

The Elks

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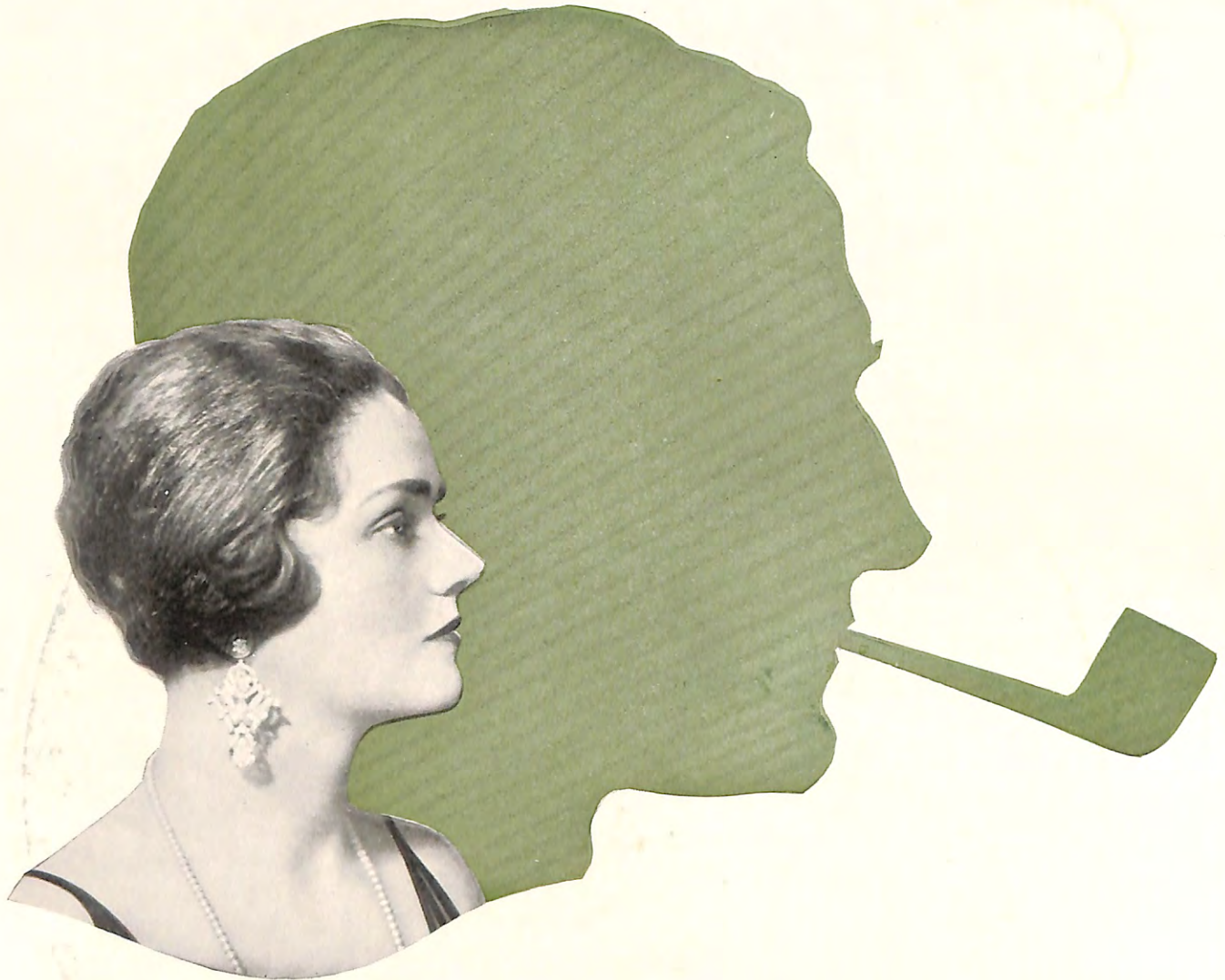
20 CENTS A COPY

Magazine

MAY, 1926



In this Issue: Bertram Atkey, Stephen Vincent Benet, Arthur Chapman, Beatrice Grimshaw, Herbert Ravenel Sass, Webb Waldron, and many others



"I love the fragrance of good pipe tobacco"

Julia Hoyt



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fragrant —
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J. R. MONROE, President Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Inc., Orange, New Jersey

At the right—

J. L. ALDRICH, District Manager, Fargo, N. D., Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Inc.

Learns "Management"—Increases Income 153¾%



A Section of the Plant of Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Inc., Orange, N. J.



"One of Our Most Consistent Producers"

"I have been interested in learning that Mr. J. L. Aldrich, manager of our Fargo District, has been a student of your Business Management Course.

"Mr. Aldrich joined our sales organization two years ago, and has increased steadily the volume of his sales. His work is of a very high order, and he is one of our most consistent producers." (Signed) J. R. MONROE, Pres. Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Inc., Orange, New Jersey.

Increases Income—Wins Big Opportunity

"When I enrolled for LaSalle training in Business Management, I was an order clerk. I had never sold anything. After completing about three-quarters of the training, I stepped out from my salaried office job to a commission proposition selling Monroe Calculating Machines.

"At the end of eighteen months, my income was 153¾ per cent greater than during any six months before I enrolled with LaSalle. Better yet, on April 1st of this year I was appointed Monroe District Manager for North Dakota. I am counting on a real success in this new opportunity." (Signed) J. L. ALDRICH.

Order Clerk Becomes District Manager—Gives Credit to LaSalle Training

J. L. ALDRICH, Fargo, N. Dak., was an order clerk. He had never sold goods; he had never held a managerial position. Today he signs himself "District Manager." His territory is all of North Dakota, and the firm he represents is the Monroe Calculating Machine Company, Inc.

What this advancement means to Mr. Aldrich—aside from an increase of 153¾% in income—may be grasped from the fact that the Monroe Calculating Machine Company, Inc., operates the largest factory in the world engaged exclusively in the production of calculating machines (at Orange, N. J.); maintains offices in all the principal cities of the United States and Canada; sells its product in every corner of the globe.

Unusually careful in the selection of managerial timber, J. R. Monroe, president of this great institution, chose Mr. Aldrich for this post solely on the basis of actual results.

Mr. Aldrich, in turn, does not hesitate to attribute his advancement in large measure to LaSalle training in Business Management. LaSalle, he says, gave him the confidence to cut loose and start selling on commission. *He is one of twenty Monroe men who are winning advancement thru LaSalle.* Read his letter—and that of his employer—quoted in the column at the left.

What Will Your Income Be One Year from Today?

Are you content to peg away at tasks far below

your possibilities—simply for lack of training in Business Management?—Especially when it can be so readily acquired in your spare time at home, without loss of an hour from work or a dollar of pay?

LaSalle training in Business Management covers every phase of executive responsibility—is built on the successful practice of the most outstanding business houses in America. Better yet, every principle and method is backed by solid, "brass-tacks" practice. You learn exactly how the ablest managers direct their businesses. You prove your mastery by solving the very problems which they face in day-to-day experience.

Send for Free Book—"The Making of a Modern Executive"

The particulars of LaSalle training and service in Business Management are fully outlined in a 64-page book, "The Modern Executive and His Training." Whether or not you follow the path of management, you should not fail to read this book—if only to vision for a moment the requirements for high executive responsibility, and the *unusual rewards in income and position for the men who make good.*

The coupon brings this book to you free, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—the story which has set thousands of men on the road to swift advancement.

"Tomorrow" means "next month"—"a year from now"—NEVER! The time to decide for progress is this very moment—and the time to act is NOW!

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION
FIND YOURSELF THRU LA SALLE!

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

Other LaSalle Opportunities: LaSalle opens the way to success in every important field of business.

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Chicago

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Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.



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Name.....

Address.....

Present Position.....

Age.....

"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 Four
Number Twelve

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 Robert A. Scott, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, B. P. O. Elks Lodge No. 866, Linton, Indiana.

“HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD”

Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number Five

Dallas, Texas,
March 31, 1926

MY DEAR BROTHERS:—

In a stressed situation our beloved Order has won the right to proclaim that its Temples are centers of patriotism.

There the Law—whatever it may be—feels at home. There the flag continues to wave and the Bible renews its sectless call to men.

God has always blessed the house of the righteous. His goodness constantly showers on the man who sees his duty and courageously does it. “I once was young but now I am old, yet I have never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread.”

2.

Your new officers are on watch. They have taken the place of temporary authority. A new hand wields the gavel. A new voice proclaims Justice. A new life exemplifies Brotherly Love. New eyes hunt for charity’s children—for our little ones!

But the membership in general—the great army—never changes! It is always militant, always watchful, always at work, always going, doing, loving, laughing, and making!

Thank you for this efficiency!

Thank you for standing with, and helping your officers!

3.

May I ask you to add a new question to your mental examination of those who seek admittance to our Order? That question is to uncover the disposition of the applicant!

Does he quarrel? Is he a “knocker”? Is he a critic, a scold, a fault finder, a grouch, a gossip?

If so—

He can never be an Elk!

Let him stay outside!

Ours is a kingdom of love, of happiness, of pulling together, of “boosting,” of congratulation!

We do not need disturbers—we want distributors—distributors of sunshine!

The man who is constantly criticizing and finding fault will, if he feels so inclined, stand on the street corner and gossip about and slander the Lodge and its members!

He can not grow antlers! He is a “cat”!

Pick good, clean, jolly, whole-souled, generous men and ask them to join!

“We must quit our selfish thinking and
our narrow views and creeds,
And as people big and splendid we
must do the bigger deeds.”

4.

Get ready for Chicago! There you have builded a great memorial. It is yours. You paid for it. Dedicate it! Go and bless it!

Do not allow your Lodge to be unrepresented at the July reunion.

Uncovered before its silent, yet elegant beauty, and, everlastingness, honor the boys—our boys—who died that the nation might continue to live—unafraid!

Always and forever,

Wm. H. Atwell

Grand Exalted Ruler

SEAL

Up Against A Stone Wall

—and with no idea what he can do!
Do you see yourself in this picture?

THIS is a talk to men and women who are UP AGAINST A STONE WALL in life, and who want to cut their way out.

It is a talk to men and women who have the courage to search their souls for their defects, ADMIT THEM, and start at once to lick the things that UP TO NOW have licked them.

Take stock of yourself—where are you? Once upon a time you dreamed of great things. You were going to DO SOMETHING worth while. You were going to BE somebody. You entered upon your career with burning hopes. Everybody thought highly of you. Your friends, your family, figuratively patted you on the back. You felt you were destined for great things.

Then—what happened? Your youthful enthusiasm oozed away. Your purpose for some reason became clouded. Instead of going forward, you found yourself UP AGAINST A STONE WALL.

Other men, aiming for the same goal as you, came up alongside of you and passed you. And now, here at last you are—discouraged, lost, PURPOSELESS.

When you think of the men and women whom you have seen succeed, you know that you are every bit AS GOOD AS THEY. You know you possess the same—possibly more knowledge, more ability, more intelligence. You believe that, if given the chance, you could PROVE that you're a better man.

Right here is the bitterest pill of self-confession, if you have the MANHOOD to swallow it. You must admit that those successful men and women were willing to make a real struggle for what they wanted, WHILE YOU GAVE UP THE FIGHT TOO EASILY—or else DIDN'T KNOW what weapons to use!

If there is any pride left in you, if you still possess a glimmer of your fine early ambition, YOU WON'T FOOL YOURSELF WITH EXCUSES. Nor will you admit that YOU ARE LICKED; or that you are too OLD now or too TIRED, to win out.

You will take a new grip on yourself. YOU WILL PLAN YOUR LIFE. You will acquire a new clear-cut purpose, instead of drifting. You will analyze the WEAKNESS IN YOURSELF that held you back, and you will STRENGTHEN IT BY TRAINING.

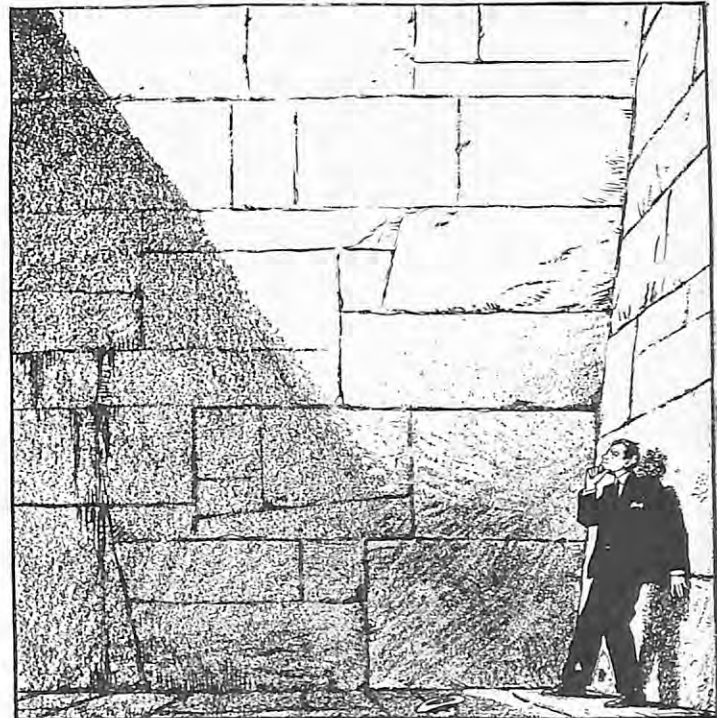
You can do it,—by means of Pelmanism, a system of training that has swept the world. Over FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND men and women, in every quarter of the globe and in every walk of life, testify that THIS TRAINING WAS EXACTLY WHAT THEY NEEDED. It is exactly what YOU need!

Pelmanism is merely the science of applied psychology, simplified so that it can be understood and USED. It is a system of training all the various mental faculties, like will-power, memory, concentration, observation, reasoning.

Pelmanism awakens UNSUSPECTED POWERS in you. Time and again it has performed seeming miracles. Instances of quick promotions among its students are countless. Cases of doubled salary in a few months, and trebled salary in a year are NOT AT ALL UNUSUAL. But Pelmanism is not only adopted by those who want to EARN more, but by those who want to DO more.

If you are dubious, if you think you are too old or too young or KNOW TOO MUCH, to be helped by Pelmanism, CONSIDER the kind of people who advocate this training. Among them are men like:

- | | |
|--|---|
| Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder of the Juvenile Court, Denver. | General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement. |
| The late Sir H. Rider-Haggard, Famous Novelist. | Jerome K. Jerome, Novelist. |



Frank P. Walsh, Former Chairman of National War Labor Board.

T. P. O'Connor, "Father of the House of Commons."

Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.

W. L. George, Author.

Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff.

Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B., G.C., V.O.

Baroness Orczy, Author.

Prince Charles of Sweden.

—to mention only a few out of THOUSANDS of men and women of distinction.

A fascinating book called "Scientific Mind Training" has been written about Pelmanism. IT CAN BE OBTAINED FREE. Yet thousands of people who read this talk, and who NEED this book, will not send for it. "It's no use," they will say. "It will do me no good," they will tell themselves. "It's probably tommyrot," others will declare cynically.

If you are inclined to think that way,—USE YOUR HEAD FOR A MOMENT! You will realize that people cannot be HELPED by tommyrot, and that there MUST BE SOMETHING in Pelmanism when it has been used by over 550,000 people just as intelligent as you, when it has such a record of helpfulness behind it, and when it is endorsed and used by men and women of the highest distinction and ability all over the world.

Don't give up on your old ambitions. Don't think it is TOO LATE. Don't think you are TOO OLD. Follow the advice of such people as those listed above. Write for this free book; at least LEARN what Pelmanism is, WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS—then, and then only, judge whether it may not help YOU just as greatly.

Let Pelmanism help you FIND YOURSELF. Let it show you how to get past the STONE WALL that you are now up against. Mail the coupon below now—now while your resolve TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF AT LAST—is strong.

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

Approved as a correspondence school under the laws of the State of New York

19 West 44th Street Dept. 1545 New York City

The Pelman Institute of America, 19 West 44th Street, Dept. 1545 New York City.

I want you to show me what Pelmanism has actually done for over 550,000 people. Please send me your free book, "Scientific Mind Training." This places me under no obligation whatever.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

“HE · WENT · ABOUT · DOING · GOOD”

Office of the

Grand Esquire

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

Official Circular

174 West Washington St.,
Chicago, Illinois
March 25, 1926

MY DEAR BROTHER ELKS:—

In the city of Chicago, now the industrial heart of the American Continent, in the City destined soon to become one of the World's greatest centers of civic, artistic and cultural activities, the next Grand Lodge Reunion will be held in July.

Elkdom sends out to every Exalted Ruler and to the Officers and Brothers of every Lodge, its call to attend this Convention;—to come to Chicago and participate in the dedication of a memorial to the members of the Order who were in the service of our country in the World War and particularly those who gave their lives in such service.

This unique structure, raising its stately columns and graceful dome on the shores of Lake Michigan, is a masterpiece of architectural beauty, dignity and magnificence, a superb expression of Elkdom's basic motto—“*An Elk is never forgotten—never forsaken.*”

Chicago Lodge, No. 4, is immeasurably proud of the honor of having this City selected as the very heart and soul of Elkdom. It is proud of the Memorial Building, unsurpassed, as we believe, by any building of its type or character in the world; its construction made possible through the individual contribution of every member of our Order.

The membership of Chicago Lodge, No. 4, with the earnest cooperation of all the Elk Lodges of the State of Illinois, is seething with enthusiasm for the success of the Convention and the fitting entertainment of the thousands who are expected to attend.

The Chairmen of the various Committees are cognizant of their duties and are doing their utmost in arranging for your comfort and pleasure.

THE GREAT PARADE:—Every Lodge should be represented; every Lodge should have its Banner in line. Encourage your membership to arrange something that will be creditable to our Great Order; an appropriate float, band or drill corps, for instance, would make a lasting impression.

Kindly return, properly filled in, the enclosed card questionnaire. Full knowledge of the movement of your delegation will enable us to take care of you in an efficient manner.

Details regarding the Band and Drill Corps competitions, and other activities, with a large list of prizes in connection with same, will be fully set forth in the next official circular.

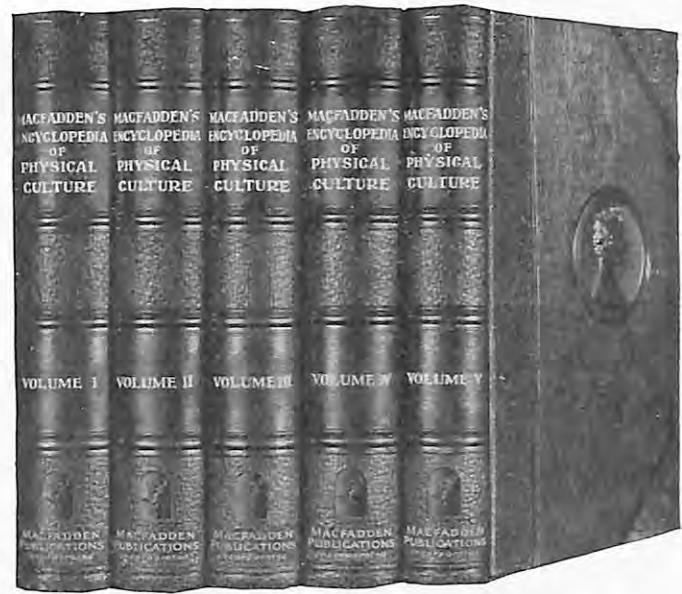
Chicago, the Capital of Elkdom, awaits you. We know you will respond and make the coming Reunion the greatest ever held.

Awaiting your prompt reply, and with kindest fraternal greetings to you all—my dear brothers, I remain,

WILLIAM J. SINEK,
Grand Esquire.

You can add 15 years to your life!

At least 60% of physical and mental misery is preventable and curable. In fact the life of the average person would be prolonged 15 years if people knew how to rule their health as they do their actions.



ENCYCLOPEDIA of PHYSICAL CULTURE New 6th Edition ~ Completely Revised

FROM maturity to old age the breaking down or wearing out of vital organs is in process. But because there is no pain or noticeable symptoms the victim ignores the little signals of warning which nature is constantly issuing until face to face with a dangerous disease.

When one is easily exhausted, even with a moderate amount of work—or suffers from headache, loss of appetite, a cold in the head or on the chest, a dull ache across the back, spots before the eyes, ringing in the ears, these are all signals, the neglect of which may lead to serious—perhaps fatal—illness.

Yet the cause of degenerative changes are preventable if taken in time. In fact, you can rule your health as surely as you rule your actions. Bernarr Macfadden, the world's outstanding exponent of physical culture, has, perhaps, had more experience than any other one person in guiding thousands from physical weakness and ill health back to wonderful health and vigor. Out of this great experience he has built

The Encyclopedia of Physical Culture

This marvelous work gives invaluable information on fasting, diet, exercise, and hydrotherapy for both health and beauty building. It gives thorough and extensive treatment of the laws of sex, the attainment of virile manhood and womanhood, and happy successful parenthood, together with details for correct diagnosis and treatment of all sexual diseases. It contains many handsome charts on anatomy and physiology.

It is neither dull nor technical, but is comprehensive and complete in every sense. It is the crowning effort of Bernarr Macfadden's rich, full experience in the science of health and physical culture. You haven't any idea how valuable it will be to you, or how many dollars it will help you save each year. What, for instance, would it be worth in actual dollars to you to be able to instantly identify in its earliest stages any sickness that might overtake you or any member of your family. What would it mean to you to have glorious health, almost complete freedom from sickness or disease, no doctor's bills to meet, no hospital bills to pay, no days of

suffering or worry, no salary lost through absence from business?

What Owners Say

Thousands of letters have been written to Bernarr Macfadden commending his Encyclopedia of Physical Culture.

Mr. Edward Johnson, 912 E. Arlington Avenue, Ft. Worth, Texas, writes: "My story dates back ten years when I was compelled to quit work on account of my physical condition. A friend told me what the Encyclopedia of Physical Culture had done for him. I at once procured the five volumes. In thirty days I was back on my old job—a new man, indeed. I merely followed out the suggestions outlined in the books. I am today a better man at 53 than I was at 25."

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CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THE struggling coot, unable either to dive or to fly because of the big terrapin which had fastened itself to his foot, was gripped and crushed in an instant by the tyrant's long curved claws, and the terrapin's hold gave way



The Tyrant

A Story of Wild Life in the Kingdom of the Eagle

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull

THE tyrant was coming. He was coming like a tyrant—announced by the tribute of thousands. A mile away that tribute might have been heard; a throbbing, reverberant, surging roar that filled the air and quelled all lesser noises.

In the heart of a myrtle thicket in the swamp woods, a big white-tail buck, lying half-asleep on a bed of dry dead leaves, heard the tumult and flicked an ear carelessly. He knew what it was, but it was no concern of his, and he dozed on dreamily, listening, yet scarcely conscious of the distant turmoil.

A female gray fox, trailing a rabbit along a narrow bush-grown peninsula extending far into a wilderness of marsh, halted and crouched close to the ground as that air-shaking hubbub rolled swiftly down upon her. She was directly in its path, and, lover of silence that she was, for an instant the clamor startled and disconcerted her. But her fright was only momentary. Her sensitive ears, accustomed to the faint furtive sounds of the woods, throbbled with the mighty din of the tyrant's vassals; but already her cool, keen, calculating brain was occupied once more with the pressing business of the moment, the stalking of the little brown marsh hare whose scent was strong in her nostrils.

These, however—the whitetail buck and the fox—were exceptions. To them the coming of the tyrant meant nothing, because he was not their ruler and over them he exercised no sovereignty. But they were two among many. Under the white blanket of mist hanging over the watery flats that winter morning huddled a vast multitude of living things—ducks and coots in regiments and legions, mallard and pintail and blue-winged teal and widgeon; and all these were vassals of the tyrant, subject to his will and his power. To all these his coming brought not merely fear but overwhelming panic; and that hollow drumming thunder, which rolled along the flats and filled the air and seemed to shake the mist blanket spread above the marshes, was the roar of their myriad pinions as, regiment after regiment, they rocketed upward and fled on swiftly whirring wings before the great gray eagle who was their scourge and sovereign.

He came on rather slowly, sailing on set, rigid pinions just under the opaque stratum of vapor which veiled the marshes from the morning sunlight. Ahead of him the shallow waters of the marsh lagoons were packed and jammed with life. Under him they were empty, for no duck in all those thousands was bold enough to await the tyrant's arrival. Once they were fairly launched in flight they were comparatively safe, for they had learned that this gray eagle, like

most others of his kind, seldom undertook a straight-away chase. They had learned also, however, that to delay their start one instant too long might be fatal. Hence that thunder of wings, which was the tribute of the tyrant's subjects to their lord, rolled down the flats well in advance of the eagle as he swept on just under the smooth white sheet of mist; and long before they saw him the hundreds of mallards, pintails and coots, dabbling and feeding in a certain long, marsh-encircled lagoon bordering the river, had warning of his approach.

To all those hundreds that warning brought terror which in nearly all of them was instantly manifest. The squadrons of big, green-headed mallards ceased their busy dabbling for food and, with low, excited quacks and apprehensive upward glances, bunched closer together in preparation for flight. The high-riding, swanlike pintails settled lower in the water and bent their long necks over their backs, searching the air for the enemy. A black fleet of coots, which a moment before had rested almost motionless upon the surface, split suddenly down the middle, half the fleet making for one side of the lagoon and half making for the other. In all the feathered multitude floating on the placid, shallow waters spreading outward from the river only a gaudy shoveller drake, more brilliantly colored than the mallards and more beautiful even than the pintails except for his broad, ungainly looking bill, remained, to all appearances, indifferent to the peril.

THE shoveller, an adult male already attired in full nuptial plumage of green and shining white and rich russet, floated near the middle of the lagoon in open water, free from weeds and sedge. A moment before he had been surrounded by the legions of the coots; but now the coot regiments had melted away around him, hastening toward the reedy margins with an awkward bobbing of blue-black heads and a flashing of gleaming white bills. The mallards were massed toward the northern end of the lagoon, the pintails toward the southern end and along the eastern edge. For a space of yards around the shoveller the water was empty. An enemy looking down from the air could not fail to see the lone drake floating quietly and seemingly unconcerned almost in the middle of the lagoon.

It was not indifference that held him there. Instinct wrestled with terror in the shoveller's brain. Instinct bade him be still.

Terror urged him to flee. It was because instinct prevailed at first that the shoveller for some moments made no move.

A week before, a charge of duck shot had broken his right wing. The shattered bone had not yet knit. He could not fly, and more than once, since the power of flight had thus been taken from him, instinct had saved his life by freezing him into utter immobility in the presence of danger. This same instinct gripped him now, held him motionless as an anchored billet of wood on the glassy surface of the lagoon. But little by little, as the seconds passed, and the surging thunder of wings rolled nearer along the flats, and the panic of the ducks and coots in the pool around him flared higher and higher, the grip of instinct weakened and terror gained the upper hand.

Suddenly terror triumphed. From a marsh pond a quarter of a mile away another great flock of mallards had vaulted into the air. As the throbbing roar of their pinions smote the shoveller's ears, he leaped forward in the water and began swimming desperately toward the margin of the lagoon.

FIFTY yards behind him, a squadron of pintail took wing with a sibilant noise as of wind rushing through bare tree-tops. In front of him a regiment of a hundred coots rose and scurried across the water with a mighty clatter of lobed feet pattering on the surface. Next moment, to the right, to the left and ahead, the whole lagoon heaved thunderously upward, as the main body of the pintails and the vast array of the mallards rose in a solid, opaque mass.

For a space of seconds the air glittered and swirled with the flash of their whirring wings, while the water falling from their bodies shimmered in the pale morning light like rain. Then, above and behind him, dark against the mist blanket hanging over the marsh, the crippled shoveller saw the wide-pinioned shape of doom for which, even as he swam, his round, brilliant, golden eyes had been searching.

If the keener eyes of the gray eagle had already picked out the lone duck swimming across the surface of the lagoon ahead of him, and perhaps a hundred feet below him, for some moments he seemed to give no heed to it. Possibly he mistook the shoveller for a coot, many hundreds of which dotted the pools and ponds within range of his vision. Possibly his attention was distracted momentarily by the great twin armies of pintails and mallards which had surged upward from the long lagoon bordering the river and were racing off through the air, the mallards swinging to the right and the pintails to the left. At any rate, some seconds elapsed before the eagle, with

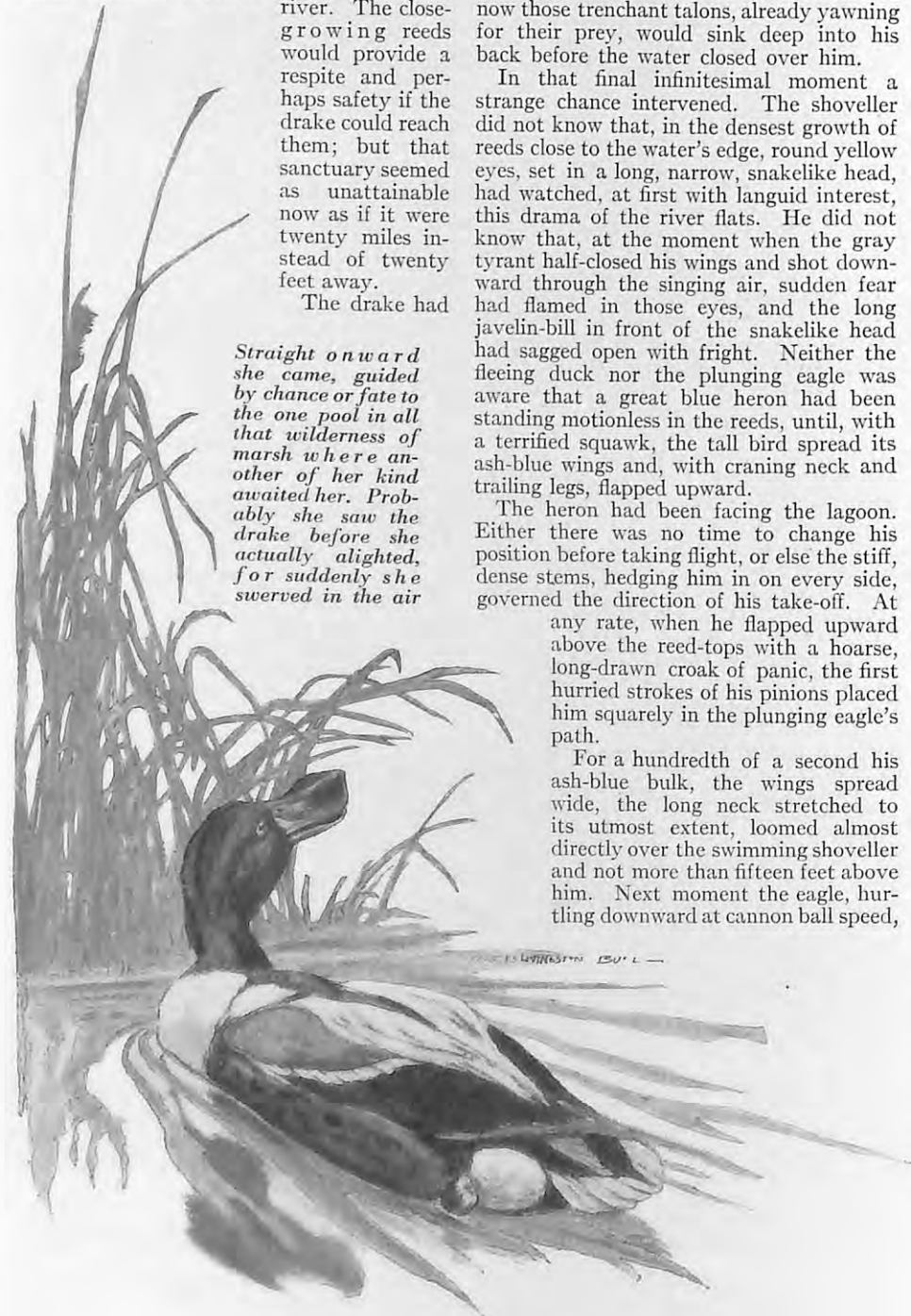
a slight motion of his tail, altered his line of flight so that he would pass directly over the center of the lagoon; and not until he was nearly over its center did he show unmistakably that he had found a victim suited to his fancy.

Until that moment he had sailed onward rather indolently, with no appearance of haste, his long, marbled wings fully extended and apparently as rigid as the lifeless wings of a monoplane. Then, all at once, the dark, broad pinions bent slightly upward and curved sharply so that they seemed half-closed, the long, stiff-shafted tail opened like a fan, the burly body of the great bird tilted forward, the strong yellow feet were thrust forward and downward with widely opened claws. Next moment the cloven air sang the wild, keen song of the royal eagle plunging for his prey.

THE shoveller drake, swimming desperately, was now some twenty feet from the lagoon's eastern margin. There a willow-grown bank, bordered with a dense growth of tall reeds springing from the marginal water, extended between the lagoon and the river. The close-growing reeds would provide a respite and perhaps safety if the drake could reach them; but that sanctuary seemed as unattainable now as if it were twenty miles instead of twenty feet away.

The drake had

Straight onward she came, guided by chance or fate to the one pool in all that wilderness of marsh where another of her kind awaited her. Probably she saw the drake before she actually alighted, for suddenly she swerved in the air

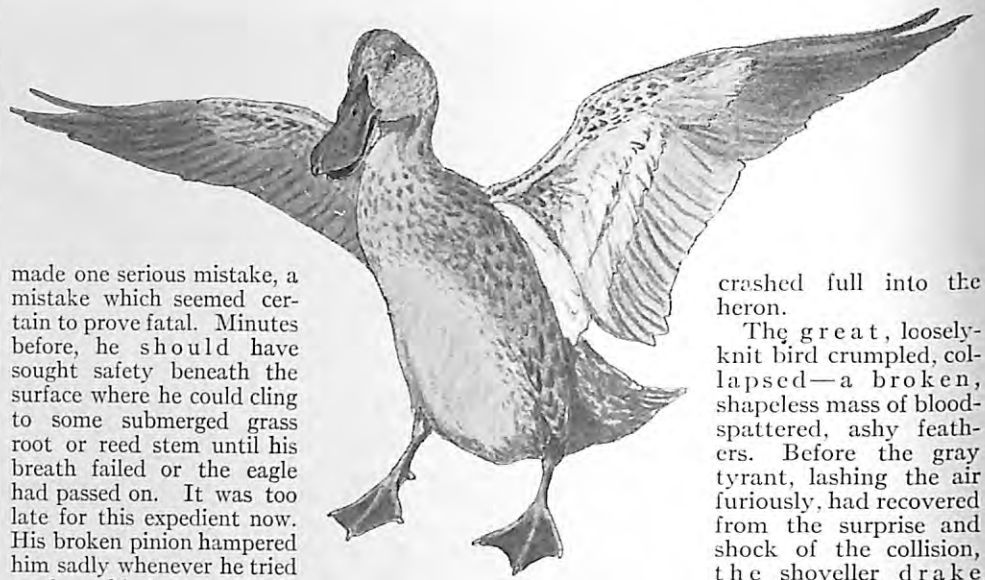


made one serious mistake, a mistake which seemed certain to prove fatal. Minutes before, he should have sought safety beneath the surface where he could cling to some submerged grass root or reed stem until his breath failed or the eagle had passed on. It was too late for this expedient now. His broken pinion hampered him sadly whenever he tried to force his buoyant body under water; and only an infinitesimal moment was left to him. If he tried to dive now those trenchant talons, already yawning for their prey, would sink deep into his back before the water closed over him.

In that final infinitesimal moment a strange chance intervened. The shoveller did not know that, in the densest growth of reeds close to the water's edge, round yellow eyes, set in a long, narrow, snakelike head, had watched, at first with languid interest, this drama of the river flats. He did not know that, at the moment when the gray tyrant half-closed his wings and shot downward through the singing air, sudden fear had flamed in those eyes, and the long javelin-bill in front of the snakelike head had sagged open with fright. Neither the fleeing duck nor the plunging eagle was aware that a great blue heron had been standing motionless in the reeds, until, with a terrified squawk, the tall bird spread its ash-blue wings and, with craning neck and trailing legs, flapped upward.

The heron had been facing the lagoon. Either there was no time to change his position before taking flight, or else the stiff, dense stems, hedging him in on every side, governed the direction of his take-off. At any rate, when he flapped upward above the reed-tops with a hoarse, long-drawn croak of panic, the first hurried strokes of his pinions placed him squarely in the plunging eagle's path.

For a hundredth of a second his ash-blue bulk, the wings spread wide, the long neck stretched to its utmost extent, loomed almost directly over the swimming shoveller and not more than fifteen feet above him. Next moment the eagle, hurtling downward at cannon ball speed,



crashed full into the heron.

The great, loosely-knit bird crumpled, collapsed—a broken, shapeless mass of blood-spattered, ashy feathers. Before the gray tyrant, lashing the air furiously, had recovered from the surprise and shock of the collision, the shoveller drake was hidden amid the

crowding reed stems.

With the wild things, as a rule, fear is a shadow which comes suddenly and passes quickly. For perhaps ten minutes the shoveller remained in the cover of the reeds, resting quietly in the shallow water lapping amid the smooth, straight stems. Then he turned, paddled back to the open, and heading out toward the center of the lagoon, resumed his interrupted breakfast.

Already a small squadron of pintails had returned, and already the great fleets of coots had moved out again from the marginal waters so that they covered the lower part of the lagoon practically from shore to shore. There was no need for the shoveller to search the air in order to assure himself that the danger had passed. The careless confidence of the coots and pintails was a sufficient assurance, and, the danger having vanished, the fear which it had inspired had vanished also.

YET the surface of the lagoon bore evidence of how real that danger had been, how well-founded was that fear. Twenty feet from the belt of reeds fringing the bank floated the carcass of the great blue heron which had met death by so strange and so dramatic an accident. The shoveller, after he had made out what it was, never glanced at it again. But if a man had examined the carcass, he would have found it smashed almost to a pulp by the terrific impact of that strange encounter in the air; and he would have noted, too, that the eagle, disappointed in his quest for choicer meat, had not fed upon the heron, but had left it contemptuously where it fell.

These details, however, were of no interest to the crippled shoveller, or to the other feathered denizens of the lagoon, and none of them paid more than momentary attention to the floating mass of tousled feathers and shattered flesh and bone which afforded such impressive proof of their enemy's power. Swiftly the population of the pool increased. From the open water where he was feeding, surrounded by squadrons of boisterous, quacking mallards and gentle, soft-voiced teal, the shoveller drake could view a vast expanse of sky. He saw against the bright blue of the heavens, no longer obscured by mist, thousands of ducks of many kinds, not only the more abundant species like those feeding near him, but also widgeon and green-winged teal and blue-bills even more numerous this morning than the mallards. Buffleheads, too, he saw in small numbers, lovers of the saltwater bays

(Continued on page 84)

The Triumph of "Robbie"

Part Three—Building Winners With Discards and Rookies

By W. O. McGeehan

ONCE a baseball man, always a baseball man. With the scattering of the Old Orioles and the advent of the game as something of a big business Wilbert Robinson found himself out of it and comfortably out of it. The latter day baseball players as a rule consider baseball a side issue, but to Wilbert Robinson it was the main thing, his life. He had plenty of opportunities to become one of Baltimore's solid citizens but he always heard the call of the game, especially in the spring.

When John J. McGraw of the Giants asked him to come to Marlin and help train the Giant pitchers in 1909 Wilbert Robinson dropped everything to answer the call. It was something of a descent for a man who had been Captain of the Old Orioles for he was to be only a coach. College football coaches get plenty of the limelight but not baseball coaches. They are just old men around ball parks.

But Wilbert Robinson responded joyously. He wanted to be around a ball park under any conditions. Mr. Robinson has a theory regarding pitchers which came from long years of study. He gives as much attention to the legs of the pitchers as he does to their arms.

"I have watched as many pitchers as anybody from behind the plate," he told me. "It does not matter how strong their arms are if their legs give out. That holds with any kind of athlete. When they start to wobble in the legs they are gone. You could tell when Jess Willard was through when he began to wobble at the knees. Baseball players last as long as their legs. I suppose that the same thing goes for dancers.

"I knew that my days of active playing were over when the old knees began to wobble. The idea seems to be that pitchers need only their arms. I know better. When I start to train pitchers I make them run their legs off chasing fly balls."

Again on the following year Wilbert Robinson was given the chance to try out his theories with the pitchers of the Giants. It was accepted that he would always start to the training camp with the Giants. He did more than help out the pitchers. He contributed to the cheerfulness of the camp and added to its morale. They took to calling him "Uncle Robbie," just as the French soldiers would say "Papa Joffre."

After his spring session with the Giants in 1911, Wilbert Robinson returned to

Baltimore to look after his own affairs as usual. He had started the pitching staff off well as usual. But in mid-summer of that year the Giants went into what the ball-players call a slump. They had started well, and they were on their way to a pennant when they slumped most emphatically.

Now Mr. John Joseph McGraw is something of a psychologist himself and he understands baseball players, but with all of his understanding John McGraw could not bring that particular team out of a slump. Harking back to the days of the Old Orioles and remembering the influence of Robinson over young ballplayers, which was like the influence of Mulvaney over recruits, he gave Arlie Latham a telegram to Robinson to come with all speed, or words to that effect.

Arlie Latham promptly forgot all about the telegram until he was reminded about it. Finally Wilbert Robinson arrived to join the Giants some time in September at Chicago when their morale was quite low. He came in upon them laughing that infectious laugh and somehow the morale of the Giants seemed to come back.

It was a famous Giant team that greeted Robinson then, one of the most colorful aggregations McGraw ever collected. On the pitching staff they had Mathewson, Wiltse, Marquard, Tesreau and Crandall. Chief Meyers was behind the plate. The others were Merkle, Herzog, Shafer, Bridwell, Devore, Snodgrass and Murray. That team went through and won a pennant.

Now this is not written to detract from the baseball genius of McGraw. On the contrary, for it is a good commander-in-chief who knows how to pick his staff, and where to get it in time of need. Wilbert Robinson became a permanent fixture of McGraw's board of strategy

from that time until he left to join the Brooklyn Club.

The experts give credit to Robinson for the development of Rube Marquard, Jeff Tesreau and Al Demaree. The records will show that these pitchers were of considerable assistance to the Giants. With Robinson acting as coach, concentrating particularly on the pitching staff, the Giants won three pennants in a row.

After the world series of 1913 Wilbert Robinson was given what is technically known as his unconditional release. The Giants lost that particular series and, naturally, nobody on the team was particularly pleased about it. McGraw, brooding over the defeat, was looking ahead to a complete reorganization. He blamed everybody, including himself.

"That means that I am leaving," announced Wilbert Robinson. He packed his bags and retired to his duck-shooting place on South River near Annapolis. Whenever he is in doubt and the season is on, Wilbert Robinson goes duck-shooting.

FAR be it from me to attempt to analyze a quarrel between a pair of the Old Orioles. They were always quarreling, and they would quarrel even at one of their reunions though they used to fight the rest of the world. Admirers of McGraw insist that he released Robinson in order that the captain of the Old Orioles might be free to do bigger things in the game than coach. Others insist that he fired the coach of the pitchers outright.

This time Wilbert Robinson felt that he was out of baseball for good and was trying to reconcile himself to becoming just a business man in Baltimore and a mere spectator at baseball games. It had to come some day, and he was ready to accept it but not in a particularly joyous fashion.

While Wilbert Robinson was sitting in his blind waiting for a flight of ducks he was summoned to answer a long-distance call over the telephone. He grumbled, for it seemed to be a good day for ducks, and with the wind just right for shooting a duck-hunter does not care for any summons from the shore. The call was a summons back to baseball.

It came from Charles H. Ebbets, one of the quaintest figures among the baseball magnates. "Would you consider the proposition of becoming manager of the Brooklyn club?" asked Mr. Ebbets. "Yes," replied Wilbert Robinson, who never would waste many words when the weather was right for duck-shooting. "When can we talk it over?"



S. C. HEMMERT
Robbie in his heyday as Captain and catcher of the old Baltimore Orioles



REYNOLDS
The late Charles H. Ebbets who put Robison back into baseball



BROWN BRON.

John J. McGraw as he appears when managing his team from the dugout

persisted Mr. Ebbets. "When I bag the limit," replied Wilbert Robinson.

Whereupon Wilbert Robinson rowed back to the duck blind and resumed his shooting. The wind died down and the flight stopped. Mr. Robinson started to consider the prospects. The Brooklyn team, facetiously called the Trolley Dodgers—shortened to Dodgers—had not been going anywhere for sixteen years. They were a last division team and seemed destined to remain a last division team. They were on the rocks financially. It was not a bright prospect for a man who had started his baseball career by being president, captain and manager of his own team.

But it meant remaining in the game and it was a challenge. As manager he would be allowed to develop his own pitchers in his own way. He would have his own ball club to run, almost as he pleased. It was more attractive than settling down to something for which he did not care. Wilbert Robinson gathered up his decoys and prepared to go to Brooklyn to talk it over with Charles H. Ebbets. Baseball had called him back, even from what had promised to be one of the best duck-shooting seasons on South River.

THE talk with Ebbets ended with the signing up of Wilbert Robinson as manager of the Dodgers. They call them the Robins now, partly in honor of Robinson. When a team has been in the second division and apparently destined to remain there for sixteen years or more the attitude of the fans following such a team naturally is somewhat derisive.

When Wilbert Robinson took charge as manager of the Dodgers he found that his funds for operation were decidedly limited. Charles H. Ebbets, humorously and affectionately called the Squire of Flatbush, emphatically believed in the future of baseball, he believed in himself and he believed in Robinson, but he could not back his faith with money. The other stockholders in the club, the McKeever Brothers, Steve and Edward, did not have the boundless faith of Ebbets at the time. To face a deficit at the end of every year for sixteen seasons of baseball is rather depressing.

The task of Wilbert Robinson was to win



Fournier, one of the mainstays of the Brooklyn team for a great many years

P. & A. PHOTO

a pennant for the Dodgers without spending any money to speak of for players. He was to pick up a pennant-winning baseball team much after the fashion in which Falstaff picked up his army, but at any rate it was up to him to win numerous ball games and bring some money to Ebbets Field.

Poor Ebbets died a much maligned man. When Robinson became his manager he was holding his interest in the Dodgers on what is popularly known as a shoestring. He started selling score cards with the ambition to become a baseball magnate and with the firm conviction that Brooklyn would be a factor in baseball and one day make him wealthy. All of this came to pass but too late for poor Charles H. Ebbets.

Charles Ebbets, when he spoke before baseball meetings always would start with, "Baseball still is in its infancy—" He attained a reputation for excessive frugality. It was a little cruel, for it was necessary for him to be exceedingly frugal. He always was on the verge of bankruptcy until Wilbert Robinson became manager of the team.

When Wilbert Robinson assumed the management the attitude of his customers was still derisive but Wilbert Robinson always could, and still can stand a joke on himself. In the year he first took charge the Dodgers finished fifth—still out of the

first division. In the following year the Brooklyn team reached as high as third place.

The fans of Ebbets Field started to realize that if they did not yet have a ball club they had at least a manager. Business began to pick up but not enough to permit Wilbert Robinson to step out into the open ivory market and buy himself the players he would like to have. He had to do his trading in a canny way, picking up baseball players discarded by other clubs and doing the best he could with young players he could develop. He was now in the business end of baseball and the business of baseball is intricate and heart-breaking, especially when the finances are limited.

The finances of the Brooklyn baseball club were decidedly limited. They would come back to Ebbets Field from the training camp still owing their railroad fare to and from the South. Nobody knew this but those closely associated with the management.

The Brooklyn fans would clamor, "Why don't they buy some baseball players? Why can't Brooklyn have a winning club?"

In 1916 the Brooklyn Club did win a pennant and to this day the experts agree that they won it with nothing but a collection of discards. But Wilbert Robinson seemed to know how to pick his discards. From

the Giants he had gathered Marquard, his own pet pupil; Merkle, the man who had forgotten to touch second, and Chief Meyers, the Indian, who was considered all through. He gathered in Cheney from the Cubs, Jimmy Johnson who had been passed up by both of the Chicago clubs, Mowry from the Pirates, Ivan Olson, called "Ivory" by the writers, and Casey Stengel from the leagues in general.

This pennant must be credited entirely



BROWN BRON.

Rube Marquard, one of the famous pitchers developed by Uncle Robbie

to management, if we are to believe the experts. In his third year as manager of the Brooklyn Club, Wilbert Robinson built a pennant winning club almost entirely out of ivory that other managers had cast upon the waters.

The finances of the Brooklyn Baseball Club were still low. Instead of moving on to Boston in their private car the Dodgers went to Boston in a plain day coach or "Sullivan" as the baseball players called it. The Red Sox were still a great baseball club and they beat the Dodgers four games to one. But in winning the pennant Wilbert Robinson was hailed as a miracle man. The Brooklyn baseball fans began to take a pride in their baseball team.

After that spurt the machine that Wilbert Robinson had patched together went to pieces and for three years the Dodgers were again in the second division. In the meantime Wilbert Robinson was patiently at work building up another machine with decidedly limited resources. By 1920 Wilbert Robinson had collected another pennant winner. This time they said he did it by recruiting from the homes for aged baseball players. It was the oldest team that ever won a pennant.

That year the Dodgers were able to travel more as befits a ball club that won the pennant. They met Cleveland in the world series and this time lost by two games to five. It was during this series that Rube Marquard and Wilbert Robinson came to the parting of the ways. It seems that the Rube got into trouble with the authorities for a bit of thrift. He was accused of selling some tickets to the world series for a few dollars over the regular price.

Charles H. Ebbets was outraged by the notion of one of his players doing such a thing. The edict was that the Rube must go and he was shifted on to Boston. That seemed to be the baseball finish of the Rube, one of the most colorful figures in the game. He did not seem able to pitch away from the influence of Robinson.

After the winning of the second pennant, the Dodgers sank into another three year slump and a lapse into the second division. But in 1924 Robinson had patched himself up another machine that was riding fast in the National



Colonel T. L. Huston, former part owner of the New York Yankees



Matty in action. "Big Six" was helped by Robbie when the latter was a Giant Coach



"Dazzy" Vance, developed by Robbie into a consistent winner. Vance is now considered one of the most brilliant pitchers in the National League

League. Wilbert Robinson had discovered the wonderful Dazzy Vance.

In a way even Vance was a discard when Robinson acquired him. He once had been the property of the New York Yankees but they had let him go. They admitted that he had speed and plenty of it but he did not seem to know what to do with that speed. It seemed to be an easy enough task for Wilbert Robinson to teach him. In 1924 he was the pitching marvel of both leagues and it was largely through his work in the box that the Dodgers came so close to winning their third pennant. They finished a very close second.

By this time the Dodgers were decidedly a paying investment. It is not stretching the point to say that this was due to the personality as well as the baseball ability of Wilbert Robinson. A baseball team can not pack baseball parks by winning baseball games alone. There must be some outstanding figure.

The Giants are built around John Joseph McGraw. Without McGraw the Giants would be just a baseball club. The Yankees were nothing much until the acquisition of Babe

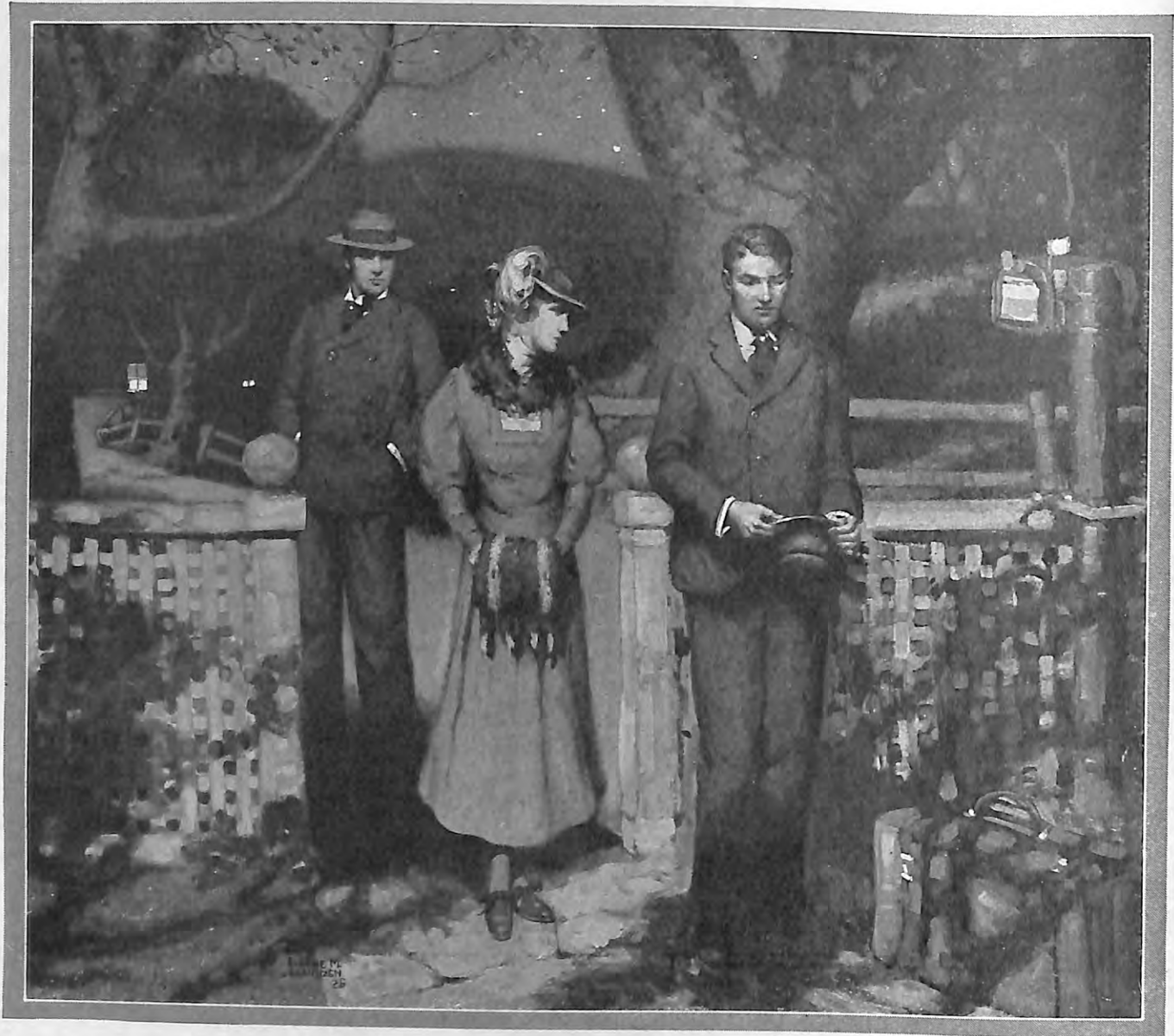
Ruth. The Detroit Tigers are Ty Cobb's team.

Of course baseball is a team game but in these days it is the influence of one man that colors the team and brings the customers through the turnstiles. This has to be done when a baseball club represents an investment of several millions of dollars. It is Wilbert Robinson who made the Brooklyn baseball club into an asset instead of a liability. With all of the Wheats, the Marquards and the Vances, the spotlight at Brooklyn always has been turned on the ample person of Wilbert Robinson.

Two of the most astute business men who ever put their money into baseball recognized the sort of an asset Wilbert Robinson really was. One of them was Colonel Tillinghast L'Hommedieu Huston, who was part owner of the Yankees with Colonel Jacob Ruppert. Huston always was eager to have Robinson managing the Yankees. Harry H. Frazee, the man who bought the great Red Sox and then sold that marvelous collection of ivory bit by bit, was ready to snatch up Robinson if it had been possible to buy his release. It may have been that his idea was to have sold Wilbert Robinson probably at so much per pound. On this basis Mr. Frazee would have taken in more for Wilbert Robinson than he did for Babe Ruth.

Wilbert Robinson continued to wear his uniform and stalk from the bench to the coaching line long after John J. McGraw decided to do all of his managing from the bench. It was an ample uniform cut loosely to fit an ample figure. Wilbert Robinson was not at all sensitive about his figure. He was one of those who laughed and grew fat, but who did not regret growing fat. He even had his chuckle with an urchin who, seeing him in that Brooklyn uniform for the first time, piped out: "Hey, mister! What time's the balloon going up?"

(Continued on page 87)



The Shadowy Crown

By Stephen Vincent Benet

Illustrated by Eugene M. Frandzen

At first her voice was just angry at Ted for butting in, and proud of Charley. But then she kept looking over at Charley to back her up and he wouldn't back her up. He just stood there looking as if something had shrunk him

WE ALL grew up together, in a way, and I know his family. That's why it seemed even queerer—Charley Stuart turning out as he did.

The Stuarts lived down the street from us and they were nice people. Nothing out of the ordinary, you understand—just decent, friendly people and good neighbors. Mr. Stuart kept the other hardware-store and was very well thought of generally, and both he and Mrs. Stuart were props of the Presbyterian Church. He used to pass the plate on Sundays, occasionally, and Mrs. Stuart was one of the hardest workers in their Ladies' Society. She used to make Scotch shortbread for their socials—I remember wishing we were Presbyterians, too, because of that—it melted in your mouth. But neither she nor Mr. Stuart were unusual characters and Ted and the girls were not over-imaginative. It was only Charley who was queer, that way, from the first.

I don't mean queer exactly, either. When you think of a queer person you think of somebody you don't like—and nobody could help liking Charley, first or last. What I mean is this—suppose you see a white crow

in a bunch of black ones. Well, it may be the best crow of the lot, but seeing it that way makes it look queer to you. And, more than that, if you happen to be out shooting crows you're liable to pick on the white one first, just because it is different. Well, that was like Charley. In a bunch of people who weren't just ordinary Freestone people, he might never have stood out at all, to be picked on or anything else. But as it happened, he never found his other white crows.

He could tell the best stories, even when he was a kid. I've read quite a bit, but I've never read anything up to the stories Charley told. When I was younger I used to think if he'd write those stories down he'd make his everlasting fortune—and get mad at him because he didn't. But when I thought it over I'd see that it was the way he told them, not the stories themselves. I could tell those stories, word for word, and never get a flicker out of people where he'd have them sitting all scrouged up in their chairs, even when they knew it was lies and pretending. Maybe what he was really cut out for was an actor like David Warfield or somebody—but how could he have

started doing that with his family the way they were and everybody in Freestone thinking actors and actresses were just one jump away from the Bottomless Pit? But he certainly was a great pretender—he never lost the gift.

It's quite a thing to have a friend like that when you're young. It puts a sort of color into things you wouldn't know could get there. The rest of us played around the way most boys do; fun enough but nothing special. But Charley would always think up some new stunt that would make things a lot more exciting and out of the ordinary. One time he had the lot of us digging for Captain Kidd's treasure on Old Man Kinzie's place, and one time he had us scared to pass Bunny Williams' house at night because he said it was haunted. And we knew all the time that Captain Kidd never came within three States of Freestone and that no ghost that wasn't an idiot would haunt Bunny Williams' house. But if he once started pretending good and hard you had to believe him as long as he was with you—he was like that.

Of course, the thing was he believed what

he was pretending more than anybody else while he was pretending it—that was his trouble. I remember the time he told me about the other Stuarts.

The crowd of us had a club that used to meet in Snub Patterson's old cowshed and eat raw tomatoes and smoke cornsilk and all that. I happened to go over there one day—and there was Charley, walking up and down in the shed and excited all over. Whenever he got hold of some new idea, his eyes used to get big in his face and sort of light up as if there was a candle behind them. But this time it wasn't a candle behind them, it was a regular bonfire. I'd never seen him so stirred-up and sort of grand-looking—he couldn't have been more than thirteen at the time, but I was younger and he always seemed grand to me.

HE WALKED up and down quite a while before he took any notice of me, though I tried to talk to him. Then he turned to me all at once. "I've got to tell somebody, Spot!" he says, in his grand way. "I've found out who I am!" and he struck a sort of an attitude that reminded me of the pictures you saw of Civil War generals.

I didn't know what he expected me to say to that, so I kept still, and I could see he didn't like it.

"Don't set there like a bump on a log, Spot!" he says, patient but not too pleased. "I've found out who I am, I tell you!"

Well, I thought he'd always known who he was, so I kept on sitting still and it drove him wild.

"Listen, Spot," he says, after another walk. "You think you know who I am, but you don't, by golly! What's my name, Spot?"

"Charley Stuart," I said, but "No, no," he says, still sort of patient. "I mean my whole name."

"Well, what in time—" I said. "You know your whole name's Charles Edwards Stuart as well as I do—and jeeminy crickets—" but there he choked me off.

"Wrong, Spot," he says, very grandly. "The Edwards is wrong. It's Charles Edward Stuart, Spot—and I'm descended from the Duke of Burbank, and heir to a royal throne!"

Well, I saw by then he'd got one of his ideas going and it wasn't any use my telling him I knew he was named after his Uncle Charley Edwards, so I just played up to him.

"You don't say!" I said, trying to look awfully surprised.

"You bet I do," he says, in a pleased way. "Listen, Spot—" and he sat down and started telling me about it. And, by the time he was through, I was believing him, too, though it came hard.

It seemed he'd been reading some books about Scotch history—the Stuarts were

always proud of being Scotch. And he'd found out that the original Stuarts were kings of Scotland and then kings of England, down to James II's time when they got thrown out. But they tried to come back and raised a couple of revolts—especially one named Charles Edward Stuart, who descended from James II. They called him "The Young Pretender" because he was always trying to come back and getting licked—but he was the rightful king. I don't quite remember how Charley hooked up his family with this "Young Pretender," but he did it so it sounded true. I think he had his family descended from this Duke of Burbank or Berwick who was kin to Charles Edward Stuart, because Charles Edward didn't have any children himself.

"Of course," says he, "the Duke of Burbank is illegitimate. But then so was William the Conqueror—it doesn't mean so much with kings."

"Illegitimate?" I said.

"Uh-huh," he says, "that's what they call it, in royalty, when your father didn't get married to your mother."

"You mean he was a bas—" I began, sort of shocked, in a way—because even if it was royalty, it wasn't the kind of thing you like to find out about your family. But Charley stopped me.

"He was illegitimate," he says, proudly enough, "and don't you dast to say he was anything else. And I'm going to be the Young Pretender and sit on the throne of England—and you're going to help me, Spot. Maybe I'll make you a Duke, if you help enough," he says, consideringly, seeing it just as plain, "or would you rather be a Visscount? A Visscount ranks pretty high but I don't think it's as good as a Duke."

"It don't matter to me," I said. I half expected him to pull a crown out of his pants-pocket any minute now. "But how are you going to start, Charley?"

"Don't call me Charley!" he says, and stamps his foot. "Call me Siree. That's what dukes and varlets like you have got to call royalty."

I let the varlet go by, though I didn't like the sound of it.

"All right, Siree," I said. "How are you going to start, Siree?"

He thought a minute. "Well, Duke Spot," he says, "the first thing to do is to get over to Scotland—and then—when I tread the ancestral floors of my royal palace at Holyrood," he says, "my people will flock around me and yell 'Siree! Siree! King Charley! The Young Pretender!'"

"Suppose they don't yell?" I said, but he didn't even hear me. He was seeing it just as plain.

Well, most of his ideas didn't last very long, but this one did. He got us all playing it—calling him Siree and calling each other Dukes and Visscounts and telling what we'd do when he got to be king. But I don't think if he had got back to his ancestral floors, he'd have lasted long as a king—because, even as it was, some of the fellows

got pretty sore at always having to call him Siree and bow when they spoke to him. And then he tried to get us all to go down and pray in the Catholic church, because the royal Stuarts had all been Catholics. He was pretty nearly baptized a Catholic himself before Mr. Stuart found out what he was up to. And then it all came out, of course.

I don't think Mr. Stuart had ever been so mad. It struck him in his Presbyterian streak—and when he got mad he kept it inside himself, and it lasted. Believe me, he was mad at Charley. Because it was all over town, now, and people would say, "Hello, how's the Young Pretender?" whenever Charley went by—and ask Mr. Stuart how it felt to be the father of a royal line. And then Mr. Stuart would just tighten up all over and get a look on his face.

Well, I guess it was tough on him, but it was tough on Charley, too. Here, one minute he was pretending he was a king, and believing it—and next minute, he was the laughing stock of town. It was the first time his pretending had come up against anything real and hard—and it wasn't good for him, the way his family took it. It drove him into himself, where people wouldn't make fun of him. And, inside himself, he pretended more than ever, I guess. But he didn't let it out and get rid of it—and that isn't good for a kid.

Of course, gradually the story died down and things went on. But, though he came back and played with the rest of us, Charley had changed. He'd play the games just the way we played them now—he wouldn't try to turn them into anything different. It was a long time before he let even me in on what he was pretending to himself all the time—and I was the only one.

MOST people just thought he was growing up and getting some sense at last. The more I see of most people the bigger fools I think most of them are. But I think he was getting over the hurt of having his pretending laughed at, and on the way to be something, when Gerry Everallen came along.

Her real name was Geraldina but nobody ever called her that. She was Mr. Henry Everallen's daughter and he was about the wealthiest man in town.

I don't want to say anything against Gerry Everallen. There were too many of us crazy about her, one time and another. Sometimes it lasts longer than you'd think.

She had black eyes and black, black hair and she always reminded me of the first days of Fall when the air has a sting to it and something that makes you feel alive and ready for anything. She had a sting about her—if I was going to think of a color she was like I'd think of one of those Fall maple-leaves, just turned red-and-gold. A wild sort of color, but beautiful, too.

Charley was one of the people who were crazy about her and his brother, Ted Stuart, was another. There was only a year between the two boys, but you wouldn't have known they were brothers. They didn't look so unlike, but Ted never had any notions, except ones that got him



somewhere. He was the get-ahead sort from the first, and people who didn't know the family generally took him for the elder brother. He acted like it, too.

Charley was in his last year at the University when the crisis came for the three of them. Ted didn't go to college—he started right in with his father—beginning to make his money even then. But just then the family was sort of prouder of Charley, because Charley had done well at the University and they hadn't expected it, while we all knew that Ted was cut out for business.

I can't say I ever was fond of Ted, though I respected him. He was too level-headed. But if anything could have made me feel sorry for him, it was seeing him with Gerry. Oh, she didn't treat him badly—but anybody could see the difference when Charley was there. But Ted wouldn't give an inch no matter how plainly he must have seen it—he'd just set his jaw and keep on calling and asking her to go places. He could set his jaw, when he wanted a thing.

CHARLEY used to send me letters to give to Gerry and Gerry'd give me her letters for him. There wasn't any reason, as far as I knew, that they couldn't have written each other direct—but that was Charley for you. He had to pretend she was a captive princess or something. So I knew about the elopement from the first.

Of course, in the first place, there wasn't any reasonable point in their eloping at all. When Charley graduated, Mr. Everallen would have let them be engaged all right—probably even got Charley a job so they could be married. He liked Charley—and Gerry had always had her own way. And then, as for Charley's ideas of how they were going to live once they had eloped—but it sounded all right and fine and romantic when Charley talked about it. So I said I'd help him, of course, like a darn fool. I ought to have known you couldn't trust Charley, once he started pretending.

Well, I got the buggy for him and made the arrangements. They were going to drive out to the Marrying Minister's. I guess I won't ever forget what a clear, sharp night it was or how pretty Gerry looked. She had a little brown muff she put her hands in—and she looked scared and happy and proud of Charley, all at once. I drove them over—they wanted me for a witness. It's the only time I've ever acted mean to a horse I was driving—but I felt queer that night. Because there was Gerry, and yet I had to help Charley, being his friend.

I recollect hitching the horse to the little iron nigger-boy outside the Marrying Minister's gate, and how funny it was to have my hands shiver like that. And then Charley was lifting Gerry out in his arms, and she was laughing. And then there was somebody coming down the walk to meet us—and it was Charley's brother, Ted.

I don't know yet how he got to know about it—and I don't remember what any of us said at first. But pretty soon Charley was trying to pretend about why they were there—only Gerry wouldn't let him.

"No," she says, with her chin up and her cheeks pink with the cold, "we're going to get married, Ted," and she looked at him as if she was daring him to say they weren't.

He took it quietly enough. All he said was, "Of course you're not of age, Gerry—and neither's Charley."

"Well, we're going to tell him we are—so there, Mr. Smarty," says Gerry, and Charley says something about what business

He was calling up Charley... I heard every word he said, and while he was talking to Charley he sounded a little excited, but perfectly sane. He told Charley he wanted him to be a witness in an important business matter

was it of his. But Ted didn't lose his temper—he just stood there and didn't move.

"Well, it's in the family after all—isn't it, Charley," he says, in an ordinary way, "and being the earning member of the family—I thought I'd just ask how you figured you were going to support Gerry afterwards? The store doesn't make too much—so unless you're depending on Gerry's folks—"

Charley looked as if he were going to hit him, but he didn't.

"You know damn well, I'm not counting on Gerry's folks—" he said, and stopped.

"Well, of course," says Ted, perfectly quiet and reasonable—you couldn't take offense—"of course if you've come into a fortune, Charley"—

Then Gerry couldn't stand it any longer. "But he has, he has!" she said in a fierce sort of voice, and I felt sick all over.

You can imagine why I felt sick. But, honestly, he'd told it to her so well that, just for a minute, as she was talking, I thought it might be so.

I can see the whole thing now just the way it was then. The sharp night and all of us cold and the yellow windows in the Marrying Minister's house and the horse jerking his head every now and then where I'd hitched him to the iron nigger-boy—and Gerry's voice going on. About the man Charley had met at the University and how rich he was and how he had a big job all ready for Charley and was going to leave him his money. All about that. And at first her voice was just angry at Ted for butting in, and proud of Charley. But then she kept looking over at Charley to back her up—and he wouldn't back her up. He just stood there with his head down, looking as if something had shrunk him. And then her voice started sounding scared and Ted began asking questions.

Ted was clever, that night. He didn't act mean so she'd get mad and go through with it anyhow. He just asked the sensible questions anybody might ask.

I suppose she sounds like a fool, believing what Charley told her. But Charley could make you believe a lot if he wanted—and



she was in love with him. And Charley sounds like a crook, pretending to her like that. But if he'd been a crook he could have carried it off and lied out of it even then—and he didn't. It was just that he'd started pretending a little at first because he was so crazy about her—and then, as he always did, the minute he'd made another person believe his pretending, he started to believe it himself. I bet all that drive out to the Minister's, he was seeing that rich old man just as plain. But the minute Gerry started to talk, he must have known.

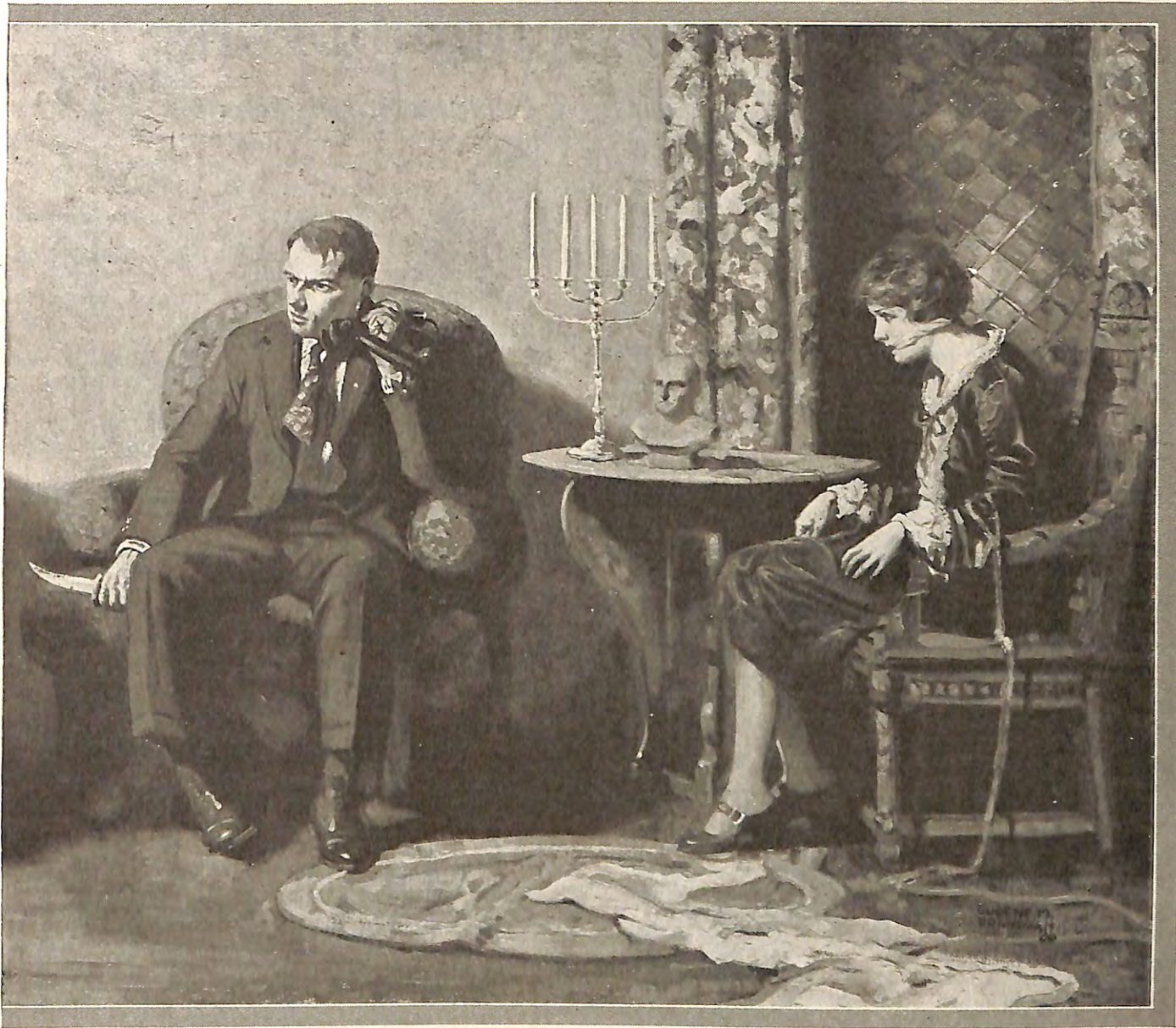
THAT was twice now his pretending had come up against something real.

He didn't try to lie out of it. Finally all he said was, "It was all lies, Gerry dear—oh God, I must have been crazy—I must have been crazy." Well I certainly wouldn't have blamed him for thinking he was. And then Gerry looked at him.

You couldn't blame her for looking at him like that. She didn't tell lies herself, she couldn't see how it was, when you get believing your lies.

She didn't cry or say anything you'd expect. She just stood there a while, and then she went over to Ted. "Will you take me home, Ted?" she said. She didn't sound mad or anything. She just sounded awfully tired.

Ted brought his buggy around and they got in. It wasn't till then that she started to cry at all.



So, Charley and I watched them go off, till you couldn't hear the wheels any more. Well, I didn't know what to say so I kept still. But after a while I unhitched our horse and called to him. He'd gone down the road a way and I had to call him a couple of times.

I said, "Where do you want to go, Charley?" I had to say something.

He said, "Hell, I guess—it sounds like the right address." Then he laughed—he'd been crying too, I think, and it made his laugh funny. "Drive to the station, Spot," he said. "I'm through with Freestone," and there's something wild in his voice. "I'm off to tread my ancestral floors at Holyrood like the rest of the pretenders—and I hope there's somebody there to chop my head off for being one."

That was the last thing we said till we got to the station. I stayed with him at the station till Number Nine came through. And then I didn't see him again for more than twenty years.

I got my share of the trouble, though, next day. Mr. Everallen tried to hush the story up, but you can't stop people talking. And the way they talked—Charley's name was Mud.

Mr. Stuart took it hard—he wouldn't even speak to me for a while, because I'd helped. He never talked about Charley again himself and I guess he read him out of the family all right. You see he'd been letting people know how well Charley was

doing. And Mr. Everallen was boiling. I know he was going to the President of the University about Charley, but Charley saved him the trouble by never going back there. He just dropped out of sight—I must have been the only person in Freestone he wrote to, those years he was away, and he didn't write me often. When I wrote him I'd tell him what I could about Gerry. I think he liked to hear it—even after she married Ted.

YES, she married Ted, finally. He generally won out, sooner or later. And, even if he was Charley's brother, Mr. Everallen always felt grateful to him about that night. He took Ted into business with him and that was Ted's real start.

I was their doctor after father died. That was Gerry's doing—Ted never liked me so well though we got along well enough. Well, the children were decent youngsters, but I can't say I really enjoyed going there, though having them for patients meant something to me with Ted getting so important. And after Ted built the new house, I didn't like it any better. The new house was all white stucco and butlers—it was a big place but it didn't feel like a house.

All the same it was rich and Ted was rich and most people envied Gerry. I don't think she envied herself much—she wasn't the Gerry I'd driven out in that buggy now—but she didn't talk. She wasn't a whiner.

It might have been better if she had been—not many whiners would have stuck twenty years with Ted.

I hadn't heard from Charley in years, when he came back; and he was back three months before I knew it.

Bunny Williams told me. He did a good deal of trade with the Polacks—and he'd found Charley out on one of the Polack farms, working as a hired man. Bunny said he looked just the same, but I'd notice a difference. I did.

Charley's hair had turned gray, for one thing—and, curiously enough, it made him look younger instead of older—but that wasn't it. I've never had things turn out more unexpectedly.

Maybe the way I started out with him was wrong, though I didn't mean it to be. But up till then, I'd always hoped, reasonable or not, that he'd fool us somehow, sooner or later. I knew how he'd like to, for one thing—come back to Freestone in state like somebody's rich uncle—and how well he'd do it. So when I heard of his being a hired man out at the Polack's it made me feel all wrong. I almost felt as if he'd done it to spite me and the few of us that believed in him—and that wasn't fair.

Perhaps that put him off, though I tried hard not to show it. But he put me off, too, so it made us even.

He was polite, you know—awfully polite. Oh, he seemed glad enough to see me, but

(Continued on page 57)

Snapshots and Thumbprints

Leading to the Identification of Certain Spring Books

By Claire Wallace Flynn

The Private Life of Helen of Troy

By John Erskine. (Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis, Ind.)

FOR intelligent people," says Helen, "the time for repentance is in advance." We quote the beautiful lady as a black hint that you had best be about the business of immediately reading this distinguished piece of writing. To procrastinate is to court sorrow.

Mr. Erskine has a definite and winged philosophy concerning life, love, marriage, morals and other such everyday problems. In this book he hangs them around the beautiful shoulders of Troy's Helen—as a garment. Here we see her in her Spartan home, after the war, surrounded by her very modern and self-sufficient daughter, her soft hearted and slightly soft headed husband, Menelaus, her servants and her friends. Hardly a word of description breaks the perfect flow of dialogue that carries the book triumphantly through three hundred pages. These conversations, scintillating, humorous and, at times, breathlessly beautiful, might be of this very day, so aptly do they refer to ageless questions.

In a word, the ancients pay us a priceless visit.

An American Tragedy

By Theodore Dreiser. (Boni & Liveright, New York.)

IN 1906, every one who followed murder trials in the newspapers was reading the case of Chester Gillett, who drowned his sweetheart in cold blood—and water.

Out of that terrible story has grown Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." Clyde Griffith is Dreiser's devastating and poignant portrait of another Chester Gillett, vague, fumbling, gentle, a young creature not strong enough to obey the laws of man, not weak enough to cling to that too-pale vision of a god which his inept family worshiped in a fanatical way.

The boy's life is a study in futility. His seduction of a girl in the factory where he works leads to his ultimate murder of her. The rest is his unsuccessful effort to avoid his tragic punishment.

Realism is realism, and heaven knows we are used to it by this time, but Mr. Dreiser does pile it on a bit thick. This is just a word of warning to the very innocent.

Some critics acclaim this history of a weakling as the great American novel. To our humble way of thinking, Sinclair Lewis' realism is a great deal nearer the great American novel brand than Dreiser's.

Mary Glenn

By Sarah G. Millin. (Boni & Liveright, New York.)

AMBITION should be made of sterner stuff—as any reader of Shakespeare can tell you.

But it isn't—always.

Mary Glenn was trapped by hers, thus developing a moving story of groping hearts against a South African background. The four leading characters in this worth-while novel are knit strangely close together, despite the distances within their own souls.

Skilful in execution, searchingly keen in feeling, and dramatic in plot.

The Oldest God

By Stephen McKenna. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.)

IF YOU are concerned about those concessions which you make to civilization, those inhibitions, those denied longings to "go native," just read this tale of how the great god Pan came back to earth and evaporated the thick dullness of an English house-party.

Are we all pagans at heart? And would we really enjoy doing all the deliciously contraband things that we dream of? That is the point of Mr. McKenna's extraordinary novel.

Well, now that spring is here, Pan may come around any corner, in any guise. Read this book at once so as to be fortified for his subtle attack.

Beyond the exciting view of a suddenly liberated group of sophisticated beings, there is in this volume a wealth of old lore and captivating pictures of ancient days in England.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

By Anita Loos. (Boni & Liveright, New York.)

ONE of the girls unmasks herself. The irrepressible and illuminating little book that you have been waiting for in order to drive dull care away. Already it has achieved the status of the gold-digger's bible, and while the g. d.'s will be much, much worse after reading it, the simple business man, or woman, will feel infinitely better. It is, therefore, one of the few things in this world which works both ways.

A witty and confidential disclosure of a blithe young nut.

Starbrace

By Sheila Kaye-Smith. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH, author of that glorious book "Joanna Godden," holds us up in dexterous fashion through her romantic highwayman, Miles Starbrace. We are frankly taken prisoner by this delightful story of Eighteenth Century Sussex; this romance of wild deeds and sweet, wild love, hot-tempered youth and delightfully unlawful business along dewy, English roads o' nights.

The author wrote this tale when she was "practicing with the pen." It is now reprinted and stands the strain of comparison with her later work in very creditable fashion.

Mated

By Wallace Irwin. (G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York.)

WALLACE IRWIN, creator of our old friend "Hashimura Togo," tries to clear up the marriage and divorce muddle once and for all.

Our sympathies, in his well-told tale, are deeply with Lucinda, who, being the daughter of her mother, hadn't a China-

man's chance of believing in the stability and beauty of "wedlock."

And when the girl tries to build some sort of a little paradise for herself without any wedding ceremony attached thereto, that dream, also, crumbles to pieces in her ardent hands.

Mr. Irwin leaves her facing the world anew with sixteen dollars in her pocket.

Black Valley

By Raymond Weaver. (The Viking Press, New York.)

ASIGNAL book. A novel rich in brilliant characterization and psychology, and made glowing by an amazing tolerance.

Life and young Gilson Wilberforce, as seen mainly from within the walls of an American Missionary compound in a Japanese city.

An intensive study, presented through a double love story, of the way we humans gnaw at each other. A cultured, major piece of work, enormously enthralling.

Riders of The Wind

By ELSWYTH THANE. (Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.)

ONE drop of Viking blood, and the world well lost.

London, and a girl whose adventurous inheritance will not permit her to see any glory in stultified married life in Bloomsbury. Then India, where she goes in search of that dear freedom we all are after. Here, like a boy, she rides, swelters, faces death and meets a hundred thrilling hazards during a journey to the Border with the man whom she picks as the peerless companion for just such "goings on." Result: Romantic adventure at boiling heat.

Theatrical but brimming with authentic excitement, and full of such dazzling incidents and gorgeous scenes that you can fairly hear the book shriek aloud, "Wait until you see me in the movies!" Here are monasteries, temples, a girl with golden hair, Hindus, the British army, youth, mysticism, love! You'll be hard to please if you can't find something you like in Miss Thane's remarkably good first novel.

Tinsel

By Charles Hanson Towne. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

THE rise and fall of a social climber. Not, strictly speaking, the very latest thing in ideas, but Mr. Towne has created a climber who is a little nicer, a little more intrinsically honest and womanly than her predecessors—and that's "Tinsel."

Pity and irony, says one of our masters, are the sure ingredients of a good novel. We find both here, together with a tolerance—kindly, humorous, often poetic—which is Mr. Towne's own.

An extremely readable romance.

Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years

By Carl Sandburg. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.)

NO BIOGRAPHY could be better than this. After thirty years of planning and dreaming of this book, Mr. Sandburg has

(Continued on page 60)



Tessa Kosta
in
"Song of the Flame"

WIDE WORLD
ONE of the most entertaining features of this sumptuous spectacle, which boasts a cast of 200, is the choral work of the Russian Art Singers, who fairly stop the show. In addition to Miss Kosta, who plays the rôle of the young revolutionary who gives Russia a new song of hope, there are the excellent voices of Greek Evans and Guy Robertson, the clowning of Dorothy Mackaye and Hugh Cameron, and the spirited dancing of Ula Sharon—E. R. B.



NICKOLAS MURRAY

Louise Groody (above) is the pretty Cinderella who dances and sings her way so enticingly through the title rôle of "No, No Nanette," the comedy sponsored by Otto Harbach, Frank Mandel and Irving Caesar. Generous laurels should go also to Charles Winninger, Wellington Cross, and Josephine Whittell

Thomas Mitchell (extreme right) plays the ironed out lay figure who, in the dream fantasy of Marc Connelly's "The Wisdom Tooth," wins back some of his youthful sturdy independence of character. Here he is reliving circus day in the old town with Barnum and Bailey and the boy he used to be

EDWIN
DOWR HESSER

Among the pictures soon to appear is "The Road to Mandalay." Lois Moran (above) will play the lead opposite Lon Chaney



FLORENCE VANDAN

Attractive Offerings Of Stage and Screen for Spring Evenings

Captions by
Esther R. Bien



FLORENCE VANDAMM

Sometimes the god of luck smiles on the side of justice. He fairly beams on Florence Johns who is pictured above matching skill and wit with Donald Meek to win back the money her reckless young sister should never have used in the first place. If you want to know more of the why and wherefore, and hear some very bright lines, you must go and see the play. It is called "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" and comes from the joint pens of George Abbott and John V. A. Weaver



DE BARRON

"Tip Toes" possesses to an unusual degree the three potential virtues of a musical comedy—a plausible book, clever and tuneful lyrics and a good performance. Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson, George and Ira Gershwin are responsible on the first two counts, with Queenie Smith (above) a ringleader in the department of good acting



JENNETH ALEXANDER

Florence Vidor, whose most recent success is "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter" will make her debut into stardom in "Love—the Magician" by Vajda



Ships and Men of the Unsalted Seas

By Webb Waldron

Illustrations by Hawthorne Howland

EVER since that day when, as a boy, I came out on the shore of Lake Huron and discovered with amazement that it had horizon where sky and water met just like pictures of the ocean—with a lake freighter on that horizon trailing its smoke—ships and men of the unsalted seas have fascinated me. Intermittently since then I have been drawn back to the Great Lakes country. I have tramped its dunes afoot, explored its shores in motor-boat and fishing schooner. Once I had gone up the lakes from Lake Erie to Duluth on a freighter. And now, years afterward, I had come back to consort again with those men and ships.

Duluth, the Zenith City, sits at the apex of the unsalted seas. North lie the iron fields, to west the wheat, and here the two streams, the yellow and the red, meet and pour down the lakes into the veins of the nation, giving it life. It was a generation or so ago that some one discovered those barren Mesaba hills, a hundred miles north of Duluth, to be almost solid iron ore. No tunnels or shafts necessary to mine that ore. Scrape off the surface, then scoop the red ore straight into cars with a steam-shovel and haul it away to the ore-docks for transport down the lakes. So, for thirty years, up there in those Minnesota hills, men have been carting away the surface of the earth, digging deeper, deeper, deeper, and here one windy October afternoon I stood on the brink of the biggest pit of all—the Mahoning Pit—the most stupendous work of man in America. The only thing like it in my experience is the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and the Mahoning Pit is in a sense more overwhelming.

Down, down, down, the great pit descends in sweeping convolutions, yellow, orange, purple. A railroad follows the convolutions, around and around and around, down, down, down to the purple depths where steam-shovels, looking like tiny toys, are scooping the red ore into strings of toy cars. Then, out of the depths, around and around and around, come the loaded ore-trains, growing larger and larger as they near the surface and at last scoot away through a notch in the hills toward Duluth.

An hour I stood there, staring down into that tremendous hole, then turned and hurried away through the bleak town of Hibbing that perches on its brink and caught the return train for Duluth. All the way down to Duluth through the black burnt-over timber lands, our train passed slower moving ore-trains, clattering on through the dusk toward the ore-docks, trains and trains of red ore. When I reached Duluth, a wild northeaster was driving rain horizontally through the streets. I telephoned the Mesaba ore-dock, and I learned that the *Corrigan*, the freighter on which I was to make the trip down the lakes as guest, had been delayed by bad weather. She would be in sometime in the night, however, and would begin loading at dawn.

I was up early. Rain was still driving sharp against the windows of my hotel room. Over the tops of the buildings, across Superior Street, I could see long foam-capped waves galloping upon Minnesota Point, flinging spray clean over the top of the lighthouse at the harbor portal. Would the *Corrigan* brave the big lake to-day? I breakfasted in a hurry and took a taxi for the ore-docks, which lie toward the west end of the town, on the inner harbor.

Abandoning the taxi at the entrance to the docks, I followed a narrow plank walk under tall, gloomy trestles dripping red ore-juice, and, guided by a tremendous clatter, at last found the red 600-foot bulk of the *Corrigan* in the lee of the farthest dock.

An ore-dock is a high trestle built out over deep water. On top of the trestle is a railroad track. Underneath the track are ore-pockets. Strings of ore-cars are run out upon the trestle, the ore dropped through their collapsible bottoms into the pockets. From the ore-pockets the ore is shot down through long spouts straight into the hold of the freighter. A lake-freighter, long and lean, is virtually all hatchway, save for two deck houses, one forward, one aft. The forward house contains the quarters for mates, wheelmen and deck-hands, above that the captain's and guest's cabin, on top of that the pilot-house; the aft house, the galley, the dining rooms, the engineers' quarters. When I climbed over the side of the *Corrigan*,

I found myself on the edge of a long narrow gulf, spanned by narrow parallel I-beams—the hatches were sheathed back against the rail. Into that gulf red ore shot from a dozen spouts.

But already the ship had her cargo. Aft came a shout. One after another the spouts swung back. A gang of deck-hands, operating a steam deck-engine and cable, began clattering shut the folding hatches. As soon as a hatch was closed, another gang started clamping over it a taut tarpaulin.

The captain, a tall, blond, laughing man, came up to me and shook hands.

"Hello! Welcome to the *Corrigan*. Come on up."

I followed him up the stairs, dropped my knapsack in his sitting room, and on up to the pilot-house.

The captain glanced at two other freighters that lay, with battened hatches, steam up, in the neighboring slip.

"They're waiting for weather," he explained.

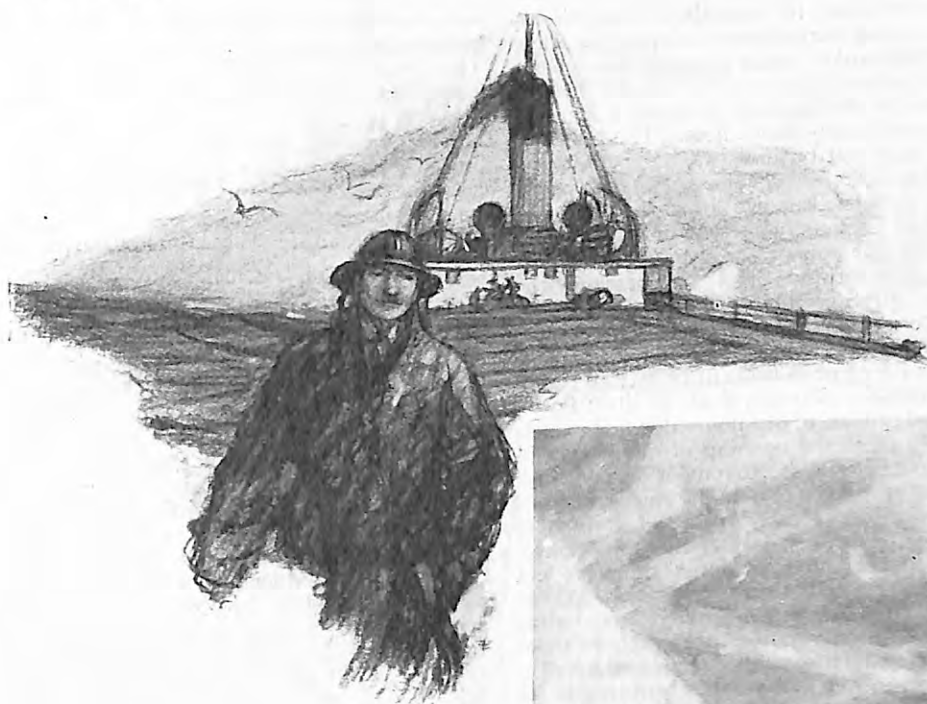
"But you're going out?"

"Sure."

I glanced into the inner harbor. Decidedly the gale was not slackening. It whipped even this comparatively sheltered water into raging whitecaps.

FINALLY the last hatch was closed and battened down, the lines cast off. The captain telegraphed half speed astern. The ship quivered. The reddened legs of the dock began to glide past the pilot-house windows. Sternmost we swung slowly out of the lee of the ore-dock. The gale, careering across the harbor, smote the ship like a solid thing. For a minute she hung motionless, then by inches forged ahead.

On one side, dim through the driving rain, the grain elevators and coal docks of the Wisconsin shore. On the other, the towering bluffs behind Duluth, their summits hidden in swirling mist. Gathering speed, we drove on. A bridge swung open. "Steady. Starboard a little," spoke the captain to the wheelman. We shot through the narrow draw. Another bridge swung open. Through that, into the outer harbor. Ahead was the long narrow sand-bar that divides Duluth Harbor from



SALT water skippers call the Great Lakes "frog ponds"—but one voyage on these inland seas, on which great ships are maneuvered like taxicabs and howling storms whip the waves to fury, teaches them that crossing the ocean is child's play compared with navigating the Lakes

open lake. Beyond that, the roar of surf, the flash of great waves. Sharply we swung to port. Here, in the outer harbor, lay three more laden freighters, anchored, their noses to the wind, scared by the tumult outside. We swung under their sterns, headed straight for the gap in the sand-bar, the ship channel, spanned by the aerial bridge. The captain stepped to the telephone. "We're heading for open lake, Tom," he said to the engineer. "When I ring full ahead, give her all she has."

We shot into the gap. On the pier, in the driving storm, stood a girl, clinging to a stanchion of the bridge.

"There she is," laughed the captain.

It was his pretty wife, who had been pointed out to me two days before shooting down Duluth's main street in a nifty sedan.

The captain snatched his megaphone, forced open the side door of the pilot-house and, stepping half a foot out into the gale, shouted:

"Good-by, dear, don't worry. We'll be all right."

The girl waved her arm. We drove on through the gap, past the lighthouse, smothered in foam. A wave smote us square on the bow, *smash!* Spray hammered the pilot-house windows like hail. I looked back. Already pier, lighthouse, town, were shadowy in the howling storm. I thought of the *Mataafa*. How she, too, had ventured out into a northeast gale, had been forced to turn round and flee back to Duluth Harbor for shelter, how she had been hurled on one of those piers and smashed, and how most of her crew, clinging to the wreck, had been frozen to death there in plain sight of all the people of Duluth, huddled helpless on the shore.

"I think this blow will slacken in a few hours," the captain said casually.

I wondered just how good he was at prognostication.

On we smashed into it, into the gale howling out of three hundred miles of Lake Superior. The shore had vanished. We were alone in a narrow horizon of gray, driving cloud and foam-capped rollers.

"Boys, that was a whopper!"—as a wave crashed over the bow and deluged the pilot-house windows.



"Did—did you see the *Mataafa* disaster?" I asked, trying to hold my voice steady.

"No, I was down on Lake Huron during that blow. Wasn't so bad down there."

"Look!" The mate pointed. The horizon widened a moment, and we saw off to starboard, headed for Duluth, a freighter and tow—two low black bulks in the gray-green waves. "Steel Trust boats. Gosh, see 'em

roll!" The clouds swept down, hiding the two from us.

"I was out in the 1913 storm, though," the captain observed. "In the *Congdon*. We fought it for three days up along the North Shore. The whole pilot-house was one mass of ice. We couldn't see out at all. We were steering blind. The whole deck was covered with ice all the way aft. No one

dared risk his life on it. So we fellows up forward fought the storm three days without any food."

Apprehensively I glanced aft. If the empty expanse between forward and aft deck-houses seems two city blocks long when a lake freighter lies at dock, it seems a quarter of a mile long in open sea. As I stared, a figure in a white jacket appeared beside the aft house, jangled a bell whose sound came faintly up against the wind.

"Lunch," said the captain. "Come on!" He glanced at the compass. "Hold her on the course. Northeast by east one-eighth east."

"Northeast by east one-eighth east," repeated the wheelsman.

I climbed down through the captain's sitting-room to my cabin. To any one whose ideas of freight ships are gained from the pages of fiction, the guest quarters on a lake freighter will be amazing. My cabin would be rated de luxe on a transatlantic ferry. A room, I should say, 14 by 16 feet, finished in polished oak, with one of those carpets you must navigate on snow-shoes, a plush davenport, two enormous overstuffed chairs, an enormous brass bed, a glittering private bath.

AS THE gale swept the captain and me aft along the deck, the crests of long waves, lapping through the wire "fence," made us hop nimbly back among the hatches. Would all this deck, I wondered, be solid ice by supper time?

"I hope this wind won't hold us back too much," the captain observed, as we reeled along. "I want to dock at Buffalo about six o'clock Saturday and get away that night."

Buffalo! Here we were heading out into the greatest lake in the world, into weather that made me a little skeptical of ever reaching its other end three hundred and fifty miles away, and beyond that lay Lake Huron, almost as big, and then Lake Erie, and at its eastern tip, Buffalo, and here this man was talking about docking at Buffalo at a certain precise hour four days distant. Buffalo seemed about as far off as France.

The *Corrigan* lurched, I jumped away from a lapping wave, remembering that men swept into ice-cold Lake Superior go straight down and never come up.

"You see," he went on, "the unloaders don't work after midnight Saturday. If we're late into Buffalo Saturday, we'll be held over till Monday morning. Every minute counts this time of year. The quicker we can finish out our ore contract, the quicker we can jump into wheat."

We gained the aft deck-house. Here, at one long table, the captain, mates, wheelsmen, engineers, had their meals. At another, in the next room, the deck-hands, oilers, and firemen. The only difference between the two tables was that the captain's had a cotton cloth, the other table an oilcloth. Yes, there was another difference. As I passed the door of the oilcloth messroom, I heard conversation; at the captain's table eating was accomplished in hurried silence.

Nevertheless, the captain did on this occasion break that silence to explain in a low voice his remark about jumping into wheat. The *Corrigan*, one of the newest, largest carriers on the lakes, is, it seems, a member of a small independent fleet. The independents must get business wherever they can. The big fleets, of course, need not worry. Their owners also own iron mines or are linked up financially one way or another with ore. At the top of those big fleets is the giant fleet of the Steel Corporation—the Pittsburgh Steamship Company—with almost one hundred vessels. Then comes Pickands-Mather with about half a hundred. Then a dozen or so fleets of twenty to thirty vessels each. Then a flock of little fleets. The red stream of ore pours down the lakes steadily from the opening of navigation in May to its closing in November. The yellow stream of wheat mostly in the autumn—only a dribble in early spring of grain held over winter in elevators of the upper lakes. The independent fleet must therefore get ore business or shut up shop. Wheat freight rates in summer are very low, but as the end of navigation nears, they shoot rapidly up. Three cents—three and a half—four—five—five-and-a-half a bushel, and for the last cargo down in the fall—the storage cargo—to be held in the hold at Buffalo or Chicago over winter—six or seven cents. A freighter the size of the *Corrigan* takes anywhere from 400,000 to 500,000 bushels a trip. So, you see why at this time of year the independent is eager to jump into wheat.

I learned other things. A six hundred footer costs to-day a million dollars to build. If she can keep busy all season on ore and wheat, even if she goes up light every trip, she can probably make at least 10% on the investment clear profit. If she can get a coal cargo every trip up, she'll make at least 12%. Pretty good money that. Yet because of the difficulty of getting a full season's business, more and more of the independent fleets are selling out to the big owners who have ore. This year about 52,000,000 tons will come down the lakes. Of that about 25,000,000 tons is Steel Corporation ore, and all but about a third of its ore the Trust carries in its own boats.

All that day we drove onward. At dusk we passed the red-and-white flash of Devil's Island Light, far to starboard across cold flashing waves, and shifted our course to almost due east.

The pilot-house at night was an eerie place—its only light the dim glow above the compass. The stooped intent form of the wheelsman, the prowling mate on watch—ahead, the invisible; aft the ghostly line of hatches, glistening wet, on each side racing seas whose crests now and then broke over, slithering among the taut tarpaulins.

In the morning, we were hooting through fog, the seas had subsided to long oily rollers. The fog rose, revealing the barren heights of the Keweenaw Peninsula to south of us. Slowly we dropped those heights astern, drove on through a steel blue sea.

Always before my first freighter trip,

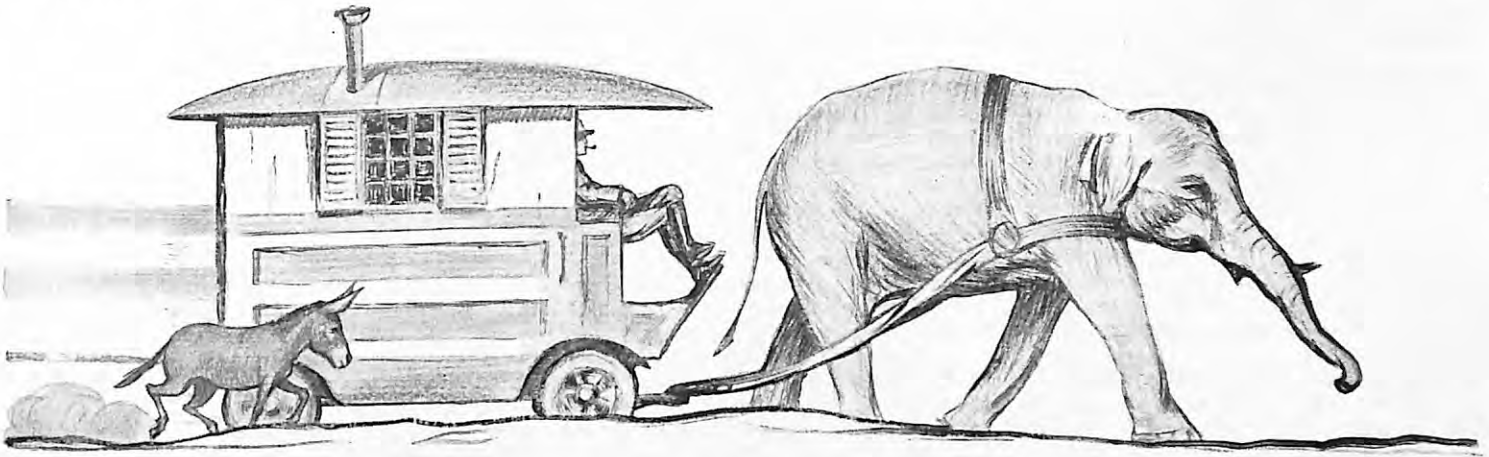
voyages whether on salt water or fresh had been deadly dull. Then I discovered why. They had been on passenger ships. Passenger ships are dull because of the passengers. A passenger ship is merely a floating hotel. Of course there, too, a ship's life goes on, but the passengers prevent you from knowing anything about it. But as a guest on a freight ship that life is right before you. You are part of it. What strikes me about it all on the *Corrigan* is its quietness, its democracy and simplicity. No one apparently gives any one any orders. Every one is apparently on the same human plane with every one else. Every man knows his job and does it. The regular routine of the watches, the come and go of mates and wheelsmen relieving each other, the deck-hands busy at this little job and that, cleaning deck engines and painting them, engineers and oilers making the rounds of the engines, adjusting, watching. No one works very hard. The captain and the chief engineer have apparently all the leisure in the world here in open lake. The ship seems to run herself. After every meal captain, chief and I repair to the chief's cabin or the captain's to talk and smoke for an hour, and I get endless tales of the lakes—storms, fires, collisions, incredible privations, heroism, bitter rivalry and intrigue of owners—scores of gorgeous short-story plots. Then the tales range back to the days of sailing ships, when schooners carried powder and mining machinery and provisions up to the lonely mines of Keweenaw and Isle Royale and brought back copper ore, and out of that time come the names of vanished ships. After the schooners came the wooden steamers, and they too have almost vanished from the lakes—a few one still meets, most of them reduced to the ignominy of barges.

"YOU saw that *Mataafa* mess, didn't you, Tom?" asked the captain, as we sat smoking.

"I sure did. That was some blow! I was first assistant in the *Ellwood* then. It was along about the last of November. Let me see—I remember we left Duluth about the middle of the day. We had only about forty tons of coal aboard. That's all we could get in Duluth. We aimed to pick up some more at Two Harbors. Well; along late in the afternoon the storm hit us, right from the northeast. It kicked up such a sea that the Cap saw he couldn't make Two Harbors, so he turns her around and runs back for Duluth, 'cause we didn't have enough coal to head out into open lake. All night we ran through a blinding snow-storm and fierce sea, and in the morning it was fiercer yet. The wind began to rip the tarpaulins off the hatches, water began to deluge into the cargo hold. Began to come down into the engine-room, too, through the coal bunker bulkhead and the gangways. It looked as if we were going down. The firemen all quit and climbed up and crouched in the gangways, ready to jump when she went down. I says to the Chief and the second assistant

(Continued on page 66)





The Man Who Was a Miser

A Prosper Fair Story

By Bertram Atkey

Illustrated by C. Le Roy Baldrige

IT WAS late afternoon when Mr. Prosper Fair, perched, as usual, upon the upper works of Stolid Joe with Patience ambling along under the lee of the big elephant, caught up a steam-roller which appeared to be rolling leisurely home after a hard day's work.

The wanderers were traveling rather faster than usual, as they were anxious to find a sheltered camping site before dusk.

Prosper, noting that neither the engine-driver nor his "mate" seemed to have observed his approach, and consequently still clung to the middle of the road, shouted to attract their attention.

But they had traveled a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile before one of them—the mate—looked round. Prosper perceived that he was a person of one-eyed aspect with a heavy, rather dirty, and decidedly sullen face. He was smoking a clay pipe very industriously indeed.

Prosper signed to him to have the engine steered into the side of the road.

The one-eyed man merely stared.

"The gentleman does not appear to have seen an elephant before," said Prosper. "Let him gaze his fill."

He waited a few moments, while the one-eyed man, presumably having assured himself that his eye was not deceiving him, dug his elbow into the engine-driver's back, and proceeded to indicate with a jerk of the thumb, the little expedition behind.

The engine-driver turned and treated himself to a stare.

"You are the cynosure of all eyes, Joseph mine," said Prosper. "How does it feel to be a cynosure? I wish the gentleman would be so civil as to make way."

He waved his arm as politely as possible, but the "mate" merely continued to smoke and dreamily gaze at Stolid Joe and Patience. Once he said something over his shoulder. Evidently it was extremely witty, for the engine-driver turned, his mouth wide open, seeming to be convulsed with mirth. It was inaudible, of course.

A cinder from the smoke-stack of the steam-roller blew into Prosper's eye and stung sharply.

The gentleman of the steam-roller continued to be amused. Clearly they did not propose to make way for quite a considerable while—be-

cause it was funny to keep a man who rode about on an elephant awaiting their condescension. They were enjoying it. The engine-driver carefully ran his clattering earth-shaker a little further into the middle of the road just to make quite sure.

Prosper carefully rubbed the cinder out of his eye.

"We are being butchered to provide a steam-roller's holiday, my children," he said, mildly. "I fear me that these waggish ones do not know the difference between wit and boorishness. What shall we do about it? After all, I suppose quite a number of people find us a novel sight."

He smiled friendlily enough at the one-eyed man, and again waved his arm, as

though to indicate that there was room and plenty to spare for his passing.

The one-eyed man spat carelessly into the road, yawned and relighted his pipe.

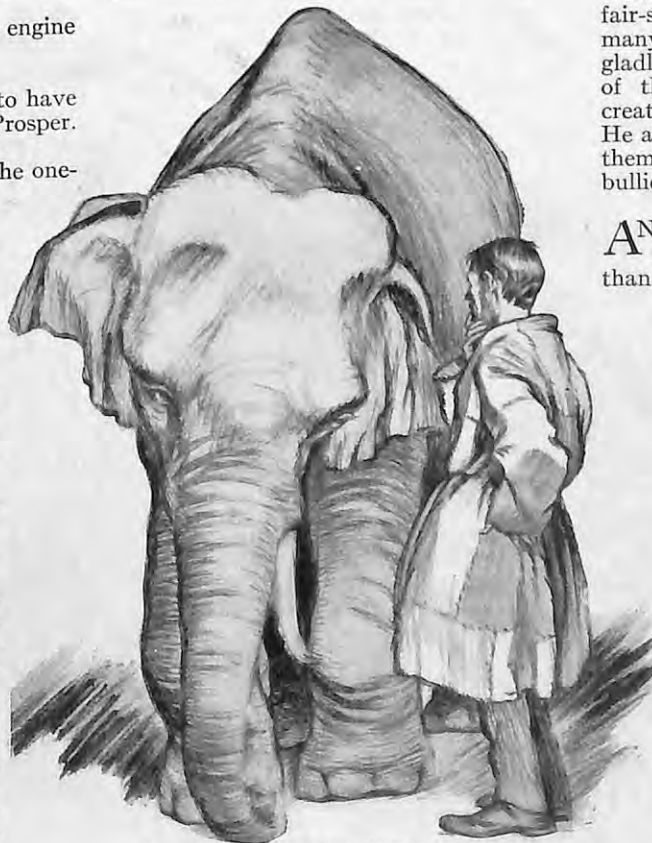
"That was deliberate—studied, Joseph!" said Prosper, in an oddly changed voice. The elephant must have felt the sudden stiffening up of Prosper's body, for his great ears swung forward—much to the One Eye's interest and amusement. He drove his elbow once more into the driver's back to draw his attention to the phenomenon.

He would have done more wisely to have concentrated his gaze and mental faculties, if indeed he possessed any, upon Prosper Fair's face, which had flushed slightly and hardened beyond recognition. But the man was a natural boor—and what the average boor usually fails to note is, as usually, the thing most worth looking for.

Now, Prosper Fair was a civil man and fair-spoken. He was, indeed, considered by many to be too much so. He could suffer gladly fools, dolts, ninnys and oafs. Most of these appealed to his intelligence as creatures afflicted, or possessed of devils. He always felt that he could afford to spare them his compassion. But brutes, boors and bullies he could not tolerate.

AN EXTREMELY civil, mild-mannered man himself, nothing enraged him more than a cold-blooded, studied, long-drawn-out insult. And it is a curious psychological fact—though one easily capable of explanation—that it is far, far safer to insult an habitually rude, noisy, insulting man, than a very civil, quiet, polite man. For the simple reason that your rude man is usually paid in his own verbal coin and becomes accustomed to it, whereas your studiously civil man, once grossly insulted, feels himself to be as outraged as a man who has been "stuck" with five bad sovereigns in return for a perfectly good five-pound note.

So that, in one brief but decisive moment, Prosper Fair had suddenly changed from a tolerant, friendly, indulgent person into a bloodhound of the grimmest type. He settled comfortably down, lit a cigarette, and prepared to follow the gentleman of the steam-roller for ever and a day, if necessary. He purposed to chastise them according to their merits.



Mr. Turnable reflected that Stolid Joe must cost a pretty penny to support

They all rolled onwards.

About half a mile further on a camping site revealed itself to the left of the road—a shallow but well-sheltered chalk-pit, long disused and overgrown. There was a ruined windmill upon its brow. Prosper steered Stolid Joe into it, the steam-roller men waving a derisive farewell.

Prosper smiled back at them, a bleak, rather pitying smile. Swiftly he wheeled the caravan into position, detached Joseph from it, requested Patience and Plutus to wait for him there, and headed out on to the main road again, the elephant traveling like a liner.

In five minutes he had overhauled the steam-roller. The one-eyed man and the driver seemed rather astonished to see him again, and, oddly enough, not at all amused. They made way quite politely for him this time, but now it did not matter. Stolid Joe was vastly more mobile now than when he was drawing the big caravan.

"Mind your feet, Joseph," said Prosper. "We will now proceed to grapple with the foe."

HE RANGED alongside the steam-roller as a pirate craft might range alongside its prey, and an apprehensive expression made its appearance upon the faces of the men. Prosper edged Stolid Joe close in front of the big driving-wheels and, leaning over, asked in a voice that could be heard above the tumult, why they had obstructed the road.

One-Eye replied sullenly that they had not done so "on purpose"—the usual idiotic defense—and Prosper, leaning over at a perilous angle caught him a stinging open-handed slap upon his sullen jaw. The engine-driver turned with a jump just in time to get a well-judged open back-hander of about the same force.

They snarled meaninglessly, rubbing their countenances. Despite the sullen appearance of One-Eye, it was the driver who had the most courage. He stopped his engine and scrambled down.

But Prosper was down before him. One-Eye diplomatically remained where he was, merely taking the precaution of arming himself with the coal-shovel.

The driver, a big, husky, but clumsily built oaf, leaped at Prosper, howling. He had better have leaped into a well. Prosper met him with one of his patent piston-shots to the jaw that half-stunned him, and followed it with another that spread-eagled him across the ditch like a fallen, half-thawed snowman. He remained there, burbling. Then Mr. Fair turned to One-Eye—but One-Eye had abandoned his shovel and was over the hedge and apparently half-way home—and still traveling.

The driver painfully rose to his feet and started, white-eyed, at Prosper.

"I am afraid I am going to be weak enough to let you off with that," said Mr. Fair reluctantly. "I ought, really, to give you much more. However—are you cured of blocking the road?"

The man mumbled.

"Please do not growl at me," said Prosper.

"Are you cured?"

"Yes," said the man.

"You will never do it again?"

"Not likely. What do you take me for?"

"And you will promise to cure your chery-visaged assistant?"

"Yes. I'll cure him or kill him."

"Mount your clamour-factory and go in peace," said Prosper, and turned to Stolid Joe.

"Come along, Joseph."

He was about to mount when, from a foot-path close by, stepped a man with a gray, straggly beard who, at first glance, seemed to be in hard training for an attempt to win the world's Living Scarecrow Championship. He was quite obviously already the world's champion Living Skeleton. This individual—who wore an overcoat, contrived, not ineptly, of old sacks—extended a bony claw to Prosper.

"Thank you, sir," he said in a rather high voice which, in spite of his appearance, was not that of an uneducated man. "Allow

me, on behalf of all users of England's Highways, to thank you for the service you have rendered them."

HIS eye fell on a tiny lump of coal which One-Eye in his hasty flight had knocked off the steam-roller to the ground.

"Excuse me," he said, and pounced upon the coal, which he carefully put into his pocket.

"The need for frugality is pressing—to a man in my position," he said in explanation. "I have learned to despise nothing of value," he added and picked up and stowed away the quarter of a cigarette which Prosper had dropped when receiving the onslaught of the engine-driver.

He stared down the road after the departing engine.

"The men who drive that machine are notorious boors," he said. "I assume that they deliberately refused to make way for you. It is their hobby."

Prosper nodded.

"It was their hobby," he corrected mildly, and the man gave a grim cackle of laughter.

"Quite so—quite so!" he agreed. He glanced at Stolid Joe.

"An elephant, I perceive," he said.

Prosper admitted it.

"A very interesting companion, sir—but hardly frugal. Still—we can not all be frugal. Do you go this way? Perhaps you will have no objection to my company as far as the old windmill."

"I shall be charmed," said Prosper.

"Thank you," replied the other.

"Do you live near the windmill?" enquired Prosper as they started.

Prosper made the painful discovery that tears were trickling down Mr. Turnable's very furrowed face





"I live *in* it," explained the man. "I am the local miser—the legitimate butt, as no doubt you will understand, of the population of the villages for some miles round—the unfrugal, wasteful hounds!" he concluded.

And Prosper perceived that, with his usual good fortune, he had met yet once more with an individuality which might well repay study.

"I, too, am a frugal man," he said. "And it is a very great pleasure to me to make your acquaintance, my dear Mr.—"

"Humphrey Turnable," said the miser, with a slight bow.

Prosper returned it and introduced himself.

Mr. Turnable drew his "overcoat" close about him.

"The wind becomes chilly, Mr. Fair," he said.

"Yes, indeed—let us hurry to warmer quarters," suggested Prosper.

"Thank you, thank you," replied Mr. Turnable. "I thank you for your invitation, and accept it with pleasure."

He appeared to think that he had been invited somewhere—doubtless to have something. He was, as has been explained, a frugal man.

CHAPTER II

IT WAS abundantly evident as they proceeded upon their way that whatever else the miser was frugal about, he was not economical of words.

He prattled away as busily as a child going to a pantomime.

He explained this.

"I take a very great delight in meeting and conversing with a man of education, intelligence and breeding—such a man as I imagine you to be," he said. "The society worth cultivating in the village is very lim-

ited in extent, and what there is, naturally, is painfully limited in its views. It is a narrow-minded community."

He sighed. Presumably he considered himself broadminded.

"And again one has to confess that the reputation of being an unusually competent miser is not the kind of reputation which attracts to its owner any excess of cordiality or hospitality. One finds that one is apt to be left out in the cold. Unjust, of course. For of all the virtues frugality and self-denial are, to my mind, the most beautiful."

"Within limits, yes," said Prosper.

The miser twitched his sacks closer about him and regarded Mr. Fair with some severity.

"My dear sir, there should be no limits to frugality," he said in a tone of rebuke.

"But," objected Prosper, mildly, "but in that case one would die of starvation."

The miser stopped short, staring at Prosper as though he could hardly believe the evidence of his own ears.

"I can not conceive it possible," he said, warmly, "that in an enlightened country such as England rightly claims to be, any man would be permitted by the community to perish of starvation—more miserably than the beasts of the field. Even *they* have grass!"

Prosper was delighted. A more lopsided argument he had never heard, and he loved lopsided men—when the lop was rare and unusual.

"I quite see your point, my dear Mr. Turnable," he said. "But the community might say—not without reason—that the too frugal man should support himself. What would he reply to that?"

"He would say—as I, myself, should—that it is not entirely convenient to support himself," replied Mr. Turnable, with dignity. "For instance, I am at this moment worth perhaps twenty thousand pounds. But I do not wish to break in upon it merely to procure such things as bread, bacon, coal, and so forth. I—ah!—in short, I need the money."

Prosper glanced at him to assure himself that the man was not joking.

"Yes—I need the money," he repeated

firmly. His brows knitted. "At least, I may need it at any moment. It can not be long now—not long," he added, musingly, as if talking mainly to himself.

Prosper perceived that there was a mystery somewhere. This was no ordinary miser. He was more probably a man saving desperately for some special purpose, who had adopted the tone of an ordinary miser for defensive purposes. He decided to angle for the mystery. Even if he failed, doubtless Mr. Turnable's conversation would go far to compensate him.

"I should be delighted if you will dine with us," he said. "Quite a small party—

you, myself, Stolid Joe—the little elephant—Patience, my small donkey, whom I will introduce to you presently, and Plutus, my dog, who will introduce himself."

Mr. Turnable accepted, enthusiastically, and so they arrived at the entry to the chalk-pit.

A little gray form was awaiting them, gazing wistfully down the road.

It was, of course, Patience.

"Patience, my little, this gentleman is Mr. Humphrey Turnable, who will do us the honor of sharing our evening meal."

The donkey uttered a queer, whispering sound, half a snuffle and half a whispered bray. It sounded friendly.

Mr. Turnable gently patted her neck.

"You are a very pretty little donkey, my dear," he said. "Very pretty, and I have no doubt that you are equally intelligent. Though I fear that you must cost a pretty penny to support—a pretty penny, yes, indeed."

Prosper, pleased at the easy way in which Mr. Turnable entered into the spirit of things—always exclusive of their financial side—explained that Patience was surprisingly frugal in her tastes and habits, and Mr. Turnable said, quite sincerely, that he was glad to hear it.

Then Plutus hurled himself at Prosper.

"My little dog," said he, introductory-wise.

MR. TURNABLE looked reproachfully at Prosper.

"A licensed pet!" he said. "I apprehend, Mr. Fair, that you must be a very wealthy man." But he fondled Plutus like a man who understood something of dogs and doggishness.

"I am thankful to say that I have sufficient for my modest needs," replied Prosper, gaily. "I don't ask for much, you know. Give me a good, staunch little elephant, a well-designed caravan, fitted with rubber tires, electric light and one or two similar necessities, a little, wise donkey, a three-legged dog, and a few pounds always in my pocket, and I envy no man. Won't you have a cigar while I get dinner?"

He offered the man in sackcloth his case. Mr. Turnable took one and carefully cutting off the end with a knife borrowed from Prosper, lit it. There was a remote air of hunger about him as he did so.

At the first puff his eyes glowed. He

(Continued on page 62)



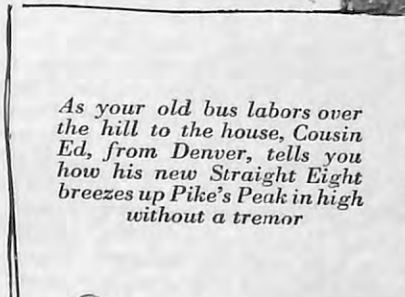
Your stout guest who is willing to help you change a flat tire if he doesn't have to get his hands dirty



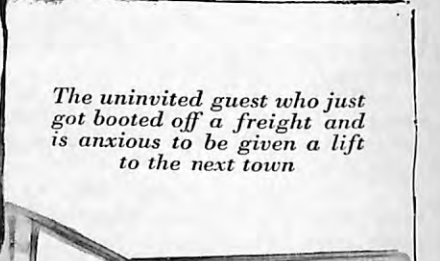
On the way home from the railroad station through thick traffic, Aunt Effie just has to tell you all about the marvelous new cake recipe she got over the radio



Gladys, your brother's youngest daughter, insists that you can turn your corners shorter and impulsively offers to show you how to do it



As your old bus labors over the hill to the house, Cousin Ed, from Denver, tells you how his new Straight Eight breezes up Pike's Peak in high without a tremor



The uninvited guest who just got booted off a freight and is anxious to be given a lift to the next town



Tousey



Gasoline Guests



Sheep and Sheep Men

The Ranger's Life Seems Monotonous—But It Has Its Moments

By Arthur Chapman

MOST of the sheep kings of the West got their start as herders. If the excitements and picturesque incidents of their lives could be assembled in book form, the volume might go a long way toward refuting the popular idea that the life of a sheep herder is a pastoral, unromantic existence, fit only for those individuals whose main object in life is to doze away the golden hours to the soothing roundelay of blatting woolies.

In reality the sheep herder's life is one long battle against the elements and against the predatory animals, such as wolves, coyotes and bears, that prey upon his flock. For good measure there are feuds with cattlemen to enliven the sheep man's existence. Occasionally it is finally and officially stated that range feuds are no more, but something always happens to postpone that era of good feeling. Only last summer, some of the sheep men in Southern Utah and Northern Arizona, in the vast grazing country adjoining the north rim of the Grand Canyon, built a dam to provide a permanent source of water supply for the sheep which they had been bringing into a region long sacred to the beef steer. Some cattlemen visited the dam and inserted a few charges of dynamite beneath it, and shattered not only the dam, but the idea that sheep and cattle can crowd the same range without raising ructions.

The sheep herder, being the man on the job, has to bear the brunt of all the troubles that arise over questions of water and domain. And, inasmuch as his lot is cast in the lonely places, where men may be friendly or quite otherwise, he is more than likely to find himself playing host to some "bad hombre" who is wanted by numerous sheriffs.

A guileless youth from England, who came to the wide open spaces to lead a quiet existence as a sheep herder, got a job watching one of the flocks of Pat Sullivan, a pioneer flockmaster of Wyoming. Things went along quietly enough for a while, and the youth had about concluded that the West was not so wild as it had been filmed, when one morning two unshaven and rough-spoken men rode into camp.

"Get us some breakfast, kid, and be quick about it!" was the sharp order as the strangers dismounted.

"I don't see why I should get you any breakfast," replied the sheep herder, who resented the rough tones of the visitors.

Two ugly looking guns appeared

in the hands of the strangers as if by magic. "Get us some breakfast, you snoozer, and get it quick!" was the command.

The youth, more in sorrow than in fear, turned to his sheep wagon where his cooking utensils were stored.

"I'll get you some breakfast, but don't act silly about it," he rejoined, while an I'll-be-darned expression appeared on the faces of the visitors.

The breakfast was provided, and the men departed without thanks for the food or apology for their rudeness. When the boy complained about it to his employer, who visited the camp next day with supplies, Pat remarked:

"Kid, those were two members of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang of bandits that are being hunted, and it's a wonder they didn't blow you to rags."

It was only then, as he sat down weakly, and passed his hand over a perspiring brow, that the sheep herder realized that the pastoral existence of the chaperone of the sheep in the Far West is largely fictional.

Pat Sullivan ran his sheep for years in the Hole-in-the-Wall country and never had any serious trouble with those bandits, who, with the redoubtable Butch Cassidy at their head, held up trains and banks and rustled cattle and committed so many high crimes and misdemeanors that the authorities were in despair. Sullivan, who now runs from 30,000 to 40,000 sheep of his own and is one of the solid citizens of Casper, Wyoming, has a career that illustrates how many a Western sheep king has risen to fortune through the herding game. He came to this country in the eighties, a raw Irish boy, and tried his luck working in New York.

"I hadn't been there long when I saw there was no chance for anything but a low-salaried job," said Pat. "So I told my folks I was going to Wyoming. I didn't know where or what Wyoming was, but it sounded interesting. I got off the train at

Rock Springs, broke. I met a sheep man there and asked him for a job. He said, 'Come on,' and took me over to a general store. The first thing he did was to seize the little, flat-crowned derby hat I was wearing and throw it on the floor and jump on it. I said: 'Here, what do you mean?' That's the only hat I've got!' 'You can't wear that hat when you're working for me,' he said, and then he began to order all sorts of supplies—clothes, a broad-brimmed hat, food, and even a gun—and when I was completely outfitted I went to work herding. I trailed sheep all over Wyoming. All the time I was reading everything I could lay my hands on—newspapers, books, magazines—anything. On one trip across the State from Rock Springs to Casper, I remember the only things I had to read were the Bible and Tom Paine's 'The Age of Reason.' If some stranger would come into camp I'd get him into an argument. I'd lay low when the subject was something I didn't know anything about, but I generally managed to switch it into something that I'd read about while herding sheep, and how I would lay the stranger out!

"**O**NE day I asked the boss if I could run a few sheep of my own with the herd. He didn't say yes or no, but when he came back from a trip to town he remarked: 'I've bought some sheep for you.' 'How much are they going to cost me?' I said, cautiously. 'Twelve thousand dollars,' he answered, and I nearly fainted. 'Man,' I said, 'I can't pay for them.' But he just laughed at me, and showed me how I could make the sheep pay for themselves in a little while, with a handsome profit besides. That's the way I got started in the sheep business, and that's the way I've started other men. If a herder works for me and shows he means business, I always give him a share in a flock of sheep. If he isn't that kind of a man and is content to go right on being a herder all his life, I don't want him around."

When Sullivan began running his sheep in the country at the head of Powder River, people told him that the Hole-in-the-Wall gang would soon "pick his bones." But the desperadoes were not after sheep men—at least not after Pat Sullivan.

"I managed to stay friends with them," said Pat. "They would come into my camp often. I knew they were bandits and murderers, but they never bothered me. And I found them to be anything but a bad lot of fellows





J. E. SIMMONS

After the sheep have been sheared they are treated to an enforced swim through troughs of disinfectant "dip"

personally. Once, when I was out on the range looking for some lost horses, somebody fired at me. The bullets whistled around me, and I could see they were shot by a man who was working a pump gun from the saddle, some distance away. I rode up to him and found one of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang. He apologized, saying he thought I was somebody else. Then, just to show that his heart was right he started off and in a few hours came back with my horses. It happened that they were not branded. 'Don't let any of your stock run around here unbranded,' he said, 'and you won't have any more trouble.'

Those of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang who were not killed were driven out of the country. Butch Cassidy escaped to South America where he invested a stolen fortune in the cattle business. When the last, and least harmful of the gang, Tom O'Day, was arrested for cattle rustling, it was Pat Sullivan, the former friendless sheep herder, but now the influential political leader, who tried to save him.

Not all herders become sheep kings, any more than all steel workers become steel magnates, but those who stick to the game in a minor capacity find it as full of lure as

Expert hand shearers can in one day denude more than a hundred and fifty sheep of their wool



PHOTO BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

cowpunching, with not half the hard work that falls to the lot of the cowboy.

It would be impossible to classify the herders under one heading, as there are so many kinds. In the Southwest there is a preponderance of Mexicans. They make good herders, so far as the mechanics of caring for sheep are concerned, but they lack the fighting qualities of the men from the Basque country, who are found in the Northwest. The Basque herder is not only skilled in the care of sheep—he has learned all about the animals in the pastoral part of Spain from which he hails—but he will fight at a word or the drop of headgear.

the herder can keep snug in the direst weather. But the Mexicans in the Southwest sleep in their blankets on the ground, under the stars. Some outfits in the North dispense with wagons and provide their men with herder tents—the little, pyramid-like affairs which are tied at the top to a pair of crossed sticks, and which provide an astonishing amount of warmth and protection against heavy storms. "Camp tenders" visit the herders, every week or two with supplies and also attend to the business of camp moving when a new feeding ground is to be sought.

There is a wide difference of opinion in Sheep Land about the value of dogs in herding. Some outfits even go so far as to refuse to hire herders who work dogs. They insist that the average herder with dogs is inclined to let the animals do all the work. But most herders cling to their dogs and will not work for outfits that bar the canines.

THE sheep herder's affection for his dog has not been overstated. Several years ago the writer came upon a sheep wagon traveling along beside a flock of sheep across a stretch of unfenced range. Beneath the wagon there was a hammock, and from it appeared the head of a bright-eyed collie.

"That Shep is too darn smart," observed the herder, as he routed the dog from the snug berth. "I carry that hammock so the dogs can jump in there and ride when they



get sore feet in the cactus on a long march. Shep hasn't got sore feet any more than I have, but he sneaks around here every chance he gets and takes a free ride when he thinks I ain't looking."

That is one criticism that the dog experts of the open range have concerning collies—that their feet will not stand the rough work on the plains where the prickly pear abounds. Herders who work collies generally carry leather boots which they fit over their sore-footed dogs. Others, observing that the wolf and the coyote never get sore feet, no matter how madly they race along the cactus strewn prairies, have tried cross-breeding with more or less successful results.

"BIG JIM" EVERETT, a famous herder in northern Wyoming, has been the most successful. "Big Jim" through crossing Australian shepherd and wolf blood, secured amazing results. The first time the writer learned of "Big Jim's" success in developing a new type of sheep dog was in the little town of Buffalo, Wyoming. Buffalo had been a cow town, until the sheep men began to come in a few years ago. In fact Buffalo was the center of one of the greatest range feuds in Western history, when cattle owners and so-called "rustlers" lined up against each other in the Johnson County Cattle War, early in the nineties. Cowmen might fight each other, but they were a unit in opposing the sheep men. Consequently a cattleman who had come to town from an outlying district let his feelings get the upper hand and kicked two sheep dogs that he found waiting outside a saloon. It happened that the dogs were "Nig" and "Lady," half wolf and half shepherd, that had been raised and trained by "Big Jim" who was running a flock near Buffalo. "Big Jim"

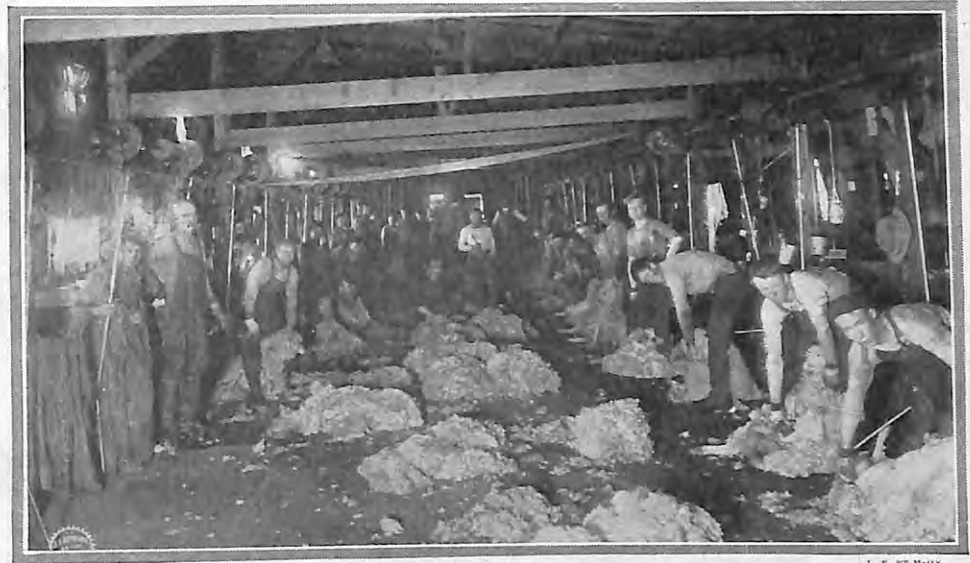


Many herders in the Southwest are little Mexican boys like this

happened along just in time to see the kicks delivered. The herder, a giant in stature, gave the cowman an artistic thrashing.

"I used to be a cowboy and I'm proud of it," said "Big Jim" afterward. "I'm running sheep now and I ain't ashamed of that, and no cowman or anyone else is going to kick my dogs."

Later on, in a sheep camp on Crazy Woman Creek, "Big Jim" gave an exhibition of the working of his dogs. "Nig" and "Lady" worked with the precision of machines. Obeying the signals of their master, they would run around the flock and "bunch" it, or they would cut out certain sheep. Again, on signal, they would sit down at the outskirts of the flock, waiting further orders. When the herder dropped



This picture shows the process of machine shearing—a faster process than by hand, but one not always so pleasing to the sheep

his hands at his side the dogs would come in. And all this in spite of the fact that in them was the blood of the wolf—the deadliest foe of the sheep.

The signaling system is employed generally by herders, for the reason that when high winds are blowing it is often impossible to make the voice carry to the dogs, who generally work from a distance.

Sheep dogs like "Nig" and "Lady" will give valiant battle to wolves. The sheep recognize the dogs as protectors, and, in time of danger, huddle close together and wait for the aid which is always forthcoming. The herder will share his last drop of water with his dogs, who are often famished by their strenuous work in an arid country. It is no uncommon thing to see the herder pour the last water from his canteen into the crown of his hat, that the thirst of his four-footed assistant may be assuaged.

Stories of the super-intelligence of sheep dogs are rife on the plains. From them has grown a classic, which bears the earmarks of something which regaled the herds-men back in days when the ancient institution of running sheep was in its infancy.

According to this plains legend a rich but uneducated sheep king, who had arisen to wealth through questionable methods, had a dog which he believed could be taught to talk.

"Sure, boss, that collie's a wonder," said a shrewd herder. "Let me take him down to Denver. There's a man down there who can learn that dog to talk."

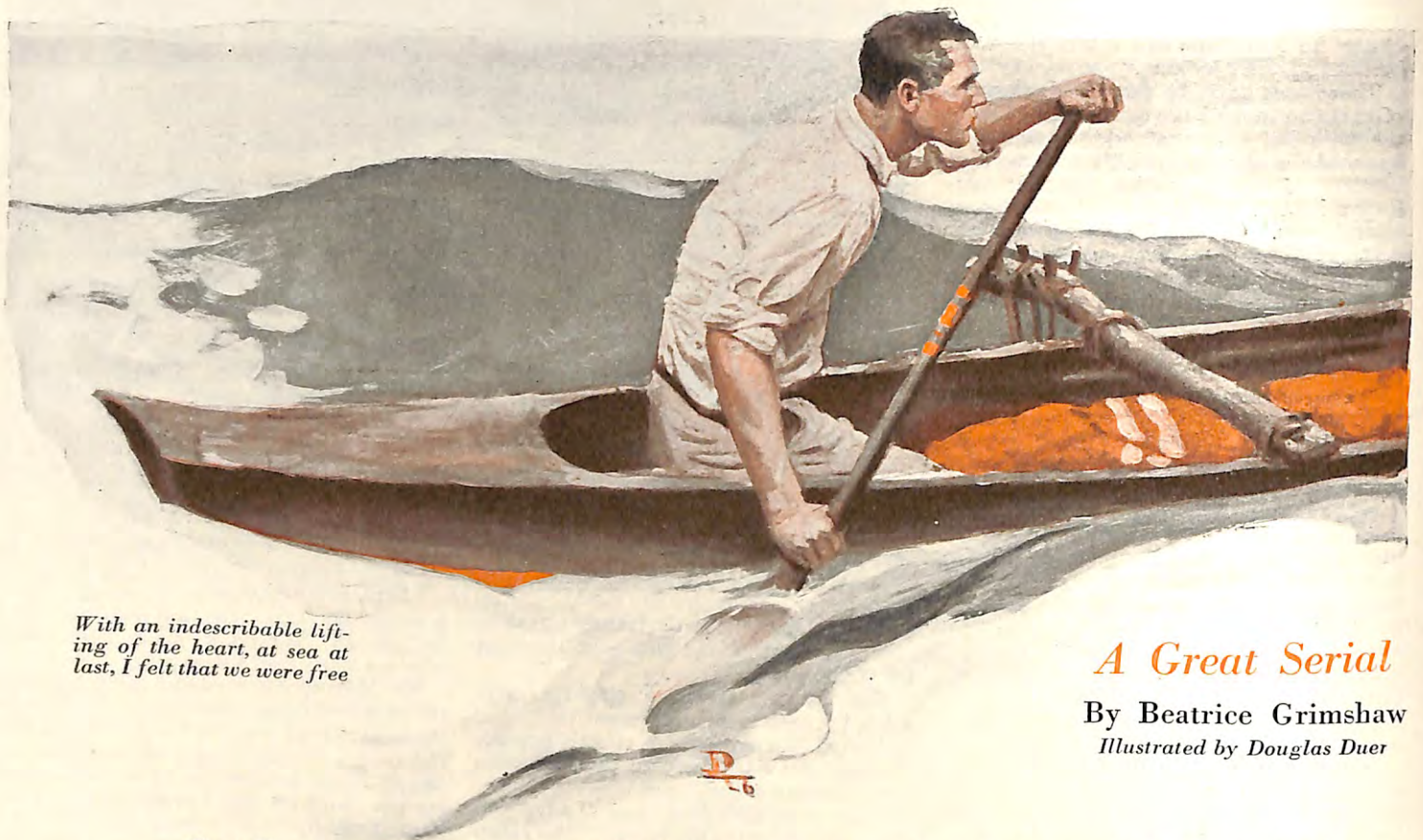
The idea appealed to the sheep king and the dog was taken to Denver. The herder made occasional trips to the city to see how the collie's lessons in talking were coming along. Each time he came back with glowing reports of the dog's proficiency in mastering English. And on each trip the herder had a good time on funds provided by the sheep king. Finally the time came when the owner thought his dog had been educated enough and should be returned home to astonish the countryside. The herder, who had sold the dog for a paltry \$50.00 on his first trip, was equal to the occasion.

"BOSS," he said, dejectedly, on his return from town, "I didn't bring back the dog because that animal is just too blamed smart. When I went to Denver to bring him home, the dog asked me how everything was at the home ranch. I told him how everybody was getting on, and he said: 'Is that boss of ours still stealing sheep?' That made me mad, so I gave him a kick and he ran away and was lost. I didn't hunt for him, because I figured you wouldn't

(Continued on page 71)



PHOTO BY U. S. FOREST SERVICE



With an indescribable lifting of the heart, at sea at last, I felt that we were free

A Great Serial

By Beatrice Grimshaw

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

Part II

A DAY or so later, Pascoe's schooner left for Cairns, six hundred miles away, Paul Bowen captaining her. I saw the little ship go out, and admired her clean lines and shining canvas, admired, too, the fine manly figure of Bowen standing out conspicuously on the poop, as he conned her out of harbor. The oil engine was going; its hurried pit-a-pita, pit-a-pita could be heard clear across the bay, sounding, to my fancy, like the throb of an excited heart. And I wondered whether it did not find an echo, in a heart made of softer stuff than steel and iron not very far away.

I had not seen Laurie since the day when Bowen had called. She was supposed to be slightly ill—the usual island “touch of fever”—and I had been left quite alone—which suited me not ill. As Herod, with his sharp intuitive judgment of character, had said, I was a born bachelor—almost a born hermit. . . . Does this seem incompatible with certain things I have suggested? One must remember that even Saint Anthony had his dreams. . . .

It was holiday time in the native school; not visiting the village, I knew little of what might be passing on the island. Therefore, it came as a surprise to me, when I turned out one wet, gusty day for a walk, to see Tom, the deposed captain, hauling his sea-bag down to the jetty, where a small launch was tossing and straining at her cable.

“Off again?” I asked him, casually. “Who’s going?” For the launch meant a trip to Thursday Island.

He pretended not to hear me. I repeated my question.

“Missus,” he answered, reluctantly. I never had “got on” with Tom, Herod’s chief confidant and general factotum, thinking him badly spoiled and inclined to be impudent. He seemed even less civil than usual to-day; so I passed him by without making any further inquiry. “What can she be doing, to start for ‘T. I.’ on such

a day?” I thought. It was all very well for the tall schooner, with her competent young captain, to sail in what was very like hurricane weather; I dared say that Paul Bowen had her nearly down to Cairns by now—but for the little launch, to put out in the face of torn, galloping clouds and a thunderous reef, with spray-smoke rising all along it like the breath of a forest fire, was imprudent at the very least.

Still, one grows callous about such risks in the Islands, and I must allow, when I saw the launch somewhat later, stagger out from the reef-passage, and begin pitching and thrashing through the open seas, I only thought of Susan sea-sick, Susan getting wet, and pitied her for the discomfort she must be suffering.

“Tom is a good captain,” I consoled myself. “He’ll take her through as fast as is possible. I wonder what she is going for?”

Tom spoke English fairly, was a clever launch driver, and a still better nigger driver, which last, no doubt, endeared him to Herod Pascoe. He was a tallish man, very black, with a short beard, woolly Papuan hair, and fierce deep-set eyes like a bison’s. He had, I remember, the longest canine teeth of anything human that I ever saw, and his arms were so exceptionally lengthy that they seemed almost to reach his knees. Tom could fell a goat or a bullock with his fist, and open it with one stroke of a knife; there was nothing he liked better than killing. A useful man to have about an island settlement. But, as I have said, I did not care for him.

Tom, Susan, and the launch were a good deal in my mind as I walked back to the house, but I put them away. Laurie was nearly due now; she had been back at work since the day before, and I was a little troubled about her. The child did not seem herself. It was almost as if the north-west storm now shaking Farewell Island, had found its way to her heart, driven the sun out of it, beaten down the flowers, and

sent the little delicate birds of her thoughts to refuge, terrified, in some hidden sanctuary. She was silent—she who used to chatter like an island parrakeet and she fell sometimes into strange fits of musing, though no one, in all her sixteen years of life, ever before had seen her seriously giving thought to anything.

“Laurie?” I said, as she was spiritlessly packing up her books, “Has anyone been unkind to you?” God knows what made me say it; I had certainly no cause to think anything of the sort.

She started. “No, Daddy Bertie,” she answered me, dully. “No.”

Then, with a dramatic sweeping gesture that set me wondering for the ten-millionth time whence this child of mystery had come—“But I have a pain here—always.” And she set her hand on her heart.

“GOOD gracious, Laurie,” I exclaimed, stung into anxiety, “you should have told your aunt before she went away—you ought to have gone with her to the doctor.”

“The doctor couldn’t do me any good,” she answered. I hardly knew the burning, heavy eyes, that looked dully at me, for Laurie’s eyes that used to be brimming full of laughter. “It’s not my body that’s ill,” she added, glancing away. “It’s the thing that is me.”

“That’s your soul, my child,” I told her.

“It’s not my soul,” she said. “I don’t know what it is, but it’s dark and heavy, Daddy Bertie. And besides that,” she went on, “I’m worried about things. What things? Aunt Susan for one. She oughtn’t to have gone to Thursday Island to-day, it’s horrid weather—Yes, she had to go, anyhow she thought so; Uncle Pascoe told her she ought to see the doctor about her headaches, but I think they’re nothing but fever, and I told her so, and then he was wild with me for taking her part; he said she never would look after her health—Yes, that bothered me, but there are other things too. I feel sometimes as if I’d met the



The Wreck of the Red Wing

things the natives talk about—the ghost-pigeon that pecks your liver out, only you don't know it, you just waste away—or the ghost woman who's like anyone else till you happen to see she walks with her feet turned backwards, and then you know you're going to die, and nothing can help you."

"The truth is," I told her, "that you've been talking a great deal too much to the natives. That's it, Laurie. Let them alone. They've frightened you with their silly tales, and you're all run down. Talk to me, or your uncle; you always have us. Your uncle is one of the cleverest men I ever knew."

"He's the devil," she suddenly spat. If a pigeon had flown in my face and pecked me, I could not have been more surprised.

"Yes, you're shocked," she went on, color coming furiously into her pale cheeks. "You think I'm a little doll, a little baby. I'm not! You and he think you can keep me here for ever and ever, with no one to talk to but old frumps like him and you, and her—I know all about her and about—"

"Laurie, stop there!" I said. She looked at me cunningly, out of the corners of her eyes, as a woman almost in hysterics will. Then she went on.

"Well, that's what you think—and you're wrong, wrong. You sit there and teach me about Danae—and it's all dry as dust to you—"

"Laurie," I cried, suddenly enlightened—for the tale of Danae in her brazen tower, and the royal lover who found a way, had been a recent lesson, modified to suit what I supposed to be the childish mind of my pupil—"Laurie, tell me at once, has anyone been making love to you?"

"Anyone? Has everyone?" she spat.

"Who is everyone?" I demanded ("Lord, Lord," I was saying in my own mind, "this is Susan's business—I wish she—")

"I don't care if the whole world knows. Before that devil sent him off, he met me on the beach at the back of the island. No, I won't tell you what he said, if you asked me a million—"

"You don't need to, child. I was young once myself." To myself I added, "And at

any rate, the lad's a gentleman, it might be worse."

But Laurie had not done. She was flinging herself—there is no other word—up and down the room, now, like a tragic actress. Her beauty amazed me and her maturity; she might have been twenty-five.

"What I mean by everyone," she said, "is everyone, except you. Uncle Pascoe isn't my uncle, you know very well, and he looks at me—he looks at me—"

I suppose my answer was the last thing on earth she expected; it was certainly the last thing I should have expected myself.

"Oh, my God!" I cried. "Susan!" For instantly I knew. "The child felt it," flashed into my mind. "She didn't understand—but Susan guessed something. If I had listened! If I'd believed her! I thought—"

But now I was sure, sure as death, that Herod had sent his wife out into that raging sea, not meaning her to return.

I DO not know how I kept my senses, or made myself remember, as I did, that Laurie remained; Laurie who was, in a way, my charge, and who might need help almost more than Susan.

There is a spirit that counsels us in difficulty. It did not fail me now; I saw what I must do.

"Laurie," I said. The girl turned round, and looked at me—through me, rather—as if I were not there; I saw her thoughts were very far away.

"Listen to me," I said sharply. "You think I'm not your friend, but I am. I've tried to keep trouble away, but it seems it can't be kept; I'm with you now, right through."

She was listening now, looking at me, too, as if I were her God. I saw, and trembled inwardly before the frightful self-absorption of passionate youth in itself and its love-tragedies. For Laurie, now, the whole world was but fuel to her flame; I was a stick that might be cast into the fire—therefor she listened.

"You have got to trust me, and do as I say," I said. "Are you ready to do so?"

"Yes," she said, her eyes nailed to mine.

"Which of the women is most your friend?" "Old Concha, the Filipino."

"I'll send for her, and another, and they will stay here with you. You will live in this house for a little, Laurie, and I'll go and stop with your—with Herod. Keep the women with you, but don't talk to them; don't talk to anyone about anything. Just stay here for a few days till I can arrange something.

"WHAT are you going to arrange, Daddy Bertie? Am I going to join Aunt Susan?"

"God forbid," I cried, before I could stop myself. Then I was sorry, for she turned pale.

"Has anything happened to Aunt?" she asked me.

"Laurie, I do not know. You must be brave. Stay there and I'll send the women, and don't ask me any more; I can't bear—"

Voice failed me; I did not finish. I went out again into the rain and the wind, and left her standing there. Like the needle to the north, she had turned, once more, to the seaward window.

Even yet, I did not quite understand. But I purposed to do so, and towards that end, after having sent the Manilawoman to Laurie, I walked straight to the Big House, and into the storm parlor, at the south side of the building. Herod was there, stretched on a lounge, with a mass of books and papers beside him. He was not reading. He was smoking a heavy cigar, and staring so hard out of the window that he did not notice me until I spoke to him.

The long paunchy figure of Pascoe, topped by his red head and staring eyes, seemed not a little grotesque. Would have seemed, rather, if one had not sensed, through the absurdity of the man, his portentous strength, like the strength of some huge sucking, clinging reptile. Once—I knew well—he had had charm, kindliness, a sort of capricious, gay generosity, always pluck and determination. The pluck and determination were there still, enormously hypertrophied; the kindliness, the generosity were swallowed up and gone. Morally speaking, he was little more than a mouth and a belly. . . .

But he was dangerous; I sensed that in every cell of my body. There was need for caution. I could help no one unless I remained, to all appearance, what Herod thought me—the good natured, unsuspecting schoolmaster, who had served him blindly for so long!

"Laurie's out of sorts," I said, without introduction. "Got an attack of nerves or something—you know what girls are like."

"I don't," crashed Herod, and somehow, with the new light in my mind, I guessed at the unspoken words that lay behind—"How should I know anything about beautiful youth, chained to a woman near as old as myself?"

I went on—

"Well, if you don't mind, I'll camp with you till Mrs. Pascoe returns, and leave her in my house. Ata and Conchita are with her. I told her to lie down and have a sleep. She seems almost hysterical."

"Talking nonsense?" asked Herod. His eyes, under their red bristling eyebrows, looked at me curiously, and I felt it behooved me to answer with care.

"WHY, yes," I told him. "A lot of silly talk about native ghosts. Woman with her feet turned back, and a ghost pigeon that picks your liver out. She doesn't really mean any of it. I've warned the women against encouraging her."

"You had better warn them against encouraging her," said Herod and again, I sensed hidden meanings.

All this time the weather was getting worse; a gust of wind and rain came suddenly against the closed windows, shaking them, and at the same time shaking my heart. "Susan, Susan!" I cried inwardly, "God help you, my sweet, where are you now?"

Outwardly I stayed calm, though I had to help myself by slowly lighting and beginning to smoke a cigarette from Herod's box. When I thought I could trust my voice I asked him—

"Are you expecting Mrs. Pascoe back soon?"

Now it was a strange point of Herod's many-faceted character, that he could not, or would not, lie. I supposed him quite capable of murder, possibly guilty of it; but I knew I should get the truth from him, even if not all the truth, and I waited in anxiety for his answer. It did not come at once; he remained lying perfectly still on the yellow couch, staring at nothing in particular, for a good part of a minute, before he replied—

"We should have news of her in a couple of days."

A feeling of sickness, almost physical, swept over me. I mastered it, and said, as lightly as I could,

"I'll send my traps up to-night, shall I?"

He nodded in reply. He had scarcely moved or turned his head; his answers had been given as a man may speak through sleep. He kept looking ahead of him, out through the open, leeward window, as if he saw many things. Yet there was nothing there save the verandah and the screen of flowering vines.

With all my strength, as I went out of the room, I tried to persuade myself that my fears had lied; that I had no grounds to go upon, in thinking that mischief was meant, was doing, out upon that tormented sea. Perhaps I succeeded in part. Later, the hounds of fear caught me once more, dragged me down, and had their way with me; but of that I shall say nothing.

Nor shall I tell the tale of the next day's

hell. Have not you been through hell, too, you who read?

There was nothing to do but—wait.

The weight of those days drags down my pen; the cloud under which we lived chokes me, even in recollection. . . .

On the fourth day the northwest storm had blown itself out; the sea about Farewell was calm and lovely as the sea that circled round the

"Island valley of Avilion

Where falls not hail or rain or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly. . . ."

WHITE pelicans, lately driven to shelter by the storm, were now floating like swans in every still blue inlet, or standing in stately companies on outlying cays beyond the reef. The pearling fleet, its pale wings spread beneath a sun of new-minted gold, was making ready to sail. On the pier, Pascoe's gigantic figure, with hat, as usual, rakishly tossed over one ear, stood up like a derrick against the gold and the blue. He was ostensibly watching his fleet set sail, but I could tell, by the very tilt of his head, that he was looking far, farther out to sea. . . .

Among the thin, bright trees behind the beach, I sulked and spied. I had no shame in the matter. There are times when the devil must be fought with fire. Almost as soon as Pascoe, I dare say, I saw a black penscratch show up on the horizon; with him watched it grow into a black log, into a black boat, into the launch that had set forth for Thursday Island, and that was now returning—how?

The launch had a cabin; impossible to see who or what might be aboard, before it came alongside. Unconsciously, I clutched the stem of a young tree while I watched. I saw the print of my nails in its bark, weeks after. . . .

Like a heart failing, dying, the engine fluttered and stopped. The launch drew in. Tom, on the deck, threw out a line; a native boy caught it, and made fast. Tom stepped off. Tom walked up the jetty—alone.

I won't write what I felt in that moment. All that happened afterward was born from its agony.

Pascoe met Tom half way up the jetty. There was some talk between them, there where no one could overhear, or see. Their heads, turned face to face, protected one another. Pascoe did not move aside for some minutes; then he let Tom go, and seemed to stand, considering, while the black, with his ugly loping gait, went on.



As soon as Tom had reached the shore, he deliberately threw up his head, waved his arms, and began—as natives do begin, all at once, like the turning on of a tap—the island death wail.

At this I think I went a little mad for a minute; I found myself shortly with my hands fighting for his mouth, held off, easily enough, I must confess, by the long black limbs of the nigger, and my voice yelling, in competition with his hideous cries—"Stop it. Stop it. Speak!"

"Missus he pinish!" shouted Tom. "Missus altogether he pinish." (finish) "aow-aow-aow!" he added as corollary. "A-we, a-we, a-wa-we!"

I struck at him, blindly. I think I was half mad. I remember stooping to pick up a huge stone, that under ordinary circumstances I could scarcely have moved, and swinging it to strike. Tom dodged it, and me, with a single fluent movement of his body; he did not even stop his horrifying, hypocritical wail. By this time Pascoe had come up the jetty; he sprang between us.

"Put down that stone, man; are you crazy?" he demanded. But he knew I was not crazy; but he knew—then—what reason I had to lose all self-possession at the news of Susan's death. A sudden lightning of jealousy flashed across his face. I believe he was capable, even in that moment, of anger at the discovery he had made.

"Tom did his best," said Herod. "The seas were awful—a blow came up—a worse one than—Susan—she was on deck—it swept her overboard. He couldn't do anything." He stopped, opened and shut his mouth once or twice, as if he were about to begin again, and at last fell silent. I had not spoken.

I turned from the two of them, and crept away, through the cruel sunlight of that day that should have been black dark, like the heart of the man who had made it dark to me. I scarcely knew that I was cold, that my feet dragged slowly. I found a place in the heart of the still woods, where light was dim, and even the birds kept silence, and there I passed my hour.

PART IV

IN a few days, I pulled myself together, I put the past aside. I told Laurie that she had better stay where she was, since Pascoe made no objection; that the women could stop on, sleeping, as they did, in the kitchen, and serving us both. We would begin study once more, to pass the time; and as soon as it was possible, I would get on board a boat, take Laurie with me, and escape to the Thursday Island settlement.

She agreed to everything. Neither of us discussed Pascoe at all, or said anything about the manner of Susan's death. I think we were afraid; puzzled, too. I could not understand, and I daresay she could not, why the unwelcome hints and glances that had driven her to take refuge in my house, were not followed up in any way. Neither she nor I might have existed, so far as Pascoe was concerned.

He seemed to be exclusively occupied with the fishing fleet and its catch. But I remembered that, of old, Herod had always been most dangerous when most quiet; and I wondered what it might be, this time; for what he might be waiting. How he could wait, had waited! years for Susan to die, before he had stacked the cards of Fate, and cheated a win; years on years, twelve of them, for his plans about Laurie to ripen. . . .

Were they not ripe yet? That was what



I wanted to know. And I could not even guess.

I had my plans, however. It was native gossip that a Thursday Island ketch was likely to call soon, bringing a diver who had gone on holiday. I purposed, somehow, to get myself and Laurie away on that boat. After that one might consider the child's future, and see what was best to be done. The main thing was to get away from that human octopus, with its great belly and long limbs, that lurked and waited . . . waited.

This was how things were, when I saw, on a late, bright afternoon, the figure of Laurie and one other, walking where the shadows were long and violet, under the wongai trees. And on that moment, I knew that the schooner had returned.

I was not there, I did not listen. It was

"I scratched him the first time he tried to kiss me. Then he called me a little spitting cat, and said, 'You can't get away; I've all the doors locked!'"

one of the two who told me long after, something of the talk that passed between them; if I imagine the rest, I know I am not far wrong. . . .

The *Susan* had been anchored scarce an hour, when Bowen, leaving Herod immersed in letters and reports, found his way to the stretch of shaded sand beneath the wongai trees, where, he well knew, Laurie would have run to wait for him, as soon as the thin bright topsails of the ship pricked up above the horizon. Herod had let him go without any trouble; had never asked him—though it must have been easy to guess—where he was off to in such a hurry.

Under the wongai trees, then, these two, with Fate in the form of Herod Pascoe hanging above their unconscious heads, walked and talked together. I think they spoke, as all of us have done, in that strange symbol language of lovers, that is like all other languages in sound, yet loaded down, each word, with its own rich weight of meaning; so that common sentences go charged with treasure, like pack-mules carrying the goods of kings.

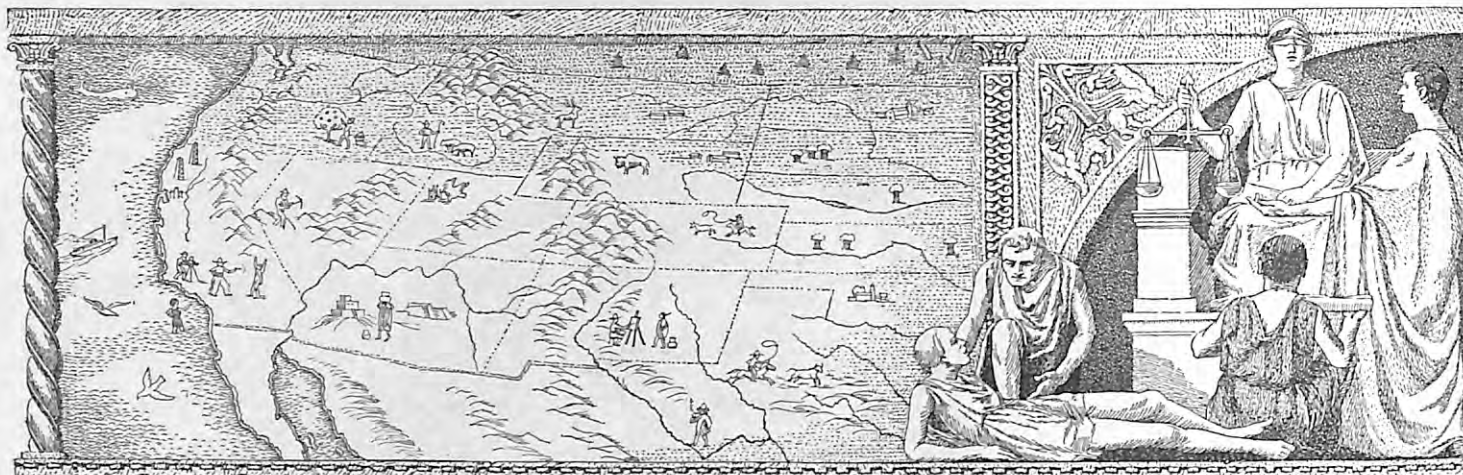
" . . . I love you."

" . . . Love me forever."

" . . . I would die for you."

Words spoken low, yet loud enough to sound through seventy years; words weak but charged with force to bridge the gulf of death. Laurie's eyes of mystery and fate, midnight eyes with a little silver moon

(Continued on page 48)



EDITORIAL

REPRESENTATIVES TO THE GRAND LODGE

AMONG the officers recently elected in each subordinate Lodge of the Order, there is a Representative to the Grand Lodge. Under long-established custom the retiring Exalted Ruler is usually chosen for this position, although there is no provision of law that he shall be. The expenses of the Representative incurred in attendance upon the Grand Lodge are payable by his Lodge; and it has come to be regarded in the light of a perquisite of the office of Exalted Ruler.

This is so universally true, and the provision is so generally accounted a reward, or honorarium, for official service, that, in the pleasant anticipations of the novel experience, the duties which attach to the position are sometimes overlooked. But those duties are in fact of a most important character.

All Past Exalted Rulers of subordinate Lodges are members of the Grand Lodge; and it is their privilege to attend upon its sessions and take part in its deliberations, if they so desire. But it is the specific duty of the Representative to do so. By statute he is required to submit a report to his Lodge upon his return from the Grand Lodge Session. This he cannot effectively and intelligently do unless he has actually attended upon its meetings and carefully followed the proceedings.

The Grand Lodge, at its every session, considers and acts upon matters of grave moment to the Order and to the subordinate Lodges. Every chosen Representative should participate therein. In the framing of wise legislation that will meet the approval of the membership as a whole, the Order has a right to rely upon their combined wisdom and experience, all the more valuable because they come fresh from active contacts with the lay membership and from official study of many of the problems to be solved.

And each subordinate Lodge is entitled to have its Representative express, by voice or ballot, its views and opinions, so far as they may have been crystallized, upon the many questions to be considered. In any event it looks to him to protect and defend its interests consistently with the greater good of all.

It is obvious that the position of Representative is no mere honorable sinecure, but one of importance and of exacting duties. How faithfully and efficiently those duties are performed is inevitably reflected in the actions of the Grand Lodge. It is much to be desired that each Representative will appreciate the significance of these suggestions; that he will seek to equip himself for intelligent service in the Grand Lodge; and that he will not simply attend as an idle spectator having no responsibility for what transpires.

THOUGHTFUL—GENEROUS— SUGGESTIVE

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA, LODGE has recently adopted a resolution of such generous and gracious purport that it deserves fraternal publicity; and it has a suggestive significance that may well be called to the attention of other lodges in a situation to follow its fine example. That Lodge has determined to send all of its Past Exalted Rulers to the Grand Lodge Convention at Chicago.

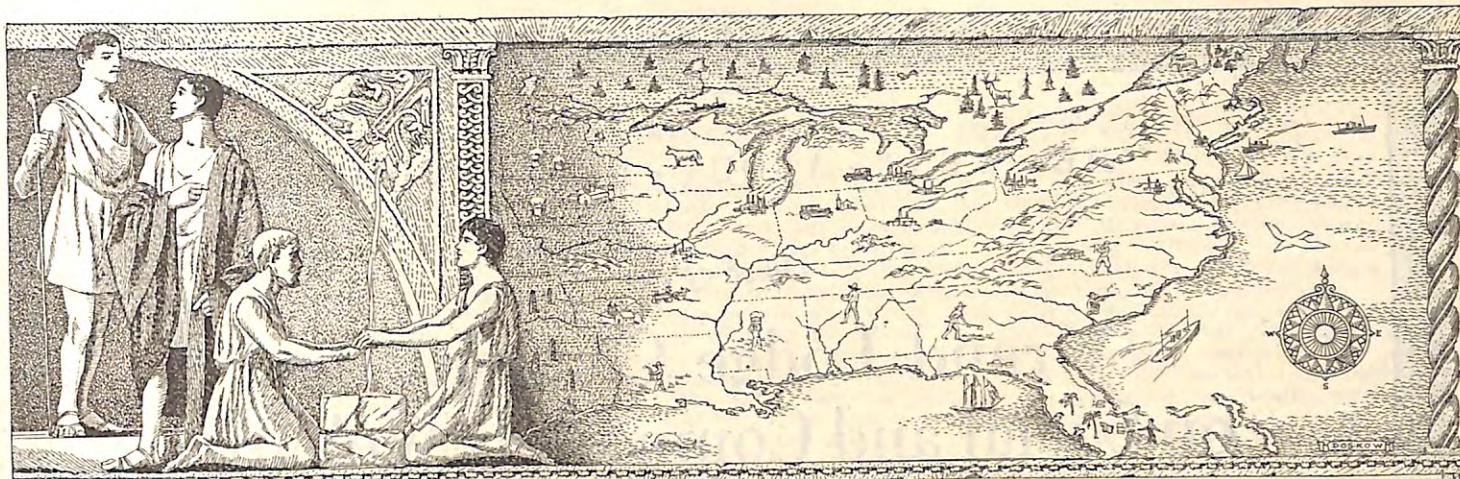
It is recognized that the approaching session, having the dedication of the wonderful Memorial Headquarters Building as its outstanding feature, promises to be the greatest fraternal gathering in the history of the Order. It will be an occasion of national importance in which all Grand Lodge members would delight to have a part. It will be one in which the Order would be proud to have all its Grand Lodge members participate.

Marshalltown Lodge has dealt with its own situation in a most commendable manner. It would be a very happy result if its lead be followed by others in condition to make a like generous provision.

THE NEW LEADERS

NOW that the newly elected officers have been duly installed and have undertaken the administration of the lodge affairs which have been committed to them by their brothers, THE ELKS MAGAZINE tenders to them its congratulations upon their selection as leaders in their respective jurisdictions and its best wishes for a happy and successful year of official service.

The phrase "their selection as leaders" is used



advisedly, because by their elevation to positions of authority and dignity they have been commissioned as such by their associates, and have been accorded the right to assume the initiative and the leadership in Lodge activities. But whether they are to be in fact the real leaders of their several Lodges depends upon the spirit with which they enter upon their duties.

If they properly regard their new offices as affording larger opportunities for fraternal service; if they recognize the obligations that inherently attach thereto; and if they accept their responsibilities with a definite purpose to meet them with fidelity and zeal; then their leadership will be unquestioned and will be attended by a loyal and enthusiastic following. But should they, unhappily, look upon their elevation as a well-deserved honor which they amply justify by its mere acceptance, it is inevitable that the real leadership will pass into other hands; or, what is more to be regretted, there will be a total lack of real leadership. And the Lodge and the Order will suffer accordingly.

The cases to which the latter supposition may apply, it is confidently expected, are few, merely the rare exceptions to the general rule; and those cases the interested members should seek to remedy at the first opportunity. For the earnest and faithful officers who endeavor to maintain the Order's fine traditions of unselfish service, the Magazine bespeaks a loyal and generous support, as a fraternal duty it should be a delight to perform.

MOTHER'S DAY

IN THE hurry and strife of every-day life, with minds centered upon the many problems that face us, and hugging selfishly to our hearts the dreams and aspirations for our own well-being, we are prone to neglect the opportunities for sweet and thoughtful acts of loving kindness, even toward those whom we really cherish. There are few of us who do not realize that we have, throughout the years, taken too much for granted the holiest and tenderest influence in our lives—a mother's love, and have made but scant recompense.

It may be too late now, for many of us, to make the amends we would. But an hour spent in loving memory, with thoughts that are quickened by appropriate words, by symbolic ceremonial,

and by songs of tender meaning, will soften the heart, render more gentle the spirit, and for a time at least make us more worthy of the loving care that was so unselfishly lavished upon us. And, who knows? It may yet bring a deeper happiness to those in the realms beyond.

The observance of Mother's Day in our subordinate Lodges affords an opportunity to spend such an hour in an atmosphere altogether wholesome and uplifting. The occasion is one from which nothing can flow that is not ennobling and enriching to the soul. And if, by happy chance, there be those present who may still feel the clasp of a mother's arms and receive the benediction of a mother's kiss, to such the occasion presents a golden opportunity to make timely acknowledgment of what is due, and to bring a thrill to aging hearts that have been caused all too many pangs.

The celebration of Mother's Day by appropriate ceremonies is commended to the several Lodges as an event that will brighten and sweeten many lives, that will touch and soften many hearts, and leave a lasting impression for good upon all who attend.

BORROWING TROUBLE

HE IS an unwise man who takes no thought for the future; and he lacks both courage and caution who deliberately closes his mind to the prompt consideration of problems that he should presently solve. But he is also unwise who creates imaginary problems, and taxes his mental and nervous faculties to reach a solution of them, when they may never present themselves, and when changed conditions may well indicate a different conclusion if they do arise.

An old Roman philosopher once said: "Do not take upon yourself the burden of your whole life at any one time, nor form an image of all probable misfortunes." There is wisdom in the injunction, in that it counsels the consideration of life's problems as they demand decision, and not in useless anticipation. The problem may settle itself.

Procrastination is not only the thief of time, it is frequently also the slayer of opportunity. But the deferment of final decision, until it can be made with full knowledge of all the conditions that should affect it, is not procrastination. It is the essence of good judgment.

“HE - WENT - ABOUT - DOING - GOOD”

Office of the

Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare

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

Mothers' Day

632 Commercial Place,
New Orleans, La.,
April 15, 1926

*To the Exalted Ruler, Officers, and members of all Subordinate Lodges,
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, United States of America:*

MY DEAR BROTHERS:

Whenever the subject of Motherhood is brought up in a gathering of men, it is easy to grow trite and resort to hackneyed sentimentalities. We need not seek far to find a reason for this: Mother-love is the first and greatest passion each one of us has experienced. In the brutal savageries of the cave man days, when lovers wooed their mates with knotted clubs, mothers were as tenderly cherishing of their babes as they are in the gentler times of modern civilization.

The love of a mother is the one great common experience which unites all men. The criminal being dragged up the gallows step, the emperor on his throne, the pauper shivering at some desolate street corner, the minister at his altar, the prospector in the far-flung desert wastes, the merchant in his counting house, the fur-clad Esquimau and the naked savage of the tropics—all these have one thing in common: A mother bore them in anguish and nursed them with the tenderest, truest love they can ever experience.

It is too big, too sacred, too holy for us. The words that could express it adequately have never been minted. We do the best that lies in us, and still we feel that we have fallen far short of the mark. But we try. And it is for this reason that on the second Sunday of each May, we Elks, close-knit by bonds of fraternity, seek to give expression as best we may, to the acknowledgment of the unpayable debt which each man, mighty or lowly, rich or poor, master or slave, owes to the mother who wrenched his life out of her own.

It is my hope that every Lodge in our Order will observe Mothers' Day this year along the lines laid down in the newly revised ritual prepared for this ceremony.

With the very best greetings, I remain,

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

JOHN P. SULLIVAN,
Chairman.

Recent Trip of the Grand Exalted Ruler

Visits Made Lodges in South and West

DURING the early part of March, Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell officially visited a number of Lodges in the South and West. Several of these had never been visited by a Grand Exalted Ruler before so that his presence was the occasion for great enthusiasm on the part of their memberships. Everywhere he was heartily welcomed, and every Lodge visited impressed Judge Atwell by its record of achievements in matters relating directly to the Order and to community activities.

On March 4 the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Greenville, N. C., Lodge, No. 858, where he was royally greeted by the members of that Lodge and by representatives gathered there from many parts of the State. The visit was a momentous one for the Lodge as it marked the first time in its history that a Grand Exalted Ruler has paid it an official visit. Preceding the banquet in his honor that evening Judge Atwell, shortly after his arrival in the city, attended the public exercises in the auditorium of the Greenville High School building, the occasion being the awarding of prizes for the best essays on *Old Ironsides*. Judge Atwell was the principal speaker on the program, delivering a most inspiring address to the hundreds of young people and their parents who crowded the large auditorium.

The banquet held that evening at the Poinsett Hotel was a brilliant function and was attended by many distinguished citizens and members of the Order. Former Senator P. A. Bonham presided and introduced various speakers who welcomed Judge Atwell to the city. A delightful musical program added much to the success of the evening.

E. M. Wharton, member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, was Chairman of the committee on arrangements that planned the reception and banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

On the following day Judge Atwell visited Atlanta, Ga. Though his schedule allowed him only a few hours' stay in this city, the reception given him by Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, was equal to any he had received on his trip. Greeted on his arrival at the depot by a large group of members, Judge Atwell was escorted to the Home of the Lodge where he was the guest at a

luncheon arranged in his honor. Many prominent citizens of Atlanta were present on this occasion and Judge Atwell's address was enthusiastically received by the large gathering.

That afternoon, accompanied by fifty members of Atlanta Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler left for Macon, Ga., where he was to be the guest at a reception given by Macon, Ga., Lodge, No. 230, in his honor. Prominent Elks from all parts of the State were present to hear Judge Atwell at the meeting held that evening in the Home of Macon Lodge. Following the session a sumptuous supper was served the distinguished guests. The next morning Judge Atwell was given a breakfast by the Lodge at the Hotel Dempsey and was taken on a sight-seeing tour throughout the city and into the famous peach belt. Shortly after noon the Grand Exalted Ruler left for Montgomery, Ala.

Judge Atwell's visit to Macon was deeply appreciated by the Elks in that section as it was the first visit the Lodge had ever had from a Grand Exalted Ruler.

Judge Atwell's visit to Montgomery, Ala., Lodge, No. 596, was marked by enthusiasm on every side. A luncheon, an automobile trip through the city, and a reception were some of the features on the program of the afternoon entertainment. Mayor William A. Gunter and H. A. Farley, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler at the banquet given in his honor that evening at the Exchange Hotel. Among the prominent members of the Order and distinguished citizens of the State who spoke on this occasion were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. J. McCrossin, Dr. J. W. Perkins, Lieutenant-Governor Charles McDowell, Judge Leon McCord, Judge C. P. McIntyre and General W. P. Screws. Representatives from all over the State were present to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler, making his visit a highly important and successful one.

Leaving the South, Judge Atwell's next visit was to Trinidad, Colo., where he dedicated the new Home of Trinidad Lodge, No. 181, on March 17. Arriving in the city in the afternoon, he was met at the train by Exalted Ruler Frank B. Stone and a special committee from the Lodge. At noon, Judge Atwell was the

guest of honor at a luncheon given by the Kiwanis Club. That afternoon the Grand Exalted Ruler was motored over the famous Raton Pass to Raton, New Mexico, where he paid a brief visit to Raton Lodge, No. 865, before returning to Trinidad.

In the evening Judge Atwell dedicated the new Home of Trinidad Lodge and addressed the large attendance present for the ceremony. Representatives from many surrounding Lodges were on hand for the dedication which was most impressively conducted.

The new Home of Trinidad Lodge is a handsome structure in every detail. Erected at a cost in excess of \$50,000, it embodies many attractive features and has the proper facilities to take care of the Lodge's growing membership. The new Home is most conveniently located at the corner of First and Maple Streets.

On March 18 the Grand Exalted Ruler was the honor guest at a luncheon given him in the Home of Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17. Thomas Hunter, Past Exalted Ruler of Denver Lodge; W. H. Wheadon, Secretary of the Lodge; Joseph P. O'Connell, newly elected Exalted Ruler; and Joseph H. Loor, Secretary of the Colorado State Elks Association, were among the prominent members of the Order who welcomed Judge Atwell on his arrival in the city. Over 300 members were present at the luncheon and heard the Grand Exalted Ruler deliver a most inspiring address.

That afternoon Judge Atwell left for Cheyenne, Wyo., Lodge, No. 660, where he was to be the guest at a special meeting and entertainment planned in his honor.

AT THE time this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE went to press the itinerary of the Grand Exalted Ruler for the months of April and May called for stops in the following cities: April 22, (Colo.) Pueblo, Florence, Canon City and Salida; April 23, (Utah) Ogden and Logan; April 24, (Ida.) Pocatello; April 25, (Mont.) Butte; April 27, (Neb.) Lincoln and Omaha; April 28, (Ill.) Chicago; April 29, (Ind.) Fort Wayne; April 30, (Mich.) Detroit; May 1, (New York) Buffalo and Rochester; May 2, (Pa.) Scranton; May 3, (N. J.) Newark; May 4, (D.C.) Washington, and (Va.) Lynchburg; May 5, (Va.) Bedford; May 7, (Tenn.) Memphis.

Elks National Trapshooting Tournament

ONE of the features of the Grand Lodge Reunion at Chicago in July that will appeal to sportsmen is the Elks National Trapshooting Tournament, to be held at the Lincoln Park Traps, July 13 and 14. Several thousand dollars' worth of prizes, amounting to some 68 trophies, have been secured by the Elks National Trapshooting Committee, which confidently expects a large list of entries.

On the first day the class championship will be held, 100—16 yard targets in four events of 25 targets each. Shooters will be divided into four classes, A, B, C and D. A trophy will be awarded to the first, second and third high guns in each class. The five high guns from each State will make up the State Teams scheduled to compete the second day.

The Lodge Five-Man Team Championship will be decided on the 100 target shoot; members of each Lodge being squadded together. The lady shooter making the highest score on this 100 target shoot and the runner-up will be awarded trophies donated by H. R. Everding, of Portland, Ore., the high gun being declared Elks Lady Champion. The professional making the highest score in this same event will be declared Elks Professional Champion and will be awarded a trophy. The entrance fee for targets and registration is \$3.50.

Optionals. \$2.50 on each event of 25 targets \$10.00. Money divided percentage system 40-30-20-10 in each class.

\$5.00 on total of 100 targets, \$5.00. Money divided high gun, one money for each three entries in each class.



Trophy donated by The Elks Magazine

Contestants may shoot for the price of targets and the registration fee and be eligible for all trophies.

On the same day will be held the Doubles Championship, with 25 pairs of doubles in two events, one 10 and one 15 pairs. The winner will be declared Elks National Doubles Champion and be awarded a trophy. Second and third high guns will also receive prizes.

The professional making the highest score in this event will receive a trophy and the title Elks Professional National Doubles Champion.

Entrance for the Doubles \$1.25
Double Optional. \$5.00 on total of 25 pairs, \$5.00. Money divided, high gun, one money for each three entries.

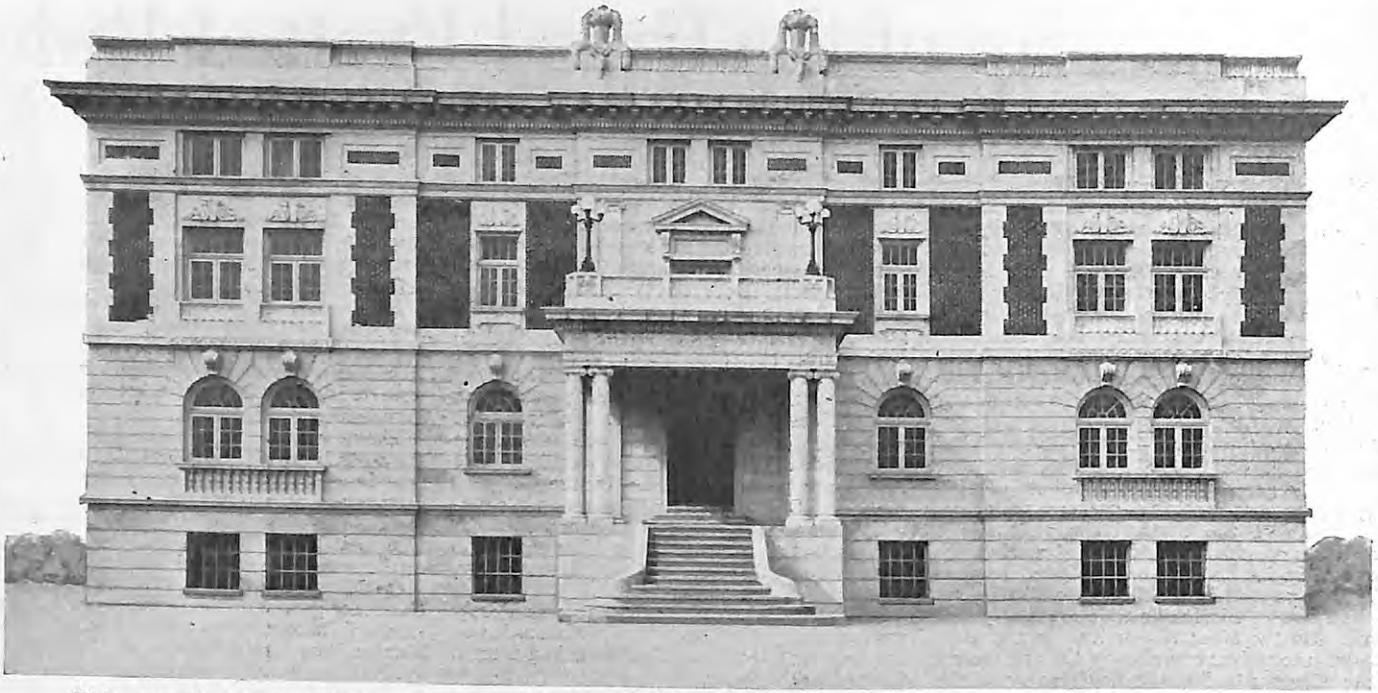
The second day's competition will be marked by a handicap shoot, 100 targets in four events of 25 targets each. A handsome trophy will be awarded the winner; and trophies will be awarded to the first and second high guns on each yard mark. Targets and registration fees \$3.50.

Optionals. \$2.50 on each event of 25 targets. \$10.00, divided per cent. system, 40-30-20-10.

\$10.00 on total of 100 targets. Divided high gun, one money for each three entries.

Contestants may shoot for the price of targets and registration fees and be eligible for all trophies.

(Continued on page 81)



This magnificent new building, the Home of Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 1477, was impressively dedicated last month

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Welfare Committee of Grand Lodge Urges Spring Activity

IN AN official circular issued by the Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Grand Lodge, Chairman John P. Sullivan urges upon all Subordinate Lodge committees the importance of activities at this time of the year among certain groups of unfortunates. Children in hospitals and orphanages, disabled veterans, inmates of homes for the aged and other shut-ins are deprived by the winter season of most of the few simple pleasures they are able to enjoy. Picnics, automobile rides, a visit to a circus, are suggested where weather conditions permit. Failing these, a minstrel or vaudeville show might provide the first break after the winter's monotony.

Other recommendations are for the holding of athletic contests among boys and girls; the sponsoring of Scout troops and boys' bands; cooperation in community playground work, and active participation in the wide-spread welfare and charity work of the Order in general.

Golden Jubilee to be Celebrated by San Francisco, Calif., Lodge

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, this year celebrates the Fiftieth Anniversary of its organization. On February 22, 1876, the Grand Lodge issued a Charter to this first of the Western Lodges. New York and Philadelphia Lodges alone preceded it. In the course of half a century San Francisco Lodge has had many trials and vicissitudes. In 1896 it was reorganized and since that date it has grown in strength and influence until now it occupies a commanding position among the Lodges of the Order.

To fittingly observe its fiftieth birthday the Lodge has planned a Golden Jubilee celebration at the San Francisco Civic Auditorium for six days—May 31st to June 5th. The celebration will be in keeping with the purpose of the occasion. Its chief feature will be a magnificent allegorical pageant, "Treasure Island," inspired by Stevenson's golden treasury of phantasy. The members of the Lodge, their wives, sisters and women friends will take part in this pageant, which will typify the growth of the Lodge from its humble beginning to its present proud place in the Order. The present members will see the dream ship of fifty years ago anchored in a

haven of security. The pirates will be there to remind them of the perils which the pioneer founders of the Order encountered and the troubles which they overcame. The Treasure Chest bursting with wealth will typify the golden hope of Charity accomplished, of Mercy extended, of Distress relieved and Suffering alleviated, which inspired the founders of the Lodge.

With pride in her fifty years of dedication to the ideals of the Order, San Francisco Lodge greets the members of her sister Lodges and extends to them a hearty invitation to assist in her Golden Jubilee.

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge Holds "Visiting Exalted Rulers Night"

One of the outstanding and most successful events of the past season held in the Home of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, was its "Visiting Exalted Rulers Night." All the Exalted Rulers of Lodges throughout the State were invited to this event and many responded, making the affair a most interesting one in every respect. The chief feature of the evening was the initiation of a large class of candidates, the ritual being impressively exemplified by the Exalted Rulers. Among the distinguished members of the Order who were present was W. C. Robertson, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare.

A banquet for the visiting officers preceded the business session and a delightful entertainment followed the meeting.

Exalted Ruler A. L. Dretchko of Minneapolis Lodge was Chairman of the Committee which planned and executed the function.

New Jersey State Elks Association Meets in Newark, N. J.

The recent quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association, held in the beautiful Home of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, was attended by many distinguished members of the Order. In addition to President William K. Devereux, of the New Jersey Association, and Past Presidents Joseph G. Buch and Thomas F. Macksey, there was present a delegation from the New York State Elks Association headed by President William E. Fitzsimmons and including

Past President Philip Clancy, now a member of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge; William T. Phillips, Secretary of New York Lodge, No. 1; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan and John T. Gorman.

Judge Albano, Exalted Ruler-elect of Newark Lodge, welcomed the visiting delegates, of whom there were approximately 150. Reports of the various officers and committees were then read, perhaps the most interesting being that of the Crippled Kiddies Committee, read by Chairman Joseph G. Buch. A discussion of the coming annual convention and a few brief addresses closed the meeting.

Huron, S. D., Lodge Has Talented Band

Not the least of recent acquisitions to Huron, S. D., Lodge, No. 444, is its uniformed band. This band, under the leadership of W. F. Burt, has developed into one of the best Elk bands of the State, and has a membership of twenty talented musicians. It is a prominent feature in the initiatory work of the Lodge, as well as in all other Lodge functions, furnishing music and entertainment on every occasion.

Magnificent New Home of Corvallis, Ore., Lodge is Dedicated

With Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Walter F. Meier attending as personal representative of the Grand Exalted Ruler, and in the presence of more than 800 members of the Order, the beautiful new Home of Corvallis, Ore., Lodge, No. 1413, was dedicated by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ben S. Fisher, assisted by a group of distinguished Oregon Elks. The dedicatory address, delivered by Mr. Meier, was the feature of an unusually inspiring occasion.

The new Home is a magnificent building and stirring evidence of the loyalty and energy of a Lodge barely five years old. Of three stories and basement, it contains everything that goes to make up a first class Home and club. In the basement is a completely equipped gymnasium 40 x 70 feet, with provision for basketball, volley-ball and other games. The first floor is occupied by the beautifully decorated lobby, a large checking room and a number of stores.

On the second floor are the Lodge and banquet rooms, occupying a space 60 x 100 feet and equipped with a sliding partition which permits of their being thrown together for large affairs. The Lodge room extends to the full height of the building, but above the banquet room is another floor which contains the club features. These include a splendid lounge room designed in the Italian manner, with a cheery fireplace; billiard room, game room, buffet and offices. The equipment of the Home in the way of lighting arrangements, furniture and kitchen facilities is thoroughly up to date and in keeping with the comfort and utility of the building itself.

Bloomington, Ind., Lodge Will Build New Home

Bloomington, Ind., Lodge, No. 446, which already owns a suitable location, expects to begin building a new Home in the very near future. This Lodge has shown a wide interest in various community activities and has also conducted a number of well-attended functions in its present Home. Especially interesting was Past Exalted Rulers Night at which District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lee F. Bays was the honor guest. An elaborate program was arranged for the evening, including a banquet, addresses, an initiation, and other features.

Conference of Ohio Lodges of Northeast District

A conference of Ohio Lodges of the Northeast District was recently held at the Home of Ashtabula, Ohio, Lodge, No. 208. About 500 were in attendance, representing Ohio Lodges in Lorain, Cleveland, Akron, Lakewood, Painesville, Conneaut, Nelsonville and Youngstown. Representatives were also present from Lodges in Olean, N. Y., and Erie and Apollo, Pa. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William F. Bruning was one of the principal speakers who addressed the meeting. The visitors were served a buffet luncheon following the meeting and there was also an eight-act vaudeville entertainment.

In the ritualistic contest which was a feature of the meeting, the teams of Ashtabula and Cleveland Lodges tied for first honors and it was decided to have both teams represent the District in the finals to be conducted at the annual convention of the Ohio State Elks Association. The prize will be the handsome cup donated by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37.

Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge Dedicates Its Handsome New Home

The beautiful new Home of Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1323, on Long Island, was recently dedicated by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward S. McGrath, who was assisted in the ceremony by a distinguished group of members from various Lodges of the District.



The Elks Hockey Team of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Lodge, No. 552

The dedicatory exercises, held in the afternoon, were witnessed by a large gathering and were most impressively conducted. Following the formal dedication, a banquet celebrating the event and given in honor of the visitors was served in the banquet hall of the new Home. Hon. Leo J. Hickey of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, was the toastmaster and the speakers of the evening were: Hon. E. R. Bellman, President of the Village of Patchogue; Exalted Ruler of Patchogue Lodge, H. J. Schoenfeld; Hon. George H. Furman, County Judge of Suffolk County; District Deputy Edward S. McGrath; Past President of the New York State Association, Philip Clancy; and the first Exalted Ruler of Patchogue Lodge, John Stewart.

The new Home is a handsome structure and represents an investment of nearly \$250,000. With the many new facilities which it affords the members, the Lodge plans to increase its activities in many fields during the present year.

Extensive Alterations Planned in Home of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge

At a recent meeting of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, a resolution was adopted providing for extensive changes in the older portion of the Home. The billiard and game rooms will be transferred to the second floor, and the present billiard room converted into an up-to-date dining room. The present dining room, and the rooms adjoining it, will be used for committees and other purposes. An attractive

iron staircase will replace the wooden one now connecting the old building with the addition which is under construction. The exterior of the building will be cleaned by the sand-blast process so that it will conform with the new section, which it is planned to have ready at the time the alterations are complete. When the work of building and remodeling is finished Rochester Lodge will have one of the most sumptuous and complete Homes in the East.

Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge to Hold Annual Frolic

The Annual Elks Frolic given by Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, will be held this year for the first time in the new Home on May 5 and 6. Many of the favorites of former Frolics have been hard at work rehearsing and, with the new talent appearing for the first time, are expected to give the finest show the Lodge has ever seen. The entertainment will consist of two parts, as the minstrel show is to be followed by a dance.

Toledo, O., Lodge Holds Largest Meeting of the Year

Initiating a class of more than forty candidates which included many well-known citizens, Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, recently held the largest meeting of the year. Findlay, O., Lodge, No. 75, with which Toledo Lodge exchanged fraternal visits a short time ago, sent a delegation which included its famous quartet, who entertained the gathering with a number of songs. There were also addresses by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers George A. Snyder and P. R. McKay. Among the prominent citizens of Toledo who were initiated were Congressman W. W. Chalmers; Municipal Judge Aaron B. Cohn; Sheriff Charles G. Emmert; County Clerk George E. Hardy and Chief Deputy County Clerk Harry Cholett.

Newark, N. J., Lodge to Conduct Initiation of Large Class

Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, is planning to hold a large class initiation some time this month. It is hoped to present the officers with no less than five hundred candidates for initiation at the time. Complete plans for the ceremony and the festivities to follow were not available as this was being written, but it was expected that the famous Degree Team of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, would be on hand and that an old-fashioned program of entertainment would complete the evening.

Pittsburg, Kans., Lodge Initiates Large Memorial Class

Pittsburg, Kans., Lodge, No. 412, recently initiated a class of candidates numbering 47 in



Formerly a Y. M. C. A., this fine building is now occupied by Kalispell, Mont., Lodge, No. 725, as its Home

all—the largest class initiated since its institution. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. J. Griffin of Iola, Kans., Lodge, No. 569, assisted by officers of Iola and Pittsburg Lodges, conducted the ceremony, and representatives were present from Lodges in Joplin, Mo., Galena, Fort Scott and other Kansas cities. Nearly fifty members of Iola Lodge motored 100 miles through a blinding snow storm to attend the services. The class was a memorial to the late L. M. Lewis who died in the World War. District Deputy Griffin addressed the new members on the purposes and principles of the Order and his speech was well received by the hundreds who were present in the Lodge.

A few weeks later another large class was initiated, bringing the total of the memorial class up to 100.

Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge is Instituted By District Deputy W. S. Irvin

Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge, No. 1520, was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. S. Irvin who was assisted by the officers of West Palm Beach Lodge, No. 1352. The Lodge began its career with a charter list of seventy-one members. Dr. Charles E. Getchell and Charles M. Anderson were elected Exalted Ruler and Secretary respectively.

The institution of the Lodge was marked by a special program of entertainment that included a banquet and dance at the country club for the members and their ladies.

Alpena, Mich., Lodge Welcomes District Deputy Baxter

The official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Aldrich Baxter to Alpena, Mich., Lodge, No. 505, was the occasion of a banquet and the initiation of a large class of candidates. District Deputy Baxter praised the members for their achievements during the year and expressed his gratification with the excellent condition in which he found the Lodge generally. The membership of Alpena Lodge is close to the 300 mark and its beautiful Home, situated in the center of the city, is practically free of all encumbrances. Alpena Lodge is located on the famous Dixie Highway, making it a favorite stopping-off place for Elk tourists from other States. A cordial welcome awaits every visitor to its hospitable quarters.

Durango, Colo., Lodge Plans to Dedicate New Home in June

Durango, Colo., Lodge, No. 507, is making plans for the dedication of its new Home early in June. The handsome building when finished will represent an investment of close to \$100,000 on the part of the membership and will provide them with every facility. Durango Lodge has shown a steady and healthy growth ever since its institution, and has played a prominent part in all community affairs. The new Home will not only be a source of pride and comfort to the membership, but it will also be a valuable addition to the city of Durango.

Fargo, N. D., Lodge to Send Band to Chicago Convention

Fargo, N. D., Lodge, No. 260, is planning to send its 50-piece band to Chicago to take part in the great parade which will be a feature of Grand Lodge Convention week. A series of benefit entertainments is being planned between now and the time for the Convention to raise funds for the trip. This will be the first time in many years that Fargo Lodge has been represented by a band at a Grand Lodge Convention.

Albion, N. Y., Lodge Holds Past Exalted Rulers Night

Albion, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1006, held a most successful Past Exalted Rulers night at which every chair was filled by a Past Exalted Ruler. Warner Thompson, who served for seven successive years, presiding. Among the well-known members of No. 1006 who were present were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John B. Bordwell and Clayton C. Blood, a Vice-President of the New York State Elks association. Preceding the meeting Exalted Ruler

James T. Bennett gave a dinner for the Past Exalted Rulers, officers and active members.

Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge Observes Its Forty-fifth Birthday

Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 113, recently celebrated its forty-fifth anniversary with a delightful evening of festivities. On this occasion, having splendid facilities in its handsome new Home, a ball and entertainment were given permitting all who attended to have a most enjoyable time. A feature this year was the getting together of the "Auld Lang Syne" members, who have been loyal and faithful Elks during so many years. Special dance numbers of other days were arranged for their benefit, and many of the old timers proved they had not forgotten how to turn to these once familiar measures.

Iowa State Elks Association To Meet at Clear Lake

At a recent meeting of the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers of the State and the officers of the Iowa State Elks Association held at Clear Lake, it was decided to hold the next annual convention of the Association in that city June 24-25. Preparations are now under way and plans for a record-breaking meeting are being worked out by special committees.

Pre-Convention Meetings of State Association Officers Commended

In an official circular from the office of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge, the practice of many State Association officers and committees of holding a pre-convention meeting to arrange details and map out a program of activities, is highly commended. Such early planning makes for an interesting, well-run convention and greatly strengthens the usefulness of the Association to the subordinate Lodges making up its membership. All State Associations are urged to active work, to the end that they may properly represent their membership and become, as they should be, the connecting link between the subordinate and the Grand Lodge.

Old Timers of Lawrenceville, Ill., Lodge Enjoy Special Meeting

Lawrenceville, Ill., Lodge, No. 1208, recently observed Past Exalted Rulers Night. With seven of its ten Past Exalted Rulers and a large attendance present, the evening was a great success. There were interesting addresses by the "old-timers" and several other features.

Lawrenceville Lodge since its institution has been one of the most active Lodges in South-eastern Illinois. It has a beautifully equipped Home, and is known throughout the region for its hospitality and generosity.

New Home of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge Is Fully Equipped

The new Home of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, the dedication of which was reported last month, is fully equipped with all the features of a first rate Club and Lodge Home. The basement contains bowling alleys, shuffle boards and a well appointed grill room. The splendid ballroom on the main floor is a beautiful example of interior Gothic architecture, while the lobby and lounging rooms occupying the remainder of the floor are luxuriously equipped. The second floor is given over to officers' and committee rooms and game and guest rooms, and the third to living rooms for members and traveling Elks.

Ponca City, Okla., Lodge Is Instituted

Ponca City, Okla., Lodge, No. 1522, was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. F. Rand who was assisted in the ceremony by the officers of Oklahoma City, Okla., Lodge, No. 417. A charter list of 104 gives this new Lodge a splendid start and indications point to a rapid and sound growth.

The day was spent in many festivities, the feature being a large parade for which the city had been beautifully decorated.

The following officers were elected: Exalted Ruler, Morris Alder; Secretary, Charles L. Clover.

Portland, Me., Lodge Celebrates Thirty-fifth Birthday

Portland, Me., Lodge, No. 188, which recently celebrated its thirty-fifth birthday, has grown consistently since its institution as the first Lodge of the State, and now has a membership of nearly 900. The Lodge owns a beautiful Home on an historic spot in the city—an old mansion dating back to revolutionary days which has been remodeled to meet the requirements of the membership. Portland Lodge has always played a prominent part in all civic movements and has led other fraternal organizations in the extent of its charitable work.

Holder of Scholarship from San Francisco Lodge a Tennis Champion

Cranston Holman, a student at Leland Stanford University on a scholarship from San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, holds the United States Junior Tennis Championship. Holman, who is rated eighth in the national ranking list of the U. S. L. T. A., will shortly visit Japan as the guest of the Japanese Tennis Association.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Lodge Has Champion Hockey Team

The Elks Hockey Team of Sault Ste. Marie,



The picturesque Home occupied by members of Decatur, Ind., Lodge, No. 993



The beautiful and well-equipped new Home of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253, which was dedicated a short time ago

Mich., Lodge, No. 552, has had a most successful season. For the second time it won the City League championship and defeated every hockey club in its immediate district.

Through the efforts of the Lodge in supporting a team, and interesting other organizations of the city in doing likewise, the winter sports enthusiasts are now busily planning a community ice rink and exhibition hall to replace the old rink which was burned several years ago. It is expected the new rink will be completed in August, 1926. Provision will be made for skating, hockey and curling, a dance hall and exhibition hall. It will have a capacity of 5,000.

In addition to its hockey team, the Lodge has a baseball team and takes a keen interest in all other sports.

Elks First to Render Assistance After Bingham, Utah, Snowslide

A fine example of the best spirit of the Order was seen when a committee from Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, and members of the Bingham Stray Antlers Association were among the first to render assistance and relief on the occasion of a catastrophic snowslide in Bingham. The Salt Lake City Committee arrived the morning after the disaster and outfitted the rescue workers with gloves, at the same time authorizing the Bingham Stray Antlers to render assistance to the families of the victims to the extent of \$500. The Stray Antlers is made up of members of the Order living in Bingham and is extremely active in welfare work of all kinds.

Regarding the First President of the Missouri State Elks Association

In announcing in the March, 1926, issue the endorsement by Mexico, Mo., Lodge, No. 919, of Fred A. Morris as a candidate for Grand Treasurer, the statement was reprinted that Mr. Morris was the first President of the Missouri State Elks Association. This distinction, Mr. Morris informs us, really belongs to Norman Vaughan who was made President of the group representing the Missouri Lodges that effected the organization. Mr. Vaughan presided at the first convention of the Association where Mr. Morris was elected President by the delegates.

Spokane, Wash., Lodge Has Quartet With Famous Record

The Elks Quartet of Spokane, Wash., Lodge, No. 228, which was organized to provide a feature number for a minstrel show put on by the Lodge in 1902, has given continuous service ever since. In 1903 it sang for the first Memorial Service of Spokane Lodge, and has since sung at every similar service during the intervening years. In 1909 the Quartet appeared on the program of the opening session of the Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles, and in 1913 served again in a similar capacity for the Grand Lodge meeting in Portland, Ore. At this latter meeting the Quartet took part in

the first Memorial Service held by the Grand Lodge for deceased Past Grand Exalted Rulers. During the twenty-four years that the Quartet has been in active and continuous service, it has sung at meetings held in Spokane in honor of ex-Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, former Vice-President Fairbanks, and the late William Jennings Bryan. On the occasion of the visit to America of the envoys from Japan, the Quartet sang "Sunny Old Spokane" in Japanese at a banquet given in honor of the distinguished visitors.

The members of the Quartet are as follows: Charles F. Eaton, first tenor, Will Clark, second tenor, Jake Hill, first bass, George W. M. Chant, second bass, and Prof. N. A. Krantz, accompanist.

Millinocket, Me., Lodge Is Instituted

Millinocket, Me., Lodge, No. 1521, was recently instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. P. L. B. Ebbett. Dr. Ebbett was assisted in the ceremony by the degree team of Houlton, Me., Lodge, No. 835, a large gathering from this Lodge being present to congratulate the new Lodge on the beginning of its career. Millinocket Lodge has started with a substantial number of charter members and the indications are for a steady growth and a prominent role in the affairs of the community.

San Antonio, Tex., Lodge To Remodel Its Home

Plans for the extensive remodeling of their Home are being investigated by members of San Antonio, Tex., Lodge, No. 216. One such set of plans, discussed at a recent meeting, called for an expenditure of \$85,000, and included the following changes and improvements:

Two new bowling alleys in the basement; new elevators on the outside of the building, providing more room space on each floor; transforming the present Lodge room into dormitories, and building a beautiful new Lodge room on the roof.

Orange, N. J., Lodge Officially Thanked for Welfare Work

The following official letter of appreciation was received by the Secretary of Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135:

"The Overseer of the Poor of the Town of West Orange in her 1925 Annual Report made special mention of the splendid work done by the Orange Lodge of Elks in the matter of caring for some of the less fortunate of our kiddies and citizens during the year 1925, and at the meeting of the Board of Commissioners of the Town of West Orange at which this report was read, the writer was instructed to write to you and ask that you express to the members of your Lodge the thanks and profound appreciation of the members of the Commission for the interest displayed by your Lodge in the welfare of the less fortunate among our citizens.

"Will you, therefore, please be so good as to express to the members of your Lodge the

appreciation and thanks of the members of the Board of Commissioners of the Town of West Orange in the matter of their having provided outings for the kiddies of the Town of West Orange as well as for the assistance rendered the families of the less fortunate of the town at the holiday season?"

Very truly yours,

Signed, R. C. Alford,
Town Clerk.

Orange is active not only in charity work, but in social and fraternal affairs as well. Their recent observance of Past Exalted Rulers' Night was one of their most successful events and was attended by nearly 400 members.

Oklahoma State Elks Association To Hold Convention at Muskogee

At a meeting of the Trustees of the Oklahoma State Elks Association held at Ponca City, it was decided to accept the invitation of Muskogee Lodge, No. 517, and hold the annual convention of the Association in Muskogee on October 3, 4 and 5. As the invitation of Muskogee Lodge was supplemented by that of the Chamber of Commerce and as the dates of the convention coincide with the holding of the Oklahoma Free State Fair in that city, it is expected that the meeting will turn out to be unusually interesting and well-attended.

Texas State Elks Association To Meet in Dallas

The first annual convention of the reorganized Texas State Elks Association will be held in Dallas on May 7 and 8.

The present Texas Association was formed last September at a meeting in San Antonio which was attended by Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell and other distinguished members of the Order. The convention this year should be of unusual interest and importance to Texas Elks and the past months have found them in the midst of enthusiastic preparations for the event.

Warrensburg, Mo., Lodge Holds Unique Anniversary Celebration

Combining an old members' night and the celebration of its twenty-fifth anniversary, Warrensburg, Mo., Lodge, No. 673, held one of the most interesting meetings of its history. A large proportion of the living charter members were present and the chairs were all occupied by Past Exalted Rulers who initiated a class of candidates, H. R. Garrison, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and former President of the Missouri State Elks Association, acting as Exalted Ruler in the ceremony.

There were addresses by W. B. Russell, the first member ever initiated into the Lodge, and H. R. Oglesby, one of the three organizers of the Lodge. An Honorary Life Membership was presented on behalf of the Lodge by the first Exalted Ruler, Dr. James I. Anderson, to Mose Wiley, who for twenty-four years has served the Lodge as Tiler.

Building Plans of Various Lodges Are Approved

The Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Grand Trustees have approved the building plans of the following:

Baton Rouge, La., Lodge, No. 490, for enlargement and remodeling of its present Home. The reconstruction, which amounts to practically a new building, only the side walls of the old structure being retained, will include the installation of equipment to cost about \$120,000. The furnishings are estimated at \$15,000. The building when completed will be 50 x 128 feet with an "L" 48 x 85 feet across the rear. Lounge rooms, dressing rooms, grill and social rooms, bowling alleys, and a large dance hall will be features of the new structure.

Brawley, Calif., Lodge, No. 1420. The erection of a new Home to cost \$35,000 with furnishings to cost \$5,000, on a plot valued at \$5,000 already owned by the Lodge. The building will be of concrete, one and one-half stories high, with banquet hall, kitchen and gymnasium; lounge room, billiard room and a large Lodge room.

Brainerd, Minn., Lodge, No. 615. The erection of a three story and basement fire-proof brick building, with six stores on the main floor, and Lodge and Club rooms on the second and third, together with thirty living rooms on the second and third floors. The estimated cost is \$125,000 with furnishings at \$15,000. The Lodge already owns the building site.

Elko, Nev., Lodge, No. 1472. The erection of a three story, brick building 75 x 100 feet, with full basement; ground floor to be used for business purposes; front part of second story for club rooms; front part of third story for living rooms; remainder of second story (occupying about a story and a half) for combined Lodge room and ball room. The Lodge already owns the building site valued at \$9,000, and the estimated cost of the building is \$80,000 with furnishings at \$10,000.

Tyrone, Pa., Lodge, No. 212. Purchase of property for \$12,500 as a future building site.

Prominent Member of Porto Rico Lodge Passes Away

By the recent death of Andres Crosas, San Juan, Porto Rico, Lodge, No. 072, lost one of its most active and best loved members. Mr. Crosas was Chairman of the Lodge's Committee on Social and Community Welfare and was largely instrumental in formulating and executing the extensive charitable work conducted by San Juan Lodge. At the time of his death Mr. Crosas was attorney for the Federal Land Bank. For several years previously he had been United States District Attorney for Porto Rico.

His passing is a grievous loss to his Lodge and to his many friends in Porto Rico.

Juneau, Alaska, Lodge Takes Bowling Honors

A group of members from Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1429, braved the winter snows not long ago and invaded the city of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420, the purpose of this invasion being to settle the bowling championship of Alaska. A series of fifteen games were rolled by a ladies' team from both of these Lodges and also a fifteen game series between the men. Juneau Lodge carried off all the honors, defeating both of the visiting teams and taking the championship of Alaska.

The visiting members were royally treated while in Juneau, shows, dances, banquets and entertainments being in order every day. The trip was made to Juneau on the Steamship *Alaska* and the visitors were away from their city about twelve days.

First Secretary of Detroit, Mich., Lodge Honored at Dinner

When the older members of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, gave a dinner in honor of the Lodge's first Secretary, Anthony F. Wolf-schlager, it turned out to be one of the most successful functions, ever held in the Lodge. More than 100 Elks who have belonged to the Order for from fifteen to forty years, including more Past Exalted Rulers than have ever before assembled for a single occasion, turned out to welcome their comrade. Among those who enjoyed the dinner and festivities were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Aldrich Baxter, Exalted Ruler James Bonar, just elected for the fifth consecutive time, and Secretary John J. Collins.

San Joaquin Valley, Calif., Elks Hold Big Meeting

Many hundred members from the Lodges in the San Joaquin Valley foregathered in Merced, Calif., for the big get-together meeting held under the auspices of the San Joaquin Valley Elks General Committee. An initiation of a class of candidates, at which Exalted Rulers of Valley Lodges acted as officers, was followed by a number of addresses by distinguished members of the Order, among whom were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. E. Dayton, Exalted Ruler C. Fenton Nichols of San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, and Judge Mahan of Bakersfield.

At the conclusion of the Lodge session a program of entertainment by amateur and professional talent was given in the auditorium of Merced Lodge, No. 1240, after which supper was served.

The evening was one of the most successful and enjoyable ever held by this active group and the enthusiasm of both visitors and hosts indicated many more to come.

Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge Greets District Deputy M. B. Wilson

A banquet attended by many members and visitors, and the initiation of a large class of candidates marked the visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. B. Wilson to Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 333, his home Lodge. It was one of the most successful evenings in the history of the Lodge, and Mr. Wilson warmly complimented Exalted Ruler L. S. Snodgrass, the officers and members.

Sistersville Lodge has shown marked progress in the last year. The Lodge owns a handsome Home, centrally located, and containing every modern convenience. A well-organized Committee on Social and Community Welfare Work performs laudable service throughout the jurisdiction of the Lodge. In addition to a general distribution of necessities at Christmas, the Lodge has financially assisted many needy individuals in its community.

Providence, R. I., Lodge Pays Splendid Tribute to its Secretary

At a special session held recently some 500 members of Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, assembled in the Lodge room for the purpose of paying a tribute of love and affection to Harry W. Callender, who has served the Lodge as Secretary for twenty-nine consecutive years, and who was recently elected to serve another term. A committee of which the Hon. Thomas F. Cooney was chairman arranged a program which consisted of speeches by Exalted Ruler Duncan R. MacKenzie, B. M. Kessler, who was the father of the movement; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James N. Stover and Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight James F. Duffy. Mr. Cooney at the conclusion of a stirring address presented Mr. Callender with a beautiful testimonial of the members' appreciation. The speeches were interspersed with several excellent musical numbers.

Welfare Committee of Everett, Wash., Lodge Makes Report

The recent report of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 479, shows a very busy year in many fields of work. Cooperating with the County Medical Association and with individual physicians and surgeons, and with the County probation officers, the Committee has provided care for many unfortunate children suffering from such various handicaps as improper home surroundings, illness and deformity, lack of educational facilities, and so on. It has helped the Girl Reserves to secure a summer camp, and drawn up a program for civic betterment, which should help make its city one of the cleanest and best-governed municipalities in the Pacific northwest.

Duncan, Okla., Lodge Is Planning To Have New Home

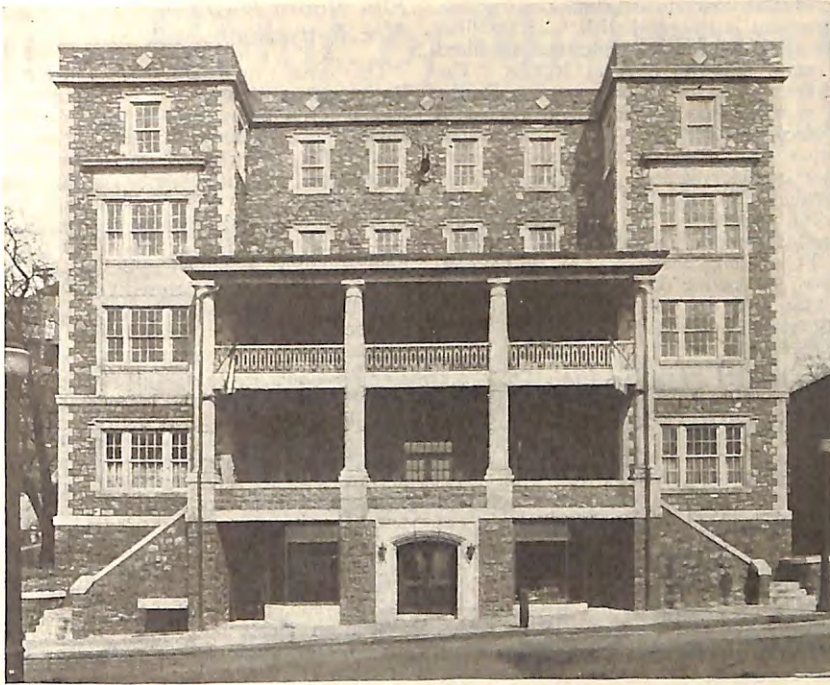
Duncan, Okla., Lodge, No. 1446, has had a substantial increase in membership since the first of the year, good-sized classes being initiated at every meeting. This growth of the Lodge has given fresh impetus to the project of a new Home, and plans are being formulated which should provide a handsome building before April, 1927.

San Luis Obispo and Salinas, Calif., Lodges Exchange Visits

A particularly successful fraternal visit was that paid by thirty or more members and officers of San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge, No. 322, to Salinas, Calif., Lodge, No. 614. The festivities opened with a delightful dinner served to members and guests in the banquet room of Salinas Lodge. Following this was a meeting and initiation, at which the San Luis Obispo officers initiated a class for their hosts. A social session, a number of excellent vocal solos and further refreshments in the banquet room closed an eve-



The recently dedicated Home of Fargo, N. D., Lodge, No. 260



The recently dedicated new Home of Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge, No. 395

ning marked by the finest spirit of fraternalism and good fellowship. The visit was later returned by a delegation from Salinas Lodge at which the visiting officers reciprocated by initiating a class for San Luis Obispo Lodge.

Whitehall, N. Y., Lodge Visited by District Deputy Joseph B. Mulholland

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Mulholland recently made his official visit to Whitehall, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1491, where he was greeted by an unusually large gathering of members. A class of candidates was initiated, and the ritual as exemplified by the officers of Whitehall Lodge called forth much praise, not only from District Deputy Mulholland but also from the other visiting officers. Previous to the meeting the District Deputy, the other distinguished guests, and representatives from neighboring Lodges, were guests at a banquet given at the Arlington Hotel.

An interesting episode of the meeting was the awarding of an honorary life membership to Exalted Ruler John J. Lusk for the work accomplished by him during his two years as Exalted Ruler.

Braddock, Pa., Elks Band Gives Fine Concert

The fine Elks Band of Braddock, Pa., Lodge, No. 883, is perhaps the leading organization of its kind in Western Pennsylvania. At a recent concert held in the Capitol Theatre at Braddock an audience of more than 2,000 persons accorded its performance a most enthusiastic ovation.

Tacoma Lodge to Entertain Washington State Elks Association

The annual convention of the Washington State Elks Association will be held at Tacoma, June 24, 25 and 26. Tacoma Lodge, No. 174, which recently entertained the midwinter meeting of the Association, will again act as host. Committees from among the members have been at work for some time preparing the program of entertainments, sports and business meetings which are expected to bring in the neighborhood of 10,000 Elks to the city.

Hastings, Neb., Lodge Home Loaned for Church Services

Since the destruction by fire a year ago of the Baptist Church in Hastings, Neb., the congregation have held their services in the Lodge room of Hastings Lodge, No. 159. The new church has just been finished and on the occasion of moving into it, the minister and members of the congregation publicly thanked Hastings Lodge for the fine community spirit it had shown.

Ionia, Mich., Lodge Shows Big Increase in Membership

Ionia, Mich., Lodge, No. 548, has made great headway during the last year in all its departments. Especially gratifying is the substantial increase in the membership which is now close to 900, representing a doubling of membership during the past seven years. The claim is made by Ionia Lodge that it is the largest Lodge with the finest Home in any city the size of Ionia.

St. Charles, Mo., Lodge Now Owns Home Free of Debt

St. Charles, Mo., Lodge, No. 690, paid off recently the last incumbrance on its Home and is now entirely free from debt. The handsome structure which houses this Lodge was purchased some ten years ago, and every year since then has seen some improvement made on the building.

Tillamook, Ore., Lodge Plays Host To American Legion

Tillamook, Ore., Lodge, No. 1437, recently held open house for the members of Tillamook Post, No. 47, of the American Legion. Exalted Ruler F. A. Beltz and other officers of the Lodge addressed the gathering and there was an excellent musical program.

Tillamook Lodge has a degree team which is much in demand by the Lodges in the district. Recently the team journeyed to McMinnville where they initiated a large class of candidates for McMinnville, Ore., Lodge, No. 1283.

Mena, Ark., Lodge Now Back In Rebuilt Home

Members of Mena, Ark., Lodge, No. 781, whose Home was damaged by fire last year, held a housewarming on the occasion of the completion of the remodeling of the handsome building. A feature of the festivities was the burning of a mortgage held on the Home, leaving it entirely free of debt. Though, in point of numbers, one of the smaller Lodges of the Order, the members have shown a fine spirit of loyalty in meeting their difficulties, and have established Mena Lodge on an enviably sound basis.

Frostburg, Md., Lodge Celebrates Twenty-seventh Anniversary

Frostburg, Md., Lodge, No. 470, recently celebrated the twenty-seventh anniversary of its institution with a large banquet which was attended by practically all of its members. Fol-

lowing the dinner and addresses, there was music by the Elks orchestra and a program of songs. Frostburg Lodge has shown excellent progress during the last year in all of its departments and the new Lodge year is a very promising one.

Gala Celebration Marks Silver Jubilee of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge

A great occasion for members of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, and for many visiting Elks from Southern California towns, was the celebration of the Lodge's twenty-fifth anniversary. A banquet at the Hotel Maryland, at which nearly 1,000 sat down, opened the festivities. Adjourning to the Lodge Home the members and their guests then enjoyed an open air concert by the famous Pasadena Elks Band, following which there was a reception by present and past officers. Many distinguished members of the Order were present, including a number of past and active District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers and officers of the California State Elks Association, several of whom spoke during the exercises in the Lodge room. A part of the evening's program, including addresses and renditions by the various musical units of the Lodge, was broadcast from Radio Station KPSN.

Pasadena Lodge, which now has approximately 2,000 members and owns a beautiful and spacious Home, was instituted with a charter membership of 76. It has always been active in the affairs of the Order and many of its members have served with distinction in Grand Lodge and State Association offices.

"Legends of the Roving Brothers" Is Delightful Reading

Sometime ago THE ELKS MAGAZINE received a most interesting illustrated book called "Legends of the Roving Brothers," containing the story of a motor-bus trip made by a group of Ohio Elks last year from Cleveland to Portland, Ore.—the scene of the Grand Lodge Convention. The leader of these adventurous travelers was John W. Kaufman of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37, Secretary to John G. Price, then Grand Exalted Ruler. Accompanying him were six of his friends, all members of the Order. The book, which recounts their unusual experiences, is delightfully written and has many amusing and beautiful pictures scattered throughout the text. We wish to thank Mr. Kaufman for his thoughtfulness in sending us this permanent record of his transcontinental trip.

Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge Dedicates Beautiful New Home

Members of Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge, No. 395, dedicated their beautiful new Home with several days of festivities and ceremonies. At the banquet and dance held in the Home some time before the dedication services, more than 700 members and guests sat down to the dinner and later enjoyed the dancing. Senator Robert Groat acted as toastmaster, while the chief speaker of the evening was Hon. Lawrence H. Rupp, of Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130, Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. During the course of the dinner the Bayonne Elks Quartet sang a number of selections which were enthusiastically applauded.

The formal dedication services were in charge of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard P. Rooney who was assisted by Thomas F. Macksey, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association; President William K. Devereux, of the New Jersey State Elks Association; John J. Campbell, Vice-President of the State Association; John H. Cose, Past Exalted Ruler of Plainfield Lodge, No. 885, and Hugh A. Moore. Following the ceremonies, Governor A. Harry Moore of New Jersey delivered the dedication address. Governor Moore, a former President of the State Association, felicitated the members on the erection of so fine a building, and spoke of the spirit of charity which pervades the whole Order, and is exemplified in the work of the welfare committees.

The fine new \$200,000 Home is four stories in

Accommodations

For Traveling Elks

Living accommodations are obtainable in any of the Subordinate Lodge Homes listed below.

Agana, Guam, Lodge No. 1281
 Albany, N. Y., Lodge No. 49
 Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge No. 461
 Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge No. 101
 Anaheim, Calif., Lodge No. 1345
 Austin, Texas, Lodge No. 207
 Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge No. 266
 Bellingham, Wash., Lodge No. 194
 Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge No. 436
 Boston, Mass., Lodge No. 10
 Bremerton, Wash., Lodge No. 1181
 Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge No. 36
 Bridgeton, N. J., Lodge No. 733
 Butte, Mont., Lodge No. 240
 Canton, Ill., Lodge No. 627
 Centralia, Wash., Lodge No. 1083
 Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4
 Coatesville, Pa., Lodge No. 1228
 Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge No. 1317
 Concord, N. H., Lodge No. 1210
 Decatur, Ind., Lodge No. 993
 Du Bois, Pa., Lodge No. 349
 East Liverpool, Ohio, Lodge No. 258
 Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge No. 402
 Erie, Pa., Lodge No. 67
 Flagstaff, Ariz., Lodge No. 499
 Florence, Colo., Lodge No. 611
 Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge No. 341
 Freeport, N. Y., Lodge No. 1253
 Fresno, Calif., Lodge No. 439
 Gloucester, Mass., Lodge No. 892
 Grafton, W. Va., Lodge No. 308
 Grass Valley, Calif., Lodge No. 538
 Haverhill, Mass., Lodge No. 165
 Hazleton, Pa., Lodge No. 200
 Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge No. 1485
 Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge No. 616
 Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge No. 13
 Johnson City, Tenn., Lodge No. 825
 Johnstown, Pa., Lodge No. 175
 Joplin, Mo., Lodge No. 501
 Kenosha, Wis., Lodge No. 750
 Kingston, N. Y., Lodge No. 550
 La Grande, Ore., Lodge No. 433
 Lake City, Fla., Lodge No. 893
 Lakeland, Fla., Lodge No. 1291
 Lamar, Colo., Lodge No. 1319
 Lancaster, Pa., Lodge No. 134
 Lebanon, Pa., Lodge No. 631
 Litchfield, Ill., Lodge No. 654
 Little Falls, Minn., Lodge No. 770
 Lorain, Ohio, Lodge No. 1301
 Louisville, Ky., Lodge No. 8
 Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99
 Manila, P. I., Lodge No. 761
 Meriden, Conn., Lodge No. 35
 Middleboro, Mass., Lodge No. 1274
 Milton, Pa., Lodge No. 913
 Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge No. 46
 Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge No. 44
 Missoula, Mont., Lodge No. 383
 Monessen, Pa., Lodge No. 773
 Muncie, Ind., Lodge No. 245
 Newark, N. J., Lodge No. 21
 New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge No. 756
 New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1
 North Adams, Mass., Lodge No. 487
 Olympia, Wash., Lodge No. 186
 Omaha, Neb., Lodge No. 39
 Passaic, N. J., Lodge No. 387
 Paterson, N. J., Lodge No. 60
 Pendleton, Ore., Lodge No. 288
 Pensacola, Fla., Lodge No. 497
 Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2
 Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge No. 11
 Plymouth, Mass., Lodge No. 1476
 Pocatello, Idaho, Lodge No. 674
 Pomona, Calif., Lodge No. 780
 Portland, Me., Lodge No. 188
 Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142
 Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge No. 275
 Providence, R. I., Lodge No. 14
 Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878
 Quincy, Ill., Lodge No. 100
 Quincy, Mass., Lodge No. 943
 Rochester, N. Y., Lodge No. 24
 Rockville, Conn., Lodge No. 1350
 Rutherford, N. J., Lodge No. 547
 Salem, Ohio, Lodge No. 505
 Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge No. 85
 San Antonio, Texas, Lodge No. 216
 San Francisco, Calif., Lodge No. 3
 Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge No. 794
 Scranton, Pa., Lodge No. 123
 Seattle, Wash., Lodge No. 92
 Silver City, N. M., Lodge No. 413
 Springfield, Ill., Lodge No. 158
 Springfield, Mass., Lodge No. 61
 St. Cloud, Minn., Lodge No. 516
 Sunbury, Pa., Lodge No. 267
 Susanville, Calif., Lodge No. 1487
 Sycamore, Ill., Lodge No. 1392
 Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge No. 592
 Tampa, Fla., Lodge No. 708
 Trenton, N. J., Lodge No. 105
 Troy, N. Y., Lodge No. 141
 Union Hill, N. J., Lodge No. 1357
 Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge No. 287
 Wonatchee, Wash., Lodge No. 1186
 Wichita, Kans., Lodge No. 427
 Winston-Salem, N. C., Lodge No. 449
 Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge No. 850
 York, Pa., Lodge No. 213

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

height, of steel, concrete and stone construction. The basement is equipped with four excellent bowling alleys, three pool tables and a billiard table, and shower-baths and lockers. The ground floor is occupied by store space. On the second is a spacious grill-room and kitchen, a large lounge, library and a ladies' room. The auditorium and gallery on the third floor have a seating capacity of 800. To the rear of the large stage are completely equipped dressing-rooms for performers. On the top floor are fourteen living-rooms for members and traveling Elks. Phillipsburg members are to be congratulated on having one of the finest Homes in the State, and one which compares favorably with those of many much larger cities.

Huntington, W. Va., Lodge In Active Period

Closing one year which has seen much widespread activity in charitable, social and Lodge affairs, Huntington, W. Va., Lodge, No. 313, is now embarked upon another which promises even greater progress. As an initial step it has been holding a selective membership campaign resulting in approximately 200 new applications. Enthusiasm among the members is at a high pitch and should carry No. 313 to a leading place among the Lodges of its district. Among recent improvements to its Home are a fully equipped gymnasium and new bowling alleys.

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge Supplying Scholarships

As this was being written, the Social and Community Welfare Committee of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, was engaged in the selection of a young man to be awarded in the name of No. 3, a scholarship in one of the universities in California. There are at the present time two holders of such scholarships, the college records of both of whom are most gratifying to the committee.

Large Membership Increase Reported By St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge

St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, No. 1224, has shown marked progress in the last year. Since moving into its handsome new Home on January 1, 1924, when its membership was 700, this Lodge has practically doubled the names on its roster. Financially, also, St. Petersburg Lodge is in a most enviable position, owning property well worth \$600,000 against which there is only a comparatively small indebtedness.

Famous Chess Player in Matches At Seattle, Wash., Lodge

Seven Seattle chess clubs were represented in the match played by Dr. Edward Lasker, holder of many championships, against thirty opponents in the Home of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92. It was the largest chess gathering ever seen in Seattle and resulted in a movement to organize a city Chess League. Two players won against Dr. Lasker, and four drew their games, among them a member of the Elks Chess Club.

Watertown, Wis., Lodge Celebrates Twenty-fifth Anniversary

One of the most interesting and inspiring events ever held by Watertown, Wis., Lodge, No. 666, was the recent celebration of its twenty-fifth birthday when several hundred members and distinguished guests were entertained at dinner in the dining room of the Lodge Home. A number of speakers dwelt upon the history of the Lodge while others spoke of its present and future. Judge John C. Karel, a member of the Grand Lodge Social and Community Welfare Committee, delivered the principal address and others who spoke were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Sidney M. Jones, of Kenosha, Wis., Lodge, No. 750; Hon. J. E. McAdams, Mayor of Watertown and a Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, who acted as toastmaster; Hon. H. Wertheimer, a charter member, and Exalted Ruler F. W. Koenig.

A splendid musical program provided by the Elks Trio and the newly organized chorus of the Lodge rounded out a memorable evening.

Elks Mourn Death of Mrs. Betty Bacharach

The death, on March 22, of Mrs. Betty Bacharach, of Atlantic City, N. J., marked the passing of a figure known and admired not alone in her community but throughout the State. Elks everywhere will, we are sure, join this magazine in extending to the family of Mrs. Bacharach sincere condolence in their bereavement. The life and influence of Mrs. Bacharach was described with so much sympathy and understanding in an editorial by the *Atlantic City Press*, that it is reprinted herewith:

"All that is mortal of Mrs. Betty Bacharach will be carried to the grave to-day, but her life continues in all its effectiveness through those who are living who have been enriched by her good deeds and influenced by her gentle ministrations.

"It is a remarkable life record that is left by this mother of distinguished sons—a record that impresses with vividness the fact that all she has accomplished was the fruit of her lifetime and not a development after her hands were folded in that last sleep that awaits us all.

"Born near Berlin, Germany, she came to this country an orphan at the age of fifteen, and in Philadelphia, became the wife of Jacob Bacharach, an ideal union that meant domestic happiness through the early struggles and later prosperity of the passing years. They possessed no wealth, but they had each other and it was enough. It was in 1872 that they came to Atlantic City and opened a small store, but it was not until 1880 that they decided to locate here permanently because of Mrs. Bacharach's health.

"What Atlantic City has gained by that good fortune its people appreciate. Prosperity came gradually, and the mother before she closed her eyes on earth beheld with natural pride their sons, all of them bank presidents, one prominent in the councils of the nation as a favorite Congressman, and another once a mayor of this seaside resort, while in Longport stands a memorial for never-ending good, the Betty Bacharach Home for crippled kiddies, named in her honor by grateful sons and donated to the local lodge of Elks.

"How many wants have been relieved by Mrs. Bacharach's quiet charities, none will ever know. Her kindnesses extended to all parts of the city, and she worked for others indefatigably. Ripe in years, serene in mind until the last, she has laid down her tasks and bidden farewell to the things on earth. Death to such a being is only a transition to happier existence. Her greater reward is yet to come."

The first step in a ten-year building program intended to make the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children at Longport, N. J., one of the finest institutions of its kind in the country will be taken May 2. On that day ground will be broken for two modern, fireproof additions to the Home. One, given by the Bacharach family, as a memorial to their mother, will be an administration building; the other, given by the Ladies' Auxiliary of Atlantic City Lodge, No. 276 and Congressman Isaac Bacharach, is to contain fifty beds and the latest therapeutic equipment.

"Old Ironsides" Relic Owned by Member of Nashua, N. H., Lodge

George E. Kimball, a member of Nashua, N. H., Lodge, No. 720, is the owner of a most interesting relic of *Old Ironsides*. It is a ship's lantern, and was last used in the battle of Fort Fisher. Mr. Kimball has received many offers for the lantern, but he has declined to sell it. When *Old Ironsides* is rehabilitated, he will return it to the ship where it hung years ago.

Panama Canal Zone Lodge Entertains Visiting Sailors

When the combined Battle and Scouting fleets of our Navy were stationed for manoeuvres recently off the Pacific entrance to the Panama Canal, Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, through the courtesy of the Century Club, played host to many of the men. There were 167 ships in all with a personnel of over 38,000.

(Continued on page 74)

New Home of Michigan City, Ind., Lodge

Handsome Building Was Recently Dedicated

CROWDS of spectators, representatives from many Lodges in the State, and a large number of Grand Lodge officers were present at the dedication of the handsome new Home of Michigan City, Ind., Lodge, No. 432. The ceremony was conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Hascall Rosenthal and among those who participated in the exercises were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, who delivered the dedicatory address; Fred C. Robinson, Grand Secretary; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Alpha B. Hanson and a number of other distinguished members of the Order from Indiana and other States.

Following the formal dedication in the afternoon a large banquet was served that evening in the Spaulding Hotel at which close to 300 were present. Past Exalted Ruler Harry K. Kramer, of Michigan City Lodge, acting as Toastmaster, introduced the speakers of the evening, among whom were Hon. Martin T. Krueger, Chairman of the Building Committee and ex-Mayor of Michigan City; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning; Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson; and Charles E. Witt, Assistant to the Grand Secretary. District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Rosenthal and Hanson and several Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge also addressed the diners.

In addition to the formal dedication and the banquet, the Lodge celebrated the completion of its new Home by the initiating

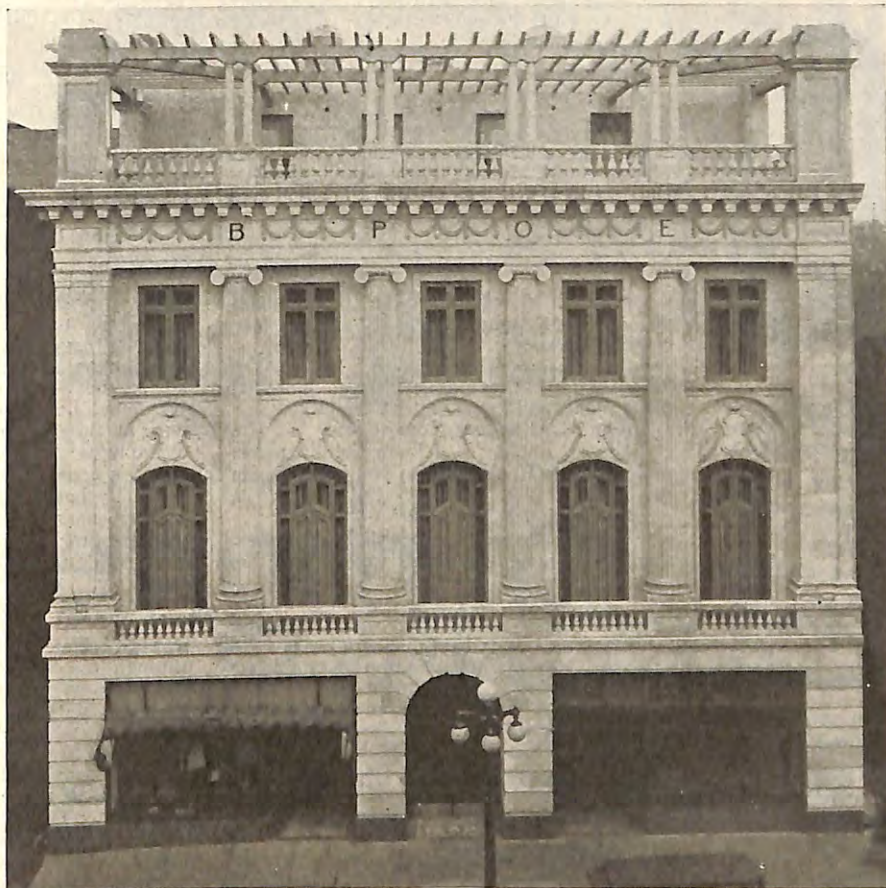
of two large classes of candidates, bringing its membership close to the 1,000 mark. The week's program of festivities was brought to a close by a grand ball in the new Home.

nished throughout. One of the most striking rooms is the Lodge room located on the third floor. This, the largest room in the building, is also equipped with a full-size stage, fitted with heavy velvet curtains. This is located behind the station of the Exalted Ruler which is so arranged that it may be telescoped under the stage and so removed when the floor is to be used for dancing or the stage for performances. The room also has a large gallery with seating capacity of approximately 150 persons. Another feature of the Home is its roof garden, a spacious and delightfully arranged place which should prove popular among the members during the warm days and nights of summer.

Exclusive of the lot and furnishings the new Home represents an investment of close to \$200,000 on the part of the membership. The Elks of Michigan City have a right to be proud of their achievement, for it is a fitting monument to their energy and enterprise and to the large and important part they play in the life of their community.

The new Home is situated at 518-520 Franklin Street, in one of the most desirable locations of the city. Ground was broken for the structure in March, 1925, and the cornerstone was laid on October 26, 1925, the ceremonies being in charge of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Hascall

Rosenthal. Martin T. Krueger delivered the cornerstone laying address and the occasion was marked by the attendance of a number of Grand Lodge officers.



The new building is one of the most magnificent structures of its kind to be found anywhere in the State. It is beautiful architecturally and is completely equipped and handsomely fur-

The Stone Mountain Memorial Half-Dollars

A SOLID mass of bare granite larger than the Rock of Gibraltar, without a shrub or a blade of grass upon it, Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, Georgia, is the block upon which the greatest monument ever sculptured by man is to be carved. A memorial to the soldiers of the South who fought in the war of the States, this colossal carving will outlive our civilization—will carry, perhaps, into another geologic age, the story of their valor. Across the sheer, thousand-foot-high face of the mountain, statesmen and generals, cavalymen, artillerymen and infantrymen will take their places in an unending march.

The figures of this undying army will be carved in three units. Those of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, in the central group, will be enormous, that of General Lee alone being 150 feet high. Those in the great panorama of marching troops formed by the remaining groups will not be of quite the same heroic proportions, but their mighty dimensions will dwarf into insignificance all other sculptures of the world.

Underneath the group of central figures, at the base of Stone Mountain, will be the Memorial



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A. B. HOGART

Hall, dedicated to the women of the South. It will be of classic design, with majestic columns. In front of it will be a lagoon, so constructed as to reflect the Monument and Memorial Hall upon its placid waters. The approach to Memorial Hall will be by a causeway of forty-eight steps—one for each of the States of the Union—and in front of this will be an avenue of trees.

That all Americans, whether of the North or South or of the new West that has sprung up since the days of the war, may have an opportunity to take their part in perpetuating the memory of the heroes of the lost cause, the Government of the United States has sanctioned the minting of five millions of specially designed half-

dollar pieces. These coins, bearing a replica of part of the memorial, are being sold for their face value to the Stone Mountain Monumental Association, and the Association given the right to resell them for \$1.00 each. The premium of fifty cents paid for the coin goes toward defraying the expenses of the monument.

This special half-dollar is unique in American coinage. It is the first United States coin ever struck to bear equestrian figures; the first to bear the likenesses of soldiers, or in their memory; the first ever struck as a memorial to a cause or an attribute of character—the inscription reads "Memorial to the Valor of the Soldiers of the South"; it is ten times larger than any previous special mintage.

Of these five million coins, something more than one and one-half millions have already been sold. Enough money has already been raised to carve the first unit, and funds are now being received at the rate of from five thousand to ten thousand dollars a day to carve the other two.

They may be obtained from banks, from the National Headquarters of the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association in Atlanta, or from the various State headquarters.

5 Definite AFTER-SHAVING Comforts



AFTER your morning shave, do you dust your face with powder? Or do you simply rinse off the lather? Either is wrong. Powders rob the skin of natural moisture—the newly-shaven skin needs special care.

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5. It conserves needed moisture in the skin (powders absorb this—leave the skin dry). Aqua Velva keeps it as soft and smooth as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

Try Aqua Velva at our expense; mail the coupon for generous trial bottle free. Aqua Velva costs 50c for the large 5-ounce bottle (60c in Canada). By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it. Costs almost nothing a day—only a few drops needed.

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Please send me free trial bottle of Aqua Velva.

The Wreck of the Red Wing

(Continued from page 35)

afloat in each, looking into the fiery blue of Bowen's eyes; Laurie's ivory hands held fast in the strong brown sailor fingers. A Romeo and Juliet love, a passion-flower of the tropics, born in a day, but not destined, for these lovers of the dominant white race, to die in a day, or in a lifetime.

"When I saw you to-day," said Laurie, "the air was all in a minute full of little gold lines wavering about, so that I couldn't see anything else, and I felt I should fall down. Paul—" he had her hands in his, and they were standing face to face, in the solitude of the empty sands—"Paul, what is that?"

"HASN'T any man ever told you? By God, they must be a fish-blooded crowd about this part of the world, if you haven't been told that and a lot more—my beauty! Love, Laurie. For me, Laurie. By God, it was a great idea to shut up a little beauty like you on a desert island, to make you wait for me; what do you think?"

He was half laughing as he spoke, but the girl did not laugh; instead a sudden terror crept into her eyes.

"I don't know what to think," she breathed. "He was almost making love to me himself the other night, and he doesn't let things go."

"Who dared to make love to you?"

"Almost, I said. I—I know the difference—now. It was Uncle Pascoe; you know he isn't my uncle."

"Isn't—what is he, then?"

"Nobody knows. I'm adopted. He has always given me everything I wanted, and been very good to me, but—"

"I say, though, I've heard of this. They all say in Thursday Island that you're his—his—"

"Daughter," supplied Laurie. "I'm not that, whatever I am. Aunt Susan—Oh, Paul, why did she die? I did like her, more than she ever—I meant to say, Aunt Susan used to dislike me, for a long time, because she thought—that. But somehow she got to know it wasn't so, and then she was always kind. Daddy Bertie was kind too. People have always been kind, ever so much care was always being taken of me, but—"

She paused a moment, trying to find words. "But—it left a hollow, cold place here"—she struck her heart. "I never knew it was so cold till you came. It's not cold now. . . ."

"Listen, Laurie," he said drawing her closer. "Listen. I have to go on one more voyage for Pascoe. I start again to-night."

"Oh!" she gave a little moan, like a dove who sees her mate take wing. "Oh! must you?"

"I must, honey-lass, because I've been a fool in a way I'm never going to be again—spent all my money, and left myself with just my clothes and my instruments, and not another rap or rag. If I leave him without notice, I'm broke. The contract's an odd one; it allows unusually short notice—six weeks on either side. He gave me notice to-day—"

"Why? Why?"

"Well, he said it was because I hadn't bullied the poor devils of divers to make 'em give up their pearls, which aren't in the bargain unless they like to sell. That's what he said. Maybe he doesn't like the cut of my jib, or the color of my eyes. Anyhow, I'm to take the "Susan" up the Fly for recruiting, and when I come back, the notice will be out, and I'm to go. Ten weeks' salary, in all, will be a bit of a nest-egg to start on, and if you'll wait for me, honey-lass, we'll go down to Thursday Island together, and get the parson or the Magistrate to make all fast. Eh? What do you say? Can you hold on till then?"

"Take me with you," was all her answer. She clasped her slim hands round his arm; the fingers felt like steel.

"Take you? Now, girlie, be reasonable. Even if they let you go—"

"No one need know. Take me! I can't stay."

The young captain held her, laughingly, at arm's length, swaying her about so that she could feel the power of his grasp.

"Now aren't you the unreasonable darling? How could I take you up to New Guinea among the cannibal kings, where you'd get eaten?"

"It's only a hundred miles, and I'm not afraid. I'm more afraid to stay. Couldn't you—hide me?"

"I could not, Laurie. You don't know what you're asking. What are you afraid of? Old Pascoe?"

"Yes." She spoke uncertainly. She knew she could not make him see, feel, as she saw and felt. What evidence was there of any ill intent? Yet the very flesh on her bones was stirred with certainty of coming storm.

"Afraid he'll want to marry you, now his wife's kicked the bucket?"

"I—think so. But Paul—I never would."

"Of course you wouldn't, and the school-master chap would back you out. People can't be made to marry other people."

"Can't they? Can't they? Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. Why, the marriage wouldn't be legal. I don't see that you need trouble about that or anything else—my girl. You'll not forget you're mine. Here's to help you to remember." Again he kissed her. Sunset was coming; he had yet much to do, and they dared not risk being seen together. "Goodbye, for a little, my sweetness," he cried, and left her on the beach, a small shining figure, white against the blue, alone.

I found her some while later; she was still lying on the coral, cold, through all the warmth of the tropic evening.

"He's gone away," she said to me, as I took her chilly hand, and coaxed her to rise. Until we were nearly home, she said no more, and then she broke out—

"Herod's sent him a hundred miles away—to the Fly."

"The Fly!" I cried. In those days, the very name of the great New Guinea River was a word of terror. Even to-day, twenty-five years through a century that was not born when Bowen came to Farewell, you cannot sail up the huge, dark Fly River for more than a few days, without meeting trouble. Murray, and before him Macgregor, and other Governors less notable, fought, labored, explored, pacified, for years, to make the lower hundreds of the river safe. They did so; but to-day the upper Fly it still what the lower river was in my time and in Bowen's—a death-trap for the unwary.

But it was (as it is) a fine recruiting ground for labor. When you had caught your wild Fly native, tamed him, taught him and fed him, he became an asset of no small value. Herod used Fly labor almost altogether for the crews of his shelling boats, though the diving work was given to Manilas and Japs. He was absolutely fearless, and liked doing difficult jobs; up to this, he had run his own recruiting, and returned triumphantly, after each hazardous trip, the cutter and her attendant launch loaded with "boys." Now, it seemed, he proposed sending Paul Bowen, with the new, big boat. Well, it was a natural idea enough, and probably Bowen would come to no harm, but—

THE Thursday Island ketch had been sighted beyond the reef just on to dark; she was sure to be in with break of day to-morrow. Then would come the difficulty of obtaining passage on her. . . . What difficulty? That I did not know—but I knew Herod.

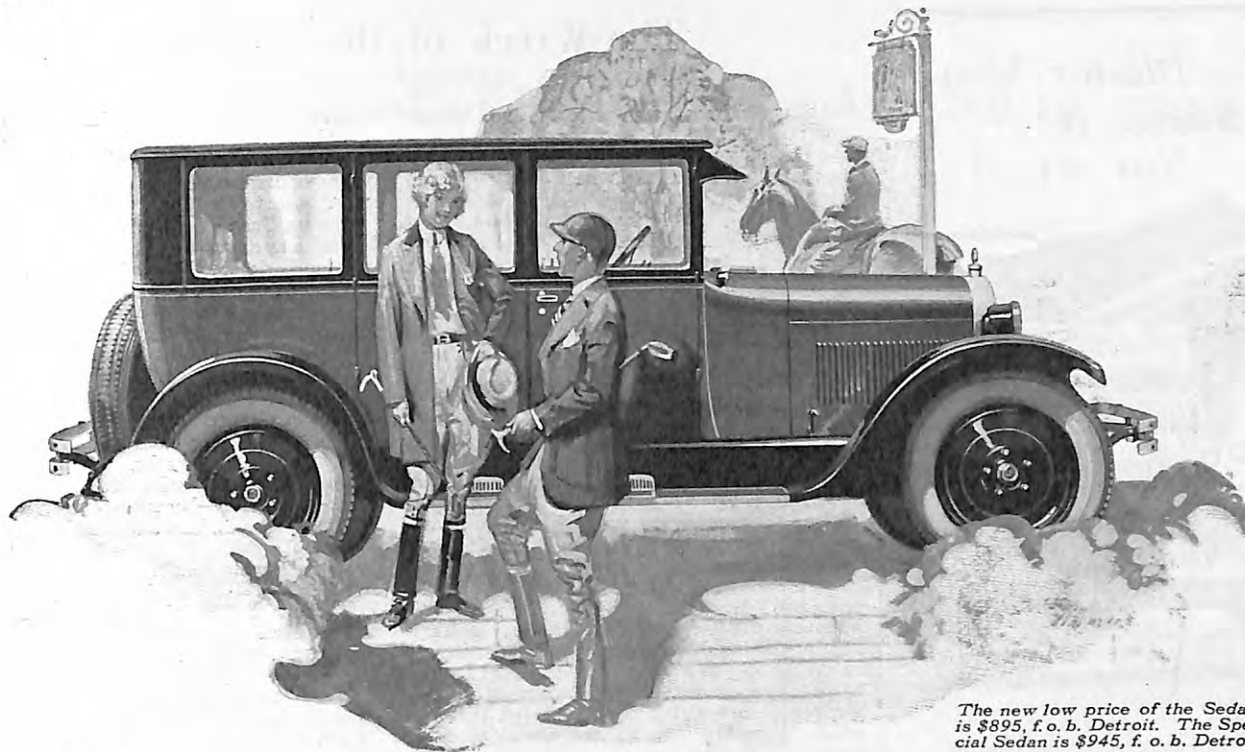
"I'm the best man," I said to myself. "I've as good a brain as he has, and a better body, now, and I'm a bit younger, and I know what he's up to—more or less. What's there to be afraid of?"

But I was afraid. I could not sleep. I lay stiff and unresponsive, every sense on the alert, listening, but not to the sea; waiting, not for dawn. And at last, that for which I was waiting came.

It was near on to two o'clock; the late moon, tired and gibbous, looked down out of a huge, pewtery shield set high in the heavens. The wash-wash of the tide had died; for a long way, you could see bared sands, white in the moon, and toothed with pale coral rock. Everything was clear, nothing had any substance; the world was like something that you had imagined in a dream, and imagined rather badly. . . .

I was up and at the window; I had tired of my bed. The smell of the reef came blowing, a

(Continued on page 50)



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The Wreck of the Red Wing

(Continued from page 48)

scent as of moss and wetness and strange fishes; a bird, in the thin forest, waked, and sent out its craking call. "It's frightened," I thought, "some snake is near its nest," and then, in the milky twilight, I saw, down the beach, that which had waked the bird. And it was not a snake, it was Herod Pascoe.

I waited. In the room opposite, Laurie slept, the Manila women at her feet. There was a pistol in my desk. If necessary. . . . But my inner self sent out no warning; that was not to be the way. What, then?

The tall, unshapely figure came stalking; white-clothed, it almost seemed to melt away into the pale background of the beach. I could hear footsteps now. Herod was not disguising his approach. Why had he chosen this hour?

Putting my head out of the window, I asked him, loudly. He said nothing at all in reply till he was close under the walls of the house, and then pausing at the door, he said, in his harsh cornrake voice—"Wake her up and bring her out. I want to talk to her."

He had waked her already. Laurie was standing at the window, her long black hair cascading over a white nightgown.

"What do you want with me?" asked Laurie, with a level glance. I was amazed at first to see her so brave; but I remembered that the weakest creature can be courageous when it loves, and marvelled no longer.

"I want to talk," he repeated. "You needn't be scared of me. Dress yourself and come out here. Bert can come too if he likes."

Pascoe had lit a cigar while he was waiting. I think he wanted to be sure of his nerve. When he saw her coming, he threw it away, and took a step towards her.

"Listen," he said, "and you, Bert, listen too; I want no nonsense from anyone; and by God and by—" here he added stronger oaths—"I'll take none."

We were silent. "To-morrow evening," he said, biting off each word, "a schooner will call here with a parson. He will marry Laurie and myself. He'll get away with the high tide again immediately after. As soon as the sun's up next morning I'll order Tom to take the fast launch out and run for Two Brothers Island. Bowen will be there, half way to the Fly, he's had to leave some time-expired boys, so he won't have gone beyond. Bowen will come back with Tom—if I send the order."

He paused. I heard Laurie's breathing, deep and ragged as the breathing of one under torture, but she did not speak.

Herod went on. "Last time I was up the Fly I had a fight at Kapina village, and killed a lot of men and women. Bowen's to call at Kapina, by my orders. Now, if he reaches this place—if he's not stopped at Two Brothers—they'll ambush and capture him, sure; they'll be waiting for that. They will probably torture him. Put out his eyes, tear his nails off, break his arms and legs and put him in a stream for twenty-four hours to make him tender for roasting. They won't kill him even then. They'll hang him alive over the fire, and sit round listening to him, yelling, while the skin bursts and the fat drops into the—"

"Pascoe, for God's sake!" I interrupted. Laurie had fallen back against the doorpost, and was uttering terrible small cries, like a hurt child.

"You devil," I shouted. "You have us in your power here, but there's law and order in Australia. You can't—"

"There's no law and order up the Fly," he said coolly. He had lit another cigar; it hung from one corner of his mouth as he talked. "You can't best me," he went on. "You know what I've said's true. It needn't happen; that's for her to say. If she has any common sense, the fast launch goes out in twenty-eight hours from now, and Bowen comes back. If not, he goes on up the Fly, and all the crying in the world won't save him. Well?"

CHAPTER V

OH, I could see, the cunning way in which he had made use of Paul—at first an obstacle—to further his own ends. With such

a lever in his hand, he could bend Laurie like a reed. The demoniac cleverness of it all left me dumb. Laurie, the child who was no child now, stood speechless too. What was there for either of us to say?

Always, Pascoe had been one who knew when his nail was driven home. He knew now. Without another word, he stalked away, gigantic in the waning moon, and left us planted there.

Laurie was silent for a moment, and then she turned to me, panting like a little hare run down, and cried, amazingly—

"Daddy Bertie, Daddy Bertie, who am I?"

I could not answer her.

"I—I'd give my life to know," she went on, sentences tumbling over one another, running wildly into gasps and sobs. "He'd do murder—" ("He has," I thought bitterly.) "He'd do worse—anything—because of me. He doesn't love me—oh, yes, he wants me, but it isn't that. What is it?"

Before I could speak, she went on.

"Think! think! It's your job to think. You've more education and everything than anyone here. You've got to tell me something—help me somehow. I'm only a little—Can't you think of anything? Can't you save—"

"Keep quiet, Laurie," I said, putting my hand on her thin arm, that burned like fire. "I can save you."

Laurie's wild grief spurred me. Most of all, the thought of Susan spurred me—Susan, with her nobility, her patience, her grace that had been as the grace of a sweet garden flower—Susan, dead, disfigured.

"Tossed with tangle and with shells"

in the depths of cruel Torres Straits. And my mind, thus driven, answered. I knew what to do.

More, I guessed at the secret. But it was not the time to tell Laurie.

"My dear child," I answered, "who you are doesn't matter at this moment. It's what we're going to do. Come a little further away from the house," I said; for I was not minded to have the women hear us; I thought they had already heard too much. "Come on and we'll see about it. . . . For God's sake, Laurie, don't cry like that. I'll get you out of it."

She had broken down at last; she was sobbing terribly, as only the very young can sob.

I saw I should have a fit of hysterics on my hands in another minute. "Laurie, I'll duck you in the sea if you don't stop."

She reined herself in. "What are you—" she began.

"Keep cool," I said, "and let's go over it. Pascoe has some exceedingly strong reason for wishing to marry you. He says that he will send out the fast launch which is the only thing in these waters that'll catch up the "Susan," if you marry him to-morrow. The launch is to go on the morning after the marriage. If you refuse, it doesn't go. Don't interrupt; we must get this straight. Now, we must give him the credit of having laid his plans effectively. Whatever first comes into your head he's thought of. You—"

"I meant to get a boat and run away with it," she broke in.

"There's not a man in the fleet would dare to take your orders or mine. If you got a canoe—which you might do—where would you be? You couldn't get to Two Brothers without being overtaken by the launch. Cut that out. I thought of the parson—it seems as if there were a way there; one could get him alone, and confide in him, and anyhow a forced marriage is not binding."

"No? But then—how does he think he'd keep me?"

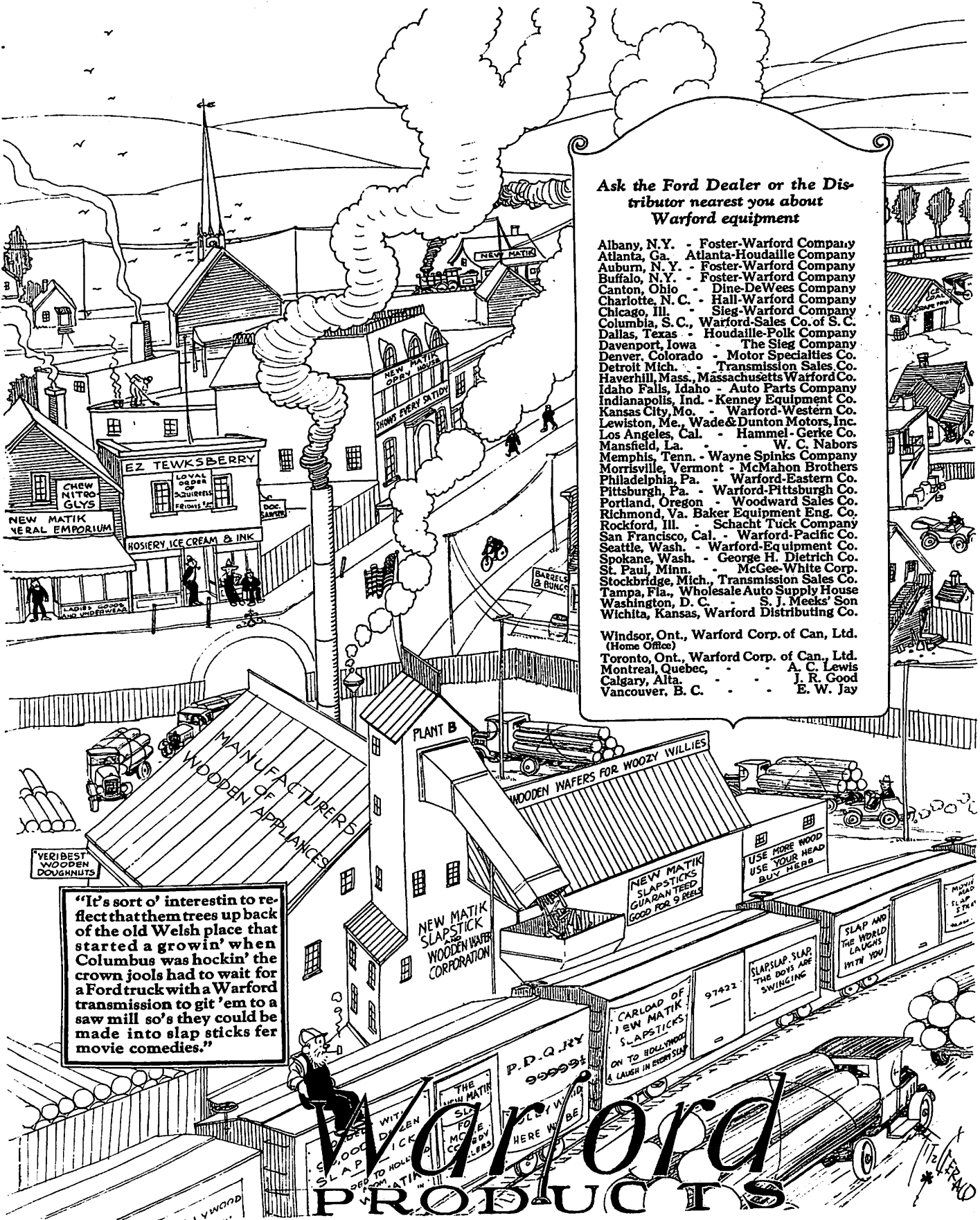
"My child, he thinks—rightly—that you wouldn't deny the marriage if it takes place. For your own sake."

Under the pale moon, I saw the color mount in her cheeks. She was silent.

"About the parson—well, it looks so easy that I'm dashed sure he's provided against it. We should be wasting time if we considered anything but the one question—how to save you, if the marriage goes through. You see, its going through would save Paul in any case."

(Continued on page 52)

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The Wreck of the Red Wing

(Continued from page 50)

CHAPTER VI

"Paul," she said with set teeth, "would rather die—rather I died."

"Yes, but nobody's going to die probably." I reserved a corner of meaning there; it was no time for scruples. "Listen carefully. I know these reefs and everything on them as I know my own room. And I've learned a lot about the natives; you see, anthropology and biology are among my—well, let that go. The point is that there's something here, under your feet almost, that can save you."

"What?" Her eyes, like trapped birds fluttering in the snow, stared at me, quivering, out of her pallid face.

"There's a small black shellfish in a good many of the pools. It looks harmless—well, it has two or three little spines projecting from the shell, and they're not harmless. I'll get you one. . . . You must make a condition with Pascoe before the marriage. Pretend to distrust him—"

"I do."
"And insist that Tom, the black captain, is to get his orders overnight, in your hearing, that he's to hold the launch ready and start at dawn unless Pascoe countermands the order."

"Yes? Yes?"
"Hide one of those shellfish in your hand, and for God's sake be careful not to prick yourself. Keep it till it's needed. Then, Laurie, scratch at him with the points; don't let him see it, and he'll only think you're cattish and using your nails. . . . He'll not countermand that order."

"What does it do?"
"Much what a snake does, and about as quick."

"Will he die?"
"Probably not. But he'll be pretty exclusively occupied with Herod Pascoe for twelve or fourteen hours."

"Why don't you kill him for me?" she asked fiercely. "Why do you care?"

I looked at her; at the dusk hair, the long, dusk, beautiful eyes, lit with strange fires that we of England hardly know. "Proof upon proof," I said to myself, thinking of the sum that I had so nearly figured out.

"I should probably have some difficulty in explaining to you why I do care," I answered her, "but that doesn't matter. The point is that we could not do a more foolish thing. The island would boil over like a pot, if it were known that the master was dead. Probably the labor would start looting and murdering at once. We want to cripple him, not kill; we can reckon on Bowen attending to all that's necessary as soon as Tom brings him back. Time, time—that's what we need, you and I, Laurie; and a bit of craft to set against his villainy. But all the same—"

I paused; she kept her eyes on me.
"All the same, Laurie, if you fail—then call me, and I'll put a bullet through his brain as sure as Paul himself would do it."

"I've seen you shoot birds" she said, nodding.
We had been walking back; now we were at the cottage once more. "Goodnight," I said. I was going to add something more, I don't know what; but my mouth was stopped by the sudden strong pressure of Laurie's fresh young lips on mine. Twice she kissed me, once she hugged me, and was gone.

I won't give the name of the little crustacean I was looking for; the reasons are obvious. But any marine biologist who knows his Pacific will know.

You can use the things two ways—either as I had told Laurie to use it, or else (surer and more deadly) as an ordinary poison, boiled down and administered in food. The latter is the usual way. But, as I had said, I did not want to kill Pascoe if it could be helped. Further, I did not think it would be possible to circumvent his cunning, so far as to use poison of any kind. If I had thought so, I knew of narcotics enough. But, following the almost certain trend of his mind, I guessed he would be ready to suspect food or drink. Not for him the classical situation of the poisoned cup offered by an unwilling bride. . . .

I got the shellfish, after some hunting about. Under the moon, I laid the deadly little thing in my palm, and looked at it, wondering over nature and her strange ways.

IF EVER in my life I have had cause to be thankful for a trained, fixed habit of study, it was on the day fixed for the marriage of Laurie and Herod Pascoe.

Until the arrival of the schooner, there was nothing anyone could do, nothing to think about but horrors. It was a day of fearful heat. From sunrise on, the air was motionless; the burnt-blue sky, clear of all clouds, hung low above the island like the hot, polished lid of a cooking pot. . . .

On such a day, with such thoughts in one's mind as Herod had sown about Farewell Island, a man might well have feared for nerve and sanity. I kept mine by work. From morning till late afternoon, I sat at my table, books piled about me, hunting up references, tracing proofs, in the course of a scientific theory that I have since made mine. Near sunset, Conchita came in, and I asked her what Laurie was doing. I had not seen the child for an hour or two.

"She had gone to the jetty," answered Conchita. "She would see the schooner which makes to come."

The schooner! I seized my sun-helmet, and almost ran down the road. Now, we should secure one more figure in the problem set us by Herod. Now, we should see how he meant to get over the difficulty of marriage with an unwilling girl, before a qualified minister. They were not over-particular about anything in North Queensland, in those days, but surely—

My thoughts stopped like the pendulum of a clock that is jarred; then went violently on. Herod had got us again. The parson was black.

HERE, I saw at once, was one of the new native missionaries who had been given almost as much latitude as their white teachers; who could baptize, bury, celebrate marriages, among natives and half castes, being fully licensed by the Queensland Government. Nobody had ever heard of one of them marrying a white couple. But that it was legally possible, I could not doubt.

Where was our appeal now? What would this nigger, naturally prone to follow and obey the strongest, think of a protest against the will of Pascoe, who had doubtless arranged everything beforehand, and satisfied the teacher that all was right?

The parson seemed to me not too bad a fellow. I wasn't down on him as a native missionary;—but I was down on Pascoe, fruitless though that might be, for making use of such a tool for his purpose.

There was no more time for thinking, however. The native parson was beside us, and Pascoe, with the utmost calmness, had introduced him to Laurie and myself.

"This is the Rev. Willie Coolibah," he told us. "He's going to marry us as quick as he can, and then go to Wakopo Island; he wants to visit some of his flock down there. Willie's an old friend of mine, and Tom's; in fact he's Tom's brother."

"Yes, my brother is the captain of Mr. Pascoe's fleet," agreed Willie, with a toothy grin.

"He's not, Captain Bowen is," snapped Laurie, shooting a fiery glance at the parson. Willie Coolibah did not seem to be a person of acute perceptions; he merely grinned again in reply.

"Shall we now proceed to hold the divine ceremony?" he asked.

"We will," answered Herod, leading the way into the house.

"Shall we first engage in prayer," asked Willie. He had put down his hat and his umbrella carefully on the verandah rail, and was opening his great gilt prayerbook.

"We shall not," was Herod's reply. "Not if you want to get clear of the reef before dark."

"I do, boss, I do," answered the native, eagerly, forgetting his pose for a moment. "That's a nasty reef, boss—I find the place, sir." He began flirting over the leaves. "Dearly beloved," he began.

"Wait a second," interrupted Pascoe. "This paper has to be read and signed. Listen." He unfolded a sheet of note, and read aloud—

(Continued on page 54)



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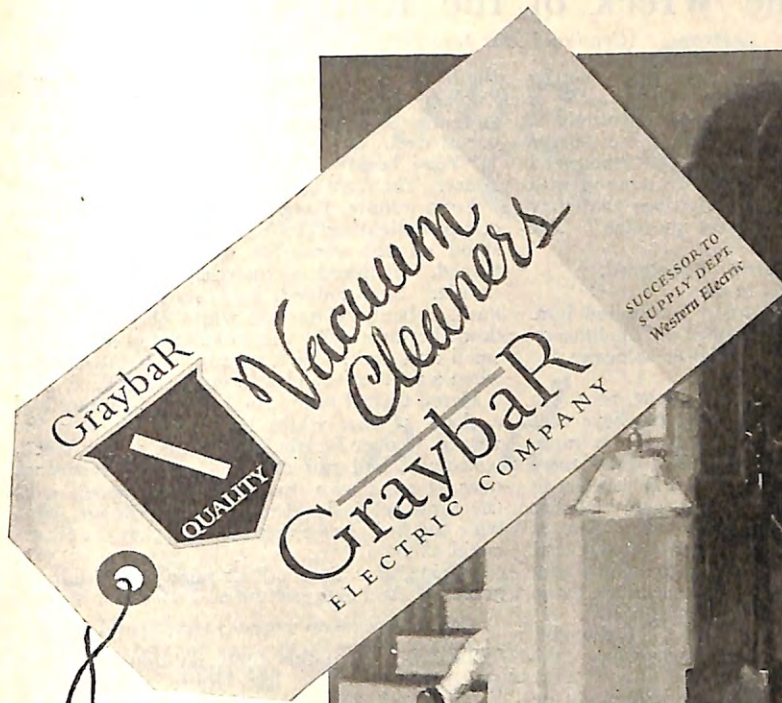
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The Wreck of the Red Wing

(Continued from page 52)

"I, Laurie, known as Laurie Pascoe, hereby declare that I am marrying Herod Pascoe of Farewell Island, North Queensland, entirely of my own free will, and that, having no parents living, or other relatives who can be found, and being under age, I make this declaration with the view of meeting any objections that may hereafter be made against the marriage." The date followed.

"Sign that," said Herod. She signed.

"Witness it," he said to me.

"I'll see you damned first," I answered him.

"Not necessarily," he replied with politeness.

"Mr. Coolibah and Tom will do as witnesses."

IN a sort of dream horror, the next ten minutes went by. I couldn't believe that Laurie was actually being married to the brute, before my eyes; that Susan had been most foully murdered, and gallant Paul Bowen put in deadly peril of his life, all to this end, and that it was being indeed accomplished. True, I hoped to save Laurie from the worst; but that did not mean that she would escape being legally tied to Herod, with all the tremendous issues that I now suspected, hanging on that fact.

"I ought to have done more," I thought, wildly, well knowing that more could not have been done. "I ought to have—" . . . "Peat after me—" "I, Laurie, take thee, Herod, to be my wedded husband. . . ."

Laurie's voice—golden-colored I had always thought it, as the voice of that other, lost one, was silver, silver as stars—Laurie's voice sounded now. Where was the depth, the gold? A hoarse, old-woman's tone answered the black parson; spoke the few tremendous sentences that remained, alternating with Herod's deep, rather pleasant tones.

Tom, my fellow witness, understood the whole matter as well as I did myself; that I could not doubt. Willie Coolibah, with all his good clothes on, and an occasion of delightful importance warming his heady vanity like wine, saw, guessed, nothing at all; would swear till the end of time that the marriage was just like any other. I, and Laurie herself, were gagged by Herod's threat. Nothing could save young Bowen if we spoke.

" . . . And are not 'fraid with any am-maze-ment. . . . Thass all, Mr. Pascoe; now, sir, shall we engage—"

"You'll up anchor as soon as you can and clear. I told you before you wouldn't get off if you didn't. You'll register the marriage as soon as you get back to Thursday Island after your trip round. Here's your fee."

It was a moderate fee that I saw pass from hand to hand. Herod was too clever to rouse suspicion in that innocent quarter. Tom, I could have wagered, had been promised a small fortune, and would earn it, if need were, without scruple.

Willie Coolibah, smiling, backing, getting entangled with his hat, his prayer-book, his umbrella, and Pascoe's doormat, all together—melted, somehow, away from the verandah, vanished out of the house and out of our lives. The wedding was over and done. The day was done too. Shadows were flocking up from the empty sea.

Tom had not gone away with his brother. He waited on the verandah, a moveless ebony image, scarce to be located in the dusk, save by the restless movement of his white-and-black eyeballs. Laurie, carrying out her part, spoke for the first time since the last vows had been pronounced.

"I want to hear Tom get his orders." It was like a mechanical doll speaking, not a human creature. I saw Herod glance at her with something like annoyance. . . . Had he expected her to rejoice over that wedding? There is no limit to the vanity of a truly vain man; perhaps he had thought she would resign herself pleasantly to the accomplished fact. "You're a suspicious little beggar, aren't you?" he said, pinching her arm. "Tom, you can get the launch ready to-night, and as soon as the sun begins to come up to-morrow morning, start off as I told you."

Tom nodded; I could just see his great woolly head bent down against the last of the light. He turned to go.

"Unless," said Herod, raising his voice to

the harsh jarring tone that all his labor feared, "unless — I — should — send — to — tell — you — to — stay." Each word was clear cut as a bar of steel.

"Yowi, boss!" said Tom, and slunk out of the house. The dark swallowed him up.

For a minute, I kept my ground. Herod was occupied lighting the big acetylene lamp that stood on the verandah table; his back was turned. I asked a question, wordlessly, of Laurie. She nodded, and showed me, in a flash, a band of narrow white elastic running down her arm. On the end dangled something small and dark, which sprang back into hiding when a pull on the elastic was released.

Herod turned round; he had lit the lamp, and a flood of raw white light rushed over the verandah, over Laurie in her pink cotton frock, which she had not changed for the wedding; over Herod's own tall, graceless figure, over the table set inside the room for dinner, with wine and fruit, and every delicacy that the island could afford.

"Come, Mrs. Pascoe," he said, "we'll dine together." And to myself he said—"Good-night."

THERE was, at this time, an immense open space about the Big House where Herod Pascoe lived. It had not always been so; only a few weeks earlier, the house had been covered with creepers, and surrounded by beds of flowers, lawns and ornamental trees. All this Pascoe had had torn out and rooted up; in its place he had made the whole native force spread white coral pebbles from the beach, so that a desert area of near a hundred yards lay round the house. It was meant, he said, to keep down mosquitoes. That may have been true; they were bad enough on the island, and a clearance of thirty or forty yards makes a great difference to the comfort of any tropical house. But I did not think at the time that Herod had one end only in his mind. I knew him to be afraid of assassination; and the bare, glaring space of pebbles, white even on a moonless night, was a pretty good protection against any stealthy approach. A mouse could have been seen on it; a cat could have been heard—for coral pebbles clink like china at the slightest touch.

I waited, and waited, crouched where no native dared go, on the verge of the protecting coral sweep, and the night went by. The Big House stood up stark in the midst of the white sand. Yellow oblongs, at first, showed where the windows were; then, one by one, they faded, and the house stood silent and dead.

Late, when the Cross had dropped down low toward the silver-grained lagoon; when strange deep sighings burst from the water near the house, as dugongs raised their diver-like heads to drink the changing breath of night, I heard a sound from the house, something between a cry and a groan. The voice was Herod's. I listened for what seemed like a hundred hours, but heard nothing more.

It was now the point of day; the deceiving moonlight, mixed with grays of coming dawn, made the whole plain of bone-white sand look like the bottom of the sea. In that strange light trees floated like seaweeds, the first of the waking birds went sailing overhead like dark-hued fish; the mass of the Big House stood formless, like a rock on the deep-sea floor. Hardly visible was the pale figure that, through the pallid moon and dawnlight, crept from the dark out on to the open sand. But I knew it to be Laurie.

She was with me in a moment, passing so light-footed over the clinking corals that one could scarce hear them move. Into my hands, cold with watching, leaped her warm, living hands, and without a word, I knew that all was well. So far, we had won.

I led her quickly away, keeping beneath the shelter of the wongai trees, for fear of watching eyes. Half running, we reached the cottage. Conchita and the other had returned to their village homes, this night; we had the place to ourselves. "Is it all right?" I asked, breathless—though indeed I knew. "How did you leave him?"

She did not answer till she had unfastened a knot beneath her sleeve, run to the door, and

(Continued on page 56)



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Goodrich Silvertowns

“BEST IN THE LONG RUN”

The Wreck of the Red Wing

(Continued from page 54)



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**4 out of 5
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FOR THE GUMS**

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



cast away some small dark object, far into the rising tide. "He's half paralyzed, and can't speak," she said joyously. "The shell was bonzer stuff. I scratched him with the points, in one hand, and scraped with the nails of the other, first time he tried to kiss me. He called me a little spitting cat, and chased me round the table. I can run twice as fast as he can. You should have heard him curse. He said—'You can't get away; I've all the doors locked.' He had, you know; we were in the yellow room, and he'd locked up the supper to prevent anyone poisoning it. It wasn't a minute till he began to stagger all over the place. 'Too much of that cursed champagne' I heard him say; but he'd only drunk one bottle, and poured the half of another down my neck, trying to make me take it. Then he fell into a chair, and began to turn odd colors, and he shook his arm, and said, 'A snake—a snake—a snake—permanganate of—' but he couldn't finish the words. He was going quite queer, you know; didn't know where he was. Then he seemed all of a sudden to understand, and he would have screamed out, only I had thought of that, and I had the jug of water off the table, and I stood behind the chair, and every time he opened his mouth, I spilt half the jug into it, till he stopped. He couldn't get up. He groaned a good deal when he tried, but I didn't think anyone would hear that. So he lay in the chair till he slipped off on to the floor, and then it was very late, or maybe early, and I remembered I'd had no lunch or dinner, so I sat down at the table and had a good feed and some water; I was afraid to touch the champagne because of his trying to force it down my throat. And then the birds in the trees began that 'rawky-rawky' noise they make just when it's going to get light. So I threw more water over him, because he looked queerer than ever, and I tied a napkin over his mouth, in case of his recovering enough to call out. So I came away. And—listen!"

I held my breath, and heard from far away, a faint clinking and rattling sound.

"That's Tom getting up anchor" she breathed, her eyes wide with excitement. "Come quick, and let's see him go."

I did a little rapid thinking. "Wait a minute" I said. "Put some clothes together first, while I get stores."

"What do you mean?"

"Laurie, that brute will probably recover. I can't say for sure, but we daren't take chances. You and I must get a canoe and be off before the labor's awake. Once Tom's away, we've done all we can do here. Hurry!"

She needed no urging. She had slung together a bundle of clothes, strapped them in a little Japanese basket, and put her heavy sun-hat on her head, while I was taking a sackful of tins off the larder shelf. "They always keep kerosene tins down at the jetty tank for water" I said. "I saw a canoe moored at the stake last night; it's the one I generally take out on the reef. We can run it ourselves, and meet Paul coming back. None of them would chase us on their own authority, but once Herod gets well enough to give an order, I'd not give two pence for our lives. Come on."

When we got down to the jetty, it was near full sunrise; the birds had begun shouting in the bush; the still waters of the lagoon were silky pearl. Beyond the shelter of the island, the long black line of Herod's fast launch was cutting a sharp wake in the open sea. To encounter Herod's creature Tom, before Paul Bowen was on board, was the last thing Laurie or I desired, but we knew we should run no risk by following behind on the track of the launch; she would be out of sight in half an hour.

We worked furiously; both of us feared being found by any of the fleet men or their people. It was too much to hope that Herod's employees would see his bride of the day before set sail in a canoe, without coming along to ask some question about the matter. Then would follow inquiry at the Big House—and who knew whether Herod had not recovered sufficiently, at least, to command his men?

But once away, I could hide Laurie in the bottom of the canoe, and nobody would notice me. Many and many a time the island folk had seen me set forth just as I was doing now, in an

outrigged sailing canoe, to potter about the reefs and little islets, studying the habits of the sea-creatures that formed my chief interest in life. If we could get off, we should have all the time there was till late in the day, perhaps longer. No native would dare to venture near the master's carefully made and jealously guarded seclusion, above all on such a day as this. Once well away, I thought we should be safe.

Laurie was in the canoe before me; she had coiled herself like a young cat in the hollow of the dug-out keel, and could not be seen from the shore. Luckily for her, the canoe was one that I had often used myself, and therefore kept well caulked. Luckily, also, I had had plenty of practice in the not too easy art of paddling a dug-out and was able to send along the little craft at a smart pace. It was a glorious morning now; one seldom notices such things, in a quarter of the world that enjoys about three hundred glorious mornings out of each three hundred and sixty-five, but to-day was one of those days that might stir the very dead to feel and rejoice, under their coverlets of earth or watery sand. In our canoe, we glided, always moving, never seeming to advance, through the middle of a globe of warm light blue; blue above and blue underneath, melting imperceptibly one into another. Gold was in the air, gold in the sparkles of the long sea swells; gold dripped from the leaf of the paddle every time I dipped and swung it. Behind us, as we ran, the barren peaks of Farewell Island turned from gold to purple, from purple to the same bright scilla-blue that painted all our watery world. At last, they showed only as a pale mirage on the horizon, and, with an indescribable lifting of the heart, I felt that we were free.

(To be Continued)

The Shadowy Crown

(Continued from page 17)

there wasn't any place we touched. He wasn't ashamed or broken—he wasn't anything. I couldn't get over feeling he'd be just as glad when I went away.

I talked to him about the town and the changes—and he seemed interested—but interested as if he were reading something in a newspaper about strangers. And I tried to get him to talk about what he'd done all those twenty years. He told me some things but they weren't the things I'd expected.

He'd never even gotten to Scotland and those ancestral floors of his. He'd just wandered around, getting jobs and losing them. I couldn't even figure out why he'd come back to Freestone. It wasn't to see his family—he didn't even know the girls had moved away till I told him—or that Ted was rich.

He took me over to his room—he had some books there. There were some of the Waverley Novels and "Kidnapped" and history of Scotland—just the books he'd always liked. I tried to talk about some of the new books, but he wasn't interested—he hadn't read any of them.

He hadn't changed—that was the terrible part of it—he hadn't changed at all. That night at the Marrying Minister's had done something to him—broken a spring. And after that he hadn't changed—except to lose interest in most things and live more and more in the things he pretended.

Most of us think we don't like changing—growing old. I used to think so myself but it's the most tragic and unmerciful thing in the world—to see somebody who hasn't changed when the rest of their generation have.

I suppose you could call it arrested development. I remember Ted asking me later if I thought Charley was quite right in his head. Well, I was glad to disappoint him. Because Charley wasn't crazy—not unless you're willing to call all the pretenders that. He wasn't crazy, but while the rest of us moved, he'd stood still. He'd stood still for twenty-odd years.

I knew it was up to me to tell Gerry and I didn't like the job. I knew how Ted would take it. He'd never been what you'd call soft and he was getting harder all the time. Harder, and, in a way, brittle too. They'd call him a Napoleon of commerce now and he'd take it for gospel—and that's a bad sign in a man when

(Continued on page 58)



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SURFACE	TO PAINT USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO VARNISH USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO STAIN USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO ENAMEL USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW
AUTOMOBILES	S-W Auto Enamel	S-W Auto Enamel Clear		S-W Auto Enamel
AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS	S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing			
BRICK	SWP House Paint S-W Concrete Wall Finish			Old Dutch Enamel
CEILING, Interior	Flat-Tone	Scar-Not Varnish	S-W Handcraft Stain Floorlac	Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
CONCRETE	S-W Concrete Wall Finish			
DOORS, Interior	SWP House Paint	Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	Floorlac S-W Handcraft Stain	Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
FENCES	SWP House Paint Metallic S-W Roof and Bridge Paint		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
FLOORS, Interior (wood)	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish	Floorlac	S-W Inside Floor Paint
Concrete	S-W Concrete Floor Finish			S-W Concrete Floor Finish
Porch	S-W Porch and Deck Paint			
FURNITURE, Indoors	Enameloid	Scar-Not Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
Porch	Enameloid	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	
HOUSE or GARAGE Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
LINOLEUM	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish		S-W Inside Floor Paint
RADIATORS	Flat-Tone S-W Aluminum or Gold Paint			Enameloid
ROOFS, Shingle Metal Composition	S-W Roof and Bridge Paint Metallic Ebonol		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
SCREENS	S-W Screen Enamel			S-W Screen Enamel
TOYS	S-W Family Paint	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac	Enameloid
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard)	Flat-Tone SWP House Paint			Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
WICKER	Enameloid	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel
WOODWORK Interior	SWP House Paint Flat-Tone	Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	S-W Handcraft Stain S-W Oil Stain Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid

For removing paint and varnish use Taxite. For cleaning painted and varnished surfaces use Flaxoap.

knowledge me, you know. Maybe I can fix it another way." And he goes over to the telephone.

Just for a second, then, I began to have some hope. But it didn't last long—he was only calling up Charley.

I heard every word he said, and while he was talking to Charley he sounded a little excited, but perfectly sane. He told Charley he wanted him to come over and be a witness in an important business matter, and if I'd been on the other end of the wire I wouldn't have suspected a thing. And Charley, evidently, said he'd come. Ted hung up the receiver and turned back to us.

"There," he says, breathing through his nose. "My brother'll be a witness—he'll be here in a minute to hear you make your acknowledgment. Then I won't have to untie you," and he looked very pleased. "And then, after he's been a witness, I can kill him, too, if I want to," he says, sort of thoughtfully, and goes back to playing with the knife and passing it along his thumb.

I can tell you, waiting for Charley to come was the longest wait of my life. Not that I expected it would help any, but you can't help hoping. I'd forgotten about Charley being a pretender.

Well, finally, we heard Charley coming down the hall. Ted unlocked the door and stood there waiting for him, with his knife in his hand.

I tried to yell, but I couldn't make a sound. I tried to tip my chair over, but it was a heavy chair and I couldn't budge it, tied as I was.

All the same, Charley saw us before Ted saw him. Ted was looking at his knife. That was lucky.

The color went out of Charley's face when he saw us—he might have had some suspicions before. But he didn't either try to run for help or jump at Ted. If he'd done either of those things, he'd probably have been killed without helping us any, but I didn't realize that at the time. I just saw him coming on, after that second's pause when he first saw us, calm as ever—and my last hope went out and I felt perfectly sure he was crazy, too.

Ted waited till Charley was just inside the room. Then, "Approach, brother," he says in a big voice. Oh, it must have been funny all right, if it didn't seem funny to us. "Approach, brother, and bow down before your king!"

Charley looked at him just once, but he didn't bow. He straightened up—he was always a fine-looking man and he looked finer then, almost, than I'd ever seen him. He stuck out his arm like a fingerpost and pointed it at Ted. And, "How dare you tell me to bow down before a usurper?" he said.

Well, then, I knew he was crazy as a cuckoo-clock. I didn't see how he could be anything else.

But the very next minute I began to wonder. Because his saying that somehow struck Ted almost like a slap in the face. He lowered his knife a little—you could see this was something he hadn't expected and it puzzled him just enough.

"Usurper?" he says, in a more ordinary voice. "What do you mean I'm a usurper? I'm not a usurper, Charley."

"You are a usurper," said Charley, walking toward him slow and steady, with his arm out and his finger pointing square at Ted's chest. It was just as if he didn't see the knife at all. "I'm your elder brother, aren't I?" he said, and "Yes," says Ted, sort of puzzled, fooling with his knife.

"Then you're a usurper and I'm your rightful king!" says Charley in a thundering voice. "Your rightful king, Charles Edward Stuart, come back to tread my ancestral floors at Holy-wood. Down on your knees, you usurper, and beg my mercy!" and it seems as if all the strength of everything Charley'd ever pretended is in his eyes all at once, and his finger points at Ted like the point of a bayonet.

Well, I saw Ted's face begin to change—and then it went back again and he took better hold of his knife—but Charley kept coming on with his finger pointed—and then Ted sort of slumped into himself all at once—and I heard the knife drop on the floor and the room began to turn upside down in front of my eyes.

When it was right side up again, Charley was cutting me loose and it was all over. He got Ted into the next room and locked the door on him—he said he went like a lamb. But he didn't

(Continued on page 60)



Oh! Look at the Smith Brothers as they would appear today!

Of course, you know the Smith Brothers—*Trade* and *Mark*. Their famous cough drops and their facial shrubbery have been equally renowned since 1847.

True benefactors of a wheeze-racked race, they must have been the kindest of souls, possibly even jolly and given to clear-ringing laughter. We know they were progressive, from the business they founded.

So we have good reason to believe that if *Trade* and *Mark* were alive today, immortal as their lozenges, we should see them standing in the front rank of successful men, happy and whiskerless—users of Barbasol!

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And such a shave! Smoother, closer, even and easier than any you've ever had. The full-bodied, creamy Barbasol holds every hair up straight and stiff against the blade, and swish, swish—isn't that nice and silky? No sting or smart; no ingrowing hairs. That's because Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin—takes nothing away but the whiskers.

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**I sell the
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"Jim," says Mr. Mennen, "I want to experiment."

"Sure," I agreed. "But I'm no chemist. I'm a salesman."

"You claim your methods are scientific," was his come-back. "Why not use more scientific argument? Omit the usual patois and show the boys some depth. See if that doesn't sell more shaving cream."

No sooner said than done. Men-shavers, lend me your ears.

Take any kind of H_2O . Add a few molecules of Mennen Shaving Cream. Watch them multiply into a foaming mass of creamy, super-moist lather. Apply the powerful mixture to your follicles. Wiry whiskers wilt. Veteran bristles change to school-boy eiderdown. *Dermtation* has set in. Razor gets hairs in any position—vertical, horizontal or diagonal. Removal is absolutely painless. No hot towels, rub-ins or local anaesthetics.

For the best reaction, massage some Mennen Skin Balm on your facial epidermis. It has a spicy antiseptic bite. Then a cooling therapeutic touch. Great for little cuts and scratches. Its delicious fragrance pleases your olfactory senses.

Mennen Talcum for Men is made to match the pigment of your skin. Neutral in tone. Invisible. Covers up the tonsorial shine and pallor.

How about a little counter-activity in the direction of your local pharmacist? If you're susceptible to any kind of shaving misery, a few inoculations with the Complete Mennen Shave will make you immune for life.

If that's not scientific, it's the best I can do in that kind of chatter. But the facts will stand investigation. On that score I'm right.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

**MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM**

The Shadowy Crown

(Continued from page 59)

act like a lamb when we got him out to take him to the sanitarium. Charley seemed to be the only person who could quiet him at all.

In a way, the whole thing seemed worth it to me, almost, seeing Charley and Gerry right afterward. It wasn't anything they said, but—have you ever seen a man get back his belief in himself after he'd lost it? Or a woman get back her belief, if you'd call it that, in somebody she used to think a lot of and then was disappointed in? Well, you may not think much of people in general, as a rule, but sometimes things come up that make you feel better about them.

No. Gerry didn't get a divorce and marry Charley, and he didn't suddenly turn into a A-1 business man and a credit to the community. I can't help it if that's the way it would be in a story. Ted's still in the sanitarium, and he's better, in ways, but I don't imagine he'll ever really get well. Well, Gerry isn't anybody to break a bargain, no matter how it turned out, and then there are the children. I don't think even if Ted died, she and Charley would get married—after all, they're both getting on. But they see a good deal of each other and that seems to be all they want.

Charley hasn't stopped pretending either, but somehow it doesn't seem to hurt him any more. As I see it, there was that one minute when his pretending came up against reality and was use-

ful—and that sort of justified it to him. And once it was justified, publicly, he didn't need to keep on justifying to himself inside, all the time—which was what was hurting him. At least he takes more of an interest in things now—and people treat him differently. In fact, the town's sort of proud of him, in a way—he makes a fine looking figure with his hair white—and it isn't just as a curiosity that they point him out on the street.

He isn't a hired man any more—he got a job in the bank—standing there and telling people what window to go to and so forth—and he makes a fine figure doing that—strangers generally take him for a director or something. It doesn't bring him much, but he doesn't want much though he's started to buy books lately—some of the new ones. He wouldn't touch Ted's money, though Ted Junior wanted him—but I don't think he ever will. And four days a week, when he's through with the bank, you can see him walking out to call on Gerry. He never stays very long, except on Sunday, but I think both of them are happier than they've been for quite a while, considering everything. You see, when you're young, you want all the happiness that's going, and if you don't get every little last bit you're apt to make a fuss—but when you're older you're liable to be fairly grateful for anything that comes your way—and sometimes it seems to be enough.

Snapshots and Thumbprints

(Continued from page 18)

produced his narrative of the life of Abraham Lincoln up to the time he boards the train for Washington to assume the duties of President of the United States.

Here is a story—a history—so big, so rich, so heart pulling, so beautifully written that it leaves one silent.

We can not urge you too strongly to read it.

The Life of Sir William Osler

By Harvey Cushing. (The Oxford Press, New York.)

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(Continued on page 62)



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(Continued from page 60)

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Pig Iron

By Charles G. Norris. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

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By Waller Noble Burns. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

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By Vincent Sheean. (The Century Co., New York.)

MOROCCO at war with Spain and France. Abd-el-Krim at the head of his wild mountain tribes. Raids by night, lost caravans, detention in Riffian strongholds. The author took his life casually in his hand to be able to tell us all about it as an eye-witness.

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Our Flag

By Dosia Head Brooks. (Harold Vinol, Pub., New York.)

IT WAS made of a soldier's white shirt, a woman's red petticoat and a piece of a blue coat—but it was a flag. It took the wind bravely above Fort Schuyler during the early hours of the Revolution, and was the first public appearance (slightly hurried) of the Stars and Stripes in action.

Mrs. Brooks has collected with great discrimination the salient dramatic and romantic facts embodied in the history of our national emblem.

This inspiring little book is intended for everyone who owns a flag—and more particularly for every one who doesn't.

Carolyn Wells' Book of American Limericks

(G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

A LIGHT wit and a nimble tongue are all these verses can put forth by way of interest." Thus speaks the foreword. We rather like the idea of a little verse putting forth its tongue at us!

The Man Who Was a Miser

(Continued from page 27)

reverently removed the cigar and looked at it respectfully.

"A fine—a very fine—cigar," he said. "I have not smoked such a cigar for ten years."

"I am glad you like it. They were chosen for me by a man who understands cigars thoroughly," answered Prosper and, having pulled a chair for his guest out of the caravan, busied himself in building a fire—in which operation he was very kindly aided by Stolid Joe who recently had developed a habit (thanks to a little teaching from Prosper) of wandering round their camp collecting dried sticks.

The miser watched, sitting raptly over his cigar. Presently a spasm passed over his thin face as of some unwonted emotion. He moved his hand to one of the big fat pockets on his coat, hesitated, then, with an effort, plunged his hand into the pocket and produced—the lump of coal he had picked up.

"IF THIS would be of any use to you, my dear sir, I should be glad to—part with it!" he said, with a sort of shy awkwardness which was abundant evidence of how markedly he lacked practice in the art of giving.

Prosper accepted the coal quite seriously. . . . Mr. Turnable proved himself to be a past master of the science of making a cigar last—so brilliantly economical was he, indeed, that when,

considerably over an hour later, Prosper had fed his companions, cooked several attractive dishes, and made all ready, the miser had at least five-sixteenths of an inch of the cigar left. Prosper, not without a friendly little argument, prevailed upon him to abandon it, and they proceeded to dine.

"I perceive for the thousandth time that what is one man's conception of frugality may be another man's conception of unparalleled lavishness," observed Mr. Turnable presently, passing his plate for some more of the alleged real turtle soup which Prosper had produced from a big bottle.

"I am really ashamed of my appetite," he added—as though the disposal of one plate of soup constituted greed and the intention to tackle another was simple gluttony.

But Prosper had only just begun on the man. He plied him for the next hour and a half—not neglecting himself—and finally brought him safely to the stage where a bottle of Benedictine made its appearance from the caravan.

They lit cigarettes and for a few moments smoked in silence.

Then Prosper went over and stirred up the fire with his foot. He came back to his stool and, in the light of the revived flame, made the painful discovery that tears were trickling down Mr.

Turnable's furrowed face, narrowly missing his glass of Benedictine.

Prosper, not surprised, for his guest's manner had been growing much less formal and reserved throughout the meal, leaned across the folding table.

"I am afraid you are in trouble, my dear Turnable," he said gently. "It has been my good fortune to find myself able to help several people in the course of my perambulations, and it may even be that I can help you. Who knows? You may be sure that even if I can not help you I shall never hurt or hinder you."

For a moment the miser was silent. Then, wiping his eyes furtively with his sleeve—handkerchiefs, clearly, were outside his limits of frugality—he said, quickly—

"I will tell you my story. It is the shortest story on earth to tell, the longest to live. I had a wife. We were poor. She left me because of a quarrel due to two tempers embittered by undeserved poverty. That was seven years ago. She has not returned. Half an hour after she was gone I wished her back. Now, seven years after, I still wish her back. I am no longer poor—I have made myself well off in seven years. But she does not return—and so I am poorer than ever. That is all. For five years I have lived here, miserably. For four years and nine months not one person has treated me as anything but an outcast—except you. I did not mind—I had become accustomed to it. I warmed my soul in the warmth of my increasing hoard—I basked in the rays of my bank book. Then you—you come drifting out of Nowhere—riding royally upon an elephant—and you are hospitable, kind, generous, sympathetic, tolerant—and it all caught me off my guard—upset me."

He stared at Prosper with great eyes that seemed to fill half his pinched face.

"Either you have done me a great service or a great injury. I don't know which—yet," he said. "You—your generosity—has made it clear to me that the time has come when I must cry halt to my present mode of existence. The savour of decent food, the aroma of that grand cigar—when you have starved yourself for as long as I have, you will understand the potency of their arguments, Mr. Fair. The thought of comfortable clothes, good linen, a house for a home, not a half-ruined windmill! I intend henceforward to enjoy these things—share them with my wife if she will come back."

PROSPER nodded, waiting for more. "How old would you say I look?" asked Mr. Turnable abruptly.

Prosper looked at him closely in the light of the electric lantern he had now switched on.

"Sixty!" he said. Mr. Turnable shuddered.

"I am thirty-three!" he said bleakly. . . . Prosper did not probe too deeply those old wounds. He became brisk—no one knew better than he when matter-of-fact briskness was as valuable as medicine.

"And you wish to enter upon a new and more comfortable habit of life with your wife?"

"If she will return to me," replied Mr. Turnable.

"In that case, my dear man, set your mind quite at rest. I will fetch her to-morrow," said Prosper easily, and finished his Benedictine.

Mr. Turnable stared. But Prosper's brown clear-cut face, very plain to be seen in the sudden glare of the match with which he was lighting another cigarette, was utterly unruffled, perfectly serious, even a little grave.

"You will provide me with her address if you know it (in order to save me the trouble of finding it for myself) and—all will be well. Leave it, my dear Turnable, entirely to me. I am a student of humanity, and, if I may say so (since there is no one here to say it for me) I am accustomed to deal with problems of every size, hue and complexity."

He rose. "If your wife lives far from here—"

"Near London," said Mr. Turnable, his eyes flaring as with suddenly awakened hope.

"Ah, London! Then it will be necessary for me to send a telegram. And I must leave you for a few minutes while I proceed to the village before the post-office closes. Meantime, do you make yourself comfortable here—there is the Benedictine, here are the cigars—and await my return."

(Continued on page 64)

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The Man Who Was a Miser

(Continued from page 63)

He patted Mr. Turnable on the shoulder, a friendly little touch, and addressing a few mystic instructions to Stolid Joe, quietly disappeared out of the chalk-pit, Patience and Plutus trotting with him.

He strode toward the village, one hand resting on Patience's wise little head.

"We knew, my dear, didn't we? That poor chap was never cut out for a miser—and we knew it almost at once. Do you hear that, Plutus mine? Who are they who are always right and never wrong, Plutus? Say it—not too loud—'Patience and Prosper!' Of course!"

He swung buoyantly down upon the hamlet.

CHAPTER III

MESSRS. Fair and Turnable talked long together that night, both at Prosper's camp and, later, in the gloomy ground-floor apartment of the ruined windmill inhabited by the "miser" (who had bought it for next to nothing) and, in its upper regions, an elderly owl of morose disposition and unmelodious voice.

Bit by bit Prosper gleaned the details of Mr. Turnable's tragedy.

It was the not uncommon story of a writer marrying too soon a woman whom unwisely he had allowed to believe completely that his success was already an accomplished fact. She had loved him genuinely enough—at the beginning at any rate—but three months of adversity had worn her down. For it had been adversity. Within a month of their marriage they had begun to encounter disappointment, and, as is usual, the bad luck came *en masse*. Turnable lost two regular contracts for weekly columns in papers, one of which went out of business, and the other changed hands. He was not able to secure regular work to take their place so that, even before the end of their honeymoon, the little wife perceived two hundred a year disappear over the horizon. Then a cleverer man ousted Turnable from a column of criticism for another paper—away went fifty guineas a year. Then Fate took a "hack" at the Turnable *pièce de resistance*—namely, Turnable's novel which had won through three editions, and for the royalties on which Turnable expected a big check. He called for the check two days after it should have been paid—but the publisher's name had figured in the lists of those filing bankruptcy petitions on the previous day. These matters, and a run of ill-success with short stories, upset all the Turnables' plans. The cosy flat in town was let, and the couple went into a less cosy flat farther out. The ill-luck continued steadily. Turnable got flurried. This did not improve his work. He grew frightened. This seriously impaired it. He worried himself into a month's illness, and emerged therefrom shaken and ill-equipped to start again. He found his wife altered a little, too, and a cousin had appeared on the scene—a prosperous person who sold clothing somewhere. This one had always adored Ella.

She had borrowed money from the cousin during Turnable's illness—and, absurdly, in these circumstances, Turnable, always fiercely jealous, had been bitter about the borrowing. He had said so and she had defended herself. Neither was wrong from their individual point, but they did not consider this. "One word led to another," and before they quite knew what had happened each, white and trembling with anger, was striving furiously to hurt with barbed words the other. Absurd statements that one would laugh at if uttered in prosperity have a knack of cutting like broken glass when flung recklessly in times of naked stress, and both the Turnables succeeded in hurting each other so thoroughly that it seemed to be quite natural to separate then and there. They did so.

The wife of three months had walked out of the dingy rooms, *en route* to a relative's, and Turnable had let her go. But the memory of some of her scornful accusations had remained with him. Among other things she had quoted the clothier cousin to the effect that "no writer ever grew moderately well off, much less rich," though upon what authority the worthy mercer had said so, did not appear.

He had replied furiously to the effect, that

every imaginative writer is, in the nature of things, rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

He may be hungry or in rags and entirely without money, but his imagination made him rich.

"I see," she had said, icily. "You are rich in your mind! And your wives go hungry—in their bodies! I prefer the kind of wealth they accept over counters!"

He had remembered the exact phrase for seven years. It was all very hopeless.

So he had sworn—for he was, then, very young—to prove everybody wrong but himself. He had got a little money together, and started to work like a slave and to save like a miser. A few short years of this had produced a result which staggered him. He had discovered that to work incessantly gets easier and easier as one becomes inured to it, and, further, it is never all wasted; and, better still, he ran to ground the undeniable though not generally realized truth that a hard-working man who contents himself (if he can) with buying only bare necessities can hardly avoid becoming well off. He had passed seven years in adapting himself more and more sternly to these truths. And now he had the money—and wanted his wife back. There need be no more penury. She need have no fear of that.

"If she would come . . ." was the burden of his cry to Prosper.

"After all it's at least a thousand a year . . . that is enough for any reasonable woman. Don't you agree?"

"Quite—quite," said Prosper soothingly. "You will see, to-morrow. . . ."

He had not seen her for seven years but he had gleaned from somewhere that she was a nurse in a Home for the Blind near Croydon.

That was all Prosper wanted to know. But the telling of his story had agitated the man strangely. His mood was akin to that of an intellectual convict on the last night of a seven years' sentence in prison. He was looking back on the time of slavery with a sort of incredulous horror, and to the future of leisure and happiness with something that was almost timidity.

Prosper had dealt with this mood, too, and when, presently, he made his way back to the caravan, Mr. Turnable was asleep on the pallet which seven years' practice had made endurable if not comfortable.

"A sorrowful story, Joseph, my little friend," said Prosper to the big elephant as he smoked a final cigarette on the threshold of the caravan.

But Stolid Joe only rocked slightly in the moonlight. He was fast asleep and it was no affair of his. Patience only wagged a drowsy ear at the sound of Prosper's voice, and Plutus was already in the caravan.

So Prosper, too, went to bed.

MR. TURNABLE breakfasted at dawn with Prosper and Co. But he was a new man.

Prosper had lent him shaving tackle and similar things, and he had shaved off his beard and about fifteen years of age therewith. Also, wonderful to relate, he was decently clad in a blue serge suit, with tolerable boots, a reasonable though rather old-fashioned hat, and not too absurd linen.

"The suit I wear when I go to London on business," he had said with modest pride. "I bought it for my honeymoon!"

"It has worn well," said Prosper, without the flicker of a smile.

"I have treated it well," replied Mr. Turnable absently. He was occupied with his breakfast. As on the previous evening, Prosper did him well in the circumstances—anchovy toast, eggs and bacon, a grilled chop, marmalade, and so forth. He watched Prosper deftly preparing it with a sort of admiration.

"You are a capable man—an extraordinary man," he said, and tried to help, botched up everything he touched and resigned. "I am not accustomed to preparing luxuries," he said apologetically, "it makes me nervous."

They had no more than finished an after-breakfast cigarette when a huge motor-car slid almost soundlessly off the main road through the cutting into the chalk-pit and sighed itself to a standstill near the caravan.

At sight of the wrinkled old man sitting next

to the driver, Stolid Joe gurgled delightedly, lurching across to him. It was Mr. Mullet. The car was Prosper's car and the driver thereof was Barker, Prosper's head chauffeur.

"Ah, there, you durned old bull! You durned old kinky-tailed old bull! Ain't forgot old Harry Mullet then—eh? How are ye, Joe—a picter o' health—never saw ye look better, you durned old bull!" babbled Mr. Mullet, fondling the elephant, who was cuddling the old man with his trunk. "Have ye took care o' the Jook? I see ye have. Durn your old hide, old Harry Mullet's glad to see ye again, Joe . . .!"

They had come from Derehurst Castle in response to Prosper's telegram of the previous night. Mr. Mullet was to care for the elephant and the others while Prosper went to town. He had prevailed upon the ex-miser to accompany him—after all, the windmill was not a very attractive place to which to bring one's wife. A good hotel would be better until they decided upon their home. . . .

Prosper urged Stolid Joe to take care of Mr. Mullet and see that he behaved—much to the elephant's and Mr. Mullet's amusement; he patted Patience and whispered to her that Mr. Mullet would be preparing something rather *recherché* for her lunch, and that he would return that night, and he gave Plutus the day "off"—because, as he remarked, he knew that the semi-terrier would take it, in any case.

Then he took his seat at the wheel of the big car, saw that Mr. Turnable was comfortably settled by his side, gave the leathery-looking Barker a second or so to nip into the back, and then slid away on his hundred-mile run to London.

CHAPTER IV

SOME hours later Mr. Fair deftly ran the car to a stop outside the gates of a fair-sized building near Croydon—the Blind Home of which Turnable had spoken.

"And here we are," he said, gaily, to the man who had been a miser. But Mr. Turnable's nerve was gone. He was white and he trembled a little. His years of toil and privation had told upon him.

His eyes were fixed upon a smaller building adjoining the house, and they were full of terror. For the smaller building was a charred ruin—evidently it had been burnt not long before. Men were working there, clearing away the wreckage.

Turnable's hand closed tight upon Prosper's arm.

"I am too late!" he quavered.

Prosper felt an odd chill run through his veins. If that were so—and sometimes things happened that way—

He brought himself up sharply.

"Nonsense, my dear man," he said, confidently. "Things don't happen like that. And even if they did I have an instinct that they haven't happened like that here! Come along."

But Mr. Turnable's nerves were not equal to that. He covered in his seat.

"I—have not the courage. I—couldn't do it. If I tried to walk in there and ask for my wife—with that burnt house before me—I should fall down," he said in a whimper. "I am not the man I was!"

He covered his face with his hands.

Prosper did not attempt to persuade him. He glanced meaningly at Barker, the chauffeur—an old boxer, utterly reliable—and Barker touched his cap. Barker would take care of the shaken man until Prosper came back.

He passed through the gates, up the path—and his feet felt leaden, for he was afraid for sake of Turnable—and so to a big doorway. He rang the bell.

The door was opened silently, by a young girl, exquisitely neat, who looked inquiringly at Prosper with a pair of the most beautiful and bluest eyes he had ever seen.

"I wish to see the matron," he said quietly, "if that is possible without an appointment." He offered his card.

The girl took it.

Not until he saw the deft, quick, feathery sweep of her fingertips over the pasteboard did he realize that she was blind.

Sightless! Something caught at his throat for an instant. Those wide blue eyes gazing eternally into blackness.

(Continued on page 66)

The FLORSHEIM Shoe



You feel good all over when you satisfy your feet with a pair of fine looking FLORSHEIMS. The easiest, better-fitting kind because they are skeleton lined.

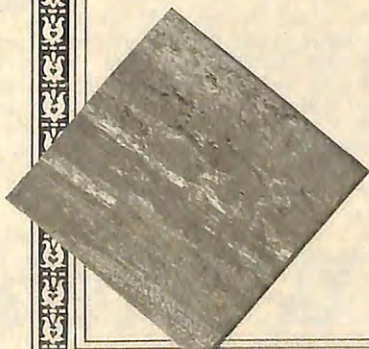
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"Just what do you mean?" asked Baker.

"Buy a Twinplex Strop, it's guaranteed for ten years," answered Tuttle. "Strop your blades before each shave and you'll know what I mean."

"Too much trouble. Blades are cheap—I use a new one for each shave."

"That's where you make your big mistake, old man. Even a brand new blade needs a good stropping before shaving. Temperature changes and shipping throw its sensitive edges out of line before it gets to you. Strop it on Twinplex and you'll marvel at how much smoother it will shave."

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Montreal
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Twinplex
Stroppers
FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

The Man Who Was a Miser

(Continued from page 65)

"Will you please come in," said the girl, tranquilly, moving a little aside. "I will tell the matron that you are here."

Prosper entered the hall.

The girl closed the door softly, and went from the hall, moving with perfect confidence.

It was very quiet in that house of the blind, very peaceful. Whether there was or was not any revolt at their doom of everlasting darkness in the souls of the people there, Prosper did not know—though he could feel that the atmosphere of that house was not an atmosphere of revolt but of resignation so complete as to be almost content.

The matron came to him—a kind-faced, low-voiced woman of middle age, with patient eyes, and he explained why he had called.

"Perhaps Miss Ross has told you her story?" he said, using the name Turnable had given him, "if she has—" the matron nodded—"you will understand everything when I say that her husband wants her . . . that he is outside. He would have come himself but, as he said, 'he is not the man he was,' and the sight of the burnt house unnerved him."

The matron understood and she smiled.

"He need not have feared," she said gently, seeing the anxiety on Prosper's face also, "his wife is well. But his instinct was not far wrong. Nurse Ross was burnt while getting some of the children out of the annex on the night of the fire. She risked her life to do what she did—but she is well again now. The last of the bandages were removed for good to-day."

Prosper read something in the matron's eyes.

"Is she disfigured?" he asked quietly.

"A little—not badly. She does not seem so to us—she would not seem so to any man who loved her. Her hair caught fire, and an ear was injured. Oh, not too badly! She is—quite presentable—" the matron smiled a little, and Prosper knew that all was well.

"May I bring her husband?" he asked rather humbly. There was that about this house and the people of this house which humbled one.

The matron looked steadily into his eyes.

"If he is a good man!" she said, quietly. "If not—if he is not the kind of man who will treat her well—then I beg you to take him away, and she need never know he came. For she is happy here and we love her. Don't let all that be spoiled for her, don't let her lose everything she has worked for, and her hope too, just for a whim. It would be cruel. She has told me her story. She says that it was all her fault—but I don't believe that—and I know, in her heart, she hopes her husband will come for her one day. I am glad if he is worthy of her. But if he is not it would be kinder—far kinder—to keep away. Don't misunderstand me, please—she would go to him whatever he is. It is I, who love her, who want to save her from herself if he is not worthy of her. What she was seven years ago, I do not know nor care—but I know now that she is a brave and patient and sweet—a good woman, a noble woman, too good to be thrown away." She paused a moment, studying Prosper's face, then continued,

"I have spoken frankly," she said. "And

now I must trust to you. If you decide to bring her husband, I will welcome him for her sake, and she shall be told—and she will come to him."

Prosper nodded thoughtfully. All the responsibility for the future happiness of the couple, it appeared was to be his. Was that quite fair? He smiled within himself, as he reflected whimsically that if not quite fair, it was very womanly. After all, why should not the matron make the best terms she could for the woman she loved. And he believed in Turnable, too. He had seen the man's soul on the previous night. . . . So he decided.

"There is nothing against Turnable," he said. "I believe in him, absolutely, and as far as is humanly possible I will guarantee his wife's happiness."

The matron smiled and her eyes suddenly shone.

"Then please fetch him," she said eagerly. "He will not be disappointed—for she is charming!" And turned quickly to leave the hall.

Prosper went back down the path, beckoning furiously to Turnable.

And Turnable's nerve returned with a rush. He came, half running.

"All's well," said Prosper, and pushed him into the hall of the house.

He was aware of a rustle at the end of the hall and a figure all white and gray in nurse's uniform, hurrying forward, with a little low, choking cry—

"Humphrey! Oh, I thought that you were never coming—never coming. All these years—that are gone—"

Prosper softly closed the door—with himself on the outside. . . .

He looked round the garden, thoughtfully, his gaze finally resting upon a fat and robustious sparrow on the lawn.

"I THINK, bird, that there is no longer any frenzied demand for the presence of Prosper Fair. The matter has now been brought to a successful conclusion, and nothing remains but to receive the inevitable thanks of Mr. and Mrs. Turnable. And as thanks always makes me feel very embarrassed—" he continued with the playful extravagance which was one of his engaging peculiarities—"and as there is now nothing to be done for this young couple which they can not do far better for themselves, we shall be completely justified, I fancy, in making an unostentatious exit. How say you, bird?"

At this moment the bird, evidently attracted by sounds of sparrow argument and debate on a roof opposite, made a hurried exit from the lawn.

"An excellent example," murmured Prosper, and lit a cigarette, "I will follow it."

He went out to the motor.

"You drive, Barker. Home, as quick as you can!" he said, lying back in the seat next to the driver's.

"Very good, Y'r Grace? To Derehurst, Y'r Grace?"

"Nay, nay, my Barker—to the chalk-pit!"

The great car glided away on its "homeward" run.

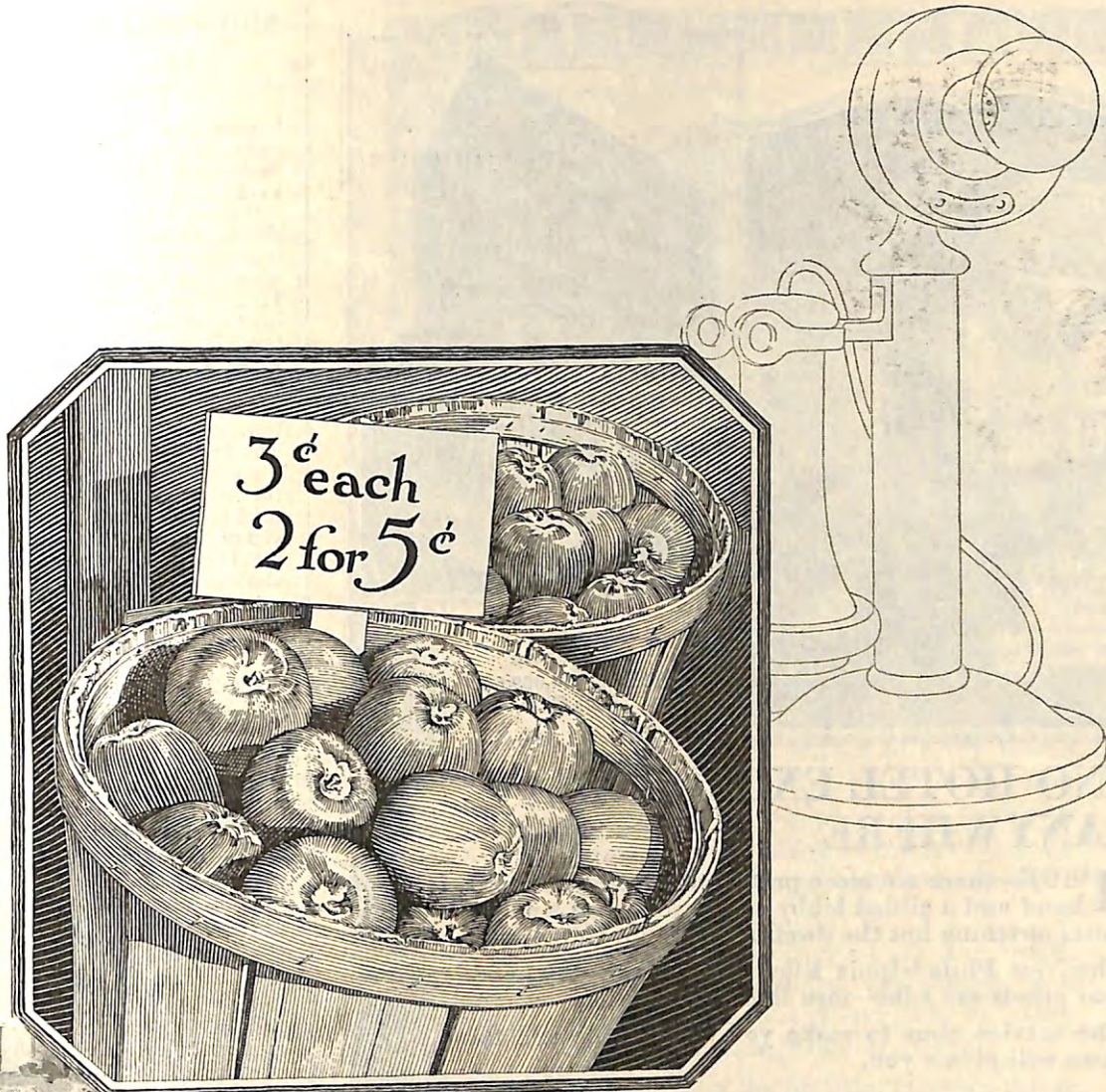
Ships and Men of the Unsalted Seas

(Continued from page 24)

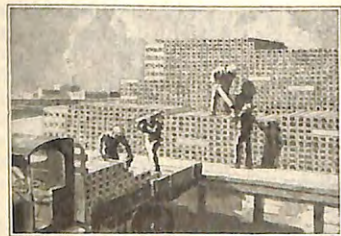
and the oilers, 'You fellows are all married men, I'm the only unmarried man here. You go on up. I'll stick by her.' You see, I figured that if she went down, I'd crawl into a ventilator and the rush of air would shoot me right up on deck! Well, they all went up. I stayed down there. I'd run into the stokehole and stoke the boiler and then jump back to my engines. I had to have my hand on the throttle almost every minute, 'cause you see the sea would throw her screw out of the water and I had to throttle her down quick to save the engines from tearing themselves to pieces. After while the Cap came crawling down into the engine room. He'd crawled aft on his hands and knees on the icy deck. Everybody had quit him, too, and he'd tied the wheel and come back to see what was happening. 'By jiminy, I guess we're gone,

Tom,' he says. 'Well, I says, 'I'll stick as long as she keeps afloat.' So he crawls back forward. There was the two of us, the Cap and me, running the ship, everybody else up on deck, waiting for her to go down. The Cap figured that our only chance was to head right in and run her on the beach and take our chance of getting ashore. We couldn't see anything ahead in the driving snow. But we knew we were near Duluth. Then all at once, the shore came right out of the storm. The captain headed for it. He didn't know where he was going. Well, you know how narrow that channel into the harbor is? By kind of a miracle, we shot right square through that channel into the harbor! As we shot through, the waves sent her down on the bottom, bang, bang, it felt as if you were sitting on a barrel and

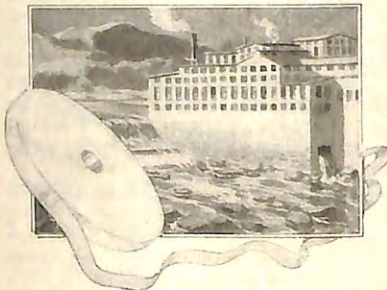
(Continued on page 68)



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SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

Ships and Men of the Unsalted Seas

(Continued from page 66)

it smashed in with you! It knocked the bottom right out of us. We shot through into the harbor and sank, and the water came just up to the level of the decks.

"When I ran up on deck, I heard someone shout. I looked back and there was the *Mataafa* following us in! But she wasn't so lucky. A wave lifted her up and smashed her on the North Pier. Then the seas swung her round and shoved her toward shore. It was awful. We could see the fellows on her waving for help. Then the whole town came down and watched 'em freeze to death.

"Say, Cap, it was funny about the *Mataafa's* tow. She cast her loose out in the open lake. The crew of the tow threw down an anchor. They hardly thought it would hold, but it was the only hope they had. And what do you think? The anchor went down and caught in the hull of that pig *Wilson* that had gone down outside Duluth years before! Isn't that what you'd almost call a miracle?"

"If you ran across that sort of thing in a magazine fiction story," I ventured, "you'd think the author had never been on a boat at all."

"YOU sure wouldn't. That was a miracle. Lot of boats went down in that blow. It was funny about the *Lafayette*, wasn't it, Cap? She went on a rock near Encampment Island. She broke right in two. The forward end was hurled on shore and the men on her got off safe. The after-end was driven down shore about a half a mile into a kind of V-shaped cliff about seventy-five feet perpendicular. Well, the waves surged the piece of the ship up and down, up and down, in that corner of the cliff, and on one of the upshoots a man caught hold of a tree on top of the cliff and hung on! He had a length of rope tied around his waist. The fellows on the stern tied a bigger rope onto that thin rope, the man on the cliff hauled that up, tied it to the tree, and then all of 'em crawled up hand over hand except one fellow that got washed off the rope and drowned. That would sound crazy in a fiction story, too, wouldn't it? But it happened just that way."

So the thrilling tales run on. And as I talk with Captain and Chief, with deckhand and oiler, by degrees I gain some sense of what these men are who sail the unsalted seas, their ambitions, their background, their philosophy.

They are the only really American body of sailors in the world. The American merchant marine on salt water is officered by Americans, but the crews are of every nationality on earth, often the riffraff of seaport dives. On the Great Lakes—save for a few transients in the stokehole—the men as well as the officers are Americans. They come from the towns and islands of the lakes—from the Beaver Islands in Lake Michigan, from Algonac—which bred Gar Wood, speedboat king—from Detroit, Duluth, Cleveland, Buffalo. True, they are not all American born. Norwegians many are. The captain of the other freighter on which I voyaged is a Norwegian who came to this country at twenty, not knowing a word of English, shipped as a deck hand at Cleveland and in just ten years had risen to be captain of one of the largest lake ships! The captain of the *Corrigan* was one of six sons of a poor family raised along the St. Clair River. He and two of his brothers shipped as deck hands. All three have risen to be captains of big freighters. That is a common thing on the lakes—deckhands aspiring to be wheelmen, wheelmen studying for mate's papers, firemen asking to be tried out as oilers, oilers working for engineer's papers, and so on.

At the end of this second day, we passed the "Sailor's Graveyard," that dangerous stretch of shore Crisp Point and Whitefish Point, and steamed on into Whitefish Bay. Out of the dusk, ahead and astern, appeared the lights of two, four, six, a dozen other freighters, heading in from the Great Lakes to its eastern exit—boats that, the captain said, had mostly left Duluth the day before we did and had circled far up to the North Shore to avoid the blow.

Range lights guided us every turn of the channel—"hold her on the range till the next range opens up"—a full moon rode high behind



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Trapshooters—

On page 39 you will find an interesting article giving the full details of the coming Elks National Trapshooting Championship to be held at Chicago, July 13-14, in conjunction with the Elks National Convention, July 12-15, 1926.

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whitish racing clouds, in its light, black islands slid past us like phantoms.

At one in the morning, we came to the Soo where the traffic locks down from Lake Superior to the St. Mary's River. But of the four locks on the American side, only one is available for downbound boats of the size of the *Corrigan*, and at that lock two freighters were ahead of us. "Another hour lost," the captain grumbles. At last the gates swing open. We slide into the lock. On either hand, beyond the narrow rain-splashed piers that divide the locks, other freighters, light and loaded—ghostly bulks in the electric lights—move up and down. We surge down into the wide black rushing St. Mary's. The captain glances at his watch. "We'll have to make that hour up on Lake Huron somehow," he mutters.

"Going to bed now?" I ask.
 "No, I'll be up all night. I've got to see her down the river."

Evidently the captain's hours of leisure in open lake are well earned!

But, despite the fact that he was up till dawn, in the middle of the next forenoon, as we were heading down into Lake Huron, the captain popped up into the pilot-house, fresh as a boy.

Coming out of a bank of fog, we passed a salt-water craft, at the sight of which our captain chuckled. "I took a salt-water captain on a trip last summer," he said.

"HE STARED some when he saw the size of my boat, and when I backed out of the canal, turned round and got out of the harbor through a lot of traffic without a tug, his eyes about popped out. On the way up Lake Erie I told him about the time I had in the *Sierra* with Chet Massey when we run out of coal in a sou'west gale and when we swung round to anchor and try to weather the gale out, our cargo of flaxseed shifted on us and we pretty nearly keeled over, and then when the coal really gave out we cut a hole through to the cargo hold and shovelled flaxseed into the furnace! Then, when we came to the Detroit River, and ran into that line of traffic, and the salt-water man saw how narrow the channels were and how swift the current was and how we turned those sharp corners, he grabs my arm and says, 'My God, man, how do you dare pass these other boats so close!' When we were heading up the St. Clair River, I pointed out the blackened timbers of the *Wolf* and told how she burned. When we got out into Lake Huron, I told him about the *Price*. How she capsized in a gale with a loss of all hands, and floated bottom up for days and nobody knew who she was. Then we ran into thick fog and had dozens of other fellows hooting all around us for hours. And I told him about the *Clifton*, how she just vanished off Forty Mile Point last fall and was never seen again. When we got up into the St. Mary's River, and began to make those sharp swings, the salt water man got all excited again. He couldn't see how I could swing a boat as long as this around a corner just like you'd steer an automobile. To take his mind off that, I told him about fighting through the ice in the St. Mary's on the last trip down. When we got through the locks into Lake Superior, I told him how the *Orinoco* went down last spring and how the tug *Reliance* went on the rocks on Lizard Island, and then how I pretty near lost the *Sinaloa* on the Seamen's Graveyard. Then my engineer told him about how the *John Owen* went down with all hands somewhere near Manitou Island in 1910. Then we told him—oh, a lot of things—about the *Turret Chief* getting tossed on the rocks on Keweenaw Point and the crew crawling out on the rocks and wandering through the snow half-naked till they found an old shack. About the *Waldo* going on Gull Rock, and how the *Lafayette* broke in two, and how I lost the *Congdon* in 1918. And how magnetic iron along the shore sometimes throws your compasses off so that sometimes in thick weather you run on rocks when you think you're miles out in open lake. And so on. When we got to Duluth, it was nine o'clock at night. I was in a hurry to get in and get loaded, so I went in full speed, dodged through the bridges and up to the dock without a tug. The salt-water man and I got ashore, jumped into a taxi and came up to Superior Street. I looked into one or two stores, then I looked at my watch and says, 'Well, she ought to be loaded up by now.' 'What! Loaded already?' he says, 'You're crazy!' 'Oh, it only

(Continued on page 70)



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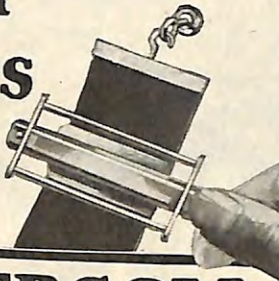
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Ships and Men of the Unsalted Seas

(Continued from page 69)

takes a couple of hours to shoot twelve thousand tons into her," I says. So we went back to the dock, cast off and went out of the harbor full speed just the way we did day before yesterday. The salt-water man grabbed my arm again as we shot through the entrance and he says, "Say, how long do you fellows last at this game?"

The captain chuckled at the recollection of the salt-water skipper's amazement. The Chief Engineer had mounted into the pilot-house and was at the Captain's elbow.

"One of the nerviest things ever done on the Lakes," he said, "was pulled off by a captain named Detlifs. It happened in a blinding snow storm. I was standing at the door of my cabin. All of a sudden a big flame shot up right out of the thick storm, right ahead of us! A boat all afire! The captain shot the wheel over, we swung a little and struck her a glancing blow. We scraped right along her. The sides of the two ships struck sparks. Flame was pouring up out of her hatches and deck-houses and the crew was at the rail yelling to us to take 'em off. 'Jump!' I yells. They could have jumped right over onto our deck. It was only a jump of three feet. But they had to do it quick. 'Jump!' I yells again. But nobody jumped. They couldn't think quick enough. We swept on past 'em. Our captain wanted to swing round and go back, but he didn't dare. There was another fellow coming on right behind us. We'd have had a collision sure. Well, that other fellow was Detlifs in the *Augustus*. Somehow, he did get alongside the *Clarion* and got her crew off. Then he runs down with the gale toward Buffalo and sights the *Richardson*. She'd anchored to weather out the gale. Her anchors had dragged, her stern struck shore and knocked the propeller out of her. She was going down by the stern. This fellow Detlifs steamed up to windward of her, put down his anchors and then played out some long chain, letting his ship back further and further toward the *Richardson*. It was a risky thing to do, because there was a big gale blowing, and if his anchors had dragged or the chain give way, he'd have smashed right back into the other boat and they'd have both gone down. But that didn't happen. He let her back further and further till his stern almost touched the bow of the *Richardson*. The men on the other, boat jumped over, one after the other. Then when he had 'em all on board, he started up his windlasses, put the engines ahead full speed and slowly pulled away."

ALL that day we headed down Lake Huron. In late afternoon through Lake St. Clair, through the St. Clair flats where the channel winds among mysterious grassy wildernesses, then on into the great rushing green-blue river past the Motor Metropolis, past the industrial plants that line the shore below the city, and at nightfall out into Lake Erie. That night, the next day, steaming steadily eastward. Out of the horizon rose Buffalo. The captain consulted his watch. "Yes, if we're lucky, we'll get unloaded and away to-night."

Ahead, along Buffalo waterfront, rose those strange castles, battlemented and towered, that Buffalonians call grain-elevators. We swung to starboard of the South Breakwater, headed across the harbor to a canal that angled away through flatlands toward a red mountain. A bridge jack-knifed open. We slid through, glided up alongside the mountain. In front of it, at the water's edge, towered an amazing steel contraption. Long arms, supported on steel legs, reached out over the ship. Already our hatches had been untarpaulined and sheathed back against the rails. "All right, cap," a man shouted from the dock, "we'll go right to you."

After we had been made fast, I hurried away down the dock. Beyond the red mountain, I discovered, was a steel mill, where the red ore was being shovelled into furnaces, drawn out in glowing red streams, poured into fiery ingots, rolled into shapes—steel for bridges, steamships, rails, skyscrapers. And over there across the flatlands rose the grain elevators where other freighters were discharging streams of wheat. I had followed the two streams, the red and the yellow, to the gateway of the East, where they spread forth into the veins of the nation.

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Sheep, and Sheep Men

(Continued from page 31)

want a dog running around here spreading stories about stealing sheep."

The owner, wilting under the herder's shrewd eye, said, "Bill, you done exactly right. A dog that'll talk scandal like that is nothing to have around the ranch."

There have been many instances where herders have been killed by lightning, or have met with accidents which have rendered them unable to carry on their duties, and the dogs have remained on guard until help has arrived. A few years ago a herder named William Moody was caught with his flock in a blizzard which swept the Red Desert of Wyoming. The sheep died by the scores, and finally Moody himself was overcome and lay down to die. His two dogs kept watch over the herder's body for over a week, successfully fighting off the coyotes and wolves. A herder in Northwestern Colorado was struck by lightning and killed and his two dogs stood guard over his body for several days.

THE sheep herder, who runs his flock in the mountains in summer and on the plains in winter, is constantly on the move, and in the course of his travels he learns—sometimes from painful experience—about the various sorts of wild animals that frequent the Rocky Mountain country. He soon learns that the wolf and coyote are the wildest of animals and that the grizzly who has developed a liking for mutton is most to be feared. Wolves and coyotes usually play a waiting game. They will crouch behind sagebrush, or in a convenient draw or arroyo, patiently waiting for a sheep to stray within killing distance. The dogs are valuable in keeping the sheep always bunched and driving any venturesome stray back to the flock. Ewes and lambs are the chief sufferers from the watchful members of the wolf family. The full-grown buck is more or less belligerent and will put up a show of resistance, but a sheep or lamb seems to become petrified with fright at the approach of a wolf or coyote, and falls an easy victim.

The damage wrought by a "lobo" wolf—or "loafer" as the term has been corrupted in the West—is beyond calculation. One veteran wolf, with the sheep-killing instinct highly developed, will do thousands of dollars' worth of damage to flocks before his career is finally terminated by some professional trapper or "wolver," either hired by the Government or out "on his own" to collect wolf bounties offered by the State or by stockmen's associations.

A sheep-killing bear is the most dreaded of all the animals that prey on the sheep bands.

"I heard a terrific commotion on the bed ground one night," said a herder in a Colorado national forest. "Sheep are always raising a row about one thing or another, so I didn't pay much attention. The racket kept up, so I went out to investigate. There wasn't much moon and when I walked out to the bed ground, I saw what I took to be a figure of a man standing in the darkness. I called out, and the only answer I got was 'Woof!' and a bear dropped down from a standing posture and came toward me. I fired and was lucky enough to put the first shot in a vital place. It turned out to be a black bear and not a grizzly as I had feared. He had killed half a dozen sheep, and we figured that he was the same bear that had been playing hob with many of the leasers' flocks all over the forest."

Snakes, as well as bears and wolves, enliven the life of the herder. Sheep seldom die of rattlesnake bite, as they seem to avoid rattlers by some instinct. If they are struck, their thick fleece generally gives them protection. But herders are frequently struck, and one will find every sheep camp with its supply of permanganate of potash, the guardian remedy.

The sheep herder has to bear the brunt of the range feuds which have broken out in all sections of the grazing West. Many a herder has lost his life because he has shown fight when a sheep raid has been staged. Generally, recognizing the futility of opposing overwhelming numbers, they stand aside or are bound to a tree and watch their sheep being shot or clubbed to death or driven over a cliff, or, as in some instances, being blown up by dynamite.

With the growth of homesteading and the

(Continued on page 72)

As it should be

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Sheep and Sheep Men

(Continued from page 71)

consequent restriction of the public range, the difficulties of sheep herding have increased. It has become much more difficult to trail sheep to the summer feeding ground and back to the winter range. Longer distances must be traveled and each year finds more fences in the way. To help out the sheep men, who sometimes must trail their sheep from one state to another, the Government has even gone to the extent of establishing lanes, which are closed to settlement. The sheep man of Southern Idaho who wishes to trail his sheep to the summer range in the mountains of Western Colorado, has such a trail that he can travel.

In some localities, where the range restriction has become pronounced, sheep are now being run in smaller bands than a few years ago. A herder now stands guard over fifteen hundred sheep, instead of the twenty-five hundred that used to be the average, but, considering the increased value of sheep in general, he is still the custodian of much valuable property. A band of sheep may represent an investment of from \$20,000 to \$25,000. To intimate that sheep owners are fools enough to put such valuable property in the hands of ignorant or incompetent men is a reflection on the intelligence of the men who have made the sheep business what it is today. A sheep herder may be a roughly dressed individual, and he may be lacking in sociability, owing to the long hours he must spend without human companionship, but he will be found to have traits of faithfulness and courage which quite often save the owner from serious losses.

LAST summer the writer came upon a couple of herders driving ten Rambouillet lambs along a roadway in a Southern Utah forest. The lambs, which were of imported stock, made a pretty picture as they trotted along the shady road, like so many mechanical toys.

"Every lamb in that bunch is worth two hundred and fifty dollars," said the herder. "We let them take their own time along the road, as we don't dare hurry them. We've got to treat them like so much gold, and that's about what they are."

The lambs represented a heavy outlay on the part of the owners for improvement of their range stock. This sort of improvement has been going on in every sheep-growing State during the last few years, for owners recognize that better sheep pay big dividends. Without constant improvement by the introduction of the best strains, the range animals soon deteriorate into long-legged, stringy, light-fleeced sheep—great "rustlers" when it comes to picking their own living, but yielding unsatisfactory returns in the mutton or wool market. Sheep improve more quickly than cattle in breeding selection, and, by the same token, deteriorate more rapidly. Hence the heavy expenditures for prize-winning examples of the better known breeds of sheep, the Rambouillet being the favorite on the Western range. By raising the wool clip a pound a head, a saving of several millions of dollars can be made by sheep men.

The old-time sheep man, like the old-time cattleman, was content to let his livestock face a hard winter and come through as best it could. He pocketed his losses, in case a blizzard decimated his flock. But to-day there is no such attitude on the part of sheep owners. Much winter feeding is done now on ranches. Where the sheep can not be brought in to be fed through the winter, some means is found to get feed to them on the open range.

Twenty years ago it was not uncommon for whole flocks to be wiped out during a hard winter, but now the average sheep outfit can weather the worst conditions with small loss.

Lambing and shearing times are days of stress for the herders and everybody else in the sheep business. Lambing time, in the early spring, may spell disaster if there are heavy snow storms, which not infrequently happen. To guard against the heavy mortality of lambs in case of a blizzard some of the big outfits now have canvas shelters, which can be erected on the lambing grounds.

At shearing time, the sheep must be moved to the shearing sheds. Much of the shearing is done at appointed places, where sheds are erected and machinery installed. Some outfits

(Continued on page 74)



(Courtesy Famous Players-Lasky)

"Soft eyes look'd love to eyes that spake again"—of course they spoke French, the language of gentlefolk.

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SO many of the graces of life have come from Paris! Away back in the Middle Ages, when the people of other countries were still crude and ignorant, the French began to develop that delightful culture, that taste for beauty and the polite amenities of life for which they have long been famous. From that day to this, French has been the accepted language of courts and diplomats, the badge of gentility the world over.

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Bill didn't win the flag rush, not personally, but he did accumulate a black eye, a broken finger, some lurid scratches and assorted bruises in sundry locations, also a little more glory than is good for any freshman. He limped out of the melee at the pole when the battle was over, with his long-suffering Dutchess collegiates still protecting his boyish modesty, and most everything else hanging in shreds.

Naturally, Bill's been keen about Dutchess Trousers ever since (note his immaculate flannels) even if the trousers didn't give him a chance to collect a much needed dollar on the Dutchess Warranty. (*)

Originally, "10 Cents a Button: \$1 a Rip" was just a slogan—a homely, but sincere expression to the public of honest manufacturing intent. Today the slogan is a monument to a promise kept unswervingly for more than forty-six years—it is one of the tangible differences between Dutchess Trousers and other trousers.



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(*) This is one of a series of character sketches, by famous artists, making up the Dutchess Anthology of Trousers Wearers. The series, in leaflet form, may be had upon request. Other sketches include:

"Mr. Tracy" of Tracy, Tracy & Tracy in KNICKERS.
"Tireless Business Man of 25" in FLANNELS.
"The Head of the Works" in BREECHES.
"Young Whipple" in DRESS TROUSERS.
"He'll be Voting Next Year" in COLLEGIATES.
"Hair Splitter Evans" in WORK TROUSERS.
"That Dam Bennett Kid" in BOYS KNICKERS.

Sheep and Sheep Men

(Continued from page 72)

still cling to the old-fashioned shears, worked by hand. The claim is made by advocates of the hand shears that this method is better than machine shearing, as the sheep are not so scarred in the process of having their wool clipped. But most of the range sheep at shearing time are moved to the sheds where machines are set up in long rows and where the sheep are run through in great numbers.

The shearer, first cousin to the herder, is the one unsung figure in the sheep game. Nobody ever hears of him, and yet he plays an essential part in the business, under conditions which would discourage anybody not equipped by nature with the back of an athlete.

Many of the sheep shearers start their work in January in California. Others begin in March in Nevada or Arizona and work northward. After the work at one "stand" is finished the shearing gang moves to another. The season ends in the northern States in June. The price is generally agreed on at the beginning of the season. The work in the shearing pens is difficult at the best, but it varies in certain ranges. In districts where the sheep standards are high, and the animals are first-class, with long, staple wool, the shearing is not difficult. But in districts where there is a tendency to let the wethers run on the range until they are three or four years old, the sheep are big and strong and correspondingly difficult to handle.

Frank H. Hewitt, of Saratoga, Wyoming, set a shearing mark in competition at the World's Fair at Chicago, which has stood for many years. He sheared one hundred sheep in three hours and twenty-seven minutes. After the first three or four days of work in the shearing pens, Hewitt would average one hundred and seventy-five sheep a day. Many skilled shearers approach this mark regularly.

The fleeces are stripped from the sheep with astounding regularity when a shearing gang is in operation. Each sheep is seized from a runway, behind the shearer. With the skill of a jiu-jitsu expert, the sheep is seized and held between the shearer's knees. It is dexterously "flipped" to various positions as the shearing progresses, and in a few minutes its fleece is on the floor where it is gathered up and put into the large wool sacks that are shipped to the big markets.

After the shearing, each sheep is branded, the insignia of its owner being marked on its flank in black paint. As the wool grows, this brand is still plainly distinguishable. After the shearing and branding the sheep are dipped, according to Government or State regulation. The dipping process consists of a swim through a long tank of antiseptic solution which is anything but pleasant to the nostrils. The sheep dippers, like the shearers, have their troubles with the well-grown wethers or bucks. Frequently a belligerent buck will object to the prospective bath in the dipping-vat, and there will be a protracted struggle before the animal is finally thrown in.

Of late years many cowmen have gone into the sheep business. They have seen their sheep-owning competitors on the range flourishing during years when the cow business has been a hard battle at the best. The change has not always been attended with the best results, for the successful sheep men, as a rule, are those who have been brought up in the game.

Here is a veteran flockmaster's summing up of the sheep business as it is conducted in the West:

"If anybody has a theory that the sheep game is a humdrum existence, he is mistaken. There is more variety to it than any business I know of. In the spring there is the lambing and then the shearing. Then the sheep must be taken to the summer range—sometimes above timber line in the Rocky Mountains, where there is rich grazing. In the fall the sheep must be brought down to the winter range. During the winter, if there are severe storms, the sheep must be fed—and if you have a good many flocks scattered over a wide range, this is a big problem, though the automobile has simplified it of late years. A sheep man can generally figure on his wool clip paying all his expenses, and for profit he has what he sells off in the fall. And you don't have to go and hunt your market, as it is hunting you. It isn't necessary for you to call on the wool buyers—they visit you. I started life as a herder, and while now I'm a director of banks and mixed up in all kinds of business enterprises that have nothing to do with the sheep game, what is it that I put down as my business when I'm asked what line I am in? I call myself a sheep man, and I'm proud of it."

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 46)

About 10,000 were allowed shore leave daily, many hundreds of these being members of the Order. Panama Canal Zone Lodge saw to it that fitting welcome and entertainment were provided these visitors who hailed from all parts of the country.

Williston, N. D., Lodge Gives Minstrel And Celebrates Anniversary

Two highly successful events held recently by Williston, N. D., Lodge, No. 1214, were the celebration of its fifteenth anniversary and the production of two performances of a minstrel show. The initiation of a large class of candidates and a banquet marked the anniversary celebration, which was attended by a record number of members and visitors, including C. H. Doyon, Trustee of the North Dakota State Elks Association and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William G. Owens, who was paying his official visit.

The performances of the minstrel were held in the Grand Theatre and were a great success, audience and performers alike enjoying the occasion thoroughly.

Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge Has Busy Social Season

Members of Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1500, have been enjoying a very active spring social season. Their second annual dinner dance, held last month, was preceded by a number of affairs in the Lodge Home. Among these were a most successful Ladies' Night, an initiation followed by a social session, and the installation

of officers, which was also the occasion of a delightful party. Although a young Lodge, its members have made No. 1500 an important part of the civic life of its city, and its Social and Community Welfare Committee has done much fine work.

Omaha, Neb., Lodge Forms a "Roundup Club"

An "Elks Roundup Club" has been formed by a group of officers and members of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, which has been organized to promote more intimate acquaintance and closer fraternal relationships between members, and to assist the officers and committees in carrying on the work of the Lodge. A weekly dinner is held, and the rules of the organization provide for a committee of three members to be in charge of the program and entertainment for these meetings. One new member is appointed to this committee each week and serves his turn as chairman, thus widening the interest in the club by providing a different presiding officer for each meeting.

Monroe, La., Lodge Is in Excellent Condition

Monroe, La., Lodge, No. 454, has just closed a most successful Lodge year and established an enviable record for Social and Community Welfare work. It has also added considerably to its membership, and the prospects are for a further substantial growth before the end of 1926. This gives assurance that Monroe Lodge will soon begin to make additional improvements on its Home.



Indoor or Outdoor Fishin'

JUST think of takin' the time to get all ready to go fishin', then standin' in a stream or sittin' in a boat with both hands full of snarled line, and pickin' out knots with your teeth. Why you can do that home on the back porch just as well—that's not fishin'.

There are more fishin' hours in a day when you use a Martin Automatic Reel than with any other kind of tackle. All that time wasted on knots is saved—all the time used to crank up the reel is saved. If you want to pull in your line and move to some other spot, then just touch the lever and off you go.

And—when you get a strike, then's when you know what fishin' tackle is.

MARTIN AUTOMATIC FISHING REELS

There's only one real way to fish—that's playin' your fish on your finger tip. Every turn, every jump, every shake is felt right on that finger. There's a real thrill in it—that's fishin'.

Don't worry about knots or snarls or slack line. You pull in the line or pay it out—the Automatic Reel takes care of the rest just with a touch of the finger.

Every fisherman can afford an Automatic. They only cost from \$4.50 to \$10.00, depending on the size.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the Martin for you or send for our free booklet. It shows all models and prices.

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A necessity to every Boy Scout's equipment. LEEDAWL a Taylor Compass

If your Dealer cannot supply you, write

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There's a Taylor Thermometer for Every Purpose



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You can save money on your golf balls. Fine quality repaired or re-washed balls will save you half your golf ball expense, and play just as well as new balls. For the beginner, average player or expert.

- 1st Grade Silver Kings or Dunlops. Dz. \$6.00
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- 3rd Grade Practice Balls. Dz. \$2.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. ECONOMY GOLF BALL COMPANY 9-11-13 Malden Lane, New York



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to ride and exhibit sample Ranger bicycle. Shipped on approval, express prepaid. Make big money. Many models, \$21.50 up. Easy payments. Write today for special offer.

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Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge Welcomes District Deputy McGrath

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward S. McGrath was royally welcomed recently on his official visit to Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, his home Lodge, by more than 2,000 members who taxed the capacity of the Home. A testimonial banquet in the evening was attended by many distinguished members of the Order. Among those who made addresses were Hon. Joseph A. Guider, President of the Borough of Brooklyn; Judge Edward Lazansky; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Charles Newins, James T. Hallinan, William C. Clark, and Henry Kohl; Past President of the New York State Elks Association, Philip Clancy; and William T. Phillips, Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge, No. 1. John Feitner, Past Exalted Ruler of Brooklyn Lodge was Chairman of the Reception Committee and Fred G. Schafer, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, was the presiding officer at the banquet.

Preceding the banquet a meeting was held by the Past Exalted Rulers of New York South-east. About sixty were present from various Lodges of the District, including ten Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers.

The whole function was a fitting expression of the high regard in which District Deputy McGrath is held by his fellow members, and throughout the District.

Unique Entertainment Held By Tacoma, Wash., Lodge

A combined celebration of St. Patrick's Day and Father's and Daughters' Night was arranged by the Big Brother Committee of Tacoma Wash., Lodge, No. 174. A special program befitting the double occasion, and a supper ordered with the tastes of the youngsters in mind, marked a most successful and unusual evening.

Millville, N. J., Lodge Cares For Cripples of City

The Crippled Kiddies Committee of Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, continues to carry on its excellent work among the children and young people within its jurisdiction. Recently a young woman suffering from tuberculosis was sent by the Lodge to the Mount Kip Sanatorium, from which she is now about to be discharged, fully cured, thanks to the generosity and thoughtfulness of Millville Lodge. This case is typical of many that have been cared for during the past year.

District Deputy Kellas Compliments Fulton, N. Y., Lodge

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leroy M. Kellas, New York North Central, paid his official visit to Fulton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 830, he found several hundred members awaiting him in the fine Home of the Lodge. Following the Lodge session, Mr. Kellas warmly complimented the officers on their exemplification of the ritual and the members on the fine condition of the Home which had recently been redecorated.

California Order of Antlers To Hold Convention

A two-day convention will be held early in August by the California State Antlers Association. Members of this junior order affiliated with Long Beach Lodge, No. 888, will be hosts for the occasion, and already a committee of youngsters from the four Southern California Antlers Clubs are at work on plans for the meeting.

Rolla J. Kennedy, Member of Hastings, Neb., Lodge Missing

Mrs. Emma Kennedy, P. O. Box 275, River-ton, Neb., is anxious to obtain information of the whereabouts of her son, Rolla J. Kennedy, a member of Hastings, Neb., Lodge, No. 159, and of the American Legion. Mr. Kennedy was last seen at Desplains, Ill., in November, 1924. He is twenty-seven years old, 5 ft. 10 in. in height and weighs about 154 pounds, has dark hair and gray eyes. Due to infantile paralysis when a child his left arm and hand are smaller

(Continued on page 76)

Your reading problem solved by Dr. Eliot of Harvard



Dr. Charles W. Eliot, for forty years president of Harvard University, the dean of American educators, Editor of the most famous library in the world, "Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books."

THERE will be a dozen competitors for your big opportunity when it comes. What will influence the man who is to make the decision among them?

"In every department of practical life," said ex-President Hadley of Yale, "men in commerce, men in transportation, and in manufactures have told me that what they really wanted from our colleges was men who have this selective power of using books efficiently."

Not book-worms; not men who have read all kinds of miscellaneous books. But those who have read and have mastered the few great books that make men think clearly and talk well.

What are those few great books? The free book offered below answers those questions; it describes the plan and purpose of

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

The books that make men think straight and talk well

Every well-informed man and woman should at least know something about these famous "Harvard Classics."

The free book tells about it—how Dr. Eliot has put into his Five-Foot Shelf "the essentials of a liberal education," how he has arranged it so that even "fifteen minutes a day" are enough, how in pleasant moments of spare time, by using the reading courses Dr. Eliot has provided for you, you can get the knowledge of literature and life, the culture, the broad viewpoint that every university strives to give.

Every reader of this column is invited to have a copy of this handsome little book. It is free, it will be sent by mail, and involves no obligation of any sort. Merely clip the coupon and mail it today.



Send for this FREE booklet that gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading



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By mail, free, send me the little guide book to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot of Harvard. Also how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

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AS I passed the President's office I could not help hearing my name. Instinctively I paused to listen. "That human clam," he was saying, "can't represent us. He's a hard worker, but he seems to have no ability to express himself. I had hoped to make him a branch manager this fall, but he seems to withdraw farther and farther into his shell all the time. I've given up hopes of making anything out of him."

So that was it! That was the reason why I had been passed over time and again when promotions were being made! That was why I was just a plodder—a truck horse for our firm, capable of doing a lot of heavy work, but of no use where brilliant performance was required. I was a failure unless I could do what seemed impossible—learn to use words forcefully, effectively and convincingly.

In 15 Minutes a Day

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a powerful speaker almost overnight. I learned how to bend others to my will, how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands. Soon I had won salary increases, promotions, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words. And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 15 minutes a day in the privacy of my own home, on this most fascinating subject.

* * *

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing, and success. Today business demands for the big, important high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men

who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small, unimportant territory to a salesman's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

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 - How to address Board Meetings
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 - How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
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This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 75)

than his right. His mother will be deeply grateful for news of him and may be communicated with at the address above or through S. S. R. Alexander, Secretary of Hastings Lodge.

Captain James K. Carmack Passes Away

Death has taken Captain James K. Carmack, for the past 24 years Treasurer of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, and one of the best known and best loved members of the Order in the East. To him belongs the unique distinction of being the "father" of two important Lodges. Captain Carmack was one of the organizers of Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, No. 11, and its first Exalted Ruler. It was also largely due to his efforts that Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, was formed and instituted in 1804. He was this Lodge's second Exalted Ruler. His activities were not confined solely to his own Lodge but took him into the affairs of the Order generally, and he was a familiar and forceful figure at many a Grand Lodge Convention.

Captain Carmack also played a prominent part in the civic life of his community, and was a staunch supporter of every project involving the betterment of municipal conditions. He served as the first treasurer of the Atlantic City Hotel Men's Association, and occupied that position for nearly six years.

The funeral services, held in the Home of Atlantic City Lodge, were beautifully impressive, hundreds of his fellow members and leading citizens of the city being present to pay a last tribute to his achievements and to his lovable personality.

Newport, Ky., Lodge Holds Charity Shows

Newport, Ky., Lodge, No. 273, which held highly successful Charity Shows two years ago, gave three performances of the same type in the Temple Theatre last month. In addition to the splendid acts, a special feature was provided by the band of the Tenth U. S. Infantry. The funds realized were divided equally between a hospital, a convent and two orphanages.

New District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Appointed

Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell has appointed Ralph B. Fuller of Durham, N. C., Lodge, No. 568, as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for North Carolina West to succeed P. R. Terry, who resigned recently.

Feature of Past Exalted Rulers Night At Taunton, Mass., Lodge

When Taunton, Mass., Lodge, No. 150, observed its Past Exalted Rulers Night recently, the principal speaker of the evening was William H. O'Brien, Chief of the Telephone and Telegraph Division of the Department of Public Utilities of Massachusetts. Mr. O'Brien, who has been a member of Taunton Lodge for nearly thirty years, spoke feelingly of his long association with his fellows and recalled many pleasant memories. His address was full of beauty and eloquence as the following passage shows:

"If when nearing the end of your journey you pause for a moment and your thoughts wander back along the well-traveled road and your mind pictures through the mist of years your effort and struggle in the cause of all that seemed right, and if in that moment with your conscience you can say, I have never wilfully caused any human being one moment's pain, you will have lived as God intended you should have lived."

Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge Holds Oldtimers Night

Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge, No. 247, staged a real "Oldtimers" night recently. An informal dinner for the "Old Boys" was followed by an old fashioned Social Session, participated in by the members and by many visiting Elks from near-by Lodges. Past Exalted Ruler George J.

Littleton was master of ceremonies, assisted by officers and other Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge. One of the oldest present, John Jay Tindale, Jr., of New York Lodge, No. 1, was chosen Chairman of the Social Session. The oldest Elk in attendance, Harry J. Armstrong, survivor of the "Jolly Corks" and Charter Member of Chicago Lodge, No. 4, regaled the members and guests with reminiscences of the old days. William T. Phillips, Past Exalted Ruler and present Secretary of New York Lodge, No. 1, delivered an address, and there was a fine entertainment by professional talent from New York.

"Buddy Poppy" Sale a Chance To Help Disabled Veterans

An opportunity for every individual to help, where help is both needed and deserved, is afforded by the sale of "Buddy Poppies" conducted each year during the week of Memorial Day by the Veterans of Foreign Wars. The poppies used are all made by disabled and needy veterans, and the proceeds from the sale go to relieve distress among the ex-service men and their families. This effort of the Veterans of Foreign Wars to provide employment, and alleviate conditions not covered by the various compensation and rehabilitation bureaus of the government, has the endorsement of President Coolidge, of Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell, of religious leaders, professional and trade associations, and other organizations.

Webster City, Iowa, Lodge Wins Bowling Title

The three five-man bowling teams of Webster City, Iowa, Lodge, No. 302, defeated the teams representing two other Iowa Lodges, Fort Dodge, No. 306, and Boone, No. 563, in the league series which these Lodges have been playing over a period of three months. Following the final contest a banquet for the competing teams was held in Webster City and the prize awarded. So popular was the series that it was unanimously agreed to continue the league meeting next year.

Massachusetts State Elks Association Entertains Disabled Veterans

The Service Men's Entertainment Committee of the Massachusetts State Elks Association is doing a splendid work in its State for the disabled veterans of the World War. From one to two shows every week are provided at every hospital in Massachusetts where ex-service men are confined. Fruit, candy and cigarettes are distributed to all the patients, and plants and flowers were donated at Christmas and Easter. This work of the committee is highly commended by the hospital authorities and Red Cross workers, as well as enjoyed by the veterans.

The annual convention of the Association, the tentative program of which was published in these columns last month, will be held in Lawrence, Mass., June 6-8.


Norwich, Conn., Lodge in Flourishing Condition

Norwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 430, is in a flourishing condition, owning its Home free and clear of all debt, having nearly 1,000 names on its rolls and enjoying the loyal support of its members. The meetings and special occasions have been unusually well attended and a fine spirit of enthusiasm prevails.

Among the activities of the Lodge is the annual award of a prize to the member of the graduating class of the Mount Pleasant Street school writing the best essay on "Self-Sacrifice." This is done in memory of Sigmund Siegel, a member who lost his life some time ago in an attempt to rescue two boys from drowning. Mr. Siegel, who had attended the Mount Pleasant Street School as a boy, was posthumously awarded a Carnegie Medal for his heroic effort.

Jerome, Ariz. Lodge Helps Celebrate Birthday of Prescott Lodge

Some sixty members and officers of Jerome, Ariz., Lodge No. 1361 attended the thirtieth anniversary of Prescott, Ariz., Lodge, No. 330. The (Continued on page 78)



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America's Best Known Shoes

THE STYLISH, comfortable lasts, fine workmanship and high quality leathers in W. L. Douglas Shoes will quickly win your approval — especially since the low prices assure you the full benefit of the worth-while savings that result from manufacturing in large quantities for 120 W. L. Douglas stores and more than 6,000 Douglas dealers.

Pictured is one of many new models for Spring and Summer wear.

Women's Shoes, Too
\$5.00 & \$6.00

Scores of charming styles in the newest leathers for Spring and Summer wear.



The SANDY
In Tan or Black with Wedge Rubber Heel.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES FOR MEN
ALL GOOD VALUES \$6 to \$8

**Power Without Powder
Crosman Pneumatic .22**



The Precision Rifle

Invented by West Pointer. Air under tremendous pressure gives remarkable power in field. Adjustable for indoor practice. Deep true rifling gives unsurpassed accuracy. Puts shot after shot into bull's-eye. New-shaped bullet carries straighter up to 50 yards or more.

Greatest target rifle made. Marksmen delighted. Crosman owners envied everywhere for accurate shooting.

Never needs cleaning. Powderless. Smokeless. Silent. Saving on ammunition soon pays for gun. Knocks down to fit 22-inch suitcase. Sutton used it in Africa. Army men wild about it.

Write for Booklet

Don't spend your money until you see a Crosman. Free descriptive booklet for the asking. Please mention your dealer's name.

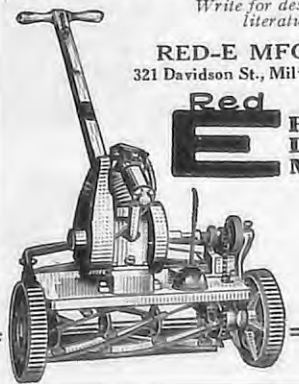
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The Red-E Power Lawn Mower makes lawn-trimming a quick and easy task instead of a time-and-labor-consuming chore. A sturdy, 4-cycle gasoline motor does all the hard work—drives the cutting mechanism and pushes the mower. The operator simply guides the machine and manipulates the handy controls. Speed may be instantly regulated to suit pace of operator. Cutting grass with this mower is as simple as driving a car. A man or boy can cut practically twice as much grass in a given time as with an old-fashioned hand-pushed mower. Self-sharpening knives, non-clogging reel, and easy control assure a perfect job of cutting.

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Important Notice to Members

Members are urged to immediately notify their Lodge Secretary of any change in their mailing address and the Secretary is required by the Grand Lodge Law to promptly report all such changes. Only by this cooperation can the members be assured of receiving their copies of the Magazine.

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THAT unsightly, uncomfortable bulge of fatty tissue over the abdomen is an unnecessary burden. Here's the way to get rid of it, without fasting, hot baths or back breaking exercises. The "Little Corporal" belt will

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With "Little Corporal"

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"Enabled me to sell many thousand dollars worth of Real Estate." — Carrie Marshall, Miss.
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"Have made \$14,400 with your system." — H. G. Stewart, Florida.
"Made \$4,500 in one deal." — I. C. Clarke, N. Y.
"Made net profits of \$2,200 in one month." — E. M. Coffey, N. J.
"Increased my earnings 200%." — A. J. Bennett, Michigan.

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Send 50 cents for sample lighter.
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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 77)

Jerome officers, assisted by the Degree Team, initiated a class for Prescott Lodge, after which Past Exalted Ruler Walter C. Miller, on behalf of Jerome Lodge, presented No. 330 with a huge birthday cake carrying thirty candles, which were then lighted by the four charter members of Prescott Lodge who were present. An elaborate banquet followed these ceremonies and wound up a delightful occasion.

Smokers Held by Denver, Colo., Lodge Net Large Sums for Charity

Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, has realized more than \$7,000 for its charity fund from the series of smokers it has held during the past year. These boxing programs, presented to mixed audiences, have proved among the most popular events the Lodge has ever sponsored. As many as eight bouts are put on during the course of an evening, and so keen is the enthusiasm that it is planned to continue them indefinitely.

White Plains, N. Y., Lodge Wins Bowling Championship

By defeating the team representing Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge, No. 707, in three straight games, the bowlers of White Plains, N. Y., Lodge, No. 535, won the championship of the New York Southeast District Bowling League. In the final count Yonkers stood second and Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, third. In the series with Yonkers the White Plains team rolled up scores which also gave them the high team and individual scores of the tourney. The various prizes were presented at the annual dinner of the Association held in the Home of White Plains Lodge, which was attended by several hundred members.

Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Leach to be Dedicated May 5

The Memorial, erected by the Grand Lodge at the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Leach, Riverside Cemetery, Waterbury, Conn., will be dedicated at two o'clock on the afternoon of May 5. Appropriate ceremonies will be conducted under the auspices of Grand Lodge officials. The date selected for the event is the second anniversary of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Leach's death.

Georgia State Elks Association To Meet in Albany, May 20-21

Elaborate preparations are being perfected for the annual convention of the Georgia State Elks Association which meets in Albany, Ga., May 20-21. President G. Phillip Maggioni of Savannah, Ga., Lodge, No. 183, reports unprecedented enthusiasm on the part of Lodges throughout the State and that each is making special plans to send large delegations to Albany. One of the features of the Convention will be a mammoth parade with floats, bands, drill teams and marching clubs. Atlanta Lodge, No. 78, will send its Degree Team which will conduct a large initiation, producing its famous tableaux as part of the ceremony. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price and many other prominent and distinguished members of the Order are expected to be present at the Convention.

Oregon State Elks Association To Meet at Eugene

Plans are being perfected for the Annual Convention of the Oregon State Elks Association which will be held this year at Eugene, Ore., June 24-25. Eugene Lodge, No. 357, will be host to the delegates and visitors, and preparations are in hand to take care of a record attendance.

Prominent Member of Providence, R. I., Lodge Passes Away

Captain Anthony Mungiven, of Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, whose indefatigable efforts as chairman of the Building Commission did much toward the erection of the beautiful Elks Home twelve years ago, died recently after

an illness of six weeks. His strong personality made him a commanding figure in the Order throughout Rhode Island, and he will be mourned by a host of friends. He was also a member of the Knights of Pythias, and during his younger days had served for many years as an officer in the State militia, retiring while Captain of the Emmet Guards. He became a member of Providence Lodge in 1900, and on the occasion of his fortieth wedding anniversary, some six years ago, was presented with a Life Membership.

Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge to Welcome New York State Elks Association

Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge, No. 31, is making great preparations for the fourteenth annual convention of the New York State Elks Association to be held in that city on June 6-9. The remodeling of its Home, now almost completed, will provide a practically new building in which to receive and entertain the thousands of delegates, alternates and guests who are expected to attend.

Syracuse Lodge, which played host to the Convention in 1922, is remembered by all who were present at that meeting. The city is noted for its hotel and restaurant accommodations and its fine fraternal club Homes, all of which will keep open house to Elks during the Convention.

Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge Forms Antlers Club

Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, No. 335, has organized and is sponsoring an Antlers Club. This brings the total number of clubs in this junior organization to approximately forty scattered all over the country.

Greenwich, Conn., Lodge Pays Visit to New Haven

The officers and a large group of members of Greenwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 1150, recently paid a fraternal visit to New Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 25, where they initiated a large class of candidates for their hosts. The ritual was beautifully exemplified by the degree team of Greenwich Lodge, which has received high praise for its perfection on more than one occasion.

Blackfoot, Ida., Lodge Looks Forward to New Home

Though Blackfoot, Ida., Lodge, No. 1416, does not yet possess a Home of its own, it has enough in its treasury to warrant its considering the building of one in the near future. During the past year the Lodge has shown a substantial increase in membership, and has taken a leading part in many community activities.

Ithaca, N. Y., Lodge Has Live And Progressive Membership

Ithaca, N. Y., Lodge, No. 636, has closed a year of prosperity and progress, the membership having been active in many fields. Its various athletic teams have had pronounced success and a number of new cups have been added to the trophies already in the possession of the Lodge. This winter a movement was started by Ithaca Lodge to provide safe places for the youngsters of the community to skate, and due to the activity and generosity of the members a great deal of good was accomplished in this direction. A feature of the Lodge life that keeps the members in close touch with one another are the Saturday suppers at 10:30. These have been served every week for the last nine years and are exceedingly popular, visitors from other Lodges often being present on these occasions.

San Juan, Porto Rico, Lodge Welcomes Judge Bridges

Judge Henry W. Bridges, Past Exalted Ruler of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, bearing a message from Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawley Atwell, was warmly welcomed on his arrival in Porto Rico, by San Juan Lodge, No. 972. Judge and Mrs. Bridges were met at their

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3 Doz. \$1.50

ship by officers of the Lodge, and in the afternoon were taken on a sight-seeing trip over the island. In the evening they were guests at a dinner party arranged by Exalted Ruler Chester W. Siegmund, at which were also District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George Spaven and a number of Past Exalted Rulers and their wives. Following the dinner Judge Bridges presided over the Lodge meeting during the election of officers.

San Juan Lodge has been conducting a very successful stamp drive for the benefit of the crippled children and the poor of the Island. One million stamps, selling for one cent each were issued in the campaign. A special Inter-Island meeting was also held, at which San Juan Elks were hosts at a delightful party to candidates and visitors from St. Thomas.

*News of the Order
From Far and Near*

Clarksville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 601 and Claremore, Okla., Lodge, No. 1230, have surrendered their charters.

Hampton, Va., Lodge celebrated its twenty-ninth anniversary a short time ago.

Grand Esquire William J. Sinek and Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson were recently guests of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge.

The drum corps of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge recently won a handsome first-prize loving cup in a competition with fifteen other drum corps.

The Elks Colonial Band, the famous organization of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, conducted a large Charity Ball last month.

Among the recent activities of Bellingham, Wash., are the sponsoring of a Boy Scout troop; band concerts; the support of an orthopedic ward in St. Luke's Hospital, and efficient charity work by a relief committee.

El Paso, Tex., Lodge has a complete gallery of photographs in its Lodge room of all its Past Exalted Rulers.

Five hundred dollars from the Grand Lodge Emergency Fund was recently sent by Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell for the relief of families of miners killed in the disaster at Wilburton, O.

An Elks Male Chorus has been formed in McKeesport, Pa., Lodge.

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge is conducting a ninety-day selective membership campaign.

For the first time in twenty-four years Columbus, O., Lodge has made a change in the office of Secretary. The new holder of the office is Colonel C. W. Wallace.

Over 200 members were added to the rolls of Hammond, Ind., Lodge during the past few months.

A very large class of candidates was initiated during March by Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge.

At the time this issue of the magazine went to press Braddock, Pa., Lodge was making preparations for the "Juvenile Follies of 1926," the annual extravaganza given by the children of its dancing class.

Two Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, Joseph H. Mulvey and James E. McGann, took part in the Past Exalted Rulers Night of New Haven, Conn., Lodge.

John F. Richardson, Past Exalted Ruler, has been elected Secretary of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge for the forty-third time.

The Glee Club of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge visited Pomona, Calif., Lodge recently, where they were given a most appreciative and hospitable reception.

Grafton, W. Va., Lodge donates the use of its auditorium for the meetings of the Woman's Music Club and the local chapter of the Delphian Society.

A large delegation from McMinnville, Ore., Lodge, traveling by special train, paid a fraternal visit to Eugene, Ore., Lodge.

Malden, Mass., Lodge has just redecorated its Home.

Alameda, Calif., Lodge celebrated its twentieth anniversary with a banquet and entertainment.

Norwalk, Conn., Lodge enjoyed one of the most successful meetings and social sessions in its history on the occasion of the official visit of

(Continued on page 81)

Those flashing smiles



—when **ELK**
greet **ELK**

TEEETH that gleam need the protection of a dentifrice that keeps the gums firm, as well as the teeth white. If your gums become soft, pyorrhea easily gains a foothold.

Tooth pastes contain glycerine which has a softening effect upon the gums. Pyorrhocide Powder is absolutely free from glycerine. It is the only dentifrice that has met all the requirements in clinics devoted exclusively to the study and prevention of pyorrhea.

Dentists prescribe Pyorrhocide Powder for insuring firm, healthy gums. Its value in correcting

Soft, tender, bleeding gums

FREE FROM GLYCERINE



has been conclusively proven. And its cleansing ingredients keep the teeth glistening white.

The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. At all druggists. Write for free sample and booklet on causes and prevention of pyorrhea. The Dentine & Pyorrhocide Co., Inc., Dept. S2, 1480 Broadway, New York City. (Sole Distributors.)

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POWDER
keeps the gums healthy

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HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff - Stops Hair Falling

Has been used with success for more than 40 years.

Restores color and beauty to gray and faded hair.

60¢ & \$1.00 at Druggists

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When washing hair always use Floreston Shampoo

BECOME A FOOT CORRECTIONIST A new profession not medical nor chiropody. All the trade you can attend to; many are making from \$3,000 to \$10,000 yearly, easy terms for training by mail, no further capital needed or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting. Address Stephenson Laboratory, 7 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.



Who Said It's Impossible To Learn Music Without a Teacher?

PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------|
| Piano | Violin |
| Organ | Clarinet |
| Ukulele | Flute |
| Cornet | Saxophone |
| Trombone | Harp |
| Piccolo | Mandolin |
| Guitar | 'Cello |
| Hawaiian Steel Guitar | |
| Sight Singing | |
| Piano Accordion | |
| Voice and Speech Culture | |
| Harmony and Composition | |
| Drums and Traps | |
| Automatic Finger Control | |
| Banjo (Tenor, Plectrum or 5 String) | |

I HAD waited eagerly for this opportunity to surprise my husband. I could not resist the temptation another minute. Smiling to myself, I sat down at the piano. From the many selections I was familiar with, I decided to play my favorite, Drdla's lovely "Souvenir." Without any hesitation, I struck the first rippling notes of that beautiful classic. Before I had played more than a few bars, my husband called to me from his room above:

My moment of triumph had come!

"Ruth, dear, who is playing the piano?" Although I could hardly restrain myself from laughing, I continued to play. It was so easy when you could read the music and besides I had perfect confidence in myself. I knew I was really playing very well. My fingering was accurate and my time was smooth. At last, I was an accomplished musician. Happy as a care-free child—that's just how I felt.

"Ruth! Who is playing the piano? Is it Mrs. Wood?" called Harry a bit impatiently. Again I kept silent and played on. What fun it was keeping Harry in suspense! I finished and turned toward the door. There was Harry, perfectly dumbfounded. He was staring at me as though he were seeing things. I broke the silence by exclaiming:

"Who said it's impossible to learn music without a teacher?"

As soon as he could recover from his surprise, he said:

"I did Ruth, but—but how in the world did you do it? When did you ever practice? Why it was wonderful! I heard the music and thought Mrs. Wood had dropped in. As you didn't answer, I came down to see who was calling. When I saw you, well, I thought I was dreaming. I just stood there spellbound. Really, didn't you learn from a teacher? Tell me how you did it!"

"Well, smarty," I answered, "do you remember the night that I showed you the

ad that said: 'Learn to Play the Piano—Easy as A-B-C' and told all about the U. S. School of Music and their new, simplified method of teaching music? You laughed at the whole idea and said that it was impossible to learn music without a teacher. You said I was 'too old' and that I needed 'talent.' You were so stubborn when I told you that almost half a million people had learned that way. You infuriated me so that I made up my mind right then and there to turn the tables on you and show you up."

"And I did!"

The Free Demonstration Lesson

"The whole story in a nut shell is that I sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson and Booklet. When they came, my enthusiasm was only increased. I sent for the course which only cost a few cents a day. The lessons were a revelation! Every step was amazingly clear and simple. I decided to keep it a secret, and learn in my spare time, while you were at work—then surprise you. I was playing real notes—no tricky scales. It was real fun—just like a fascinating game. And my progress was surprisingly rapid. In almost no time at all I could play any kind of selections—jazz or classical. But to-night was the real test—when I played to surprise you. And—well, I'll leave it to you whether I have succeeded or not."

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The amazing success of students who take the U. S. School course is largely due to a wonderful, newly perfected method that makes reading and playing music almost as simple as reading aloud from a book. You simply can't go wrong. First, you are told how a thing is done, then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it any clearer.

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Booklet and Demonstration Lesson Sent FREE

You, too, can quickly teach yourself to be an accomplished musician right at home. This wonderful method has already shown half a million people how to play their favorite instrument. To prove that you can do the same, let us send you our booklet and valuable Demonstration Lesson—both FREE.

Forget the old-fashioned idea that you need "talent." Read the list of instruments in the panel on this page, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. At the cost of only a few pennies a day to you!

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Have you above instrument?

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Address

City State

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 79)

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Woodlock.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge celebrated its forty-third anniversary last month with a banquet, dance and entertainment.

Port Townsend, Wash., Lodge held its annual charity ball not long ago. The funds raised went toward the construction of a crippled children's convalescent home and health farm.

Two dancing classes—junior and senior—have been organized in Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge.

Approximately \$14,000 was raised for the Betty Bacharach Home by Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge's Minstrel show.

Trapshooting enthusiasts of Moscow, Ida., Lodge have formed a gun club.

Alexandria, Va., Lodge has elected as its Exalted Ruler a clergyman, the Rev. Edgar Carpenter, rector of Grace Episcopal Church.

The Band of Camden, N. J., Lodge gave a radio concert from Station WCAU in Philadelphia.

Exalted Ruler C. Fenton Nichols and the other officers of San Francisco Lodge initiated a class of candidates for Palo Alto, Calif., Lodge.

Portland, Ore., Lodge gave the use of its Home to the local chapter of the Campfire Girls for their celebration of the national birthday of the organization.

Meadville, Pa., Lodge is planning extensive remodeling and refurbishing in its Home.

May 28 will mark the thirtieth anniversary of Rutland, Vt., Lodge, No. 345. This Lodge, which enjoys the distinction of being the first to be instituted in the Green Mountain State, was instituted by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. A. J. Dunwick, who is also a Past Exalted Ruler of Glens Falls, N. Y., Lodge.

An enviable record is held by Jerry J. McBride of Bucyrus, O., Lodge. For the past twenty-five years he has held the office of Tiler in his Lodge and during that long period has rarely missed a meeting.

Birmingham, Ala., Lodge is sponsoring a troop of Boy Scouts and has appointed a committee to take charge of the work.

Rutherford, N. J., Lodge held a banquet and mortgage-burning party last month.

A gala entertainment and St. Patrick's Day dance was held by Juneau, Alaska, Lodge.

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Walter F. Meier addressed representatives of all the fraternal organizations of Chehalis, Wash., at their meeting in the Home of Chehalis Lodge.

Canton, Ill., Lodge put on two performances of its "Minstrel Chuckles" last month, which were highly successful.

A delegation of members and officers, including the degree team, orchestra and choir, of

Sullivan, Ind., Lodge assisted at the initiation of a class of candidates in the Home of Evansville, Ind., Lodge.

A fine program of music, songs, dances and motion-pictures was given for its charges by the Shut-in Committee of Seattle, Wash., Lodge.

A delegation from Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge, paid a fraternal visit to Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge.

The anniversary banquet and entertainment held by Lynn, Mass., Lodge, last month, was the largest social affair this Lodge has ever undertaken.

Accompanied by a number of members the degree team of Muncie, Ind., Lodge, journeyed to Bluffton, Ind., where they initiated a class for Bluffton Lodge.

Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge has recently held two very successful events—"The Purple Cap Revue" and the seventh annual concert of the Lodge Band.

A. J. Baxter, a member of the Board of Trustees of Huntington, W. Va., Lodge has been elected President of the American Bowling Congress.

Rufus W. Peavy, Exalted Ruler of Brownwood, Tex., Lodge is also Master of the Masonic Lodge in that city. He is only twenty-six years old and is perhaps the youngest man chosen to head either of these organizations.

Hornell, N. Y., Lodge has donated a sum of money to the local Boy Scout Troop.

John W. Thorn, member of Owosso, Mich., Lodge and a resident of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., was recently the recipient of many attentions by his associates in the Home on the occasion of his eighty-ninth birthday. Gifts of flowers and cigars and the presentation of a testimonial expressed the high regard in which Mr. Thorn is held at the Home.

The contracts let for the new Home of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, on which work was started April 1, total over \$250,000.

The band of Plainfield, N. J., Lodge celebrated its third anniversary with a dinner and entertainment.

The Charity Bazaar held by Grafton, W. Va., Lodge netted a goodly sum for the Lodge treasury.

East Orange, N. J., Lodge has appointed a History Committee charged with the duty of compiling and publishing in book form the history of the Lodge.

Plans for redecorating and remodeling its Home are under consideration by Hornell, N. Y., Lodge.

The Degree Team of Alameda, Calif., Lodge assisted at the initiation of a class for Marysville, Calif., Lodge in the presence of more than 2,000 members and visitors.



Elks National Trapshooting Tournament

(Continued from page 39)

The State Team Championship will be a 100-16 yard target shoot. Each member of first, second and third high teams will receive a trophy, the winning team to be designated as State Team Champions. Entrance fee for targets \$2.50.

The contestant making the highest score in both the 100 Class Championship and the 100 Handicap shall be declared winner of the Elks Championship, a title which carries with it a trophy. The shooter making the highest total score in the Class Championship, the Handicap and the Doubles shall be declared Elks All 'Round Champion and awarded a trophy.

Classification and Handicap. Contestants will be classified and handicapped on their A. T. A. average and known ability. The

following table will be adhered to as closely as possible.

Class A	— 95% and over	
Class B	— 91% to 95%	
Class C	— 85% to 91%	
Class D	Below 85%	
	80% to 91%	20 yards
	87% to 80%	19 yards
	85% to 87%	18 yards
	80% to 85%	17 yards
	Below 80%	16 yards

All targets on the program will be registered with the Amateur Trapshooting Association and the Western Amateur Trapshooting Association.

The Committee expects to make this tournament one of the largest ever held and hopes that every Elk shooter who can possibly do so will enter it.

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Underwriting Syndicates

By Stephen Jessup

LEGITIMATE underwritings are the accepted method of supplying capital for new enterprises or additional capital for existing enterprises.

The sale of large blocks of securities to the investing public is not an easy task when undertaken by an individual investment house.

Each dealer in investment securities has his own following, but the buying power of that following naturally is limited, so that the absorption of a large investment issue by the clientele of a single firm is the exception rather than the rule. To ensure prompt and successful distribution, therefore, the cooperation of several, and sometimes numerous, dealers becomes necessary. Each dealer assisting in the flotation is remunerated for his services, which is accomplished through the process of underwriting.

A syndicate underwriting, therefore, is a temporary association of dealers in investment securities who purchase, or guarantee to purchase, or otherwise accumulate large blocks of stocks, bonds or other securities at a certain figure, and subsequently to sell or distribute them among the investing public with a certain margin of profit.

Syndicates and pools are somewhat alike in their operation. As a broad distinction it might be said that syndicates underwrite issues of securities to be placed with investors, while pools are somewhat more speculative. A pool, in other words, will accumulate a number of shares of a company's stock in the open market with a view to advancing the price as much as possible before selling out at a profit.

Each member of a syndicate assumes liability for a certain proportion of the underwriting, and receives his proportionate part of the net profit upon the dissolution of the syndicate.

A 10 per cent. participation in a syndicate, for example, would mean that the participant subscribed to 10 per cent. of the total underwriting and would be entitled to receive 10 per cent. of the net profits in the liquidation. If the securities underwritten were not re-sold by the syndicate, then the member would be responsible for his 10 per cent. share of the unsold securities. He would be required to make payment for his share and would receive delivery of the securities, or "take them up."

A syndicate is in effect a partnership, in which the individual liability of the several partners is limited to the amount of their respective participations. Having subscribed to a fixed participation, each member is liable only for the payment of his subscription and has no further liability, regardless of the success or failure of the undertaking.

It is understood, however, that each member of a syndicate has a certain moral obligation to his fellow-members in addition to his financial liability, namely, the duty of assisting in the distribution of the securities held by the syndicate. Each member is expected to sell or influence the sale of an amount of the syndicate-owned securities equal in proportion to the amount of his participation. Cases have been known, however, where a participant does not do his share, and still participates in the profits from the sale of the securities by the syndicate. In such cases the syndicate member is said to "ride," or let the others do the work. It is, of course, evident that if many of the participants in a syndicate were to "ride," distribution would not be accomplished, and the result would be that a large portion of the unsold securities would have to be "taken up" by the syndicate members. Such an operation would mean that the syndicate was not successful, for the purpose of a syndicate—aside from furnishing capital to the company whose securities it underwrites—is to sell the securities at a profit rather than to distribute them among its members.

A security issue of merit, when offered, advertised and recommended by a number of investment security dealers of prominence, is usually absorbed by the public rapidly; frequently, in fact, the issue is over-subscribed before the subscription books are closed.

Usually a time limit is set on a syndicate, and at its organization a period is provided, such as

three or six months, in which to effect distribution of the securities being acquired. Sometimes, owing to favorable market conditions or unusual attractiveness or popularity of the security being offered, the issue will be over-subscribed several times. On the other hand, sometimes the selling is slow on account of unfavorable market conditions or lack of public interest, and the time limit expires before distribution can be accomplished. In such a case either the time limit is extended and perhaps new members and new enthusiasm injected into the syndicate, or, there appearing no chance of accomplishing the desired results, the syndicate is dissolved and the money and securities on hand distributed pro rata among the members.

As a rule, however, those forming a syndicate forecast rather accurately the disposition of the investing public, and do not attempt to operate in an unfavorable market. The result is that the actual division of securities among members, instead of cash profits, is the exception rather than the rule.

One of the chief factors in the operation of a successful syndicate is the character of the open market maintained for the security being handled. Syndicate managers realize the importance of creating and maintaining a wide and active market during the period of distribution.

Before market operations are begun, the securities to be marketed, or a certain portion of them, are offered by the members of the underwriting syndicate to their friends and clients at a fixed price. This offer is called a "subscription offering." The security being offered may be purchased at the subscription price until the subscription books are closed, after which all buying, and selling, orders must be executed through brokers in the open market at market prices and via the regular channels.

After the security has been introduced to active trading in the open market its price naturally fluctuates. If the public demand is urgent the price rises, and vice versa. Generally speaking, however, the price fluctuations are controlled by the syndicate managers, and this form of control is termed "manipulation."

IN ORDER to protect the market price of the security being distributed and manipulated it is necessary for the syndicate managers in the open market to accept any and all offerings emanating from either investors who wish to dispose of their holdings or speculative "short" sellers who believe they will be able to repurchase profitably at a lower level. This "market protection" is essential, for obviously the members of the syndicate would encounter difficulty in placing the security among their clientele if the security were quoted in the open market at a lower price.

After the syndicate has repurchased the security for the purpose of market protection it usually re-sells at higher prices, resulting in additional profit for its members.

The operation of buying and selling for the syndicate account is continued until all the securities acquired by the syndicate have been disposed of. The syndicate account is then closed; each member receives an accounting of its operations showing receipts and disbursements; profits are distributed pro rata, and the syndicate is dissolved.

The profits of members of an underwriting syndicate naturally vary with each individual case. The nature of the transaction is of such a confidential character that the outsider rarely if ever learns either the price at which the underwriters acquire the securities or the average price at which they were distributed. In some cases underwriting profits are very large and an investor buying at the top market price is unable to re-sell except at a loss, so that the operations of some syndicates have been criticised.

Participations in underwriting syndicates are usually confined to bankers, brokers, dealers in investment securities and a few individuals of sufficient standing and influence in their communities to command an investment following and to aid in the distribution. In a number of instances the demands for participation are so

urgent as to compel the syndicate managers to limit subscriptions by allotment.

Pools

Pools resemble syndicates in their operation in the main, the chief difference being that they are more speculative in their character. In other words, while an underwriting syndicate is formed to assure a certain amount of capital to a company or enterprise and at the same time to obtain financial profit for its members, the operation of a pool is primarily for its own advantage. Instead of underwriting a new issue of securities and assuring the company the receipt of a certain amount of capital at or during a given period, a pool usually acquires shares of stock by purchase in the open market.

For instance, a certain company's business shows considerable growth accompanied by sharp increase in earnings, making its stock more valuable. This situation is unknown to the general public. Quotations for the company's stock remain stationary, or fluctuate within a narrow range, without reflecting the improvement. A group of operators, knowing the real situation, combine to form a pool for the purpose of acquiring the stock, advancing its price, and distributing it at a substantial profit. They frequently enlist the cooperation of large individual holders of the stock by taking an option on a certain number of shares at a range of prices either below or at the prevailing market up to a price much higher, the average price being substantially above the prevailing market. In return for this expectation of profit, the holders agree not to sell their stock for a given period of time.

This arrangement accounts for a majority of the outstanding shares of the company and assures the pool that these shares will be kept off the market for the time being. The result is that the "floating supply" of the stock in question is reduced to a minimum. The pool then begins to buy the stock in the open market, accompanying its purchases with active transactions both buying and selling, arousing interest in the stock. This manipulation is similar to that carried on by an underwriting syndicate as already described. As the price of the stock advances the pool issues publicity items reporting the improvement in the company's position, which, combined with the growing activity in the stock, attract fresh buyers in increasing numbers.

Demand for the stock having thus been aroused, the pool begins to sell a little more than it buys, so that eventually it has re-sold all the stock it had acquired by both option and purchase. The stock is both bought and sold at different prices, but the average purchase price is lower than the average selling price, constituting the pool's profit.

Frequently a pool operation in a stock has the effect of raising the permanent price level, thus benefitting all the stockholders of the company. At other times, unexpected happenings interfere with the pool's program and either the pool is unable to advance the price or, having advanced it, is unable to sustain it, and the price recedes to the point at which the operation began. Among the factors necessary in a successful pool operation are the original fact that the stock is selling below its real worth; favorable market conditions, and experienced and financially sound pool operators.

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"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.

"Arnold's Certificates," Arnold & Co., Washington, D. C.

"How to Gain Independent Means and a Life Income," the details of eleven plans whereby the investor can acquire financial worth by systematic investment. The Trust Company of Florida, Miami, Florida.

(Continued on page 84)

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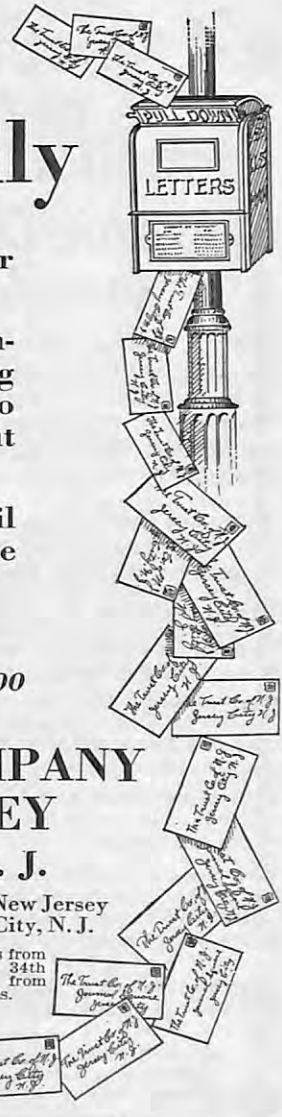
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"Fifty-three Years of Proven Safety"; "How to Build an Independent Income," The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

"Investment Guide," Greenebaum Sons Investment Co., La Salle & Madison, Chicago Illinois.

"Miller First Mortgage Bonds—Booklet 21-MG." G. L. Miller & Co., 30 East 42nd St., N. Y. City.

The Trust Company of New Jersey, Jersey City, N. J., will send information on the advantages of having a trust company handle your estate.

The Tyrant

(Continued from page 10)

and inlets but questing inland to-day because a winter gale was sweeping the coast.

Flock after flock of all these varied forms shot at express-train speed across the field of his vision, to swerve, wheel, circle and finally settle in some one of the innumerable ponds or lagoons scattered everywhere over the broad river marshes and the watery flats. Yet in all that feathered concourse the shoveller drake saw not one duck of his own kind.

No hunter could tell why in some winters shovellers were common, while in other years scarcely a shoveller could be found among all the legions of ducks congregated along the Low Country rivers. This winter was of the latter sort. Countless thousands of other ducks fed in the freshwater marshes and the flooded rice lands, but the shoveller regiments had chosen a different feeding ground.

At first the lone drake's searching of the air had no more specific motive than a vague but persistent longing for the companionship of his own species. Of late, however, this longing had become more definite, more poignant. Though winter still had many weeks to run, already he had donned his nuptial dress, already the mating instinct was strong in him. When he scanned the sky now, he was not looking for a flock of shovellers but for a female shoveller, for a mate whom he might woo and win in anticipation of that joyful honeymoon journey in the spring to the far-off northern lake where they would build their nest and rear their young.

THE morning hours passed quietly with no hint of notable developments in store. Then, just before noon the great event befell.

The drake saw her when she was half a mile away, seemingly indistinguishable at that distance from the hundreds of other ducks dotting the air. Instantly the pupils of his eyes contracted and their golden circlerets glowed like flame. Straight onward she came, flying almost as fast as a teal, guided by chance or fate to the one pool in all that wilderness of marsh where another of her kind awaited her. Probably she saw the drake before she actually alighted, for suddenly she swerved in the air and came to rest close beside him where he floated in a little open space in the midst of a great raft of coots.

Much as he had longed for her, impatiently as he had awaited her, he took her coming very calmly. With a low guttural "konk, konk," he swam slowly up to her, his head and neck held high, jerking his bill upward. She acknowledged his greeting by bobbing her head, and for some minutes the pair swam slowly in circles. Then, without further demonstration, the drake led his demure gray-brown sweetheart toward a shallow spot near the lagoon's margin where the soft slimy mud was particularly rich in snails.

Within an hour of their meeting, death struck close by them, so close that they could almost feel the wind from his wings. The tyrant was abroad again. Straight toward their pool that ominous thunder of pinions rolled across the flats as flock after flock of ducks rose and fled from the path of the eagle. The crippled drake, remembering suddenly his narrow escape of the day before, began swimming rapidly toward the reeds while around him the coot fleet scattered

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and broke, and with a hiss and a roar of whirring pinions the duck squadrons launched upward. Close behind the drake swam his mate, bound to him by an instinct even stronger than the terror which urged her to spread her wings and fly.

This time the tyrant came more swiftly, driving through the air with powerful surging strokes which forced his big body forward at high speed. Ten feet behind the two swimming shovellers a coot gave a shrill cackling cry, opened his wings and struggled to lift himself from the surface. A dead weight pulled him back, a weight which clung to his right foot and held him fast. Desperately his wings beat the water, making a mighty commotion; and the tyrant, poising at that instant fifty feet above the pool, half-closed his broad marbled pinions and plunged.

The female shoveller dived; the crippled drake, hampered by his broken wing, got himself under water at last. But the fierce eyes of the tyrant had not been fixed upon either of the shovellers. His target was the struggling coot; and the latter, unable either to dive or to fly because of the big terrapin which had fastened itself to his foot, was gripped and crushed in an instant by the tyrant's long curved claws. A moment the eagle's dark-gray wings labored mightily, their serrated tips brushing the water. Then the terrapin's hold gave way, and the tyrant heaved upward with his prize.

DAY followed day in the long, marsh-encircled lagoon beside the river; days of placid enjoyment of the lagoon's rich stores of food; days of sudden alarms and thrilling adventures. Often the two shovellers saw the gray tyrant. Three times in as many weeks the crippled drake narrowly escaped those lethal talons. But his injured wing was healing; though he could not fly, he could dive more easily and he had learned to thwart the hunting eagle by disappearing promptly beneath the surface. His mate, too, seemed to understand that he could now fend for himself in his own way. Generally, when the tyrant appeared, she took wing with the other ducks, returning after the eagle had passed on.

Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the mild Low Country winter changed to spring. The first ospreys came, the first martins, company after company of migrating white herons. These and many other travelers from the lower South brought new life to the river marshes; but as these lovers of warmth increased, the duck legions diminished. Flock after flock took wing and returned no more.

The wind, which for days had blown from the East, swung southward. Suddenly the air grew languid and warm. The lagging baldpates disappeared. Coral-billed gallinules supplanted the rear-guard of the coots. An hour after the next sunrise, the last flock of teal mounted as though at a signal, circled high, then headed away to the North. The shoveller drake and his mate watched them go; and just before they disappeared in the distance, the female shoveller, without a glance at her partner or a sound of farewell, bounded upward and whirred away in pursuit.

Again the golden circlets rimming the crippled drake's pupils glowed a brilliant orange. Rearing his body upward, he stood for an instant upon the surface of the water, his wings fanning the air. Not for weeks had he tried his pinions, dreading the burning agony which he had learned to associate with every effort to fly; but now his wings fanned faster and faster, and suddenly they lifted him. For a hundred yards he flew on, barely topping the taller reeds and sword rushes. Then he slumped abruptly downward, plunging with a splash into a flooded rice field separated by a strip of marsh from the lagoon where he had spent so many weeks.

A month passed; a month during which he made no further attempt at flight; a month of gnawing loneliness and incessant restlessness. He seldom saw the tyrant now because, with the departure of the duck armies, the gray eagle had devoted himself to other prey. The days dragged by. Then, one still sunny morning, as the lone drake feasted on water snails along the edge of a little peninsula of reeds, a black log lying half submerged near the margin came suddenly to life.

As the 'gator rushed, the drake, with a hoarse startled cry, opened his wings and launched
(Continued on page 86)



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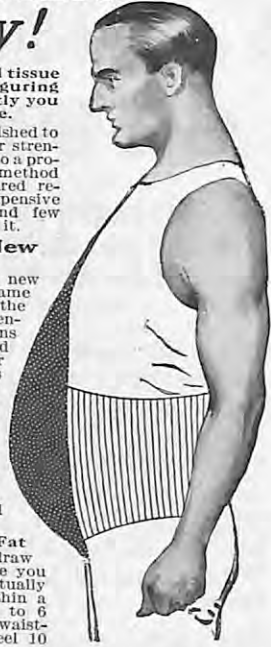
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The Tyrant

(Continued from page 85)

upward from the surface. On and on he flew, rising higher and higher; on and on for fifty yards, a hundred, five hundred. His wings beat evenly and strongly. No sudden weakness or numbness assailed him. At first he flew due South, the direction in which he happened to be headed when the 'gator charged him; but gradually he swung in a wide half-circle until his long bill and slender neck pointed North.

The tyrant was taking his ease. In the frosty windless upper air, so far above the earth, that to the eyes of a man he would have appeared no larger than a gnat, he floated on outstretched wings as lightly as the white wisps of cloud drifting near him. This was his true kingdom, this lofty illimitable solitude; and it was there, "in those blue tracts above the thunder," that he had his throne.

ON EARTH there were enemies against whom he must be always on guard. At the lower levels of the air there were those who, while they could not injure him, might annoy him as a buzzing insect may annoy a lion. But the upper air was his. None ventured there except certain ones of his own royal race, and with these kindred kings he lived in peace.

On this bright mid-spring morning drowsiness possessed him. Spring was a season of plenty when his unwilling purveyors, the ospreys, were numerous and industrious, yielding him a rich tribute of finny spoils. Although in winter he varied his fare by catching unwary coots or wounded ducks, fish had always been his favorite food; and now, with fish plentiful and easily obtained and with the labors of the nesting season behind him, the tyrant had abundant time for idleness and rest. Shortly after sunrise he had breakfasted upon a large mullet which an indignant osprey had surrendered to him. Then, languidly, lazily, he had climbed to his high kingdom to spend the rest of the morning circling somnolently just under the motionless white clouds.

For nearly two hours the gray eagle had been soaring thus, more than half asleep. Suddenly, his drowsiness fell from him. Far below him and to the South, a black speck was moving swiftly through the air. To his farsighted eyes that speck had the form of a duck, a duck whose wide, flat bill and slender neck identified it at once as a shoveller. Its course would bring it in a few minutes directly under the eagle; and apparently not until it was directly under him did the tyrant reach his decision.

Until that moment the eagle, though he watched the oncoming duck keenly with eyes which glowed fiercely under their beetling brows, continued his placid soaring. Then, as though he had become suddenly aware of something unperceived or unrealized until that instant, he half-closed his wings and slid downward through the hissing air.

The shoveller had missed that dark spot soaring just under the billowy white clouds because at the moment his attention was otherwise occupied. A half-hour had elapsed since he had begun his journey; and although at first the swiftness and evenness of his wing-beats seemed to prove beyond all doubt that his injured pinion was now as strong and serviceable as ever, it was already evident that this appearance of completely restored strength was deceptive.

No human eye could have detected at this stage anything abnormal in the drake's manner of flight. But the drake himself knew that all was not well with him, that he could not fly as he was accustomed to fly; and the marvelous eyes of the gray eagle, looking straight down upon the drake as the latter passed far below him, perceived immediately that this was a duck whose powers of flight had been impaired. It was this discovery which of a sudden had determined the tyrant's course of action, and brought him shooting down like a feathered meteor from the upper air.

Possibly it was sound not sight which first apprised the shoveller of his peril. Possibly he heard, above the rush of the wind through his own pinions, a high, thin, wailing note the meaning of which he knew—the keen, wild song which the wind sings when it is smitten and cleft by the hard edges of the eagle's wings as the king of birds plunges upon his prey.



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If, until then, that distant prairie lake, where perhaps his mate dabbled with her little ones, had beckoned him, the vision was instantly blotted out. Panic swept over him like a wave, gripped and stabbed him like death's claw. Yet even in his panic he did the one thing that might save him.

Directly beneath him lay a wide plain of river marsh; but not more than a quarter of a mile to his right a long loop of the wide, winding river glittered in the sun. This was his haven if he could reach it; and instantly he wheeled in the air, and tilting his body sharply forward, drove with all the strength of his pinions directly toward the river's smooth expanse. Beneath that silvery mirrorlike surface life awaited him. Toward that goal he ran his race with death.

It was a brave race. Until its final tenth of a second, its issue was in doubt. The drake's swift maneuver, his sudden wheel to the right, gained him some twenty yards. For a moment he no longer heard that thin, keen, wailing note behind and above him. But almost instantly he heard it again, and swiftly it sharpened to a hiss, which in turn became a loud, angry, rustling noise like the rushing of wind through bending tree tops.

Fifteen feet above the surface of the river the race ended—ended with a savage downward thrust of widespread blue-black talons and a smother of great gray wings furiously lashing the air. The gray tyrant swept buoyantly onward and upward, gripping in his claws the white and russet body of the drake, the long green neck dangling limply. Three miles away, in a tall pine of a wooded island in the marsh, there was an abandoned eagle nest which the tyrant sometimes used as a storehouse for food. Toward this nest he set his course.

The Triumph of "Robbie"

(Continued from page 13)

Possessed of a frank, honest disposition there is absolutely no guile in the makeup of the President and Manager of the Brooklyn National League Baseball team. This unusual virtue in a professional sport that has drifted more or less toward commercialism of latter years stood him in great stead in those long, lean years before the Dodgers, or Robins as you prefer, were able to enter the ivory marts on something approximating an even footing against their more favored rivals.

Time after time before he assumed the executive it was Wilbert Robinson's frankness, personality and magnetism with his players, of whom he made real companions, that saved annually from the wreck such few real stars as he had at his command. The veteran Zach Wheat came to be known as a perennial hold-out. Perhaps he did not get the money to which he was entitled in the heyday of his glory. But if so, too, perhaps, it was because blood can not be got from a stone. It was Robinson's duty each spring to whip the recalcitrant Zach into line and he never failed.

"I know it's a sucker trick for me to compromise," Zach Wheat has confided more than once, "and I wouldn't do it for anybody in the world but Robbie. But say! When he gets talking to you in that fatherly way you can't help but feel mean in doing anything that would throw him down. And whatever a fellow loses in money during a season's grind is probably made up in laughs with such a he-man on the job."

The confidence he inspired not only among his men but among the fans and stockholders of the club as well was largely responsible for Wilbert Robinson reaching the goal of every player's ambition: to become president of a major league baseball club. One of the highest paid men in the profession today, Wilbert Robinson was asked to shoulder added responsibilities at a time when in all fairness to himself he might well have been excused for declining.

Within the space of a few days and shortly after the opening of the baseball season a year ago Charles H. Ebbets, who had been president of the club for thirty years and Edward J. McKeever, vice-president, both passed away. It was a double blow to an organiza-

(Continued on page 88)



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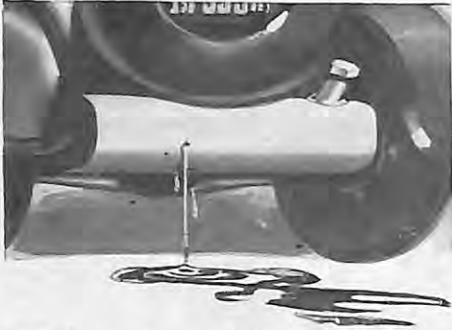
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For every ten gallons you buy you are losing five! That's a startling statement, but true. You are getting just half the power, half the mileage you should out of your gasoline! For now an amazing new invention—a ridiculously simple little device—makes any car give twice its regular mileage to the gallon!

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With this wonderful new invention auto owners in all parts of the country have chalked up records of from 37 to 57 miles and even up to 61 miles on a gallon of gasoline. Every day we hear of some new record—some difficult feat such as pulling a car through deep sand, or up a mountain, on half the usual gas.

And now this amazing new invention is making fortunes for agents and distributors. Now you, too, can make big money—just telling your friends about it.

Not only does this invention save half the gasoline, but, it also saves the expense and time of having carbon scraped out.

Introductory Sample Offer

To introduce this new invention, Mr. Stransky, the inventor, will send a sample at his own risk. Not only that but he will actually pay you for testing his Vaporizer if you are not delighted with it!

The demand for the Stransky Vaporizer is enormous. Agents handling this device are simply coining money. Every auto owner in the country—and there are twenty million of them—wants this splendid new invention the minute he sees it. Splendid for spare time work. Many former agents are cleaning up enormous incomes as distributors and crew managers.

Just send the coupon at once for full details of our introductory sample offer. Be the man to cash in big in your community. Mail the coupon right now—today!

J. A. Stransky Manufacturing Company,
E 200 Stransky Bldg.,
Pukwana, So. Dak.

This Agent Earned \$120 In One Day!

I have found out that the Stransky will do what you said it would. I took forty orders in one day and wasn't out long.—
J. M. James.

\$147.50 in One Day
My profits for one day were \$147.50. In one week I made \$280. Yes, I am always on the job.—
S. E. Herrick, Ore.

\$48 in 3 Hours
My gas bill has been cut nearly in half. I have removed every particle of carbon from my engine. I went out Saturday about three hours and secured 16 orders.—
J. A. Williams.

Sells 500 in One Day
My best day's sales were 500 vaporizers; the next was 350; at another time I sold 23 in 35 minutes, and at another time 27 in 45 minutes.—W. B. Eberlein.

Mail This Coupon Today

J. A. STRANSKY MFG. CO.,
E-200 Stransky Bldg.,
Pukwana, So. Dakota.

Tell me how I can get samples of the Stransky Vaporizer at your risk. Also tell me how I can make from \$250 to \$500 a month as your distributor. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....
Street or R. F. D.....
City.....State.....

The Triumph of "Robbie"

(Continued from page 87)

tion which for years had been directed by the two men and left certain entanglements among rival interests that had anything but pleasing prospects. And the manager, who was selected by the stockholders to direct the executive as well as the play on the field, was far from a well man at the time.

Indeed, but a few weeks before, the life of Wilbert Robinson had been despaired of by the greatest surgeons of Johns Hopkins. They saved him by an unusual operation.

This was the first time in his life the Brooklyn magnate had been really ill and nothing but his wonderful vitality acquired through years of activity on the diamond, pulled him through. Stricken early in October during a hunting trip to the Dover Hall Club, of Georgia, where he spends most of his off season shooting and fishing, it was not until after his players had mobilized at Clearwater, Fla., next spring that the manager was able to make the trip south. He was still convalescing when C. H. Ebbets and E. J. McKeever died and the double burden was thrown on his shoulders.

BUT against all his physical ills, the herculean physique and sunny disposition of Wilbert Robinson had triumphed and a little thing like that of doing a double trick of work, far from crushing him under its weight, seemed a stimulant and a tonic instead. Before mid-summer he had picked up most of the eighty-five pounds he lost before and after his operation and along toward fall he set out on his annual Georgian hunting trip as rough and tough and strong as a grizzly bear. And, by the way, it was this same grizzly ruggedness to which the recovery from his operation was attributed.

"I never cut into such human muscle," said Dr. Finney at the time. "But for the wonderful development and attendant constitution it would have been a hopeless case. And please to remember Mr. Robinson no longer is a young man."

But if it is true that a man is no older than he feels Dr. Finney was wrong. Wilbert Robinson is the youngest man on the Brooklyn team. Indeed, like baseball, he may be said to be still in his infancy for getting results. He more than made good as a manager and he will make good as a president, too, for he has the winning complex.

Last year—his first under double duties of president and manager—may be thrown out of all calculation for it was upon a mighty sick man these double responsibilities were cast. As president there were many vexing problems to be threshed out in his own way; installation of personal theories and experiences in the conduct of the office, all of which require time as well as painstaking thought.

Furthermore the president-manager, in an era where players must be developed from the raw—can not possibly be bought—found a club on his hands that ran very strongly to aging veterans. The rebuilding process goes very slowly. Wilbert Robinson, like other real field generals of the stripe of John McGraw and Fred Clarke, must have time. It took the astute Connie Mack twelve long years to rebuild even a semblance of the famous pennant trust he scrapped after the Boston Braves got through with it in the world's series of 1914.

Wilbert Robinson was one of the real iron men of the game and in his way quite as remarkable as Joe McGinnity, one time famous pitcher of the Giants, who gave a fair account of himself in minor company on several occasions last year at the age of fifty-four. He was always a great hitter.

Until last season, when he shed his uniform for the first time because of his weakened condition consequent to his long illness, the Brooklyn manager assumed all the responsibility of keeping his pitching staff on edge. Throughout the long spring training and the daily practices of the early season he not only warmed up his pitching selections but devoted long hours to the coaching and development of rookie box material. If a pitcher had anything at all Wilbert Robinson seemed able

to get it out of him. Certainly whatever else he may have lacked he came up year after year with a corps of twirlers the envy of rival managers.

It is in no wise surprising that he should be possessed of such a remarkable constitution, for the pilot of the Brooklyn club lives his life on the diamond, the golf links or in the woods and fields. The off season is devoted to his guns and dogs. In dogs he has a fancy for the sporting varieties and through Maryland, Georgia and Florida the setters, pointers, fox hounds, beagles and Chesapeakes of Uncle Robbie have enriched the canine strain till he is welcome on every plantation as the shooting season itself.

Once Wilbert Robinson tried the poultry business with a friend in Baltimore and was doing nicely till just before the Christmas rush. Returning with a crate of turkeys early one morning he noticed the annual flight of ducks had set in. So after hurriedly unloading the gobbling flock on his astonished partner he rattled up to his own house with the flivver, packed his bird dogs and hounds in the turkey crate and set out for South River for the rest of the winter.

"Husband?" queried Mrs. Robinson, when the partner phoned to learn what had become of the turkey rig. "Why, I think we've lost him till spring. He thought he saw or heard a wild duck this morning."

No one better than Robinson enjoys a joke on himself. And one who can take a joke as well as play one can not fail to be popular with a bunch of young men of the type of ball players. Sherrod Smith, former southpaw, was one of the finest wing shots of the south and Robbie went shooting with him for quail on Sherrod's farm. Smith cajoled his manager into a bet for a ten bird race and went out and made a clean string of kills while Robinson had as many clean misses.

It was not until the next training trip that Smith tipped the joke. He had doctored Robinson's shells, withdrawing all the shot.

In the matter of age, Wilbert Robinson was the dean of the old Orioles which boasted perhaps the greatest aggregate of brains known to any club of baseball history. Certainly this is true if one judges strictly by the success attained by its members in the professional sport. Wilbert Robinson is president and manager of the Brooklyn baseball club. John J. McGraw with a record for pennants in major league baseball is vice-president and manager of the Giants and has been for some years. Kid Gleason built up for Charles A. Comiskey one of the most wonderfully perfect mechanical machines ever seen which numbered in its ranks those White Sox that sold out the world's series of 1919 against the Cincinnati Reds. Hughie Jennings, first lieutenant of McGraw, won three consecutive pennants for Detroit in 1907, 1908 and 1909.

ONE of the first official acts of Wilbert Robinson as president-manager was to sign Joe Kelley as coach, the same Kelley who was left fielder for the Orioles when Wilbert Robinson was captain and catcher. With the scattering of the Orioles, Kelley became a manager, first of the Boston and later of the Cincinnati Club of the National League. Then he wandered to Toronto and managed that club in the International League.

When the Yankees were acquired by Colonel Jacob Ruppert and Colonel Tillinghast L'Hommiedieu Huston, Joe Kelley became scout for the club. Colonel Huston used to say of him: "Joe never brought us in any bad players."

You can not keep an Oriole out of baseball. Joseph Kelley felt the spring urge when Robinson started south with his team and, despite the fact that he now has to wear glasses, tried the sun field in Clearwater, Florida. It must be recorded that Mr. Kelley was not hit on the head by any batted balls, though it is claimed that accidents of this sort happened to one or more recruits.

Wilbert Robinson is now starting his fiftieth year of baseball. The "butcher boy" of Hudson, Massachusetts, seems entitled to a golden jubilee of some sort. He is as old as the National League, which had its golden jubilee celebrations this year, yet he is younger than the youngest fan.

The magic bottle
brings



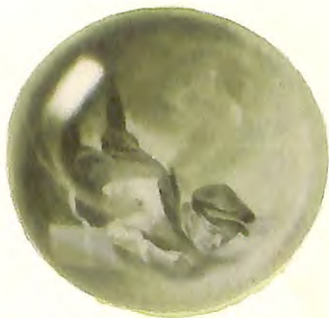
relief



Sore Muscles



Pain



Cuts and Bruises

You'll think they are magic drops

FOR more than a quarter of a century Absorbine, Jr. has brought relief. Because it is both an effective liniment and a safe antiseptic it soothes and comforts, it helps nature heal and guards against infection. This is the reason why so many users of Absorbine, Jr. call it "the magic bottle."

△ △ △

Muscular Pain—Sore Muscles

Absorbine, Jr. relieves muscular pain. Those who suffer from rheumatism will find it very beneficial. It eases and refreshes tired muscles. The early rounds of golf, the first sets of tennis, any form of exertion in the Spring is likely to tire or strain jaded winter muscles. Apply Absorbine, Jr. promptly — it "sets you up" again.

Minor Accidents—Children's Hurts

Cuts, bruises and abrasions of the skin are usually painful and sometimes dangerous, if not treated in time. Apply

Absorbine, Jr. promptly. It is healing and soothing, and its antiseptic properties prevent infection. Keep a bottle in the car. Later you will find it wonderfully efficient for sunburn and insect bites—promptly relieving the soreness and pain.

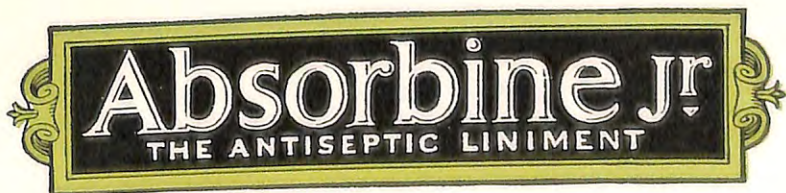
As a Mouthwash and for Sore Throat

Absorbine, Jr. sweetens and refreshes the mouth, and promptly destroys the germs. The daily use of a few drops in water is a pleasant and safe habit. For sore throat use Absorbine, Jr. diluted, as a gargle. It soothes and heals the inflamed tissue. Also apply it full strength on the outside, to break up congestion.

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When you and spring
 are thrilling to the first ball game of
 the year—and your favorite player
 drives out a homer—when the
 stands rise, roaring with cheers
 —have a Camel!



WHEN spring's first ball game is here. And a heavy hitter cracks the ball, shrieking into center-field for a home run—oh, happy mortal, as the stands roar with glee—*have a Camel!*

For Camel adds the magic of its own fragrance to life's most festive days. Camels are of such choice tobaccos that they never tire the taste. Camels are so skilfully made that they never leave a cigaretty after-taste. Spend what you may—you'll get more pleasure out of Camels than any other cigarette you ever put a match to.

So this fair spring day as the bases fill and a hefty batter lofts out one that it seems will never stop flying—oh, then, taste the smoke that means completed enchantment. Know then the mellowest flavor that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!



Camels contain the very choicest tobaccos grown in all the world. Camels are blended by the world's most expert blenders. Nothing is too good for Camels. In the making of this one brand we concentrate the tobacco knowledge and skill of the largest organization of tobacco experts in the world. No other cigarette made is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

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