

# The Elks

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Magazine

JUNE, 1928



REVERE F.  
WISTEHOFF

Beginning "Murder at Sea," a Thrilling Mystery Novel by Richard Connell

# All Speed Records Broken

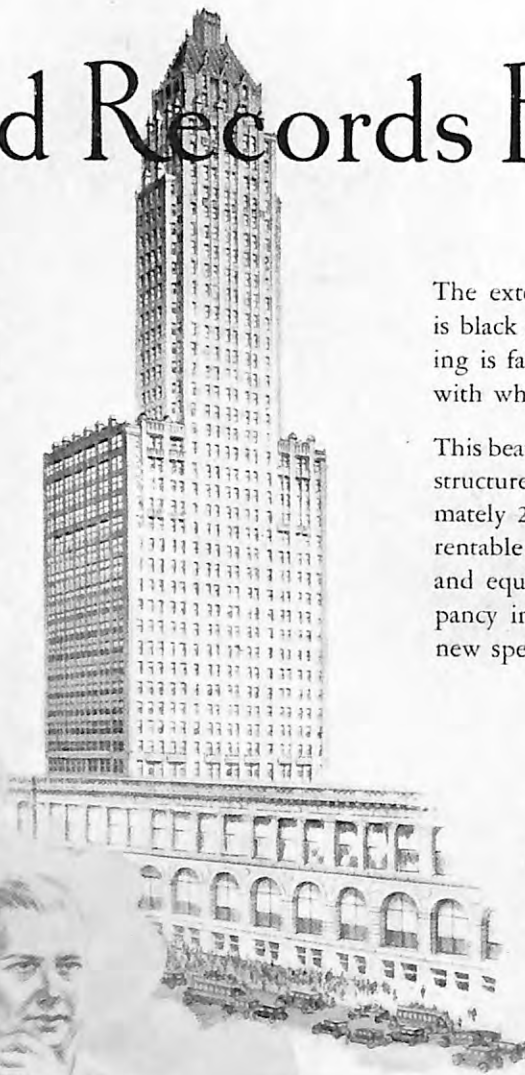
THE Pittsfield Building at Chicago — named after the city of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where Marshall Field, as a boy, began his business career.

Thirty-eight stories high — rising 557 feet above the city pavement — it is the tallest building in Chicago, and two feet higher than the Washington Monument.

The exterior of the first story is black granite, and the building is faced above on all sides with white terra cotta.

This beautiful and monumental structure, containing approximately 270,000 square feet of rentable space, was completed and equipped ready for occupancy in eleven months — a new speed record.

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is an Architects  
Vision Realized...*



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# Many Able Men Waste Years before they learn this simple lesson

**I**N a very old book named Joel, after the man who wrote it, you will find this line—"The Years that the Locust hath Eaten." A solemn sounding line it is, full of sad significance.

The years when there were no crops, because they were destroyed by the enemies of crops. The years when men worked and made no progress; when the end of the year found them a little poorer than its beginning, because a part of their little span of life was gone and had produced no increase.

\* \* \*

In almost every life there are some fruitless years; but the tragedies occur when, year after year, men go along feeding their lives to the locust of indecision, or the locust of laziness, or the locust of too great concentration on a petty task.

In every week of every year the Alexander Hamilton Institute is brought into contact with such tragedies.

### "I wish I had acted earlier"

"My experience with the Alexander Hamilton Institute leaves me only with the regret that I did not make contact with it at an earlier time," says one man.

For that regret there is no healing. The years when one might have acted, and did not; these are the years that the locust hath eaten.

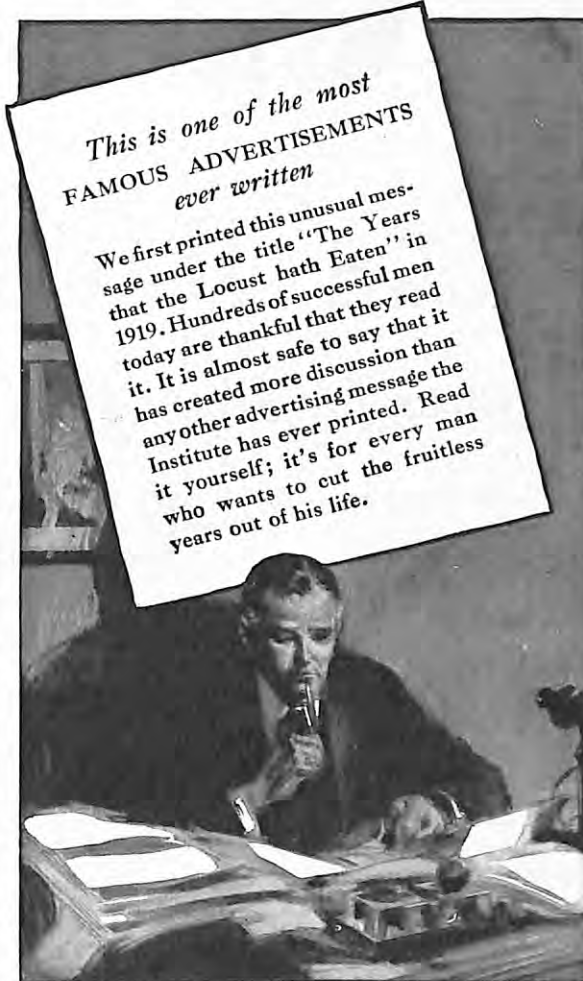
"If I had enrolled with you a year or two ago, I should be better able to handle my daily problems," another says.

Many able men waste years before they learn this simple lesson—before they learn that success today is impossible without training and that the time to get that training is not next month or next year but *right now*.

### The punishment of wasted years

This happened just the other day: A man wrote asking that someone call on him who could give him detailed information as to just how the Alexander Hamilton Institute has helped more than 300,000 men to greater success.

The representative found a man past fifty years of age, occupying a modest position in a great corporation. He sat down to explain the Institute's plan and method. And as he



*This is one of the most  
FAMOUS ADVERTISEMENTS  
ever written*

*We first printed this unusual message under the title "The Years that the Locust hath Eaten" in 1919. Hundreds of successful men today are thankful that they read it. It is almost safe to say that it has created more discussion than any other advertising message the Institute has ever printed. Read it yourself; it's for every man who wants to cut the fruitless years out of his life.*

talked, naming one and another who now occupy high positions, he looked across at the gray-haired man, who was plainly disturbed by emotion.

The representative of the Institute turned away his eyes; he knew what that man was thinking. His thoughts were turned back over the fields of wasted opportunity; he was plagued by the thought of the years that the locust hath eaten.

**Today you may start forward  
with 300,000 others**

You can hardly call this an advertisement about the Alexander Hamilton Institute. The facts about its Modern Business Course and

Service have been printed so many times that few men need to have them repeated.

The average man could say them almost by heart. He knows that the Institute is the institution that specializes in taking men who know only one department of business, and rounding them out into fitness for high executive tasks.

He knows that 300,000 men are proof of its strength and standing; he knows that business and educational authority of the highest standing is represented in the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

### Advisory Council

The Advisory Council consists of: GENERAL T. COLEMAN DUPONT, the well-known business executive; PERCY H. JOHNSTON, President of the great Chemical National Bank of New York; DEXTER S. KIMBALL, Dean of the College of Engineering, Cornell University; JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, the eminent consulting engineer; FREDERICK H. HURDMAN, Certified Public Accountant and business advisor; JEREMIAH W. JENKS, the internationally known statistician and economist.

This advertisement is directed to the man who knows all this, and knowing it, has let the weeks and months and years slip by—years that might have meant so much to him, and now are gone and beyond recalling; years that the locust hath eaten.

### "Forging Ahead in Business"

To such men—and to all men of earnest purpose who seek to avoid these wasted years—the Alexander Hamilton Institute comes now, asking for only one moment of firm decision—one moment in which to take the first step that can begin to turn ordinary years into great years of progress.

A book has been published for you, entitled "Forging Ahead in Business."

It is not a book for drifters; but to men who are asking themselves: "Where am I going to be five years from now?" it is offered freely and gladly without the slightest charge.

Today your copy of "Forging Ahead in Business" is waiting. Send for it now.

## Alexander Hamilton Institute

Executive Training for Business Men

IN CANADA, address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto



IN ENGLAND, 67 Great Russell St., London  
IN AUSTRALIA, 11c Castlereagh St., Sydney

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617 Astor Place New York City

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

Name.....  
Business Address.....  
*Please write plainly*

Business Position.....

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



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Seven  
Number One

# THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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

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## The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

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

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

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

Official Circular Number Nine

Boston, Mass.  
May 2, 1928

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

MY BROTHERS:

"It shall be the duty of each Subordinate Lodge to hold the service known as 'Flag Day Services' at the time and in the manner prescribed by the Ritual of the Order."

This is the command of the Grand Lodge which is set forth in Section 229 of our Statutes, and I direct your attention to it that Flag Day, Thursday, June 14th, may be made notable by patriotic demonstrations conducted by all the subordinate Lodges of the Order. I urge that, as far as it is possible to do so, each Lodge shall hold a public ceremony and shall endeavor to assemble for the occasion citizens of all walks of life. The keynote of the message sent by Elkdom to the people of the Republic on the birthday of our National Emblem should be, "Peace hath her victories no less renown'd than war".

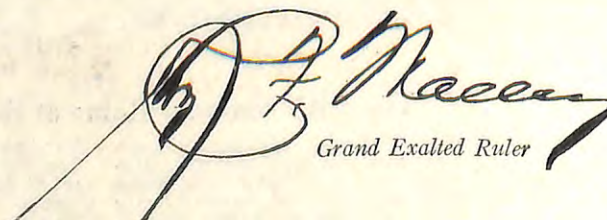
My observation is that most people regard themselves as patriotic citizens because they harbor the thought that they would respond to the martial call to arms for the defense of the physical integrity of the nation. It is the comparative few who realize that true patriotism demands that in times of peace, the citizens shall "guard with watchful eyes their heritage." Of these few are the Elks. We are a group of God-fearing American citizens who appreciate that our heritage is not the material things which lie within the boundaries of the nation, but the spirit of America which arises from the fundamental principles of Liberty, Justice and Charity. The America which we love is the thought of the people inspired by these great principles and crystallized in laws and institutions which make for the peace and happiness and prosperity of mankind.

The greatest service which we can perform as patriotic citizens is to keep the mind and the heart of the nation in constant attunement with these principles. The liberty which was born of the sacrifices and blood of the fathers was liberty of thought, of conscience, of emotions, the right to live one's life in its fullness, restricted only by Divine Law and by just and equitable man-made laws to ensure an equal right to every person. This is the conception of liberty which is truly American. It is the basic thought which has inspired the nation to greatness as a brotherhood in right, a brotherhood in opportunity.

Let us on Flag Day win a victory for Peace by rekindling in the hearts of our fellow-citizens fervent love for American principles. Let us renew their respect for American traditions and institutions. Let us hold before them American ideals to the end that tolerance, unselfishness and brotherly love may become active forces in the national life.

"Only when free men guard with watchful eyes  
Their heritage, can they preserve the prize  
Their fathers won in sacrifice and pain  
And show the world their toils were not in vain."

Fraternally yours,

  
Grand Exalted Ruler

# If YOU Were Down and Out



AND I agreed to start you in a big, new, money-making business of your own—WITHOUT CAPITAL OR EXPERIENCE—a business in which I have helped other ambitious men and women double, triple and QUADRUPLE their earnings, would you jump at it? You BET YOU WOULD!

Well, you may not be down and out. But if you are earning A CENT LESS than \$100 a week—\$5,000 a year—here is your chance to break into real estate MY WAY—build a big profit business of your own—right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience. My free book tells the whole story. Get it now!

## From Failure to Success

I like to get hold of the down-hearted—the discouraged—the “has-beens” and the “also-rans.” It gives me a big “kick”—a real thrill—every time I help a man or woman who felt they were failures. It’s easy enough to make successful men more successful. But give me the man who is struggling along—trying to make both ends meet—who has never had a real “look-in” on business success. The most fun I get out of life is turning such men into happy, contented, prosperous, independent business men. And I’m doing it right along! There’s E. G. Baum, past 50, lost his job as bookkeeper, sick, discouraged, down-hearted. I got Baum started and he cleaned up \$8,000.00 his first year. And J. M. Patterson. He’d just landed in Texas with a baby, a sick wife and only \$10.20 in his pocket. He started to use my Successful Real Estate System, and writes me that he will clean up \$20,000.00 in profits this year. Send for my free book. Learn how I am helping others—and how I can help you—win big business success.

## New Lives for Old

I teach ambitious men and women my way of making big money in the Real Estate Business, without capital or previous experience. I give them new lives for old. I transform them from low-salaried employees to successful employers—in business for themselves—independent—prosperous—contented—men and women from 21 to 79—from all walks of life—former mill-hands, clerks, railroad men, barbers, hotel employees, grocers, salesmen, bookkeepers, teachers, ministers, printers, musicians, insurance solicitors, etc., etc. Take “Bill” Dakin for example. He worked for fifty years in Buffalo, N. Y., steel plant. Never had any schooling to speak of. Never had any real estate experience. Bill jumped at my offer. Writes me that last month he earned \$1,125.00 my way. Write for a free copy of my book today. Learn how wide-awake men and women are changing their jobs—trading old lives for new—with my System for Becoming a Real Estate Specialist. Address: President, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 33-6, 18 East 18 St., New York.

## Amazing Profits

**\$17,000 IN ONE DEAL**

Eugene Walrath, formerly in the clothing business. Got my scientific System for making money in real estate. Cleaned up \$17,000 in one deal. Free book tells how he did it.

**\$5,500 IN 1 WEEK**

Evalynn Balster, Chicago widow, school teacher, three children to support, got my System, made \$5,500 in one week on her first real estate deal. Free book tells how!

**\$8,500 IN 17 WEEKS**

That’s the big money Chas. F. Worthen, Fall River, Mass., made with my successful Real Estate System. Free book tells you how I helped him to do it!

**\$14,400 IN 6 MONTHS**

That’s the fat profit H. G. Stewart, Baltimore, Md., made with my remarkable System for making big money in real estate. Stewart is a live wire. Are You? Get my free book and find out!

**\$248 FIRST PROFIT**

That’s the first pin-money Mrs. J. H. Hastings, Jackson, Mich., made with my System for Becoming a Real Estate Specialist. She has a fine business lined up. Free book tells how!

**200% MORE MONEY**

Alfred J. Bennett, Ford Salesman, was earning \$300 a month. Got my Real Estate System. Increased income 200%. Has well equipped office. Just bought new Chrysler Sedan. Free Book tells how!

## \$1,000 Reward

We do not claim that all who follow our instructions make such amazing profits so quickly and so easily. But we do say that the fact that so many have done so is proof that the average person can make more money in less time our way than in any other way we know of. And we back up this statement with an offer of one thousand dollars in gold to anyone furnishing proof of any other course of any kind that is helping as many men and women make as much money in as short a time as our Real Estate Course.

American Business-Builders, Inc.

## FREE “How To Become A Real Estate Specialist”



American Business Builders, Inc.

(Authorized Capital \$500,000.00)

Dept. 33-6

18 East 18 St., New York

Send me—without cost or obligation—your free illustrated book “How to Become a Real Estate Specialist.”

Name .....

(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

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

Office of the  
**Grand Secretary**

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

*Elks National Memorial  
Headquarters Building,  
Chicago, Ill.  
June, 1928*

DEAR BROTHER ELKS:

For all Elks and dependent members of their families who may visit Miami, Florida, during the Grand Lodge Convention, which opens July 9, 1928, the railroads have made a rate of one and a half fare for the round trip. In some instances there have also been provided slightly higher rates which carry a limit of thirty days. There are also the summer excursion fares from such States as Arizona, California, Idaho and Utah, which are more advantageous than the convention rate of one and a half fare.

The fare and one-half rate in certain territories operates under the IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATE PLAN, whereby the railroads will permit no ticket agent to sell transportation unless the purchaser presents an IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATE furnished him by the Secretary of his Lodge. It therefore devolves upon you to decide as early as possible with reference to the Miami trip and, if you desire an IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATE, lose no time in notifying your Secretary to that effect, as he must obtain his supply of certificates from the office of the Grand Secretary.

No matter in what territory you reside you should ascertain from your local ticket agents all the rates effective during the period of the Grand Lodge Convention. Call on them early, as they are now ready to book your reservations and otherwise serve you.

Finally, if an IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATE is required from the district in which you are located, it is urged that you be prompt in advising your Secretary regarding your needs in that respect, as this early cooperation will be a great help to his office and to mine.

Bespeaking your assistance for the Secretary of your Lodge and my department, I am,

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

*J. E. Masters*  
Grand Secretary

CONSULT YOUR LOCAL TICKET AGENTS.





Office of the  
**Grand Esquire**

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

*Cleveland, Ohio  
May 25th, 1928*

TO ALL MY BROTHERS  
IN ELKDOM, GREETINGS:

By all means, be in Miami in July. Elkdom is to be greeted and fêted as seldom before in the history of our fraternity.

I have been in Florida, met with its Elks in convention at Orlando, with its committees, its business men, its private citizens. Everywhere enthusiasm is rampant; everywhere is the spirit to be of help. The entire State is determined Miami's guests shall long cherish their visit to the hospitable Southland.

As evidence of the splendid co-operation, let me cite the support accorded Brother Arthur J. Cleary, Chairman of the Parade Committee. Florida National Guards units, the Naval Station at Key West, brigadier-generals, colonels, majors, captains, ensigns—all the way down the line, the khaki and blue have offered their aid and will join the marching hosts of Elkdom in July, adding color and inspiration to the crowning spectacle of the Reunion.

And what a marvelous setting for our pageant of patriotism and fraternalism! Beautiful boulevards and wide streets, unhampered by the heavy traffic of metropolitan cities, stretch back from the shores of the Bay. Down these magnificent thoroughfares, to the cheers of thousands from all over the nation, we will march in renewal of our pledges.

And when the last of the throng has passed, the bands will mass before the great reviewing stand—an immense ensemble of a thousand or more musicians playing the glorious strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," "The Stars and Stripes Forever," and "The Purple and White." Visualize, if you can, that scene!

Equally beautiful and thrilling features will have their place in the parade. To the Lodges whose efforts are most impressive, generous awards will be given, as detailed in *THE ELKS MAGAZINE* in May.

Let me repeat what I said in March. You and I and our Lodges must get busy—our obligation is no less important than Miami's. We must help—with our presence, our bands, fife and drum corps, marching patrols, glee clubs, drill teams, floats. We need them all.

Immediately upon your arrival in Miami come to the McAllister Hotel, where the Grand Esquire and his staff will have headquarters on the Mezzanine Floor. Here you will find complete parade information. We shall welcome the opportunity to serve you; likewise to help make your Miami stay enjoyable.

Yours for a great Reunion—and the finest parade of history.

*Lloyd Maxwell*  
Grand Esquire.



# Murder at Sea

By Richard Connell

Illustrated by Cornelius Hicks

## Part I

**C**URIOSITY was Matthew Kelton's greatest vice. It was also his chief source of pleasure. His desire to know how, who, when, where, and why was insatiable. For rather more than fifty years he had peered at life with questioning, interested eyes. The failing which is popularly supposed to have killed a cat had had no lethal effect on Matthew Kelton. Few men were more alive and alert.

He had seen, in his time, many strange things. He had wandered in the labyrinth of human behavior and found it full of many dark and unexpected turnings. He was never bored. He found the conduct of man too unpredictable. He seemed to live and move about in a perpetual state of quiet excitement.

Anything which smacked of a puzzle drew his mind as a magnet draws a needle. His energy and acumen, when he was working at something which challenged his mind, were

the amazement of his friends. Some said that had he lived in medieval times he would have run the risk of being burned as a sorcerer; he appeared, at times, to employ black magic.

"I simply put two and two together," he used to explain. "My problem is to find what two added to what other two will give the desired four."

"I am interested," he once said, "in all riddles."

"Try your hand at solving the eternal riddle of the Sphinx," a friend suggested.

Matthew Kelton smiled.

"It's simply a mass of grinning stone," he said, "the monument of some man's ego-mania. I am vastly more interested in why some obscure shipping clerk pilfers ten dollars from his employer. Human hieroglyphics—they are my passion."

Matthew Kelton was in the happy position of being able to gratify his passion for finding out things. As a young man he had

been a highly capable chemist. In the course of his work one day he had asked himself what would happen if certain chemicals were combined with certain other chemicals. Having asked the question, it followed that he could not rest content until he had found the answer. The answer was Kelton's Night of Roses, a haunting, exotic perfume. He promptly sold the formula, invested the money, bought a small house in a quiet town outside the metropolis, and was free to devote his entire time to the entrancing science of curiosity.

He had, in his house, a laboratory, a workshop, and a library. Also a venerable Scotch lady who kept house, watched the pennies, and turned out uncommonly good steak-and-kidney pies. His income, some eight thousand dollars a year, was more than ample for his simple needs.

There were puzzles enough in the world to keep Matthew Kelton busy. Yet he was

*Matthew Kelton was trying to watch all of them at once. "Someone has been murdered—in his cabin," he said. "It stands to reason that someone has murdered him!"*



## *A Wealthy Traveler Killed on Shipboard, A Multitude of Conflicting Clues—and 40 Hours In Which to Run Down the Murderer!*

always seeking new ones. Often he did not have to look far. The police had discovered his talent for throwing light on very somber points in cases confronting them. So they called on him frequently for help. He gave it, cheerfully, asking neither pay nor credit; but only if the case was a genuine mystery. To what he called "rule of thumb, unimaginative crimes," he would give no attention.

One night—it was early in March, a singularly raw and nasty March—Matthew Kelton, at work in his library on a cryptogram, whose ingenuity would have defied Poe himself, began to sniffle. He knew what that meant. The day before he had poked about in the sleet, searching for a foot-print which was the core of the knotty case on which he was working. He found the foot-print, drew from it an answer, proved that answer correct, saved a blameless man from a very unpleasant ten minutes in the electric chair—and, caught a heavy cold.

He put aside the cryptogram, and rang for his housekeeper.

"Mrs. McNab?"

"Yes, Mr. Kelton."

"I'm going away. To a warmer climate. No, I'm not going to die."

Seeing that Mr. Kelton spoke with humorous intent, Mrs. McNab parted her elderly features in a smile.

"I am going," said Matthew Kelton, "to Bermuda. I find I can get a boat day after to-morrow. Please put the blue suit, and the dinner suit and some shirts and things in a bag. If you want to, you can close the house and visit your sister. I expect to be gone three or four weeks."

"Yes, Mr. Kelton."

Mrs. McNab showed no surprise. She wasn't exactly sure where Bermuda was; but it didn't matter. She had known her employer to depart for Madagascar and for Korea on a day's notice.

"I'll be sailing on the steamer *Pendragon*," Matthew Kelton informed her. "Make a note to send any mail to the Royal Monteville Hotel, Hamilton. I expect to bask in the sun, and not ask a single question. I intend to take a thorough rest."

Again Mrs. McNab smiled.

"I must knock out this cold, you see," explained Matthew Kelton. Mrs. McNab suggested a hot toddy and extra blankets as a temporary relief measure. To this her employer agreed.

So it came about that when the *S. S. Pendragon* began to make ready to slip away from her pier in the North River on the fifth of March, Matthew Kelton was aboard. He stood on the deck, watching scurrying men unfasten the giant hawsers. He was a smallish man, neatly made, with unusually competent-looking hands, and a great shock of white hair which billowed up above a sharp, incisive face. He looked, indeed, rather like a cockatoo. When he asked a question—and he was usually asking them—he cocked his head on one side and looked at the other person with eyes which were both friendly and shrewd.

THERE was the usual rush and hurry as the gang-plank was raised, and the last-minute visitors scrambled to the shore. Then the *Pendragon* eased out through the floating ice-cakes, faced down-stream, and, with steady, throbbing engines began her two-day

trip across six hundred and sixty-six miles of ocean to the group of sunny islands, to make which uncountable billions of coral polyps have given up their lives.

The *S. S. Pendragon* was not one of the regular ships which ply between New York and Bermuda. She was smaller—some five thousands tons—and less ornate, for primarily she was a freight ship. She had an even dozen roomy cabins, however, so her thrifty owners filled them, on each trip, with passengers. Matthew Kelton, who knew all sorts of people, knew the president of the line, and he had been able, at the last moment, to secure Cabin C, the choicest on the ship.

AS THE *S. S. Pendragon* poked her black nose down past Staten Island, Matthew Kelton looked about him at his fellow travelers. He had a friendly soul, and he fully expected that he would know most of those on board before the trip of forty-eight hours was over. They looked, he thought, rather more interesting than the usual run of travelers. One pair, he decided on the spot, was a honeymoon couple.

It was a gray day, and the wind was chilling. Matthew Kelton went below to his cabin to get a sweater to wear under his tweed ulster. As he was going down the stairs, another man was coming up, in a hurry. Deep in his own thoughts, he apparently, did not see Matthew Kelton, for he collided with him. He was a big man, one of the biggest men Matthew Kelton had ever seen, with an enormous bright pink face and shaggy, sandy eye-brows. He was wearing the uniform of an officer in the merchant marine.

"Very sorry, sir," he said, breathlessly.

"Didn't see you coming. I suppose I should sound my horn when turning these narrow stairs."

Matthew Kelton, who had had some of the breath bumped out of him, said it didn't matter, and added,

"Aren't you Captain Galvin?"

"I am," said the big man.

"My name's Matthew Kelton."

The captain thrust out a huge hand.

"Glad to see you aboard, Mr. Kelton. Mr. Wraymore told me you were going to be with us, and told me to look out for you, especially. I was going to look you up as soon as we were well under way. I've heard a lot about you. Hope you'll have a fine trip. If there's anything I can do to make you more comfortable, please let me know. I've got to rush now. There are a thousand and one things to do on an old tub like this. Hope you'll drop into my cabin later for a chat and a cigar and, perhaps, something to wet your whistle with."

"THANK you, Captain. I'll be delighted to."

The big man hurried on his way. Matthew Kelton started down the corridor. He had not taken ten steps, when he was violently run into again. This time the person who collided with him was a woman.

With a hasty "Sorry" she brushed past him. She had, he noticed, a deep, almost harsh voice, not an American voice. He noticed also, for he had a quick eye for detail, that she was wearing a long cloak of some dark material, not a usual sort of garment; that she had a broad, almost peasant-like face, and a thick, heavy-set figure.

"Never saw such a place for being bumped into," remarked Matthew Kelton to himself. "First the captain, and now this rather Amazonian lady. What are they in such a hurry about?"

He liked his cabin. It was spacious, with two portholes, closed because of the heavy March sea, and a comfortable looking curtained bunk. He bent over his worn pigskin bag in order to take out the sweater. As he did so, he stopped, stared, and whistled. Some one had already opened his bag.

It had not been locked. He'd lost the key to it years ago in fact; but that didn't matter since he had nothing of value in the bag. His money he always carried in a wallet in the inside pocket of the suit he was wearing. He examined the bag. Beyond doubt, it had been opened while he was on deck. It had been opened, and closed again, closed, apparently, by a hasty and nervous hand, for the straps were not fastened down. Matthew Kelton was sure they had been in place when, perhaps an hour before, he had followed the steward into the cabin, had seen him set down the bag, and had dismissed him.

He rang now for that steward.

Almost immediately he heard a faint tap-tap at his door.

"Come in," said Matthew Kelton. The steward came in. He was a chalk-pale man of perhaps thirty, with a long, rather melancholy face.

"You look after this cabin, I suppose," said Matthew Kelton. His manner was casual.

"Yes, sir."

"What's your name?"

"Larsen, sir."

"Scandinavian?"

"Swede, sir."

"Larsen," asked Matthew Kelton, cocking his head on one side, "is it part of a steward's duty on this ship to open the passenger's baggage?"

"No, sir. We have orders never to do that unless we are asked to."

"I see. You haven't been in my cabin since I left, have you?"

"No, sir."

"Now that is rather odd," said Matthew Kelton, softening his words by appearing to talk partly to himself. "While I was up on deck, somebody opened my bag, and closed it again."

"It wasn't me, sir."

"I think," said Matthew Kelton, "I'd better look inside."

He made a swift examination of the contents of his bag. Nothing—not a thing—had been taken; but somebody had pawed through that bag. He turned to the steward who had been watching him with anxious eyes.

"It's all right, Larsen," he said. "Nothing missing. Perhaps somebody made a mistake and got into the wrong cabin. They do look very much alike. You may go."

"Yes, sir."

The steward started for the door. Matthew Kelton stopped him with a question.

"I hope you won't mind my asking you something rather personal," he said.

"No, sir."

"Do you use perfume?"

Something like a grin flickered across the pale face.

"Never, sir."

"Very well. That's all, thank you."

The steward left. Matthew Kelton sat on the edge of his bunk and ran his fingers through his shock of hair. Here was a puzzle, a minor one, to be sure, but nevertheless a puzzle. For his nostrils, trained in such matters, had detected something in that room, something so faint it might have escaped less sensitive nostrils. It was the unmistakable

*Larsen drew back the curtains of the bunk and saw something mighty ghastly*



odor of perfume. Matthew Kelton could not be entirely sure, but it seemed to him that it might very well be some of the perfume he had discovered, Night of Roses. He never carried any with him, himself; but some one who did use it had been in that cabin—and not long ago.

He looked out of his cabin door. The door of Cabin B, across the corridor, was tight closed, and he heard no sound in there. The only sounds he could hear were the creaking and straining of the ship, and the dull beat of the engine's pulse.

Kelton was a fairly good sailor. He donned a sweater, and a camel's hair coat and cap, and went up to the deck. The wind, however, was too much for him. It drove him indoors. He found a quiet alcove in the small lounge, and drew from his pocket the cryptogram he had been working on. Engaged in the task of solving it, he was oblivious to everything else. Twilight had come to the ocean, and the *S. S. Pendragon* was well out of sight of land before Matthew Kelton put down the cryptogram with a satisfied sigh. No more puzzles now for weeks. Just rest.

He went down to his cabin, thinking to take a short nap before dinner. He had just stretched himself on his berth when there was a tap at the door. It was Larsen, the steward. His manner was that of a man trying hard to keep a grip on his nerve. Kelton noticed that one of his hands was bandaged.

"Captain Galvin would like to know, sir," said the steward, in a jerky voice, "if you will come to his cabin at once. He said to tell you, sir, that it's urgent."

Kelton was suddenly wide awake.

"He said it was urgent?" said Matthew Kelton.

"Yes, sir."

"Dear me, I wonder if anything is the matter."

He looked quickly at Larsen. The man was trembling.

"I'll go to the captain at once," said Matthew Kelton.

He saw, the instant he entered Captain Galvin's cabin, that something was the matter; very much the matter to judge by the lines of concern which showed on the captain's expanse of face.

"Have a seat, Mr. Kelton," said the captain. "I asked you to come here because I think you may be able to help me. I'm in a wicked jam."

"What's wrong, Captain?"

"This is an ill-fated ship," said the captain. "And, of course, whatever happens aboard I catch hell for it. Well, the worst sort of thing has happened. A man has been found dead in Cabin B—and, Mr. Kelton, there isn't a doubt in the world that he was murdered!"

## CHAPTER II

MATTHEW KELTON let out his breath in a long whistle. "Murdered?" he repeated. "Are you sure, Captain?"

"It certainly looks that way," said Captain Galvin grimly. "Murdered he was, and not so very long ago, either."

His sigh was very nearly a groan.

"Lord, it would have to happen on my ship," he exclaimed. "I've been sailing the seas for thirty-two years, but I never before carried an uncaught murderer. A sweet trip for all hands, this is going to be."

"Maybe," said Matthew Kelton, "he won't go uncaught very long. After all,



he'll find it rather difficult to escape—unless he jumps overboard.”

“But, look here, man,” said the captain. “We’re due to dock in Hamilton at noon day after to-morrow. We have just forty hours and forty minutes to catch our man. Once we get to Bermuda we can’t keep every one on board, you know.”

“I’ll help you, if I can,” Matthew Kelton promised. “But first, tell me all the facts you have. Don’t omit anything, no matter how small or insignificant it may seem to you. I’ve known a man to be hanged because he forgot to dot one ‘i.’”

“Larsen, one of the stewards, found him,” said the captain, “not half an hour ago.”

“At exactly what time?”

“Five minutes past six.”

“Go on, please.”

“Larsen went to Cabin B at that time, as part of his routine duty, to bring fresh towels and to see that the port-holes were closed. He tapped at the door, and getting no answer, and seeing that the lights were out, he went in. He thought the cabin

*“This is an ill-fated ship,” said the captain. “A man has been found dead in Cabin B . . . and, Mr. Kelton, there isn’t a doubt in the world that he was murdered!”*

empty; but, as he was going out, he noticed that the curtains of the bunk were closed. He had a feeling, he said, that the passenger was in there, probably asleep. Larsen said ‘I’m sorry if I disturbed you, sir.’ He received no reply. He says he decided to go out leaving the man asleep, when a lurch of the ship threw him against the glass rack over the wash-bowl. Larsen cut his hand, and the rack crashed down, making a sound loud enough to wake the dead, you’d think. But it didn’t wake this man. Larsen, who is an intelligent, observant sort of fellow, sensed that something was wrong—and drew back the curtains of the bunk. Well, he saw something mighty ghastly—”

“Yes?”

“There lay the man, fully dressed, on his bunk. His head had been beaten in, crushed the way you’d crush a grape. Larsen ran for Dr. Charlesworth, the ship’s doctor, at once, and Dr. Charlesworth came there on the

run; but the poor fellow was beyond a doctor’s aid. He was quite dead.”

“Who was he?” queried Matthew Kelton.

“His name, according to the passenger list, was Samuel P. Cleghorn, of New York City.”

“Why do you say ‘according to the passenger list,’ Captain?” asked Matthew Kelton quickly.

“Oh, I just meant—well, you see, sometimes men travel under names not their own. We have no way of checking up. You don’t have to get a passport to go to Bermuda, you know.”

“Any other information about him?”

“Very little. He was a well-dressed, apparently prosperous man in the middle forties, I should say—but you’ll see for yourself.”

“I intend to,” said Matthew Kelton. “Haven’t you any other line on him—I mean his business, friends, anything like that?”

“In his card-case,” the captain answered, “were some business cards, with his own name, and the name of a firm with offices on

South Street, New York City. Here's one of them." He passed it to Matthew Kelton. It was an ordinary engraved business card,

SAMUEL P. CLEGHORN,  
Cleghorn, Roe and Becker,  
Java Building, South Street,  
New York City

Matthew Kelton studied the card.

"Seems to me I've heard of that firm. Wait a second. Java Building, South Street. That's the wholesale coffee, tea, and spice district. Seems to me that one of the odd facts I've stored up in my brain is that Cleghorn, Roe and Becker are one of the biggest and oldest wholesale coffee houses in the city. Yes, I'm quite sure that's it. Mr. Cleghorn, I judge, was head of the company. Well, that's something, Captain; can you tell me anything more?"

"Not very much. Only that Mr. Cleghorn was alive and well when he came aboard, and up to within an hour of when Larsen found him."

"How do you know that?"

"WELL, first of all, Mr. Gates, the purser, remembers distinctly taking the dead man's ticket when he came aboard. There was some little mix-up about the rooms. Mr. Cleghorn had at first been assigned Cabin C—but the boss sent word he wanted that reserved for you, Mr. Kelton, so we changed Mr. Cleghorn's ticket. He did not object. The cabins are practically the same, you know. Larsen took Mr. Cleghorn's luggage to Cabin B—he had two large heavy suit-cases and a golf bag. Larsen asked Mr. Cleghorn if there was anything he could do for him, and Mr. Cleghorn said he guessed not at the moment, but he would ring if he wanted anything. He did ring about five o'clock when we were well off Sandy Hook. Larsen went to his door and knocked, and Mr. Cleghorn said, 'Never mind, steward. I won't need you, after all.' So Larsen went away."

"I see. Did Larsen notice anything particular about him, as if he were agitated, or, perhaps, afraid?"

"I questioned Larsen on that point. He said that Mr. Cleghorn's tone struck him as rather irritated—but stewards are accustomed to irritated people, especially if they're feeling the motion of the sea a bit, so he paid no special attention to it."

"Now tell me about Larsen."

"I can't tell you very much. This is only his second trip with us. He signed on in New York, as a room steward, a month ago. First name, Emil—a Swede. Six years experience on Swedish and Dutch boats. Knows his job thoroughly. Struck me as rather more intelligent than most men in his line of work. On duty, he did his job well. Off duty, he kept rather to himself. He had charge of Cabins A, B, C, D, E, and F—all single rooms, except A."

"What cabins adjoin B?"

"Cabin C is across the hall, as you know. Cabins D and E are inside rooms on the same corridor as B. Cabin A adjoins B, but it is on the next corridor."

"I see. I'll want a passenger list, of course."

"Here's one."

"Can you tell me anything about these people?"

"Very little. They're simply names to me," replied the captain.

"Well, tell me what little you can. To make a beginning, what do you know about Miss Esther Yate and Miss Julia Royd, who are in Cabin A?"

Matthew Kelton, who always watched a

man's eyes when he was talking to him, thought that for an instant there was a gleam of something in the captain's. Ever so slightly, they narrowed.

"MISS YATE," said the captain, his manner was off-hand, "is an invalid, going to Bermuda for her health. I don't know what ails her—a nervous breakdown, I guess. Anyway, she came aboard in an invalid chair and was wheeled down to her cabin."

"How old is she?"

"Couldn't say. She might be thirty. She might be past fifty. She's a strange, faded sort of woman."

"And the other—Miss Royd?"

"Oh, she's the nurse."

"What is she like?"

The captain hesitated.

"Oh, the regular trained-nurse type, I guess," he said. "Big, rather plain."

"Does she wear a cape?"

"Why, yes, I believe she did have a cape, or a cloak on—dark blue, I think."

"Now tell me about the people in Cabins D and E."

Captain Galvin glanced at his list.

"Cabin D," he read, "Mr. Russell Sanger, of New York. Young fellow. Tall, well set-up. Looks as if he hadn't been out of college long. Cabin E—Miss Daphne Imlay, of Philadelphia. A remarkably pretty girl—blonde—around twenty."

"Those are all the cabins on that deck, aren't they?"

"Yes. The others are on the deck above."

"We'll go over those names later. Now, I suppose, we'd better face the rather grisly duty of going down and looking over Cabin B."

"I suppose so," said Captain Galvin, gloomily.

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**F**OR over twenty years George Bothner held the lightweight wrestling championship of the world. The tremendously interesting story of his life he has told to Tom Curry. Watch for "Catch-as-Catch-Can." It will start in an early issue.

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"By the way, Captain, tell me this: is there any one in your crew who, for any reason, might do a thing like this?"

"That's a stiff question, Mr. Kelton. Certainly there's no one I have any reason to suspect. We carry a short crew. We're undermanned. There are eight officers, besides myself, and eighteen men. The officers I think I can pretty well vouch for. They've all been with me in this ship for years. Besides, all of them had to be at their posts of duty while we were getting out of the harbor and into the open sea. I know none of them were away from their posts between five and six, because I made the rounds; and, remember, Mr. Kelton, it was some time between five and six that Mr. Cleghorn was murdered."

"What about the crew?"

"They're English and Scotch mostly, and veterans of the service. I've never had any trouble with them. We carry also half a dozen Bermuda natives for heavy work—but they are the simplest, gentlest lot you ever met. Too lazy, I'd say, to do a job like this. It isn't in their line at all."

"It's a confoundedly difficult case you've brought me into, Captain," said Matthew

Kelton. "We have the haystack, and we know there is a needle, and we've got to find it—but in the meantime the *Pendragon* is ploughing along toward port, and the hours are flying past. Let's go down to Cabin B."

"Right."

As they made their way below, Captain Galvin said, in a whisper:

"I'm doing my best to keep this thing hushed up. It will get out, soon enough, Heaven knows. You can't keep a secret like this on ship-board. But as yet the only people who know about it are you, I, Larsen, and Dr. Charlesworth."

"And at least one other person," said Matthew Kelton.

"Yes. We mustn't forget him," said the captain.

Dr. Charlesworth was waiting for them in Cabin B. He was a stout, dyspeptic-looking man with a pessimistic manner.

"I just opened the port-hole," he said, after being introduced to Matthew Kelton. "It was infernally stuffy in here, with the heater on full blast. Otherwise, I've touched nothing."

"That's good," said Matthew Kelton. "Now, I'll take a thorough look round. It may take me some time. But, first, doctor, tell me about this poor fellow's wounds."

"He was thoroughly smashed, I'll say that," said the doctor. "Probably with some heavy instrument, like a thick lead pipe, or long wrench. He was struck a number of times. The first blow probably stunned him, may have killed him, even. Then the man who did it made sure of his job. He was no weakling, whoever he was. Only a strong man could hit such terrific blows. Mr. Cleghorn was not the sort of man to submit to a beating meekly, either. You can tell that by looking at him."

Matthew Kelton bent over, and shook his head.

"He was an unusually powerful man," he said. "Look at that chest. He was fit, too. No surplus weight. I'd say he scaled a hundred and ninety, wouldn't you, Doctor?"

"At least that. Look at those big hands. He's done hard work at some time in his life. A tough customer to battle with, and that's no lie," said the doctor.

"You say he hasn't been touched since his body was found?"

"I made an examination, of course," said the doctor. "Not that one was necessary."

"How about his pockets?"

"I looked in his wallet," spoke up Captain Galvin. "Wanted to find out his address so I could get in touch with his friends. I put back everything just as I found it. I kept only the card I showed you."

Matthew Kelton drew out of the dead man's pocket a pin-seal wallet of fine quality.

"This may tell us something," he said. He examined its contents.

"A receipted tailor's bill. That tells us that Mr. Cleghorn was not a poor man. It's from the most expensive tailor in New York. A calendar. Nothing much there. And money."

He counted it. Thirteen one-hundred-dollar bills.

"That tells us something highly important," he said. "If robbery had been the motive, the thief surely would not have overlooked this. Besides, Mr. Cleghorn still has his watch, and a rather costly looking ruby ring. No, this is no simple case of greed, no murder for profit in its most elementary form. Don't forget that whoever killed Mr. Cleghorn apparently had plenty of time to search him—if he wished to. He

(Continued on page 51)



### "Doc" Rockwell in "The Greenwich Village Follies"

VANDAMM

**I**F YOU are a follower of vaudeville you need no introduction to Doctor Rockwell and his amusing monologues. In fact, a familiarity with the two-a-day guarantees that you know most of the headliners of this revue: Blossom Seely and Benny Fields, Grace LaRue, Jans and Whalen, the Merediths, and Bobby Watson. There's little or no cohesive story to bind

the various acts together, and it must be admitted that there are some pretty arid stretches, but on the other hand the dancing of both principals and chorus is truly remarkable and almost continuous; moreover, you will have to be frightfully blasé to avoid a few guffaws for "Doc" Rockwell, or a shiver of wonder at the acrobatics of Ben Dova—E. R. B.



VANDAMM

In his beautiful English country home, Sir Basil Winterton, middle-aged and suffering terribly from ennui, collects his three children whom he has never seen—a daughter from New York's East Side, one from Italy, and an English son. With the advent of this cosmopolitan brood, the joys and tribulations of "The Bachelor Father" commence, and Edward Childs Carpenter presents a succession of episodes that keep you chuckling pretty continuously. To the left are the play's chief luminaries: Geoffrey Kerr, a young lawyer; C. Aubrey Smith, Sir Basil himself; and June Walker, best of them all, as the hard-boiled but lovable American daughter



Reckless aviators and thrilling romance on the blood-soaked battlefields of France form the background for the picture "Lilac Time," soon to make its debut. Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper (above) play the leads, a British ace and a French peasant girl who plays a brave part in the struggle



The interesting part about the picture to the left is the fact that both criminal and prosecuting attorney are played by Richard Barthelmess. This is a story of two Russian boys, twins who were separated in infancy, whose divergent careers finally bring them face to face in this court-room scene. The tentative title of this forthcoming screen play is "Sons of Destiny"



"Present Arms" is one of the earliest arrivals among revues designed to relieve fevered brains from thinking of the humidity. Charles King, with blanket and broom, is the star player and in this scene, which is the high spot of the show, he is being got ready by his fellow marines to go to the ball in the captain's uniform. You can imagine what sort of complications this masquerade causes, and of course there is a girl at the bottom of it. Richard Rodgers' tunes are very pleasing, and Lorenz Hart has fitted them with an unusually clever set of lyrics

Captions by  
Esther R. Bien



PHOTOS BY VANDAMM

No more engaging zany hoofs it on the musical comedy stage than Will Mahoney (below), who bears most of the burden of "Take the Air." There's a sort of story by Gene Buck and Anne Caldwell about aviation and smuggling on the Texan border, but it gets pushed aside every few minutes to make way for Mr. Mahoney's fooling, or a dance from one of the skillful steppers who overflow the cast. But that is all to the good, for Will Mahoney and the chorus are hosts in themselves



Ernest Cossart and Margalo Gillmore (above), are part of the distinguished cast the Theatre Guild has lavished on the revival of "Volpone." This sardonic farce, written some four hundred years ago by Ben Jonson, has a perennial sting in its social satire and is also by way of being a most lusty and rollicking comedy. Briefly, it is the story of a rich old man who has exhausted all pleasures but that of seeing his fellows sin and scheme in the pursuit of gold. So he feigns illness and dangles his estate before the noses of several heirs who plot and counterplot to win the prize. The cast is superlatively good





CANN STUDIO

# Wilkins Goes Over The Top

## *The Story of the First Trans- Polar Flight by Airplane*

By Burt M. McConnell

THE unprecedented flight of Capt. George H. Wilkins over the "top of the world," from Alaska to Spitzbergen, was planned by the dim light of a kerosene lamp, in the early morning hours, fourteen years ago. At that time Wilkins was the official photographer of the Canadian Arctic Expedition, of which I was also a member. We were living in a fur-trader's log cabin on the north coast of Alaska. On this particular occasion, a northeast gale was blowing. From the sea-ice whirled long, wavering lines of drifting snow. To the northward, close against the shore-ice, lay the drifting pack, its millions of jagged fragments up-raised to catch the roaring winds. Only the metal chimney of the cabin showed above the drifts, strongly silhouetted against the spotless white of the surrounding ice and snow.

Inside the roomy structure, a dozen or more of the staff played chess, checkers, or cards; or read books on exploration. In the center of the cabin, a huge oil-drum, standing on end, served as a stove. Filled with driftwood from the mighty Mackenzie, it threw its heat rays to the farthest corner of the room. So warm, in fact, did the cabin become that two or three of us fell asleep in our bunks, fully dressed.

At two o'clock in the morning, four hours after our usual retiring hour, I was awakened by a decided chill in the air; the fire had been allowed to die out long since. On its nail hung the emergency lantern that was always left burn-

ing. Except for the whispering of the powdery crystals that swirled against the metal chimney, no sound disturbed the stillness of our winter abode. Noiselessly I sat up, blinking my eyes. A little annoyed at my carelessness in falling asleep, I started to undress. It was then that I noticed another figure at the table, fully dressed and poring over some papers by the flickering light of an oil lamp. It was that of Wilkins, and he was studying the outline of the hypothetical continent that geographers and students of tidal phenomena predicted would eventually be discovered in the center of the unknown area between Alaska and the North Pole.

Wilkins and I had joined Stefansson's expedition at Victoria, B. C., the preceding June; had sailed in the *Karluk* up the Inside Passage of Alaska, across the North Pacific Ocean, past East Cape, Siberia, and up through Bering Strait to Point Barrow. Between Point Barrow and the Mackenzie River our vessel had been caught in the drifting ice-fields and carried up and down the Arctic coast, at the mercy of the wind, tides, and currents. Fortunately for those on board—twenty-eight white men and Eskimos, and a native hunter's wife and two children—the ship was not crushed by the pressure of the ice.

After drifting helplessly about for weeks in the ice which later was to become her grave, the *Karluk* became stationary off the mouth of the Colville River, and remained



WIDA WORLD

*Captain George H. Wilkins is pictured in the circle and above is an unusual take-off picture of the Lockheed-Vega plane equipped with skis for its Polar flight*



CANN STUDIO

*Captain Wilkins, taken at the time of an earlier expedition*

so for two weeks. Stefansson, the expedition's commander, and Captain Bartlett were of the opinion that she was frozen in for the winter. There was—there always is on an Arctic expedition—the danger that scurvy would break out among the crew or the scientific staff, and as plenty of fresh meat is the only known preventive of that dread disease, Stefansson, the only person qualified by training, experience, and knowledge of the country to lead a hunting party ashore, naturally gave considerable thought to such a project.

It was my custom to hit the deck those crisp September mornings at about four o'clock, put a sandwich in the pocket of my caribou-skin *atlegi*, sling my Lee-Enfield over one shoulder and my binoculars over the other, and start out for some definite point in search of a polar bear. My trips to date had radiated out from the *Karluk* like the spokes from a hub. For hours I would sit upon the highest pressure ridge in the vicinity, about four miles from the ship, and sweep the surrounding surface of the scintillating ice-fields with my binoculars. Not once in two weeks had I seen a moving object on the ice.

But my reward—although I didn't know it—was coming. One afternoon, when I returned to the ship, the cabin boy said Stefansson wanted to see me. He was sitting in his cabin, surrounded by piles of fur clothing, rifles, snow-shoes, autographed photographs of Roosevelt, Peary, and other polar exploration enthusiasts. Without any preliminaries he outlined his plan for a caribou hunt, announced that I was to go along because of my aptitude

for hunting, and asked me to suggest the names of two or three members of the expedition. The first person I thought of was Wilkins.

This is how Wilkins happened to be ashore when the ice in which our vessel lay was broken up by an unprecedented northeast gale, and carried a thousand miles to the westward. The Supreme Arbiter had begun to show His hand. If Wilkins had stayed aboard, instead of going ashore hunting caribou, his career as an explorer might have ended then and there; for the survivors of the *Karluk* were rescued several months later and taken back to civilization. His cameras and other equipment lost with his ship, there would have been no reason for him to remain in the Arctic. He would have had no way of knowing Stefansson's whereabouts. He had no orders to follow Stefansson in his epochal trek over the chaotic ice-fields from Alaska to Banks Land. No; as I look back over the intervening years, there is every reason to believe that Wilkins's career of exploration would have come to an end if he had not gone ashore on that hunting trip.

But we did go ashore, with Stefansson and three others. For several days we were marooned by the breaking up of the ice on a small island, unable to return to the ship or to dash ashore and follow her along the north coast of Alaska, in the hope of getting on board again over the land-fast ice. Then we realized that the *Karluk* was gone, perhaps forever. For two weeks we followed along the coast with our two dog-teams in the direction she had drifted, and while we picked up several scraps of information from the Eskimos, we never saw the *Karluk* again. Finally we arrived at Point Barrow, the northernmost spot on the North American continent.

Fortunately for us, there was a trading station at Point Barrow, and here Stefansson purchased new outfits, a sled, and a team of dogs. With our three teams we set out for Collinson Point, a three weeks' journey to the eastward, where another section of the expedition, more fortunate than ourselves, had its winter quarters. It was here, in a fur-trader's cabin that had been purchased along with his supplies, that Wilkins first conceived the plan to fly over that part of the polar regions called the "Inaccessible Pole." This is the point farthest removed from the northernmost limits reached by the older methods of exploration—the dog-team and sledge. Into the hummocky White Desert which hedges it about, no surface ship has ever steamed.

Moreover, the sturdy oaken sides of more than a hundred whaling vessels had been crushed in the attempt, and their crews compelled to walk ashore over the drifting floes. Wilkins planned to reach it by air, and to continue on to Spitzbergen.

Since his enforced separation from the *Karluk*, he had traveled hundreds of miles by dog-team, breaking the trail ahead of these faithful animals. He had helped to stake out the dogs each night, far enough apart so that they could neither fight nor

stiff, and the inside walls and roof of the tent covered with hoar-frost. He had foregone the luxury of a bath for weeks at a time, and often had slept in the fetid atmosphere of an Eskimo igloo. He had crawled out of his sleeping-bag in the middle of the night, stark naked, slipped on a pair of boots and a shirt, and sallied forth into the frigid atmosphere to stop a dog-fight before one of the savage animals that had broken loose should kill some other dog or itself be killed.

All these things Wilkins did in the first two months of travel by dog-team along the north coast of Alaska, from the mouth of the Colville to Point Barrow, and back to the log cabin at Collinson Point. This was good training for the old-school explorer, but Wilkins was already thinking of a new school. There must be an easier and more practical way of exploring the Arctic regions. The airplane! That was it. "Aeroplanes," as they were then called, were untrustworthy things, at best, but he was certain that he could accomplish with them, in two weeks of flying, that which man has dreamed about for two centuries—the exploration of the million square miles of unknown area north of Alaska and Siberia.

By this time his photographic plans had gone glimmering. Nine out of ten photographers would have returned to civilization, with tales of hardship and privation.

Not Wilkins; his sense of loyalty kept him at Stefansson's side for three more years in the Arctic. In that time he rose to the enviable position of second-in-command, a position he was later to hold on the Shackleton expedition to the Antarctic. Then along the frozen surface of the Mackenzie and over the jagged ice-fields to Banks Land, a thousand miles from civilization (there was no broadcasting in those days), traveled the news that the world was at war. Wilkins felt the call. He had given Stefansson three of the best years of his life, and in return had received an education in the art of exploration that was to be of inestimable value to him in later years. But it was now time to do something for his native land, Australia. His father, the first white male child born in Southern Australia, had died, too, and Wilkins's presence was needed at home to help settle the estate.

With the legal matters out of the way, and a fortune of approximately \$100,000 in his own right, Wilkins set out for the Front. In less than a year he had won his captaincy and the British Military Cross, which is awarded only for extraordinary heroism. Moreover, Captain Wilkins was

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DURING RETURN ENDED WORK FOR THAT YEAR THIS YEAR PROGRAM CONCERNED AREA  
EASTWARD BARROW THANKS TO EIELSONS SKILL PERFECT MONOPLANE ENGINE  
CAREFUL NAVIGATION WE HAVE COMPLETED PROGRAM YOU NEXT TO STEFANSSON BEST  
KNOW CONDITIONS PROBLEMS MET REGARDS

WILKINS

Telephone-Weather Bureau    To insure proper action on messages, the original RADIOGRAM should be presented in the office of the Radio Corporation. In messages, mention name of number, preceding the place of origin.

A radiogram from Captain Wilkins to the author of this story

steal their neighbor's portion of frozen fish and seal blubber. He had helped to pitch the tent, carrying huge blocks of ice to weight down the flaps. He had bucked blizzards that left his entire face badly frost-bitten. He had risen hours before daylight, morning after morning, to cook breakfast for himself and his companions of the trail, and helped to load the sleds and harness the dogs when it was not his turn to cook. He had eaten, without a grimace, the "delicacies" supplied by our Eskimo hosts as we traveled along the sea-ice near shore—raw frozen fish, rancid whale oil, seal flippers, walrus blubber, and the outer skin of the bowhead whale.

WILKINS'S Thanksgiving dinner had consisted of a slice or two of raw bacon, some ship's biscuits, raisins, and sweet chocolate—eaten standing up in the lee of a pressure ridge. He had crawled naked into his sleeping-bag, night after night, in a temperature of 20° or 30° below zero, and slept on the snow-covered sea-ice, with a caribou-skin sleeping-bag for warmth and a skin or two for a mattress. In the morning, he had awakened to find his *mukluks* frozen



Point Barrow, the northernmost point of Alaska, which was the jumping-off place for the Wilkins Polar flight

WILKINS

mentioned frequently in dispatches, for one of his duties, as commanding officer of an aerial photographic unit, was to fly low over enemy concentration points, trenches, troop movements, airdromes, and other points of interest to the General Staff, and photograph them from the observer's cockpit.

A few months after the Armistice, Wilkins, in an effort to prove that the airplane had its uses in peace as well as war, set out as the navigator of one of the first airplanes to attempt to fly from London to Australia. The breaking of some tiny gadget forced the machine down on the Island of Crete. With the cracking up of the huge machine, as it landed in the palatial garden of a harem, went part of Wilkins's fortune and an opportunity to prove what a good navigator he was. But his enthusiasm for flying was not even dampened. In fact, I next heard of him as second-in-command of Sir Ernest Shackleton's last Antarctic expedition, and pilot of the only airplane ever carried to the Far South. He was with the famous explorer when he died.

**F**OLLOWING the untimely death of Shackleton and the return of the expedition, Wilkins embarked on an expedition of his very own, sponsored by the British Museum—a jaunt into North Australia. With it he combined a visit to his mother, who is still living in Adelaide at the ripe old age of eighty-six.

On the Australian expedition Wilkins circulated freely among the cannibals of that primitive country, at the risk of being killed and eaten almost any day. By the time he had returned to London and catalogued his specimens, he was ready for another expedition; in fact, the two months Wilkins spent with me in New York City in 1926, he said, was the longest period ever spent in one place since he could remember!

The expedition to the Arctic, about which he had dreamed, was at last sponsored by the American Geographical Society. With a substantial contribution from a newspaper syndicate in his pocket, Captain Wilkins went to Detroit and arranged to purchase one of the new Ford-Stout all-metal planes. The new plane was destroyed by fire in the laboratory, before it was delivered. Perhaps the Supreme Arbiter, in His wisdom, had decided that the time had not yet come for a flight over the polar regions. At any rate, the two Fokker machines which Wilkins then secured were almost completely "washed out" a few weeks later at Fairbanks, Alaska, through the misjudgment of the pilots, Lieutenant Eielson and Major Lanphier, in landing. Unfortunately, they had had no experience in flying that particular type of plane. And if the Wright engine was at that time the same smooth-running mechanism that later carried Lindbergh across the Atlantic, it would not perform satisfactorily for the Wright mechanic whom Wilkins took with him to the Arctic. And so it went, one mishap after another. The net result of the first expedition was a flight of 140 miles out over the sea-ice.

The following March, with the same backing and with Eielson as his chief pilot, Captain Wilkins shipped two smaller Stinson planes to Fairbanks, and flew them from there to Point Barrow. It was his intention to fly around the rim of a triangle enclosing an unexplored area of 46,000 square miles in a flight of fourteen hours. The weather was ideal, as Arctic weather goes, at the start, but during the day a blizzard came up out of the southeast. The Wilkins plane carried a radio transmitting apparatus, but no message came to the base at

Point Barrow. On the following day those on shore caught a few faint words from the aerial explorers; engine trouble and a shortage of fuel had forced them down onto the ice-pack, a hundred miles northeast of Point Barrow, and they were rapidly drifting toward the North Magnetic Pole. What happened was this:

At a point 550 miles northwest of Point Barrow, Wilkins and Eielson had alighted on the ice to take a sounding by the sonic depth-finding method. Here they found the greatest depth yet recorded in the Arctic Ocean—approximately three miles. This was an almost infallible indication that no land was to be found in that immediate vicinity. Their engine had sputtered uncertainly once or twice on the way out, and Eielson had worked on it while Wilkins took the sounding. By that time the wind had increased noticeably, but not enough to cause them any concern. But, once they were in the air and flying along the second leg of the triangle, straight into the moderate gale, they found that it cut down their flying speed appreciably, and rapidly consumed their dwindling supply of gasoline. Two forced landings, occasioned by engine trouble, delayed them more than an hour, and ate further into their meager supply of fuel.

The southeast gale continued all day until the wind reached a velocity of forty miles an hour. But they continued toward Point Barrow, flying into the teeth of the wind. After two hours of absolute darkness, the engine coughed, sputtered, and died; their gasoline was exhausted.

The snow was drifting heavily along the serrated tops of the pressure ridges, and the windshield of their plane was caked with it, so that it was impossible for the pilot to choose a landing place. The comparatively light machine pitched and swerved in the "bumpy" winds near the surface of the pack, while Eielson struggled with the controls and Wilkins endeavored unsuccessfully to penetrate the darkness in search of a safe landing field. When their altimeter showed that they were perilously

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***T**HE third and most thrilling of Ben Lucien Burman's stories of European murder mysteries is called "The Adventure of the Two Blind Spiders." Taken from the archives of the Paris police, it is an amazing tale of the part modern science plays in the detection of crime in France. To be printed in an early issue.*

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near the ice, Wilkins and his pilot braced themselves and waited for whatever Fate might have in store for them. Maintaining a flat gliding angle into the wind, Eielson sat at the controls for endless minutes, it seemed, and Wilkins leaned against the empty fuel tank, while the plane slithered through the darkness. But nothing happened. Then there was a slight jar; the left wing-tip had struck a projecting hummock. A slight bump as the skis plowed through a snowdrift, and there they were, adrift on the ice a hundred miles from shore, but unhurt!

It was too dark and the snow was drifting too heavily for them to make a survey of their surroundings, so they went to sleep in the fuselage. When morning came, they found a blizzard blowing from the opposite direction. It was only in daylight that

they were able to appreciate how miraculous their escape had been. For they were on a tiny patch of smooth ice, surrounded by rough and jumbled ridges. It was the sort of landing-field on which a skilful pilot could have "sat down" only under the most favorable weather conditions.

Late in the afternoon, when the weather cleared and the wind died down to thirty miles an hour, Wilkins took an observation, and also ascertained by sounding that they were drifting to the eastward at more than five miles an hour. They had biscuits, chocolate, Army emergency rations, and pemmican. And they made a "stove" from a gallon can in which they could burn lubricating oil from the plane. With this they melted ice for drinking purposes. They sent more wireless messages, but these were not picked up on shore, so the relief plane could not fly out to their rescue. There was nothing to do but scramble over the pressure ridges to the mainland.

**F**OR two days more the wind continued at from twenty to forty miles an hour, veering from northwest to southwest. Then it died down almost completely, and the warm April sun shone brilliantly upon the snow-covered fields. They improvised two sleds from the now useless machine, on which they packed their food and equipment. Setting out to the southward, they traveled over the hummocky ice-fields by day and camped at night in snow-houses of their own construction. Eielson had frozen one of his fingers rather badly while tinkering with the recalcitrant engine; it was already beginning to turn black. Wilkins could have amputated it, then and there, for they carried a first-aid kit, and Wilkins had had some surgical experience, but he still hoped that the pilot's finger could be saved, once they reached the hospital at Point Barrow.

For twelve days the marooned fliers trudged southward, scrambling over the rough ice, crawling on their hands and knees, and averaging about nine miles a day. Their sleds were discarded during the first week, so rough did the ice become as they neared shore. Hoar frost formed in their boots at night, and each morning their footgear had to be turned inside out, beaten, and the icy particles scraped off. The only way to dry the Eskimo boots was to stuff them underneath their caribou-skin *atlegis*, or hooded shirts, *next to their bare skin!* This was an unpleasant task, but dry footgear was absolutely essential.

Carrying their belongings on their backs, they tried to cross an open lead, filled with drifting cakes of loose ice. Wilkins, who was in the lead, hopped nimbly from cake to cake until within three feet of the opposite "shore." Then he slipped into the icy water up to his waist. The temperature was 10 degrees below zero, and he was carrying an eighty-pound pack. Eielson, on the northern floe, could give him no aid; in fact, Wilkins had flopped out onto a solid cake of ice in a twinkling. It was a narrow escape, and he should have rolled in a snow-bank immediately, so that it would absorb the water in his clothing. But there was no soft snow near by, and Eielson must be helped across the lead, which might at any moment become wider, leaving the pilot marooned on the northerly edge. While his fur clothing froze upon him, therefore, Wilkins heaved Eielson a line, and snaked his pack across the cakes of ice, bobbing up and down in the water. Eielson, thus freed of his burden, was able to skip from one cake to the other and reach Wilkins's side.

Seizing his pack, Wilkins ran as briskly as his stiffening footgear and trousers would



The character of the land at Spitzbergen where Captain Wilkins landed after his flight across the top of the world

permit to a sheltered nook, followed by Eielson. The more fortunate pilot yanked off the freezing boots and fur socks, chafed Wilkins's bloodless extremities, and helped him to get into dry footgear. Having no spare *allegi*, and no stove or fuel, Wilkins was compelled to dry the rest of his clothing by the heat of his body. This required two days. At last, on April 16, they reached the trading station at Beechy Point. A year later, to the day, they were again traveling over the Arctic pack, not on foot, but through the air. In just such another blizzard that compelled them to alight on the ice and abandon their plane, they were looking, from another air cruiser, for a smooth landing field on Dead Man's Island, in the Spitzbergen group.

ONE might have excused Eielson, after his arduous trek over the ice-pack, if he had chosen to do his future flying in more southerly latitudes. But when Wilkins announced his intention of going North again in 1928 to complete the work he had begun two years before, Eielson volunteered to accompany him for a third time. In fact, their mutual confidence in each other is one of the remarkable things about this pair. Eielson, it will be recalled, had, in misjudging his landing speed, wrecked Wilkins's plane the previous year. Yet Wilkins selected him for the 1927 effort. This had almost resulted disastrously for the pilot, yet at the end of the arduous ice journey, he said to a fur trader on the north coast of Alaska: "I would never go into the Arctic with any other explorer, but I would go to the end of the world with Captain Wilkins."

At the end of his 1927 expedition, Wilkins sold the remaining machine and his other equipment in Alaska, came down to Los Angeles, and there saw for the first time the plane that was to carry him over the "top of the world"—the beautifully stream-lined Lockheed-Vega. Cutting all former ties with newspaper associations, but remaining under the wing of the American Geographical Society, he announced that his next expedition was to be a two-man affair—himself and Eielson; there were to be no expert engine mechanics, no airplane riggers, no wireless operators, no newspaper correspondent, and no spare pilot, as in the first and second expeditions. Stefansson had told him, many years ago, that, everything else considered, a small expedition stood the best chance of succeeding, and Wilkins now decided to try it out. His plans, he said, were exactly what they had been in March, 1926:

1. To explore as much as possible of the million square miles of unknown area north of Alaska.



Captain Wilkins and Lieutenant Eielson who has been his companion and pilot for the last three years

2. To claim for the United States any land found.

3. If land is found, to establish bases for exploration; and to compile scientific data concerning the weather and other subjects.

4. To demonstrate the existence of a short commercial air route over the Arctic Ocean, since it is shorter to fly over the top of the world than around it from the centers of civilization.

5. To fly over the top of the world to Spitzbergen as the final air journey on the program if land is not found.

In February of this year he shipped his new monoplane, with its wooden fuselage and wing, to Fairbanks. The hop to Point Barrow, 550 miles, was a comparatively simple matter; he had made the trip fourteen times before. Charles D. Brower, a fur trader and an old friend, and the entire Eskimo population of this extreme northern tip of the North American continent gave Wilkins and his pilot every possible aid. While the natives shoveled a 3,500-foot runway in the snow, the two aerial explorers packed their food supplies, which consisted of pemmican, biscuits, chocolate, malted milk, and raisins; their sounding gear and other equipment; their snowshoes, stoves which burned vaporized kerosene, knives, and an axe, into the fuselage. They tested their rifles, and cleansed them of oil so they would function in the coldest weather, and carefully examined their cartridges. For they realized that Fate might have in store for them a forced landing on the ice, anywhere from fifty to fifteen hundred miles from civilization. A light tent and an entire outfit of fur clothing apiece completed their equipment.

Captain Wilkins had chosen what seemed to him to be the lightest and fastest monoplane capable of covering the distance between Alaska and Svalbard (Spitzbergen), a distance of approximately 2,200 miles. The

plane weighed, empty, 1,800 pounds, and carried a load of 3,400 pounds, including 370 gallons of gasoline and twelve gallons of lubricating oil. Three times they tried to get into the air from the 3,500-foot runway; it was impossible. The smooth stretch was not long enough; nor could they lengthen it. So they abandoned the laboriously constructed road in the snow, selected a more favorable site at a greater distance from the village, and there, during two perfect flying days, built another almost a mile in length.

The next day a light wind blew from the east. The horizon was clear, and their engine "warmed up" satisfactorily. It was Sunday, April 15, and the entire population of the Eskimo village and the trading post was on hand to wish them Godspeed. Slipping smoothly on its wooden skis over the even surface, the trim little monoplane, with its propeller turning over faster than it had ever gone before, swept down the stretch. With extraordinary skill, and not a little nerve—for there were only a few feet of clearance on either side—Lieutenant Eielson guided the plane down the runway and into the wind. Within a thousand feet of the end, he realized that he had gained flying speed, lifted the nose of the little ship gently into the air, and headed out over the glistening surface of the Arctic Ocean, on what Commander Byrd and Captain Amundsen consider the greatest voyage by airplane in history.

THERE have been longer flights than that of Wilkins and Eielson, and more dangerous ones, such as the various attempts to cross the Atlantic, but none as difficult. Byrd and Bennett, in their jaunt by air to the North Pole and back to Spitzbergen, followed a known meridian, which was comparatively easy from the standpoint of navigation. Amundsen and Nobile, in their dirigible, did the same thing, until they arrived within sight of Point Barrow; it was only when they attempted to follow the coast line that they lost their bearings. Wilkins, on the other hand, headed out to sea over a "great circle" course two thousand miles in length, which required him to change his course, with reference to the meridians, no less than twenty times in as many hours, in some instances as much as twenty-five degrees.

The objective of the two explorers, more than two thousand miles distant in another hemisphere, was a tiny group of islands. Scorning the fame that would be his as the first man to fly over the North Pole, from west to east, either by airplane or dirigible; putting aside the temptation to be the second person to fly to the Pole by airplane,

(Continued on page 80)

# Left-Handers

## Are They All Quite Mad?

By W. O. McGeehan

Drawings by George Shanks

**B**ABE RUTH was lying in the duck blind beside me fondling a long-barreled pump-gun. It was a long time between flights, the wind not being propitious.

"Why don't you use an automatic shotgun?" I asked him.

"They don't make them for left-handed guys," said Ruth. "You see I even have to shoot left-handed. I forgot and tried an automatic once and all of the empties came out and hit me in the face. They eject to the right and that is all right for right-handers, but left-handers can't shoot them, and I guess there aren't enough left-handers in the world to make it worth their while to make left-handed automatic shot-guns."

All of which started me to thinking that in the organization of the army it would work for greater efficiency and comfort if the Government would organize the left-handed troops into units by themselves and provide them with rifles with left-handed bolt action. They could be commanded by left-handed officers.

I do not know just what proportion of an army might be left-handed, but it is certain that there are enough left-handers to deserve some consideration. If one is to judge from baseball the percentage would be high, but then one cannot base anything of that nature on the national pastime, for that is the paradise and the refuge of the port-sided.

While they do not make firearms especially for the left-handed, they do make golf clubs for them. Babe Ruth has several sets and he always carries one with him, for it is no easy thing to rent left-handed golf clubs, and playing with the normal set would handicap the Babe considerably, for he is the most consistently left-handed of all the left-handers.

By this time it has been admitted that Babe Ruth unquestionably is the greatest baseball player the game has ever known. To call him the champion baseball player of all time would not be stretching matters much. Even the old-timers grudgingly admit that there never was anybody like him, even in the glorious days of the Old Orioles, or before.

Granting this, Babe Ruth occupies another unique position. He is the only left-handed athletic champion in sports. Look them over for yourself.

In the boxing game a left-hander can go only so far, apparently. The nearest that a left-handed fighter came to being champion of any class was when Lew Tendler



*The legend is quite firmly established that left-handed baseball players and particularly left-handed pitchers are—to put it mildly—queer. In fact you cannot use the term left-hander without eliciting a broad smile*

fought his way to what might be termed the logical contendership in the lightweight division. But he was still a long way from the championship, as Benny Leonard twice demonstrated.

Golf authorities assure me that there never have been any real left-handed champions in that ancient game. Here and there you will find a club champion who uses the port-sided clubs, and I understand that one champion of Australia was left-handed. But the left-handers never go very far in the British or American open or amateur, and these are the championships that count.

"But mark you," said the cautious golf expert, "there is no reason why a left-hander should not win one of the big events one of these days. Perhaps the reason that there never has been a left-handed golf champion is that the proportion of left-handers is so small. But the left-handers have the same chance in this game."

In the other sports the left-handers do not seem to have left much of an impression. There was Charlie Buell, the left-handed, or rather the left-footed, drop-kicker at Yale, and Lefty Flynn. But, then, you cannot pick champions in the game of intercollegiate football. You can say this much, though, that Buell was quite as accurate with his left foot as many a

more celebrated drop-kicker was with his right.

The national pastime is very good indeed to the left-handers. It is the one sport where the left-handers are in demand, and if you were to judge from a census of baseball the proportion of port-siders in the world is at least one in three. One might almost decide that left-handers incline to baseball more than to any other sport.

But there is a catch in this as there is in everything. The legend is quite firmly established that left-handed baseball players and particularly left-handed pitchers are—to put it mildly—queer. Justly or unjustly the left-handed pitcher has become a byword in the national pastime. In fact, you cannot use the term left-hander without eliciting a smile. It is like saying Charlie Chaplin to the children. They start grinning.

**T**HIS started with Rube Waddell, the greatest and the most eccentric of all the left-handed pitchers. It so happened that the Rube had for his chief biographer the inimitable Charley Dryden, the most original of all the baseball writers, a man with a quaint sense of humor who used to revel in the eccentricities of the Rube.

In the days of Waddell there was more tolerance for the eccentric baseball players than there is to-day, when the management of baseball has become so businesslike that ball players almost are compelled to punch a time-clock. Also the big money that has come into the game has made the players somber and serious. Much of what they

used to call "color" has passed out of the game entirely.

Waddell pitched when the spirit moved him, but the spirit frequently moved him to do something else. Frequently he would leave the team flat somewhere to turn up a little further along the route, having engaged in various adventures suggested by a whimsical mind. But when the Rube concentrated on pitching he had everything, as they say.

Once when the Rube had been missing for a longer period than usual, they thought that at last he had decided to leave the national pastime flat. As a matter of fact that was just about the decision he had reached. He had found an occupation that was far more congenial.

The team was stopping in a Texas town, playing an exhibition game. A fire alarm was sounded, and for lack of other entertainment the team attended the fire. As the hook-and-ladder company drove up they saw a familiar figure at the tiller. Despite the full fireman's uniform, helmet, red shirt, and all, they recognized Rube Waddell. He had become enrolled in the fire department of the town and had fully resolved to settle down at this job.

**I**T WAS with considerable difficulty that they persuaded him that it was his duty to rejoin the team and to help it on the way to a pennant. The Rube wept a little as he stripped himself of his fireman's uniform and agreed to report back to work out his contract.

For all his eccentricity the Rube was one of the steadiest pitchers in a pinch. Perhaps this was due to his utter unconcern under fire. The great legend of the Rube is that once in the ninth inning of an exhibition game he waved the outfielders to the clubhouse. He refused to pitch until the manager, to humor him, and half hoping that he might suffer for his supreme egotism, nodded assent.

The outfielders moved toward the clubhouse, but stood at the entrance to watch and, like the manager, to hope that Waddell would be knocked out of the box. The Rube grinned cheerfully and waved to the stands. Then he struck out the three batters.

"With me pitching they can save money," the Rube is quoted as saying. "They don't need no outfielders."

The next left-handed pitcher to attract attention was Richard Le Marquis Marquard. Richard Le Marquis did not have a chance from the start. They did not even know his name. He came into the big leagues as Rube Marquard. Rube was a title for left-handers rather than a name or even a nickname. It is synonymous with "Lefty."

The eccentricities of this port-sider were

not at all pronounced. In fact, barring some matrimonial adventures—and these might happen to any baseball player—there was nothing spectacularly peculiar about Richard Le Marquis Marquard. He was a simple, good-natured youth with a winning grin which seldom left him on the baseball field. He was always available when it was his turn to go into the box and while he was not as great a pitcher as Waddell, he would be ranked very high indeed among the left-handers.

But they wrote eccentricities around him and the Rube profited thereby so that he became a vaudeville attraction. While on tour the Rube startled the baseball world by marrying his vaudeville partner; which was natural enough, but as Rube was a left-handed pitcher it caused considerable hilarity everywhere. Richard Le Marquis Marquard went the way of the normal or right-handed pitcher. He served his allotted time until the arm or soup-bone began to go back on him and then he passed quietly into obscurity as though he had not been a port-sided ball player.

Come to think of it, I can recall no instance whatever where the Marquard Rube really inherited the mantle of the Waddell Rube's eccentricity, or why he carried on the legend that a left-handed pitcher must of necessity be "bugs," "goofy," "dippy," or in a state of mind below that of the average baseball player. But then he was left-handed, quite as left-handed as Rube Waddell, and you can not shatter the great tradition of the national pastime.

Concurrent with Marquard in the big leagues there were two huge right-handed pitchers with the Giants around whom the aura of eccentricity might have been hung. There was Shufflin' Phil Douglass and Fred Toney, the Man Mountain.

Shufflin' Phil seemed to be quite as unreliable as Rube Waddell ever was, but he had not the Waddellian genius for making his lapses so lovably ridiculous. If he had been left-handed he might have been forgiven, but the fact that he was right-handed precluded any excuse for being unusual.

Shufflin' Phil eventually was shuffled right out of organized baseball for offering to go fishing at an inopportune time for a consideration. The offer was characteristic of the big Tennessee mountaineer with the mind of a child. Even at the last he could see nothing wrong about his offer, though Commissioner Landis used all his eloquence in the wrathful dismissal.

Fred Toney performed one gastronomic feat, which if it had been performed by a left-handed pitcher would have been a part

of baseball history. Anybody who has toured with a baseball club can tell you that when it becomes hot and humid in St. Louis it becomes more so than in any city on the circuit.

Fred Toney was a hot-weather pitcher. It was Phil who really said, "When I can't sweat I can't pitch." It was a typical St. Louis summer day and Toney's turn in the box. In the first inning he seemed to waver. In the second inning Toney collapsed completely and they had to send for an ambulance to take him off the field. John J. McGraw was mystified over the fact that an essentially hot-

weather pitcher should be overcome with the heat.

Finally one of the players suggested that Toney's lunch might have had something to do with the collapse.

"His lunch?" said McGraw. "What did he have for lunch?"

"He said that he would just take a little snack because it was his turn to pitch," drawled the player. "All that he had was four dill pickles, a shrimp cocktail, and a double order of pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut. Then he said that he felt a little hot so he cooled himself off with a vanilla ice-cream, a chocolate ice-cream and a strawberry ice-cream. On the way out he stopped at a soda fountain and had something else. I didn't ask him what it was."

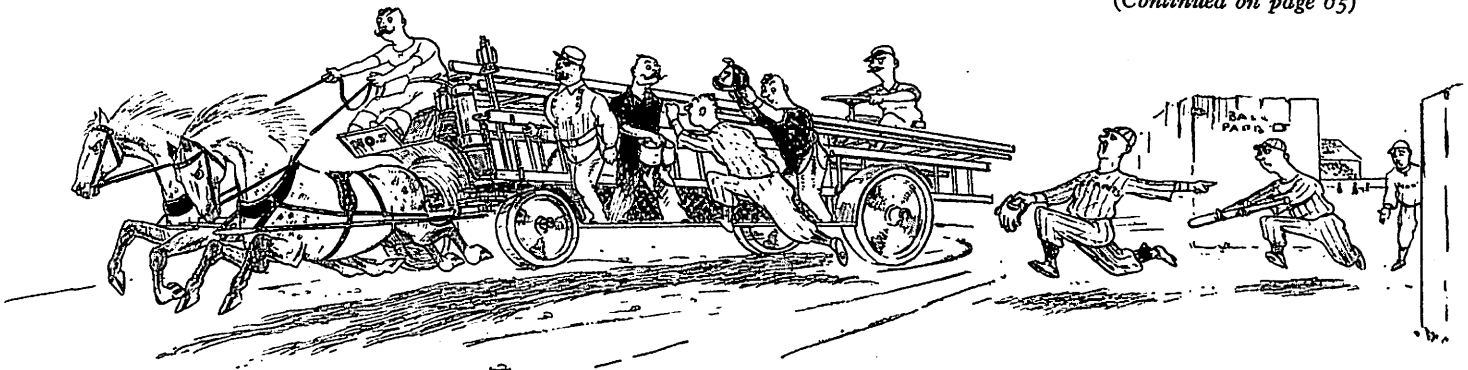
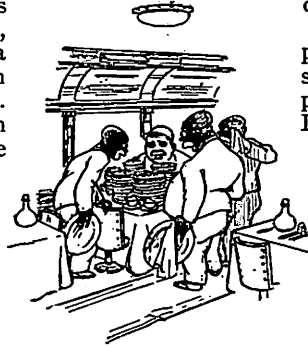
**A**BOUT the time that Richard Le Marquis Marquard was starting to slip out of the big leagues the Boston Red Sox were developing a left-handed pitcher who was to fill the illusion concerning the eccentricity of left-handers more completely and in a more spectacular fashion than any of his predecessors. They did not hang upon him the title of Rube. He already had a name or monicker that fitted him better. He was Babe to Boston and destined to become Babe to all the world.

Like Waddell, Babe Ruth was a great left-handed pitcher. He still holds some pitching records that are envied by other pitchers, both left- and right-handed. But somehow the Babe was a subdued young man while he was with the Red Sox. He had the urge and the inspiration to make them believe that Rube Waddell was a staid sort of baseball player, but he was kept well under restraint.

Then he came to the Yankees, where his urge for the eccentric was even encouraged. The feats of eccentricity performed by the Babe in his career with the New York American League team are of too recent date to be recounted at length.

He outdid Waddell because he had the money and the greater opportunities. His

(Continued on page 65)



A fire alarm was sounded, and for lack of other entertainment the team attended the fire

# "It's An Exclusive Picture" —Here's Why

By John Chapman

NOTE.—The author of this article writes from an experience of several years in the picture branch of the newspaper business. He has been a news photographer in this country and in Europe and had charge of the Paris office of one of the largest news-picture organizations in the world. He is an expert cameraman and, though he has now turned to writing, he still goes out occasionally to get pictures for the New York paper on which he is a reporter.

**T**HE first picture in, be it only a fuzzy kodak shot, is worth more than all the others that may follow.

If the great game of gathering news-pictures has a slogan, that is it; and getting the first picture in provides the biggest thrills that are left in the field of journalism. Daring, generalship and plenty of good, sly scheming play the big parts in a whirlwind

business that for sheer variety has no equal in this present-day world of standardization.

What, as illustrations, could be more varied than "covering" for pictures Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, or that spot on the far edge of the map where the Junkers plane *Bremen* landed its German-Irish cargo?

Cameramen are agreed that the *Bremen's* flight to Greenely Island provided the most difficult story of all time to cover, and the work of newspaper and motion-picture photographers on that assignment was only a little less heroic than the flight from Dublin of Von Huenefeld, Koehl, and Fitzmaurice.

The *Bremen* was expected to land at Mitchel Field, Long Island, in the forenoon or early afternoon of Friday, April 13. The hours dragged on to night, and not an authentic word was published as to the flyers' location. At 7:06 P. M. the "flash" came in to a New York newspaper: "*Bremen* landed safely at Greenely Island." A frenzied consultation of atlases disclosed a little speck in Belle Isle straits, between Labrador and Newfoundland—surely the



The above photo shows Captain Koehl, Edward Jackson, the first camera-reporter to photograph the marooned *Bremen* flyers, and Baron von Huenefeld at Greenely Island

last place in the world for a big story to break. But it had to be covered.

In less than two weeks, newspapers, photographic syndicates and motion-picture companies spent about \$75,000 on transportation to this frozen northland. The log kept by Edward N. Jackson, the first photographer to get to the island, provides a perfect encyclopedia of all the difficulties and adventures that beset men of his calling. Jackson wrote:

Friday, 9:42 P. M. (two hours thirty-six minutes after the "flash")—Took train for Montreal. (He had been working all day, and had no time to pack so much as a toothbrush.)

Saturday, 2:10 P. M.—Arrived in Quebec City, and ran around trying to grab first plane. Found only planes ready to fly were at Lake Ste. Agnes. Was told there were no more trains until Monday.

Sunday, 2:00 A. M.—Arrived at Murray Bay, near Lake Ste. Agnes, on special train.

Sunday, 2:30 A. M.—Took horse sled for Ste. Agnes. Forced to abandon horses for dog sled.

Sunday, 5:00 A. M.—Bounced into Ste. Agnes about frozen. Met pilot Romeo Vachon, who deserves most of credit for success. One plane wouldn't work. Took another.

Sunday noon—Took off for Greenely. Fog thick. Wind bad. Vachon groped back after hour of blind flying.

Monday, 6 A. M.—Took off in clear, bitter cold weather. Made Seven Islands—the last place to get gas, 250 miles distant—in three hours.

Tuesday—Weather terrible. Couldn't take off. Fitzmaurice arrived at 3 P. M. in Duke Schiller's plane from Greenely. Sent pictures of him off to Ste. Agnes and New York in another plane. Cold here. Wish we'd get off.

Wednesday, 6:45 A. M.—Took off for Greenely.

Wednesday, 7:30 A. M.—Getting awful choppy. One of the boys seasick (a motion-picture photographer and a reporter were with him). We're running into a storm. No landing place; nothing but snow on tops of jagged mountains. We're 7,000 feet in



ACHE

(Above) One of the first photos of Ruth Elder, George Halde-man and an officer of the Dutch tanker, "*Bar-endrecht*," which picked them up at sea



F. & A.

Flown to New York in record time, the photo at the right is one of the first made of the arrival of Major James Fitzmaurice at Seven Islands from Greenely Island, where he is pictured with "Duke" Schiller and a Canadian newspaper man



the air, and if anything happens now it's Katie bar the door.

Wednesday, 8:15 A. M.—Still stormy. 8:30 A. M.—Out of storm. 8:50 A. M.—She's pitching and some of us are groaning again. 10:00 A. M.—Saw a dog team with a family and landed to find out where we are. Fellow said he was Jean Blanch, a breed. Wife told us we had about twenty-five miles to go. Hopped again.

Wednesday, 10:20 A. M.—Sighted lighthouse. Spiraled to a perfect landing and met Germans.

Wednesday, 2:30 P. M.—Hopped away with pictures. Ran into heavy mist. Landed at Natashkwan. Spent night in French-Canadian guide's home. Heard radio jazz from Montreal.

Thursday, 6:00 A. M.—Hopped off into mist and snow. Noon—Landed at Seven Islands. 1 P. M.—Took off for Murray Bay. Storm is terrible and Vachon is very nervous. Wings are crackling and groaning and every wire is singing as we cut through the snow. "We'll be lucky if we get out of this," says Vachon. We're bumping into a big mountain, and circle for a pass. We're getting through, but there's nothing but jagged peaks on the other side. We're going back through the pass.

Descend toward a lake but Vachon sees black holes which mean open water. "Can't land there," he says. Finally see a flat, but it is crisscrossed by fences for cattle. We've got to take a chance and land in biggest square. We crash through the fence, the plane swings around, and we stop.

Thursday, 4 P. M.—Learn we're twenty-five miles from Ste. Agnes. Spend the night with natives who play on mouth organs and we dance.

Friday, 6 A. M.—Hop for Lake Ste. Agnes. 6:30 A. M.—Land without mishap. Change to another plane, and make Hartford, Conn., after hours of blind flying in mist. Grab another fast plane. 1:30 P. M.—Reach Governors Island, New York.

Jackson's little jaunt from Friday to Friday was enough adventure to supply several men for a long time; but his case was only one of many, in which special planes and special trains were flung about regardless of cost. He was the only man to be sent out by his office the night the Germans landed. But the next day two men were sent to North Sydney, Nova Scotia, to catch the *Bremen's* crew there in case a Canadian steamer succeeded in taking them off the island. On the day following another cameraman made a non-stop flight from New York to Murray Bay, and two days later two more men obtained a plane each in Hartford and joined the ever-increasing forces at the bay.

Jackson's meeting with Fitzmaurice at Seven Islands was a happy one, for while he went on to Greenely Island, a plane chartered by a newsreel firm took his pictures of Fitzmaurice back to New York, and they were a clean scoop.

But they depicted only part of the story. Far more important were pictures of the *Bremen* and its crew on lonely Greenely Island—and these proved to be fuzzy kodak shots taken by an amateur. Schiller had taken a camera with him when he flew in to get Fitzmaurice, and he did his best. Unfortunately, he and the Irishman remained in Seven Islands overnight, thus making possible Jackson's scoop. The next day they flew to Murray Bay, where preparations had been made



Above is the original, and to the left is the cable picture of Colonel Charles Lindbergh, and Ambassador Herrick, on the balcony of the French Aero Club in Paris

HARTLANE TRANSMISSION

to fly Schiller's snapshots to New York.

At 4:30 in the afternoon a pilot took off in a terrific storm for Montreal, reaching that city after dark only to find the landing field too muddy to take a chance on using. So the aviator went to Quebec, where the pictures were put on a special train for Montreal. Between midnight and dawn the pictures were developed and printed, and taken to the Montreal flying field. Just as day was breaking a plane attempted to get off for New York, but the snow fell so thickly that it was a hopeless undertaking. Once more the pictures were taken back to

Montreal, and put aboard a special train which arrived at New York in two hours and ten minutes less time than the fastest express. Schiller's pictures, good enough snapshots but not up to professional standard, were thus the first to come out of Greenely Island, and thus worth more in the eyes of editors than those Jackson made, which arrived next day.

For the importance of his feats and his almost continuous prominence in the press, Lindbergh stands alone as the most-photographed among aviators. Since that day in May, 1927, when he slid the *Spirit of St. Louis* down on Curtiss Field, Long Island, and joined Commander Richard E. Byrd and Clarence Chamberlin in preparation for flights to Paris, that sober-sided youth has loomed as a huge item in the budget of every great picture-gathering organization. In the few days between the time he landed in Paris and his triumphal return to Washington and New York, one syndicate spent \$10,000 in snapping pictures of him and distributing them by steamship, airplane, cable and telephone.

Since that time he has been nothing but a great big expense. When he started his lone-dove good-will flight to Mexico City and beyond, the old picture problem popped up again—how to get the photographs distributed over the United States in the shortest possible time. Time being the important element, transportation, rather than the actual picture-snapping, provided the great difficulties. Superior generalship should have won, but chance took the victory away.

New York is the homing-spot for pictures, for most of the syndicates have their main offices there, and it is usually the center of the distributing machinery. On the Mexico



One of the first pictures to arrive, via Quebec and airplane relay, of Gertrude Ederle's successful channel swim, taken from the deck of the tug "Alsace"

City flight, two syndicates stood out in this battle of wits to see which would be first in New York with pictures of Lindbergh arriving at Valbuena Field. Syndicate A believed the best plan was to carry the pictures made by its staff man by a special plane to Fort Worth, Tex., where they might be shipped on the regular air mail to New York and Chicago.

Syndicate B had a sly idea. A direct flight from Mexico City to St. Louis would be quicker, and at St. Louis was the nearest station for transmitting pictures by telephone. Once there, the photographs could be distributed, counting seven minutes per picture, over a circuit including New York, Cleveland, Boston, Atlanta, Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. But chance, in the form of bad weather, delayed Syndicate B's plane so long on its flight to St. Louis that the air-mail package arrived first in New York, and was broadcast by telephone, air mail and train.

**S**YNDICATE A was all set for a ripe haul. With Lindbergh's flight and reception in Mexico still the big news of the day, it was in splendid position. But chance again stepped in. A few hours after the air-mail pictures arrived, the submarine *S-4* was sunk in a collision off Cape Cod. Here was a story that overshadowed everything else, and the Lindbergh pictures lost much of their value.

That instance is typical of the variety to be found in the picture business. Men who have been devoting day and night to one story are called upon to throw their energies into a new channel on a moment's notice.

But first of all, why the keen competition on pictures? For years newspapermen

have mourned the passing of the "scoop." The public, they say with slight disgust, doesn't care a continental whether one newspaper is on the streets with a big story five minutes ahead of all the others. Reporters, instead of slinking about on secret errands and professionally hating the opposing members of their craft, work together in most cities.

The answer concerning picture competition is mainly this: the syndicates are operated for profit, and their profit depends on the service they give. Their customers are not the poor apathetic public, but editors who buy pictures. If a salesman makes the rounds of the newspaper offices with the first pictures of Lindbergh in Mexico City, he has an open field of waiting customers before him. Often editors are delaying press-time in the expectation of getting and printing an important picture. Other salesmen who follow number one in a few hours, or even in a few minutes, will be lucky to get anything at all. Furthermore, editors in the smaller cities who subscribe to a picture service on a flat-rate basis will decline to renew their contracts if the service is not always up on its toes.

The "big" stories are almost always covered at a financial loss. Although a single picture may be worth \$1,000 in New York, five or ten times that sum may have been spent in getting it. The agency cannot hope to make up the cost by outside sales, for the number of newspapers that will pay as much as \$100 for a picture is small. Nevertheless the big stories must be covered, regardless of expense, if an agency is to maintain its prestige.

**C**LOSELY allied to the news-picture business, and often working with it, is the news-reel game. Here again competition is of superlative keenness, and for the same reason, with motion-picture theatre owners taking the place of newspaper editors.

A good agency rivals in the extent of its organization a news-gathering service like the Associated Press. In fact, the A. P. has organized its own picture service; and thus one of the most conservative of press institutions has come to the conclusion that a big story cannot be told by words alone. Its entry into the picture field has added zest to a game in which competition was already heartbreaking. One of the recent beats scored by the A. P. was the first pictures of the flood in California.

A typical agency, as has been said, has its headquarters in New York. Here is the center of European cable, wireless and steamship communication, and the gathering-point of news from the rest of the world. Then in each of the principal cities of the country is a branch office, staffed not only with photographers but also with salesmen who make local distributions.

In cities where there are no branches, correspondents must be found. They are usually photographers on local papers. Whenever something of more than community interest occurs, the head office telegraphs its correspondent for pictures. For example, months may pass by in Denver without anything happening that would interest readers in Chicago or Boston. Then an event like the recent opening of the Moffat Tunnel through the Rocky Mountains may come. The correspondent gets busy, and pictures of the first train at the tunnel portal are reproduced in rotogravure sections all over the country.

In the head office is kept a staff of cameramen who normally make local pictures, but who form a reserve force that can be moved



INTERNATIONAL

*Above, and above, right, respectively, the original and telephone picture of Captain Amundsen and Lieutenant Omdahl arriving in Nome after their flight over the Pole from Spitzbergen*



*A 24-hour beat on this first photograph of the Prince of Wales in Africa cost a London newspaper \$10,000*

R. & S.



P. & A.

*The bad amateur photograph of the Yokohama (Japan) earthquake for which a fortune was spent*



WIDE WORLD

*(Above) The telephone photograph of Gene Tunney taking the long and much disputed count in his Chicago fight with Dempsey*

about the country as the occasion arises—to cover a great disaster, a political convention, a prize fight or the world series. Thus, when the *S-4* sank, Boston was the nearest big city, and the Boston men were first out on the job. But it was too big a task for a few to handle, so the New York offices sent extra men. One went up to Cape Cod in an amphibian plane, and performed two very important functions. He made air views of the rescue fleet clustered about the grave of the submarine; then he landed, gathered up the pictures made by the others of his organization, and flew back to New York.

The next most important unit under the New York head office of a typical agency is the European bureau. Here again the same sort of organization is evolved, but the difficulties are much greater. The European head office is in Paris or London. Under the director are staffs of American-trained men in the various capitals—Rome, Vienna, London, Paris, Berlin, etc. The better the service, the more correspondents it will have in the smaller communities, and it is usually materially aided by buying the American rights to pictures made by foreign organizations.



WIDE WORLD

*(Left) An original photo, which was cabled over here, of "Tipperary Tim" finishing winner in the famous Grand National Steeplechase held over the stiff course at Aintree, England*

**T**HEN there must be either correspondents or staff men in Japan, China, India and any other spot on the globe where there is news.

With this widespread organization in mind, it is easy to see why getting the pictures back home may provide greater difficulties and thrills than the actual taking of the pictures—although the trials of the cameramen on the job are not to be minimized.

A news service has it relatively easy, for usually all a correspondent needs do is go to the nearest telegraph or cable office and address his dispatch collect to the New York bureau. The transmission of news dispatches becomes a hard game in itself when wire facilities are limited or censorship is in force; for then the reporters are up against the same difficulty as their shutter-snapping confrères: transportation.

The time has not yet come when pictures can be transmitted from anywhere as easily as words. This state of perfection is rapidly approaching in the United States with the spread of the telephone service. But even this method must grow slowly, for the apparatus is costly and the telephone lines required must be even more perfectly balanced than for radio broadcasting. Outside America, London is the only city from which

picture transmission by wire has become practicable. There is a process in regular use by which photographs may be cabled from London to New York, or in the reverse direction. A lesser degree of success has been attained in wireless transmission.

Bobby Burns's observation on the best-laid plans of mice and men is nowhere more apt than in this mad business of picture collecting, whether it be for the newspapers or the screen. Despite the most thoroughly and cleverly laid plans some silly, unforeseen circumstance may ruin the whole plot.

Last winter a fire took the lives of several children in the province of Quebec, and, after a consultation with railroad schedules showed that time would be saved by so doing, a New York syndicate decided to bring pictures down by airplane. While a local photographer was making the pictures, a plane was sent off from Curtiss Field to Three Rivers, Quebec.

But first the canny head of the syndicate got all available weather reports. Then he called up the chief of police at Three Rivers.

"Is there any snow up there?" he asked.  
"Oh, no."

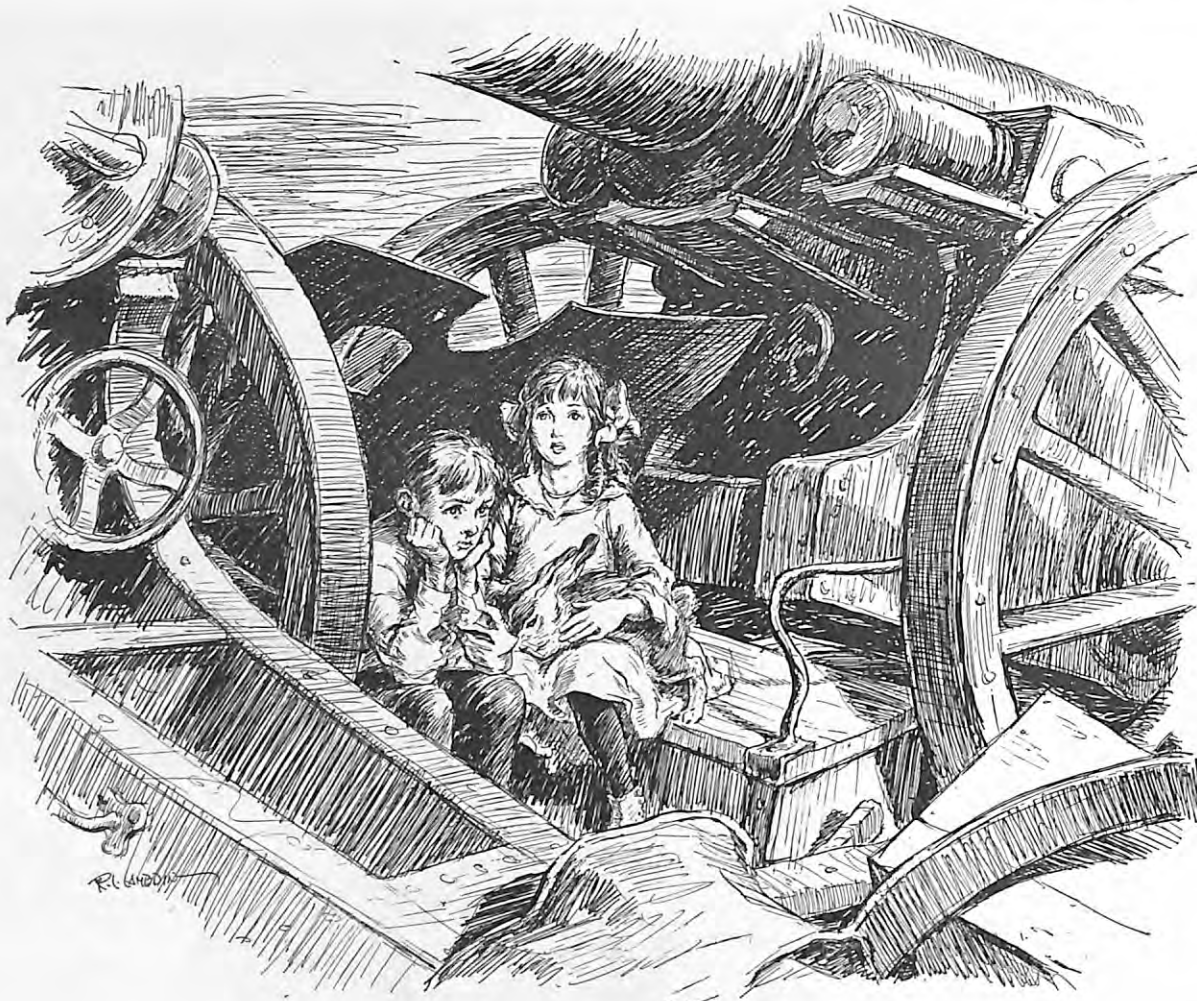
"Well, just how deep is the snow?"  
"There's hardly any, I tell you. It has been an open winter up here."

So the plane was sent off. The pilot considered his life charmed when he made a successful landing in three feet of snow—the first time he had ever put a plane down on anything but good hard ground. Three feet of snow is nothing to a Canadian!

It was beyond possibility that the plane could take off in time, so the pictures, after all, were sent by train. The pilot hired some natives to shovel a runway across the landing field so that he might fly home. They had just finished when another blizzard came and snowed everything under.

The pilot, slightly upset by this time, wired home for some skis for his plane. When these came he attached them in place of the wheel gear, and got away to a perfect start. But how about landing on Long Island, where there had been no snow all winter? The pilot had to chance it; and he slid to a miraculous landing on the dry grass of his home airport.

Lindbergh looms as the big bogey man of all  
*(Continued on page 60)*



## The Giant's House

By Stephen Vincent Benet

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

**T**HE world grows smaller as you grow up to the world. Mind and all that—but the mere matter of height has something to do with it. That's one reason children are apt to be fond of small people—and why stories like "Jack the Giant Killer" have lasted so. Because children actually do live in a giant's house through the years of childhood—a house not built for them. And the giants may be friendly or terrifying—but a certain gulf remains.

You are walking around and talking, carrying on your affairs. You are a giant now. But you have been one so long that you have forgotten the change. Everything around you fits—everything is your size. A nice, compact, small world. But some three feet down from the level of your eyes is another, more barbarous world—not always hostile, but essentially different—the world of the creatures living in the giant's house.

I remember wondering why people never went back there. But you can't go back. Only, sometimes, you can carry a memory with you into gianthood—the smell of a pinecone fire, the sound of two voices talking, a deep fear, an inexplicable rapture, a small, clear scene. Magic? Perhaps—but the magic isn't always white. But, black or white, it lasts when much that was adult is forgotten.

I was eight, and we had been a happy family. My mother and father were most different—but their marriage worked. It went deep, it was serene, it had a spring of life in it. Of course I didn't think about it that way, then. But I felt it, knew it was there, like a surrounding atmosphere, a

steady weather. Children know well enough when things are the other way. You don't have to get to the fisticuffs stage for them to know.

But in my case, the pendulum, if anything, was quite at the opposite extreme. Some people are merely married—some stay lovers. My parents had stayed lovers—and I knew that too, deep down, though I didn't have words for what I knew.

I don't mean that they ever neglected me for each other. They were companions as well as parents—the rare sort that can really share. But I knew also that, in spite of all our sharing, there was a part of each of them that I couldn't reach—a place where they went together. And it didn't worry me—and that shows the sort they were. In fact, by a quite natural compensation, I grew to be rather inarticulately proud of that quality in them. I felt as if I were helping them keep a secret—a secret that set them apart from the other giants. And they didn't know I was keeping it—and that added to the pride.

**T**HEN we moved and we met the Dominicks and Paul, my brother, was born.

The three things are perfectly simultaneous in my memory, though of course they aren't so in fact. I can space them out now, with the effort of an adult mind. But when I merely remember it all melts together again—the train-ride and Mother's white face and the new house and the doctor's hat

on the hatstand and beautiful Mrs. Dominick coming over with a sheaf of crocus for the incredibly wrinkled and incomprehensible object that yet was a brother and alive. I knew, with no sense of shock, where the creature came from—but the fact that it wasn't born in short trousers upset me at first.

The move hardly upset me at all—I was used to moving, being an army child. Wherever we went there was always a post and a striker and a big flag sinking down at evening from a white flagpole, and Father coming home from dress-parade and letting me help unhook his sword. Sometimes there were many children, sometimes only a few—but there was always the same big doherty with the army mules to carry them off to school—and the same line of cleavage between us and the civilian rest of the world. This was in the days of the old Regular Army—and that army and its world are as dead as Custer, gone by with the Krag-Jorgensen. But it was an interesting world for a child to grow up in—a world with a code and a flavor all its own. The whole business of the Dominicks might have happened anywhere—in any sphere of society—but, happening where it did—

I remember my father and mother talking—three feet above my head—before the move.

"And then, of course, there's Bush Dominick." He smiled. "Old Bush. We used to call him the Lady-killer, ten years ago. No, you'll like him, Lucy. He isn't like poor little Finlay," and they both laughed.

"Tiresome little boy," said my mother,

severely. I wondered why. I liked Lieutenant Finlay. He brought boxes of candy to the house, and once, when I told him that Mother was really at home when the maid said she wasn't, he gave me a quarter. But Mother had been annoyed and made me give it back.

"Well, Lucy, if you will shine like a star—" said my father, and looked at her, and then they were off together in that place of theirs. I went on putting my Japanese infantrymen through the school of the squad. But, after a while, they were talking about the Dominicks again.

"They've got a girl, I think—a little older than Bob," said my father. He hesitated. "She's supposed to be rather stunning," he said. "But she and old Bush—well, from all accounts, they're pulling together now, but—"

"Oh, *that* Mrs. Dominick," said my mother, in a different voice. My father pulled at his mustache.

"I know," he said, "but wait till you see them, Lucy. And Bush and I will be working together on the new automatic—"

I knew about the automatic. It was a pistol that Father was inventing and when it was finished, it would be something very fine.

"My darling," said Mother, going over to him, "I don't—honestly I don't. But I do hate that cat-and-dog sort of thing, especially when there's a child. Is she very pretty?" she asked, rather teasingly.

"Mrs.? She's one of the dark kind, I believe—I've never seen her," said Father—and then they talked about less interesting things. But I had heard enough about the Dominicks to be sure that I would detest them all—except for the cat and the dog. Though I wondered how Mrs. Dominick could be so beautiful, if she were colored, as she obviously was from Father's statement.

But when I did meet Mrs. Dominick, I thought she was the most beautiful thing in the world.

I KNEW that Mother was beautiful, but then she was Mother, and that put her in a different class. Besides, the two were so different that there could be no possible disloyalty. For Mother was tall and gold, and her colors were all the spring colors—but Mrs. Dominick was small and darkly glowing, and the perfume she carried with her reminded me of the middle of summer and the hot days and the deep laziness and the big, soft moons. I followed her around like a puppy, the first time she came to the house. And I liked Captain Dominick, too, with his tanned face and his little black mustache and his hard handshake. While, as for Elfrida, the girl, she wasn't stuck up at all, in spite of being older. She climbed trees as well as anybody, only not too well, and when the bee stung her she did not cry embarrassingly or want to be kissed. Altogether I thought both the new post and the Dominicks promised very well indeed—and I could tell that Mother and Father thought so, too.

And it was like that, in the beginning—through all that first long summer. The Dominicks were always coming across the parade-ground to see us, or Mother and Father were going over to see the Dominicks. I'd wake up at night and hear their voices downstairs, playing Boston or talking, and go to sleep again satisfied. Elfrida and I played together a great deal—for, as it happened, we were the only officers' children on the post, except for the Colonel's son, who was sixteen. Yes, it was a good time.

I can not remember just when the change

began to come. When I look back, it seems as if it happened overnight—turned everything gray and thin. It could not have been like that—it must have been a long, slow process, like the gradual working of a fever. Those things generally are.

LITTLE things—little things—eyes of my father—eyes of Mrs. Dominick—Captain Dominick bending over my mother's music as she played—a dozen small, significant, cryptic incidents that a child sees and wonders about and tries to understand. I know now that the belated birth of her second child had left my mother with a curious mood that had something in it of distrust for life because of its pain, and something of a desire to assert once more, and definitely, the youth that she felt was leaving her. I know that my father and Captain Dominick were working furiously on their automatic, and that both were ambitious men. I know that Mrs. Dominick could no more help using her charm than the Captain could help being jealous where he no longer felt bound. I know all these things now—but I doubt if they would have helped me then. I could only feel and wonder, and grow more and more uneasy at the change in my world.

The Dominicks still came to see us—we went to see the Dominicks. Everything was just the same—and everything was different.

It was especially different, when only Father and Mother and I were together.

They didn't talk at me or through me, the way some married people do. They tried to keep it the same—they played that it was the same, in front of me, with a rather terrible gravity. And I played that it was, too, till it made me feel queer inside. But it wasn't. They never hurt me or were unkind—but they never went off to that place of theirs together any more.

At first, when I didn't quite understand, I was even glad, in a way. It seemed to give me more of them. But there wasn't anything *inside* any more. It was all outside—shell—like the shell of a blown Easter-egg. And then—oh, quite without willing it or meaning to—I could feel them pulling at me. Slowly, inexorably, unconsciously—when ever we three were together—each one



pulling me—pulling me away from the other. I could see them doing it, even with Paul, now and then. But he was too young to know it. I was just old enough to know it without understanding it—and that made things hard.

Of course I connected it with the Dominicks—I wasn't an utter fool. So I should have begun hating the Dominicks. But when I tried to—I couldn't. In the first place, you see, I'd begun by taking them on trust. A child's world is pretty black and

white—and I'd settled them firmly in the white part. But if you once started shifting people around and changing white for black and vice-versa—pretty soon you wouldn't have any world left at all. And sometimes I felt that was just what was happening. It isn't such a good feeling, when you're eight.

I remember a long conversation with Elfrida, one day, out in the junk-pile behind the shops. We weren't supposed to play in the junk-pile so we did it whenever we could. We had a sort of hiding-hole between two rusty old howitzers—a council-cave and a treasure-cache in one.

She was a witch-child, Elfrida, not pretty at all but with a certain touch of uncanny wisdom that didn't go with her age. God preserve me from ever having a child like that to bring up—and yet I remember her so well.

We were talking about the post and the people on it with that devastating candor that children use when they're alone. The mice talk that way, under the feet of the giants—and even the best-loved giants never know quite all that is said. And then, of course, we came to our families.

"Well, I like yours," said Elfrida. "All except your Aunt Charlotte. I can't stand her—she's always holding her hand out at the end of herself when she meets you and making her nose go as if she smelt something funny. And nothing smells so awfully funny in your house," she added, tactfully, "so why does she do it? And why does she come to see you such a lot?"

"I DUNNO," I said—having suffered under Aunt Charlotte's social manner, I had no intention of defending her. "I think it's something about a Will. At least every time they hear she's coming they sort of groan and then one of them says 'Well, we must remember the children, dear, and she's a nearest relative.' But I don't want to remember her—and if she's got a Will why doesn't she bring it with her and get it over with?" I visualized the Will as something vaguely connected with Aunt Charlotte's asthmatic pug-dog.

"They never do," said Elfrida, wisely. "At least, we were going to have one once, but when Uncle Andrew died he'd had the wrong sort. So it all went to institutions, whatever they are, and Mother said he was an old fool and broke a plate."

This seemed a fascinating peculiarity on the part of Mrs. Dominick, and I was anxious for more.

"Did she mean to break it?" I said.

"Oh, yes," said Elfrida, briskly. "She always does, when she's upset. Once Father did, too, only it was a whole tea-service. But that was the last time they were really mad at each other. Do your father and mother get mad at each other much?" she asked, disinterestedly.

I hesitated, not wishing to place my parents at a disadvantage in the matter of wrath. "Not much," I said finally. "They get sort of funny sometimes—at least they have lately. But they don't break things. They—" I couldn't explain.

Elfrida nodded sagaciously. "I bet I know why it is," she said. "It's because of my father and mother."

"It is not," I said hotly and hastily. "If you think your old father and mother can—"

But Elfrida did not rise to the bait. She chewed a grass-blade and regarded me with ancient eyes.

"I didn't mean anything *about* your father and mother," she said patiently. "Nor mine either. I guess I wouldn't say

anything *about* my own father and mother," she added rather savagely. "But it always ends up like that. I don't know why, but it does."

"Ends like what?" I said, gloomily, though I knew perfectly well.

"Why, getting people mad at each other," said Elfrida, cheerfully. "I wish I knew what made it like that," she sighed. "Because it always starts all right."

She sat up straighter. "Can you remember when you were little?" she asked.

"Uh-huh. I can remember way back—oh, way back as far as Fort Horn—"

"WELL, I don't know when that was, but I can remember lots farther," said Elfrida, crushingly. "And it's always been the same. We get to a new post and nobody's mad and Father and Mother go around—oh, you know the silly way people look at each other sometimes. And then the new people come and Mother starts having tea-parties. But it always ends up the same way—people shouting and waving their arms and something getting broken. And it used to make me feel prickly all over, but it

doesn't so much any more. And then it's another new post."

I listened fascinated, at once impressed by the unusual home-life of the Dominicks and overcome by a very definite woe.

"Does it—does it always have to happen like that?" I said finally, in a low voice. "Did it happen like that last time?"

"Oh, last time was *much* the worst," said Elfrida with an uncanny nod. "Because it was Father and the Major. They shouted and waved, I mean. And something really awful was going to happen—only Mother talked to the Colonel, and he patted her hand and said poor little woman and damn young cubs. So we just got transferred. I didn't like that Colonel," she said, with a glint in her eyes. "He had hair all over the backs of his hands—you know. But he got us transferred and Father said God, Flora, and they both said never again. But they always say that afterwards. Only this time I wish it was different, because I like your father and mother, I do!" she said defiantly. "And I *hated* the Major—and his sister worse!"

The whole world I knew was turning around inside my head. But I clung to a last spar of hope.

"It—it always happens?" I said. "You mean—it always happens? And nobody could stop it—not even the Colonel—or Aunt Charlotte—or you and me—"

"Well, I guess nobody ever heard of people like us stopping grown-up people doing anything," said Elfrida. And, of course, I knew that was true. But it made me miserable for the rest of the day.

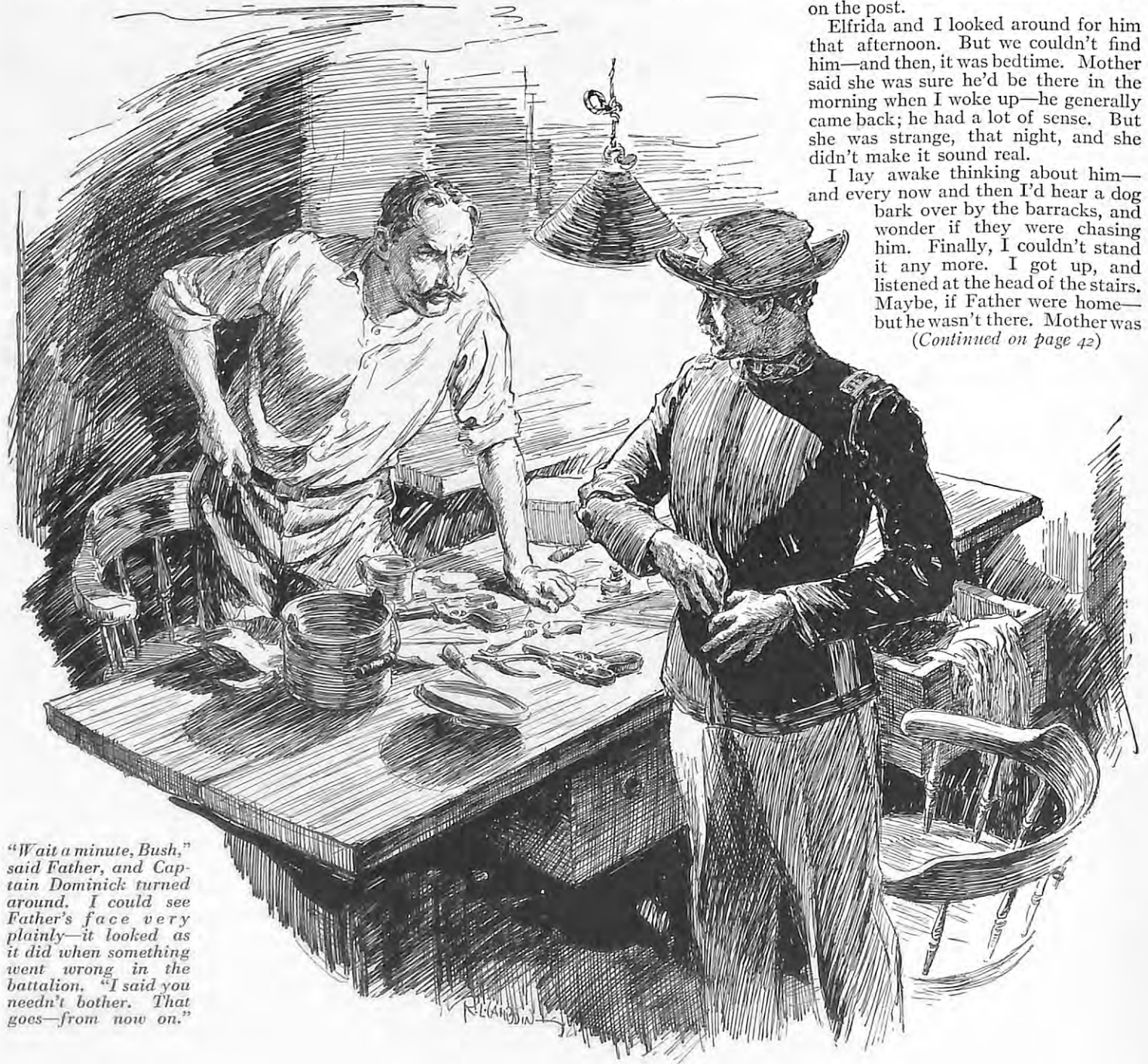
And pretty soon, too, I realized that whatever *it* was—it was starting to happen already. Because Mother and Father were different people, now. And there wasn't even an emptiness between them any more—there was something hard and sharp that they hurt each other with. And when the Dominicks came to dinner and I went in to say good-night—I could feel that hard sharp thing growing bigger and bigger in the room till it seemed to crowd the chairs back against the wall. Till, finally, the day came when it broke loose—as Elfrida had said it would.

It started with Gyp, the rabbit, getting lost. Most rabbits are pretty uninteresting, but Gyp was different. He was a big, gray jack, and he could fight like a tomcat when he wanted. But he would get out whenever he got a chance—and there were dogs on the post.

Elfrida and I looked around for him that afternoon. But we couldn't find him—and then, it was bedtime. Mother said she was sure he'd be there in the morning when I woke up—he generally came back; he had a lot of sense. But she was strange, that night, and she didn't make it sound real.

I lay awake thinking about him—and every now and then I'd hear a dog bark over by the barracks, and wonder if they were chasing him. Finally, I couldn't stand it any more. I got up, and listened at the head of the stairs. Maybe, if Father were home—but he wasn't there. Mother was

(Continued on page 42)

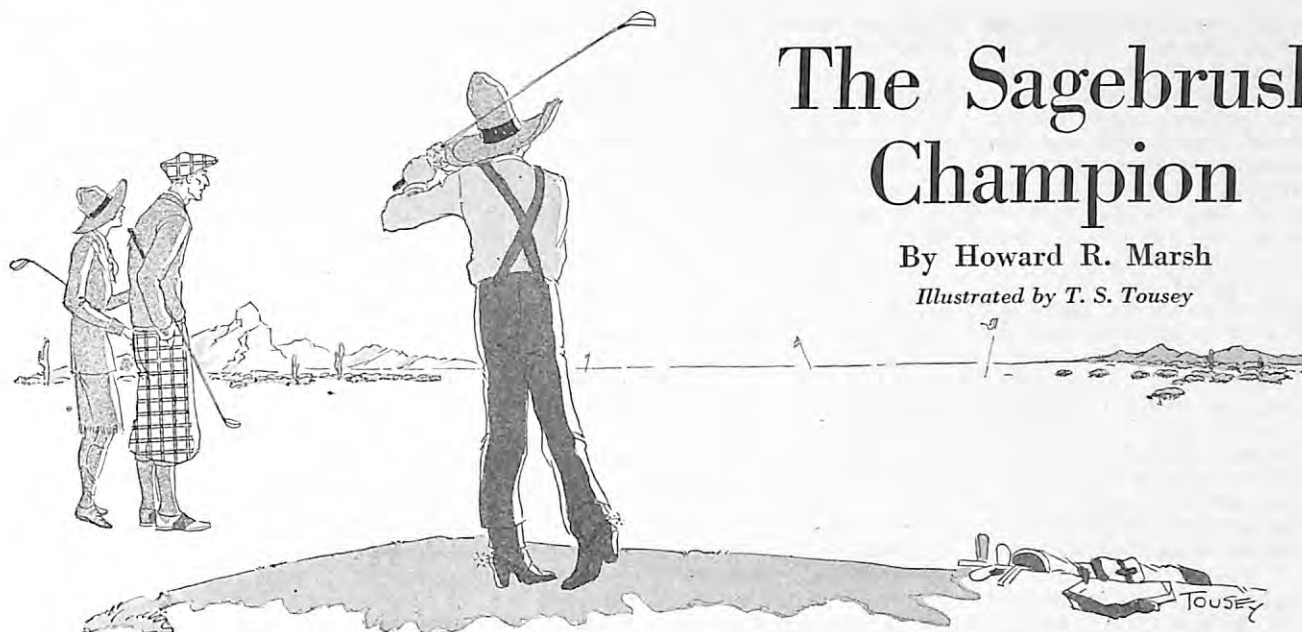


"Wait a minute, Bush," said Father, and Captain Dominick turned around. I could see Father's face very plainly—it looked as it did when something went wrong in the battalion. "I said you needn't bother. That goes—from now on."

# The Sagebrush Champion

By Howard R. Marsh

Illustrated by T. S. Tousey



SAY, when Jerry Tizzard hit our dude wrangling ranch he didn't have nothing under his breast-bone but a couple of porous plasters and a sponge. No lungs at all. And cough! He gurgled inside him real noisy and then looked 'round, ashamed-like, as if it was his own fault he didn't have no correct breathing apparatus.

One of my duties as foreman of the Terrapin Rancho was to welcome new dudes, so I helped Tizzard sag out of the old buckboard which had brought him over from Barstow. Right away I kind of liked him. Six feet tall, he was, and thin as a range-fed steer in February. He was stooped over at the shoulders and that brought his straight-shooting blue eyes closer to you. He had a good grin, too, and some outdoors lines 'round his eyes. Yep, I liked him okay—at first glance.

"What's this here leather bag, partner?" I asked him as I unloaded his luggage in front of the ranch house. "Funny kind of a suitcase with a hood over the top, eh?"

"That's my—my—" He couldn't say no more, account of gurgling inside.

"Listen, Buddy," I consoled him, "this climate'll sure cure that cough. 'Look!' I pointed to the Mojave Desert which unrolled for 'steen sand-blasted miles, and then to the sun. "This'll sure bake any kind of hell out of a guy."

"Sure," he choked. He was looking at the scenery, eager-like. "Is there—is there space to lay out a few holes for golf? Those are my golf clubs in that bag."

"Golf clubs?" I yipped. "Say, you don't happen to be a champion golfer, do you?"

"Well," he admitted, "I've won a couple of little championships. Why do you ask?"

"Because," I bit off, "we're fed up on champions at this here Terrapin Rancho, that's why. Plain fed up. We've had champion full-backs and mudguards, champion runners and champion knitters, all looking for some fool thing called 'condition,' and every last one of them was too plumb temperamental for this bit of desert country."

"Aw," Jerry Tizzard said, "don't worry about me. All I need is a little space to lay out some holes. Room for that, isn't there?"

Disgusted, I threw a thumb at the desert. "Just eight hundred square miles that ain't never been proved up by anything except rattlesnakes and coyotes," I told him. "Yep, if you look hard you'll find room. And as for holes, there's Jaw Bone Canyon,

a half-mile deep, and Oxide Pit, to say nothing of the Tip-Top mine which was dug down twelve hundred feet before it was abandoned."

"Good!" yelled Jerry Tizzard, and his blue eyes lighted up like a Christmas tree. "And I'd like—I mean I'm afraid I'll have to have a caddy."

"What's that?" I asked, some surprised.

"Someone to carry my clubs for me and help me watch the balls when I hit 'em." Then he saw the disgust written on my face and he added real quick, "'Course I'll expect to pay him."

"All right," I answered, making up my mind quick. "You can have Stevie MacReady, the boy who brought you from Barstow. He's the youngest of my riders, and he'll feel less hurt about tending nurse on a sack full of clubs than anyone else. Besides, he's big and strong and he's got good eyes to track your golf balls to their holes. Seventy dollars a month is cheap for him."

"Well," said Jerry Tizzard, doubtful-like, "I'll only play an hour or so a day. At first, I mean."

"If you don't want him," I began, "why, of course—"

"I'll take him," the new dude decided. "He can help me lay out a course. After I've had a little rest we'll start right at it."

## II

STEVIE MACREADY it was who helped lay out the golfing field. Over on Sagebrush Flat they did it. There's a dry lake there. It's like a pavement, only a little softer, and nothing much grows on it except sage, 'cause of the alkali. Ten miles across either way—well, there was plenty of room for a golfer's game. So they dug some gopher holes, sank some coffee cans, raised some palo verde sticks with rags on the end of them, and they had a course.

Jimca Keith, daughter of our boss, old Tom Keith, took a quick interest in Jerry Tizzard and his game of golf. I didn't blame her. Being feminine—man, how big casino, ace-high feminine—she was curious, of course, how a man could use all those clubs on one little harmless ball. And then—well, this Tizzard fellow had a way with him, too.

Every morning the three of them—Tizzard, Jimca Keith and Stevie MacReady would hike over to Sagebrush Flat. We could hear them at the bunkhouse—Jerry

Tizzard smacking the ball and the cries of wonder and cheer from Stevie and Jimca. Me, I kept away from the place, not caring to act interested in that form of insanity.

Then the spring rodeo came on. With Stevie MacReady herding golf balls we were mighty short-handed and it took us a month to get the cattle rounded up and the yearlings branded. It was a dry year, too, and we had to do most of the work from Willow Seep. But we got through the trade-marking at last and then I had time to notice young Stevie.

Something had happened to the boy, that was a two-buckled cinch. He had a far-away look in his blue eyes and never said a word aloud. He kept muttering under his breath and at night he'd twist and turn instead of sleeping. It wasn't natural. Yep, something right serious had happened to the boy. I always was fond of him—the long-legged, loose-jointed, good-for-nothing, blue-eyed kid—and I decided pronto to find out what the trouble was. So one day when no one was looking I slid out the back of the bunkhouse and sneaked over to Sagebrush Flat, keeping well hid by creosote brush and encelia on the way.

When I got there I saw Jerry Tizzard, Jimca Keith and Stevie MacReady right



in front of me. Can you picture them out there on the Flat—one tall, spike-shaped dude in short trousers and a red-blue-green spotted sweater, a little yellow-haired ranch girl in khaki and puttees and a gangling cowboy in overalls, brown shirt and sombrero? Tizzard was stooping over and elevating a golf ball on the hard ground. Then he straightened, wiggled the club back and forth for a few seconds, and wham! Man, how he hit that poor little ball! It traveled a mile more or less, hellity-larrup. I craned my neck and way down the dry lake I saw a spurt of dust kick up where that ball hit for the first time.

"Beaut!" shouted Stevie MacReady and little Jimca Keith screamed. "Wonderful!"

THEN Stevie put a ball on the ground and wiggled the club over it. Finally he got his six feet four all wound up like a lariat. When he unwound the club he sure made the air swish. That ball didn't have no chance. If it hadn't been made of cast iron or something it would've flattened out. It traveled a mile a minute and I never did see when it hit the ground.

"Fine distance!" Jerry Tizzard coughed. "But no control. Stevie, put that right hand over on top of the club, stop swaying, don't drop that right shoulder, flatten your swinging back—"

There were a lot of other words of advice, too, at all of which Stevie nodded as if he understood while I crouched in a creosote bush and stared open-mouthed at such a sad display of craziness.

Finally little Jimca Keith took a club and another ball. She sure made a picture in her little khaki suit. Slender like a boy she is, and the most attractive bit of the

feminine between 'Frisco and the Chicago stockyards, which is as far as I've been. All the boys in the county have been in love with her, myself included, but of course, I didn't have no chance, being old enough to be her father. If the other boys, though, had seen her that morning, her hair glinting in the sun, her little lips set tight and her big blue eyes fixed on that ball, they would've been crazier about her than ever. But they wouldn't have liked Jerry Tizzard 'cause he hovered over her and fussed with her hands real gentle-like.

Well, she took a good swing at the ball. Pop! It came sailing along. First thing I knew it was bearing right down on me, there in the creosote. I moved real quick but not quick enough. The damn ball followed me, curving itself to do it, and chasing me like a bee looking for something to do. I dodged and ducked and waved my hands,—shoo!—but that big bullet bored into my side with a thud.

"Ouch!" I yelled and jumped out of the bush as if a rattler had telegraphed me. Those three golfers stared, some surprised, then came along in a hurry.

"Sorry!" called Jerry Tizzard. "Didn't know you were there. That was a bad slice."

"Slice!" I yelled, rubbing the sore spot and getting ready to fight. "Nope, it didn't take off no slice, it just dug right in."

"I mean Jimca sliced the ball at you," Tizzard explained, coming closer.

"Oh, did it on purpose, did she?"

"No, you silly," Jimca said. "Didn't know you were there, Buck. Honest, Indian. Just happened to hit it that way. I was using a wooden-headed club and I couldn't control it."

"Oh," I agreed, "a wooden head at each end of the club, eh?"

"Buck Forensee!" Jimca made a motion of slapping my face. Then all of them gathered round me and offered pity, at the same time chewing their bits and staring down the dry lake as if they was crazy to begin the search for those golf balls.

That was the answer. The three of them were locoed golf hounds. That was the matter with Stevie, what made him mutter and brought that all-gone look into his eyes. And then I noticed something else and it

darn near took my breath away. Stevie might be in love with golf but Jerry Tizzard was in love with Jimca Keith. There it was, plain as daylight. Yep, the city boy was crazy-gone on little Jimca. A blind man could see it, the way he looked at her and smiled.

Some way the idea that Tizzard was loving Jimca Keith made me choke up and get sore. I couldn't hope to win Jimca myself, but I sure wanted some of the home talent to get her, not a golfer from the cities. I guess my feelings must have shown on my face, for Jerry Tizzard began to talk real rapid.

"Say, Buck," he volunteered, "this young cowboy of yours, this Stevie MacReady, has the makings of a champion golfer. Yes sir! He has the sweetest natural swing I ever saw, splendid rhyming and timing and a sure eye. It seems to run in that Scotch blood. Give him a little training and he'd be a world-beater. Absolutely! The champion of the world, 'most."

"But who in hell wants to be the champion golfer of the world?" I yelled. "Why ruin a good cowboy for that? Besides, I told you we got too many champions 'round here already."

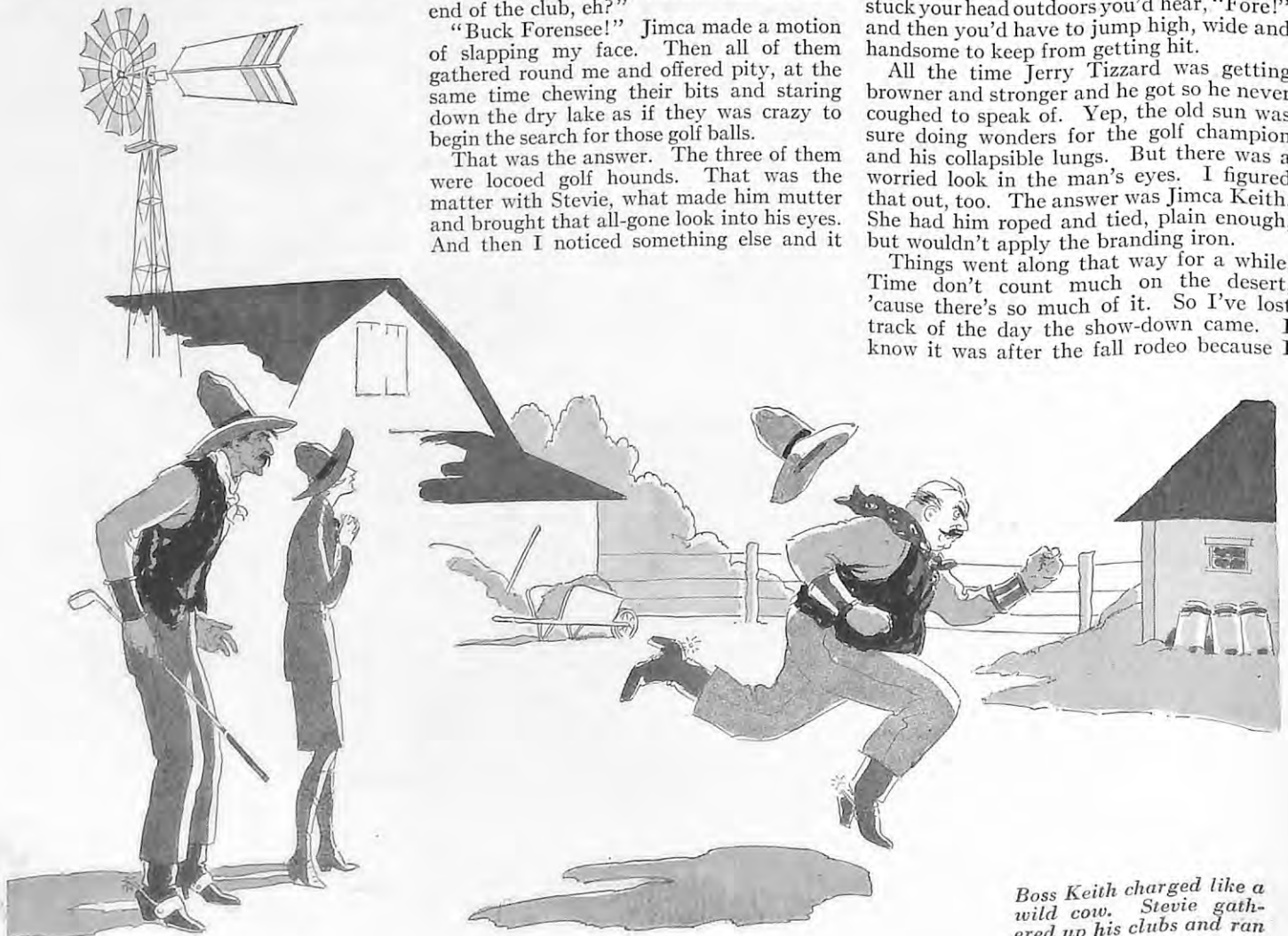
With that shot I turned on my heel and went back to the bunkhouse to rub liniment on that slice which Jimca had taken out of me.

### III

INSTEAD of getting better the golf disease got worse. Those three golf bugs got so they couldn't keep their game on Sagebrush Flat. They brought it right up to the ranch-house. They practiced putting and pitching and tossing and slicing all over the corral and around the bunkhouse. Every time you stuck your head outdoors you'd hear, "Fore!" and then you'd have to jump high, wide and handsome to keep from getting hit.

All the time Jerry Tizzard was getting browner and stronger and he got so he never coughed to speak of. Yep, the old sun was sure doing wonders for the golf champion and his collapsible lungs. But there was a worried look in the man's eyes. I figured that out, too. The answer was Jimca Keith. She had him roped and tied, plain enough, but wouldn't apply the branding iron.

Things went along that way for a while. Time don't count much on the desert, 'cause there's so much of it. So I've lost track of the day the show-down came. I know it was after the fall rodeo because I



Boss Keith charged like a wild cow. Stevie gathered up his clubs and ran



had sat on a branding iron and was still feeling mighty sorry for the poor little yearlings. Anyway, one night I heard Jimca and Jerry Tizzard talking out under our one acacia tree, real late. There was a moon that night, a blue-desert moon, and the stars were hanging low and yellow and the smell of pine trees and snow came down out of the mountains. I sure figured little Jimca was a goner, that night, and I held my breath and felt low in my mind. Guess maybe Stevie MacReady did, too, for I could hear him wrestling with the bed-clothes. More like, though, he was thinking about drives and hooks and pitches.

Jimca wasn't any goner, it turned out, but Jerry Tizzard was. He came to me sorry-faced next morning and admitted it.

"WILL you have one of the boys drive me to Barstow?" he said. "I'm leaving. I guess—I guess my lungs are okay again."

"Yep," I thought to myself, "the lungs are good but the old heart's hurt. Jimca's given you an honorary discharge and your walking papers." But I just nodded: "Sure!"—real cheerful, which was the way I felt.

So Jerry Tizzard and his sack full of war clubs left the Terrapin Rancho in the old buckboard, out over the mountains to the golf links he had come from. Funny thing, though—some way he left a cavity behind him. We all missed him and his breezy manner. But young Stevie MacReady was the one who really suffered. I saw him that afternoon when he came back from Barstow—head down, sag-shouldered, spavined—sneaking over to Sagebrush Flat. And a few minutes later Jimca Keith got aboard her little calico pony and pounded away in the same direction. Not being curious, I didn't follow for three or four minutes.

When I got over on the edge of the Terrapin Rancho Golf Course and Country Club I saw the two of 'em—Jimca and Stevie—but they didn't happen to see me behind the creosote. Stevie was warped on the ground, limp like a feed sack, and Jimca was sitting close beside him. Once her hand went out like she wanted to touch the boy's fist, which was pressed hard in the alkali sand.

"Never mind, Stevie," she said like a mother, "I'll get us both a set of clubs and we'll have some good games yet."

"Think so?" Stevie asked, perking up a little. "But I won't get time. I'll have

to begin line riding again. Old Buck will drive me hard now. And I was just getting so's I could give Jerry a good game."

"Buck'll give you some time off," Jimca promised, "if I ask him to."

So that was it! Stevie was heart-broken because he was being deprived of the great sport of hide-and-seek with golf balls and little Jimca was doing her best to console him and really thinking, probably, how much she missed Jerry Tizzard. Hidden there in the brush I decided right away that Stevie'd have time to play a little if Jimca got him the clubs she promised; Stevie was too young to die of a broken heart, and, anyway, I always was soft about the long-legged, lazy kid.

Well, Jimca didn't have to get no clubs. They came a week later along with a note from Jerry Tizzard. "Use these and remember me," or sentiments to that effect; two fine, brand-new sets of eight or ten walloping sticks in leather sacks.

Jimca Keith and Stevie MacReady sure used those clubs. The boy would work like a madman for two days so's he could have the third one for golf over on Sagebrush Flat. You never saw anyone work like him, not in our section of the sun-blasted desert. Those next few months made a man of young Stevie, a hard-working, hard-playing man; but at that the old fizz and fun in him didn't get all lost.

OF COURSE the explosion came. It had to come. I'm not saying it was all Stevie's fault. He should've known better, I'll admit, than to knock golf balls so reckless all 'round the place, but the game had got so precious to him that if he had two minutes between eggs and coffee of a morning he'd spend three of them pitching golf balls over the bunkhouse.

He was out in front one morning hitting them low, fast and hard like a bullet with a club called a cleek when Owner Tom Keith waddled into range. He had a paper in his hand and I could see by the hope-to-die look on his face that it was the weekly market report on cattle. Say, now, Stevie couldn't have picked a worse time to hit old Boss Keith with a golf ball, not if he tried.

I saw what was coming: Stevie's club back over his shoulder, his eyes fixed on the ball, and Boss Keith heaving himself across the target range.

"Fore!" I yipped as I

had learned. "Fore!" And I had time to add, "Five-six-seven," and a short prayer before Stevie hit the ball.

Boss Keith turned toward me, surprised-like, leaving his rear ranks unprotected. Then he looked more surprised-like when the ball hit goal. The back of him caved in and the front of him caved out. I suppose the spot where the ball hit got red, but it couldn't have got so red as Boss Keith's face. His hands pawed the air, mostly behind him.

"Hi-yi-ow-ow-umm!" he roared, and if ever gosh-awful pain showed in a man's eyes, there it was.

"You must of got hit," I yelled.

"Hit? Hit! Hit!" he cried back. "Shot! Call the doctor! I leave the ranch to Jimca, and Buck, you take care of it for her and—"

"Just a golf ball," I hollered. "A cleek—"

"Oh!" yipped Boss Keith, and whirled toward Stevie MacReady, who was slinking behind the bunkhouse. "Oh!" Then he lowered his head like a wild cow and charged. "A gun, a gun!" he begged as he ran.

By that time Stevie was on the run, too. He had gathered up his golf clubs and they kind of slowed him up, but Tom Keith is too fat to imitate a coyote chasing rabbits. He knew it and stopped at last. His voice came out like a leaky callopie.

"Git! Git! If you ever come back, you blankety-blank-blank, I'll shoot you on sight. Shoot to kill, you long-legged blank!"

Boss Keith meant it. I knew he did. And young Stevie, loping through the creosote like a jack-rabbit, knew it. And so I judged it would be a long, long time, if ever, before the Terrapin Rancho saw Stevie MacReady again.

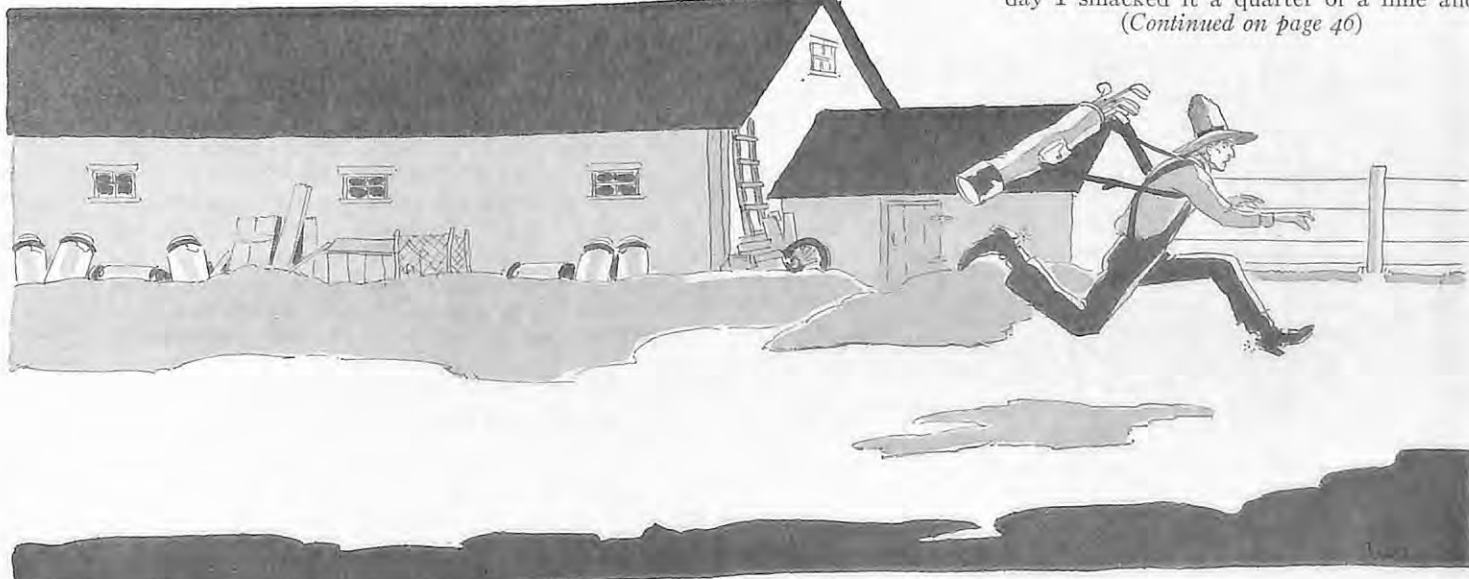
It was.

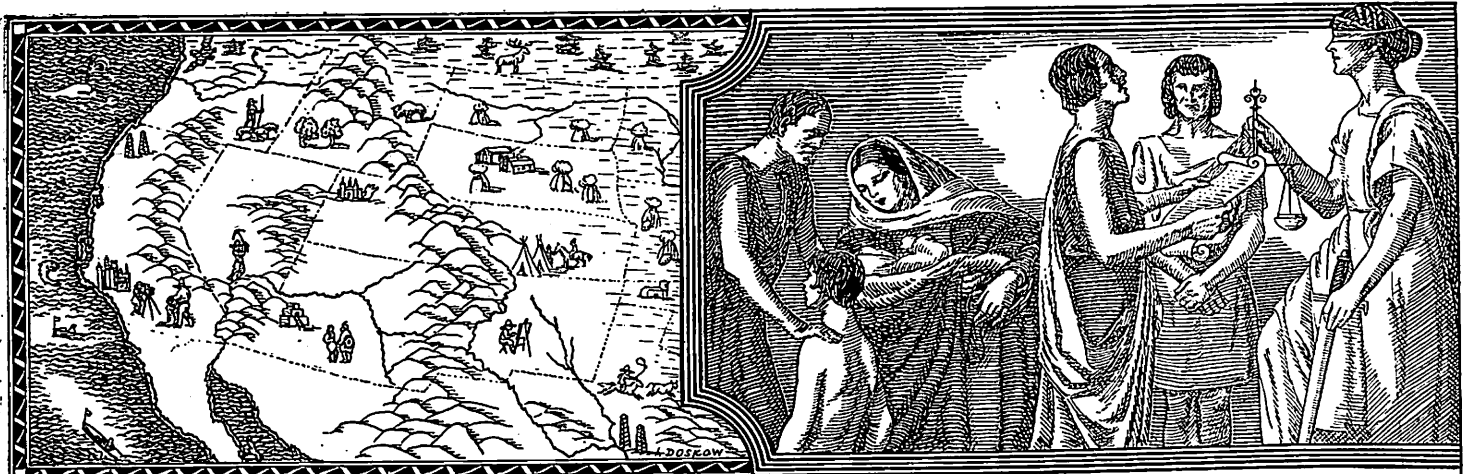
IV

THE atmosphere of the Terrapin Rancho was about as cheerful as a poker player who's just seen his four aces beaten. No champion to get funny about, no Stevie to kid—it sure was gosh-awful gloomy. And little Jimca Keith took it hardest.

When I saw her moping around the edge of Sagebrush Flat I went over and joined her, just to cheer her up. At first I hated to go, but after the first time I got curious to see if I ever *could* hit that golf ball. One day I smacked it a quarter of a mile and

(Continued on page 46)





## EDITORIAL

### MIAMI AND FLORIDA

IT IS doubtful if the Grand Lodge has ever convened in any city that displayed a keener interest in the event than has Miami. And this interest has been exhibited not only by the convention city but, in a very generous way, by the whole State of Florida.

The February number of the *Miamian*, a monthly publication issued by the Chamber of Commerce of Miami, is called the "Elks All-Florida Edition"; and its attractive contents justify the title. It is almost entirely devoted to expressions of pleasure and pride in the coming of the Elks in July, to assurances of welcome from the Governor and other high officials and from all the subordinate Lodges of the State, and to interesting information relating to the entertainment to be provided.

If the Convention to be held next month is not the biggest and best the Order has ever held, it will not be because the host city and Lodge have failed in every reasonable endeavor to make it so. Numerous Committees have been at work for months upon plans that are designed to insure the comfort, convenience and entertainment of all who attend. And it is hoped that a new record will be established.

The Convention itself promises to be one of unusual importance and interest. This fact and the fact that it will be the first one ever held so far South and under unique conditions, should attract a large attendance of the members. Florida is still the "land of enchantment." Miami is a real "magic city."

### TIME IS UP

SECTION 118 of the Grand Lodge Statutes specifically provides that all officers shall, within *thirty days* from their installation, memorize those portions of the ritual assigned to their respective stations. The fact that this duty is definitely imposed by positive enactment indicates the importance attached to it. And yet it is, unfortunately, more generally disregarded than any other statutory mandate.

The reason for this delinquency is that the

enforcement of the penalty prescribed, which is forfeiture of office, must be initiated by the formal demand of five members of the Lodge, and be perfected by a majority vote. It is, perhaps, natural that members should hesitate to apply the penal provisions of the statute. But it is to be regretted that they do not insist upon the complete observance of this particular official obligation, even to the extent of invoking the forfeiture.

Now that the period has elapsed within which they are required to do so, it is urged upon any new officers who are still in default, that they at once memorize their respective parts of the ritual. Time is up!

But, notwithstanding the emphasis laid upon committing the ritual to memory, this should not be done as a mere matter of rote, so that it may be rattled off parrot-like, without due regard to its proper rendition. The language should be carefully studied. It is full of significance and meaning that can be adequately presented only by an intelligent delivery. And this is possible only to one who himself understands and appreciates that significance.

One need not be a trained elocutionist to render the ritual impressively. He needs only to know the true meaning of the sentences and to recite them with dignity and earnestness and due deliberation, so as to clearly convey that meaning to his hearers. This is well within the capacity of every Lodge officer. It only remains for each one to recognize the obligation of his office and to prepare himself for its honest observance. And the members should see that he does this.

### TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

UPON the visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler to the Elks National Home at Bedford, on May 21st, in connection with the annual meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees, the occasion was made memorable and significant by an interesting celebration of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the establishment of the Home.

On May 21, 1903, the original National Home was dedicated with elaborate ceremonies, attended



by officials of the Order and many high civil dignitaries. It was the beginning of the realization of a dream long entertained by the membership, and the event attracted no little attention throughout the country.

The old converted hotel which was first placed in commission has disappeared. In its place there now stands a magnificent group of buildings which, in their architectural beauty and adaptability to their designed uses, are a source of pride to the whole Order. The limited grounds first acquired have been extended to include a splendid park and a dairy farm that are models of their kind.

The growth in the size and capacity of the Home has kept pace with the demands upon the Order for the accommodation of its membership; and this fact is naturally contemplated with great satisfaction. But the real feature that has been consistently maintained from its foundation, and which now marks its administration, is the total absence of institutionalism, and the preservation of the real home atmosphere.

Hundreds of our Brothers in the past quarter of a century have found there the haven which their hearts craved, the comforts which their bodies required, and the fraternal care which promoted their happiness and content.

Please God, other hundreds in the years to come will continue to find there all that fraternal affection and loyalty can provide for faithful brothers who seek its sanctuary. It is a bright jewel in the crown of service which the Order of Elks proudly wears.

#### OFFICIAL VISITS

IT IS provided by Grand Lodge Statute that it shall be the right and the duty of the Grand Exalted Ruler to visit any Lodge, whenever in his judgment such visits will promote the good of the Order. Under this provision it has grown to be a custom for the Chief Executive to visit officially as many of the subordinate Lodges during his term as is reasonably possible; for the very good reason that every such visit does most effectively promote the good of the Order.

There is perhaps no other fraternal organization whose executive head is received by its local units with such enthusiasm and acclaim.

The visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler is invariably made a fraternal event of first importance. The primary result is that the occasion brings the local membership together in larger numbers, and in a more definite fraternal association, than at any other time. This would itself justify all that is involved of time and convenience and expense; for every such gathering produces of itself a marked renewal of interest and loyalty.

But there are other important results that inevitably attend the official visitation. The Grand Exalted Ruler, as the recognized spokesman of the Order, one of experience and capacity, imbued with its ideals and trained in its service, not only gives to those in attendance a first hand, authoritative report of the Order's activities, its policies and its general condition, but also an inspirational message that arouses their enthusiasm and refires their zeal and devotion.

Frequently the occasion is one of a public nature, attended by important civic officials, in which event that information and message are given an even wider range of influence and effect. And it is a happy fact that no man has yet been chosen for the high position of Grand Exalted Ruler who has not, in such manner, added to the prestige of the Order and confirmed it in public esteem.

The attendant festivities and entertainment usually provided are merely incidental. They naturally make the experience more pleasurable for all concerned. But the serious purpose of every such visit is to promote the general welfare of the Order.

Grand Exalted Ruler Malley, and his immediate predecessor, have established enviable records, both as to the number of Lodges visited and as to the fine effect of their official contacts with the local memberships and the public generally. And it is to be hoped that succeeding Grand Exalted Rulers will strive to emulate their splendid example.

Without minimizing the importance of the many other duties that devolve upon that officer, and which demand so much of his time and such sacrifice of personal interests, it is, perhaps, by his official visits to the subordinate Lodges that he performs his most effective service to the Order at large.

# 1928 Grand Lodge Convention in Miami, Florida

## Bulletin No. 6

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

**Greetings!**

**WE FEEL** confident that before you read this bulletin you will have made your plans and secured your hotel reservation, which must be made with the Chairman of the Hotel Committee of the Elks National Convention. A \$5.00 deposit on each room is required; returnable, if necessary, up to June 20th.

Our General Program, we submit herewith, also our Trapshoot Program and Prize List.

We want every State Association to have a float in the big parade, and all Lodges that can do so. Our Committeeman on floats will send you design and cost of same, so as to have it ready on your arrival, provided you do not have a builder of your own. A Florida Historical Pageant will be featured in the big parade.

We have stressed our climate, our opportunities for a great reunion, the great importance of this Convention for constructive and far-reaching work for future years. Hence, of main interest now, is a program of details, contest regulations as to Bands, etc. Prize list for Bands as published in the April Bulletin should be referred to.

Your delegation will be escorted by Florida Bands immediately after arriving, to the Administration Building, where everyone must register, get his or her credentials, badges, passes, and tickets. This is very important. Your hotel reservation must be rechecked here and new ones made.

To be sure that you will not miss the great Religious Services in Bayfront Park, you should arrive not later than Sunday, July 8, before 8 P. M. The Grand Lodge activities begin Monday at 8 P. M. with the open public meeting. Don't fail to be here for this feature. There is a great week ahead for all Elks and friends—from July 8th to July 15th, there will be something doing all the time. Florida and its thirty Lodges are preparing as never before, to make your stay worthwhile during your sojourn in the State.

We are sending out personal letters to every trap-shooter who registered in past years. Get your Lodge and State teams organized and let us know that they are coming. Just think of it!—a 52-acre island, water, breeze, and sunshine—a little Paradise all by itself, ideally located for sportsmen, has been designated as the place.

**Program**

**I. Thursday, Friday, Saturday—July 5, 6, 7**  
A. Arrival of Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Grand Lodge Officers, Grand Lodge Committeemen, and District Deputies.

(Escort of each delegation by Florida Bands to Headquarters at McAllister Hotel.)

B. Registration of Delegates at McAllister Hotel.

C. Registration of Elks and Visitors at County and City Bldg.

D. Distribution of Badges, Tickets, etc., at County and City Building.

E. Hotel Reservations Assigned and Checked at County and City Building.

F. Special Fishing Parties for Grand Lodge Officers on Reef.

NOTE: Special entertainment for Grand Lodge Officers during these days and up to the afternoon of July 9.

**II. Sunday—July 8**

A. 10:00 A. M.—Religious Services in all Christian Churches and Synagogues.

Leading Elks of National Reputation Participating.

B. 8:00 P. M.—Community Religious Services in Bayfront Park.

NOTE: Daily bulletin to be delivered to each guest in his room at hotel about 11 P. M.

NOTE: One special edition of "Miami Herald" free to each guest.

**III. Monday—July 9**

A. Registration at McAllister and County and City Building.

B. Distribution of Badges, Tickets, etc.

C. 9:00 A. M.—Trapshoot at De Lido Island—Open to Elks and Non-Elks.

D. Hotel Reservations Assigned and Checked.

E. 4:00 P. M.—State Association Meeting Followed by Dinner at 6 P. M., 17th Floor of Columbus Hotel.

F. 8:00 P. M.—Opening of Public Session at Bayfront Park.

1. Address by Governor of Florida.

2. Address by Mayor of Miami.

3. Address by Exalted Ruler of Miami Lodge No. 948.

4. Reply by Grand Exalted Ruler.

(Appropriate music for this feature.)

**IV. Tuesday—July 10**

A. Registration, etc., as on Previous Days.

B. 9:00 A. M.—Trapshoot at De Lido Island.

C. 10:00 A. M.—Grand Lodge Session.

D. 10:00 A. M.—Redlands and Country Free Tours.

E. 2:00 P. M.—Golf Tournament at Hialeah.

F. 2:00 P. M.—Drill Team Contest in Bayfront Park.

G. 4:00 P. M.—Ritualistic Contest for Miami Lodge Trophy.

H. 9:00 P. M.—Retiring Grand Exalted Ruler's Ball at Coral Gables Country Club.

NOTE: Dancing at all hotels and cabarets. Bathing daily at pools and in ocean. Bathing suits furnished free.

**V. Wednesday—July 11—"Miami Beach Day"**

A. Registration as per Previous Days.

B. 9:00 A. M.—Grand Lodge Session.

C. 9:00 A. M.—Redlands and Country Tours Continued.

D. 9:00 A. M.—Trapshoot at De Lido Island (Final).

E. 11:00 A. M.—Memorial Session of Grand Lodge.

F. 11:00 A. M.—Golf Tournament at Miami Beach (Final).

G. 2:00 P. M.—Band Contest in Bayfront Park, or at night.

H. 8:00 P. M.—Carnival and Dancing at Miami Beach.

I. 12:00 Midnight—Midnight Bathing at Miami Beach.

J. 12:00 Midnight—Fireworks at Miami Beach.

NOTE: All golf links free to visitors.

**VI. Thursday—July 12—"Coral Gables Day"**

A. 9:00 A. M.—Grand Lodge Session.

B. 12:00 Noon—Luncheon at Coral Gables Country Club.

C. 4:00-4:30 P. M.—Entertainment of Grand Lodge Officers at Hialeah Country Club.

D. 4:30 P. M.—Grand Parade in Miami.

E. 10:00 P. M.—Fireworks at Miami Bayfront from Barges.

F. 11:00 P. M.—Dancing at all Hotels and Cabarets.

**VII. Friday—July 13**

A. 10:00 A. M.—Awarding of Trophies and Prizes.

B. 10:00 A. M.—Havana Tours (First Section).

C. 10:00 A. M.—All Florida Tours (First Section).

(These continuing until Sunday night).

NOTE: Street dancing every night in Bayfront Park.

NOTE: All delegates to be met at trains and boats by Florida Bands.

**Elks National Trapshoot**

**REGISTRATION CERTIFICATE**

Vandalia, Ohio,

April 23, 1928.

THIS CERTIFIES: That the Ta-Miami Gun Club has been authorized to hold a registered shoot at Miami, Florida, for the Elks National Trapshoot on July 9, 10, 11, 1928. The Amateur Trapshooting Association Rules will govern this shoot and the scores will be included in the official records.

THE AMATEUR TRAPSHOOTING ASSOCIATION,  
HORACE BONSER, *Manager*.

1. A. T. A. Rules will govern. Shooting begins at 9:00 o'clock each day.
2. Targets will be charged for at the rate of Three Cents (3c) each, which will be included in the entrance fee.
3. All standard loads will be for sale on the grounds at \$1.10 per box.
4. Shooting for targets only will be permitted, and those so shooting will be eligible to win any trophy offered.
5. All ties in single targets will be shot off in strings of 25 targets. All ties on double targets will be shot off 12 pairs. All ties shot off same day unless otherwise arranged.
6. Mr. R. W. Norris of the Western Cartridge Company will cashier this shoot, which insures that this shoot will be properly cashiered.
7. Every event in this shoot will be registered.
8. The A. T. A. registration fee is listed on the first event of each day's program. Those not shooting in this event but entering later in the day are required to pay the daily \$.50 A. T. A. registration fee.
9. The Management reserves the right to refuse any entry.
10. Practice Monday, July 9, at 2:00 P. M.
11. Western Traps and White Flyer Targets will be used throughout this tournament.

**I. First Day, Monday, July 9, 1928**

Open to anyone, Elks or Non-Elks, similar to Tuesday as to events, targets, etc.

**II. Second Day, Tuesday, July 10, 1928—150 16-Yard Targets**

FOR ELKS EXCLUSIVELY			
Events	Targets	Entrance	Added Money
1	25	\$ 3.75	\$ 50.00
2	25	3.75	50.00
3	25	3.75	50.00
4	25	3.75	50.00
5	25	3.75	50.00
6	25	3.75	50.00
A. T. A. Registration Fee		.50	
A. T. A. Card		1.00	
6	150	\$24.00	\$300.00

**A. Twenty-five Pairs Doubles**

1	10 PRS.	\$3.75	\$ 50.00
2	15 PRS.	3.75	50.00
2	25 PRS.	\$7.50	\$100.00

**B. Handicap 16 to 25 Yards 50 Targets**

1	25	\$3.75	\$ 50.00
2	25	3.75	50.00
2	50	\$7.50	\$100.00

(Continued on page 74)

# Grand Exalted Ruler in the East and Mid-West

## *Mr. Malley Will Have Visited Every State in the Union*

**G**RAND Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, before leaving Boston on April 24 for another tour of visitations to Mid-Western Lodges, was the guest of a number of New England and New Jersey Lodges at functions arranged in his honor. After attending, on April 9, the annual banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler given in the Home of Boston Lodge by the Massachusetts State Elks Association, which is reported elsewhere in this magazine, Mr. Malley was the guest the next evening of Lynn, Mass., Lodge. Here nearly 500 Elks and their friends were on hand to greet Mr. Malley at the banquet and entertainment in Pythian Castle. Exalted Ruler William H. Bigelow presented, as toastmaster, Past Exalted Ruler Frederick E. Shaw, who introduced Mayor Ralph S. Bauer; E. Mark Sullivan, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Martin J. Cunningham, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and other distinguished guests. The Grand Exalted Ruler's own speech was received with thunderous applause. On the following evening Mr. Malley attended the installation of officers at Winthrop, Mass., Lodge. Again some 500 enthusiastic Elks gave him a tumultuous welcome on his arrival at the Home. Following the installation ceremony, conducted by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Hugh J. McNeil, assisted by an honorary suite of more than 100 Past District Deputies, Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers, a number of addresses were made, the speakers including, besides the Grand Exalted Ruler, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Thomas E. McCaffrey and Thomas J. Brady; S. John Connolly, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, and Daniel J. Honan, the newly installed Exalted Ruler. At the conclusion of the meeting a supper was served in the banquet hall, followed by an entertainment.

Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge was visited on April 12, where the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at a banquet in the Lodge Home. Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney and President Henry A. Guenther of the New Jersey State Elks Association, were among the many distinguished New Jersey Elks who were present. Following the dinner an excellent entertainment was put on, in which professionals vied with amateurs from New Jersey Lodges.

Newark Lodge was the next to be visited and here a thousand members had come together to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler on the forty-fifth anniversary of the founding of their Lodge. Before attending the regular meeting Mr. Malley was the guest of the officers at a dinner in one of the beautiful private dining rooms of the Home. After dinner Mr. Malley was escorted into the Lodge room by a delegation of officers and past officers of the New Jersey State Elks Association, and Past Exalted Rulers of Newark Lodge. Exalted Ruler Mervin G. Weiner, after an address of welcome, turned the meeting over to Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney, who introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler. Following Mr. Malley's speech there was an hour or more of entertainment, after which a buffet supper was served in the dining-room.

**O**N THE next day, April 14, Mr. Malley, accompanied by Mr. Mooney and President Henry A. Guenther, of the State Elks Association, was met at Lawrenceville, N. J., by a detachment of motor-cycle police and a committee from Trenton Lodge, under the chairmanship of Phillip S. Vine, which included former Governor E. C. Stokes, Senator A. Crozer Reeves, Mayor F. W. Donnelly, and many other distinguished citizens. After visiting points of historical interest around Trenton, the guests attended a dinner at the Hotel Windsor, followed by a reception and meeting in the Lodge Home. Here Mr. Malley, in his address, spoke particularly of the fine work done by Trenton and other New Jersey Lodges for the crippled children of the State, and paid tribute to the energy of Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the State Elks Association.

At Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, his next stop, the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed, at two meetings, more than 7,000 members and friends of the Lodge. Escorted to Philadelphia from Trenton by Exalted Ruler George H. Wobensmith, Mr. Malley and Mr. Donnelly arrived after midnight, where an audience of several thousand persons had awaited the head of the Order in the Lodge Home. On Sunday, April 15, the visitors were taken to points of interest about the city by Mr. Wobensmith, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow and Past Exalted Ruler Henry J. A. Newton. In the evening the officers and committee chairmen of the Lodge gave a dinner for the Grand Exalted Ruler, after which Mr. Malley addressed another huge audience in the ballroom. Leaving Philadelphia that night, the visitors' next host was Providence, R. I., Lodge, where a banquet at the Biltmore Hotel and a meeting in the Home of the Lodge brought together a large and distinguished group. In addition to many prominent officers of the Order, there were present at the dinner many men well known in the public life of the State, including Governor Norman S. Case, Mayor James E. Dunne of Providence, and former Governor William S. Flynn. The meeting in the Home which followed the dinner included a concert, and an exhibition drill by the Lodge team, which had acted as a guard of honor to Mr. Malley.

Springfield, Mass., the Grand Exalted Ruler's Home Lodge, received Mr. Malley the next evening at an elaborate banquet and entertainment which was attended by hundreds of members of Springfield and other New England Lodges. A unique feature of the dinner was the form of the speakers' table, on the deck of the good ship "Miami-61." Protected on the "seaward" side by gunwales, the table was set against a background of the superstructure of the ship, with cabin ports agleam, and, above them, the ship's signal flags, strung from bow to stern. A uniformed detail from the U. S. Naval Reserve, acting as escort of honor, the sea-going togs of the orchestra and the resplendent blue and gold of the master of ceremonies, carried out the salt-water idea. An excellent entertainment and a stirring talk by Mr. Malley were other high-lights of the evening.

**T**HE next visit was to Lowell, Mass., Lodge, where the Grand Exalted Ruler attended the banquet which was the closing event of the Lodge's fortieth anniversary celebration. Lowell is the home Lodge of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James E. Donnelly, Mr. Malley's traveling companion, and he was given a rousing welcome. Mr. Malley held a brief reception before the dinner was served in the Home, at which he met many hundred Elks who had gathered to do him honor. The speaking program, on which were the names of some of the State's most distinguished citizens, was interspersed with entertainment numbers. Among the speakers, in addition to Mr. Malley, were Exalted Ruler Moynahan; Hon. Wellington Wells, who represented the Governor; Mayor Corbett, Hon. James E. O'Donnell, toastmaster, and many nationally known Elks.

At Manchester, N. H., three days later, the Lodges of the State held a joint gathering in Mr. Malley's honor. Some 700 Elks were on hand to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler, including Governor Huntley N. Spaulding; Secretary of State Hobart Pillsbury, and Mayor Moreau of Manchester. The reception and banquet, held in the Masonic Temple, were followed by speeches and entertainment numbers. Again the lists of guests and speakers included many of the best known names in New England. At Fitchburg, Mass., the following night, April 23, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended the twenty-fifth anniversary celebration of Fitchburg Lodge. Here 500 Elks partook of a birthday dinner served in City Hall, which was one of the great events of the Lodge history. A rollicking entertainment by a cast of Fitchburg members, and speeches by Exalted Ruler

Thornton K. Ware; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers I. W. Smith and Thomas J. Brady; President James R. Flanagan of the Massachusetts State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. A. K. Boom, who instituted the Lodge, and other prominent Elks and citizens, marked the evening.

**L**EAVING Boston on April 24, on his trip to Mid-Western and Southern Lodges, Mr. Malley made two visits in New York State, the first to Albany Lodge and the other to Buffalo Lodge. In the New York capital the Grand Exalted Ruler was entertained at a dinner in the Lodge Home at which were representatives of all the Lodges of the district. Later the visitors were escorted to the Lodge room, where Mr. Malley addressed a capacity meeting. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter A. Buchheim was Chairman of the Reception Committee which met the guests. From Albany the Grand Exalted Ruler journeyed to Buffalo, where he was greeted by members of the Lodge there. A meeting, which was preceded by a banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler, was participated in by representatives from many surrounding Lodges. Exalted Ruler John H. Burns welcomed the guests to Buffalo Lodge, while Mayor Frank X. Schwab greeted them in behalf of the city, and among the other speakers was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Cassar R. Adams. Following an impressive meeting at which Mr. Malley delivered one of his characteristic addresses, there was a reception for him at the Home, where he met visiting members from Lodges in Rochester, Lockport, Jamestown, Niagara Falls, Olean, North Tonawanda, Medina, Dunkirk, Batavia, Albion, Salamanca and Lancaster. Later there was a special musical and vaudeville entertainment. While in Buffalo the Grand Exalted Ruler inspected the magnificent new Home of Buffalo Lodge, which he classed as one of the finest in the Order. At Cleveland, Ohio, the next stop, Mr. Malley was met at the station by a committee of officers and Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, including Exalted Ruler V. J. Sanner and Secretary William F. Bruning. After being established in their hotel the visitors were taken on a drive through the city. A reception and banquet at the Hotel Hollenden in his honor preceded Mr. Malley's address to Cleveland Lodge. Other speakers included Judge John L. Sullivan; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William E. Cunningham; Past District Deputy Blake C. Cook, and Past Grand Esquire Colonel Robert L. Queisser. Stopping off at Toledo for a luncheon meeting at the Home of Toledo Lodge, presided over by Exalted Ruler J. Irvin O'Connor, at which Past Grand Exalted Ruler W. W. Mountain was also a guest, Mr. Malley aroused great enthusiasm with his address to the members. Leaving immediately after lunch, he entrained for Detroit, Mich.

**H**ERE the visitors were first escorted to their hotel and then, preceded by the championship band of Detroit Lodge, to the Home, which had been magnificently decorated, inside and out, for the occasion. A banquet and entertainment were the features of the evening. At the dinner Exalted Ruler Burt P. White introduced as toastmaster Judge Charles L. Bartlett, who presented the Grand Exalted Ruler to the members. Among the other notable guests of the occasion were Past Grand Exalted Ruler W. W. Mountain and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred S. Howard.

At Lansing, on Saturday, April 28, Mr. Malley was the guest of honor at a luncheon at the Hotel Olds, at which Governor Fred W. Green was among the speakers. An afternoon meeting and initiation, followed by a reception, filled the remainder of the Grand Exalted Ruler's stay in the city, after which he left for a joint evening meeting of Bay City and Saginaw

(Continued on page 79)



Norwalk, Ohio,  
Lodge, No. 730,  
cordially invites  
traveling Elks to  
visit this beautiful  
Home situated in  
the heart of the city

# Under the Spreading Antlers

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

### Florida State Elks Association Convenes in Orlando

THE annual convention of the Florida State Elks Association was held at Orlando, under the auspices of Orlando Lodge, No. 1079. More than 1,000 Elks and members of their families, including delegates from twenty-four of the twenty-eight associated Lodges, attended the meeting and enjoyed the two-day program of sports, entertainment and business arranged by their hosts. Golf, swimming, card and theatre parties, receptions, sight-seeing tours, and a grand ball made the occasion a pleasant one for the visitors, while the business sessions were productive of many interesting reports and plans for the future. The Social and Community Welfare Committee, reporting an expenditure during the past year of \$30,000, was charged with the duty of determining an objective to be given concerted support by the Lodges. This will be either an educational endowment fund or an orphanage.

New officers elected are: President, L. F. McCready; Vice-President, W. A. Joughin; Secretary, Harold Colee; Treasurer, Henry Pollitz; Executive Committeeman, five-year term, Curtis Lindstrom. In the contests Tampa Lodge, No. 708, won the officers attendance cup and Cocoa, No. 1532, won the ritualistic trophy, with St. Petersburg, No. 1224, a close second.

The meeting was attended by a number of Grand Lodge officers, including Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight David Sholtz; Grand Esquire Lloyd Maxwell, and Louie Forman, of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee.

The enthusiasm shown by visitors and delegates was great and promises a most active year for Florida Elks.

### Cambridge, Mass., Lodge Holds Silver Jubilee Banquet

Celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, No. 839, some 500 members sat down at the banquet in the Copley-Plaza Hotel, in Boston. Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley was the guest of honor of the occasion and delivered a masterly address, which was received with the utmost enthusiasm. Other speakers included Mayor Quinn, who praised the Lodge for its program of unostentatious welfare work; Past Exalted Ruler John E. Dwyer, Chairman; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George F. McKellegett, Toastmaster; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas J. Brady and several Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge. The evening included an impressive ceremony during which Exalted Ruler Henry J. Conroy presented life

memberships to the twenty-five charter members of No. 839.

### Idaho Falls, Idaho, Lodge to Open New Home with Celebration

Delegations from many Lodges in the State will be present at the two-day ceremonies and celebration which will mark the opening of Idaho Falls, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1087's new \$200,000 Home on June 18-19. The various visiting Lodges will also participate in the Idaho State Elks Association meeting which takes place at this time.

### Big Minstrel Show Marks Anniversary of Kelso, Wash., Lodge

In celebration of its fifth birthday, Kelso, Wash., Lodge, No. 1487, recently staged a minstrel and vaudeville show at the Vogue Theatre which played to capacity houses on each of the three nights of its performance and netted a large sum for the charity fund. Since the installation of Kelso Lodge, its charity work has been varied and extensive, notably in its campaign on behalf of crippled children. Most of the proceeds from the minstrel show will be devoted to this work.

### Aurora, Ill., Lodge Conducts Successful Membership Campaign

Charting the city, and organizing its teams with the greatest care, Aurora, Ill., Lodge, No. 705, recently carried out a most successful selective membership campaign. Each week during the month there was a dinner for the committee and the teams at which a prominent Elk addressed the workers on the ideals of the Order, and at the close of the campaign there was a banquet at which every member who had secured an application was an invited guest. The effort was successful in every way, some 200 applications being received, and it is now planned to hold two such campaigns each year.

### Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge Initiates Record Class of Candidates

The "Francis Sheehan Memorial Class" of 115 candidates, named in honor of the late Exalted Ruler whose untimely death occurred in January, was recently initiated by the officers of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 346, at a meeting held in the Gorge Terminal Theatre. The meeting was one of the most largely attended in the history of No. 346, with more than fifteen Lodges represented and many past and active subordinate Lodge officers present. Following

the ceremonies a banquet was served the newly made Elks in the Gorge Terminal Theatre cafeteria, while lunch was provided for the other members in the Lodge's temporary quarters.

### Seattle, Wash., Lodge to Hold Water Circus for Charity

To raise funds for the projected Crippled Children's Home at Lake Ballinger, Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, will stage a water circus at Green Lake for ten days, beginning June 6. The show will consist of the disappearing water ballet, for many years a New York Hippodrome feature, fancy diving, acrobatics and ten big circus acts. It is confidently predicted that close to \$20,000 will be raised as Seattle Lodge's contribution to the fund.

### Approval Given to Building Plans of Logan, W. Va., Lodge

The Board of Grand Trustees and the Grand Exalted Ruler have approved the application of Logan, W. Va., Lodge, No. 1391, to build a new Home. It will be a two-story brick building with club rooms on the first floor and Lodge room on the second. The estimated cost of the building is \$25,000.

### Past Exalted Ruler of Zanesville, O., Lodge Installs Son as Presiding Officer

An unusual feature of the installation of the new officers of Zanesville, Ohio, Lodge No. 114, was the induction into the office of Exalted Ruler of Fred L. Bohn by his father, Past Exalted Ruler F. A. Bohn. The senior Bohn presided over the Lodge sixteen years ago, and this was the first time in the history of No. 114 that a father had charged his son with the duties of the highest Lodge office.

### Midnight Minstrel Show Produced By Jersey City, N. J., Lodge

An elaborate minstrel and revue "The Good Ship 211," produced in the State Theatre as a midnight show by Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, was one of the most successful affairs ever put on in the community. Every number on the two and a half hour program was received with enthusiastic and spontaneous applause by the audience of 2,500 Elks and their friends.

For the benefit of ticket holders the committee in charge of the show arranged for dancing in the Lodge room, and on the roof of the Home, from 8 P. M. to 11:30, on the night of the performance. That this double program

was appreciated by the members and their friends was evidenced by the large numbers who were present on the dance floors during the earlier hours of the evening.

### Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge Enjoys Successful First Year

Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge, No. 1530, closed its first year of existence with a fine record of fraternal and charitable activities. Fifty-two regular and four special meetings were held, and fifty new members were initiated. More than \$3,000 was spent in social and community welfare work, and this despite the fact that a considerable sum was tied up by the temporary closing of a bank. One of the first events of the new Lodge year for No. 1530 was the initiation, at Boca Raton, of a large class of candidates, and the members are looking forward to a period of even greater growth and activity.

### Rochester, N. Y., Lodge in Many Welfare Activities

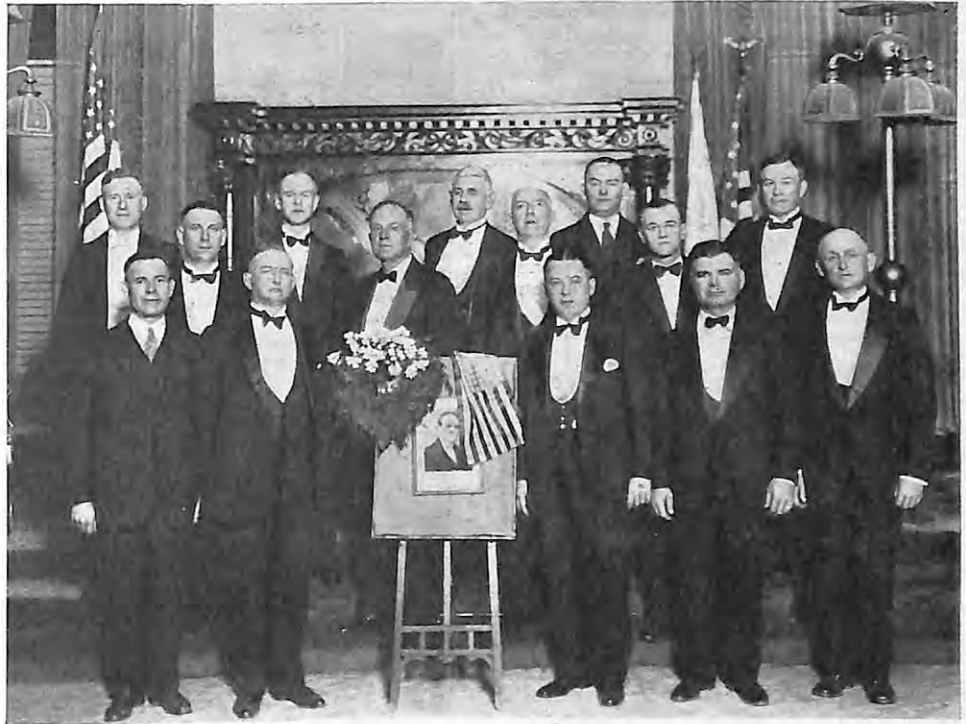
The report of the Crippled Children's and Community Welfare Committee of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, for the year just closed, shows a widespread and varied activity. Concerts and entertainments at many hospitals and Homes; theatre parties for crippled children and a dinner and entertainment for the blind of Monroe County; outings and visits to the crippled children's school and the General Hospital, when gifts were distributed; and many thoughtful acts of assistance in individual cases of distress, were some of the good work of this active committee. In addition, since January, 1928, weekly clinics for the crippled youngsters of the community have been held at the Lodge Home. More than 1100 cases have been treated at these clinics, and many cures, as well as much partial relief, have been effected. The work of the clinics was greatly aided by gifts, ranging from \$10 to \$1,200, made by individual members. The report shows a total of slightly more than \$4,000 spent for welfare work of all kinds during the year.

### Washington State Elks Association Meets In Spokane This Month

On June 21, 22 and 23, Spokane, Wash., Lodge, No. 228, will be host to some 2,000 Elks and members of their families, gathered for the annual convention of the Washington State Elks Association. Plans are now completed to open the session with a gigantic picnic at Natatorium Park, while the program of entertainment and activity includes band and bugle and drum corps contests, special affairs for the women visitors, and a parade that promises to eclipse any former event of the kind held in Spokane.

### Report of the Crippled Children's Committee of Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge

The report for the year ended in April, of the Crippled Children's Committee of Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 128, shows disbursements on behalf of the little wards of No. 128 of approximately \$6,000. Below is a statistical report of the various forms of assistance ren-



This unusual group shows all the Past Exalted Rulers of Modesto, Calif., Lodge, No. 1282

dered the unfortunate youngsters. The clinic is maintained in the Home of the Lodge, where a registered nurse and registered masseur are in daily attendance.

Number of cases handled, 145; Cases active on list, 52; New cases received during the year, 15; Number of cases discharged as remedied removed, hopeless, or placed on inactive list, totals to date, 93; Examinations made by physicians, 78; Operations performed 10; Cases receiving clinic treatment during the year, 13; Receiving treatment at close of year, 10; Massage treatments given in clinic, 955; Now receiving medical treatment in hospitals, 5; X-Rays made, 8; Cases in casts or plaster jackets, 6; Braces furnished, including supports and cork heels, 16; Braces repaired, 10; Crutches and wheel chairs supplied, 5; Visits to homes by nurse, 282.

### Widespread Activity Marks Year's Report of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge

The report of the past year read by Past Exalted Ruler J. T. Pence to the membership of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, shows a wide range of activity, a high character of work achieved and a flourishing condition in all departments. The charity program reached its highest peak so far, some \$23,000 having been disbursed for needy causes, while the work with underprivileged children has set a new record mark. The Lodge's receipts from various sources amount to \$75,000. Permanent improvements have been made in the Home at an expenditure of \$7,500, and more are being planned. One hundred and nine new members have been initiated and thirty-four have come

in through affiliation and reinstatement. No. 85 has been an active force in business, social, civic, patriotic and fraternal programs. Memorial Day, Mother's Day, Flag Day, Purple Day, the State reunion and the visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler were a few of the outstanding events in the Lodge year, and side by side with these ran the usual varied range of Elk charities and celebrations.

### Elkhart, Ind., Lodge Holds Homecoming Party

Celebrating the twentieth anniversary of the dedication of its Home with a homecoming party a short time ago Elkhart, Ind., Lodge, No. 425, enjoyed one of the pleasantest affairs of recent years. Some 250 members, many from out of town, and a number of them of twenty and more years standing, gathered in the Home for a banquet and entertainment. The first speaker of the evening was Past Exalted Ruler James A. Bell, who presided over the Lodge twenty years ago and to whom credit is given for the construction of the comfortable Home. He was followed by other old-timers of the Lodge, officers and younger members.

### Sightless Veteran Installed as Officer of Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge

Although the limitations of space in these columns as a rule prohibit our publishing details of the installation of officers in subordinate Lodges, we believe that news of the election of a sightless veteran of the World War to the office of Esteemed Lecturing Knight in Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge, No. 31, will interest Elks everywhere. George M. Calvert, was blinded in battle. On his return to civil life, suffering from this greatest of handicaps, he displayed the same gallant courage that had won for him honor after honor in France. He has become an expert in his chosen work, he mingles, unhampered, with his fellows, and is one of the most enthusiastic and hard-working members of No. 31. It was an impressive and deeply moving moment when, standing before the flag-draped altar, George Calvert was inducted into office, and there was not a member in the crowded Lodge room who remained unaffected by the significance of the occasion.

### Lodge of Antlers Instituted by San Fernando, Calif., Lodge

With elaborate ceremony a Lodge of Antlers was recently instituted in the Home of San Fernando, Calif., Lodge, No. 1539, with Pasadena Lodge, Order of Antlers, No. 21, in charge



This comfortable and homelike building houses Sarasota, Fla., Lodge, No. 1519

of the services. The Pasadena Antlers presented the new junior Lodge with a sword and a bronze tablet of the eleven o'clock toast to mother. Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, presented them with a Bible, and San Fernando Lodge made them a gift of an American flag. Following the institution a program of entertainment, a social hour and refreshments were enjoyed by the large gathering.

Under the auspices of San Fernando Lodge weekly programs of music are given for the patients of Olive View Sanitarium by Mr. E. C. Killberg, tenor, and Miss Frances Rogers, piano accompanist. These two entertainers have brought untold cheer to the patients and the work has made a deep impression on the community.

### **Shawnee, Okla., Lodge Will Open New Country Club in June**

Work on the new country club of Shawnee, Okla., Lodge, No. 657, is showing marked progress, and it is planned to hold the opening early in June. Nine holes of the eighteen-hole golf course are ready for playing, while the swimming pool, bathhouse and temporary clubhouse are rapidly nearing completion. A dam constructed at a strategic point has formed an artificial lake which is now well-stocked with game fish. Rustic bridges, tennis courts, croquet grounds, sand piles, swings and picnic tables are listed on the committee's plans. As soon as it is deemed advisable a permanent club-house will be built at a cost of \$50,000.

### **Goldfield, Nev., Lodge Rapidly Clearing Its Home of Debt**

Three years ago the splendid stone Home of Goldfield, Nev., Lodge, No. 1072, was destroyed by fire. At once work was started on a new \$40,000 building on which the indebtedness, when it was completed, was \$15,000. To-day that encumbrance is but \$3,000. This reduction has been accomplished by the efforts of the Lodge, without any assessments upon the members, and over a period when No. 1072's annual charitable and welfare expenditures amounted to some \$1,500. This is a fine record that bespeaks soundness and enthusiasm in the conduct of Lodge affairs.

### **Richmond, Calif., Lodge's Boy Scout Troop is Progressing Rapidly**

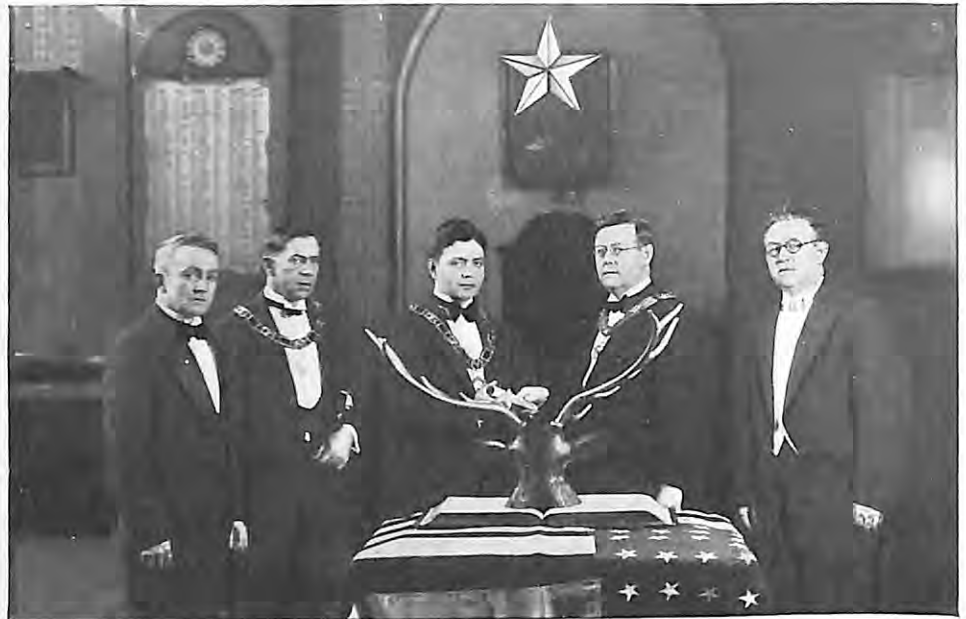
The Boy Scout Troop sponsored by Richmond, Calif., Lodge, No. 1251, is reported in a healthy condition and is making excellent progress under the direction of George Shaw. The troop, formed in the Lodge room of the Home in February, has increased from twenty to twenty-six lads and is in the midst of its second class work. Outdoor lessons are held to teach the boys judgment of distance, direction and time, as well as instruction in handicraft and the development of their physical well-being. One night a week is devoted to indoor classes, when they are taught boxing, games and the many varied activities taken up in the scout manual.

### **Bowling Clubs of Passaic, N. J., Lodge Hold Annual Dinner**

Some eighty players of the International Bowling League of Passaic, N. J., Lodge, No. 387, were present at their annual dinner held a short time ago in the Lodge Home. The prizes for the season were awarded, the first, a silver loving cup, going to the Slavic team, while the Hollanders took the second. The high game score was won by the Italians. The cash awards made to these three teams were generously turned over to the Elks Orthopedic Fund. Following the dinner there were speeches and a general jollification.

### **Party of Sacramento, Calif., Elks On Cruise to Hawaii**

A party of seventy, made up of Elks of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, and members of their families, recently enjoyed a delightful cruise to Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. Sailing from San Francisco on the *S. S. Manoa*, the travelers, on their arrival at Honolulu, were greeted by a delegation from Honolulu Lodge,



*Exalted Ruler Lot F. McNamara of Haverhill, Mass., Lodge, No. 165, is installed by his brother, P. E. R. Raymond V. McNamara. The others are J. E. McNamara; V. G. Gallison, P. E. R., and G. F. McNamara. The McNamaras are all brothers*

No. 616. Days of swimming, sight-seeing and shopping followed, with Honolulu members several times acting as hosts to the visitors from the mainland. On the occasion of the regular meeting of No. 616, the members of No. 6 were formally received in the Lodge room with a heart-warming speech by Exalted Ruler H. R. Auerbach. Exalted Ruler Chester F. Gannon replied for the visitors, and on their behalf presented Honolulu Lodge with a beautiful silk flag.

### **Braddock, Pa., Lodge Again Produces "Juvenile Follies"**

Braddock, Pa., Lodge, No. 883, produced its seventh annual "Juvenile Follies" a short time ago at Carnegie Music Hall. Maintaining their enviable record of never having played to an empty seat, the youngsters of the Lodge's children's dancing class, who compose the cast of the show, gave a splendid performance. More than seventy acts of dancing, singing, pantomime, and sketches and comedy numbers made up the fast moving program. The entire net return from the production was turned over to the Lodge's charity fund, which, in the past few months, has been subject to extraordinary demands.

### **A Warning to All Lodge Secretaries**

M. B. Wilson, Secretary of Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 333, advises THE ELKS MAGAZINE that George N. Blair, a member of No. 333, suspended for non-payment of dues, has cashed several worthless checks at other Lodges. Blair's record was investigated and at the time of writing it had been decided to expel him from the Order. All Secretaries are warned to be on the lookout for him.

### **Ashland, Ore., Lodge Celebrates Its Twenty-third Anniversary**

The twenty-third anniversary of Ashland, Ore., Lodge, No. 944, was attended by some 300 members and their families. Starting at 7 o'clock with a banquet, at which a brief history of No. 944 was read by the secretary, the evening was replete with a variety of features. An old-time dance was conducted in the social room; the radio room and the room given over to continuous motion pictures drew their share of devotees; while the main feature of the evening was the grand ball held in the beautifully decorated Lodge room.

Ashland Lodge recently has made two fraternal visits to Medford, Ore., Lodge, No. 1168, conducting the initiatory ceremony on the first, and providing an excellent entertainment for their hosts on the second occasion.

### **Victor, Colo., Lodge Holds Large Initiation**

One of the most largely attended sessions of the past year of Victor, Colo., Lodge, No. 367, was on the occasion of the recent dinner, entertainment and initiation held in the Home. At 6:30 the members and guests sat down to an abundant repast which was enlivened throughout by a program of vocal and instrumental numbers. At the Lodge session thirty-one candidates were introduced and initiated by Exalted Ruler J. E. Wycoff and the officers, who exemplified the ritual with impressive dignity. A social session, following, rounded out the interesting evening.

### **Report of Crippled Children's Committee of Rahway, N. J., Lodge**

The year's report of the Crippled Children's Committee of Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075, shows a remarkable amount of fine work done. Aside from the annual outings and Christmas exercises arranged for the children, the clinic, under the directorship of Dr. Albee, has performed ten operations, all successful, besides administering medical aid to many other little sufferers. At this date the clinic has sixteen cases awaiting examination, and two under advisement for operations.

### **Manistique, Mich., Lodge Has Enjoyed an Active Social Year**

Members of Manistique, Mich., Lodge, No. 632, have just completed one of their most enjoyable years. Many delightful social and fraternal events have been indulged in, notable among them being a number of joint meetings with Escanaba, Mich., Lodge, No. 354. Members of the two Lodges engaged in bowling and golf matches, picnics and fraternal visits to each other's Homes. The official visitation of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Norman D. Sterrett to Manistique Lodge was the occasion of a particularly fine meeting.

### **Illinois Northwest Lodges Hold A District Initiation**

Under the direction of Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Louis Pitcher, Chairman of the Northwest District Inter-Lodge Relations Committee of the Illinois State Elks Association, a district initiation was held some time ago in the Home of Dixon Lodge, No. 779. A parade of members and candidates, headed by the forty-piece drum and bugle corps of Mendota Lodge, No. 1212, opened the festivities. A banquet in the Home of Dixon Lodge followed, at the conclusion of which the ceremony of initiation took place. The degree was conferred on the candi-



dates by an all-star team made up of the officers of the district having the highest standing in the ritualistic contests for the White Trophy. Distinguished members of the Order in attendance included District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers H. C. Warner and N. H. Millard; Eugene W. Welch, Past President of the Illinois State Elks Association, and Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodges of the district. Thomas J. Welch, Past Exalted Ruler of Kewanee Lodge, No. 724, made the address to the candidates.

#### **Newark, N. J., Lodge Gives Banquet For District Deputy Kelly**

A testimonial dinner attended by some 350 members, visiting Elks and prominent past and active officers of the Order was recently given for District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Kelly in the Home of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21. The District Deputy was accompanied by a record turnout of members from his Home Lodge, East Orange, N. J., No. 630. At the banquet which was served in the spacious Lodge room of the Home, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas Macksey presided as toastmaster, introducing early on the list of speakers Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price and the Hon. Murray Hulbert, Past Justice of the Grand Forum. Mr. Price's speech in praise of Mr. Kelly included a glowing tribute to New Jersey Elks and to the work of the State Association on behalf of crippled children; Mr. Hulbert added his meed of praise for Mr. Kelly's impressive record of work along humanitarian lines. The District Deputy was then presented with a beautiful chased silver fruitidor as a memento of the occasion. Among the guests at the speakers' table were Richard P. Rooney, of the Board of Grand Trustees; John H. Cose, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; Henry A. Guenther and Daniel J. Kerns, President and Past President respectively, of the New Jersey State Elks Association; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Garfield Pancoast and Raymond J. Newman.

#### **Tampa, Fla., Lodge Sponsors Erection Of New Building at Children's Home**

With characteristic generosity and dispatch Tampa, Fla., Lodge, No. 708, undertook to sponsor the erection of a new building at the Children's Home as soon as need for it was apparent. The project includes the raising of some \$5,000.

The present Children's Home in Tampa owes its existence to the activity of No. 708. Five years ago the old Home was destroyed by fire, and the structure now in use was built, at a cost of \$130,000, through the efforts of Tampa

Elks. Since then the Lodge has always regarded the Home as its special charge, and has done much for the entertainment and welfare of its little inmates.

#### **Washington, Pa., Lodge to Build New Home**

Contracts were let some time ago for the building of a new Home for Washington, Pa., Lodge, No. 776, and work is now under way on a fine modern structure. Handsome and spacious, the new Home of Washington Lodge will be one of the finest in the district and a distinctive addition to the community.

#### **Shelbyville, Ind., Lodge Holds Fourth Annual Easter Egg Hunt**

More than a thousand boys and girls gathered at the fair grounds in Shelbyville, Ind., to take part in the fourth annual Easter egg hunt conducted by Shelbyville Lodge, No. 457. There were 1,500 eggs secreted in the inner circle of the grounds, and at a shot from a gun, the youngsters tore into the territory and started the hunt. There were also a wild rabbit chase, which added enormously to the excitement of the occasion, and egg rolling and throwing contests. Some forty prizes were awarded the winners and the finders of lucky eggs.

#### **New York Elks Pay Fraternal Visit to Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge**

Accompanied by sixty members, Exalted Ruler John T. Hogan and his staff of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, recently visited Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 863, where they participated in a meeting and conducted the initiation of a class of eighteen candidates. Assisted by the color guard of No. 1, composed of Union Veteran Burk and Confederate Veteran Heckler, the officers delivered their respective charges with eloquence and finish. After the ceremony speechmaking was in order, and Mr. Hogan gave an inspiring talk. Adjournalment followed for a social session and supper.

#### **San Antonio, Texas, Lodge Carnival Benefits Underprivileged Children**

The annual charity carnival staged by San Antonio, Texas, Lodge, No. 216, for the benefit of Camp Laf-a-lot, which is to be open in June for the accommodation of some 400 underprivileged children, was most successful in every way. The decorations, booths, cabarets, dancing and carnival features were arranged on a more lavish scale than ever before and the receipts were commensurate with the effort expended.

#### **San Francisco, Calif., Elks Pay Visit To Alameda, Calif., Lodge**

One of the pleasantest meetings held this year in the Home of Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, was on the occasion of the fraternal visit of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, when the visiting officers performed the ritualistic ceremony. The work of the San Francisco officers, Bay District ritualistic champions, was admirably executed and received an ovation. At the close of the meeting the hosts provided a banquet and entertainment for the visitors.

#### **Northampton, Mass., Lodge Sponsors Theatrical Stock Company**

Northampton, Mass., Lodge, No. 997, has recently presented to the theatre-going public of its vicinity "The Academy Players," in a spring engagement of stock. Sponsored by No. 997, the company has been recruited from actors and actresses of repute. No financial obligation is assumed by the Lodge in any way, its endeavors being confined to assisting the regular management of the Academy of Music in presenting the spoken drama. For this they will receive 10 per cent. of the gross receipts, which is to be used to increase the charity funds.

As this was written the season had opened successfully with J. Kenyon Nicholson's New York and Chicago success, the comedy-drama called "The Barker."

#### **Portland, Ore., Elks Visit Kelso, Wash., Lodge**

Some 150 members, headed by Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan of Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142, recently made a visit to Kelso, Wash., No. 1482, where the visiting officers initiated a class of twenty-two candidates for their hosts. It was one of the most interesting and largely attended meetings ever held in Kelso Lodge's Home. With District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis Shattuck and a delegation from Vancouver, Wash., Lodge, No. 823, present, close to 350 members and visitors sat down to a fine repast served just before the Lodge session. The attendance at the meeting and initiation was swelled to 525 through the arrival of a delegation from Longview, Wash., Lodge, No. 1514. The exemplification of the ritual by the Portland officers made a deep impression on all, and the social session which followed was marked by fine fraternal feeling.

#### **District Deputy Mackin Pays Home-Coming Visit to Oswego, N. Y., Lodge**

The official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James H. Mackin to his home Lodge, Oswego, N. Y., No. 271, drew one of the largest attendances in the recent history of the jurisdiction. Elks from Lodges all over northern and central New York came to honor Mr. Mackin. A dinner at the Pontiac Hotel, attended by members and visitors, was the first event of the evening, and was followed by the meeting and initiation. President Miles S. Hencle, of the New York State Elks Association, headed the list of speakers, which included Exalted Rulers, Past Exalted Rulers and officers from many Lodges. The ceremonies were followed by a most enjoyable musical program.

#### **Deadwood and Lead, S. D., Lodges Exchange Fraternal Visits**

Deadwood and Lead, S. D., Lodges, Nos. 508 and 747, exchanged fraternal visits recently, when the Deadwood officers assisted District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Gerald D. Cray to install the new officers of Lead Lodge, and the Lead members assisted Mr. Cray a few days later in a similar ceremony for Deadwood Lodge. Both meetings were marked by the highest enthusiasm, the second being attended by Exalted Ruler C. L. Doherty and a delegation from Rapid City, S. D., Lodge, No. 1187. Committees were appointed from these three Black Hills Lodges to prepare the reception to Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, who was expected to visit the region in the early part of May.



The dignified and tree-shaded Home of Charlotte, N. C., Lodge, No. 392

### Paterson, N. J., Lodge Report on Work with Crippled Children

The Crippled Children's Committee of Paterson, N. J., Lodge, No. 60, in its annual report states that the committee fund has been replenished to the extent of \$16,000. This admirable condition is testimony to the intense, untiring activity of the committee backed up by the fine cooperation of the membership as a whole. Below is appended a record of the work done during the year:

Operations—General Hospital, 18; Operations—Polyclinic Hospital, 6; Spinal tests, 14; Casts, 34; Braces given away, 15; Wheel chairs, 2; Children taken care of at Betty Bacharach Home, 9; Children given vacations at farm, 65; Visits made by nurse, 942.

This report does not include various parties given for children, special courses in schools and music lessons arranged for, nor work done with blind children. Wearing apparel has been provided where needed.

### Painesville, Ohio, Lodge Closes A Successful Year

The recently closed year saw many worthwhile activities engaged in by Painesville, Ohio, Lodge, No. 549. One of the most important, from the point of view of the community, was the sponsoring by the Elks of a new Boy Scout troop. Another generous effort was the holding of a benefit dance for the sufferers from the Mississippi Valley floods. In Lodge affairs, a number of large classes were initiated, and plans were laid for the formation of a Glee Club; the Home of No. 549 was remodeled and redecorated, and a new grill room was added.

### New Kensington, Pa., Lodge Initiates Large Class

One of the outstanding meetings in the history of New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, No. 512, was held on the occasion of the initiation of the "Daniel Burns Class" of seventy-two candidates. The induction of this large class, named in honor of the mayor of the city, attracted many officers and members from nearby Lodges, and the Home of No. 512 was packed to capacity. At the close of the formal ceremonies New Kensington Lodge entertained its guests with an excellent selection of instrumental and vocal numbers, followed by a supper.

### Chillicothe, O., Lodge Officers Initiate Class for Logan, O., Lodge

A degree team composed entirely of Past Exalted Rulers of Chillicothe, Ohio, Lodge, No. 52, headed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James Hannan, impressively initiated a class of candidates into Logan, Ohio, Lodge, No. 452, on the occasion of their recent spirited fraternal visit. Preceding the Lodge session a street parade with a line of march along Main Street was held. Close to 150 members and visiting Elks from Chillicothe, Nelsonville, Athens and New Lexington, Ohio, Lodges, and groups from Parkersburg, W. Va., and Emporia, Kan., were present at the meeting and social session which followed. As this was written, the same team from No. 52 was elected to journey to Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37, on a near date, to confer the degree upon a class there.

### Recent Varied Activities Of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge

One of the most notable parties ever staged by Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, was on the occasion of German Night, when close to 3,000 persons were present. Aside from the enjoyable time experienced by all, the affair was a successful one financially, the committee turning \$2,000 over to the Lodge and making a substantial cash contribution to the Degree Team fund from the proceeds.

The Elks Boxing Contest, held in the Buffalo Auditorium, was equally successful. Over 8,000 fight fans witnessed a boxing program that surpassed anything heretofore attempted in Buffalo sport circles. Another recent important event was the Military Ball given by



The basketball team of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, winners of the city championship

No. 23, at which some seven hundred couples enjoyed the dancing.

### Savannah, Ga., Lodge Initiates Class For Brunswick, Ga., Lodge

A large delegation of officers and members of Savannah, Ga., Lodge, No. 183, recently made a visitation to Brunswick, Ga., Lodge, No. 691, where they were welcomed at the Home and entertained at supper at the Oglethorpe Hotel prior to the regular meeting. The Lodge session was featured by the initiation of a class of candidates by the officers of Savannah Lodge, and was further marked by the installation of Brunswick Lodge officers.

An abundant supper was served during the social session which followed the meeting.

### Hazleton, Pa., Lodge Entertains State Elks Association President

A meeting attended by several hundred members was held by Hazleton, Pa., Lodge, No. 200, on the occasion of the visit of Clem S. Reichard, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. Following the regular Lodge session, hosts and visitors foregathered in the Home for a social hour and supper. Accompanying Mr. Reichard were a number of distinguished Elks, including Lawrence H. Rupp, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Grover C. Shoemaker and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. G. Thumm; Howard R. Davis, First Vice-President of the State Association, and Past Presidents George Post, Max Lindheimer and Edward Morgan.

### District Deputy Himler Visits Linton, Ind., Lodge

A fine turnout of members was on hand to welcome District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank T. Himler, when he paid his official visit to Linton, Ind., Lodge, No. 866. The officers initiated a class of candidates at this time and received the praise of Mr. Himler for their impressive rendering of the ritual. He also complimented the Lodge on its fine condition and commended the officers and members for their high average of attendance during the past year. A social session followed the regular meeting.

### Denver, Colo., Lodge Backs Denver Bears

The recent homecoming of the Denver Bears, the local baseball team, was made memorable by the big parade staged in their honor by Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17. In a speech of appreciation before the membership of No. 17

that evening, the owner of the club, Milton Anfenger, thanked Denver Lodge for its ever constant social and financial support.

### Report of Charity Committee Of Bellingham, Wash., Lodge

The recent annual report of the Charity Committee of Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 194, shows a close and generous attention to the needs of the unfortunate in the community. A number of crippled children were placed in hospitals for treatment, and food, clothing and other assistance provided in cases of individual need. To assure the proper distribution of the Lodge donations, the committee checked all requests for assistance with the City Mission, the Salvation Army and the Whatcom County Federation of Welfare Workers.

### Large Turn-out Welcomes District Deputy to Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge

A remarkable gathering of members and visiting Elks welcomed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond J. Newman on the occasion of his recent official visit to Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 1477. Delegations were present from Paterson, Bayonne, Ridgefield Park, Hoboken, Union Hill and Hackensack, N. J., Lodges and a group from Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge. The District Deputy was greatly impressed with the dignified exemplification of the ritual by the officers of No. 1477 when they conferred the degree of the Order upon a class of candidates.

Mr. Newman, in his address of the evening, reported on the fine condition of the Lodges throughout his district, and particularly urged the Past Exalted Rulers to meet with greater frequency and offer counsel to the presiding officers and their associates upon matters relating to the welfare of each Lodge and the Order generally. After the District Deputy's speech the members and guests adjourned for an enjoyable social session.

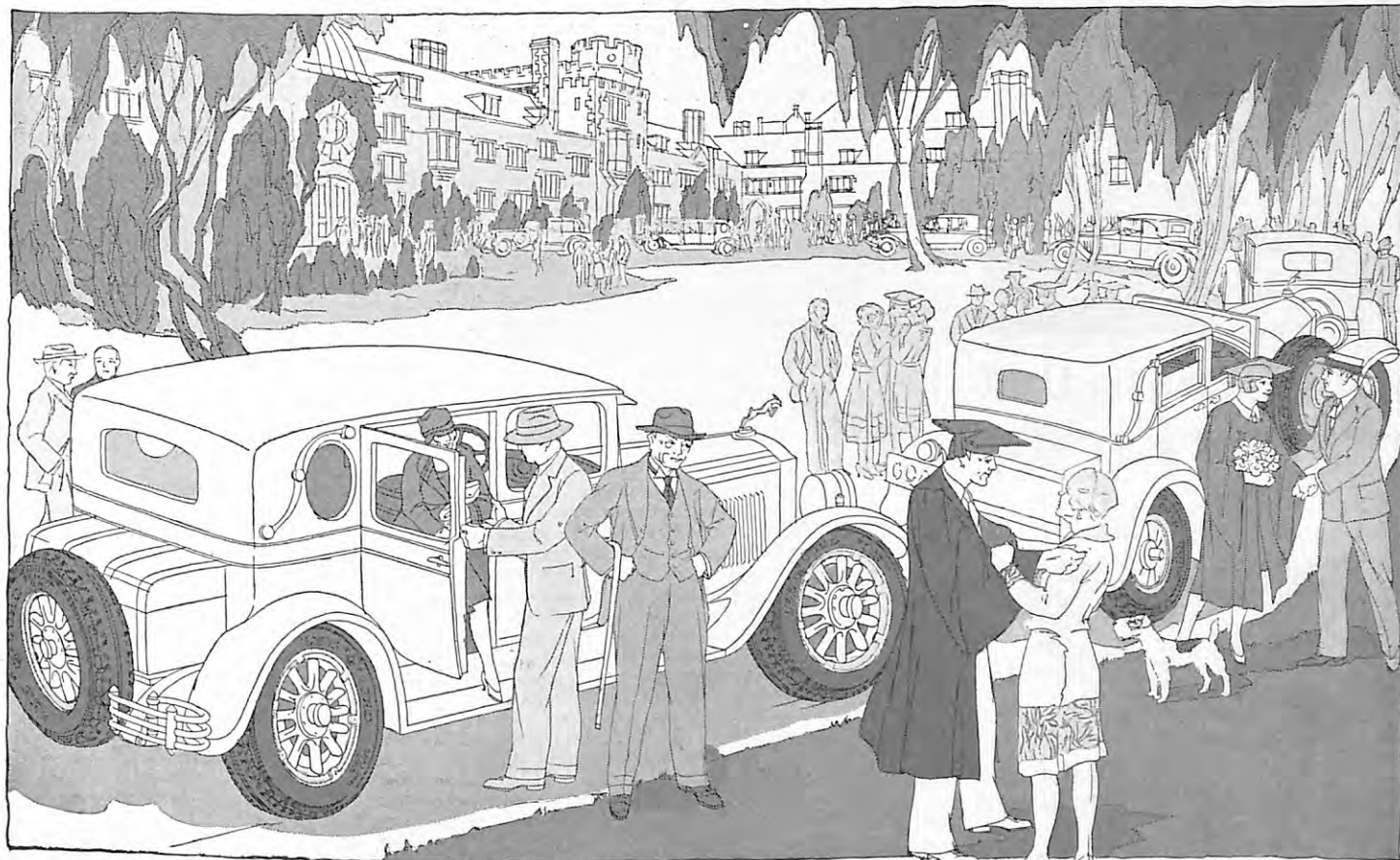
### Lodge of Antlers Sponsored by Glendale, Calif., Elks Is Flourishing

The Lodge of Antlers, sponsored by the Elks of Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289, is one of the most active and flourishing units in the junior order. During the past year its membership has more than doubled and its social, fraternal and charitable activities have been such as to reflect the greatest credit upon the boys and their big brothers of No. 1289. That the coming year will be equally notable is promised by the substantial balances in both the general and the charity funds, and by the enthusiasm of the recently elected officers.

(Continued on page 66)

CAMPUS CROWDS RIDE ON TIRES BY

# LEE of Conshohocken



With Commencement over, thousands of young hopefuls enter the business world. They'll do things we can't. They'll think of things we don't. They'll ask questions we dare not.



Young America wants to know the why and wherefore of prices and values. Would that all automobile owners were more like them.

Conscientious tire makers like LEE of Conshohocken crave the spotlight of test and analysis, knowing that truth only hurts the untruthful.

It would be silly to say that no tires are as good as Tires by LEE of Conshohocken. Some manufacturers are making excellent tires—but we try our hardest to outdo them.

If there were better materials we would buy them, if new processes would add to a tire's life, we would use them.

The name Lee on tires, tubes and every rubber product we make, must be a Hall Mark of quality, worthy of the faith of our several thousand Lee dealers, and their multitude of tire customers.

 LEE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY   
Factories: Conshohocken, Pa. and Youngstown, Ohio

The tread of this heavy duty *Shoulderbilt* is especially designed to give longer wear than most, and to steer more easily than any. The *Shoulderbilt* is over sized even for a balloon. No excess price.

COST NO MORE TO BUY ~ MUCH LESS TO RUN

Just notice the fine skins  
of men who use

Williams



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



To have a *Face that's Fit*  
choose with care the lather  
you put on it.

Eighty-eight years of study  
to find what's best for  
beard and skin—and every  
year a little fuller knowl-  
edge—have gone to mak-  
ing Williams.

None so thick and copious;  
none so soothing; none so  
supremely mild; none so  
thorough in its softening  
power; none so gently  
cleansing. It gives a shave  
that's quick and grateful.

... It leaves Faces Fit!

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

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

Next time say

**Williams**  
**Shaving Cream**  
*please!*

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

## The Giant's House

(Continued from page 28)

alone, down in the living-room, playing the piano to herself. I generally liked the things she played, but to-night she was playing a different sort of music. A troubled sort, not clear or happy at all. It did queer things to me, listening, and I wished she'd stop. I could see the dogs running after Gyp and Gyp not getting away. I stood there quite a while, getting cold.

And then, suddenly, I was sure I knew where Gyp was. He was over in the junk-pile—we'd taken him there once and he'd liked it and we'd had an awful time coaxing him back in his box. First I thought Elfrida and I would go there the first thing in the morning. And then I heard that dog again.

I went back to my room and dressed, very quietly. It was the cook's night out, and if I went down the back stairs, Mother wouldn't hear me, especially if she were playing. I took my cap-pistol and the box of caps. I wasn't supposed to take that, either, without permission. But I thought of the dogs—and I had to find Gyp.

I crept out of the house and around through the little garden. As I went, I could see in through the window—the back of Mother's head as she played. Then she turned a little and I could see her face. It was like the music, confused and not happy at all. It made me want to go back, but I couldn't, of course.

EVERYTHING looks and sounds different at night, even when you're grown. I wasn't grown—and the parade-ground was a dark, strange plain full of queer wind-noises and leaf-noises. I began to be scared, but I kept on.

I passed the Dominick's house—Mrs. Dominick was reading, by a lamp. But it was a queer sort of reading, because she never turned the pages. Then I knew somehow that she was listening to Mother's music, coming across from our house, thin and troubled—and that she and Mother and the music were all part of something unhappy that shouldn't have been that way.

And then, around by the Dominicks' kitchen, I ran square into Elfrida and nearly yelled bloody murder, except that I didn't have the breath.

We looked at each other, gasping, and there were witches in her eyes.

"You got up, too," she whispered, nodding like a much older person. "I thought you would. I heard the dogs barking, too. I'd have come to your house, but—"

"Well, I was coming to get you," I said, though I hadn't thought of it. I wasn't going to let her be the one to think of everything first. "I suppose you think he's over in the junk-pile, too."

"Of course he is," said Elfrida, and we started off. Having her along took a lot of the scare out of things, though the junk-pile was scary enough.

But we couldn't find Gyp at all, and we didn't dare make too much noise because there was a sentry in the neighborhood. And Elfrida tripped once and tore her dress—and we were both pretty dirty and sleepy when we gave up the search. But by now we'd gone so far beyond mere naughtiness that we had to do something extraordinary to finish up with. So when Elfrida suggested that Gyp might be hidden somewhere under the shops, we started down there.

We nearly got caught by the night-watchman, but he missed us. And when he went into the smallest shop to punch his clock, we followed him without his seeing us and hid till he went out again. And then there we were, locked up in the shop. And it was dark.

But upstairs there was a light, and we could hear voices. And that was a bad minute. But then we figured out it must be Father and Captain Dominick, working on the automatic, the way they often did at night—and it was all right.

So we didn't make any noise, but we climbed up and up a twisty little iron staircase that never seemed to stop. But finally we crawled out on a sort of little balcony, and then I knew where we were. We were just above the big metal target at the target-end of the long gallery that had once been a rifle range. And they still used it for experimental firing with small-arms

now and then—but Father and Captain Dominick worked there, too.

And there they were, down at the other end, sitting across from each other at a work-bench. We could see them, but they couldn't see us. And one end of the bench had been cleared and there were some thick-looking sandwiches on it and a can of coffee. So I knew it must be very late. They were eating and drinking and not saying anything. And we thought of calling to them, but then we didn't want to. And finally, when we'd almost made up our minds to, Captain Dominick stretched his arms and yawned.

"Well, Rob, I guess we're through," he said, not looking at Father. "I'll be going back."

And he got up and started to walk around.

"All right," said Father, not looking at Captain Dominick; "I may stay here for a while—I've got something I want to work out."

"I thought we'd worked out things pretty well to-night," said Captain Dominick, picking up a shiny thing from the bench the way I sometimes picked up Gyp.

"Oh, she's all right," said Father, looking at another of the shiny things. "That was a great idea of yours, Bush. Only eight millimeters—but it makes all the difference."

It was funny—what he said was praising Captain Dominick. But his voice didn't sound that way.

"Oh, rats!" said the captain. "You'd have thought of it if I hadn't. It was staring us both in the face."

"It's your gun, though," said Father and Captain Dominick made a sound in his throat.

"Maybe it won't be anybody's when the Board gets through with it," he said. "Anyhow—I'm for bed." But he kept on walking up and down.

"And I say it's your gun," said Father, but Captain Dominick didn't seem to hear him. He was taking off his overalls and opening a locker to look for the coat of his uniform.

"I'll have to pass your quarters, on the way back," he said, talking over his shoulder. "If Lucy's still up—shall I tell her you'll be late?"

"I don't think you need bother," said Father, staring at Captain Dominick's back. The captain turned around—he was hooking the collar of his uniform now.

"Oh, all right," he said, and this time they did look at each other, and I felt queer. Then Captain Dominick started to move toward the door.

"Wait a minute, Bush," said Father, and Captain Dominick turned around. I could see Father's face very plainly—it looked as it did when something went wrong in the battalion.

"I said you needn't bother," he said. "That goes—from now on."

Captain Dominick stood in front of him, very stiff. I could see the light catch in his captain's bars and the way his jaw stuck out.

"Do you mean you're warning me off your quarters, Barrington?" he said.

"You're an intelligent man, Bush," said Father, looking old and tired. "You generally know what people mean."

Captain Dominick leaned forward a little. "Then may I repay the compliment?" he said, in a voice that had hard little bits of glass in it. "Flora and I may have our differences at times—but we don't relish outside interference. And I think the Captain may take that as an order."

Father got up and faced him.

"YOU rank me by eighteen numbers in the List, Bush," he said, in a slow voice, "but there are ways you can't rank me. Take off your coat."

"Is that an order, too?" said Captain Dominick, with his cheek-bones red and then white.

"It's a formal request," said Father, and his eyes were mocking. "I don't intend to strike your shoulder-straps. They're six months older than mine. But as for 'Lady-Killer' Dominick—" and he moved around the end of the work-bench.

I ducked down behind the balcony. I could feel my legs all wobbly now, and I knew Elfrida's were, too, though she wasn't making a sound. I'd always thought that when grown

(Continued on page 41)



TIME · TEMPERATURE · HUMIDITY · WATER · BEARD · SLEEP · SKIN CONDITION · HEALTH · NERVES · LATHER

## Gillette must do a different job for you each day —with a blade which does all of them superbly

**T**HE weather may be fair or foul, warm or freezing; the water may be hot or cold, hard or soft; your digestion, too, affects the comfort of your shave; so do your nerves—how well you slept, and how long you lather.

*There are at least forty different reasons why your Gillette Blade never gets precisely the same kind of shaving job to do twice.*

There is just one reason why you can always get a smooth, clean, comfortable shave under any conditions—the invincible, even-tempered smoothness of the Gillette Blade—the one *constant* thing about your daily shave.

Gillette could safely make this statement in the

beginning when the daily output of blades was less than a hundred. We can make it now with far greater positiveness, when over two million perfectly honed and delicately stropped Gillette Blades leave the plant every day. For these blades are made by delicate machines adjusted to one ten-thousandth of an inch. Human skill could never hope for such accuracy. The blades receive most rigid inspection at every step. To make this possible, four out of every nine employees are skilled inspectors who actually receive a bonus for every blade they discard.

When you slip your fresh Gillette Blade into your razor tomorrow morning, remember that it has a different job to do each day—and *does* it with comfortable smoothness.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.



To be sure of a smooth, comfortable shave under any conditions, slip a fresh Gillette Blade in your razor.

# Gillette



## The Giant's House

(Continued from page 42)



### Here's What it Takes to Smash 'Em!

"When I shoot Peters, I know it's up to me. If I hold it on 'em I'll get a tally -- clean breaks, too.

They won the Grand American Handicap last year and I've found they help *my* score.

Why? I guess it's because Peters makes nothing but small arms ammunition and they're bound to know all there is to know about making shotgun shells."

He is right, too. Peters knowledge of ammunition, gained through 40 years of experience and the most completely equipped ballistics laboratory in the world, leaves nothing to chance. The facts are known and the ammunition built accordingly.

No wonder Peters Shells are the choice of exacting shooters everywhere.



THE PETERS  
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Cincinnati, Ohio  
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# PETERS

## AMMUNITION

High Velocity—Target and Victor Shot Shells  
Rustless .22's—22 L. R. Tack-Hole  
and Other Metallic Cartridges

people really quarreled, they quarreled like the grown people in books—in a bad way, sometimes, but still with something rather heroic and magnificent about it. But these were two grown people quarreling—and it was just like the time when I fought my best friend at school, with neither of us really wanting to—all sort of mean and mixed up and nothing splendid in it.

"Listen, listen—" I said, in a fierce whisper, shaking Elfrida. "We've got to do something—we've got to stop them somehow—what'll we do?"

"You can't stop them once they get shouting and waving their arms," said Elfrida, fatalistically. But I was beside myself. "We've got to—" I said. "We've got to—" —and both of us looked through the slats in the balcony again.

Now things had changed, and Captain Dominick still had his coat on. But they'd both been saying things to each other, for both of them looked as hard as the shiny pistols on the workbench.

"It'll have to be settled for good and all then, Barrington," said Captain Dominick; "I won't take a blow—though I gave you cause for the blow."

"Well—pick your way," said Father, and I could see that they'd both forgotten everything else in the world except what was making them look like that. And it terrified me.

"Well," said Captain Dominick, "I heard of it's being done in the Philippines. Lights out and each man with a rifle and fire when you thought you heard the other man move. But, this way, we might as well let the Barrington-Dominick automatic settle it," and he laughed. "And one cartridge apiece. That makes it a duel, not a massacre. Lights out, and the width of the gallery between us—and if the watchman hears anything, he's used to our firing this late. And if anything happens—it's a regrettable accident, like poor Jim Morgan. And if nothing does, we're quits and shake hands and keep to our own quarters till one of us gets transferred. Are you on?"

"On," said Father—and then my hand went into my pocket and found the cap-pistol, and I knew what I was going to do.

I DRAGGED Elfrida down that little iron stair so fast she didn't have time to talk or object. And then we were behind the target itself. And the lights went out, and up at the other end of the gallery, I could hear little creakings. I know I was jerking all over and it seemed a year while I was cramming caps in the cap-pistol. But it only could have been seconds. And then I stepped out where the marker steps out sometimes when you've finished shooting. And it seemed as if I never could pull the trigger, but I did—and jumped back behind the target and fell all over Elfrida.

I must have put more caps than I thought in the pistol, for it made a terrible noise. And right on top of that noise, there was a worse one, or rather two of them, on the target itself. And then Elfrida squealed.

Then the lights were on and everything was confused and Elfrida kept on squealing and Father had hold of me, and I'd never seen him look so white or so scared. And Captain Dominick was dragging out Elfrida, and he was white and scared, too. But when they realized that we weren't shot, after all, they calmed down a little. And then they looked at each other—and that was funny, too. Because they looked just the way my friend at school and I had, after the fight we hadn't intended, when we felt sort of sick about it and fools and yet back to being friends. It was queer to see that look on grown people's faces.

Then somebody was hammering at the other door. It was Mother and Mrs. Dominick and the night-watchman. And Mrs. Dominick made a rush for Elfrida and Mother for me, and

the fuss began all over again. But I didn't mind the fuss as much as I might.

Only, finally, when they'd all said you impossible children and we were looking everywhere and you ought to be spanked—they really started to ask questions. And then Elfrida said what I wouldn't have been clever enough to say. She didn't turn a hair.

"We ran away 'cause we wanted to find Gyp," she said. "So we looked all over the junkpile, but we couldn't find him. And then we'd been bad so much, we thought we might as well be bad some more. So we got into the shop and it was dark, but there was a light upstairs. So we thought Gyp might have gone that way, because he likes to be warm. So we went, and there was a funny staircase, and there was Father and Captain Barrington and the target. So we thought it would be fun to get behind the target—because we know you can't shoot through it—and it would be like Indians. So we did, and Bob shot his cap-pistol—but right away the lights went out and they shot too, and it made too much noise and I yelled."

"MERCIFUL Heaven!" said Mother, half-laughing, half-crying. "What children, Flora—what children! But why did the lights go out?" she said to Father.

"Why, Bush and I were trying out that new night-sight I told you about," said Father and I saw Captain Dominick's mouth twitch. But I was the only one who saw.

Well, then it really was over. Except for two things.

Just as we were starting to go home, Father and Captain Dominick were over by the target. And Father looked at the target, sort of casually. And then he looked at it very hard.

Then he turned to Captain Dominick, with a queer sort of smile.

"You carried high with your last shot, Bush—when we used the night-sight," he said. And I looked where he was looking—and there was the mark of the bullet—way high above his head.

"Did I?" said Captain Dominick, and he too stared at the target. "There must be something the matter with that night-sight, Rob—you carried pretty high yourself." And there was Father's bullet-mark, a couple of inches higher than his. Then they looked at each other as if they had a secret—so I looked over at Elfrida, because we had a secret, too.

Well, that's all. Except that we all walked back together—and that hard, sharp thing wasn't there any more, even when the Dominicks stopped at our house to say good-night. And Mother and Mrs. Dominick kissed each other and Father and the Captain shook hands.

So we went inside and I was ready to be really punished. But Father and Mother didn't seem to be thinking about that.

She took me on her lap and Father sat down next to us. And he said, "Well I suppose the young man ought to be whipped. But I can't do it, Lucy. Because even a grown man can make an awful fool of himself sometimes—and when something makes him realize it—that's the real punishment."

"Well, Rob," she said, "it isn't only the grown man. A grown woman can do it, too. But she isn't going to any more, if she knows it." Then they looked at each other—and she was still holding me—but they were off in that place of theirs again. But that was what I wanted, so I didn't mind.

Only, I was sleepy now. So I looked at the things in the room to keep awake—because if I fell asleep, they'd remember and put me to bed. And it was funny. Because everything was just the way it had been that morning, of course—big and high—all the giant's things in the giant's house I lived in. But to-night they didn't seem so big—or else I wasn't so small. They were all grown-up things, you know—but as I fell asleep, I remember thinking that, somehow or other, they were beginning to be more my size.



*“ . . . As chairman of the Building Committee I selected Simmons equipment for our Lodge because of the comfort, beauty and economy it afforded.”*

says JUDGE CLIFFORD E. RANDALL



*Kenosha Lodge, No. 750, B. P. O. E., Kenosha, Wis.*

A JUDGE is trained to base his opinions on facts—to segregate values. So when Judge Randall, as Chairman of the Building Committee, was faced with the problem of equipping the Kenosha Lodge with beds, springs and mattresses—he dug for facts.

Facts showed him and his associates why they should equip with Simmons.

“Our Lodge,” says Judge Randall, “is visited by many out of town executives whose business calls them frequently to our busy, industrial city. These men are accustomed to the best of accommodations and appointments wherever they may be. Good, sound sleep is a most essential requisite to such men, who must keep mentally and physically alert.

“Having slept on a Simmons bed for many

years myself, I knew beforehand what a good night’s rest on a Simmons Bed really meant. The service rendered now by Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Springs is, in my mind, beyond comparison.”

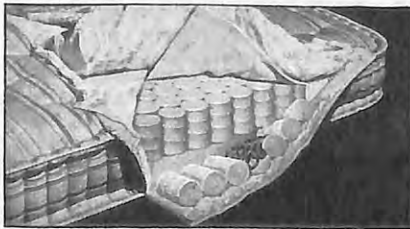
Just one night’s sleep on a Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring is all we ask—no other proof could be so positive. You’ll enjoy comfort such as you’ve never known—for the Beautyrest and Ace are scientifically “built for sleep.” There are no other mattresses or springs like them.

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

JUDGE CLIFFORD E. RANDALL is a Past Exalted Ruler, a Past District Deputy, and he was also on the bench in Kenosha for nine years. He is the senior member of the law firm of Randall, Cavanagh & Mittelstaed.



*The Simmons Ace Spring—an extra number of resilient spiral springs. The equivalent of a box-spring, yet light. Less in cost. Slip-covers additional.*



*Simmons Beautyrest—A center of close packed, springy wire coils. Hundreds of them. Over this the thick, soft mattress layers. What could give such complete repose?*



*The comfort, the durability, the fine quality of the Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring—are apparent the minute you see them.*

BEDS & SPRINGS  
MATTRESSES

SIMMONS

{BUILT FOR SLEEP}



## To help you Select the Color

AGAIN the subject of decorating is under discussion—various color combinations and suggestions have been submitted by both sides of the house—no agreement has been reached.

A Pee Gee Color Selector will solve the problem quickly. Fifteen complete color schemes are shown covering walls, ceiling, wood trim, floor and draperies.

When a decision on color has been reached you will find a Pee Gee Paint, varnish, stain, enamel or lacquer for the purpose—and no matter where you look you will find no better quality—ask your dealer.



### Pee Gee Color Selectors

One for exteriors, the other for interiors—each showing 15 complete color schemes—send for the one you want.

PEASLEE GAULBERT COMPANY  
Incorporated  
Louisville     \* \* \*     Kentucky

## The Sagebrush Champion

(Continued from page 31)

then I had to prove to Jimca I could do it again, so I joined her Country Club. But say, at my age it's darn hard to uncoil in unison and I wrecked a lot of golf balls before Boss Keith reminded me that I had four vaqueros, twelve dudes and nine hundred cattle to herd. After that I could only swing those golf clubs an hour or two a day with Jimca. But just the same, considering the way I hated the game, as well as despised it, I got to be a pretty good player, and if I could've had more time to practice I'd been even better.

One day—it was after that spring "norther" which covered all the water holes and damn near wiped out the landscape, you remember, the worst sandstorm on the Mojave in twelve years—Jimca Keith caught me out back of the bunkhouse practicing putting at a milk can.

"Buck," she said and her eyes were bigger and bluer than I ever saw them, "Buck, do you s'pose you can arrange it?"

"Sure," I agreed, staring at the letter she held in her hands. "What?"

"To take me over the mountains to Bellevue."

"Sure. Eloping, Jimca?"

"No. But the California South Open Championship's starting there next week."

"Oh," I guessed, "big rodeo, eh? Cowboy stampede?"

"No. Golf championship. Listen, Buck!" Her little hand pawed my arm. "Stevie is entering it. It says so in this letter. He's been—been caddying for weeks and weeks, living on nothing and practicing his game. He thinks he has a chance for one of the prizes. The first one is eight thousand dollars."

"Eight thousand—"

"Dollars," she finished. "And the next is twenty-five hundred—"

"Dollars," I choked, and my mouth stuck open.

"Jerry Tizzard thinks Stevie has a chance, too, and—"

"Oh," I guessed, watching the flush spread on Jimca's little face, "so the letter's from Jerry, eh? And maybe he's entering the big golf round-up himself, eh? That's why you—"

"Well, yes. Jerry's going to play. But not for the prizes. He's an amateur, you know."

"Say, if that fellow's an amateur at golf," I said, "I'd be struck blind by a professional. I'd sure like to see Stevie in that match. I mean," I corrected myself, "I'll do my best to get you to Bellevue, Jimca. Now let's see"—rapping my head with the putter—"I'll arrange with Jumping Jim Hale over at Barstow to send me a telegram that my grandmother is dying and—"

"A grandmother at your age, Buck!"

"Well, then, my sister's son. I don't care who dies, but someone's got to. Then I'll be able to see that match."

"But that doesn't get me there, Buck," Jimca objected.

Of course I had to think some more. At last I said that maybe Jimca could be invited by one of her old boarding-school friends to visit Los Angeles about the same day my sister's boy was going to die.

"It might work," Jimca agreed doubtful-like. "Sometimes the more foolish a thing is planned the better it comes out. Anyway, I'd 'most commit murder to be on hand to cheer Stevie—the poor, lonely boy—in that great big match."

"Stevie?" I repeated. "And what about Jerry Tizzard?"

Jimca flushed again and for a second I thought maybe I'd give up the whole scheme just so's Jimca wouldn't get thick with that Jerry fellow again. But at last I saw that I didn't have no right to interfere with the pleasure of watching a great golf match so I decided to have my sister's son die after all.

V

SAY, if all the golfers which gathered at the Bellevue Country Club had been mobilized and given pea-shooters they could've stopped a stampede. Sure. There were whole scads of them, tall golfers, short golfers, golfers with bow legs and some with knock knees, old and young, fat and thin. In just one way they looked alike—brown faces and little wrinkles

around the eyes like Jerry Tizzard. Squinting after golf balls, you see.

Jimca Keith and I stood at the first tee and watched those birds start off in covets of four. We hadn't seen Stevie MacReady yet but we'd seen plenty of Jerry Tizzard. He had met us at the train and herded us to the Bellevue Country Club, which he practically gave to us. The room I slept in had two faucets, four electric lights and little gold knobs on the bureau. The sheets were so clean I had to take off all my clothes before I crawled in. Jimca said her room was just as good and had a wonderful place to tie on a curling iron which Jimca didn't need but which was right considerate in case Jimca had needed it. Anyway, they were nice rooms, just like a king has in his palace, I guess. And Jerry Tizzard took us around and showed us off, smiling at Jimca in a way which made my heart kind of heavy, for I could see the end just as clear as a buzzard can spot a bloated steer.

Now Jerry was on the first tee, ready to start his match. He swished his club once, smiled over at Jimca, then hit the ball out of sight. Three other experts did the same thing, except for the smiling at Jimca, which they would've liked to do but didn't dare.

"Shall we go along with them?" Jimca asked politely as she started. But I caught her arm.

"Jimca," I said real solemn, "you got me here to see Stevie MacReady. Well, I know damn well now that it was just a feminine wile, but just the same I'd like to catch one glimpse of that ornery, lazy loafer while I'm here."

"Why—why, so would I," Jimca agreed, as if she suddenly remembered something. "Let's sit down and wait." She waved her hand to Jerry Tizzard who was watching for her over his shoulder and led the way to a bench.

WHILE we waited little Jimca, proud of all she had learned from Jerry Tizzard, gave me the low-down on the championship golf match. "This is just the qualifying round," she explained. "The sixty-four golfers who turn in the best scores to-day will play it out with each other for the rest of the week. The finals come Saturday. This is medal play but afterwards comes match play and—"

Suddenly she choked up, which was just as well as I didn't understand what she was talking about, and nudged me real excited. Shambling up on the tee was Stevie MacReady. Say, man, the boy was taller and thinner and more clumsy than ever. Somewhere he had found a pair of dude short trousers and some striped socks to go with them. But he didn't look dudish. Man, no, not by a damn sight. In that bunch of fashion plates around the club house he looked like a rusty spike just pulled out of a rotten board or maybe a second-hand barber pole.

Glum he looked, too, and kind of mad-like, all wrapped up in the game. He squatted to place the ball, swished the air two or three times with his club, then settled himself back on his long feet. Finally he wound up like I'd seen him do on Sagebrush Flat. Just before he started to unwind he happened to see us out of the corner of his eye. Say, man, he almost jumped out of his shoes, but some way he couldn't stop his down swing. He hit the ball on top and it bounded along for fifty feet—the saddest little blub you ever saw.

"Oh!" cried Jimca, squeezing my arm 'til it hurt. "That was too bad! Now he'll be discouraged. Do you think if we'd walk 'round with him it would help?"

"Jimca," I whispered, "if one look at you will make Stevie do that to a golf ball I'd advise you to keep out of his sight from now on."

"All right," Jimca agreed, staring at Stevie who was sagging along, head down, after his ball. "He don't want us, anyway. We'll go over and watch Jerry Tizzard. Having me along won't ruin his game."

It didn't. We traipsed over the golf course after Jerry Tizzard until my legs ached and I was dizzy; we saw him make that ball behave as if it was a trained bell-wether. Such gosh-awful golf I never saw. There ain't no words in the mother tongue to do it justice. That ball always went toward the hole like a scared rabbit.

(Continued on page 48)



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# The Sagebrush Champion

(Continued from page 46)



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It was pop-eyed sure that Jerry Tizzard would qualify for the championship.

With Stevie it was different. When we got back to the club-house, sopped up some tea and other stuff, and the scores were figured up, we found that Stevie had come in with a tie for sixty-second place. Just inside the corral gate, you see, while Jerry Tizzard sat on top of the post and Jimca Keith basked in the fame he had made and also naturally due her 'cause of her own prettiness.

As for Stevie, we didn't see much of him that day. We caught one look-see of him slouching into the caddies' house and another when he slouched away again, out to some two-bit flop he called home.

I ain't sentimental, but some way I got to thinking about that boy and wondering if he was plumb discouraged, too discouraged to say howdy to his old friends. His attitude hurt me right bad. But I had the wrong idea. That boy was aching with pride. He was sure that Jimca had come down to be with Jerry Tizzard and he had no right to butt in, at least not until he had proved himself on the golf course. Which was some order.

## VI

NOW you ask me: "How did he do it?" And I answer you: "I don't know." Anyway, Stevie reached the finals of that golf championship. He said afterwards that it was a Lady called Luck. Maybe it was. He said that at the worst moment an approach shot would nestle beside the cup or a long putt curl across the green and crawl home. Once the lad was beaten by five holes and only had six more to play, but all of a sudden he got his opponent as panicky as a flock of sheep when a coyote howls and he won the match on the second extra hole.

Yep, maybe it was luck. And again maybe that long, hard jaw of Stevie MacReady and the glint in his blue eyes had something to do with it. Anyway, he fought his way, match by match, up into the finals, and the papers were all publishing his picture, which wasn't much in the way of decoration.

Of course Jerry Tizzard was the other player. It was a two-buckled cinch from the first day that he would be loping home among the winners. He was playing gosh-awful golf and none of his opponents ever had a chance. Favorite to trot home with the championship? Say, the odds were a gold claim against a rusty coffee can that he'd beat the long-legged ex-cowboy, ex-caddy to a frazzle. Already the gallery, which is what they call the dudes who trail a golf match, were laughing under their belts at the idea that Stevie would even try to play against a man like Jerry Tizzard.

I said to Jimca when the crowd gathered around the first tee that Saturday morning of the final match, a crowd of more than a thousand, I said to her, "Jimca, I got to know which is your horse?"

Her big blue eyes turned on me solemn-like. "The winner," she whispered.

"Oh," I yipped, "so you're still saddling with Jerry Tizzard, eh?"

"Maybe it won't be Jerry" she guessed. "Stevie's a fighter. I—I talked to him last night."

"You did?"—real quick. "Where?"

"Well, I kind of waylaid him as he was loping off," she confessed. "I told him that eight thousand dollars was a lot of money."

"What else did you tell him?"

"Oh, I consoled him," Jimca admitted, "in case of loss."

Well, I gulped at that, knowing surer than ever that Jerry Tizzard was going to win that golf match. And win Jimca, too.

Now I ain't going to take you 'round that course shot by shot of that great fight between Jerry Tizzard and Stevie MacReady there at the Bellevue Club. Nope. Anyway, you've read about it in the papers. You read how Jerry won the first two holes with the pars, the third with a thing called a birdie, and then split a couple. Stevie got going and slipped a long shot home and then divided a few more. But when the gallery stampeded for the clubhouse at noon, full of wonder at the golf they had seen, and full

of emptiness, Jerry Tizzard had a lead of four holes. That gang of fans figured that the match was sure over. It wasn't; not half over.

Stevie ate his lunch with me in the main dining-room; Jerry had his with Jimca in a private room. I don't know how Jerry ate, but I do know that Stevie never swallowed a mouthful of fodder. Say, the whole dining-room was watching him and pitying him like all good Americans pity the under dog. Stevie looked as if pity was all he'd get. His face wasn't brown any more, it was yellow; his eyes kept jumping, jumping, and when he lifted a spoon in a fake move to get some coffee in his mouth it banged against the side of the cup until it sounded like a baby's rattle.

"Buck up, Stevie!" I ordered. "You've done great! Hell's bells, you can't expect with less than two years' practice to beat the champion golf player of—"

"Sure," mumbled Stevie, rubbing his hand across his face as if he wasn't sure just whose face it was. "Sure!" Then a minute later he said, "If I could only win, Buck, I'd get the job at the biggest country club here. The job of professional, at a salary of—"

"Eight thousand," I guessed, because the figure was in my mind.

"Just," he agreed, then suddenly his eyes riveted on me. "Er—ah—how's Jimca?"

"Fine."

"She wants Tizzard to win, of course," he primed. "Well, I guess he will. It sure looks like it now."

"Like hell she does!" I hollered and then smiled sweetly around the dining-room for fear those ultra-violets would think I was a rough cowpuncher. "She's for the winner, that's what! And she thinks you can do it."

"Oh," choked Stevie and the yellow of his face turned to lemon color.

Say, it's hell to be young in some ways. Then things seem so all-fired important. And there was young Stevie, the gangle-legged cowboy, bless his heart, with all his life and soul and body ready to blossom out like a century plant or else curl up like a squashed centipede, all because of a fool golf match. That, and a little blue-eyed girl that was watching it.

"You'll win," Stevie, I swore. "Go get him, Stevie!"

"Check," bit off the lad. And, "check," he said again.

Well, he started out that afternoon like cold poison from the first tee, making an uphill fight with his long arms, lean jaw, fighting heart and real guts. He didn't see no one, unless maybe it was Jimca who was watching his lean, lined face; didn't hear nothing except the smack of the club against the ball and the tinkle of the ball in the cup.

"Jimca," I reported real sentimental-like, when Stevie had won the fifteenth hole of the afternoon match, "the lad's fighting his heart out for you."

"What'd you say?" she asked sweetly, freezing me with her big eyes. "Jerry's still two holes ahead and only three more to play. I guess he wins easy enough. What'd you say?"

"I said my legs are aching as if they was going to drop off!" I grunted. "Hot diggity dog! See that drive!"

But in spite of the drive Stevie could only divvy the next hole with Tizzard and the match was dormitory, or whatever they call it when the man who's going to be beaten begins to admit it. At the next hole though, Jerry Tizzard got in some bad trouble among the rocks of a barranca and at last, chipper as a cactus wren, picked up his ball and admitted with a smile that it was his own fault. Which shows he was no sobber or quitter.

Still dormitory, the match went to the last hole while the gallery, which was big as a round-up of the Cattle Corporation's herd over in Jaw Bone Canyon, held its breath and waited for something to bust.

It did. Or she did, rather. Jimca Keith. She couldn't hang on to herself no longer. All day she'd been trailing with Jerry Tizzard, laughing with him, cheering his big shots, while young Stevie sagged along, alone except for the little black caddy who wore his cap the wrong end to, and me, when I could catch up with him.

But at the eighteenth tee Jimca Keith wheeled like a bronc' and made straight for Stevie. I can see her now, bless her funny heart, her face as white as my Sunday shirt, her little body as taut as a rawhide lariat with a steer on one end and a mad cowboy on the other. Her little fist went out and smacked on Stevie's shoulder and her eyes jumped at him.

"You've got to win, Stevie!" she cried, and her voice was kind of awful, so full of something I can't name. "You've got to! Go get him, cowboy!"

Stevie blinked; he tried to grin but the thing stuck on his lips and he bit down on them real hard.

"Check!" he gritted and his throat ached, you could tell.

Ever seen that famous eighteenth hole on the Bellevue course? You're supposed to make it easy in four shots if you're a good golfer. The green rests right near the clubhouse, just about three hundred yards away, but between you and it is Mad Creek, a meandering, hate-to-move river about fifteen feet across, and on both sides of the creek is a little swamp. So the hole is a dog's hind leg, as they call it, and you have to play it way out to the north on one shot, then shoot back from the high ground to the green. Yep, they say it's an easy four. Probably it is for a champion. But for me—

Well, I wasn't playing. Stevie MacReady was and Jerry Tizzard was. And Stevie had to win that hole or lose the match. A divvy on it wouldn't do him no good. Yep, he had to win and he knew that Jerry, nine times out of ten, would get home in four shots. This was one of the nine times, too, because Tizzard had got kind of mad when Jimca left him and went over to Stevie, and his jaw was set 'most as hard as Stevie's.

Give the boy, Stevie, credit! The newspapers did. He looked over at the green, looked at Jimca, and then took a different kind of a ball out of his bag and put it down to hit. The gallery began to whisper. Stevie was facing right across to that little red flag which waved so inviting-like over there on the hill. The crowd kind of felt what the lad was aiming to do.

Yep, knowing that a divvy wouldn't do him no good, Stevie had set his heart on driving clean across the river and the swamp to the green, set his heart and his long lean body, too. There was a knot of muscle behind his jaw-bone when he swished his club and his eyes were cold like San Gorgonio when it's covered with snow and hot like the Death Valley side of the Panamints in June. He brought the club back over his head, then unwound with every ounce of his muscle and heart, too.

"Ah!"

IT WAS a funny kind of a gasp that whistled out of that crowd, just like a "norther" coming across the Mojave, as they watched that ball fly high as a buzzard toward the green. For the next second afterwards there was real quiet, as if everyone was afraid to breathe. Then another cry sounded: "Oh!" hurt-like, sorry-like.

Nope, the ball didn't get across. It went a full two hundred fifty or sixty yards, I guess, and then began to drop like a wounded mallard. Finally it plunked right in the middle of that pond they called Mad Creek.

"Hard luck, Steve!" chirped Jerry Tizzard as Stevie slouched back from the tee. "A beautiful shot, MacReady, but it just can't be done!"

Sitting pretty in the saddle Jerry Tizzard was now, with the hole as good as won. He played it safe and easy out on the mesa to the north, in fine shape for the next shot to the green. Then he turned to Stevie. "Going to play another?" he asked, but Stevie shook his head and started down the hill.

The whole gallery followed Jerry Tizzard around the high land because they didn't care to dip their dainty hoofs in the river. But Jimca and me and the little colored caddy, with his cap on the wrong end to, slid down the hill into the swamp after Stevie. The long-legged lad had grabbed a club out of his bag and wasn't paying no attention to no one, not even to the crowd which had gathered up there on the mesa near Tizzard's ball and was staring down the river bed real curious.

Right out in the center of the creek, bobbing along contented-like, was Stevie's ball, and while the crowd up there on the high land giggled

(Continued on page 50)

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# The Sagebrush Champion

(Continued from page 49)

Stevie waded out after it. Can you see him—six feet four of mingled sadness and fight? The crowd all expected him to pick the ball up and toss it out or maybe go back to the tee and play another one, whatever the rule was. But Stevie didn't do either. He stood over that ball knee-deep in the red water. He squirmed his feet around until he got them set. Then he raised his club back over his shoulder and fixed his eyes on the ball which was floating slow-like away from him. All of a sudden—

Smack! Water splashed high in the air and came down in a shower. But one drop of it didn't come down—the largest, whitest drop. It was the ball, surer'n shooting, and it sailed across the swamp and on up the hill right toward the flag. Stevie told me afterward it was what they called an "impact" shot or "explosion" shot or something, and just as easy as playing out of a sand trap. He said that Duncan, the great English player, did the same thing in a championship fight in New Jersey. Yep, it was easy. But me, I knew better. And the crowd knew better.

Say, you ever heard 'steen hundred cattle in a corral grunt and low and mill? Well, that's what that crowd did. They started to clap their hands like ladies and gents but that didn't express their feelings no ways enough and finally they just had to let out a great big roar or bust. And that sound told us, Stevie and the caddy and Jimca and me down there in the swamp, that the ball had stopped close to the red flag. Stevie turned toward us, out there in the middle of the stream and grinned. Such a grin it was on his tight, yellow face and, man, it hurt to look at it.

Jimca Keith had grabbed my arm and acted as if she wanted to dance but couldn't because her knees were shaking so, and the little black caddy took off his hat, which was wrong end to, and twirled it around and around on his stubby thumb.

Stevie motioned the caddy and us around to the bridge and waded out of the creek, on through the swamp and climbed up to the green. Jimca and I didn't go slow, I tell you, but when we got up on the top of the hill Jerry Tizzard had played his second shot and both balls were on the green. It was plain that Tizzard's was farther away from the hole because he was just leaning over it to putt. Jimca grabbed my arm and we set off at a faster lope. Just as we got to the edge of the crowd Jerry putted.

It was a beautiful shot, curling down toward the hole true as an Airedale. For a half-breath it seemed certain to drop out of sight but it stopped, maybe because Jimca and I were praying so hard, about six inches short.

That put it up to Stevie. He had a putt of about eight feet to make and I could see that he felt sure he'd do it and yet was nervous-like, too—taut and hard. I didn't dare breathe when he began to sway his putter back and forth. I thought he'd never hit the ball, never; but he did at last and it started to roll toward the hole. The caddy pulled the flag out and waited. We all waited. There wasn't a breath expired in the whole crowd. Just like Jerry's putt, that ball looked certain to drop in the hole when it started. But it didn't. It stopped on the damn edge and hung there while the crowd waited. Again that funny gasp made a noise and the crowd began to talk and push.

Well, it was plain that Stevie had lost the match after all. That wonderful shot out of the river hadn't counted; Jerry Tizzard only had to brush his ball to divvy the hole and win the championship.

I guess I wasn't seeing very clear because of a funny mist cloud in front of my eyes; anyway when I started to console little Jimca she wasn't there. She had left my side and was flying toward Stevie. Yep, flying is the word. She reached up to the lad's shoulders as he slumped glumly there on the green, the six feet four of him no higher than five feet now and his blue eyes staring awful hurt-like at the damn ball.

Jimca's arms went around the lad's neck; she stood on her tiptoes until her face was 'most even with his.

"Never you mind, Stevie!" she cried. "Never you mind, cowboy. You made a wonderful fight!" Then she leaned forward and patted his cheek with her hand and smiled like you never saw a girl smile before.

The crowd stared at that tableau over there in the center of the green. I stared, and Jerry Tizzard stared.

"Your putt, Mr. Tizzard," called the referee, but Jerry was still watching Jimca and Stevie. At last he shook his head as if he had smoke in his eyes, too, and stooped over the ball, there not six inches from the hole, ready to be pushed in.

Suddenly he straightened up again and looked across at me. He didn't see me. I could tell that. His eyes went right on through. What he was seeing I don't know for sure; maybe he saw Sagebrush Flat again and the Terrapin Rancho, where he had healed his porous-plaster lungs; maybe he saw little Jimca Keith with her arms around Stevie and that funny look in her eyes; maybe he saw a bag full of gold—eight thousand dollars—and guessed what it would mean to Stevie. Maybe. Or maybe he knew then how really much he loved Jimca Keith and the great big thing he could do for her. I don't know, but his eyes were funny and far-away, that's sure.

He stooped over again at last and aimed real careful-like. Then he swept his putter ahead and hit the ball. Well—can you beat it?—the thing went almost at right angles from the hole.

"You win, Stevie!" called Jerry Tizzard in a choked kind of voice, and he knocked his opponent's ball into the cup. "You win the hole, old man!"

Stevie unwound Jimca's arms from his neck and stared. Yes, there was Jerry Tizzard's ball farther from the hole than it had been before.

"I win the hole?" gasped Stevie, and suddenly he hugged Jimca as if he'd break every bone in her body.

Me, I was watching Jerry Tizzard, feasting my eyes on a real man. Damn my old heart, what a man!

## VII

**OF COURSE** Stevie won the extra hole, the match, the eight thousand dollars, the honor, Jimca Keith—everything. But way down in my gullet I had an ache for Jerry Tizzard, the man who patted Stevie's shoulder and smiled at Jimca Keith and shook hands with me. I ain't a weeping man, so I had to get sore, instead.

"Women!" I barked at Jimca that night, during a lull in the celebration, "are peculiar critters, ain't they? I can't say I'm crazy about them. They like to trail the winner; that's what they have inside them instead of hearts."

Maybe the drink or two or three I had inside me made me more brave than usual because I added the details: "There you were, trailing with Jerry Tizzard as long as he was beating, but when it began to look as if Stevie might win you changed mounts, leaping over to him. I don't see how Stevie can go the kind of thing you call love."

"Buck Foresee, you big old fool," Jimca laughed, "if you weren't a big old fool, you'd know that I stayed with Jerry just to make Stevie fight harder. I never even saw another man in all my life except Stevie MacReady. And just for what you said I have a notion not to let you be best man after all."

"Best man!" I choked. "When?"  
"To-morrow. You don't suppose Dad would let Stevie come back to the ranch again unless he was my husband, do you? You bet he wouldn't, not even for the honeymoon."

"Oh," I gulped, and sidled away to find Jerry Tizzard and have another drink with him—man to man.



**Murder at Sea**

(Continued from page 12)

was a cool hand, too. He stopped long enough to draw the curtains after he had beaten his man to death. In fact, I think he carefully lifted him from the floor, placed him on the bunk, and—yes—see that towel—washed his hands—”

He looked at the watch in the dead man's vest-pocket. As he looked, there was a sudden marked concentration in his face. He replaced it.

“Nothing much there. The watch is still going. An old-fashioned repeater of English make. Perhaps a family heirloom. That may mean something, or nothing at all. Sometimes, I have discovered, the roots of a mystery go back a great many years. Did Larsen say the port-holes were closed when he found the body?”

“Yes; tight closed,” answered Captain Galvin

“Could they be opened from the outside?”

“Impossible. Besides, it would be a mighty spry and slim man who could climb down the side of a ship and through a porthole, even if it was wide open.”

“Captain, I don't suppose you are carrying a menagerie in your hold?”

“That's a funny question, Mr. Kelton.”

“I'd really like to know.”

“It's funny, Mr. Kelton, because, oddly enough, on our last trip North that's exactly what we did carry.”

Matthew Kelton's eye shone with excitement.

“You did?” he exclaimed. “How did that happen?”

“WE MADE a special run last time,” Captain Galvin explained, “putting in at Yucatan, and stopping at Hayti. There we picked up Professor Tyne's South American expedition, what was left of it after it was ship-wrecked. You know about him, I expect—the man sent out by the natural history museum to explore that new plateau up in the Amazon jungles?”

Matthew Kelton nodded.

“And you transported some of his animals?” he asked.

The captain laughed drily.

“I'll say we did. We turned the old skiff into a blooming Noah's Ark. The professor had captured a lot of weird animals, some never seen before, he said. Monkeys? Lord save us, man, he had dozens of 'em, all shapes, colors, and sizes. They got out and raised hell all over the ship. I had to kick a big black one out of my cabin one night. And flying squirrels! Some of them as big as tom-cats. And a slew of other funny-looking beasts, ant-eaters, jaguars and the like. As for snakes, he had the finest collection a man ever saw except in the D. T.'s. Some no bigger than your finger. Others the size of a stove-pipe. I'll tell you I breathed easier when we swung the last cage of them ashore.”

“Where were they sent?” asked Matthew Kelton.

“Out to Professor Tyne's house in Silvermine, Connecticut. He keeps a sort of private zoo out there, I believe.” The captain's tone contained a trace of impatience. Matthew Kelton detected it.

“Captain,” he said, “I see you think I may be wasting precious time with apparently irrelevant questions. I try not to do that. Believe me, I realize that speed is a most important element in this case. However, I'll have to do things in my own way. We're up against a dark business here, and every ray of light, no matter how feeble, will help us. It is my job to find those rays of light.”

“Right, Mr. Kelton. I stand ready to cooperate with you in any way I can. You do what you think best.”

“Very good. First of all, do not broadcast the news of this crime among the passengers. They'll all be at dinner, I suppose?”

“Yes. Unless this choppy sea has knocked some of them out. We all eat at one big table, the doctor, the purser, and I and the twelve passengers. It's the boss's idea of making the passengers feel at home.”

It was evident from the captain's voice that it was not his idea.

“I see. Dinner at seven?”

“Yes, in fifteen minutes.”

“I'll want your authority to use the wireless for any messages I need to send,” said Matthew Kelton.

(Continued on page 52)

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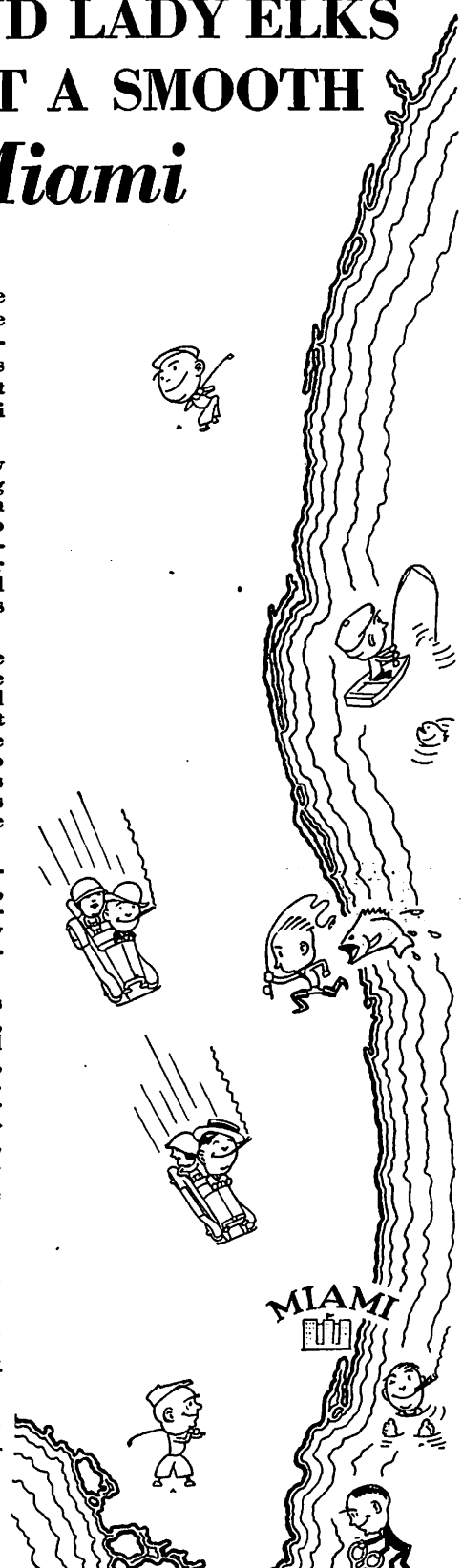
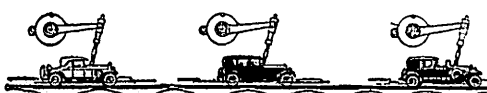
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Murder at Sea

(Continued from page 51)

"The ship is yours, Mr. Kelton. I'll notify Haley, the wireless operator, to place himself at your disposal."

"Thank you. Now, I'd like to have a few moments alone in the cabin."

The captain and the ship's doctor withdrew. As soon as the cabin door had closed on the captain's broad back, Matthew Kelton did four things.

First, he opened the suit-cases of the dead man. One was neatly packed with shirts, pajamas, shoes—the ordinary equipment of a well-to-do man on a voyage. The other suit-case held Matthew Kelton's attention. It had been opened and rummaged through hastily. It contained two expensive suits of clothes, some handkerchiefs, neckties and other dress accessories, four recent novels which showed that Mr. Cleghorn had no very lofty taste in reading, and a rather elaborate leather dressing-case. That case had been dug up from the bottom of the pile of garments, opened, and thrown on top again. It was one of those cases with a number of pockets, one for a razor, one for a toothbrush, one for a shaving stick, etc. All these various toilet articles were in place. One pocket, though, was empty. A golf bag, full of clubs, stood in a corner. Matthew Kelton examined them carefully.

"They tell nothing," muttered Matthew Kelton. "Except, perhaps, that Cleghorn was going on an ordinary business man's vacation trip. A man running away from something does not usually take his golf sticks with him."

The second thing Matthew Kelton, left alone in the cabin, did was to examine again the dead man's watch. He paid particular attention to the inside cover. It was a thick, heavy gold watch, not at all like the slender, open-face modern time-pieces.

THE third thing Matthew Kelton did was to bend over the wash-stand, and from the thin wooden rail which ran down the side of it, take a small tuft of hair, which had caught there. This he carefully put in an envelope and stored in his pocket.

The fourth thing he did was to go about the cabin—sniffing the air.

Then he took out a small red note-book and with a fountain pen wrote:

Memo. Cleghorn case.

Some questions to be answered:

Why is Captain Galvin, a hardy old sea-dog, so much more nervous than the situation seems to warrant?

Who opened Cleghorn's suit-case? Was it the owner himself? Was it some one else? If some one else, why was he interested only in the dressing case? Did that empty pocket contain something? What?

Who opened Cleghorn's watch, and did not know how to close it properly again? Obviously, not its owner. Who, then? Why had the original initials in the watch "J. M." been scraped out, but not entirely obliterated, by some hand not too expert in such matters?

Why was a man named Samuel P. Cleghorn carrying the watch of somebody whose initials were "J. M."? Who had hastily torn out a picture that had been in that watch, leaving a scrap of photographic paper caught in the hinge?

What did that tuft of hair signify? Since it could hardly be human hair, from what animal did it come? It was long, strong, tough, brindled. Clearly it was not from a dog or cat.

What did the scent in the cabin mean? Somebody—who used a strong perfume—had been in that cabin that afternoon. Who?

Matthew Kelton read over his list of questions. He sighed, but it was the sigh of a contented man. He had a job cut out for him, and it was to his liking.

Suddenly he leaped to his feet, with a startled cry. A violent sound had hit his ears. Then he laughed. It was only the brassy clangor of the dinner gong, summoning the passengers to dinner.

He started for the dining-room. He anticipated one of the most interesting meals of his life. Not because of the cuisine. The cooking of the type of the *Pendragon* would be sure to be middle-class English—a lot of potatoes, meat, cabbage, suet pudding, boiled in a blanket. But

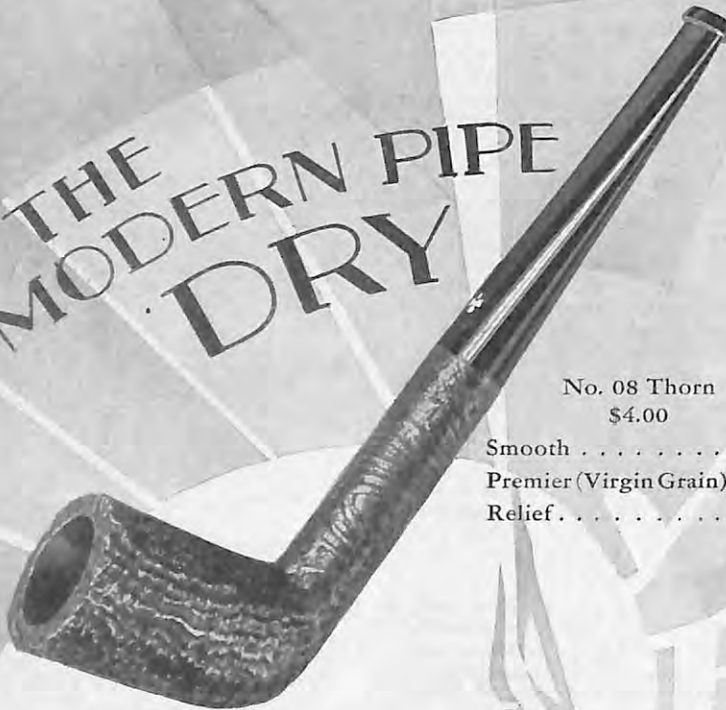
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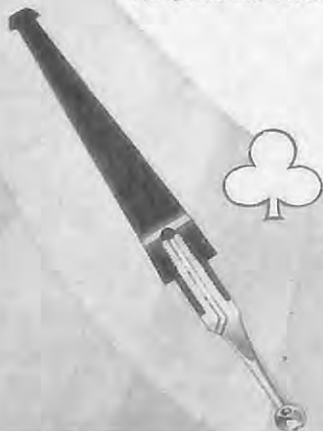
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he would sit down to table with thirteen people—if they all appeared—and there was more than an even chance that one of those people had but a short time before committed a murder.

CHAPTER III

**E**LEVEN persons sat down to dinner in the snug dining saloon of the *S. S. Pendragon* that night.

Captain Galvin sat at the end of the long table. Matthew Kelton, at his own request, sat at the other end. He wanted to sit where he could see the faces of the other passengers.

It was a practice of his to do what he called "putting a frame on the picture." He always sought to narrow down his field of investigation from the general to the specific. He had decided that the human beings on the ship could be divided into two classes; the passengers; and the crew, including the officers.

One class at a time, he said to himself. The murderer of Samuel P. Cleghorn might, of course, be in either class. Matthew Kelton considered it more likely, however, that he would be found among the passengers. His facts to support this theory were extremely weak, he granted. Indeed, it was more an intuitive feeling than a real theory. At best it was little more than a starting point.

He reached his seat before any of the others had come to the table. Captain Galvin hurried in, and it was plain that he was trying to be jovial and unconcerned, and that it was costing him an effort. With him were Dr. Charlesworth, and Mr. Gates, the purser. The doctor seemed apathetic. His manner seemed to say that it would be unprofessional for a medical man to show much excitement over one dead body. Matthew Kelton made a quick mental summary of him—a lazy man, and not too ambitious—or he would be in private practice and not filling a sinecure as a ship's doctor on a small boat—a rather morose type, and, to judge from his face, a fairly hard drinker. Mr. Gates, evidently, had not yet been told the bad news. He was young, with a wispy blond mustache, and when he talked, he lisped, and when he laughed, he tittered. Matthew Kelton decided at once it was pretty safe to eliminate him as a possibility. He did not entirely eliminate him; that was against his philosophy. The typical murderer, in the popular mind, is a scowling, beetle-browed, blue-jawed brute of a man; but Matthew Kelton's long experience had taught him that not a few murders are committed by quiet, ordinary-looking men, with mild and even charming manners.

The passengers began to arrive and to take their seats. Captain Galvin went through the formality of a general introduction. There was the usual chatter.

"Isn't the ocean much calmer than it was!"  
 "At exactly what time, Captain, will we stop at St. George's?"

"We'll be in the Gulf Stream, soon, won't we?"

The regular talk.  
 Matthew Kelton took no part in the conversation. As he sipped his beef broth his mind was busy, tabulating and assaying what his eyes saw. To make a start, he began with the couple who had been introduced as Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Johnstone. They were pleasant-faced young people, who had little to say, but who kept looking at each other and smiling. It took no trained observer to tell that they were on their honeymoon, and that they were in a state of rapture into which sounds and sensations from the outside world could penetrate with difficulty. Matthew Kelton erased them from his list.

He next turned his attention to the three women who had come to the table together. Once again, it was easy to place them. Their clothes, their eye-glasses, their well-modified excitement, and above all, their speech, indicated that they were middle-aged school-teachers on a holiday. There was Miss Cobb, who was short, plump and brisk; Miss Adams, who was thin and tall; and Miss Partridge, who was in between.

"We must go at once to the caves," he heard Miss Cobb say.

"Yes," said Miss Adams, "the caves of Bermuda are famous for their stalactites and stalagmites."

(Continued on page 54)



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## Murder at Sea

(Continued from page 53)

"I hope I may take some home to show to my classes," said Miss Partridge.

Matthew Kelton's mind passed along from them to the next passenger. School-teachers, particularly New England ones, he decided, are unlikely prospects when one is investigating the murder of a powerful man, beaten to death in his cabin.

He covertly studied the girl whom he knew to be Miss Pauline Imlay. Captain Galvin had described her as pretty. She was, exceptionally so, Matthew Kelton agreed. Tall, blonde, with the fresh color of a girl who is fond of sports—but—Matthew Kelton noted, her manner was strained, unnatural. She kept her eyes on her plate. She did not join in the conversation. Once she raised her eyes, saw that Mr. Russell Sangerson, across the table, was looking at her, dropped her eyes, and flushed. Perhaps, thought Matthew Kelton, she is shy, and after all, Mr. Sangerson is a rather attractive-looking young man, even if he, too, keeps making bread-pills with nervous fingers, and keeps looking toward the door as if he expected, at any moment, a ghost to enter. Those hands of the nervous Mr. Sangerson attracted Matthew Kelton's attention. They were big, sun-browned and strong—the hands of an athlete. The shoulders went with the hands. "Four or five years ago," said Matthew Kelton to himself, "that young man was a crack half-back on a college eleven, I'll bet, and he hasn't allowed himself to get out of condition, either. But he's much too young to look so grave and troubled."

Then, as a matter of course, he asked himself, "Why does Mr. Russell Sangerson look grave and troubled?"

THAT was something he'd try to find out—later. For the present, he had to content himself with noting that Mr. Sangerson answered any questions put to him by the three school-teachers, courteously, but briefly, and in an absent manner. Also, that now and then Mr. Sangerson's glance stole toward Miss Imlay, and then, hastily, was transferred elsewhere. In his mind Matthew Kelton wrote after Russell Sangerson's name—"Possible—but doubtful." The next passenger who, without knowing it, passed under Matthew Kelton's scrutiny was a man who, thought Kelton, was so common-place in appearance that he almost stood out. He was down on the passenger list as Mr. Howard Westervelt of Denver. He had an ordinary, forty-five-year-old face, a pepper-and-salt suit, an unobtrusive tie, and pale blue eyes. When addressed, he answered in a low voice. Otherwise he paid attention to his roast beef.

Matthew Kelton was unusually expert at placing people in their proper categories after a brief survey; but Mr. Westervelt baffled him. The man might be a private secretary, or a confidential clerk; or he might be a bank cashier; or a clergyman. He might, indeed, be almost anything. Whatever he was, he seemed entirely calm and poised as he ate his dinner. Matthew Kelton set him down as a "possibility."

The last man who came to the table came late, after the meal was well under way. That he was no ordinary person was instantly made apparent.

He had dressed in full evening clothes, whereas none of the others had dressed for dinner. He approached the table and standing by his chair, boomed out,

"Well, folks, here I am. Better late than never. I hope you're all as hungry as I am. I could eat a couple of poached sharks. By the way, since we are all little fellow travelers together, let me introduce myself. I am none other than Mr. T. Taylor Mond, of New York, and what have you."

With that he lowered his fat frame into his seat and attacked his dinner with gusto.

Matthew Kelton—and the others—stared at him. He was very fat, and his evening clothes were very tight. It was difficult to tell whether he was old or young. He looked young because his face was round, and many-chinned, and because his head was enormous, out of all proportion to his body, big as that was. He was like some giant's baby in contour. At the same time he looked old, because his head was utterly, completely bald. There wasn't a single spear of

hair on its shining surface. He did not even have eyebrows.

Having drunk three glasses of water in rapid succession, and dispatched his soup with astonishing celerity, he began to talk. He had a peculiar voice, which at times rumbled, and then broke into a treble squeak. It was a voice which would have filled a much larger room than the dining saloon of the *S. S. Pendragon*.

"Great old boat, this," said Mr. Mond, to the company, generally. "And, let me tell you, I know boats. I've crossed the Atlantic twenty-four times. Never sick once, either. Do you know a good cure for sea-sickness. Well, I'll tell you one. Twenty-four hours before you feel it coming on, you go and lie in the shade of a tree. Joke. See it?"

He broke into bellows of Gargantuan laughter. The three school-teachers looked at him with well-bred alarm. Captain Galvin eyed him doubtfully, then, apparently, decided that Mr. Mond was drunk, and that any sort of diversion was welcome.

Mr. Mond seemed quite oblivious to the impression he was making on his fellow voyagers. He piled mountains of mashed potatoes on his plate, saturated them with tobasco sauce, and ate them unconcernedly with a tablespoon.

"Food," he announced, "is man's greatest blessing. Have you read Brillat-Savarin's *Physiology of Taste?*"

Clearly his questions were all rhetorical. He expected no answer, for he did not pause long enough to give anybody time to make one.

"A noble book. Ah, the culinary art." He spoke from a mouth full of mashed potatoes. "The author tells of a man who invariably began his dinner by eating a gross of oysters. One hundred and forty-four oysters, ladies and gentlemen, each and every day. He followed it up with a few trout, a whole duck, and a magnum of champagne. That was a man for you. Nowadays we breed weaklings. Are you ladies married?"

He shot the question at the three school-teachers. They stammered out "no."

"Neither am I," said Mr. Mond, and he gave all three of them a coy look, "but I'm willing to be."

He drank three more glasses of water, and, for a time was silent.

Matthew Kelton watched Mr. Mond. The man didn't seem drunk. His enunciation was perfectly clear. Could he be put down as a harmless, somewhat noisy eccentric? Or was he a possibility? More questions to be answered.

Four places were vacant at the table. The seats were screwed to the floor, so it was impossible to remove the empty chairs. One empty chair, of course, was accounted for. It belonged to the poor fellow who would never sit down to another dinner. Matthew Kelton had memorized the passenger list so he was able to tell that two of the empty chairs belonged to Miss Esther Yate, and Miss Julia Royd. Their absence was easy to explain. Miss Yate was an invalid and would take her meals in her cabin. Miss Royd, the nurse, would, of course, stay with her. But the other empty chair?

It belonged, Matthew Kelton knew, to a man whose name, on the passenger list, read Carlo Varga. Where was Mr. Varga? Why had he not come to dinner? Sea-sick, perhaps. But that did not seem likely. Save for a brief period of choppy sea, the ocean had been smooth. The *S. S. Pendragon* was steady and moved along with hardly any roll. Matthew Kelton felt reasonably sure that if there had been any real cause for sea-sickness, the three school-teachers would have been the first to succumb. They had announced that it was their first ocean trip, and that they had come aboard dreading sea-sickness. That they had not felt the least bit qualms was pretty good proof, Kelton thought, that if Mr. Varga elected to stay away from dinner it was not because he was sea-sick. He made a note in his mind to find out why Mr. Varga was absent. The questions, he reflected, were piling up. When was he going to begin to get the answers to some of them?

Decidedly it was the hardest riddle he had ever faced—and the most exasperating. It was almost, he reflected, like knowing a man's name, having it on the tip of one's tongue, and yet



being unable to say it. The wanted person—X—could not be far away—perhaps within ten feet of him at the dining-table. A grim comedy, that meal. A feast, with a skeleton—but a flesh and blood skeleton. Matthew Kelton was hungry, but he did not relish his dinner. His mind was rushing around in an enormously complicated maze. Ten people were eating with him. Suppose he assumed that one of them was harboring a fresh and frightful secret. Which one? Narrowing the problem down by eliminating the four women, that left six men. Was it the big captain? The morose-looking doctor? The dandified little purser? The inscrutable Mr. Westervelt? The boisterous, eccentric, Mr. Mond? The troubled Mr. Sangerson? It might be any one of them; or it might be none of them. Their faces, their behavior, gave no direct clue. They seemed, on the surface, very much like any other tableful of chance traveling acquaintances. If one of them was "X," Kelton thought, he was a rather capable actor, with a cool head and steady nerves.

The train of Matthew Kelton's thoughts was jolted off its track by the strident voice of Mr. Mond, who, having encompassed his third large helping of mashed potatoes, was speaking again.

"Something mysterious and eerie about ships, I always think," he stated. "Always feel a bit shivery myself till I get my feet on what the old lady called 'terra cotta.' Anything can happen on the ocean. Do you know"—he bestowed a general ogle on the ladies—"that on shipboard people are always more amorous and adventurous than on land? Well, it's so. Shall I go into statistics?"

The three school-teachers tittered, and the men looked at Mr. Mond nervously. But he was off on another tangent.

"Ever hear of the case of the *Marie Celeste*?" he said, and continued before anyone could answer, "There's an uncanny yarn for you! Lordy, every time I think of it I get goose-flesh. She was a small sailing vessel—a cargo boat with a crew of eighteen or twenty men. This was early in the last century—around 1840, unless I'm mistaken, and I probably am. Anyhow, she started out from England for the West Indies, or maybe it was vice versa, and she never got there. They found her, though, a while later, floating around in the Atlantic. She was perfectly shipshape, everything about her in good condition, no sign of a wreck—but she didn't have a single living soul aboard her."

MR. MOND paused for dramatic effect, and to consume, at one gulp, his ninth glass of water.

"Yes, sir," he said, "the entire crew had vanished, every last man of it. To this day nobody knows what happened to them. No sign of a struggle. Boat spotlessly clean. Cargo untouched. The captain had been writing some ordinary entry in his log, and had laid down his pen, and vamoosed. The breakfast had been left cooking on the stove. The men had gone—but where and how? They never found a single collar-button belonging to any of them—if sailors wear collar-buttons. There's a mystery for you to wrestle with in your bunks to-night, ladies and gentlemen."

"W-w-what do you think happened?" Miss Cobb asked, tremulously.

"Search me. All sorts of theories have been advanced," said Mr. Mond. "Some believe it was a sea-serpent—left over from prehistoric times, who bobbed up and gobbled the lot of them."

"Oh, how perfectly awful!" said Miss Cobb. "Some think," flowed on Mr. Mond, "that it was pirates—but it isn't like pirates to tidy up a ship after they butcher the crew, is it? Others say the entire crew went to the rescue of a ship in distress and went down with it; but the flaw in that idea is that at least one man would have been left aboard the *Marie Celeste*. Some think the men were all poisoned—got hydrophobia or something like that—and leaped into the sea in a body. Then, there is another story, which I personally am inclined to accept."

"What is that?" Miss Cobb asked.

There was a strange light in Mr. Mond's eyes as he lowered his voice, and said:

"It was done by a killer."

The three school-teachers gave a simultaneous gasp.

(Continued on page 56)



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## Murder at Sea

(Continued from page 55)

"Yes," said Mr. Mond, wagging his great head, "a killer. Such men are not so very rare in the annals of psychopathology, you know. Monsters, they call them—blood-maniacs. Very crafty and subtle they are, too. Now, suppose one of them smuggled himself aboard the *Marie Celeste*; or, perhaps he was a member of the crew—or even the captain!"—Mr. Mond bowed toward Captain Galvin—"and, as soon as the ship was on the high seas this enterprising but insane gentleman began to go to work at his favorite pastime. Perhaps he began by nudging a sailor or two overboard. Maybe—and this is more likely—he saved them all up for one grand, glorious orgy—and one night cut their throats as they slept, and finished off the rest with a pistol. Being a neat soul, he then removed all traces of his act and hurled the bodies into the sea. But, ah, ladies and gentlemen, even after he had murdered every living soul aboard, still he was not alone. The pitiless eyes of conscience followed him wherever he went. Its harsh whisper was in his ear. He could climb to the top of the mast, he could go down to the bilgewater in the hold but he could not escape—from himself. So, finally, with terror at his heels, he flung himself into the sea and joined his victims."

Mr. Mond had worked himself up to quite a pitch of excitement as he told the story. His eyes were unnaturally bright, his face and great flabby hands were twitching. Matthew Kelton watched him narrowly.

Mr. Mond himself broke the tension by saying, with a chuckle, as if the idea amused him:

"Isn't it astonishing what men think of to do to entertain themselves! Pascal was right when he said, 'Man—the glory of the universe—and its chief scandal.' Anyhow, the gentleman responsible for the *Marie Celeste* mystery was an original. Too few of them, these days. Think how much more exciting this trip would be if there was such a man aboard."

"Mr. Mond," said Captain Galvin, sternly, "you are alarming the ladies."

"Sorry, I'm sure," apologized Mr. Mond. "I was merely trying to be entertaining."

Without warning he began to sing in his cracked, half-bass, half-falsetto voice the old hymn, "For those in peril on the deep." He stopped in the middle, as abruptly as he had begun.

It was then that Matthew Kelton decided to try what he called "a psychological depth-bomb." He stood up at his end of the table, and rapped for order, as if he were a chairman addressing a meeting. He spoke gravely, in a low voice.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have the captain's permission to speak to you about a very serious matter—something that you will all know about soon enough—something some of you may know about now. Please believe that I am extremely sorry to have to tell you about it—but I feel it is the only way to proceed."

He paused. The gravity of his manner had riveted their attention on him. For his part, Matthew Kelton was trying to watch all of them at once. His eyes were straining for a sign.

"To come directly to the point," he said, "a crime has been committed aboard this ship. It is a crime of the most serious character. Some one has been murdered—in his cabin—and it stands to reason that some one has murdered him. I have been charged with the duty of finding who did this terrible thing—and I want the help of all of you. The guilty person cannot escape. I ask you, therefore, in the interests of justice, to tell me anything any of you may know which may help me in running to earth the murderer of Samuel P. Cleghorn."

He could see the faces of all of them. He saw Mr. Mond's eyes widen, and heard him gasp. He saw on Mr. Westervelt's impassive face a look of surprise and interest—and then it became expressionless again. He saw Mr. Sanger-son grow rigid and deathly pale. He saw Miss Imlay pitch forward in a faint.

### CHAPTER IV

MATTHEW KELTON was the first to reach the side of Pauline Imlay when she fell forward on the dining-table in a dead faint.

"Call a stewardess," he directed, and Gates, the purser, sprang up to obey him. "It's just a faint. She'll come round in a moment."

He held water to her lips. Her eyes opened. She moaned incoherently. Matthew Kelton was aware that some one had unceremoniously shouldered him aside and had taken charge of the girl. It was Russell Sangerson. He bent close to her and whispered in her ear. Matthew Kelton was close enough to catch some of the words—

"Don't worry. It's all right. Trust me, dearest—"

Matthew Kelton said nothing, gave no sign that he had heard. But inside he was ablaze with excitement. He could have sworn that these two young people were strangers. They had been formally introduced at the start of that grotesque dinner by Captain Galvin. They had certainly acted as if it were their first meeting. During dinner they had not talked, directly, with each other. Young Sangerson had looked at her, from time to time, but this had seemed to Kelton only the natural interest a young man might take in a pretty girl. Yet Kelton had distinctly heard him say "dearest"—and Sangerson's concern about her was far from being impersonal. What did it mean?

Miss Imlay had almost completely recovered. "I'm sorry," she murmured. "I haven't been well. The shock—I think I'd better go down to my cabin."

A competent-looking stewardess had hurried in, and she helped Miss Imlay toward the door. Sangerson stood there, irresolutely, as if meditating whether to go, too. Then he turned away, and sat down at the table again.

"Well, what's to be done?" he said. His manner was that of a man struggling to keep his self-possession.

"We must not let ourselves get in a panic," said Matthew Kelton, in an even voice. "I suggest that you all go to your cabins, and be ready to answer any questions that the captain or I may want to ask you."

The passengers filed out of the dining saloon. "Captain," said Matthew Kelton, when they had gone, "I'm going up and send some wireless messages."

"Right," said Captain Galvin. "I've given Haley orders to send any messages you wish."

"I suggest," said Matthew Kelton, "that you, yourself, keep your eyes open for any unusual happenings, and that you instruct the watches to be especially vigilant to-night."

"Right." The captain looked deeply troubled.

"Look here, Mr. Kelton," he said, "do you think there's anything in what that big fool spouted about there being some sort of killer aboard?"

"It's quite possible," said Matthew Kelton. "Certainly, we have seen one sample of his handiwork."

"I've never carried a gun," said Captain Galvin, "but I certainly am going to pack one to-night."

Kelton made his way to the office of the radio operator on the top deck of the ship. It was a black, cheerless, starless night. As he walked down the deck toward the lighted radio-room, Kelton felt, rather than heard, a stealthy sound behind him. It was the sound of some one moving quickly, on tiptoes from behind a life-boat. Kelton wheeled about. All he saw was a shadow, vague, amorphous, which had glided from behind the life-boat, and shot out of view down the stairs. Only from the corner of an eye and for the briefest part of a second had Matthew Kelton seen it. He rushed toward the stairway—but the thing had vanished. Matthew Kelton had an impression—a fleeting, uncertain impression—that the shadow was the sort which might have been cast by an unusually tall, thin man with a pointed beard.

He turned and continued on his way to the radio-room. He knocked, and pushed open the door. He was instantly seized from behind by a pair of muscular arms. Pinioned, helpless, he was held. He struggled and shouted.

"Who are you?" growled a man's voice—his captor's.

"Kelton—Matthew Kelton—"

He was suddenly released. He spun about to

find a ruddy-faced young Irishman in the uniform of a radio operator staring at him.

"Sorry, sir," said the operator. "Guess I made a mistake. Captain Galvin said you'd be coming here. I—I thought you might be the other bird—"

"What other bird?" asked Matthew Kelton.

"The lad who was here a minute ago tampering with the radio."

"Has somebody been doing that?"

"Someone has, indeed. A fine mess they made of it, too. Ripped and tore the blooming machine to bits. Didn't know much about radios, I guess—but anyhow he certainly put this one on the blink. Looks as if he went at it bare-handed, too. Some strong baby, whoever he was. Look at the way those wires have been torn out by the roots. It would take a mighty husky citizen to do that, I'll say. Maybe it was just as well that I was in the first officer's cabin playing a hand of rummy when the lad paid a visit here. From the looks of things, he could have twisted the head off my shoulders."

"Then I can't send any messages?" queried Kelton.

"Not on this machine," said Haley. "It will be a good week's job to put it together again. But don't worry. The lad was strong, but he didn't know much. All ships carry an auxiliary radio—in case of emergency—and I'll have it working in a jiffy."

HE SET to work with brisk, professional movements. Matthew Kelton sat down and began to write out his messages. He wrote a number of them—but the longest one was addressed B. Hong, Mott Street, New York. He handed the messages over to Haley.

"Let me have the answers as fast as you get them," he directed. "Send them down to my cabin."

"I'll do that," said the operator, "and if our friend comes snooping around here again, I'll give him a red-hot reception."

He waved a heavy spanner.

Matthew Kelton stepped out of the radio-room. The opened door made a pool of yellow light on the dark deck. Matthew Kelton saw something lying there, picked it up. It was a half-finished cigarette. It was still smouldering. He went back into the radio-room.

"Do you smoke these?" he asked the operator.

Haley examined the stub.

"Not on my wages," he said, with a grin. "I roll my own. I know that brand, though. Used to see it when I was on a P and O boat, sailing from London to Alexandria. Egyptian, it is, and just about the most expensive cigarette made, I guess. Seven cents apiece, wholesale—something like that."

Matthew Kelton carefully extinguished the cigarette, and placed it in his vest-pocket.

"You know what happened on this ship today?" he said.

"Yes. The captain told me."

"I'm trying to find out who did it."

"More power to you, sir," said Haley. "Who did do it, do you think?"

"Perhaps," said Matthew Kelton, "he was a tall, thin man who smoked expensive Egyptian cigarettes—and perhaps he wasn't. That's what I have to find out. Well, hurry out those messages, won't you?"

"You bet," said the operator, and as Kelton left the cabin he could hear the whirr and drone of the radio.

Matthew Kelton went below to his cabin. It was a maxim of his that five minutes of quiet thought is worth an hour of hurried, confused investigation. He wanted five minutes of quiet thought—badly. Everywhere he turned the puzzle showed new facets. They all but bewildered him. He tried to consider them, one at a time, and found they ran together into a blur. There was that shadow on the deck—call him a tall man with a pointed beard. Who was he? Not one of the ship's officers. Kelton had seen all of them. A sailor? Unlikely. They do not wear soft, slouch hats. A passenger? It could be only one passenger—and that was the man who had not come to dinner—the man Varga. Yet it might not be Varga. A stowaway? That was possible, too. Was the absurd Mr. Mond right? Was there a prowling killer aboard the *S. S. Pendragon*?

From his pocket Matthew Kelton took the stub of the expensive cigarette. It seemed

(Continued on page 58)



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## Murder at Sea

(Continued from page 57)

logical to assume that it had been smoked and dropped by the person who had tried so hard to put the radio out of commission. It was logical, too, to connect that fitting shadow—the man with the pointed beard—with the attempt to cut the ship off from communication with the rest of the world. Why had he wanted to do that? Why had he taken a very real risk to steal into the radio room and smash the machine? That at least, thought Kelton, was a question to which an answer instantly suggested itself. To hamper efforts to detect him, of course.

"And," remarked Matthew Kelton to himself, "it is the guilty who fear detection."

He must find that shadow, and give it a name. For a moment he felt that he was beginning to see a way out of the morass of questions and contradictions. Then he remembered the scene at the dinner table when he made his announcement of the tragic news. That both Sangerson and Miss Imlay were profoundly affected by it had been all too clear. Each had reacted violently. Was there, perhaps, some connection between Sangerson and that creeping unknown on the top deck? Would the cigarette be a link? Then Kelton remembered that during the meal the expansive Mr. Mond had borrowed a cigarette from young Sangerson, and it was an ordinary cigarette of a popular American brand.

**M**ATTHEW KELTON was reconstructing the scene at the dining table in his mind. He gave a start. He recalled now something that he had noticed, and had filed away in his brain for future consideration. It was that as he bent over Miss Imlay, when she fainted, he recognized the perfume she was wearing. Some of his own "Night of Roses." The very first point in the case which he had considered important and tangible was that that familiar scent played a part in it. He had detected it in Cabin B, where Cleghorn had met his end. He had detected it in his own cabin, after some one had gone through his bags.

"Pieces! Bits!" he said, pressing his hands to his temples. "But they must fit together! They must!"

He sat staring at the floor of his cabin as if the pieces and bits of the case were lying there, in a confused jumble, and he was trying to sort them out, join them together. Suddenly he leaped to his feet. He had heard a sharp, wild sound—the scream of a woman in an extremity of fear.

Kelton dashed out of his cabin. The screams continued. He raced out of his own corridor, and into the next one, following the outcries. They came from Cabin A. He flung open the door.

A woman—he knew her to be Esther Yate, the invalid—was crouching in her berth, her eyes dilated. Beside her was the nurse, Julia Royd, trying to calm her.

"The eyes," Miss Yate was screaming. "The terrible eyes—"

"There, there," soothed the nurse. "You were dreaming. It was a nightmare. You mustn't be afraid. It was nothing."

She saw Kelton standing in the doorway. "She'll be all right, sir," the nurse said. "She has spells like this sometimes. It was nothing—I'm sure of that."

"It was something, I tell you," said Miss Yate, and her voice was surprisingly vibrant and positive. "I wasn't dreaming. I was wide-awake, reading a book."

The presence of Kelton seemed to have checked her hysteria. She stopped sobbing, and spoke in a calmer voice.

"I tell you I saw eyes—eyes at the port-hole—staring at me," she said.

Matthew Kelton adopted the soothing manner of an old family physician.

"It is likely," he said, "that it was an optical illusion. Our eyes play strange tricks on us sometimes."

"It was no illusion," Miss Yate insisted, stoutly. "My eyesight is perfectly good. I saw eyes—terrible eyes—looking at me. Oh, it was dreadful." She shuddered.

"The lights of some ship on the horizon, perhaps," suggested Matthew Kelton.

"They were eyes," said Miss Yate firmly. "The most wicked eyes I have ever seen."

Matthew Kelton studied her. She had been a beautiful woman. She still had remnants of a distinguished, patrician type of beauty in her sheet-white face, but it was, also, an unhealthy, almost sinister beauty, a beauty ravaged by suffering. She was, he decided, between forty and fifty, and a woman of the world. Her assurance was that of a woman who has, in her time, been greatly admired and loved, a woman of sophistication and personality. It struck Kelton, also, that her face was in some way known to him. He wasn't sure. It might be, he thought, that he knew her as a type, rather than as an individual. He acted on an inspiration.

"Excuse me," he said, "but my name is Matthew Kelton, a fellow passenger. You are Miss Yate, aren't you?"

She nodded. "Will you gratify my curiosity by telling me if you were once on the stage?" Kelton said.

"What makes you think that?" she returned. "I don't really know. An impression, that's all," he said.

"You are mistaken," she said. She spoke with a cold finality. Then "I'm greatly obliged to you, sir, for coming here. I see that you do not believe that I had any real cause for alarm. I know I did. I'll ask you to report to the captain or one of the officers my experience. You need not worry about me now. Miss Royd is here and she's stronger and braver than most men. Presently, I shall go to sleep and all the eyes in the world can glare at me without disturbing me."

Matthew Kelton's quick eyes told him what she meant; they had already noted on her washstand a bottle of the newest and most efficient sleeping-powders.

"I'll tell the captain," he said, "but first you'll have to tell me exactly what happened."

"I will. And you must believe me. I'm not given to romancing, or to seeing things which don't exist. I was lying here, reading a book—"

"What book?"

She smiled faintly as she saw the import of his question.

"It was not a blood-curdling thriller," she said. "Here it is."

She held out to him a paper-covered French novel. He recognized it as one of the innumerable slight love comedies which the lesser boulevard writers turn out by the ton.

"Nothing very harrowing in that," he said, handing it back to her.

"My nerves," Miss Yate continued, "were, for me, unusually calm. I was reading peacefully when I felt a chill, a physical chill, and felt, actually felt, that a pair of eyes were watching me. It was a new and quite sickening sensation. It was nearly a minute before I dared to look up from my book. I had not seen the eyes, mind you—and yet I knew they were there. Finally I wrenched myself from the book and forced myself to look toward the port-hole. Then I saw the eyes—"

She trembled. "Describe them, please," said Matthew Kelton, with a deliberate calmness. Inside he was not calm.

"They were unlike any eyes I have ever seen," she said. "I can give you no adequate idea how malignant, how utterly evil they seemed. They were the eyes of a fiend. In the darkness outside they actually gleamed. I think they must have had a hypnotic effect on me. I mean that, literally. I couldn't move. I was frozen there with fear. I think I did not even breathe. How long I lay there, rigid, fascinated—I can't say—"

"Where was Miss Royd?" questioned Kelton. "I'd gone out of the cabin for a short time," the nurse said, in her broad, burring voice. "I was gone not more than five or six minutes."

"Please go on, Miss Yate," said Matthew Kelton. "What sort of face went with the eyes?"

"I can't tell you," she answered. "The eyes held me. There must have been a face, of course. It seems to me that it was flattened and blurred as it was pressed against the glass. I could distinguish no features. Wait. I did get one impression, though. It was that there was something Oriental about the eyes. They were set at a strange angle, on a slant, and close together."

"Could you tell if the man wore a beard?" asked Matthew Kelton.

"No. All I can tell you about the face is a very dim color impression I had of it."

"What was that?" asked Kelton, eagerly.

"It seemed to me that the face was some ghastly yellow-green color."

"Go on, please."

"I lay there with those terrible eyes fixed on me—and, do you know, I felt an irresistible impulse to go toward them. It was the same sort of feeling I have had on top a tall building—a morbid impulse to throw myself down, although I know death awaits me in the street below. The impulse was so strong that I had risen from my berth and started toward the port-hole. Then I heard the steps of Miss Royd in the corridor. That broke the spell. I fell back on the berth, hid my eyes in the pillow, and screamed. When Miss Royd came in, and I looked again—the eyes were gone."

"A frightful experience," said Matthew Kelton.

"You don't believe me?"

"I do—in a way—and yet I can't see how it was possible. But, in any event, please don't let it disturb you any more than it already has. Really, you are quite safe. Your port-hole is strong and firmly fastened, and no man could push his way through it. Miss Royd is here, and there's a steward's bell at your elbow—"

"I was so numbed by terror I forgot the bell," Miss Yate said.

"Take my advice," said Matthew Kelton, in his doctorial manner, "and draw the curtains over the port-hole, lock your door, and get some sleep. I'm sure you won't be bothered by the eyes again. I'll make an investigation at once, and ask the captain to station a special watch in this part of the ship."

"That's very good of you," said Miss Yate. "I have a grip on myself now."

"Good-night, Miss Yate."

"Good-night."

Matthew Kelton went out of the cabin sorely perplexed and furiously curious. On his conscience was a lie—a white lie. He had told Miss Yate that he was sure she would not be bothered by the eyes again. Really, he wasn't in the least sure of it.

He went to the deck above Miss Yate's cabin. He was too intelligent not to recognize that he might be doing a foolhardy thing, and yet so absorbed was he in this new phase of the mystery that he pushed his fear into the background of his mind. Perhaps, after all, the apparition was pure imagination on the invalid's part. She was high-strung, a bundle of nerves, and the captain had said that she had suffered some sort of break-down. On the other hand, it might be true. She had described her experience most convincingly.

THERE was a short promenade deck directly above Miss Yate's cabin. Matthew Kelton leaned over the rail. Below, in the side of the ship, was the dim glow of light he knew to be the port-hole of her cabin. It was, he estimated, at least eight or nine feet below the deck. There were no port-holes or other openings below the cabin. The eyes, then, must have come from above. To swing down to her port-hole was possible—but only for an exceedingly agile gymnast, and he would need a rope, or a rope-ladder to perform the perilous feat. One slip, and he would plunge into dark waves below. Matthew Kelton shook an uncomprehending head.

"Motive," he said to himself. "Motive."

Then he remembered that he might be dealing with a mind to which motives meant nothing—the chaotic, illogical mind of a killer, seeking, without plan, without reason, fresh prey.

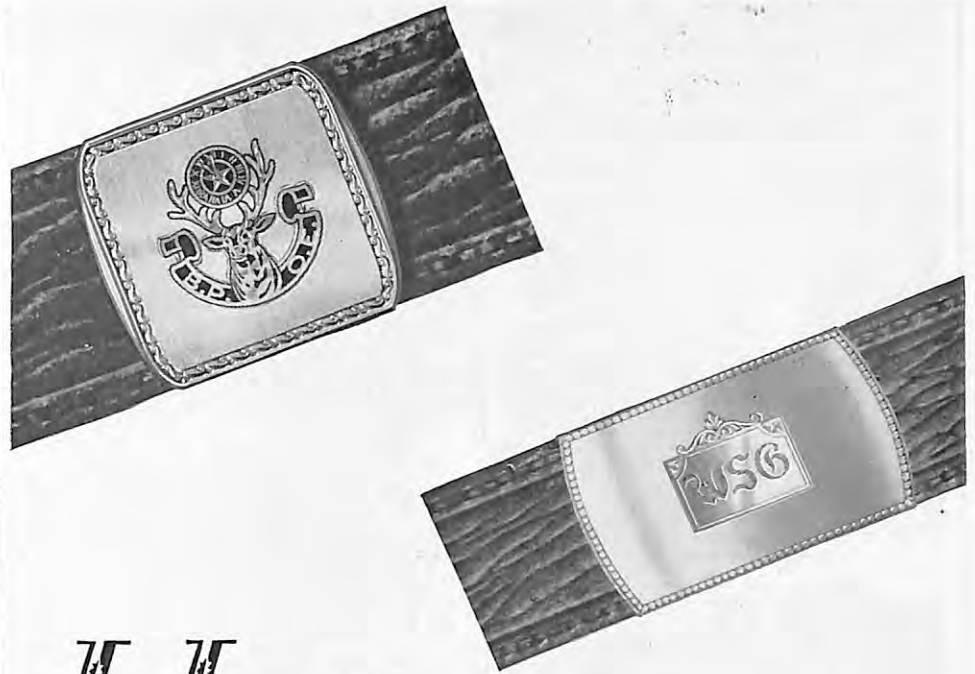
A sound behind him made him jump, and he turned about, his hand instinctively raised in a position of defense. It was only McQuarrie, the first officer, making his rounds.

"Shadow-boxing, Mr. Kelton?" asked McQuarrie, a stolid, elderly, weather-beaten Scotsman with "seafaring man" written all over him.

Briefly Matthew Kelton told him of Miss Yate's experience.

"Well, that beats the devil," said McQuarrie. "I've sailed the seven seas for forty years, from Java to Rio, and from Vancouver to Sydney, but the likes of that yarn I've never heard. Perhaps the good lady is a wee bit daft."

(Continued on page 60)



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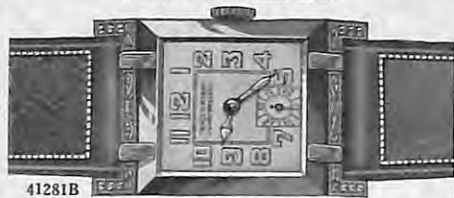
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# Murder at Sea

(Continued from page 59)

"Perhaps," said Matthew Kelton. "Anyhow, I think it would be wise to station a watch near here. It will make her feel she is protected—in any event."

"I've been about here for the last half hour," said the first officer, "and I've seen nothing."

"Were you right on this spot all the time?"

"Well, no. I meant in this general part of the ship," answered McQuarrie. "I'll have this neighborhood patrolled, you can be sure of that—though I'm no believer in bright-eyed spooks, myself."

"You've noticed nothing unusual at all, then, tonight?" Kelton asked him.

"Not exactly."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it may be nothing at all," said McQuarrie. "But something is troubling the crew. It may be only a touch of the pip, but they're uncommonly edgy, especially the natives. They're a clannish lot, those Bermudians, and full of superstitions, and it's hard to find out what's on their minds; but something is. I can tell that."

"Will you let me know if you hear or see anything new?" Kelton said.

"I will that. Captain Galvin has given orders that we are to help you in any way we can."

"Good. Thank you. I'm going down to my cabin now."

"If I see your spook I'll catch him by the tail and pickle him," promised the first officer, as Kelton moved away.

Once again Matthew Kelton retired to his stateroom for five minutes of concentration. Once again he had barely sat down, and was trying to fit the eyes into the disjointed picture, when there was a sharp rap at his cabin door, the rap of someone very much in a hurry.

"Who's there?" called Kelton.

"It's Larsen."

"Come in."

The steward entered. Beads of perspiration stood out on his pallid, disturbed face.

"What now?" asked Kelton.

"Will you come at once to Cabin K, sir?" the steward got out. "Something's happened there—something horrible."

(To be Continued)

# "It's An Exclusive Picture"—Here's Why

(Continued from page 25)

picture editors. He must be covered at all times, and he flits about from country to country and continent to continent in so surprising a fashion that he eludes the best-planned pursuit—not that he always does so deliberately, but, having a mind of his own, he usually does the unexpected.

After his reception in Paris, Lindbergh went to Brussels, and from there set out for Croydon airdrome, outside London. A small flying circus of planes carrying photographers and correspondents went tagging after him, like gulls after a steamship. Their planes were swift enough to keep up with the moderate-paced *Spirit of St. Louis*, and they felt they would land in Croydon right with the Lone Eagle. But did Lindbergh fly to the Belgian coast and then down it toward Calais, so that he might cross the Channel near Dover at its narrowest point? No, he flew in a straight line from Brussels to London, and it was too much for the other pilots. They had never gone that way before, and they couldn't very well break tradition; or perhaps it was rules. However, they were late at Croydon.

The day before Lindbergh made his over-water flight from Caracas to St. Thomas, one of the Virgin Islands near Cuba, many newspapers discovered that they did not have his obituary, or, to put it gently, his biography. All good newspaper offices have biographies of public figures, either in type or ready to be linotyped. So when the "flash" comes over the wires: "Washington—John Smitherwheel died of heart disease at 1:04 P. M.," the next editions will carry several columns of Mr. Smitherwheel's life history. But Lindbergh's career had been so swift that each day brought a succeeding chapter. Many a rewrite man wrote Lindbergh's life history during the hours of his flight from South America, and muttered a fervent prayer or two that it might not be used for many years.

In comparison with the picture men, the editors are rather easily off on the score of Lindbergh's biography. It can be kept reasonably up to date. But the picture editors have a constant worry, and a distasteful one. Much as they wish the flier a long and happy life, they must not be blind to the chance that some day he will crash. Even if Lindbergh escaped unharmed, that crash would be the biggest news of the day. Suppose he should pick some out-of-the-way place like British Honduras to do it in; what a scramble there would be to get the pictures back to the home office!

Here is an off-the-record story of the better-half of "We," from the days when he was just an ordinary air-mail pilot, working for the Robertson company. When he was flying the air mail he frequently carried pictures, as he did when the Yankees were playing the Cardinals in St. Louis during the world series. Lindbergh's route was between St. Louis and Chicago. One

day while he was in Chicago a tornado ripped up the town of Murphysboro, Ill., about 250 miles south of the metropolis. An agency asked the Robertson Company to send a plane there, and Lindbergh drew the job.

The pilot was instructed to meet the photographer, who had gone down on a relief train, at the Murphysboro Western Union office, get the cameraman's plates, and fly back with them. It was no trouble, of course, for Lindy to hop down there. He sauntered into the Western Union, and there found a group of photographers.

"Which of you is from the Chicago Dash?" he inquired. "I'm supposed to fly his plates back."

"Oh, yes," said one. "Here they are." And he reached into his camera case and drew forth two packages of plates. Off went Lindy to Chicago, and when he landed, a man from the Dash was waiting to rush the plates to his office and develop them.

The plates were thrown into the soup. They were unexposed—entirely innocent of pictures. Some smart fellow from another paper had taken the opportunity to send Lindbergh on a fool's errand. Lindbergh went about Chicago looking for that photographer with murder in his heart, but it is not recorded whether he ever found him.

During her more brief but equally exciting flight to fame, Ruth Elder was another source of worry and expense to the picture gatherers. When the news came that a Dutch tanker had picked up Ruth and George Haldeman, one agency wirelessly the vessel's captain that it would pay him or any member of his crew \$1,000 for a picture of the actual rescue. The captain replied, "No picture was made."

Miss Elder and Haldeman were taken to Fayal, in the Azores, where pictures in plenty were made of their reception. But the difficulty of getting them to New York appeared to be great. The plan finally evolved by one agency shows the limits to which one must go to eliminate the chance of failure—and how failure may come all the same.

No New York-bound vessel was due to touch at the Azores for several days. Meanwhile, two Junkers seaplanes, one of them carrying a Viennese actress, arrived in the harbor from Portugal, on their way to the United States. The agency arranged with the Junkers representatives in New York that both planes should carry two sets each of photographs, and that \$2,000 was to be paid if any of these pictures were the first to arrive in New York.

The course of the Junkers planes was indefinite. Depending on weather conditions, they might fly by way of Newfoundland, refueling there, or by way of Bermuda, with a stop at that point. So one man was sent from New York to Newfoundland, with instructions to meet the

(Continued on page 62)



# Speechless...When a Few Words Would Have Made Me!

*But now I can face the largest audience without a trace of stage fright.*

**T**HE 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!

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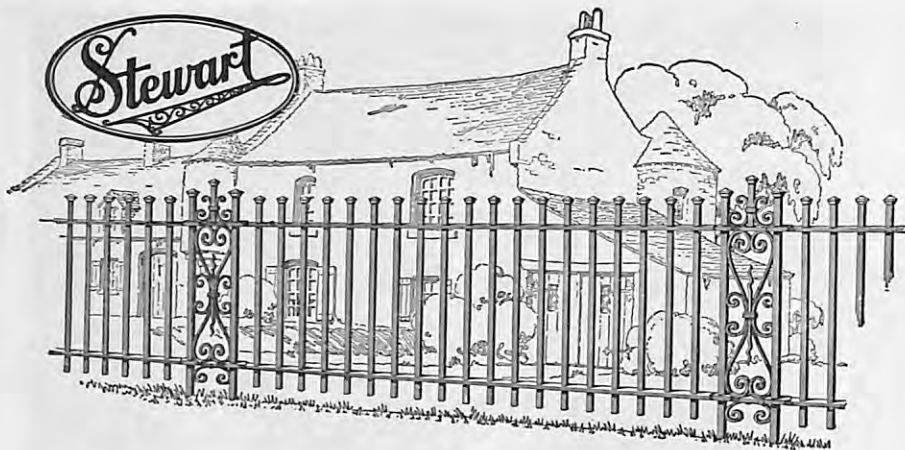
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## "It's An Exclusive Picture" —Here's Why

(Continued from page 60)

first plane to arrive, if it came that way, and take one set of prints, leaving the other set on the German ship. In all probability this man, by flying immediately for home, would beat the Germans, who would stop to refuel.

Another man was dispatched to Bermuda with similar orders.

One of the two German planes attempted to leave the Azores and crashed. The other stood waiting for better weather. Meanwhile Ruth Elder, Haldeman, and a complete set of pictures left for Portugal on the next boat out, and the same agency that had made the elaborate arrangements with the German fliers sent an airplane from London to Lisbon. A staff photographer was to meet the pilots of the *American Girl* there, and, after adding further to the picture collection by recording the Portuguese welcome, was to fly back to Paris or London. There was a bare chance that by catching an express steamer out of Cherbourg or Southampton, these pictures would be the first of any in New York.

The remaining German plane never got off. A competing agency spent an unnamed but undoubtedly large sum to hire the liner *Presidente Wilson*, bound for New York, to go 400 miles out of its course to stop at the Azores. The ship tarried only long enough to take on board some motion-picture film—from which prints for newspapers were later made—and came on to New York. The cost of that undertaking may be imagined, for the liner was twenty-four hours late in arriving. Try to rent a liner for a day. The pictures the *Presidente Wilson* brought were easily first in. Those that were flown from Portugal to Paris arrived four days later—which wasn't a bad record, at that.

Sometimes, when thousands of dollars are being spent to cover a story by airplane, the lowly postman may come through ahead of the high-powered air cruisers. A few cents' postage and a special delivery stamp did the trick after the hurricane which tore up a large part of the State of Florida.

That wind-storm was so thorough that Miami and Palm Beach were cut off from rail, telephone and telegraph communication for hours. When the first feeble details of the damage trickled in from points on the edge of the stricken area, an agency called in the faithful airplane. But it did not know exactly where to send the ship.

**I**T WAS finally decided that the pilot should fly to Fayetteville, N. C., and there telephone New York for instructions. By the time he had done so, the home office had got word from a correspondent in St. Petersburg, Fla., stating that pictures were on the way in care of a Pullman porter on a certain train. The pilot, therefore, was instructed to fly as far south as he could, meet the train, and bring the pictures back by air.

The flier met the train, and started against stiff head winds for Washington, D. C., where he landed at dusk. At dawn next day he started for Curtiss Field, landing at 7:30 A. M. The pictures he brought were next to worthless. They had been taken in St. Petersburg, which had not been hard hit, and showed only a few bent palm trees and an overturned shack or two.

Meanwhile, all attempts to communicate with Palm Beach or Miami correspondents had failed. Even radio amateurs were pressed into service without success. But, figuring that sooner or later a wire would be put through, the New York office of the agency sent another plane to Richmond, Va., to await orders. As soon as the Miami correspondent was heard from, he was to be instructed to send his pictures north in care of a porter or train passenger, and the pilot at Richmond would fly south and intercept them. But there was no word.

On the afternoon of the day the St. Petersburg pictures were brought in, a competing firm had succeeded in getting the first good pictures of the storm into New York by air. The office of the other syndicate was a gloomy place. "Well, we're sunk," said the men who had been working day and night without seemingly getting



anywhere. Just then a postman shambled in. "Package for you," he said. The package bore a Miami postmark, and contained such pictures as would delight the most critical editor. It had been on the same train that the first pilot had intercepted to get the St. Petersburg views, but, being in the mail, nobody knew anything about it.

The story of how the first pictures to arrive by air were brought to another agency is also illustrative of our main theme. This firm received word from a free-lance photographer in Miami that he had fifty or sixty pictures. "Do you want them?" he inquired. "Hire a plane," was the answer. But the free-lance explained that there was no plane available.

"All right, then," came the reply. "Take the next train to Savannah, and we will have a plane meet you there." This free-lance was the proprietor of a small restaurant. He had just enough time to catch his train, so off he went, wearing the clothes of his trade—a pair of white duck trousers and a waiter's jacket.

THE plane was sent down to Savannah from Bolling Field, Washington. The restaurateur-photographer hopped aboard and started his flight north. His summer clothes were warm enough for the first few hours, but the farther north he flew the colder he got. A staff photographer from the Washington bureau had met him at Savannah, and kindly lent him his overcoat as far as Washington. But from Washington to New York, in bitter weather, all he had was his waiter's jacket and white trousers. As blue as a cold-storage turkey, he landed at Curtiss Field in triumph. For his pictures he got more money than he had dreamed of having two days before, and returned to Florida in style, with a whole new outfit of clothes.

Probably one of the slowest beats on record occurred when Nome, Alaska, was threatened with an epidemic of diphtheria. The whole nation followed the course of a relay of dog-team drivers who rushed a shipment of antitoxin 512 miles from Fairbanks to Nome. It was easy enough to get news out of the stricken community, for the cable was working perfectly; but the only way to get pictures of the arrival of the antitoxin out was to ship them by dog-sled to Fairbanks, thence by train to Seward, and by boat to Seattle.

Before the boat got to Seattle, however, a sea-plane met it at Cape Lazo, B. C., where the pictures were tossed off the steamer in a barrel and picked up by the flying boat. In those days telephone transmission had not been perfected, so the pictures were flown to Seattle and developed and printed there. Another plane took several sets of prints to Salt Lake City, where they were put aboard the air mail for distribution from Chicago and New York. It took weeks to get the photographs as far as Seattle, and only a day to fling them across the United States.

The prominence of the airplane in the picture game is increasing every year, particularly in the motion picture news-reel business. Sometimes it is used for making photographs, notably in the case of floods. A "shot" from an elevation is the only kind that will give an idea of the magnitude of a flood, and, besides, at such times the airways are the only roads open. The head of one big agency was asked if there had been any particular excitement in connection with photographing the great Mississippi River flood. "No, nothing out of the ordinary," he said. "It was just a case of flying there and hoping you'd get back on dry ground."

It may seem odd that picture agencies don't own fleets of airplanes, for the smallest ship costs \$50 an hour, and one soon spends the cost of a plane in rentals. But the agencies prefer to hire their ships, for the same reason that many big-city dwellers who can afford automobiles find it more convenient to take taxicabs. Time can be saved by renting a plane in the city nearest the story to be covered.

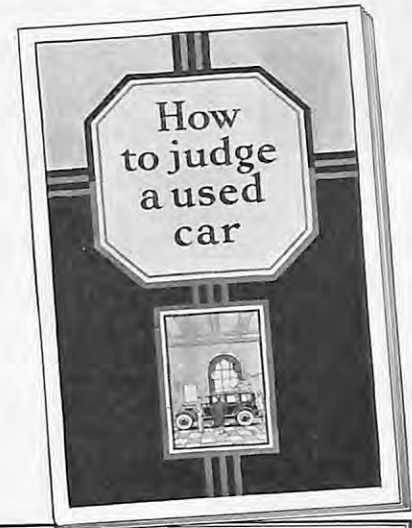
When Gertrude Ederle swam the English Channel, photographs were dispatched on eight or nine steamers leaving Cherbourg, Le Havre, Southampton and Liverpool. "Take no chances," was the motto. Nine times out of ten, the express steamers are the best means for shipments to New York. But the tenth time rolls around, and it is discovered that some ten-day boat leaving Liverpool and bound for Quebec

(Continued on page 64)

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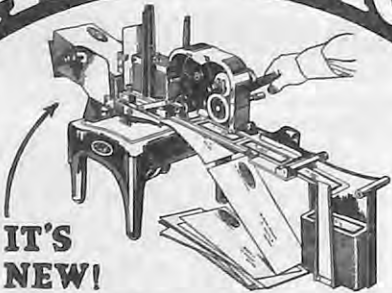
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## "It's An Exclusive Picture"—Here's Why

(Continued from page 63)

or Halifax will reach the American continent before the next express steamer.

Many a beat has been put over by the use of slow steamers, and such was the case with the Ederle pictures. The first of the eight or nine liners to reach this side of the Atlantic was a Canadian Pacific vessel bound for Quebec. The pictures on it were the most important in sight, so a certain agency lifted the lid in the matter of expense. Four airplanes were chartered—two seaplanes and two land planes. One land plane went to Lake George, N. Y., ready to carry the pictures on the last lap of a relay race to the Long Island field.

One seaplane went to Father Point, twenty-four hours' steamer time down the St. Lawrence River from Quebec. The other two planes went to Rimouski, some distance upstream from Father Point.

**WHEN** the liner passed the point it slowed down, by arrangement, and the pictures were thrown into the river in a barrel, where they were picked up by the crew of the plane. This ship flew to Rimouski. There the pictures were divided, and one of the relay ships, a land plane, set out on a direct flight for New York. Visibility was so low that it had to fly under the Quebec Bridge.

The remaining seaplane made for Lake George, arriving on schedule and making connections with the land ship there. The relay plane flew on home from the lake, arriving shortly after noon.

But for twenty-four hours there was no word of the ship that had started on the direct flight to New York. "Poor old Joe," said the men in the home office. "He was a swell fellow." But Joe had only been forced down in a storm, and had landed in a French-Canadian's farmyard, miles from any telephone or telegraph line. He waited overnight, took off again, and landed snugly on Long Island only an hour and a half behind the first ship. The pictures were a day ahead of all others—but at what cost! The agency never regained a fraction of what it had spent, and it didn't expect to.

Not long ago the writer asked the head of one of the great news-reel firms how he planned to cover Commander Richard E. Byrd's South Polar expedition. He shook his head and shrugged his shoulders, and the gestures told more plainly than words that this will probably be one of the most expensive and difficult of all undertakings in the picture game. The Byrd expedition will no doubt have its own photographer, but he will be no help to all the firms, both movie and "still," that will get pictures if it is humanly possible.

It was hard enough to get back to New York pictures of the Navy flier's hop to the North Pole, and that pole is just next door in comparison with the other tip of the world. Both Byrd and Amundsen made headquarters for their Arctic flights at Spitzbergen, and, fortunately for the cameramen, Amundsen began his flight in the *Norge* the day after Byrd and Floyd Bennett flew back from the Pole in the *Josephine Ford*.

Although there were other agencies on the job, the representative of one firm at Spitzbergen made an exclusive deal with the Norwegian government for the use of one of its ships, the *Heimdal*. The cameraman shot Byrd's take-off and return, and the next day the majestic scene of the *Norge's* departure. Then he went aboard the *Heimdal* and sailed for Oslo. There the first of a relay of airplanes was waiting. In successive jumps and in different planes, the cameraman flew from Oslo to Stockholm; Stockholm to Malmo; Malmo to Hamburg; Hamburg to Amsterdam, and Amsterdam to Southampton.

The London office of the firm knew the reels of film were on their way, and made arrangements for their being taken aboard an express steamer. By the time the film had arrived in Southampton, the steamer had sailed. But the pictures were put aboard a seaplane, which pursued the liner into the English Channel. By arrangement, when the seaplane appeared the steamer stopped, and the plane landed alongside. With great difficulty in the rough water the film was transhipped. It was in New York eight days after its arrival in Oslo.

But that was just half the story. There still remained to be covered the arrival of Amundsen's dirigible in Alaska. A cameraman had been in Fairbanks for weeks, awaiting word of Amundsen's departure from Spitzbergen. When it came, he took a plane and flew to Nome. It sounds so easy to say, "he took a plane and flew"; but this flight was over a dangerous wilderness and included Mount McKinley, the highest mountain on the American continent.

From Nome the photographer flew to Teller, and there made his pictures. Then began the air jump to Skagway, with stops at Fairbanks, Dawson, and White Horse. At Skagway he caught the steamer *Princess Mary*, bound for Vancouver. But, as in the case of the Nome epidemic pictures, the films were taken off the steamer by a seaplane in Alert Bay, 300 miles out of Vancouver, and flown to Seattle. Here they were developed and a number of prints were made. Some prints were distributed along the Pacific coast, while others were flown to Pasco, Nev., where they caught the transcontinental air mail.

Although the air mail and the system of telephoning pictures have been an immense help, they have also provided difficulties. With these two systems in use, time is of greater value than it was before. Suppose that several agencies are covering the same big story, and one gets to the nearest transmitting station first. The next may be only five minutes behind, but it will be delayed an hour or more while the pictures of the first agency are being telephoned.

Sometimes, in the case of very important pictures, the agencies forget their business enmity for the moment and share the telephone facilities. Such was the case in the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago. The telephone company could transmit only so many pictures in a given time, and to divide that time up would mean that each agency would get only two or three pictures distributed in time for the next morning's papers. So they combined, sharing the best of their photographs. Thus, nearly every big morning paper in the country had a choice of eleven pictures of the fight in which Tunney got the Chicago count.

The rigid schedule of the air mail has also imposed a definite barrier of time, and minutes may spell success or failure. When Lindbergh hopped off from Roosevelt Field for Paris, most of the news-reel cameramen dashed to automobiles and sped to their New York offices over the Long Island motor parkway. But one man took a commuters' train, which got to New York far ahead of the automobiles. In consequence, his firm had time to develop and print his films and rush them to the air-mail field in New Jersey before the transcontinental plane departed. The pictures were shown in San Francisco theatres thirty-six hours after Lindbergh started his flight—less than three hours after Lindy had landed in Paris.

These Lindbergh pictures were in the nature of an extra service. Motion picture theatre owners contract for a news-reel service on a flat rate basis, and the reel is usually issued in two editions each week. If one edition has already been distributed by the Twentieth Century and other fast trains, a big story that breaks subsequently must either be held for the next issue or else be specially distributed. Here is where the air mail comes in. To ship from 75 to 150 feet of film by air mail to its principal clients, one firm spends from \$1,200 to \$1,700 in postage.

One of the most expensive single beats put over in recent pictures was engineered by a London tabloid in connection with a visit of the Prince of Wales to Africa. The Prince being one of the most photographed persons in the world, it is no small annoyance to have a swarm of cameramen forever snapping his picture. It was thought that much of this annoyance could be eliminated on the African trip if the London publishers agreed to send only one man with the Prince's party, who would make pictures for every newspaper.

The tabloid, unknown to the other newspapers, sent a representative to Africa by a different route, so that he arrived in time to make the same photographs as the official cameraman got. Then began a race to get the un-

official pictures into London first. It involved hiring a steamer to go 400 miles off its course and pass near the coast of Portugal, off Lisbon.

There the pictures, already developed and in hermetically sealed containers, were tossed overboard in the faithful old barrel that is so often used, and picked up by a seagoing tug. At Portugal Sir Alan Cobham, Britain's best-known pilot, was waiting, ready to fly to London. He got only as far as Bordeaux, where the field was bogged down in rain. After several spectacular attempts to get off, in which the water on the field sprayed high over the plane, Cobham was forced to send the plates on the Bordeaux-Paris express.

The express arrived at dawn in Paris. The previous night had been spent in a futile attempt to get an airplane from some French concern. Finally a ship was flown from London in time to be on the Paris airport at 7 A. M. When the plates were received at the train they were taken to a newspaper office and prints were hurriedly struck off. Then the plates were flown to London, and for safety the prints were sent on in care of a train-and-boat passenger to London. The beat thus scored was a matter of twenty-four hours, and had cost \$10,000.

Very often both news-reel and newspaper picture agencies are forced to rely upon the work of amateurs. No one, for example, could have foreseen the rescue of the crew of the freighter *Antinoe* by the United States liner *President Roosevelt*. So when the latter vessel arrived in Queenstown, Ireland, there was a merry scramble of newspaper men to buy, sight unseen, the rolls of film snapped by passengers of the actual rescue work. Often these pictures are technically terrible, but if they are the first in, they are the only ones worth having. For instance, a great scoop was the pictures of the Japanese earthquake, on which an agency spent \$6,000 in transporting them by air across the United States. Yet the pictures were distinctly third-rate, fuzzy and lacking detail.

And so the game goes on. The cameramen have plenty of thrills on their assignments, and often the transportation problem involves as much difficulty in getting there first as in getting back first with the pictures; but "Get them back first" is the watchword.

### Left-Handers

(Continued from page 21)

joining of the Yanks was Waddellian in a way. His salary was to have been kept a secret as players watch the matter of salaries.

A baseball writer on his way to join the Yankees was approached by a garrulous colored porter. "Are you one of the baseball men?" rambled the porter. "I had one on my car last trip south. His name was Mr. Ruth. Do you know how much salary he is getting. Well, \$25,000 a year. I know because he done showed me his contract when I told him I couldn't believe it."

There were many high spots in the history of the Ruth eccentricities. There was the time when he rose in his wrath at a "razzing" and chased a cash customer right out of the grounds, and then performed a dance of rage on the roof of the Yankee dugout before a packed grandstand.

There was the time when he was stricken with acute indigestion on the way north, and as he was being taken back to a hospital in a drawing room attempted to cure the ailment with a double order of steak and fried potatoes. As a result he contracted a stomachache that was felt around the world.

A motion-picture company presented him with a check for \$25,000 for services. The Babe carried it around for five months, showing it to friends and admirers. At the end of this period he presented it for payment. The motion-picture company had failed in the meantime and the Babe was surprised to learn that such things could happen.

But why continue? The last time I talked to the Babe he assured me that the days of his folly had passed. He, too, has become more or less of an astute business man and is talking of bonds and investments. He talks quite sensibly and convincingly on such matters, too.

If we are to believe the Babe, he has ceased to  
(Continued on page 66)



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## Left-Handers

(Continued from page 65)

be eccentric, having worn out all the devices for displaying eccentricity. With the most spectacular of the left-handed players turning right-handed in demeanor and outlook upon life you would think the legend of the left-handed nut might die out.

But it will not. It is one of those ideas that is fixed even in the minds of managers who should know that it is largely fiction. I even have heard one manager suggest that all left-handed players coming into the big leagues be

psychoanalyzed, "just to find out how nutty they actually are."

It is hard to kill one of these things, once it has been started. As long as the national pastime lasts this legend will be passed along and they will continue to say—"as queer as a left-handed pitcher."

Charlie Chaplin might play Hamlet and be great in it, but he would have just as much chance of being taken seriously as a left-handed pitcher.

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 40)

### Freeport, N. Y., Lodge Clinic Makes Annual Report

The Good Health Clinic Committee of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253, has recently prepared and presented to the members its impressive record of the year's work. Miss Anna Lafferty, nurse in charge of the clinic, made 1,200 home visits, an average of 100 a month, covering fifteen villages, in the past year. At the thirteen regular office clinics held each month the total attendance was 2,400, or an average of 200 persons a month. On special occasions, such as toxin-antitoxin clinics, held under the direction of the State, as many as 224 treatments were given in a single day. In addition, about 750 individuals have come to the clinic for advice. Instructions and demonstrations have exceeded 1,000; and extractions, fillings and treatments at dental clinics have numbered nearly 450. The entire cost of the clinic for the year has been under \$6,000.

### Drill Team of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge Holds Easter Ball

Attended by some 1,500 persons, the first annual Easter ball to be held by the Drill Team of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, national champions, was a great success. Following a reception in the early hours of the evening, the eleven o'clock toast was delivered by Exalted Ruler John H. Burns, and the Drill Team assembled and saluted the flag. The grand march, led by Mr. and Mrs. Burns, again brought the dancers on the floor, and from twelve to one o'clock a delicious supper was served. The team will compete at Miami in July, and is counting on repeating its success of last year at Cincinnati.

### District Deputy Girrand Makes Official Visit to Eastland, Texas, Lodge

Including a number of visiting Elks from the Lodges of the district, a markedly fine turnout of members was on hand in the Home of Eastland, Texas, Lodge, No. 1372, to welcome District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. D. Girrand when he made his official visit there. Mr. Girrand commended Eastland Lodge on the progress it is making and for its generally fine condition and wound up his speech with an inspiring delivery of the Grand Exalted Ruler's message. Brief speeches were made by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler N. J. Nanney, and many past and active Lodge officers from the district.

### Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Makes Trip to Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge

Over fifty members of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, occupying two buses, journeyed to Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877, where they were enthusiastically welcomed and escorted to a dinner at the United States Hotel. After a fine repast the delegation, headed by Past Exalted Ruler Charles D. Bergen, Acting District Deputy, made their way to the Home and aided at the installation of the new Haverstraw Lodge officers. Mr. Bergen, who was assisted by several past and active officers of Bronx Lodge, thanked the large gathering present for the warm welcome tendered him. The visitors were loud in their praise of the splendid hospitality shown them by No. 877.

### Yankton, S. D., Lodge Banquets Championship Basket-ball Teams

Proud of the two championship basket-ball teams of its city, Yankton, S. D., Lodge, No. 994, recently gave an elaborate dinner in their honor. The guests included the players, coaches and members of the faculties of Yankton College and Yankton High School. The teams representing these two institutions hold remarkable records, each having won the state championship in its class for the past seven years. Served in the large banquet hall of the Lodge, under the auspices of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, the dinner was a most enjoyable event.

### Annual State Association Meetings Definitely Scheduled

The following State Associations have definitely decided to hold their annual conventions at the places and on the dates named below. This list, with additions as received, will appear each month in these columns.

- California, at Santa Barbara, Oct. 4-5-6.
- Idaho, at Idaho Falls, June 18-19.
- Illinois, at Moline, Aug. 7-8-9.
- Indiana, at Gary in August.
- Iowa, at Ottumwa, June 5-6-7.
- Kentucky, at Lexington in June.
- Maryland, Delaware, District of Columbia, at Annapolis in August.
- Massachusetts, at Northampton, June 3-4-5.
- Michigan, at Manistee, June 18-19.
- Montana, at Billings, Aug. 3-4.
- Nevada, at Elko, last week in September.
- New Jersey, at Atlantic City, June 22-23.
- North Dakota, at Minot in August.
- Oklahoma, at Mangum, Sept. 2-3-4.
- Oregon, at Astoria, Aug. 30-31 and Sept. 1.
- Pennsylvania, at Meadville (Conneaut Lake) in August.
- South Dakota, at Rapid City, June 26-27.
- Washington, at Spokane, June 21-22-23.
- West Virginia, at Fairmont in September.
- Wisconsin, at Oskosh in August.

### Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Band Has Splendid Record of Performance

Under the direction of B. A. Downey and the management of J. B. Morgan, the band of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, has a notable record of achievement for the past year. With Mr. Downey wielding the baton, the band has been trained to the point where it is comparable with the best anywhere. During the past year it has made thirty-five impressive public appearances, in concerts and parades, at patriotic celebrations, pageants and benefits, and has broadcast many programs over the radio. New uniforms and instruments have been purchased and No. 672 takes a natural pride in this organization.

### Butte, Mont., Lodge Gives Minstrel Show for Sanitarium Patients

Following its annual custom, Butte, Mont., Lodge, No. 240, recently gave a performance of its minstrel show for the patients of Galen Sanitarium. This production is always an outstanding event to the invalids, and this year the black-face acts and Butte male chorus were more than ever enjoyed. Dr. C. E. Vidal, superintendent of the sanitarium, on behalf of the staff and patients, tendered a vote of thanks to the cast.

### California State Elks Association Works for Forest-fire Prevention

For the third successive year the Committee on Forestry of the California State Elks Association is actively engaged in an educational campaign designed to extinguish, before they start, the devastating forest fires which annually destroy so much splendid timber. Cooperating with Governor C. C. Young's California Committee for American Forest Week, and the various committees formed by the State Chamber of Commerce and other organizations, the State Association, through its own efforts and those of the individual Lodges, effectively carried the lessons of fire prevention to a large public.

### Secretary Hanson of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge is Shot

Early on Sunday morning, May 6, Jacob D. Hanson, Secretary of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 346, while returning to his home in his automobile from the Silver Jubilee celebration of North Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodge, No. 860, was shot and probably mortally wounded by two Coast Guardsmen patrolling the road against rum-runners from the Canadian border. Mr. Hanson was hailed by one of the officers, whom, from his nondescript costume and the revolver in his hand, he took to be a hold-up man. Speeding up in his car to escape from a supposed robbery, Mr. Hanson was fired upon by a second officer, the bullet blinding him and lodging in his brain. At the time of writing, it was expected to prove fatal. The shooting has aroused much indignation and has been made the subject of an investigation by the U. S. Senate. It is expected also that a demand for the vigorous prosecution of the two officers will be made at the meeting of the New York State Elks Association, in June.

### Elk Minstrel Given by Sturgis, Mich., Lodge, a Great Success

Financially and theatrically one of the most successful shows ever given in the city, the minstrel produced for two performances by Sturgis, Mich., Lodge, No. 1381, was a source of much pride to the members. The program, divided into two parts, opened with a musical farce and then went on to the minstrel show proper. Both sections were enthusiastically received by the audience, which filled the spacious New Strand Theater. The settings and numbers, largely original with the committee, brought many congratulations.

### Fire Damages Home of Rahway, N. J., Lodge

Damage estimated at \$10,000 was recently done to the Home of Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075, by a fire of unknown origin. Starting in a closet on one side of the building, the flames roared up through a ventilating shaft, burning a large hole in the roof. Two members of No. 1075 who happened to be present fought the blaze with fire-extinguishers until the arrival of the fire department.

### St. Louis, Mo., Lodge Celebrates Its Golden Jubilee

From May 28 to June 2, St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, celebrated the 50th anniversary of its institution with a program of ceremony and festivity that had been planned to do full justice to its half-century of successful existence. Details of each day's activities were not complete at the time of writing, but it is hoped that a full report of the happenings may be published in the July number.

### San Joaquin Valley Elks Association Holds Quarterly Meeting

The directors of the San Joaquin Valley Elks Association held their seventeenth quarterly meeting in the Home of Merced, Calif., Lodge, No. 1240, with 32 members present. Past Exalted Ruler Elton Wilcox, of Porterville Lodge, No. 1342, assisted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry C. Kimball, installed the officers for the coming year.

(Continued on page 68)



## Again in 1928— Silvertowns are making records!

**G**REAT motor car factories are using more Silvertowns than ever before.

Successful tire dealers—seeing the trend—are concentrating on Silvertowns.

Motorists by the millions are enjoying the new measure of mileage and economy they find in Silvertowns.

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# Goodrich Silvertowns

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 67)

The ten-man golf team of Merced Lodge turned in a total score of 971 at the annual San Joaquin Valley Elks tournament recently held at Bakersfield, lowering their last year's total by 119 strokes. Six Valley Lodges were represented by their best players in the matches, which were won by the golfers of Bakersfield Lodge, No. 266.

New Jersey State Elks Association Meets in Atlantic City Late in June

Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, will play host to the annual convention of the New Jersey State Elks Association on June 22 and 23. Registration, the business meeting and the annual banquet will occupy the first day, while the big feature of the second will be the parade, in which some 5,000 marchers are expected to take part.

Corpus Christi, Texas, Lodge Impressively Dedicates New Home

The handsome new Home of Corpus Christi, Texas, Lodge, No. 1030, was recently dedicated with an elaborate program which included a parade, a buffet supper, and the initiation of a large class of candidates, participated in by a notable gathering of members and visiting Elks. The formal services were presided over by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Judge L. T. Hoyt, of Mercedes, who delivered the principal address of the occasion. Other speeches were made by many past and active Lodge officers of the jurisdiction.

The three-story brick structure of the Home is one of the finest in the State. The entrance is flanked on either side by decorative lamps thrust out from the wall on brackets. The elevators, with the emblematic spreading antlers, face the doors. To the left is the secretary's room, and beyond it the lounge and billiard hall, both in one large, well-lighted room. At the right of the entrance is the beautifully decorated ladies' room, and a short corridor leading to the gymnasium and to the modern kitchen. Most of the second floor is taken up with bachelor apartments, private baths, showers and locker rooms. The Lodge room on the third floor is furnished, decorated and arranged in keeping with its formal function in the life of the Lodge. Surmounting the third story is the roof garden where ornamental lamps, skirting the outside walls, will cast their light over dances and other social functions planned by the Entertainment Committee for the coming months.

Tiny Tim Club Greatly Aided By Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge

The Tiny Tim Club, formed some months ago for the care of underprivileged children by Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, in conjunction with several other patriotic and civic organizations, has shown marked progress up to date. Vassar Brothers' Hospital has agreed to provide additional facilities for the examination and treatment of little sufferers, and to this end has appointed a staff of doctors to oversee the work. So far ten clinics have been held, eighty new cases cared for and 124 old ones revisited. Aside from Poughkeepsie Lodge, the Rotary, Kiwanis and Exchange Clubs and the American Legion are interested in this charitable project.

Michigan State Elks Association in Convention at Manistee, June 18 and 19

Below is the program of the annual convention of the Michigan State Elks Association, to be held at Manistee on June 18 and 19:

Monday, June 18th—Opening session 9:00 A. M. at Home of Manistee Lodge, No. 250; Business session and election of officers in afternoon; Banquet for State Association Officers and Delegates at 6:30 P. M. Tuesday, June 19th—Ritualistic Contest; Lake excursions morning and afternoon; Installation of officers; Memorial Services; Parade at 4:30 P. M. Initiation of "All State Class of Candidates" by winner of Ritualistic Contest at 7:30 P. M.; President's Grand Ball at 9:00 P. M.



EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you tell the wife that you've never been in this supper club before and the hostess greets you with a friendly "hello, Al" . . . . be nonchalant . . . light a MURAD Cigarette.

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**Charles City, Iowa, Lodge Proud of Artist Daughter of Member**

When Charles City, Iowa, Lodge, No. 418, took a leading part in the great homecoming party given in the town of her birth for Ilza Niemack, the brilliant young violinist, it had a special reason for pride. The artist's father, Dr. Julius Niemack, is an Elk loved and respected in Charles City, one of Iowa's leading surgeons, and behind his daughter's success is a story that has deeply stirred his fellow members of No. 418 and that will, we believe, interest Elks everywhere.

When, as a small child, Ilza Niemack showed unusual talent, her parents, both accomplished musicians, dedicated their lives to fostering the spark of genius they recognized in their daughter. With calm determination, once their course was decided upon, Dr. and Mrs. Niemack sold their fine house, and moved into a small apartment adjoining the doctor's office. From the time she was three, until she was eight years old, Ilza received her musical training at home. After this, she was sent to the first of the long list of private teachers that was to end with the great Leopold Auer, in New York. After three years under Auer, Miss Niemack, then scarcely twenty, made a highly successful debut in New York, followed by a year of study and concert work in Europe, where she was acclaimed as a great violinist. An American tour, equally successful, followed, and culminated in the great homecoming party at Charles City, when this twenty-four-year-old girl received the good wishes of every individual and organization for many miles around, all proud to do honor to a great artist, and to the devotion and sacrifice that had made her success possible.

**South Dakota State Elks Association At Rapid City, June 26 and 27**

Rapid City Lodge, No. 1187, will entertain the annual convention of the South Dakota State Elks Association on June 26 and 27. Among the questions to be decided at the business meetings will be that of a definite program of activities to be followed by the Association during the coming year.

The program of the two-day meeting is as follows: Tuesday, June 26th—Registration; Executive Session; Reception by officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Rapid City Lodge; Auto Trips through the South Dakota State Game Park; Reception and Dance at Lodge Home. Wednesday, June 27th—Executive Session; Trout Fry and Trip on the Rapid Canyon Line to Mystic and return, and other sightseeing tours.

**Rockford, Ill., Lodge Initiates Record Class at Silver Jubilee**

The silver jubilee celebration of Rockford, Ill., Lodge, No. 64, was marked by the initiation of a class of some 300 candidates by Exalted Ruler Samuel Nims and his staff, in the presence of many distinguished officials and members of the Order. At the conclusion of the ceremonies Governor Fred B. Zimmerman of Wisconsin, who had made a special trip to be present, gave a stirring address on "Fellowship, the Cornerstone of the Elk Structure," which was followed by a demonstration of applause.

Over 1,000 persons were served at the dinner held afterward at the Shrine Temple, at which Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois, Fred Sterling, officiated. Among the speakers of the occasion were George Hasselman, Secretary of the Illinois State Elks Association; Rev. Father Joseph M. Lonergan, formerly National Chaplain of the American Legion; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry Warner. Among the enjoyable features of the evening were motion-pictures, and excellent singing by the Omaha Elks Troubadors.

**Massachusetts State Elks Association Banquets Grand Exalted Ruler**

Massachusetts Elks, with their guests, to the number of 850, gathered in the Home of Boston Lodge, No. 10, for the reception, dinner and dance given for Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley by the Massachusetts State Elks Association. Among the speakers at the dinner were

*(Continued on page 71)*

.. and now

**DUNLOP sponsors it..**

**M**ANY months ago, Dunlop started to build a 75c golf-ball.

Thousands upon thousands were made and sold. They were called "Maxpar."

They were orphans. Dunlop withheld the Dunlop name—the greatest name in golf.

They had to win their own way in the world. They had to prove themselves to possess *all* the best qualities of *every* other 75c ball.

Thousands of golfers gave them untold punishment. Orders from professionals for this Spring's delivery are already in excess of manufacturing capacity.

The Maxpar had conclusively earned its right to the Dunlop hall-mark. So now it is the Dunlop "Maxpar." It is a *Dunlop..* in quality as well as name.



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"Letters To and Fro" gives the heat saving experiences of eight persons.

Every one is based on their own home heating satisfactions.

It's a bundle of real help hints written by eight real people.

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# They gave me the "ha-ha" when I offered to play

... but I was the life of the party after that



THE first day of Dorothy's house party at her cottage on the shore had been a huge success. With an afternoon of swimming, boating and golfing we were all set for the wonderful dinner that followed.

"Well, folks," said Bill enthusiastically, as we were leaving the table, "I don't know how you feel, but I'm all pepped up for a good dance."

"Fine!" cried Dorothy, "Dick Roberts has his banjo and can sure make it hum. Now who can play the piano?"

Instantly the laughter and merriment ceased. All looked at one another foolishly. But no one said a word.

"How about you, Jim, you play, don't you?" asked Dot.

"Yes, I'll play 'Far, Far Away,'" laughed Jim.

"Well then, Mabel, will you help us out?"

"Honestly, Dot, I hate to admit it, but I can't play a note," she answered.

It certainly looked as if the party were going flat. Plenty of dancers but no one to play.

### Then I Offered to Play

"If you folks can stand it," I offered shyly, "I'll play for you."

The crowd, silent until now, instantly burst out in laughter.

"You may be able to play football, Jack, but you can't tackle a piano."

"Quit your kidding," cut in another, "I've never heard you play a note and I've known you all your life."

"There isn't a bar of music in your whole make-up," laughed Mabel.

A feeling of embarrassment mingled with resentment came over me. But as I strode to the piano I couldn't help chuckling to myself when I thought of the surprise I had in store for them.

No one knew what to expect. They thought I was about to make a fool of myself. Some laughed. Others watched me wide-eyed.

Then—I struck the first snappy chords of that foot-loosing fox-trot "St. Louis Blues." Dick was so dumbfounded he almost dropped his banjo. But in a flash he had picked up the rhythm and was strumming away like mad.

Although they could hardly

believe their ears, the crowd were all on their feet in a jiffy. And how they danced! Fox-trots, waltzes—with rests few and far between.

After a good round of dancing I decided to give them some real music and began a beautiful Indian love lyric.

The couples, who but a moment before had been dancing merrily, were now seated quietly about the room, entranced by that plaintive melody.

No sooner had the last soft notes died away than I was surrounded by my astonished friends. Questions were fired at me from all sides.

"How wonderful, Jack! Why haven't you played for us before?"

"How long have you been studying?"

"Why have you kept it a secret all these years when you might have been playing for us?"

"Who gave you lessons? He must be wonderful!"

### I Reveal My Secret

Then I explained how some time before I made up my mind to go in for something besides sports. I wanted to be able to play—to entertain others—to be popular. But when I thought of the great expense and the years of study and practice required, I hesitated.

Then one day I ran across an announcement in a magazine telling of a new, quick and simple way to learn music at home, without a teacher.

I was a little skeptical at first, but it was just what I wanted so I sent for the free booklet and demonstration lesson. The moment I saw it I was convinced and sent for the complete course at once.

When the lessons arrived I started right in, giving a few minutes of my spare time each day. And what fun it was—even from the very beginning. No monotonous scales—no tedious exercises—no tricky methods—just a simple, common-sense system that

even a child could understand. And best of all I was playing my favorite numbers almost from the start.

Anyone can learn to play this easy no-teacher way—right at home. The piano if desired; or any other instrument that you may choose. Almost half a million people have learned to play by this simple system in less than half the time it takes by the old-fashioned methods. And regardless of what instrument you pick, the cost averages only a few cents a day.

### Send for Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

To prove how simple and practical this remarkable course is, the U. S. School of Music has arranged a typical demonstration lesson and explanatory booklet which you may have for the asking. So if you really want to learn to play—if you wish to win a host of friends—to be popular everywhere—write for this free booklet and valuable demonstration lesson.

Don't delay, act at once—fill in and mail the attached coupon today—no obligation whatever.

Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 3626 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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3626 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, demonstration lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

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 Have you above instrument? .....

Name.....  
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# Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 69)

Mr. Malley; Wellington Wells, President of the Massachusetts Senate; Mayor Nichols, of Boston; E. Mark Sullivan, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, who acted as toastmaster; Logan L. McLean, Past President of the Association, general chairman of the banquet committee; and James R. Flanagan, the present head of the Massachusetts Association. Murray Hulbert, Past Justice of the Grand Forum, delivered the eleven o'clock toast.

Among the events of the evening was the presentation, by Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter, of the James R. Nicholson Ritualistic Trophy, to Northampton Lodge, No. 997. The beautiful cup is now the permanent possession of Northampton Lodge, this being the third successive year that its degree team has won the contest.

The annual convention of the Massachusetts State Elks Association will be held on June 3, 4 and 5, at Northampton. The following is the program which will fill the time for delegates and visitors:

Sunday, June 3d—Afternoon and evening, registration and giving of badges at Memorial Hall; Afternoon, buffet lunch at Elks Home and reception to visiting Elks and ladies; 5:30 P. M., dinner at Northampton Country Club for officers of State Association, Grand Lodge officers, and guests; 8:00 P. M., Municipal Theatre, address of welcome by the Mayor; response by President of the State Association. Speaker of the evening, Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley.

Monday, June 4th—9:30 A. M., band concert in front of Convention Hall; 10:00 A. M., business meeting of the State Association; 12:30 P. M., Sportsmen Club, Hadley, clambake, sports and outing for all the men; 12:30 P. M., ladies to be taken to lunch at Massachusetts Agricultural College in Amherst, drive through the grounds, then through the Notch to Mt. Holyoke. Music, tea and refreshments on top of the mountain at 4:00 P. M. Ladies then to be taken through Holyoke and over Mt. Tom to Easthampton, then back to Northampton; 8:00 P. M., band concert in front of the Elks' Home; music, informal dance and entertainment at Elks' Home; buffet lunch.

Tuesday, June 5th—10:00 A. M., final meeting of State Association at Memorial Hall; 12:30 P. M., farewell banquet to all officers, delegates and ladies.

## Member of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge Breaks World Speed Record

Driving his Triplex, which he had named "The Spirit of Elksdom," at a rate of 207.5 miles an hour, at Ormond Beach, Fla., Ray Keech, a member of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, bettered the world's automobile speed record, held by Capt. Malcolm Campbell, of England, by more than half a mile. On his return home Mr. Keech was given a rousing welcome and reception by Mayor Mackey and officials of Philadelphia, and a delegation of fifty members from Philadelphia Lodge.

## Wives of Tampa, Fla., Lodge Members Hold Reception

A tea and reception planned to bring the wives of the members of Tampa, Fla., Lodge, No. 708, together to form a permanent organization, was recently given in the Home. Bowls of pink and red roses were arranged effectively around the lounge, and the purple and white of the Order were used in decorating the rooms where tea and refreshments were served. Some 500 invitations were issued, and the response was most stimulating, there being present many wives of members of other Lodges in the jurisdiction. Many addresses were made, and a musical program concluded a thoroughly successful occasion.

## Indiana, North, Association Holds Meeting at Hammond, Ind., Lodge

The semi-annual meeting of the Indiana, North, Elks Association was recently held in the Home of Hammond, Ind., Lodge, No. 485, with District Deputy Grand Exalted

Ruler Abe Ottenheimer presiding. The forenoon was devoted to a business session, when reports from Lodges in the jurisdiction were read. These showed a flourishing condition, and the following exchange of ideas and policies proved invigorating to the presiding officers. At noon a luncheon was served and in the afternoon the degree team, assisted by the uniformed band and drill team of Hammond Lodge, initiated a class of fifteen candidates into the Order.

John Hampton, Don Allman and Frank E. Coughlin, President, Secretary and Fourth Vice-President, respectively, of the Indiana State Elks Association, were present and urged full attendance at the State Convention at Gary in August, and the Grand Lodge Convention at Miami.

## New England Elks Plan Interesting Trip to Grand Lodge Convention

The itinerary of the All-New England Elks Tour to the Grand Lodge Convention, starting July 2d, will include a trip from Boston by special train to Fall River, Mass., where the S. S. Commonwealth will be boarded for New York. After an interesting boat trip on Long Island Sound the party will land at New York and embark there, on the S. S. Iroquois, for Florida. A special program will be arranged to celebrate the 4th of July at sea. The three days before the convention will be spent in sightseeing tours and trips to St. Augustine, Ormond Beach, Daytona Beach, West Palm Beach and other points of interest along the route.

## Crippled Children's Committee of Millville, N. J., Lodge is Active

The Crippled Children's Committee of Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, is one of the most thorough-going and active in a State noted for the efficient care by Elk Lodges of these handicapped youngsters. Scores of homes in the jurisdiction of No. 580 have been made happy by cures effected as a result of the committee's work. One of the most remarkable and gratifying cases handled recently was that of a young girl so nearly blind that she could not see bold type six inches from her eyes, and badly run down physically as the result of the strain and improper diet. Taken to St. Frances' Hospital in Trenton by the Millville Committee, she was operated upon, regained normal sight and, in eighteen days, added twenty-five pounds in weight.

## New Exalted Ruler of North Adams, Mass., Lodge Installed by His Father

For the first time in the history of North Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 487, an incoming Exalted Ruler has been installed by his father. William Johnson, twice Exalted Ruler of North Adams Lodge, and now serving his second term as Mayor of the city, acting as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and assisted by a suite of Past Exalted Rulers of North Adams and Adams Lodges, inducted into the highest subordinate Lodge office, his son, Albert J. Johnson.

## San Fernando, Calif., Lodge Members Aid Dam Disaster Sufferers

Under the leadership of Exalted Ruler Harry R. Bevis, members of San Fernando, Calif., Lodge, No. 1539, were early at the scene of the St. Francis dam disaster. Here they established relief stations, searched for the dead and assisted the survivors and relief workers in every way. It was prompt, unselfish and highly helpful work that these Elks accomplished, and San Fernando Lodge has been congratulated on the fine way in which it met the first emergency of its brief career.

## Beloit, Wis., Lodge Initiates "Bert Arnold Class"

The "Bert Arnold Class," named in honor of the President of the Wisconsin State Elks (Continued on page 72)



# How Four Salesmen Invested \$378 Apiece And Raked In \$29,500

It took four salesmen over a year to sift out these surprising facts! Read here how these four men—and hundreds more like them—are cleaning up the steadiest, easiest money of their lives! A 2c stamp brings you all the big money facts, also a FREE SAMPLE of amazing new invention that makes possible these profits.

THIS remarkable profit story written by four ambitious salesmen is a direct challenge to every man whose present line pays him less than \$5,000 clear cash profit every year.

## SIMPLE BUT AMAZING

These men are in a permanent business that actually grows by itself. It pays them immediate cash profits as high as \$100 and more on a single order. There is no competition. Over 20,000,000 motorists must spend money for the type of service they offer. They simply agree to save motorists from \$50.00 to \$5,000.00 of the money they are spending—and show them where thousands of others are saving that much and more.

## \$5,000 A YEAR IS EASY!

I am not exaggerating one bit when I tell you that salesmen everywhere are cleaning up fortunes with this unique invention. Think what it means that men who used to be satisfied with \$40 or \$50 a week are stepping into the \$5,000 a-year-and-up class!

Or look at the four men whose records prompted me to address this message to you! On an average investment of \$3.78 in sales outfits they sold over \$29,500 worth of Coffield Tire Protectors in just twelve months.

## FREE SAMPLE—MAIL COUPON

This proposition is so unusual and the proved profit opportunities are so big that it is impossible to disclose all the sensational facts in this short message. So let me send you a FREE SAMPLE of this amazing invention that has startled the entire automobile world. Send no money. Pay no C. O. D. All you risk is a 2c stamp. Just mail the coupon today—RIGHT NOW!

**THE COFFIELD TIRE PROTECTOR CO.**  
836 N. E. Harshman St. Dayton, Ohio

The Coffield Tire Protector Co.,  
836 N. E. Harshman St., Dayton, Ohio

I want to make \$5,000 a year. Send me details of your proposition, also FREE SAMPLE of the Coffield Tire Protector.

Note: All Illinois territories are taken.

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**Simplicity** ~ In planning a memorial it is easy to place too much emphasis on ornament. We forget that many of the most beautiful things in the world are the simplest, their very lack of ornament serving to accentuate the beauty of their material and their grace of line and proportion.

Our memorial therefore has little need of carved enrichment provided

our material and design are well chosen. Appropriate ornament, if added, should but emphasize the harmonious simplicity of the whole.

In Rock of Ages Granite we have a material whose rich loveliness of color and pure texture make it perfect for memorial use. And its beauty is imperishable—unaffected by heat, cold, moisture, or the passing years.

Our Certificate of Perfection, when requested from any memorial dealer, assures you of our personal inspection through the various stages of completion and is your perpetual guarantee against defective workmanship and material.

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JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits over \$10,000,000  
Assets over \$70,000,000

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 71)

Association, was initiated into Beloit, Wis., Lodge, No. 864, a short time ago, at a most enjoyable meeting. More than 100 members sat down at the banquet which preceded the initiation, and the social session which followed. Among the guests of Beloit Lodge on this occasion was Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank P. McAdams of Watertown Lodge, No. 666. No. 864 is extremely active and is rapidly becoming one of the most important Wisconsin Lodges.

### San Angelo, Texas, Lodge Is in A Flourishing Condition

San Angelo, Texas, Lodge, No. 998, is sharing in the general prosperity and activity which the recent discovery of oil has brought to its part of the State. The Lodge has purchased a building site on which it is proposed to erect a magnificent \$250,000 Home and, a few weeks ago, initiated the largest class in its history. Approximately 100 candidates received the degree of the Order, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell presiding in the chair of the Exalted Ruler. Judge Atwell, following the formal ceremonies, delivered an inspiring address to the new members.

The newly installed officers of San Angelo Lodge are pledged to a year of hard work and progress, and the members are looking forward to having their Lodge the leading social and charitable organization of its part of the Lone Star State.

### Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge to Build Palatial New Home

As this was written the present Home of Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 160, was in the hands of real estate dealers, for sale. As soon as it is disposed of work will be started on a palatial new building, to cost in the neighborhood of \$300,000, which will be erected on the plot at Gay Street and Hill Avenue, purchased some time ago by the Lodge at a cost of \$100,000. The new Home will be six stories in height and will contain a swimming pool, gymnasium, ball room and other appurtenances of an up-to-date club and Lodge Home, including fifty living rooms for the use of resident and traveling members of the Order.

### Jersey City, N. J., Elks Plan Special Tours to Grand Lodge Convention

Two attractive railroad tours, with stop-over privileges at points of interest, have been arranged for the members of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, who, with their friends, will attend the Grand Lodge Convention in Miami in July. Also, a most interesting sixteen-day cruise to the Caribbean is planned, to follow the convention. On July 14, the members and their friends taking the cruise will embark on the *S. S. Calamares*, at Havana, Cuba, and will visit the Canal Zone and Costa Rica, stopping again at Havana, before continuing to New York, where they will arrive on July 29.

### Adams, Mass., Lodge Gives Minstrel For Patients in Two Hospitals

Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 1335, a short time ago, presented its minstrel show at the U. S. Veterans' Hospital at Leeds, and at the Haydenville Hospital. At both institutions the show was enthusiastically received and the patients and authorities expressed their pleasure at the performances in the highest terms. Candy, fruit and tobacco were distributed among the audiences by the delegation of members who accompanied the entertainers.

### Moose Are Guests of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge

An evening noted for its fine display of inter-Lodge feeling was enjoyed on the occasion of the entertainment given by Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420, for the L. O. O. Moose, with members of the University of Washington Glee Club present. Instrumental numbers and novelty dances opened the program. These were fol-

lowed by three four-round bouts, put on by Filipino boxers who gave fine exhibitions of skill. The Varsity Quartet and the Glee Club were next to follow, rendering several selections. Later the guests and hosts adjourned to the Lodge room, where a luncheon was served, and the Glee Club again sang for the gathering.

**All Records Broken at Elks Bowling Tournament in Louisville**

All previous records of the Elks Bowling Association of America were broken at the National Tournament held under the local auspices of Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8. The Five-man Team Event was won by Rockford, Ill., Lodge, No. 64, with a score of 3025. D. Devito and H. Marino, of Blue Island, Ill., Lodge, No. 1331, won the Doubles with the amazing total of 1410. The Singles title went to Harry Votel of Wilksburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 577, with a score of 743, and the All-Events to D. Devito, of Blue Island Lodge, with a total of 2038. The scores in the Doubles and the All-Events are believed to be new world's records for tournament play. Cash prizes, and diamond and gold medals were awarded the members of the winning teams and the victors in the Singles and All-Events.

At the annual meeting it was decided to hold the 1929 tournament at St. Louis, Mo. Horace Pyatt of Oak Park, Ill., was elected President, and John J. Gray of Milwaukee, Wis., permanent Secretary for three years. The local Secretary and Treasurer will be appointed later. William H. Bauer, and Martin L. Schmidt, Secretary and Treasurer of this year's tournament, were made honorary life members.

**Third Division of the A. E. F. to Hold Convention in Boston, Mass., Lodge**

The Third Division of the A. E. F. will hold its annual convention at the Home of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, on July 12, 13, 14 and 15. There will be four regimental dinners, a smoke talk, and a division banquet.

**Iowa State Elks Association Meets June 5, 6 and 7 at Ottumwa**

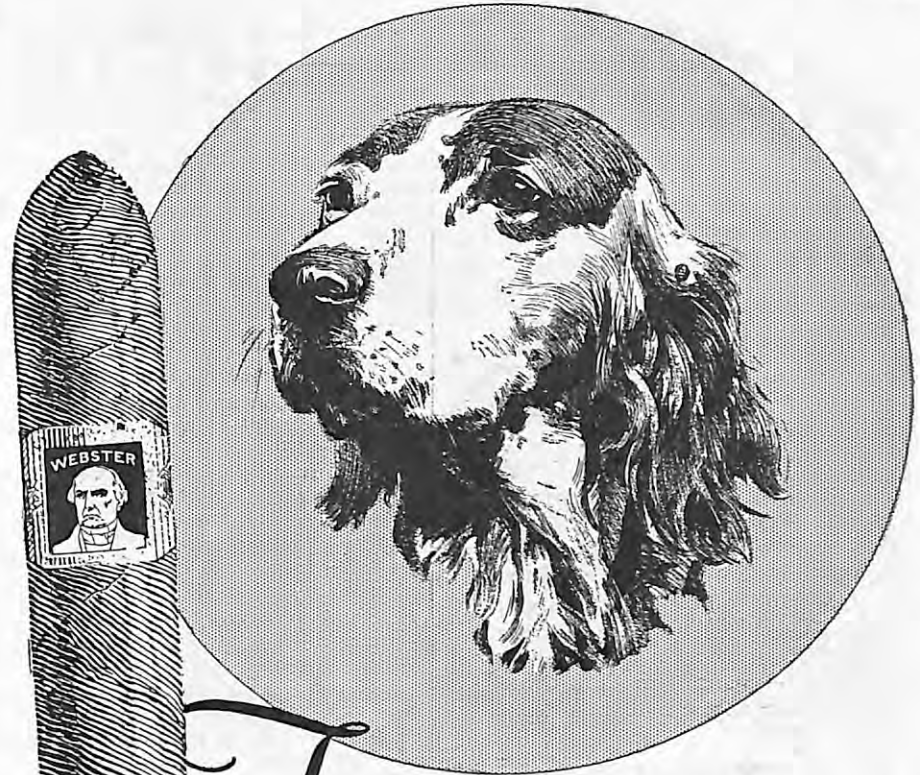
A well-diversified program of business and play will mark the three-day convention of the Iowa State Elks Association, to which Ottumwa Lodge, No. 347, will act as host on June 5, 6 and 7. The golf and trap-shooting tournaments and a business meeting will fill the first day. On the second, a morning meeting and, in the afternoon, the ritualistic contests, will be held. The last day will see the election of officers and the parade. It is hoped that Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Grand Esquire Lloyd Maxwell, as well as officers of neighboring State Associations, will be among the visitors.

**Elgin, Ill., Lodge Dedicates New \$100,000 Home**

The formal dedication of the new \$100,000 Home of Elgin, Ill., Lodge, No. 737, was marked by a three days' program of ceremonies which included inspection tours by members, their families and the general public; formal exercises presided over by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Nelson H. Millard; a dinner in honor of visiting dignitaries of the Order and the Exalted Rulers of Illinois, Northeast; and the initiation of a class of sixty-eight candidates at the first regular meeting held in the new Lodge room.

Based on the English cottage type of architecture, the Home stands as one of the finest of its kind among Elk Lodges. The high gables, rough variegated brick and timber exterior and "old stone" slate roof, give a pleasingly homelike effect. The first story is below the level of the street. The main entrance on the second floor enters into a spacious foyer which gives access to the richly furnished lounge, a small reception room, and the high-ceilinged, massive-beamed Lodge room, finished in stenciled plaster and having inverted lantern type lighting fixtures suspended from the ceiling, and candlelight fixtures around the side-walls. One end of the Lodge hall is graced by a fine elk head. The third floor is devoted entirely to the ladies' lounge, finished in delicately shaded

(Continued on page 74)



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 VE-PO-AD duplicates work of large adding machines. Sells for only \$2.95. Adds, subtracts, multiplies—in a flash. Always accurate—never gets out of order. Over 200,000 in use. You make 100% profit on every sale. Man! If you ever had a chance to CLEAN UP BIG MONEY—here it is!

**FREE Sample**  
 Sample Ve-Po-Ad FREE  
 You don't need experience. Shapiro made \$175 his first week. Others make \$50 to \$100 a week regularly. You can sell as many as 3 Ve-Po-Ads an hour—over \$4.00 clear profit for you. Grasp this quickly! Write at once for full details of FREE Ve-Po-Ad offer and my MONEY-MAKING PLAN. Do it NOW.

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**You Can't Beat Our Low Prices for Diamonds** (Every Quality)

A 3/4 CENTURY HOUSE offers this 3/4 less 1/16 carat, snappy, solitaire just \$69.50. Try to match at \$115.00. A reason you rarely think of makes possible RADICALLY LOW PRICES, even for FINEST QUALITY DIAMONDS. Offers backed by thoroughly responsible guarantees. Examination free. Send now for bargain lists, use the blank below.

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 World's oldest, largest diamond banking institution of 75 years, rated over \$1,000,000.00, must sell the DIAMONDS on WHICH MONEY was LOANED BUT NOT REPAID. Diamonds, too, from other Advantageous Sources. Send Now. Lists limited. Free—all details—Exact descriptions—Guaranteed amounts you can borrow. Examine Diamonds Free, AT OUR RISK.

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For Free List clip this ad, fill in above and mail to—  
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 Amazing New Auto Gas Saver. All makes. Direct Factory Distributors wanted everywhere. Exclusive. ONE FREE TO INTRODUCE  
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**GRAY HAIR NO DYE!**—NEW discovery. For men and women. Quickly restores original youthful color. Not a dye. Applied to scalp. Excellent tonic and Hair Restorer. Stops falling hair and dandruff. Stainless. No one will know you use it. Results guaranteed. Get booklet and free trial offer today. RAY LABORATORIES, 40 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 60 A, Chicago

# Western

## Traps and White Flyers

will be used at the

## Elks National Trap-shoot

When Elk sportsmen compete next month in the Elks National Trap-shooting Tournament at the national convention, Miami, Florida, the traps and targets will be the finest obtainable. WESTERN Automatic Traps and White Flyer Targets will be used exclusively—insuring minimum breakage in trapping and contributing to good scores.

For four consecutive years WESTERN shells were used in winning the Grand American Handicap. The Elks National Individual and Team Championships were won with WESTERN last year at Cincinnati. Practically one-half of all the shells shot there were WESTERN.

WESTERN Field and Xpert shells have been outstandingly popular with leading trap-shooters for years. Improve your scores by shooting WESTERN, the Choice of Champions.

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# Western

## Field and Xpert Trap Loads



## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 73)

green and white rough plaster, and smaller rooms adapted for afternoon teas and bridge parties. The billiard room, grill and social room combined, modern kitchen and shower baths are located on the first floor, and two immense oil-burners are installed in the cement-encased basement.

### News of the Order From Far and Near

The card of Paul MacFarland, No. 17,777, of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, has been lost and is being used by an impostor to cash checks.

At a recent meeting Leechburg, Pa., Lodge presented all of its living charter members with Honorary Life Memberships.

A large class of candidates was initiated into Olney, Ill., Lodge at the annual installation of officers, by the degree team of Sullivan, Ind., Lodge.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. E. Gorman recently paid his official visit to Everett, Wash., Lodge, where he complimented the work of the officers during the initiation of a class of candidates, and praised the thriving condition of the Lodge.

The returns so far have shown that the indoor fair conducted by Muncie, Ind., Lodge was a success financially as well as an excellent brand of entertainment.

The band and a large number of members of Seattle, Wash., Lodge paid a fraternal visit to Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, where they enjoyed a program of entertainment followed by a dinner.

Corning, N. Y., Lodge has the distinction of

having six fathers and sons entered upon its membership roll.

Good music, a banquet and a number of unique features marked the fourteenth anniversary of Muskegon, Mich., Lodge.

The first of a series of ladies' card parties was recently given in the Home of Glendale, Calif., Lodge.

The minstrel show given by Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge was an outstanding entertainment of the season, accorded splendid press notices and winning financial success.

Batavia, N. Y., Lodge recently won first place in the Fraternal Bowling League, composed of the Elks, the Moose, the Odd Fellows, Knights of Columbus, and a team known as the Square Five.

John G. Sizer, President of the Virginia State Elks Association, paid an official visit to Danville, Va., Lodge, where he made an impressive address at a meeting and initiation held in the Home.

McPherson, Kans., Lodge, at the installation of its new officers, presented retiring Exalted Ruler Homer Ferguson with a handsome memento in recognition of the progress made by the Lodge during his two and a half years at its head.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary in June with a banquet given in the Hotel Commodore, New York City.

A large attendance enjoyed the delightful spring dance recently given by Richmond, Va., Lodge in the ballroom of the Home.

The Cumberland, Md., Lodge bowling team entertained the bowling team of Frostburg,

(Continued on page 79)

## 1928 Grand Lodge Convention at Miami, Fla.

(Continued from page 34)

Money Division—Rose System—5-4-3-2 each event.

Trophy to winner and runner-up in each match.  
Total added money for the day—\$500.00.

### III. Third Day, Wednesday, July 11, 1928

FOR ELKS EXCLUSIVELY

#### A. State Team Race—100 16-Yard Targets

Events	Targets	Entrance	Added Money
1	25	\$ 3.75	\$100.00
2	25	3.75	100.00
3	25	3.75	100.00
4	25	3.75	100.00
A. T. A. Registration Fee		.50	
A. T. A. Card		1.00	

4 100 \$16.50 \$400.00

Money Division—Rose System—5-4-3-2 each event.

#### B. State Lodge Race—100 16-Yard Targets

1	25	\$ 3.75	\$100.00
2	25	3.75	100.00
3	25	3.75	100.00
4	25	3.75	100.00
4	100	\$15.00	\$400.00

Money Division—Rose System—5-4-3-2 each event.

Total Added—\$1,550.00.

Trophy and \$50.00 in cash to each member of the winning State Team.

Trophy and \$25.00 in cash to each member of the next high State Team.

Trophy and \$50.00 in cash to each member of the winning Lodge Team.

Trophy and \$25.00 in cash to each member of the next high Lodge Team.

Each Lodge must furnish its own team. Lodge Teams cannot be made up of two or more Lodges—this is final.

### Trophies

Trophy for high gun on all targets.

Trophy for second high gun on all targets.

Trophy for high gun on all 16-yard targets.

Trophy for second high gun on all 16-yard targets.

Trophy for high gun on doubles.

Trophy for second high gun on doubles.

Trophy for gun breaking most pairs in doubles.

Trophy for gun breaking second most pairs of doubles.

Trophy for high gun in handicap.

Trophy for second high gun in handicap.

Trophy to each member of the winning team in State Team Race.

Trophy to each member of the second high team in State Team Race.

Trophy to each member of the winning team in Lodge Team Race.

Trophy to each member of the second high team in the Lodge Team Race.

Trophy to high woman shooter on 1st day—150 targets.

Trophy to runner-up woman shooter 1st day—150 targets.

Trophy for high gun and runner-up on each match on Monday, open day—6 trophies in all.

J. B. Asher, President of the Florida State Baseball League, announces that their schedule has been arranged to play all week in Miami during the Elks National Convention. High-class baseball will be presented by professional players. The games will be played in Tatum Park, a modern field. Teams will represent West Palm Beach, Sanford, Daytona Beach, Orlando, Fort Lauderdale and Miami.

Do not wait to write. Wire us at our expense about anything that is not clear to you now.

Fraternally,

GRAND LODGE CONVENTION COMMITTEE

D. J. HEFFERNAN, *Chairman*

L. F. MCCREARY

C. B. SELDEN

G. A. MCKINNON

W. MARK BROWN

A. J. CLEARY

W. A. OTTER

R. B. GAUTIER

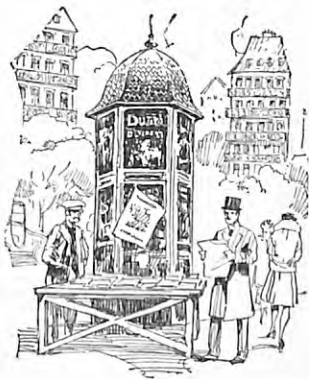
C. A. MILLS

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- lend distinction to their manner, become poised and confident,
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- ENJOY this most beautiful of all languages —these men and women

are learning to master French in their spare moments—through the famous Hugo French "At-Sight" Method.

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Here is the same clever, delightful method that has been used so successfully in all the greater European cities.

Here is the same fascinating Hugo French "At-Sight" Method that will show you how to speak and understand French—in your spare moments without a teacher.

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## The Reason for Buying Securities

By Paul Tomlinson

HOW many people when they buy securities have some definite purpose in mind? Have they thought the matter over, decided what they want to accomplish as a result of their investment, and then fixed upon some particular stock or bond as most likely to bring this about? Not many adopt such a course, we fear. Rather, the majority seem to be decidedly hazy as to whether they are buying for a quick profit, for income return, for appreciation over a fairly long period, for safety of principal, or for speculation. We venture to say that the majority of investors faced with the question as to why they bought some particular security would momentarily at least find themselves at a loss to answer. We venture to say further that this same majority when they did find an answer would be forced to acknowledge that they had bought in the hope of making a quick profit. If they had to say on what grounds they had reason to expect that the particular security purchased would return a profit they might find it hard to explain.

There are two points of view when a security is analyzed, one based on the intrinsic value of the security itself, and the other on the desirability of the security as a possible medium for quick profits. The two are very different indeed, and it is about equally dangerous to use an analysis based on intrinsic values for quick profits as to rely upon a speculative analysis in selecting a long-term investment. The purchaser must know first of all why he wants to buy securities, and in the second place he must know whether the securities he buys are of the sort to give him what he wants.

For example: about ten years ago a certain keen student of values predicted that a well-known company would not earn its preferred dividend for a long time to come. His statement was based upon a thorough study of intrinsic values, and events so far have proved that he knew what he was talking about. If, however, some speculator looking for a quick profit had relied upon this forecast and sold the stock short he would have been sorely disappointed, for the price presently rose nearly sixty points; later it fell one hundred and thirteen points from its high, and fifty-four from where it was selling when this prediction was made.

Another stock, at about the same time, was selling around par, higher than current dividends seemed to warrant, but showing good earnings. It gave every appearance of being worth more money, and a man who bought the stock for its intrinsic value, and held on to it, would have profited handsomely, for it has since doubled in price, and largely increased its dividend; the speculator buying for a quick turn, however, would have lost money for in the face of improved earnings and indications of strength the stock slumped off nearly thirty points, before it started up.

Successful investing depends upon intrinsic values, but profitable speculation is sometimes accomplished in spite of values. When a

security is analyzed it is well to know whether the analysis is based on speculation or investment, for prices frequently ignore values over a given period of time, while in the long run it is value and value only which establishes price. Obviously, therefore, it is essential for the purchaser to know why he is buying; he may be able to speculate successfully if he regards securities from a speculative viewpoint only, and there is little doubt but that he can invest successfully if he considers only intrinsic value. He must, however, do one or the other and not attempt both at the same time. In other words, he must have some definite purpose, lack of which is undoubtedly one of the most important factors contributing to investment loss.

The investor and the speculator are concerned with different considerations. To the former the important factors are earnings, costs, balance sheets, expenditures, and management; the latter regards the size of brokers' loans, the cost of money, the political outlook, the extent to which the public is participating in the market, the floating supply of stock, and pool operations as the important things to know about. No speculator wants to wait for his profits; he wants a quick turnover. The successful investor must usually be patient.

It is probable that most of you who read these words have money for investment. What are you going to buy with it, and why? Are you going to speculate, or are you going to buy intrinsic value and play safe? There are various questions to decide before the investor can himself decide what is the proper course to pursue.

First of all, is he in a position to speculate, which is only another way of asking whether he is in a position to lose money? If he is, then an opportunity to speculate successfully may present itself. If he is not in a position to speculate then the problem of what to buy is a very different one. There are thousands of investments to be had and when the final choice is made there should be good and valid reasons for the selection. If, for example, you want to provide yourself with an income and have no desire to concern yourself with temporary changes in the economic and business world, you would probably buy a high-grade, long-term bond which would be little affected by such changes. If you wanted income and also desired to increase the capital value of your holdings, it might be that the common stock of some well-established basic industry would furnish you with the best opportunity. In this latter case present value would be of great importance, and so would future value. Here are some of the things which may affect values during the next year: the election of a president; the revision of taxes; farm relief; consolidation of railroads; the European situation; competition in certain lines of business; the volume of business; the size of our exports; business mergers. These are not easy things to forecast, but it is easy to understand how almost any one of them might have an important effect upon a given security.

## Recommended for Investors

The desire of investors to become more thoroughly acquainted with the advantages of First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds prompts us to offer the following booklets:

**Your Money—Its Safe Investment**  
How First Mortgage Bonds keep your money safe. Explaining our method of doing business.

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If you have not received a copy of our booklet, "Selling Securities by Mail," we shall be glad to send one to your Advertising Manager on request. This is a comprehensive booklet dealing with the various phases of mail order advertising for the investment house.

Financial Department  
THE ELKS MAGAZINE

In March of this year one of the executives of one of our largest industrial concerns gave an interview to the newspapers and stated that he thought his company's stock should sell at a price fifteen times earnings. Speculators read this statement and rushed to buy in such numbers that the price of the stock advanced twenty points. Their reason for buying was the statement of the executive, and they had a much better reason than most speculators, who too frequently act on nothing more than a rumor that so-and-so said that so-and-so told him he understood so-and-so was bullish on a certain stock. Think back over your own purchases of securities, and try to recall what reasons prompted you to select them. Consider, too, whether you have proceeded on any fixed course of action, or whether you have accumulated your holdings because of a tip here and a rumor there, hit or miss. Is that a better way to do than to have some definite plan, laid out by an expert, with each new purchase fitting into the whole scheme and forming a reasoned and integral part?

If someone tells you that a certain stock selling at ninety and paying dividends of two dollars and a half a share is a good buy it is well to inquire into the reasons. Is it a good buy because earnings are so high that the dividend is going to be doubled, and if the dividend is doubled is a yield of less than 6 per cent. exceptionally attractive? Perhaps earnings will mount still higher, and justify a still larger distribution. If these things are liable to come to pass perhaps it is a good buy. On the other hand, what kind of competition has this company to face; are large earnings liable to be permanent; are the company's methods sufficiently sound to inspire confidence in its future success? In many instances there seem to be excellent reasons for buying a given security, but upon closer investigation these reasons prove to be outweighed by others indicating that it is not quite as attractive as it appeared at first glance.

The widow wants safety of principal and assured income, and these are her reasons for buying securities. The rich bachelor may take a flyer in some stock, because he hopes to win enough for a trip to Europe, or a new car. The directors of an insurance company buy a certain type of security because it most nearly meets the requirements of an insurance company. These investment experts always have some good reason for buying what they do, however. One of our largest railroads has recently purchased millions of dollars' worth of stock in two other railroads, the reasons for the purchase being given as a desire to block the merger of these companies into a trunk-line which might offer serious competition to its own; in other words, there was a definite and valid reason for the purchase. It is safe to say that the most successful investors always have a definite reason for buying what they do.

A man puts his first savings into the savings bank, because he wants safety and a return on his money. When his savings grow he takes a portion of them and buys a bond, which gives him a larger income return, but is still as safe as can be. The next three or four bonds he buys are probably of the same character. When his capital exceeds five thousand dollars, then he may buy bonds or preferred stocks which are not quite so high grade as his previous purchases, but as compensation offer a higher income return. As his holdings increase he is in a better position to take chances, and along with risk goes the opportunity for gain. The man with a small capital does not gamble with it, because the chance of winning is not sufficient compensation for the possibility of losing all he has. Safe securities are wise investments starting out, and the reason is obvious.

People bought Liberty Bonds during the war, for the reason that they considered it their patriotic duty; the fact that they were buying the safest investment in the world and benefiting themselves was only incidental. Many people are coming to hold the opinion that common stocks are safer and more satisfactory investments than bonds; they have their reasons for this belief and in many cases these reasons are valid. On the other hand, one man's meat may be another man's poison, and what may be an excellent reason in your case may be entirely without justification in mine.

(Continued on page 78)

## End of the Bull Market —is it in sight?

TREMENDOUS activity, the "market" first page newspaper news, many bankers pessimistic—does all this indicate the end of the rise of stock prices?

### What Policy?

When the break does occur it is likely to be violent, wiping out profits with amazing speed. Is it just ahead now? Brookmire, in its most recent bulletin, discusses the immediate outlook, outlines an investment program, makes definite suggestions and gives the reasons. A copy free.

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## To Investors

Every month Mr. Paul Tomlinson has a strong financial article on some phase of investment in the financial department of The Elks Magazine. It will pay you to read these articles because they are full of sound investment advice and helpful suggestions. The article in the June issue will be on the reason for buying securities.

Financial Department  
THE ELKS MAGAZINE

## The Reason for Buying Securities

(Continued from page 77)

No two securities are exactly alike. No two investors are in identical circumstances. The problem is not only to find the right investment, but the right investment for the right investor. How many of the millions of investors are qualified by training and experience to select the most desirable investments for themselves? They may say that so far everything has turned out well for them, but how do they know that things would not have turned out even better if they had had proper guidance?

There is nothing new in urging people to consult expert investment bankers about their investment problems. Many of the people who have tried it say their experience has been unsatisfactory. Have they given their banker a fair chance? Have they actually followed his advice? Are they dissatisfied because he was too conservative to suit their taste? Perhaps he told them it was a mistake to attempt to make a fortune inside of a year, and that conservative investments usually proved the most popular in the long run. Many people are of the opinion that bankers know a secret road to wealth, and when they discover that their advice is to stick to the straight and narrow paths of good sense, full knowledge, and sound economics they lose faith. Doctors sometimes tell their patients unpleasant things, and the patients have been known to change doctors; when an investment banker does not assure his client that money-making under his direction is the easiest thing in the world the client sometimes thinks his own judgment is superior to that of the expert, and he decides to go it alone.

As a plain matter of common sense most people will agree that there should be a good reason for buying any given security. How many people honestly feel that they are competent to decide for themselves whether a reason is good or bad? And if they are not competent is anyone more so than the investment banker? Any member of the Investment Bankers Association will be glad to analyze a list of investment holdings, to pass judgment upon it, and make recommendations for changes. He will perform this service in the strictest confidence, and give reasons for all his recommendations.

### Investment Literature

"Ideal Investments," is the designation universally accorded Smith First Mortgage 6½ per cent. bonds, which carry attractive tax-refund features. A history of the house and information relative to their bonds and the safeguards that surround every issue they offer may be obtained by addressing the home office of the F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

"Your Money—Its Safe Investment"; "Are You Losing Money? A Brief History of Guaranteed Bonds"; "Fidelity Bonds Are First Mortgages"; "Fidelity Service and the Morning Mail"; The Fidelity Bond & Mortgage Co., of St. Louis, Mo.

John Muir & Co., Members New York Stock Exchange, 50 Broadway, New York, are distributing to investors an interesting booklet, "Odd Lot Trading," which contains valuable information to both the large and small investor, and shows the many advantages offered to traders in Odd Lots.

The Marshall Mortgage Co., 26 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y., will be very glad to send an interesting booklet dealing with their Guaranteed 6 per cent. Mortgage Certificates. Send for Booklet B.

The Brookmire Service, 570 Seventh Ave., N. Y. City, will gladly send on request a very interesting booklet dealing with market conditions, and prophesying the future trend of the stock market. Send for Bulletin E M 239.

The North American Accident Insurance Co., 119 Bonnell Bldg., Newark, N. J., will be glad to send details of their "New \$10 Premier \$10,000 Policy" on request.

In writing for information, please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Mr. A. T. Hull, A. T. Hull & Son, Certified Public Accountants and Auditors, Bristol, Va.  
Mr. Hull writes: "I very cheerfully accord you much of the credit for my success." Read his story below.



# At 45 he made a fresh start . . .

But his sons have NOW the training he postponed so long



THERE is an inspiration for everyone in the story of Mr. A. T. Hull of Bristol, Virginia.

In the spring of 1918 he was working at a meagre salary.

Suddenly, at the age of 45, he realized that he had wasted many of the best years of his life. As he says: "I woke up to the real possibilities that life held for me and my family if I would only prepare myself to take advantage of them."

Most men of his age would have occupied themselves with vain regrets. Instead, Mr. Hull decided to make up for his years of lost opportunity. He enrolled with the International Accountants Society. It was the beginning of a new life for him. Upon completion of the Course, he became Auditor of Emory and Henry College in Emory, Virginia, at the same time building up a private practice in public accounting work. His income increased 100%. And finally in the fall of 1924 Mr. Hull was one of seven out of forty-eight applicants successfully to pass the examination for Certified Public Accountant before the State Board of Accountancy at Richmond, Virginia.

His sons did not wait until they were 45

His own success assured, Mr. Hull resolved that his two sons should not waste the golden years of opportunity as he had. He urged them to enrol for the same Course that had made such a great change in his own life.

They did, and later Mr. Hull wrote us: "One of my sons has just secured his C. P. A. certificate from the State of Virginia and is now practising with me under the firm name of A. T. Hull and Son. The other is now taking your Course, and I expect him

shortly to secure a certificate and attain full membership in the firm."

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In an advertisement like this we cannot hope to tell the whole story. But we have published an interesting 80-page book called "How to Learn Accounting," that does tell. It gives all the facts about the great and growing profession of Accounting. It tells how you can qualify easily, quickly, inexpensively, and without interfering with your present work. Send for your copy today.

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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 74)

Md., Lodge at a banquet held in the Boulevard Hotel.

The annual charity ball given by Bridgeport Conn., Lodge was a complete success, both socially and financially. The proceeds will go toward the distribution of Christmas baskets to the poor families of the jurisdiction.

Wilkesburg, Pa., Lodge entertained the Pennsylvania, Southwest, Association Bowling League at a banquet held in the Home.

S. Clem Reichard, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, paid an official visit to Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, where he highly commended the work of the degree team and orchestra during the initiatory ceremonies.

The Washington State Elks Association is now 100 per cent. complete, by the recent affiliation of Walla Walla Lodge.

Sanford, Fla., Lodge reports a flourishing condition in all departments and an expenditure of \$1,500 for charity alone during the past year.

## Grand Exalted Ruler in the East and Mid-West

(Continued from page 35)

Lodges in the former city. Here some 600 Elks had gathered in the Scottish Rite Temple to greet Mr. Malley and celebrate Bay City Lodge's fortieth anniversary. The initiation of an anniversary class of candidates was the first event of the program, which was concluded with a banquet and speech-making presided over by Exalted Ruler Ralph F. Swan and Chairman James E. Duffy of the Anniversary Committee. The number of widely-known Elks attending the festivities included Grand Chaplain Rev. Dr. John Dysart and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Mountain.

At Grand Rapids on the following day the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of the Lodge there at a luncheon meeting, presided over by Past Grand Treasurer John K. Burch, after which he was escorted to the Home of Muskegon Lodge by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John Olsen, some fifty Grand Rapids members, and Exalted Ruler Paul A. Gifford and Mayor Dratz of Muskegon. Here a tree in the magnificent lake-front park of Muskegon Lodge was dedicated in Mr. Malley's name and, in the evening, a meeting held in the Home, which was attended by some 400 members and visitors from western Michigan Lodges. Mr. Malley left Muskegon that night and on the next day, Monday, April 30, attended a meeting of the Elks National Foundation Committee in Chicago.

Arriving in Milwaukee on Tuesday, May 1, the Grand Exalted Ruler was met at the station by a reception committee which included among its distinguished members Governor Fred R. Zimmerman; Exalted Ruler Chauncey Yockey and Judge John C. Karel, a past member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. Following a reception at the New Pfister Hotel, the visitors were guests at a dinner in the Lodge Home. At the meeting which followed Mr. Malley was introduced by Governor Zimmerman and made an address which deeply stirred the large audience of members of Milwaukee and many surrounding Lodges who had gathered to hear him, among them being Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson. At Oshkosh, the following evening, the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke to 700 Elks of the region in the Home of the Lodge. Preceding this meeting, at which he was introduced by Bert W. Arnold, President of the Wisconsin State Elks Association, Mr. Malley had been the guest of honor at a dinner at the Hotel Ahearn. The prize-winning band of Appleton Lodge then escorted him to the Home, where the musicians presented a concert. During the meeting the Watertown Elks Chorus also rendered several excellent numbers. Mr. Malley's speech, as everywhere on his trip, was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

The remainder of the Grand Exalted Ruler's official visitations, which included Lodges as far west as South Dakota and as far south as South Carolina, will be reported in the July issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

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The gunners who won the Lodge Team Championship for Council Bluffs, Iowa, Lodge No. 631. They are, left to right, R. A. Metzger, William Deathridge, D. C. Beck, George Larsen, W. V. Mayne

## ELK TRAPSHOOTERS

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## Wilkins Goes Over the Top

(Continued from page 19)

Captain Wilkins followed a course that took him across the polar meridians at varying angles, and over the unexplored area most likely to contain land. While the trans-Atlantic fliers of the last nine years have had either the American or European continent to aim for, Wilkins's search for Spitzbergen was like that for the proverbial needle in a haystack.

And he made it. In his dispatch to the *New York Times*, he says, with characteristic modesty "With Lieutenant Eielson's skilful piloting, a perfect monoplane and engine, reliable gasoline and oil, good weather most of the way, with good luck and by careful navigation, we have reached Svalbard. Three-quarters of the distance was over an area never before seen by man." Wilkins himself did the navigating, yet one might think, from his newspaper dispatch, that he was a mere passenger.

They were fairly comfortable, in their warm fur clothing, with the temperature about 10 degrees above zero in the plane. Outside the temperature ranged from 20 degrees below to 48 degrees below. As they swung away from the Pole, in the vicinity of northern Greenland, they ran into a tail wind which sped them on their way. Their average speed over the entire route was 100 miles an hour.

Finally, when they had only enough fuel in their tanks to last them for two—perhaps three—hours, they saw directly beneath them the sharp peaks of two mountains. The storm which later was to envelop them was then in its initial stages, and the plane bucked like a broncho as Lieutenant Eielson dived through an opening in the clouds. Below the snow was drifting high and thick. It was impossible to see to land the plane, as the wind-shield was crusted with ice, and the drifting snow completely hid the surface of the ground. But Eielson "sat down" with the same skill he had shown the year before, when he landed their Stinson machine in darkness on the rough ice. By the time they had found a fairly level spot, and had settled gradually onto it, the wind was blowing so furiously that the plane came to a stop within thirty feet after the skids touched the snow.

They had been in the air twenty hours and twenty minutes. The machine was undamaged and they were safe. That was all they knew for the next five days, for during that entire time the blizzard raged unabated. At its height, the wireless operator at the King's Bay station on the main island (they had landed on one of the small islands of the group) lost his way in walking from the station to the village, and froze to death. It was the worst April weather Wilkins could remember.

During the blizzard, Wilkins and Eielson slept and ate in the plane. By taking an observation, Wilkins figured that they were on Dead Man's Island. They were fairly comfortable. But they also were anxious to proceed to some inhabited portion of the Spitzbergen group. They had landed on Monday, but it was Saturday before the weather was again fit for flying. They dug their machine out of the drifts, managed to get into the air, and found that they had only enough fuel to carry them a very few miles. Soon after they circled a headland, however, the wireless masts of the Green Harbor station came into view. Their troubles were over.

Wilkins and Eielson have shown, in the last three years, that, like Byrd and Bennett—before death dissolved that rare partnership—they are an unbeatable pair. Their unbounded confidence in each other is primarily accountable for this. Take, for example, an incident of their epoch-making flight on April 15-16: Wilkins is a student of meteorology. Weather conditions at Point Barrow on the morning of the take-off, and later in the vicinity of the "Inaccessible Pole," indicated a severe storm in the Spitzbergen area. The farther they went in the direction of their goal, the more Wilkins became convinced that the "nor'wester" then sweeping the Arctic regions was no spring zephyr; it was almost certain to develop into one of the worst blizzards in his seven years' Arctic experience. As far as Wilkins himself was concerned, he would have preferred to ride out the 40-mile wind that was then blowing; it would help, rather than hinder their flight. But eventually

they would have to land. What then? He realized that a crash in the Arctic would be much more serious than in civilization, for there is no one to render first aid.

While Wilkins was turning this problem over in his mind, he saw, through the clouds near Peary's "jumping-off" place, Cape Columbia, an ice-floe that would make an ideal landing-field. It was a temptation to alight on the smooth ice and wait for the storm to blow itself out. It would be an easy matter to get off again—if they didn't break a ski in landing! If they continued on, they might never find the comparatively small group of islands at the other end of their course. In that event, the open sea between Spitzbergen and Norway would swallow them, as it has engulfed many of the fliers who have attempted to cross the Atlantic and Pacific. Finally Wilkins put the matter up to Eielson, outlining the reasons for and against landing on the ice. "I'm willing to take a chance," replied the pilot. Wilkins was ready to trust Eielson's skill as a pilot in unfavorable weather conditions, and Eielson was prepared to trust the other's navigation. They did not land.

Consideration for the "other fellow" is one of Wilkins's outstanding characteristics. We discovered this on Stefansson's expedition.

One day, in September, after our ship had been frozen in, when I did not return to the *Karluk*

### Coming in Early Issues

**HE HAS** been called "The world's fastest human." His name is Charley Paddock. And when he isn't writing, lecturing, or acting for the movies, he's out on the track, breaking records. For a forthcoming number of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Paddock has written an extremely interesting article. It is called "The Story of Sprinting." Keep an eye open for it.

Myron M. Stearns, who contributed the article, "The Old Benzine Buggy," which appeared in our February issue, has written many unusual animal stories. One of his best, entitled "The Truce," will be published soon in this magazine.

"One Thing Well" is the title of a short story—a business story with a humorous twist—that will soon be seen in these pages. The author is Gerald Mygall, well-known contributor to many of the best publications.

These three features are well worth watching for.

from my daily hunting trip at the usual time, Wilkins began to feel uneasy, and after waiting an hour or two, set out on skis to learn what, if anything, had befallen me. The going was rough, and he had followed my trail for about three hours when I finally saw him through the glasses, about a mile away. Fearing that the ship had broken out of the ice, I hastened to meet him. As we neared each other, I could see that the pockets of his *allegi* were bulging on either side.

"So you've not been eaten up by a polar bear, after all?" was his greeting.

"Nope."

"Well, it's four hours since lunch, so I've brought you a thermos bottle of hot cocoa and some biscuits." Wilkins told me later that he was afraid I had sprained my ankle or broken through the ice.

Another example of Wilkins's consideration for others comes to mind as I write. Jenness, one of the party which came ashore with Stefansson, was afflicted with ague. His circulation also was poor, and he had rather a hard time of it in the Arctic. In my opinion, he never should have been allowed to go North, but Wilkins was more sympathetic, and in some way usually maneuvered things so that Jenness's sleeping-bag was placed between ours in the three-man tent.

In the previous article in THE ELKS MAGAZINE, to which Captain Wilkins refers in his radiogram, the writer said, among other complimentary things: "Wilkins is probably better qualified for the flight he contemplates (the Point Barrow-Spitzbergen 'hop') than any other man. He has had more experience in aviation than any other explorer, and a broader training in both Arctic and Antarctic exploration than any other aviator." Something was also said about his being a "worthy follower of Stefansson." But he is more than that; he has blazed a path of fame of his very own through the Northern sky. He has ushered in a new epoch of exploration. He has proved that the shortest air trade-routes of the world lie across the Arctic wastes. The meteorological data which he compiled on his historic flight will be of inestimable value when the circum-polar nations get to the point of establishing weather observatories at certain points nearest the North Pole, and to working out a system of observations whereby weather conditions for the entire world may be forecast and reports sent by radio from the polar regions weeks in advance.

When we come to analyze the results of the Wilkins flight, we find that he has erased from the maps of the Arctic for all time Bradley Land, which Dr. Cook "discovered"; Crocker Land, which Peary thought he saw, and Keenan Land, which has been shown on maps for half a century, after a whaling skipper reported having seen it. As a result of Wilkins's pioneer voyage by airplane, the polar regions may within the next five years be covered by a network of airways. In time, Stefansson believes, the Arctic will become the greatest flying cross-roads of the world. The reason for this is that the densely inhabited countries of the globe lie in a circle around the Arctic. Many of the world's most important cities, such as London, Peking, Chicago, Boston, Montreal, New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Winnipeg, Tokyo, Moscow, Vancouver, Seattle, Leningrad, Paris, and Berlin are closer to each other by the Arctic air route, and the merchant and banker of the future will use the polar cross-roads in traveling between many of these important commercial centers.

As Stefansson has often pointed out, the earth is a globe, and not a cylinder. This statement is not as absurd as it may sound; Stefansson realizes that we are accustomed to think of reaching a place on the other side of the globe by traveling east or west, whereas the shorter route may be north across the polar regions, and then south. Besides, flying conditions are more favorable in the Arctic than they are on the London-Newfoundland route, for example. There are landing fields scattered all over the frozen surface of the Arctic Ocean, and until the internal combustion engine is absolutely perfect we must take the probability of a forced landing into consideration on any long air voyage. To paraphrase the old negro's story: If you comes down on the ice, thar you is; if you comes down in the Atlantic, whar is you?

The day will probably come, in your lifetime and mine, when the million square miles of unknown area lying between Alaska and the Pole will be surveyed and charted from the air. The airplane and the dirigible will make this possible. Wilkins already has made a good beginning; his flight has changed the map of the world. His feat is the outcome, not only of courage and good airmanship, but of a patient persistence in the face of obstacles that would have broken the spirit of a less determined leader. The *New York Times*, in a leading editorial, considers the Point Barrow-Spitzbergen flight "an amazing victory of human determination amounting to genius." It is all that, plus a vindication of the airplane as an aid to Arctic exploration. It is the first continent-to-continent voyage over the polar regions by airplane, and the first flight over that area in an easterly direction by either airplane or dirigible. The day when trans-polar flights between great centers of population, over the "top of the world," will be a part of the daily routine of travel and transport has been hastened by the pioneer journey of Captain Wilkins and his skilful pilot, Lieutenant Eielson. Their flight has established beyond doubt the non-existence of land within a hundred miles of their "Great Circle" route. But, most of all, it has set us an example of high courage and resourcefulness.



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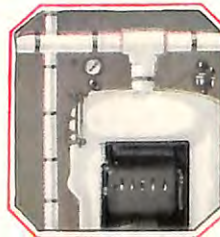
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