I'm at.'"

"Well, you're lucky," is his verdict. "I'm sick of hotels, myself."

"I never want to go inside one again," I tell him.

May is in her dressing room with the door open and Stella breezes right in. "Hello, honey," she pipes sweetly. "Oh, I like your costume, dear."

They kiss.

"So glad to see you, honey," warbles May. "Your hat's darling."

"Oh, do you like it, dear?" says Stella.

"Um, humm."

"And how do you like vaudeville?"

"Oh, it's marvelous! Simply marvelous! I went over big, didn't I! I could slay that robber of a stage manager for not letting me take that second encore the audience was clamoring for. I just seem to have something that people go crazy about, don't you think so, dear? I ought to be spotted fourth, at least, if not better. Oh, well, that will come."

"Don't go too much by these hands, honey," says Stella. "No doubt the house is plastered with your friends and the rest of them are only buyers and tourists. But your act was very nice. I like it a lot, really I do, darling. Well, who would have thought you would leave the old company for this?"

"Oh, I was tired of that vulgar chorus work and small-part stuff," is May's answer. "Why don't you get out of it, dear? A girl has no chance in those reviews. You just get burned out rehearsing, if you don't break your hips doing some director's new idea of a *Charleston* or *Black Bottom*."

"Well, of course, honey," is Stella's

"Prob'ly," I agree. "I guess she ain't worth going down to see, especially with your feet the way they are."

"Listen," says my changeable partner, "try and keep me away from a laugh like that. Call the taxi. I expect to have hysterics."

You should know that May has always been my wife's favorite rival. For three years they have tripped the Broadway boards together, the honors being so far nip and tuck,—if Stella gets a walk-on in one show, Moon achieves three lines in the next. Neither of them has ever managed to be a real principal with her name on the program until this summer when May lands the coveted spot and Stella almost has paralysis with envy. Now it is easy for my practiced eye to discern that my little playmate considers herself the glorious victor and is correspondingly elated.

"I guess May must have known she'd see the handwriting on the bulletin board before she'd ever have a chance to peruse it on the pay check," she gloats as we jounce toward the white lights. "I must confess that for once she's showing sense. Even she must have recognized that she couldn't carry that part."

"Why, from what I heard I thought she was doing pretty good," says I.



"Izzy," is my reply, "reason and Stella are perfect strangers"

comeback. "If you are really a dancer and not carrying around any extra beef it makes a difference. I just feel pleasantly exhilarated after a day on the boards."

"I know, darling," agrees May. "It was always the same with me. But this is so much better. Look, my own dressing room. Two twelve-minute numbers and all through. I wouldn't go back to the other for nothing."

"You'd prob'ly get a surprise if you tried," is my little partner's sweet reply. "Well, good night, dear. I'm so glad you're making out so good. I was afraid you'd have to go on in black-face."

THE next day is a terror, one of them August delights that descends on a long-suffering New York and brings out the headlines: *City Swelters As Mercury Mounts; Crowds Throng Parks and Beaches*. I manage to stagger through it with the aid of two of the office fans, but all day long I think of Stella and the rest of the cuties lined up in front of some old tin piano with a guy driving them that makes an Army top-sergeant look positively gentle, and I wonder has the kid landed the much-desired situation.

I should explain that though I too am connected with the Izzy Schwartz organization, with offices in Izzy's theatre, the *Frivolities* is rehearsing over on Sixth Avenue in what used to be a dark-skinned church,—our ever practical impresario rented it for a song when the congregation moved uptown to the Black Belt. Consequently I see nothing of Stella and am unable to learn her luck until about three o'clock when I ease out and go over there.

I arrivè in a rest period, to find the girls stretched out all over the place where they have dropped to get off their feet. Stella is easy to spot because of the loud purple bathing suit she affects, it being the one she won in the Atlantic City Bathing Beauty Contest last fall, and I amble over and stand gazing down on her sprawling perfection.

"It's warm, ain't it?" I offer sympathetically.

For an answer I get a breath of silence that cools me off. She won't even open her eyes.

"I thought you wasn't going to be stepping to-day," I go on, trying to be diplomatic.

"That's the trouble with you," she says suddenly. "You think too much."

"Now wait a minute. Wait a minute, baby," I protest. "There's no use your taking it out on me if you ain't had the

breaks. What's the matter? Didn't you land it?"

"You ask me questions like that and expect me to be reasonable," she storms. "Do I look like I landed it?"

"You look like an attack of indigestion," is my confession. "What happened?"

"The show's wrecked," she says. "We won't run a week. Do you know what they done? They cut the part altogether! My part! Why, what I could of done with it would of been the making of the piece. Everybody knows it. And yet that imbecile cuts it. Between that and this day's labor I have nearly lost my reasoning."

"Tst, tst, tst," I sympathize. "That's tough. Well, kid, it's a long time to production. Something may turn up. You know the way things go."

"I know at this rate that I'll prob'ly be hostess at a swell funeral long before production," she snaps. "This Jones thing they call a director must think he's working with a bunch of automats. I never seen anybody with less regard for a human life. I'm disgusted, exhausted and collapsed."

At that moment Jonesey comes back in and hollers "That's all for to-day. Everybody here to-morrow morning at ten o'clock," and the twenty-five female figures that has been too weary to wiggle another toe, jump to their feet and make for their clothes. I retire to call a taxi and take my fatigued partner home. There, I know, in the little place that she has fixed up, she will feel better.

While we travel, and after, when I am performing my daily dozen on the steak and onions, Stella is as silent as Washington Arch. I, I should tell you, am our cook. My desire to be well fed led me to vote myself the office about sixteen days after we set up housekeeping, when I stepped into the kitchen just in time to see my bride about to boil a porterhouse. The kid, you understand, is willing enough, but only about as useful in front of a stove as a walrus on roller skates.

To-night I endeavor to excel myself in the preparation of nourishment, knowing the softening influence of succulence, while Stella, having reduced her costume to the minimum, sits and looks moodily out of the front window. There she remains until I

have everything ready, when she camps across the table from me and I become conscious that her face has lost its excessive length and she is deep in one of her imaginative wanderings.

When Stella does that, look out. What her next move will be, no one can say. She seems to hypnotize herself with sweet dreams of a rosy future that will come to her by taking this, that or the other step, and when she emerges from the trance she goes straight towards her objective.

This time I don't have to wait long to find out what it is. She has not made three cuts across her sirloin before the telephone rings, which she answers.

"Hel-lo," she overtures in her most dulcet English. "Yes, this is Miss Splendid. . . . Oh, good evening, Mr. Schwartz. . . . Oh, is that so? . . . Well, I'm sure putting the part back in will help the piece wonderfully. . . . Yes, it is a very good bit. . . . I like it a lot. . . . Well, no, I'm sorry, Mr. Schwartz. I'd like to help you out, but I really won't be able to take it. . . . Why, you see, I'm planning on entering vaudeville. . . . Yes,

it's kind of unexpected, but I feel it in justice to myself. . . . Well, it was terrible considerate of you to call me, Mr. Schwartz. Thanks a lot. . . . Good night."

With a slow absent smile she turns from the instrument and languidly resumes her place.

"Stella," I bleat, "what did you just do?"

"It was only Izzy," she answers lightly. "He said he was putting the part back in and wanted to know if I'd play it for him. Too bad for him, ain't it, that I have other plans."

I sit there reeling. "Kid," I beg anxiously, "tell me, are you feeling all right? You ain't had a stroke or anything? Is your head hot?"

"Oh, I feel fine," she reassures me.

"But did I hear you say something about vaudeville?"

"Yes," she confides pleasantly. "I have decided to turn my art to that field."

"Your art!" I snort. "What can you do that will get by? To please a vaudeville audience you will have to be a little of everything. Can you juggle, or throw boomerangs? Are you a ventriloquist? A mind reader? Have you got some concealed ability on the jews-harp, trombone or flute? Stella, is there anything in your past that you ain't told me? You don't come from circus people, do you?"

"OH, SHUT up," she snaps. "All you need to know is this. I'm going into vaudeville and it's up to you to get me there. I guess if that Moon can land I ought to go over like Lindy went over the drink. I got the figure and the looks."

"But vaudeville, kid?" I protest. "You know what you was saying you thought of it."

"I have changed my mind," she announces.

"No foolin'," I go on, arguing desperately. "Have you any idea what an act costs? You gotta have an act, and those things run into big money. Listen, our cash reserve is mostly on paper. I. O. U.'s."

"Well," she says unreasonably, "what's the matter with you writing me one? Ain't you supposed to be some kind of a writer? From the amount of wise-cracks you try to sling you ought to be able to do it easy."

Ow! The shock is terrible. "Our little home, Stella," I murmur in a last feeble attempt, "that we have been so happy in.

Are you willing to abandon our little home and leave me here unconsolate? You'll have to go on the road, you know. You'll be living in tank hotels, eating at railroad lunch counters. . . ."

"Whatever I'll be doing, you'll be doing too," she breaks in firmly. "This is what happens. You write the act and get me booked. I do the acting. And you accompany me wherever I go. You can be my combined manager, representative and publicity man."

I rise and hastily make for the door. At times like these I must get away by myself to puzzle things out. It looks like my little world, as they say, is tumbling about my ears, and all I know is, something must be done.

"I ain't foolin' about this," she calls after me. "I am tired of being a vulgar chorus girl. Third leads mean nothing to me. You get that act out as fast as you can. From now on I want a spot of my own. . . ." And she is still talking as the door closes behind me and mercifully drowns her out.

Well, what'll I do?

Our janitor has been married three times and knows a thing or two. His motto is "Never give a female an even break," and it is with him that I am standing on the sidewalk and engaging in mutual condolences about fifteen minutes later, when a taxi drives up in which I descry the corpulent form of Izzy Schwartz himself.

IZZY, I want to tell you, is a great guy. I have been with him for eight years, and I never seen a squarer shooter. Born a Moscow pauper, he now weighs 215, dresses only in the most expensive clothes and haberdashery purchasable, owns, or owns a cut in, some thirty New York theaters and may be truly said to have prospered. None of that, however, has affected his disposition, and he's as easy to get along with as a trained seal. I might add that the *Frivolities* are at once his recreation and his biggest kick in life.

"What's the matter with Stella?" he calls across to me. "I was driving uptown and I thought I'd stop and find out."

"I made an awful mistake," I tell him, crossing over. "I took her to the Palace."

"Well," he says, "what of it? I been to the Palace myself and it ain't affected my reason."

"I know," says I, "but she seen May Moon there, with fatal results."

"*Oi gewalt!*" is his comprehending utterance as he remembers their rivalry. "Is that what it is!"

"And that's only the beginning of it," I go on. "She is not only now proposing a vaudeville tour of America, but she expects me to write the act and to accompany her! According to her my connection with Izzy Schwartz, Inc., is virtually severed!"

"Get in here," he commands, "and let's talk. I wasn't anxious to lose her, but *you?* Impossible."

"Thanks. Izzy, thanks," I tell him, climbing in. "I was hoping you'd feel that way about it because I'm gonna need your help."

"Now listen," he says as the cab moves toward the park. "For three years Stella has been after me to make her a principal. For three years I been watching her. As a chorus girl, where she don't have to think, she's fine. And now that she's at last experienced enough to take

a small part, she gets this vaudeville bug! What, will you tell me, can she get out of vaudeville?"

"Izzy," is my reply, "reason and Stella are perfect strangers. To go and argue with her would be like trying to convince a motorcop by talking on your fingers. There is on'y one hope, and that is to pull something I have in mind but that you will have to help me put over."

"I'm listening," he says.

"What I'm up against," I tell him, "is first, when I am writing her act, to create one that I know will be a flop; second, to convince her that it's a world beater; and last, when it fails to go over, to make her believe that she is wasted on audiences who don't appreciate her talents and that her best move is to go back to Broadway."

"**W**ELL," says Izzy, "that sounds reasonable. You ought to be able to do that."

"It's a little touchy," is my admission, "for the reason that after all Stella is not completely unintelligent, and that's where you come in. Izzy, as soon as I have this thing ready will you phone her that you have read it and that you think it is a sure-fire hit, and tell her that you can understand now why she is leaving you?"

"I'll do that," he consents. "Anything else?"

"Well, it would be a great help," I confess, "if you could come around the night of the try-out and be there to offer her her old part at the crucial moment when she has failed to please."

"For you I'll do that too," he says.

"Oh, boy," I sigh with relief. "I feel better. For awhile I was afraid Times Square was going to be a mere memory."

Accordingly, when I get back to the apartment I enter whistling.

"What's the matter with you?" says Stella suspiciously. "When you went out of here you looked like a cast-off oyster. Why the present merriment?"

"Kid," I tell her, "our fortune is practically as good as garnered. I have just thought of a wonderful idea for our act."

"My act," she corrects.

"Excuse me," I bow.

"Your act."

"Well," she says after a moment in which I show no signs of divulgence. "What is it? Don't be so mysterious."

"I'm thinking of a number on a tight-rope," I tell her seriously.

"What!" she shrills. "You know I can't do no tight-rope."

"You could learn," I tell her.

"Listen," she responds dangerously. "Change bootleggers. This one is getting the better of you."

"No, honest, baby," I snicker. "I was only kidding. The act I was thinking of is one of these fancy bell-ringing affairs. You know, you come out with the big shiny rack full of nickel-plated tubing and play 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' with a sledge hammer." And I guffaw.

"Are you going to tell me," she storms, "what is the act you have in mind, or am I going to have to lose my temper?"

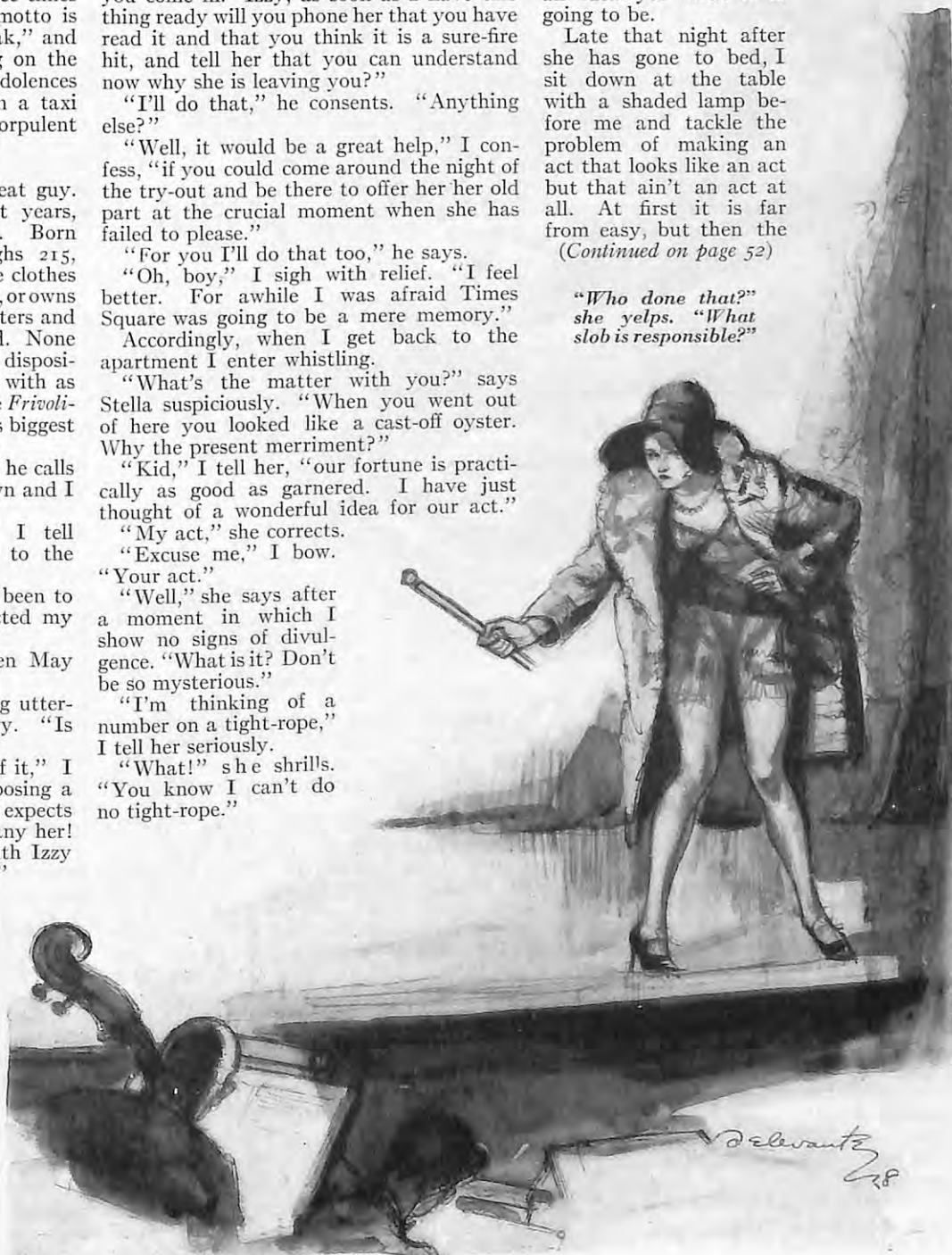
"Stella, I can't," is my pretended confession. "I was just talking to Izzy about it and he, who thinks it is a knockout, made me promise not to whisper a word of it until I had it all written down and he had seen it. All I can say is, it is sure to pluck them right out of their seats, and furthermore, it is absolutely original."

She is bursting with curiosity and it almost slays her not to be able to find out, but more than that she is unable to drag from me, for the simple reason, of course, that I haven't an idea yet what it is going to be.

Late that night after she has gone to bed, I sit down at the table with a shaded lamp before me and tackle the problem of making an act that looks like an act but that ain't an act at all. At first it is far from easy, but then the

(Continued on page 52)

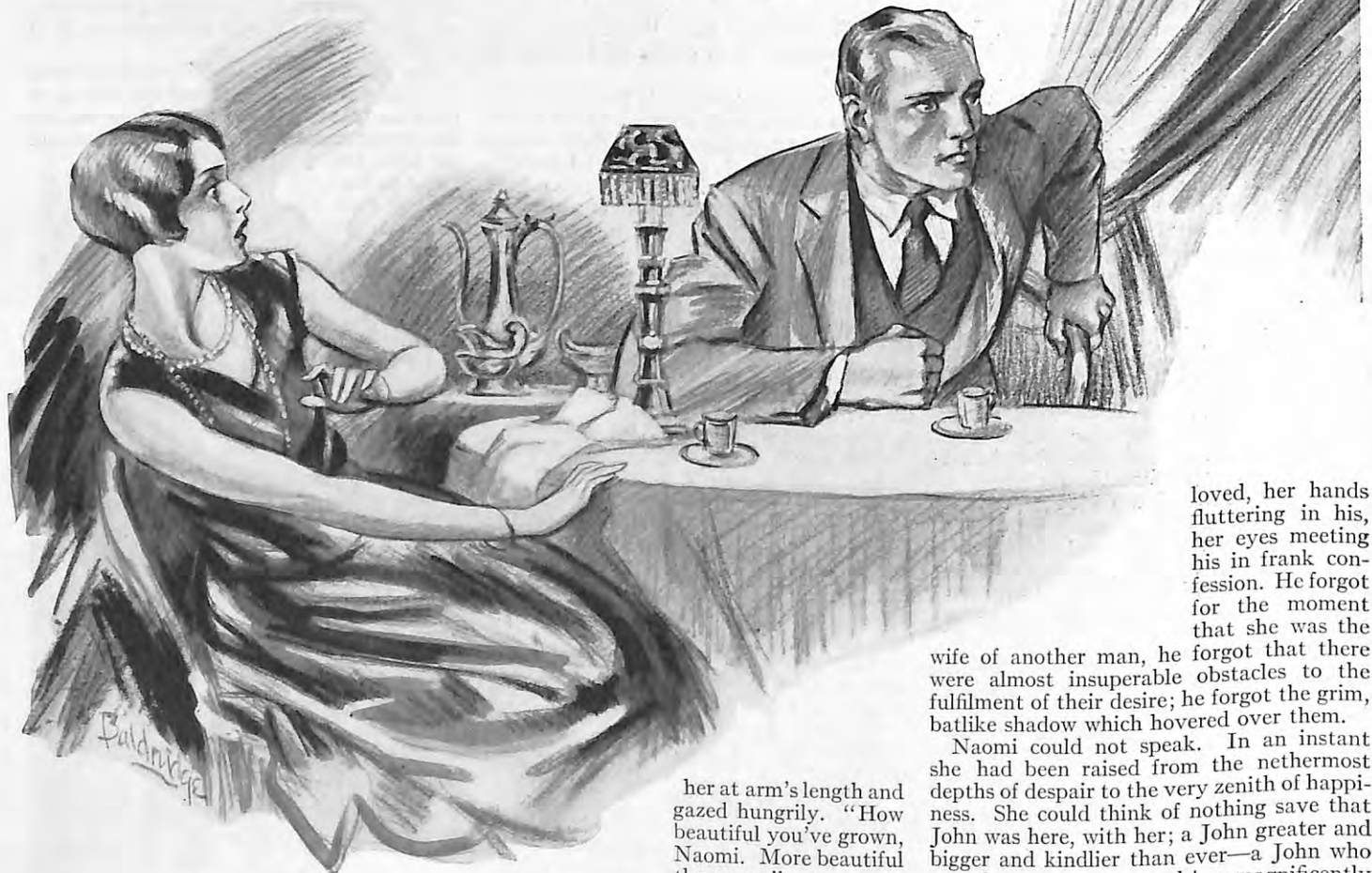
"Who done that?" she yelps. "What slob is responsible?"



The Light Shines Through

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by Cyrus LeRoy Baldrige



Part IV

HILDA stepped back—unnoticed and forgotten. She peered through the interlacing shadows at the figure of her sister and that of the big man who called himself Keyes.

They stood very close together, Naomi's tiny hands imprisoned in John's big ones; their eyes meeting and holding.

For a long time they stood motionless. Naomi was trembling and then she began to laugh—a low, vibrant laugh of sheer happiness; a laugh which was very close to tears.

"Oh! John . . ." she said again—"you've come back."

"To you," he finished softly.

She clung to him and asked questions: half-formed, hysterical questions—

"I thought that you—"

"—were dead?"

"Yes, John."

"I'm here, Naomi. More alive than ever. Are you glad?"

"Glad! You can't understand . . . Why didn't you let us know?"

"I'll explain some day, dear." He held

her at arm's length and gazed hungrily. "How beautiful you've grown, Naomi. More beautiful than ever."

"Hush, John. You mustn't . . ."

"To-night I dare anything. I've dreamed of meeting you again . . . the idea has been with me day and night. And now it has come true. If I could make you understand what it means—"

"I do understand, John. Truly, I do. I understand that we've found each other . . ."

John Avery was happy. Even he could not fail to read the message which blazed from Naomi's eyes. It was a moment of self-revelation and promised surrender. And in that magic moment doubt and care and fear were forgotten. Don Logan was cast from their minds. All they knew was that a great, benign miracle had occurred and they had each other once again. John leaned down very close to her—

"Naomi," he pleaded, "do your eyes tell the truth . . . or is it merely that you are happy I am alive?"

She did not equivocate. "My eyes tell the truth, John."

In that moment he realized that life held nothing more for him—nothing save the glorious fulfilment of her promise. Here before him was the woman he had always

loved, her hands fluttering in his, her eyes meeting his in frank confession. He forgot for the moment that she was the

wife of another man, he forgot that there were almost insuperable obstacles to the fulfilment of their desire; he forgot the grim, batlike shadow which hovered over them.

Naomi could not speak. In an instant she had been raised from the nethermost depths of despair to the very zenith of happiness. She could think of nothing save that John was here, with her; a John greater and bigger and kindlier than ever—a John who was the same man, yet oh! so magnificently different. Before, she had admired him. And recently, believing him dead, she had faced the realization that it was he whom she loved.

He had come back to her. She did not question how. It was enough that he was here. She held tight to his hands—deriving comfort from the physical contact.

How long they would have stood there immersed in one another, forgetful of time, place and Hilda—they will never know. For it was the amazed and bewildered Hilda who spoke.

"Naomi . . . You don't mean this is—"

"John Avery, dear."

"Good God . . ."

Avery turned to the girl. "I knew you all the time, Hilda. I wanted to know you. That is why I went to Mrs. Hildebrand's."

Naomi's voice broke in. "Does Don know you are alive?"

He nodded. "Yes, dear. I sought him the day I arrived in Los Angeles."

Red suffused her cheeks. She trembled with anger. "And, knowing it was you who was boarding at Hilda's house, he deliberately lied to her."

"What is that? I don't understand."



"Don went and told her from . . . " to Hilda yesterday and she checked herself. "Perhaps I'd better not—"

"From Wintersburg?" he finished quietly, and at their frightened exchange of glances, he hastened to explain. "Don told me the story. He used it as a club over me. He threatened that if I let Naomi know I was alive, he would bring up the old ghost. So of course my hands were tied—for a while at any rate. But I couldn't let myself be entirely idle. That is why I located Hilda, here, and went to live in the same house. I suppose I was rather crude . . . and that is why you believed his story about my being a detective."

It was Hilda, never free from the old terror, who questioned him.

"Why didn't Don want Naomi to know that you had returned?"

"**MONEY.** But we'll discuss that later. "No," interrupted Naomi—"we'll discuss it right now. I'm so happy, John, that nothing can hurt me. I've begun to understand so many things that I want to understand them all." She turned to her sister. "The money Don has—the money I have—all came from John. It was left me under his will. Don has most of it, but I know it belongs to John. And my worthy husband knew that if I realized John were alive I would insist on having his fortune returned to him immediately."

"And as a threat—?" asked Hilda.

"—he used the Wintersburg affair. Isn't that true, John?"

"Yes."

She was trembling. "God! What a conscienceless worm he is! And once I thought I loved him."

"You thought?" his hand covered hers again.

"Yes—I thought. His sleek, suave manners; his cultivated chivalry. Let's not beat about the bush, John. I hate Don Logan. No—I don't hate him; I despise him. I have a contempt for him. He is what you once wrote—mean and petty and contemptible. But once . . . I was infatuated. I was blind . . . I've paid for it, John . . ."

"And now?"

Her hand tightened in his. "Need I tell you?"

"Yes."

The faintest little hint of her old roguishness returned. Her eyes swept him with a low-lidded glance freighted with promise. "If you can't guess, John, you are very, very dense."

"Naomi!" His arms went out toward her. But she pulled away, her cheeks white.

"No . . . Not yet, John. Don't forget . . ."

They fell silent. And now their thoughts were centered bitterly on Don Logan. He was an evil shadow which hovered over them; sinister and menacing. He, a man whom John could have broken with one powerful arm, was the person who frightened them all—who had terrified Hilda and who stood between these two young persons and the fulfilment of their dreams.

It was difficult for John to look at Naomi, so close—so yielding—and to remember that she was Mrs. Logan. The prefix struck him as crude and harsh. She was so utterly

"I warned you what was going to happen," he said harshly, "if you let Naomi know you were here." The big man inclined his head. "Yes—you did." "Well, I wasn't lying. I'm going to crack down—now." The men's eyes clashed

herself, so much the same old Naomi . . . fresh and unspoiled and touched with a new sweetness, that he had to lash himself into mindfulness that she was the wife of another man. He heard her voice—

"Of course, Don was right in one thing."

"Yes?"

"I shall see that your money is immediately returned to you—such of it as Don hasn't squandered."

He pleaded with her. "Don't be abrupt, Naomi. Why do you fancy I have contented myself with being in the same city with you and never seeing you? It is because Don holds the whip hand."

"**T**HE money is yours," she insisted. "It was bad enough for me to know he had it—when I thought you were—were never coming back. But now that you are here the thought of him—with that fortune—is intolerable."

"Not so intolerable that it cannot be borne for a while longer, dear."

"But it isn't just a while."

"Yes, it is. And besides, you mustn't forget the effect on Hilda—and therefore on you."

"Don wouldn't!"

"Yes, he would. He hasn't much heart, Naomi. Even if his bubble burst, he is the type of man who would take the hollow satisfaction of knowing that he had shifted his misery, in part at least, to the shoulders of others. He is mean and vengeful."

"But John! Surely, you're not going to permit him to keep what is rightfully yours?"

"No. I'm playing now for a greater stake than I realized. It isn't the money; that's trivial. I want to see the burden lifted from your shoulders—and Hilda's. And I want the way paved . . . I want you, dear."

"But what can you do?" she cried. "What can possibly be done?"

"I have a plan . . . I'll discuss it with you some time." He glanced speculatively at Hilda and decided that she had better not know the truth. It would frighten her unnecessarily to know that efforts were being made to *noie prosse* the Wintersburg case. He decided to say nothing—to her.

"Suppose Don learns that we have met?"

"He won't. And if that accident should happen, remember that he is not a fool. He won't start anything until he is forced to. Not until you take steps to have my money returned to me. That is all he wants. And if we are willing to let him have it . . ."

"I am not!"

"Nor I. But we can afford to take our time. Don holds all of the trumps, dear—but it is our first play. He must wait until we do. He knows that if he discloses the Hilda affair, it will mark the passing of his last chance. Don't you see that?"

"It isn't right, John."

"Of course it's not. But I want you to have confidence in me. I want you to know that I am not idle—and that I shall protect you and Hilda. Haste can do us irreparable injury—and achieve nothing. Won't you let me handle things, dear? For our sakes?"

Naomi looked at Hilda. The bewildered girl touched Naomi's shoulder.

"Don't worry about me," she said softly. "Do as you think best."

There was love and self-sacrifice in Hilda's eyes—but Naomi saw also the look of stark terror, and it was that which decided her.

"For a while, John—I'll wait. But not very long. Things are so grotesque—"

He placed his hands on her soft, quivering shoulders.

"I love you, Naomi," he said softly. "And I feel I can work things out. Don merely wants money. I feel that there must be some way to silence him. Won't you promise to believe in me—absolutely?"

She hesitated for a moment—then smiled into his eyes.

"Yes, John," she agreed. "You—you can make me do anything."

CHAPTER XIX

HILDA lay awake that night, staring dry-eyed into the darkness. There were so many things to think about, and so little peace for her tortured mind.

And yet she experienced a feeling of safety which had not been hers for many years. Before her eyes, on the previous night, a miracle had occurred. She exulted in Naomi's chance for the happiness which had been denied her. Yet, with the passing of Hilda's great terror, a new and more poignant sorrow came to her. It appeared now as though—not content with making a wreck of her own life—it was she who stood between Naomi and John.

There were two others in Los Angeles who did not sleep. Naomi sat at the window of her little pink and white bedroom staring down the deserted street toward the park where hope had returned to her. It was as though the big figure of John yet bulked under the trees.

Even now Naomi did not grasp the potentialities of the situation. She only knew that something impossibly wonderful had happened. It was enough that John was alive. She could not dwell long upon anything else. She found herself wondering what had happened—where he had been—and why they had not heard from him, and she remembered with something of a shock that she had asked only a few incoherent questions. Merely accepted his presence with a song in her heart.

Nor did thought of the future tincture Avery's contentment that night. In the moment of self-revelation attendant upon his appearance, Naomi had betrayed herself. He knew now that she loved him. It remained only to . . . but he cast that thought from his mind. He refused to worry over the very real problem which confronted him. Time enough for that later . . . to-night was the hour for gossamer dreams . . .

They met by appointment the next morning in Culver City. Naomi drove out in her little car. John went on the Pacific Electric. He was radiant as he climbed in beside her, and her smile flashed him the message for which he hungered.

The day was warm and she wore a pert little sport suit of white, trimmed with the corn color which so perfectly set off the delicate piquant beauty of her face. The material clung tightly to her figure, provocatively revealing. The windshield was partly up and the breeze had disturbed her unruly bobbed hair. Her cheeks were high with color, and John thought that he had

never seen her so maddeningly desirable.

It was amazing how little change time and trouble had wrought in the girl. Her eyes were deeper, perhaps, and her manner more subdued—but tragedy had not broken her spirit or curbed her vivacity. Somehow, it was difficult for him to believe that she actually had been Logan's wife. Except as a menace, the man seemed to have become impersonal—a mere unpleasant figure in the background.

They drove out toward Venice, and first

CAPTAIN Achmed Abdullah, whose stories of the far East were so popular in our earlier issues, has written for us a fascinating tale of a fighting man of his own country, Afghanistan. Watch for "The Strong Man," which will appear in an early issue. We know you will like it.

of all she made him tell her of himself and of the experiences through which he had passed. He did it briefly and graphically, and she thrilled to his recital . . . Ezekiel Brewster had not understood his failure to cable, but Naomi did. It was because he had lost her that he was indifferent to time and the rest of the world. And now—

"I've been doing a lot of thinking, John."

"So have I. And something more." He sketched briefly to her the plan for Hilda's salvation which Brewster had concocted. "I didn't mention it before her, Naomi, because it might terrify her—the very idea that any aggressive move was being made which might raise old specters. Last night I sent a wire to Brewster. I merely wired 'What results?' His answer arrived a few minutes ago. It said: 'Great. Be patient. Here—'" He handed her the telegram.

"You think he really means it, John?"

"Absolutely."

"And you feel he will succeed?"

"Brewster can accomplish anything. Of course a wire-pulling proposition of this sort must be done slowly and discreetly. And because it will take an indefinite time, I feel that it is better to say nothing to Hilda."



"You're right. She would only worry. She does that rather easily . . . She was terrified of you. Logan convinced her that you were a detective who had come here from Wintersburg. That is why I sought you out—"

"To fight her battles, eh? Same old Naomi!" He feasted his eyes upon her. "You're beautiful, dear."

She flushed. "I'm glad you think so, John."

"Did you—" He choked over the words, then continued with an effort: "did you mean to tell me what you did—last night? Are you sorry . . . ?"

She did not evade. "If it is ever possible, John—I will marry you."

His huge hand covered one of hers as it rested on the wheel and for a long time neither spoke. It was she who broke the silence.

"I haven't much more to ask of life, dear," she said. "You were dead—and now you are here. But if we wish to face facts, let's understand that it isn't going to be easy for me to become free from Don."

He nodded. "I realize that. I thought if we discussed the thing—"

"Let's do, John. I know the man. He is shrewd and unscrupulous. He has an amazing keenness, of a sort. I am afraid of what he will do."

"He won't do anything. That is, not until he has to. He threatens lavishly—but it would be suicidal for him to expose Hilda. The minute he did, his club would be gone. Then his money would be taken from him, and he would have gained nothing but a rather bitter revenge."

"Perhaps so. But I do know this: even though he had already lost the money, he would tell. He would take a sardonic satisfaction in making others suffer. He is cruel, John—not in a manly way. But—"

"Suppose we compromise with him?"

SHE shook her head. "That is impossible. It would be like buying him off. Things are bad enough as they are. I took nearly a million dollars of your money, and then married a man you warned me against. I had a brief and miserable married life . . . but meanwhile permitted him to gain control of most of your fortune. Don't you see that I could never rest easy while he kept that money? It simply isn't possible."

"But if I am willing?"

"The thing is absurd—as you'll see if you stop to think. You are alive—not dead. Inevitably people who used to know you will meet you. There will be questions asked. No, John—that will never do. And I don't think either of us could accept our happiness at that price. I couldn't—"

"I'm afraid I couldn't either," he said honestly. "It would be rather queer—buying a woman from her husband. Paying him for his silence." He shook his head and sighed. "I'm afraid we've got to fight it out with him. But that doesn't mean that we must rush into the thing. As a matter of fact we're on thin ice now."

"I know what you mean. That he will learn we have met."

"Exactly. He told me that if I met you—even by accident—he would crack down on Hilda."

"Would he?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because he would lose everything and gain nothing."

She was staring down the ribbon of road which unwound beneath the wheels of her car. "And yet," she speculated—"he must consider that he might."

(Continued on page 42)

Sunny Side Up

By Arthur H. Folwell



Of Interest to Mr. Tunney

ONE of these days—after three or four more farewell fights with Dempsey—the search for somebody to battle with Tunney may be a serious affair. Already, sporting writers are pessimistic; logical contenders bid fair to be so scarce. This is because sporting writers and boxing fans persist in looking in the wrong direction. There really is no cause for worry. The trouble with sporting writers and boxing fans is that, in seeking opponents for Tunney, they confine their search to professional fighters. They overlook the field where heavyweight material is most plentiful and promising—among the brawny movie actors, the hardy sons of the open spaces.

Compare the blows struck in a ring battle—even one between Dempsey and Tunney—with those which movie actors exchange in a gripping drama of the primitive Northwest. Sometimes, in a film showing the former, it takes "slow motion" to convince the casual spectator that any blows at all were struck. At that, when a punch lands, the man goes down with gentle grace, and merges softly with the canvas, right where he had been standing.

But those terrible men of the movies, how different! Fighting on the edge of the arctic circle to settle the right to a gold claim, or as red-blooded business rivals among the big trees of the timber country, they never knock each other less than twenty feet. They fall backward over logs or rocks, striking their heads. There are no nice ropes to hold them. Rounds, rules and referees are unknown to them. You can even doze in your orchestra chair and, rousing some moments later, find them still clawing and hammering with undiminished vigor. Their battles, shown on the same screen with those of the prize-ring, make the latter seem tame as a minuet contest at the court of Louis the Grand.

The chief difficulty, we imagine, in getting a heavyweight movie actor into the ring with Gene Tunney would be the limited character of a championship bout. Ten rounds or so, with a watchful time-keeper, a whole minute for recuperation between rounds, and similar checks upon genuine he-man fighting, would seem beneath the notice of a battler of the open spaces.

Still, if hard times should come to Hollywood—

"No Funds"

MARCH dust is gold dust,
The wise ones used to say.
But don't trust
A March gust
Your income tax to pay.

From Left to Right

THE picture supplement which comes with the Sunday paper makes the day of rest, in the morning at least, a day of restlessness. Once upon a time, the printed line which told what a picture meant could invariably be found beneath the illustration. The eye sought, and

the senses were satisfied. It is different now. The pictures are arranged in a complicated "lay-out" and the printed lines which describe or explain them fit where best they can. They refer to illustrations "above," "below," "left," "right," "lower left," "upper right," and so forth.

Interested in a nice old lady who is knitting, we look to learn her placid identity. It jars our Sabbath repose to find that she is "Buff Brady, champion horse breaker and trick roper," or "Babe Ruth driving from the first tee at Hot Springs." Or, again, if the sparsely draped Russian dancer and her snaky partner turn out on casual examination to be "Mr. and Mrs. Jabez Woglam of Pawtucket, who lately celebrated their eightieth wedding anniversary in the presence of 300 descendants," it is a trifle disconcerting.

The pursuit of the elusive caption takes too much time and mental effort. Perhaps the best way out, both for newspaper and reader, would be the adoption of the mariner's compass for the latter's Sunday guidance. Then, a simple reference below a photograph that the right caption could be found northwest by north, or southwest by south, half east, would make everything as plain as two pikestaffs.

Those "Blue-Plate Special" Blues

(Saxophones without number are invited to join in)

SHOW me a place where I'll not see
That "Blue-Plate Special" dish.
It is at least my life-long plea,
If not my dying wish.
For I am tired of "Filet of Sole
With Tartar Sauce and Beets,"
Tired of "Omelette Espagnol,"
And all those Blue-Plate eats.

Take 'em away—those twelve-to-two's—
TAKE 'EM AWAY!
Nothing can cure my Blue-Plate Blues!

Noon by the clock you hear the sighs
That tell my tale of woe.
Once on the street I close my eyes;
To my old place I go.
I hang my hat on any old peg,
And any old seat I seize—
"Codfish Cakes with One Poached Egg,"
"Chicken Croquettes with Peas!"

Take 'em away—those twelve-to-two's—
TAKE 'EM AWAY!
Nothing can cure my Blue-Plate Blues!

Blue is a hue I've learned to hate;
Little Boy Blue-Plate, I.
Over the town is a vast Blue Plate
Which formerly was the sky.
I ne'er will wear a blue serge suit,
Nor sail the deep blue sea—
No doubt my state of mind's a beaut,
But there are lots like me!

Take 'em away—those twelve-to-two's—
TAKE 'EM AWAY!
Nothing can cure my Blue-Plate Blues!

At the Photographer's

NEWRICH MOTHER (to daughter who is having a sitting): Cross your limbs, dearie. Other-wise people might think you wasn't used to good society.

Newspaper Weather

AS I peruse my morning sheet,
The Bugle or the Call,
One feature's an especial treat;
The daily weather is complete,
And I may read it all.

Yes, all—at once—without delay.
I murmur, "Can this be?"
Why don't they chop it off and say:
"The weather forecast for today—"
(Continued on Page 3.)

"Increasing coolness followed by—"
(Continued on page 7),
"Unsettled, local showers, high—"
For further facts about the sky,
Please turn to Page 11."

Enjoy your weather while ye may,
Though but a paragraph,
The time is surely on the way
When, looking for it some fine day,
You'll find it cut in half.

A Qualified Expert

ANSWERING the query how is a housewife to know a good turkey when she sees one, a newspaper market expert says:

"A desirable turkey should have plump, firm flesh. It should have good legs. The backbone should be flexible. The fat should be evenly distributed."

Should this market expert ever wish to enter another line of business, he has shown himself qualified to select the beauty choruses for any or all of Broadway's musical shows and revues.

Mother Goose in Sport

"I'LL BE back again by-and-by," the old woman had said.

And, true to her promise, she was. "Brushing the cobwebs out the sky?" her neighbors queried, as she landed.

The old woman laughed youthfully. "Dear, no!" she replied. "I was just limbering up my legs so as to qualify for the ladies' singles."

And, looking more closely, they saw it was not a broom which the old woman had carried skyward, but a tennis racquet.



A few of King Solomon's wives help him pick out a new spring suit

Do You Know a Potted Hyacinth?

A POTTED hyacinth, one of many in a florist's shop, was bought by an apartment dweller and placed upon the sunny south sill of a fifteenth story window.

Far below were the top branches of a fine old tree.

"Hah!" said the potted hyacinth to itself. "Look at that old tree and then look at me! I'm no boaster, but at the start, in the ground, that tree had just as good a chance to climb as I had. But I applied myself, took advantage of my opportunities, and the tree, evidently, did not. Now, see where I am! The tree, I suppose, would say it was luck. Or influence."

The world is full of potted hyacinths in high places. They are among our best authorities on "success."

The progress of civilization seems merely to be the successive steps from all-fours to plus-fours.



EDITORIAL

THE PERENNIAL PROBLEM

THE varying conditions in their several jurisdictions very naturally present equally variant problems that the subordinate Lodges must face in carrying forward their fraternal endeavors. But there is one problem that is quite common to all, and it is a perennial one. That is the matter of securing a proper attendance of the members at Lodge sessions.

There are loyal Elks, in every Lodge, who feel pride in their membership, and who cheerfully respond to every call upon them for definite service, but who rarely attend the meetings. This is, perhaps, to be expected. But there are many Lodges in which the percentage of such members is disproportionately large. And it is an unfortunate condition, for interest and enthusiasm can only be effectively sustained through the personal contacts of the Lodge room. The habitual absentee is the probable eventual dimittor.

There are too many Lodge sessions held at which a mere sprinkling of members are in attendance. This is discouraging to the officers, and naturally leads to a lessened vigor and aggressiveness in the administration of Lodge affairs.

The primary cause of this is the inevitable monotony of the unvaried routine of the meetings as they are all too generally conducted. The remedy is, therefore, obvious. Make the meetings interesting by providing entertaining features in addition to the prescribed order of business. This is, of course, not quite so simple and easy to do as it is to suggest it. Yet it is well within the capacity of every group of officers who are willing to give the time and attention to their official duties which they properly require and justly deserve.

Effective ritual exemplification is the first requisite. It is a very definite contribution to the pleasure and attractiveness of any Lodge session. But in addition to this there should be provided, on sufficiently frequent occasions, special programs which will appeal to the members and arouse their interest. An address on some timely topic, by one capable of making it informative and entertaining; a musical program of real excellence; a sparring bout or wrestling match; refreshments; a dramatic feature; an entertain-

ment in which the members generally may have a part; these are a few suggestions that come readily to mind which can be easily carried out.

It would seem preferable that these programs, so far as practicable, should be given in the Lodge room, in the course of the meeting. If it happens that it is necessary to enlist the aid of non-members, the situation may be met by proper recess during the rendition of the program. Indeed such a course might offer a fine opportunity to have invited guests present which should make the occasion even more attractive to the membership.

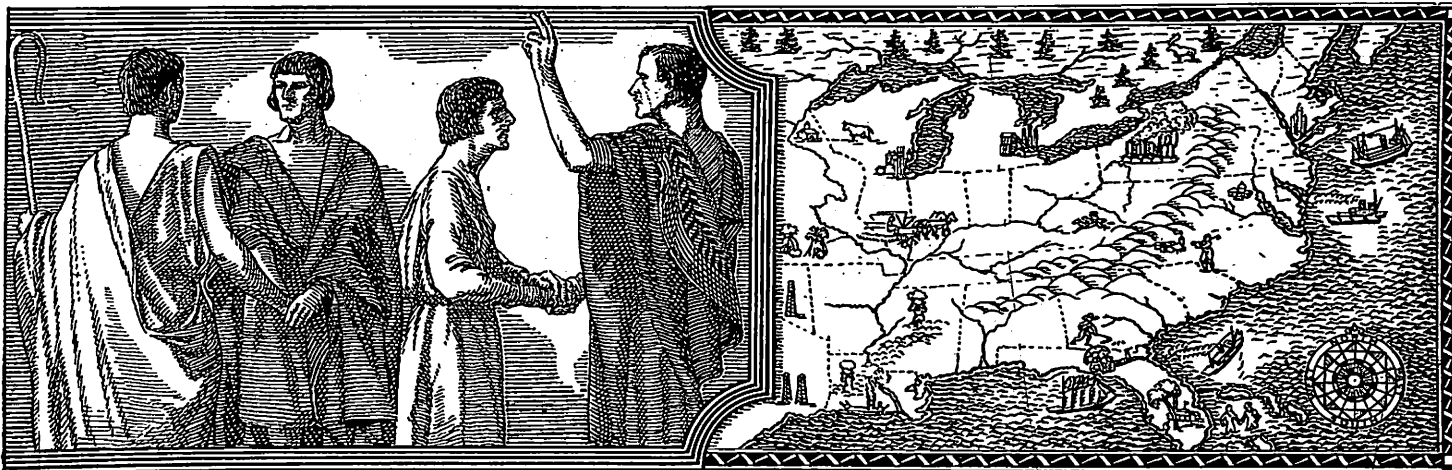
If the new Exalted Rulers, who are just beginning their terms, will secure the cooperation of their official associates and, through carefully selected entertainment committees, will try out some of these suggestions, they will find that the attendance records will show marked improvement; and that the Lodges will take on new life. The perennial problem will have been solved.

READ YOUR MAGAZINE

IT IS natural, perhaps, when the first flush of enthusiasm following initiation has somewhat abated, and the new member "forgets to remember" the Lodge meetings, and he happens to be one who does not frequent its social quarters and whose other interests keep him from any but casual fraternal contacts, that he should sometimes wonder why he retains his membership. It is equally natural, perhaps, that those times will coincide with the dates upon which he receives the bills for his dues. It is not to be assumed that he will selfishly inquire what he is getting out of his membership himself; but that he may ask what particular good he is doing anybody by remaining in the Order.

Those who maintain an active association with their brothers, and keep in touch with the activities of their Lodges and of the Order, will not be assailed by such doubts. But it is a fact to be faced that there are members who do sometimes find themselves in this frame of mind.

To them it is suggested that their inquiry will be fully and satisfactorily answered if they will but read THE ELKS MAGAZINE—their Magazine. Reference is not intended to its strictly literary



contents. Although they will stand upon their own merits, yet, if they were the chief purpose of its publication, it would never have been established. But reference is made to the fraternal contents, to the news of the whole Order, and particularly to the department—Under the Spreading Antlers.

They will find in those pages a continuing story of good works to which they are contributing, which they help to support and in which they have a definite share. And if they read this record intelligently, they will realize that every single individual defection, to that extent, lessens the Order's capacity to maintain those worthy activities.

And the real point of the suggestion is to be found in the fact that every single member of the Order, wherever he may be, is assisting in every one of the Order's splendid undertakings. If it were not for the great power and influence of the Order as an organization, to which he contributes his share; if it were not for its vast membership, of which he is a unit, these things could not be done in the fine way they are being done.

In reading this record, and realizing that they are members of the Order of Elks, not merely of a subordinate Lodge, those who are moved to inquire what their membership really means will find not only a complete answer, but an inspiration to greater loyalty and devotion.

COMMERCIALISM

A FRATERNAL organization presents a fruitful field for commercial exploitation. The natural ties that bind its members together prompt an impulsive response to suggestions that come from sources that seem to be fraternal, even though they bear no official sanction and are, in fact, wholly selfish. And there are always those alert to capitalize this disposition for their own benefit.

The very definite obligation against the use of membership in the Order to advance any commercial purpose is one that, happily, is rarely disregarded by an Elk. And there is little need for comment as to this particular feature of commercialism. But not infrequently it happens that non-members do attempt to impose upon Elks, new members especially, by appeals and offers that contain covert suggestions of fraternal obligation to favorable consideration.

Every member should bear in mind the fact that no proposition of a business nature, presented to him from any source, has any fraternal sanction. It can not have any fraternal significance. They should be prompt to resent any effort to give such an aspect to any such proposition.

A disposition to display generous consideration toward a brother, in every relationship, is entirely commendable and is beyond criticism. But that disposition should not be invited or urged by another Elk, when it relates to a commercial transaction. And such a suggestion should not be countenanced from any other source. Such an unethical approach is itself a definite warning that should put an Elk on his guard.

ICONOCLASTS

THE word "iconoclast" is derived from two Greek words and means, literally, image-breaker. Originally it was definitely applied to the members of that religious faction who opposed the introduction of images in the churches. But it has now acquired a broader significance, and is quite usually employed to denote one who, in a carping spirit, attacks the generally accepted and established order in any realm of thought or conduct.

The peculiar characteristic of an iconoclast is that he is always destructive, never constructive. He is a breaker, not a builder. For this reason the term is rarely, if ever, used in a complimentary sense. Indeed, it naturally conveys a contrary import.

No thoughtful person will subscribe to the spiritless doctrine that whatever is is right. Civilization has not advanced by following any such spineless philosophy of life. But it is just as true that critics who merely voice complaints, and offer no suggestions for improvement, have added little, if anything, to the betterment of mankind.

One who honestly seeks to correct error, to improve conditions, to establish truth, and to change things only when the change is for the better, is a helpful influence, even though he may not always be right. But he who merely mocks and sneers, who only scorns and complains, serves no useful end.

No true Elk is ever an iconoclast.

Miami, Miami Beach and, beyond, the wide expanse of the Atlantic. De Lido Island, connected with both cities by a causeway, will be the scene of the Elks Trapshooting Championship



RICHARD B. HOYT

1928 Grand Lodge Convention in Miami, Florida

Bulletin No. 4

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

Greetings!

WE ARE still putting tremendous energy into the big Trap Shoot on the Venetian Island, De Lido, surrounded by the placid waters of Biscayne Bay and approached by two great causeways.

Our Band Contest blanks will be in the hands of your musicians by the time you read this, but to further emphasize it we give you the rules and regulations herewith.

RULES AND REGULATIONS GOVERNING BAND CONTEST 1928 GRAND LODGE REUNION BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

137 Shoreland Arcade

Miami, Florida, February 15, 1928.

BAND COMMITTEE:

Walter Shaeffer, Chairman.

TO ALL SUBORDINATE LODGES B. P. O. ELKS: GREETINGS!

Sixty-fourth Grand Lodge Convention,
July 8 to 15, 1928

No. 1. Members of all Bands competing in the competitive Band Contest must be members in good standing, as shown by their membership cards.

No. 2. Bands must consist of not less than thirty-five or more members.

No. 3. No Miami Band will compete for these prizes.

No. 4. Position of band will be decided by lot immediately before contest.

No. 5. Competitive Band Contest will be held in Bay Front Park, July 11, 1928.

No. 6. Judges will be competent and experienced band men.

No. 7. Points for rating—on basis of ten points for each—

1. Intonation. 2. Tone. 3. Tempo. 4. Balance. 5. Attack. 6. Expression and Phrasing. 7. Instrumentation. 8. Appearance at Concert and in Parade. 9. Leadership. 10. Deportment.

No. 8. List of numbers to be played by contesting bands:

- A. A 5-minute selection—Band's own choice.
- B. Either of the following:
(1) Overture, "Phèdre," by Massenet, published by Carl Fischer.
(2) Overture, "Der Freischütz," by Weber, published by Carl Fischer.
- C. Any one of the following:
(1) Prelude to "Kunihild," by Kistler, published by Carl Fischer.
(2) French Military March, by St. Saëns, published by Carl Fischer.
(3) Prælium, by Jarnefeld, published by Carl Fischer.
(4) Entry of the Boyards, by Halvorsen, published by Carl Fischer.

PRIZES FOR BAND CONTEST:

First.....	\$1,000.00
Second.....	500.00
Third.....	250.00

No. 9. Special Prize of \$500.00 for "Largest Band," of Thirty-five or more, coming the greatest distance from home to the Convention.

No. 10. Special Prize of \$250.00 for "Best Boys' Band," under twenty-one years with twenty-five or more in same, to be judged by their playing and appearance in parade.

No. 11. A Special Prize of \$75.00 for the best "Novelty Band," of twenty-five or more.

No. 12. A Special Prize of \$125.00 for the best "Drum and Bugle, Fife and Drum, or Fife, Drum, and Bugle Corps."

NOTE: Entries for Band Contest close June 20, 1928.

NOTE: Lodges wanting bands for Parade furnished by this Committee, must make application before June 1, 1928.

NOTE: Lodges engaging bands, other than strictly Elks Bands, must engage bands composed entirely of members of the American Federation of Musicians.

NOTE: Our committee will endeavor to engage band for any delegation, provided we are requested to do so immediately.

IMPORTANT

Our Committee should be notified immediately whether or not your Lodge is going to bring a band, also the name of manager or leader.

D. J. HEFFERNAN,
Chairman Executive Committee.

We want the entry sent in very soon. "The Spirit of the Purple," a wonderful March composed by Brother Arthur Pryor, and dedicated to this Grand Lodge Reunion, is now in the hands of publishers, and the copies of band arrangement will go forward to your band leader in a few days.

Hotel Reservations

All hotels are under contract with us, hence all hotel reservations must be made direct with G. A. McKinnon, Chairman of Hotel Committee, 137 Shoreland Arcade. We have already received requests for reservations from tourist agencies, transportation agencies, representatives of railroads, etc. If you have given anyone, other than the chairman of your Miami Committee, this authority, we must know that it is authorized by you. To avoid any confusion, and on account of the large number of requests for rooms, which may or may not be official, we are compelled to change our ruling and require a deposit of \$5.00 on each room requested, whether single or double. This will be credited to your hotel account just as soon as check is received.

If you have made such deposit and find you cannot attend the Convention, this deposit will be returned to you at any time up to June 20, by our Hotel Committee, but on that date it will be credited to the hotel to which such assignment has been made. If you require additional rooms, send extra deposit for each room; if you wish to reduce the number of rooms, the refund will be in proportion. We are not requiring a registration fee, nor will we do so at this Convention, but we are preparing for you an entertainment which will be as free as the azure blue of our skies.

Our night clubs are being signed up now, so as to protect the Elks and their friends from overcharges. This also applies to restaurants, taxi companies, and for-hire cars.

Bring your golf clubs and bathing-suits—the opportunity is here for their continual use.

Fraternally,

GRAND LODGE CONVENTION COMMITTEE,

D. J. HEFFERNAN, *Chairman*
L. F. MCCREADY
C. B. SELDEN
G. A. MCKINNON
W. MARK BROWN
R. B. GAUTIER
A. J. CLEARY
C. A. MILLS
W. A. OTTER, *Ex. Of.*

Elks National Foundation Committee

A Circular Letter Asking for Opinions and Suggestions from the Entire Order of Elks Regarding an Important Project.

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

THE members of the Elks National Foundation Committee seek the assistance of their brother Elks in gathering information and sentiment relative to the practicability and advisability of the Grand Lodge undertaking the establishment of a National Foundation Fund. They desire suggestions regarding the recommendations that they shall make on that subject, which was entrusted to them by the Grand Lodge at Cincinnati.

In asking for your cooperation it seems desirable to review the origin and history of previous movements in which the Grand Lodge, in cooperation with the subordinate Lodges, has been engaged.

Elks National Home

The first great national undertaking of the Grand Lodge was the establishment of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia.

The official records of our Order credit Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edwin B. Hay with having offered the initial suggestion of an Elks National Home in his address as Grand Exalted Ruler at Buffalo, New York, in 1892. The first action taken by the Grand Lodge, however, was at its session in New Orleans, in 1898. At that session Brother Albert C. Smith of Boston Lodge offered a resolution in which recognition was given to the attainment by our Order of a degree of numerical and financial strength far beyond the hopes of its original founders, and to its ability to dignify in their broadest and truest sense the great principles of charity and brotherly love, and provided that the Grand Exalted Ruler appoint a committee of three to formulate and present for the consideration of the Grand Lodge a feasible plan for the establishment of an Elks National Home.

This resolution was adopted and Grand Exalted Ruler Detweiler appointed as the members of the committee Brother Albert C. Smith, of Boston Lodge and Past Grand Exalted Rulers Edwin B. Hay and William G. Meyers. This committee was reappointed in 1899 and, acting as a joint committee with the Board of Grand Trustees, consisting of Brothers Joseph T. Fanning, John D. O'Shea and Henry W. Mears, submitted a report favorable to the project at the 1900 Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City. At that time, it was voted that the new committee to be appointed by the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler, Jerome B. Fisher, together with the Board of Grand Trustees, continue to study the proposition and make a final report at the following Grand Lodge meeting. This new joint committee was composed of Grand Exalted Ruler Fisher, Chairman, Grand Trustees Fanning, O'Shea and Mears and the Home Committee, made up of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Detweiler, Chairman, and Brothers W. Melville Drennan and George P. Cronk. In 1901, at the Milwaukee Convention, the Grand Lodge acted to continue this joint committee with Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Pickett as Chairman, and authorized it to choose a site and proceed with the establishment of a National Elks Home. The committee purchased, for the sum of \$12,050, the Hotel Bedford property at Bedford, Virginia.

At its 1902 session, the Grand Lodge again continued the committee and authorized it to proceed with the work of placing the newly acquired property in proper condition for occupancy as a Home for Elks. The incoming Grand Exalted Ruler, George P. Cronk, and the retiring one, Charles E. Pickett, changed places, the latter being appointed to the Home Committee and the former serving as chairman of the joint body.

After being remodeled at a cost of \$30,000, the Bedford property was dedicated as the first Elks National Home and received its first guests in May, 1903.

At the convention held in Detroit in 1910,

the Board of Grand Trustees was authorized to prepare and submit to the next session of the Grand Lodge a specific and definite plan for the repair, alteration and improvement of the National Home building at Bedford, Virginia, and for the beautification of the grounds and the approaches thereto, together with an estimate in detail of the cost thereof. At the convention the following year in Atlantic City, the Board submitted its report and recommended the building of an entirely new home, it having been felt that the home then in existence was not in keeping with the standing and dignity of the Order, and submitted plans for a new home with an estimated cost of approximately \$300,000.

The recommendation, of the Board of Grand Trustees was adopted and a commission appointed and given full power and authority to carry into execution the plan for the new home.

This commission, of which Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann was chairman, consisted of Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan, the Board of Grand Trustees, and Brothers Patrick J. Powers of Jersey City, Calvin L. Kingsley of Waterloo, Iowa, Fred Harper and Samuel V. Perrott of Indianapolis, Indiana.

Later, either as Grand Trustee or as Grand Exalted Ruler, the following brothers served as members of the commission: Past Grand Exalted Rulers Thomas B. Mills, Edward Leach, Raymond Benjamin, James R. Nicholson, Edward Rightor, and J. E. Masters, Brothers Alfred T. Holley of Hackensack, New Jersey, Perry A. Clay of Denver, Colorado, Charles C. Schmidt of Wheeling, West Virginia, Cary L. Applegate of Salt Lake City, Utah, John J. Faulkner of East St. Louis, Illinois, and George D. Locke of Rogers, Arkansas.

At the Grand Lodge session in Boston, in 1917, the commission reported the conclusion of its labors and the erection of a new home at a cost of \$484,417.61.

Since that time various additions have been made to the home until to-day it consists of eight dormitory buildings with a total number of guest rooms of 300 representing an investment of \$900,000. It has a thoroughly equipped hospital, administration building, power plant and modern laundry. The erection of the most recent addition, a dormitory and power-house costing \$350,000, was financed by an appropriation out of the surplus earnings of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. At the present time there are about 220 members of our Order resident in the home. Each guest occupies an outside room in one of the dormitory buildings with hot and cold running water, the rooms being steam-heated and electrically lighted. Every provision is made for the health, comfort and happiness of the residents, and to-day the Elks National Home is recognized as one of the best conducted institutions of its kind in the country, a great blessing to those to whose care it ministers and a credit to our Order.

War Relief Activities

At the same session at which the new Elks National Home Commission made its final report the Grand Lodge embarked upon its great war-time activities.

When the Grand Lodge met in Boston in July, 1917, three months after our country had been forced to enter the great World War, a committee of five consisting of: Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, Joseph T. Fanning, Jerome B. Fisher, Brother George E. Chamberlain and Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, which had been appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler Rightor to investigate the question of war relief and the possibility of this Order's cooperation in such relief, made its report and recommended that the Grand Lodge provide a fund for war relief, suggested forms of relief work that might properly and helpfully be undertaken with specific reference to the establishment of base hospital units, and recommended that a commission be appointed to carry on this work.

No action was ever taken by the Grand Lodge with greater enthusiasm, than that with which the recommendations of the committee were adopted, and a million dollars immediately and unanimously appropriated for war relief.

As members of the Elks War Relief Commission, Grand Exalted Ruler Harper appointed Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, Joseph T. Fanning, James R. Nicholson, Jerome B. Fisher, and Edward Rightor.

At the Grand Lodge session in 1918, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper was made a member of the Commission, and in 1919 Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Jerome B. Fisher.

At the session of the Grand Lodge at Atlantic City in 1918, another appropriation of a million dollars for war relief was made but the armistice came before any draft was made upon the second million dollars.

Among the activities to which this great fund of the Order was devoted were the establishment of a reconstruction hospital at Boston for the use of the Government—the first reconstruction hospital erected in this country, the establishment of two base hospitals for operation in France: one the University of Virginia Base Hospital and the other the University of Oregon Base Hospital, the establishment of a Community House at Camp Sherman, Ohio, and a substantial donation to the Salvation Army.

Certain sums also were spent for the support and education of Americans who joined the allied armies—English, French and Italian—before our country entered into the war. For the education of these boys no provision had been made under the laws of this country. In addition a revolving fund was established to provide for the support and education of our crippled soldiers during the period between their discharge and the approval of their application for assistance by the Government Insurance Department. In its report to the Grand Lodge session at Chicago in 1920, the Commission stated that up to that time there had been between 29,000 and 30,000 cases where relief had been given to the wounded sailor, soldier, or marine to tide him over the days of extremity while his case was being investigated by the Government Insurance Department.

Perhaps from no more authoritative sources could expressions of appreciation of the Order's participation in war relief come than from that member of the Order who commanded the American troops on the battle-fields of France, General John J. Pershing, and the brilliant leader of the Salvation Army forces, Commander Evangeline Booth. At the reception tendered him at New York upon his triumphant return to this country General Pershing, responding to the address of welcome of Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain, said:

"We, who were fortunate enough to be sent to the battle-fields of Europe to represent our people, felt that we had a united country behind us and I know of no organization or body of men whose patriotism, whose loyalty, and whose benevolence have contributed in a greater degree to making that a possibility. We not only felt the support of your patriotism but we have felt the material benefit of your efforts to carry forward the principles for which America has stood in the war."

At a Grand Lodge session in Atlantic City in 1919, addressed for the first time by a woman, Commander Evangeline Booth spoke to an attendance where every eye was dimmed with tears as she told her touching story of the struggles of the Salvation Army and said:

"I deeply appreciate the opportunity that is given me here this morning to attempt to express our lasting gratitude to this Order, and I say without hesitancy that our organization could not have achieved its exceptional success in the war but for the splendid, practical, and tangible aid that was rendered to us by the Elks."

Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building

At the session of the Grand Lodge in Chicago in 1920, the War Relief Commission was appointed as a committee to investigate the advisability of the establishment in some suitably located city, of permanent national headquarters for the Order. At the Grand Lodge session at Los Angeles in 1921, that Committee reported and recommended that such a headquarters building be erected and that it be erected also as a memorial to those members of our Order who had participated in the great World War; that it be of a design and character that would make it a stately memorial containing monumental statues and tablets which would fittingly commemorate the service and sacrifice designed to be honored; that such a memorial building be erected in the city of Chicago; and that the sum of \$2,500,000 be appropriated for the purpose of purchasing a site and constructing the building.

The Committee further recommended the establishment of an Elks Magazine which should be a real magazine of the highest excellence both in physical make-up and in literary content, one that would compare favorably with the best publications of the country.

These recommendations were adopted and the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission was created, empowered to proceed with the two enterprises.

This Commission consisted of Past Grand Exalted Rulers Tener, Fanning, Nicholson, Rightor, Harper, Campbell, Abbott, Holland, Rain. Later were added Past Grand Exalted Rulers Mountain and Masters and, as ex officio members during their terms of service, Grand Exalted Rulers McFarland, Price, Atwell, Grakelow and Malley.

Six years later the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building at Chicago was dedicated, having been erected at a cost of approximately \$3,000,000.

Architecturally one of America's outstanding edifices, artistically in the forefront of the buildings of our country, in majesty and beauty unapproached, in spirit and purpose unexcelled, it is indeed a fitting memorial to those members of our Order who served and sacrificed that the American spirit of liberty and justice might be preserved.

Appropriately at the conclusion of his address in presenting this building to the Order, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Tener, Chairman of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Committee Commission, said: "Feeling as we do that real wealth is something of the soul and everlasting and not of material possession, which is temporal, we believe that here we have built a shrine and not a sepulcher, that here in fancy is an abiding place of spirit and life where all Elks may come and kneel before the light ever burning upon the altar of Elksdom."

The Elks Magazine

THE ELKS MAGAZINE, under the able editorial and executive management of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, has now concluded the first five years of its existence with an average annual surplus of \$186,390.71, or an aggregate of \$931,953.54. Out of this net income the Magazine has turned over \$200,000 to the Grand Lodge for its use, \$350,000 to the National Memorial Headquarters Commission, to defray the cost of the furnishings and art features of the National Memorial Headquarters Building and has been authorized and instructed to turn over to the Commission the further sum of \$130,000 for the same purpose. THE ELKS MAGAZINE has also been authorized and instructed by the Grand Lodge to pay \$350,000 to meet the cost of the latest addition to the Elks National Home, at Bedford, Virginia. The Magazine likewise has been instructed, until the Grand Lodge makes other provision therefor, to meet the maintenance costs and other expenses of the Headquarters Building, in Chicago, and the expenses of the Commission.

Elks National Foundation Fund

The broad spirit of cooperative humanitarian endeavor developed by these activities, which have brought new prestige and distinction to our Order, demands opportunity of further expression. The standards of achievement set cannot be abandoned. Elksdom has been hoping and seeking for a great benevolent movement

with which to carry on—with which to serve mankind.

It has become recognized, however, that it would be impossible to find any one welfare activity that would make an equally strong appeal to the Elks of every section of our country.

In the meantime, the Elks in various States have been uniting through their State Associations in various commendable humanitarian endeavors, in addition to the social and community welfare work of the subordinate Lodges, representing an annual outlay of approximately \$3,000,000.

The State Associations of ten States have undertaken work of relief for crippled children, nine have been active in the establishment of

IT IS hoped that every Elk will read the communication published on these two pages and not only give it his earnest consideration, but write now to The Elks National Foundation Committee, James R. Nicholson, Chairman, at the Elks Club, Milwaukee, Wis., expressing his views and giving suggestions regarding the plan.

scholarship foundations, two have taken up Big Brother work, two assistance for the underprivileged, one has undertaken the establishment of a State orphanage, one has engaged in the relief of the blind, the crippled and the tubercular, and one in welfare work at a surgical clinic.

Thus twenty-six State Associations are now actively engaged in worth-while humanitarian projects.

The Elks National Foundation Committee was created to consider a plan, recommended by Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow, that had long been advocated by, and now has the whole-hearted support of, Grand Exalted Ruler Malley.

It contemplates the coordination of the outstanding humanitarian activities of the various Elk groups throughout the country, and the establishment of a great endowment fund by the Grand Lodge to supplement and strengthen these activities.

We cannot ask the Elks of the various associations committed to and performing wonderful service in the various activities above referred to, to abandon such movements and unite on some one endeavor recommended by a Grand Lodge Committee.

It is believed, however, by those who advocate this plan that every member of the Order can be given an opportunity to assist in the activities of the various Elk groups throughout the country and that the Elks of every State can be employed, through Grand Lodge inspiration and with Grand Lodge assistance, in the prosecution of the humanitarian endeavor which has the greatest appeal to their hearts and best meets the needs of their community.

The scope and purpose of this plan were strongly and clearly set forth in the speech of acceptance of Grand Exalted Ruler Malley at Cincinnati. In part, Brother Malley said:

"We know that in all sections of the country the Lodges are engaged in worth-while endeavors. I think the time has come when an effort should be made to tie together some of the lines, to coordinate and consolidate, to outline a great comprehensive plan of Elk endeavors under wise and sympathetic Grand Lodge supervision.

"The Lodges of one State have decided to establish a scholarship foundation of at least \$100,000 under the supervision of the State Association. Another State is studying a similar plan. The State Associations of other States have taken up wonderful humanitarian work—here for crippled children—here for disabled soldiers—here for the victims of tuberculosis—here for the relief of the unfortunate and underprivileged.

"It appears that wherever these activities are carried on most effectively, the work is being done under the supervision of the State Association. It is also evident that this group action of the Lodges has immensely increased the

prestige of the Order in the territory in which it has been in operation.

"The Grand Lodge should participate in all these activities so that every individual Elk may feel that he is doing his share and is entitled to some of the credit in all these great works.

"This result can be obtained by the creation of a Grand Lodge endowment fund, the income of this fund to be used to assist in the financing of all these group activities.

"In other words, the income of the Grand Lodge fund would be distributed in proper proportions to those State Associations which had taken up a worth-while project and had evidenced faith in their undertaking by raising a substantial sum therefor.

"Of course, the contributions which each State would receive from the Grand Lodge fund would be exceedingly small for many years, because only the income of the Fund would be available, and presumably the Fund itself would be slow in accumulating.

"In my opinion, the ideal way to raise the Grand Lodge endowment fund would be to provide that the annual net profits of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, or a large portion thereof, should go into this Fund.

"On account of the intelligent guidance and tireless efforts of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, the Magazine has become a great success in a few years.

"It seems to me that we are short-sighted and unwise, if we do not avail ourselves of this agency, which we already have established, to raise an endowment fund which in time will stand forth as the most glorious achievement of Elksdom, a living functioning thing, ever increasing in size and potentialities, and annually distributing its beneficences."

It becomes the duty of the Elks National Foundation Committee to determine whether or not the hopes of Grand Exalted Ruler Malley in respect to this plan are possible of realization and to suggest, if the plan be adopted, what form the agency which is to carry the plan forward shall take, what powers shall be entrusted to it, what limitations shall be imposed upon it, what safeguards shall be thrown around it.

The members of the committee feel that there is no better way to inaugurate the survey that they have been charged to make, than by securing the cooperation of the officers of the Grand Lodge, State Associations, and subordinate Lodges, and obtaining the benefit of their opinions upon this project.

Acting under the direction of the committee, I am writing to ask you to give us the benefit of your best thought on this plan and any suggestions that you desire to make.

In the pages of THE ELKS MAGAZINE reporting the proceedings of the convention at Cincinnati, and the conference of Officers, District Deputies and Committeemen at Chicago on September 24, (August and November issues) will be found the story of the object of this movement. An editorial in the October number of the Magazine covers the purpose and possibilities of the proposed Foundation.

Such sentiments as have been expressed to the committee thus far have been entirely favorable to establishment of the Foundation, but we feel that we should make this broader inquiry before assuming that the expressions already received represent the sentiment of the membership of the Order.

Assuming that it is both advisable and practicable to establish the Foundation, we shall be very glad indeed to have any suggestions that you care to make, relative to the form in which the Foundation shall be set up and administered, the manner in which funds shall be raised and donations and bequests sought and secured, and the channels through which the income shall be distributed for cooperation in the humanitarian activities of the various State Associations and groups of Elks Lodges throughout the country.

For the cooperation and help that you find it possible to give them, the members of the committee will be grateful.

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION COMMITTEE

JAMES R. NICHOLSON, *Chairman*
CHARLES E. PICKETT,
RAYMOND BENJAMIN,
EDWARD RIGHTOR,
JAMES G. MCFARLAND.

Grand Exalted Ruler Completes Trip

Mr. Malley Visits Lodges in South and East

GRAND Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, continuing on his Southwestern itinerary after the visit to Austin, Texas, Lodge reported in the March issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, made his next stop at Forth Worth, Texas, where he arrived on the evening of February 1. Met upon his arrival in the city by a delegation of representative Elks from Fort Worth Lodge, Mr. Malley was escorted to the Presidential suite at the Texas Hotel. Here a pleasant surprise awaited the Grand Exalted Ruler, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James E. Donnelly, his traveling companion, and J. H. Gibson, President of the Texas State Elks Association, who had accompanied the visitors from Austin. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry G. Brickhouse, who is district manager of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company, had arranged for through wires to Boston and Lowell, Mass., and to Houston, Texas, and Mr. Malley, Mr. Donnelly and Mr. Gibson had the unexpected pleasure of talking with their families.

The following morning was given over to an inspection of the present Home of Fort Worth Lodge, and a visit to the magnificent new building in the course of construction which will, in a short time, house the Lodge. A luncheon at the Fort Worth Club followed, and a theatre party and sight-seeing trip occupied the afternoon. The outstanding event of Mr. Malley's entertainment came that night with the monster barbecue given by Past Exalted Ruler Amon G. Carter, Fort Worth newspaper publisher, at his magnificent country place, Shady Oak Farm. Mr. Carter, whose papers control Radio Station WBAP, had made special broadcasting arrangements and Mr. Malley, after a stirring open-air speech to the members present, was introduced at the microphone, and spoke to the Order at large.

Escorted by a detachment of motor-cycle police, the Grand Exalted Ruler left Fort Worth the following morning, and was conveyed to Dallas by a group of Fort Worth and Dallas Elks. Arriving at noon, Mr. Malley and his party were received at City Hall by Mayor R. E. Burt. The visitors were then taken to a luncheon given in their honor by the Lions Club, at which Mr. Malley was introduced by Past Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell. That afternoon, following the performance at the Palace Theatre, Judge Atwell again introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler, this time from the stage.

The principal event of Mr. Malley's visit to Dallas took place that evening on the roof garden of the Jefferson Hotel, where he was the guest of honor at a banquet and reception given by Dallas Lodge. Following the dinner in the beautifully decorated garden, there was a program of music, vaudeville and speeches. Mr. Malley's inspiring address on this occasion was broadcast through Radio Station WRR. Another speaker who received great applause was State Association President Gibson, who was accompanying Mr. Malley on the Grand Exalted Ruler's tour of his state.

Leaving by train that night Mr. Malley and his party arrived in Galveston the following morning. Here they were met by a committee of members of Galveston Lodge, and city officials. A delegation of eighty members of Houston Lodge had come to welcome the Grand Exalted Ruler, and were the guests of Galveston Lodge during the day. At noon Mr. Malley was the luncheon guest of the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, and afterward was taken for a sight-seeing trip around the city. That evening the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at

a sea-food banquet given by the Lodge, presided over by Exalted Ruler Owen D. Barker. Following dinner the party returned to the Home of the Lodge, where Mr. Malley addressed the gathering.

The next stop was at Houston, on February 5. Here the officers and members, many accompanied by their wives, were hosts to the visitors, who had been joined by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. L. David, at a midday dinner at San Jacinto Inn. Previously Mr. Malley had been received at the Lodge Home by city and Elk officials, conferred with the latter, and been taken on a sight-seeing trip. Leaving Houston that afternoon, the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by many of his hosts of the day, motored to Beaumont. Here he attended a banquet given by Beaumont members, and later spoke at an open session in the Lodge Home. Besides the Houston and Beaumont members, Elks from Port Arthur, Orange and Jasper attended the meeting, which was most enthusiastic and enjoyable.

Leaving Texas that night, Mr. Malley and Mr. Donnelly arrived at New Iberia, La., where they were met by a committee which included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor, Exalted Ruler Dr. F. J. Wolfe, of New Orleans Lodge, and Nathan Davis and Louis Jennaro, Exalted Ruler and Secretary of New Iberia Lodge. Going first to their quarters at the Hotel Frederic, the guests were taken for an automobile drive to points of interest in the country made famous by Longfellow's "Evangeline." On their return to the city they were conducted to the beautifully decorated Court House, where Mr. Malley and Mr. Rightor addressed a public meeting. The members of the visiting party were then taken to the Spanish Lake Club as guests of honor at an elaborate banquet given by New Iberia Lodge. The following morning the party drove through the beautiful country to New Orleans.

Here Mr. Malley spent two days, visiting the Lodge, conferring with members and officers and visiting nearby points of interest. The outstanding event of his stay was the meeting in

the Home of New Orleans Lodge, attended by a capacity turnout of Louisiana Elks, among whom were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Rightor and John P. Sullivan, and officers and members from many nearby Lodges. The Grand Exalted Ruler's address roused his audience to the highest enthusiasm, and at its conclusion he was applauded to the echo. After the meeting the gathering repaired to the grill for a Creole supper. Other delightful events of Mr. Malley's New Orleans visit were a dinner given by the Lodge officers at Antoine's, another at which Mr. Rightor was host, and a luncheon given by Colonel Sullivan.

Thursday, February 9, saw visits to Jackson and Vicksburg, Miss., Lodges. At the former the Grand Exalted Ruler was welcomed to the State at a luncheon presided over by Exalted Ruler J. T. Savage. Governor Theodore G. Bilbo; General J. Bowman Stirling, former attorney-general of Mississippi, and head of the Mississippi Elks Flood Relief Fund; Dr. Felix J. Underwood, state health officer; Chief Justice Sydney Smith, of the State Supreme Court, and President E. H. Bradshaw, of the Jackson Chamber of Commerce, extended their greetings to the head of the Order which had contributed so generously to the relief of the flood-devastated regions. Mr. Malley's address, and his replies to these impressive greetings, were enthusiastically received.

A COMMITTEE from Vicksburg Lodge had met Mr. Malley on his arrival at Jackson and, following the luncheon there, escorted him to their city. Here the Grand Exalted Ruler attended a banquet at which nearly the entire membership of the Lodge was present. Judge Pat Henry introduced the guest of honor, and Mr. Malley's response and address were in his happiest manner. A number of members, notable in the affairs of the State, including Judge Harris Dickson, spoke also, expressing their pleasure at having the Grand Exalted Ruler as their guest. Mr. Malley later inspected the Lodge Home, and after a sight-seeing tour the next morning, left for Shreveport, La. Here the travelers were met by a large delegation of members and the Lodge band, which escorted them to the Lodge Home. Following a special meeting at which the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke, hosts and guests enjoyed a supper and social hour. After having spent the night in Shreveport, Mr. Malley and Mr. Donnelly left early in the morning for North Little Rock, Ark. Here they visited the Homes of Argenta (North Little Rock) and Little Rock Lodges and in the evening attended a banquet of the two Lodges, held in the Home of the former. Mayor Moyer and Mayor Lawson welcomed the guests to the twin cities, while Judge R. L. Montgomery, speaking on behalf of Governor Martineau, extended the greetings of the State.

Arriving at St. Louis, Mo., at 8 P. M. on the following day, Sunday, February 12, Mr. Malley was entertained for a few hours, before leaving at midnight, by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell and a party of half a dozen Past Exalted Rulers, three of them from St. Louis Lodge, and three from East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge. At Wheeling, West Va., the next stop, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mr. Donnelly were ceremonially received in the Home of the Lodge, where some 500 Elks and their wives, from Lodges in West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Ohio, had gathered to do them honor. The Lodge session, at which the crack Wheeling degree team initiated a large class, was followed by a banquet at which Mr. Malley, Grand Secretary J. Edgar

(Continued on page 78)



Mr. Malley at the boyhood home of Mark Twain. Left, Louie Forman, Grand Lodge State Association Committeeman; right, C. D. Bartram, Exalted Ruler of Hannibal, Mo., Lodge



The well-equipped and spruce-appearing band of the Lodge of Antlers sponsored by Taft, Calif., Lodge, No. 1527

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Mother Lodge Celebrates Sixtieth Anniversary of the Order

THE annual birthday celebration of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, has always a special significance for the members of the more than 1,500 Elk Lodges of the country, for it is also the celebration of the anniversary of the Order's founding. Officers and members of the Grand and subordinate Lodges come from far and near to attend it. Among the distinguished guests present at the sixtieth anniversary dinner, held this year at the Hotel Commodore on February 18, were, to name but a few of them, Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley; Past Grand Exalted Rulers William J. O'Brien, Jr., John K. Tener, James R. Nicholson, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, Frank L. Rain, William M. Abbott, James G. McFarland, John G. Price and Charles H. Grakelow. Other members of the Grand Lodge family who attended were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight David Sholtz; Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Harry Lowenthal; Grand Chaplain Rev. Dr. John Dysart; Grand Trustees Richard P. Rooney, Edward W. Cotter, Clyde Jennings and Dr. Ralph Hagan; Judge William J. Conway and Walter F. Meier, Chief Justice and Justice at the Grand Forum; Grand Lodge Committeemen E. Mark Sullivan, Lawrence H. Rupp, E. M. Wharton, Martin Cunningham, John H. Cose, James T. Hallinan, Louie Forman, John T. Gorman, and Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, S. John Connolly.

The largest number of members and guests ever to attend this annual affair was gathered at the banquet in the grand ballroom. Past Exalted Ruler Thomas F. Brogan, Chairman of the Banquet Committee, with the approach of coffee and cigars, introduced Secretary William T. Phillips as toastmaster, a post which Mr. Phillips filled, as always, with charm and distinction. Exalted Ruler John T. Hogan then extended the greetings of the Mother Lodge to the Grand Exalted Ruler, his associates and the members and guests of No. 1. Mr. Malley, who spoke next, received a tremendous ovation, a tribute which was repeated at the conclusion of his address. Before introducing the next speaker, the toastmaster, on behalf of the Lodge, presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a handsome token of the esteem in which he is held by the members.

Hon. Edward Lazansky, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, and Champe S. Andrews, who served No. 1 as Exalted Ruler from 1902 to 1905, were the next speakers. As Mr. Andrews finished, James A. Farley, Past Exalted Ruler of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877, delivered the Eleven o'Clock Toast, and to the tune of Auld Lang Syne the largest birthday party ever held by the Mother Lodge came to an end.

During his stay in New York, Grand Exalted Ruler Malley made a number of official visita-

tions, including one to No. 1, one to Queens Borough, No. 878, and several to Long Island Lodges. Accounts of these visits will be found on page 78 of this issue.

District Deputy Ludwig's Official Visit to Columbus, Ga., Lodge

On the occasion of his first official visit, made to Columbus, Ga., Lodge, No. 111, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ludwig was met with an enthusiastic demonstration by a capacity gathering of members. Mr. Ludwig paid high tribute to No. 111, praising its excellent condition and warmly complimenting Exalted Ruler Gordon F. Chambers and his staff for their fine rendering of the ritual during the initiation of the large class of candidates which featured the session. Following the meeting supper was enjoyed in the banquet hall.

LaFayette, Ind., Lodge Dedicates Beautiful Memorial Tablet

The beautiful memorial tablet recently placed in the Home of LaFayette, Ind., Lodge, No. 143, was dedicated a short time ago in the presence of a large assemblage of Elks and relatives of the deceased members whom it honors. The Home was profusely decorated with flowers for the services, which were impressively conducted. Exalted Ruler Richard Burke, Sr., made the principal address, a moving tribute to the memory of the Lodge's dead, after which the program was concluded with the singing of Auld Lang Syne by the members.

Exalted Ruler Wharton of Greenville, S. C., Lodge Signally Honored

A signal honor was done Exalted Ruler E. M. Wharton of Greenville, S. C., Lodge, No. 858, when, at a recent meeting, he was voted an Honorary Life Membership in No. 858, for this is

the second time that his services to the Order have been so recognized. Mr. Wharton's first affiliation with the Order was as a member of the old Spartansburg, S. C., Lodge, now inactive, where his personality and his activities were of such outstanding character that his fellow members anticipated the action of his present Lodge, and conferred upon him his first Honorary Life Membership.

Mr. Wharton, who is now serving his second term as Exalted Ruler of Greenville Lodge, is a Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, a member of the present Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and President of the South Carolina State Elks Association, in which last office he was instrumental in creating the Educational Loan Fund, through which five young women students are now receiving financial assistance.

Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge Entertains District Deputy McCready

The reception tendered District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. F. McCready when he paid his official visit to Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge, No. 1517, constituted a notable occasion in the annals of the Lodge. Following the regular meeting and the initiation of a class of candidates, Mr. McCready warmly congratulated the officers on their ritualistic proficiency and on the fine welfare work of the Lodge. A substantial banquet in the District Deputy's honor, and an entertainment attended by a capacity audience of local and visiting members closed a most successful evening.

Ashland, Pa., Lodge Dedicates New \$50,000 Home

With impressive services, the beautiful new \$50,000 Home of Ashland, Pa., Lodge, No. 384, was dedicated a short time ago. George J. Post,



Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, will celebrate its Silver Jubilee here this month

Secretary of Mahanoy City Lodge, No. 695, and a Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, was the principal speaker of the afternoon, and following his able address the formal ceremonies were closed by Exalted Ruler M. O. Kelshaw, who had presided over the function.

Distinguished visitors and members and officers from other Pennsylvania Lodges, to the number of nearly 800, attended the dedication and the gala Lodge meeting which followed. This first regular session in the new Home was marked by the initiation of a class of 107 candidates, the degree team of Freeland Lodge, No. 1145, performing the ritual, and by other notable features. Among these was the presentation to the hosts of the evening by Mahanoy City Lodge of a large, silk American flag. Mr. Post, speaking on behalf of his Lodge, said that the gift was made in recognition of the affection felt by his fellow members for the Lodge which had presided at the institution of No. 695. Other well-known Elks who spoke during the evening were Judge C. A. Whitehouse and Senator R. D. Heaton.

At the close of the meeting an elaborate banquet was served to the members and visitors, who constituted the largest group of Elks ever assembled in Ashland at one time.

Ritualistic Cup is Presented to Blue Island, Ill., Lodge

The cup, emblematic of the victory last year of Blue Island, Ill., Lodge, No. 1331, in the ritualistic contest among the Lodges of Illinois, Northeast, was presented to the winners some time ago by George W. Hasselman, Secretary of the Illinois State Elks Association, at an enthusiastic meeting of the Lodge. Another distinguished visitor on the occasion was Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, who delighted the members with his address. Following their winning of the District contest the officers of Blue Island Lodge entered the finals of the State contest, held at Peoria, where they finished third, separated from the first and second-place winners by only the narrowest of margins.

Approval Given to Purchase of Property

The Board of Grand Trustees and the Grand Exalted Ruler have approved the application of Greencastle, Ind., Lodge, No. 1077, to acquire property. This is a two-story, eleven-room frame dwelling situated on Indiana Street, the purchase price being \$10,000.

Alaska Elks Complete Winter Bowling Tournament

Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1429, Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420, and Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1351, recently played off the final matches in their bowling tournament in a congress held at Juneau. The closely contested matches, extending over a week, each team rolling two contests a day, were finally won by Juneau Lodge. Aside from the bowling it was a week of varied activities. Ketchikan Lodge and Anchorage Lodge were guests at a meeting and initiation, held in the Juneau Home, where the officers of No. 420 exemplified the ritual in impressive fashion. Following the meeting a banquet was served, and the after-dinner speeches were instructive and inspiring. The visitors were taken on sight-seeing tours and were guests of the Juneau Chamber of Commerce at a special meeting. Anchorage and Ketchikan Lodges staged two dances for their hosts during the week which were social successes. The visit was considered by all to have been a delightful one, marked with a fine interplay of friendship, and dignified by the spirit and principles of the Order.

Great Falls, Mont., Lodge Initiates Large Class for Havre, Mont., Lodge

Arriving in two special cars, close to 200 members of Great Falls, Mont., Lodge, No. 214, recently visited Havre, Mont., Lodge, No. 1201, where the officers of No. 214 initiated a class of 100 candidates for their hosts. On their arrival the guests were escorted in a street parade to the Lodge Home where supper was served. The meeting was an exceptional one in every way,

The palatial Home of Memphis, Tenn., Lodge, No. 27, dedicated a short time ago in the presence of the Grand Exalted Ruler



the ritualistic work of the Great Falls officers calling forth the warmest applause and commendation. The evening was further marked by the broadcasting of an exclusive Elks program, which was made up of addresses and musical numbers.

District Deputy Robertson Officially Visits Virginia Lodges

Among the recent official visitations of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Cecil M. Robertson were those to Richmond and Manchester Lodges, Nos. 45 and 843. At Richmond a fine attendance greeted the District Deputy; at the banquet and entertainment, held in the spacious ballroom of the Home, more than 500 Elks enjoyed a splendid dinner and the elaborate program of speeches and vaudeville acts which followed.

At Manchester Mr. Robertson was accompanied on his visit by John G. Sizer, President of the Virginia State Elks Association. Here the distinguished visitors participated in a largely attended regular meeting of the Lodge, and were later guests of honor at a supper in the Home.

Plainfield, N. J., Lodge Entertains Past Exalted Rulers at 1,000th Meeting

In nearly twenty-five years of active existence, Plainfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 885, has seen few more notable occasions than its recent 1,000th meeting and Past Exalted Rulers' Night. Over 300 members were present, while the senior Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, George O. Stevens, occupied the Exalted Ruler's chair and later acted as master of ceremonies at the professional vaudeville show held in the Home.

An impressive touch was added to the meeting by Past Exalted Ruler Walter S. Marder, who placed a basket of flowers in memory of the departed members upon the rostrum, where all might see them during the evening. The affair was originally planned by Exalted Ruler Ernest A. Luthman who turned it over to the Past Exalted Rulers as a committee, and to them the membership accorded the most ardent praise for their fine work.

Ohio State Elks Association Establishing Scholarship Foundation

It has recently been announced by James R. Cooper, President of the Ohio State Elks Association,

that details have been completed for the Ohio Elks Scholarship Foundation. Mr. Cooper has named the following prominent members of the Order in Ohio as Trustees: Clyde Reasoner, of Zanesville; Blake Cook, of Kent; Edwin G. Slough, of Mansfield; Judge Charles L. Justice, of Marion, and Mayor Alex Moore of Athens.

The purpose of the foundation is to assist worthy young men to complete a college education, by extending loans, giving the student five years after finishing his course to repay the amount advanced. The plan is to make the foundation a revolving fund which in due course should be self-sustaining, very much like the fund the Order provided with such success for soldiers in process of rehabilitation.

The rules of the Trustees will provide for the active cooperation of all Ohio Lodges. An application for a loan will be passed through the Lodge nearest the applicant's place of residence after a committee shall have passed upon its merits. It is hoped that the fund will be strong enough before the 1928 college openings to provide assistance to several young men, and that ultimately every Lodge in Ohio will be sponsor for some boy on his way up.

Officers of Virginia State Elks Association in Special Meeting

Gathering at Charlottesville for a special meeting, the officers of the Virginia State Elks Association discussed several matters of importance and laid plans for further wide-spread activities. The session was attended by many well-known Elks of the region, including Grand Trustee Clyde Jennings, State Association President John G. Sizer and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. Chess McGhee. In the evening President Sizer paid an official visit to Charlottesville Lodge, No. 389, where, following the formal ceremonies, some 250 members sat down to a banquet.

Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge Entertains Record Crowd at Indoor Circus

Close to 1,000 members from seven Lodges of southwestern Washington crowded the Home of Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593, at the recent annual "Zero Indoor Circus." Over 100 members from Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174, alone, traveled eighty-four miles to see the show. Twenty-two vaudeville acts were featured on the program.



The Home of Tampa, Fla., Lodge, No. 708, decorated for a gala occasion. Tampa members are expecting to entertain many Grand Lodge Convention visitors here next July

Aberdeen Lodge has been extremely active in all departments and has been maintaining a high record of attendance at all meetings, averaging 357 members at a session. Turnouts of 400 to 500 members at a meeting are common. The Lodge recently held an Inter-Service Club night at which members from all eight chapters of the Rotary, Kiwanis, Active and High Twelve clubs of the cities of Aberdeen and Hoquiam were present. The speaker of the evening was Hon. Kenneth Mackintosh, of Seattle Lodge, No. 92, Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court. A music recital and competitive singing by members of the various clubs made the meeting a lively one. Close to 600 Elks were in attendance.

Membership Card of J. P. Eden, of Herington, Kans., Lodge, Stolen

Lodges are notified that membership card No. 101, paid to April 1, 1928, made out to J. P. Eden, of Herington, Kans. Lodge, No. 1433, has been stolen and may be presented for fraudulent purposes. Secretary A. M. Varner, of Herington Lodge, requests that, if it is so presented, this card be taken up and returned to him, arresting, if necessary, the person endeavoring to use it.

District Deputy Shipman Pays Official Visit to Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge

The official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James F. Shipman to Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 333, was the occasion of the initiation of a large class of candidates before a notable gathering of members and visiting Elks from near-by Lodges. Mr. Shipman was given a rousing reception and in a speech complimented the officers on their efficient ritualistic work. Following the regular meeting the District Deputy was the guest at a supper and entertainment.

Lodges of Indiana North Form Association

At a meeting held on Lincoln's birthday in the Home of South Bend, Ind., Lodge, No. 235, attended by representatives from ten of the twelve Lodges in the jurisdiction, the Indiana North Elks Association was formed, and its constitution and by-laws drawn up. Some 250 Elks, including District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. Ottenheimer, and John C. Hampton and Frank E. Coughlin, President and Vice-President, respectively, of the Indiana

State Elks Association, were present, and all the Lodges of the district, including the two which had been unable to send representatives, were elected to full membership. They are: South Bend, La Porte, Michigan City, Valparaiso, Gary, Whiting, Hammond, East Chicago, Elkhart, Goshen, Ligonier and Kendallville. Mr. Ottenheimer presided and was elected first President of the new Association, and Floyd Saxton, Secretary and Past Exalted Ruler of Gary Lodge, No. 1152, Secretary and Treasurer. Three Vice-Presidents were later to be selected from the ranks of the Past District Deputies. It was voted to accept the invitation of Hammond Lodge, No. 485, to hold the next meeting in its Home on the last Sunday in April.

Following the meeting a banquet was held for the visitors by South Bend Lodge, and later came a regular session of the Lodge at which a class of candidates was initiated. The uniformed drill team of Hammond Lodge, and special music provided by South Bend Lodge added much to the impressiveness of the ritual. Both Mr. Hampton and Mr. Coughlin congratulated the local officers, and spoke in high terms of the value of the new Association.

McKeesport, Pa., Lodge Holds Housewarming in Redecorated Home

Having renovated and redecored its handsome Home at a cost of \$5,000, McKeesport, Pa., Lodge, No. 136, celebrated the completion of the work a short time ago with an old-fashioned housewarming. Enjoying a program of music and dancing, members and their wives spent one of the pleasantest evenings ever known in the Lodge Home.

A complete new wiring system with new fixtures, and new furniture throughout make the building one of the handsomest and most fully equipped in its part of the State. In the basement are bowling alleys and shower baths, while on the first floor are the lobby, lounge, dining-room and the grill and billiard rooms. The Lodge room, ladies' parlor, Secretary's office and Trustees' room are on the second floor, and on the third are a splendid auditorium with a seating capacity of 1,100 and a banquet hall and subsidiary kitchen, with accommodations for 250 diners.

Palatka, Fla., Lodge Doubles Attendance at Meetings

In the last few months Palatka, Fla., Lodge, No. 1232, has doubled the attendance at its meet-

ings by the expedient of having each member present pledge himself to bring another to the next. The celebration of Past Exalted Rulers' Night by Palatka Lodge was the occasion of a most enjoyable and interesting evening. During the meeting the Building Committee reported that it would submit the following week the financing and construction plans for the new Home which No. 1232 is to erect. A large number of members and Past Exalted Rulers and the full complement of officers were on hand to hear the happy announcement, and after the meeting enjoyed a well-arranged program of entertainment.

District Deputy Howard McCall Visits Salisbury, Md., Lodge

The official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Howard F. McCall, of Wilmington, Del., to Salisbury, Md., Lodge, No. 817, was the occasion of an unusually interesting program of ceremony and entertainment. Accompanied by John J. Levay, President of the Delaware, Maryland and District of Columbia Elks Association, Mr. McCall witnessed a regular meeting and initiation, and complimented the members on the fine spirit of the Lodge. Mr. Levay also spoke, as did another visitor, Philip Miller, of Annapolis, Md., Lodge, No. 622, who, in 1902, had helped to institute Salisbury Lodge. Following the formal Lodge session the social features of the evening were held. These, consisting of a reception and dance, vaudeville and musical numbers and supper, made up one of the most ambitious and pleasant affairs ever given by the Lodge and were the subject of much favorable comment by the visitors. Mr. McCall delivered the Eleven o'Clock Toast.

Davenport, Iowa, Lodge Makes Two Fraternal Visits

Thirty-two officers and members of Davenport, Iowa, Lodge, No. 298, recently initiated a class of twenty-two candidates for Kewanee, Ill., Lodge, No. 724. Their fine exemplification of the ritual met with the applause of more than 300 Kewanee members who were present at the meeting. Prior to the regular session the visitors were entertained at a dinner given by the officers of No. 724, at the Parkside Hotel. After the ritualistic ceremonies, a buffet lunch was served in the Home.

By special invitation, the officers of Davenport Lodge lately initiated a class of candidates for Moline, Ill., Lodge, No. 556. Many members of Davenport Lodge accompanied the officers to Moline, where a thoroughly enjoyable evening was experienced.

Progress Being Made on New Home Of Loveland, Colo., Lodge

The work of remodeling the Lovelander Hotel into a new Home for Loveland, Colo., Lodge, No. 1051, has been progressing rapidly, the building committee of No. 1051 reports. Since recently acquiring this building work has gone on apace, and it is hoped that it will be completed in time for the fall and winter activities. So far, the former kitchen has been converted into a most attractive and homelike social hall. The new lobby is complete in every detail with the exception of the Secretary's office. The dining room and kitchen are modern, and the seating capacity of the dining room is now 150, but seventy-five persons more will be easily cared for when work is finished. The Lodge room on the second floor will be one of the most beautiful in the State, and another feature of this floor will be the attractive ladies' rooms, which will include a library and music room.

The rent from two stores on the ground floor will help pay interest on outstanding bonds and allow something over for payment on the principal.

Omaha, Neb., Lodge Sends Birthday Remembrance to Each Member

Charles M. Fixa, Treasurer of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, worked out some time ago the details of the large task of assuring to each member, on his birthday, a message bearing the congratulations and good wishes of the Lodge.

The names and birthdays of the 2,700 Elks belonging to No. 39 were indexed, and a handsome three-panel frame designed by Mr. Fixa was mounted in the lobby of the Lodge Home. In the first panel is a sheet bearing the current date and the names of those whose birthday it is, while in the others are the names of those who will celebrate their anniversaries on the two following days. Later, this observance was added to by the sending of individual cards of congratulation signed by the Exalted Ruler on behalf of all the members, and mailed to reach the recipients, no matter where they happened to be, at the right time. The pleasure carried by such a token of remembrance can be imagined, especially in the cases of those members far from home. The plan has aroused much interest among other Lodges and has brought many letters of thanks and inquiry to No. 39.

District Deputy Newman Pays Official Visit to Jersey City, N. J., Lodge

Accompanied by a large suite and given a rousing reception by a record turnout of members, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond J. Newman recently paid his official visit to Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211.

Mr. Newman, in an address before the membership, stressed the importance of vigorously continuing the welfare work with crippled children, of perfecting the ritualistic work, and generally keeping up the tone of all Lodge activities. The message covered a large field and left unmentioned no detail that might make for improvement. Among the other speakers of the evening were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank Boland and many past and active subordinate Lodge officers.

Johnsonburg, Pa., Lodge Opens Handsome New Home

The first use of the handsome new Home of Johnsonburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 612, and the first event on the program celebrating its opening, was a dinner attended by some 275 members and invited guests. Following the banquet, the guests made a tour of inspection through the entire building, in which they found everything in readiness for immediate use. The good taste and convenience of the furnishings and design were especially pleasing to the Elks who will make use of the new Home. On the day after the dinner the building was thrown open to public inspection, and many hundreds of



The ritualistic team of Manistee, Mich., Lodge, No. 250, with State Championship Cup

citizens availed themselves of the opportunity to visit it.

Ground was broken for the structure early last spring; constructed of varicolored tapestry brick, its design is English Georgian. On the first floor are an inviting entrance hall; a spacious, handsomely furnished lounging room, 28 x 50 feet; a tastefully decorated ladies' parlor; the secretary's office; library; reading room and game room, and a locker room and buffet. Two handsome stairways lead from the entrance hall to the second floor. Here are found a large main hall, a smoking room and the Lodge room. With its lofty arched ceiling, long windows and splendid finish, this is one of the most impressive and dignified Lodge rooms in western Pennsylvania. In addition to its ceremonial use, the fine room will be the scene of entertainments, dances and dinners. The stage with which it is equipped, behind which is a completely furnished modern kitchen, is so constructed that it may, on the occasion of a banquet or informal supper, be opened up and used as a serving counter. The floor is of the finest hardwood construction and is ideal for dancing.

The Entertainment Committee arranged for a number of special events to follow the formal opening, and a pleasing and active period for the members resulted.

Painesville, Ohio, Lodge "Follies" Score Impressive Triumph

The "Elks Follies of 1928," given by Painesville, Ohio, Lodge, No. 549, was even more successful than the highly praised shows of past years. One surprise after another greeted the audience, which responded with the utmost enthusiasm. The performance had plenty of variety and plenty of appealing music, while the exceptionally well-drilled choruses drew forth much applause.

The production was directed by Larry Drinard, who directed last year's show so successfully for the Lodge.

Shawnee, Okla., Lodge Purchases Land for Country Club

Shawnee, Okla., Lodge, No. 657, which materially added to its membership this year, recently purchased 160 acres of land on which they will construct a club house, an eighteen-hole golf course, a swimming pool and a large artificial lake.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. I. Aston recently paid his official visits to No. 657 and to his Home Lodge, McAlester, No. 533, each of them being the occasion of a splendid meeting, and of sincere congratulation by the District Deputy.

All Lodge Secretaries Warned to Be On Lookout for This Man

A man using the name of Frank Kelly, and claiming to be the son of Secretary J. A. Kelly of Bisbee, Arizona, Lodge, No. 671, has been defrauding Lodges in many parts of the country. "Kelly" presents himself to the Secretary of the Lodge in the town where he happens to be, reports himself as being without money, persuades the Secretary to send a wire to Mr. Kelly asking him to telegraph funds in the care of the Lodge, and then borrows five or ten dollars and moves on. A recent message was sent from Rochester, N. Y., and read as follows:

J. A. Kelly
Secretary Elks Home, Bisbee, Ariz.

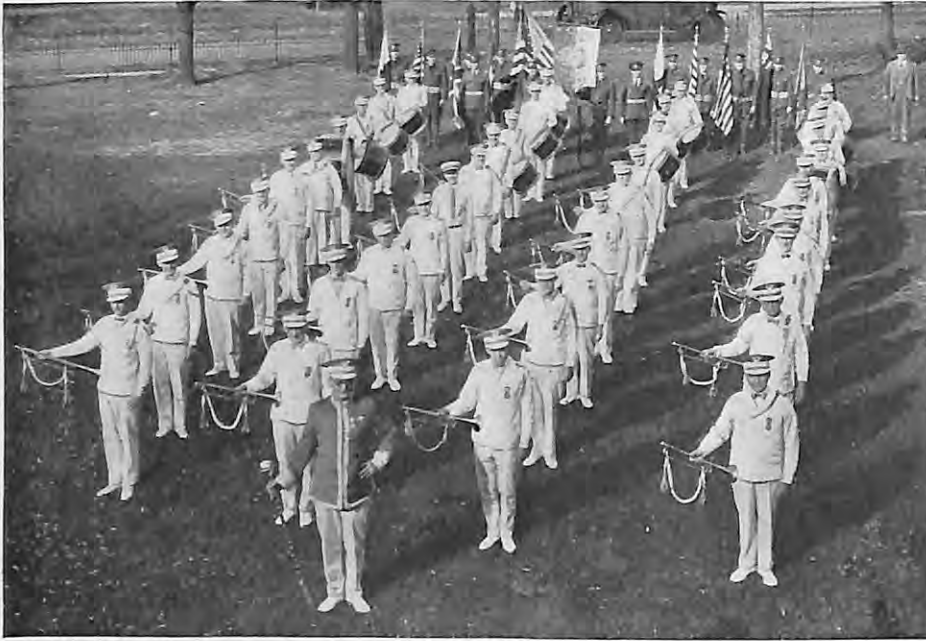
Father please wire me seventy-five dollars at once. Car broke down. Out of money and stranded here in Rochester, New York. Please rush money. Bill and myself well. Can't get to money without more funds. Wire money care Rochester Lodge Elks, Rochester, N. Y.

Frank Kelly.

All Secretaries should be on the lookout for this man and report his presence to the authorities if he visits them.

This dignified and comfortable Home is the property of Passaic, N. J., Lodge, No. 387





FREDERIC M. FEAR

The well-drilled bugle and drum corps of Berwick, Pa., Lodge, No. 1138

Virginia State Elks Association to Hold Flag Day Service at Monticello

An impressive feature planned by the Virginia State Elks Association is the proposed Flag Day service to be held at Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson at Charlottesville, Va., on June 14th. Monticello is one of the most beautiful and sacred spots in America and the significance of this service at the shrine of Jefferson should prove far-reaching in its inspiring, patriotic influence.

Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley has signified his intention of being present and the committee in charge of the service includes Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Robert S. Barrett, Past Exalted Rulers Randolph H. Perry of Charlottesville, Va., Lodge, No. 389, and H. E. Dyer, Roanoke, Va., Lodge, No. 197, John G. Sizer, President of the State Association, and Joseph Kass of Richmond, Va., Lodge, No. 45.

Toledo, Ohio, Lodge Proceeds With Plans for Country Club

Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, has unanimously authorized a committee to proceed with investigation of plans for a new country club and golf course. The cost of such a club house and an eighteen-hole golf course situated on 130 acres of land, has been estimated at \$275,000, while a more ambitious plan calls for a club house, golf course and 200 acres of land at an expenditure of \$400,000. The committee will visit near-by cities where information can be obtained from clubs definitely constructed and from individuals who have created such clubs during the past few years. A special visit will be paid to Columbus, where a very successful Elks country club is in operation. No attempt has yet been made to work out a definite plan for financing this undertaking.

Raymond, Wash., Lodge Enjoying A Very Active Year

Raymond, Wash., Lodge, No. 1292, is enjoying one of its finest and most active years, and stands high in prestige and the good-will of its community. A short time ago the officers, orchestra and a large delegation of members journeyed to Centralia Lodge, No. 1083, where they conducted an initiation and an entertainment for their hosts. The Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers' Night was a great success, and was marked by the initiation of two sons of two of the Past Exalted Rulers present. A fine spirit of enthusiasm is characteristic of all the doings of No. 1292, and a record number of members are counting on attending the annual convention of the State Elks Association at Spokane next June.

Illinois Northeast District Initiates "John F. Malley" Class in Chicago

Making his first stop of a brief middle-western trip, Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley attended the initiation, in Chicago, of a class of 225 candidates recruited from the seventeen Lodges of Illinois, Northeast. This event, and the banquet which preceded it, at which more than 900 Elks of the District were present, were sponsored by the Inter-Lodge Relations Committee of the Illinois State Elks Association, which was in charge of the similar event held at Marion some time ago, and reported in the story of the Grand Exalted Ruler's southwestern trip in our March number.

Held in the Red Lacquer Room of the Hotel Palmer, beautifully transformed for the occasion, the ritual of initiation was performed by a specially selected team headed by Exalted Ruler Edward J. McArdle, Jr., of Chicago Lodge. At the conclusion of the services, Mr. Malley spoke at length on the ideals of the Order, his speech making a deep impression on his large audience. The meeting was attended by many distinguished members. Brief talks were made by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Floyd E. Thompson, Justice of the Illinois Supreme Court and of the Grand Forum of the Order. Three State Elks Association presidents were introduced, Dr. C. D. Midkiff, of Illinois, Dr. Charles R. Logan, of Iowa, and John C. Hampton, of Indiana, as were many other active and past officers and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers.

Mt. Pleasant, Pa., Lodge Holds Successful Charity Show

The recent two performances of the charity minstrel and review given by Mt. Pleasant, Pa., Lodge, No. 868, were among the most successful efforts of this kind ever made by the Lodge. No. 868 is held in such esteem in Mt. Pleasant for its fine welfare work that, despite somewhat difficult business and industrial conditions, the show played to crowded houses and netted a very considerable sum for the charity fund. The staging and performance of the many acts, faithfully rehearsed for two weeks under professional coaches by local talent, were a credit to the Lodge and to all who contributed their efforts.

Circus Staged by Wichita, Kansas, Lodge Is Huge Success

The circus recently given by Wichita, Kansas, Lodge, No. 427, had a record attendance of 27,000 persons for the week, and made a profit of \$5,000 which will be used to pay off mortgages on the Home. The last day of the circus was children's day and over 100 little charges of the

Wichita Children's Home were given free admission, while hundreds of school children availed themselves of the special rates which were made them.

The show committee is so enthusiastic over the outcome of the circus that they are planning to make it an annual event.

Oakland, Calif., Lodge Pays Visits to San Francisco and Berkeley Lodges

Accompanied by close to 200 members, Exalted Ruler O. D. Hamlin and his staff, of Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, paid a recent visit to San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, where they initiated a large class of candidates. Aply assisted by the drill team, which added color to the impressive rendering of the ritual, the officers were highly praised for their work, a compliment of no mean order as No. 3 won the State Ritualistic contest at the last California State Elks Association convention.

A few evenings after this visit Oakland Lodge paid another fraternal call, this time at Berkeley, Calif., Lodge, No. 1002, where they again initiated a large class to the enthusiastic applause of their hosts. Over 150 members, accompanied by the glee club and drill team, made this visit, and notably assisted at the regular business meeting and the fine social session which followed.

Justice Walter F. Meier, of Grand Forum, Visits Idaho Lodges

Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Walter F. Meier, Justice of the Grand Forum, recently spent a day as the guest of Caldwell, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1448, during the course of which he talked with many Elks from Caldwell and near-by Lodges. Visits to Boise and Nampa Lodges, Nos. 310 and 1389, were made by Mr. Meier, and Exalted Ruler A. I. Myers and other officers and members of Caldwell Lodge. In the evening a joint meeting was held in the Home of 1448, at which delegations from Boise, Nampa and Baker assisted. Mr. Meier's eloquent address on this occasion greatly enthused his large audience.

New York, N. Y., Lodge Welcomes District Deputy Heermance

A hearty demonstration was accorded District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clayton J. Heermance, on the occasion of his recent official visit to his home Lodge, New York, N. Y., No. 1. In the District Deputy's suite were some seventy-six Past Exalted Rulers of New York Southeast, headed by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry Kohl, Secretary of their Association.

A class of ten candidates was initiated and, in his speech later, Mr. Heermance praised the dignity with which the ritual had been exemplified by the officers of No. 1. He spoke of the generally fine condition of the Lodges in his district, as well as that of New York Lodge in particular. He concluded his speech by thanking the Past Exalted Rulers, and members generally, for making his homecoming such a notable one.

An impressive feature of the meeting was the entrance of Major Burke, a Union veteran, and Gus Heckler, a Confederate veteran, acting as escort to the flag, each wearing the uniform of the side he fought for during the Civil War.

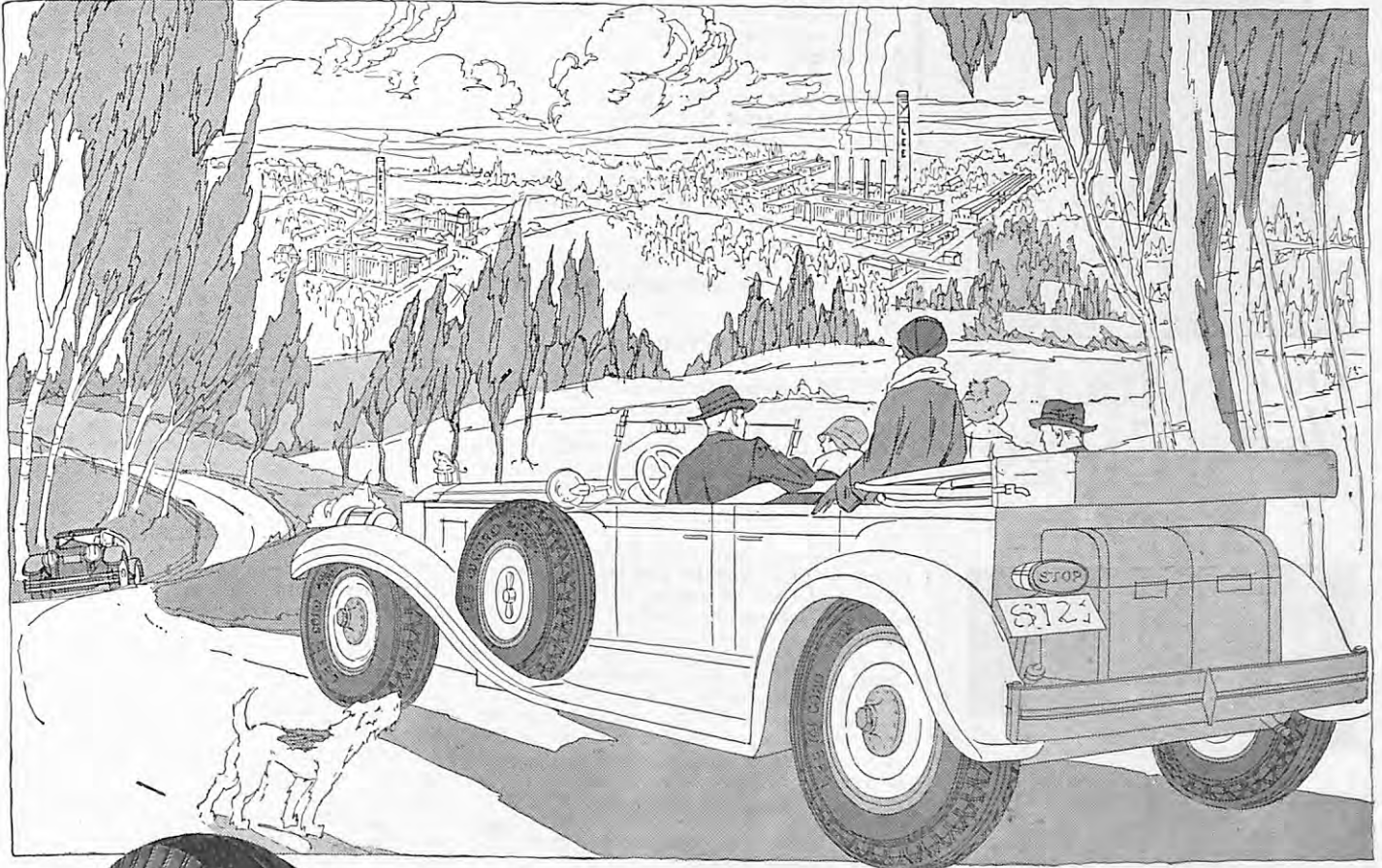
Norwalk, Conn., Lodge Entertains With Italian Night Program

A novel banquet and entertainment was recently enjoyed by close to 350 members of Norwalk, Conn., Lodge, No. 709, on the occasion of Italian Night. The banquet hall was appropriately decorated with the national and the Italian colors, and the purple and white of the Order. The delicious courses served the guests represented the highest culinary skill of the Italian chefs who prepared them. The entertainment, arranged by the Italian members of No. 709, met with the enthusiastic praises of all who were present.

(Continued on page 62)

APRIL ADVICE—RIDE ON TIRES BY

LEE of Conshohocken



This new 6 Ply 30x4.50—21" Lee Shoulderbilt is designed to give both new and old Fords, Chevrolets and Stars a tire of unparalleled service and dependability.

It wasn't so many years ago that a successful 50 mile trip in a "horseless carriage" at 15 miles per hour was a great accomplishment.

Even if the "sparkers" didn't clog, or the "mixer" didn't get out of adjustment, the glass and tack-strewn road exacted its toll on the tires. Punctures were so common that it was a pleasant surprise to go 50 miles without one.

Mr. J. Ellwood Lee stopped those punctures with his Puncture-Proof Tires. They were, and still are, the only pneumatic tires which laugh at nails, glass, thorns and cactus.

The Flat Tread De Luxe, and the Lee Shoulderbilt Balloon are more modern strokes of pioneering genius.

The most recent Lee contribution is a 6 Ply over-size heavy duty balloon tire, designed especially for Fords, Chevrolets and Stars. Sturdy and big, it offers to owners of these new and old cars more than adequate tire equipment for, perhaps, the first time.

With plant equipment equal to the best; with years of experience, and a determination to maintain the Lee prestige, we believe you can ride on any tire by Lee of Conshohocken, with a feeling of security and comfort, knowing that no dollar will buy greater economy—anywhere.



LEE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY



Factories: Conshohocken, Pa. and Youngstown, Ohio

COST NO MORE TO BUY - MUCH LESS TO RUN

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



The Cream that
leaves FACES
FIT!



"Leaves Faces Fit?"

Yes. Why not? It ought to. Eighty-eight years of specialized study have gone into its making.

There is no magic in it. (Nor any bunk!) It will not turn a dull blade sharp. But it makes dull blades seem less dull, and sharp blades sharper.

And, super-mild (yes, just that, super mild) it soothes while it softens; tones up facial tissues; gently cleanses facial pores. Makes shaving easy. *Leaves Faces Fit!*

Ask the drug clerk. He'll tell you. "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . but they all come back to Williams!"

The J. B. Williams Company
Glastonbury, Ct.—Montreal, Can.

Next time say

"Williams
Shaving Cream
please!"

Then—a dash of AQUA VELVA. Made for after-shaving. Keeps the face Fit all day.

The Light Shines Through

(Continued from page 28)

"That is true, dear. We must be discreet—perhaps, if necessary, forego each other's society altogether until things are straightened out." Avery smashed one huge fist into the palm of the other hand. "God! What a situation. Sneaking around corners—hiding—lying—living under an assumed name—all because a dirty little dog happens to know something." He subsided as quickly as he had boiled over. "But those are the facts—"

"You know what I want you to do, John." "Yes—and we both know it is impossible. You haven't the right to ruin Hilda's life. It isn't yourself you are considering. And since Don holds the whip hand the best thing for us to do is recognize that condition and try to correct it. The stakes are certainly worth while—aren't they?"

She touched his hand by way of answer. "And you don't think Don will dare make the first move?"

"Not unless he is insane."

She looked queerly at John Avery.

"At times," she observed quietly—"I believe he is."

CHAPTER XX

THERE followed three weeks of tense uncertainty, tintured by a sense of high romance and dangerous adventure.

Neither John nor Naomi could entirely forget that they had found one another again and that they were happy. At times the girl felt guilty—particularly when she glimpsed Hilda's haggard face.

Hilda was not well. Her reaction to the discovery of John's identity had been unexpected. There had been, of course, a fleeting elation which was followed by a fierce depression. She spoke seldom, and no one knew of the long, sleepless nights during which she was beset by horrid thoughts, and ideas that gnawed cruelly.

Life had been unkind to Hilda, but for years she had borne her burden because it was hers alone. Now she saw that her past was exacting toll from the sister whom she loved and the man she admired. Naomi deserved happiness. She deserved the happiness which could only come if Hilda did not stand in the way. And one night she met Naomi by appointment. She spoke with a quiet, impressive dignity.

"This can't go on any longer, Naomi."

"What, dear?"

"The whole thing. I can't stand it."

Naomi put her arms around the thin shoulders. "Please, Hilda . . . Everything will be straightened out if you'll only be patient."

"I've been patient all my life, Naomi. I was patient while I was married—and all the time that patience was eating into me, until suddenly I could be patient no longer. I'm going through the same thing now . . . Oh! can't you see how impossible things are? Put yourself in my place. I must sit back and watch two lives ruined—two persons who love each other kept apart—a man deprived of the money which is his—because of something I once did."

"What can you do?"

"I can go to the police. I can tell them who I am and what I have done. Then Don won't be able to dictate—"

"And what would that gain?"

"It would release you and John. You could find some way of getting a divorce. I don't know how . . . but those things can always be arranged. Remember that it is only because of me that Don can tell you what to do—"

"No. Not entirely. The divorce wouldn't be as easy as you think. And you mustn't consider us so much—"

Hilda laughed bitterly. "Not consider you! Have you ever considered yourself? It's been me all the time. Don wouldn't have most of John's money in his possession if he hadn't used me as a sword of Damocles over your head. And no matter how you might feel about it—is it fair to John?"

"No," answered Naomi soberly—"it isn't. But he has begged and pleaded that we wait. He has plans—"

"Plans! Oh! I'm not ungrateful, and I'm not doubting that he'll do everything possible. But what has been done can not be undone. Don is

the only person who senses the situation in Wintersburg. He knows that he is safe—that you don't dare make a move. He realizes that the story breaking now will be a much more choice morsel than when it was only cheap and trivial and sordid. And he knows that we know it. John can do a great deal—but he can't accomplish the impossible."

"Perhaps he can."

"You love John Avery. And because you do, you believe him capable of accomplishing anything. I'm not. I can see clearly, Naomi—and you cannot. I can see so clearly that I can't stand the situation any longer. My nerves are reaching the breaking point . . . So long as I was permitted to bear my cross alone, I was willing. But not now."

Naomi drew the distraught girl down beside her. "You know I wouldn't lie to you, dear?"

"Yes."

"Then believe me when I say that I am sure things will come out all right. John is not a weakling. Neither is he spectacular. He doesn't rush into something—and he doesn't start things he can't finish. Put yourself in his place. Don't you realize how intolerable the situation must be to him? Can't you understand that he considers he has as much at stake as you? Can you imagine John lying down to let another man walk on him? Can you?"

Hilda shook her head slowly. "N-o-o . . ."

"Then give him a little more time. There's nothing to be gained by a public confession now—not after all these years."

"Suppose he can do nothing?"

"Then there's only one course left open to us."

"And that is?"

"Force John to make himself known and claim the portion of the estate which Don controls. God knows what will happen then."

"So do I. Don will tell the police about Wintersburg." She stared with strange intentness at Naomi—"I wonder if you will believe me when I say I would be glad. No . . . you couldn't possibly understand that. No one can understand who has not gone through years of suffering with a terrible shadow always standing by. You never will know what it is to have your heart quivering with terror day and night, or to be accompanied by ghastly dreams and memories . . . and fear of the future. I don't know—" Hilda's whole figure seemed to sag—"it isn't worth it, Naomi. The price is too great. I can't go on."

"Just a little longer? Just a few days?"

"Very well. A few days, perhaps."

And that night Naomi sought Avery. They had been meeting near Venice every night and riding together through the canyons and along the seacoast. She told him of her interview with Hilda. He listened with quiet sympathy.

"I can understand what she means—"

"So can I, John. Her spirit is broken, but her pride isn't. She has reached the limit of personal suffering, but she can feel the misery of others. Tell me—what progress is being made?"

"I have written Brewster in detail. No names mentioned, of course. I have sent the letters by registered mail, marked for delivery to the addressee only. He writes me that he is on the right road. Through rather devious channels he has put himself in touch with the biggest political factor in that section of Iowa, a man not only powerful but trustworthy. The report is that the present district attorney is a man of the type we hoped to find: a man of high ideals, a well-developed sense of justice, and a keen and understanding brain. But, of course, they dare not make haste too rapidly. They must be sure of their ground before they make their plea to him."

"Mr. Brewster thinks he will win out?"

"Yes. But he cautions patience. He's a canny sort—afraid of a single tactical blunder. And of course he's right."

She was silent for several moments. Then: "John—wouldn't it be wise to tell Hilda what we're doing?"

He shook his head. "I don't think so, dear. She is wrought up now—and frightened. It seems to me that she would become panic-stricken if she knew that we were daring to give information to the Wintersburg authorities."

"What would she do?"

(Continued on page 44)

Sound, Quiet Sleep and Plenty of It

*Just as essential for
business man as athlete*

says Lloyd Maxwell

WHEN an athletic trainer takes hold of a man to get him in shape for an important contest what two things are most important? *Food and sleep.*

Yet how many of us are apt to disregard those fundamentals in our daily lives. And business or the professions bring the keenest kind of contest.

More and more, men in important positions are recognizing the absolute necessity for proper rest. The contest is too keen to enter with frayed nerves, bad digestion or a muddled head.

"Sound, quiet sleep, and plenty of it, is an essential in athletic training. It is just as important for keeping in condition for business. And," says Mr. Maxwell, "the Simmons Mattress and Spring give a business man an athlete's sleep."

Mechanically and scientifically the Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring are so constructed as to give the tired body the greatest help in recuperation—through quiet, sound sleep.

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Ace Spring, \$19.75; Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

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Simmons Beautyrest Mattress (Below)—a center of close packed, springy wire coils. Hundreds of them. Over this the thick, soft mattress layers. What could give such complete rest.



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Simmons Ace Spring (at Right)—an extra number of resilient spiral springs. The equivalent of a box spring, yet lighter. Less in cost. Slip-covers additional.



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[BUILT FOR SLEEP]



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This is interesting

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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.

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Twinplex

Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER, QUICKER SHAVES

The Light Shines Through

(Continued from page 42)

"I don't know. . . . That is. . . ." He fell silent.

"Say it, please."

"I'd rather not."

"Why?"

"Because what I think is only the opinion of an outsider. I don't see any use of disturbing you by what are probably wild ideas."

Naomi whirled on him, her eyes wide with fear. "You think she would kill herself?"

He did not answer immediately. And when he did speak, his voice was infinitely gentle. "That is my idea, Naomi. I am probably wrong. Yet I met Hilda under rather peculiar circumstances. I saw her first as a hopeless, rather drab, creature. I watched her bloom under the nourishing touch of friendship—her first in many years. And then—in a flash—I saw the slump. I don't know whether even you could sense that as I did: the change in her expression, in her eyes, in the little lines about the corners of her mouth. Hilda isn't responsible, Naomi. I don't mean that there is anything wrong with her normal thought processes. She could do typing or mathematics as well as ever, but her own tragedy has preyed on her and thrown her out of balance. Try to put yourself in her place. . . . wouldn't it strike you that the solution to the whole business would be putting yourself out of the way?"

Naomi was rigid.

"I should have thought of that. I should have—"

"Don't, dear—please. I'm probably mistaken. But it is something we must consider. And that is why we must be patient—whether it suits us or not. I'm afraid that Hilda would prefer death to prison."

"She would. . . . I know she would."

"And so you'll trust me a while longer, dear?"

"Oh, John. . . . I'll trust you forever. I—I'm only afraid that I have been weak—that I have relied on you too much. When I saw you that night in the park, so big and strong—and so alive and well—I felt my troubles dropping from me like a discarded cloak. I saw the future painted in rose tints. It seemed that you could do anything—"

He longed to take her in his arms—to crush her against his breast—to bruise her lips with his kisses. But his quiet voice did not betray the volcano which seethed within him.

"Perhaps I can. But not all at once. Don is a desperate man who has every strategic advantage. I feel that we will pull through." He hesitated for a moment—"There's only one fear in my mind."

"And that is?"

"That Don will find out we have met."

"And if he did?"

"I don't know. I can't determine what he would do—and yet I can not fancy that he would fail to act. We must be careful, dear—very, very careful."

CHAPTER XXI

THEY were as careful as two persons in love with one another—desiring to see one another—could possibly be. They met at strange, out-of-the-way places and motored to little inns for lunches and dinners; they snatched a half-hour here and a half-hour there.

The situation between them was peculiar. They considered themselves engaged—yet there was between them the barrier of her marriage. They spoke confidently of the day when they would marry. . . . and always after such a conversation they would fall silent and each knew that the thoughts of the other were on Don Logan. He never kissed her—though at times the effort necessary to control the impulse left him weak and trembling.

Reports from Ezekiel Brewster grew more encouraging. But the lawyer continued to insist that it was a slow, painful process with the ill effects of a single misstep giving promise of magnifying into disaster. He felt certain of ultimate success, he wrote, but he could not hurry things.

Hilda had withdrawn into a shell. She was brave enough, but they could not fail to worry about her. The situation was preying on her mind and corroding her soul. She had deep, dark circles under her eyes. Physically, too, she

sagged. Her step was languid, and the office where she worked was not at all satisfied. On two or three occasions she was reprimanded sharply. She was indifferent. The mere prosaic matter of a job held little interest.

They heard nothing from Don Logan. And because they heard nothing, they were, perhaps, lax in their vigilance.

Don himself was nervous. He knew that something was wrong. He learned that Hilda had not done his bidding. He tried twice to see her, and she refused to talk. There was something in her manner which frightened him.

He knew that Avery still boarded at Mrs. Hildebrand's, and that worried him. True, so far as he could discover, there was no longer any constant companionship between Avery and Hilda, but the fact that she remained under the roof with the man whom he believed she thought was a shadow from the past, was disconcerting.

HE REALIZED that there was something in the situation which was radically wrong—something which boded ill for his future contentment. He wondered whether by any chance Naomi and John had met. But he discarded that idea almost as soon as it came to him. He could not imagine Naomi doing anything other than making John's presence known. She was that kind; unflinching in facing an issue of right and wrong.

Nor were Don's private affairs at all to his liking. He had amused himself with women and found that he stirred up a fury. Marcella Breen was increasingly difficult to handle. She had a way of staring at him for a half-hour at a time, deep violet eyes smouldering with fierce jealousy; ripe, red lips pressed tightly together. The name of Lisa Verner had become anathema to her.

Don liked Lisa. She sparkled. She was refreshing. She refused to take him—or anybody else—seriously. And because she was a welcome relief after Marcella's torrid somberness he refused to deny himself the pleasure of her society.

Marcella was a good sort, he figured. But she was moody, and he didn't want a moody woman about when he was enmeshed by so many other worries. Lisa Verner could make him forget. She could make him laugh at himself, which was a feat no other woman had ever been able to accomplish. And so he resorted to subterfuge. He lied his way out of Marcella's society and went for long automobile rides with Lisa. In his blind, bland conceit he did not take into account the power of a jealous woman's intuition. Because Marcella did not storm openly, he believed that he had fooled her.

It was only in Lisa's society that he could snap out of the despondent mood which was preying upon him. There was so much that he wanted to forget—the possibility that the fortune so miraculously given him was in danger of being snatched away.

Luxury and financial independence had come to mean much to Don, and never more than when he felt himself in danger of losing them. The equities of the situation did not bother him. He did not scrutinize the methods by which he had come into possession of his present wealth. He only knew that he had it. He regarded it as his. And so was prepared to go to any lengths to retain what he had.

In Lisa's company he could forget. She was bright and keen and had an irrepressible sense of good humor. She had the ability to fling herself whole-heartedly into any form of pleasure. She was keen. She knew that he needed to be rescued from the black mood which was threatening to consume him. And she worked cleverly. She engineered their little journeys—it was she who forced him to dance, to smile. . . . it was never an easy task—but invariably she succeeded in infecting him with her own good humor.

She was a bizarre little thing, unhampered by conventions of any sort. She laughed her way through life and shrugged her shoulders at misery and trouble. She knew that the morrow would take care of itself, and that yesterday had gone forever. She had a tonic effect on Don Logan. There were times when she even succeeded in causing him to forget his worries.

There was one night when he sneaked away

(Continued on page 46)



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The Light Shines Through

(Continued from page 44)

from Marcella and met Lisa by appointment. They drove out to a little seaside inn where the dinners were fair and the jazz music unusually good. It was a softly-lighted, ultra-discreet little place where prices were high and music unsurpassed. They were ushered to a table in a corner of the room, and immediately Lisa bent herself to the task of rousing this self-centered man from his lethargy. All during the long drive to the inn, he had been unusually absorbed in whatever trouble it was that burdened him.

Her bright, eager, *gamine* face was keen and alive. She was in high spirits, and gradually her mood communicated itself to him. He smiled once or twice. But at first he refused to dance. It was only when the orchestra struck up a number of unusual popularity that she inveigled him onto the floor.

He danced rather well, although without spirit. Yet there was undeniably a tang to dancing with Lisa. She was light as the proverbial feather and she herself enjoyed the dance so much. He responded more readily to her allure as they swayed about the polished floor, gliding through the maze of dancers. He forgot for a moment that he was waging a battle for material wealth that meant more to him than . . .

Suddenly his stocky, muscular body stiffened. Lisa sensed that something was radically wrong. Her eyes flashed to his face and she saw that he was staring toward a table in a secluded corner of the room.

She followed the direction of his gaze and saw that he was gazing wide-eyed at a couple. Her quick eyes appraised the man and woman instantly.

The first thing that impressed her was that the couple—whoever they might be—were oblivious to all the world save themselves. The woman was tiny, yet exquisitely formed. She had a bright, intelligent face which Lisa instantly catalogued as beautiful. But the man riveted her attention.

He was of tremendous size, yet perfectly proportioned. His shoulders were of amazing breadth, his chest of impressive depth. The lines of his face were deeply graven and expressive of indomitable spirit. Lisa knew that she had never seen a more perfectly matched couple—nor one so superbly happy.

IT WAS apparent that they were unconscious of anyone else in the room. They did not even seem to hear the music. The girl was talking and her lips and eyes were laughing. The man was smiling—the most genuine, most gentle, smile that Lisa Verner had ever seen.

And then the answer dawned upon her. She knew that her intuition was correct. She asked a single question.

"Your wife?"

He tore from her grasp and walked across the floor to their own table.

"Is it?" she asked.

"None of your business!" he snarled.

"My goodness gracious!" Lisa never dropped her mocking, bantering manner—"Ain't he the great ol' bear!"

"Oh! shut up . . ."

She shrugged and smiled. She sat opposite him and something warned her that it would be better if she remained silent.

Sight of John Avery and Naomi together in this place—so obviously contented and happy—had frightened Don beyond all measure. He read a message of disaster in their confident manner.

His mind worked quickly. He leaped to the conclusion that their happiness portended a blow which was shortly to fall upon him. The thought was paralyzing.

He knew that there was only one chance left for him—and that was to strike first.

Without a word to Lisa he rose and stalked across the room. His face was hard as granite, his eyes beady and bleak behind the lenses of his horn-rimmed spectacles.

They did not see him until he came to a halt at their table. He saw the smile vanish from Naomi's lips. He detected a tightening of John Avery's muscles. But the big man did not rise.

Logan spoke directly to Avery.

"I warned you what was going to happen,"

he said harshly, "if you let Naomi know you were here."

The big man inclined his head. "Yes—you did."

"Well—I wasn't lying. I'm going to crack down—now!"

"I see."

The eyes of the two men clashed. Avery was so confident, so unperturbed . . .

"I'll give you just one more chance," Don announced furiously. "To-morrow afternoon at five o'clock I shall visit Naomi's apartment. I wish you both to be there. And I want Hilda there, too. Understand?"

"We understand."

"And you had better do as I order."

John Avery smiled. It was the broad, tolerant smile of an older brother over the antics of his junior.

"Of course we'll be there, Logan."

But as Don turned away, Avery's face grew serious.

"It's been a bad break, Naomi," he said gravely. "Don is dangerous."

CHAPTER XXII

TWO very grave persons drove back to Los Angeles less than a half hour later. Both were immersed in worry. They were besieged with doubts of the morrow.

"What will he do, John?"

"I don't know. One can not foretell accurately how a man of Don's temperament is likely to act."

"You're afraid he will do as he threatens?"

"A trifle. It isn't common sense, but to-night Don would have done it. Whether a day of deliberation will alter his determination remains to be seen. Frankly, he has everything to lose and nothing to gain. I have been banking on his recognition of that condition."

"Yes . . . but to-night changes it. Our being there together—unworried and in frank defiance of his ultimatum—must have frightened him. He wonders what we are doing—and his only hope for himself is to strike first."

"But that isn't a hope, Naomi. The minute he makes public what he knows of Hilda, he is finished. He knows it. I was afraid that he would do something to-night. The fact that he set the interview for to-morrow is certainly encouraging." Avery gazed down at the girl by his side. "Queer, isn't it, how little use muscle is in the big issues of life?"

She smiled wanly. "I thought of that. You could break Don in two, but it would only make a very tragic matter worse."

"Certainly. I thought of threatening him with violence, but Don isn't yellow—not physically. He's yellow mentally . . . but that doesn't help."

She was silent for a long time, and suddenly put her hand in his. "To-night it came home to me forcibly, John, what a horrible rôle I play in this thing. Hilda was safe. I had kept her secret for years—even from you. Then, in the first flush of marriage, I told her story to Don. If I hadn't done that . . ."

"Hush, dear. It was the most natural thing in the world. And it was inevitable that he would discover it anyway."

"Perhaps. But that doesn't cause me to blame myself any less. You see, I am the one who should suffer—not you or Hilda. And you both suffer more than I."

"I don't think so. Perhaps none of us will suffer."

"Not likely. And—where are you going?"

"Telegraph office," he said briefly. "I want some last minute information from Brewster."

He wrote his wire at the desk. It was concise and explicit.

"TELEGRAPH ACCURATELY PRESENT STATUS IOWA SITUATION. IMPORTANT."

He signed it "Keyes."

"We'll have an answer to that before two o'clock to-morrow. And we'll know a good deal more about how weak—or how strong—our position really is."

She nodded. "It can not be a half-way position, John. The more I think of it, the more frightened I get. No matter what progress Mr. Brewster

(Continued on page 48)

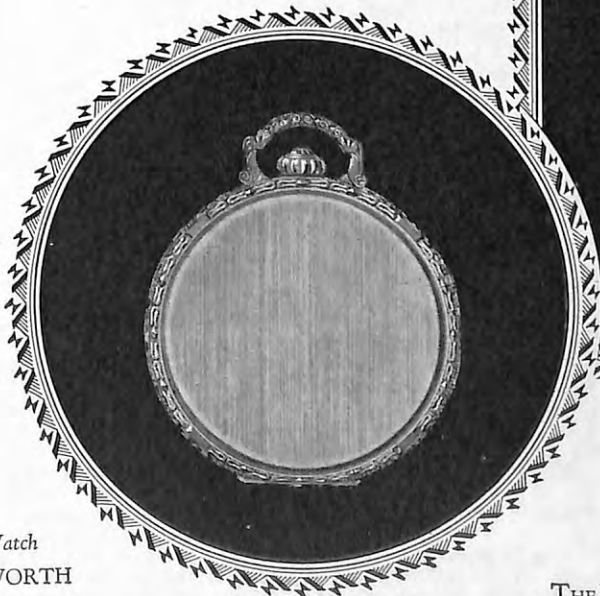
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The Light Shines Through

(Continued from page 46)



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has made—it won't be proof against a sudden avalanche of publicity. There is more of a story to this than finding Hilda. There is the fact that her sister inherited a million dollars from a former suitor, and that she moved to Los Angeles in order to be near the woman whom she knew was under indictment. There is news value—sensational news value—in the story of your return after your will had been admitted to probate and your fortune turned over to me. It may even be that Don will not stop there, but will hint of our romance. You see, dear, we are seeing the strength of our own position—we must not underestimate Don's strength. We believe that he will not dare make a definite move. Yet we must sacrifice a great deal to hold matters in the air."

"That is just what I'm planning to do," answered Avery. "I'm going to try to stall him off."

"That won't be easy."

"We'll have to do it, just the same. Every hour that passes is in our favor. There's no use worrying about the might-bes. Let's have a good rest and try to face the interview calmly."

"Shall we tell Hilda?"

He considered. "Yes, I believe so. She must stay away from her work to-morrow, and perhaps she had better be prepared. Let's tell her to-night."

They found Hilda at her boarding-house, sitting alone on the veranda. John invited her to join them in the car, and they had no sooner veered off from the curb than she turned in alarm to her sister.

"Naomi! What is wrong?"

"Nothing, dear. That is, nothing that isn't going to work out well."

"Don't lie to me. You wouldn't have come—"

John Avery interrupted; his voice as calm and unruffled as the surface of a millpond.

"There is nothing to get nervous about, Hilda. But unfortunately we met Don Logan to-night. He did a great deal of foolish blustering."

"It isn't bluster!"

"Perhaps not. But it sounded that way. At any rate, he wants to talk things over with the three of us in Naomi's apartment to-morrow afternoon at five o'clock."

For several minutes Hilda did not answer. Her slender body was rocking slowly back and forth—back and forth—and her thin fingers intertwined nervously.

"I knew it," she moaned—"I knew this was coming. I knew this was coming. . . ."

Naomi put her arms about the tortured girl. "You mustn't carry on this way, Hilda."

"How can I help it? Oh, God . . . after all these years . . . And everything my fault. I've had nothing but misery in my own life, and it has spread around me like a contagious disease. I have injured John. I stand between you and happiness. I—"

John's quiet eyes met Naomi's glance levelly. He nodded.

Naomi whispered to her sister.

"You are coming home with me to-night, dear. We'll have a good, long talk—an old-timey talk—and you'll see that things are not so bad after all."

Hilda gave a short, hysterical laugh.

"I'll come with you, Naomi. It doesn't matter what I do. Nothing matters any more."

CHAPTER XXIII

THEY sat in the tiny living-room of Naomi's modest apartment. Avery seemed calm and confident. Naomi was quiet, but her eyes had an unnatural radiance. She recognized that the great crisis was at hand.

Hilda sat motionless—like a statue. The night before Naomi had struggled to bring the woman to tears, but her effort had been futile. Yet toward morning a fitful sleep came to soothe Hilda's jangling nerves, and it had seemed during the morning that she was calm.

Yet John and Naomi understood that this was a mere superficial calmness, and that all the fear and horror of long, miserable years were pent up and ready to burst through.

Hilda was quiet. Almost too quiet. Hers was the sinister silence of the bomb immediately

before it explodes. She sat stiffly in a straight chair—immovable, expressionless, haunted eyes focused upon the corner of the rug. She did not even move when the buzzer sounded and Naomi moved to answer the summons.

Don Logan followed his wife into the apartment. He wore a perfectly tailored, but rather too flagrant, suit of pearl gray. He carried a derby hat in his hand, and a cane. He drew off his gray gloves with deliberate ostentation as he surveyed the trio through thick glasses.

If Don was nervous, he did not show it. His overlarge features were in repose; his thick, sensuous lips were curled into a half sneer. Long yellow hair was brushed back from his high forehead. He bowed with mocking courtesy.

"It seems as though we are all here," he observed. Naomi flashed him a glance of loathing.

HE SEATED himself without an invitation and rested his eyes on the inscrutable Hilda.

"My dear Hilda," he remarked pleasantly, "you don't look a bit well."

Avery's cheeks paled. Naomi started—then sank back in horror as Don's oily voice went on:

"No, Hilda—you look very badly indeed. I am really quite apprehensive of the effect prison will have on your health."

There was a gasp—and an instant of horrified silence. The man's brutality was surpassing. Naomi saw John Avery lean forward in his chair. She noticed that his cheeks were white and that his huge fists were clenched, but his voice matched that of Don Logan's in firm, unyielding menace.

"Don," he said, "I wish to warn you against another break of that sort."

Don met his eyes insolently. He snapped his fingers with forced bravado, yet something deep within him sounded a warning. He had never before noticed that Avery's eyes could narrow to pinpoints.

"You can't frighten me, Avery. If you could, I wouldn't be here. I knew you'd try mock heroics."

John sat back in his chair. "I've warned you," he said.

Don lighted a cigarette with elaborate care. He blew a cloud of the fragrant smoke into the room.

"Without wishing to tread on the very delicate sensibilities of Mr. John Avery—I wish to state that I only spoke facts."

"I thought," broke in Naomi, "that we gathered to discuss this."

"So far as I can observe—there is nothing to discuss. I warned Avery what would happen if he sought you out. I was not bluffing."

"But we met by accident, Don."

"What difference—so long as you have met? I know what you will do, Naomi. You have a very oppressive and silly sense of honor. You will insist that John make it known that he is not dead—"

"Has she done so yet?" inquired Avery.

"No-o. But I am not a fool. I know there is something in the wind. I realize that my days as a wealthy man have just about ended. I retain only the tremendous satisfaction of knowing that I shall not be forgotten in a hurry."

"Surely," asked Avery—"you don't intend to dynamite your own house?"

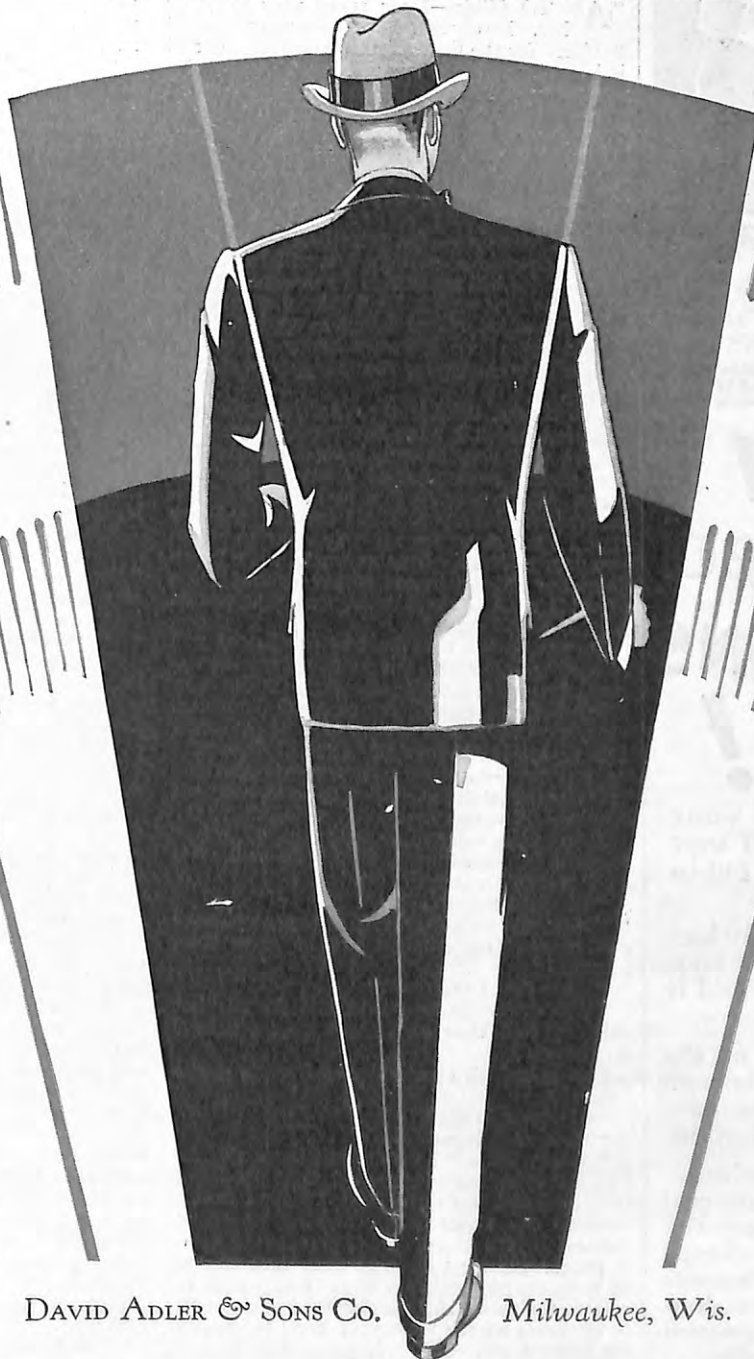
"I surely do, Mr. Avery. There will be a certain pleasure in remembering that I did not wait for you to act. I confess freely, that I don't know what you are planning. But you will never make me believe that you are not planning something. Personally, Avery, I think you are inclined to be somewhat dumb. Certainly, you are too sentimental. But not Naomi—not in that way, at any rate. She will sit back quietly only so long as she thinks there is a chance for you to rob me of the single weapon I possess. The minute she feels nothing can be accomplished that way, she will talk—publicly. And since that will force me to disclose what I know about Hilda—I figure I may as well do what is known in prize-ring vernacular as beating you to the punch."

Avery was studying the man intently. He knew that the insolence was a veneer to cloak genuine apprehension. Yet he realized that Don would not be easily dealt with. He was too sure

(Continued on page 50)

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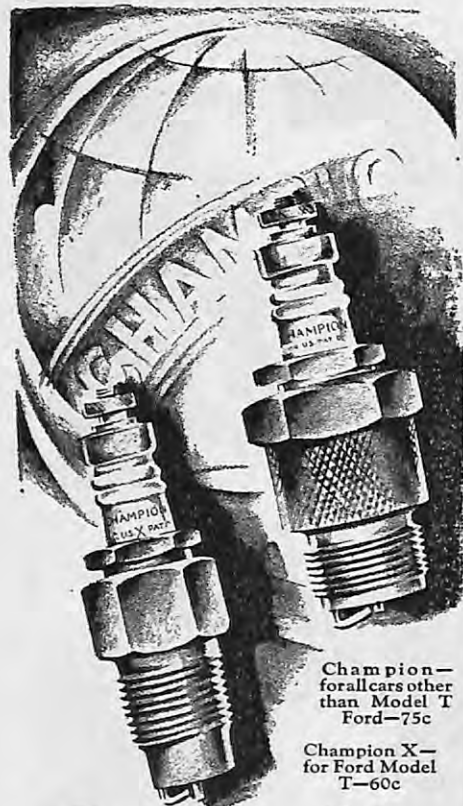
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The Light Shines Through

(Continued from page 48)



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CHAMPION Spark Plugs

TOLEDO

of himself—too careful to boast of what he intended to do. He permitted Don to talk.

"You wish me to summarize the situation, Naomi?" asked Don. "Very well: here it is in a nutshell. In the first place, as to myself: I have thoroughly enjoyed my days as a man of wealth and leisure. I would love them to continue, but since that is not possible, I have reconciled myself to a return to a normal walk of life. That is the maximum punishment I can be made to suffer—unless our dear Mr. Avery gets another blood-thirsty spell and is unable to control himself.

"AS TO Hilda—I am really very sorry for her. I truly am. I know she was not at all to blame for the little affair in Wintersburg, and it is a pity that the law will have to scrutinize the matter in court. But justice is justice . . . and I feel quite sure that she may be able to convince an Iowa jury that she was justified.

"You, my dear wife, will of course lose a great deal. There will be some stigma attaching to your name. That is very regrettable, but unavoidable.

"But John here—Mr. John Avery—will profit at the expense of us all. His, will be the big reward. He will profit because we shall all contribute to that profit. He will have returned to him such of his million dollars as are left. That should make him feel very happy. A million dollars in exchange for the unhappiness of three people.

"Of course, there is one other feature of the situation which I have not touched upon. I believe that you, Naomi, have discovered that you should have married Avery in the first place. We both know that he has always been rather keen about you. But I want to announce that I shall never see my way clear to giving you your freedom. In other words, while I wish John the full enjoyment of his fortune, I am afraid I shall have to insist that you remain Mrs. Donald Logan."

It was patent that he was excellently well pleased with himself. His summary was impressive. Avery and Naomi were staring at the floor. Hilda had not moved, nor changed expression. Her immobility was unnatural. Occasionally Don flashed her an uncertain glance. He wanted her to speak—to make a gesture—do anything to indicate that she was alive. She was—she was spooky! That was it—spooky! He shivered.

John's calm voice filled the room. "A rather formidable summing-up, Don," he said. "I confess it rather staggers me."

"I fancied that it might."

"Now just for the sake of argument—let me ask whether there might not be some compromise?"

"None that I can see."

"Oh! surely Don—you didn't do all that thinking and then stop short of a solution? Surely not."

Don raised his eyes and met Avery's glance squarely.

"Of course I didn't, John."

"Then what is your idea?"

"Simply this—" Don did not know that he was betraying his eagerness—he did not know that his hand was trembling: "Naomi turned over to me about seven hundred thousand dollars. If you, Avery, care to give that to me—in proper and legal form, so that there can be no recourse, no possibility of any legal action to recover it—then I shall be delighted to step out, to eliminate myself from your lives, to divorce my beloved wife—and to forget all that I know of Hilda."

Avery nodded. But before he could speak Naomi was on her feet. Her exquisitely moulded body was vibrant with passionate indignation. Her voice trembled with fury.

"Don't answer him, John!" she commanded. "Because no matter what you are willing to do, there are certain things which I will not consent to. Do you fancy for one minute that I will stand by and watch you trade with this man for what is rightfully yours—money which he came into possession of through your friendship for me and my mistaken marriage to him? Good God! Don, I thought you knew me better than

that." She paused for a moment, then burst forth again—"And do you think—even if that condition were possible—that I would allow you to sell me to John Avery? That is what you are offering. For seven hundred thousand dollars you will sell your woman to him!"

She walked over to John and stood looking down upon him.

"I love you, John," she said. "You know that. But I can not be sold to you. I must—if I am ever yours—give myself to you. Do you understand, dear?"

Avery nodded. "You see, Don," he said—"It isn't that I am unwilling. Frankly, I think we're making entirely too much to-do about the money. Yet since Naomi looks on it as she does . . . I don't see . . ."

"Nor do I." Logan rose and stood with hands clasped behind him. "I was rather afraid that sentiment of one sort or another would make a sensible solution impossible. And since that is the case, Avery—I'm really afraid that there is nothing for me but to proceed."

"What do you mean?"

"That is quite simple. I shall notify the police here that a woman calling herself Ethel Prentice, and boarding at Mrs. Hildebrand's—a woman who is a sister of the wealthy Mrs. Donald Logan—is wanted in Wintersburg, Iowa, under an old and forgotten indictment for first-degree murder. Of course, they will not know where the information is coming from—but, being well-trained policemen, they will investigate. Then I shall hand back your money to you—and retain for myself only the somewhat doubtful pleasure of continuing as Naomi's husband."

"Nothing will change your mind?"

Don shrugged. "I have stated my terms—and Naomi refuses."

"She is overwrought—"

"John!" Naomi put her hand on his arm. "Don't let's equivocate. You know that it is me speaking. You know I will never come to you that way. I will not consent to keep your money—nor permit Don to do so."

"You see," observed Don, "she is very stubborn."

Avery stepped quite close to him. "Will you hold off any action until to-morrow evening?"

"Why should I?"

"Because you have everything to gain by waiting."

Logan studied the big man. He fancied he detected weakness in John's eyes. The idea occurred to him that John intended to treat with him secretly.

"I might wait, Avery—but only until to-morrow evening."

"That will be long enough. Naomi is rather excited to-night. Perhaps to-morrow she will see things differently."

"For her sake, I hope she will." He bowed.

"And now, I shall bid you all a good-night. It has been an exceedingly interesting and instructive interview. I have only one more thing to say—I do hope that none of you will think that I am bluffing. I don't say that I wouldn't be delighted to bluff if I felt it would gain me anything. But in this case, I know that it will not—and what I have said to-night is neither bluff nor threat. It is merely the cold-blooded statement of rather unpleasant fact. Do I make myself clear?"

Avery inclined his head.

"Quite," he answered. "You may take my word for it, Logan, that I do not believe you are bluffing."

"Thank you, John. And now—*adios!*" He picked up hat, gloves and cane and moved toward the door. There he turned for another bow.

But he did not see the big figure of John Avery nor the taut one of his wife.

He saw only Hilda's eyes: great, burning, black eyes which stared at him in a way which caused him to shudder.

He walked from the apartment, feeling an unaccountable chill. He could still see Hilda's eyes . . . He tried to rid his mind of her.

"She's crazy!" he told himself—"Crazy as a loon."

(To be concluded)

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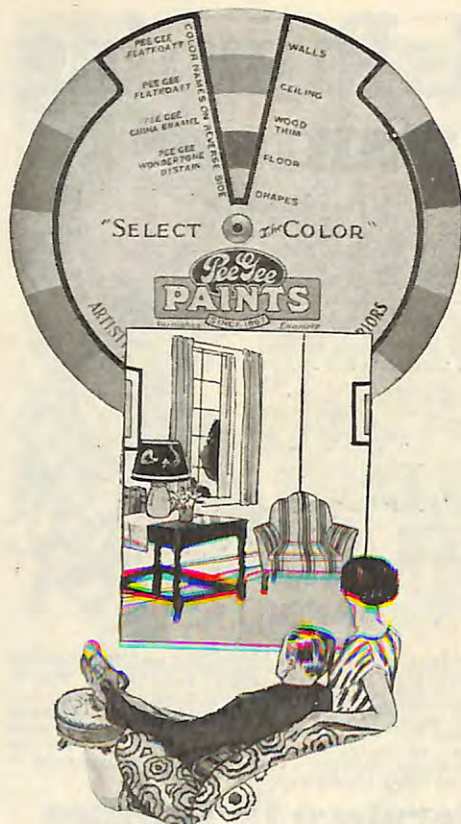
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Vaudeville Ain't Refined

(Continued from page 25)



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thought of what I am putting over on the poor kid gets the better of me and my sense of humor takes charge. From then on I work until morning, and when daylight comes I have a number that is so goofy that you wouldn't believe it. And it is a number, I hope and believe, that will do the trick.

You've probably seen that act. It is being played now on the big time by Ada Ada, the famous comedienne, and making thousands laugh every week. In it the artist is cast as a chorus-girl type who is late for her spot. So late, in fact, that she has to make up on the stage in full view of the audience,—only after that can she go on with her numbers. But Ada don't play it the way I first wrote it.

I put the bit in there to deliberately slow things up. Vaudeville, you know, demands action. An act that goes over must get off to an immediate start,—it's the first hand, the first laugh, that count. Them, and the last big one that stops the show. So to grab Stella I opened slow and finished slower. For the first five minutes I had her sitting in front of a make-up box fussing with her face, and if there's anything an audience hates it's a stage change. Why? Because there's no mystery, no gag in it. It's poison. They'll think a girl's wonderful if she makes a ten-second shift in the wings but remain unmoved if she does twice as quick in front of them.

"Ain't that a novelty, like I told you it was going to be?" I ask the kid when I finish reading it to her. "I bet Moon would give her brassiere to have it."

"How does it start, again?" she queries.

"Set." I read, "Ornamental drop in one. Full lights. Orchestra vamp, *You Forgot to Remember*. Enter Stella, hurrying, left, dressed in a squirrel coat and floppy hat covering a scanty, spangled chorus costume; crosses to center stage saying 'Oh, I'm late for my act!' Calls offstage, 'Jimmy, run up to my dressing-room and get my make-up box, will you? And bring me a table, too.'" And as I go over it I can just see her doing it in her chorus way, reciting the words like a kid speaking a piece.

"Well, I think it ought to be different," she says.

"You and all the important guys I have showed it to don't agree, then," I assure her.

"I don't care," she announces. "That's what I think."

"Just what would you propose to change?" I ask.

"I think where I say 'Oh, I'm late for my act,'" she confides, "I ought to also say 'I ain't even had time to make up yet' so they would understand why I am doing it."

"That's a very good idea, Stella," I reply with a straight face. "I'll put that right in. But do you think you really ought to say 'ain't'?"

"Oh," she says, "I forgot. I meant isn't."

There are just two songs in it, and I got Joe Bush to write them for me—Joe has been writing songs for ten years and never had a hit yet. "Be sure they're duds," I tell him. "Don't worry," he says. "That's my specialty."

Yes, it is a bird of an act, but Stella thinks it's wonderful. "Like it, do you, kid?" I ask her.

For an answer she kisses me and I almost have a twinge of conscience. "You know," she says, "I thought you was against my going into vaudeville, but I guess I was wrong. You see, don't you, how much better off we're going to be. I'll prob'ly be one of the biggest headliners in the country."

"Yes, kid," I tell her. "That's just what you'll prob'ly be."

The try-out is to take place up at the B. L. Ginsberg Theater, an upper West Side house owned by none other than Izzy and carefully picked by him and me because it is so noted for its hard-boiled audiences. They are difficult to please,—they go to the big-time houses just often enough to get for a half a dollar in the little joints, and besides, the Ginsberg is often used for these try-outs, which is enough to sour any public.

It is also to come on a Monday night, and Stella is slated for the opening spot, but under her violent protests we are obliged to change the latter. "What do you think I am?" she raves. "A 'dumb' act?"

"Wait 'til you're booked," I tell her, "and I guess you can have any spot you want."

"I don't care," she announces. "You do better than that or I don't go on." So we put her second, and though not quite satisfied she lets it go at that.

Well, at last the big day comes around. In the afternoon I take the cue sheets and the props up and get everything set, and promptly at seven o'clock we are backstage, due to go on at half-past. Izzy is there not long afterwards, and best of all, who has he brought with him but one of the better known vaudeville booking agents. "I'm taking no chances," he tells me. "Maybe it will mean something to her to learn this guy's opinion." But to Stella he only says "I have brought along Barney to look you over, my dear," and she is convulsed with happiness because she thinks it means she's going on the two-day sure. When the news reel is over the two of them go out front and we take our place in the wings, I as nervous as a slivver's mud-guard, but Stella perfectly serene.

The first act, a juggler, comes off moaning. "The house is dead," is his lament. "They're sitting on their hands." And true, there is only about seven people clapping.

"Wait'll they see me," says Stella. Down comes the drop, I hear the vamp, and my partner starts forward, picking up the hurrying walk she has rehearsed.

THERE is a moment of silence as she emerges into sight. Then, to my stunned amazement, all of a sudden comes a roar of laughter, one of them spontaneous, from-the-belt laughs that crashes through the house from pit to box. Oh, my God! Stella has tripped and done a perfectly wonderful brodie, full length, spang on her face with that fur coat flying around her ears and revealing them unexpected, pink shapely legs. Sweet shades of Mack Sennett, what a fall! It seems the juggler was juggling wands and one of them dropped on the stage and got left there, but the audience don't know that. They think she's slap-sticking!

She gets up jolted clean out of character and hopping mad. "Who done that?" she yelps. "What slob is responsible?" and there is another roar from the house.

"You think I fell on purpose," she tells the audience, pushing her hat back from over her eyes. "But look. Some sap left this laying around!" And she shows them the stick.

By this time they are settled in their seats, convinced that before them is something really good. Then Stella begins to try to get back into her part, but she has her lines all mixed, and instead of reciting them she is giving just the sense of them in a natural but shrill and furious voice. "I was just hurrying down here to put on my act," she storms for another laugh. "One of you boobs out there in the wings," she hollers, "run up and get my make-up box, and listen, don't make another mistake and shove the piano on instead. You've crabbed enough of my stuff already."

"I ain't even had time to make up yet," she assures the hilarious gathering out front.

Here, I think with a sinking feeling, go all my hopes. Accident or no accident, Stella is going over. And I must admit she's a riot. She's so sore that everything she says is funny. She slaps on the paint with comments to them on the way the house is run and how different it was down in the *Privileges*. There is fire in her eye and fire in her words, and to put the finishing touches to it, the audience takes them two songs of Joe's to their hearts and can't get enough of them.

It makes me positively sick. What, I think, will I ever do with her now? I won't be able to live in the same house with her. She is sure to think it is her wonderful personality they are applauding. Good-night, but I am in for it. And the worst of it is I will never be able to get her to do it like this again, not even if we trail this juggler through the states to Hermosa, California. Either way you look at it I am done for. I decide I had better get out of sight, so I go and hide by the door to the orchestra and in misery hear the final giggles, the enormous hand she gets when she finishes, and then the stillness that means she's off.

A minute later Izzy and Barney come through and I shake my head sadly at them.

"Oh, man!" says the booking agent, "but that was a wow! I wish I had that act for Ada Ada."

"So do I," I murmur.

"Barney don't know how it come to be written," says Izzy to me significantly.

"I'll book the little girl right now," goes on this booster, who I am beginning to realize I dislike.

"No, not now," I protest feebly.

"But," he says, "I'd pay real money for that act for Ada."

"How much?" puts in Izzy.

"What would you take for it?" Barney asks me.

I am about to tell him I would give it to Ada for half the price of a glass of water when Izzy cuts in. "Twenty-five hundred," he says abruptly.

"Too much," says Barney. "I couldn't go over two thousand."

I listen, fearing that my brain is cracking. "What the hell are you guys talking about?" I demand.

"I'm selling the act to Barney for two grand," says Izzy.

"Listen," I tell them. "You may know vaudeville but you don't know Stella. Sweet as your talk sounds to my unbelieving ears, there is about as much chance of prying that girl loose from that act as there is of getting the shirt off the Statue of Liberty. If you want to hear something good in the line of self-satisfaction," I tell them, "come with me. But don't," I beg, "say anything to her about booking. As her manager, I will consider all them questions later." And feeling like I am kissing New York, home, and everything else good bye, I lead them to her dressing room door, where they wait outside.

I find Stella raving. "Where have you been?" she demands as I enter. "As usual, when I want you you are anywhere but present."

"I'm sorry," says I. "I was just out front listening to your wonderful hand."

"Oh, if I only had a poison gas or something," she storms.

"Aw, now, honey, don't be sore at them poor stage hands," I tell her. "Look how you went over in spite of them."

"It ain't the stage hands, you ninny," she gurgles, "it's that dirty audience. They was laughing at me. Do you mean to tell me you didn't hear them? They made a boob out of me."

BROTHER, what a wonderful feeling of balm comes stealing across me as I realize that my little dumbbell disliked that audience's laughs and is murderously, mortally outraged. "Yes, I heard them," I sympathize, quickly picking up my cue. "They wasn't never like that down at the *Frivolities*, was they, kid?"

"I should say they wasn't," is her furious answer. "They was refined, always, and had respect for an artist, but these people here are nothing but a bunch of roughnecks."

"That's what they are, a dirty bunch of roughnecks, and they laughed at my poor little girl," I murmur, taking her in my arms.

And then Stella begins to feel sorry for herself. Her lip begins to quiver, and her head sinks to my shoulder. "Instead of letting me gug-gug-go ahead," she snivels, "they broke up my act and gave me the raspberry."

"Poor kid," I soothe with joy in my heart but only pity in my voice. "Papa's little baby Don't you care, honey. It's only vaudeville, where they don't know no better. Sometimes I wish my little girl was back in the good old *Frivolities*. Remember the audiences they used to have there? There was no roughneck pikers in them, was there, with the orchestra at fifty a throw? They was the class."

"Boo-hoo-hoo," sobs Stella, weeping for her art.

"I bet Izzy would be glad to get you back," I suggest gently, almost as if I was thinking to myself. "Do you want me to ask him?"

The sobs cease as she looks up and breaks loose. "Is Izzy still here?" asks Stella.

"Sure," I tell her. "He's right outside."

The effect is magic. "Let me at him!" she yelps, pushing me aside and shoving open the door. "Izzy!" she hollers. "Where are you? Is that part still open?"

I don't wait to hear the rest. When Stella looks for me again I am off behind some flats with Barney talking business.

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Pals

(Continued from page 17)

bulb. Crawly patterns on the dirty pink wall. Heavy, crawly curtains, traps for dust, presented a sordid background for the young man who, suddenly awkward and ill at ease, mumbled—"Won't you sit down?"

J. P. chose the one chair which seemed strong enough to bear his weight. A small round table at his elbow held a bottle, a glass and an opened yellow package of cigarettes.

Harvey finally moved forward within range of the keen gray eyes that were studying him. There was a rigid set to his shoulders. He looked a very defiant, pugnacious young man. "You were at the Select?"

J. P. nodded. He rather appreciated that defiance.

"You followed me here, then?"

J. P. nodded again. "Yes, son, I did." "Well, I won't have it," the boy burst out. His fists clenched, unclenched. "I suppose Dad sent you, though how you ever—I won't be spied on by anybody. I won't—"

"Careful there, son." There was a steely gleam in his eye and a sterner note now to J. P.'s voice. Few men dared to brave that voice when it chose to command.

Harvey Smith dared. "You had no business to follow me here," he said hotly. "I want to be left alone. I wish to God they'd all leave me alone." He raised his hands to his head in a gesture of mounting hysteria.

J. P. got up from his chair. His strong fingers gripped the boy's shoulder. "Control yourself."

"I don't care," young Smith cried passionately. "If you've come here to spy—look around and then go." His laugh was bitter as he waved at the room. "Swell, isn't it? Well, it's the way I choose to live. I'm doing what I want to for the first time in my life. No job, no money, no one to answer to—"

"Is that so?" J. P. let his hand drop from the other's shoulder. His big head shot forward, close to the young man's. He compelled those brown eyes to meet his. "No one to answer to—eh?—except yourself. What's the answer to yourself?"

"Oh, hell!" The boy sank into the chair by the table, leaned upon it as he had leaned upon the table in the café.

"It certainly must be fine to be free," said J. P. "I've never tried it. No job, no responsibilities, no money. Yep, it sounds fine."

"I'm not complaining," was the boy's sullen answer.

"FUNNY if you did," said J. P. in a dangerously gentle voice. "Some men are warkers, and some are shirkers. Which are you?" His arm shot out, his finger pointing, his voice no longer gentle.

"Can't you see?" muttered Harvey. "You're a quitter," J. P. thundered. His face had grown very red. He was mad clean through. "I wouldn't waste that on you if I were your father—" He snapped his fingers. "But I'm not surprised," and he strode to the door. "I expected this."

"What did you come here for then?" Harvey Smith was on his feet, his young scowl matching J. P.'s fierce bushy brow.

Had grit after all. "To see what I've seen. Why, son, you can't even paint this town red. Your father might have preferred it if you'd at least reached the devil. You haven't reached anything. I could have done better myself." He wheeled massively about, his hand on the door knob. "Listen," he said. "What you do—do well. That's all. Steal, forge, run away. Kill your father. But do it well. Now I'm going to tell you something else." He paused. "Your father's here looking for you. I hope he never finds you. Good night." He started opening the door, but very slowly, watching the working of the boy's face, the twitch of his lips, the involuntary movement of his hands as he took those blows delivered quietly, contemptuously.

"Dad here?" The boy was back in the chair by the table. Suddenly he was sobbing—hard dry sobs that were dreadful to hear.

J. P. had heard men cry before. He, himself, had cried just once in his life. He closed the door softly, and waited. Poor kid. Nothing but a kid!

"Oh, damn it all! Damn it!" Broken words in

between sobs that shook and racked him. "I won't see him. I can't. Just as I was getting—"

"Getting?" prompted J. P. With the light tread of a heavy man he crossed to the bed and sat down upon it. His hand strayed to his pocket for a cigar, came away without it. Felt for his little file. Played with it in his pocket.

Young Harvey raised his head. He looked haggard, older, but there were no more tears. "You won't believe me, of course," he said bitterly. "But I've tried to write Dad for a week—tried to explain." The blurred lines of his face were vanishing, giving place to a firmer molding of cheek and chin. "You'll have to forgive me, sir." For the first time he seemed aware that he was talking to an older man. "I'm a little upset, I guess. You see—"

J. P. took out a cigar. Reached for a match. The young man looked at him a moment as if he were wondering. Then—"If Dad's here—" His expression grew desperate again. "I can't see him, that's all. I may be a rotten coward. But if I see him, I'll—go to pieces. It's—it's queer. I can't understand it myself." Wearily his hand went up to his rumpled hair, smoothing it.

"WELL, let's have a try." J. P. suggested it casually, absorbed in his cigar.

The boy gave him a quick suspicious glance. What he saw evidently he trusted. And evidently he wanted to talk now. "I don't know what got into me," he admitted. "A kind of madness when I struck Paris. I'd never realized before what it was to be on my own. I don't suppose you've ever—"

"Oh, I've celebrated, too, son." J. P.'s tone was mild.

"Celebrated!—Lord! I dished everything. I didn't care a hang—not a hang." Then came the rush of words. Talking, talking to this big stranger sitting on his bed. He'd been so sure of himself, sure of his job, sure of his future. On his own for the first time in his life. Paris. And enough money in his pocket. Oh, well—a little fun. Always had been decent. Suppose he owed it to his father. That was the damn part of it. Owed everything to his father. Well, anyway—he'd met jolly fellows (chance acquaintances) who showed him the Paris of tourists—cheap little bars, cheap little restaurants of Montparnasse (not so cheap either in money values), after he'd spent most of his money in Montmartre. Montmartre, where you find every nationality except the French. Girls who smiled and begged and invited. Dreary, dreary rounds dressed up in glamor for one cock-sure young man with a hidden longing for independence, and an obscure sense that somehow, somewhere, he had been cheated out of that independence. He'd show them. All right, if the Amber Oil Co. didn't like it, they could do the other thing. He was going to manage his life from now on. He was glad he hadn't married the girl he wanted to marry before he left. Glad he hadn't—

"Why didn't you?" J. P. seemed to be asking an unimportant question. He shifted his weight on the bed. Darn uncomfortable bed.

"Dad said I was too young. Guess he was right." The boy was out of his chair, pacing the floor to the horrible crawly curtains and back to the door. "My father's the finest man that ever lived," he said suddenly, turning on J. P. as if he dared him to contradict that statement. "But ever since I was a kid he's never let me breathe a breath of my own. He never let me forget we were pals. He never let me forget how old he'd feel and how lonely without me. He never let me forget how proud he was of me. I guess maybe he didn't realize it, himself, and I guess all that is true. But gosh—it got to be awful. When I told him about the Amber Oil people, he made me feel what a sacrifice it was for him not to stand in my way. And I kept thinking—" He halted his pacing to stand in front of J. P. "I kept thinking he'd be over here after me. Why, I got almost crazy waiting for a cable. It was just like—" he hesitated, "it was just as if he'd been a woman after me. I tell you I can't explain—"

"You're doing pretty well," said J. P. The boy went back to his tramping up and down. "I thought if I broke loose and went to the bottom of things, I might come up again by

myself. I haven't been able to go right to the bottom though," he confessed, with a sudden boyish smile. "Damn it all, I kept thinking of Dad. I'd made up my mind to-night to cut all this out. But if I see Dad now—don't you understand—if I don't make good on my own before seeing him—why it'll begin all over again. I'll never know what I might have done. And I'll—I don't know what I'll do. I tell you I don't know—"

J. P. heaved himself off the bed. "I never had anyone to help me," he said gravely. "You don't know what being alone means, son. Why, I'd have given a lot sometimes to have someone who gave a darn whether I lived or died. You can have too much of the other, though, I guess. You want to show your father what you can do without him. Is that right? Well, what can you do?" His voice was suddenly intentionally harsh.

Harvey Junior shook his head. "Can't tell. Get out of this dump, I suppose, and try and find—well, kind of look around—"

"Look around," snorted J. P. "You've looked so far around you've twisted your neck already. What do you think you're worth right now?" He turned his back on the boy to walk over and throw the stub of his cigar among the ashes and stubs of cigarettes in a cracked saucer on the table. There was a beautiful grin on his face, but he didn't mean Harvey Junior to see that grin. Not yet a while anyway.

"Nothing at all now." The boy's voice reached him unexpectedly firm and clear. "Tomorrow fifty dollars a week. In six months a hundred. In a year—"

"Nothing the matter with your multiplication table," was J. P.'s dry comment. The grin was hidden when he turned about and looked at Harvey Junior. Beneath the bristle of his brow, his keen eyes probed, appraised. "Ever write that girl?" He rapped out his question.

"No."
"Write her." Advice gruffly given. "Now listen, son—just suppose I offer you a job, and in Bucharest. It won't be anything fancy. And you won't get any fifty a week to begin with. If you behave yourself, my manager, Golescu, will give you what you're worth; from time to time a bit more if you behave yourself and work—hear me? Work. He needs a man out there now. Lucky for you. We sell agricultural implements. How about it?"

Of course if he tried any funny business out there, Golescu would throw him out. Trust Golescu. Anyway, give him a chance.

The boy didn't grab at the chance at once. He seemed suspicious again that something was being put over on him. "You going to tell Dad where I am?" he countered.

"I'll do what I think best, young man," said J. P. shortly. He took out his watch. "And I'll give you just three minutes to make up your mind."

Harvey Junior walked to the window, walked back, planted himself stockily before J. P. "I'll go. Thank you," he said.

"Thank yourself when you've done something," said J. P. He snapped his watch shut. His voice was curt now, businesslike. "Be at my hotel—the Plaza Athenée, to-morrow at five. You leave to-morrow evening."

"But Dad—?"
"Scared?" J. P.'s look was frosty.

"No, but—I thought you understood. I—"
J. P.'s hand descended again, but this time in a friendly way on the boy's shoulder. "Going to turn up to-morrow at five, son?"

"You bet I will. But if Dad—"
"I'll do as I think best, son. Keep your own end up and quit worrying. Good-night."

As he reached the door, the young man came rapidly forward, seized his hand. "I'm mighty grateful to you, sir. If you see Dad, will you tell him—" His voice quavered. But his brown eyes were steady.

"I'll be damned if I know what I'll tell him," growled J. P., opening the door. And that was the truth. What would he tell him? He thought of it as slowly, heavily he went down those confounded stairs, and out into the hot, narrow street. Nice kid. Scared. Oh, well—give him a chance—

CHAPTER III

He thought of what he was going to tell Mr. Smith as his taxi drew up at Foyot's the next day.
(Continued on page 56)



Too busy to keep well!

The medical profession admits frankly that a high percentage of ill health is due to a condition that might so easily be prevented

WE Americans, what a hurly-burly race we are! Getting up by the alarm clock; racing through our meals; hurrying from this appointment to that as though our lives depended upon it.

Many of us never give a thought to our health until it has begun to decline. And as a result, millions of us are below par every day, due to a condition that in most cases might so easily have been prevented.

To constipation, physicians trace a high percentage of illness. And they say that one of the chief causes of constipation is lack of bulk in the food we eat every day.

By the simple expedient of providing more bulk in the daily diet, most people could easily escape constipation and its penalties.

* Ordinary cases of constipation, brought about by too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

Millions of men and women have avoided constipation by eating Post's Bran Flakes every morning for breakfast. This delicious cereal supplies bulk which is so necessary in our food.

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Constipation must not be neglected!* Start our test now. Mail the coupon for a free sample which shows how delicious this food is. Or order a large package from your grocer. Don't expect the one serving from the sample package to correct constipation. To be effective, bran must be eaten regularly.

Every day for two weeks, eat Post's Bran Flakes with milk or cream. Its crispness and flavor will delight you. Vary the dish, if you like, with fruit or berries. It also makes marvelous muffins and bran bread.

We predict that after two weeks you will find this delicious bulk food a natural regulator and will notice a big difference in the way you feel.

Then follow the example of millions of healthy people who eat Post's Bran Flakes every morning.

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"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

Pals

(Continued from page 55)

Now is the time for new Silvertowns!

THIS summer, watch Silvertowns break their own fine performance records!

By their hinge-center tread, they have banished the choppy, uneven wear which shortens balloon tire life.

By their structure of heavily rubber-ized cords, they have made fabric breaks and bruises almost unknown.

By the Goodrich Water Cure,

they are completely and uniformly cured from both inside and outside instead of from outside only—resulting in extra toughness and longer wear.

The new Silvertowns now passing into Goodrich dealers' stocks represent the highest development of these three factors of record-breaking mileage. There's a Goodrich dealer near you!

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio. Est. 1870
Pacific-Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Calif. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Rubber Co., Kitchener, Ontario

Goodrich Silvertowns

"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"



LISTEN IN EVERY
WEDNESDAY NIGHT,
Goodrich Radio
Hour 9:30 P. M.
Eastern Standard
Time, over WEAJ
and the Red Net-
work.

He hadn't made up his mind and that was unusual for J. P. He felt this morning a little fretful over the whole affair. How the devil could he take such a responsibility? The boy had meant it, though. He was just in that fool state where it was a toss-up which way he'd go. You get an idea in your head and—

Slowly he entered the restaurant. Mr. Harvey Smith was there, looking as if his night's rest had not been very successful. Even since yesterday he seemed to have aged. His question was mute as he held out his hand.

J. P. pretended not to get the question. Fussily he let himself down in his seat. His own night's rest hadn't been so good. Fussily he scanned the menu.

"This is my lunch, Mr. Peter." Mr. Smith's manner was now that of a host determined to play his part. "I ordered lunch. I hope you'll enjoy it." He was at least attempting to be cheerful, as a host should always be.

From the air of the waiter as he hovered over a side table stirring something in a chafing dish, Mr. Smith did not confine himself to excellent cigars.

"I can see, sir," he was saying in a curiously calm, resigned voice, "that you have no news for me. But I have something to tell you." He swallowed his cocktail and relapsed into a silence which was a preparation for what he had to say.

J. P. eyed the pouilly fumée, and the delicate filets de sole with appreciation. He was in no hurry to break the silence.

"I hope the wine is all right," murmured Mr. Smith. "I asked them at the hotel what to order. I'm not," he said with a faint smile, "very up on wines."

J. P. lifted his glass, sniffed and sipped. "Your hotel is up on 'em, then," he commented.

FROM the chafing dish came kidneys with a thick beautiful sauce. Then came green peas.

A shame for the kid to worry his father so. Better tell him the whole story and let him use his own judgment. Not so easy to tell a father his boy didn't want to see him after his coming all the way over here; after his—J. P. glared at the crisp salad on his plate. Sipped his wine. Wait until coffee was served. You always entered into the subject matter with coffee. Kind of like the woman's idea of a postscript.

Mr. Smith suddenly broke the silence. "I've been thinking over our talk of last night, Mr. Peter. I've decided to go back home. I'm taking a train to-night for Havre," he said slowly. "It isn't only what I got from you—" He answered J. P.'s brusque gesture. "This is a decision, Mr. Peter, that I have reached for myself." There was dignity in the tired lines of his face, in the quiet brown of his eyes behind the polished glasses. And dignity suited him. His hand was steady as he lifted his cup.

J. P. lifted his cognac, regarded it much as he might have a crystal ball. He squinted at the small glass very carefully before he set it down.

"You see," Mr. Smith went on as if he were reasoning it all out again to himself. "As I figure it, I won't do him any good even if I do find him. If he's done things he shouldn't, it would humiliate him to hurt me. If he hasn't, he doesn't need me."

"Sensible way of looking at it," murmured J. P., and chose his favorite cigar from the array the waiter brought around.

"I won't say it isn't the hardest thing I've done in my life," Mr. Smith continued in that same low even voice. For a second his lips closed tightly, and he seemed to be looking far off into the distance—beyond Foyot's, beyond Paris, beyond the ocean. "I guess I was wrong to have come at all. The boy's got to work out his own problem. If only nothing's happened to him—I mean an accident—or something—"

"He knows enough to dodge a taxi, doesn't he?" J. P. puffed furiously at his cigar.

"I haven't helped him in the past." Mr. Smith spoke colorlessly. "I had a curious feeling about that last night. I don't really believe, of course, that there is any communication between two people who are—who were united, I mean—" he corrected himself, "two people as united as Harvey and myself always were—that there can be any connection between them, I mean

when they're separated." It seemed hard for him to go on, but he went on. "It was queer last night. I felt as if Harvey were asking me to have faith in him. I've had too much and not enough." He was staring very intently at his cigar before knocking off the long ash.

"Sure of that?" J. P. moved around in his seat so that he could look at his companion.

"Sure." There was a new and firm note to Mr. Smith's voice. "I've been selfish. Why, I even stopped him from marrying a girl he might have been happy with. I thought of that, too, last night. She's a nice girl. But I didn't feel then that—he was so young, and I—"

"You didn't want him to marry anyway," drily supplied J. P.

Mr. Smith stirred uneasily. "Perhaps. I saw her before I left. She says she doesn't care what he's done. She says she believes in him. She says—"

J. P. was crisp in his interruption. "Want to hear your son's side of it? I found him last night. We talked."

Mr. Smith started, his face wonderfully alight, incredulous. "You found my boy?"

"Yeah," drawled J. P., his eyes never leaving the other man's face. "And he didn't want to be found."

His father sank back into his seat. "He didn't want to be found?" he faintly echoed. The joy had gone from his face.

"Want to hear?"

Mr. Smith could only gesture.

"Well, he and I had it out. And this is the way he feels about it—" And J. P. told all there was to tell from beginning to end. "It's up to you," he concluded. "He'll be at my hotel all right at five this afternoon, or I'm very much mistaken." He didn't look toward Smith.

Beyond a twitching movement of a hand on the table, there was silence.

J. P. knew when to leave human beings alone. He sat huge and silent, himself, thinking rather sadly of these problems that hit all men in all kinds of ways. His own spirit so often strained at the leash. If the leash snapped, would he be any the happier, he wondered? His secret dreams came to him as he sat there beside the stranger. Who didn't want an illusion of freedom as the boy wanted it? Even sometimes from Fanny, whose love was as engrossing but not so strongly absorbing, because he hadn't allowed it to be. He didn't want to lose Fanny, and he would lose her if she owned him. Wasn't his restless spirit forever planning escape? A holiday taken before he was too old. Retirement. And what would he do when he retired? He wasn't so sure—not sure enough.

MR. SMITH was speaking at last. "I'm glad you told me," he was saying in such a small, quiet voice. "It makes everything clear to me now—what I must do. I was going to do it anyway, but this makes it harder, of course—knowing, I mean, that he'll be at your hotel at five to-day. Knowing that I could be there and see him—if I wanted to."

"If you wanted to," repeated J. P.

"Well, I don't want to," almost shouted Mr. Smith. "I'm going to leave just as I planned. But I'm leaving, Mr. Peter, thanks to you, with a clearer vision of why I'm leaving my boy now—now that he might be needing me." There was the faintest question, as if he hoped that J. P. would advise him to stay.

J. P. wasn't giving any advice.

So Mr. Smith sighed and thought for a moment. "Yes, I see. Of course you'll talk to him again and—well, there's no use thanking you. I'm pretty sure he'll make good. I am sure." His face brightened. "Why, that boy—"

"That boy has got to show himself to himself first," said J. P.

"Kind of funny, isn't it, my coming all the way over here to find him," said Mr. Smith wistfully. "Then your finding him, and my going home without ever seeing him."

"Not so funny as all that," said J. P.

"Well, when you do see him, tell him, will you, that I'm—that I've gone home?"

"I'll tell him."

Mr. Smith motioned to the waiter. "My train leaves at five. I guess I'd better—I don't want to miss it. Do you mind if we—?"

"That's all right," said J. P.

"Tell him not to bother to write me until he feels like it." Mr. Smith was vaguely handing out

(Continued on page 58)

For Every Need!



Rose Room
OF PALACE HOTEL,
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COVERED WITH KARNAK
WILTON CARPET

Just as unnumbered hotels, fraternal organizations and other public and semi-public institutions look to Mohawk for appropriate beauty and durability in their rugs and carpets—

So also do the most critical women, in furnishing their homes, insist upon Mohawk quality. For there is no floor in America too large or too small to be lastingly graced by one of the many Mohawk weaves. Mohawk fabrics have set the standard for beauty both in institutions and in the home.

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The Shoe that's Different

Your Feet Won't Ask You to Sit Down at 5 o'Clock

IF YOU give them the proper support to meet present-day walking conditions—cement walks and tile floors.

FOOT-JOY, "the Shoe that's Different"—has a scientifically constructed foundation to carry the weight in comfort and keep the nerves and muscles in a natural condition. Send for illustrated catalogue of smart styles for all occasions, street, sport, evening wear.

FIELD & FLINT CO., Brockton, Mass.

The above statement is just as true of Foot-Joy Shoes for Women. Write for information.

Name.....

Address.....EMO

Pals

(Continued from page 57)

a lot of money to hovering waiters. "Tell him—oh, never mind. Better not tell him anything." He waited politely for his guest to rise.

But J. P. did not at once rise from his seat. "He spoke last night of that girl," he said gruffly.

"He'll have to decide that, too, for himself," said his father. With an angular, stiff movement he got to his feet as J. P. got to his. A small trim figure, he moved ahead of J. P., out of the restaurant. The hot sun shone upon his glasses, shone upon J. P.'s white mane of hair. Their hands met.

"Thank you," he said, as his son had said it before him. He was half way into the taxi

before he turned. "Oh, that snap-shot. I'd like it if you have it handy—"

J. P. delved hastily into his pocket, drew forth the little red note-book, drew from it the snap-shot of the boy with the rumpled hair.

"Thanks." Mr. Smith took it, looked at it, held it a moment before thrusting it into his wallet.

"I'll be glad to see you when I get back," said J. P. "Perhaps I'll be able to give you news."

"Thanks." Mr. Smith peered from the taxi window quite brightly. "He'll write when he gets ready. I can wait." He smiled as if he were going to go on smiling just that way. And he waved goodbye as the taxi drove off.

Time to Wake the Garden

(Continued from page 18)

Planning Your Garden

By W. S. Rogers. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

IT IS all very well, you are probably murmuring at this minute, to read and read about making your garden grow, and how to plant and nurture it and so on, but there are whole regiments of people who, with instinct to burn as to how to raise a peony in the way it should go, are still at a loss (and who can blame them!) when it comes to laying out a garden as a whole. That matter of beds and walks and grass plots. That remembering there should be a focus—a central point. That lovely thing called a vista, which is not impossible in even a small garden, and when achieved appears to double its size. And what of fences and hedges and rock gardens and water gardens and tennis courts and a place for croquet! All of these are not easy for the untrained garden designer to manage. Then, one must think of drains, and edgings for paths, and gravel and stone, and heavens only knows what all!

It almost makes you faint when you think what you're up against in the planning of a garden. Or, at least it would, if you didn't meet a fount of wisdom and inspiration in Mr. Rogers' grand book. Instead of being dismayed at possible difficulties, the whole idea of fixing up the old place takes on the color of a real adventure.

Already you can hear people say, as they pass by: "See what that chap has done with his small space! Darned if it isn't the wisest looking garden we've seen in years!"

My Wild Flower Garden

By Herbert Durand. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

YOU receive a very refreshing impression about gardens when you take up this book by a man who has gone "hunting" for lovely wild things, brought them home from the meadows and the woods, tamed them and made them live happily along his paths and under his own trees.

The American forests and fields are lush with flowers and bushes and ferns. Mr. Durand explains with infinite detail and a fine zeal how he converted his property into a home for these joyous and unbidden plants.

Throughout his enlightening chapters he disabuses our minds of the old notion that a wild-flower garden is an ephemeral sort of thing—a matter of two or three spring months at the most. The author has proved very much to the contrary. Given a little ground, some trees and rocks, and, of course, the proper distribution of sun and shade, the man who really wants it can have a wonderful little place this summer without ever consulting a seed catalog or sending for one package of bulbs. He should read Mr. Durand carefully, however, and do exactly as he is bid—like a good disciple. He must be prepared to sacrifice his Saturday afternoons, his Sundays and his holidays. He must don a pair of old trousers and an old hat, tote along an ordinary market basket, a pair of scissors and some newspapers (to wrap the roots of his treasures in), and say good-by to the family—and so off on his hunt. What he brings back (if luck is good and his "finds" are conveyed

home according to specification) may contain the makings of a wholly lovely garden. He will have something that cannot be bought, but has to be sought and won and loved into growing.

The book, needless to say, is not theoretical. It is composed of facts, substantiated by years of experience which has not been limited to one section of the country. The author knows the wild flowers of our whole land, and gives a new goal to garden lovers all over these United States.

A Diary of an Eighteenth Century Garden

By the hand of Dion Clayton Calthrop. (Frederick A. Stokes, New York.)

MILK and honey, and friendliness and wit. That's what this book is made of.

Through these day-after-day entries concerning the life of a garden and the life that flows in and about that garden, we are presented with a most felicitous picture of a gentle and gracious past day. It exudes an aroma that reminds us of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and of some of those marvelous pen and ink drawings by Edwin Abbey that went to illustrate editions of the classic English comedies.

Mr. Anderson, our hero, is no old man—not quite fifty. In fact, if he were living now he would be capable of a most strenuous life, spilling over with work and musical shows and motors and jazz. But as he sits there in his long-skirted brocade coat and his dignified wig, jotting down in his diary his words of wisdom, why—he decidedly calls for respect.

Such a nice person!—we cannot but grieve for his bachelor state and wonder, sentimentally, about the lovely Virginia before whose portrait there always stands a vase of flowers grown especially for that spot—as for an altar; and who, we ask, was that dear farm wench whose memory haunts our Mr. Anderson whenever he passes a cut hayfield in the evening!

When it comes to considering this literary treat as a story we admit that it is slim, although beguiling. It is in the diarist's observations on life and manners and in his garden lore that the plum-richness of this little book lurks; and in the realization that even a century and a half ago gardens were very much what they are today.

The meaning of the word April, Mr. Anderson is charmed to find embedded in the Latin *aperire*, meaning "to open." His maids crush the seeds of Sweet Cicely, which is *Myrrhus adorata*, into an oil with which they polish his fine furniture. Lobelia, he tells us, is good for croup, and an invalid's dainty is called "Restoration Jelly." This name somehow delights us. We wish we could have a little dish of Restoration this very minute. He discovers that the saying "a little bird told me" flies straight out of the Bible. See Eccles. X: 20. "Curse not the King, no, not in thy thought, for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that shall have wings and shall tell the matter." We certainly are glad to know where that came from.

The temptation to go on quoting from this delicious book is almost beyond denying, but we shall have to stop on your promise to send for this Diary and to read it some warm spring day, lying on the ground under the trees, or else

comfortably bedded-down in the hammock just newly hung on the verandah. But read it you must.

Color in My Garden

By Louise Beebe Wilder. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

THIS, speaking of its physical appearance, is one of those gorgeous affairs that we despair of ever owning, or ever being able to purchase to give to that friend who has the "perfect garden." It would appear to be a book constructed for oil kings and their ilk. But, listen—although it flaunts a very de luxe appearance it really is a popular edition and "within the reach of all"—a most happy phrase.

This book was born of much garden wisdom and practice, and was inspired by a garden which must, in all truth, lie just this side of fairyland.

It is an opulent volume of advice on the general arrangement and the spirited and beautiful massing of flowers according to their color. It speaks of the craze for blue gardens—delphinium, flax-flower and phlox... "the loud laughter of the jolly, easy-going Phlox," as Maeterlinck says. And it includes a most skillfully compiled table of the periods of flowering. Nothing is left to conjecture. If you are after certain effects, Mrs. Wilder's own utterly enchanting experience in her garden will aid you in getting results.

"In his own garden," our author declares, "a man may be his own artist without apology or explanation."

With the multitude of yellow that comes into being every spring, blue can be mixed with charming conclusions. Think, for instance, of the graciousness of a little path leading from anywhere to somewhere else (well, if you must have it more hard-boiled, from the road to the front steps—) bordered with yellow primroses and forget-me-nots! Such a line of beauty, straight or curved, is not impossible to anyone who owns a little path and five cents' worth of imagination.

In this volume we also come across the mention of pools in gardens—little pools—where in the warm, damp bed around their edges one can grow flowers that will not thrive elsewhere. The author herself has such a pool, a half-moon of a pool before a fountain, but of these water spots we will speak a bit further on, when we reach a little book dedicated to goldfish culture.

Mrs. Wilder's contribution is illustrated with many gratifying color plates made from paintings by Anna Winegar. These not only make the book richer, but augment its practical aid. They reflect the whole sumptuous procession of color as it marches through the garden.

Flowers for Every Garden

By Louise Bush-Brown. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

YOU will not have progressed more than a few pages into this book before you find that, despite its title, it was not really written for every garden but for your particular garden.

It covers most sufficiently the problems of the man who has a modest place to cultivate. It even takes into consideration the "Short-Season Garden"—that is, the garden attached to the summer holiday house—the place lived in only a little while each year. Such a place should, naturally, not be deprived of a garden although the time spent in it is brief.

Here you will discover a way (even though you do not start planting until June) of having beauty bloom just beyond your doorstep, and of making certain of those bowls of California poppies, phlox, sweet alyssum and gladioli that your big airy rooms call for so ardently.

We also wish to draw your attention to Mrs. Bush-Brown's pages on "bulbs," on "A Ten-Dollar-Gold-Piece Garden" (an inspiration), and to the Garden Calendar which, replete with prods and hints for the amateur, leaves, also, sufficient room for you to record your own adventure in garden making. An important book for all garden lovers.

Field Book of American Wild Flowers

By F. Schuyler Mathews. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

WHAT about those fields out there just beyond the last house in town!—Fields that begin early in the spring to flaunt surprising

(Continued on page 60)

To every young man who plays ball BABE RUTH writes:



I'VE just been trying out some mitts and gloves that the Reach Company made up in line with my ideas on what major league equipment should be like. And I want to tell you, they've done a great job.

Of course these gloves are made out of the finest horsehide, and in the best way—but what I'm tickled with is the way they act. They're big and roomy and comfortable, yet they fit the hand just right. They move and bend just as natural and easy as my fingers. They have that already-broken-in feeling, if you get what I mean.

This Reach Company has been making gloves for so many years, they've got the knack of building catching quality right into a glove. Any ball that hits them, sure sticks in them, I'll say that.

They named these gloves after me, and they got my signature on every one, to show I approve them. I sure do! They'll help anybody's playing—fielding, back of the bat, or on the old first bag.

"Babe" Ruth

REACH Major League Mitts and Gloves

DESIGNED BY BABE RUTH

The nearest Reach dealer will be glad to show you the Babe Ruth Line of mitts and gloves. See them. Try them. And you'll know what we mean by *Major League* gloves.



RF1—\$5.00



RF2—\$3.50



RFO—\$8.00



RB1—\$5.00



RC2—\$5.00

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E. M. 4-28

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Dept. J., Street

Tulip and Eyre Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. Town

Please send me, free, your booklet "PLAYING POINTERS", together with leaflet describing fully every glove in the Babe Ruth Line. State

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How Four Salesmen Invested \$378 Apiece And Raked In \$29,500

It took four salesmen over a year to sift out these surprising facts! Read here how these four men—and hundreds more like them—are cleaning up the steadiest, easiest money of their lives! A 2c stamp brings you all the big money facts, also a FREE SAMPLE of amazing new invention that makes possible these profits.

THIS remarkable profit story written by four ambitious salesmen is a direct challenge to every man whose present line pays him less than \$5,000 clear cash profit every year.

SIMPLE BUT AMAZING

These men are in a permanent business that actually grows by itself. It pays them immediate cash profits as high as \$100 and more on a single order. There is no competition. Over 20,000,000 motorists must spend money for the type of service they offer. They simply agree to save motorists from \$50.00 to \$5,000.00 of the money they are spending—and show them where thousands of others are saving that much and more.

\$5,000 A YEAR IS EASY!

I am not exaggerating one bit when I tell you that salesmen everywhere are cleaning up fortunes with this unique invention. Think what it means that men who used to be satisfied with \$40 or \$50 a week are stepping into the \$5,000 a-year-and-up class!

Or look at the four men whose records prompted me to address this message to you! On an average investment of \$3.78 in sales outfits they sold over \$29,500 worth of Coffield Tire Protectors in just twelve months.

FREE SAMPLE—MAIL COUPON

This proposition is so unusual and the proved profit opportunities are so big that it is impossible to disclose all the sensational facts in this short message. So let me send you a FREE SAMPLE of this amazing invention that has startled the entire automobile world. Send no money. Pay no C. O. D. All you risk is a 2c stamp. Just mail the coupon today—RIGHT NOW!

THE COFFIELD TIRE PROTECTOR CO.

834 N. E. Harshman St. Dayton, Ohio

The Coffield Tire Protector Co., 834 N. E. Harshman St., Dayton, Ohio	
I want to make \$5,000 a year. Send me details of your proposition, also FREE SAMPLE of the Coffield Tire Protector.	
Note: All Illinois territories are taken.	
Name.....	
Street and Number.....	
Town.....	State.....

Time to Wake the Garden

(Continued from page 59)

flower life and which keep up the racket all through the summer months—and after!

What of those flowers? Do we know about them? Can we take a walk with the youngsters of the family and answer their questions concerning them? Here's something to look into.

Even if we have not the remotest idea of making a wild-flower garden such as Mr. Durand so successfully did, it is well to be on friendly terms with the wild things that lie under our feet as we journey a-field on a fine day.

This is a handbook of American flowers (wild). Short descriptions of their characteristics and habits. Their habitats and names. Over three hundred delightful drawings and some thirty colored plates illustrate Mr. Mathews' text lavishly.

The Happiness of Our Garden

By Mrs. William Lovell Putnam. (William Edwin Rudge, Pub., New York.)

IT WAS only in the most fortuitous way that this volume fell into our hands, and now we hurry to tell you about it.

It is not a book brimming with scientific directions on how to make your garden behave (although there is much good advice and many careful directions scattered throughout its pages) but after you have finished reading it you will know, in a wide, quiet way, why gardens exist at all, and what they can come to mean in the lives of the people who fashion them.

Mrs. Putnam's book, which was originally published as an essay in *The North American Review*, shows a garden to be very much a part of human development; the well-spring of rich, contemplative and sensitive days.

"A garden to be perfect," says the author, "must be an intimate thing." And that, we think, is what most of these books have been trying to tell us. An encouraging fact, precluding the need of many acres and enhancing the possibilities of even a back-yard.

Valuable hints about the making of terraces are discovered in this book, and we come with delight upon the arrangement of the bird bath: "... low and flat, for we find that the birds like to hop in on a level—I suppose it is better hopping that way."

Altogether it is a book that we like very much. It holds between its pages the reflection of sun and the sound of fresh winds, and a glimpse of that cultured life that finds its way into such spacious American gardens as this.

What Tree Is That?

By E. G. Cheney. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

A GUIDE-BOOK to the trees. This should prove invaluable to all lovers of outdoors and especially to those who take long walks in the country and who long for a knowledge concerning the trees that they pass.

Mr. Cheney, an eminent authority on woodlore and the director of the Minnesota School of Forestry, has the happy knack of putting a wealth of information into a very compact space.

He teaches us to tell the trees principally from their leaves. His brief descriptions and the drawings which accompany them are all presented with a simplicity that is little short of astounding when one remembers how other authors have talked miles on end about this same subject.

Although this work is not designed for the garden makers, it will, for all that, be of service to them especially if any of them contemplate the transplanting of trees for shade or decorative purposes.

Goldfish Culture for Amateurs

How to Breed and Rear Goldfish for Aquaria and Ponds. By A. E. Hodge, F. Z. S., and Arthur Derham. (Frederick A. Stokes, New York.)

A STRANGE little book to find its way into this talk upon gardens, you will probably say; but I think it was the word "ponds" that urged us to take it from the shelf where it lived and slip it in here.

Skipping cheerfully right to Chapter Eight of this appropriately golden colored volume, we behold how even an amateur gardener may construct a pool of modest size and install therein some gilded and flashing little denizens. We learn, also, how he may plant in the pool the proper "greens" to be included in his goldfish's diet. Dickweed—some of it is called, and there are other things with mysterious names which our typewriter refuses to spell.

Even if that pond is out of the question this year, what about having, either in the sun-parlor or on the veranda, one of those square glass aquaria with a happy family of shining fantails spinning around in it? This book will help you care for them.

Additional Books for the Gardener

Tomato Production

By Paul Work, Professor of Vegetable Gardening, Cornell University. (Orange Judd, Pub., New York.)

FOR the amateur gardener and for the professional market-grower. An impetus to try to make a profit out of one's garden.

Pigeon Raising

By Alice Macleod. (Stewart Kidd, Cincinnati, O.)

WHY not try to raise some pigeons for your own table and for a few good customers? This book tells you how it can be done. Good profits, and even the boys in the family can lend a hand.

Citrus Fruits

Edited by L. H. Bailey. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

ONE of The Rural Science Series that have been of such value to the man who makes his living out of the soil. This book will be of help especially to those of our readers who live in California or Florida, and whose interests lie in orange and grapefruit and lemon plantations and farms.

Gardening for Profit

By Peter Henderson. (Orange Judd, Pub., New York.)

ADVICE from headquarters. The way to go about growing practical and efficient farm and market gardens.

How to Grow Vegetables

By Allen French. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

EXACTLY what it says. Invaluable to all gardeners.

A Little Book of Perennials

By Alfred C. Hottes, Professor Floriculture, Ohio State University. (A. T. De La Mare Co., Inc., New York.)

and

A Little Book of Annuals

By the same author and published by the same company.

Plants from Seeds

By A. J. Macself. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.)

FOR our next issue Conrad Richter has written a fine story in keeping with the spirit of Mother's Day, entitled "Before It Is Too Late." Those who remember "Father Has No Tact" and "The Man Who Loved a Hound" of Mr. Richter's, which we published in earlier issues, will watch eagerly for the May number



“They Snickered When I Got Up To Speak”

—But from the First Word, I Held Them Spellbound

THE banquet hall was crowded. Suddenly I heard the chairman's voice say—“We will now have a few words from Mr. Byron Munn.” It came like a flash of lightning! He was unexpectedly calling on me for a speech! No time to beg off—no chance to wriggle out of it!

As I started to get up, I heard a titter run around the table.

“Watch him make a fool of himself,” I overheard someone whisper, “He's so bashful he's afraid of his own voice.”

“He'll die on his feet!” came another whisper. “This is going to be funnier than ‘Abie's Irish Rose!’”

I knew they were laughing at me and expecting me to make myself ridiculous, but I only grinned inside. I stood squarely on my two feet and started in!

“But When I Commenced to Speak”—

Almost from the first word, the smiles of doubt and derision faded from their faces. They were incredulous — amazed! Instantly the atmosphere became so tense that you could have heard a pin drop! No snickers nor sneers now — nothing but breathless attention from every one of those hundred listeners! My voice, clear as a bell—strong, forceful, unflinching—rang out through the banquet hall as I hammered home each point of my message with telling strokes that held them spellbound! I let myself go—soaring to a smashing finale that almost brought them to their feet!

When I finished, there was an instant of dead silence! And then it came—a furious, deafening wave of applause rolling up from one hundred pairs of hands — spontaneous, excited, thrilling! Somebody pushed forward and grabbed my hand. Others followed

—and everybody started talking all at once. “Great work, Byron old man! I didn't know you had it in you!”

“You sure swept them off their feet! You're a wonder!”

Was Once a “Human Clam”

After it was all over, Jack Hartray fell into step beside me as I left the hall. “Gee, that was a great speech!” he said enthusiastically. You certainly raised yourself about 100% in the eyes of every person in that place to-night . . . And yet they used to call you ‘a human clam’—and the quietest man in the office!”

It was true, too. All my life I had been handicapped with a shy, timid and retiring nature. I was so self-conscious that it almost hurt. With only a limited education, I never could express my ideas in a coherent, forceful way. As a result I saw dozens of men with less ability pass me by into positions of social and business prominence simply because they were good talkers and knew how to create the right impression. It was maddening!

A Lucky Accident

At last I began to despair of getting anywhere—when I accidentally ran across a little book entitled, *How to Work Wonders with Words*. And I want to say right here that that little book actually helped me change the course of my whole life.

Between its covers I discovered certain facts and secrets I had never dreamed of. Difficulties were swept away as I found a simple way to overcome timidity, stage-fright and self-consciousness—and how to win advancement, popularity and success. I don't mean to say that there was any “magic” or “mystery” about it, because I went at the

thing systematically in the privacy of my own home, simply applying 20 minutes each day. And the results were certainly worth it!

Today I hold the sort of position that I had always envied. My salary has been increased! I am not only in constant demand as a speaker in public but I am asked to more social affairs than I have time to attend. To sum it all up, I am meeting worth-while people, earning more than I ever dared expect and enjoying life to the fullest possible degree! And furthermore, the sheer power of convincing speech has been the big secret of my success!

The experience of Byron Munn is typical. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have found success after learning the secrets of powerful, effective speech. Being able to say the right thing in the right way at the right time has perhaps been responsible for more brilliant success than any other one thing under the sun! And the secret behind it all is so simple that it is astonishing!

Get This Amazing Book FREE!

Right now, we offer to send you absolutely free, a copy of *How to Work Wonders with Words*. This remarkable little book will show you how to develop the priceless “hidden knack” of effective speech that has brought success, social position, power and wealth to so many. It will open your eyes to a new realization of what life holds in store for men who master the secrets of Effective Speaking. See for yourself. There is no obligation. You can obtain your copy free by just sending the coupon.

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What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

- How to talk before your club or lodge.
- How to address board meetings.
- How to propose and respond to toasts.
- How to make a political speech.
- How to tell entertaining stories.
- How to make after-dinner speeches.
- How to converse interestingly.
- How to write letters.
- How to sell more goods.
- How to train your memory.
- How to enlarge your vocabulary.
- How to overcome stage fright.
- How to develop self-confidence.
- How to acquire a winning personality.
- How to be the master of any situation.

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 40)

St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge Holds A Record Meeting

More than 725 Elks, members of St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, No. 1224, and visitors from many other Lodges of the State, crowded the Lodge room of No. 1224, when a class of 130 candidates, the first of two such groups secured as the result of a selective membership campaign, was initiated. Among the distinguished members who attended the ceremonies were Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Robert S. Barrett, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. D. Reagin, and Past District Deputy W. A. Joughin, and many past and active Subordinate Lodge officers. The membership campaign had been directed by Bert Mattler, of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, well known for his work on behalf of the Order, and the class included many of the leading business and professional men of the city.

A notable feature of the evening was the presentation to the Lodge of an historic American flag, believed to be 133 years old, with 15 stripes and 13 stars. The banner was the gift of William G. Meuer, a member of St. Petersburg Lodge, in whose family it has been for three generations. Tradition in the Meuer family has it that the flag was captured in Texas, but when, where and how is not known. Apparently it was made about 1795, the two additional stripes representing the new states of Vermont and Kentucky. It was not until 1818 that, due to the increasing number of states, Congress restored the national emblem to its original dimensions of thirteen stripes, and made provision for the new states by authorizing additional stars.

Presentation of the flag was made by Captain George M. Lynch, in a stirring patriotic speech, and it was accepted for the Lodge by Esteemed Lecturing Knight Lieutenant Edwin Murphy. Mr. Meuer then told what he knew of its interesting history.

High Mark Set by Member of Ladies' Bowling Club at White Plains, N. Y.

The fine score of 202 was recently made on the bowling alleys of White Plains, N. Y., Lodge, No. 535, by Mrs. John Sachs, of the Ladies' Bowling Club. This figure, well above the average of the Lodge's male bowlers, is made even more remarkable by the fact that Mrs. Sachs is sixty-seven years old. She is the mother of J. Sachs, steward at the Home of No. 535.

District Deputy Praises Charity Work Of Middletown, N. Y., Lodge

More than 300 visiting Elks from Lodges in New York, New Jersey, and New England were present at one of the most enthusiastic meetings in the history of Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1097. The occasion at which a class of ten candidates, including three priests of the Roman Catholic Church, was initiated, marked the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. W. Losie, whose suite included Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John Osowski and thirty members of the District Deputy's home Lodge, Elmira, N. Y., No. 62. After Mr. Losie and his entourage had enjoyed a repast served them in the banquet hall, the regular meeting and initiation followed.

Mr. Losie, in his address of the evening, praised Middletown Lodge for emphasizing charitable work rather than social activities, and said an examination of the records had convinced him that No. 1097 was striving in every way to carry out the highest purposes and aims of the Order. Among the distinguished guests who made brief speeches were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ivan A. Gardner, and E. P. Valkenbergh, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association. A buffet supper and a program of music were enjoyed after the regular sessions.

Rapid City, S. D., Lodge Presents Unique Series of Entertainments

As a means of stimulating interest in Lodge activities, the Entertainment Committee of Rapid City, S. D., Lodge, No. 1187, has recently



BEING UNSELFISH



IN time of sorrow the selfish way is to think only of our own great loss.

The unselfish way is to be grateful for having shared such a life as that just closed, and to make sure we fulfill every obligation to that cherished memory.

And when we consider such an occasion from this calmer view-point, we realize that our greatest obligation is to provide the most absolute and positive protection for the precious remains.

It will be a constant comfort through all of the trying hours to come, to know that we did not slight this obligation, that we provided the Clark Grave Vault.

Designed according to an immutable law of Nature, this vault never has failed to protect during all of the quarter of a century it has been in use. This positive, permanent protection is due to its construction of Armco Ingot Iron, or Keystone copper steel, 12 gauge thickness and of special quality with a plating of pure cadmium on the higher priced vaults (applied by the Udyllite process, exclusive on this vault). Being made of metal it is not porous.

Science knows no greater protection than is found in the Clark Grave Vault.

Leading funeral directors recommend this vault and give a 50-year guaranty with each one.

Less than Clark complete protection
is no protection at all!

The Clark Grave Vault Co.

Columbus, Ohio

Western Office and Warehouse,
Kansas City, Mo.



GRAVE VAULT

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.

staged a series of novel entertainments. The first event was in the form of a carnival; the second, a "Kids" party; the third, a "Hard Times" party; the fourth, a New Year's party; the fifth, a masquerade ball. Recently they have held a St. Valentine's Day dance and St. Patrick's Day entertainment. These affairs have met with unprecedented success and have brought about a renewed interest and enthusiasm in the work of the Lodge.

Omaha, Neb., Lodge Holds Father-and-Son Banquet

Close to 250 fathers and sons gathered in the ballroom of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, to celebrate the seventh annual Father-and-Son dinner given by the Lodge. After a lavish banquet the guests were immensely entertained by a clown band and an interesting program of acts arranged by Lodge members. Prize drawings were held and holders of the lucky numbers were given baseballs, bats and footballs. Other prizes were awarded to the oldest and youngest Elk members, to the father with most sons present, and to the oldest and youngest sons of members present.

Milton, Pa., Lodge Entertains Distinguished Visitor

Milton, Pa., Lodge, No. 913, had the pleasure, a short time ago, of entertaining a party of distinguished guests when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Grover C. Shoemaker made his official visit, accompanied by S. Clem Reichard, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; Dr. J. Roy Cherry, Chairman of its Crippled Children's Committee, and Harry Louer, Secretary of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173. Following a well-conducted meeting, the District Deputy complimented the Lodge on its good condition and its fine charitable activities. Mr. Reichard spoke of the coming annual meeting of the State Association, to be held in August at Conneaut Lake, under the auspices of Meadville Lodge, No. 219. Dr. Cherry reported on the work of his committee and spoke of the hospital now being erected to care for the unfortunate youngsters. An entertainment and refreshments wound up the interesting evening.

Des Plaines, Ill., Lodge Considers Plans for New Home

Exalted Ruler J. P. Eaton and officers of Des Plaines, Ill., Lodge, No. 1526, are busy working out financial plans and details for a new Home which will be located on a recently purchased, centrally located site. To date \$30,000 has been subscribed to the building fund by members and friends of the Lodge who are availing themselves of the opportunity to purchase stock shares in the new Home. On a near date the Board of Trustees will announce the financing plan and the type of building to be erected.

Newspapers' Gift Swells Denver, Colo., Lodge's Charity Fund

The extensive charity program of Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, will be considerably broadened by the donation of over \$4,000 contributed by the Rocky Mountain News and the Denver Evening News. This sum represents the net profit derived from the annual boxing tournament promoted by these two enterprising newspapers. Secretary W. H. Wheadon, of No. 17, on receipt of the check said that it would be put to instant use, carrying comfort and help to many of the community's less fortunate families.

Along with the general program of Elks charities, Denver Lodge has been most active in meeting varied types of need and contributing to many forms of welfare work.

Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge Holds Better Babies Clinic

In connection with its annual Elks Circus and Automobile Show, Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge, No. 341, recently held a Better Babies Clinic at the Home.

The examinations were made by a committee of doctors appointed by Dr. Davis W. Goldstein, President of the Sebastian Medical

(Continued on page 64)

26 MILLION DUNLOPS

"WHAT OF IT? ... What does that mean to my car?"

Simply this: The 26 million Dunlop now running are your guarantee that Dunlops will pay you on your car.

With 45,000 craftsmen ... 40 years experience ... \$195,000,000 resources ... vast rubber plantations ... and great spinning mills, Dunlop *should* make the world's best tires.

The longer Dunlops have run, the more popular they have become. In Australia, 75% of all tires are Dunlops ... In Japan, 65% ... In England, 70%.

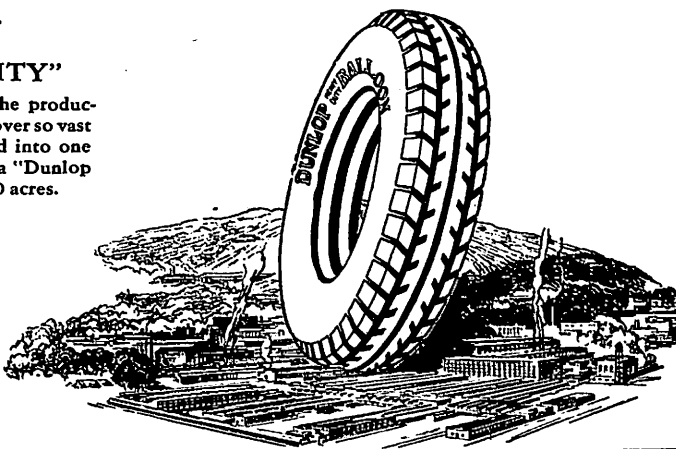
The ninth and greatest of all Dunlop plants was built at Buffalo, U. S. A. five years ago. Since then, Dunlop has climbed from 89th place to an undisputed position among America's leading tire-manufacturers. In 1927, American dealers sold 41% more Dunlop tires than in 1926.

Yes ... the 26 million Dunlops now in service are your guarantee that Dunlops will pay you on your car.

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"DUNLOP CITY"

Throughout the world, the productive Dunlop Properties cover so vast an area that—if combined into one place—they would form a "Dunlop City" of over 100,000 acres.



The Fuel Thrift Facts in a Nut Shell

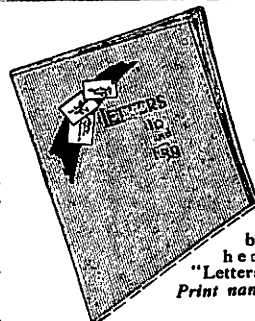
GETTING all you pay for in heat, is often a hard nut to crack.

Well, here is the whole secret of heat comfort and fuel thrift, in a paper shelled nut.

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Our 34 page book, "Letters To and Fro" covers the whole heating subject. It's entertaining reading, with its promise of better things to come in your home heating.

Get all the facts with plenty of seasoning in your free copy.



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Burnham Boiler Corporation

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Representatives in all Principal Cities of the United States and Canada

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 63)

Society. The clinic held classes for children from six months to one year; one to two years; two to three years; three to four years and four to five years. Ten blue ribbons were awarded to children who scored highest; five awards to girls and five to boys. For the boy and girl showing highest in each group a bronze medal was awarded, and the blue ribbon and medal winners, with the parents' consent, were exhibited in a Better Baby booth at the circus.

Delegation from the Mother Lodge Visits Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge

Led by Exalted Ruler John T. Hogan, a delegation of more than forty members of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, paid a fraternal visit to Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge, No. 744, where they were royally welcomed. An initiation was the feature of the Lodge session, the candidates being inducted by the Past Exalted Rulers and officers and members of the Mother Lodge. The Escort Team and the Color Guard of No. 1 contributed notably to the impressive effect of the ceremonies. During the course of the meeting felicitations and expressions of goodwill were exchanged between the hosts and visitors, and a delightful social session which followed further emphasized the cordial fraternal relations existing between the Lodges.

Pennsylvania State Elks Association Officers Visit Kane, Pa., Lodge

The attendance at a recent regular meeting of Kane, Pa., Lodge, No. 329, was a record one, the occasion being the visit of S. Clem Reichard, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, and Vice-President Howard R. Davis. The officers arrived early in the evening and were escorted to the Home, where an elaborate dinner had been prepared. Following the dinner the Lodge session was held, at which a large class of candidates was initiated, the officers doing their work in exceptional fashion.

The guests, in speeches at the end of the meeting, spoke of the fine work being done by the Order throughout the country. Mr. Reichard's address, relating to what is being done for crippled children, was unusually interesting. He called particular attention to the number of institutions for the care of children that have been benefited, when they have not been actually supported, by the Elk Lodges of the country. He praised Kane Lodge for its work in this field and for the manner in which it responds to any call for assistance that would tend to better conditions, either local or national.

Greenville, Miss., Lodge Initiates Large Class at Special Meeting

The occasion of a special meeting held recently by Greenville, Miss., Lodge, No. 148, was the initiation of a class of twenty-two candidates into the Order. The officers and degree team of No. 148 carried the class through the beautiful ceremony in a most exemplary and impressive manner, enlisting the enthusiastic approval of the large turnout of members present. Past Exalted Ruler Hazlewood Farish made a brief address to the new members, stressing the ideals of the Order, particularly in the matter of social and community welfare, citing as an example its flood-relief work.

District Deputy Heermance Pays Visit to Bronx, N. Y., Lodge

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, was the scene, a short time ago, of an extraordinary gathering of members and visitors from near-by Lodges, who turned out to welcome District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clayton J. Heermance and his suite. Among the distinguished guests in the District Deputy's party were Past District Deputies Fred Hughes, Edward J. McGrath, and August W. Glatzmayer, of Bronx Lodge, who acted as Grand Esquire in introducing the guests. Others in the District Deputy's suite were Philip Clancy, Secretary of the New York State Elks Association, and John A. Baldwin, now of Ridgefield Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 1506, who is one of the Vice-Presidents of the New Jersey



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State Elks Association and a Past Exalted Ruler of Bronx Lodge.

Mr. Heermance varied somewhat from the accustomed form, and delivered an informal address, later complimenting the officers on their fine rendition of the ritual. He praised particularly the work of the drill team, which gave a perfect performance, and prophesied success for them in the championship contest to be held at Buffalo in June.

Ben S. Thiess, Charter Member of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, is Dead

Ben S. Thiess, a charter member of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, and its first Esquire, died a short time ago. An Elk of more than forty years' standing, Mr. Thiess was also a pioneer citizen of Birmingham, taking up his residence there only a few years after the incorporation of the city. In his early days he built and managed Birmingham's first large theatre, and the business enterprise he displayed in this successful venture carried him later to a position of leadership among southern business men. Seventy-two years old at the time of his death, he was president of the Thiess, Douglass & Ribble Advertising Company, and a nationally known figure.

District Deputy Praises Ritualistic Work of Chicago Heights, Ill., Lodge

Accompanied by a large suite, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Nelson H. Millard recently paid his official visit to Chicago Heights, Ill., Lodge, No. 1066, where a record gathering of members was on hand to welcome him. Following the initiation, Mr. Millard highly commended the officers of No. 1066 on the excellence of their work, and urged them to enter the ritualistic contest shortly to be held in Chicago. Brief speeches were made by members of the District Deputy's suite and afterward all were entertained at a social session.

Columbus and Chillicothe, Ohio, Lodges Inaugurate Elks Radio Hour

The talent for the first of a series of Elks Hours to be broadcast from Radio Station WAIU at Columbus, Ohio, was supplied by Chillicothe Lodge, No. 52, through the courtesy of Columbus Lodge, No. 37, which had made the arrangements for the concerts. Before their appearance at the microphone, the visiting entertainers were the guests of Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. John G. Price, and Colonel C. W. Wallace, Secretary of No. 37, at a delightful dinner in the Lodge Home. The program was a varied one of instrumental and vocal numbers and, according to the verdict of hundreds of listeners-in, was a great success.

Michigan State Elks Association Preparing for Annual Convention

Promptly at nine o'clock on Monday morning, June 18, at Manistee, the twenty-third annual convention of the Michigan State Elks Association will be opened. Charles J. Dovel, Past Exalted Ruler of Manistee Lodge, No. 250, is Chairman of the committee in charge of the meeting. Elaborate plans are being made for the entertainment of the visitors. Among the features of the occasion will be a ritualistic contest, the winners of which will initiate an "All State Class," to which each Michigan Lodge is requested to furnish at least one candidate. Bands, drill teams and a monster parade will add their share to the gaiety and interest of the two days of business, ceremony and festivity.

Fine Picture of "Old Ironsides" May be Bought for Small Sum

By direction of Admiral Philip Andrews, U. S. N., Chairman of the National Executive Committee to Save "Old Ironsides," pictures of the grand old ship are now being sold by the Branch Hydrographic Office of the U. S. Navy, 78 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.

The pictures, full-color reproductions of the famous painting by Gordon Grant, which hangs in the White House, are 17 x 21 inches, and make splendid decorations. They cost only fifty cents, (Continued on page 66)



Friend of Man

It is only natural that man should hunger for the companionship of an understanding dog, and yearn for the comforting relaxation he finds in a good cigar like Webster.

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TEN TO TWENTY FIVE CENTS

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"Old Towns" respond instantly to every dip of the blade. Sturdy in construction and light in weight too. When you go out where the big ones strike, be sure that you go in an "Old Town." Prices as low as \$67. From dealer or factory.

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 65)

and the money received from their sale is placed in the fund to recondition the historic frigate and maintain her as a national memorial to the sea heroes of the early days of the Republic. Stamps or money orders should be sent with your order to the Branch Hydrographic Office, 78 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.

District Deputy Nichols Visits Eureka, Calif., Lodge

An evening of varied activities marked the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. Fenton Nichols to Eureka, Calif., Lodge, No. 652. On his arrival the District Deputy was entertained at a clam-bake in the Home. This was followed by the regular meeting, at which a class of candidates was initiated, the exemplary work of the officers gaining Mr. Nichols' warm praise. Following this came a short program of vocal and instrumental numbers, and then the members adjourned to be present at the annual charity ball given by No. 652, an outstanding event in the community and one which rounded out a busy and enjoyable evening.

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Barrett Visits Birmingham, Ala., Lodge

At a recent regular meeting of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, the members present had the honor of greeting Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Robert S. Barrett. The meeting was marked by a large and enthusiastic attendance, and Mr. Barrett's splendid address on the principles of the Order made a deep impression on his hearers.

Hanford, Calif., Lodge Presents History of Flag for School Children

Hanford, Calif., Lodge, No. 1259, recently presented "The History of the Flag" for the youngsters of the Cross Creek school-house, and their parents and friends. Assisted by Boy Scouts, Fred Bonetti, a member of No. 1259, presented the History from the Flag Day ritual of the Order. The audience displayed keen interest in the proceedings and in the addresses made by other members, and the Lodge is now planning to carry the ceremony to other school districts.

Annual State Association Meetings Definitely Scheduled

The following State Elks Associations have definitely decided to hold their annual conventions at the places and on the dates named below. This list, with additions as received, will hereafter appear each month in these columns.

- Alabama, at Bessemer, in May.
- California, at Santa Barbara, October 4-5-6.
- Florida, at Orlando, April 10-11.
- Idaho, at Idaho Falls, June 18-19.
- Illinois, at Moline, August 7-8-9.
- Indiana, at Gary, in August.
- Iowa, at Ottumwa, June 5-6-7.
- Kentucky, at Lexington, in June.
- Massachusetts, at Northampton, June 5-6.
- Michigan, at Manistee, June 18-19.
- Nevada, at Elko, last week in September.
- New Jersey, at Atlantic City, in June.
- North Dakota, at Minot, in August.
- Oklahoma, at Mangum, September 2-3-4.
- Pennsylvania, at Meadville (Conneaut Lake), in August.
- South Dakota, at Rapid City, June 26-27.
- Texas, at El Paso, May 18-19.
- Washington, at Spokane, June 21-22-23.
- West Virginia, at Fairmont, in September.
- Wisconsin, at Oshkosh, in August.

Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge Opens Radio Studio in Its Home

Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, has dedicated the new studio of Radio Station KNRC, recently installed in its Home. From noon till midnight, daily, except Sunday, well-known artists will entertain radio fans. In addition to the usual numbers there will be at 3 P. M. a recital on the Lodge's magnificent \$50,000 organ; at 6:45 a fifteen-minute résumé of Elk news; at 7 an hour of dance music from the main



Brunswick Home Billiard Tables Now as Low as \$8.95

NOW give yourself and your family all the sport, thrills and fun of billiards or pocket billiards every night in your own home.

You don't need a fat pocketbook. You don't even need extra space or an extra room. For Brunswick has handsome portable style tables with folding legs, that can be set up quickly anywhere, at any time. Brunswick also has ingeniously built convertible dining-room or living room tables. Of course plenty of stationary tables of different sizes and styles.

All are real tables, substantially constructed and accurately angled. They come for billiards or pocket billiards or both, and the prices

range as low as \$8.95 for a portable pocket billiard table. The more expensive ones on convenient terms.

Just picture your home with one installed. No more "slow" evenings, but laughter, absorbing interest and keen sport night after night. Young folks happy to remain at home—all the family joining in the game. Friends glad to come.

And it's good for you in more ways than one. Takes your mind off troubles and cares. Gives you interesting entertainment without expense. Supplies good exercise, too—walking, bending and twisting. Mail the coupon today for full descriptions and prices.

Play Billiards

Plan now to enjoy the healthful and entertaining features of billiards in your own home on convenient terms. Mail this coupon for latest catalog. The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., Dept. H432, 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. Gentlemen: Please send me complete information about your Home Billiard Tables. This is free and without obligation to me.

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THE ARNOLD CHECK WRITER is a sensational success! Costs no more than a good fountain pen, yet does work equal to \$50 machines. Prints and shreds exact amount in acid-proof ink. Self-inking, automatic feed. Nothing like it ever before. Fully patented, no competition. Special offer if you act at once. Write now. No obligation. A postal will do Address

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dining-room of the Home and, at 11, the toast of the Order to its departed members.

The opening program, following the dedication ceremonies conducted by Exalted Ruler John J. Doyle, was an impressive one and featured many Elk organizations, including No. 99's Band, Glee Club, and Quartet.

Idaho State Elks Association to Convene at Idaho Falls in June

On June 18 and 19 Idaho Falls Lodge, No. 1087, will entertain the annual convention of the Idaho State Elks Association. A full program of social and fraternal activities will fill with activity the two days of the meeting. Dedication of the beautiful new \$100,000 Home of No. 1087, ritualistic and drill-team contests, golf and trap-shooting championships, and a parade, are some of the events planned. Among the business to be taken up will be the establishment of a scholarship fund. Parley Rigby, of Idaho Falls Lodge, has been appointed general convention chairman by Exalted Ruler Charles S. Lord, and is in charge of the preparation and carrying out of all plans.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge Pays Visit to Elko, Nev., Lodge

Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, recently paid a fraternal visit to Elko, Nev., Lodge, No. 1472. The visitors made the trip in a special train which consisted of 3 Pullman cars, two baggage cars and one combination baggage and Pullman car. The train left in the evening for the all-night journey, with a banquet held in the baggage car, and on arrival the next morning, the visitors were met by a delegation of Salt Lake City Elks who escorted them to breakfast at the Commercial Hotel. In the afternoon the Lodge meeting took place and a class of candidates was initiated by the officers of No. 85. In the evening a banquet was served the visitors at the Elko Hotel, followed by a big dance in the Home of Elko Lodge. Visitors and hosts alike were enthusiastic about the event, and are looking forward to its repetition.

Sullivan, Ind., Lodge Initiates Class For Linton, Ind., Lodge

One of the most enjoyable and largely attended sessions of Linton, Ind., Lodge, No. 866, was held recently, when a class of candidates was initiated into No. 866 by the officers and staff of Sullivan, Ind., Lodge, No. 911. Accompanied by their band, orchestra, and close to seventy members, the visiting officers exemplified the ritual before the large and appreciative turnout of their hosts.

At the close of the Lodge session the members and visitors gathered in the banquet hall, where an excellent lunch was served and a spirit of fine comradeship prevailed.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge Gives Clever Minstrel Show

With a vigor and sophistication rarely seen on the amateur stage, the recent annual minstrel show, staged by Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, called forth the enthusiastic applause of capacity gatherings on each of the four nights of its showing. The songs, dances and specialty numbers were well presented and the effective ensemble dancing testified to the hard work of the members. Exalted Ruler Thomas F. Cuite, who served as one of the interlocutors, was enthusiastic over the success of the show, and loud in his praise of the interest shown by the members who had contributed so much to its success.

San Pedro, Calif., Lodge Entertains State Association Officer

At a special meeting of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge, No. 966, Ross O. Porter, Vice-President of the California State Elks Association, was greeted by a capacity gathering of officers, members and visiting Elks. In an impressive address before the membership, Mr. Porter told of the hospitalization work of the State Association and of the aid it is receiving from the Grand Lodge. Following the business session, the entertainment committee put on a fine program of specialty acts.

(Continued on page 68)

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Then try Johnnie Walkers.
Unexcelled mildness is in them.
And—full tobacco fragrance.
For they're made of the tenderest portions of choice tobaccos.
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Stephenson Laboratory, 7 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 67)

Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge Holds Benefit for Miners

A dance, and a vaudeville entertainment in which sixty performers took part in twenty acts, made up the program of a recent benefit held by Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, No. 11, for the families of the striking miners in western Pennsylvania. The large auditorium of the Home was well filled for the occasion and a considerable sum of money was realized.

Some days later the Lodge observed Past Exalted Rulers' Night, a notable feature of which was the attendance of two Elks, each of whose term of membership in the Order has covered more years than many of his associates have lived; one was initiated forty-one years ago, and the other forty-nine. In all, fourteen Past Exalted Rulers were present for the occasion.

Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge Pays Visit To Ellensburg, Wash., Lodge

Close to fifty members of Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge, No. 1186, recently assisted at an initiation held in the Home of Ellensburg, Wash., Lodge, No. 1102. Upon their arrival, an excellent dinner was served the visitors by the wives of Ellensburg members, while the Ellensburg Lodge orchestra notably assisted at the feast. Thirty-four candidates were initiated at the meeting which followed, among the speakers of the occasion being District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Nave Lein. A general gathering marked for its warm fraternal feeling concluded the evening.

Junior Elks of Glendale, Calif., Lodge Are Self-Supporting

Glendale Lodge of Antlers, No. 25, sponsored by Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289, has been extremely active and correspondingly successful. Recently the boys added a substantial sum to their treasury by giving a program of boxing and wrestling matches, and an entertainment followed by a buffet lunch. Lately they celebrated their eighth anniversary with a dance in the Lodge Home, and they have been running a series of basket-ball games which will end sometime this month.

Glendale Lodge is properly proud of the progress these boys have made and of the dignity and effectiveness with which they handle their Lodge affairs. They cooperate closely with their advisers and the committee which sponsored this junior group feels amply repaid for its efforts.

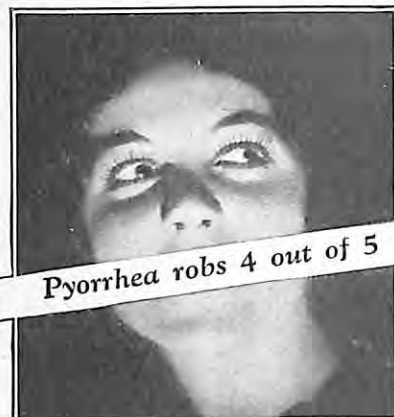
New Kensington, Pa., Lodge Gives Dinner for Local Athlete

Close to 300 members and visitors recently attended a dinner given by New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, No. 512, for Richard Goldberg, a resident of New Kensington and member of the University of Pittsburgh football team. The occasion was held in recognition of his splendid work in the game between Pittsburgh and Leland Stanford University played during the Tournament of Roses held in Pasadena, California. Mayor Daniel Burns presided as toastmaster, and brief speeches were made by Past Exalted Ruler M. F. Horne, who spoke of the civic benefits to be derived from the support of clean athletics, and by coaches of the team and members of the squad. Then, in a notable address commending Mr. Goldberg on his fine athletic record, Frank S. Moran, Secretary of No. 512, presented him with a handsome traveling bag, for which the young man expressed his thanks in able fashion. A program of stories and musical numbers rounded out the evening.

District Deputy Page Pays Official Visit To Lakeview, Ore., Lodge

Lakeview, Ore., Lodge, No. 1536, one of the "baby" Lodges of the Order, recently received the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. M. Page who was accompanied by Perry O. De Lap, Vice-President of the Oregon State Elks Association, Past Exalted Ruler C.

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So good to look upon, teeth of flashing whiteness adorn personal charm. But they do not safeguard health against Pyorrhea.

Unaware of this fact, 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger pay Pyorrhea's price. They sacrifice health.

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"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

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A. Hayden and Secretary F. D. McMillan of Klamath Falls, Ore., Lodge, No. 1247 After the initiation of a class of candidates, Mr. Page complimented the officers on their work and the fine condition of the Lodge in general. Brief speeches were made by the visitors in the District Deputy's suite, and a luncheon was served.

New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge Holds Funeral Services for Eddie Foy

Impressive funeral services for Eddie Foy, the beloved comedian, were held by his home Lodge, New Rochelle, N. Y., No. 756, in the home of the actor's sons, Weyman Avenue and Pelham Road, New Rochelle. The house, which was occupied by Mr. Foy himself years ago, was crowded to capacity while Exalted Ruler John W. Schaefer, assisted by the quartette of No. 756, officiated there.

On the following day a high requiem mass was celebrated at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament on Centre Avenue, by the Rev. Pasquale Manzelli, an old friend of Mr. Foy's.

Newark, N. J., Lodge Plays Host to Orange, N. J., Lodge

A large delegation of officers, members and Past Exalted Rulers of Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135, was warmly received and entertained by Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, on the occasion of a recent visit there. It developed during the course of the evening that the eight Past Exalted Rulers attending from Orange Lodge had paid an official visit to Newark Lodge, four of them as officers, twenty-four years before. The reminiscences of these veterans were heartily enjoyed, as were the brief speeches made by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Allen R. McCoy, of Orange Lodge, and Past Exalted Ruler Joseph Hurley, of Jersey City Lodge, No. 211.

One of the most active evenings of the Elks Billiard League matches was during the recent visit of Exalted Ruler John T. Hogan and seventy-five members from New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, to Newark Lodge. After the scheduled billiard games had been played, the visitors were entertained at dinner with a long and varied program of songs and dances, while New York Lodge's Glee Club contributed an ample share to a thoroughly delightful occasion.

Medford, Ore., Lodge Conducts Ritual for Ashland Lodge

Officers of Medford, Ore., Lodge, No. 1168, exemplified the ritual for Ashland, Ore., Lodge, No. 944, on the occasion of their recent visit there. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, they extended an invitation to the officers of Ashland Lodge to pay a return visit to No. 1168. The evening was a most enjoyable and notable one in every respect.

The Medford Post, No. 15, American Legion, recently presented a beautiful silk flag to Medford Lodge in appreciation of the use of the Lodge Home during the time the post was without its headquarters in the Armory. There is a fine spirit of co-operation between the Elks and the Legionaires of Medford.

Officers of La Junta, Colo., Lodge Initiate Class of Pueblo Elks

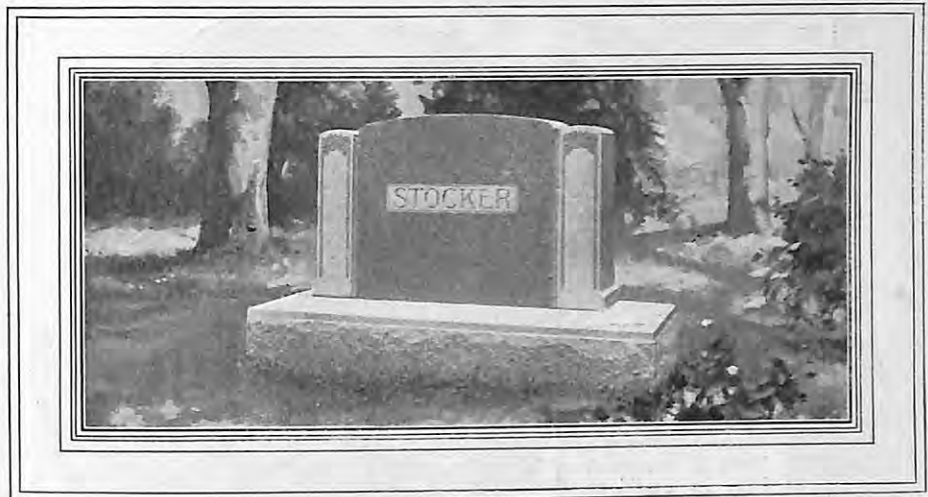
The officers and some twenty-five members of La Junta, Colo., Lodge, No. 701, paid a fraternal visit some time ago to Pueblo, Colo., Lodge, No. 90, where they initiated a large class of candidates for their hosts. Exalted Ruler Louis Behm and the members of Pueblo Lodge were loud in their praise of the visiting officers' work.

Preceding the regular Lodge meeting the officers of No. 90 tendered the visiting delegation a dinner at the Hotel Vail.

Jersey City, N. J., Lodge the Guest of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge

A greeting of unprecedented enthusiasm was accorded the officers and members of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, when they participated in a special meeting held in their honor at Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357. The fact that No. 211 had aided in the institution of No. 1357 accounted in no small measure for the

(Continued on page 70)



Permanence—If the beauty which the designer gives your memorial be for a short time only, it has defeated your purpose. For the thought which your memorial expresses is not for the present, but for all time. You should choose a material, therefore, which time and changing seasons cannot mar and on which the storms of centuries will beat without harm. In Rock of Ages granite you will find a material as enduring as the Barre hills from which it comes. Heat, cold, moisture, or frost have no effect on it. For untold years it will stand as lovely as when new—spotlessly pure in color and texture—a fitting symbol of the love that was its inspiration.

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You can Save Money

... if you own or can buy an old house in a desirable location, put WEATHERBEST Stained Shingles right over old sidewalls and make it modern.

Our remodeling Service Dept. will help you without charge. Send a snapshot or photograph, any size, and give general dimensions and floor plans, and we will submit free sketch showing how the exterior can be improved. WEATHERBEST save a great deal on remodeling, labor and painting costs and doubly insulate your old home against heat and cold.



Mr. & Mrs. Clifford J. Foster, River Junction, Mich., used WEATHERBEST Stained Shingles right over old sidewalls to secure the remarkable change shown below.

If not convenient to send picture, write for free booklet, "Making Old Houses into Charming Homes" and Broadside showing 1927 WEATHERBEST Remodeling Contest Prize Winners with actual results and costs.



WEATHERBEST STAINED SHINGLE CO., Inc.
Remodeling Service Dept., 2460 Island St., North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin) for postage and handling. Send Free Booklet, "Making Old Houses into Charming Homes" with Broadside showing 1927 WEATHERBEST Remodeling Contest Prize Winners.

From enclosed photographs and data, submit free sketch showing suggestions for exterior remodeling.

Name.....
Address.....

Weatherbest STAINED SHINGLES
FOR ROOFS AND SIDE WALLS

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 69)

warmth of the welcome. Exalted Ruler George Boland, in extending the hospitality of his Lodge to the visitors, particularly stressed the affection and esteem in which Past Exalted Ruler Francis Boland, of Jersey City Lodge, is held by the entire membership of Union Hill Lodge, an esteem developed during his service as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. Boland's response was the outstanding oratorical event of the evening, containing, as it did, a warm humanity and an expression of deep belief in the principles of the Order.

New York, N. Y., Lodge Holds Second Annual Schoolboy Athletic Meet

The second annual athletic meet to be conducted for the schoolboys of the city by the Social and Community Welfare Committee of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, was held some weeks ago at the Armory of the 102nd Engineers. As was the case last year, the meet was a great success and an even larger crowd was on hand than at the first.

The formal opening of the event was impressive. The officials, headed by Keith's Boys' Band, marched around the drill floor and, halting at the center, were joined by a Color Guard made up of members of the Lodge, one of whom proudly wore the blue of the Grand Army of the Republic, another the gray of the Confederate Veterans and the others the khaki of the World War. The band broke into the Star Spangled Banner and, after standing at attention through the anthem, the crowd burst into a great cheer.

Lloyd Hahn, holder of many national middle-distance titles and records, ran a specially arranged handicap race in which four high-school students were the other competitors. Although Hahn did not set a new record for the two-thirds of a mile he ran, his great speed and splendid form and his generosity in appearing at the meet brought enthusiastic applause from the onlookers.

Hon. Murray Hulbert, a Past Justice of the Grand Forum, President of the A. A. U. and a Past Exalted Ruler of No. 1, acted as referee, and Chairman Augustus F. Groll of the Welfare Committee, as Director of Games.

San Fernando, Calif., Lodge Entertained by Long Beach Elks

A large delegation of members from San Fernando, Calif., Lodge, No. 1539, were welcomed by a capacity turnout at Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, when they paid their recent visit there. The officers and staff of No. 1539 initiated a large class of candidates for their hosts, exemplifying the ritual in a way which called forth the highest praise of Exalted Ruler Stanley Hess, of Long Beach Lodge. After the meeting an excellent turkey dinner was served, and an entertainment wound up a delightful visit.

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge Arranges Entertainment for Tubercular Patients

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, through the courtesy of A. G. Larson, manager of the Seventh St. Theatre, recently staged a vaudeville entertainment for the patients of the Glen Lake Tuberculosis Sanatorium. Hundreds of patients enjoyed the performance which was given in the dining room of the sanatorium just before the luncheon hour. One of the most warmly applauded acts was that given by the members of the "Midget Pastimes" troupe, a company of Lilliputian actors and actresses. The officials of the sanatorium expressed their warm thanks to Mr. Larson and Minneapolis Lodge, and to every member of the vaudeville troupe, for making the entertainment possible.

Many Concerts for Hospital Patients Given by Denver, Colo., Lodge

As this was written, twenty-two concerts for the shut-ins of the various institutions of the city had been given this winter by the Hospital Entertainment Committee of Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17. The devotion of this active committee and the generous support of its under-



Free
1 Regular Size Vial
 (of which more than 1,000,000 have been sold)
 So positive are we that you will find Merke Derma Vials of wonderful help in ending dandruff and falling hair that we offer you PROOF without obligation. Simply mail coupon for one regular size vial ABSOLUTELY FREE
 Hermetically Sealed

DANDRUFF? FALLING HAIR?
New Kind of Liquid in Vials
Kills Germs that Cause Them!

NOW thousands can say good-bye to worrisome hair troubles—to dandruff, thin, falling hair, approaching baldness. For modern science has developed a remarkable remedy—a new kind of liquid, hermetically sealed in glass vials, that is positively guaranteed to end dandruff and stop falling hair—or costs nothing.

This new treatment is the result of countless experiments by the famous Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Fifth Avenue, New York. These experiments prove that most cases of hair trouble are caused by tiny parasitical germs.

By burrowing their way down into the scalp, these germs, which are unseen by the naked eye, finally infect the hair roots, causing them to become dormant—inactive. Result? With the roots no longer able to supply their vital nourishment, dandruff soon forms and the hair becomes dry, brittle and falls out.

Ordinary tonics and dandruff remedies fail to bring results because these merely treat the surface of the scalp, and have little or no effect on the harmful bacteria embedded below the surface.

But this new treatment, called Merke Derma Vial, is a highly concentrated liquid which actually penetrates beneath the surface to the roots themselves. It KILLS the infecting bacteria, carries off the unhealthy scaly substances which cause dandruff and falling hair and at the same time, acts to promote a

healthy circulation which supplies the dormant hair roots with the vital, hair-growing nourishment they need.

Extensive laboratory tests by one of the world's foremost research laboratories concluded with a report from which we quote: "The results indicate that the tonic killed the test organism (bacteria) in less than three minutes. The results also indicate that the tonic is capable of penetrating and preventing the growth of the test organism (bacteria)."

FREE—One Regular Size Vial

Now—at our expense—you can prove how quickly the Merke Derma Vial Treatment ends dandruff and stops falling hair. Simply read the Free Offer explained in the panel above. Mail coupon TODAY for your Free Vial. Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. D-244, 512 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

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Please send me, without obligation, one of the regular size Merke Derma Vials absolutely FREE, and tell me how to use it.

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 "For Regular Boys Who Want to Do Things"
 Sound, reliable and thoroughly established; the highest purpose of camping FULFILLED. Boys from 8 to 18 years old, graded by ability for sports and recreation; constant supervision of counselors who are real men. Permanent buildings, correct sanitation, athletic field and playgrounds, excellent swimming, large string of camp-owned horses. Among the pines where the Blue Ridge and Delaware River provide surroundings unrivaled for health and happiness. Inspection invited. All inclusive fee. Owned and directed by—
 W. E. TRANSUE, North Water Gap, Pa.
 May I have the privilege of explaining in detail or conference the advantages Wyomissing offers your boy?

Important Notice to Members
 Members are urged to immediately notify their Lodge Secretary of any change in their mailing address, and the Secretary is required by the Grand Lodge Law to promptly report all such changes. Only by this cooperation can the members be assured of receiving their copies of the Magazine.

takings by the membership at large, have done much to place the Lodge in the high position which it occupies in the community.

Jersey City Elks Pay Fraternal Visit to Newark, N. J., Lodge

Nearly 1,800 members of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, assembled in the Home to greet the officers and members of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, on the occasion of their recent visit there. With the Jersey City officers officiating, a class of twenty-two candidates was initiated into Newark Lodge.

Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney, the principal speaker of the occasion, praised the officers for their initiatory work and spoke of the fine condition of No. 211. Other short addresses were made by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank Boland and Exalted Ruler Dennis A. Hanrahan of Jersey City Lodge. After the meeting the visitors were taken on a tour of inspection of Newark Lodge's fine Home and were served with a full-course dinner in the main dining room.

Freeport, N. Y., Lodge Unveils Tablet to Louis H. Cohn

Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253, at impressive ceremonies, recently unveiled a handsome bronze tablet to the memory of a well-loved member, the late Louis H. Cohn. Mr. Cohn had been a member of the Lodge for the past fourteen years, in which period he devoted practically all of his time to the interests of the Order. As a trustee of No. 1253, from 1916 to 1926, he gave himself entirely to the duties of that office and to the welfare of the members, earning their deep love and respect.

District Deputy William T. Ramsey Visits Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William T. Ramsey paid his official visit to Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 12, on the occasion of the Lodge's celebration of Past Exalted Rulers' Night. The evening was a gala one, starting with a dinner to Mr. Ramsey and the fifteen Past Exalted Rulers present, and going on to a spirited meeting and social session.

Some days later the Lodge Home was again the scene of a large gathering, when the Greeters' Committee were hosts to more than 1,000 Elks at an oyster supper and entertainment. A number of speeches, with Exalted Ruler Oscar Howe acting as toastmaster, orchestra selections and ten acts of vaudeville made up a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

Sacramento, Calif., Lodge in Membership Campaign

Three hundred new members by April 10 is the goal set itself by the Membership Committee of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, under the chairmanship of Past Exalted Ruler J. E. Lynn. With all indications pointing to success, plans are being carried forward to hold the initiation of this large class in the Civic Auditorium on May 5. The famous aggregation known as the Alameda Joys, from Alameda Lodge, No. 1015, has promised to be on hand to help the local officers and members make the event a notable one.

Newark, Ohio, Lodge to Build Extensive Addition to Its Home

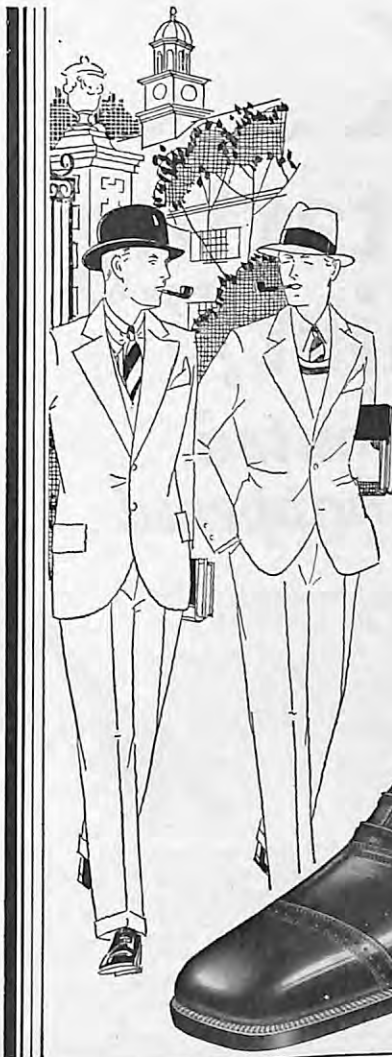
An extensive addition, to cover practically the entire lot at the rear of the present Home of Newark, Ohio, Lodge, No. 391, and to cost in the neighborhood of \$100,000, will shortly be erected.

To be 100 x 113 feet, constructed of fireproof material, and connected with the building now occupied by the Lodge, the addition will contain an immense banquet hall 52 x 90 feet; an assembly room with a twenty-four foot ceiling; a new Lodge-room, and lounges and check-rooms.

Oroville, Calif., Lodge Members In Many Special Activities

Oroville, Calif., Lodge, No. 1484, has enjoyed a winter full of activity. Its membership records enthusiastic support to the efforts of its

(Continued on page 73)



The Lewis Shoe

Fact! The most shoe for the money anywhere! Fine leathers—distinctive patterns—expert workmanship—style—stamina—"snap and go!"

\$6 to \$7.50

THE LEWIS SHOE COMPANY
Division of the Lewis A. Crossett Co.
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No. 8021—Kim last
The new and popular
French toe.
Black or tan calf.

Fat Men!

This new self-massaging belt not only makes you look thinner INSTANTLY—but quickly takes off rolls of excess fat.

DIET is weakening—drugs are dangerous—strenuous reducing exercises are liable to strain your heart. The only safe method of reducing is massage. This method sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to melt away the surplus fat. The Weil Reducing Belt, made of special reducing rubber, produces exactly the same results as a skilled masseur, only quicker and cheaper. Every move you make causes the Weil Belt to gently massage your abdomen. Results are rapid because this belt works for you every second.

Fat Replaced by Normal Tissue

From 4 to 6 inches of flabby fat usually vanish in just a few weeks. Only solid, normal tissue remains. The Weil Reducing Belt is endorsed by physicians because it not only takes off fat, but helps correct stomach disorders, constipation, back-ache, shortness of breath and puts sagging internal organs back into place.



Special 10-Day Trial Offer

Send no money. Write for detailed description and testimonials from delighted users. Write at once. Special 10-day trial offer. The Weil Co., 134 Hill Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

The Weil Company,
134 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.
Gentlemen: Please send me complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt, and also your Special 10-Day Trial Offer.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

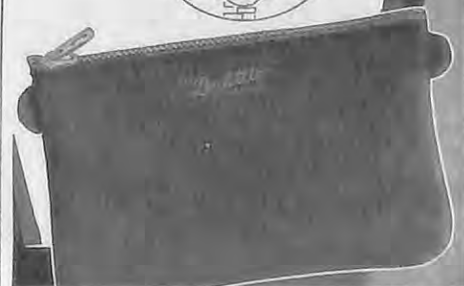
There's Only One Genuine LOCKTITE!

The Locktite Tobacco Pouch is the only pouch made with the Hookless Fastener that always works. Do not accept imitations, for genuine Locktites cost no more. You can get Locktites wherever smokers' articles are sold. Your choice of finest leather, rubber or oil-silk—from \$1.00 to \$7.50. (Also the Locktite Cigarette Case that holds a full package of 20)

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LOOK FOR THE NAME

"Locktite"
Tobacco Pouches



“LOOK he’s imitating a pianist!”

.....someone shouted Then a queer thing happened

JACK had strummed some “Blues” for us on his uke and Nan had just finished her screamingly funny burlesque on the “Kinkajou.” We were all set for dancing when—the radio refused to work!

No amount of jiggling brought it to life, either. In spite of our best efforts, all we could get from that confounded radio was such desolate howls that the girls begged us to leave the poor old thing alone.

Someone made a half-hearted suggestion of bridge. But Tom had a better plan. Pulling Joe to his feet—good old “sit-in-the-corner” Joe, whom everyone liked to pick on—he cried in a loud voice,

“Just a minute, folks! The party is saved! Joe, here, has kindly offered to enliven the proceedings with a piano solo . . .”

Loud cheering drowned out the rest. This promised to be good—for, as we all knew, Joe couldn’t play a note. Naturally, we expected him to clown . . .

Just as he sat down at the piano, Tom called out,

“Play ‘The Varsity Drag’—that’s a hot dance number!”

I couldn’t help smiling at the thought of Joe—who had always taken a back seat at our parties—playing “hot” music. Excited whispers came from all parts of the room. “Wonder what he’s going to do!”—“He doesn’t know one note from another!” Suddenly someone shouted,

“Get this! Look—he’s imitating a pianist!”

A Queer Thing Happens

Raising his hand melodramatically, Joe waited a moment to command silence. Then,



without any more preliminaries, and to the complete amazement of us all, he struck the first bars of—“The Varsity Drag!”

And how! With all the verve and expression of a professional! No wonder Tom’s eyes almost popped out of his head! This wasn’t the clowning he had expected Joe to do!

Unable to resist the tantalizing music, couple after couple glided around the floor. When Joe stopped playing the applause could have been heard around the block—only to be instantly followed by requests for more numbers.

All evening they kept Joe busy at the piano—playing jazz, popular songs, sentimental ballads, even classical stuff—everything the crowd asked for, and they asked for plenty!

How that lad could play! I was dumbfounded. Why, it was incredible! Joe had always seemed to be a “born wallflower”—he had never displayed any talent for entertaining—yet now . . . I determined to solve the puzzle. On the way home that night I drew Joe aside and demanded,

“How on earth did you do it?”

He laughed. “Why, it was very easy! I simply took that home-study course in music your cousin told us about . . .”

“You don’t mean that course that was supposed to show you how to play without a teacher, do you?” I interrupted.

“That’s it! Say, it’s a great course, all right!” he enthused. “There wasn’t any expensive private teacher to pay—and since the lessons came by mail, I didn’t have to set aside valuable hours for study. In fact, I practiced only in my spare time, a few minutes a day. And the course is thorough! Why, almost before I knew it, I was playing simple pieces *by note*, and . . .”

“I guess you don’t have to tell me how thorough it is,” I broke in. “Your performance tonight was a knockout! And you used to say you had no ‘talent!’”



“I haven’t,” he insisted. “Anybody can learn to play the U. S. School of Music way!”

* * * *

You needn’t know a thing about music to take this pleasant, rapid course

This story is typical. The amazing success of the men and women who take the U. S. School of Music course is largely due to a newly perfected method that makes reading and playing music as simple as A-B-C.

Even if you don’t know one note from another now, you can easily grasp each clear, inspiring lesson of this surprising course. You simply can’t go wrong. First, you are *told* how a thing is done, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it.

Thus you actually teach yourself to become an accomplished musician right in your own home. Without any long hours of tedious practice—without any dull or uninteresting scales—you learn how

to play real music from real notes.

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated Free book and our Free demonstration lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how *anyone* can learn to play his favorite instrument *by note*, in almost no time, and for just a fraction of what old, slow methods cost.

Remember—it’s not too late to become a capable musician. If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really want to gain new happiness and increase your popularity—send off this coupon at once. Forget the old-fashioned idea of that “talent” means everything. Read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. *At the average cost of only a few pennies a day!* Act NOW. Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating free book and Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation. U. S. School of Music, 3624 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Please send me your free book “Music Lessons in Your Own Home” with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your offer. I am interested in the following course:

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Have you above instrument?

Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Address.....
City.....State.....

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 71)

various committees, and much beneficial work and many enjoyable events are the result. Among the recent doings of the Lodge were the holding of a very successful Ladies' Night, and the presentation, a few days earlier, of gold footballs to the members of the championship football team of Oroville Union High School. Both occasions were largely attended and marked by the finest of Lodge spirit.

On Washington's Birthday, as a feature of its regular meeting, the Lodge staged a costume representation of the Birth of the Flag. George Washington, John Paul Jones, Robert Morris and Colonel Ross were represented by members, and Betsy Ross by Mrs. S. R. Baker. The presentation was a surprise to all save those taking part, and was a great success.

Minneapolis Lodge to Open Diamond Jubilee with Outdoor Exposition

The honor of sponsoring the opening event of the Diamond Jubilee Celebration of its city falls to Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44. Mayor George E. Leach of Minneapolis, designating this year as Diamond Jubilee year, in celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the naming of the city, and the committee, of which he is chairman, have planned a series of outstanding events for the summer and appointed Minneapolis Lodge to handle the Outdoor Exposition, as first on the list.

The Lodge committee, headed by Exalted Ruler John R. Coan, is progressing with its plans in a manner to reflect credit on the entire membership. Details of the various phases of the Exposition, which will open on May 26, and close June 8, will be announced shortly.

Westfield, Mass., Lodge Opens Its Attractive Home

With a natural feeling of pride, the officers and members of Westfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 1481, invited the public to the opening of their recently remodeled attractive new Home. After making a tour of inspection of the beautiful homelike building, the visitors showered congratulations upon the Lodge for its work.

The building, which was the old Van Duesen homestead, one of the finest examples of Colonial architecture in the town, has been remodeled inside in the modern manner, but the exterior has been preserved except for repairing and repainting. On the first floor are the reading, social and music rooms. The Lodge room, impressive and dignified in its mahogany finish, is on the second floor, as are the ladies' rooms, tastefully furnished in feminine fashion. The basement is given over to the grill and a modern kitchen, fully equipped.

District Deputy Warmly Received By Richmond, Calif., Lodge

An event of great mutual enjoyment and satisfaction was the recent visitation of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. Fenton Nichols to Richmond, Calif., Lodge, No. 1251. Mr. Nichols was much impressed by the work of the officers during the initiation of a class of candidates, and his thoughtful address to the membership, was beautifully expressed and made a deep impression. Another speaker of the evening was Arthur Brandt, Vice-President of the California State Elks Association, who spoke of the work being done by the Association. He stressed the fact that while charity is the paramount concern of the Order, other opportunities for valuable service have increased. He mentioned particularly the project launched last fall by the Association of erecting and maintaining an institution for the building up of youths in poor health between the ages of 15 and 21. Preceding the meeting, Mr. Nichols and Mr. Brandt were guests at a banquet given by their hosts.

Richmond Lodge recently opened its Home to the public at the installation of a boy scout troop sponsored by the Lodge. Over 300 parents, friends of the boys, and Elks attended while County Scout Executive R. F. Cox, with the aid of the older scouts, impressively initiated the youthful candidates. The troop was pre-

sented with an American Flag and neckerchiefs in the purple and white of the Order by No. 1251.

Burlington, Ia., Lodge Loses Last Charter Member by Death of J. L. Houck

By the death of John L. Houck, at the age of eighty-five, Burlington, Ia., Lodge, No. 84, lost its last charter member, and the State its oldest Elk, in point of membership, for Burlington was the first Lodge to be instituted in Iowa.

Mr. Houck was a familiar and beloved figure in the Home of Burlington Lodge, of which he was a loyal and ardent member. Known over much of Iowa and Illinois as a result of fifty-two years of railroad service, which ended with his retirement in 1920, "Dad" Houck's friends were legion. An enthusiastic sportsman to the last months of his life, of youthful mind and spirit always, his generous and lovable character drew to him, in affectionate regard, all with whom he came in contact.

Illinois State Elks Association to Celebrate Jubilee in August

The annual convention of the Illinois State Elks Association to be held in Moline on August 7, 8 and 9, will mark its twenty-fifth birthday, and will be in the nature of a jubilee celebration. A special program, dedicated to the founders, will be held on the evening of the first day. The entertainment program calls for golf and trap-shooting tournaments, picnics, dances, motor trips, baseball games, and a special schedule of events for ladies.

These plans were made at the midwinter meeting of the Association held at Moline some time ago, which was one of the most enthusiastic and well-attended of such sessions ever held. Many well-known visitors were in attendance, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters.

Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge Receives District Deputy's Visit

In spite of the inclement weather there was a fine turnout of members and visiting Elks on hand to greet District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clayton J. Heermance, on the occasion of his recent visit to Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 863. In the District Deputy's suite was Exalted Ruler John Hogan of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1.

Mr. Heermance spoke on the principles of the Order and complimented the officers of No. 863 on their excellent work, the fine spirit of the members, and the flourishing condition of the Lodge. His speech was heartily applauded and the evening was rounded out with musical numbers rendered by the Lodge quartette.

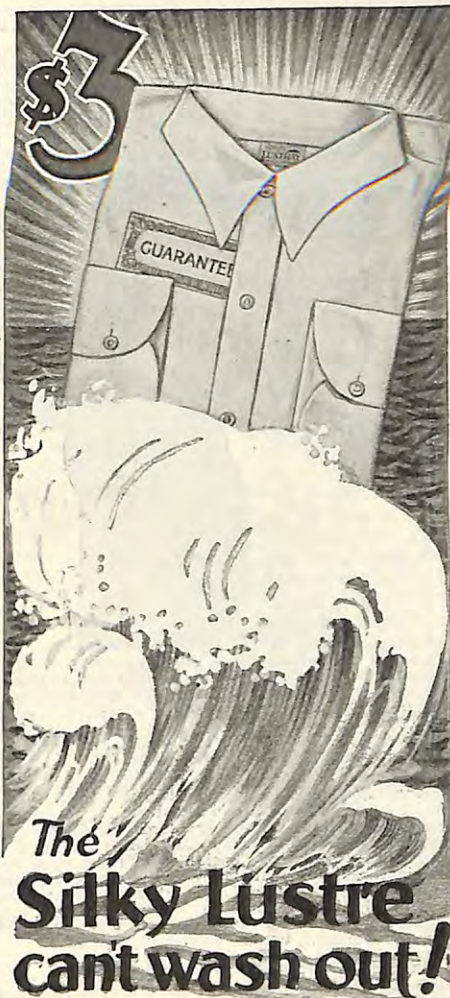
Impressive Exercises Mark Opening of New Bellaire, Ohio, Lodge Home

More than 4,000 people attended the dedicatory exercises and social functions conducted by Bellaire, Ohio, Lodge, No. 419, marking the opening of the remodeled new Home. The program was in the nature of a three-day event, with "Open House" for every one observed on the first day; the formal dedication, followed by an entertainment, held on the second day; and a gala ball and banquet, for members of the Lodge and their families only, on the third day.

James R. Cooper, President of the Ohio State Elks Association, was the principal speaker at the dedication, and Sam G. Crow, head of the building committee, also made a brief and interesting speech.

The new Home is regarded as one of the finest in the State. Occupying a building of three stories with a complete basement, located in the heart of the business district, the Home serves not only for the Club and Lodge activities, but as a community center for Bellaire as well. There is a grill in the basement, lounging-rooms, offices and reception-rooms, together with a public dining-room and gymnasium on the first floor; a special ladies' parlor and a large banquet and dance-hall on the second floor, while the Lodge room is on the third.

(Continued on page 74)



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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 73)

A week after the formal opening of the Home the "Sam G. Crow" class was initiated at one of the largest meetings ever held by the Lodge. After addressing the class named in his honor, Mr. Crow, a charter member of No. 419, was presented with an honorary life membership card, and a gold case, in recognition of his services.

Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge to Celebrate Twenty-fifth Anniversary This Month

Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, is planning an elaborate celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of its founding, this month. A general committee, composed of Past Exalted Rulers, Chair Officers, Trustees and members of the Lodge, has arranged one of the most ambitious programs ever undertaken by the Elks of Staten Island. This committee is headed by Oscar A. Kruger, first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, and County Judge J. Harry Tiernan, another Exalted Ruler of the early days of No. 841, and has more than 100 members. The big events of the week's celebration will include the Silver Anniversary Banquet on April 14, and the Grand Ball on the 21st, which will wind up the festivities. It is planned during this period to entertain prominent members of the Order and visitors from neighboring Lodges, as well as the families of Staten Island members. A gathering of Elk officials who assisted in the institution of the Lodge will be a feature on the program.

Staten Island Lodge now has a membership of about 1,500 and recently acquired one of the finest Lodge properties in the city. Three years ago a large country place, with five acres of land, was purchased, where transient guests and members are now accommodated.

Edward Harrison Tener, of Pittsburgh, Passes On

The sympathy of the entire Order of Elks is extended to the family of Edward Harrison Tener, who passed away on Friday, March 9th, in Pittsburgh, Pa. Mr. Tener was a brother of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, of Charleroi, Pa. He was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, sixty-one years ago and, since 1873, had been a resident of Pittsburgh, where he was for many years associated with the W. J. Tener Insurance Agency. Mr. Tener is survived by his wife, a son, a daughter, two sisters and three brothers.

Williamsport, Pa., Lodge Entertains Bloomsburg Elks at Gala Celebration

Some 250 members of Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 436, accompanied by their thirty-five-piece orchestra, recently journeyed to Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, where they initiated a class of candidates for their hosts. The occasion was the official visit to Williamsport Lodge of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Grover C. Shoemaker, whose suite included Clem Reichard, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association.

After the regular business session, Exalted Ruler Samuel Bertsch turned the meeting over to the Bloomsburg Lodge officers for the initiation ceremonies. The officers, degree team and drill squad of No. 436 did their several parts in such fashion as to call forth the applause of all present.

After the initiation District Deputy Shoemaker gave an inspiring talk, and Mr. Reichard, who followed, outlined plans for the coming State association convention at Conneaut Lake this summer. Music by the Bloomsburg Lodge orchestra and a buffet supper in the grill rounded out the evening.

Oswego, N. Y., Lodge Holds Washington's Birthday Celebration

Achievements of George Washington as a military leader and statesman were emphasized at the 34th annual gathering of Oswego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 271, in observance of Washington's Birthday. More than 250 Elks and guests, including a number of well-known public and

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ROBERT H. INGERSOLL, to whom the world owes the Dollar watch and the first line of low priced dependable watches, is now bringing before the American public another article of great economic value—the INGERSOLL DOLLAR STROPPER, an ingenious invention for resharpening all makes of safety razor blades.

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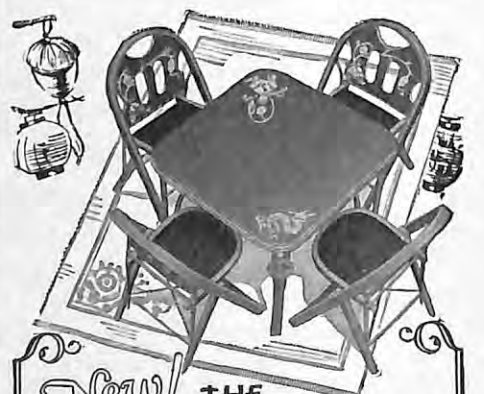


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retired State officials gathered in the Mess Hall of the Armory, where they were entertained at a clam-bake. There was present an unusually fine array of oratorical talent, and the human and patriotic sides of Washington were brought out by gifted speakers.

Past Exalted Ruler Charles H. Glynn, of Oswego Lodge, presided as toastmaster, and among those who delivered inspiring addresses were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James H. Mackin; Captain Stephen R. McGrath, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association; Rev. Gerald Dunn, Chaplain of the State Association; Past Exalted Ruler J. W. Le Scur, of Batavia, N. Y., Lodge, No. 950, and many distinguished visitors who were in Oswego for the Republican Congressional Committee meeting.

After the ceremonies in the Armory a concert was given at the Lodge Home, and the occasion was voted one of the most successful in the history of No. 271.

News of the Order From Far and Near

The annual assembly, celebrating this year the 23rd birthday of Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge, was held a short time ago, and netted several thousand dollars which will be expended in the varied charity work of the Lodge.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry C. Kimball recently paid his official visit to Salinas, Calif., Lodge, where he was entertained at a turkey dinner before the regular meeting. Salinas Lodge, so far, heads the high-score list in the Basket Ball League matches played twice weekly in the gymnasium of its Home.

Norwich and New London, Conn., Lodges have recently paid each other a series of fraternal visits.

Accompanied by a large delegation of members Henry A. Guenther, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, paid a visit to Hoboken, N. J., Lodge.

The annual ball given by San Francisco, Calif., Lodge at the St. Francis Hotel was a complete success in every way.

Evanston, Ill., Lodge recently held Army and Navy Night at which many officers from both branches of the service were present and made interesting speeches. Moving-pictures of the Army-Navy football game were shown to a crowded house.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. F. Thurston recently paid his official visit to Hannibal, Mo., Lodge, where he was much impressed by the flourishing condition of the Lodge, and with the fine work of the officers in initiating a class of candidates.

The Members of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge were entertained with a special program given in their honor by the Moose in Moose Hall.

Lynn, Mass., Lodge gave its annual minstrel show, playing to capacity houses on each of the two nights of its performance.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Kelley paid his official visit to Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge, where a large gathering was on hand to make the evening a memorable one.

About thirty members of Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge made the trip to Derby, Conn., Lodge to assist in welcoming District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Stone on the occasion of his official visit there.

Decorah, Iowa, Lodge is considering plans for the remodeling of its present Home.

A class of sixty-two candidates was recently initiated into San Antonio, Texas, Lodge.

Palo Alto, Calif., Lodge recently initiated a class of candidates for San Jose, Calif., Lodge and were entertained at a social session after the regular meeting.

Every Lodge in the Pennsylvania, Central, District was represented at a meeting held in the Home of Apollo, Pa., Lodge. Efforts are being made by the Lodges of this section to form a district degree team.

Jeannette, Pa., Lodge a short time ago gave a smoker, the profits from which were turned over to the needy miners' families of the district.

San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with a trout dinner and a fine program of entertainment.

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An Investment House in Order

By Paul Tomlinson



CONDITIONS in the investment markets are always in a state of flux. The investment situation is controlled by the economic and business situation, which, as everyone knows, also is always changing. A man in business recognizes that this is so, and his success is in large measure dependent upon his being able to anticipate and prepare for these changes as they come along. Not everyone seems to realize that the investment markets reflect what is going on in business. Perhaps it would be more exact to say that while they may realize this fact they do not always keep it in mind and plan their investment campaigns accordingly, and the results are sometimes unhappy.

Another factor which sometimes militates against successful investing is the innate optimism of the American public, and its seeming inability to visualize anything but prosperity and boom times. We in this country have been able to amass wealth greater than any nation on earth; our industrial life has progressed amazingly; our years of prosperity have outnumbered those of depression by so large a margin that we have come to regard prosperity as something which not only is ours now, but is going to remain ours always. Everyone naturally wants prosperity, and it seems sometimes that we expect to have it, our expectations based, perhaps, more upon our desire than upon any stronger justification.

At the present time the usual feeling of confidence permeates the country, and yet there are indications that our industrial and business machinery is not functioning 100 per cent. in all its parts. Reports from various cities show a considerable amount of unemployment, more indeed than is usual in the early months of the year, when there are always many people out of work. It may mean nothing, as some would have us believe, and on the other hand it may be significant. We hear conflicting reports about business: some say it is good and others that it is not; some say they are doing a big business, but making no money. The fact of the matter is that for nearly a year production has been falling off, and consumption has naturally followed suit. The big fellows in the business world have gotten on very well, in some cases better than ever, but the small fry have found the going difficult at times. Business, to use a common term, has been spotty. Everywhere are evidences that business men are proceeding with caution, keeping their commitments well in hand, and their houses in order. A good thing to do.

The stock market seems to have ignored the fact that there has been a curtailment of business activity. At least it has ignored this fact until very recently, when there have been signs that people are beginning to think that possibly stocks cannot continue to advance indefinitely, and there has been a general recession in prices. No one thinks that we are faced with a reaction of anything like the proportions which confronted us about seven years ago when the post-war boom came to an end, and prices collapsed so alarmingly; on the other hand, there is less disposition to rush into the market blindly and buy any old thing in the expectation that it will presently show a profit. The speculative favorites are falling by the wayside, while investors are switching to the high grade seasoned stocks, or, in many instances, shifting their investment holdings from stocks to bonds.

While confidence still permeates the country at large, caution is becoming more fashionable in matters of investment. Money is not lacking for stock market uses, but recent shipments of gold to France, and to other countries, has caused people to wonder if the Federal Reserve authorities are not going to adopt a new policy with regard to money, and cut down on the supply. If funds should become scarce stock prices would most certainly recede from present levels. On this point the Harvard Economic Society states in one of its recent weekly letters that "the fundamental case in money conditions is the most significant economic factor in our whole situation."

Stock prices in many cases seem to have

advanced more on prospects than performances. Bonds, too, have climbed pretty steadily during the past few years. The result is that yields are much lower than they used to be, and investors frequently find it difficult to reconcile themselves to 4 and 5 per cent., where once they secured 6 or 7. And herein is an element of danger. No investor likes to accept a lower yield on the investment he buys, any more than members of the trades unions like a cut in wages. Moreover, the investor, the average one at least, takes pride in being able to find stocks or bonds which return him a higher yield than his friends are able to secure. The temptation, in other words, is to sacrifice safety for yield, and to ignore the fact that the two are very closely related to each other. If a man wants safety he must be willing to sacrifice something in the way of yield; if, on the other hand, yield is the important consideration, the investor must forego something in the way of safety. This fact at the present time is an important one.

As this is being written there lies on the writer's desk a copy of one of the important financial reviews. In it are many earnings reports and statements by executive officers of a large number of our big corporations commenting on these reports. Here are a few quotations. "Latest estimates of net earnings for 1927 are less favorable than earlier forecasts. Gross sales for the year showed a decrease of 10 per cent. from 1926." Another one: "Advance figures for 1927 indicate net loss of \$803,000 after taxes and charges, against net income of \$2,566,291 in 1926." "Our present earnings are running somewhat below last year," says the president of one of the big railroad systems. Several other large railroads whose earnings statements appear in this issue show quite a falling off for 1927 compared with 1926. "Commercial failures in 1927 caused losses of more than \$500,000,000 in the United States . . . distressed merchandise thrown on the market in competition with merchandise handled through normal channels had a demoralizing effect on business conditions and the resultant damage has been incalculable. . . . The outstanding factor in last year's business was keen competition which drove many concerns into bankruptcy and brought about numerous consolidations."

There is another side to the picture, however. The president of the Steel Corporation forecasts better profits in the steel industry in 1928. One automobile company reports sales in January 25 per cent. ahead of sales for the same month of 1927. The president of another corporation says, "we expect to break all sales records in the current year." Still another corporation president says, "I am optimistic over the outlook for 1928 and expect we will do a larger business than in the past year. In 1927 we did a satisfactory business and earnings should show improvement over 1926."

THE testimony would seem to be conflicting. Earnings have fallen off in many directions and yet other corporations report good business and bright hopes for the future. Confidence still persists, and of course it must be admitted that confidence is an important factor in success. These various statements, however, do tend to support our view that business is spotty, and that prosperity is not a commodity which is being enjoyed by everyone in search of it.

Further, it seems as if the unfavorable statements are based on facts while the optimistic announcements rest rather upon hope and desire.

Not that we are pessimistic. This country is economically sound, and there is no reason that we know of to doubt that it is going to advance and prosper industrially in the future as it has in the past. We do feel, however, that the present is a time for investors to exercise care in the selection of securities. They should not be too eager for high return, and they should not expect handsome speculative profits. Moreover, they should know all about the investments they select—before they agree to buy—and make certain that the corporations whose securities attract them are in sound condition, with their houses in order. Now if ever the ordinary investor needs the counsel and help of those who are experienced in the business of investing. There are plenty of attractive investments to be had; there always are in this country. But just now, as at other similar periods in our recent and distant past, it seems important to select them with rather more care than is sometimes necessary. Perhaps if people would exercise care at such times as these they would acquire the habit of being careful at all times, which would be a good thing for the people, the investment bankers, and the country generally.

Suppose, when this article appears in print, the decline in prices which many predict is coming has already taken place. The way to secure the most profitable investments is to buy when prices are low, and certainly no one thinks that any depression we may suffer from is going to be permanent. Suppose some of the big fellows become more and more strongly entrenched as time goes on. Isn't it possible that their securities may prove attractive? Suppose stocks decline, and for safety's sake investors switch their holdings to bonds. Isn't it possible that such a demand would send bond prices up?

This is a good time for investors to put their affairs in order, to be certain that the investments they now hold are worth holding, and that those they have in mind to buy are worth buying. A decline in market quotations is not in itself a valid reason for selling, nor is an investment necessarily worth buying merely because it looks cheap. Looks may frequently be deceptive. Value is what counts, and for the real investor it is the only thing to be considered seriously. If a man is certain that the stocks and bonds he holds are backed by real value he need have no worries about a decline in prices; and if a man knows that the stocks and bonds he contemplates purchasing are backed by real value he can proceed without fear or qualm. A man like this has his investment house in order and can let the others do the worrying.

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Grand Exalted Ruler Completes Trip

(Continued from page 35)

Masters and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James F. Shipman of West Virginia, North, were among the speakers. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Nugent, of Pennsylvania, delivered the 11 o'clock Toast.


On the following day Mr. Malley visited Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge and, in the evening, attended the annual banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler given by the Elks Association of Pennsylvania Southwest, at the William Penn Hotel. Here a notable gathering of Grand Lodge and State Association officers and committeemen were on hand to honor the head of the Order. The speakers included Grand Chaplain Rev. Dr. John Dysart, who delivered the invocation; George J. Kambach, Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, as toastmaster; William D. Hancher, President of the Southwest Association, who introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler; Mr. Malley; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Rev. M. P. Bierbaum, State Association Chaplain, who spoke the benediction, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. J. Gerard, who delivered the 11 o'clock Toast. Among the many other nationally known Elks present were Past Grand Exalted Rulers James G. McFarland and John K. Tener; Grand Treasurer Fred A. Morris, and Judge William J. Conway and Murray Hulbert, Chief Justice and Past Justice of the Grand Forum, respectively. Some 800 persons in all were present and, as always at this annual affair, the speeches were followed by dancing.

Washington, D. C., Lodge was the next stop on the itinerary. Arriving at the national capital early in the morning, the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Grand Chaplain Dysart, Grand Secretary Masters and District Deputy Donnelly, were met at the station by Exalted Ruler John E. Lynch and a committee of members, and escorted to the Willard Hotel. They later were driven to Mount Vernon, Va., where Mr. Malley laid a wreath on Washington's tomb.

The banquet that evening at the Willard Hotel was notable, even in a city famous for its brilliant gatherings. The list of guests at the speakers' table included many of the nation's most distinguished citizens while in all some 600 Elks and their friends, filled the tables. Among the nationally known men who came to honor Mr. Malley were Secretary of Labor James J. Davis; U. S. Senators David I. Walsh, Arthur Capper and Royal S. Copeland; Major-General John A. Lejeune, commanding officer of the Marine Corps; Past Grand Exalted Rulers Fred Harper, Rush L. Holland, John G. Price and William J. O'Brien, Jr.; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and many others prominent in the official life of the nation and the Order. Musical numbers enlivened the dinner, chief among them being the selections played by the orchestra of the famous U. S. Marine Band, led by Captain William H. Santelmann as guest conductor.

Arriving in New York to attend the 60th anniversary banquet of New York Lodge on February 18, as reported on page 36 of this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Mr. Malley paid a number of visits to Lodges in and around the city. The first of these was to the Mother Lodge on the occasion of its regular meeting of Sunday, February 19. The Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted to the Lodge by a group of Past Exalted Rulers and presented to the Lodge from the rostrum. Following the meeting, at which he made a telling address, Mr. Malley held an impromptu reception in the Home.

Resting most of Monday from his arduous activities the Grand Exalted Ruler, in the evening, was the guest of some 50 members of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, at a dinner and theatre party. Resuming his visitations the following day, Mr. Malley motored to Long Island, where he attended a luncheon given by Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, and an afternoon meeting in the Home of Freeport Lodge, at which were members from Lynbrook, Glen Cove and Hempstead Lodges. In the evening he was the honor guest of Queens Borough Lodge at a testimonial dinner in its beautiful Home, and



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afterwards attended the regular meeting of the Lodge, at which he witnessed the initiation of a special class of candidates, by the officers and drill team. Following his talk to the members the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a beautiful token of the affection in which he is held by the Lodge. Past Exalted Ruler Judge Frank F. Adel made the presentation on behalf of the members.

These New York visits ended the long journey which began with the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to Baltimore on January 14, and carried him through nearly twenty States. After spending a few days at his home in Boston, Mr. Malley left again on February 27 for a trip through the Middle West. His first stop was at Chicago, where he witnessed the initiation of a joint class, named for him, of the Lodges of Illinois, Northeast. This event is reported in "Under the Spreading Antlers." The remainder of this journey will be reported in the May issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Battling Bass or Tempered Trout?

(Continued from page 11)

of the large mouth and small mouth black bass have been a source of argument since bass fishing began. I have heard fishermen declare that they can tell if a small mouth or large mouth bass has struck, before the fish breaks the water. But I have never seen one of them come out more than 50 per cent. to the good in actual tests—and a record of 50 per cent. or under proves that the fisherman is merely guessing. The only test is to fish where the mud and sand meet, in some lake, where both species of bass congregate. Whenever such a test has been made, it has resolved itself into a guessing match, with the large mouth bass sharing honors with the small mouth in the length of his rushes, the height and number of his leaps in breaking water, and the fierceness of the final flurry at the landing net.

Whether it is for bass or trout, fishing appeals to men of all callings. Farmers, mechanics and professional men become just fishermen when they mingle at the streamside. I remember hiking through the White River Plateau country in Colorado on a fishing trip in the days when everybody in that country rode horseback. The three members of our walking party—we had a lone pack-horse to carry our tent and supplies—were objects of curiosity to men and cattle alike. We spent the night at a cow camp just before we struck the White River, and the cowboys overhauled our fishing outfits, and from our surplus stock we presented them with various flies and leaders and lines. On our way back we stopped at the same camp and the foreman, a gaunt, sinewy saddleman who looked like a Frederic Remington statue in his big hat, fancy vest and worn leather chaparejos, gave us a dressing-down which was fifty-fifty in the matter of chaff and heartfelt sincerity.

"You fellers have jest about ruined this round-up," he said. "Afore you horned in here with them fly hooks and things, this here outfit had its mind on its work. But fer the last two days I've been spendin' half my time chasin' cowpunchers back to their jobs and convincin' them that the beef gather is more important than catchin' fish."

Fortunately we had enough trout for supper for all hands, our catch including a five-pounder which I had caught with a tiny black gnat. Mollified by the change from a bacon diet, the foreman inspected our outfits, and, from the new light in his eyes, it was apparent that he, too, would soon be among the missing on the round-up.

Clergymen have always been, and still are, enthusiastic fishermen. Cy Prime, the early-day writer whose "I Go a-Fishing" is sought by collectors, had for his side-partner, on his fishing jaunts in the Adirondacks in the '40's, the Episcopal Bishop of New York. The Very Rev. Martyn H. Hart, who presided over the largest church in Denver, was a fly-fisherman famed throughout the Rocky Mountain region. Dean Hart always used the latest and smallest flies, the most delicately tapered lines and the most gossamerlike leaders—and he made the

(Continued on page 80)

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Battling Bass or Tempered Trout?

(Continued from page 79)



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biggest catches. Every fishing camp along the famous Gunnison River knew the always young churchman, and welcomed him as one who "belonged." On one of his trips, Dean Hart was seated in the Pullman, surrounded by his creel and waders and the long leather case which enclosed his costly and beloved fly rods. A young lady who belonged to his congregation waylaid the Dean amid this paraphernalia. It was a good time to ask a pertinent question of the Dean, when surrounded by his trappings of the stream quest; he was "caught with the goods."

"Tell me, Dean Hart," said the young woman severely. "How do you, as a churchman, reconcile yourself to the cruelty of catching a poor little fish on a wickedly barbed hook?"

"How do you know it is cruel?" countered the Dean.

"Because," answered the young woman, falling into the trap set for her, "the fish proves that it is cruel by struggling to get off the hook."

"My dear young woman," answered the Dean, "how do you know that the so-called struggling of the fish is not wriggling to express delight at being caught?"

How did she know? She didn't, so, sensing defeat in any argument with so subtle an opponent, the young woman retreated to the diner, leaving the churchman in content among his fishing trappings.

The oddest fishing companion I ever fell in with was an archeologist.

"About the first real use man made of his brain was when he curved the fish-hook and put a barb on it," he said. "The first fish-hooks, used in the stone age, were as straight as needles, and not much longer. They were pointed at each end, and became thicker in the middle, where there was a groove to which the fisherman tied his line. The stone-age fisherman fastened his bait to this straight fish hook. When the fish swallowed the lure and this needle-like affair, the fisherman pulled on the line. If it was his lucky day, the straight 'hook' turned sufficiently to lodge sidewise somewhere in the fish's anatomy, and it was a catch. But think of the times the fishing needle must have pulled out, and think of the big ones that must have got away! Then some stone age genius got the idea of curving the hook and putting a barb on it, and civilization shot just so far ahead."

A practical joke seems to be the only real menace to fishing friendships. I know of a cloud which hangs over the long-established amity of two former Missourians, who now live in the same block in a New York suburb. Their friendship began in Missouri and its transference to the East had simply served to strengthen it. Yet a practical joke, perpetrated on a Canadian fishing trip, constantly menaces this Damon and Pythias affinity.

I insisted that these two, whose fishing experience had mostly been restricted to yanking the lowly bull-head from his muddy lair, should take air mattresses with them on their first venture into the haunts of the trout and salmon in Canada. They afterward blessed me with tears in their eyes—or at least one of them did.

The fisherman who appreciated the comforts of the air mattress was the practical joker. Every night he slumbered in comfort, but not until he had reached out and turned the valve on one of his partner's sections of air mattress, thus allowing the air to escape.

The victim never discovered the trick that had been played upon him. Morning after morning he awoke, with legs or shoulders stiff and sore from contact with the hard ground, depending on what particular section of mattress had been deflated through the machination of the practical joker.

"I can't understand why your mattresses stay filled with air while mine leak so persistently," complained the victim, after making vain tests of the valves.

"Let's change mattresses and see if we have better luck," said the jester, with the innocent mien assumed by his kind.

The change was effected, but again the practical joker reached out, after his comrade had gone to sleep, and tampered with an air valve. To this day the victim is unaware of the perfidy of his fishing companion. He thinks air mattresses are the bunk. For the practical joker, his prize jest has turned into a guilty secret. He is afraid to tell his comrade of the perfidious nocturnal tampering with air valves, lest a beautiful friendship of boyhood be turned into a ghastly wreck.

One touches delicately upon the subject of the relative merits of up-stream or down-stream fishing. I have seen friendships strained almost to the breaking point by this argument.

Grantland Rice in one of his songs of the outdoors, gave a catch-line to the proponents of fishing against the current when he wrote:

"Only the game fish swims upstream."

Such being the case, the up-stream fisherman argues, why is it not logical to fish up-stream, thus being always behind your fish where he can not see you? But, declares the down-stream fisherman in rebuttal, the fish sees nothing of a fisherman twenty feet away in broken water, so why is it not more logical to let the lure float down naturally? And here come the dry-fly fishermen, with the declaration that the dry fly can only be cast successfully when it is thrown slightly up-stream and allowed to float down in natural position, with not even a "drag" in the middle of the leader to pull the floating fly in unnatural manner.

TO SETTLE the argument, I have seen A and B part at the camp-fire at night, agreeing to fish the same waters the next day, one up-stream and the other down. I have seen them come in at night with equal catches—or so nearly equal that the margin for argument did not outweigh the ifs and buts and general alibis concerning the fishes that got away. Thus the question was left as it stood in those dark ages when skin-clad disputants walloped each other with stone hatchets and both felt unconscious, one exclaiming as he hit the earth "Gr-r-r-k" (which, being translated, means "up-stream") and the other grunting "Wr-r-r-oosh" (which means "down-stream.")

As for my own convictions, I have found myself quite firmly fixed in the ranks of the down-stream fishermen. It may be that my lack of skill prevents me from making those beautiful catches which I have seen up-stream fishermen bring in. Or it may be that my mental make-up, as any psychologist might have it, is of the non-resistant order, tending to go with the stream instead of against it.

At any rate, I have never had a darn bit of luck fishing up-stream, while down-stream—oh, Waltonian shades, wade on with me forever!

Answers to

"How Well Do You Know Your Country?"

(1) and (2) The Virgin Islands, bought from Denmark. (The two pictures show the harbor and city of Amalie, on St. Thomas.)

(3) The Philippines.

(4) Guam. (The picture is of the capital, Agana.)

(5) Samoa.

(6) Chilkoot Pass, during the "gold rush." Previous to this (in 1867) we had bought Alaska from Russia. (A bargain—at about three cents an acre!)

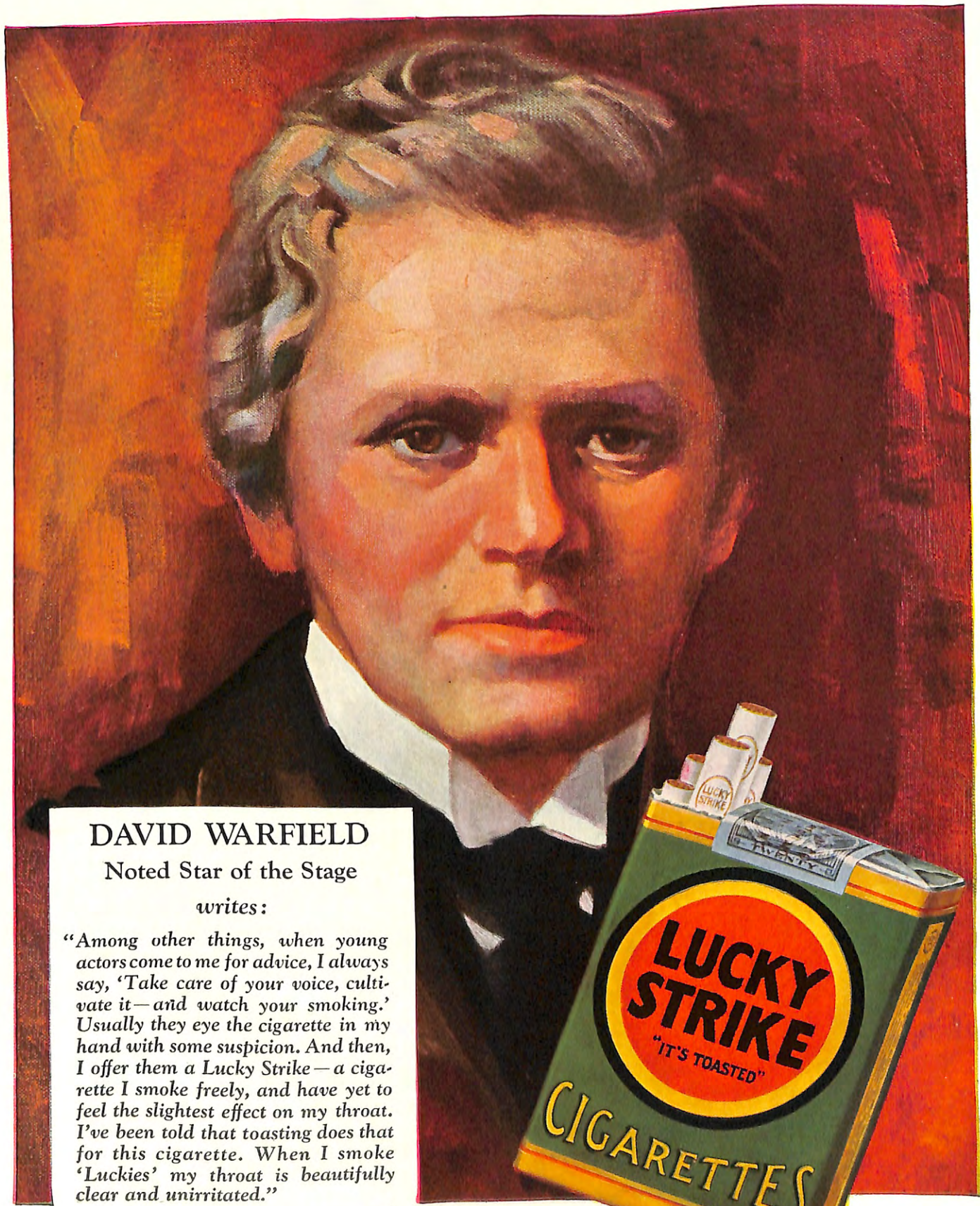
(7) "Gaillard Cut," (formerly "Culebra

Cut") in the Panama Canal Zone; was rechristened in honor of Lt. Col. David D. Gaillard, our Army engineer who had charge of digging it.

(8) The fire-pit (of Halemaumau: Hawaiian for "House of Everlasting Fire") in Hawaii National Park, on Hawaii Island. "Kilauea"—the name of the volcano—does just as well for an answer.

(9) Waikiki Beach, near Honolulu. (This is on another island of the group, Oahu.)

(10) Porto Rico. The picture is of the capital, San Juan.



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writes:

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David Warfield

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