

The Elks

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Magazine

JANUARY, 1928



This Month:

Octavus Roy Cohen's New Serial
of Romance and Adventure Begins

"Watch your ~~step~~ throat"

Due to overheated homes, stuffy offices, crowded cars, sudden changes of temperature, and exposure to bad weather, you are in constant risk of colds, sore throat—or worse.

You can reduce this risk considerably if you care to. Every night when you get home, gargle with Listerine used full strength.

Many a cold and sore throat threatening to become serious has been quickly checked by this pleasant antiseptic.

Listerine immediately attacks the germ-producing bacteria in the mouth, nose, and throat.

The wise thing to do, of course, during bad weather, is to use Listerine systematically night and morning. Rinse

your mouth with it. Inhale it through the nose. Gargle with it full strength.

It may be, and very probably will be, the means of sparing you a long and trying siege of illness. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U S. A.

Gargle when you get home



**In the THROAT
and nose more than
50 diseases**

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.

Watch your throat!

**ITS
NAME ALONE.**
The name Listerine
Tooth Paste is a guar-
antee that it is the best
paste that scientific
knowledge could
achieve. Large
tube — 25¢

L I S T E R I N E

-the safe antiseptic

How I Made A Fortune With a "Fool" Idea

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

"IT'S a fool idea!"

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

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

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

Use My Successful System

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

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

If you want to follow in my footsteps—if you want to use my amazingly successful system—send for my free book now. It tells how I succeeded—how I have helped other men and women win big success—how you, too, can succeed—how you can have a splendid business of your own and make more money than you ever made before.

A Wonderful Business

Real estate—conducted my way—is a great business. It is as permanent as the earth itself. It is getting bigger and bigger as the country grows. It doesn't require years of study to learn like most other businesses and pro-



A well-known cartoonist's conception of my idea.

essions. It offers enormous earnings to ambitious men and women. Users of my system are making \$1,000—\$5,000—\$10,000—on single deals—as much as the average man gets for months and years of hard work. And the business is practically unlimited. Ten million properties are now on the market for rent, sale or exchange. And you can start without capital or experience—right at home—in your spare time. I did. So did others. So can you. My free book tells you how.

Read These Records

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

"Made \$5,500 on first deal after getting your system."—Mrs. Evalynn Balster, Chicago. (*Former School Teacher*.) "Sold a lot by your methods in less than one hour and my commission was \$800."—J. A. Furguson, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. (*Former Dry*

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

Get Free Book Now

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

Mail coupon right now and get this valuable, money-making information free. It doesn't cost you a nickel to find out what this book can do for you. So, act at once. You will never forgive yourself if you turn your back on this unusual chance to win big, business success. Address PRESIDENT, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 33-1, 18 East 18 Street, New York.

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

Name.....
Print or write name plainly
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City..... State.....

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



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Six
 Number Eight

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Features for January, 1928

New Year's Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler.....	4	Florida, Today and Tomorrow, an article by Frank Parker Stockbridge.....	26
Memorial Day Address of the Grand Exalted Ruler.....	5	<i>With Photographs</i>	
The Light Shines Through—Part I, a romantic novel by Octavus Roy Cohen... <i>Illustrations by Cyrus LeRoy Baldrige</i>	6	The Economic Stability of Florida, an article by Peter O. Knight.....	32
Behind the Footlights.....	11	Killers of the Sea, an article by Hamilton M. Wright.....	32
Sunny Side Up, a page of humor by Arthur H. Folwell.....	14	<i>With Photographs</i>	
The Bell-Pushers, an article by Jack O'Donnell..... <i>Drawings by Clive Weed</i>	15	Editorial.....	34
Umpires and Referees, an article by W. O. McGeehan..... <i>Drawings by Herman Palmer</i>	18	1928 Grand Lodge Convention in Miami..	36
On Kitimat Arm, a story by Alan Sullivan. 20 <i>Illustrations by Alexander de Leslie</i>	20	<i>Bulletin No. 1</i>	
Getting the Jump on Famine, an article by Boyden Sparkes.....	24	West Palm Beach Lodge Dedicates New Home.....	37
<i>Decorations by H. Devitt Welsh</i>		Candidates for Grand Lodge Office.....	37
		Under the Spreading Antlers, News of the Order.....	38
		When Prices Fall, an article by Paul Tomlinson.....	72
		Cover Design by Sam Brown	

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 60a, 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*

New Year's Greetings

*Boston, Mass.
January 1, 1928*

To My Brother Elks:

We enter this bright new year with optimism. The spirit of good will which dominates this season has dispelled the doubts that sometimes make one pause in the effort toward the goal to ask "Is it worth while?"

With mental poise, weighing and judging accurately the relative values and powers of things and of men, with confidence in the fundamental goodness and soundness of our brothers, we awaken on this new day prepared courageously and enthusiastically to strive for a record year of accomplishment in the name of our great Order.

The "Elks National Endowment Fund" plan for fostering all Elk humanitarian endeavor has given us a new objective which we can visualize. It is so practical and real that it arouses enthusiasm even in the most prosaic. It holds possibilities of greatness which fascinate the most idealistic.

In my opinion its outstanding value is the urge it will give to the entire membership. It will furnish "something to do" worthy of the best effort of everyone. In the striving for the purpose, the ideal man or fraternity gains power and merits honor.

"... a man's reach should exceed his grasp, Or what's Heaven for?"

Sincerely and fraternally,


Grand Exalted Ruler

Memorial Day Address of Grand Exalted Ruler Malley

*Delivered at the Elks National Home, Bedford,
Virginia, December 4, 1927*

IN MANY countries there obtains a custom of tolling the Angelus bell at certain hours of the day. As the wind carries the chimes across the fields the busy hands cease their work, the head is bowed and the spirit rises in prayer, "till solemnly the Ave bell rings out the sun's departing knell."

This beautiful custom which daily brings to the minds of the people thoughts of things celestial must have appealed to the founders of Elksdom, for they have instituted in the Order practices which have the same underlying sentiment.

Just as the Angelus calls the toiler from his work and earthly pursuits to the contemplation of the spiritual, so, too, does the striking of the eleventh hour at night summon all true Elks to pay tribute "to our absent brothers." To us the hour has a tender significance. Wherever throughout this broad land two or more Elks are gathered, the tolling of the hour before midnight brings a hush to the merriment, the songs cease, the laughter is stilled, the story left untold; memory's messenger is sent hurrying back through the expanse of time to summon from the host of absent ones the dearest companion of the sweetest moment of the hours that have gone. Thus each day Elks pause to pay homage to their brothers, whether they be living in distant lands or dwellers in that unknown country across the Styx.

But the Elks have another custom and you, my friends, have come to-day to join in its observance. Every year on the first Sunday in December all Elksdom honors the memory of its dead. To-day, even as we are assembled, more than fifteen hundred Lodges are convened to hear the roll-call of their departed brothers and to bear testimony to the principle that even death shall not terminate the obligation of brotherhood. Are they dead, these brothers to the calling of whose names the esquire answered "absent"? Their earthly forms we see no more. No more do we hear their voices or feel the welcoming pressure of their hands in ours, but yet they live, for "they are not dead who live in hearts they leave behind."

This is not an occasion for sorrow or mourning. True, deep emotions may stir the hearts of those who knew and loved the brothers but the bitterness and pain will not return. They are happier now, our brothers in the Eternal Lodge, and as the years go by they will welcome us one and all if our lives but merit the card to pass the celestial tyler.

Let us then turn our minds from mournful thoughts, and while we honor the memory of those departed let us not forget the living. Turn your eyes within, my brothers, and see if your lives are what they should be. Ask yourselves if you pay to your living brothers the same tribute which to-day you render to the dead. Do you live true to the ideals of Elksdom?

What caused the spread of Elksdom? Why has the organization formed by a few men grown so large, so powerful, both in numbers and in the characters of its members in these few years, until to-day there is not a city of importance beneath the Stars and Stripes that does not harbor a Lodge of Elks? What was the incentive, what the impulse? Elksdom has none of the collateral aids of other organizations. There is no assurance of benefit, no promise of reward or advancement in the commercial or social world, nor has it a secret mission in the field of politics or religion. It has its organization, its ritual, its emblems and symbols; it visits the sick, gives comfort to the needy, buries the dead; it has occasions for joy and merriment—but all these features are common to all societies. The real strength of Elksdom lies in its appeal to the hearts of men, in the spirit which finds expression in our maxims—those fundamental principles which teach justice to all men, which warn all brothers never to

harbor bitterness in their hearts and bid them write the faults of their fellowmen upon the shifting sands of forgetfulness, but to emblazon their virtues upon the tablets of eternal love and memory.

These principles are dear to all mankind; that they should form the foundation of the structure of Elksdom is not strange, it is but natural, for the Order of Elks was started by lonesome men, hungry for companionship, seeking a home where distinctions of all kinds would be disregarded. Every stone in the edifice proves to what end they built.

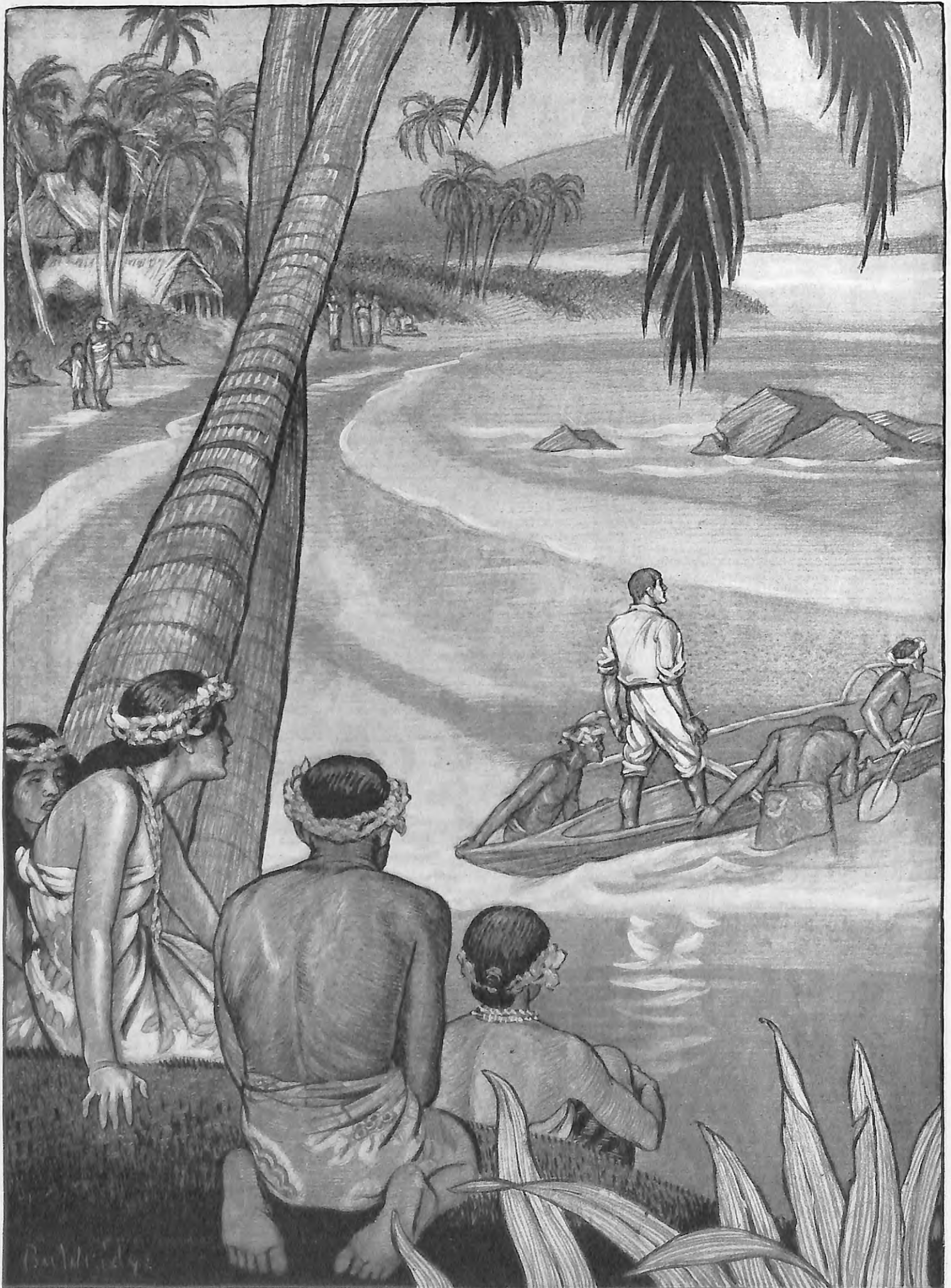
They had felt the sting of ostracism. They knew the cruelty of distinction and prejudice, and they sought to form a brotherhood where men would meet on equal footing drawn together by the strong bond of human feeling. They provided that the Order of Elks should be purely American, for in America alone is absolute freedom and independence of thought fostered and the perfect equality of men recognized. They could bar no nationality, no religious sect, but insisted upon belief in a Supreme Power. They would tolerate no commercialism, adhere to no political faith. They sought to break down all those false barriers which hold men apart, to dispel all illusions which are so disastrous to universal brotherhood. They searched for the qualities of heart which make the true friend and brother. They left to us their maxims to teach, to guide, to warn.

Elksdom preaches Justice; not the Justice of the world, the technical justice of law which demands and gives its pound of flesh. Such justice is of the mind—cold, deliberate, exacting. Elksdom's justice is born of charity and mercy, and sympathy and generosity are the godparents. It teaches that there is some good in everyone. It recognizes the power of environment and opportunity in making the one and crushing the other. It is as impartial as nature itself which will expend as much force and skill to bring to full perfection the rankest weed that ever crept through a crack as it will to nourish into final glory the rarest plant that ever filled the atmosphere with fragrance or gladdened the eye with its beauty.

It teaches a great truth: We should ever be slow to judge our fellowmen, to pronounce one a failure and the other a success. Environment, opportunity, circumstance are the powers which determine most careers. The real force of every man lies within him, like the substance in the seed. You hold in your hand a rough brown seed picked from the pavement. It seems to have no value. It gives no indication of the life force at its heart. Cast it back upon the pavement to be crushed by the heedless passer or baked in the scorching sun or blown hither and thither by the wind—it is most useless, most valueless. But place it in the fertile earth warmed by the sun and nourished by rain, and soon it stirs with life, bursts forth in flower and bears fruit. The life and energy was at the heart of the seed and it needed only to be warmed and nourished in congenial soil. So it is with men. Your brother may be leading a useless life; his efforts may result in failure after failure; you can find no redeeming quality in him. The power of environment and circumstance may crush him, he may be driven from place to place by the winds of adversity, then suddenly, in a crisis, he proves a hero, or thrown among strangers he seems to find himself, to become conscious of his real strength and power; he conquers all before him and becomes a success. The force and energy were within him. He needed the influence of congenial environment, favorable opportunity to bring it forth in all its strength. Some men make the occasion, but in the vast majority of cases the occasion makes the man.

The man who sits by your side may have within him the power to control the destinies of a nation. He may become a

(Continued on page 52)



Amid the bustle attendant on getting the Theseus ready for sea, a canoe carrying a single white man swept from the beach

The Light Shines Through

Octavus Roy Cohen's
Thrilling New Novel of a Man Who Was
Legally Dead Yet Humanly Alive

Part I

THE tramp steamer *Theseus* lay in the pearl and sapphire harbor of Papeete like a blob of rust on a jeweled pendant. Her heavy, stolid lines; her pug nose and squat stern, her blue-smudged funnel and gaunt masts set her off sharply.

Yet, somehow, she fitted into the picture. There was a grotesque blending of rusty iron ship and the white coral wall of Papeete beach. She was the single touch of civilization in these primitive surroundings; a contact point between the lush and savage beauty of Tahiti and a modern world of crass commercialism. She spoke mutely of ports more odorous and less beautiful; of heavy, buffeting seas, of cheap trade-goods and of books of account.

The background against which the *Theseus* fitted so oddly was striking. She rolled ever so slightly in the placid blue waters underlaid by pink coral. Off to starboard the sea foamed white. But shoreward was the rich luxury of Oceania; a vivid, spraddled town debouching in deepest emerald hues to five impressive mountains. Parrots chattered from the trees and one-time Europeans sipped cooling drinks on the crowded verandas of the Cercle Bougainville.

Flower-crowned natives lined the beach, staring sadly at the rusty battered hulk of the *Theseus*. On the morrow the creaking, groaning old trader was to sail and her departure would emphasize the isolation of those who dwelt in this lavish land. Girls from the big thatched house near the water's edge sang mournfully to their sailor lovers who were busily preparing for the departure of the *Theseus*. They were not attractive men—these huskies of the tramp steamer—but they had been two weeks in Papeete, spending well and making merry, and there was more than one flower-wreathed damsel who felt as though her heart would sail out beyond the blue lagoon when the storm-worn funnel of the *Theseus* commenced to belch smoke again.

On the bridge of the *Theseus* Captain Malcolm V. Bynum held violent converse with his first officer. With unmistakable enthusiasm he had thrice driven from the ship groups of olive-skinned girls who sought to be with their lovers until the very hour of sailing.

Captain Bynum was not afflicted with morals, but he knew that the presence of these women had a devastating effect upon his crew's doubtful aptitude for work. It was hard enough keeping them aboard any way once they had lain in port long enough to establish contact ashore. And at present he and his officers were engaged in the thankless task of bringing certain of the men to a state of sobriety which would enable them to perform some small portion of their required labors.

Neither Captain Bynum nor the mate paid particular attention to the canoe—manned by four muscular natives—which swept from the beach and headed for the *Theseus*. It was not until the single white man in the canoe ascended the rope ladder which dangled from the side of the rusty tramp and stepped firmly upon the deck that the attenuated, dynamic little skipper focused his attention upon the newcomer.

He knew instinctively that the man was an American. He knew, also, that he had not come upon official business—wherefore it was not incumbent upon Captain Bynum to exercise the excruciating courtesy which the French officials expected and which he despised.

The newcomer walked forward and stood at the foot of the companionway leading to the bridge. Captain Bynum glared down upon him.

The stranger was a large man: fully six feet in height and with an enormous spread of shoulder and depth of chest. Yet the eyes which he raised to the somewhat hostile gaze of the commander of the *Theseus* were unusually soft and gentle. They were the eyes of a dreamer, of a maker of poems, while the body was that of a forger of chains. In spite of himself Captain Bynum warmed to the shy friendliness. He scrutinized his visitor more closely.

The man was of naturally fair complexion, but his flesh was overlaid with a deep tan which bespoke long exposure to the blasting tropical sun. He wore white-man's clothes, but they were disgracefully ragged. Yet his face was clean-shaven, disclosing a firm, straight mouth; a high sweeping forehead and a jaw of rugged squareness. He had a thin, sensitive nose and small ears which set close against the sides of his head. His hair was a light brown, soft in texture and rather sadly in need of a barber's ministrations.

THE sleeves of the old cotton shirt terminated doubtfully just above the elbows, revealing forearms of amazing power. The bare legs, too, bulged with muscle—smooth, flowing muscle rather than the knotty protuberances to which Captain Bynum was more accustomed.

The stranger radiated physical and mental power. Without doubt he was a person of culture and breeding. Yet there was an inescapable wistfulness in his manner; a gentleness not at all in accord with his physical might. He stood looking up at the Captain as though waiting for permission to speak, and, although Bynum tried to make his voice rasping, his words came with a friendly softness which surprised—and annoyed—him.

"What do you want?"



Illustrated by Cyrus Le Roy Baldridge

The stranger's eyes lighted and a slow smile creased his thin lips.

"A job," he answered simply.

The captain was amazed.

"What sort of a job?"

"Sailor, sir. I'd like to sign on."

"Well, I'll be—" Bynum glared. "You don't look like a sailor."

"I'm not."

"They why—?"

"I've been in the Marquesas for a year. Happened to be a passenger on the *Gothic* when she went down."

Captain Bynum was interested. "Passenger, eh?"

"Yes, sir. A trading schooner picked me up. Carried me to Vait-hua in the Marquesas. Offered to get me on the return trip and bring me to Papeete, but I decided to remain there for a while."

"Gent of leisure, eh?"

"Well—" with his slow smile—"there isn't much else in the Marquesas, Captain. When I got to Papeete they were surprised to hear that I had survived the wreck of the *Gothic*."

"Don't blame 'em. Rotten old tub it was anyway. You were lucky." He stared at the larger man. "And you want to sign on as a sailor?"

"I would like to."

"Rotten job—for a guy like you. What's the idea? Want to get back to the States?"

"Eventually—yes, sir."

"Don't know when we will. Trader. Six months maybe."

"I'm satisfied, sir. I have no family. No one cares particularly when I get back, or—" with just the vaguest hint of bitterness—"or if I do."

"Hmph! None of my business anyway." He paced up and down with nervous, mincing steps. Suddenly he whirled and bored the big man with gimlet eyes. "I'll let you come passenger."

"No, thank you."

"No money?"

"None."

"You got it at home, haven't you?"

"Well, yes . . . but if it's just the same to you, Captain, I'd rather sign on. I'd like the experience."

"Damn fool!" snapped Bynum. He raised his hands to his lips and bawled with a voice of astounding shrillness: "Hey, Kellog!"

A stumpy little man appeared from nowhere and shuffled forward.

"Yes, sir?"

Bynum jerked his head toward the stranger. "Sign him on and set him to work. Seaman."

"Him?" Kellog's voice indicated astonishment.

"Who you reckon I meant? Yes—him. And see if we can't get some results out of one sober man."

Kellog, somewhat dazed, turned away and motioned the new sailor to follow. But the captain's thin, piping voice restrained them for a moment.

"Hey! You! What's your name?"

For the merest fraction of an instant the man hesitated. Then: "John Avery, sir," he said.

CHAPTER II

ON THE heavy oak door was the name "Ezekiel Brewster." Beneath it were the words "Attorney at Law" and "Private."

The office was very large and lavishly furnished. The huge, flat-top desk of black walnut was bare of papers. The shelves about the walls were heavy with

musty legal tomes. There was a Persian rug on the floor and the drapes at the windows were of heavy brocade.

Yet, in these surroundings, Ezekiel Brewster was the personification of incongruity. He was a little, wizened man whose clothes seemed too tight for his unduly thin figure. He wore his glasses pushed up on his forehead. But despite his marked lack of size he bore the marks of unmistakable efficiency.

He put aside the will he had been reading and peered at the man and woman with darting, birdlike glances. He seemed in no hurry to translate into language of the layman the legal phraseology of the document he had been reading.

THE woman—Naomi Craig—was leaning forward tensely. She was an exquisite little thing: vivid and alert. She wore a simple dress of deep blue trimmed with a touch of white. There was no jewelry, save for the diamond which glistened from the third finger of her left hand.

She was small—perhaps not more than five feet in height—yet one received the impression of a woman perfectly formed. One tiny foot tapped the rug slowly; her slender fingers were locked tightly together and her bright eyes were focussed upon the sharp face of the lawyer.

She betrayed no excitement. There was, in fact, only an expression of doubt upon her delicate features—as though the attorney's pronouncement definitely had sealed the fate of one whom she loved very deeply. She shook her head so that the crown of deep brown hair caressed the graceful lines of her neck. The hair was bobbed, but Naomi Craig was one woman whom bobbed hair became as a coronet. It emphasized her daintiness, vivified her glorious femininity.

The other occupant of the room controlled himself with an effort. Once or twice the lawyer glanced toward Logan, only to remove his eyes with a deliberateness

rather akin to insult. Ezekiel Brewster, a keen judge of men and manhood, despised Donald Logan. He held for Logan the supreme contempt which the man of affairs must hold for the idler and waster.

And that despite the fact that Logan was undeniably attractive from a purely physical standpoint. He was of average height, stockily built. His carriage was erect, his shoulders square. The face was handsome in a selfish, defiant, posey way. The complexion was clear—almost too clear—as though the man were addicted to the use of lotions. The nose was rather large and the mouth broad and sensuous. But nose and forehead gave mute testimony to mental strength. Don Logan's worst enemy could not accuse him of lacking mentality and if his brain had gone off on a tangent, if he was a living example of small knowledge—at least that did not detract from his physical attractiveness. It was only those—like Ezekiel Brewster—who could probe deeply into the heart of a man, to whom Logan was an open, and not essentially attractive, book.

The man's hair was blond and silky and straight. He wore it brushed straight back from his forehead. Horn-rimmed glasses imparted to him a bookish appearance; an appearance of intellectuality which he scrupulously cultivated. His hands were spatulate and ringless. His clothes were faultless—almost aggressively so. They shrieked their good taste.

Don Logan bit his lips to choke back the questions which were struggling for utterance. He was gripped by a tense excitement which showed in his large gray eyes. He fidgeted, moved his hands nervously, and finally produced an elaborate cigarette case. The hand which held the match was trembling, and he inhaled a lungful of the aromatic smoke as though letting down from a terrific strain.

BUT the girl did not move her eyes toward the face of the man to whom she was engaged. Instead she spoke slowly—voicing the one thought which had been beating against her brain since Brewster finished his reading.

"Is it certain that John Avery is dead?" she asked.

The lawyer smiled slowly. He liked Naomi. They met on the common ground of friendship for the man who had been.

"There is no question about it, Miss Craig. It is more than a year now since the *Gothic* went down. Within a month it was certain that there were no survivors. I have gone to considerable pains and expense to satisfy myself of that fact. It is now—let me see—very nearly a year since we last heard of John. He wrote us that he was sailing on the *Gothic*. The owners of that vessel have furnished us with a list of the half dozen passengers. The last heard . . . the wireless S. O. S. was picked up, but the ship was never found. They did find a bit of lifeboat with the name of the vessel on it. Pieces of wreckage appeared for a month or so. There can be no doubt, Miss Craig. John Avery is dead."

A tiny little frown creased her forehead. She was stifling the emotion she felt.

"I sent him away, Mr. Brewster."

"No, indeed." The lawyer caught the agony in her voice and hastened to soothe the ache. "He went of



"If it's just the same to you, Captain, I'd rather sign on as a sailor."



his own volition. John is—was—a queerly sentimental chap. One would hardly suspect it of such a physical giant. The shy, sensitive soul of a girl in her teens. And if he chose to try to forget that you couldn't marry him . . ."

She rose to her feet. Her voice trembled with tears. "There was nothing else I could do. But always it has been I who received from John. He offered everything and asked only the one thing I could not give. I—I think you love him, too—just as I do. Just that way. As a friend. He was a fine, big man—big of body and big of heart. If it hadn't been that—if it hadn't been for Don . . ."

"I understand," Ezekiel Brewster nodded gravely. "We love because we love, not as our mind dictates. I think John was happy in the thought that you tried to love him. He was the type of man who preferred happiness for you with another man—even at the sacrifice of himself. He only wanted you to be sure."

"I was sure." She spoke as though trying to convince herself. "I tried . . . but I couldn't be so fair to him as to be unfair to Don. And John remained here in New York until we announced our engagement. Then he told us goodbye and wished us well. And now . . . now he is dead."

"Physically—yes. But this—" Brewster touched the will which lay on the polished desk. "This will bring you the material happiness which he would have liked to give in person."

"I can't take it!" Her voice contained a hysterical note. "Oh! can't you under-

"There is a letter here which I am to read to you. It is a letter which John left for you . . . but he stipulated that it was to be read aloud in the presence of you both"

stand, Mr. Brewster? How can I live with Don on money that John Avery has given us? I know that sounds silly. It is without any basis of reason . . . but just as sentiment caused me to accept the man I loved—that same sentiment will keep me from taking John's money."

"I'm afraid there's nothing else for you to do, Miss Craig. John Avery was a lonely sort. Few friends and no intimates. He had no family. I have searched for collateral relatives and have found none. He came from nowhere, and has gone by the same road. We few who knew him well loved him. And surely you would not deny him the posthumous happiness of accepting what he so generously gives?"

A new voice broke into the conversation, a voice little more than a whisper, a voice silky soft and—to Ezekiel Brewster—as irritating as the rasp of a file.

"Mr. Brewster is right, Naomi," said Don Logan. "There is nothing for you to do but accept."

The attorney flashed Logan a contemptuous glance. His words were freighted with a sarcasm which fortunately escaped the girl.

"You see, Miss Craig—Mr. Logan has no compunctions, and, in a way, he is the person most interested. His will be the very unenviable task of living luxuriously on money which another man has left his wife."

Naomi gazed uncertainly from one to the other. There were tiny lines at the corners of her eyes, and she passed her hand across her brow.

"I can't seem to think of anything right now except that John is dead. Of course I've known for a long time . . . but this seems to make it definite. It is all so brutal: the reading of a will—administering on his estate. . . ."

Logan's smooth voice insinuated itself once again. "Avery was very wealthy, was he not, Mr. Brewster?"

"Yes," snapped the lawyer. "Very."

"It will prove difficult for my fiancée. . . ."

"Handling a million dollars is always difficult, Mr. Logan. But undoubtedly Miss Craig will make use of your very efficient help." The glances of the men clashed with overt hostility. "You shall have to convince her that her only sane course is to accept."

"I SHALL do my very best. Just at the moment, Naomi is unable to think very clearly. Avery's death has rather stunned us both."

"I see . . . I see . . ." Ezekiel Brewster's thin face twisted into a grimace of distaste. "There is no rush, Miss Craig. The will gives you unlimited powers. You are not only heir to everything John left, but the will also creates you sole executrix without necessity for bond or accounting. In other words, his entire property will pass absolutely into your hands as soon as the proper formalities are complied with."

She did not answer. She was staring

through the window into the murk of a gray day, and through the leaden haze she was visioning the big figure of the man who was making his last and greatest gesture. It was queer that she could not have loved him—she who knew him so intimately and admired him so much. Yet the mating call of Don Logan had been too strong. She loved Don. She could no more help that than she could help breathing. It was something beyond her volition. She heard Brewster's piercing, but kindly voice:

"Before you go, Miss Craig—there is a letter here which I am to read to you and Mr. Logan. It is a letter which John left for you . . . but he stipulated that it was to be read aloud by me in the presence of you both."

"It can wait——"

"No. I must insist that you listen."

Naomi sank back with a sigh. Logan lighted a fresh cigarette. Brewster took from the drawer of his desk a large envelope and on it Naomi saw the big, sprawling handwriting of John Avery. Brewster cleared his throat.

"I will read it straight through," he said. "I am sure that is what John would wish."

CHAPTER III

FOR a few seconds before Brewster commenced the reading of the letter, a deathlike hush fell upon the office. It was almost as though the shade of John Avery had entered the room. Even Logan felt the spell. He coughed once, then took off his glasses and polished them assiduously.

Brewster, a master dramatist, made the most of the tension. Then he started to read in a thin, penetrating voice which was deeply freighted with understanding and sympathy:

"My dear Naomi (he started): Of course it is impossible to foresee under what circumstances this letter will be read to you. It is separate from my will, yet a part thereof: the fact that it is being read will in itself be evidence of my death.

"Already you know the terms of my will, and this letter is written because I know you—perhaps far better than you believe. I know the queer strain of sentiment that is in you; the deep capacity for emotion; the exquisitely absurd idea of independence which will instinctively cause you to refuse what I offer."

Brewster paused momentarily. Naomi was sitting forward tensely. Even from beyond, John Avery was peering into her soul—explaining her to herself, accurately forecasting her reactions.

"Let me explain things from the practical side. My estate is worth approximately a million dollars. I carry no life insurance. What I have—as Mr. Brewster will explain—is chiefly in the form of rather high-grade, low-yield bonds, many of which are United States government securities. In other words, my entire estate is almost instantly convertible into cash.

"I have no relatives. I have searched carefully to make certain that there are no indigents of my blood. I would not be unfair to them. Ezekiel Brewster, my most intimate friend, has been taken care of by a settlement made outside the will and at the time of its drafting.

"It, therefore, has become a problem with me as to whom my fortune is to benefit. I have been somewhat of a lone wolf. Perhaps I might say a lonesome one. And the brightest spot in my life has been my friendship for you.

"Unfortunately, it is possible that the

inheritance of much money by a woman from a man might carry with it embarrassment which ordinarily is unavoidable. It is to avoid any such misconception on the part of a crude and worldly public that I am writing this letter. I wish to answer the inevitable, 'Why?' Why should I make you my sole heir? I cannot be less than honest in explaining.

"Between us there is no secret of my love for you. I need not dwell upon it, because you know its depth and extent perhaps as well as I do. I feel at times that perhaps my feeling for you has been the hardest part of our friendship in that it has intruded an element which you would have been happier without. Yet when a man cares for a woman, he cannot help himself. The emotion comes without his bidding and remains and grows when he would cast it out.

"We have talked this over so many times—you and I. And we have discussed the fact that you deeply love Donald Logan.

"I am glad that you love him. Since I am not to be the fortunate man—it is my deepest and sincerest wish that he bring to you the happiness which you deserve. Your life has not been an easy one. I feel—rather than know—that you have come through stress and storm and I admire your courage in refusing your confidence to me, who you have known was your best friend.

"You have enjoyed most of the comforts of life, but never the luxuries. Perhaps it was my helpless, boyish dream that it would fall to my lot to open the gates of fairyland for you; to indulge myself to the extent of showering you with all of the beautiful things of life.

"I realize now that this cannot be. You have told me fearlessly and honestly that you love Donald Logan. That is just as it should be. You will remember that once when you told me you would marry me and try to love me—I refused. I am a great fool, probably . . . and a hopelessly sentimental one. Yet much as I wanted you, I could not accept you under those conditions.

"I want you to be happy with the man you love—whoever he may be. Just as I could not help loving you, I realize that you did not direct that your heart should go

ONE of Courtney Ryley Cooper's most dramatic and colorful stories of circus folk and life behind the scenes is coming next month. Be sure not to miss "Sisters of the Air," the story of a girl acrobat whose great love spurred her on to do a bit of really remarkable detective work in the unraveling of a murder.

to Donald Logan. You love him . . . you are going to marry him . . . there remains nothing for me but to hope that life will hold for you nothing but the most perfect happiness.

"Yet the fact that you are reading this is proof that I shall not be among those who will sit at your fireside. Would you then deny me the happiness of feeling that through me you will never want for money? May I not enjoy the idea that you and your husband will—through me—be enabled to enjoy the delights of travel and of possessing

whatever you covet? Won't you let me feel that I have done my little to insure the happiness I wish for you?

"Knowing you, I understand that at first you will rebel. You will refuse to live on money left you by a man who aspired to be your husband. That, perhaps, would be a proper view-point were I alive. But I am not. Else you would not be listening to this letter. It seems to me that you will be big enough and generous enough to accept this in the spirit I have given.

"This letter, though, is to explain that there is no misunderstanding of my will. It is the gift of a man who was not permitted to give in life. It is the offering of one who always has loved you and always will.

"Surely, there can be no tongue so vicious, no mind so evil, as to distort this thing. Nor should you be so lacking in courage as to refuse.

"I believe in your deep friendship and affection. It has been my sorrow that you held no deeper sentiment for me. But as a friend you must not stoop to the selfish course of denying me the pleasure which comes to me at the thought of making your life materially happy.

"This message comes to you from a boundless distance. It is the expression of a love which has never known fruition and will never die. And there is deep comfort to me in the thought that it will always remind you—no matter what the future—that somewhere in the Unknown there is a man who loves you and who accepts as gracefully as he can the proud title of Friend.

"Au revoir, Naomi. Au revoir—and God bless you! JOHN AVERY."

BREWSTER'S voice trailed off. He was conscious of a great lump in his throat as he stared at the girl.

She was sitting rigidly, her eyes focused on the swiftly scudding gray clouds beyond the window panes. She held her handkerchief tight against her lips, but her eyes were dry. Naomi Craig did not cry readily. She felt things too deeply for that.

It seemed to both that there were four persons in the room. They sensed John Avery's magnificent presence as certainly as though he were there. The man's generosity, his thoughtfulness, his unselfishness, breathed from every word of his letter.

Naomi's eyes moved slowly to those of the attorney. There was an almost imperceptible nod of her delicate head.

"You will accept, Miss Craig?"

She spread her arms with a helpless gesture. "What else can I do?"

The answer came from Don Logan. "Nothing," he said smoothly. "That is a big, fine letter from a big, fine man. He has thought of everything. The public can never misunderstand—"

Naomi's bright eyes flung to his face for a moment. "The public! I'm not afraid of the public—"

"Well, myself, then. We are to be married. . . ."

Brewster felt a flush of aversion for the too-perfectly-groomed man with the tortoiseshell glasses. He noticed that Naomi's cheeks were colorless. He realized that she had never once given a thought to the immensity of the fortune which had been left her. He liked her more and more with the passing of each minute—and marvelled at the vagaries of a fate which directed her

(Continued on page 58)



Helen Hayes and Elliot Cabot

FLORENCE VANDAMM

MISS HAYES' moving and perfectly finished portrait of the lovely Southern belle who is the heroine of "Coquette," a drama by the omnipresent George Abbott and Ann Preston Bridgers, is a veritable dramatic treat. Absolute ruler of her little kingdom of family, friends and worshipping admirers Norma Besant keeps all her

subjects happy by a pretty steady course of prevarication. When she meets and falls in love with a man not of her own class, she fibs herself into a situation from which there can be none but a tragic issue. Elliot Cabot gives a splendid account of himself as Michael Jeffrey, the déclassé lover, and there is a generally excellent cast—E. R. B.



Under the flashing pen of George Bernard Shaw, the fads and foibles of the medical profession furnish material for the sparkling comedy called "The Doctor's Dilemma," which is enriched by one beautiful scene of poignant tragedy. In a cast which is unexceptionably good, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne give their usual brilliant performances, respectively, as the young artist, scapegrace and genius, and his bewitchingly beautiful wife whose charm wins the interest of London's most famous physicians for her husband's desperate case. Two of these gentlemen, represented by Baliol Holloway and Dudley Digges, are to be seen behind Mr. Lunt's chair, sadly regarding the ruin their infallible remedies have wrought

PHOTOS BY VANDAMM



"How America Might Have Been Discovered" would serve as an alternative title for "Immoral Isabella," the play by Lawton Campbell, in which Frances Starr (above) impersonates the lovely Spanish Queen, whose devotion to the great navigator made us what we are to-day. Under the pen of an author with a rather wicked sense of humor the play makes up in broad comedy for what it may lack in authentic history



"A Connecticut Yankee" is Mark Twain, not only done into drama, but musical comedy at that, with Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart as sponsors for a very pleasing score. The gentleman at the left, in the bizarre looking costume, is William Gaxton, the Yankee who falls asleep and wanders back to the medieval England of Arthur and his table round, and his leading lady, seated by his side, is Constance Carpenter



Comedy and the name of Henrik Ibsen are not often associated, but "An Enemy of the People" is an exception to the rule. Walter Hampden, angrily brandishing the umbrella (above), plays the honest Doctor Thomas Stockmann, who wins and loses civic fame through his discovery that the famous baths of his village are polluted. Left and right of Mr. Hampden are Cecil Yapp and Dallas Anderson, contributors to the play's high excellence

Captions by
Esther R. Bien



"Nightstick" is an exception to the rule that too many cooks are a bad thing, for John Wray, the Nugents and Elaine Sterne Carrington all had a hand in its making, and turned out as good a melodrama as you are likely to meet. Thomas Mitchell, detective and hero of the piece, and Edgar Nelson (above) are having a quiet little third-degree session



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY VANDAMM

Any play in which the Astaires, Fred and Adele (left), dance as often as they do in "Funny Face" would be worth the price of admission on that score alone, which is no mean recommendation. But this comedy has other assets—a score of merit by the brothers George and Ira Gershwin, a fair share of comedy and a chorus lavishly outfitted in beautiful colors

Sunny Side Up

By Arthur H. Folwell

A Home Town Dialogue

"WELL, well! How does the old place look? Haven't been here in a dog's age. Why, where's the Opera House?"

"Torn down. That's Kidd and Blackbeard's Garage on the old Opera House site."

"My gracious! Where's Timothy's Feed Depot?"

"Garage. Turpin and Company run that."

"I don't see the old church steeple down Main Street."

"No; when the Flint boys bought the property for their automobile service station they took the steeple down."

"Well, I'll be blessed. Town Hall still here, I s'pose?"

"Oh, yes; but town meetings are held upstairs. The ground floor is occupied by Static and Son, radios and accessories."

"Why, I wouldn't know the place. Feel just like a stranger. Let's stroll down to the American House and meet some of the old boys."

"American House is gone. There's a brick block of new stores there; the Bumpmobile Agency . . . that's run by the Hay boys; you remember them, I reckon; Jim Haslett's Agency for Grip-the-Grit tires and Billy McFeeters's Used Car Depot."

"Well, I'm . . . Town pump still working?"

"Yep; filling station; gasoline; works day and night."

"My lands! Say, is there any place in the old burg that isn't in the auto or radio business?"

"Sure; Old Man Hick's whip factory, just off River Street. He's ninety-six and won't sell. Kinder sot in his ways, they tell me."

January First

*'TIS the week after Christmas
And all my clothes through
Not a dollar is stirring,
Not even a sou.*

*I search every nook
Of my pockets with care,
But no! Good old Santa Claus
Has what was there.*

Our Spoiled Parrot

HE WON'T say a word until somebody says: "We now will listen to a program of recitation by Handsome Harry."

Half-way through, he expects another speech: "We now are listening to one of Handsome Harry's delightful programs of recitation."

At the end he waits for: "We have just been listening to Handsome Harry."

Never hang your parrot's cage in the same room with the radio.

* * *

FRENCH wine-growers are tearing out their vines and planting the hillsides with spuds. When you order French fried potatoes, be sure you ask for a vintage year.

"Both Members of This Club"

AN OLD, old man one day met a young, young woman. Each was attracted by the oddity of the other's employment.

"What on earth are you doing?" asked the young, young woman.

"I'm trying to lift myself over this fence by my bootstraps," replied the old, old man. "I've been trying for years to accomplish it and I'm almost discouraged. Now, what, if you don't mind, are you doing?"

"I'm trying to drape this skirt so as to cover my knees," said the young, young woman.

"Shake!" said the old, old man, extending his hand. "Your job's harder than mine is."

The Magician

OF ALL the remarks which in kindness are made
To help us poor mortals in making the grade,
There's nothing so soothing, in solace so real,
As the simple assurance, "I know how you feel."

When sickness assails us and symptoms unfold,
How welcome the friend who will nod when he's told;
Whose sympathies such understanding reveal,
He puts us at ease with "I know how you feel."

He may not be deep in a medical sense,
At skilled diagnosis he doubtless is dense,
But no doctor does more harassed nature to heal
Than the wise-nodding neighbor who knows how we feel.



Drawing by Don Herold

Amuse the kiddies and enjoy your drives (Advertisement)

Young Mother (in a fluttering whisper): "Oh, splendid! You got baby to sleep!"

Young Father (an advertising man): "Yes, but I had an awful time selling him the idea."

* * *

Spring moving is a younger institution than Fall moving. It was an apple, not an apple blossom, you recall, that led to the expulsion from Eden.

* * *

Much of the noise in the world is the chatter of people making a long story short.

* * *

A "popular price" restaurant explains in an advertisement the origin of "pie à la mode." A waitress, carrying a tray of desserts, tripped and fell and some ice-cream landed on some apple pie. A lot of stews and goulashes could seemingly be accounted for by the tripping waitress theory.

* * *

Before entering upon the next campaign, politicians must reach an understanding as to what constitutes "the silk stocking element." A line must be drawn between the pure silk element in politics and the mere fibre silk with listle tops and feet.

* * *

A hunter in rural New York mistook a pal's

feet for rabbits and fired both barrels. Carrying a rabbit's foot brings luck . . . but not so good.

Game for Sunday Motorists

FOR Sunday motorists, caught in the line of home-going traffic, and seeing nothing but the back of the car in front and the front of the car in back, there is diversion in—

HIDE AND SEEK

First, you determine in the conventional manner who is going to be "it." This decided, he who is "it" closes his eyes and counts aloud one hundred by one or five hundred by five, as little girls say. While "it" is counting, each of the other members of the party picks out some part of the car in which to hide himself. (Theoretically, of course.) Horace hides in the carbureter, Grace in the spare tire, Albert in the speedometer, and little Molineaux (who is cross and crying), in the empty thermos bottle. When all shout "ready," he who is "it" opens his eyes and begins to ask fool questions, striving to guess where each is hidden. He has thirty-seven guesses with each player, thus spinning the game out terribly. It is, in fact, an imbecile game, being employed merely as a counter-irritant to traffic.

* * *

ONE of the best bits of evidence that the American people have a keen sense of humor is the frequent absence of laughs during a movie comedy.

* * *

When a King of Siam marries, he is supported by two best men, one on either side. It is obvious that he comes direct from his bachelor dinner.

* * *

When a man is young and poor, he is interested in advertisements which tell how to "turn his spare time into money." When he is rich and old, the advertisements are less enticing. None volunteers to tell him how to turn his money into spare time.

* * *

Three teaspoons were removed from the stomach of a woman in Ohio. She had no recollection, she told the doctors, of having swallowed them. Likely enough, she made way with a demi-tasse spoon when an infant, and the three teaspoons represent the original deposit left at compound interest.

The Telephone Girl

WHEN Gladys Gruff comes home at night,
Her daily drudging done,
She always makes most impolite
Replies to every one.

With "thank you" and "excuse it, please,"
She fills each working day. . . .
Her mother says: "Poor Gladys! She's
Entitled to SOME play!"

* * *

SAID the radio enthusiast: "We got WJX last night, and WHY, too."

Said the snappy old lady, who took offense easily: "What's the matter? Are you afraid to mention names before me? I hate people who are so terribly mysterious and close-mouthed about their affairs."

Sidewalk Conversation

"MADAME, could you give a little something to help a man whose occupation is completely gone?"

"What was your occupation, my good man?"

"I used to step on lighted cigars and smouldering cigarettes so they wouldn't set ladies' skirts on fire."

* * *

STAND by for the 1928 Ford stories (all old models scrapped).

The Bell-Pushers

By Jack O'Donnell

Drawings by Clive Weed



They Are Among the Most Highly Efficient Salespeople in the World. Their Days Are Full of Thrills

IT WAS ten o'clock in the morning, and Mrs. Alice Hughes was working at top speed, frantically endeavoring to have her house even more spick and span than usual, for this was the day that the Ladies Aid Society met at the Hughes home for their weekly luncheon.

The morning paper lay unopened on the table, the telephone jangled unheeded in the hall, and the many other daily interruptions were totally ignored by Mrs. Hughes as she dexterously wielded her duster over the massive living-room furniture. Nothing, she had resolved, could distract her from her domestic duties this morning.

At 10.40 the work was more than half completed, and Mrs. Hughes had attacked the disorder of the dining-room with characteristic energy, when the staccato buzzing of the door-bell reached her ear. Her first thought was to ignore it entirely, but fear of a telegram, or some other matter of importance, sent her hurriedly to the door.

Standing on the threshold she beheld a neatly dressed young woman carrying a brief-case. The stranger smiled ingratiatingly.

"Good-morning," she said in a low, well-modulated voice.

"Good-morning," returned the housewife, shortly. Unless this interview should prove important, she was prepared to be abrupt with this stranger.

"You are Mrs. Hughes?"

The matron admitted her identity.

"You have a son, John, attending the Central school?"

Mrs. Hughes' heart sank as she decided this interview *was* important. Johnnie was in some trouble. This was one of his teachers. She hoped, illogically, that it was a question of lax studying rather than one of deportment. Her housecleaning resolutions wavered. The thought of the luncheon flashed through her mind and she hesitated for a moment. Then the resolutions crashed her silently.

"Won't you come in?" she invited.

The young woman followed her hostess into the now spotless living-room, and seated herself in the most comfortable chair. Mrs. Hughes played nervously with her apron, strings, and prepared herself for the worst.

"You were speaking of Johnnie," she said tentatively.

"Oh, yes," replied the dapper young woman, "of course—Johnnie. Tell me, Mrs. Hughes, are you satisfied with your son's school work?"

"His geography was not all it might have been last month and—"

"Quite so," interrupted the stranger, "and his history?"

"Well," answered the harassed mother, "that wasn't perfect either, but Mr. Hughes and I were hoping that this month—"

"I see," the self-possessed young woman broke in again. "Now, Mrs. Hughes, we can't expect all young boys to be prodigies, but a lad like Johnnie can most certainly do better than he has been doing. The young Claypool boy up the street improved his marks over fifteen per cent. last month."

Mrs. Hughes bristled visibly. She was sick and tired of hearing the praises of the Claypool boy. Whenever her Johnnie committed any breach of manners, that Claypool boy was held up to her as the perfect prototype of modern youth.

"I'm sure," she said tartly, "that whatever Garrett Claypool can do, Johnnie can do, if he puts his mind to it."

"I'm sure of it," agreed the stranger. "That's why I called to see you. The reason that the Claypool boy has done so well this month is because a few weeks ago his mother purchased for him sixteen complete volumes of 'The World's Wisdom.'"

At this point, through some act of legerdemain, she produced a gaily colored prospectus from the depths of her brief-case, and began to talk. She talked fluently, convincingly, and intelligently. She dwelt at length upon the evident superiority of Johnnie to the Claypool boy, and pointed out the rank injustice of the latter's advantage in owning that valuable set of books, "The World's Wisdom." Mrs. Hughes became hopelessly engulfed in the flood of her

conversation. And forty-five minutes later, when the stranger had left, Mrs. Hughes found herself the possessor of a slip of paper which guaranteed delivery of the sixteen volumes within ten days, and for which she had paid five dollars cash, and contracted to pay sixty-five more in small monthly payments.

If Mrs. Hughes is like a great many persons who buy sets of books only to put them in bookcases and permit them to gather dust, she probably often looks at them and asks why in the world she ever bought "The World's Wisdom" in the first place. Her memory of the snappy young woman who sold her the set may be vague, but she doesn't guess that she bought the books because she had encountered at her door one of the most highly efficient salespeople in the world—the house-to-house canvasser.

THE average person who buys merchandise from these direct salesmen probably never gives a thought to the gigantic organizations which have been built up in this country in the last twenty-five years to sell direct to the people. The United States is dotted with huge manufacturing plants which employ approximately one million salesmen, or bell-pushers as they are sometimes called, and which dispose of more than ten billion dollars' worth of merchandise every year.

The salesmen are recruited from all ranks of life. Among them are college students, former soldiers, former teachers, go-getters and those independent and rebellious souls who would rather starve than punch a time-clock. On the whole they are an intelligent, honest, earnest and enterprising group of men and women who do incalculable good in taking to the housewives of America the best there is in literature, the latest there is in household necessities—they sell everything from toothpicks to portable houses, and in a majority of cases the product which they carry is backed up by the guarantee of the manufacturer.

The average housewife is the trained salesman's best friend. Once he gets into her sitting-room, he figures, seventy-five per cent. of his sale is made.

Why?

Because the successful bell-pusher is as diligently and thoroughly trained in the art of selling as the actor is trained and coached for a big part in a Broadway production. Before he takes his sample case out into the highways and byways, he is put through a comprehensive course of training, every step of which has but one end in view—



overcoming the natural reluctance of people to part with money.

He learns first of all the value of preparation. This includes mastery of a sales talk and how to use his sales material; study of the territory in which he is to work; gathering of advance information about the prospects in that territory; the planning of interviews; and procuring letters of introduction, et cetera.

When he has mastered these important details he is thoroughly coached in the five cardinal points of salesmanship: Approach, Gaining Attention, Arousing Interest, Creating Desire, and Impelling Action.

To illustrate clearly the technique that impelled Mrs. Hughes, who is representative of millions of American housewives, to purchase "The World's Wisdom," it is necessary to trace the history of the sale from its origin; from the very day that the bell-pusher's education begins.

When the aspiring salesman applies for a position with one of these direct-selling organizations, it is necessary for him to measure up to certain mental and physical standards, before his training begins.

First there is the question of mental attitude. Very important, that. If he starts out with the idea that he is a mere agent attempting to sell books to people who have no interest in his product, who will be annoyed by his calling on them, who will look down on him, and who imagine they know more about bringing up their children than "The World's Wisdom" could tell them, he will surely fail.

Therefore he is trained to rid himself of the notion that he will constantly meet with rebuffs; that parents will resent his efforts to sell them articles aimed to assist them in the upbringing of their children. He is made to think of himself as a savior of American culture, a missionary in domestic and educational fields. He is, in a manner of speaking, assisting young boys and girls to the heights of intellectuality, taking culture direct to the people, and doing the entire family a great service. And who can deny he does take light into dark places?

This is instilled to such an extent in the salesman's mind that he firmly believes that years hence, when either children or parents have accumulated fortunes, they will look back and offer thanks that one happy day he walked up the front steps and rang their bell.

AFTER attaining the "right mental attitude" he is given two rules of selling, and told that there are but *two rules* in selling anything:

No. 1—Never lose sight of your objective.

No. 2—Dominate the interview or get out.

Upon hearing these two cardinal rules of salesmanship the reader probably will be as baffled as I was when I first heard them. To me, as to the average person, they sounded meaningless enough. So, seeking the light, I went to a salesman who was specializing on check protectors in Chicago.

He declined to make a verbal explanation, but invited me to accompany him while he visited his next prospect. He warned me to watch closely as he was delivering his sales talk and his close, noting even such details as might appear unimportant to me.

We entered the office of a small real-estate dealer. The prospect was a saturnine, fish-eyed individual with a brusque manner,



They sell practically everything from toothpicks to portable houses

who, in my opinion, was not going to be verbally dominated by anybody.

The salesman produced his sample and began to talk.

"Not interested in check protectors!" growled the prospect, "I might buy a typewriter, though."

The salesman continued as suavely as though he had not met with an interruption. He laid the protecting device upon the desk, and though still talking of its merits, he disregarded the actual article itself.

The fish-eyed individual essayed one or two more remarks, but the salesman kept serenely to the course of his oration. After a while, the real estate dealer idly picked up the device, toying with it as my instructor spoke. Upon seeing this the salesman at once informed him as to the working of the machine, and naturally enough the prospect stamped it once or twice upon a piece of blank paper.

"There you are," said the salesman, "you've tried it and it works. You have proved everything I've told you. There's a device that will save you an incalculable sum of money for a mere three dollars."

The fish-eyed individual capitulated, and used his new check protector for the first time on the check that he handed to the salesman.

"I think," said the salesman as we left, "that I've answered your question. First: not losing sight of your objective was illustrated by my ignoring his remark about a typewriter. If I had taken cognizance of that, we would have discussed typewriters and my objective would have been lost. 'Dominating the interview' was what I did all the time by not permitting him to talk and by making him do the actual demonstrating, and accepting his check, thereby giving him a chance to use the device. For men, like children, love to play with mechanical things that are new to them. Do you get it now?"

I answered that I understood completely,

and escaped from him before he attempted to sell one of his three-dollar bargains to me.

Though a vast difference exists between check protectors and books, the technique of selling them is exactly the same. In fact, in all lines of salesmanship, direct or indirect, those two rules, which were so ably demonstrated to me, prevail.

The next prescribed lesson in this curriculum is called Field Strategy. This embodies the various methods of obtaining information about one's prospect before the interview. The first source of information is usually the neighborhood druggist or other storekeeper who will generally prove garrulous when discussing his customers. If this fails, the more subtle method of indirect questioning is fallen back on.

This entails visiting any house in the locality and artlessly questioning the housewife who opens the door about anything at all, merely to make her talk about her neighbors.

A general idea of this technic follows:

Q. Is there a Mrs. Alberts living in this neighborhood?

A. Not to my knowledge.

Q. I thought that she lived in that house across the street, but she doesn't seem to be there any more.

A. No, that's the home of Mrs. Mayfair.

Q. Oh, is that the Mr. Mayfair who manages the shoe store?

A. No, Mr. Mayfair is in the real-estate business.

Q. I seem to be getting this all mixed up. I must be on the wrong street. (Consults note book) Now let me see, who lives in that house?

A. That's Mrs. Lacey."

Q. Oh yes, those are her boys in the front yard now, aren't they?

A. One of them is, the other is the Roycroft boy from up the street, etc.

Up to this time every salesman and instructor that I had interviewed agreed upon one thing. That was, under no circumstances reveal the object of the call until comfortably seated inside the house of the prospect. To a lay mind, such as mine, this appeared no simple feat. So to master the detail of making an entrance into a stranger's home, I paid a visit to the crack instructor at one of the largest sales schools in the country. I asked him pointblank how this access was obtained.

"Very simple," he responded, "as soon as the door is opened, wipe your feet on the doormat, or look down at the threshold as though you were about to step over it. These gestures convey to the prospect that you expect to be asked inside. Sometimes a remark fitted to the weather has the same effect. If it should be a particularly warm day, use some comment as, 'It's a great relief to stop in at a cool house on a day like this.' Or should the weather conditions be reversed, 'Hadn't we better go in, you'll catch cold standing out here.' Unbutton your coat, or remove your gloves as soon as the door is opened. That also has the effect of inducing the prospect to invite you inside. It is much better to make your entrance in this manner than to explain the reason for your visit at the door. For if your prospect gathers from your appearance that you expect to be asked inside, you will,

nearly always, be admitted without question. If, however, the prospect does not issue the expected invitation, or asks outright the nature of your business, then you must open your interview as detailed in the sales talk.

"Once inside the house, observe closely such things as pictures, books, and other items, that will furnish you a clue to the family's taste, and social position. These things will also tell you the type of person with whom you have to deal, and you can adapt your methods to the type that your prospect is.

"SOMETIMES you will find that you can make a strong religious appeal. This is very effective when you are sure of your ground. But unless you are absolutely certain of the prospect's creed, leave the subject severely alone. If possible find out the prospect's religion from the neighbors. Failing that you may discover a clue after you have entered the home by means of books, pictures, icons, et cetera. Crucifixes, and holy pictures are often found in Catholic homes, Masonic emblems usually denote Protestants, and a certain evidence of Christian Science will be the presence of some such periodical as the *Christian Science Monitor* or *Journal* on the table. But, as I said before, be absolutely sure of your ground before an appeal to religious interest is made."

That this was sound advice is evidenced by the experience of a young bell-pusher who was selling pictures of the Holy Land to the residents of Boston. One day he was working a district that was Catholic by a large majority. When he had met half a dozen persons of this faith in a row, he grew careless. Entering the seventh house he took a casual look around for corroborative evidence that he was in another Catholic home. His eye chanced upon a small silver ornament upon the sideboard, which appeared to him to be a miniature crucifix.

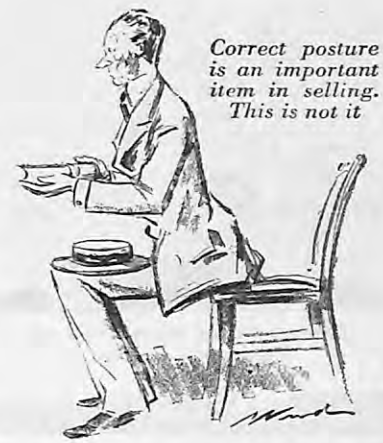
Selecting Leonardo da Vinci's greatest triumph, the Last Supper, he eulogized the talented Italian and his work, and wound up by saying, "Madam, no Catholic home

should be without a copy of this great masterpiece." At first he did not understand why his prospect froze up, as up to the time he made this speech she had been quite enthusiastic and he had already mentally pocketed his commission. But as he was leaving he noticed that what he had taken for a cross was a silver Masonic emblem. His carelessness had not only lost him a sale but had deprived that woman of something which she evidently desired.

Particular stress is laid upon the negative results of losing one's temper while making a sale. It is impossible to estimate the amount of money lost to businesses of all kinds because some quick-tempered salesman loses his head. In the case of direct-selling concerns as with retail establishments, the loss of the immediate sale is of the least importance. The prospect naturally becomes prejudiced against the article that is being sold, and loses no time in informing her acquaintance of the encounter she has had with "the fresh peddler" or the impertinent store clerk. Business at once slumps in that district, and occasionally some one miles away will have heard and remembered the story, long after the salesman has forgotten the incident, and he will be met with an abrupt refusal, which he is unable to understand.

One bell-pusher who is to-day the star salesman for a firm dealing in children's wearing apparel ran into trouble of this sort when he first started his selling career. He was an irritable young fellow, and while he had the makings of an excellent salesman, he simply could not control his temper.

On a certain occasion he was calling on the wife of a local preacher. She received his approach rather coolly, and when he started his demonstration, she told him quite frankly that she was sick of having canvassers waste her time, and that even if he were selling synthetic diamonds, she would have nothing to do with him. Instead of laughing and countering with some remark as, "Well, I'm not exactly selling jewelry, but the article I am selling will certainly prove as valuable to your children in later years," the young man lost his head. He replied to the effect that sick as she might be of salesmen he was still sicker of narrow-minded women who knew so much that they would not even countenance a scheme



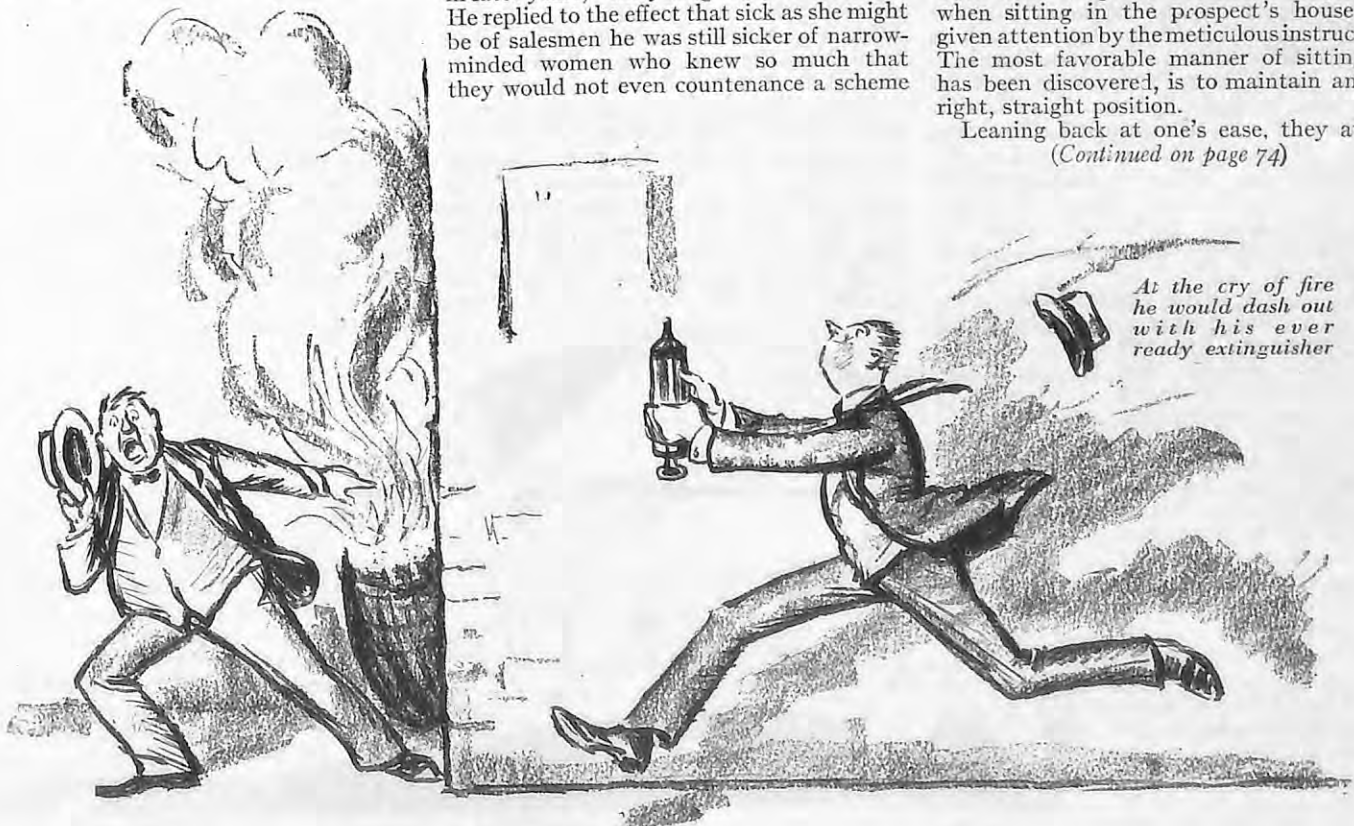
designated for the benefit of their children.

She immediately communicated with her friends, and the young man didn't get an order all day. That, however, was not the worst. The following Sunday the lady's husband related the incident from his pulpit. This of course not only worked a hardship on the quick-tempered salesman, but upon all of his associates who came in contact with the people who had heard the story.

AS SOON as his firm heard what had happened a conference was held to decide what could be done to remove the stigma which had attached itself to their product. They finally decided to let the culprit undo what he himself had done. So the ensuing week, acting on instructions from the district sales manager, he called again upon the prospect whom he had insulted. This time his reception was even more frigid than before, but he kept himself well in hand. He apologized handsomely to the lady, and with such sincerity and humility that when he walked down the gravel path, he not only carried a signed contract, but also had left a staunch supporter of the goods he was selling.

The smallest details are taken into consideration by the successful bell-pusher. Such a minor point as the correct posture when sitting in the prospect's house are given attention by the meticulous instructors. The most favorable manner of sitting, it has been discovered, is to maintain an upright, straight position.

Leaning back at one's ease, they avow, (Continued on page 74)





Down into the typewriters of the newspapermen

Umpires and Referees

By W. O. McGeehan
Drawings by Herman Palmer



Excited the disapproval of the boys in the gallery

THERE are varieties of thankless jobs, but the superlatively thankless job is that of umpire or referee. From persons connected with the United States Lawn Tennis Association I hear the clamor of, "But the most thankless job of all is that of linesman."

Let us go back to Mr. Rickard's latest "Battle of the Century." As it turned out, the most important person in the ring that hectic night was one David Barry, the referee. He was thrust into the ring just a few minutes prior to the start of that melodrama. He was one of the numerous referees on the waiting list of the Illinois Boxing Commission, waiting for an almost nominal fee as compared to the money that was guaranteed Mr. Gene Tunney and Mr. Jack Dempsey.

David Barry was an old, worn-out prize-fighter, a veteran of harder battles than are being fought in these days of million-dollar purses. Out of the fight game he had brought little in the way of money, but he retained more than some of the fighters of his day and generation retain, his self-respect and his love of fair play. In addition he had retained some of his vision and all of the courage that made him a fighter when he was young.

There is still some discussion as to the "long count" in the seventh round. Many experts, looking at the motion pictures and having them synchronized to suit their stop-watches, continue to insist that Gene Tunney was given fourteen seconds instead of the conventional nine—after which a championship would have changed hands.

But David Barry, who always kept his head while he was a fighter until, of course, the inevitable happened, kept his head that night. It was impressed upon all of the candidates for referee of that particular "Battle of the Century" that, in the event of a knockdown, the fighter scoring the knockdown should retire at once to a neutral corner.

The "huddle" in the center of the ring before the opening gong of a prize-fight usually is in the nature of a mere formality. But on that particular night, according to first-hand information, it was more than that. The referee stressed that particular rule, which is the rule of every boxing commission in the United States, that the fighter scoring a knockdown retire immediately to a neutral corner.

What happened is ring history. In that seventh round Jack Dempsey made his one gallant charge. He caught the clever Tunney close to the ropes and landed all that he had on his jaw, and the man who

won the heavyweight championship from him at Philadelphia crumpled to the canvas. Dempsey stepped back, but not to the neutral corner. He was standing directly behind the prostrate Tunney.

David Barry did not take up the count of the time keeper. Instead he turned to Dempsey as though to thrust him back. He waved to the corner that Dempsey should have taken according to the regulations of the Illinois Boxing Commission and of all of the boxing commissions of the country.

In fact, it seemed that of all of the people in Soldier Field that night Dave Barry was the only man who did not lose his head, the only man who retained any semblance of what we might call judicial calm. He was on the bench, as it were, to see that justice was meted out according to the law, and he did not seem to slip one pulse beat. It was all in the game to this old fighter in the rôle of judge. He made it plain to Dempsey that there would be no count until he complied with the rule.

You can have it your own way as to whether or not Tunney needed a long count. It is my opinion that his head was clear four seconds after he had, as they say, taken all that Mr. Dempsey had left. His eyes were bright and his brain was clear just that number of seconds after he had been made to sit down and meditate for the first time in all of his ring career.

Of course, this debate will proceed indefinitely for the spectators at a prize-fight are no more neutral than the spectators at a Yale-Harvard game. Who can be neutral in a fight? I know of only one instance, when Joe Gans and Joe Wolcott (both colored) were fighting in California. Suddenly a voice from the gallery shouted, "Kill him, Joe." It was the only neutral note sounded in any fight from a world war to a little set-to on the docks, and I believe that this was a semi-conscious one.

Let us consider another "Battle of the Century," the bout between Jack Dempsey

and Luis Angel Firpo of the Argentine Republic. In the first round Firpo, the invader, knocked the American champion through the ropes down into the typewriters of the newspapermen at the ringside. They say that Dempsey was pushed back by patriotic newspapermen. I give Dempsey the credit of having crawled back on pure fighting instinct.

Then his head cleared and he knocked Firpo down seven times in all. Now the same rules that were enforced by David Barry at Chicago were in the code of the New York State Boxing Commission. But when Firpo dropped, did Dempsey go to a neutral corner? He did not. He was allowed to follow the natural instincts of a fighter. He remained in the immediate vicinity of his quarry, until he finally battered him down for the last time.

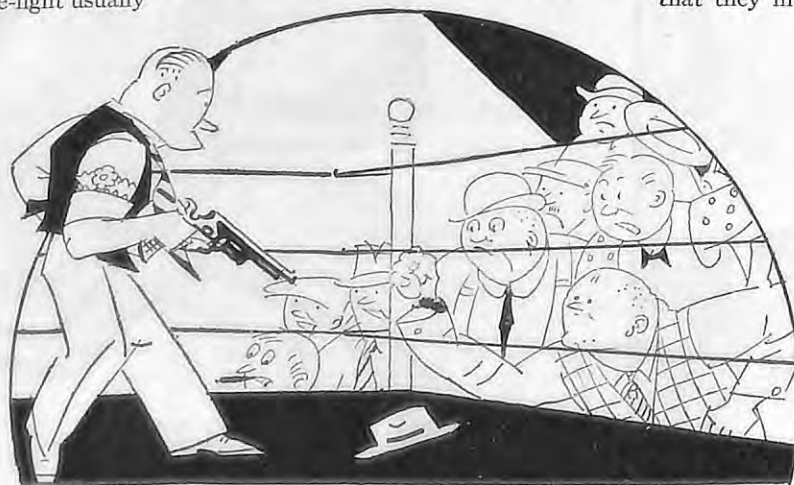
ONCE he was standing directly behind Firpo as the Argentine giant was rising, and almost before his knee was off the canvass he landed on the bewildered foreigner. The referee, also an old fighter, seemed to be so fascinated by the melodrama, as was every man and woman in the Polo Grounds, that he stood there, apparently bewildered, until Firpo was counted out. Otherwise it still is my notion that that prized possession, the heavyweight championship of the world, would have passed south of the equator that particular night.

In the latter instance millions of dollars might have changed hands on the mere gesture of a referee—not to mention the Queensberry map and our relations with Latin America.

Of course, since we have amended and otherwise manhandled the Queensberry rules, a referee alone does not decide a fight that does not result in the consummation so devoutly wished by the customers, the knockout. And over the judges and the referees there are the boxing commissions. They have "safeguarded" the manly art, they say. But it always will be my notion that they merely have made it more complicated.

The theory of the late Marquis of Queensberry that the referee should be the sole arbiter, once the first bell has sounded, and that his decision should be final, always will seem to me the best. It reposed in the referee the authority, the sense of responsibility and that *fiat justia* notion, that is in the mind of your real justice.

There were referees under the ancient understanding that were referees. Let us hark back as far as the Fitzsimmons-Sharkey bout in San Francisco, where Wyatt Earp, one of



"Gentlemen, that is my decision, and it stands" (P.S. It did stand)

the Earp Brothers of Dodge City and other quarrelsome places, acted as referee. Earp stopped the fight, calling a foul, which was quite unpopular, and the crowd started to rush the ring.

Whereupon Earp whipped from his shoulder holster a blue-barreled Colt's Frontier .45, this gesture producing comparative quiet. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Wyatt Earp. "That is my decision and it stands according to the Marquis of Queensberry Rules and the other rules which I hold in my hand. They are six in number."

If you will delve into the record books you will find that Mr. Wyatt Earp was quite correct. The decision is written there, and there are no comments, or side remarks. I believe that Mr. Earp confirmed the Marquis of Queensberry rules finally in the United States.

Another stepchild of sport is the umpire. It has been a tradition of our national pastime that the umpire's decision may be protested, vocally and physically to a superlative degree. In the language of baseball to call an umpire a "robber" merely means that the multitude does not exactly agree with a particular decision that he has made.

There are some impulsive cities in the big leagues where they fear that the umpires do not quite hear the protests, and they resort to other means to invite their attention to the fact that they disagree with some particular decision. In one particular city, an umpire, slightly stunned and picking the pieces of broken pop-bottle out of his hair, said to himself, "I gather that the decision at the plate seems to have excited the disapproval of some of the boys in the top gallery," or words to that effect.

The peculiar part of it is that protests from players or from the spectators never yet have altered the decision of an umpire. No, not once, in the history of the national pastime. But the players and the spectators will continue to protest. It is part of the game.

Once I asked the veteran baseball player and writer, the late Samuel Newhall Crane, "Who is the best umpire you ever knew?" to which Mr. Crane with a most unusual scowl on the kindest face that ever appeared in a press box retorted, "There never was a good umpire."

Yet they used to say of Tim Hurst that he was not only a good umpire but a good prize-fight referee. At any rate, Tim had little patience with those who protested his decisions. At one time he was umpiring a game in which the Old Orioles, chronic kickers and ready fighters were playing. Mr. Wilbert Robinson, catcher for that more or less celebrated organization, rushed over to Mr. Hurst to make an impulsive protest. "You're as blind as a bat," said Mr. Robinson.

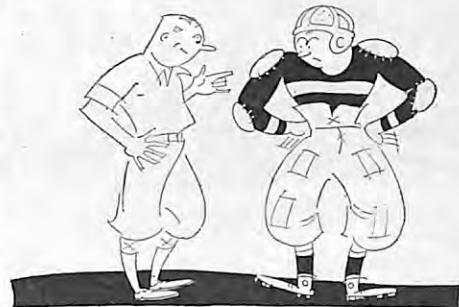
Mr. Hurst made no verbal retort. This was the era of mustaches in baseball, and

Mr. Wilbert Robinson at the time was wearing the prize mustache of the Old Orioles. It was about the same dimensions and the same shape as a ram's horn.

Without a word Mr. Hurst reached up and tweaked one horn of the mustache. It was some time before Mr. Robinson recovered from his amazement at the indignity, then he approached the umpire with homicidal intent, and had to be removed from the field by a squad of the constabulary. But the decision stood. The decision of the



Reached up and tweaked the prize mustache of the old Orioles



"Learn right now to shun bad company"

umpire always stands, otherwise we would have no national pastime. Still if all the spectators were not experts, according to their own light, and fully competent to criticize the umpires there would not be anything like the interest that continues to exist in baseball.

Mr. William Byron, the National League umpire, has an effective way of stilling the protest of a player. Mr. Byron is addicted to singing softly to himself during the progress of a game. When an infuriated batter shouts at William, "That one was a mile over," Mr. Byron will sing in words set to his own music,

"You'll get no hits with your bat on your shoulder.

"You'll get no hits with your bat on your shoulder.

"Pipe down or you'll go to the showers."

IT IS blank verse of the blankest sort, but it is very effective and soothing to the nerves of an irritated batter. Very few players who have listened to the suggestive singing of Mr. Byron call for an encore of the song or the execution of the implied threat.

The baseball umpire is an autocrat. He has to be. A close decision can not be left to a referendum vote of the players and the spectators, and of course the umpire must maintain his dignity. He can not permit the players to call him a blind robber or whatever kind of robber they may feel that he happens to be.

There once was a deaf-mute player, called Dummy Taylor. The "Dummy," who could converse only in the sign language, was one player who could relieve his feelings without danger of being chased to the showers. But a new umpire came to the league. In the opinion of the "Dummy" and his team-

mates this was the most terrible of all umpires.

Mr. Taylor, standing on the coaching line at first, was saying with his fingers just what he thought about this particular umpire and all of his ancestors. Suddenly the umpire ran over to him and said in the sign language, "That will cost you just fifty dollars and you had better get right out and take a shower for yourself before you are thrown out." It seems that this particular umpire had been coaching a deaf-and-dumb baseball team before he joined the big leagues.

Of course the tendency among the players to "razz" the umpires, as they say, becomes less and less as the years progress. The futility of it all gradually becomes apparent. Then, too, the league officials always are behind the umpires, and there are fines for making more than the perfunctory protest. When you hit the professional baseball player in his pocketbook, you inflict a wound that is very close to being fatal.

DO NOT think that the tendency to protest the official ruling is confined to professional sport. Frequently in inter-collegiate football games some of the young men forget themselves and do what should not be done in a football game, protest with vehemence and acrimony.

The late "Tiny" Maxwell, who was recognized as one of the most capable football referees in the country, was not immune. He was officiating in a particularly hard-fought game and was compelled to give a penalty near a goal line.

An excited player on the team penalized rushed up to him menacingly and shouted: "You're a big robber!"

"Yes?" said Mr. Maxwell quietly. "Well let me suggest something. You're too nice a young man to be in the same lot with a great big robber. So you get right off the field and stay there before you start to become contaminated by evil association. You must learn right now to shun bad company."

Tennis is supposed to be the most polite of all sports yet there have been tennis officials who have had their troubles. William Tilden 2d once was playing in a Southern tournament with a woman umpire. One of her decisions irritated Mr. Tilden, who walked up to make a protest. This gesture so astonished the lady that she walked off the courts.

The linesmen have a hard time of it. Linesmen make mistakes. Usually when a player feels that he has gained a point through temporary defective vision on the part of the linesman he deliberately tosses that point and that is not particularly soothing to the feelings of the linesman. There is a rule against it, but the players continue
(Continued on page 78)



Tilden protested, and the lady umpire walked off the courts



She was lying under a bark shelter in front of a leaping fire and the meeting was almost wordless, for it seemed that some immanent quality of the surrounding forest made speech a thing of faulty proportions

On Kitimat Arm

By Alan Sullivan

Illustrations by Alexander de Leslie

SPENDER leaned forward and gazed through an open window of the little deck cabin. A fine mist-like rain struck cold on his face, and the distance into which he stared was peopled with great wraiths of fog that slid down to the black sea from surrounding ranks of snow-capped peaks. In the past fortnight he had spent hours thus motionless, while the cleft water slipped hissing by and the coast range paraded itself majestically before him. He had got more or less used to the tumbled and gigantic backbone of northern British Columbia, with its fogs and gales, its long arms and inlets into which spilled a thousand shouting waterfalls, and he surveyed it with the contemplative glance of one who wonders if he is to find what he seeks.

It was power that Spender sought, power to utilize the forests his principals had bought in the neighborhood; power to grind up trees a thousand years old and produce papers that would be forgotten in an hour. So for weeks he had roamed from waterfall to waterfall, gauging their birth amongst the high and silent glaciers, estimating their height and volume, and at the end of it his pocket-book was full of notes and his undeveloped films, but that which he sought was yet to be found.

Presently the inlet narrowed a little, the launch throbbed round a naked point, and in the half light of the November afternoon Spender caught the outlines of a group of whitewashed buildings two miles ahead.

"What place is that?"
 "Kitimat Mission on Kitimat Arm."
 The pilot spoke with a touch of deprecation. "I've only been here once before. There's just a Mission and some Indians. Nobody ever comes here that can help it."

"But whose Mission is it?"
 "Church of England. It was here before I came up into this country. It don't amount to much."

Spender tried to be interested. Missions, though he had seen them at various ends of the earth, were out of his line. So far as Indians were concerned he had decided, years since, that these well-meant efforts resulted in robbing them of a certain pristine vigor and strength, without producing any really adequate compensation. He preferred an Indian in tribal costume to the same savage in light boots and the discarded frock coat of some far-distant churchman.

"I guess those women have a pretty hard time of it," rambled on the pilot. "A coast-wise steamer comes in maybe three times a year—but never in winter. The country behind isn't mapped, and there's four to six feet of snow in most seasons, and a bitter wind."

Spender glanced round. "Women?"
 "Yep—they're all women, except one parson who's away most of the time. He ain't been there for months. Talk of snow—it's coming now."

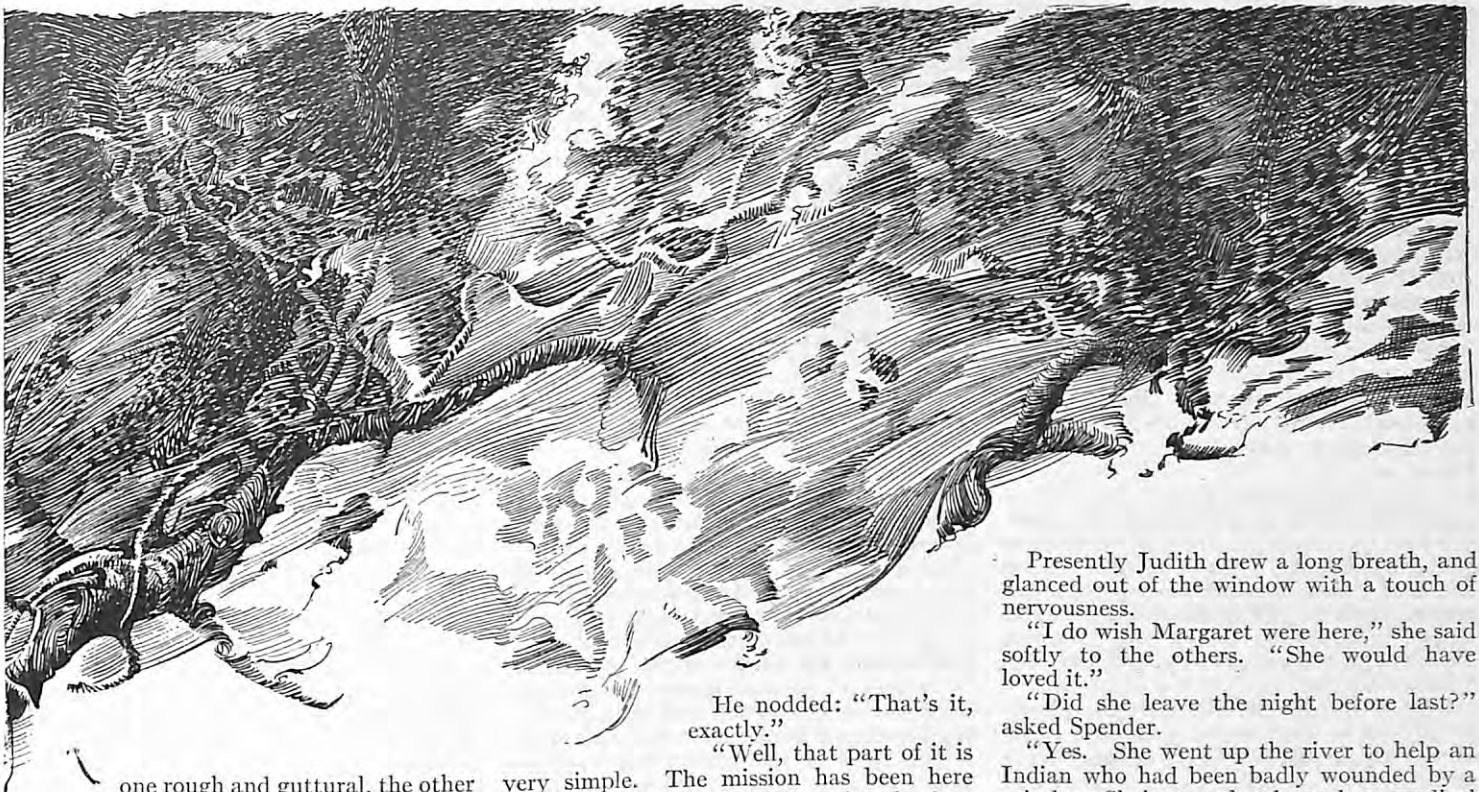
The atmosphere changed as he spoke.

The gray sky became closer and grayer, and the air was full of small flakes that vanished when they touched the glossy face of the water. There was something mysterious in this transformation that blotted out the land and left the launch speeding into a dancing whiteness that seemed to have no bounds or dimensions. Then suddenly through the drift gleamed one faint yellow light.

The pilot grunted with relief.
 "That's the Mission house. I guess they saw us coming. Will you go up there for supper? The folks will be glad to see you—the first stranger for months."

SPENDER shook his head. A prim tea with lady missionaries did not attract him. He had got used to the tiny after-cabin of the launch with the red curtains and cushions that looked bright and warm when the light was switched on. He liked the cooking of the taciturn pilot, the comforting smells that leaked back from the galley, the lapping of water against the boat's smooth skin, the plunge of hurling seals close alongside, and the multiplicity of strange and tiny sounds that make up what we call the silence of the night. There were diaries, sketches, and topographical notes to make. No, he would stay where he was and make his formal call to-morrow.

At midnight he woke with a start. It seemed that two voices were close to his ear,



one rough and guttural, the other clear and melodious and in a queer way reminiscent. Peering through the tiny porthole, he caught sight of a native canoe, headed from the mission, passing within a hundred yards of the launch, one of those long, outlandish craft hewn out of a cedar log with infinite patience and skill, its high junk-like bow reflected in the glassy sea. Amidships was the figure of a woman wrapped in a cowled cloak, and at the stern a Kitimat Indian bent over his swinging paddle. The thing was silhouetted against the extreme whiteness of the shore—for the air was now clear—and passed rapidly out of sight with only the wisp-wisp of parted water and the dull knock of the paddle as it was jerked up and forward. Just as it vanished the woman spoke again. Spender could not determine her words, but he liked the voice. The canoe was swallowed in the gloom, and he sat up, chin on hand. He smiled at himself, and as a bitter little wind struck in through the porthole, pulled his blanket up to his chin. It took a plucky woman, he decided, to start out anywhere on a night like this.

During all the next day it was too stormy to move and on the succeeding morning, Spender, shivering, tumbled into the dinghy and rowed ashore to pay his formal visit. Such magazines and newspapers as he could find were rolled in a bundle at his feet. Summer might be endurable here, he decided, but winter was penitence. He shrugged his shoulders, and, dragging the dinghy above high-tide mark, struck up hill toward the mission house.

A few minutes later he was conversing with three middle-aged women whose glances moved constantly to the bundle he had laid on the table. Nurse Hester, Nurse May, and Nurse Judith—thus they had introduced themselves. Spender, fresh from New York, where he had recently arrived from Burmah, was curiously ill at ease as compared with their self-possession. It was Nurse Judith who first saw his difficulty.

"We have so few visitors here," she said smiling. "And they all feel just as you do."

"But how do you know what I feel?" he asked.

"Isn't it that you must talk to us about the mission and our work?"

He nodded: "That's it, exactly."

"Well, that part of it is very simple. The mission has been here for thirty years, and there used to be four hundred Indians, and now there are one hundred and fifty, and we lost fifteen last year from influenza, and the work is supported by a legacy which is much too small, and the flies are very bad in summer, and it's very cold in winter, and we haven't much to read, and the mails are very irregular, and we are really doing our best, but sometimes we wonder just how much progress we are actually making—and I think that's all."

"It's a good deal," said Spender, "and I'm wondering what you want me to talk about."

NURSE MAY smoothed a coarse blue apron across her knees. "About everything that has nothing to do with missions. Of course you'll see this one presently."

"For instance?" he hazarded.

"New York, for instance, and what women are wearing; and the theaters; and what's going on in Boston—especially that—and the new books, and just everything that interests people who don't live in a mission on the Pacific Coast."

Spender jumped at the situation, grinned amicably, and began to talk. Remembering it afterwards, he realized that seldom had he so endeavored to be illuminating, and never had it been so difficult. It seemed, after all, that it was not the big things so much as the small ones that made up life. The three nurses sat in absorbed attention, their shades of expression indicating how nearly he achieved his purpose. It was touches of places and people that held them, out of which they could build visions of their own. And through it all he had a curious sense that he must be moderate, and not depict his outside world in too rosy colors. So he wandered to New York and Burmah and South America, finding a consciousness of pleasure in the unfolding of his own memory no less than in the brightened eyes of these women whom the world seemed to have left over to serve their pathetic purpose.

Presently Judith drew a long breath, and glanced out of the window with a touch of nervousness.

"I do wish Margaret were here," she said softly to the others. "She would have loved it."

"Did she leave the night before last?" asked Spender.

"Yes. She went up the river to help an Indian who had been badly wounded by a grizzly. She's our head, and a medical missionary. The man's brother got in after dark, and she went off at once. It's been stormy ever since, and we're anxious about her."

SPENDER opened his eyes very wide. "Where is this Indian?"

"Up the river about eight miles, and then up a valley from the river—about twelve miles in all. You see," she added, with a smile that was a little sad, "when everything is all right, they don't want us very much, but when it isn't we begin to be appreciated. It's she who holds us together, she always has."

"But is she good for a pilgrimage like that?" He knew what was involved in such a trip.

"We've all had them occasionally," said Nurse Hester thoughtfully. "You see they lift us out of this for a little, and that's something. Places that are very ordinary are often quite nice to return to."

The visitor did not answer. He was taking in the bareness of the room, with its cheaply framed prints, its knitted carpet, and its plain woodwork on which the paint had been worn thin with innumerable scrubbings. Yes, the woods and hardship might be a relief. Followed an introspective moment in which he remembered that he himself, in spite of his professional success, had but little, after all, to return to.



"This is Nurse Margaret," said a quiet voice, and a snap-shot, framed in birch-bark, was put into his hand.

He glanced at it and saw a broad low brow, lips sweet and firm. The contour of the face was oval, the delicate head lifted proudly, the expression was both confident and appealing. Mentally contrasting her with the others, she seemed to him a woman of taste and imagination, who would pay more dearly for isolation, especially such isolation as that of Kitimat Arm. He was about to return the photograph when something in the eyes held him.

Nurse Hester glanced out of the window at the surrounding ridges of granite. These had been polished by innumerable and forgotten glaciers. Their glistening parapets dipped precipitously to the cold gray sea. She shivered involuntarily. There fell a little silence.

Spender's eyes met those in the photograph and he experienced a definite thrill. It was as though they had changed color and endeavored to speak to him. They too, seemed gray, like the blind tide that was feeling its way inland from the Pacific. Presently he worked it out that the eyes were appealing to him—to his manhood, to his strength. They proclaimed that there was a purpose in this journey of his which he himself had not yet discerned. "I am in danger," they said. "Come and help me."

FOR a moment his brain worked jerkily. He was involved in a great undertaking of which the outcome rested with him only. That he should embark on a hunt for a female missionary was grotesque. He was building this up in his mind when there reached him something else, impalpable and elusive, yet thrilling with a thin fine certainty, that struck straight home, not to his reason or impulse or gallantry—but to the essential and underlying Spender who cloaked himself in the guise of a consulting engineer and man of large affairs.

"Come and help me." He heard it in the wind and the low voice of the sea. The thing was unmistakable.

He got up a little unsteadily. "How can I reach her?"

"Oh, we did hope you'd say that!" Nurse Judith's eyes were very bright. "She's really not fit for it. You steam into the mouth of the river, towing a canoe. We'll get a couple of men to pole you up to the trail, then you follow that."

An hour later the launch thrust her sharp nose into the high bank of the great river, and he started up, squatting in the middle of a dug-out. It was perilous work. Autumnal rains had been heavy, and it was all his polemen could do to make progress against the ripping current. Working inland, the timber grew bigger, till the stream

seemed like a great brown snake that wound through a palisade of lofty trees at which it gnawed with remorseless energy till, undermined, they toppled in and were whirled to the sea. The north wind still held, and a fine drizzle of half-melted snow filled the black air. It seemed an interminable time before the canoe edged in close against another which was fastened to the bank, and Spender's guide pointed to a blaze on a gigantic spruce tree.

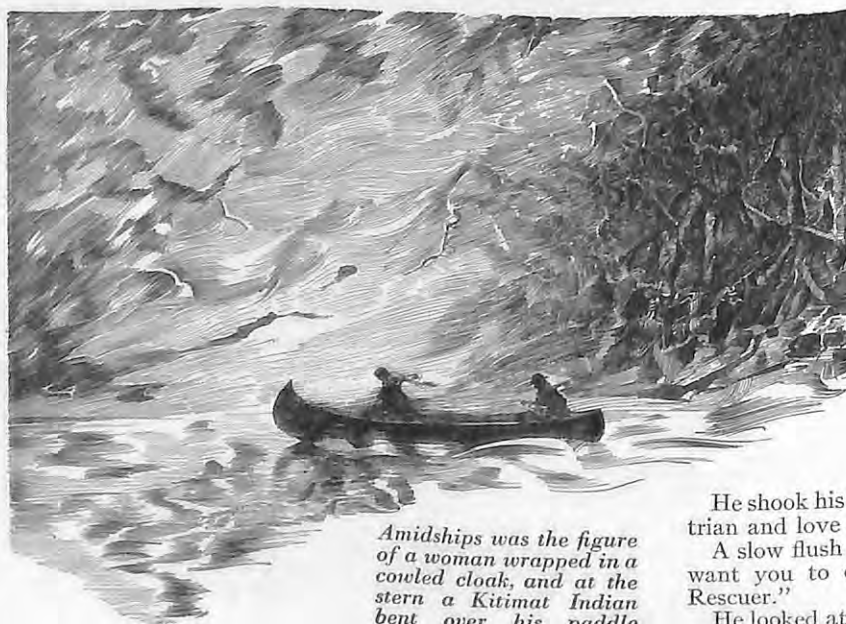
"The trail," he said, breathing hard.

The engineer was a good walker, but he found it difficult to keep up with the effortless stride of the brown-faced man in front of him. He paid little attention to where they were going, or how, noting only the prodigious size of the forest and the columnar perspective ahead. Somewhere in the solitude and in the silence of the big timber, he seemed to catch a far appeal for help. Then, just as darkness settled from the tree-tops, he caught the glimmer of a fire.

The meeting was almost wordless, for it seemed that some immanent quality of the surrounding forest made speech a thing of faulty proportions. She was lying under a bark shelter in front of which leaped the fire, and looked up at him almost with recognition. She was very pale. It seemed she had come too late to help the hunter, who lay stretched, covered with branches, a few feet away. Just as she won through she had fallen and twisted her ankle. The pain, impossible to disguise, was shooting through her body.

"I knew you would come, though I didn't know you."

He nodded cheerfully, and set about binding her ankle with a skill born of experience. Then noting her pallor and the chill of her fingers he became busy with his flask. As the spirit touched her lips, she smiled, and when the fire was heaped higher a faint glow came into her cheeks. In the dancing light he saw the supreme delicacy of her features and felt a new throb of protective interest. She began to talk in a low voice that set up an harmonic accord with the surrounding forest. He realized that she was not in any way surprised that he had come.



Amidships was the figure of a woman wrapped in a hooded cloak, and at the stern a Kitimat Indian bent over his paddle

"I passed your launch on my way here. It looked so warm and comfortable."

"I saw you," he said. "But I didn't know."

"You really don't know now, but it's quite original of us to meet this way. Supposing you hadn't come?"

"But I had to come," he answered gravely.

"Because I sent for you by a very special messenger. You see," she added with a touch of awe, "I really do believe that there is that kind of messenger available, but only for use in case of absolute necessity—like this. It's something more than wireless—because all sorts of queer invisible things volunteer their services. So," she concluded with a little laugh, "you couldn't escape it."

He regarded her with sudden and profound interest. She could not be more than twenty-eight, or five years younger than himself. Whatever her life was in this wilderness, it had left no mark on her. She did not look like a religious enthusiast who would offer herself up on a missionary altar. Her face expressed humor, courage and imagination—the qualities he most admired. How came she to Kitimat Arm?

She nodded as though reading his thoughts. "You're wondering who and what and why I am. When you get me back to the Mission I'll tell you—some of it. But now, thanks to you, I think I can sleep. Do you know you've never told me your name?"

Spender told her—also his profession and why he was in British Columbia. "I'm on my way south along the coast," he concluded.

"That's quite a nice name," she said drowsily. "I never knew anyone called that before. But I'm going to call you Mr. Rescuer. Good night."

SHE closed her eyes and soon fell asleep. A little on one side, the three Indians talked for awhile in guttural monosyllables of grizzlies they had met and conquered, then rolled themselves shapelessly in their blankets and became one with the deep moss on which they rested. A little farther off lay the dead hunter.

Spender had no desire for sleep; being aware of entirely new emotions. The soft flicker of the flames painted the girl's cheek with a dancing ruddiness and they seemed amazingly near to each other. The broad brow, the long lashes, the faintly stirring lips, the slim hand on which her head rested so quietly, all struck him as being amazingly eloquent and potential. Hour after hour he

tended the fire, superlatively conscious of what was for a little while in his keeping. He looked down at her, and knew for the first time in his life what it meant to yearn. Once she stirred, sat up, and looked at him with wondering stars that dissolved into a quick, bursting little smile of remembrance. An instant later her eyes closed again. She did not wake till there came the chill that heralds the dawn.

"I had a beautiful nap, but"—she glanced about—"haven't you slept?"

He shook his head. "I'm a bit of a Zoroastrian and love a fire. I'm quite all right."

A slow flush rose in her cheek. "I didn't want you to do that. It's not fair, Mr. Rescuer."

He looked at her so swiftly that her glance

wavered and fell. A little later, with the broadening light, the small procession moved riverward, Spender at the end of Margaret's litter—for she could not put foot to the ground. Behind swayed the body of the dead hunter between two of his kinsmen.

Spender tramped steadily, his mind full of questions. He knew from what he had saved this girl, and hazarded what he had saved her for. She had apparently no question of the future, and he wondered if she by chance saw in herself something that no former lover would want or ask for. What could the Kitimat Mission do for her?

THE conjecture moved him profoundly and linked with it was the everlasting touch of the wilderness. These trees beneath which he toiled had groped at the soil for a thousand years. Their immobile and stupendous bulk reduced him to insignificance. Their solemn trunks framed themselves into a gigantic cloister. Its roof was the checkered sky, seen distantly between lofty branches. Over all and in all was a breathless and formidable silence, as though the spirit of earth, wearied with ages of labor, reposed somewhere in these solitudes. Here when the world was young was the scene of the tragedies and loves of a nameless and forgotten people.

Enveloped in it all, Spender experienced a mysterious depression. How small seemed the throb of desire which he now felt, how puny any stirring of human passion. He reached the river bank exhausted, with the white-faced burden that was, nevertheless, ceasing to be a burden, and conscious of a sense of escape from some surrounding hostility.

Margaret talked but little as they flashed down-stream. The rapids, yesterday his enemy, were now his friend, and when the white Mission house appeared across the bay, he drew a long breath of relief. She admired the launch and its comforts, finally resigning herself to the fluttering care of the three nurses, who met her at the water's edge, full of apprehension and excitement. At the Mission door, and under the gaze of inquisitive eyes, she asked him to come up the next day.

He discovered her propped up on a sofa, anticipating this meeting with uncertainty; his own mind had been swiftly and irrevocably made up. He was surprised at first by her ambition to justify her work here in his eyes. She had no craving for outside news. Her duty here was voluntary—and could be terminated at any time. It was the way in which she spoke of duty that made him expostulate. His own plea could be put forward later.

"Is it good enough for what you are putting into it?" he asked earnestly. "This tribe will have vanished in fifty years—and what then?"

"That's just it—they are vanishing and I'm trying to do what I can while I can: I think I've got out of it quite as much as I've put in."

"When did you come here?" he asked abruptly.

A delicate color flooded her cheek. "Eight years ago."

"And why?"

She faltered a little. "Must you know, Mr. Rescuer?"

"Not must—but," he said slowly, "I'd like to, if—"

"Someone hurt me,"—it was only a whisper,—"and I hurt myself. That part of me was in protest, and it brought me here—to get away from everything."

He drew a long breath and pointed to the desolation outside.

"I cannot think I saved you for that—I didn't. And do you think it's quite fair to the world to pour out your life here? There is no adequate return. I've seen the same sort of thing elsewhere, but nothing quite so stiff as this."

"Don't kick away my crutches, Mr. Rescuer," she pleaded wistfully. "They're not very good ones—but—" she broke off and went on: "I've been doing what I thought I ought to do. And perhaps women are more sacrificial than men—in an impulsive way. Your work, I know, is much more human than mine."

"I don't quite see that. I deal in things, not people. . . ."

"Yes, but isn't it the things themselves that form the lives of people? You wander about the world deciding matters which absolutely govern people. You determine where shall be towns that afterward become cities. The life of the child yet unborn is colored by your decisions. Why, I suppose as a result of your visit to this coast there will be a new settlement somewhere. Isn't that more human than my small work?"

He stared at her in a complexity of thought. This interpretation carried him back to days when the romance of his profession seemed bright and unmistakable—when capital and dividends had not begun to burden his spirit.

"Who told you all that?"

"No one—but it's one reason I've always envied men."

Spender looked up with sudden gravity. "It's quite true, but perhaps I'm not a very human person now. I do say yes or no, but then I generally move on and leave someone else to do the dog work. You've done the dog work yourself. That's the difference between us."

She did not answer for a moment, but regarded him with searching eyes in which there was no unrest, but rather a wistful longing that she might enter a little more into his mind. It was her eyes that fascinated him most, with their beauty and truth and changing shadows, with their challenge that dissolved into appeal, and

IF YOU enjoyed "*The Brave Tradition*," Frederick Nebel's story of the Canadian Mounted Police, be sure to look for "*The Makings of Command*," a tale of the sea by Mr. Nebel, which will appear in an early issue.

the appeal that strengthened into confidence. Vividly he realized that he loved her. Then, in subtle discernment, she began to speak.

"I suppose the difference between us is that you've had your heart's desire, and I've had my soul's desire—and it's not quite the same thing. I'm not worrying a bit about my soul now, but what I dislike most is that the niceties of life, that every woman loves, seem rather unimportant—and, you know, they are not. It's like throttling an appetite one can't gratify—wooden hair brushes instead of silver! That's how we pay for it—all four of us—and not in hardship or cold or mosquitoes. If I had a pair of white gloves now I should wear them like a Congo queen."

A bell clanged somewhere in the building, and instantly the adjoining passage was full of the quick trampling of feet. Margaret leaned forward.

"School has been dismissed, and if you will help me to the window I will show you the result."

She leaned on his arm as they looked out on a jostling river of children that poured downhill. They were in nondescript dress, sent by distant supporters. Broad of face, large of mouth, and short of stature, the type was Mongolian. One missed the erect litheness of the prairie dweller. With black lustrous eyes, swarthy hair, and heavy eyebrows, there was a clumsy ungainliness of body that Spender found repellent—a primitive brood that seemed immune to gentle influence. Down-hill they plunged to where the Indian village straggled at the water's edge, a series of small grotesque houses, many of them half finished, the native idea as stimulated by magazine illustration. Here and there lifted the village totem-poles, carved with nameless animals, and rough with tribal insignia. Children, houses, and totem-poles, it appeared, all joined in ancient protest against the gentle purport of the Mission. Margaret pointed to the wooded trail that led between the scattered houses.

"We had a cow three years ago, but the Indians objected to its walking down their street. So we've had no fresh milk for two years."

"Damn!" said Spender, with utter conviction.

She laughed and with his aid hobbled back to her sofa. "Now, I've talked a great deal about myself, but what about you? Of course you're looking for something up here. May I know what it is, and whether you have found it?"

IT WAS on the tip of his tongue to speak out and say he had found infinitely more than he sought, but a glance at the quiet eyes deterred him. Whatever the girl might feel, she had left him no opening as yet, and he had conceived too great and sudden a respect for her powers of determination to risk a false move. Had he done what his heart prompted, he had carried her off forthwith in his arms to the launch, and headed straight for comfort and civilization, and thereby ruined the reputation of the Kitimat Mission for all time to come. But, being in the manner of men self-controlled, he only said that he was following the coast line in search of suitable power.

"Water power?" she asked quickly.

"Yes. I've seen a good deal, but nothing large enough or quite suitable. I fancy it's here somewhere, nevertheless."

"And if you found it?"

"I would build paper mills to make paper."

"Then there'd be a town, of course!"

He nodded.

"I was thinking of that when you were carrying me out of the wood. If you built a town here, for instance, wouldn't it be the end of the Mission?"

"Why?"

"Because it seems that the only way we can help is by keeping the Indian away from the town. It has happened further down the coast, and always with the same result. The things that I have tried to keep clean will become unclean, and all," she concluded a little despairingly, "through the spread of civilization, your civilization."

He captured her thin brown hand. "Margaret, is that quite fair?"

"But isn't it true?" She seemed unmoved by the fact that his fingers were clasped over her own.

"Yes, but can it be otherwise? I may sound

(Continued on page 62)

Getting the Jump On Famine

By Boyden Sparkes

Decorations by H. Devitt Welsh



THE detective wore a white smock like those in which surgeons are attired before they enter an operating room. For months he had been trying to identify mysterious vandals responsible for the destruction of uncounted acres of lettuce all over the country. But now the detective's great moment had come. He had trapped some of the enemy host; had them imprisoned in a glass-walled cell from which they could not escape. The scene of this melodramatic occurrence was a greenhouse in Yonkers, New York.

The detective was a scientist; the form of vandalism he was concerned with a withering plant disease known as "yellows," which may be compared to yellow fever or malaria in man. The enemy agents responsible proved to be members of a numerous and fast multiplying species of insect, tiny leaf-hoppers that, it is suspected, carry within themselves a virus that is as deadly to many kinds of plant life as yellow fever is to humans. Mosquitoes, it will be remembered, act as hosts to the organism responsible for outbreaks of the deadly yellowjack.

The finger-printing of the agent of this plant disease, so costly as to be a great source of human misery, is as fascinating a tale as any that have come from Scotland Yard or other police agencies, and it is tremendously more significant than such yarns.

The Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research has had under way for the several years of its existence, an intensive study of the group of virus diseases, including "yellows" and "mosaics," which cost Americans an incalculable sum of money each year. Entire orchards of peach trees, representing years of laborious culture, are decimated; new varieties of potatoes are lost. Corn and sugar-cane are susceptible, so that a wide spread of it, a great plant epidemic, might cost us much of our vaunted prosperity, literally billions of dollars.

As a first step in the hunt, those charming little flowers, asters, were selected as bait for the trap of the scientists. Asters were chosen because they are most susceptible to "yellows," but other forms of plant life were used as well. With a greenhouse chamber filled with potted plants, Dr. L. O. Kunkel, plant pathologist of the institute,

went to work. Diseased and healthy plants were employed, being carefully isolated from each other during the early stages of the investigation by wire mesh cages.

Day after day, attired in his white smock, the scientist worked in the greenhouse chamber that served him as a laboratory. Observers might have seen a likeness in his activities to those of a shell-game worker at a country fair, fooling the yokels as to the location of a tiny pea by rapid shiftings of walnut shells; only this scientist kept a faithful record of each change. Healthy asters in pots were shielded from direct contact with sere and yellow victims of the plant plague. Afflicted specimens of sugar-beets and lettuce were placed in proximity to healthy specimens—in a contagious ward. Insects which had been permitted to hop about and feed on sick plants were transferred, with becoming tenderness, to other cages where there were only well plants. After months of this sort of maneuvering there came a day when the scientist knew positively that the way in which "yellows" was transmitted from sick plants to healthy ones was by means of the lively little leaf-hoppers that feed on such plants. Leaf-hoppers are mobile. This fact alone served to explain how the contagion spread from one field of lettuce to another.

The leaf-hopper was the host of the parasite, the submicroscopic protozoan or virus causing plant yellows, just as a certain rat flea so dreaded by health authorities is the host of the organism that causes bubonic plague.

The moment the scientist's suspicions concerning the guilt of the leaf-hoppers became a conviction a new task was fixed for the entomologists of the institute and of the country. They now must determine upon the least expensive and most efficient way of destroying leaf-hoppers, without, however, causing damage to the plants upon which leaf hoppers are to be found. Probably this enemy will be fought by some kind of gas attack.

There is an increase every year in the prevalence of what botanists know as "mosaic" maladies upon our plants. One after another our crop plants have fallen victims to this insidious disease. Peach

and cane fruits, tobacco, cucumber, potato, tomato, lettuce, spinach, corn, sugar-beets, asters, and dahlias have all suffered. The list of susceptible plants lengthens year by year. Wild plants and weeds are not immune.

Prof. Lewis R. Jones, of the department of Plant Pathology of the University of Wisconsin, not long ago said:

"The especially portentous thing is that this type of disease is subtly infectious like the comparable 'virus' diseases of animals—the hoof-and-mouth disease, rabies and smallpox. No microscope has revealed a causal germ, but whatever the nature of the 'virus,' it is readily carried by sap-sucking insects from diseased to healthy plants. Even more startling is the frequency with which the virus has proved inoculable from one type of plant to another. Thus it may be transmitted from cultivated plant to weed, and after over-wintering in the fence-row perennial, again return the next season to ruin the adjacent field crop. For some years the increasing loss with potato and other food plants from these virus maladies has convinced pathologists of their seriousness. This was, however, recently brought home in a most striking way to commercial interests when the sugar-cane fields were invaded by it—first in Hawaii and the Orient, then in Louisiana, now in Cuba."

INCIDENTALLY it is our sugar importations that betray the fact that the United States is producing barely enough food to support its people. Reduced to terms of calories, those convenient heat units, our sugar importations increase amazingly in importance as a dish set before the national appetite. If our alien sugar supply was cut off, American farmers would have to get up early, indeed, to make up the calory deficit.

According to Professor Jones there is a possibility that this sugar-cane "virus" may be transferable to corn, Indian corn, our basic food crop. That would be a calamity, the consequences of which would be difficult to measure in advance of its happening. But as the army and navy leaders constantly preach preparedness, so with the men of science, and their notion of preparedness is embodied in the word research.

Yellows is merely one of many diseases that afflict plant life, and thereby menace humanity. There is drama, and maybe tragedy, for all of us in the threats of ravaging plant diseases. Because men are able to imagine the consequences to themselves or their children of an invasion of enemy soldiers, we maintain an army and a navy. Because men know and fear uncontrolled conflagrations, they submit to taxation that supports fire departments. Because they grasp the danger of highway-

Tiny Insects Carry a Threat Against All Human Life, but Science Fights to Save Our Food Supply

men and burglars, they delegate great powers to policemen; but the less tangible enemies that threaten humanity itself seem too remote for the majority to feel concerned about them.

The trouble with the imaginations of most of us is that we live in cities. The only time we encounter corn is when it is laid steaming on our plates, dripping with melted butter. Our contact with sugar is only when we lift it in crystal lumps with silver tongs from a sterling bowl. As for wheat and potatoes, we meet them, too, only at the table transformed by a series of manufacturing processes into crusty loaves of snowy bread or disguised by a bath in boiling olive oil that paints them golden brown. These things come to us from green grocers whose bills are an annoyance about twelve times a year. The unseen enemies that have tried to devour or otherwise destroy that life-sustaining food before it reaches our tables cause us no qualms of fear. But there is a man who could shake almost anyone's blind faith that there is always going to be enough to eat for all of us. He is Dr. William Crocker, the director of that Institute for Plant Research where the leaf hopper was tagged as the party responsible for yellows.

"In less than fifty years from now," said Dr. Crocker, not long ago, "we may expect to have 195 millions of people in this country. That estimate is a reasonable one, based on normal growth. When we have that many people, we must produce 75 per cent. more food. Insects and plant diseases are taking a toll of 10 or 15 per cent. of all the food we try to raise, in spite of our attempts to control their ravages by existing methods. Were it not for those methods, insects and plant diseases together would rob us of 60 per cent., probably, of our crops. So, too, do these pests, which may have existed for aeons unobserved in some lonely spot, sometimes abruptly attack the tediously developed and nurtured crops of mankind."

IT WAS about 1906 that the population of the United States began to increase more swiftly than agricultural production. The human crop began to grow faster than the food crops. Since that year our exportable excess of food has been steadily dwindling. In twenty to thirty years, according to Dr. Crocker, the mouths of Americans will be devouring everything that American farmers can produce. Unless something is done before that time by science to widen the margin of safety, a few bad crop years in a row might bring us to a famine. Famine was mirrored for the world in recent times by Russia. It made a hideous reflection.

That is the menace. The question is, can the race meet it in time?

Once I was sent by a newspaper to inter-



view Henry Ford in his Dearborn, Michigan, plant,

and discussed with him another sort of famine. In short, I asked him what the world would do for automobile fuel when the predictions of geologists had come true and men had exhausted the hidden reservoirs of petroleum.

"Shucks!" retorted Mr. Ford scornfully, "see that little patch of ground out there? About an acre, eh? Well a man can grow enough potatoes there in one year to make alcohol—fuel—to plow that field for a hundred years. That's no problem."

We are apt to forget in cities what Henry Ford knows, scientists and business men know, as do most farmers—that the energy that comes to us from the sun in the form of light is fixed for us in a usable form by the green leaves of plants.

"The green leaf of a plant," Dr. Crocker will tell you, "is the world's most wonderful chemical factory and power-house. Without them there would be no important life forms."

Because of this fundamental fact the wonder is that there are so few institutions in the world devoted to plant research—and plant diseases.

A farmer in a prairie State, only a summer ago, walking with pride and confidence through the rows of his green corn that threw a grateful shadow on his head, paused to pull back the tough green fabric of a swelling ear. There was exposed to his affrighted eyes an eaten path in the even milk-filled grains and the unfamiliar grub that had done the damage. Getting into his automobile that farmer drove more swiftly than Paul Revere dared to ride to a governmental agricultural station some miles away. There a man who had already devoted years of his life to the study of insect forms named the grub. It was a European corn-borer. There was in the entomologist's voice as he identified the creature horror more acute than if it had been merely a poisonous viper.

Quite recently a bill was rushed through both houses of Congress in the face of an emergency. It provided an appropriation of \$10,000,000. That is a huge sum. One of the nation's most successful bankers left an estate of approximately such value at his death not long ago. With unparal-

leled opportunities for investment; with extraordinary capacity for earning; with every desire to make money, his lifetime of endeavor had enabled him to get possession of that amount of wealth. The United States is now engaged in spending such a fortune in fighting, and in learning how to fight, the European corn-borer. The borer is the grub form of a moth that stabs its eggs into the green sheath of husks that enfold the eared grains of our greatest crop. Ten millions of dollars to fight a bug! Is it so much? We spend forty millions for a single battleship, and call it preparedness. Before we have finished with the European corn-borer it is likely to cost us more than all the European soldiers with which our armies and navies have ever had to tussle.

CORN-BORERS, leaf-hoppers, hosts of destroying organisms, red spiders, Japanese beetles contending with us for the right to exist. Billions of spiders or your children. Can you find drama there?

The institution of which Dr. William Crocker is the head is the crystallization of a vision of a lad who was born nearly fifty-eight years ago in Virginia City, Montana, and who after ten years was taken to Butte. It was in the days when hardware clerks, doctors, ditch-diggers, lawyers, and men hungry for adventure of the things riches can buy were traveling west in search of the raw gold in the Rockies. Butte was a copper town, and the poisonous fumes from its smelter stacks withered all green things from the face of the land. The lad grown up became a mining engineer, and rich. His name was William Boyce Thompson, but he never outgrew a more than normal enthusiasm for the grasses and trees that had been missing from the landscape of his native

(Continued on page 52)

Florida—Today and Tomorrow

*Having Learned from Its Yesterdays, Florida
Faces the Future with Optimism*

By Frank Parker Stockbridge
Author of "Florida in the Making"

*A Message from Governor Martin to the Officers and
Members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks*

IN THE name of the people of our State, I welcome you to Florida.

You have honored us by your selection of this great Commonwealth for your next National Convention, and Florida extends to you, and to each of you, the hand of fraternal fellowship.

From Jacksonville to Pensacola, from Fernandina to Key West, East and West and North and South, Florida is yours.

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

Florida is the Land of Opportunity, the opportunity which tens of millions of unoccupied acres offer, with the advantages of the most advanced civilization al-

ready available. I invite you to make your homes in the State which has forever barred the imposition of taxes upon inheritances and incomes, which puts no onerous restrictions upon industry and commerce, the State without a dollar of debt, whose banks are lending money to Wall Street.

I want you to see with your own eyes the most magnificent system of highways to be found anywhere in America, as well as the evidence of Florida's position as an agricultural paradise. And I know that when you have returned to your homes you will carry with you unforgettable memories of the opportunities which are open to all who choose to come here.

As the Chief Executive of this State I have never performed a service more heartily satisfying than this one of welcoming the Order of Elks to Florida.

John W. Martin
Governor.

OOMLAK, the Eskimo, sits alone in his igloo, shunned by his tribal brothers, jeered at by the women, scoffed at even by the little children. A great explorer brought Oomlak back with him to New York and showed him the white man's civilization. And Oomlak, on his return to the frozen North, told the Eskimos what he had seen.

Skyscrapers, subways, airplanes, the movies—he withheld nothing. The tribe listened while he talked. Then in solemn tribal council they bestowed upon him a new name, "Oomlak the Liar."

To tell the truth about Florida to one who has never been there is as risky as Oomlak's recital. Nothing in the ordinary American's experience gives him a standard whereby to measure the traveler's tales brought back from the sun-bathed, sea-washed peninsula where the first white men to set foot upon the American continent raised the standard of Spain four hundred and fifteen years ago and named the country Florida.

Florida! Where frostbite and sunstroke are alike unknown. Where the great river runs north and blueberries grow on trees. Florida! Land of magic cities backed by primeval wilderness, of broad motor trails carved through virgin forest and jungle. Land of warm winter days and cool summer nights. Land of broad white beaches and palm-girt isles. America's loveliest playground, but also America's most fertile farm land. Land of pine and land of palm, of crystal lakes and cypress swamps. Florida!

To set down the plain, unvarnished facts about Florida in terms convincing to the uninitiated is difficult; to express on paper an adequate impression of her charm is impossible. Fascinating, mystifying, contradictory, exasperating at times, but altogether alluring, Florida is like a lovely woman, to catalogue whose features gives not the faintest impression of her living,



*Florida cocoanut palms, from
a study in oils by Howard Hilder*

illusive charms. Even those who know her best constantly discover new allures, falling afresh under her spell.

Once the visitor to Florida "gets sand in his shoes," as the saying goes, he is hers forever, in spirit if not in the flesh.

"The fairest, fruitfulest, pleasantest land of all the world," wrote Jean Ribaut, the French Huguenot, from the shores of Florida in 1562. Through all the troubled history of Florida, from Ponce de Leon's visit, in 1513, in search of the Fountain of Youth, down to the present moment, none has improved upon Ribaut's concise characterization. Spanish and French, Spanish and English, English and Americans, Americans and Seminoles fought for the possession of this fair, fruitful, pleasant land for more than three hundred years. The United States bought Florida, finally, from Spain, in 1821, for \$5,000,000.

This was the first great Florida real-estate

transaction, the parent of all the real-estate "booms" which have been milestones in Florida's progress for upward of a century. It figures out at fourteen and a quarter cents an acre!

Florida became a State in 1845, seceded with the rest of the South in 1861, settled down to an uphill struggle against bankruptcy after the war between the States, and in 1880, with a bare quarter of a million population, put itself on a sound financial footing through the second great realty deal. Hamilton Disston and associates, of Philadelphia, in that year bought four million acres of unsurveyed and overflowed land from the State for a million dollars. Florida real estate was looking up; twenty-five cents an acre!

That was the date, nearly fifty years ago, from which the present development of Florida began. Railroads had to be built; first the great Flagler system, the Florida East Coast Railway, with its chain of hotels; then the Plant System, now the Atlantic Coast Line, opening up the West Coast, and only stopped from making the Gulf shores of Florida as early and widely known as the East Coast by the untimely death of its founder; then, latest of all, the expansion of the Seaboard Air Line, criss-crossing Florida, east and west and north and south, with a network of new rails, still pushing its lines forward to compete at every point with the older lines, although its far-seeing founder, S. Davies Warfield, has gone, just as this is written, to join those other great railroad builders and men of vision, Henry M. Flagler and Henry B. Plant, in the Great Beyond.

Automobiles had yet to be invented and highways built for them to run on; medical science had to conquer tropical diseases, stamp out malaria and yellow fever; the industrial revolution which came with the Great War had to give millions more surplus money and more leisure in which to enjoy it than they had ever had before. So it was not until 1919 that the stage was



The skyline of Jacksonville

WOODWARD



(In circle) Shore drive at West Palm Beach. The new Elks Home is just around the bend. Palm Beach across the water. (Above) A Washington palm

SUPERIOR PHOTO SERVICE

POINCIANA
BREAKERS
STUDIO



Canaveral Light, one of Florida's famous beacons

(Below) Yachts and houseboats in Biscayne Bay



YESTERDAUGH
FROM HAMILTON M. WRIGHT

ALLEN

Digging coral rock for road-building



View of St. Petersburg during "Penny Tossing Day" (at left)

BURGERT BROS.

set for the latest of the great Florida real-estate booms, which came to its climax two years ago, and which had the result, among other things, of putting Florida on the map of our national consciousness more widely and more impressively than anything else in the State's whole four hundred years of history.

What of this lately ended "boom"? Rather, what of Florida since the end of the boom?

I met a friend on Fifth Avenue the other day. He was suffering, I found, from the prevalent delusions about Florida.

"What do you want to go back there for?" he demanded. "Florida's dead! Look what happened to their real-estate market."

"Look what happened to your stock market," I retorted.

A good many millions who have never been to Florida seem to believe that this latest "boom" was the beginning and end of Florida. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Tens of thousands lose more than they can afford to lose through speculating on margins whenever there is a bull market on the Stock Exchange. The world does not come

to an end, and the stock market goes on functioning as before. The values of the corporations whose shares have fluctuated in price are not affected by the losses of amateur speculators.

No real values in Florida have been changed in the slightest degree by the fact that tens of thousands of amateurs tried their hand at speculating on margin in the trickiest of all speculative commodities, vacant real estate. There is always a market, at a price, for stock-market shares; any given piece of real estate, anywhere in the world, may be on the market for years



HAMILTON M. WRIGHT

Fort Marion, in the ancient city of St. Augustine, founded in 1565



SUPERIOR PHOTO SERVICE

The county courthouse at Sarasota



HAMILTON M. WRIGHT

Watermelons are a big Florida crop. (Below) Papayas, a native fruit



JAY E. BROWN

(Circle) A water scene off Miami. (Right) String beans grow lustily here



FINBAUGH



ROYAL POINCIANA STUDIO

before a purchaser comes along who wants that particular parcel. The amateur speculators who did not grasp that fundamental business fact, and put all the money they could scrape together into first payments on unimproved Florida lots, hoping to sell at a profit before their second payments became due, were the ones who lost in the recent boom. They could not meet their second payments, and they could not sell their lots—at least, the late-comers could not. Tens of thousands did turn over their purchases at handsome profits, almost unbelievable profits in many cases. And the buyers who paid for their property in full, and are holding on to it, are certain to

get out with a profit in the course of time. For almost every dollar of the hundreds of millions which poured into Florida between the Armistice and the end of 1925, when the speculative boom ended, is still in Florida. It is there in the shape of permanent improvements of a hundred kinds, in business investments, in buildings and streets and sewers and electric service, in highways and railroads and hotels, in sea-walls and dikes and drainage canals, in parks and schoolhouses and churches and homes, in bridges and reclaimed swamp land, harbors and flying fields, docks and piers, in new telephone and telegraph lines, in magic cities where before the pelicans roosted in

The roads are smooth, wide and straight

F. W. HUNT



FISHBAUGH FROM HAMILTON M. WRIGHT

The swimming pool of the Casino at Coral Gables



A view of the Miami Biltmore Hotel as seen from the adjacent golf course



SCIENCE PHOTO SERVICE

Three-sided vertical strawberry beds as seen near Sarasota

(Below) A typical avenue bordered by beautiful royal palms

This is the famous Daytona Beach where motor speed records are made

LA SERRE FROM HAMILTON M. WRIGHT



MORRIS ROSENFIELD



FISHBAUGH FROM HAMILTON M. WRIGHT

the mangrove swamps or the raccoons and 'possums played hide-and-seek with the deer and the wildcats.

And money, by the tens of millions, for further carrying on this building of the new Florida, did not cease to flow into the State when the speculators got through gambling. It is still coming in, in huge sums, invested by farseeing capitalists and groups of capital who realize that in its proximity to the great mass of America's population, and its ever-increasing accessibility by water, rail and motor, Florida's destiny is assured, not merely as the vacation Mecca of increasing millions, but as the permanent home of

many millions more. Granted that there were some instances of trickery and fraud during the boom, though these were far fewer than many believe, the vast majority of the recent Florida real-estate developments have been made by men who believe in Florida, who for the most part have made their own homes in Florida, and who have invested in Florida not only all the proceeds of the sale of property to outsiders, but countless millions of their own capital besides.

Figures are dull things, but look for a moment at a few of them. Since the boom ended more than \$250,000,000 has been spent

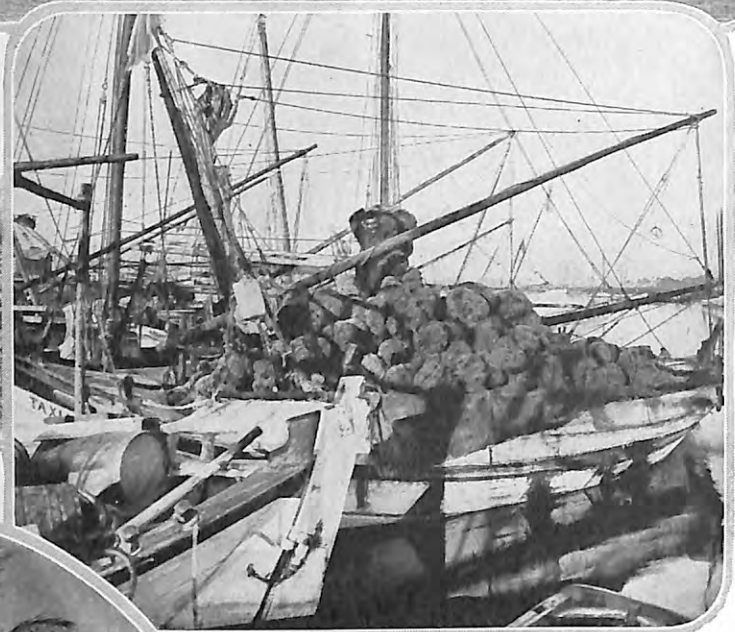


HERT D. BRICE FROM HAMILTON M. WRIGHT

The skyline of the business section of Miami



Cutting sugar-cane in the Everglades



BURGERT BROS.

Here is a glimpse of the picturesque sponge fleet at Tarpon Springs



Sunset on Lake Worth (in circle)

(Below) Aquaplaning is a great Florida sport



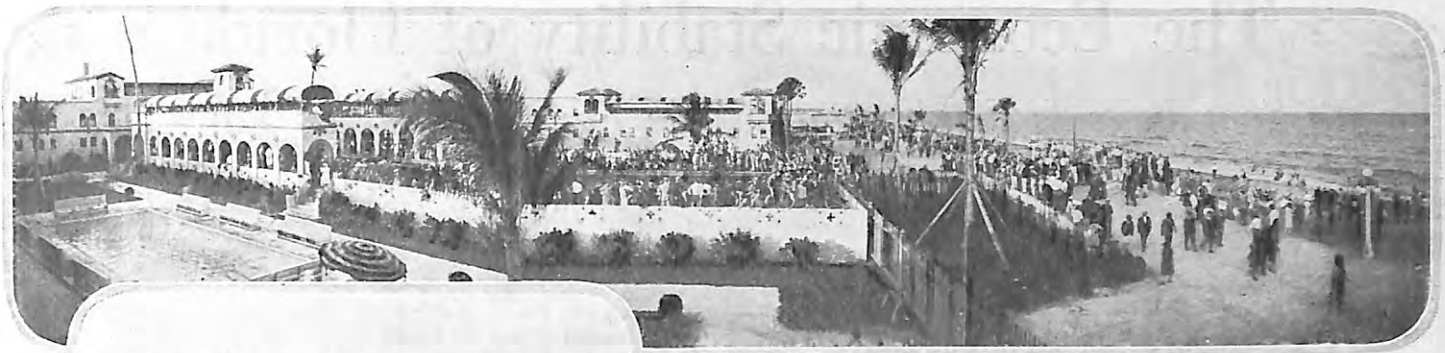
JAY E. BROWN



in Florida in new building construction, in seventy cities; the figures are from the State Chamber of Commerce and come down to the end of September, 1927. The bank-resources, State and National, of Florida banks when the boom began were \$346,762,923; last June they were \$562,565,267. Much has been printed in the North about Florida bank failures. The facts are that twenty-one new banks were started during the boom, of which eleven still survive; ten small banks out of 337, and only one of them a national bank, have failed or been absorbed by larger banks. The national-bank deposits in Florida average 41 per cent. higher than the average of national banks in the whole United States; the per capita deposits in the banks of Florida are \$445, as against \$421 for the rest of the country. Florida's income-tax payments to the United States for the year 1926 were more than 30 per cent. higher per inhabitant than the

The crowd at the Easter Services held by the sea at Miami Beach

POINCIANA-BREAKERS STUDIO



Panoramic view from the hotel at Hollywood Beach



JAY E. BROWN

The Tarpon Club of Venice holds a yearly tournament



There are automobile camps all over Florida



(Circle) The splendid Million Dollar Pier at St. Petersburg

PHOTO © SLACK



average for the Nation; \$32.08 for each person in Florida (of whom one-third are negroes) as against \$24.58 for the whole country. And still further to dispel the impression that Florida is "broke," let me point out here that, while eighty municipalities in the United States have defaulted on the interest or principal of their municipal bonds, not a single Florida city, town or county has yet been reported in default!

Florida dead? Not while the railroads are still spending millions in extending and double-tracking their lines, on top of upward of \$125,000,000 which they have spent in Florida in the past two years or so. Florida broke? The only State in the Union, I believe, with *no State debt*, but with \$62,000,000 already invested in its State highway system, and a \$76,000,000 program of additional road-building for the next five years now vigorously under way. The State gasoline tax, increased by the 1927 Legislature from four cents a gallon to five cents, pays for the roads the motorists use, and nothing could be fairer than that. Thirty-five million dollars in 1927 is the estimated expenditure of the various power and light companies in extending their lines in Florida; \$20,000,000 that of the telephone and telegraph companies. People are flocking to Florida to live faster than the public utilities can be extended to meet their needs.

Enough of statistics. The point I have been trying to make is just this: Because of the boom, and the immense
(Continued on page 46)

Air view of Tampa showing bridges on the winding Hillsborough River
© HUBBERT BROS.



The Economic Stability of Florida

Soundness Is the Keynote of Its Finances and Its Laws

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Hon. Peter O. Knight, of Tampa, is a lawyer, banker, and business man, widely known as an economist. During the war he was drafted by the United States Government to take charge of the finances of the Emergency Fleet Corporation's ship-building enterprise at Hog Island.*)

By Peter O. Knight

THE marvelous development and growth of Florida are not due so much to its matchless climate and its incomparable soil, its wonderful natural advantages and its resources, as to the fact that it is the most conservative State of this Nation, and that it has an entire absence of radical legislation.

The people of Florida believe it best to invite capital into this State and to protect it after it gets here. No income tax, no inheritance tax, no franchise tax, no corporation or corporation stock tax.

While the remainder of the States of the Union have been looking for additional methods of taxation to raise revenue to take care of their expenses, the State affairs of Florida are carried on by three separate taxes: automobile and gasoline taxes, occupational taxes, and taxes on real and personal property. And our \$6,000,000,000 of property is assessed at only \$7,500,000 for taxation.

Florida is governed in the same old-fashioned manner as it was twenty-five years ago, by a Governor, Legislature, Supreme Court, Railway Commission, State Health Board, and State Highway Commission. And Florida has today more paved highways and public improvements per capita than any other State; it does not owe a penny, and on the first of November, 1927, it had \$8,500,000 in its treasury.

The acme of conservatism in Florida was evidenced in 1923, when the Legislature passed a constitutional amendment prohibiting any future Legislature from enacting income or inheritance taxes. That definitely placed Florida upon the first pages of newspapers all over the country. Then the mighty influx into Florida began. Let us examine some of its economic results.

Florida went through a period of wild speculation and subsequent deflation in land values as would have ruined any community less conservatively grounded. On top of that came a hurricane, sweeping its way over a width of fifty miles, from the Atlantic to the Gulf, carrying death and destruction in its wake. But after all of these things were over, and the banks of Florida made their statements to the Comptroller of the Currency and the State Banking Department on December 31, 1926, the only criticism voiced anywhere was that the banks had too much cash on hand and were not lending enough of their money!

There was not a single day during the worst of the troubles which followed the end of the speculative movement when all the banks of Florida together owed the Federal Reserve Bank of this district as much as \$7,000,000, and not a day when they did not have to their credit at least \$15,000,000 with the Federal Reserve Bank. Today Florida owes the Federal Reserve Bank less than \$2,000,000, and has on deposit there more than \$20,000,000.

Nobody realized how fundamentally sound Florida's financial situation was, not even the Federal Reserve Bank's own directors. In the Spring of 1926, the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta had a meeting of its officers. They looked with great apprehension upon our situation. They finally concluded that Florida would need to borrow \$50,000,000, and prepared to make loans to that amount. Then they revised their figures, and decided we would need \$100,000,000. And we never had to borrow as much as \$7,000,000!

In the last year for which figures are available, Florida's payment of income taxes increased more in percentage than any State in the Union, being ninth among the States in the amount paid to the Federal Government for this purpose. Florida actually paid last year \$52,000,000 in income taxes, as against \$14,000,000 the year before. Although the smallest State in

the South in point of population, it paid not only more taxes than Texas, but more than Texas and North Carolina combined; more than Texas and Virginia combined; more than Maryland, with the great city of Baltimore; more than the District of Columbia, with the city of Washington; more than Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, and South Carolina combined.

What does this show? It shows that many people throughout the United States are still continuing business elsewhere, having homes or apartments there, their families staying in Florida during the Winter, and that they are qualifying as citizens of Florida.

They were brought to Florida because of the legislation, the constitutional amendment, prohibiting income and inheritance taxes to be levied by the State.

The Federal Government still imposes an inheritance tax. Last year the State of Florida paid the Federal Government—or the estates of Florida citizens paid—\$7,300,000. Only four other States owed the Federal Government so much in death duties for that year; all of the other sixteen Southern States combined did not owe on account of Federal inheritance taxes as much as six and one half million dollars.

But of the amounts paid by other States which impose State inheritance taxes, the Federal Government returns to the State Treasuries 80 per cent. of the amount paid. This is an unfair discrimination against Florida, and vigorous efforts are being made everywhere to obtain the repeal of the Federal inheritance tax law.

If it is repealed, and if the people of Florida will utilize the wonderful resources and advantages that our Creator has given them, and if the administration of the affairs of this State continue to be along the same constructive and conservative lines as has characterized past administrations, there will be such a migration of the people of the United States to Florida that it will be necessary to place signs along the Florida borders reading:

Standing Room Only!

Killers of the Sea

By Hamilton M. Wright

ON a night when the surface of a bay in the Florida Keys south of Miami shimmered beneath the moon like a mirror of silver, there came suddenly the sound of roaring water. I had been sleeping in my tent but, somehow, in my sleep, I sensed a peril. The tumult, insistent and increasing, was strange indeed, for the night was soft as velvet. It woke me fully, and I rushed from the tent. As far as the eye could reach the luminous expanse was alive with fish, with thousands of great fish, leaping, splashing, falling back into the water. I knew that the killers were at work, that hordes of barracudas and jacks were slashing into an immense school of mullet which I had seen moving into the bay before nightfall. The mullet were now crowded into a narrow bend, and as they broke into air, terrified before the killers, the lashing of water for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of feet was like the roar of a



That silvered killer, the barracuda

waterfall. The noise seemed to come from everywhere; ten thousands killings blended in vast sound.

The most voracious fish, within my experience, is that silvered killer, the barracuda. The swiftest is the sailfish, the hardest fighter the amberjack, the most savage out of water the giant moray eel, which will drive a man out of a small boat, and is the only one of the fishes which can be said to attack a man deliberately when it is out of water. And so here goes for a brief personal experience with two or three of the strangest of them.

I have said that the amberjack is the hardest fighter. He is, of his weight, and he reaches above 100 pounds, a huge, powerful, thick-shouldered fish, almost as long as a man, glistening in metallic copper tints. Three years ago, fishing with George G. Schutt and Fred E. C. Parke at Alligator Light near Long Key, I hooked a hundred-



HAMILTON M. WRIGHT



© ELWIN R. SANBORN



HAMILTON M. WRIGHT

Leaping like the one pictured, a tarpon will sometimes dislodge a hook and toss it a distance of 50 feet. Below are two of the ferocious moray eels. The giant ox ray, upper right, was part of a 13,375 lbs. catch of various fish. The critters on the right are a huge mother saw fish and her small daughter

pound jack. That fish was a bigger man than I was. I fought him for an hour and a quarter, and could not get him near the boat. I was weak, trembling, wobbly. The sweat poured over my glasses. My clothes were dripping wet. My muscles twitched. I could scarcely stand toward the close of the battle, and yet I am a fairly strong man, weighing 170 pounds. I would horse him, letting down my rod and reeling him. But when he wanted to go, he went. He went with the irresistible momentum of a submarine and nothing I could do could stop him. Finally, as I say, after an hour and one-quarter I got him near the boat and he hung there in a tug of war with honors even. And, as he hung, three feet below the surface, a dim and giant form came through the green water, and appeared directly beneath him. It was a huge jew-fish and he looked as big as a cow. Slowly he approached the amberjack from beneath. He could swallow that hundred pound fish in two mouthfuls. At the approach of his foe, in a new burst of strength, the amberjack took out my line again. But he went under the boat, sawing the line off on the keel. With a flick of his tail the jew-fish disappeared into the black depths above a patch of seaweed.

The moray eel is a mean, spotted devil, reaching five or six feet, with a prodigiously powerful, muscular body enveloped by a loose, leathery hide as beautiful as that of a leopard. His mouth is small and narrow, but very long, and armed with sharp, serpent-like teeth which can cut a man's hand right off at the wrist. Fishing with Fred

Demerritt in 130 feet of water, I landed one in a high sea. He came up like a log, but when he struck the deck, he went for me. I jerked the line and he slipped overboard, but a big wave carried him back on the deck again. I struck at him with the bludgeon; hit him; but the club bounded away as though it had struck an automobile tire.

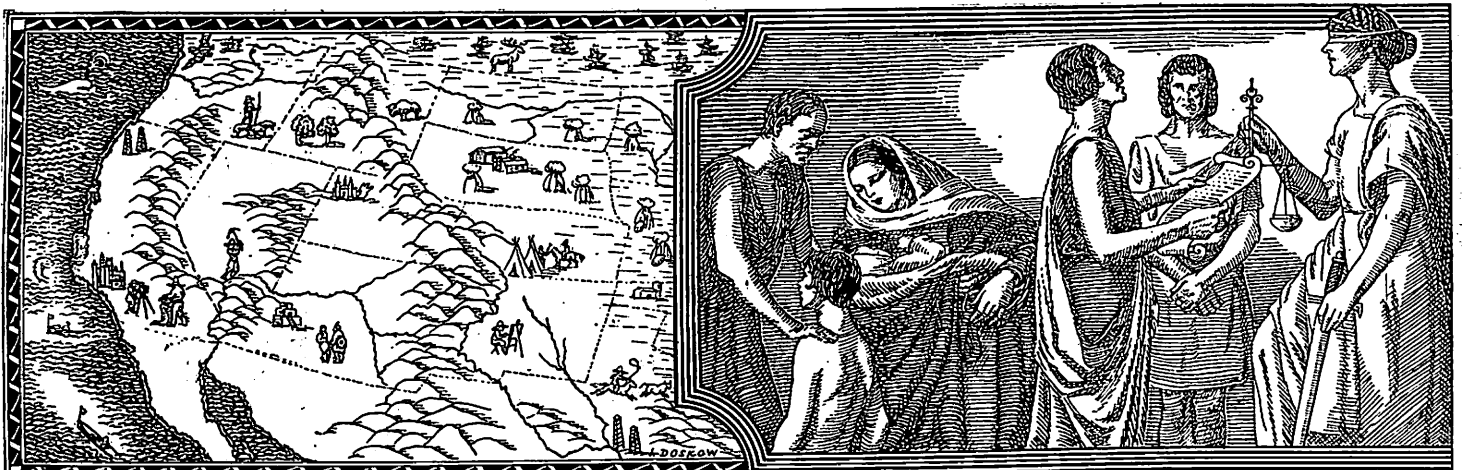
When I struck, I slipped to my knees, and the great eel was after me like a flash of light. But Demerritt had rushed up with a boat hook which deflected him, so he missed my leg. In a fraction of a second the savage eel leaped high in air. Came down, and tied himself up in a double bowknot around the fish line. His eyes glittered venomously. He hissed like the exhaust of a steam pump, and failing to reach me sank his sharp fangs into his own body. That was his undoing, for we were able to reach him again with the club. These savage eels are greatly feared by conch fishers, for they will reach out from the rocks in which they lurk and bite ferociously with their thick lancet-like teeth, which often crowd their mouths so that they are unable to close their jaws. When out of water they exhibit a reptilian tenacity of life; the body is deep and flattened, and the tough, loose skin, with leopard-like spots of green and brown, in the specimens which I have caught, glows with the luster of soft velvet.

Next to the moray eel, I place the giant barracuda, *Sphyræna barracuda*, as the most thoroughly savage and bloodthirsty of all fishes which I have ever encountered. He slays for the pure joy of killing, and is so daring and swift in his movements that

he will seize a fish from your line while it is being drawn over the side of the boat. In fact, last winter a fisherman at Matecumbe Key had a finger taken off by a barracuda while he was washing a newly dressed mackerel over the side of his skiff. I have seen a barracuda leap in air to catch a flying fish. I have seen two, which were not badly injured, fight to the death in the well of a fish boat, for the barracuda is a cannibal and will devour his own species. Last May as I was reeling in a nice yellow-tail a great barracuda, five feet in length, appeared out of the green depths, chopped my fish in two, and was gone. I let the bleeding remnant drift near the boat, and my companion, armed with a twelve-foot gaff, awaited the reappearance of the killer. He came back for what was left of his prey, appearing on the surface at a distance of seventy-five feet. The movement of the gaff which was poised to strike, seemed to frighten him at first. He made a circle; rushed in; backed away. Then before the gaff reached the water had chopped off all but the head of the yellow-tail and was gone. The maneuver was executed with inconceivable rapidity.

But after all, fishing in Florida seas is more than the catching of fish. The brilliant, health-giving sunshine, the soft breezes, the drifting, fleecy clouds, and the wonderful hues of the shoals, vivid as the rainbow, gorgeous as a Persian rug, make a paradise for the lover of nature. It is there I count my happiest hours. And as for fish, there are all sorts and conditions, in myriads, sport for everyone.

(Continued on page 80)



EDITORIAL

ORGANIZED FRATERNITY AND INDUSTRIAL PEACE

EVERY thoughtful observer of events and every intelligent reader of current news must be impressed with the changed attitudes of organized labor and organized capital in their relationship to each other. There is a growing spirit of tolerance, a less eager purpose to consider their respective problems from a purely selfish standpoint. The strike, the lockout, the boycott, are no longer incidents of daily occurrence, weapons to be called into play upon the slightest provocation arising from differences of opinion upon questions at issue. Indeed, there have been recent significant declarations of intent not to resort to such weapons to force settlements of ordinary disputes.

There is, perhaps, no feature of our industrial life which contains better presage for the future than this disposition to maintain harmony and peace, displayed by the principal factors and interests involved. It has been the subject of much approving editorial comment.

There are, of course, many causes contributing to this result. But the most potent force at work is the growing spirit of tolerance among all classes of our people. And this, in turn, reflects the definite influence of those great fraternal organizations which include in their membership men drawn from all walks and all ranks of life, and in whose associations and contacts those members learn to know each other better and to regard each other as brothers, having an infinitely greater number of common interests than of differences.

The Order of Elks has played no small part in this. It has, indeed, been an agency of peculiar force. Because of the universal appeal of its purposes and its methods of promoting them, it has attracted to its ranks a wider diversification of members than any other similar organization. Within its fold are men of differing faiths, material interests, social classes, political views, and educational attainments. And under its fraternal influences these are drawn into associations that lead them to think less and less of these differences and more and more of the objects and purposes,

and the broader obligations of life, upon which they are united.

In such circumstances it is natural that artificial barriers between them will melt away; that they will come to realize more clearly the worth and dignity of their associates, to understand better their respective view-points and the reasons for them. In other words, it is in such fraternal associations that the spirit of tolerance, the great need of mankind, is most effectively fostered and promoted.

It is no empty boast to assert that the Order of Elks has contributed most substantially to the better conditions that are apparent. It is no vain prophecy to predict that it will continue to exert a potent influence toward a constantly improving condition in industrial relations, as in other relations of life. It is a service in which the Order may well feel a keen pride.

THIS IS THE LIFE

THE words of the old cabaret song, but with a totally different meaning, may well caption the expression of a thought prompted by the impressive address of Commander Evangeline Booth, of the Salvation Army, before the American Legion, at its overseas Convention in Paris. In speaking of the important realities of existence and of human obligation, she said:

"Some people are very much interested in the life of the past. They believe in reincarnation. Some people are only interested in the life of the future. They know exactly the location, government, needs of living, etc., of the Better World. Some are very much taken up with how they came to be alive at all, and devote all their time and energies and gifts to investigation of the mystery. But God holds us responsible for the life that is. The life of the present. And this is the one accounting that He compels all men to render."

There are a very sound philosophy and a very good religion in that. And it is very definitely and peculiarly the philosophy of Elkhood, and the only religion it recognizes.

Elks do not, as such, trouble themselves over-much with questions of whence or whither. They are concerned with this life and the living of it in such manner as to contribute most effectively



to the welfare of humanity, and thus to the sum of human happiness. And they have learned that such living is not only a matter of duty but one of personal happiness as well; for no man is truly happy who lives for himself alone.

The great question of what particular form and character of future existence awaits us, or if any at all be in store, very naturally presents itself to thoughtful people everywhere. They reach different conclusions about it, of course. But Elks are content in the comfortable faith that if this life be lived so that it be truly well with us here, it will be well with us there, wherever "there" may be. This is the life that really concerns us.

STILL SERVING

"Physiologists claim the body renews itself every seven years. . . . May one not become more moderate, kind and tolerant with the weaknesses, sicknesses and failings of his fellow man, when the years develop one's reason and judgment, increasing the control of, as well as softening, the harsh spirit, and bringing out the sweetness of a dormant heart? Can there be anything greater than to live out the allotted threescore and ten, and to change for the better every seven years, creating a personality better and more attractive than the one preceding?"

THE quotation is from a letter written, on his seventy-second birthday, by a brother who has been a resident at the Elks National Home for more than ten years. And, as it happens, the fine spirit it displays, the splendid philosophy it embodies, were not affected as a basis for empty platitudes. The writer's life at the Home has been a sincere translation of his expressed sentiments into his daily deportment.

One who has adopted for himself that ideal of spiritual development, and strives to live up to it, is serving his fellow men according to the noblest teachings of our Order, whether he be one of its highest dignitaries, active in all the associations of life, or merely an humble member withdrawn to the quiet haven of its fraternal sanctuary.

It would add little to the force of this comment to name the brother referred to. It would, perhaps, be distasteful to him. But this deserved tribute is paid to him as a loyal and faithful Elk, who, despite his years and circumstances, is still on the right end of the line of fraternal service.

A REAL SHRINE

SCARCE a week passes during which there is not brought to notice some fresh evidence of the growing public interest in the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building. Artists, critics, editors, special writers, and laymen, in increasing numbers, are giving public expression to their impressions of it. And it is gratifying to note that as yet the swelling chorus of appreciation and praise has not been marred by a single note of adverse criticism.

The majesty of its design, the beauty of its interior, its magnificent art features, and the nobility of its purpose make a universal appeal. As was said of it in a recent issue of Chicago Commerce, it "has not its like in America, nor even perhaps in older and more artistic Europe. . . . Throughout this memorial building, with not a thing done that is not well and artistically done, appears the hand-work of workers who, having devotion and conscience, built the temple."

It is fast becoming a real patriotic and fraternal shrine, thus justifying the faith in which it was conceived and builded. And every member of the Order who can do so should visit this memorial. They will be fully repaid in the pleasure they will derive from the contemplation of its beauty; and in the very atmosphere which already pervades it their fraternal and patriotic loyalty and devotion will be rekindled into brighter flame.

THE TRAINING OF BOYS

IN AN editorial headed "Junior Elks" in our October, 1927, issue appeared the following statement: "There is no organization of national scope that is seeking to continue the training in useful citizenship of boys who have passed the boy-scout age, although the need for such training would seem to be obvious."

It has been called to our attention by the Supreme Secretary of the Knights of Columbus that that organization is doing such work. We are glad to have this information and wish here to disclaim any desire to seek honor for the Order of Elks at the expense of any other organizations.

The Order of Elks knows that there is plenty of room for the labors of all the beneficent bodies in the country. We do not pretend to a monopoly of good deeds. We are anxious only to do our share.

1928 Grand Lodge Convention in Miami, Florida

Bulletin No. 1

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

Greetings!

MIAMI, Florida, Lodge, No. 948, will have the distinction of being the farthest south Lodge ever to entertain a meeting of the Grand Lodge when the annual reunion takes place next year, July 9 to 13, inclusive. Miami is in the heart of the tropics of America, 366 miles south of Jacksonville, on the east coast of the Florida peninsula, and is the most southern city on the mainland of the United States. It is situated on Bay Biscayne, and is linked with the Atlantic Ocean at Miami Beach by two wide and landscaped causeways. Miami Elks feel that the setting for the 1928 reunion furnishes a spot of unique tropical beauty in the shadow of a thoroughly metropolitan city of great hotels, apartment houses, and colorful homes.

In presenting the invitation at the Cincinnati Convention last year, the Miami delegation emphasized the alluring location of Miami and its accessibility by sea and land, and dwelt at length on the pleasurable qualities of the summer climate, and more particularly regarding weather conditions in July.

Climate

U. S. Weather Bureau facts and figures as compiled by Richard W. Gray, in charge of the government weather bureau at Miami, were presented. These weather bureau records cited the fact that no extremely high temperature ever had been recorded in July, the absolute maximum for that month during the thirty years that the Miami weather bureau has been in operation being 96 degrees, and this for once only on the 20th of July, 1902. The lowest temperature ever recorded in Miami during July was 67 degrees, on July 10, 1917.

Weather-bureau records also show that the sun shines much of the time, and, in fact, that Miami has an average of 359 days every year during which at some time the sun shines. Showers may be expected, but at most they are intermittent and skies quickly clear.

In his annual meteorological survey for 1926, Mr. Gray says:

"Miami has a moderate, tropical, marine climate. During the summer months it is only slightly affected by continental influences, and the climate is practically the same as that of the Bahamas and West Indies. The vegetation is tropical; the coconut palm, royal palm, mango, pineapple, banana and other tropical trees and plants grow prolifically. Excessively high temperatures during the summer months do not occur. The average number of days per year with temperatures of 90 degrees or above is five. There is no record of a heat prostration ever having occurred in Miami.

Dense fogs are of rare occurrence, there being an average of about two a year, and these without exception are dissipated during the early morning hours. East and southeast winds prevail during the summer months, the average hourly velocity being less than nine miles an hour. The absence of extremes of temperature, the almost unbroken procession of days with sunshine and the prevailing ocean winds all combine to give* to Miami an exceptionally favorable climate. Surf bathing is enjoyed throughout the entire year."

Ample Accommodations Assured

Those who attend the Miami convention in July are assured of ample hotel accommodation at guaranteed rates that are moderate and

food at prices that also will be regulated. The Miami Elks Committee in charge of this phase of the convention has already taken definite steps, the hotels having signed binding agreements to have in force fair rates, and the restaurants and café owners are also signing up, so that there will be no possibility whatever of extortionate rates for living expenses. The binding contracts signed with the hotels and apartments of the Greater Miami district call for rates ranging from \$3 to \$5 a room for one person and \$4 to \$8 for two persons. These rates are to apply during the time of the Elks convention. Hotels will be operated on the European plan.

In the Greater Miami District there are 136 hotels with capacities from 600 rooms down to fifty rooms, more than 1,200 apartment houses

Grand Exalted Ruler and Board of Grand Trustees Approve Convention Plans

FOLLOWING an all-day conference of the Grand Exalted Ruler, the Grand Secretary and the Board of Grand Trustees with the Miami Committee in charge of the arrangements for the 1928 Grand Lodge Convention, Grand Exalted Ruler Malley wired the following to THE ELKS MAGAZINE:

"We are pleased with the tentative plans and believe the enthusiasm here will assure us the most successful convention in the history of the Elks. We are highly pleased with the arrangements made for the entertainment program and feel that all visitors to Miami will find pleasure and profit in the trip. It is reasonable to suppose that there will be not less than 40,000 Elks here. We have approved the tentative program as presented by the Miami Elks and selected the hotel that will be the headquarters of the national Grand Lodge."

and hundreds of furnished bungalows and homes. Miami hotels and apartment buildings are comparable in every way with those of any resort or convention city in the world and in many ways they can not be equaled elsewhere. There are mammoth modern hotels stretched along Bay Front Park on the shore of Biscayne Bay; others on the beach, still others including the great Miami-Biltmore at Coral Gables, and, in fact, they are to be found in all parts of the Greater Miami District. Electric lines, fast rapid-transit service with the beach and Coral Gables, innumerable through paved streets, and a system of de luxe buses assure ample transportation in the Greater Miami area. Miami Chamber of Commerce figures show that Miami can accommodate 100,000 visitors at one time.

Transportation Facilities

Miami is served by two trunk-line railroads, the Florida East Coast, which is double-

tracked all the way from Jacksonville, and the Seaboard Air Line, which completed its extension to Miami about a year ago, and has since maintained a schedule of great and luxurious passenger-trains, furnishing direct through service from New York. The F. E. C. has through trains from New York, making the trip in thirty-three and one-half hours, and comparatively fast trains from Chicago and other northern points. Both the F. E. C. and S. A. L. have announced definite preparation for handling the convention crowd, and assure plenty of parking space for Pullmans, and that the visitors will be handled promptly and comfortably. Both these transportation companies are issuing special booklets advertising the Miami convention and outlining their promised services. In addition to railroad transportation, Miami is also reached by fleets of modern, fast, palatial steamships. Sailings are made from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, and Jacksonville. The Clyde Line operates the luxurious liners *Shannon* and *Iroquois*, said to be the finest of all coastwise vessels flying the American flag, and which were built at a cost of \$5,000,000. They have a speed of twenty knots an hour and will accommodate 500 first and 200 second cabin passengers. The Merchants and Miners Company operates the palatial *Berkshire* and its sister ship, the *Dorchester*, the latter being a year old. The Baltimore and Carolina Line operates ships the year round from Philadelphia and Baltimore, with accommodations for automobiles, as in the case of the other lines mentioned. There are also ships operated to Havana by the Clyde Line and to Nassau by the Munson Line. At Miami there are fleets of power boats for charter, in which may be made trips to Bimini, Nassau, or through the Keys. Still smaller boats in endless array are available for deep-sea fishing.

Good Roads for Motorists

For those who wish to motor to Miami, there is a system of hard-surfaced roads leading into Florida and lacing the peninsula with Miami as a main focal point. During the last few years, Florida has paved her main highway arteries and many laterals, so that smooth, safe trips may be made. State law permits a speed of forty-five miles in the country. Leading down the east coast is the famous Dixie Highway, paved clear from Miami to the Redland tropical tree and citrus-fruit district, and thence to Homestead and Florida City. The world famous Tamiami Trail from Tampa across the Everglades to Miami will have been completed and in full operation in time for the Elks Convention in July, according to an official bulletin from the Florida State Road Department. Another picturesque highway is the Oversea Road for autos, being completed from Miami to Key West. Key West is but ninety miles from Havana, Cuba.

The motorist will find his trip to Miami and throughout Florida one of unending delight and comfort.

Entertainment Assured

Miami, which has been heralded as the playground of the world, offers diversions in an unusual abundance. This fact has prompted the convention entertainment committee to outline a program which it is hoped will hit a new high mark in the annals of Elks conventions. Full advantage will be taken of the possibilities for water sports in the surf, and one of the big features will be a midnight bathing party, when it is expected more than 50,000 persons will line the seashore for a distance of two miles under an array of colored lights, with many jazz bands playing while thousands of merry-makers dance. In addition to the usual Elks parade, pageants and festivities, there will be

night demonstrations on Biscayne Bay of illuminated water craft, and for three nights there will be fireworks.

Jai Alai (pronounced Hi-a-li), the fast Spanish ball game, probably will be arranged for the delegates, as Miami has one of the finest and most spectacular frontons, a large structure in which the game is played, to be found anywhere and erected at a cost of nearly a million dollars. Here, too, are the greyhound tracks and many other diversions peculiar to Miami.

Picturesque and alluring night clubs will be operated for those who care for them, and some of these are gorgeous and attractive, as only they can be amid the luxuriant foliage of this tropical paradise.

Another attraction peculiar to Miami will be auto tours to the Redlands district, where will be found tropical fruits, shrubs, flowers, jungle masses and groves of oranges, grapefruit, avocados and mangos.

Then there are the various casinos, country clubs and pools. The Roney Casino on the beach, which has been the rendezvous of the elite for several years, the recently constructed Deauville Casino, patterned with elaborate detail after the

French resort, the Mediterranean-type country club at Coral Gables, the gem-like Venetian Pool at Coral Gables, and other attractions along this line are certain to be popular with convention visitors.

Program Being Arranged

Under authority vested in an executive committee of ten, detailed work of preparing for the convention is going forward. Convention headquarters have been opened in the Shoreland Arcade, and fifty-five active committees have been appointed. Judge David J. Heffernan is Chairman of the executive committee, and this committee in turn has caused to be incorporated the Miami Elks National Convention Association; the officers of the executive committee serving as officers of the association, while the members of the executive committee form the board of directors of the association. This group of men meet each week, and a concrete workable organization has been effected. A director of publicity has been appointed with the result that Miami and outside newspapers, and other publications, even at this early date, are devoting unusual space to the Miami convention.

An Elks Army Being Formed

A plan has been launched for forming an Army of Elks to march on and capture Miami on the opening day of the convention; this army being organized in each State and Alaska under the direction of State generals working under a Commander-in-chief, yet to be named, but who will be a national character. The general of each State in turn will name colonels throughout the State and the colonels will appoint their majors, captains, and lieutenants. It is proposed that this army, colors flying, drums beating, and bugles sounding, mass in the Bay Front Park at Miami, where appropriate ceremonies of capitulation by the city will take place.

In Florida, David Sholtz, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, of Daytona Beach, has been named general, and he has appointed his colonels, and reports received by him are so favorable that he estimates that the army of Florida will be not less than 3,000.

L. F. McCREADY,

Secretary Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948.

Member Elks National Convention Executive Committee



West Palm Beach Lodge Dedicates New Home

Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and Many Other Grand Lodge Officers Attend Impressive Ceremonies

HEADED by Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, the largest delegation of Grand Lodge officers ever assembled in Florida took part in the impressive dedicatory services of the beautiful, newly-completed Home of West Palm Beach Lodge, No. 1352, on December 8th.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. F. McCready, of Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948, presided as Grand Exalted Ruler, with Grand Trustee Edward Cotter, as Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, Grand Trustee Ralph Hagan, as Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney, as Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harold Colee, as Grand Esquire, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry Bethel, as Grand Inner Guard, and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Past Grand Ex-

alted Ruler as Grand Secretary. Grand Trustee Clyde Jennings also attended the services.

Grand Exalted Ruler Malley was introduced by Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight David Sholtz. In an inspiring talk, the Grand Exalted Ruler emphasized the principles to which the Order is dedicated, and complimented the local Lodge on its attractive Home.

The spacious Lodge room on the third floor of the building was crowded to capacity with members of No. 1352, and visiting Elks from Fort Lauderdale, Miami, and Lake Worth Lodges.

The new Home of West Palm Beach Lodge is three stories in height, and equipped with all the features that go to make a real Elk building. On the first floor are the club rooms, with writing desks for the convenience of visitors, the bowling alleys and pool tables. The second floor, with its

mezzanine balconies on all sides, is being equipped for operation as a modern, up-to-date restaurant. The third floor is devoted entirely to the Lodge room. Sixty feet wide by ninety feet long, it is the largest in Florida. The roof garden, with its wonderful dance floor, affords every opportunity to enjoy the beautiful Florida moonlight and the balmy breezes. The Home is situated at the corner of Fourth Street and Olive Avenue, overlooking lovely Lake Worth. From the roof, the deep blue waters of the Atlantic, the graceful palms and luxurious homes of world-famous Palm Beach seem but an arm's length.

Great preparations are being made by the members of West Palm Beach Lodge for the entertainment of their visiting brothers on the way to and from the Grand Lodge Convention at Miami next July.



Candidates for Grand Lodge Office

THREE subordinate Lodges have announced their endorsement of candidates for three Grand Lodge offices to be elected at the Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Miami, Fla., next July.

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge Presents J. Edgar Masters For Grand Secretary

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, announces the candidacy of J. Edgar Masters for the office of Grand Secretary at the election to be held by the Grand Lodge at its Convention in Miami, Fla., next July.

Mr. Masters became a member of Charleroi Lodge in 1903, since which time he has attended every Grand Lodge session. He was elected Exalted Ruler in 1908 and was Representative to the Grand Lodge in 1909. In 1911-12 he served as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee. He was elected a Grand Trustee in 1915 and was Chairman of the Board for three years of his term. In 1920-21 he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. In 1922

he was elected Grand Exalted Ruler. And, since September, 1927, he has been serving as Grand Secretary under appointment of Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley.

Mr. Masters has been Treasurer of his home county of Washington, Pennsylvania, for the past four years and is President of the Southwestern Pennsylvania State Normal School Board.

Mexico, Mo., Lodge Presents Fred A. Morris For Grand Treasurer

Mexico, Mo., Lodge, No. 919, announces that it will present Grand Treasurer Fred A. Morris as a candidate for re-election at the 1928 Grand Lodge Convention.

Mr. Morris was a charter member of his Lodge and was elected its Exalted Ruler three times, and was elected its Exalted Ruler three times, beginning his first term in 1910. He has served twice as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Missouri, East, in 1911-12 and 1914-15. He was elected Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight in 1921 and Grand Esteemed Leading Knight in 1922. He served on the Grand Lodge Big

Brother Committee in 1918, the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare in 1919-20 and 1920-21 and was appointed Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials in 1924. He was the first President of the Missouri State Elks Association. In 1926 Mr. Morris was first elected Grand Treasurer, and was re-elected in 1927.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge Presents John K. Burch For Grand Trustee

Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, presents John K. Burch as a candidate for the office of Grand Trustee at the Grand Lodge Convention in Miami.

Mr. Burch was elected Exalted Ruler of Grand Rapids Lodge for three successive terms. He was Representative to the Grand Lodge in 1914, 1915, and 1916. He served as a Trustee of his Lodge for eight years and has been active in the Michigan State Elks Association. In 1923 Mr. Burch was elected Grand Treasurer, an office to which he was twice re-elected, in 1924 and in 1925.



Grand Exalted Ruler Dedicates Home of Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge

IN THE presence of Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and many distinguished members of the Order, the handsome new Home of Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge, No. 920, was dedicated a short time ago with ceremonies conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. James F. Clark, assisted by members of the Lodge. The 500 seats in the auditorium of the new building were filled for the services, which were simple and impressive. Mr. Malley's speech was a stirring and inspiring one, and the Grand Exalted Ruler was cheered to the echo upon its completion. Following the dedication program a banquet was served in the new Home, at which Past Exalted Ruler Edward J. Bigoness acted as toastmaster. Among the speakers were prominent city and State officials, and members of the Order, including Mr. Malley, E. Mark Sullivan, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and Secretary Jeremiah J. Hourin, of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, and Exalted Ruler John W. Baldwin of Pawtucket Lodge. Among the well-known visitors were Andrew J. Casey, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler and the four Massachusetts District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, Thomas J. Brady, James E. Donnelly, Thomas E. McCaffrey and Isidore W. Smith. The new Home, described and pictured in these pages following its cornerstone laying, is in the heart of the city's business section. The basement has bowling alleys, pool and billiard rooms, lounge, showers, kitchens, store rooms and the heating plant. On the first floor there are five stores. The second floor contains the Lodge room, 48 x 78 feet. This room is provided with a stage 18 feet deep and 24 feet long, equipped with dressing-rooms. There is also a motion-picture projection booth in this room. The second floor also has a reception room and ladies' parlor. Adjoining these are special rooms for use of committees, and for the officers of the Lodge. A large library is a feature of this floor. The third floor has a colonnade running on the Exchange and Montgomery streets sides, 18 feet wide, which may be used for small private parties. Of Italian Renaissance design, the building is a most distinctive addition to the architecture of the city.

Coshocton, Ohio, Lodge Honors Its Winning Ritualistic Team

Coshocton, Ohio, Lodge, No. 376, recently held one of the most enjoyable meetings in its history. The program opened with a banquet at 6:30. This was followed by ritual work in charge of the Coshocton Ritualistic Team. The program was brought to a close, after the Lodge meeting, by a number of vaudeville acts. The banquet was arranged in honor of the Coshocton Ritualistic Team which won the John G. Price trophy at Cedar Point during the meeting of the Ohio State Elks Association last August. The trophy was won through an elimination contest with other representative teams from Ohio, and Coshocton Lodge is justly proud of the team which was returned the winner.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price of Columbus, Ohio, the donor of the trophy, was present at the meeting and gave one of his

characteristically inspiring talks. In addition to Mr. Price, Coshocton was honored by the presence of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. C. Andreas of New Philadelphia, Ohio, Lodge, No. 510.

Des Plaines, Ill., Lodge Votes To Purchase Own Home

Members of Des Plaines, Ill., Lodge, No. 1526, voted unanimously a short time ago to purchase the house and property at the end of Mannheim Road and Perry Street for a Lodge Home. The plot, 300 x 135 feet, is to be handsomely landscaped, and the installation of a tennis court, putting greens, a practice tee, and an indoor baseball diamond, has been discussed. The eleven-room house will be entirely redecorated and a new roof and a 30 x 50-foot glassed-in porch added. The members were hopeful, at the time of writing, to move in about the middle of December.

Cordova, Alaska, Lodge Gives Party on Opening New Home

Members of Cordova, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1483, recently gave a large housewarming to celebrate the opening of their attractive new Home. Music, dancing and a banquet for the

Make Reservations at Once for Elks Magazine Cruise

ON February 11, 1928, the *S. S. Megantic* will sail from New York on the Second Elks Magazine Cruise. You should make your arrangements to go now.

The cruise membership is limited to 480 passengers—Elks, their families and their friends—and remembering the great success of the first cruise, last year, Elks from all over the country are now eagerly making their reservations.

For the second cruise, under the management of James Boring's Travel Service, Inc., the *Megantic* has been chartered. She is the most popular vessel for tropic travel, and offers every conceivable comfort feature. And the date of the cruise—February 11 to March 3—is more convenient than the earlier date of the first one.

The cruise will take you, at the most unpleasant stage of our own winter, into the glorious warmth and sunshine of the West Indies, Panama and Caribbean South America, visiting some of the most romantic spots in the new world.

For further information fill in and mail the coupon on the inside of the back cover of this issue.

visitors were some of the features of the program. The new Home is ideally situated and planned. The big Lodge room is so arranged that it can be converted into a ball-room. Its fine maple-wood floor covers an area of 60 x 75 feet. A club room 30 x 75 feet is another feature of this Home, which is furnished throughout in the best of taste.

Cordova Lodge has been giving a series of benefit entertainments which have added a tidy sum to its charity fund. The Lodge also sponsors baseball and basketball teams, each of which is a championship holder.

Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge Sponsors Armistice Day Observance

Under the auspices of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, an impressive observance of Armistice Day was held throughout the city. At 11 A. M. three hundred buglers, recruited by the Lodge from Boy Scout troops, R. O. T. Cs., military schools and other organizations, sounded Taps at all the important street intersections, while radio stations broadcast the call over the State, and traffic, both pedestrian and vehicular, stopped for one minute in tribute to the nation's war dead. It was a deeply impressive observance of the occasion, perfectly planned and executed.

Bend, Ore., Lodge Initiates A Record Class

Forty-four candidates, members of the largest class ever taken into Bend, Ore., Lodge, No. 1371, were formally initiated recently with impressive ceremonies. The initiation was conducted before the greatest assembly of Elks ever gathered in the Home, representatives from many Western Lodges being present. Following the ceremonies, a sumptuous luncheon was served to the new members and guests.

Bellingham, Wash., Lodge to Build Half-Million-Dollar Home

Within the year, Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 194, will start work on a new half-million-dollar Home to be erected in the center of the city's business district. The new building will contain Lodge and club quarters, a hotel section, a large auditorium, swimming-pool and bowling alleys and, on the street level, a number of stores.

Special Meeting is Held By Bartlesville, Okla., Lodge

Bartlesville, Okla., Lodge, No. 1060, recently held a special meeting under dispensation from the Grand Exalted Ruler to initiate a large class of candidates. The initiatory work was conducted by the officers of Tulsa, Okla., Lodge, No. 946, and was done in an exceptionally efficient manner. P. B. Bostic, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, paid his official visit at this meeting. He gave an instructive talk about the workings of the Grand Lodge Committees and called especial attention to the report of the Social and Community Welfare Committee.

After the meeting there was a social session and a banquet. There were a number of visitors present from the nearby Lodges, which helped to swell the large attendance.

Lodge Officers of Pennsylvania S. E. District Meet at Reading

Called by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William T. Ramsey, the meeting of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the Lodges

of Pennsylvania Southeast in the Home of Reading Lodge, No. 115, was a great success. The primary purpose of the gathering was to foster closer acquaintance, but the visitors were also privileged to hear Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, who spoke of the progress of the Order. H. T. Koch, Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, was another who addressed the assemblage, and at his suggestion those present were invited to meet with the Past Exalted Rulers of the district association at their coming session.

Mid-Winter Meeting of Oregon State Elks Association at Portland

The annual mid-winter meeting of the Oregon State Elks Association was held a short time ago in the Home of Portland Lodge, No. 142. Some fifty Secretaries and Past Exalted Rulers made up the assemblage of delegates who discussed plans for raising funds to equip a floor in the Doernbecher Hospital for Crippled Children, and listened to a report from Astoria Lodge, No. 180, on its plans for the entertainment next summer of the annual convention of the State Association. The principal address of the occasion was made by C. C. Colt, President of the Doernbecher Hospital Fund, and other speeches were made by District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers E. M. Page and Connie J. Grabb. At the close of the meeting an elaborate banquet was served the delegates at which Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan acted as toastmaster.

Agana, Guam, Lodge Presents Flag to Island School

The third flag to be presented to an Island school by Agana, Guam, Lodge, No. 1281, was given into the custody of the children of the Price School some time ago. The formal presentation was made by Exalted Ruler James H. Underwood. A large number of persons, including the Governor of the Island, Captain L. S. Shapley, U. S. N., a life member of Annapolis, Md., Lodge, No. 622, Mrs. Shapley, and a number of officials were in attendance on the interesting occasion. Following the acceptance of the flag by the Principal, the school children performed a Flag Drill, and the colors were raised. The program had been arranged by Chaplain W. R. Hall, U. S. N., head of the Island's Department of Education and a member of Agana Lodge, and the Navy Band assisted at the ceremonies.

Mangum, Okla., Lodge Continues To Show Great Progress

Mangum, Okla., Lodge, No. 1169, continues to show marked progress and activity. During the past five years it has increased its membership by more than 100 per cent. Last year the Lodge was able to buy the handsome two-story stone building which it occupies and to refurnish its Home in a most attractive way. The members take a keen interest in all departments of welfare work and have been especially successful in looking after the school children of their community. A large and successful show was staged during December which will enable the Lodge to carry on its charitable activities on an even larger scale. Mangum Lodge is looking forward to the annual convention of the Oklahoma State Elks Association which will meet in its city September 2-4. Plans have already been started to assure the success of this important event.

Somerset, Ky., Lodge Active In Community Affairs

Somerset, Ky., Lodge, No. 1021, is extremely active in all departments. It is growing fast and is the center of community activities. The Lodge supports all worthy enterprises, and cooperates with other organizations in any movement for the betterment of the town and county. Recently the Lodge sponsored a home talent play, "Rose of Tokio," that netted a tidy sum. The money was donated to the high school athletic association, to the Gibson playground, and to charity.

The Home is the social center of the city and there are regular dances and card parties—not



The recently dedicated Home of Fremont, Neb. Lodge, No. 514

only for members, but for invited guests as well. The Lodge is co-operating with the Chamber of Commerce, Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs in a drive for funds to provide a "White Way," and is one of the largest contributors to the cause.

Centralia, Ill., Lodge Initiates Large Class of Candidates

Centralia, Ill., Lodge, No. 493, recently initiated a large class of candidates at a meeting that was exceedingly well attended. The well-known Ritualistic Team of Lawrenceville, Ill., Lodge, No. 1208, conducted the ceremony in a most satisfactory way. Among the distinguished members of the Order present on this gala occasion were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell; Dr. C. D. Midkiff, President of the Illinois State Elks Association; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. E. Simons.

Shreveport, La., Lodge Supports Excellent Band

The band of Shreveport, La., Lodge, No. 122, is one of its most active and helpful organizations. It takes a prominent part in all social and Lodge functions and plays at various civic gatherings. Recently it rendered a most enjoyable Sunday morning concert to the congregation of the Central Christian Church. The Lodge is proud of the band, and is planning to send it to Miami for the Grand Lodge Convention next July.

Somerville, Mass., Lodge Stages Delightful Musical Show

"The Spotlight Revue" was the title of a delightful musical comedy and minstrel show presented recently by members of Somerville, Mass., Lodge, No. 917, in which more than two-score of members and young ladies participated. The performance was held on three consecutive nights in the Elks auditorium. The show was a big success and was well-attended by hundreds of people from this city and elsewhere.

The Lodge is now holding tournaments in bowling, billiards and pool at its home quarters, with several of the neighboring fraternal societies competing in these events.

Following the close of its Lodge meetings, the entertainment committee of which Waldo D. Phelps, Past Exalted Ruler, is chairman, provides a lecture or some other form of entertainment. These activities are greatly appreciated and are an inducement for the members to visit the Lodge regularly.

Knights of Columbus Officer Honored at Banquet

Members of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, celebrated Armistice Day this year by a banquet and reception to their fellow member Martin H. Carmody, recently elected Supreme

Grand Knight of the Knights of Columbus. The banquet was attended by approximately five hundred members. Past Grand Treasurer John K. Burch was toastmaster, and the Reverend Father Dunnigan, former Chaplain of the 32nd Division, together with Byron O. Smith, President of the Michigan State Elks Association were the speakers of the evening. Mr. Carmody set forth the common purposes of the B. P. O. E. and the K. of C., and spoke of the work done by these organizations during the World War, and their many charitable activities.

Grand Rapids Lodge gave this reception as a token of their esteem and good wishes for the continued success of the Knights of Columbus under Mr. Carmody's able leadership.

New Home of Chicago Heights Lodge Center for Civic Activities

Since moving into their new Home last spring, Chicago Heights Ill., Lodge, No. 1066, has been the nucleus of many civic and social affairs. Among the outstanding events have been a rallying dinner given to members and coach of the Township High School football team, several dances, two boxing matches and a dinner to the directors of the Chamber of Commerce and the Manufacturers' Association, two leading business organizations which are considering the question of consolidation.

Sandusky, Ohio, Lodge Holds Large Initiation

In its redecorated Lodge room Sandusky, Ohio, Lodge, No. 285, recently initiated a record class of sixty-seven candidates and afterwards entertained them at a social session. This class, which was named in honor of Michael R. Herb, a Past Exalted Ruler, brings the Lodge's membership to the highest peak in its history. The Lodge is very active in charitable work and is maintaining a Boy Scout troop.

District Deputy John E. Regan Visits Red Wing, Minn., Lodge

More than 200 members of Red Wing, Minn., Lodge, No. 845, turned out to greet District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John E. Regan on the occasion of his official visit to the Lodge. Starting at 6:30 with a banquet and musical entertainment, the program progressed to a meeting and initiation followed by a delightful social session. In his address to the members Mr. Regan complimented them on the spirit and activities of their Lodge, making special mention of the proficiency of the officers.

Milton, Pa., Lodge Buys Share In Local Industry

When the Milton Manufacturing Company of Milton, Pa., was being reorganized, the member-



State Champion Ritual Team of Coshocton, Ohio, Lodge, No. 376, wins the Price Cup

ship of Milton Lodge, No. 913, instructed the Trustees to purchase a large share of the first preferred stock of the new company. This action was taken as a means of assuring the continuance of the plant in Milton, of which it has been the real life for many years. Fearing that, should it be sold to outside interests, it might be removed from the town, the Lodge, together with a number of prominent citizens, took this effective and important step as a community measure.

Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge to Greet Travelers to Grand Lodge Convention

Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge, No. 221, in keeping with its reputation as "The Gate City of Florida," has organized a membership patrol with band escort which will welcome all Elks who may arrive in its city en route to Miami for the Grand Lodge Convention next July. A committee will also be appointed to meet all delegates at the railroad depot and those who have time between train connections will be shown the sights of the city and taken to the handsome Home of the Lodge.

Cocoa, Fla., Lodge Looking After Health of City's Children

Cocoa, Fla., Lodge, No. 1532, the "baby" Lodge of the State, is active in many departments. In addition to caring for needy families at Thanksgiving and Christmas, the Lodge is taking a keen interest in the boys and girls of its community. It is raising a fund to equip a gymnasium for them where they may get healthy exercise and have a meeting place where they can play under proper supervision.

Raymond, Wash., Lodge Celebrates Its Fifteenth Anniversary

Raymond, Wash., Lodge, No. 1292, observed the fifteenth anniversary of its institution and the receipt of its charter a short time ago. A committee of Past Exalted Rulers, headed by Claude House, was in charge of the program. The regular monthly initiation was conducted by the Lodge officers under the supervision of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis Shattuck of Vancouver Lodge, No. 823, who was making his official visitation to the Lodge. Present at the occasion were nine of the Past Exalted Rulers, led by the first to fill this station, C. F. Cathcart, and more than 150 members and visitors. The out-of-town Elks were welcomed by Exalted Ruler John J. Langenbach. Russell V. Mack, Exalted Ruler of Aberdeen Lodge, No. 593, made an inspiring address

on the ideals of the Order, and Mr. Shattuck outlined the plans of the Grand Lodge for the coming year.

After the formal part of the program, the members adjourned to the dining room where light refreshments were served. The committee then conducted them into the Lodge room where several dance and vaudeville numbers were staged. The entertainment was eminently successful and it is now planned to hold a similar observance every year.

Some weeks later Raymond Lodge held its annual Keno Party, the proceeds of which are used for charity work at Christmas time. A substantial sum was raised.

An Excellent Opportunity for Ambitious Young Women

Many of the young women to be found in the homes to which THE ELKS MAGAZINE goes are ambitious and anxious to take up some work that is strictly worth-while. The Elizabeth General Hospital is offering another opportunity to such young women to enter the nursing field and prepare themselves for a life-work that will give satisfaction to themselves and render a great service to the community. Applications are now being received for the class to enter in February, 1928. Any young woman who is eighteen years of age and has had at least one year of high school work is eligible, and may write for further information to the Directress of Nurses, Elizabeth General Hospital, Elizabeth, N. J.

Columbus, Ohio, Lodge Organizes An Elks Luncheon Club

Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37, recently organized an Elks Luncheon Club which meets at the Elks Home every Thursday noon. Sixty-five members are now affiliated with it and the interest manifested indicates that this number will be increased greatly. Another new activity in Columbus Lodge is a Patrol or Marching Club which made an excellent showing in the parade at the annual Grand Lodge Convention in Cincinnati and at the convention of the Ohio State Elks Association at Cedar Point. The membership is now being increased and arrangements are being made to attend the Grand Lodge convention at Miami, Fla., next July.

The Columbus Elks Country Club just closed its most successful season since this property was purchased five years ago. A playground was installed which attracted many of the members with children in the family. The 18-hole golf course was improved and now ranks as one of the best in Ohio.

Escanaba, Mich., Lodge Showing Steady Membership Increase

Escanaba, Mich., Lodge, No. 354, is steadily increasing its membership and is in excellent financial condition. The Home of the Lodge was recently remodeled and refurnished, so that the members now have one of the most attractive Elk Homes in the region.

Freeland, Pa., Lodge Members Pay Visit to Hazleton Lodge

The officers of Freeland, Pa., Lodge, No. 1145, accompanied by a group of members, recently paid a visit to Hazleton, Pa., Lodge, No. 200, where they initiated a large class for their hosts. "Freeland Night" was made a special occasion by the members of No. 200, and a delightful program of entertainment was enjoyed.

Through the good offices of Freeland Lodge the disabled veterans at White Haven Sanatorium were given a special entertainment some time ago by the Orpheus Glee Club of Wilkes-Barre. The program was arranged particularly for the patients, and more than eighty singers took part in the concert.

Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge Is Active In All Its Departments

The social, charitable, and fraternal program of Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge, No. 18, is a full one. Among the most popular of the club activities are the weekly dances arranged by the Boosters' Committee. On three Saturday nights of the month they are informal parties, held in the Lodge Home, and are for Elks and their ladies only. The fourth occasion is a formal dance in the Rainbow Room of the Winton Hotel, to which members may bring men as well as women friends.

A committee is active at the present time investigating the matter of a commodious new Home, and the indications are that No. 18 will shortly start work on a new building. Another feature which has the solid support of the members is the Lodge's marching squad of 100 enthusiasts, who drill each week for an hour and a half. This group is planning a series of entertainments to raise its own funds to make the trip to the Grand Lodge Convention in Miami next July.

Cleveland Lodge is one of the most active charitable agencies in the city and stands high in the regard of the residents.

Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge Officers Play Hosts to Membership

Recently the officers of Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 12, acted as hosts to the members of the Lodge in the banquet hall of the Home. Over 1,200 members were present at the dinner given by the officers who acted as waiters to their guests. After the dinner there was an excellent vaudeville program. The evening, considered by all to be one of the most enjoyable parties ever conducted in the Home, was in charge of the Lodge's Greeters Committee of which Herman A. Early is the Chairman.

On invitation from the Veterans of Foreign Wars, over 1,000 members of No. 12, led by the eighty-five-piece Liberty band of Middletown, Pa., took part in the city's Armistice Day parade. The members were all uniformed and marched behind a large American flag. After the parade, luncheon was served at the Home to the members and their friends.

Hudson, N. Y., Lodge Celebrates Its Twenty-fifth Anniversary

With many prominent New York members of the Order present, Hudson, N. Y., Lodge, No. 787, recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. Thirty-eight charter members were the guests of honor at the banquet and festivities and among the other distinguished guests were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter H. Buchheim; William E. Drislane, Past President of the New York State Elks Association and Past Grand Trustee; William E. Fitzsimmons, Past President of the Association; Dr. J. Edward Gallico, Vice-president of the Association; and Dr. Philip Freinberg, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, who was chairman of the celebration committee.

Interesting addresses, orchestral music and entertainment features enlivened the evening, which was one of the most delightful occasions in the history of the Lodge.

"Bruce Campbell Night" at Home Of Sterling, Ill., Lodge

"Bruce Campbell Night" conducted recently at the Home of Sterling, Ill., Lodge, No. 1218, in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, was one of the most delightful meetings ever held in the Lodge rooms. Representatives from all over the State and other sections of the country were present to pay tribute to Mr. Campbell, among the distinguished members being Grand Secretary and Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters; Grand Esquire Lloyd R. Maxwell; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers W. M. Fraser and Robert N. Crawford; George W. Hasselman, Secretary of the Illinois State Elks Association; Frank C. Sullivan, Chairman of the Inter-Lodge relations committee of that body; and Assistant to the Grand Secretary Charles E. Witt. In addition many Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers of several nearby Lodges joined in honoring Mr. Campbell.

A special feature of the evening, which added much to its pleasure, was the initial appearance of the Sterling Elks Glee Club. They rendered several selections and were loudly applauded for their excellence.

Saginaw, Mich., Lodge Celebrates Home's Twentieth Anniversary

Twenty years ago the Home of Saginaw, Mich., Lodge, No. 47, was dedicated and the celebration of the anniversary of the happy occasion, held a short time ago, was one of the bright spots on the Lodge calendar. Preceding the program of speeches and reminiscences a dinner was served at which the veteran members of the Lodge were specially honored. All arrangements for this part of the evening had been made by a committee of Past Exalted Rulers who had arranged the program at the dedication services twenty years ago. Its chairman was Past Exalted Ruler Charles F. Bauer, who was serving in office at the time the Home was built. Among the out-of-town Elks who attended the celebration was a group from Detroit Lodge, No. 34, whose quartette sang a number of selections during the evening. A number of other entertainment features were interspersed among the talks of the veterans and the present officers.

Davenport, Iowa, Lodge Holds Annual Fall Ceremonial

More than 350 Elks from Davenport and surrounding cities attended the annual fall ceremonial of Davenport, Iowa, Lodge, No. 298, among the visitors being District Deputy Grand

The prize-winning Mardi Gras float of Wellsville, Ohio, Lodge, No. 1040



Exalted Ruler Clyde E. Jones, who was paying his official visit, and Dr. Charles R. Logan, President of the Iowa State Elks Association. The program started at 4:30 with a business meeting, followed at 6 o'clock by a dinner. The ceremonial was opened at 7:30 and during the Lodge session a large class was initiated, after which a stag party was held in the rathskeller of the Home, during which the winners of the Elks golf tournament, held this summer, were presented with their cups.

Geneva, N. Y., Lodge Begins Active Winter Program

Geneva, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1054, which has had a very successful summer and fall season, is now preparing for greater activities during the winter. A membership campaign is under way and large initiations will be the feature of the regular meetings. The finances of the Lodge are in excellent shape, all of the indebtedness on its beautiful Home having been recently paid off. A large party was staged a short while ago in celebration of the fact, at which the mortgage was burned.

Wichita, Kans., Lodge to Present Great Circus Production

During the week of January 16 to 21 Wichita, Kans., Lodge, No. 427, will present one of the largest circus entertainments ever brought to the Southwest. Special acts from the greatest circuses of the country have been contracted for. The Ringling, Barnum & Bailey, Sells-Floto, Hagenbeck & Wallace and John Robinson aggregations will send animals, clowns, acrobats and wire-walkers. Other features have been arranged for locally under the direction of the members of the Lodge. The affair will be known as the Elks Building Fund Circus, and the profits will be used to pay off the indebtedness on the Lodge's new Home.

Hudson, N. Y., Lodge Establishes Scholarship Fund

Hudson, N. Y., Lodge, No. 787, at a recent regular meeting adopted a resolution establishing an "Education Fund" to be used in assisting graduates of the county high schools to secure advanced education. The plan provides for placing each year to the credit of the "Trustees of Education Fund" a stipulated sum, which will be paid to an approved student in three instalments, the Trustees being the Exalted Ruler, Secretary and Treasurer holding office. One such student is now being assisted.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Elks Entertain Visiting Delegations

Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, played host a short time ago to groups of members from two nearby Lodges, Muskegon, No. 274, and Holland, No. 1315. Headed by their Exalted Rulers, the visitors were welcomed to the regular meeting of Grand Rapids Lodge, during which the Muskegon officers initiated a class for Holland Lodge. A buffet supper served for hosts and guests was greatly enjoyed.

New York, N. Y., Lodge's Annual Charity Ball a Great Success

With an attendance well above the average, the annual charity ball of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, held last month at the Commodore Hotel, has been written into the history of the Mother Lodge as one more splendid success. With many members and officers of the Grand Lodge and of the Subordinate Lodges of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut present in addition to No. 1's own representation, the occasion was representative of the Order as a whole. Boxes were taken by the many committees of New York Lodge and by several theatrical and social clubs of the city, as well as by private parties. Among the features of the evening was an old-fashioned grand march, led by Hon. Murray Hulbert, Chairman of the ball committee and Justice of the Grand Forum. Among the distinguished Elks who followed Mr. Hulbert and his partner were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, James R. Nicholson and John G. Price. Another special event was the appearance of the uniformed color guard of Fidelity Post of the American Legion, the all-Elk post sponsored by No. 1, as the combined orchestras played Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever."

Work of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge Featured by Newspaper

In a long, ably written feature story printed in the New Brunswick *Sunday Times*, is an outline of the splendid work of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, among the crippled children of Middlesex County. New Brunswick Lodge's contribution to this great humanitarian work is outstanding even in a State noted for its efforts in this direction and its activities have often been reported in these pages. Nearly 550 unfortunate children have received treatment at the clinics held under its auspices since the work was started. During the year ending November 1, 1927, two hundred and forty



The attractive, spacious Home which is owned by Yankton, S. D., Lodge, No. 994

youngsters were treated. The clinics are held on alternate days of the week at St. Peter's General Hospital and the Middlesex General Hospital, to each of which the Lodge has contributed \$10,000 for the erection and equipment of special quarters for crippled cases. The clinics are conducted by the hospital staffs, while the Lodge employs as field secretary a trained nurse whose duty it is to act as "liaison officer" between the clinics and the patients and their families.

Funds for this work are largely raised by the Lodge at an elaborate annual production of an "Elks Frolic" which, this season, took place on November 21 and 22.

Illinois Northeast District to Hold Great Initiation Next Month

The Illinois Northeast District Elks Association will hold a great joint initiation in January in Chicago. All the Lodges in the district have been hard at work for weeks securing applications, and the occasion promises to be one of great importance. The ceremony will be conducted in the enormous Aragon ball-room, and it is expected that Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and a number of other Grand Lodge officers and committee members will be present.

Mansfield, Ohio, Lodge Celebrates Forty-first Birthday

Mansfield, Ohio, Lodge, No. 56, celebrated its forty-first birthday last month with a special program befitting the occasion, and with entertainment of many kinds as well as ceremonial features. No. 56 is thoughtful and active in welfare work in its jurisdiction, its latest contribution being the construction of a dam on the grounds of the Children's Home which provides the youngsters with a skating rink in winter and a swimming and boating pond in summer. On Armistice Day the dam was formally presented to the Home in the presence of many members and officials.

District Deputy Cavanaugh Visits Cripple Creek, Colo., Lodge

Paying his official visit to Cripple Creek, Colo., Lodge, No. 316, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas Cavanaugh was greeted by a large and enthusiastic turn-out of members. Upon his arrival Mr. Cavanaugh, and Exalted Ruler Harold D. Hahnenkratt and Esteemed Leading Knight Funk of his Home Lodge, Florence, No. 611, who accompanied him, were the guests of Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Frank J. Busch at a dinner for the visitors and the Past Exalted Rulers of Cripple Creek Lodge in the Busch home. The meeting which followed was distinguished by the large attendance and by the excellent exemplification of the initiatory ritual by the officers. Mr. Cavanaugh's speech was heartily applauded by his audience. At the close of the meeting a buffet supper was served, after which the visitors returned to their homes.

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge Glee Club in Great Demand

A busy winter is in prospect for the members of the Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, Glee



Agana, Guam, Lodge gives flag to native school

Club. The services of this popular organization are eagerly sought for many community as well as Lodge events. Their public performances began with two concerts broadcast from Radio Station WCCO. Other definite or probable engagements include participation in the Lodge's own big concert, in the festival of the Associated Male Choruses, and in the annual opera performance of the University of Minnesota singers. So many, in fact, are the requests from outside organizations that it has been decided to appoint a business manager to take care of the bookings.

Columbia, S. C., Lodge is Active Now in Many Fields

Columbia, S. C., Lodge, No. 1190, has been active in many fields during the past months. Recently, with the help of the city, it opened a playground for the smaller children. These grounds are directly in front of the Lodge Home and are surrounded by large trees. In the evening they are brightly lighted by special lights. These grounds are under the supervision of the Play Ground Directress of the city. The Lodge has also taken a keen interest in the Tuberculosis camps, of which there are three near the city, and has given each camp at least one entertainment during the past two months. These entertainments consist of music, dancing and songs.

Watertown, N. Y., Lodge Gives Dinner to Chaplain Charles H. Wallace

More than 350 members of Watertown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 496, including delegations from Lodges in Ogdensburg, Syracuse, Utica and Oswego, crowded the banquet hall of the Lodge Home when a testimonial dinner was given recently in honor of Charles H. Wallace, who

celebrated his twenty-fifth year as Chaplain of No. 496. During the Lodge session which followed, Chaplain Wallace was presented with a life membership card in token of his twenty-five years of active service.

Eugene, Ore., Lodge Conducts Large Charity Ball

Eugene, Ore., Lodge, No. 357, held a most successful Charity Ball on December 8. It was the first event of its nature in several years and was attended by many distinguished members of the Order, including both city and State officials.

Eugene Lodge has been conducting interesting meetings this year with many novel features. As a consequence the weekly attendance has increased steadily and there has been a notable enthusiasm on the part of all members in the general activities of the Lodge.

Outstanding Activities in Home Of Macon, Ga., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Beck, Jr., accompanied by E. F. Travis, Past Exalted Ruler of Griffin, Ga., Lodge, No. 1207, recently paid his official visit to Macon, Ga., Lodge, No. 230, at which time he made an address to the members and witnessed the initiation of a large class of candidates. Macon Lodge also entertained recently the Executive Committee of the Georgia State Elks Association at a business meeting and luncheon. Besides the officers of the Association there were present the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of most of the Lodges in the State. Besides other business, a resolution was passed voting \$1,200 to equip and furnish a playground and athletic field at the Home for mentally defective children at Gracewood, Ga. The dedication of the playground will take place in January when the executive committee meets in Augusta, Ga., at which time Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow is expected to be present.

Meeting of Iowa District Deputies And Exalted Rulers

The annual conference of the Exalted Rulers and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers of Iowa was held a short time ago in the Home of Iowa City Lodge, No. 590. Many matters of interest to Subordinate Lodges were discussed, and the instructions and plans of the Grand Exalted Ruler were outlined and explained by the District Deputies. An important report was made concerning the work and development of the Iowa Scholarship Foundation, by means of which many Iowa students are attending institutions of higher learning. The meeting was attended also by the officers and committee members of the Iowa State Elks Association, who had held their conference the previous evening. Next year's annual convention of the State Association will be held under the auspices of Ottumwa Lodge, No. 347, in May or early June.

San Francisco Elks vs. Shriners Charity Baseball Game

The third annual baseball game to be played for charity between teams representing San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, and the Shriners of the city was a great success, both as a sporting event and as a means of raising funds. Seventy-five hundred Elks, Shriners and their friends paid for admission to the stands. The game itself, a close fight won in the tenth inning by the Shrine with a score of 5 to 4, was preceded by the colorful spectacle of the bands, drill teams and drum corps of the two organizations in evolutions upon the field.

Toledo, Ohio, Lodge Members Enjoying Their Renovated Home

Members of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, are enjoying the beauties and comforts of a practically new Home, so complete has been the renovation of the fine building. The decorations and furnishings are all new and these, with certain other changes, give Toledo Elks one of the finest club houses in its section of the country. Notable features are the well-stocked



Located in the city's center is the Home of Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge, No. 221

library, the great, comfortable lounge and a restaurant reported to be second to none in the city for service and harmonious surroundings.

Elks of Central Coast Counties of California Hold Meeting

The Central Coast Counties (California) Elks Get Together Association held its third regular meeting in the Home of Salinas Lodge, No. 614, a short time ago, with President P. E. Dayton in the chair. This association, formed originally by the officers and members of Salinas, Santa Cruz, Watsonville, Hollister, Monterey and San Luis Obispo Lodges for purposes of closer contact, has already accomplished a number of benefits for the Lodges which it includes. Considerable business was transacted at the recent meeting. Santa Maria Lodge, No. 1538, was elected a member of the association and plans were made for a large initiation in the Home of Salinas Lodge, to be followed by an old-fashioned social session.

Centralia, Wash., Lodge Celebrates Its Twentieth Anniversary

Attended by some 300 Elks, including visitors from Seattle, Tacoma, Chehalis, Aberdeen, Hoquiam, Yakima and Spokane, the twentieth anniversary celebration of Centralia, Wash., Lodge, No. 1083, was a thoroughly enjoyable occasion. Following an entertainment which included a number of excellent musical numbers and six fast boxing bouts, a banquet was served for the members and visitors. During the Lodge session the officers' chairs were filled by Past Exalted Rulers of No. 1083, of whom a large majority was present, as were also many of the sixty-six charter members who founded the Lodge twenty years ago, and who are largely responsible for its present importance and its membership of close to 700.

Waterville, Me., Lodge Stages Large Minstrel Show

The fall activities of Waterville, Me., Lodge, No. 905, were launched successfully when the best minstrel show ever staged by the members was presented at the Opera House. A good-sized sum was realized from the souvenir program as well as from the box-office receipts. Following the public performance, the show was repeated to the children and shut-ins at the Central Maine Sanatorium, in Fairfield.

Waterville Lodge has also played host to various Lodges in the region and recently fraternal visits were exchanged with Gardiner, Me., Lodge, No. 1203. A banquet and entertainment featured these visits.

Mt. Carmel, Ill., Lodge Conducts Successful Bazaar

Mt. Carmel, Ill., Lodge, No. 715, recently raised a large sum for its welfare work by conducting a most successful Charity Bazaar. The Home was beautifully decorated for the occasion and excellent music and other features drew the support of the public. William Gullett, Treasurer of the Illinois State Elks Association, was Chairman of the enthusiastic committee which conducted the bazaar.

Glendale, Calif., Lodge of Antlers Enjoying an Active Season

Glendale Lodge, No. 25, Order of Antlers, the junior organization sponsored by Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289, is enjoying an extremely active season. Starting with the installation of the new officers in the autumn the boys have since held a number of special events, in addition to their weekly meetings. Entertainments, dances and athletic competitions have featured their programs, and many more such are planned the coming months.

Perth Amboy, N. J., Lodge Helps Crippled Children

Perth Amboy, N. J., Lodge, No. 784, has a very active committee in charge of work with crippled children. Since the beginning of the



The degree team of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, known to many Eastern Lodges

present Lodge year, close to eighty youngsters have been cured. There are at present six children under treatment at the Hospital and Home for Crippled Children in Newark, N. J. The Lodge also maintains a nurse, and has provided outings for the unfortunate youngsters during the course of the year.

Many Inter-Lodge Activities Among Illinois Lodges

The Illinois State inter-Lodge relations committee is functioning very successfully in the West Central District, and many Lodges are exchanging fraternal visits. Pekin, Ill., Lodge, No. 1271, recently visited Canton, Ill., Lodge, No. 626, the visitors furnishing a program under the direction of Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Roy S. Preston, which proved a delight to every one. Canton Lodge was the guest of Galesburg, Ill., Lodge, No. 894, recently and presented a special program and speaker for the occasion. Pekin Lodge is also planning to go to Galesburg soon and the members will present a program for their hosts.

Fine Tribute at Funeral Services Of Denver, Colo., Lodge Member

The recent death of Harry E. Mulnix, while serving his third term as Treasurer of the State of Colorado, was a cause of deep sorrow to his countless friends in and out of the Order. Mr. Mulnix was a member of Denver Lodge, No. 17, and a prominent and well-beloved figure in his State and his city. On the day of his funeral his body lay in state in the Capitol, and for two hours men and women from all walks of life passed to pay their last tribute to their friend. The services at the mortuary were conducted by Mr. Mulnix's fellow members of Denver Lodge, while the Knights of Pythias officiated at the cemetery.

Ladies of Davenport, Iowa, Lodge Entertain at Large Party

Nearly 200 members of the Ladies Auxiliaries of Iowa City and Muscatine, Iowa, Lodges, No. 590 and 304, were recently guests of the ladies of Davenport Lodge, No. 298, at a series of functions and entertainments which filled the day and the evening. At midday a luncheon was served at the Davenport Outing Club, following which the party spent the afternoon at bridge and five hundred in the Lodge Home. Refreshments were served at five o'clock, after which a program of dances and a number of interesting readings was given. In the evening the ladies were the guests of Davenport Lodge at a theatre party.

McCook, Neb., Lodge Initiates Candidates from Neighboring Towns

The day on which McCook, Neb., Lodge, No. 1434, recently initiated a large class of candidates from nine near-by towns, was celebrated as "Baby Elks Day" by members throughout Southwestern Nebraska. An extensive program lasting most of the day and through the evening was held in honor of the candidates. The new Elks were honored with a banquet at 6:30 P. M. at the Keystone Hotel, followed by a short program. Ed A. Peterson presided as toastmaster, introducing Ivan Collins, Exalted Ruler, who spoke briefly. Mayor John E. Kelley, Past Exalted Ruler, was next presented and also made a short talk. W. R. Lages, new commander of Chris Hansen Post, American Legion, was the third speaker. The day's program was concluded at a late hour with a buffet lunch.

Altoona, Pa., Lodge Unveils Memorial Tablet

Altoona, Pa., Lodge, No. 102, at impressive ceremonies, unveiled three handsome bronze tablets bearing the names of the deceased members. The services in the Home were presided over by Exalted Ruler H. G. Miller, and the principal address of the evening was made by the Grand Secretary, Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters. More than 200 persons, including many relatives of those whose names appeared on the tablets, were in attendance. Mr. Masters' speech was an inspiring one, and a well-planned musical program added to the solemnity of the proceedings.

Handsome Home of Fargo, N. D., Lodge Is Real Civic Center

The Home of Fargo, N. D., Lodge, No. 260, is becoming more and more the real social center of the city. Every meeting of a civic nature and many conventions are held in the building. The magnificent Lodge and ball room with its seating capacity of about 1,000 is ideal for such gatherings. Owing to the crowded condition of the First Presbyterian Church, located across the street from the Home, these Elks have donated one of their parlors for the use of a large Sunday School class every week.

St. Paul, Minn., Lodge Holds Old Timer's Night

More than forty members of twenty and more years' standing in St. Paul, Minn., Lodge, No. 59, were guests at a fete given in their honor in the Home of the Lodge. Many charter

members and Past Exalted Rulers were among the guests, including Past Exalted Ruler Louis N. Scott, who began the work of organizing the Lodge, which was instituted in the eighties. Many of the old-timers recounted the early experiences of No. 59, to the edification of the younger members. After the Lodge session an interesting vaudeville program of six numbers was presented, followed by a buffet supper.

Ada, Okla., Lodge Carrying on Selective Membership Campaign

A selective membership campaign, carried on by two teams, is expected to increase materially the number of names on the rolls of Ada, Okla., Lodge, No. 1275. The Lodge is extremely active in community affairs, cooperating with other groups in any movement for the betterment of the city, many of whose most prominent business men are among its members. Socially, also, the Lodge is a leader. Its splendid ball-room, one of the finest in the State, is the scene of regular dances, and many entertainments and receptions are held in its hospitable Home.

Approval Granted for Addition To Home of Owego, N. Y., Lodge

The Board of Grand Trustees and the Grand Exalted Ruler have approved the application of Owego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1039, for permission to build an addition to its present Home. The present building is a colonial brick structure and the addition is to be erected in accordance with this type of architecture and will include Lodge room, dining and assembly hall, billiard room and kitchen. The estimated cost is \$38,000 and the furnishings \$2,000.

Eastport, Me., Lodge Acquires Beautiful Historic Home

The beautiful colonial homestead at Eastport, Maine, part of the estate of the late Mrs. Lucia Wadsworth Shead, first cousin of the poet Longfellow, is now the Home of Eastport Lodge, No. 880. In addition to serving Eastport Elks as their Lodge Home, the handsome building has become a popular community center, the meeting place of the Rotary and Women's Clubs and a starting-point for many worthwhile activities.

Beardstown, Ill., Lodge Cares for Undernourished School Children

Beardstown, Ill., Lodge, No. 1007, has recently staged a number of benefit functions by which it has raised a considerable sum to be used in the distribution of free milk to the undernourished school children of its community.

Though the Lodge occupies most comfortable quarters, it is looking forward to building a Home of its own in order to care for its growing membership and increasing activities.

Inglewood, Calif., Lodge Broadcasts Monthly Program

Inglewood, Calif., Lodge, No. 1492, is now broadcasting through Station KGGM a program on the third Thursday of every month, beginning at 8 P. M. and lasting a number of hours. Excellent music, short addresses on the principles of the Order, and the Eleven o'Clock toast are some of the features put on the air. The programs have been enthusiastically received by the members and have resulted in many applications being made for membership.

Warrensburg, Mo., Lodge Has Full Social Calendar

Dances, card parties, athletic events and children's entertainments are on the social program of Warrensburg, Mo., Lodge, No. 673, and provide some special event every few days throughout the winter season. The opening occasion was the annual Out of Town Members Night, when some 150 Elks gathered in the Lodge Home to greet District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. W. Wick, who was paying his official visit, and to take part in the festivities and ceremonies of the evening, which included a banquet and the initiation of a class of candidates.

Blackwell, Okla., Lodge Greet District Deputy Aston

Many members attended a recent meeting in the Home of Blackwell, Okla., Lodge, No. 1347, on the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. I. Aston. Large delegations from Enid, Ponca City, Tonkawa, Medford and Wellington, including J. P. Battenberg, President of the Oklahoma State Elks Association, and President of the State

BY THE time this issue of **THE ELKS MAGAZINE** reaches the members, the countless charitable and cheer-bringing Christmas activities of the Lodges throughout the Order will have become matters of history. We wish that it were possible to report, immediately and adequately, these beautiful observances of the day. But to do this would require a magazine larger than any we have ever published.

College at Alva, were present. A parade, headed by the Blackwell band, was the opening feature of the exercises, which included an initiation, a banquet and a special entertainment.

Augusta, Ga., Lodge Engaged in Program of Welfare Work

Augusta, Ga., Lodge, No. 205, has been engaged in some excellent charity work. In addition to its usual activities at Thanksgiving and Christmas, the Lodge presented a most successful minstrel show which netted a large sum for its welfare fund. The Lodge is also co-operating with the Georgia State Elks Association in looking after the children at the Home for Feeble Minded, located in Augusta.

Chillicothe, Ohio, Lodge Honors Faithful Secretary

Chillicothe, Ohio, Lodge, No. 52, was recently visited by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James Hannan and the occasion was marked by the attendance of many members and guests from nearby Lodges. Following the banquet and the initiation of a large class of candidates, a testimonial in the form of a life membership card, was given to William E. Greenbaum, who has served the Lodge as its secretary for the past twenty-five years. In addition, he was presented by District Deputy Hannan on behalf of the Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, with a handsome gold ring, a further appreciation of his long and loyal service.

Tampa, Fla., Lodge Does Honor To Its Past Exalted Ruler

Tampa, Fla., Lodge, No. 708, recently made of its annual roll-call meeting a special testimonial occasion for its Past Exalted Ruler D. B. McKay. Brief addresses were made by several prominent members, and the early days of the Lodge when Mr. McKay first became a member were pleasantly recalled. Other features of the varied program included vocal solos and instrumental music.

New Orleans, La., Lodge Entertains Veterans

The disabled veterans hospitalized at New Orleans were the guests of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, a short while ago at a special entertainment in their honor. Escorted to the Lodge Home by the Police Band, they were welcomed and taken at once to the Bird Cage Grill for luncheon. Several brief speeches and a number of special entertainment features enlivened the meal, after which the ex-soldiers were the guests of the management of Loew's State Theatre.

Bowling Leagues Formed by Lodges in New York District

An active bowling league has been formed by the New York and New Jersey Lodges of the metropolitan district. The alleys of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, will be the scene of all league games and a close and exciting race is expected. Another league has also been formed by Westchester County, N. Y., Lodges, which has a busy schedule laid out. Prizes will be awarded in both leagues, for team and individual high scores and high averages.

Savannah, Ga., Elks to Mark Historic Spots

Savannah, Ga., Lodge, No. 183, is taking the lead in a movement to mark and make accessible the many spots of historic interest in and around the city. Savannah is particularly rich in memories of the early history of America. Much action took place there during the Revolution, and there are a number of forts and historic sites which, if they were known, would be of great interest to the many tourists who will be attracted upon the completion of the Coastal Highway, and it is the plan of the Lodge to make the most of the city's associations.

Gloversville, N. Y., Lodge Presented With Handsome Tablet

Gloversville, N. Y., Lodge, No. 226, was the recipient recently of a beautiful bronze memorial tablet on which the names of its 104 departed members were recorded. The tablet is the gift of Exalted Ruler George W. Denton, head of the Lodge since 1924. It is one of the finest examples of bronze tablet work to be found and covers a large area of the west wall of the Lodge room. Among those present at the unveiling were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter A. Buchheim, who paid his official visit to the Lodge; Miles S. Hencle, President of the New York State Elks Association, and a score of other distinguished New York State Elks.

Houma, La., Lodge Has Live Membership Body

Houma, La., Lodge, No. 1193, owns one of the most attractive Homes in the State. The building is located in the center of the town and is provided with every comfort. The membership is interested in many fields of welfare work and was particularly active during the recent floods, providing clothes and helping the sufferers. It looks after the children of its community, providing the needy with school-books and shoes. It also gives its support to the public school cafeteria providing free lunches to all youngsters unable to pay for them.

Red Bank, N. J., Lodge Honors Chairman of Sunshine Committee

A testimonial banquet was recently tendered to Joseph Salz, by his fellow-members of Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233, in recognition of his service for sixteen years as chairman of the Sunshine Committee of the Lodge. Mr. Salz was also presented with a life membership card.

The Sunshine Committee is in charge of the charitable activities of the Lodge and it also does other work. Flowers for the sick, assistance for the unfortunate and needy, and various other forms of philanthropic work are directed by it. In his work as chairman Mr. Salz has been indefatigable, sparing neither time nor effort.

Burley, Idaho, Lodge Holds Its Annual Pheasant Banquet

Burley, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1384, recently conducted its annual pheasant banquet in the Home of the Lodge. It was one of the most pleasurable events on the social calendar of the Lodge, close to 300 Elks and members of their families taking part in the feast, which was followed by an entertainment and dancing. Every year shooting teams are organized among the members and keen competition exists among them in obtaining the largest number of birds for the banquet.

(Continued on page 64)

START THE YEAR RIGHT ON TIRES BY

LEE of Conshohocken



New Year's resolutions are fine—if you keep them. But here's a good one, and you'll actually *want* to keep it.

Resolved: From today on, for me, none but tires by Lee of Conshohocken.

Your safety in buying tires is not in the appearance or the price, but in the maker's name. You can't tell a good tire by its looks or its price. Lee of Conshohocken puts the name LEE on all of its tires; we're proud to have you know we make them.

Look at Leeland, our secondary line complete in balloon and high pressure sizes; Lee Balloon, a fine four ply creation; Puncture Proof, that laughs at glass or nails; DeLuxe Flat Tread, the leader in high pressure tires; or Lee Shoulderbilt, the heavy duty masterpiece.

The LEE name is a sign that every dollar in the price comes back to you with interest, in service. We'd rather make them better than the price, than price them better than they are.

For even the small cars—Ford, Chevrolet, Star, Whippet—where competition has made prices so low that quality is often forgotten, Lee Tires are the answer. Get acquainted with good tires.

Our suggestion for a New Year's resolution may seem to you a little immodest. When you adopt it and keep it, you'll see that it isn't.

Lee Tire & Rubber Co., Conshohocken, Pa.



LEE Shoulderbilt

Compared to other makes of heavy duty balloons, you will find the Shoulderbilt bigger, taller and heavier. They are over over-size. The greater service to you must be obvious.

COST NO MORE TO BUY ~ MUCH LESS TO RUN

Florida—To-day and To-morrow

(Continued from page 31)

amounts of money spent during it, and since in public improvements and private investments, Florida to-day has a hundred times as much to offer the visitor as it had three or four years ago; more and bigger and better hotels, more homes and apartments, easier traveling facilities by rail and motor, more of the comforts and conveniences of life in every way. And because of these permanent additions to the invested wealth of the State, every dollar invested in Florida land represents more real value than it did when it was invested, and that value is bound to increase as the new population, attracted by the betterment of conditions throughout the State, continues to flow in.

Every intelligent person in Florida is glad the boom is over. The frenzy of speculation was a demoralizing thing for everybody. But every intelligent person in Florida realizes now that it is all over, that the boom put Florida ahead further in two or three years than it would have got in ten, fifteen or twenty years without that acceleration.

Let's look at Florida from the human point of view, see where it is and what it is when you get there.

Few realize how far south and west Florida lies. The northern edge of Florida is a hundred and twenty-five miles farther south than the bottom edge of California; the lower end of Florida is the farthest south of any part of the United States. Only a small corner of Texas lies as far south as the main part of the Florida peninsula. We think of Florida as sticking out into the Atlantic Ocean. Palm Beach, Florida's "farthest east," is west of Buffalo, almost directly south of Erie, Pennsylvania; the western end of Florida is directly south of Chicago.

FLORIDA doesn't look very big on the maps, but it's a big State—bigger than Iowa, bigger than New York, Massachusetts and Rhode Island put together! Only Georgia, among the Eastern States, is larger. There are not many places in America where you can travel four hundred miles in a straight line without crossing a State boundary; across Florida from east to west it is 400 miles, and then some, while north and south, from Jacksonville to Key West, the railroad distance is 522 miles. Those are long distances. Don't expect to see all of Florida in a day or a week. Even to hit the high spots means ten days or more of almost constant traveling. But the legal speed limit for automobiles is forty-five miles an hour; most of the roads are broad, level and safe enough for a sixty-mile speed, and on the open road nobody bothers the motorist who is not driving recklessly, whatever the rate at which he is going!

Thirty thousand fresh-water lakes, more than any other State except Minnesota, and one of them, Lake Okechobee, larger than any other lake in the United States except Lake Michigan. Two thousand, two hundred and sixty miles of coast line, more than the whole length of the Pacific Coast of the United States. A dozen big rivers, and a hundred smaller ones, from the St. Johns, flowing north and navigable for two hundred miles from the sea, to the New River at Fort Lauderdale, only a few miles long but nearly a mile deep! Wide beaches of hard-packed sand, making wonderful motor speedways at low tide. Deep harbors from Fernandina on the east all the way around to Pensacola on the west. Long peninsulas and longer islands and keys guarding the mainland beaches against the ravages of the sea and forming salt-water creeks known as "rivers," bays and sounds. Inland, long ridges of rolling hills running north and south down the middle of the peninsula and east and west in the lovely "panhandle" strip west of the Suwanee River, still too little known to the visitor from outside. Crystal-clear springs bubbling up from coral and lime-rock caverns; artesian wells spouting their eight-inch streams high in the air, with force enough to run electric generators; strange mile-deep salt-water pools, where the sea-fish come in through subterranean channels; brilliantly green and blue ponds, evidence of rare chemical deposits beneath the surface. Sand and lime-rock and clay, and more sand; more later about this

Florida sand. Swamps and lagoons where the 'gators lie in wait; great forests of cypress, "hammocks" of live-oak, bearded with Spanish moss like ancient prophets; magnolias and palmettos, pine and sawgrass. Pine everywhere—the State's richest resource, in lumber, in resin and turpentine. Broad prairies, stretching for miles, level as a floor; long-horn Spanish cattle in great herds, ten thousand, twenty-five thousand head—Florida is the last stand of the cowboy of the open range. And down in the south the Everglades, mysterious, fertile, five million acres still almost unexplored except by the Seminoles, but rapidly being reclaimed and put under cultivation—a hundred-year program to dike and drain this richest soil in the world, lying at sea-level, and to conquer the Big Cypress Swamp.

That is a thumbnail sketch of Florida's geography and topography. It falls far short of conveying the glamour and charm which captivate every visitor to the Peninsula State. None can remain in Florida for more than a few days without experiencing the lure which draws him irresistibly to return again and again.

What is it that calls the Northerner so insistently to Florida? Climate, first of all. Warm sunshine when the North is freezing under overcast skies; cool breezes when the Corn Belt is sweltering through stifling summer nights. Florida's climate is not merely a seasonable delight; the year around it makes life enjoyable out-of-doors. That is one reason for the high average of health, the low death-rate. Ponce de Leon sought in Florida a fountain of youth which would by some magic process make an old man young. Hundreds of thousands have found that though they grow old in Florida they do not die as young as those who stay North.

A visitor to Florida noticing the infrequency of cemeteries commented upon their absence to a native son.

"Folks don't die very often down here, do they?" he said.

"Naw; only once," was the quick reply!

Florida's climate is a gift of the Gulf Stream. The shallow Gulf of Mexico might be likened to a great steam boiler, its waters constantly warmed by the tropical sun. The warm water flows out through the Straits of Florida, between Key West and Cuba, into the Atlantic, in a great ocean river, which swings northward until it meets the Greenland current at the Grand Banks, east of Newfoundland, when the Gulf Stream turns sharply eastward to warm Northern Europe, bathe London in fog, and keep the shores of the Emerald Isle forever green.

Florida lies in the first bend of this terrestrial hot-water central heating system, snuggling up next to the boiler, as it were; while across the peninsula blow the breezes which temper the heat and render the brilliant sunshine invigorating, not enervating. Sunshine and rain. More rain than California, nearly three times as much annually; yet, paradoxically, more sunshine. Three months in the year rain is practically unknown in Florida—in January, February and March. The rainy season is variable. It begins usually in April, sometimes not until late May or early June; it ends some time between October and Christmas. But the rainy days are also sunny days. The rain falls in almost tropical torrents, for an hour or half a day, followed always by brilliant, cloudless skies as the storm sweeps across the State from Gulf to ocean or in the other direction.

One newspaper gives the paper free on every day that the sun does not shine; in five years there have been fewer than twenty days on which it has had to forego its circulation income in this fashion!

One of the facts about Florida's climate which is always difficult for the uninitiated to believe is that it never gets as hot in Florida as it does in the Northern States, in Canada, or Alaska! Temperatures of 100 degrees and higher are reached almost every summer in the North; the highest midsummer temperature on record in Florida is 96. The breathless heat of the Western prairies, the Corn Belt and the Cotton Belt is unknown in Florida. "There is always a breeze in the shade" is a familiar and true expres-

sion. Heat prostration is absolutely unheard of.

Last July the Order of Elks held its convention in Cincinnati. On the opening day, July 13th, the temperature at Cincinnati was 92; on the same day at Miami it was only 86! And a temperature of 86 does not mean the discomfort in Florida which it does in the North.

The United States Weather Bureau explains this by stating that the Florida atmosphere has a greater capacity for the absorption of moisture. Therefore, moisture on the skin evaporates more quickly than it does in most other climates, cooling the body quickly. The principle is the same as that utilized in cooling water without ice, by placing it in a porous earthen or canvas vessel, through which it will seep slowly, a method universally used in the tropics.

Not that Florida is in the tropics. No part of Florida is free from frost, at times. Two or three, sometimes half a dozen, frosts occur in almost every part of the State every year. Temperatures below freezing never last more than a day, but nobody should visit Florida in winter without taking an overcoat along. And every hotel provides blankets for summer nights.

It is this climate, with enough variety to avoid monotony, but with none of the rigors of the more northerly regions, which has made Florida what it is.

The other great lure which is drawing millions to Florida is the pioneering instinct, inherent in every American. Florida is the last frontier State left in the East. Of its 35,000,000 acres, less than 2,000,000 have been developed, built upon, placed under cultivation. Here is the opportunity which our forefathers sought, to go into the wilderness and carve out homes for themselves, build new communities, create something where nothing was before. That, as much as the possible profits to be realized, has been the motive back of many of the new towns and developments with which the coasts and the interior of Florida are dotted.

But this is pioneering *de luxe*. The men who settled the West left everything but hope behind them as they trekked across the Great Plains in the covered wagon. The pioneer to Florida travels luxuriously in a Pullman car, or on his own four wheels over smooth highways, in such comfort as the earlier pioneers never dreamed of. They had to swing the axe with their own hands; wait for hundreds of other settlers to join them before they could build roads or establish communities. In Florida the newcomers find communities ready built to their hands, churches, schools, an established social life; paved streets and electric lights, telephones and the movies! Modern machinery and engineering efficiency, backed by immense capital, have accomplished in a year or two what used to take a generation or more.

JUST a word here about motoring to Florida. If one can spare the time, it is a delightful way to go. The writer has frequently made the trip between Jacksonville and New York in four days, with his family. Smooth, well-graded roads all the way, hard-surfaced for the most part, with splendid, comfortable hotels for the night's rest, and all at a cost no greater, for a party of four, than railroading it. Four or five days from Chicago to the Florida gateway at Lake City, over the new Dixie Highway. From the West one comes in by way of New Orleans over the Old Spanish Trail, the great United States military transcontinental road, not yet all finished but in good shape from New Orleans eastward and perfect within the Florida boundaries. And once inside of Florida the visitor without a car is certain to miss many of the delightful and interesting things which he ought to see if he wants to return home feeling that he has really seen Florida.

What, then, is there to see and do in Florida, once one is there?

What do you like to do? Fish, hunt, golf? Does sea-bathing allure you? Do water sports appeal? Or is "just loafing" your ideal of a good time?

Take your choice; all Florida offers facilities for all of them.

A fisherman's paradise. Thirty thousand lakes, filled with bass. Big fellows—the largest bass on record was caught in Florida. Culf

(Continued on page 48)

MIAMI



COME EARLY and STAY for the CONVENTION

MIAMI, world's greatest winter resort—America's playground—will be host in July 1928, to the annual convention of Benevolent Protective Order of Elks.

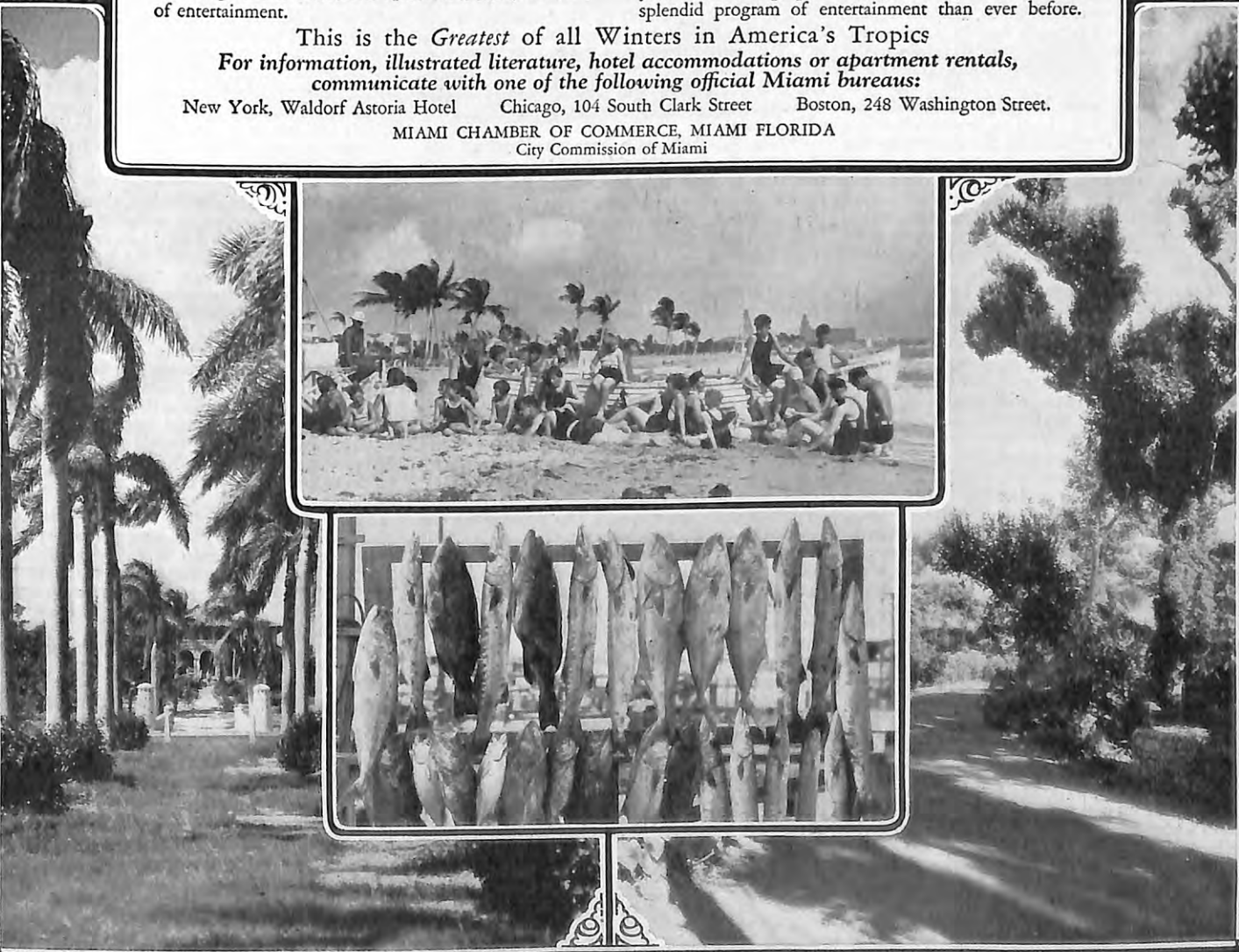
When convention time comes, you'll find Miami prepared to accommodate comfortably and economically, the delegates and their friends who come for this week of entertainment.

But why wait for the convention? Come down for a winter under summer skies—stay into the cool, comfortable summer and then if you must, leave after the convention for home. You'll find it more economical to be in Miami this winter than in the north. Hotel and apartment rates are lower than they have been for many years. Miami is prepared this year to provide a more splendid program of entertainment than ever before.

This is the *Greatest* of all Winters in America's Tropics
For information, illustrated literature, hotel accommodations or apartment rentals,
communicate with one of the following official Miami bureaus:

New York, Waldorf Astoria Hotel Chicago, 104 South Clark Street Boston, 248 Washington Street.

MIAMI CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, MIAMI FLORIDA
City Commission of Miami



World's Greatest Winter Resort

Florida—To-day and To-morrow

(Continued from page 46)

and ocean teeming with fish—tarpon, kingfish, pompano, red snapper, a hundred kinds of game fish, of food fish. Fish from a boat, fish from a pier or bridge. Throw a baited hook over into any body of water in Florida and you'll catch something. Catfish from Lake Okeechobee are shipped by the iced carload to Kansas City, to sell in Missouri River markets! Florida bass are also shipped West; rumor has it that packers sometimes dye them pink, can them and sell them as salmon! There are a dozen great fishing ports, shipping seafood to all the rest of the country, canning shrimps—don't fail to eat shrimps when you go to Florida. And oysters—Fernandina or Apalachicola varieties preferred.

Like to shoot a bear? Get a guide to take you into the Everglades, the Big Cypress Swamp or the hardwood hammocks along the Gulf in Dixie and Levy counties. You'll find bear. Panther, too; a nine-footer was killed last year in the Big Cypress. Coons—the Seminoles got rich last season when coonskins went to a new high market price. Deer, in the National Forests, of which there are two in Florida; in the Everglades, too. There is sport, with a measure of danger, in wild-cat hunting. 'Ware those claws!

Golf everywhere. It is hard to get more than an hour away from a first-rate golf course, anywhere in Florida. Everybody golfs. Splendid club-houses, your home golf-club card admits you for a moderate greens fee, never any lack of congenial golfers to make up a foursome. If golf and tennis are too strenuous, join in Florida's other famous out-door sport—horseshoe pitching. The world's championship in this revived recreation is decided every year at St. Petersburg, and there are horseshoe-pitching stands wherever you go. The first thing every community in Florida does is, to provide facilities for sport, outdoor recreation, from playing checkers under the trees in the park, through roque, archery and the rest.

Live all day in your bathing suit if you like, and accumulate a coat of tan to display when you get back home. Surf-bathing for those who like it; splendid swimming-pools for those who really want to swim. Water sports predominate in Florida. There is something exotic and especially alluring about swimming and boating in January. Speedboats and yachts everywhere. During the winter season the visitor is sure to run into a regatta where he can get all the thrills of a race with none of the expense.

You will go to Florida to play, but you will want to go back to stay. And one reason you will want to stay is because those who stay get in so much of play. Life is easier, even for the business man. Let's get back to business for a minute.

Business is based on natural resources. Florida has them. Lumber and naval stores are the biggest group. More than thirty-six billion feet of pine timber still standing. Great sawmills, cutting pine and cypress, everywhere one goes. Turpentine camps and stills all over the State. Huge fortunes have been made in these lines, huger ones are still to be made. Mineral wealth incalculable. Phosphate for fertilizer is one of the big industries. Kaolin for china clay, kieselguhr, fuller's earth, a dozen other crude mineral products—Florida is furnishing the world with its chief supply of many of them, and there are unquestionably undiscovered deposits of these and perhaps more valuable minerals awaiting the prospector. They are boring for oil in a dozen places in Florida. No producing wells as yet, but Floridians have hopes. Perhaps. Leave farm products out of it for the moment, though they are Florida's greatest source of wealth, greater even than the tourist crop. Manufactures so far are mainly local, except for Tampa's famous cigars; a quarter of a billion dollars a year covers the output of manufactured goods as yet. Florida is a producer mainly of raw materials, a great and increasing consumer of manufactured products. Just a friendly tip to the business man who wants to find an excuse to stay in Florida.

BY ALL means, when you go to Florida, see as much of it as you can. Some places you certainly must see, or you won't have seen anything.

Jacksonville is the logical starting-point, the main gateway to Florida, where most of the railroads coming into the State, and running down the State, center in a union station which has more miles of track and handles more cars daily than any other station in the world. Don't believe that? You'll be surprised. Jacksonville makes few pretensions to being a tourist resort, though there are lovely suburbs along the banks of broad St. Johns River where one can spend the winter in peace and happiness, and facilities for every kind of recreation. Jacksonville, named for Andrew Jackson, is the old, settled business metropolis of the State. Its population of 140,000 or so is about the same as that of Tampa and Miami, the other two big cities of Florida. Each claims to be the largest; let the next Federal census settle the dispute—I won't try to. It has a sea-borne commerce which is world-wide, due to its splendid harbor on the St. Johns, sixteen miles or so up from the ocean. Here the ocean passenger lines from the North center—the Clyde Line, the Merchants and Miners and others. The sea voyage to Florida, by the way, is a delightful experience. Flags of all the world fly along Jacksonville's water-front. Inland, its trading territory extends hundreds of miles north and west, to Tennessee and the Carolinas; inside the State it is the trading center for all of north and west Florida and for a considerable part of the East and Central sections. Here are the largest and strongest banks. Close by, reached by a magnificent concrete boulevard, are the finest beaches in Florida, bar only the Daytona beach. And from Jacksonville radiate splendid highways, penetrating every corner of Florida.

Come down the East Coast from Jacksonville. Motor down the beach to St. Augustine if you like, or over the newly paved Dixie Highway to St. Augustine, quaintest, oldest of American cities, with its ancient fort, its narrow streets, its Spanish architecture and its charming old-world atmosphere. To say nothing of its splendid hotels.

From St. Augustine through Hastings, the heart of the great Florida potato country, with perhaps a short side-trip across the St. Johns to Palatka, with its great cypress mills, or Green Cove Springs, oldest of all Florida winter resorts and still charming, and so down through Ormond, to Daytona Beach.

Now we are getting into the real winter resort region of Florida. Here on the beach the world's motor-speed records are broken every year or two. A lovely, lively, progressive community, this city of Daytona Beach, formed by the consolidation of Daytona, Daytona Beach and Seabreeze a year or two ago.

On south, through New Smyrna, oldest English settlement in Florida, through Titusville, Cocoa, Melbourne. This is the Indian River country, flanked to seaward by Merritt Island, on which and on the mainland side of the tidal inlet which gives the region its name, Florida's finest oranges are grown. The route along the shore line runs through a score of charming little towns, every one of them offering special attractions to the visitor, backed by splendid orange groves and truck farms. Vero, Fort Pierce—one of the most up-to-date communities in the State—Stuart, where the St. Lucie Canal from Lake Okeechobee empties into a bay where the finest fishing hereabouts may be enjoyed, on through Jupiter to Palm Beach.

Here is the fashionable heart of Florida; here we come closest to the Gulf Stream, flowing only three miles out at sea and keeping the water always warm on the beach. Here are the splendid hotels, the palaces of the millionaires, the gayety and the high life one reads about. Palm Beach itself is on a peninsula separated from the mainland by Lake Worth, on the other side of which lies the busy, beautiful city of West Palm Beach, business outlet for the produce of the Everglades, built up with lovely homes, filled with good hotels, and from which one may take the ferry or cross the bridge and mingle with the rich and great in Palm Beach itself.

Between Palm Beach and Miami, seventy miles farther south, lie a dozen little towns, nuclei of the continuous development which

one day will make a continuous city stretching the whole distance. Fort Lauderdale is the largest and liveliest of these, a real business community, and at the same time one of the most attractive spots in which to linger, with its beautiful homes whose palm-fringed lawns run down to their water-gates on the New River. Fort Lauderdale and Hollywood, its neighbor to the south, are building a harbor which will hold big ships; already a series of canals connects the two communities and water traffic is growing.

Hollywood is one of Florida's wonder communities. Here the mainland runs down to the sea, and the seven-mile beach, with its splendid concrete broadwalk, fronts a beautifully planned, admirably developed town which was raw land five years ago and is now a place of beauty. There are few finer hotels in the country than one finds here; the Hollywood Beach Hotel is one of the finest in Florida. Lagoons and waterways, golf courses and tennis courts, everything to make life pleasant is here, as well as the beginning of business and industrial plants.

And so to Miami. What shall one say of the "Magic City"? Superlatives alone are adequate. Here, as nowhere else in Florida, the scene is one of untiring, restless activity. The world heard a great deal about the hurricane of September, 1926. I was in Miami within six weeks after that event. Tremendous damage had been done, but in the heart of the town hardly a trace remained; today, except in a few of the outlying districts, no one could guess that there had ever been a hurricane. Speed is Miami's keynote. Its narrow streets, the inadequacy of which its founders could not have foreseen, are crowded day and night with the densest motor traffic in the world. In six years it has grown from an insignificant village into probably the largest city in Florida, and one of the most widely famed cities of the world. Huge, towering structures, emulating the skyscrapers of New York and Chicago, rise as if by magic from the flat, sandy shores of Biscayne Bay. Advertising, backed up by climate, has made Miami. Climate and action make its lure. Sporting millionaires go to Miami in their yachts, until the city proudly boasts that nowhere else in the world can be seen so many seagoing pleasure craft as in Biscayne Bay.

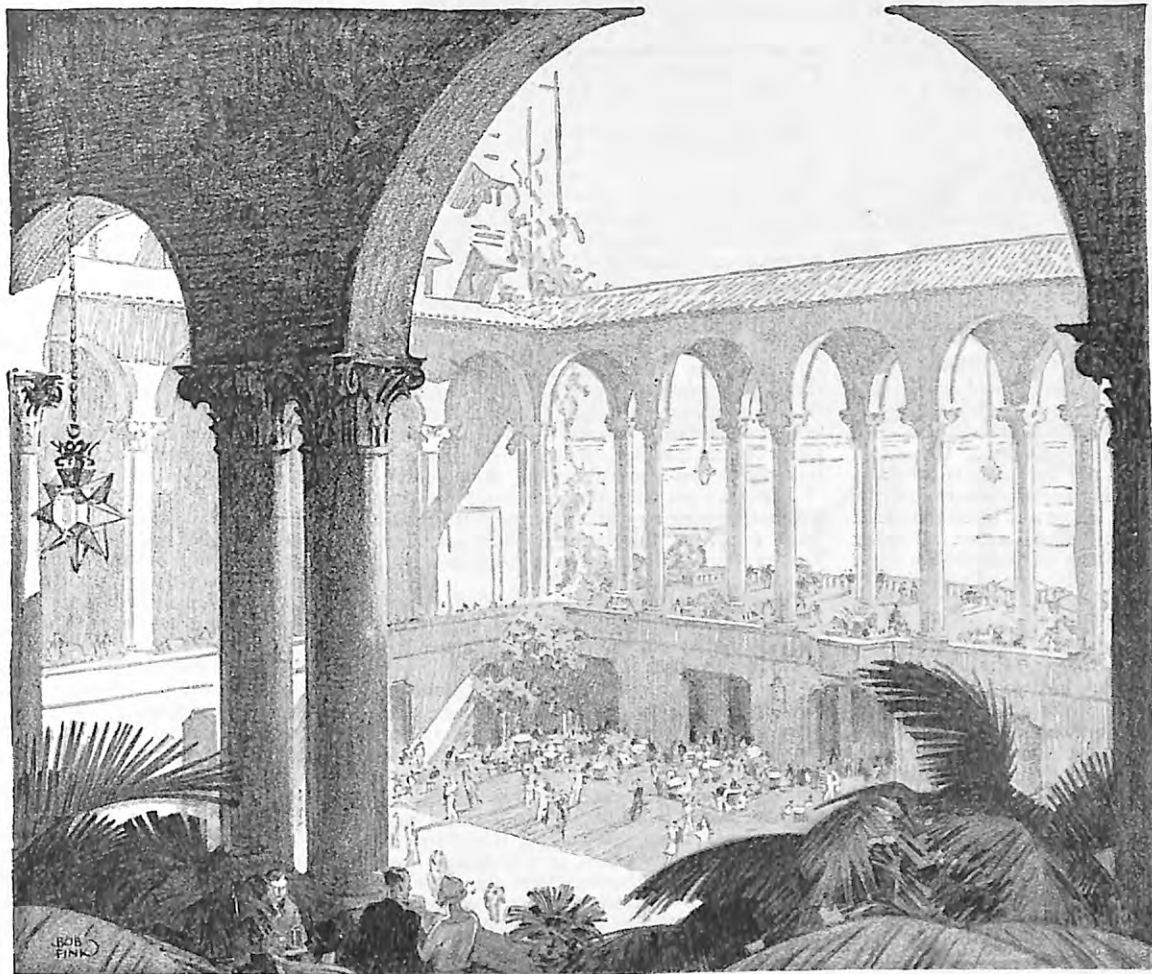
YET there is more to Miami than sport and gayety. Its commercial importance is steadily on the increase. It is developing its harbor, encouraging industries, developing its agricultural back country, the lower Everglades, staking enormous bets on its own future and so far winning, in spite of backbiters. There is magic in the air of Miami. Though its first great industry, real-estate selling, is not the active business which it was, real-estate sales have not stopped, either here or anywhere else in Florida, and people have not stopped buying. And as a result of the boom, Miami to-day has a larger number of magnificent hotels and fine apartments than any other Florida community, while its neighbor, Miami Beach, is equally well provided.

Miami Beach is another Florida wonder. A mangrove swamp, on which one man was raising avocados, another man saw its possibilities, filled in the swamp by pumping sand up from the bottom of the bay, and made it into the roomiest, loveliest of all the millionaire resorts of America. It has not the ultra-exclusiveness of Palm Beach, but one fancies that those who can afford to spend their time there get just as much fun for their money.

Adjacent to Miami is Florida's other magic development, Coral Gables. Here another man took ten thousand acres of flat prairie and founded and built a city of homes, unique and beautiful. Here at Coral Gables is the ambitious beginning of the University of Miami. Here is the splendid Miami-Biltmore Hotel, with one of the finest golf courses in the world.

Motor on down from Miami, if you have time, through Homestead and the wonderful Redlands District, famous for its tropical fruits and vegetables, to Royal Palm State Park. Take the train to Key West; the motor highway over the keys is still under construction. Key West, quaint old Spanish town out in the ocean, finest of Florida's harbors and busiest, where one takes off by boat or airplane for Cuba, is connected

(Continued on page 50)



PATIO MIAMI-BILTMORE, CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA

Coral Gables Hotel Rates Are Low

Your Winter Vacation! The whole gamut of outdoor sport and recreation, and all of the wealth of the beauty and sunshine of the Tropics while ice, snow and cold hold sway in the Northland. Ocean and pool bathing. Yachting—Fishing—Golf—Tennis—Hunting—Motoring. Dancing every evening under swaying palms. A winter vacation at Coral Gables

means all of these things, with the added assurance of good health and longer life. More will come than ever before. Railroad facilities are better. Steamship lines are better. Motor roads are better. And there are better hotels and better rates which give overwhelming proof of the sincerity of Coral Gables' welcome to every winter visitor.

San Sebastian Hotel:

Single rooms \$1.50, \$2.50 day
 Double rooms, with bath \$4.00 day
 Apartments, 2 to 4 rooms \$55 to \$125 month

Cla-Reina Hotel:

Single rooms \$2.00, \$3.00 day
 Double rooms \$3.00, \$4.00 day

Coral Gables Inn:

Single rooms \$2.00, \$3.00 day
 Double rooms \$5.00, \$6.00 day

Antilla Hotel:

Single rooms \$2.50 to \$4.00 day
 Double rooms \$4.00 to \$6.00 day

Casa Loma Hotel: (American plan)

One in room \$8 to \$10 day
 Two in room \$12 to \$18 day

Miami-Biltmore Hotel:

Single rooms \$6, \$8, \$10 day
 Double rooms (2 persons) \$12, \$14 day up
 Suites \$25, \$35 up

Apartment Houses: (furnished) 2 rooms and bath, \$40 month up;
 3 rooms and bath, \$60 month up; 4 rooms and bath, \$100 month up

Coral Gables  Miami, Fla

Florida—To-day and To-morrow

(Continued from page 48)

now with the mainland not alone by rail but by a pipe line which brings its drinking water a hundred miles, and soon will have its concrete highway besides!

Come back, now, over a different route, not forgetting to run out from Miami to Hialeah and Opelaka, both charming developments. You can't cross Florida now from Miami; but this Spring, before the Elks Convention, the Tamiami Trail, straight across the Everglades, will be finished. This will enable visitors to make the circuit of Florida in a loop down the east coast across and up the west coast. Now we have to go back to West Palm Beach before we can strike inland.

Here we go westward to Canal Point, on Lake Okeechobee. This is the great early vegetable and sugar-cane growing region, all around the lake. The developed part of the Everglades. Growing little towns—Pahokee, Clewiston, Moore Haven—wiped out by the hurricane and flood but now rebuilding bravely—surround the great lake, sixty miles across and more than that from north to south. The Conner Highway skirts it on the east shore to Okeechobee City, whence a broad, straight highway leads directly across the State to the Gulf. We will turn northward, however, to see the beautiful Ridge country. Our route takes us through deep valleys, over rolling hills. Orange and grapefruit groves on every side. Sebring, Avon Park, Frostproof, Lake Wales; Mountain Lakes, the exclusive residential club development where many millionaires have homes. Through Haines City and Kissimmee to Orlando, largest of South Florida's inland cities.

Built around a group of lovely lakes, Orlando is the business metropolis for a great and prosperous region, the heart of the citrus belt and the metropolis for a hundred little communities which surround it. It is close to the geographical center of the peninsula, connected with every part of the State by broad motor roads. A home-like city, with something of a scholarly air lent by the near proximity of Rollins College at Winter Park, close by.

We can go on north through Sanford, the celery center and head of navigation on the St. Johns, and on to Deland, the "Athens of Florida," where the John B. Stetson University is the focus of community life; but let us swing northwest into the lake country of Lee County, through the charming towns of Mount Dora, Eustis, Tavares, Leesburg, and so to Ocala, a real old Florida county seat, with the marvelous Silver Springs as its main attraction for visitors. No visitor to Florida should miss seeing Silver Springs. And now north to Gainesville, seat of the State University, a splendid institution for boys only; the Florida Female College is at the capital, Tallahassee. Everywhere we will find good hotels, good roads, good touring camps if we prefer to sleep as well as travel in the open.

The visitor with time enough should press on farther, now into the old settled parts of North and West Florida, where the tourist seldom goes, but where the scenery and the evident prosperity, no less than the genuine hospitality of the people, make traveling a real pleasure. Lake City, Live Oak, Madison, Monticello, Tallahassee, Quincy; these are communities as yet hardly touched by the hand of modern progress, but charming in their ancient quaintness. Through a dozen such old towns one can go on to Pensacola, still almost Spanish in its atmosphere and point of view, but modern in its business methods, growing in commercial importance, and beautifully situated on a wonderful bay. The bays of West Florida are among the most charming bodies of water in the world. Caloosahatchie, Apalachicola, St. Andrews Bay—all well worth taking the time to visit.

But now for the West Coast. We come down to it through Homosassa, with its clear river flowing through magnificent groves of magnolias, through Inverness, Brooksville, Dade City, Plant City, where the winter strawberries come from, with a side trip to Lakeland, a keenly alive little community of big buildings. And we strike first for Tampa, metropolis of the West Coast.

Tampa, like Jacksonville, is the undisputed

commercial and industrial metropolis of an immense territory. Eight hundred thousand people of Florida live within its trade territory. Its strategic situation on the Gulf coast makes it the most convenient port of entry for shipping to and from other Gulf ports, to Central America and the West Indies. The ships of every flag—I counted fifty ocean-going steamers at Tampa's piers one day—carry their own evidence of the city's far-flung commerce. Within a hundred miles of Tampa are produced more than half of the State's agricultural export products. Within this range, also, are found most of the developed mineral resources.

Tampa's convenience as a point of departure for all of the West Coast draws to it an increasing number of tourists every season. It was an important commercial city before there were any tourists, however, and still retains many of the characteristics impressed upon it by its early Cuban-Spanish settlers. In one section of Tampa, Ybor City, one may walk for blocks without hearing any other tongue but Spanish. Here is where the famous cigars are made. Tampa proudly boasts that it makes more pure Havana cigars than Cuba does.

Tampa boasts of the only municipally owned hotel in America, the magnificent structure of Moorish architecture overlooking Tampa Bay, built by the late Henry B. Plant when he dreamed of rivaling Flagler with a railroad and hotel system on the West Coast. There are few more beautiful water frontages anywhere than the Bay Shore Drive of Tampa, lined with magnificent residences and fringed with waving palms. Tampa's scene is semi-tropical. And out in the Bay is Davis Island. From a mangrove shoal, submerged at high tide, there has been built here an island of a thousand acres, pumped up by sandsuckers from the bottom of the bay, covered with splendid hotels, apartments, club-houses and homes, connected with Tampa by a seven-hundred-foot bridge—fifty million dollars' worth of real estate created out of nothing!

West of Tampa, on the tip of the Pinellas Peninsula, between Tampa Bay and the Gulf, lies the tourist city *par excellence* of Florida—St. Petersburg. It was named, incidentally, by a Russian who was one of the first to settle in what was then a wilderness, some forty-odd years ago. St. Pete, as Floridians call it, is essentially a tourist town. Its permanent population is perhaps fifty thousand; its winter population is more than double that number. Almost surrounded by water, stretching clear across the peninsula of Pinellas and flanked by numerous islands, keys and bays, St. Petersburg has developed its waterfront in a great variety of delightful ways. Some of the most charming residential developments in Florida are to be found here, as well as many of the finest hotels and an immense number of hotels of the more moderate sort. It is a paradise for the winter vacationist who loves the quiet life, as well as for the sport enthusiast. On the famous green benches which line its chief business thoroughfare and fill the principal park one may loaf all day, listen to the band, play checkers or chess or just do nothing at all but soak in the sunshine, as thousands do. There are golf, fishing, boating, every other known outdoor sport and some peculiar to St. Pete. Here, besides horseshoe championships, the experts at roque, the modern and glorified form of croquet, gather every winter for tournaments.

NORTH from St. Petersburg, on the same peninsula, are the quiet, charming resort communities of Dunedin, Clearwater, Safety Harbor, Tarpon Springs and Belleair, with its famous Biltmore hotel. Each has its own especial attractions to offer. Tarpon Springs is the headquarters of the sponge fisheries of America; the Greek fishermen from the Mediterranean go out into the Gulf and drag the sponges from the coral reefs at the bottom of the shallow waters, and sponge buyers from all America come here for the periodical marketing of the catch.

Southward from Tampa the West Coast is eventually bound to grow in popularity until it rivals the East Coast. New railroad lines, better

highways, everything is tending to make the West Coast more and more accessible. To-day there are only half a dozen spots where development has progressed far enough to make it worth the tourist's time to visit or the vacationist's to plan to remain long, though the immense agricultural possibilities of this district, as yet barely realized, seem destined to fill it with farms and to build up the present communities into important trading centers.

Bradenton, on the Manatee River, sixty miles below Tampa, with its adjacent cities of Palmetto and Manatee, is already such a center. It has been an agricultural trading point since before the Civil War. To-day it is still a miniature metropolis, but with the addition of attractive modern hotels and lovely villas lining the banks of the picturesque, broad, winding river. There is an atmosphere of contented prosperity about Bradenton which never fails to impress the visitor. It is as firmly bedded on a solid business foundation as any community in Florida, surrounded as it is with the most fertile and productive farms in the whole State.

A few miles below Bradenton is Sarasota, a new town, the county seat of a new county. A child of the great boom, Sarasota grew so rapidly and built so substantially that it stands a monument to what intensified methods of development backed by unlimited capital can do. The Ringling brothers of circus fame made their homes here and have spent millions in developing the waterfront, building splendid hotels, making of Sarasota a nucleus to which other able developers flocked, with the result that from a little fishing village it has become a beautiful, energetic, go-ahead city. Here are the winter quarters of the Ringling-Barnum and Bailey Circus; here, too, has been the spring training ground of the New York "Giants." Twelve out of the sixteen major-league baseball teams, by the way, have their spring training camps on the Florida West Coast.

TWENTY miles below Sarasota is one of the most interesting of all Florida developments, the city of Venice, laid out by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and backed by that organization's resources. The Brotherhood began after the boom was over to build more substantially than has been done anywhere else in Florida—a city fronting on the Gulf and a group of beautiful bays, with a great agricultural development in the back country. Few places in Florida have the possibilities of Venice, already a community of four or five thousand, with hotels and the customary adjuncts of golf courses, tennis courts, and the like. Here the annual Tarpon Tournament draws fishermen from all over the world for the first full moon in June when the tarpon begin to come up the Gulf from the Caribbean.

Below Venice, on Charlotte Harbor, the visitor should stop for a time at Punta Gorda, one of the oldest and largest fishing ports, with a modern hotel and some interesting suburban developments. Then push on to Fort Myers, an old town and a lovely one. There is no lovelier avenue in the world than the main street of Fort Myers, lined with magnificent royal palms; "The Tropical City," as its inhabitants term it, is a town of wonderful foliage and delightful little homes set deep among the green. Still farther south on the Gulf is Naples, a winter resort for fifty years, formerly difficult of access but now reached by the Seaboard Air Line and a splendid new highway. Below Naples one runs into the undeveloped land of Collier County, a two-million-acre tract, awaiting development.

Coming back North, the motorist will find a splendid road leading through Arcadia and Wauchula to Bartow, county seat of "Imperial Polk," the great citrus country. And when he has gone so far he will have seen all of Florida and will have learned that most of the "lies" about it which he has heard are true and most of the statements of fact by those who have never been there are lies.

Most of the misrepresentations of Florida emanate from those who lost money—through their own foolishness and credulity—during the recent boom. Enormous profits were made by many. An entire issue of this magazine could be filled with interesting, true yet unbelievable

(Continued on page 52)

FACTS ABOUT TAMPA

Necessary extensions of the industrial and residential areas of Tampa required an investment of \$11,185,000 in public improvements, completed in 1927.

Within the last 6 months of 1927, two companies alone made plant and equipment investments in Tampa, totaling \$5,000,000 each.

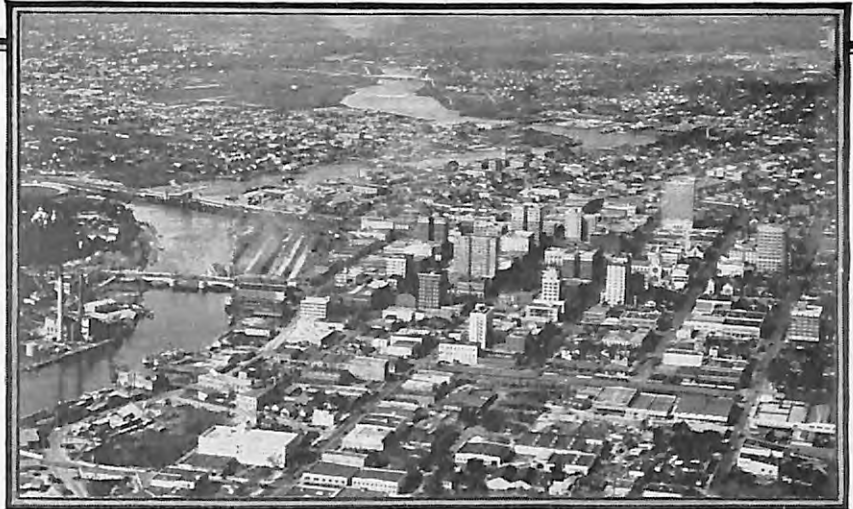
Tampa fine cigar production averages 38,000,000 a month, selling throughout the world.

In Tampa the average temperature is 72 degrees throughout the year.

Tampa is only 24 hours from the eastern metropolitan centers, and 36 hours from the mid-west.

Tampa serves as the commercial and industrial center of a South Florida region from which \$60,000,000 to \$70,000,000 is the annual revenue to the farmers, dairymen, poultrymen, stock raisers, fruit growers and other agriculturists.

In addition to cigars, Tampa manufactures a variety of products comparable to many northern cities of even larger size.



TAMPA

The "Balanced" Metropolis of Florida's Famous West Coast

TAMPA, the wintering center for thousands! While popularly regarded as an industrial and commercial city, more than 100,000 visitors each year find Tampa their chosen field for escape from the cold of the north. For, here is a "balanced" city.

Manufacturing and business have given economic soundness to Tampa. Every step represents *permanent* progress. Thus golf courses are always at their best; boats, equipment and guides are available to the visitor, easily accessible bathing beaches represent added facilities for convenience and enjoyment, roque and tennis courts provide further recreations. Nights are serene and days are sunlit and healthful. Color and Novelty invite the visitor to the Spanish quarter; and broad, paved highways make motor trips adventures in new enjoyments.

Costs of living are on a par with the usual commercial city, but special provision for visitors includes hundreds of residences, hotels, apartments and rooms, many of which are reserved for the entire season by families who enroll their children in the Tampa schools without extra tuition charge.

In Tampa you will find the sincere cordiality of a community which welcomes the temporary guest in the trust that he may become a resident.

You will be interested in Tampa booklets available promptly on request

TAMPA
Florida's Greatest City



EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

Tampa Board of Trade, Tampa, Florida

I will be glad to read the literature checked.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> General booklet | <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial booklet |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tampa statistics | <input type="checkbox"/> Agricultural booklet |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hotel folder | <input type="checkbox"/> Port facilities |

Name

Address

City and State

Florida—To-day and To-morrow

(Continued from page 50)

tales of speculators who got in early and got out early with their investments multiplied a thousandfold. Those tales gained wide circulation in 1924 and 1925, with the result that many tried to duplicate these feats in 1926, and lost. The boom was over.

There are still fortunes being made and to be made in Florida, however. The solid foundation on which Florida is building to-day is not the tourist traffic, but agriculture; and in this field tales could be told of profits as unbelievable as those made in trading in town lots.

The same beneficent sunshine, the same Gulf Stream which makes the climate of Florida so delightful for humans, makes of its soil a paradise for vegetation. Florida farmers market their crops when the Northern fields are brown and snow-covered and Northern markets bare of green stuff.

One hears much of Florida oranges, but that is one crop which does not pay, except in spots. Florida grew oranges before California ever thought of them, but superior business organization has put the California orange in first place, and the best thing to do with the general run of Florida orange groves to-day is to cut them down. Nobody has been able to get the Florida orange-growers to cooperate in marketing, and until they do, their groves are largely liabilities.

Florida grapefruit is something else again. Eighty-one per cent. of all the nation's grapefruit comes from Florida. The demand is growing

and its production is highly profitable. But the big opportunities in Florida farming are in growing green vegetables for the winter market. Here are some figures which will surprise many.

Peppers—Florida grows 61 per cent. of the Nation's consumption; watermelons—21 per cent. of all that America eats, getting into the Northern market before Georgia melons are ripe; cucumbers—41 per cent. come from Florida; tomatoes, 24 per cent.; eggplant, 59 per cent.; string beans, 38 per cent.; early white potatoes, 16 per cent., and celery, 32 per cent. The early celery, which comes into the markets from January to April, nearly all comes from Florida; one Florida county produces more than all California! Ninety-one thousand car-loads of fruit and vegetables were shipped North from Florida in the crop season of 1926-27. The Florida farmer works in the winter, and in the summer goes fishing!

I saw some figures, certified by bankers, of the profits made by the members of one cooperative marketing organization of farmers. Taking the entire membership, good farmers and bad farmers, large farms and small farms, good years and bad years, the net profits per acre over a period of four years averaged nearly five hundred dollars! Scores of instances of profits running to \$2,000, \$3,000, and even more were brought to my attention. I investigated many of them and found them to be true. These were

not in one part of Florida, but all over the State. Tobacco farmers make money-growers of the bright Virginia tobacco used for cigarettes; they make as high as \$2,000 an acre, year after year. I know one man who paid for fifty acres of land and a complete set of farm buildings and had \$20,000 cash left over out of one year's potato crop, near Fort Pierce! I know another man who took in more than \$30,000 in one season from less than six acres of celery and vegetables! Instances can be cited by the dozen of farmers who pay for their farms with their first year's crop. Not all make these bonanza profits; all have their off years. But year in and year out, over five-year periods, the intelligent Florida farmer can and does make more money than the farmers of any other part of the country can possibly average.

That is the sort of profits Florida is talking about now, not real-estate profits. That is the solid foundation on which Florida is striving to establish itself. Out of 20,000,000 acres of potential farm land, less than 10 per cent. is as yet occupied. From that 10 per cent. Florida shipped last year \$88,000,000 of farm products. The soil is Florida's real wealth, and the future of Florida, as its far-seeing capitalists and business men see it, lies in settling that soil with a million farmers and their families. To-day Florida has a population of a scant million and a half; it can support ten million, and the next generation will see it well on its way to that goal.

Memorial Day Address of the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 5)

hero in a crisis. His time may not have come; it may never come, but the power is there and needs but the fostering influence. How else can you explain the sudden success of the former failure or the rapid rise to fame of some dull companion of your youth?

Elkdom has realized this truth and therefore bids its disciples to ask, not whether a man be a success, a failure, famed or obscure, but to demand only that he possess those qualities of mind and heart which prompt him to be charitable, to do justice, to love his fellow men, to be faithful to his obligations.

When our great common law, hemmed in by technicalities, strict constructions and precedents arising therefrom, became too harsh to prove justice between men, there grew up a system of jurisprudence called Equity to temper with mercy the hard and fast rules of the law. And so should it be in the every-day lives of men, when the rules which govern their relations with their fellow men through competition, avarice, suspicion, have grown severe and harsh, then should the spirit of Elkdom enter in to make life more livable, to make sympathy and brotherly love active forces in our work.

Such a spirit must be welcome to all, for way down deep, back of all things when illusions are dispelled, every subterfuge shattered, all the false distinctions of class, nationality, politics, religion cast asunder, we are all men breathing the same air, stirred by the same passions, subject to the same ills and weaknesses, thrilled by joy, stricken by sorrow—all members of one great family, brothers in this great and beautiful world, united by a common bond of feeling.

That all might realize this, memorial day was

instituted in our Order! For as a traveler standing before the monument of some departed hero feels the inspiration of noble deeds, so must we, pausing for a few hours in our worldly occupation, turning aside from our own concerns, become conscious of a yearning for the greater, higher things which make life really worth the living.

In this spirit we come to-day before the great memorial, which in our thoughts we have erected to the dead Elkdom. If I were a sculptor I would fashion for you that monument—a great stone, symbolizing the road of life, the first step upward most precipitate, and difficult of ascent, with each succeeding step in the approach to the broad level plateau of attainment suggesting less of obstacle, less of difficulty; thereon the figures of men who had reached every stage of the journey, and were progressing upward and onward; but by posture, facial expression and every suggestion of art the forward figures would be reaching backward and downward to give assistance to those behind and below; here with physical strength, here with counsel, here with tenderness; at the base, ready to take the most difficult step, and clearly able to do so easily, would be placed the most splendid figure of all, delaying to lift ahead of him, the weaker and less fortunate of his fellow men. If you should ask me to write a motto for this Elks' statue I would carve: "Unselfishness Uplifted Mankind!"

All of us have moments of self-analysis, when we see clearly all our faults and make firm resolutions for the future, too quickly to be broken in the rush and turmoil of the struggle for existence.

All have passed wakeful hours in dreaming

of the good we shall do, the great works we shall accomplish, the difficulties we shall surmount, yet never stir ourselves from the path we are daily plodding. Let us have our day dreams, for with the philosopher, "I do not envy the man who never had a day dream, to whom a yellow primrose is a flower and nothing more, who has never seen a vision in the clouds that hang about the sunset, nor watched the weird faces in the evening fire." But let our dreams be the ideals to lift us up out of ourselves and to make us strive with all the power of mind and body for the reality.

To-day we have paid tribute to our departed brothers. Every year we have come to honor them, bearing the rosemary of remembrance. Do they know? How sweet and comforting the thought that, while all Elks are gathered here below to make sacred the memory of their departed brothers, they, too, are in the Eternal Lodge of the hereafter and join with us in spirit; comforting, indeed, to those of us, from whom this tribute comes too late.

Now, we are about to go forth to join with our living brothers in the great brotherhood of the world. While we live we must each come in contact with others, in business with our fellow men, in the social life with our brothers and friends, in the home with those we love and cherish, with those who love us and make sacrifices for our well-being. Do we honor them as they deserve? Do we pay the tribute which we owe?

My brothers, be true to the ideals of Elkdom; all its fundamental principles and its teaching of justice, mercy and humanity are embodied in its great command: "Ever practice brotherly love."

Getting the Jump on Famine

(Continued from page 25)

heath. This, it may be, is the source of the emotional force that inspired the creation of the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research, but the recollection of a consulting chemist, who is a member of the board of the Institute, enabled us to eavesdrop on Colonel Thompson's mind and learn precisely what a daring exploration project he had in mind when he gave about seven and a half millions of dollars to the enterprise.

"We were walking in the grounds of the Thompson home," this chemist recalled not

long ago, "and speculating on the nature of many of the fundamental things. 'I should like,' Mr. Thompson said to me, 'to get at the real bottom of the phenomena of life's processes, and I think a good place to study them would be in the realm of plants. By doing that perhaps I can contribute something real to the future of mankind.'"

It is enough to cause blushes of shame to crimson the cheek of any male person who in high school decided in favor of zoölogy on the

ground that only girls might keep alive a semblance of interest in botany. Amundsen in his airship borrowed from the Italians, or Commander Byrd in his airplane could think of no more valuable exploration than a trip to the North Pole. Looking down the barrel of a microscope into the realm of plant life there are green jungles in which the eye of a thoughtful man may see a thousand trails unexplored by men, each leading by devious ways to some

(Continued on page 54)

Stop Awhile in Palm Beach County



Interesting Palm Beach County

Extends You No Ordinary Welcome

AS DIFFERENT as this truly tropical country itself is the reception being planned for you here by your brother Elks of the lodges at West Palm Beach and Lake Worth. . .

Here in bountiful Palm Beach County, gifted by the elements, endowed by Nature, the members of West Palm Beach Lodge No. 1352 and Lake Worth Lodge No. 1530 are ready to receive you . . . To take you back into the mysterious, prosperous farm land called The Everglades . . . To take you out and about world-famous Palm Beach . . . To let you play and rest as never before . . . To entertain you in their magnificent

clubs . . . In fact, to extend extraordinary courtesies for a day or a week, as long as you will stay.

In Palm Beach County vast improvement programs have been completed, chiefly that our guests may find happiness here. Long, even stretches of road lure you to tropical junglelands; a dozen sporty golf courses offer their hospitality and beach, deep sea and woodland spread their recreational abundance before your choice. . .

Come, visit your Brother Elks of Palm Beach County . . . Avail yourself of the reception they have planned for you . . . Stop off en route to the convention at Miami, or on your return.

This is the Favored Region "Where Summer Spends the Winter"

The
BOARD of COMMISSIONERS
of PALM BEACH COUNTY
FLORIDA

West Palm Beach
 Lodge No. 1352,
 B. P. O. Elks

Lake Worth
 Lodge No. 1530,
 B. P. O. Elks

Getting the Jump on Famine

(Continued from page 52)

vital truth that touches the lives of every one of us. We can find one of those paths for you, thanks to Dr. Crocker, even if your sole interest in life is your golf score!

Have you ever heard of brown patch?

A few years ago the notorious duffers of an Eastern golf club for days and days were barred from the course because of a tremendous responsibility resting upon the members of the greens committee.

The club course, you see, was to be the battleground of the National Open Championship tournament. Then came the awful discovery. It was about eleven o'clock on a Saturday morning, a week before the start of the tournament, when the overalled foreman of the greens committee's laborers—heedless of all house rules—ran through a group of bridge players on the verandah, yelling for the chairman, who was his boss. A few moments later he ran back again and after him panted the chairman and one other member. The three, without stopping for breath, ran clear to the fourth green, where they dropped to their knees. By nightfall everyone in the club knew the truth in spite of efforts to keep the secret. Brown patch was killing the grass of the links.

There had been a spell of warm, muggy days with the mornings and evenings thick with ground mist. In this kind of weather a microscopic fungus growth sometimes appears on the green velvet blades of grass with as little warning as heralds the appearance of its larger relatives, the mushrooms and toadstools. An entire course may become infected within a few days.

Thanks to exceptional circumstances of site and membership, the Board of Governors of the club were able to cajole grass experts of the Department of Agriculture at the State Capital to attend their conference. Grass doctors, so to speak, came in consultation. Powerful chemical solutions were sprayed on the affected areas and all play was stopped, but the infection spread from green to green until great patches of their velvet had been transformed, on the eve of the tournament, into the drab areas that suggested closely cropped door-mat fabric.

THE tournament was played, but the things overheard in the locker-rooms; bitter phrases that floated on the steam that arose from the showers; and tactless criticism that was printed tried the souls of the membership. A healthy green with its crisp grass calls for a measure of force that practiced tournament players may gauge, but a green that is dying from brown patch is dry, slick and treacherous. Balls skim across a surface so afflicted almost as they do on a hardwood floor. The open champion that year won by nine strokes and each stroke was a putt. All of his competitors spent so much time grouching and moaning about the condition of the greens—

However, anyone of the 1,750,000 golf players in the United States who belong to the country's 5,000 clubs will concede without argument that brown patch is a terrible curse.

Extensive pioneer work designed to discover a means of fighting brown patch and to discover a variety of suitable grass that would resist it had been done by the United States Department of Agriculture, when about two years ago, experimental grass plots were started at the Institute. Then certain follow-up experiments were made on the adjoining golf links of the Hudson River Country Club.

The experimental patches were laid out in nine strips. These included seven varieties of the bent grasses, Washington, Metropolitan, Virginia, Columbia, Acme Velvet, German Creeping Bent, and Colonial Bent; also a putting green mixture, European Red Fescue and Red Fescue No. 1, this last a great favorite in England, since it has a great thirst. Experimental treatments were then applied in cross-strips so that a checkerboard was formed that showed the effects of seven treatments on each kind of grass as contrasted with a strip that received no treatment. One of the discoveries should astound all those people who regard seriously that oft-told story of the English gardener. You remember? He was asked by the inevit-

able American tourist how he kept the park of his English master in such exquisite condition. In replying he gave precise conditions as to seeding, watering, mowing, and care. After which he added: "Then watch over it for three hundred years!"

It may have been a good story when first told, but that gardener was, in a manner of speaking, all wet.

A number of those squares in that checkerboard at the Hudson Valley Country Club that came from rapid-growing bent grasses might have been played on seven weeks after planting. The bent grasses are so called because they bend and creep along the ground. They are propagated from the nodes, or joints of the plant stems, instead of sowing seed. The grass is chopped and spread over prepared ground, covered by a thin layer of pulverized soil and wet thoroughly.

Not every golfer may concede that the thick velvet carpet of mat-like sod so developed is precisely what he desires. Some have a preference for a less springy turf. Nevertheless, the best turf produced in those experiments, both as to color and uniformity, was grown from nodes of Metropolitan Bent. The best results from the treatments used in those experiments were obtained by a one to 400 solution of chlorphenol mercury, applied every two weeks in combination with a fertilizer. Decidedly better results were observed when the fertilizer and chemical were applied together.

If your only interest in grass is because you have a bit of lawn, either a piece the size of a pocket handkerchief or a park as large as a Dakota farm, you will find that those bent grasses will, properly treated, serve you like magic. For one thing they thrive when given top dressings of ammonium sulphate mixed with soil and sand, while the resultant acidity of the soil is fatal to dandelions, plantains, crab grasses and other lawn weeds.

How far north do ducks fly? No man is able to say. How far south? Ornithologists know that those wedge-shaped quacking squadrons that arrow away from winter are sometimes decimated to feed the people of Mexico, of Central America, and places farther on. Why they fly so far is less of a problem than why they fly. Why do you go to your club for luncheon one day and then on another have a crazy fancy to eat hamburger in the disreputable dog wagon in the vacant lot behind the court house? One thing sportsmen of all races do know about ducks is that duck appetites seem to govern duck migrations. Booming guns will not drive them away from the shallows where their favorite foods are to be found, but if these foods disappear so do the ducks.

Some time ago one of the wealthiest of American steel makers sent a distress call to the Institute. He was engaged in spending a quarter of a million dollars to create in a Southern State a preserve that would catch the fancy of the high-flying duck squadrons, and bring them to earth. This enterprise was going on in a seacoast region that has been a sort of duck paradise for all the generations of Americans; but mysteriously the canvasbacks, the teal and the redheads were beginning to ignore it. Seven years ago the ducks were swarming in that region in Spring and Fall. Then their numbers began to dwindle until less than one duck in ten seemed to have that area on its visiting list.

There are ornithologists who know more about the food desires of ducks than any chef can ever know about the appetites of human beings. Given that information the scientists of the Institute for Plant Research were able to take a short cut to the heart of the Sherlock Holmes problem of the missing ducks. It proved to be a grass problem.

Thousands of acres of grass in the marshes along the seacoast where the ducks were wont to feed and sportsmen to lie in ambush for them, were afflicted with some killing influences. Ordinarily the water of that region, the Institute Research men found, was seven per cent. sea-water, brackish indeed, but precisely right for the green things that had adapted themselves to such a balance. But, unhappily for the ducks and the duck hunters, the sea-water

content of marsh fluids had been increased enormously and the sea-water was polluted by harbor sewage. A little further investigation disclosed a possible cause of that. The removal of lock-gates from a ship canal that had been dredged inside the line of sandy beach that runs as an archipelago of slender desert islands almost the length of our Atlantic coast was suspected of responsibility for the tidal flows of grass-killing sea water into the marshes.

THE duck-hunting natives were astute enough to suspect that the change in the quality of the water was responsible for the destruction of much of the sago pond-weed, the widgeon and the wild celery; but the scientists were able to prove it. The natives had been inclined to place all the blame on the sea-water, per se, begging your pardon, but the scientists learned that while the increased salt in the region favors the development of a certain fungus disease that does much damage, the main damage is undoubtedly due to the fact that it carries organic matter, sewage, into these waters on which the two worst destroyers feed. The stemmed hydroid attaches to the leaves and stems of the water plants and feeds on the organic matter in the water. Thus fed it buds and grows until it literally covers the plant parts to twice their thickness and literally smothers them. Again, a little one-celled, boar-shaped, shell-covered plant, a diatom, thrives in foul waters. It pushes one end of its boar-like body into the plant stem or leaf. This is done in such great numbers that the plant gradually dies and turns black and its brittle body breaks into fragments with the least touch. Get rid of the sewage and these enemies will starve. Reduce the salt content of the water one-half and the fungal disease will subside in its virulence. Restoring gates to the canal should do this.

It was possible, of course, to suggest the planting of other grasses that might be expected to resist the new conditions. The duck hunters were so anxious to see the flights swarming into those marshes once more that it is likely they would have gone ahead cheerfully and planted orchids—if they had been told in authentic fashion that orchids were required. All that is needed, it seems, is the restoration of that water-gate to close off one of the principal inlets through which water now is admitted to the marsh from the canal. It gets into the canal with its grass-killing parasites whenever winds blow off the ocean and a certain harbor that contains sewage. You may depend upon it, the duck hunters of that locality are going to see that the gates are built. In the meantime the Institute is working out the most effective means of renewing in those marshes the destroyed wild crops of sago pond-weed, widgeon and wild celery. Is there listed in your mental index a marshy shore which the ducks no longer visit as of yore? If so, not guns, but famine is responsible. If the plant food that used to lure them is restored the ducks will come back, and without waiting for a notice from the Chamber of Commerce, either.

THE matter of grass crops has turned the course of human migrations countless times in the world's past. There still dwell in Asia many nomad tribes whose only food is supplied by their flocks of sheep, goats, and cows after these beasts have transformed grass into meat; grass that was cunningly contrived by nature to catch with its myriad arms strange and wonderful properties showered on the world by the sun. Unless every human child gets a share of those blessings transported by sunlight, indeed, which may be sunlight, nature takes a fearful and hideous toll. We call it rickets.

Rickets is defined as a disturbance of nutrition that prevents or delays the depositing of the lime and phosphorus necessary to sound bone foundation. One does not have to walk far through any slum street before encountering a child with legs extravagantly bowed. People commonly say of such a child that it has been allowed to walk too soon. That is only a part of the truth. Actually it walked on legs that were supported by poorly nourished bones. But this is only a little of the tragedy of rickets. Frequently it causes areas of softening in the bones of the skull, and it does not always betray

(Continued on page 56)



Here is St. Petersburg, Florida, sparkling in the sunshine. At the top is the waterfront and the Recreation Pier; at the left is Mirror Lake; in the center is Williams Park and the business district

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*On the Ocean
in Florida's Sun*

Getting the Jump on Famine

(Continued from page 54)

itself through visible bone deformity. Sometimes it is indicated by the early decay of teeth.

Why do children reared in dark slums grow spindling and pale? Why do children who are carefully housed and fed develop rickets? For an answer scientists at the Institute for Plant Research experimented with plants.

Beneath a roof of glass many plants were reared. Some were sheltered beneath glass of the ordinary sort of which our windows are made which transmit all sorts of visible rays of sunlight and the longer ultra-violet rays, but not the shorter ultra-violet rays that give sunburn or cure rickets; others were kept beneath special ultra-violet transmitting glass that lets through all the visible rays of the sun and all of the ultra-violet rays as well; other plants were kept beneath glass that transmitted only the visible rays and cut out all of the ultra-violet rays; yet others were under glass that deprived them not only of ultra-violet rays, but violet and blue rays also; and finally there were specimens that were caused to struggle for existence beneath glass that filtered out all of these and most of the green rays as well.

A view of all of the plants grown in those experiments would serve to convince the most skeptical person that vital secrets of life are held somewhere in the field of sunlight. Normal plants were grown at the Institute shut off from all ultra-violet rays; but when the colored glasses had shut out the violet and blue rays as well the plants became spindling, unhealthy. Those deprived also of green rays became still taller and thinner in their futile effort to reach the life-giving rays of which they were being deprived, and their leaves were deformed into cup shapes. Bushy soy-bean plants that were cheated of violet, blue and green rays became twining vines. They had rickets!

Investigators from one of the big Eastern universities have been making use of those spectral greenhouses. A parallel experiment was carried on by them with white rats. Under glass especially made to separate the rays of the sun these young creatures passed their daylight hours in the various colors of the rainbow. One group dwelt perpetually in green light; another in blue; another in a light from which all the invisible ultra-violet rays had been filtered. This group developed rickets! Animals, then, do require those unseen rays which are seemingly non-essential to plant life.

What is the quality so important to humanity that is delivered from the sun in its ultra-violet rays? Science knows it as Vitamine D. A rat, feeble and misshapen from a life spent under a glass roof that robbed it of those healing, strengthening rays, was doctored with doses of fish oil extracted from the liver of cod. A miracle occurred. That rat began to thrive almost as well, except for permanent defects, as other rats that had been given all the light rays to which they were entitled. Others of his group were given sun-baths through glass that admitted the ultra-violet rays and those creatures also began to thrive.

Incidentally it is known that ordinary windowpanes shut out this essential quality from our sunlight. In order to get the full benefit of a sun bath it should be a real bath without clothes; and if there is a glass shelter the glass should be one of the varieties now on the market that are so made as to admit those invisible ultra-violet rays that are so important.

It is sunlight, from which comes, or has come, all of that which we know as energy. The gurgling laugh of a baby, the gesture of a beautiful actress, the pulsations of kindly hearts, and vicious ones, the explosions that drive automobiles, the song of a serenader, the fragrant smoke of tobacco, the challenging glances of women, all these and more are but transmutations of sunlight which also becomes coal, petroleum, cow's milk and pork chops destined for an unimaginable variety of power-use.

Surely it is worth a lifetime of study. At the Institute favored visitors are shown a chamber which is in itself an attempt to unlock some of the mysterious chambers of life. It is a huge room occupied by growing plants. Joshua, commanding the sun to stand still, was attempting nothing more presumptuous than was going on in there. An assortment of plants were being

forced to respond each day to twenty-four hours of sunlight. In that room one might see clover that had flowered under such conditions in thirty-five days, although normally it requires months. But tomato plants similarly treated all but died. The tomatoes, it was found, increase in stature and fruitfulness under twelve hours of light. The constant sunlight was provided in that chamber, not by stopping the sun, but by throwing a light switch that turned on full force twenty-five ceiling lights of 1,000 watts each.

In order to study the behavior of nature, and not merely, as one of the Institute scientists expresses it, the results of her random activities, an extraordinary lot of equipment has been assembled that enables men to control the factors that affect the growth of plants. That is precisely what market gardeners do who raise their early crops of vegetables and flowers in force-beds and in glass-walled greenhouses. Only at the Institute controls are employed that are beyond the reach of the purse of the average gardener.

There is, for example, an electrically driven crane, a gaunt steel skeleton so shaped that it may be drawn like a hood over either one of two greenhouses. The under side of that crane carries forty-eight of the 1,000-watt lamps which deliver to the plants upon which they shine an allopathic dose of sunlight.

Besides these auxiliary suns, there are spectral glass houses, humidified houses (in these one has all the sensations of existence in the moist jungle of a tropic island); rooms for accurate temperature control; a carbon dioxide plant; and constant-condition light and dark rooms. These varied, controlled conditions of growth and production are supported by chemical and physical laboratories where bio-, micro- and physical chemistry, morphology, and physiology; the botanist, the entomologist and the protozoologist are all engaged in what Dr. Crocker calls an "all-sided attack on the problems in plant agriculture."

Some occurrences there would arouse feelings of religious solemnity and poetic enthusiasm in anyone who witnessed them understandingly.

The potato-growers of the Southern States owe a measure of gratitude to the Institute. It's the early potato crop that brings the money, but freshly harvested Maine potatoes, the "late" crop, if shipped South for immediate replanting take an expensive nap of two months before they begin to grow. That two months of idleness puts them on the market too late to appear as part of the winter crop of new potatoes. On the other hand, if the early Southern potatoes are used for seed they are exceedingly liable to develop infections. Then the loss is disastrous.

The fetch of modern business is management; management is the elimination of waste; agriculture is a business; therefore the elimination of waste from agriculture is business management of a high order. See how science is doing this: One of the scientists at the Institute made over three thousand experiments with potatoes, using about 200 separate chemicals in an effort to find some way of encouraging potatoes to sprout without taking that two months' nap.

It was discovered that by dipping potato eyes in a certain chemical solution they could be induced to forego that inconvenient rest period and get right down to the business of sprouting. The most effective solution, it was found, is one called ethylene chlorhydrin. With such treatment one variety of potatoes had vines two feet high with a crop of tubers swelling under ground before a similar variety, untreated, were showing above ground. This discovery means money in the bank for potato growers of Florida and some other Southern States.

Potatoes may be dipped into a solution of the right strength, stored for twenty-four hours and planted, or the cut tubers may be soaked in a water solution of the chemical.

Studies are being made with a view to shipping the disease-free potatoes of the North, after treatment, to the South. If they can be induced to arrive in a sprouting condition, ready for planting, that will be agricultural management of a high order.

Every once in a while a story recurs about the sprouting of three-thousand-year-old wheat seeds found in the tombs of the Egyptian Pharaohs. It is not true. Careful experiments have been made a number of times and each test has shown

those long-buried seeds to be dead. Authentic records indicate that wheat does not retain its vitality over twenty years, but seeds of the East Indian lotus that may have fallen to earth in a Chinese valley about the time Columbus landed in America have grown into fine plants in recent times.

A Japanese botanist excavated from a plain in South Manchuria some of those hard lotus seeds, filed away a bit of the tough coat, soaked them in water and planted them; and they grew. The age of those seeds was fixed in the manner that other scientists excavating not far away for remains of prehistoric animals fixed the ages of the bones they uncovered, by geologic indications. There is little question but that those seeds are certainly more than 120 years old and probably four hundred years. Why did the seeds fail to germinate in all that time? Water is the magic required to work that miracle in any seed and the coats of those lotus seeds were literally water-tight.

The question of dormancy in seeds has always been a fascinating one for men. In 1879 (two years before President Garfield was assassinated), on the campus of Michigan Agricultural College, a man spaded out a deep hole and buried there twenty uncorked pint bottles. Each bottle, placed in the earth neck down, contained about fifty seeds, representing some twenty species of plants, mainly weeds. Each five years since that time one of those flasks has been exhumed and its seed contents tested for germination. The bottle taken up the year Germany sued for peace had been buried forty years. Some of the seed it contained were dead, but pigweed, ragweed, black mustard, evening primrose, plantain, yellow dock, and some others grew with enthusiasm. Dormancy in seeds is a troublesome and expensive matter for mankind sometimes.

At the Institute, thanks to some extraordinary ice-boxes, it has been discovered that years of time can be saved in the development of roses by keeping the germinator beds at a constant temperature of 41 degrees Fahrenheit. Instead of waiting five or seven years the rose seeds germinate, awaken—after one hundred and forty days. It is a new version of the old fairy story of the sleeping beauty. In this case the prince who broke the spell was Dr. Crocker.

Speeding up seed germination is one of the ways in which we are going to be able to stave off famine as our population increases. Another is through a recently developed form of seed testing.

A merchant who buys a stock of goods only to discover that it cannot be sold may be expected to go into bankruptcy. The farmer or nurseryman who invests a lot of capital in seed, and then after planting that seed discovers most of it was dead is in a situation equally desperate.

A farmer is gambling the minute he invests in seed, but it is possible to take the gamble out of seed ventures now because of another successful experiment at the Institute. It requires nothing more than a supply of a fluid that is a familiar of most bathroom medical cabinets, namely, peroxide of hydrogen. This is the secret: All living tissues produce a substance called catalase which is able to split peroxide of hydrogen into water and oxygen. When this occurs there is a furious foaming like that which results when this fluid is poured into a wound. Catalase may remain active after a seed dies, but if seeds are soaked in water for twelve hours at ninety degrees temperature, live seeds will foam but dead ones will not. Selection then becomes a simple matter.

At this rate, it would appear, science is rapidly overtaking the handicap put on the human race through the great increase in the number of mouths to feed. Nevertheless there are still a lot of insects that remain beyond control, a challenge to humanity.

Keller, the prestidigitator, used to have a "wow" number in his performance, a trick that sent his audiences into tumultuous enthusiasm. He would set a large flower-pot, seemingly filled with earth, on a small table, rub his sleeves back in a gesture of honesty, tap his highly polished wand against the pot and then cover it with a cloth. After which, in the manner of a hypnotist, he would wave his hands with Svengali-like tensings of his fingers over the covered vessel. Almost imperceptibly the cloth would begin to rise as if something stirred beneath it. Gradually the speed of an unseen growth would increase until with a magical rush the distended

(Continued on page 58)

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In January, 1927, the new Seaboard extensions, West Palm Beach to Miami, on the East Coast; and Fort Ogden-Fort Myers to Naples, on the West Coast, were opened to passenger traffic. Via its Cross Florida Short Line, round trip tickets to West Palm Beach, Miami, Coral Gables and intermediate points permit going or returning direct via Coleman, Fla., or any or all of the following: Tampa, Bartow, Clearwater, Belleair, St. Petersburg, with free side trip to Orlando. For a small additional fare, one may go or return via Sarasota, Palmetto or Bradenton.

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Getting the Jump on Famine

(Continued from page 57)

cloth would have been pushed about four feet above the pot and swollen to the size of a small barrel. Then, as the orchestra blared and the drums rolled, Keller, in the manner of a high-priest, would lift the cloth and reveal a hot-house orange tree richly laden with yellow, globular fruit.

Please do not ask me to tell how he did this trick. I don't know, but scientists are on the track of some of nature's secrets which may enable them pretty nearly to do actually what Keller only seemed to do.

A number of years ago an accidental fire in the basement of a greenhouse in the Azores showed that the smoke collecting in the greenhouse above caused a quick and satisfactory ripening of the pineapples growing there. As a result of this it is a practice in the Azores now to build smudges in greenhouses to get timely and regular ripening of the pineapple crop. In the Azores they would only be able to tell you that it was "something in the smoke." But our scientists now know that the "something" is ethylene. It may yet prove to be a key that will enable them to grow plants almost as miraculously as Keller seemed to grow them on the stage.

Foreign pests are not always stopped at Ellis Island. There is the Japanese beetle. An Adam and an Eve of this species found themselves in a strange Garden of Eden only a few years ago. It was America. They set up house-keeping. To-day their descendants, untold millions, are spreading westward in spite of a rigid quarantine imposed on all shipments and automobile travelers in infected States—Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware. The adult beetle feeds destructively on fruit trees. The grub devours grass roots to such an extent that golfers playing on an infested course are sometimes horrified by knocking up a divot as large as a prayer rug.

A special Japanese Beetle Laboratory was

established at Riverton, New Jersey. Three States and the Federal Government banded together to support it. Presently the entomologists there had learned that these foreign bugs liked alcohol and that a pungently odorous fluid called geraniol lured them as cats are attracted by catnip. In one test geraniol was placed in a trap in a tree. Ten thousand beetles responded to that lure. From now on the destruction of these beetles is going to proceed swiftly. That is what is meant by control.

Red spiders constitute another pest of expansive proportions, one that has always been serious in the South. A scientist at the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research discovered that by spraying a mixture of lubricating oil and colloidal sulphur on affected plants, he could kill 95 per cent. of the ravenous little red mites, which include on their menus some forty different species of cultivated plants.

Where and how do all these pests get into the country? We know that the boll weevil is a Mexican and entomologists recognize the Rio Grande as a frontier beyond which are unnumbered species of insect pests that may invade us at any time, bringing misery in their van. The Emperor moth was introduced from Japan purely by accident. Some cherry trees were sent for planting in the District of Columbia along the Potomac. Those trees bloom gorgeously every year, but they are a sad reminder to the peach growers of the nation whose trees are victims of the hungry larva of that stowaway Emperor moth.

If at any time you should happen to run across some old-fashioned method of destroying leaf-hoppers do not think that any scientist would high-hat you for offering the recipe. One who would be charmed to learn of such a bug powder is that white-smocked detective at the Institute for Plant Research who discovered that this parasite is responsible for the spread of plant yellows.

The Light Shines Through

(Continued from page 10)

love toward this suave wastrel instead of to the giant who had written the letter and signed the will.

That she loved Logan there could be no slightest doubt. Equally there was no doubt that she had tried to love John Avery. He wondered how much of the mother instinct there was in this queer perversion of taste. He despised Logan's urbanity, his pose of culture, his self-satisfaction, his superb haberdashery and his slickness. The man had never amounted to anything and most likely never would. He was surfeited with faults, and the fact that they were all of the negative variety did not add to his attractiveness. Ezekiel Brewster could applaud aggressive badness: he loathed selfish indolence.

He rose to his feet and gazed down kindly on the girl's bent head. "We need not discuss this any more to-day, Miss Craig. When you are ready we will take up an accounting and make proper application to the Probate Court. Until then. . ."

Logan rose even before Naomi did. He ostentatiously took her beaded bag from Brewster's desk and handed it to her. The lawyer's eyes swept him hostilely.

"If Mr. Logan does not object, Miss Craig—I would like to have a single word in private with you."

"Quite all right." Don waved his elegant manicured fingers and bowed his way through the door. "I'll wait in the anteroom."

Alone with the girl Ezekiel Brewster stared for a moment. Then he did a peculiarly fatherly thing. He placed his bony hands on her shoulders and gazed deep into her eyes.

"Miss Craig," he asked softly—"you would not violate, in any slightest degree, the dying request of one who loved you?"

"No—of course not."

He took from his pocket a letter.

"John left this with me, Miss Craig. It was to be given you only after the will had been read and you had listened to his letter. I do

not know what he has written, but I do know that this was, to him, a sacred document. He told me to give it to you only if you were not yet married at the time his estate was administered upon. You understand?"

"Yes. . ."

"I feel, Miss Craig—that he wishes this letter to be known only to you. To be quite honest: I believe that he particularly does not wish Mr. Logan to know that you have received it."

The eyes that she raised to his were misty. "If you wish my promise, Mr. Brewster—you have it. I—I—Oh! It seems impossible to believe that John is really dead!"

CHAPTER IV

NAOMI tucked the letter in the bosom of her dress before joining Don Logan in the outer office. They bade Brewster good-bye and walked to the elevator together.

Don, as usual, was supremely courteous. He held her arm gently, he protected her from the crowd in the elevator. He helped her through the eddying throng in the lobby of the great building.

Broadway seethed with traffic. Overhead the low-hanging clouds foretold rain and cast a chill over the city. They imparted an air of bleakness which accentuated Naomi's depressed mood.

They stood in the doorway of the huge building, staring through the welter of traffic. Don was struggling to conceal the elation he felt. There was no thought in his mind that Naomi should do other than accept the bequest. And he rather fancied that he deserved it. Had he not asked Naomi to marry him when he could ill afford the luxury of a wife? Was he not prepared to sacrifice his jealously guarded independence for her?

He loved Naomi as sincerely as he was capable of loving anyone other than himself. Possessed of a natural charm, he had cast a spell which

blinded her to a full realization of his weaknesses. It was not that she did not know they were there, but she loved the man whole-heartedly and was therefore unable to strike a balance—to weigh carefully the pitfalls which lay beyond their marriage.

Don Logan was the parasite type. He had an ordinary high-school education, but since finishing at school he had been an omnivorous reader. He possessed an enormous fund of partially digested information. But his was a keen brain, and his manner was charming. Women liked him—and so did many men. He had a slow, easy smile which won friends instantly—friends which he invariably lost as the intimacy developed.

His personality and smile made it a comparatively simple matter for him to secure employment at a fair salary. He had sold stocks and bonds, he had been a publicity man, an exploiter and an insurance salesman in turn. His knowledge of general business was as diversified and as shallow as his knowledge of literature and art.

HIS jobs did not last long. Usually, the employment terminated at his volition rather than that of his employer. He was not the plodding, plugging sort—content to give a trifle more than a hundred per cent. of effort to achieve a goal. He could not understand why success was not thrust upon him. He was an excellent worker when he cared to extend himself . . . which was seldom. He was bursting with ideas. He had multitudinous plans and schemes for handling great sums of money. Unfortunately all of his pet schemes were based upon a premise of cash capital. Until this moment there had never been the slightest hope of acquiring such capital.

Now, in the twinkling of an eye, a miracle had occurred. Naomi was about to come into possession of a fortune. They would marry shortly. And he knew Naomi better than she knew herself. He realized that she was indifferent to money—as such. He knew that he would not have to ask her for control of a reasonable proportion of her fortune . . . she would turn it over to him quite naturally as the man of the family. Truly, there was every reason for him to feel elated.

How long they stood at the curb she did not know. She realized, however, that a taxi had drawn up near them and Don was opening the door and giving to the driver her address in the Bronx. She frowned and stood back.

"Why, Don . . . we'll take the subway."

He shook his head. "Not to-day, dear. The weather is atrocious and the crowds are terrific."

"But it's ridiculous to ride all that distance in a taxi when—" She started to say that she could not afford it . . . and bit back the words. She felt his colorless eyes upon her and a flush mounted to her cheeks. Without a word she stepped into the cab. He slammed the door and seated himself beside her. Involuntarily he sighed deeply—as though with relief that the strain was over.

She was not in a talkative mood. She half closed her eyes and stared through veiled lids at the mass of swirling humanity outside: men and women and children hurrying somewhere with heads bent and eyes focused intently ahead: each possessed of a burden . . . mental or physical . . . each owning hopes and fears and worries.

The events of the past hour were not clear in her mind. She had not yet riveted her attention on any particular phase of the thing which had happened to her. Not once had she thought of the world which lay at her feet—of the surcease from an existence which—while it had never actually contained financial worry—had yet been far from financial ease. It was as though she were looking through a smoked glass . . . and beyond that glass was the big, broad-shouldered figure of a young giant with a kindly face and the gentleness of a woman. She thought of John Avery rather than of the fortune which John Avery had willed to her.

At her side, the man to whom she was engaged fidgeted. All through the session in the lawyer's office he had controlled himself. Now he felt that he must talk. He spoke in his customary manner: with a vast critical superiority—

"Queer fish," he observed without preamble.

(Continued on page 60)

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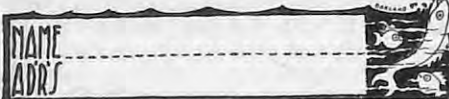
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The Light Shines Through

(Continued from page 59)

She turned her eyes toward him.

"Who?"

"Brewster." He puffed his cigarette reflectively—"These lawyers are all posy. They cultivate manners for the court room and forget to drop 'em."

"I guess so." She did not wish to argue with Don. For once, she wished that he were not with her.

He seemed well pleased with his powers of observation and analysis.

"Quite theatrical—the way he read the will. And the letter . . . the man should have been an actor." He caught a sudden pallor of her cheeks. "It was a corking fine letter, though. Dramatic *per se*." Don was very proud of his smattering of Latin. "And of course Avery is right. It would be silly for you to refuse what he gives."

She glanced at the man's eager face. "I believe John was thinking of you when he wrote that letter, Don."

"Of me?"

"Yes." She spoke very softly. "He knows we are to marry . . . and I sensed that he was afraid that something might crop up in the future about why . . . Oh! you understand."

He covered her hand with his. "Of course I do, sweetheart. But it was an unnecessary precaution. I didn't know Avery very intimately—no one did; I guess. But certainly one would never think of him as a philanderer. And since he had no relatives there could have been nothing more natural than that he should leave his money to you. It will assure your happiness—"

"Will it?" She spoke more sharply than she knew.

"Will it bring happiness?" He smiled indulgently. "My dear Naomi—that is inevitable. We are in love with one another. We were going to marry anyway. But the future wasn't very bright financially. I've never had the breaks. I've never had the opportunity to take the place I feel I could fill. Now—"

"You can be happy living on the money of a man who wanted to marry me?"

He laughed. "Why, of course, dear. Any other idea is balderdash. Tommyrot! It's all very well to romanticize about such things, but in real life it is the ends attained rather than the means by which they are accomplished which count. Not that I wouldn't rather have made this gift to you myself. But that is ego. You see, Naomi, dear, I'm a brutally honest chap. Sometimes I'm afraid I'm too honest . . . that you'd rather I'd be hypocritical—"

"No! Never, Don . . . please . . ."

"I'm paying you the compliment of presuming you mean that. You see, I could sit here and pretend that I was very depressed about this thing. But whether I'm right or wrong, romantic or prosaic, I know deep down in my heart that I'm glad for your sake and glad for my own. Shall I lie to you and pretend that I'm not?"

Her eyes were shining as they turned on him. Every once in awhile she felt a doubt of the man, and always there came a burst of enlightening honesty and logic to allay her fears. She pressed his hand against her cheek in a sudden, passionate gesture.

"You must always be honest, Don. I'm honest with you . . . And about this thing: I can't help feeling as I do. I can't regard it dispassionately. I can't forget—absurd as it is—that he never would have gone to the Far East had it not been for me."

"Silly girl. We're both grieved that Avery is dead. But he had his chance. You couldn't marry him even if he'd stayed here." He gazed down fondly at her. "Love is a queer thing, isn't it, dear? I'm not a tenth the man John was. I haven't his force or his power or his romantic tenderness. I'm not big and I'm not handsome . . . yet you love me." His voice was genuinely tender and she responded instantly.

"I do love you, Don. I always have. It's something bigger than myself . . . I love you, and it seems that that is all which counts."

Silence fell between them again. Each was immersed in thoughts which were personal and private, and if hers were of the man who had

died and his were of himself—at least they did not speak aloud.

They had passed beyond the zone of great congestion and were moving rapidly up Fifth Avenue in the midst of the great traffic stream. He was thinking of the immediate future—of himself as a man of wealth . . . he was mentally calculating the purchasing power of the income from a million dollars. It was, perhaps, not unnatural. He could not be expected to grieve for the man whom he had known not at all well.

Her thoughts were chaotic. They reached the little Bronx apartment where Naomi lived. He would have entered with her, but she protested that she wished to be alone.

"I'll see you in the morning, Don."

He bowed in his courtly fashion and walked off down the street. As he turned the corner he started to whistle a gay, jazzy tune.

The girl went to her bedroom and locked the door. She removed her pert little hat and stood motionless for an instant.

Her hand rested on her breast . . . and as it did there came to her ears the faint crinkle of paper.

She reached for the letter which John Avery had written to her—the last message of the man whose love seemed destined to envelop her whole life.

CHAPTER V

THE presence of John Avery filled Naomi's tiny room. All afternoon it had intruded, obliterating her immediate surroundings. The man himself seemed to stare up at her from the letter which she held. It was uncanny—the way he had succeeded in projecting himself to her side through the written page.

Outside, night was falling prematurely. From far below came the roar of street noises; a grumbling cacophony which somehow fitted in with her mood. It was as though the stage had been set by some master scenic artist for this last earthly appearance of John Avery. She brushed back a tendril of hair from her forehead, snapped on a tiny reading light and fixed her eyes on the letter.

"Naomi, dear—Having already said Good-bye, may I return for a few moments in the rôle of friend? May I stretch out to you from wherever I am the protection of my great love and what I sincerely feel is my better judgment?"

"This letter will only reach your hands under special circumstances. The very fact that you are reading it will prove that three things have occurred: First, that I am dead; Second, that you have heard my will; Third, that you have listened to the letter which I left with Ezekiel Brewster.

"It will also prove other things: things of far greater moment than those I have mentioned. It will prove that you have agreed to keep this confidential, and it will prove that you are yet single.

"Before going into the real reason for this letter, let me touch once more upon the phase of our relationship which has brought me happiness and you more or less unhappiness. It is the last time this will be intruded upon you. . . .

"I love you! That is no startling revelation, I'm sure. I can no more help loving you than I can control the beat of my heart. It is a part of me: it has been from the moment I met you.

"It is unfortunate, is it not, that one cannot direct the course of one's deepest affections? Were that possible I feel that you would have loved me. Oh! I understand . . . just as I battled against my overpowering love for you from the very moment I understood it was hopeless, just so I learned to sympathize with the fact that you, too, were subject to a force more powerful than yourself.

"I want you to put aside this letter in a happy frame of mind. The missive you have heard was designed for such consumption as might prove necessary or desirable. This is for your eyes and heart alone.

"I love you, dear one. I know that you have told yourself that you sent me away. Please let your intelligence pull you out of that mental slough. You could not marry me. I chose to go. I sought the far places, hoping that change and variety and a touch of the exotic might

cause me to forget how much you mean to me. I went because without you it did not matter upon what strand my feet might tread. The fact that I am not to return is a matter which neither of us could foresee. But it is just as illogical for you to blame yourself for this as it would be had I left you on a street corner and then been struck by an automobile.

"In life, I loved you. I wished to do much for you—and that privilege was denied me. In death, I am permitted to do for you a trifle of what would have been my personal pleasure.

"But also in death I may unseal my lips on a subject which I could not touch upon under other circumstances. You see, Naomi, you cannot now believe me guilty of unworthy motives. Perhaps you would not anyway . . . but under these circumstances you cannot help but know that—right or wrong—my thoughts are all of you, my desire is to help you and that even from here I am struggling to protect you.

"Let me repeat. This letter was to have been destroyed unread provided you were already married. It was only to be given you following my death, and in the event that you had not married Donald Logan. You must keep that in mind throughout your reading of this.

"And now I shall summon my courage to say what I have long wished to say—something which is based on honesty and friendship and a desire to save you untold misery. These circumstances permit me to utter the advice which—because you knew I loved you—I could not say before.

"For your own sake, dear, I beg of you not to marry Donald Logan. Were I alive this might inevitably be construed as jealousy and selfishness. But you see, Naomi-girl, I have no row of my own to hoe now. I cannot be jealous. I am only reaching back to help you. Let me be honest—even though my face is red with embarrassment at writing thus about another man—particularly about the man you love and to whom you have pledged yourself.

"DONALD LOGAN is unworthy of you. By that I do not mean that he is vicious or criminal. By the same token, I do not merely mean that he is slightly your inferior. If I thought that I would ascribe my feelings to mere sentimentality—and say nothing.

"But—fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, I know Don Logan and even at the risk of causing you to think me mean and petty and jealous, I shall speak the truth in a last desperate effort to save you from a step which would prove irrevocable.

"One man is privileged to know another as no woman ever can; but most particularly as no woman—not a wife—can even suspect. I need not tell you that Don is not strong in character: I feel that you know that as well as I do. You know that he is egotistical, vacillating, indolent and selfish. Yes, you do! Ask yourself the blunt questions and see whether I am right!

"Donald Logan is a dangerous husband for any woman. He is particularly dangerous for a person of such strong character as yourself. He is a waster and an idler. He is a poseur. He is incapable of any deep affection—certainly for anyone other than himself.

"I believe that he loves you as deeply as he could love any woman. But that is not the love which you deserve or expect. Life with him will not be give and take—it will be take, take, take on his part and an eternal giving on yours. You are a woman of too much spirit for that. You will grow sick and tired and eternally disgusted with his posing and preening; you will learn that his brain is shallow and his philosophy false. You will see—perhaps too late—that his vaunted honesty is the most flagrant dishonesty: a shield of truth to cover untruth.

"He is petty! Perhaps that word sums up more completely than all others his true character. Petty! Mean! Small! He is eternally gazing proudly in a mirror at himself. Every word he utters is considered from the standpoint of its effect. His slow smile is cultivated. His supposed charm has been acquired.

"Review his life, dear. You will see that he has no intimate friends among men—and men are infallible judges of men. They penetrate his pettiness without bothering to analyze. They only know that they do not like him. They withhold their friendship because beneath

(Continued on page 62)

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The Light Shines Through

(Continued from page 61)

a rather polished exterior, his is the soul of a craven.

"I could not hint of this while I lived, because I sought the goal which he has achieved. Even now my heart is pounding with a queer, unworthy shame at what I am doing. I scarcely have the courage to express the truth about the man you love. It is only because of my wild hope that you will see it as the truth and so be saved from an irreparable mistake, that I dare risk your last thought of me to be unkind.

"Details do not matter. Don's reputation with women is not savory, but in that he is no different from hordes of other men. Let us even grant that marriage will change him. Such a failing is of small consequence by comparison with a streak of yellow along his backbone. He won't stand the gaff, Naomi—and I can only hope that you will realize this before you have married him.

"I hope that this letter may prove an anticlimax. It may not be delivered to you for many years—and perhaps in that time you will have learned the truth for yourself and have decided not to marry Don.

"As men put it—he simply isn't *there!* He is a weakling—a moral weakling. Married to him, you will be victim to his selfishness, you will see him in the intimacy of daily life when he cannot always wear his charming mask. You will see that his intelligence is a parroting of ill-understood information. His conversational powers are no more than those of any phonograph record. But that is as nothing beside his innate pettiness. That is the evil with which you will be forced to contend.

"I will write no more. This has been hard enough, and I do not doubt that I have brought

pain to you for whom I wish nothing but sunshine and happiness. Habit—education—are queer things. We are taught that a gentleman must not speak ill of his rival, and yet here I am . . . but, no: I forgot that he is no longer a rival. You see . . .

"Three things may happen when you finish this letter.

"First, You may despise me and think me small and mean.

"Second, You may see the stark truth in what I have said and benefit by it.

"Third—and most likely—you will realize the deep love behind this letter, you will sense the agony in which it is written, you will comprehend my sincere desire to save you . . . and you will decide that I am wrong; you will determine that without my conscious knowledge jealousy has eaten into my soul and distorted my views. And so you will destroy the letter feeling very fond of me, knowing that I am your friend, sincerely believing that I am wrong. And then you will marry Donald Logan.

"If this last be the truth—then, dear, you know I wish you to be happy. Your happiness has been my one thought since we first met. It will be my last thought in life. If one is permitted to know from Beyond what transpires on earth, then I shall gaze upon you with the prayer upon my lips that I have been wrong and that you shall know all of the happiness I wish for you.

"And I am just human enough, Naomi dear . . . to hope with all my heart that in spite of this letter your thoughts of me will always be gentle.

"You see, dear—I have always loved you, and I always shall. Good-bye."
(To be continued)

On Kitimat Arm

(Continued from page 23)

brutal, but is it not better that the price be paid by those who can lose the least? It's the rule of economics. And what about my profession? I thought you admired it, but now you're condemning it utterly."

"Not that," she expostulated.

"Yes, just that—and I want to stand well in your eyes. I'm trying to help things generally, and it seems I've got to hurt some one. But if I help more than I hurt, am I not justified? You said my work was human, then would you put the well-being of your Indian child against that of the lives of many children yet unborn? You can't build walls that will keep out what you've called my civilization, for it will come—it's everybody's—yours too."

She looked at him as a frightened watchman might look at a sudden enemy. While he was speaking she had become aware of a fault in her design. Was she herself or the Indian uppermost in her own mind? Had she used her words as a barricade against a world with which she was out of joint? Was it after all only an extravagant but Spartan whim which had brought her here? She glanced again at Spender and this time with an unspoken appeal, and he distinguished in that glance the reflection of a spirit plunged in self-questioning.

"Is it quite fair?" she whispered. "I was"—she paused an instant, and went bravely on. "I was contented enough till you came. Now you make me feel that sacrifice avails nothing."

Spender drew a long breath. He had come across sacrifice in many out-of-the-way corners, but too often it had appeared to be an unquestioning self-immolation—bringing no real benefit. Scrutinizing Margaret's pale face, he perceived that he was kicking away her foundations without rebuilding them. He had begun to long for her with an intensity that was pain, but already knew her too well to hope that in turning to him defeated and disillusioned she would find in marriage any complete solace. She must come as a partner, but not as a fugitive. Impulsively he held out his arms.

"Margaret, don't you know?"
If she knew she made no sign. In her eyes was a wistful uncertainty that held no invitation. She compassed all his desires, but at the mo-

ment he must not help her, being inwardly assured that what she must determine she must determine alone. It racked him to perceive her in deep water. Then suddenly her expression changed and he had a ravishing glimpse. "Will you do something for me?"

"Anything."

"Then please"—she hesitated a little, "please go away"—she paused a breathless moment—"for a week. I'm sure you have plenty to do. Then will you come and see me again?"

His heart leaped and he stood for a moment quite motionless. She was looking at him with an expression that was both baffling and in a faint degree provocative. It seemed that he was to be weighed in the balance of her heart.

He bent and kissed her hand. "In a week," he said steadily.

The week dragged out while the launch nosed her course through channel, arm and bay. Spender inspected mill sites that were impossible and waterfalls that he was assured dried up every winter. He had big business on hand, and during this period comforted himself with the reflection that while he made negative progress he was, at any rate, learning where the power he desired was not to be found.

On the afternoon of the seventh day he dropped anchor opposite the Mission, and through his glass made out a figure at a window. Presently Margaret came out and walked slowly toward the shore. He tumbled into the dinghy, and, pulling hard, sped landward.

She put out her hand and smiled divinely. "Aren't you a little early? It was to be tomorrow morning."

"Was it? I'm sorry. I'd finished my work to the South. I can wait." He shot a glance at her. She was beautiful and radiant. He wondered what could have happened in his absence.

She looked at him almost doubtfully. "Have you found what you wanted?"

"In the way of power—no. I begin to question if it exists near here."

"Will you do something more for me?"

"That's just why I'm here."

"I want you to take a walk in the woods."

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"Aren't you coming?" he asked, puzzled.
"Not this time. Now listen. Just behind the Mission there is a trail—follow it till you come to a fork, and keep to the left till it ends. And after that come back and see me at the house."

He nodded, turned away at once and soon found the trail. Striking up hill along the nearly obliterated path, the surrounding country opened before him. He could see the Kitimat Arm widening to the Pacific fifty miles away. On either side of the Arm was a mass of mountains, many snow capped, a blind medley of inlets, tumbled ridges and timbered valley. On his right the Kitimat River lay like a wide brown ribbon that twisted to the sea. He surveyed all this and climbed on, till, rounding a broken slope, the dull rumble of a waterfall became suddenly audible.

A MOMENT later he had found the power he was seeking.

Staring at it, his face wet with spray, he forgot the manner of the finding. At his feet was the lip of the cataract, smooth and rounded, and far below, in a gorge that bellowed with muffled thunder, the shattered and nameless river wound away not toward the ocean but seemingly toward a great amphitheatre of mountains. Where he stood was not a mile from salt water, and a thousand feet above it. Noting the distant glaciers where the stream was born, he knew that its source was unailing. A tunnel through the hill he had climbed, and the thing was done. Nothing he had already seen approached these falls in size. He rejoiced in their potentiality. "The forces and resources of nature for the use of man"—that was it; and the engineer in him was already planning what was yet to come. Then, in a flash, he remembered Margaret.

It was an hour before he turned slowly back to the Mission. The power, so far as he could estimate without surveys and instruments, had been reduced to figures. There was more than enough for his purpose. But beyond that he could not yet see. Phantom mills were blended with a face that presented itself in vivid distinctness. Had Margaret lowered her barricade against the world, and for what purpose. His heart beat more rapidly at the thought.

She looked up at him as he entered, and again the protective wave enveloped him. At the brightness of his eyes she smiled understandingly, but sat for a moment without speaking.

"Do you like my waterfall?" she asked presently, twisting the single ring on her thin finger.

"Yours?"
She nodded. "It's my one extravagance. I found it quite by accident and bought it soon after coming here. It's a little hard to tell you how lonely I was at first. Then I discovered this, and used to sit beside it whenever I could get away, till one afternoon I got frantically frightened in case anyone else should buy and change it. You see it's so intensely human. It talks in all sorts of voices that became understandable—at least they did to me. I heard crowds, and individuals, and street traffic—everything. It was my link with the world. I seemed to hear efforts, and joy, and pain, and the striving of great multitudes. The thing was that I began to fear silence—it was too . . . too populous." She hesitated a little. "Does all this seem very queer to you?"
"I never understood anything better in my life," he said slowly.

"So, for that reason as well as others you know of, I have kept it and, so to speak, hidden it."

Spender smiled. "I can understand that too."

"What you see in it is quite different. Is it the sort of thing you were looking for?"

"Exactly. I could not imagine anything better."

"And you would blast at it, and destroy its beauty, and capture it to do your work?"

"If I had the power that is exactly what I would do," he said doggedly.

"Dear," she whispered, "don't you see? You have the power."

Spender sat for one instant bolt upright, then moved swiftly toward her, his arms outstretched. But Margaret, her eyes misty, put both hands on his shoulders.

"Wait, I want to tell you more. You're not going to be inflicted with the past eight years, but something I must tell you. Can you guess

(Continued on page 64)



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On Kitimat Arm

(Continued from page 63)

how necessary for me it was to believe all along that I have been right? I would have gone to pieces otherwise. A woman needs that kind of justification perhaps more than a man, and I really did believe it—about keeping out civilization—and the rest. Then you found me, and saved me, and, oh, my dear, I nearly died from two things. One was joy, and the other was that I had to admit that the theories I had been slaving for were all wrong."

"Go on," said Spender very gently.

"All you said about civilization is right. I knew it the minute you said it, but hated to let go of what little I had."

"You blessed child," he whispered.

"So now," she went on with a touch of awe, "they will all come, the new people to the new place, with their joys and their fears, and the miracle of hope and life, and I can help you with it all."

At that his heart leaped toward her, and he took her in his arms. She nestled there without a word, content in his embrace, her cheeks wet

with tears. Spender looked down at her with visions of all that life offered. His future, their future, broadened, being joined at last with the delicacy of her strength and the utter truth of her valiant spirit. He felt a renewed confidence in his own ability. His profession took on deeper responsibility and meaning.

Thus for an instant, till there came a gentle tap on the door. He sprang aside as Margaret answered.

The door opened and Nurse Judith appeared on the threshold.

"Tea is quite . . ."; she broke off abruptly, and after one swift intuitive glance at Margaret's pink cheeks and Spender's rigidity, turned and ran laughing down the hall.

He flushed. "I say, we can't go in! I don't want any tea."

Margaret got to her feet and took his wrist to steady herself. "Of course we can—and we must. Oh, my dear, can't you guess what this means to them? It's the most wonderful thing that has ever happened on Kitimat Arm."

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 44)

Grand Exalted Ruler Malley's Recent Visitations

During the month of November, Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley visited several New England Lodges, all of which greeted his presence with the utmost warmth and interest. On November 9 he was the honor guest of Lawrence, Mass., Lodge, No. 65. On November 14 he dedicated the new Home of Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge, No. 920, an event which is described elsewhere in this issue. The following day he was the guest of Newton, Mass., Lodge, No. 1327, which gave him a banquet at the Boston Chamber of Commerce. The next day he visited Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, where a reception and dinner were given in his honor at the Hotel Nonotuck. On November 21 he took part in the festivities attending the twenty-seventh anniversary of Milford, Mass., Lodge, No. 628.

Mr. Malley, accompanied by Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum, also visited several New York Lodges during the month. At Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, he witnessed the initiation of a large class of candidates. This was called the "Murray Hulbert Class" in honor of Mr. Hulbert, who is a native of Rochester. At Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge, No. 31, he was the guest of the officers and Miles S. Hencle, President of the New York State Elks Association. Conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James H. Mackin, the Grand Exalted Ruler's party visited Fulton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 830, and Oswego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 271. Other visitations during November included a visit to Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758, where he was honor guest at the twenty-fifth anniversary of that Lodge; and another to Norfolk, Va., Lodge, No. 38, where he attended a large meeting.

In December, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited the Elks National Home at Bedford, where he attended a meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees and delivered the Memorial Day address before the residents of the Home. Mr. Malley's itinerary for the balance of December was scheduled as follows:

Dec. 5—Petersburg, Va.; Dec. 6—Jacksonville, Fla.; Dec. 7—Miami, Fla.; Dec. 8—Fort Lauderdale, West Palm Beach and Lake Worth, Fla.; Dec. 9—Fort Pierce, Sebring and Tampa, Fla.; Dec. 10—Sarasota, Bradenton and St. Petersburg, Fla.; Dec. 12—Lake City and De Land, Fla.; Dec. 13—Daytona Beach, Fla.; Dec. 14—St. Augustine, Fla.; Dec. 15—Savannah, Ga.; Dec. 16—Atlanta, Ga.; Dec. 17—Birmingham, Ala.; Dec. 18—Memphis, Tenn.; Dec. 20—Chattanooga and Knoxville, Tenn.; Dec. 21—Roanoke, Va.

Enthusiastic Meeting in New Home Of Fort Dodge, Iowa, Lodge

The recent official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. H. Reynolds to his

home Lodge, Fort Dodge, Iowa, No. 306, was the occasion of a most enthusiastic meeting. A banquet, served by the ladies of the members, was followed by the initiation of a large class of candidates. M. F. Healey, a charter member of the Lodge; B. B. Hunter, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and Rev. Father Keane were among the speakers. The initiation was the first since the members moved into their recently completed Home.

All Lodges Are Warned Against Man Claiming Membership

Lodges are warned against a man using the name of Jack E. Holly and claiming to be a member of South Brownsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 1344. He is not a member of this Lodge and has used his bogus identification papers to cash worthless checks at Erie, Pa., Lodge, and other places. Any information about him should be sent at once to H. J. Remick, Erie Lodge, Erie, Pa., where he is wanted by the police on other charges.

Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge Has Appointed Interesting Committee

A commendable attitude toward delinquent members who are unable to pay their dues, has been taken by Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge, No. 290. At the suggestion of Exalted Ruler Frank C. Fish and with the approval of the Lodge, a committee was recently appointed consisting of the three Trustees and the Exalted Ruler, this committee having power to act on all matters pertaining to delinquent members in distress who are unable to pay their dues and who should have their dues remitted. The function of this committee saves these members the humiliating publicity of having their cases argued pro and con on the floor of the Lodge, and also results in much kindly and needed assistance.

New Home of Memphis, Tenn., Lodge Has Been Dedicated

The handsome new Home of Memphis, Tenn., Lodge, No. 27, was recently dedicated by Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, who was assisted in the ceremony by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell. It is one of the finest buildings in the South, combining the facilities of a modern athletic club with those of an up-to-date hotel. The hotel facilities, open to the public, both men and women, include 150 rooms, each with private bath. The athletic department is complete in every detail. There is a swimming-pool 30 x 75 feet, six bowling alleys, six handball courts, Turkish baths, and a gym with golf practice nets and an electric horse. The building is located in the very heart of Memphis, one-half block from Main Street, facing Confederate Park and overlooking the

(Continued on page 66)

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



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

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

The man across the table will laugh.

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

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

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

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

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

"I have got what I wanted."

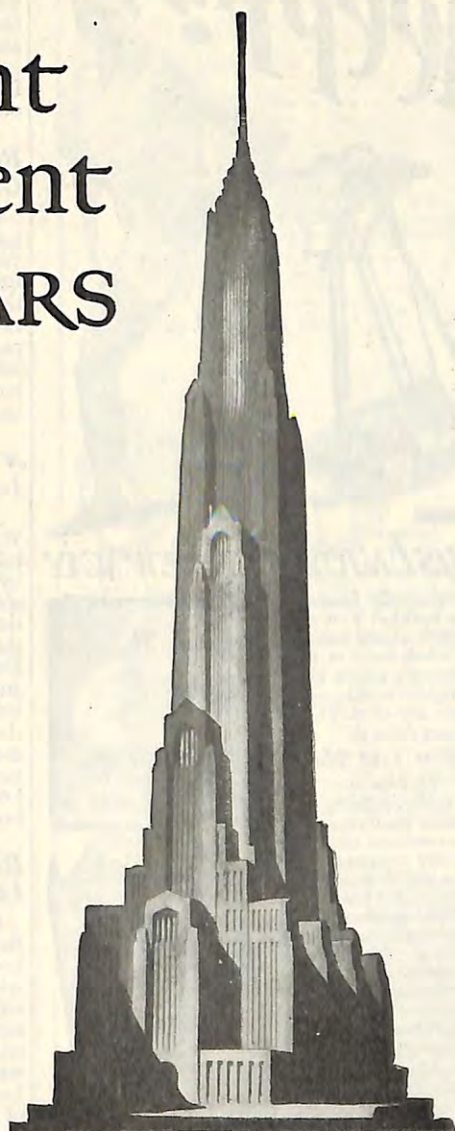
And the other will answer:

"I wish I had those years back."

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

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

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



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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 64)

beautiful Mississippi River. Directly opposite Confederate Park is parking space for 4,000 automobiles.

The new Home also has most attractive Lodge features, making it in every respect one of the outstanding Homes in the Order.

Reno, Nev., Lodge Entertains Grand Exalted Ruler

One of the most enthusiastic meetings attended by the Grand Exalted Ruler on his recent Western trip was on the occasion of his visit to Reno, Nev., Lodge, No. 597. Mr. Malley was the honor guest at a large banquet which was attended by many prominent Elks from all parts of the State. The Grand Exalted Ruler was much impressed by the welcome accorded him and by the progressive trend of this growing Lodge.

Williston, N. D., Lodge Celebrates Its Growth and Prosperity

As this issue of the magazine went to press Williston, N. D., Lodge, No. 1214, was ready to celebrate the freedom of its Home from all debt by staging a large meeting at which a class of seventy-five candidates was scheduled for initiation. In addition there was a large banquet on the program of festivities to which District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler David S. Ritchie and D. H. Bartholomew, President of the North Dakota State Elks Association, were invited as the guests of honor. Williston Lodge has shown marked vitality in the last year, increasing its membership by over 300. During February the Lodge will produce a large minstrel show for the benefit of its charity fund.

Boy Scout Troop Sponsored by Longmont, Colo., Lodge Is Honored

Official recognition of the excellence of the Boy Scout troop sponsored and trained by Longmont, Colo., Lodge, No. 1055, was received when the boys were awarded first place in efficiency and advancement for the year 1927, among the troops of the Long's Peak Area Council. Of the twenty-eight members of the troop, which has its headquarters in the Home of the Lodge, two have attained the highest rank, that of Eagle Scout; two are Life Scouts and ten are Star Scouts.

New Jersey State Elks Association President Is Honored

Henry A. Guenther was recently tendered a large testimonial dinner by his fellow members of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, in celebration of his elevation to the presidency of the New Jersey State Elks Association. The dinner, given in the Home of Newark Lodge, was one of the most brilliant functions of its kind held by the members and was attended by close to 500 Elks, representing many Lodges throughout New Jersey and New York. The toastmaster was Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney, and the speakers who voiced their appreciation of Mr. Guenther were: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow; Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum; Bert Batterson, Exalted Ruler of Newark Lodge, No. 21; Nicholas Albano, Past Exalted Ruler of Newark Lodge; Fred C. Pope, Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association; Edward J. Hart of Jersey City Lodge, No. 211; and Henry W. Egner, Jr., Trustee of Newark Lodge.

The handsome dining room of the Home had been beautifully decked with flowers for the occasion and the whole evening was carried through with hearty good fellowship.

South Carolina State Elks Association In Quarterly Meeting at Orangeburg

Orangeburg Lodge, No. 897, acted as host a short time ago to the officers and committeemen of the South Carolina State Elks Association, meeting for their quarterly session. The gathering was called to order by President E. M. Wharton, routine business acted upon, and a number of very interesting reports were made, that of

the Educational Foundation Committee stating that five students had been placed in colleges since the creation of the Foundation Fund last May. The fourteenth annual convention of the Association will be held in Greenville on May 24 and 25, and the next quarterly meeting in February at the Home of Rock Hill Lodge, S. C., No. 1318.

On adjournment of the session Orangeburg Lodge served a delicious buffet supper.

Butler, Pa., Lodge Gives Cabin to Boy Scouts

Butler, Pa., Lodge, No. 170, has erected and presented a sleeping cabin, accommodating eight, to the Boy Scouts Camp of Butler and Armstrong Counties. The cabin is located on Slippery Rock Creek and was recently formally presented by the officers of the Lodge, who were entertained on the occasion at a dinner given by the Boy Scouts. This is the first permanent frame building at the Camp, and the example set by the Elks is soon to be followed by additional buildings donated by Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions and other organizations.

Exalted Ruler V. A. McShane of Butler Lodge is a member of the Executive Board of the Butler County Boy Scouts.

Dunellen, N. J., Lodge Dedicates Handsome New Home

Starting with "open house" and moving forward to the climax of a street parade, banquet and band concert, members of Dunellen, N. J., Lodge, No. 1488, recently dedicated their handsome new Home. Gov. A. Harry Moore, Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, was the principal speaker of the occasion, and representatives from practically every Lodge in New Jersey were present to take part in the two-day festivities attending the dedication.

Located at North Washington Avenue and Front Street, the new Home is one of the best-equipped buildings of its kind in the borough. It is two stories in height and is faced in front with yellow brick which extends back about a third of its length, the rest being red brick, with white trim over the entire length. The Lodge room, which is the most attractive of the many rooms, occupies two-thirds of the second floor and may be used as an auditorium for dances and social affairs. Handsome armchairs and ceremonial seats of American walnut and dark leather line the walls. Two ventilators and a forty-two-inch exhaust fan are situated on the roof to keep the ventilation in the Lodge room as it should be. The floor is of maple, all other wooden floors of the building being of oak. White walls and chestnut woodwork complete the decoration. The new Home is modern in every sense and contains every facility for rest, sports, pleasure, and Lodge activities.

Union Hill, N. J., Lodge Degree Team Offers Services

Captain Daniel Devine and the personnel of the Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, degree team are anxious to render their services, without compensation, to other Elk Lodges in the region. The team has been a great attraction at many initiations during the past year and is one of the most efficient and best-equipped organizations of its kind in the East.

Peter McCann, Well-Loved New England Elk, Dies

Elks throughout New England mourn the passing of Peter McCann, who died a short time ago at his home in Chelsea, Mass. Mr. McCann, who was a charter member of Chelsea Lodge, No. 938, and its second Exalted Ruler, was known far and wide for his tireless activities in the Order and for his charming personality. He played a large part in the life of his community, serving for thirty-eight years in public life, twenty-seven years of which were spent as court officer and deputy sheriff of the Suffolk County Superior Criminal Court. In 1909-10 he served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for

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Massachusetts Northeast. He was an orator of brilliant ability and spoke, in the course of his interesting career, before the membership of every Lodge of the State. Mr. McCann possessed a most lovable disposition, which made him a great favorite, a welcome companion and friend. His memory will be revered throughout the Order and in other circles for many years to come.

Passaic, N. J., Lodge Produces Monster Frolic and Minstrel

The four performances of Passaic, N. J., Lodge, No. 387's monster frolic and minstrel show at the Playhouse Theatre were the most successful this active Lodge has ever put on. A splendidly drilled cast of seventy-five persons took part in the two divisions into which the program was split, the topical review and the minstrel show. Passaic Lodge is extremely active in varied charitable works and the entire proceeds from this highly successful show were donated to bringing comfort and cheer to the less fortunate of the community.

George R. Lawrence, Treasurer Of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge

On November 11, 1927, George R. Lawrence, Treasurer of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, died after a very brief illness. His loss is keenly felt by the membership of this Lodge, as Mr. Lawrence was one of the charter members who were very instrumental in its formation some twenty-four years ago. During his nearly quarter-of-a-century membership, he was always one of the leading workers in every Lodge activity.

His office was filled by the election of Esteemed Leading Knight Thomas J. O'Rourke.

Historical Painting of Great Interest In the Home of Saginaw, Mich., Lodge

The historical painting, 10 x 14 feet, executed by Percy Ives, depicting negotiations for the site of the present city of Saginaw, between Indians and a representative of the government, which adorns the Home of Saginaw, Mich., Lodge, No. 47, is of great interest to the community at large. Realizing this, the Lodge makes arrangements to admit the public, and every day, from 2 until 4 o'clock, the canvas may be viewed by any interested person. The painting itself and the thoughtful action of the Lodge in permitting access to it have brought much favorable comment.

Correct Scores in California Ritualistic Contest

The correct final scores in the Ritualistic contest conducted during the recent Convention of the California State Elks Association, which was reported in the December issue, were as follows: San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, 99.2812; Tulare Lodge, No. 1424, 99.0347; Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, 98.8235; Anaheim Lodge, No. 1345, 98.6322; Oroville Lodge, No. 1484, 97.0226.

Thomas S. Mooney, Widely Known New Jersey Elk, Is Dead

Thomas S. Mooney, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler; Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association; member of Burlington, N. J., Lodge, No. 996, for more than twenty years; Mayor of his city, and one of the most widely known and respected Elks in the East, died some weeks ago of heart disease after an illness lasting many months. Mr. Mooney's life was one full of enterprise and varied activity. As a young man he saw service with the cavalry in the Indian wars of the West. He entered politics shortly after taking up his residence in Burlington, held several clerkships in the State Assembly, was for five years City Clerk of Burlington, and was elected police justice. He held this office, as well as that of Mayor, to which he had just been elected for the third time, at the time of his death.

In the affairs of the Order, Mr. Mooney was an able and tireless worker, his special interest of recent years being the movement to aid

(Continued on page 68)

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(Continued from page 67)



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crippled children. He was a member of the State Association Committee in charge of this work, and had traveled over much of the country, speaking in the interest of unfortunate children. As a member and as an official of our Order, Mr. Mooney was loved and respected, and his death is sincerely mourned by the countless Elks with whom he came in contact.

Moundville, W. Va., Lodge Held Armistice Day Meeting

At the regular meeting of Moundville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 282, which occurred on Armistice Day, special note was taken of the occasion, a class of candidates being initiated in honor of the thirty-five ex-soldier members who attended the session. A musical program of patriotic numbers and several excellent speeches were other features.

Salisbury, Md., Lodge Holds Successful Ladies' Night

One of the most successful events of its kind ever held in the city, the recent Ladies' Night of Salisbury, Md., Lodge, No. 817, was attended by some 200 persons, including a number of widely known Elks. Vaudeville, dancing, music and a buffet supper made up a thoroughly enjoyable program. Ex-United States Senator William P. Jackson, a charter member of No. 817, was present and gave a brief talk, and Past Exalted Ruler G. William Ward delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

Tucson, Ariz., Lodge the Subject Of Newspaper Editorial

When Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, No. 385, held its annual Old-Timers' Banquet in honor of its surviving charter members, the editor of the *Tucson Citizen*, though not a member of the Order, was an invited guest. He was deeply impressed by what he saw and heard, and in an early issue of his paper he printed a splendidly understanding editorial, extolling the spirit of mutual toleration and brotherly love which pervaded the occasion. Writing of the Elks he said: "Each of them is an apostle of his creed of tolerance. They are in high places in the government, and their meeting places are like beacons amid the storms."

Detroit, Mich., Lodge in \$880,000 Real Estate Deal

One of the most important real estate transactions of the year in Detroit was completed a short time ago when Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, sold the property it owned at the corner of Cass Avenue and Lafayette Boulevard for \$880,000. This price represented a net profit to the Lodge, in a little less than three years, of approximately \$375,000. So pleased were the members with the transaction that, after giving it their unanimous approval, they adopted a special resolution expressing their appreciation of the work of Past Exalted Ruler William M. Walker and John E. Maloney, who had negotiated both the purchase and the sale of the property.

Muncie, Ind., Members Pay Visit to Anderson Lodge

The officers of Muncie, Ind., Lodge, No. 245, accompanied by a large group of members, recently visited Anderson, Ind., Lodge, No. 209, where they initiated a class in which were candidates for both Lodges. Following the excellent rendition of the ritual the members of Anderson Lodge served a delightful banquet to their guests.

Logan, Utah, Lodge Has Successful Lapsation Committee

Under the direction of Exalted Ruler Moses G. Cardon, Logan, Utah, Lodge, No. 1453, has been enjoying unusual success in preventing lapsations from its rolls. A committee of twenty-five prominent members was selected and each given the names of two Elks who had been dilatory in the matter of paying their dues. As

the result of pleasant social calls by the committeemen nearly 100 per cent. of these members, who might otherwise have been lost to the Lodge, are again taking an active interest in the affairs of the Order. Mr. Cardon, accompanied by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. F. Jensen, recently visited a neighboring town where No. 1453 has twenty-two members. Each of these was called upon, those backward in their dues paid up, and three applications were secured.

Information Wanted Concerning Charles T. Smith

Information is sought concerning the whereabouts of Charles T. Smith, a member of Kittanning, Pa., Lodge, No. 203, who has been missing since September 10. He was last seen in the Union Station at Pittsburgh, Pa. Mr. Smith is thirty years of age, six feet tall, light blue eyes, light hair. He had a gold watch and chain with an elk's tooth charm and carried membership card No. 210, dues paid to April 1, 1928. Information should be sent to Charles H. Rhodes, Secretary of Kittanning, Pa., Lodge, P. O. Box 116.

Greenville, S. C., Lodge Shows Progressive Trend

Greenville, S. C., Lodge, No. 858, which has been occupying its new Home since last June, is finding itself rapidly becoming the social center of its community. The various business and fraternal organizations such as Rotary, Kiwanis and Lions Clubs are in the habit of holding meetings and luncheons in the attractive rooms of the Home. The membership is also active in many charitable enterprises and has taken a generous interest in the State Scholarship plan which resulted in placing five students in college last year.

Coraopolis, Pa., Lodge Celebrates Its Twentieth Anniversary

The twentieth birthday of Coraopolis, Pa., Lodge, No. 1090, was celebrated by the members with several days of special entertainment. At the banquet some 350 Elks partook of a delightful meal. Twelve of the Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers were present, one returning for the occasion from far-off Texas and another from Florida. As each guest entered the hall he was presented with a solid gold favor, a card case, watch charm, cuff links or pin.

Coraopolis Lodge is extremely hospitable and invites all Elks traveling through its part of the country to visit its Home.

Grand Haven, Mich., Lodge Lays Cornerstone for Fine New Home

With simple and impressive ceremonies the cornerstone of the handsome new \$50,000 Home of Grand Haven, Mich., Lodge, No. 1200, was laid in place a short while ago. Marching behind a band, the members assembled at the new building, where the present and past officers and the building committee were already in their places for the service. Exalted Ruler Edmond Wilds presided, while the address of the day, following the ritual and the actual laying of the stone, was made by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John Olsen. The new Home is in a central part of the city, and on completion will be an object of pride to the community at large as well as the members.

"Do Good Committee" of Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge Raises Funds

The "Do-Good Committee" of Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, No. 1046, recently staged a charity bazaar which netted the Lodge a tidy sum for its winter welfare work. This active committee, since it was appointed a few years ago, has expended about \$20,000 in charity work and, due to efficient organization, it has cost, over this period, only \$5,000 to raise this amount. Mrs. C. N. Harris, one of the women members of the committee, has been one of the leading forces in conducting its various benefit programs.

Somerville, Mass., Lodge Takes Leading Role in Community Life

Somerville, Mass., Lodge, No. 917, which owns one of the most attractive Homes in the State, is a leader in the life of its community. The auditorium of its remodeled Home, one of the best and largest in the city, has all the facilities, including a banquet hall, for social and civic functions and is often used by other organizations for this purpose. Several months ago the Lodge formed a band of about thirty-eight members. With weekly rehearsals under a competent director, the band has made notable strides in proficiency. The Emblem Club, whose membership includes the mothers, wives and sisters of members, conduct many interesting social activities in the Home and have interested themselves in the various charitable activities of the Lodge.

Natick, Mass., Lodge Welcomes District Deputy Brady

The attractive Home of Natick, Mass., Lodge, No. 1425, was filled to capacity recently when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas J. Brady made his official visit. Mr. Brady was accompanied by a suite of some seventy-five members, including several Past District Deputies, Past Exalted Rulers, Exalted Rulers, officers and members of many of the Lodges in the Massachusetts Central District. Following a large initiation, Mr. Brady congratulated the officers and members on the achievement of the Lodge, as did E. Mark Sullivan of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, who was the speaker of the evening. A supper and social session in the banquet hall closed a most enjoyable meeting.

Yankton, S. D., Lodge Initiates Class on Armistice Day

The fall initiation of Yankton, S. D., Lodge, No. 994, was held on Armistice Day, when a class of twelve was taken into the Order. The ceremony was the climax of the Lodge's observance of the day and was followed by a delightful supper at which many visiting Elks from Nebraska, Iowa and the Dakotas were entertained.

Webster, Mass., Lodge Honors Civil War Veterans

The Elks of Webster, Mass., Lodge, No. 1466, recently did a splendid thing in conferring honorary life membership privileges in their Lodge upon all the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic resident in their town, and also upon the non-resident members of the Nathaniel Lyon Post of the G. A. R. The arrangement was made as a result of the unanimous vote of the Lodge.

Devils Lake, N. D., Lodge Holds Annual Roll Call

Annual Roll Call night held recently in the Home of Devils Lake, N. D., Lodge, No. 1216, was one of the most successful meetings conducted by the members in a long time. Over 200 Elks were present and there were interesting addresses, a banquet and other pleasant features during the course of the evening.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge Maintains Play Room at Children's Home

The little patients of the Irene Byron sanatorium are the special wards of Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge, No. 155, whose members pay them regular visits and keep them supplied with toys and playthings and other luxuries of childhood. The Elks playroom is one of the features of the sanatorium. All of its recreational equipment was furnished by Fort Wayne Lodge and periodical inspections by the sick committee bring to light any further needs, which are then supplied by No. 155.

Herington, Kans., Lodge Sponsored Junior Baseball Team

Herington, Kans., Lodge, No. 1433, sponsored an Elks Junior baseball team this summer, buying the members of their team uniforms and equipment. Other fraternal and civic organizations

(Continued on page 70)



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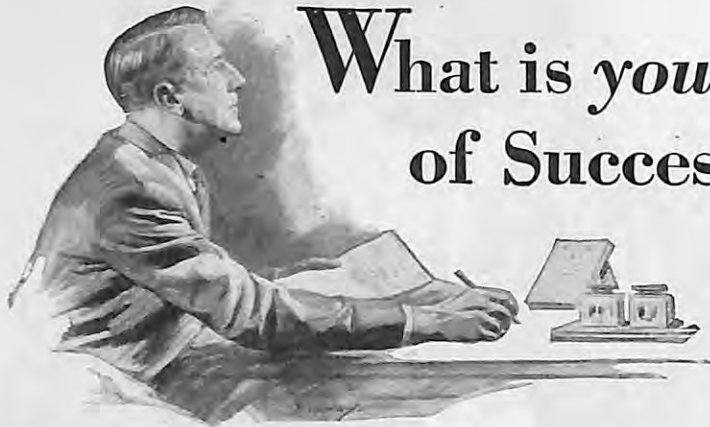
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174

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 69)

also put teams in the field and a league was formed. The teams were composed of school boys under the age of fourteen. A small admission was charged to the games, and the surplus on hand after the season has been set aside to help the teams next summer.

Marysville, Calif., Lodge Holds Annual Duck Stew

Marysville, Calif., Lodge, No. 783, recently held its annual duck stew and outing at Robinson Corners, a few miles north of the city of Marysville. This event is yearly staged for the members of Marysville Lodge and their families. The ducks were procured by members and tables seating 1,500 were spread under the oak trees. This year the event was one of the most successful ever staged. All work is performed by members of 783, who assemble at an early hour in the morning and prepare the big game stew. Seven large iron kettles, some holding one hundred and fifty gallons, are used in cooking, being set up in the open and fired with oak wood.

La Fayette, Ind., Lodge to Install Memorial Tablet

A splendid memorial tablet to be placed in its Home has been ordered by La Fayette, Ind., Lodge, No. 143. Installed, this tablet will cost in the neighborhood of \$1,500. It is a duplicate of the one in the Home of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, a design selected by the Trustees of No. 143 after a long investigation. At the time of writing a dedication program was being arranged which was expected to fill the Lodge Home.

Hon. Murray Hulbert Again Elected President of A. A. U.

At the 39th Annual Convention of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, held recently at Cincinnati, Ohio, Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum, was elected to his fourth term as President of this organization. Mr. Hulbert's election to a fourth term is a record in the Union, and a most distinguished honor. Mr. Hulbert is also Vice-president of American Olympic Association.

Boys of Auld Lang Syne Meet In Home Of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge

The observance of Armistice Day was also the occasion for the celebration by Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, of the forty-sixth birthday of its charter. The evening was in charge of the Boys of Auld Lang Syne, an organization within the Lodge of old-time members, who gathered this night for their sixth annual meeting. It was a delightful affair in every way, and many amusing and happy moments in the early history of the Lodge were recalled by the old-timers.

For the coming year the Boys of Auld Lang Syne elected W. J. Spires, Right Honorable Primo; John Berry, Vice Primo; and George W. June, Secretary-Treasurer.

News of the Order From Far and Near

A beautiful float representing Miss America was entered by Olean, N. Y., Lodge, in the city's Armistice Day parade.

Elks of the Yakima Valley, Wash., to the number of more than 200, gathered for a homecoming banquet a short time ago.

Casper, Wyo., Lodge sponsored the recent drive for funds of the Salvation Army in its city.

Akron, Ohio, Lodge celebrated its thirtieth anniversary with a banquet and a special class initiation.

The recent bazaar and fair of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, was a great success, both financially and socially.

Three John Kennells have inscribed their names on the membership roll of Passaic, N. J., Lodge. One was a charter member, his son was Exalted Ruler, and is now the Lodge Secretary. The latter recently assumed the chair of Exalted Ruler to initiate his own son, John, as a member of the Lodge.

The fifth floor of the Home of Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, entirely renovated, is now one of the finest auditoriums in the city. On January 1, the Lodge held its annual Christmas party for members and their children in this fine room.

Three hundred Elks gathered in the Lodge room of Wenatchee, Wash., on the occasion of a fraternal visit by officers and members of Ellensburg and Everett Lodges.

The first of a series of Past Exalted Ruler's nights in Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge was in memory of Past Exalted Ruler Burr Davis.

Recent activities of members of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, include a welcome-home dinner to former heavy-weight champion Jack Dempsey, a banquet to the members of twenty-five years' standing, and the distribution of 5,000 books and magazines to hospitals.

A group of members of North Adams, Mass., Lodge, accompanied by entertainers, recently visited the patients of the Disabled War Veterans Hospital at Leeds.

Jersey City, N. J., Lodge celebrated its 100th meeting with a special program.

McKeesport, Pa., Lodge has redecorated and refurnished its Home.

Two teams, the Seniors and Juniors, are competing for the honor of bringing in the largest number of new members for Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge. The goal has been set at fifty candidates by February 15.

The annual charity ball of Orange, N. J., Lodge, will be held at the Armory on February 21.

The first minstrel show to be held for several years by Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge, will be produced at the Metropolitan Theatre on January 16, with a cast of seventy.

Galena, Ill., Lodge began its winter season with a large get-together meeting which called forth the majority of its membership.

When Rutland, Vt., Lodge recently initiated its five hundredth member, the occasion was celebrated with special ceremonies, many prominent Elks of Vermont and nearby States attending the meeting.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Lodge recently remodeled its Home, and at a special meeting a class of 80 was initiated by way of celebrating the opening of the improved quarters. An equally large class is scheduled for initiation in January.

Little Falls, N. Y., Lodge recently sponsored the showing of the well-known play "The Poor Nut," which netted a considerable sum for its treasury.

Peoria, Ill., Lodge has been holding successful bi-monthly dances at its Home during the fall and winter season.

The annual beefsteak dinner and dance of the Membership Committee of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, held recently, was an unqualified success, close to three hundred members and their friends being present.

Temple, Texas, Lodge recently arranged a special benefit showing of "Moulders of Men" for the poor children of its city. The youngsters were admitted without charge and also had the Lodge's famous band play for them.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

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When Prices Fall

By Paul Tomlinson

HOW many purchasers of stocks and bonds seriously consider the possibility of their purchases ever declining in price? Every one knows that security prices do go down on occasion, but we venture to say that few people contemplate that anything so unpleasant will ever happen to the ones they own. The human race is made up predominantly of optimists, which, on the whole, is a very good thing for the human race. If, however, optimism is carried to such an extreme that the possibility of ill is never considered, then optimism becomes a dangerous state of mind.

We don't expect our houses to burn down, but we carry fire insurance on them. We don't expect to fall and break our legs and arms, but we carry accident insurance. We don't expect to run over any one when we drive our motor-cars along the highways, but we have insurance which will protect us financially in case such a thing takes place. We lock our houses at night when we go to bed. We wear overcoats when the weather is cold. We carry umbrellas when it rains. Our lives are filled with small though necessary precautions. They must be. One must constantly be on his guard to ward off unpleasantness, inconvenience, and misfortune. Many of the precautions we take have become a part of our routine, and have developed into habits which we exercise as unconsciously and as regularly as winding our watches at night.

Precautions must be taken against unfortunate investments. Children often use the expression, "whatever goes up must come down," and while the law of gravity does not apply to stock and bond prices there is, nevertheless, always the possibility that prices may go down as well as up. What is to be done when this happens?

The answer depends upon a variety of circumstances. The man holding stocks in a margin account has one problem; the bond owner another; the stockholder still another. And then the proper course of action depends also upon the character of the bonds and stocks held.

Every once in a while we read in the newspapers something like this: "Stocks are in a much stronger position than they were a few weeks ago; many weakly held margin accounts have been wiped out, the market-loan account has been greatly reduced, and it looks as if the market had regained its equilibrium." When stocks are purchased on margin, the broker borrows money from the banks—the purchaser paying the interest—to pay the balance of the cost over and above his customer's deposit. When the market goes down and prices fall, the customer holding stocks on a small margin is asked to deposit more money with the broker so that the broker and the broker's other customers will be protected; if he cannot do this the broker "sells him out" and with the proceeds of the sale repays the loan at the bank. When these "weakly held margin accounts" are wiped out, and the brokers have repaid the banks, then there is money in reserve and the stage is set for another rise in prices. Provided the news is good, stocks will probably advance again.

We are more concerned at the moment, however, with declines than with advances. Many people fail to realize that the internal condition of the stock market is sometimes a more potent factor in the fall of security prices than anything else. There may be many weak margin accounts, where the proportion of the purchase price deposited by the customer is insufficient, and only a few points fall is necessary to wipe them out. Moreover, as prices start downward more and more people are obliged to see themselves sold out, and as more and more stocks are offered for quick sale the decline is accelerated. There may be a shortage of money, and brokers find themselves unable to borrow the funds required to carry their customers' stocks on margin; under these conditions the customer must find the money himself or be sold out. Not so much in the recent past, but frequently in times gone by, one would hear that prices had slumped because the "pools" were unable to borrow the necessary money to finance their stocks. If pools are forced to sell out their holdings stocks are frequently offered in larger volume than the

market can absorb, with a resultant swift decline in prices.

The stock market is often very sensitive, and it has happened that a sudden break in the quotation for one stock will start others on the downward path, and presently the whole list will be affected. Good stocks at such times will go down in "sympathy" with those which are not so good, and it often happens that people who buy on margin—but insufficient margin—will lose their money even though the stocks they buy are intrinsically sound, and in the long run show a large appreciation in value. Sometimes people deposit other securities instead of cash as margin and in a decline have been known to lose these securities.

"Stop-loss" orders sometimes aid in a decline. Suppose you bought a stock at par and it went to 110. You have ten points profit, but you think it may go higher, but in order to protect yourself in case it should go down again you instruct your broker to sell at 103. At that price you could sell and still make three points profit, less, of course, interest and commissions. Apparently you are perfectly safe. There is, however, this difficulty: a stop-loss order to sell at 103 means that the minute your stock reaches that figure your order is to be executed "at the market"—in other words, at whatever price is then offered. It is conceivable, and it has happened, that the actual selling price might be six or eight or more points lower than the quotation you had fixed upon. The stock market can go down very rapidly once it gets started, and the man who has not considered the possibility of a decline, and prepared himself for it, will find speculation a very hard game to beat.

For the man who is speculating a decline is liable to be a serious thing. If he is speculating on a margin it is more serious than if he is the actual owner of the stocks from which he had hoped to derive a profit. What effect has a decline in price on a bond or stock which is purchased outright and held for investment, and is, therefore, considered intrinsically sound? An investment security is purchased primarily because it is safe and because it yields a regular income. Such securities, of course, are affected by the trend of prices generally, and if the so-called technical position of the financial markets is of a character to force prices down the sound investments will go down along with the speculations, although to a lesser degree. There is, however, a great difference between a fall in prices due to the technical position of the market, and a decline caused by some weakness in the bond or stock itself, and investors should learn to distinguish between the two kinds.

AN INVESTMENT, strictly speaking, is not purchased for profit, but for income. This presupposes safety of principal and ample, regular earnings for interest or dividend payments. If the price of a security of this description goes down, along with a decline in security prices generally, this fact in itself is no cause for worry. Declines of this sort occur periodically, but there are always nervous people who, without being acquainted with the reasons for the fall in prices, hasten to sell their security holdings and convert them into cash. These are the same people who wait until prices are at the top before they can screw up courage to buy. If a security is good enough to buy for investment purposes it is good enough to hold, unless there is more reason for its decline than a movement in sympathy with the rest of the market. And oftentimes when prices fall investors become discouraged and sell out, tired of waiting for their securities to get back to the levels at which they were purchased. In other words, they pay more attention to prices than to intrinsic values, which are the things that really count.

Not that investors should ignore falling prices, for there is a cause for falling prices just as there is an explanation for prices that rise. Possibly the company whose bonds or stock you hold is not doing so well as it did; economic conditions may have changed and the demand for its products diminished; perhaps due to a variety of causes its credit may have become impaired

and it is unable to meet the competition which prevails in modern business. If causes such as these will explain the decline in price, then it may be the part of wisdom to sell at once, perhaps to take a loss and later on thank heaven that you did not wait any longer and by waiting take a larger one. Naturally this presupposes that the investor keep in touch with his investments; one hears of bonds and stocks that can be purchased, put away in the safe-deposit box, and forgotten, but who has ever known of any that can be treated in this careless fashion? Not that the investor—the average one at least—is often qualified to interpret price changes and plan his course of action on the basis of them. But there are investment bankers to be consulted, experts who can tell what is back of a price change, and the investor will do well to avail himself of the expert's advice. He may tell you that the internal situation in the securities market will account for the fall in the price of your investment, and if that is the case you need have no worries; if there is some other and more serious reason, however, he can tell you about that too, and advise you as to your next move.

ANY one who will take the trouble to notice will observe that when prices are going rapidly down, common stocks go fastest, preferred stocks will not usually be affected as much, and bonds still less. This means, of course, that if fluctuations in security prices give you concern you had better buy bonds, or preferred stocks, and leave common stocks alone. Just as better chances for making money can be obtained by purchasing common stocks, so the chances of losing are in proportion. You can take a chance on a speculative investment and you may make a handsome profit; you can also take a chance on your house not catching fire and thus save the insurance premiums, but few people would consider this sort of risk worth while. It costs money to protect yourself against accident, or fire, or theft, and it costs money to buy safe securities too. The best are the safest, and the best are the most expensive, but it is not price that counts as much as the wisdom of protecting yourself by having the best.

It is said that the customers in a stock-broker's office—those who play the market—change on an average of every four years. In other words, it takes the active speculator four years to lose all his money. Some last longer and many not so long. If a man is on the spot, has a thorough knowledge of securities, has made a long study of the market, and has plenty of capital to begin with he may win. This description fits few people, however, and it has been proven time and again that the market cannot be beaten at long range, or by the novice. Moreover, there are few people who are temperamentally fitted to be successful speculators; they are not cold-blooded enough, and they have not got the nerve. How many people who read these words can recall instances out of their own experience when they have held on too long to a
(Continued on page 74)

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When Prices Fall

(Continued from page 73)

stock that has gone up, hoping to get a still higher price for it, and also have held on too long to a stock that has gone down, dreading to take a loss? Such people can never learn to speculate successfully.

When prices fall the average man's judgment becomes warped. He feels somehow as if the question of his intelligence were at stake, and that if he sells and takes a loss it is a reflection on his business ability. Sometimes he hangs on hoping against hope, until all hope is gone, that the price will go up again and vindicate his selection. Sometimes he gets panicky and sells, regardless of the facts of the case and ignorant of the causes for the fall in price, only to see the price presently start to move upwards again. In either case he is chagrined, and the next time the price of one of his investments goes down his judgment is worse than ever. This always

happens, and furnishes another argument for obtaining expert advice when investment problems present themselves.

At the present time there are conflicting opinions about the trend of prices. A presidential election awaits us, and this fact frequently has an unsettling effect on the investment markets, where prices, for that matter, are always more or less in a state of flux. The investor who is concerned when prices fall should prepare for such an eventuality, and buy only the very best securities. The best securities never suffer the price declines to which the doubtful ones are subjected, and the best securities recover most quickly when the trend is upward again. In other words, the man who considers the possibility of falling prices, and prepares for them, is least liable to be affected by them.

The Bell-Pushers

(Continued from page 17)

creates a subconscious impression of weariness. Sitting uncomfortably on the edge of the seat gives the customer the idea that the salesman is eager to be off on his next call.

Of course, to the average person, these things will appear as absurd as they did to me when first they came to my attention. But after studying the methods of these people thoroughly, I can safely say that each minute gesture actually does contribute some help to the sale, no matter how small that help may be.

Crack salesmen take the attitude that they are doctors of households. If they are selling patent mop buckets, vacuum cleaners, works of art, kitchen utensils, or what not, they convince themselves that they know better than the housewife herself just what she should have—and of course they come to believe that she always should have the particular article that they are selling.

A bell-pusher who has sold thousands of electric sewing-machines to the housewives of the Middle West explained his mental attitude towards prospects like this: "I make the decisions for the women-folks. I know that electrically driven sewing machines are a great help to housewives. I know that no woman can possibly fully appreciate the time-saving, labor-saving, nerve-saving qualities of the article I sell until she has one. When I go to a woman to sell her a machine, I go as a doctor goes to examine the health of the household. He would not. He would know that the patient needed certain medicine and he would consider it his duty to persuade the patient to take that medicine. When I discover that a woman is using the antiquated, nerve-wracking, foot-propelled sewing-machine that her grandmother used, I consider it my duty to persuade her to make a change—to buy one of my electric machines. That is a duty I owe to a woman who does not realize what she needs for her own comfort, convenience and health."

THE art of making somebody desire to buy something a person thinks he doesn't need, doesn't know what would be done with it if it was bought, and is "fed up" on agents in general, is one of the most difficult steps in salesmanship. As one of the oldest and most experienced bell-pushers in New York district told me, "It is like selling life-preservers to men on the desert."

This seasoned campaigner is authority for the statement that one of the old-time house-to-house canvassers, who was "carrying a line" of small fire-extinguishers, perfected a scheme calculated to create desire which was, to say the least, efficacious.

This bell-pusher worked with a companion who would ferret out inflammable material, pile it in a place where no possible damage could result, and drop a lighted match into the rubbish.

As soon as the cry of "Fire" was raised, the salesman who was lurking around a convenient corner would dash to the scene, his extinguisher ready for action. As it was a really good device, he would have the fire under control or entirely extinguished in a jiffy.

Then, with an admiring audience ready made,

he would say it was a lucky thing that he happened to be in the neighborhood demonstrating his device, and launch into a sales talk. Naturally, a desire to possess such an efficacious instrument as this little fire extinguisher had been created in the hearts of all who had seen it.

The last days in these selling colleges are devoted to teaching verbatim answers to all conceivable objections. These answers differ with the different articles that are being sold. I quote almost literally from the "examination papers" of a famous educational book-selling institution.

Objection: "I can't afford to buy now."

(NOTE: When this objection is first made ignore it entirely. Pretend you didn't hear it unless the prospect lays emphasis on the remark. In that case get right back to your sales talk and efforts to create desire. If another and different objection is made you will know that the prospect is merely looking around for excuses. That's your clue to close and close hard.)

Objection (repeated): "I can't afford to buy now."

Answer: "Recently I was calling on a woman who felt that she needed so many other things for her house that she couldn't afford to invest in 'The World's Wisdom.' But after looking over the prospectus she said, 'I guess I've been selfish. After all, the things I've been planning to buy were to make myself more comfortable. I suppose I should think less of myself and more of my children. These books are just what they need to prepare them for the battle of life. My desires are less important.' I never saw a woman reflect more happiness than she did when she decided to buy the set."

Objection: "My husband objects to me buying books or anything else on the installment plan."

Answer: "Do you know Mrs. Blank who just moved over into the East End from Columbus? No! Well, anyway she has a library which she calls her 'cocktail library.' She told me how she acquired it. 'When my two boys were mere babies,' she said, 'I bought a set of religious works which I believed would be of great assistance in the spiritual development of the boys. My husband objected, saying it was foolish to spend money for books. Well, I knew that he liked a couple of cocktails every night before dinner, so I convinced him that I should have the right to spend as much on books for my entertainment and the education of the children as he did on cocktails. He saw the justice of that and agreed. In the last eight years I've spent as much on that library as he has on his cocktails. It is one of the best libraries in town, too.'"

Objection: "The price is too much for me!"

Answer: "Of course you've heard of Ben Lindsey, the famous juvenile court judge? Well, at the opening of a Junior Y. M. C. A. recently he said 'Ladies and Gentlemen, this fine building cost \$500,000. If it saves one boy from ruin and disgrace it is worth every cent that it cost.' After the meeting when a man said \$500,000 was a pretty stiff price to put on a boy,

(Continued on page 76)



I felt like a fool when they began to talk in French

—but to my surprise my wife answered without a moment's hesitation!

“H AVE you been to the American opera?” Mr. Hartley asked his young French guest.

“Not as yet,” Jean Bouret answered. “*Nous trouvons qu'il sera impossible de faire tout ce que nous voudrions.*”

“*Vraiment!*” Mr. Hartley replied.

They had broken into French! I sat in awkward silence, wondering what it was all about, not understanding a word . . . completely out of things.

“*Mais il vous faut visiter nos théâtres,*” some one continued.

“*Et nos musées aussi,*” Mr. Bouret replied.

All at once someone directed a question at me in French. I faltered for a moment, wondering what to say—and suddenly my wife came to the rescue. To my complete astonishment *she answered for me in French!*

Calmly, without the slightest self-consciousness, as though she had known French for years—she chatted with Mr. Hartley and the guest of honor. They were enchanted. And I was positively amazed. My wife speaking French! I couldn't wait to question her. Where had she learned—how had she found the time—what was her secret?

I was mighty proud of her that evening. She was certainly the shining light—and she more than made up for my silence.

“Where did you ever learn to speak French so well?” I asked her when we arrived home.

My Wife Tells Me About the Hugo “French-At-Sight” Method

“When we first began being invited to important dinners and receptions, I realized the value of being able to speak French,” my wife said. “I noticed that

cultured and well-educated people brought occasional French words and phrases into their conversation; and I realized it would be embarrassing for me not to know and understand such expressions. Furthermore, I wanted to understand the French words on menus and in books. . . . So I decided to learn French.”

“Wasn't it very difficult? Didn't it take a long time?”

“I took the famous Hugo ‘French-At-Sight’ course, and it wasn't the least bit difficult. Everything was so simple—so easy to understand—that I learned how to speak French in no time!”

“Why didn't you let me know about it?”

“I wanted to surprise you, and besides, I knew that you would say there's no value in knowing how to speak French.”

“No value! I'd have given anything to have been able to speak French tonight!”

A Simplified Way to Learn French

Now any one can learn to speak French through the simplified method perfected by the Hugo Institute of Languages. The authorities of the House of Hugo have condensed all their knowledge of language instruction—their years of experience in teaching French—the secrets of their wonderful method—into a course of lessons easily mastered in spare time.

Quickly, pleasantly, phrase by phrase, sentence by sentence, you learn to speak the language correctly and well. It is the most ingenious method of learning French ever discovered. Whole generations of language teaching experience in all the leading European cities have culminated at last in this French course.

The best thing about this simplified Hugo method is that it makes you *your own teacher*. Without exercises or drills, without dull classroom tactics of any sort, you follow this fascinating method, and before you realize it you are actually speaking and reading French.

Teachers recommend this course. It is authoritative and comprehensive. Why don't *you* decide to learn French the Hugo way?

Examine the Course 5 Days FREE

We shall be glad to send you the complete Hugo “French-At-Sight” Course FREE for 5 DAYS, so that you may see it and judge for yourself. Within the free examination period you have the privilege of returning the course without cost or obligation, or keeping it as your own and sending only \$2 as a first payment, and thereafter \$2 a month until the full price of \$12 has been paid.


You are the judge. All we ask you to do is to see this carefully planned, fascinating Hugo course composed of twenty-four valuable lessons. If you are not delighted with the course, simply return it within 5 days. If you act promptly a valuable French-English Dictionary, containing 45,000 words, will be given to you FREE.

Clip and mail this coupon today, and be sure to get your copy of the French-English Dictionary free. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., Dept. F-631 Garden City, New York.

Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., Dept. F-631.
American Representatives of Hugo's
Language Institute of London,
Garden City, New York.

Please send me the Hugo “French-At-Sight” Course in 24 lessons, for free examination, and include the French-English Dictionary. Within 5 days I will either return the course and Dictionary or send you \$2 at that time and \$2 each month thereafter until \$12 has been paid.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Reference or Occupation.....
5% discount for cash with order.



CHAS. GUSSIKOFF
First Trombone,
Goldman's Famous
Band, uses a Holton.

THE Holton has yet to be built that will not withstand any comparison, that won't command one price from all, that needs to be given away to secure the testimonial of a nationally known artist.

Our catalog will introduce you to many Holton users whose names are household words.

FRANK HOLTON & COMPANY
327 CHURCH ST. ELKHORN, WIS.

Holton
America's Greatest
Band Instruments

The Bell-Pushers

(Continued from page 74)

he replied, "That price wouldn't buy my boy; I don't know about yours!"

Objection: "I realize 'The World's Wisdom' is well worth the price but I don't believe I can afford it now."

Answer: "I think you will agree with what Mrs. Boughtone said to me. She put it this way: 'There is no doubt we could use "The World's Wisdom" to advantage, and I also know we are always able to pay for things we need. I can pay for the set in a short time with real money or I can pay for it in sorrow throughout the years by realizing that I did not buy for my children what other mothers bought for theirs.' Don't you think, Mrs. Smith, that she was right—that it is better to pay in money than in regret?"

Objection: "I haven't enough money in the house to make the first payment!"

Answer: "That's all right. I'll accept your personal check for the whole amount."

(NOTE: This will make the woman feel that you consider her a woman of means. She will radiate prosperity and nine times out of ten will produce the cash.)

NEXT to book selling the two largest door-to-door industries are vacuum-cleaners and brushes. The venders of these two articles have at least one advantage over the high-pressure book-seller. For while the book may be exhibited to the prospect, the vacuum-cleaner and the brush may be completely demonstrated before her eyes.

When the man who has decided to sell vacuum-cleaners completes his sales training he must take a post-graduate course in the factory where his product is made. His education is then rounded out by thorough instruction concerning the mechanical part of the cleaner. Before he sets out to save labor in the American home he knows exactly where each rivet is placed, and can, if necessary, take the whole thing apart and put it together again.

Then he sets out on the road armed, not with a cleaner, but with a pocketful of sand. On obtaining his interview, he will, with the housewife's permission, throw this sand upon a rug, press it into the material with his foot, and challenge his prospect to remove it with a broom. When she fails to do this—as she most certainly will—he begs permission to call the next day to demonstrate the cleaning powers of his particular vacuum-cleaner. The housewife will nearly always accede to this request even if only to remove the sand that the bell-pusher has trodden into her rug.

The following day, after cleaning the rug which he has soiled, he will elaborate upon the various kinds of dirt and their unsanitary influence on the home. He will put a piece of paper under the rug, beat upon it, and show how much dirt is there, despite the fact that it has been recently swept. He will follow this up by imbedding soda into the first article that offers itself, apodictically illustrating that nothing can remove it save a vacuum-cleaner.

An experienced vacuum-cleaner salesman will force his prospect to do as much of the demonstrating as possible. Whenever he can, he will let her wield both the broom and the cleaner to emphasize the contrast between the two appliances.

The prime difference between this agent and the book salesman is that while the book-seller is content with making his prospect satisfied with his product, the vacuum representative endeavors to make his customer dissatisfied with all other methods of cleaning.

Brush salesmen have become so numerous of late that they are entitled to a paragraph of their own. Their technique is, perhaps, the most polished of all. Inasmuch as they have not much to learn regarding the actual construction of their product, their selling education is limited to methods of gaining interviews and new ways of compelling purchases.

To this end they are armed with sample brushes, which cost approximately ten cents. They usually attempt nothing on the first call, simply mentioning their business, and making a rapid exit before the potential customer can say "yes" or "no."

On the following day they bring that sample

FASTEST



IT'S NEW!

This little machine—with **AUTOMATIC ENVELOPE FEED** will address **125 ENVELOPES PER MINUTE!**

The greatest little time and money saver in the world. Outspeeds all other small-size addressers more than **THREE TO ONE**, and yet sells for less than **ONE THIRD THE PRICE** of any addressing machine of equal speed.

For complete information and a FREE BOOK on Direct-Mail Advertising, pin this ad. to your business letterhead and mail to us.

ELLIOTT ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.
148 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

If I were traveling

I'd choose a companion that would serve as a faithful bodyguard—a good flashlight. I'd pack it in the grip for every trip, and park it alongside my bed at the hotel.

To make sure that it would deliver the goods when I pressed the button, I'd see that it was loaded with genuine Eveready Batteries—the kind that gives the brightest light for the longest time. Because they're built to do just that!

Get the flashlight habit. It's good travel-insurance.

10 Inches Off Waistline In 35 Days

"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."

The Director Belt gets at the cause of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

Sent on Trial

Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail the coupon NOW!

LONDON & WARNER
322 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.



Landon & Warner, Dept. D, 322 S. La Salle, Chicago

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

\$500 Increase Your Income \$400 every month \$300 \$200

Don't wait for the Boss

Be independent—start in business for yourself—no investment but your time—come and go as you please—get big pay for every day's work—repeat orders pile up your income. Selling all wool tailored-to-measure suits and overcoats at \$23.50 and \$31.50 is easy, pleasant, and profitable. Complete sales outfit and instructions FREE. Liberal commissions paid in advance—extra bonus money. It's easy to start. Write NOW.

W. Z. GIBSON, Inc., 500 Throop St., Dept. N-444, Chicago

and tender it to the prospect as a gift. This gesture is the prelude to a rapid opening of the sample case and a brief outline of the various uses of his many brushes.

The initial sale in this case is by no means the last. The first sale is usually a bargain, creating good-will which augurs well for the salesman. A subsequent series of sales will culminate in the housewife awakening one morning to find herself in the possession of a complete set of brushes for every conceivable purpose.

Many of the men and women who have purchased articles from the bell-pusher, wonder just why it was that they made the purchase. For though, in the large majority of cases, the device has proved useful to them, at the time of the deal, they did not believe that they desired the device that was being bell-pushed.

The answer to that question explains what is technically known as *impelling action*, or the moment when the bell-pusher takes some direct step to impel the prospect to sign the papers or part with money.

Seeking a concrete illustration of *impelling action*, I went to a man who makes approximately \$15,000 a year selling portable garages, and asked him to explain it.

"LET me illustrate from life," he said. "Last night I was out with a friend. We came to a theatre which housed a show I wanted to see. I asked my friend to go in with me, but he hesitated, saying he ought to go home and write some letters. He admitted he'd like to see the show, and after I had used all the persuasion of which I was capable—and I'm some persuader—without results, I reached out, took his arm and gave it a tug and started for the box-office. He followed me.

"That little tug on the arm together with my advance toward the box-office did the trick. If I hadn't done those things, he wouldn't have made up his mind to go. He probably would have gone home and written his letters. I impelled his action. I made up his mind for him!"

According to this authority the same principle applies to selling portable garages. He says there comes a time in each interview when he stops all attempts to convince and persuade, and proceeds to impel action. He believes that it is necessary to push persons to do even the things which they want to do or think they should do. Why? Because, he says, there is a law of inertia which lies deep in every human being. Until these persons are influenced by some outside force they like to remain in a state of inaction, or if they move, they want to move along the groove of habit. The salesman must provide that outside force.

It has been discovered by these sales savants that the science of the close is to make it easier for the prospect to say yes than it is for her to say no; easier for her to sign the contract than for her not to sign it.

The close demands more finesse and subtlety than any other step in the sale. For what moots it if the prospect agrees with the sales talk, admits the need of the article, agrees that the salesman is doing a great service for the American home, if she does not give him an order at the finish?

The most superb performance I have ever seen in bringing a sale to a brilliant conclusion was given by a young salesman who gambled and won.

He was selling radios at a hundred dollars each, on the installment plan, 10 per cent. down. The prospect, in this particular instance, was a young and shrewd matron who listened attentively to all he had to say, but made no gesture to buy on his first close. Inasmuch as she had agreed with the salesman regarding the efficiency, the quality, the amusement value, and the necessity of his product, he was somewhat at a loss, regarding his failure.

He tried again, using all the devices he had learned for impelling action. Still she refused to give him an order. This nettled him somewhat, and he finished his argument with: "All refined homes have a radio."

He slightly accented the word "refined" and a dull flush showed in the face of his prospect. At last she spoke:

"No," she said deliberately, "I won't buy your product, neither will I buy the products of any of your door-to-door salesmen. I didn't (Continued on page 78)



Over 100,000 Now In Use
100,000 Men Can't Be Wrong

"Made to Order" for ELKS

Newly patented, extra thin model, HALVORFOLD—Bill-fold, Pass-case, Card case—just what every ELK needs. No embarrassing moments fumbling for your passes—just snap open your HALVORFOLD and they all show, each under separate transparent celluloid face protecting them from dirt and wear.

New, ingenious loose leaf device enables you to show 4, 8 or more passes, membership cards, photos, etc. Also has two large card pockets and extra size billfold. Made of high grade, black GENUINE CALFSKIN, specially tanned for the HALVORFOLD. Tough, durable and has that beautiful, soft texture that shows real quality. All silk stitched, extra heavy, no flimsy cloth lining. 1-10 14K Gold corners and snap fastener. Size, 3 1/2 x 6 closed, just right for hip pocket (flattens to only 1/4 inch thickness). Backbone of loose leaf device prevents breaking down. You simply can't wear out your HALVORFOLD. 22K GOLD NAME, address and lodge emblem FREE. This would ordinarily cost you \$1.00 to \$1.50 extra. An ideal gift with your friend's name. And now, for a short time, I am making the extraordinary offer of giving FREE TO ELKS my genuine calfskin key case (illustration at right) merely for the privilege of showing you the HALVORFOLD. No—no strings!



Free Examination! Send No Money—No C. O. D.

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

Send Coupon today for HALVORFOLD and Key-Case

HALVORSEN, Mgr. U. S. Leather Goods Co., Dept. 1EK 564 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me HALVORFOLD for free examination, with name, address, etc. in 22K Gold as per instructions below—also the FREE key-case. If I decide not to keep the HALVORFOLD I'll return it at your expense within three days and call the deal closed. If I keep it, I will send your special price of \$6.00. Either way key-case is mine to keep free. HALVORFOLD comes regularly for 8 passes. Extra 4-pass inserts—50c.

For protection give here your Member's No. and Lodge..... Emblem

Name

Address

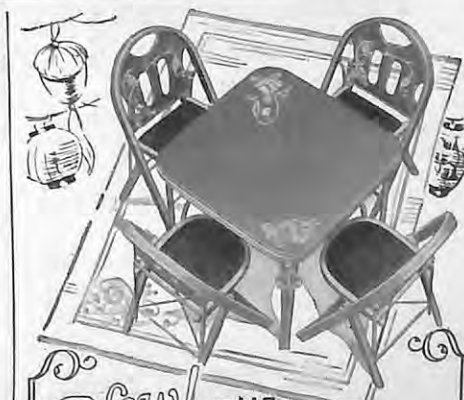
25¢ Off to save bookkeeping, if you prefer to send cash with order. Money back, of course, if not satisfied

REDISCOVERED!



From ITALY
This marvelous century old formula for the hair*
★ Formula by Dececco

From the land of beautiful, lustrous, healthy hair, comes this secret formula by Dececco. Banishes Dandruff—that unsightly handicap to appearance. Dandruff often creates a wrong first impression. Further than that it is the agency that forecasts unhealthy scalps—falling hair—baldness. Remove dandruff! Put the scalp in healthy condition. Care for the hair as you would any organ of the body. It will repay you—appearance means so much in social or business associations. Dececco's formula is not an experiment. Long in use, a family finally felt help to the formula and guarded it jealously, until Dececco again gave its benefits to the world. Furthermore, it restores gray hair to its natural color. It is absolutely harmless. It is not a dye. Pin a one (\$1.00) dollar bill to this advertisement and send it to us today. You get a full size four-ounce bottle, sufficient to prove to you its remarkable results.



New! THE MANDARIN BRIDGE SET

Breath-taking Beauty! Quality! Chinese-red, decorated, folding bridge set, with Boy and Dragon design in rich oriental colors—a delight to the heart of every hostess. Dainty loveliness in every line, yet strong and comfortable, convenient and long lived. Set folds into a carton that slips into any closet. Bentwood, round cornered; upholstered seats; decorated leatherette top; two convenient ash trays furnished. Tell "him" you want this for Christmas!

MAIL THIS COUPON

Louis Rastetter & Sons, 1300 Wall Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Date

Send me folder about the Mandarin Bridge Set, tell me where I can buy it, and the price.

Name

Address

My Dealer is

WALL-GREG SALES CORPORATION
DEPT. E JOLIET, ILLINOIS



FREE TRIAL Grows Hair

Amazing New Electrical Discovery!

Now at last—through the electric magic of Infra-red Rays—Science has found a startling way to grow new hair quickly.

No matter how fast your hair is falling out. No matter how much of it is gone—this is our guarantee: This amazing new electrical discovery will end your dandruff—stop falling hair—and grow thick, luxuriant new hair in 4 weeks—or you pay nothing! You risk nothing. You are the judge—your own mirror will furnish the astounding evidence.

Famous Surgeon's Discovery

Two years ago a noted surgeon, seeking to bring back his own hair—applying all his scientific knowledge to the problem—made a remarkable discovery. It is the first time a scientific man of his standing has ever entered this field of helpfulness.

He discovered a simple way in which to use life-giving, invisible heat rays—known to all scientists—to restore health and normal conditions to the scalp tissues, and so RESTORE HAIR in all but certain rare instances. It ended his own baldness. Today his hair is unusually thick and luxuriant.

Called Dermo-Ray

Because of his scientific conservatism, and his standing in his profession, the discoverer of Dermo-Ray made no general announcement of his startling discovery. But, as the head of his own hospital, his own case-records—with hundreds of men and women—proved scientifically, conclusively, that this new discovery grows hair when nothing else will—grows hair, ends dandruff, in NINE OUT OF TEN CASES. Now that the amazing power of Infra-red Rays is known to the entire scientific world—and DERMO-RAY has been proved to be one of the most startling scientific discoveries of recent years—now, for the first time, has he permitted public announcement of his discovery to be made.

Infra-Red Rays Reach the Roots

In 9 out of 10 so-called cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead. They are only dormant. But when you try to reach them with hair-tonics, oils, massages and salves, you are obviously wasting both time and money. For you treat only the *surface skin—never get to the roots.*

Your own physician will tell you that the warm, soothing Infra-red Ray penetrates more deeply through human tissue than any other harmless heat-ray known to science. It reaches the hair-root and electrically, almost magically, *revitalizes* it. Hair literally "sprouts" as a result.

Send No Money

You can use DERMO-RAY in any home with electricity. The warm, soothing, Infra-red Rays vitalize your scalp while you rest or read—a few minutes each day is all the time required.

In four weeks you will be free forever from the social and business embarrassment of baldness—or you pay nothing.

Complete facts about this astounding new scientific discovery, opinions of authorities, incontrovertible evidence, and details of special trial offer, will be sent free, if you mail the coupon below. To forever end your scalp and hair troubles, act at once. Print your name and address plainly—and mail the coupon NOW!

FREE TRIAL OFFER

THE LARSON INSTITUTE,
216 N. Wabash Ave., Dept. 161,
Chicago, Ill.

Send me at once, without obligation, full particulars—in plain envelope—of your 30-day Free Trial of DERMO-RAY.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

The Bell-Pushers

(Continued from page 77)

like your last remark, that's why I'm telling you this. You all pretend you're selling service, when actually none of you care about anything but your commission."

"Some of us," said the salesman, "are selling service."

The young housewife laughed.

"Yes," she said, "I suppose you refuse your commissions altogether."

"No," returned the salesman, "of course we don't. We must live, you know. But I'll prove you're wrong. My commission on a sale happens to be exactly 10 per cent. or ten dollars, that also is the amount of your first payment." At this point he laid a ten-dollar-bill on the table. "That," he continued, "represents your first payment and my commission. I consider it is worth that much to do you a service and change your opinion of salesmen."

The young matron was silent for a moment.

"Suppose," she said, "I accepted your offer." The salesman thought of his rent which was due that night and mentally cast about for someone that he might borrow ten dollars from, but he maintained his poker face.

"I hope you will," he said at last.

A thirty-second silence ensued that seemed like hours to the bell-pusher.

"No," she said, "I couldn't do that. But I will give you the order."

It was a relieved and radiant salesman that walked down the front steps with another signature in his pocket.

Such is the history of that much maligned person—the house-to-house canvasser. Such is the man who pursues his interminable march to lay his latest device upon your very door-step, undeterred by rebuff, weather or weariness.

Criticize him if you will, but remember that for every one that considers him an unnecessary evil, there are thousands of American housewives prepared to pay homage and genuflect to His Majesty—The Bell-Pusher.

Umpires and Referees

(Continued from page 19)

to make the chivalrous gesture and lacerate the feelings of the linesman.

During the last Davis Cup matches I thought that two outs called on Cochet at a critical point were in the nature of bad decisions and said so. The reproachful glance that this linesman cast at me made me resolve never to call a linesman again. After all, what is the use? A decision is a decision and it goes into the records forever.

The disposition to dispute the umpire or the referee seems to be a peculiarly American trait. Our critics may insist that it is the lack of true sportsmanship. That hardly is fair. It is the spirit of a republic that was born because of its inclination to dispute a constituted authority which it felt to be unfair, and that spirit is bound to creep into the national sports. Of course this is no consolation whatever to harassed referees and umpires. All that they know is that they are annoyed and that the howl of the wolf pack rings in their ears.

From the volunteer umpire of a sand-lot baseball game to the League of Nations, which is by way of being an international umpire or referee, the lot of the arbiter is hard and there is no chance that it will start to soften up in the near future. If they ever do find the perfect umpire and the blameless referee, it is my notion that much of the joy will be taken out of sport.

"THE Adventure of the Mysterious Eyelets," coming in an early issue, is another of Ben Lucien Burman's true detective stories, showing how the police of Vienna solved one of their most baffling murder cases.



Speechless...When a Few Words Would Have Made Me!

But now I can face the largest audience without a trace of stage fright.

THE annual banquet of our Association—the biggest men in the industry present—and without a word of warning the Chairman called on me to speak—and my mind went blank!

I half rose from my seat, bowed awkwardly and mumbled, "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me today," and dropped back in my chair.

Speechless—when a few words would have made me! The opportunity I had been waiting for all my life—and I had thrown it away! If I could have made a simple little speech—giving my opinion of trade conditions in a concise, witty, interesting way, I know I would have been made for life!

Always I had been a victim of paralyzing stage fright. Because of my timidity, my diffidence, I was just a nobody, with no knack of impressing others—of putting myself across. No matter how hard I worked it all went for nothing—I could never win the big positions, the important offices, simply because I was tongue-tied in public.

And then like magic I discovered how to overcome my stage fright—and I was amazed to learn that I actually had a natural gift for public speaking. With the aid of a splendid new method I rapidly developed this gift until, in a ridiculously short time, I

was able to face giant audiences—without a trace of stage fright.

Today I am one of the biggest men in our industry. Scarcely a meeting or banquet is held without me being asked to speak. My real ability, which was hidden so long by stage fright, is now recognized by everyone. I am asked to conferences, luncheons and banquets as a popular after-dinner speaker.

This amazing training has made me into a self-confident aggressive talker—an easy versatile conversationalist—almost overnight.

* * *

No matter what work you are now doing nor what may be your station in life; no matter how timid and self-conscious you now are when called upon to speak, you can quickly bring out your natural ability and become a powerful speaker. Now, through an amazing new training you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding influential speaker able to dominate one man or five thousand.

In 20 Minutes a Day

This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that you cannot fail to progress rapidly. Right from the start you will find that it is becoming easier and easier to express yourself. Thousands have proved that by spending only 20 minutes a day in the privacy of their own homes they can acquire the ability to speak so

easily and quickly that they are amazed at the great improvement in themselves.

Send for this Amazing Booklet

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear. Not only men who have made millions but thousands of others have sent for this booklet and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

What This Course Teaches You

- How to talk before your club or lodge
- How to address board meetings
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Killers of the Sea

(Continued from page 33)



The plate glass test—This glass was pressed against a Goodrich Silvertown till the tread flattened as it would flatten against the road. Note how the center grooves can close up, when the tire is under load.

See What Happens when Goodrich Silvertowns meet the Road

Balloon tires are soft. They yield. Their tread flattens against the road. The center compresses, letting the "shoulders" of the tread come down to the ground.

Simple facts—but what a tremendous effect they have on mileage! Suppose the center could not yield. Suppose it had bulky masses of rubber where it should be flexible. Then it would crowd the surrounding rubber out of shape. It would distort the shoulder rubber. And uneven, choppy, wasteful wear would be the result.

But Goodrich Silvertowns have the successful hinge-center tread design. Triple-grooved, easy-flexing center.

Massive "shoulders." No crowding. No distortion. No "piling up" of rubber can cause premature wear. You get the full service which correct design and skillful curing have put into Goodrich Silvertowns.

They are bonded together by Water-Cured rubber—toughened to remarkable uniformity by application of heat from outside and inside both, instead of from outside only.

Added to this extra toughening process, there is the equalized strength of 5,000 stretch-matched cords. Three vital features combine to give you long and carefree mileage.

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Goodrich Silvertowns

"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"

Listen In every Wednesday night, Goodrich Radio Hour 9:30 P. M.
Eastern Standard Time, over W.E.A.F. and the Red Network.

I once walked half a mile up the coast to borrow a heavy shark line and a rowboat from a bootlegger who frequented those parts, ostensibly as a fisherman.

"Look out you don't get your shark line fouled on the boat," he called, as I pulled the skiff out to deep water, "or you will never come back."

Three-quarters of a mile from shore I faced a mile-wide pass between the keys. The tide was moving out as if the whole surface of the earth were slipping in one direction. I could see the white rocks passing beneath as the little shell swiftly drifted seaward. I was getting out too deep, eighteen feet or more, so I dropped the "anchor," which consisted of the upper part of an old stove. It barely reached the bottom. It barely held. But now the green water, like a great field of ice, went gliding by and the skiff drifted at anchor with her nose toward the land. Further away than the voice could reach I could see the distant shore and the coconut palms reflected in the water.

I tied one end of the shark line to a gunnel rail near the stern, ran the shark hooks through the belly of a barracuda I had caught, and threw it overboard with the chain to which it was attached. It sank slowly and, with the pull of the current, the line slowly uncoiled itself from the stern seat. I noticed that the anchor rope railed off to the port side from the front seat, and I moved forward to tie it to the bow. A sudden fearful jerk! The shark line was taut. It whipped through the water dripping with spray. The boat swirled sideways, careened. A torrent of water rushed over the rail, the shark line pulling it down. I could feel my heart leaping as I threw my weight to the other side of the skiff. But the shark now headed out. The skiff went out with a backward swirl to sea. The stern dug down on one side but fortunately not under water, and I realized the anchor was trailing, was free of the bottom. I was afraid to start bailing for fear the shark might change his course, foul the line and overturn the boat. The skiff veered dizzily as the water in it sloshed about. Now the anchor touched bottom. Slipped off. Caught again and tautened like a ship's cable. The boat reeled and started to turn over. Crack! The railing to which the shark line was tied had broken. I was safe. I believe that when the anchor caught the second time, I put my weight on the opposite rail, but I only won by the split fraction of a second.

IT WAS a miracle. But I was too shaken to "get" it. The danger had not been from an attack of the shark but of being overturned in that vast sea-going tide, which moved off towards Africa at five miles an hour. I still believe you can tire out a shark from a rowboat with safety—when and if in shallow water. Ordinarily I have no fear of a shark. He is too crude a fish for sport and makes a dead-weight pull without much fighting when hooked. Yet I have seen hammerheads and leopard sharks rush savagely to attack, and sometimes even strike at the boat when they have lanced.

The stab of steel turns them into devils. Ferd Nordman, cruising near Daytona Beach, threw his harpoon into a big hammerhead which was basking near the surface. The great fish swirled to the bottom, the detachable spear head embedded in its side. The eighteen-foot pole, free of the spear, floated idly on the sea. Then, from the depths rushed the huge brute, twenty-three feet in length, and seizing the pole in a maw which could have engulfed a man, bit with such force as to leave its teeth deep in the wood. It took high-powered rifles to kill that hammerhead.



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