

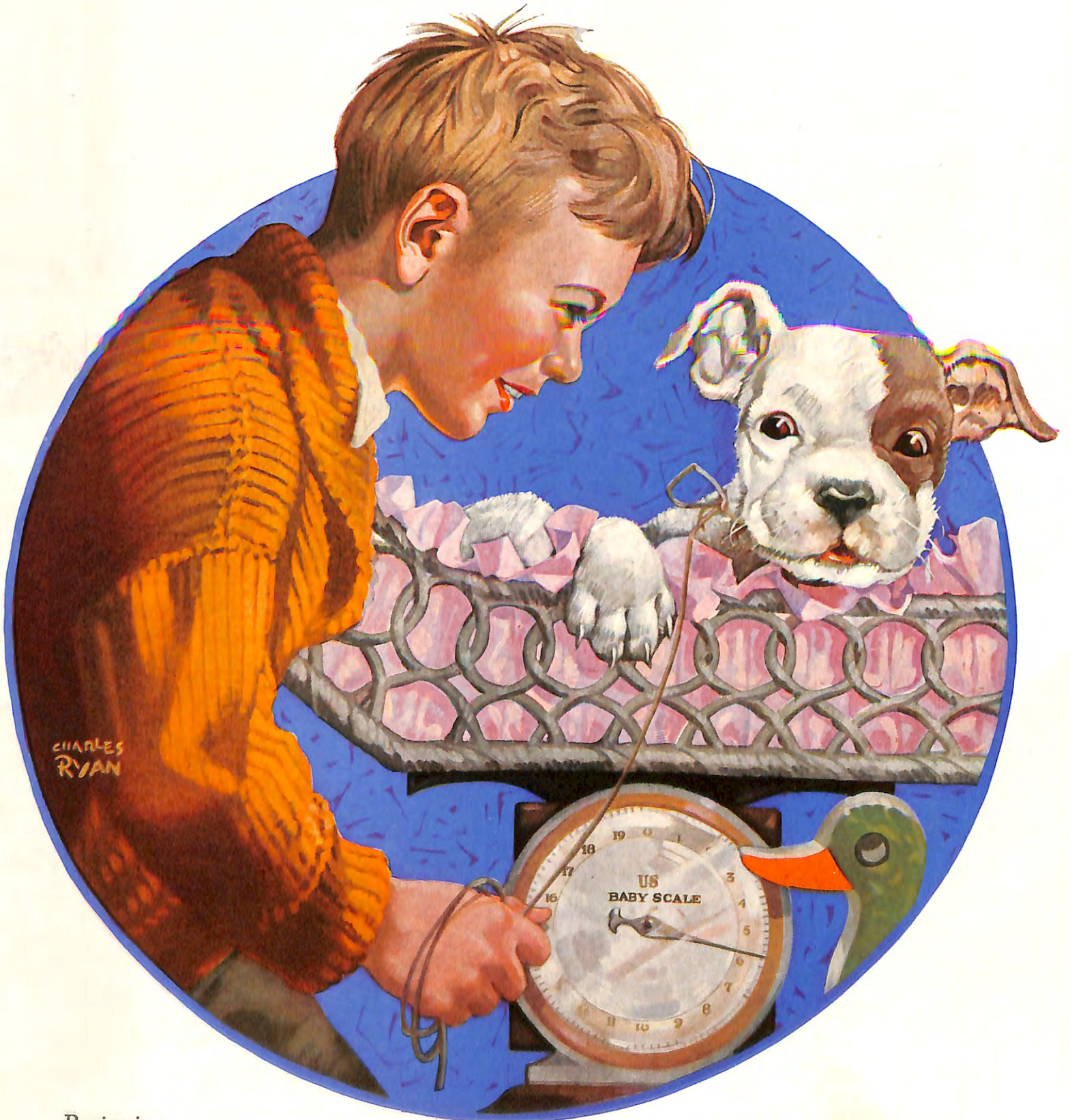
The Elks

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Magazine

MARCH, 1927



Beginning—

"Shadow River," by Walton Hall Smith, a Thrilling Story of Elephant Hunting

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 —From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Five
 Number Ten

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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

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

The Call of Spring

*Philadelphia, Pa.
March 1, 1927*

To All Elks—Greeting:

Buds are swelling; birds are calling. All nature is throbbing with a new life. This old, drab, worn world of ours is preparing to put on her spring raiment, presenting to you and me most pointedly the realization that life is beautiful and is worth living well.

With the elation of the thought comes the buoyancy of our realization that there is much good that you and I can do. On the heels of this awakening of spring comes the beginning of our new Lodge year.

The fullest expression of gratitude to Almighty God for the joy of living and the blessings of our citizenship can best be demonstrated by making some one else just as happy, sharing what we have. Happiness is like a shadow. Pursue it and it is constantly ahead of you. It is only when you make some one else glad that happiness indeed becomes a shadow, following you always.

To be really happy, one must share.

Let's share the blessings of our wonderful organization by bringing our best friends into the fraternity, by stopping for an old Elk friend and taking him to the Lodge meeting. This increased attendance will make possible the greater sharing of happiness and helpfulness with the less fortunate of your community, so that your Elks Home will become 100 per cent. efficient by being the community center. A better knowledge of the happiness results of the past will make possible still greater achievement to-morrow. Therefore

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Chas. H. Gabelov.
Grand Exalted Ruler



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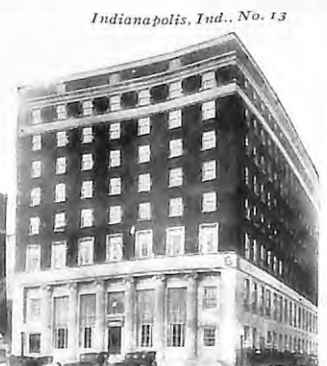
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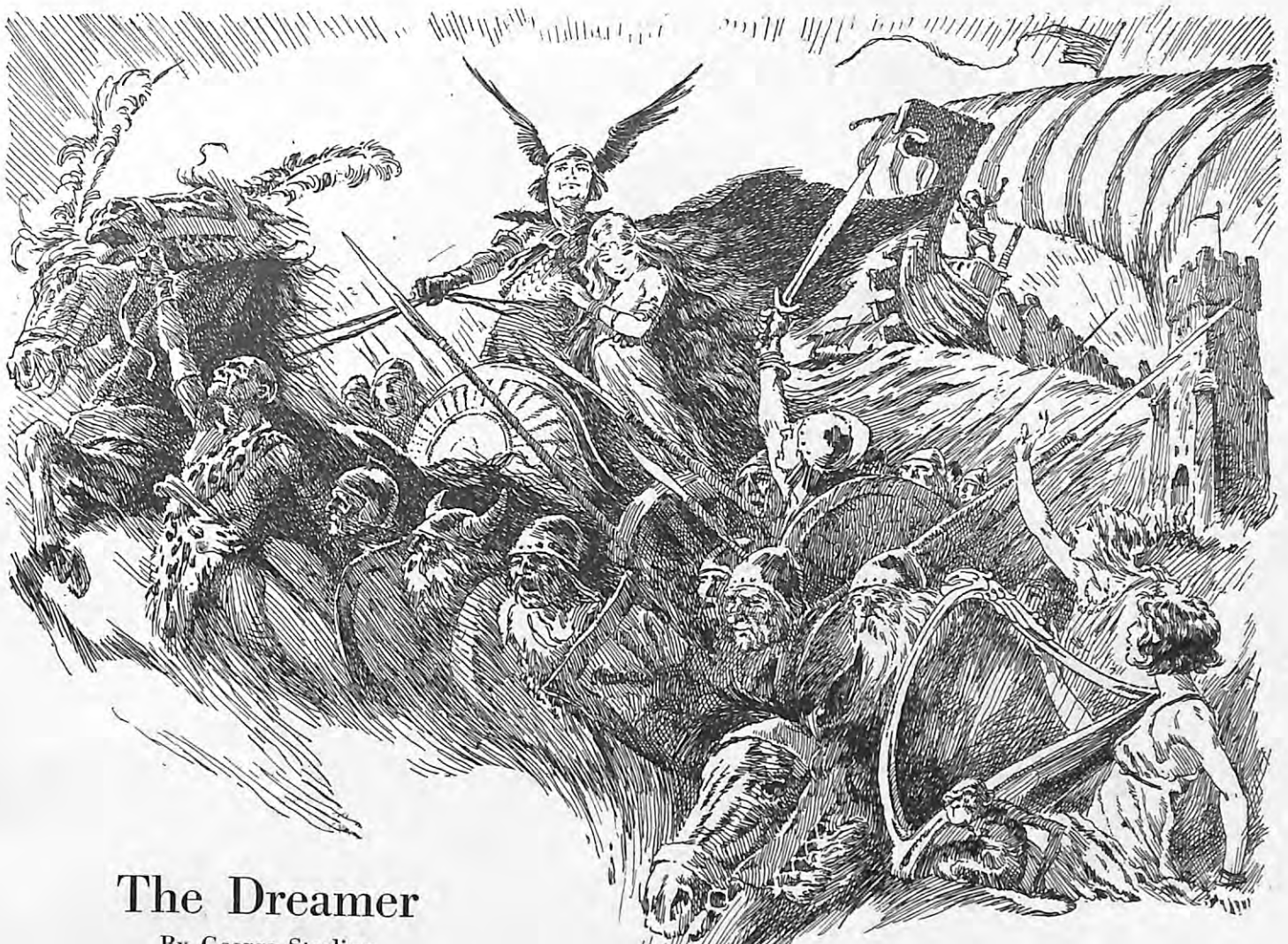
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A few prominent Elks Clubs that accommodate traveling Elks. Other clubs will be shown in subsequent issues.

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



The Dreamer

By George Sterling

HE SAT in his little room, but he saw no table nor pallet,
Nor heard the sounds of the city that rumbled in from the night;
For the chariots of Tyre returned at last from the battle
And the wave of the helmet-crests was dark on the sunset light.

None would come if he called, but he lay on a royal couch,
Banded with dragon-skin and rubies red from the mine—
Chosen from all the world for hidden beauty and grief,
For the white enchantress' arms and the spell of her drowsy wine.

And what of the twisted limb, for his feet in the mountain-passes
Ran with the tale of the fight and won to the anxious town;
And they knew that the war was theirs, and they crowned him prince of runners,
And the songs of a nation rang with the wonder of his renown.

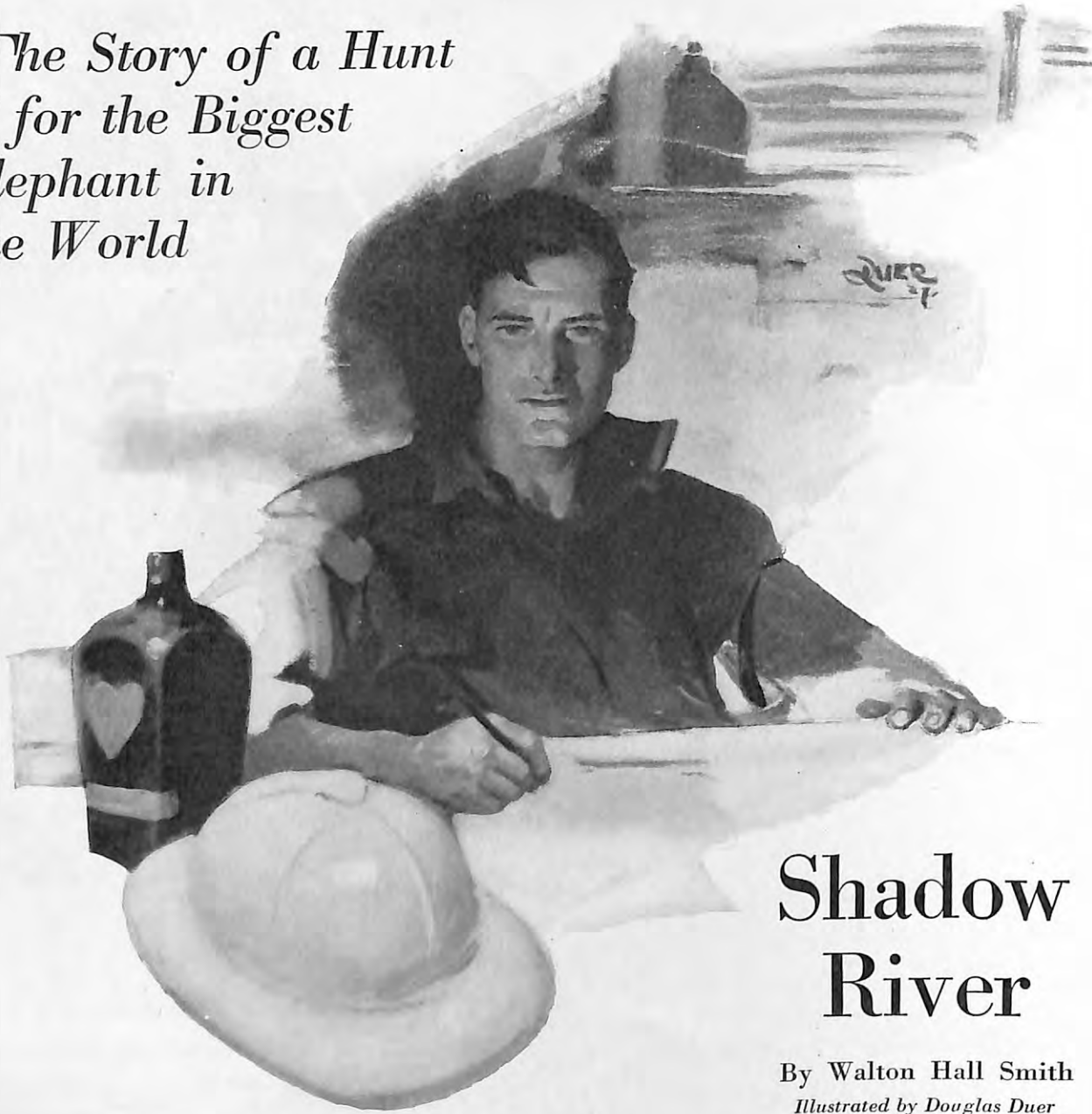
The walls of his poor abode were hung with armor and arras,
Over the sill he heard a pulse of harps in the gloom;
But he knew of the swords beyond, and the leaguer waiting the morrow,
The turrets shorn of their spears, and the lovers biding their doom.

He thought no more of his toil, released of sorrow and labor,
Till his galley neared the beach of an island far in the West,
And its great-eyed princess came to the sands of broken thunder,
With a javelin in her hand and a crimson rose on her breast.

Sleep was near to his limbs, but he dreamed of a guarded slumber,
When the last that his eyes should see was a wan sail falling home,
The setting star, and the path of the moon upon lonely waters,
And near in the shadows a breast more white than the ocean-foam.



The Story of a Hunt for the Biggest Elephant in the World



Shadow River

By Walton Hall Smith

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

Part I

HE WAS seated with his back to the river because the sun was on the river and the river was molten. The Congo flows south across the Equator and a way to get sunstroke is to sit at Coquilhatville, on the east bank, and pass the afternoon staring at the water. . . . A visiting missionary who had failed to see a rubber atrocity wrote that the Congo River was the color of blood; it is in fact tinted reddish-brown by moulding vegetation—but at three, when the world is sobbing from its daily beating (and a glass of beer gives you a headache) the river is a big sliding tape of metal from which the red rays spear upwards and under the brim of your helmet, in through your eyes.

David Worthington Jones, the American, sat at a table in La Lanterne Café at Coquilhatville, writing. He was writing a letter to Marcella, in Chicago. He was offering her her freedom.

" . . . yet I think," he said, "that during the doubting days, before the certainty, the startling feeling of having no resource, no way to twist, was the most desolate of all. It was so new. Always before, no matter what happened, there was some person or

thing I could turn to as a matter of course. Grandfather's legacy had subconsciously been a bulwark always. Now it is Carter's. And Father—I don't exist as far as he is concerned. Even if this wild thing had gone through I doubt if it would have made much difference to him, after my defiant attitude.

"I have lost you, too. The doubts about this affair are over. The catastrophe is here. You warned me and begged me; you fought the idea until the day I took the train. I was a fool. Now I have lost you, too. Resources and bulwarks represent a state of mind very hard to get out of, and the business of starting at scratch is a state of mind hard to get into. But they are both states of mind. To have risked losing you and to have ended by actually losing you are the main things. . . . There is nothing else now but to stick at the impossible. Franck might lend me the money to get home, but I couldn't do it. I paid fifty thousand dollars to get here, and here I am to stay. It is a race between the Congo and me. I am in the world that Stanley found, in a little outpost settlement on the edge of the vastest jungle in the world. I have a few hundred francs, a couple of good express rifles, and health: I need them all."

The voice of a Frenchman was now whin-

ing above the others. "He will never come, I say. He will never come!" Davy lifted his fingertips to his forehead and sighed. In a little while he began to write again.

"There are nine other suckers here with me, the 'interesting companions' I was to have. Two English sportsmen who have shot big game together all over the world. To them it is only a sort of rum joke, and the worst it will mean is a little kidding around the club when they get home. There is a Dane with baby eyes who gave Carter his lifetime savings. He cries when he gets drunk; he talks of his wife, and of getting a job with some trading company here in the Congo. There is a fiery Dutchman from the Transvaal who thinks Carter is in Rhodesia, and who wants to go on a manhunt for him, if we others will finance the expedition. There are a Portuguese and a Frenchman—both invested the accumulation from years of hunting in Portuguese West Africa. They will get out somehow. Then there are the three Belgians, sourdoughs of this District, who have hunted ivory in these rivers for a long time. They lost the least of all, but I guess it was enough. And Carter? He has not come. He will never come now. . . ."

"Il ne viendra jamais, je dis," the Frenchman opened up again across his glass, and



As Davy sat in the sweltering little *Café de la Lanterne*, writing to Marcella, the three Belgians alternately watched him and conversed gloomily in undertones

the head busboy, showing off his French, was translating to his black brethren, "The white man says: 'He will never come!' Who is this he, that will never come? For one month now they have said the same. *Mon-dele alobi ye akuya te. Ye nini akuya te?*"

Franck, the Flemishman, owner of *La Lanterne*, ex-hunter and old Congolais, stirred his bulk at the desk in the corner and told the busboy to shut up. He then led the conversation himself, starting along the same general lines that he had used the day before, and every day during this month of enlivened trade.

"Mais, c'est à rire, Messieurs. Carter didn't have to hide behind his rosary and reversed collar. Don't I know the spell of the big game—des bêtes enormes, la chasse à l'éléphant—I worshiped the crack of the rifle for years. A group of the best sportsmen and hunters from all over the world, to take an active part in the business—who could resist it? If it had been to sit at home and collect profits, how many of you would have come? And from all over the world, of course, so that if one of you had had sense enough to investigate the man at *Bolobo*, he couldn't warn the others. . . . Why, that man was no more missionary than *LeKeuche* there; he was sent out to the *Bolobo* Mission as a doctor of medicine and didn't know how to use first aid on a nigger who was bitten by a crocodile.

"I HEARD all about him later: he got into a palaver over a native girl and was kicked out of *Bolobo*. World Zoological Society! A few European credentials, a collar turned the wrong way, and a bunch of big-game addicts—*joli, ne ce pas? Vraiment joli*. An investigation at *Bolobo* . . ."

Davy strolled out onto the verandah. It was five now; the sun was red, safe; you could look at it. He tossed his helmet into a chair and walked across the road. The river had turned brown again. He stood for a while looking over the *Unatra* beach at the *Kigoma*. She was the biggest steamer the *Unatra* had, the biggest steamer on the river. Built in America, he had been told,

and shipped out knocked down. Patterned after the old Mississippi boats. He had come up the river on her the last trip, seven weeks ago, and he remembered what a tub she had seemed after the West African Coast steamer, and what a tub that one had seemed after the *Aquitania*. The *Kigoma* looked like a palace now. Some native children were climbing around on her paddles and plunging, with shrieks, into the muddy current. Behind, Davy heard the opening of many bottles of Beck's and the shouts of orders to the boys. Sundowners were in order, sundowners that would turn into apéritifs, which in their time would turn into nightcaps.

"Beer," said Franck, "is for the health. It increases the flow of bile. Messieurs, how many bottles of Beck's shall I tell the boy?"

Davy sauntered slowly up the road, smoking. People on their short daily walk passed him from time to time: Two Portuguese traders, talking earnestly; a small group of Catholic Fathers, bearded, black-robed, speaking in Flemish; two Belgians talking a sort of French, probably Brussels patois; *Boccaccini* and his wife, Italians, who ran a hardware store financed by the *Lever* interests—they bowed; various groups of natives from different parts of the Equator Districts, speaking *Kiswahili*, *Lonkundu*, *Bangala*; three traveling traders, possibly from upper *Togoland*, dressed in *fezes* and sweeping white robes like Arabs, and carrying their wares of *Kano* cloth and fancy red-leather mosquito boots in shoulder-packs. Davy had heard that these men spoke *Hausa*, and as they passed he caught a snatch of a language full of surprises, first a hiss and then a throat sound.

Davy turned from the road and walked down the beach to the water. It was already night; the light was pouring out of *La Lanterne*, illuminating the road; the children had left the paddles of the *Kigoma*; there were lights showing about her decks—a party was going on aboard. She had come up-river from *Kinshasa* and had arrived at *Coquilhatville* this morning, bearing the European mail, and burying the last hope for Davy.

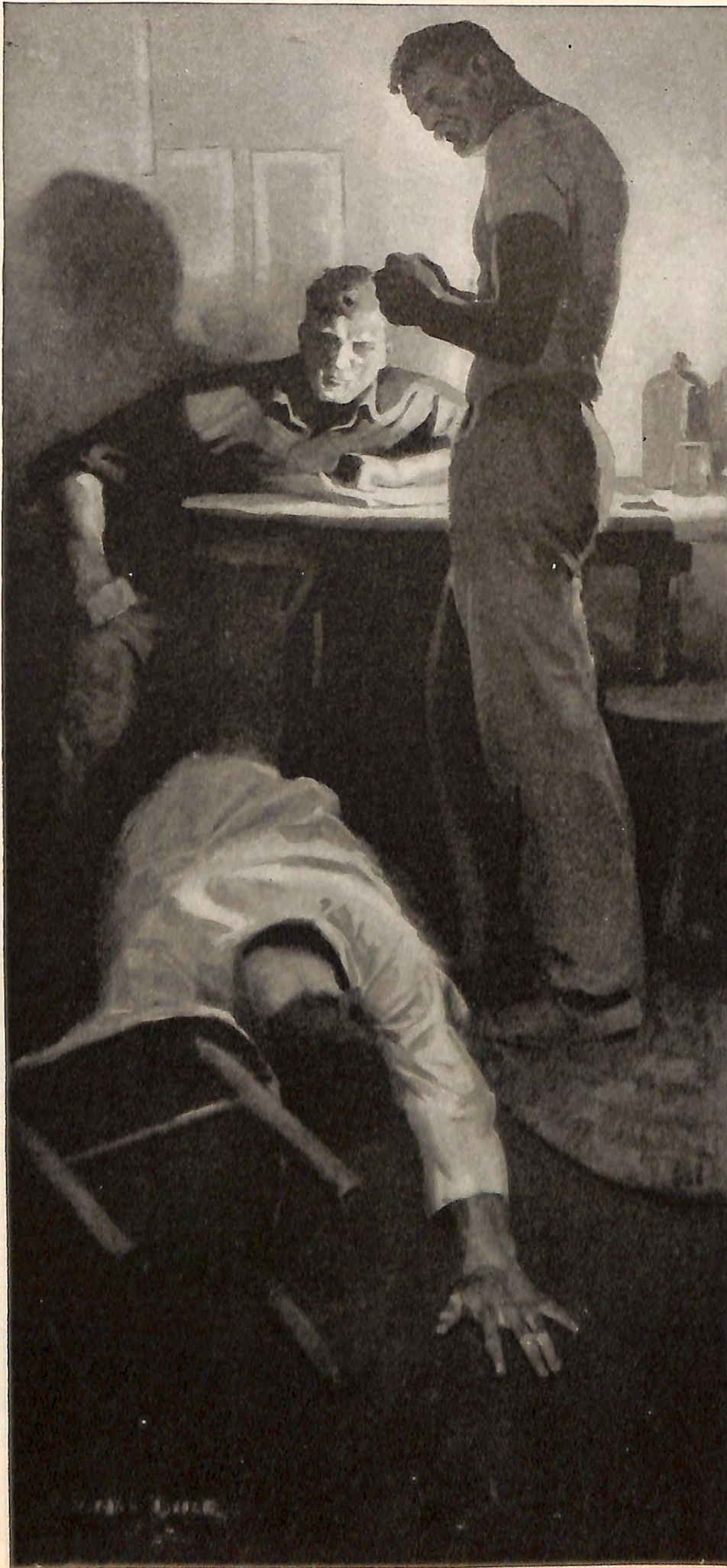
No word from Carter; no Carter. If Davy had been in the Congo for a few months he would have known enough to turn now, and go back to the café, but instead he stood where he was, thinking. Laughter sounded from the *Kigoma*. Davy could make out her outline—she had come from America, all of her; she would stay out here and be knocked about by foreigners until she was junk. Perhaps he would do likewise.

SUDDENLY he thought of Marcella. Marcella, the beautiful, the audacious, the courageous. She did not know what fear was—fear of body or fear of spirit. Marcella, who was braver than most men; who, once she was sure she loved a man, would go through any danger for his sake. Thoughts poured into his mind of the last, long Indian summer day with her on the North Shore. He remembered it with cruel distinctness. He and Marcella were standing on separate dunes and she was singing out with all the glorious strength of her youth, "O, Davy-y-y. Davy, Davy Jones, I love you, Davy Jones. You can't go to Africa, Davy Jones." They streaked down the hills and tumbled together at the bottom. He caught her and held her, all energy and life—chestnut hair, gray eyes, lovely body. "Do you love me, Marcella?" "Yes, Davy, yes—and I always will." After a moment they scudded across the sands to the water; he dashed in ahead and swam far out. "Davy, Davy, Davy Jones."

La Lanterne was tuned up for the evening now. Its din outdid the party on the *Kigoma*. Davy was crying. He should have gone back before.

Now *David Worthington Jones* (this story is about him, his strange adventure, and his making) was twenty-six years old and had done these things: College, creditably; war service, creditably; had a good time, excellently; gained wisdom, moderately; loved, wisely; learned to shoot, beautifully.

After the war he had traveled a year with a friend, and when the friend went to work, traveled another year with his aunt, who had brought him up. A great deal of territory



Davy saw LeKeuche topple to the floor, and stay there, while Frank stood massaging the knuckles of his right hand

was covered on these trips and some of it quickly; the greatest length of time was spent between London-Deauville-Paris-Biarritz and Biarritz-Paris-Deauville-London. . . . Gordon Jones was a Chicago banker, and thought Davy should start in pretty soon at the bank. Gordon Jones had a hobby which was a mania—big-game shooting. He owned a ranch in the heart of the Teton Jackson country, and Davy decided to run that for a while. Davy had killed his first buck near the same ranch at the age of nine. The ranch (so-called by Mr. Jones when he was east of the Wyoming border) consisted of a comfortable log house, a corral for pack-horses, a stable, and a garden. In Jackson Hole it was simply "Jones' Place."

Davy came home one Christmas and met Marcella Moore. He decided to get married. A scene of unprecedented severity occurred between him and his father, and Davy went into the bank. He announced that he was going to marry in June, and then Gordon Jones, who was against marriage for Davy under any circumstances, changed his arguments from the outlandishness of matrimony without a job to criticism of Marcella. This was a serious mistake (for his side) for many reasons, the principal one being the strengthening, automatically, of Davy's determination. Also the injustice to Marcella, whom Gordon Jones hardly knew. "Your mother's father, your own grandfather"—he pointed to a portrait of old David Worthington on his office wall—"lent that girl's father money, and had to sue him for it. Your grandfather only made two bad mistakes in his life and that was one of them. The other was when he left you fifty thousand dollars—just enough to ruin you and not enough to take care of you."

"What has that to do with Marcella?"

"Blood will tell."

"I hope not," said Davy disrespectfully, and left the office. He was late for a luncheon appointment with Marcella.

BUT Gordon Jones lacked nothing in persistence. The wedding was postponed until the winter, and in October Carter came along.

Carter made extensive inquiries in various sporting-goods stores in New York about American sportsmen, and found out about Gordon Jones. The result of his investigations finally boiled down to Davy. Carter was about the smoothest proposition in the form of a confidence man that had visited America since the War, but he was far from smooth enough for Gordon Jones. His experience as a missionary was apparently bona fide, and his bank credentials were certainly all right, but as a business man he was a flat spin so far as Gordon Jones was concerned. Gordon Jones told him: "I have no time for you, and neither has my son. We shoot for pleasure, not for money. We make our money here."

Carter had some pretty convincing figures on the costs of collecting specimens, the increasing popularity of zoos and museums, and enthusiastic letters from several such institutions. One arrangement with a group of cinema companies proposed the delivery of fifty live chimpanzees at a thousand dollars apiece. The museum at Antwerp would pay twenty thousand francs for the skin, properly preserved for mounting, of a white hippopotamus, and Hagenbeck would pay

one hundred thousand francs for the animal alive. The same proportion held good for a black rhinoceros. The American Museum of Natural History would buy at good prices almost anything mountable from equatorial Africa, from humming-birds to elephants. The Morgan Memorial wanted butterflies. A rare blue butterfly, undamaged, would bring a thousand dollars from certain collectors. Carter had gotten one of these, slightly damaged, and sold it for sixty pounds.

Now these things were all perfectly true, and still are. And Carter was a doctor, and in addition, a taxidermist, a scientist, a missionary who bore credentials and therefore he must be honest. Yet Gordon Jones said, "I have no time for you." Davy was incensed. He said that he didn't like the banking business, that the only thing he did passably was hunting and shooting, etc., that here was a chance to combine his abilities with the making of money.

Carter dined with Davy and Marcella at the Blackstone. Marcella thought the plan perfect, but after the meeting with Carter she told Davy she distrusted him. She never got over this idea. Davy said it was absurd, since even his father had brought no objections on that score. "The man's a visionary preacher," said Gordon Jones. "How does he know you're going to catch all these birds and lions and butterflies and elephants? They don't come up and sleep on your back porch out there in Africa, do they?" Davy told Carter he supposed there would be no reasons why he shouldn't be married first and bring his wife with him, and Carter said of course there wouldn't be. But it was eventually decided that Davy would go out alone and get settled, and that Marcella could follow in a few months. Carter felt that all possible funds should be put at once into the Society. When the first dividends were paid Davy could send for Marcella and they could be married at the Bolobo Mission, his former post. It would be a big affair, and such an original way to do it. All the hunters were to meet in Coquilhatville, a garden spot, a paradise on earth, and there they were to apportion the various sections of territory clear across equatorial Africa to each of the shareholders. Davy's part would have nothing to do with the small stuff, butterflies and so on, because all his experience had been with big game.

As Franck said, it was joli—"pretty, really pretty." To Franck, quite a variety of incidents fell under the category headed "pretty." On the night, for instance, that the three inseparable Belgians, LeKeuche, Gerard, and Jadot, took exception to the Dane's anecdotes about his wife, and Gerard said that she was a "salop." "Ta geule," Gerard had said—"shut up about that salop." The Dane didn't know what it meant, but the little Boer from the Transvaal quickly arranged this hitch to the proceedings with a full translation in both English and Flemish. The Dane sprang for Gerard but was stopped in full career by a Pernod bottle from LeKeuche. Up to this point Franck had been in his room in the back. The Frenchman and the Portuguese had gone down river, and the Englishmen had sailed for Stanleyville on the *Kigoma*.

Davy was sitting at a corner table as usual, and a half dozen other customers in the place sank lower in their chairs to watch the entertainment. The Dane lay where he had fallen and the Belgians turned their venom on the translator. "The S. S. Duc de Brabant is passing to-morrow on her way down river. The prudent thing for you to do is to take her. We will not miss you here. In case you don't take her. . . ."

The Boer rose and began a course of in-

vective in several tongues, and the Belgians had just risen in a body when Franck came in.

"Messieurs, messieurs!" He pointed over his shoulder with his thumb at the row of black faces and shining eyes of the boys, gathered in a group near the bar. "The white man's prestige—the white man's prestige." The factions hesitated for a moment, looking at the natives and then at Franck. He continued in the same polite voice, "the first gentleman that makes a hostile gesture I will throw into the street, and as it is dark in the street much will take place there." "Aura lieu" was the term he used. Those involved sat down and took out their hatred in murderous looks.

FRANCK said something to the black capita about a white man sick on the floor, and gave instructions that he be removed to his home. Then he went back, and in a little while Davy followed him. Franck climbed under his mosquito net onto his bed and gave Davy the chair. He then referred to the episode as "pretty." Davy said it would have been a lot prettier if Franck hadn't come in.

They fell into a silence, listening to the hilarity from the café. These two men, whose backgrounds were as different as though they had come from separate stars, had met and with as little reason as such things usually have, had formed an immediate and sincere friendship. Franck had had experience in the American merchant marine years before, and this subject, with ivory hunting, filled the nightly conversations. Besides Franck's room there was an extra bedroom connected with the café, and Davy had it.

"Franck, I wish you wouldn't grin every time you hear a bottle being opened out there."

"I was only wondering if Gerard had passed out yet."

"You mean you were hoping he hadn't yet."

Franck stared reflectively at the top of his net, and they lapsed into another silence.

"Did you ever run into an old skipper named Van Heusden when you were making the Cuba to Boston run?" Davy began, later.

"Never did," said Franck.

"He might have been a mate or lower in your days."

Franck did not reply. Davy made a final abortive attempt to start the conversation, and then Franck said that he had something to tell him. "Davy," Franck said, "I am not going to advise you to go home any more."

When it was apparent that this was all, Davy said, "That's good."

"Provided," Franck went on, "you still want very much to stay on out here."

"That's the surest bet in the world. You know all about that, Franck."

"Now, Davy, I've told you the reasons why you haven't

got a chance as an elephant hunter out here. I mention them again now so that you won't forget. First, you are not a Belgian and this is a Belgian colony, so the cards are stacked against you. Elephant licenses cost three thousand francs now for two elephants; in my time it was two hundred and fifty a year, unlimited number of beasts. There is a dozen times as much competition now as there was then, and there are no more elephants. It is different from any other hunting and takes long experience, which you can't afford and I can't afford to give you. Now there you are. That's why I thought you'd better take the money from me and go on home. . . . But something else has come up."

Franck swung his feet out through the opening in the net and sat facing Davy.

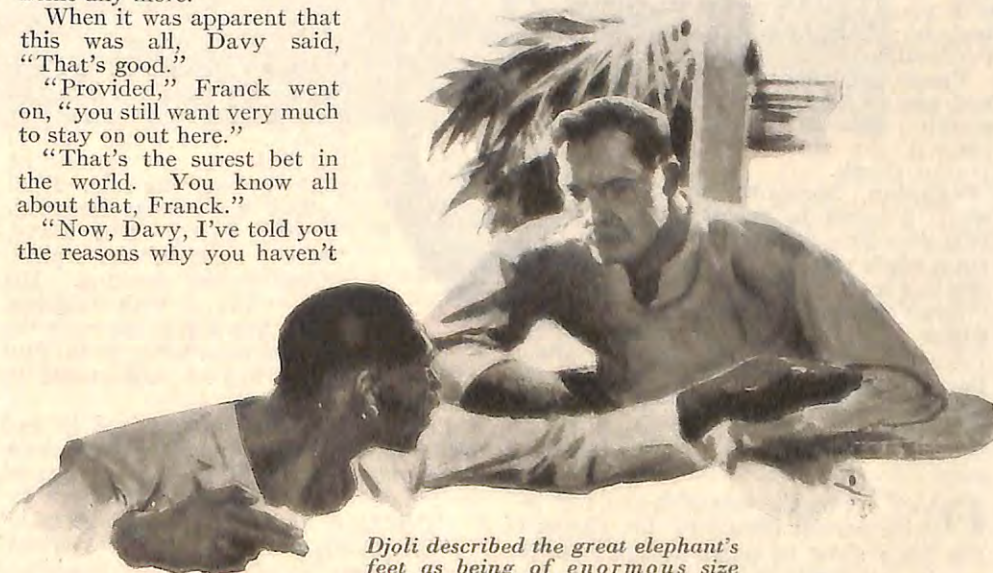
"Something has come up! You remember Djoli, that I've told you so much about—the finest nigger I ever saw, and my old capita? The one that was my hunter for so long and saved my life? Well, he came here to-day."

"Really? Where is he?"

"Now you wait a second. He's over in the village to-night; he's probably forgotten all his French by now, so you couldn't talk to him anyway. Djoli got in this noon from a long trip—he came a long way to tell me some news. If it had been any other nigger, or almost any white man I'd have laughed in his face. Now I believe in it, so if you want to go in business in your own line, why I want a partner. . . . Will you pull your chair up a little closer?"

FRANCK rose and looked up and down the little corridor outside his door. Then he lit a cigar and began a tale. To Davy it sounded like a dream of Sir Rider Haggard.

"Djoli came here," Franck said, "to tell me that the biggest elephant in the world has come out of Bokanja, cut down through the Lopori swamps and is somewhere in the headwaters of the Tchuapa and Lomela rivers. Djoli works as a clerk, buying produce for the S. E. C. now, and one night back of Befori he saw this elephant. He and his porters heard a noise as they were passing the little lake that lies back of that place, and Djoli went off alone to see what it was. So none else has seen it but Djoli. Djoli tells the truth; when he says he saw the elephant I know he saw it. And Djoli has seen many, many elephants, so when he says it is the biggest elephant in the world, I know it is bigger than any elephant I have ever seen. Djoli is a born hunter. After he saw that elephant he quit his job and took its trail.



Djoli described the great elephant's feet as being of enormous size

When he saw the prints of its feet he says he knew his eyes hadn't deceived him. He sat down and drew up his feet in one of the prints and it made a complete circle around him. He thinks the beast is headed south, and will come out somewhere on the high Tchuapa, and perhaps eventually in the Lomela. Djoli left the trail finally and worked back up through the Lopor swamp where he had gone with me before. He didn't go all the way to Bokanja, because he met some travelling Libinja people, the natives that live in canoes in there, and they told him all about it. These Libinjas have a contact with the pigmies, they trade on the edge of Bokanja, and they say that elephant had lived in that forest longer than the oldest pigmy chief could remember. They had almost attached a religious importance to him, and they gave him a long name, Londelengi. I don't know what it means—some pigmy word, I guess.

"DAVY, there's no telling what that mounted elephant would bring, sold to some big museum. Such places send out collectors and pay thousands and thousands of dollars without even knowing what luck they will have in the way of specimens. An American institution offered ten thousand dollars to the Belgian Government for the biggest tusks in the world—106 and 108 kilos respectively, beautiful sister points of ivory. You have probably seen them in Antwerp—their arcs are exactly the same, they are beautiful. Djoli estimates the tusks of Londelengi at over 130, and he says they are perfect as far as he could see by moonlight—for identical curve, and so forth. A *beast*, Davy, a magnificent beast. Some of these people around here would give their right arm to know about it. I can't go after him, Davy. I'm past that sort of thing now, and also, when elephant hunting left me strapped and hungry, I swore if I got on my feet again I'd never do it as long as I lived. Things are going along all right for me now—and the next time I put a rifle to my shoulder it will be for sport only. So you see, Davy, where you come in. You've had no experience, you don't know the language of the natives, you don't know the bush, and yet I am going to send you out—and that's the worst region in the world—there to get the biggest bag in the world—because you're young, you can stand the hardship, and I believe in you. You have Djoli, you have me here to back you up from this end and to start you off properly, and you're not going out to hunt elephants, but to kill *one* elephant. Luck is with you because you are a beginner; I have a hunch, that's all."

Franck suddenly sprang up and opened the door to the corridor. Monsieur LeKeuche entered the room—smiling, jaunty, drunk.

"Pardon, Messieurs, pardon. I came to report to Monsieur Franck that one of these black pigs out here has insulted me."

Then Davy saw LeKeuche topple to the floor, and stay there, bleeding gently from his lips, while Franck stood looking down, massaging the knuckles of his right hand with the palm of his left.

CHAPTER II

DAVY sat on the verandah and watched with careful disinterest the climax of the little show in progress down on the beach. Djoli was only about two hundred

yards away now, coming up the road toward La Lanterne. The stern-wheel-ship *Ruby*, Unatra steamer for the high Tchuapa run, had been firing up since dawn; she was ready to sail. On her deck, behind the one tiny cabin, LeKeuche sat on a pile of baggage and directed the stowing on deck of this and that article. On the beach stood Jadot and Gerard; Jadot was supervising the moving of their service-worn equipment from that end, and Gerard was watching the approach of Djoli.

DJOLI came on, tall and wiry, swaggering a little in his new white ducks, trying to look important and as little like a bush nigger as possible. It occurred to Davy that he was really a hundred times more important than he was trying to seem, and he pictured for a moment the skeleton their plans would be, without Djoli.

Then Gerard called. "Hey, you!" Djoli swept off his new straw hat and stopped, half looking at Gerard and half toward the café. "Hey, you nigger-all-dolled-up, come here!"

Djoli hesitated, but hardly perceptibly. This is Africa; a man with a white face was calling to a man with a black face. Djoli turned down from the road and walked across the beach to Gerard.

Davy turned and glanced through the big window at Franck. Franck nodded and kept his eyes on the beach. Gerard was speaking to Djoli, and carelessly flicking at his boot with a blackwood cane. Djoli stood at attention, listening respectfully, and then he shook his head. Gerard continued talking, flicking the cane more energetically, and Djoli shook his head again.

The flicking stopped. Suddenly Djoli sprang backwards like a leopard and Gerard whirled toward him, facing the café, the cane half upraised. Then the whistle of the *Ruby* blew a long blast. Gerard's arm dropped and he laughed. LeKeuche motioned to him



to come on board. The *Ruby* pushed her nose out into the current. Davy turned to Franck. "The World Zoological Society is now represented solely by me," he said. Djoli walked up across the road. "Mbote, Djoli," said Davy, "Mbote, mondele," he replied, returning the greeting. His face, welted with tattooing, broke into a grin, showing the rows of even white teeth, filed

to sharp points. Then he went around to the back of the café.

LeKeuche's binoculars remained focused on La Lanterne until the *Ruby* rounded the point out of sight. Then Franck appeared on the verandah and said, "Now."

"Call Djoli and let's see what he said."

"What's the use? We know what he said. LeKeuche and Jadot both tried to hire him—

Gerard was just making a last effort, that's all."

Davy rose. Well, LeKeuche didn't complain to the Procureur about your hitting him. That's one thing off our minds."

"Didn't have time. Londelengi may keep on going south."

"He could have sent the other two on ahead."

"Oh, Davy, you don't know Belgians yet. And being one, I do. Do you think LeKeuche would trust those other two?" He laughed.

"You think there's no question about their being in on the game, then?"

"Listen, Davy. These three know something about elephant hunting. They've been at it a long time. And if they were going out for ivory they wouldn't all be going on the same boat to the same place; they'd go in three directions and arrange to meet somewhere in six months. Instead, they're going to comb one little area—our area—as never before. . . . They all three bought passages to Moma."

"Moma? How did you know that?"

"Unatra agent told me this morning."

"Isn't that pretty far up?"

"High as the steamer can go on the Tchuapa. Come on back to the room and we'll get started on this map again."

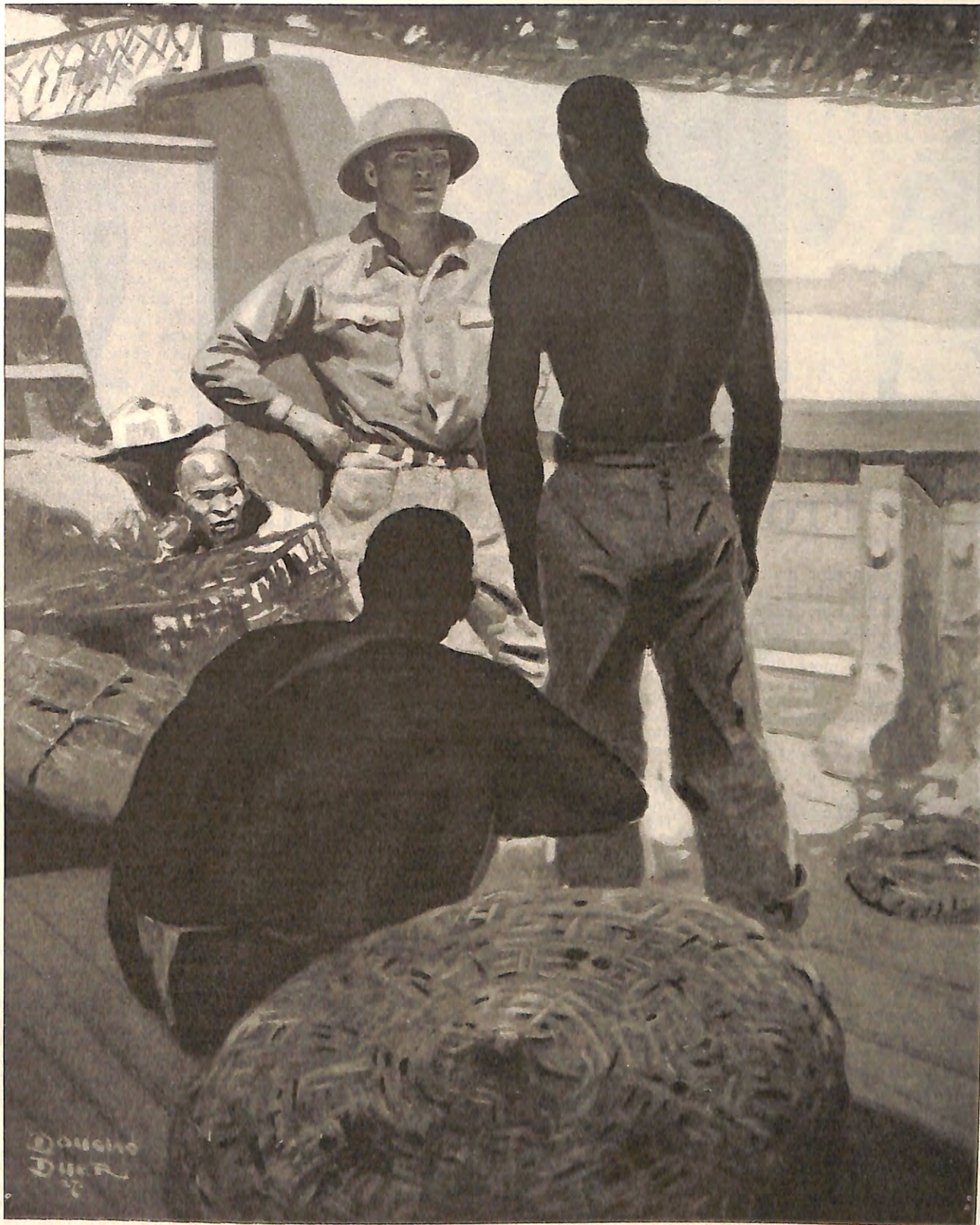
Franck got his most treasured possession out of a tin trunk under his bed. It was an old map of the Equator District of the Belgian Congo; Franck said they had never made another as accurate as this one. The work was original in pen and ink, on heavy canvas-backed paper, and was in three separate sections, each a yard square, which Franck fitted together on the bed.

Franck pressed the edges of the map out gently. There were many markings in pencil here and there, the places and dates of ivory kills, the sighting of herds of elephant, their identification by certain bulls, etc., etc.

"Now, Davy, here's the Ruki branching off from the main Congo just above Coquilhatville." Franck brought out a dirty stub of pencil and followed the windings of the river. "Here's the Momboyo flowing in from the south. Above that the Ruki's name changes to Busira. Then here's where the Lomela flows in from the south. Above that the name changes again to Tchuapa. See it here on the map. Now notice how close the headwaters of the Lomela are to the headwaters of the Tchuapa. Our country lies right in there between those two. Londelengi's probably in there somewhere. At least he's no further west. Now you see the Tchuapa gets very small and down here near the Sankuru border is Moma. I think that's too high and so does Djoli. Above that the river is bad and swift, and you have to go by baleinière. You can go as far as this place, Iligapondou—and that's where they'll go."

"But why, if they have the right dope, do they go so far up?"

"IT'S their judgment against mine, that's all. They have their reasons, and they are good ones, too. You see, Davy, elephants move in herds. Certain herds cover certain given areas, along the same trails, and the same herds have been doing it long before there were ever any white hunters to figure it out on them and use it against them. Herds move from one feeding ground to another, and they do it with regularity. It's about a year's circle each herd has, and they are pretty certain to be in a given spot at a certain time each year. Trailing a herd is a job no white man can stand up under, and that's why hunters keep notebooks on the movements of certain herds that have big bulls in them. They keep these notebooks from year to year, and instead of following



a herd, they arrange to be on the spot where the herd is due to come. When the elephants are in the vicinity, the hunter waits around for a chance to pick off the biggest bull. He may have the dope on where that herd will go next, and if there's another likely one among them, he will go there. If there isn't, or if it's too far, he looks in his little book and sees about cutting into another herd somewhere. It takes a long time to get this dope for yourself, but once you've got it on two or three herds—it's pretty."

"Has LeKeuche got a notebook on some herds?"

"I guess he has."

"Has he got a drag with the State?"

"I guess he has."

"Do you always shoot in the head, so far away?" asked the native. "Certainly," said Davy, after a moment's hesitation

"And Gerard and Jadot, how about them?"
 "One's enough. Think how many herds they can cover, the three of them."

"Yes, but where do they get rid of all the ivory? They don't dare sell it openly—their State friends would kick at that."

"It's not so hard. Maybe they've got a little buried here and there. Maybe they ship some of it across to the French Congo, or down to Angola. Maybe they sell a pair of points now and then to the sub-station agent of some company, and let him have it pretty low, so that he'll say he bought it

from the niggers. Then he puts it in his books at the limit and pockets the difference. But the main thing is this: that hunters don't depend on what they kill alone. They buy ivory from the chiefs here and there too. Who's going to know whether it's killed or bought, except a couple of State agents perhaps?"

"How do they know?"

"They don't, always. But a chief is supposed to report it when he comes into possession of ivory. You see, only the chiefs and sub-chiefs can kill elephants. No other nigger is allowed to do it, even if he could. When a chief gets an elephant in a trap or otherwise, he is supposed to inform the

(Continued on page 60)

"The White Hope." The lithograph at the right, and the others reproduced with this article, are by the famous American artist, George Bellows, who found much to interest him in the prize ring



James J. Jeffries



Jack Johnson

From Sullivan to Tunney

By W. O. McGeehan

The photographs of fighters are from International Newsreel and those of the Bellows lithographs from Peter A. Juley & Son, published by permission of Mrs. Bellows.

THERE have been nine heavyweight champions under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, nine distinct types of the gladiator, so that it is difficult to answer the question, "What makes a champion?" It is even more difficult to answer the question, "What makes a champion great?"

The first of the heavyweight champions, John Lawrence Sullivan, has become almost a legendary figure, and to the old timers he will always be the greatest and there never will live his like again. He announced himself to Fistian with the bellow, "I can lick any man in the house." He made the boast good until his finish, and even then it was John L. Sullivan who beat John L. Sullivan long before the meeting with James J. Corbett at New Orleans.

It was John L. Sullivan who went about the country offering \$1,000 to any man who could stand against him for four rounds and none could. This was a theatrical gesture but it was sincere. None of the successors of John L. Sullivan has done anything of the sort. The managers of even near-champions would shudder at such an unbusinesslike proceeding. In a way John L. Sullivan was a romantic figure in a romantic age of pugilism. The romance passed with him.

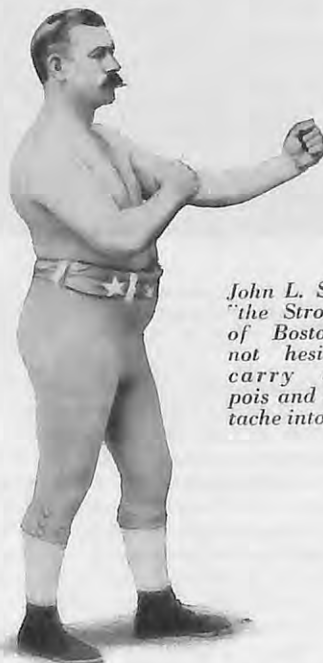
The post of heavyweight champion is a difficult one to fill, for there is no private life for him. Of the nine John L. Sullivan seems to have filled it to the greatest satisfaction of his admirers by making good the boast, "I can lick any man in the house," and by following his own imperious whims. But it strikes me that the subjects of John L. Sullivan were imbued with the notion that the king could do no wrong.

Of all the members of this dynasty of heavyweight champions John L. Sullivan possessed the most tremendous ego. He patronized princes and presidents and they permitted themselves to be patronized by him, yet nobody wrote of him as some do of the reigning Prince of Pugilism, Gene Tunney, that he was "wearing the high hat." As a matter of fact John L. Sullivan wore a literal high hat on state occasions and many occasions that were not of state.

The immediate successor of John L. Sullivan was an entirely different type. When James J. Corbett, a former bank clerk

from California, accepted the last defi of John L. Sullivan it was felt that he was merely another victim for the invincible gladiator. Certainly the champion held him in utter contempt. He was a boxer and not a fighter.

John L. never would take the matter of training with anything like seriousness. He had absolute faith in his own strength and the power of his punch and felt to the last that there was no man who could stand against him. This bout was to be for what was very serious money in those days of the prize ring, a purse of \$25,000 with a side bet of \$10,000. Compare this with the financial side of Mr. Rickard's Battle of the Sesquicentennial, where Jack Dempsey, the loser, was paid \$750,000, which was just a quarter of a million dollars more than John L. Sullivan earned during his long reign as heavyweight champion.



John L. Sullivan. "the Strong Boy of Boston," did not hesitate to carry avoirdupois and a moustache into the ring

Up to that time Corbett's most impressive battle had been the celebrated fight with Joe Choynski, another Californian, which took place on a barge in the Straits of Carquinez in California. But during one of Sullivan's tours which took him to San Francisco Corbett had sparred a few rounds with Sullivan and in the course of this friendly bout he made up his mind that he could overthrow the king of the gladiators.

The result of the bout at New Orleans was tragedy to the followers of John L. Sullivan. Some of them never forgave the new champion, though eventually the great John L. magnanimously declared that he had been beaten by a younger and a better man and thanked God that he was an American. "Gentleman Jim" had notions of the duty of a heavyweight champion decidedly different from those of John L.

HE DID not adopt the plan of touring the country offering a purse to any man who would stand against him for a specified number of rounds. There were more pleasant and dignified ways of cashing in on the heavyweight championship, for Corbett was shrewd where John L. was prodigal. Mr. Corbett took to elevating the stage in a serious way. He was regarded as an intellectual among the gladiators.

Corbett tried hard to please, but the resentment of his victory over the mighty one remained. Idolators of John L. always spoke of him as that "damned dude." The fixed ideal of a heavyweight champion was a man with a scowl who wasted no time on what is called science, but rushed out of his corner to fell his opponents with one staggering blow.

The third in the fistic dynasty was Robert Fitzsimmons, a Cornishman who came to the United States by way of Australia. They called him Ruby Robert because of his rubicund countenance. He had not the bulk of Sullivan and he had not the grace of Corbett. He was built on the model of a wedge the broad part of which was the shoulders and he tapered down to the feet.

He was almost at the age when prize-fighters are getting ready to retire when he met Corbett at Carson City. Corbett was the favorite in the betting only because he was champion. When Fitzsimmons knocked Corbett out with the celebrated solar

plexus punch there was not the national mourning that marked the dethronement of John L. Sullivan. Mr. Corbett, of course, could not thank God that his successor was an American, for he was not.

I will not attempt to gauge the popularity of Fitzsimmons but at least his rise was not resented to any great extent. His was a colorful personality and he could punch. First of all a heavyweight champion must be able to punch, and Fitzsimmons had demonstrated that he could punch.

WHILE Corbett was training for the bout with Fitzsimmons he was unconsciously aiding in the development of the fighter who was to avenge his defeat and to succeed Fitzsimmons. One of Corbett's sparring partners was James J. Jeffries, a huge boilermaker from Los Angeles. He was so awkward and yet so tough that the newspapermen fastened on him the title of the human punching bag.

He bulked over John L. Sullivan and his successors, but he was sluggish of brain and taciturn. He had not the fire of John L. Sullivan, he had not the swiftness of Corbett and he had not the deadly concentration of Robert Fitzsimmons. But he had tremendous strength and mauling power and almost a phlegmatic indifference to punishment.

This was the man against whom Fitzsimmons drove all of the power of his punches, but at that time Fitzsimmons was a very old man from the point of view of the prize ring. He battered the boilermaker savagely but in the end he only fractured his hands and finally was mauled into submission.

I think that Jeffries made a fairly satisfactory champion. He was a negative personality with little or no imagination, but he made it quite evident that there was nobody in his time who could stand against him. Jeffries liked to fight, but the crowds annoyed him. With no opponents left, Jeffries was driven to the drama reluctantly where Sullivan took to it with the assurance of an egotist and Corbett took to it with avidity.

Line by line they drilled Jeffries in the part of Davy Crockett. It was a terrific task for the drill masters. Jeffries never cared for it. In the midst of a successful tour he left the drama flat, as they say, and announced his retirement. He said that anybody who wanted the heavyweight championship could have it. Thus did James J. Jeffries toss away a throne with one bored gesture.

Out of the fog of the eliminations that followed emerged the stocky figure of Noah Brusso, known to the ring as Tommy Burns. His biggest feat was the knocking out of Boshter



Tommy Burns became champion on Jim Jeffries' retirement

Bill Squires of Australia in one round. Somehow Burns never was thoroughly recognized as heavyweight champion, though the succession was legal and logical. It always was felt that Jeffries, despite his frank abdication, held a lien on the throne.

All of this time the direct Caucasian succession to the supremacy of the prize-ring was menaced by a Senegambian, Jack Johnson by name. He had been challenging Jeffries before the retirement of the boilermaker, but Jeffries had treated these challenges with a glowering contempt. Like John L. Sullivan, who refused to meet Peter Jackson, Jeffries had drawn the color-line.

There was no demand for Burns as a Thespian. He was forced to cash in on his title by fighting and there was nobody to fight but Jack Johnson. Burns did not hold the fighting ability of the Negro in particularly high esteem, so he consented to meet him in Australia. There Johnson easily defeated the successor to Jeffries.

Instantly there was much indignation among the Nordics and near-Nordics at the notion of a colored man wearing the mantle of John L. Sullivan. There was a clamor for the return of Jeffries to the ring to restore the proudest jewel in our Caucasian civilization to the lily whites. But Jeffries was an unwilling Cincinnatus. He could not be lured from his plow until Mr. Tex Rickard guaranteed him \$100,000. Even then he came reluctantly back to the limelight.

On the eve of the Battle of Reno, Jeffries was the favorite. It was felt that he could beat Johnson merely by crawling through the ropes, but on the day of the bout it was found that he was one of those "mere hollow shells."

Jeffries was even more helpless than Sullivan was before Corbett and, to the distress of those who felt that the supremacy of the prize ring meant everything, a Senegambian was the unquestioned heavyweight champion.

It was then that the clarion call went forth for a "white hope to bring back the championship to the white race." Many were called but few remained vertical. In the meantime Jack Johnson, the heavyweight champion, had become a fugitive from justice, but nevertheless he remained the heavyweight champion and an offense to those who revered that office.

The quest for the "white hope" continued. Out of the eliminations loomed the massive figure of Jess Willard, a Kansas farmer and horse trader, who stood something like six feet seven in his woolen sox. He had no flair for the prize-ring but farming in Kansas was not particularly lucrative. He had heard of Jeffries being paid \$100,000 to fight the negro and he decided to capitalize his bulk.

At first managers and promoters were



Mr. McGeehan calls Gene Tunney the most intelligent, the most modest, the most courageous and the most chivalrous of the champions

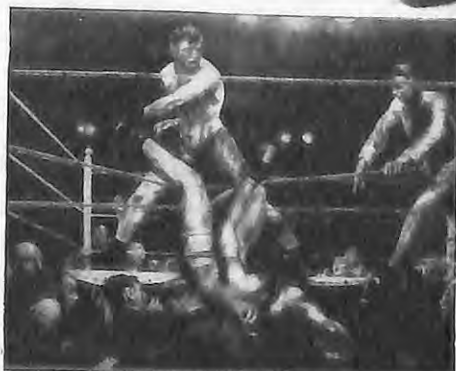
incredulous. One manager who refused to take Willard over has been kicking himself at regular intervals ever since. A syndicate was organized to get a bout for Willard with the colored heavyweight champion. The bout took place in Havana and Willard became heavyweight champion of the world.

One would have expected that Willard would have been hailed as a popular hero for having bounced the Senegambian from the throne which was first occupied by John L. Sullivan. But the rank and file of Fisticiana are fickle. No sooner had the man who answered the call to eliminate the Senegambian attained that worthy objective, when the call went out for somebody to eliminate the man who had eliminated the Senegambian.

The dethronement of Willard came swiftly and dramatically. He met Jack Dempsey, christened William Harrison Dempsey, one broiling Fourth of July at Toledo and was battered down in one of the most hectic ring dramas ever staged anywhere. I never will forget the idiotically incredulous look that

was in his face when Jack Dempsey dropped him for the first time. He did not believe that any man in the world could hit him hard enough to floor him. He tried, as they say, to laugh it off. He rose only to be battered down again. He slunk from that sun-baked arena when it was all over with his jaw dislocated, his cheek-bone fractured and one of his ribs cracked. He was alone while the crowd proceeded to acclaim that at last there was a worthy successor to John L. Sullivan, first of the dynasty of heavyweight champions.

Through his manager, Jack Kearns, the new champion announced that he would follow in the footsteps of the king of ring kings. He would fight anybody at any time. He would go even further than John L.



"Dempsey-Firpo." An historic moment



"Introductions." A picturesque preliminary

Sullivan. He would draw no color line. With this outburst the rank and file of Fistianana had visions of Jack Dempsey going forth and offering a hundred thousand or so for any man who would stand against him as John L. had offered one thousand.

But Dempsey's victims were selected for him with considerable care. First it was Miske, who was no match for him. Then it was Carpentier in the "Battle of the Century" at Boyle's Thirty Acres. For this bout Dempsey received a guarantee of \$300,000. He became heavyweight champion in the era of big and easy money for prize-fighters.

The younger fight fans and a few of the elders declared that he was greater as a fighter than John L. Sullivan. Certainly he seemed to be the most popular of the successors of the founder of the dynasty. But there is no divinity hedging the king of Fistianana. There are those who will be guilty of lèse majesté. Some of these were bold enough to declare that Dempsey looked like a great fighter only because there was a lack of good fighters in his time. Now that he is no longer heavyweight champion they are sure of this and insist that he was a much overrated gladiator all along. Perhaps some of the resentment against Dempsey is due to the fact that he was the most highly paid gladiator of all time.

Yet there are so many who are still bewildered and incredulous over the defeat of Dempsey by Gene Tunney, the latest Prince of the Prize-fighters. It is something like the same incredulity that was felt when John L. Sullivan was battered down by that "dude bank clerk."

According to the rather incoherent notions of what a heavyweight champion should be, Gene Tunney fills all of the requirements, which have changed considerably since the days of John L. Sullivan. Before the bout with Dempsey they wrote that Gene Tunney, if he won, would be the most popular champion since the days of the head of the dynasty. But there is considerable evidence to show that he is not.

He is the best looking of all of the champions. He is the most intelligent. He is the most modest. In his demeanor in the ring in Philadelphia and before it when he flew to the fighting place through the fog in an aeroplane he showed himself the most courageous. In his treatment of the defeated champion he showed a chivalry which, though they claim it is

Jess Willard, the Kansas farmer, who brought the title back to the white race



part of the game, never was shown before. His private life is blameless. He never did a mean or cruel thing in all his life. Though a little shy he has a friendly disposition.

In short Gene Tunney seems to have everything to make your ideal champion. The hallucination is that a champion should be a model to the youth of the land. Here is one that might serve as such, a soldier, a gentleman and an all-round man.

On all counts Gene Tunney should be decidedly more popular than even John L. Sullivan. He should be the perfect heavyweight champion. If he is not then Fistianana is made up of hypocrites or is altogether too hard to satisfy. I do not think that even a composite type of all of the champions from Sullivan to Tunney could satisfy such passionate idealists.



Jack Dempsey, a "killer" and the most feared champion since the days of John L. Sullivan, when the champion fought first for the fun of it and only secondly for money

The motto has changed from "A champion can do no wrong" to "A champion does everything wrong." It is my private notion that the latest heir to the mantle of John L. Sullivan wears it more gracefully even than the first monarch, but then I am no idealist and no seeker after perfection. It is my conviction that the development of the prize-

ring from Sullivan to Tunney has been progress and not retrogression.

Standing face to face they would make a strange study in contrasts, the first of the dynasty of heavyweight rulers, John L. Sullivan, and the latest, James Joseph Tunney. Sullivan's face was the face of the eternal gladiator, ferocious in action and insolent and self-confident in repose.

Tunney's is the face of a young Irish priest. Even in the ring his expression does not change. It is utterly lacking in ferocity. His carriage in and out of the ring almost gives the impression that he is not sure of himself. But those who have met him in the ring will testify to the fact that he always is sure of himself.

There is the testimony of the late Harry Greb who cut Tunney to ribbons when the present heavyweight champion was little more than a novice. It was at this point in Tunney's career that the experts decided that he never would be sturdy enough to become even a logical contender for that heavyweight championship.

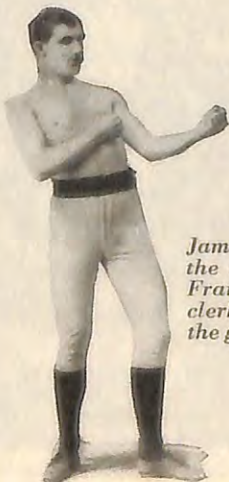
But on the eve of the Battle of the Sesquicentennial, Harry Greb announced that he was betting on Tunney. "Why Harry," they said, "you beat him once, and you know very well that he is not a natural fighter."

"Oh, yes, I know that he is not a natural fighter and that he does not look like a fighter and he does not act like a fighter," said Greb. "But at the same time nobody ever beats him much. He is one of those fellows who will not be beaten."

Of all of the heavyweight champions, Gene Tunney was the most heavily handicapped from the beginning. He is utterly lacking in that killer instinct which has been held essential in a successful prize-fighter. John L. Sullivan had it to a superlative degree. His instinct was to rush from the corner at the first tap of the bell and to drive home the right to the jaw with all possible dispatch. Corbett had it under the pleasant mask he wore in the ring. Fitzsimmons had it. The sullen Jeffries had it. Even Willard was a killer, though the killer look never came to his expressionless face.

But there is no trace of this in Tunney. He will meet a killer more than half-way, as he met Dempsey rushing in to batter him down, with a right that drove the killer back. If the prize-fight business were what they call it, the "art of self-defense," Tunney would be regarded as the greatest of all champions. But that is a sad misnomer.

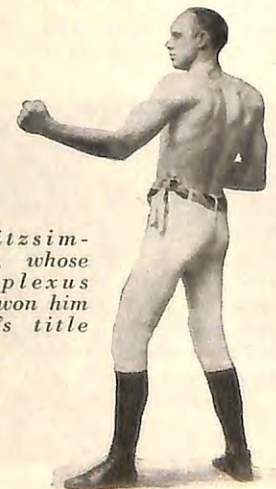
James Joseph Tunney is everything that they say a heavyweight champion should be, and yet the ring followers resent his wearing the mantle of Sullivan. Oh, well, when Tunney has become a legendary figure as John L. has become, he will be a more gallant and glamorous memory.



James J. Corbett, the slender San Francisco bank clerk who beat the great John L.



"Willard in training," Taking his job seriously



Bob Fitzsimmons, whose solar plexus punch won him Corbett's title



As I dashed up to the door, Mary, who was just inside, whirled with a start

Twisted Gun Gap

By Robert McBlair

Illustrated by Hamilton Fyfe

THE Sheriff had just returned from Naugatuck after a four-day vigil beside his wife, who was ill. He hadn't heard of the fight, nor had he noticed Seth Holman.

"Go to the window," I insisted, "and see for yourself."

I followed his tall gaunt figure to the cobwebby window at the end of the cross-roads store. Before the arched mouth of the tunnel the concrete mixer was dumping a slimy gray load onto the high platform of the concrete car. Five muscular negroes leaned on their shovels, waiting, their eyes and teeth gleaming white against the black of their sweat-shiny faces. The sheriff pressed his face against the glass, and I peered over his shoulder. The watchman's tiny box cast a triangular shadow toward the crossing. In this shadow sat Seth Holman, on a mended wooden chair, his pale pockmarked face distorted unpleasantly as he closed one eye and looked through the barrel of his rifle.

Sheriff Wade drew quickly back into the room. He and his three brothers were the leaders of the powerful Wade clan, to which Seth Holman belonged. Perhaps he did not want to be caught spying upon his own. Snuffing at his drooping mustache, he leaned against the hemlock wall and chewed mournfully on his tobacco. Blue eyes examined me out of a nest of leathery crow's feet. I seemed to feel his thoughts. "A husky chap, but right smart citified. Leather boots, corduroy pants, blue flannel shirt, sunburned—he don't dress citified,

but he's citified, jes' the same." I was still a "furriner" in these West Virginia mountains, although I had been in charge of the tunnel engineering corps for more than a year.

Mr. Wade worked his lean face with convulsive motions and spat accurately through a knothole in the floor.

"Ben Hundley and Mary Manning are coming in from Kenova at four o'clock," I continued. "They were married last night. If you leave here and go back to Naugatuck, and something happens, you'll be responsible for it."

The sheriff's blue eyes opened in assumed surprise. "I ain't figgerin' on killin' nobody!"

"NO. But certainly it's your duty to prevent a tragedy."

"Ain't never heard of no law ag'inst a man oillin' his rifle-gun." The sheriff wiped his spade-shaped chin.

"No, but you know Seth Holman has killed two men already. He boasts that it cost him only a hundred dollars to get off at the first trial, and two hundred at the second. Ben Hundley knocked him flat in the hall of Mary Manning's house, and then kicked him down the front steps. We don't have to guess what's going to happen when Hundley hops off the train."

Sheriff Wade pushed the black Stetson back from his forehead and gazed mildly at the chewing-tobacco, flannel shirts and canned goods upon the shelves behind the counter. Bill Damron, the proprietor, had gone to the engineering camp with a bucket of eggs, and customers this morning had steered clear of the crossroads ever since Seth Holman had sat down in front of his watchman's box with his rifle. The sheriff's faded black coat hung open, disclosing the butt of a .45 and the leather of a shoulder holster.

"Can't Hundley take keer of himself?"

"Hundley won't carry a gun," I replied.

"Won't pack a gun! How the hell can a feller he'p a man what's skeered to he'p himself?"

"Hundley isn't scared. Don't you remember how he went in the tunnel when the slate was falling and brought that colored fellow out on his back? He's got plenty of nerve. He doesn't believe in force, that's all."

"Pears like he used right smart force agin' Seth Holman."

"That was a slip, I guess. Seth had been drinking, and said something to Mary." I pondered. "I don't know that I could exactly make Ben's ideas clear to you."

"No. Reckon I ain't so smart as some folks."

"No—I mean, I don't quite get them myself. Ben's theoretical—his father was a preacher, his mother a teacher at college. After the war was over, he began to get the



His big body was crowded behind an inadequate boulder beyond

idea that it hadn't done very much for anybody—except kill off a lot of young men. So he concluded that if enough people will refuse to use force—refuse to fight, that is—the rest of the world will see the sense of it."

"When a man won't tote his share of the fight," drawled the feudist, "somebody's got to tote it for him."

"Perhaps. But Hundley has found a backer in Mary Manning. She has been refusing to marry him all this year, just because he served in the army and helped in what she calls 'the murders.' She said that if he had been a real man he would simply have declined to serve. I was astonished she married him after he had hit Holman."

"MARRIED him to cure him, most likely." There was a silence. "Reckon you had some ideas in that direction your ownself, didn't you?" the sheriff inquired.

"Yes," I admitted. "And that's why I'm so concerned about this situation, Sheriff. If she's chosen Ben—well, I am not going to let anything happen to Ben if I can help it."

"That air is one way of figgerin' it, shorely," agreed the sheriff, looking at me queerly. "Still an' all, that ain't sayin' there's goin' to be some shootin'."

"I promised not to tell anybody this, Sheriff. But do you know Eppy, our cook?"

"That plump yellow fellow with gray hair and light eyes?"

"Yes. Well, he was drinking with Seth Holman in Kenova, and Seth told him he was going to get Mary Manning. It's Mary who is behind the whole business, so far as Seth is concerned. He had gone to her house to insist that she marry him, and Ben Hundley happened to be there."

The sheriff's jaws became still. "Talk slower," he directed quietly. "You mean Seth Holman wants to marry Mary?"

"Certainly. You know, his father and Mary Manning's father were chums. Then Mary's father got that money for his land from the railroad, and sent Mary off to school. Since then Mary's gone up, and Seth's gone down. She's a smart school-teacher. He's only a watchman at the mouth of a tunnel, with two notches in his gunstock. Mary told me all about it. Seth felt that if she would marry him, it would sort of even things up."

"You think," the sheriff repeated slowly and distinctly, "that Seth wants to leave that squaw he's been living with? And you think he wants to kill Hundley so he can marry Mary?"

"I don't think it, I know it. He told Eppy as much. Remember, he killed that Indian woman's husband to get her. That was his second man."

"I don't know as the Indian woman ever knew it," the sheriff remarked, "but Seth told the jury she kilt her husband. The jury knew she wanted to come to Seth, and that's how he got off. I figgered it wouldn't be long before he left her. He kilt her baby, they say, though they's no way of provin' it. I allowed, when that happened, as how he was gettin' kind of tired of his home."

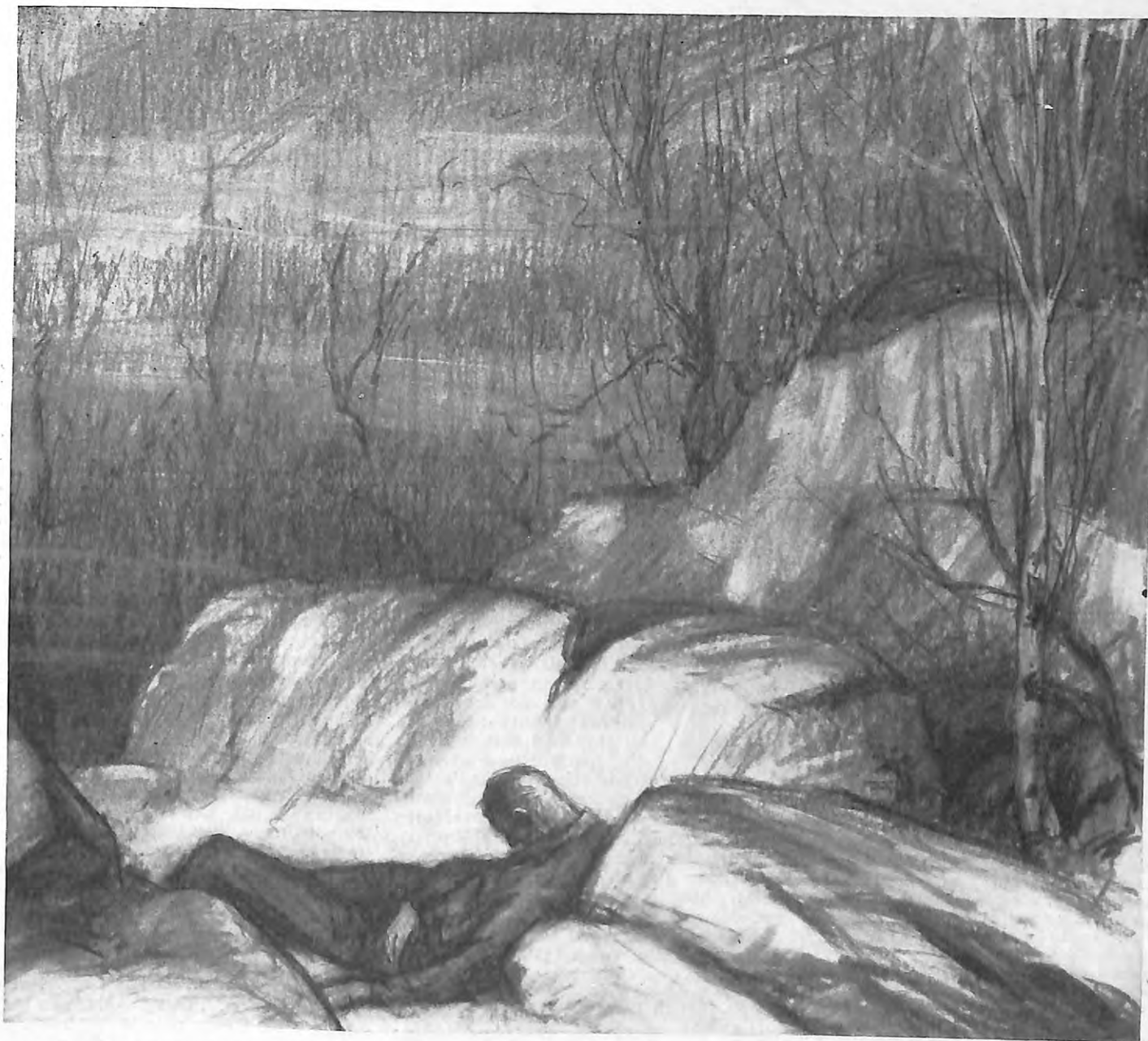
The sheriff suddenly relapsed against the wall, took out a thick black plug and bit off a generous bite.

"So, of course, you are not going to Naugatuck?"

"Ho, hum!" Mr. Wade stretched his arms above his head and yawned. He pulled his hat over his eyes and moved toward the door which stood half-open in the room. In order to pass between door and counter he swung the door back against the wall. Then he stopped abruptly.

"How long you been here?"

The Indian woman, Seth Holman's common-law wife, was standing just inside the doorway. Somehow the sheriff's voice had failed to express surprise.



the drain. Even at that distance I could see that his face was white

She didn't answer, but stood there perfectly still and straight, an intent yet inscrutable expression in her almond-shaped black eyes. She was young, and rather tall, her skin a coppery olive, with an extra tinge of red on the high, broad cheekbones. The coarse black hair was parted in the middle above a low, narrow forehead and hung in a braid down her back. Her bare arms were slim—almost thin—and her figure was slender, yet with a considerable breadth of shoulder beneath the black calico blouse embroidered Indian fashion with colored beads. She wore a fringed deerskin skirt, and her small pigeon-toed feet were encased in embroidered buckskin moccasins.

I remembered afterwards that a loop of beads of a peculiar pink hung loose on the shoulder of her blouse. At the moment I was struck by something fine yet strained in her bearing—like a tempered sword bent too far.

"I reckon you didn't hear nothin' as will do you harm." The sheriff's voice held a note of sympathy which suggested that there might be another side to the imperturbable feudist. He buttoned his coat and stepped past the young woman. From down the line came the warning whistle of

Number 4, entering the far end of the tunnel. The sheriff began to hurry.

"Aren't you going to wait?" I shouted, as he crossed the track. He did not answer. The train emerged from the tunnel in a cloud of smoke and steam and passed slowly between us. Seth Holman was still polishing his rifle. The Indian woman had slipped noiselessly away and was climbing the incline to Holman's unpainted shack on the side of the mountain. The train rolled by. The sheriff was gone.

Something had to be done. I took up the receiver of the wall telephone behind the store counter and finally got Ben Hundley at his hotel in Kenova.

"HELLO, Ben. I want to congratulate you, old man. But I called up more particularly about something else. Seth Holman is sitting in front of his watch box, oiling his rifle. I think he is waiting for your train to come in."

"Well, what of it?" Ben Hundley's cultivated voice brought before me his ice-gray eyes behind tortoise-shell spectacles, his crisp hair, gray at thirty-five. Ben would have been popular around the tunnel but for his chill and scholarly manner.

"Ben, why don't you stay in Kenova and

make application to be transferred to the Coal Creek region? My vacation starts to-morrow, so I am free to stay here and handle your job for you while you are waiting for the transfer."

"Thanks, awfully, but I see no reason for that."

"Are you going to let Seth Holman shoot you?"

"If he wants to. I don't imagine he'll try it. Most shootings result from just such preparation as you are urging upon me. No sane man will kill in cold blood."

I endeavored to control my impatience.

"Ben, you know Seth Holman is vindictive and nurses a wrong. You know he has demonstrated to himself that he can kill a man and get off scot free. If he's tried, it will be right here in this county, where he is related to nearly everybody, either by blood or marriage. And these natives are jealous of Mary for rising above her environment. I want you to take this matter seriously, Ben, for Mary's sake."

"By the way," said Hundley, "Will you ask Eppy to fix up my shack? Tell him to put in clean linen and carry off that pail of garbage by the back door. I am awfully obliged to you for calling me, really. But I am a free citizen of the United States. I may say, if you will excuse the pun, that

(Continued on page 48)



The Fifth Cross

An Adventure of the Special Operations Officer of the Secret Service of the A. E. F.

By Ben Lucien Burman

Illustrated by C. Le Roy Baldrige

THE Major in this story was Special Operations Officer of the DCI, the Secret Service of the American Expeditionary Forces and, as chief of the Paris division, where espionage activities were concentrated, was charged with some of the most important spy cases during the war. In addition he held a high post in the Intelligence Service and, as Combat Intelligence Officer for one of the great American units at the battlefield, spent many weeks securing information from the German lines. His work carried him over most of Europe and Northern Africa. So brilliant were his exploits, that in recognition there were conferred upon him fourteen decorations, the highest honors in the gift of the various Allied Governments. This spy story is one of his most remarkable adventures.

LOOK for a sparrow and sometimes you find an eagle; search for an auto tire and perhaps you catch the king of spies.

The automobile snorted over the gay French countryside and drew up before a dingy brick building where the brassard on the arm of the khaki-clad veteran lounging before the door was the only sign to indicate that this was the district headquarters of the military police. The Major, who had been riding in the car, disembarked, spoke a few words to the two men in civilian clothes sitting in the back seat, stepped past the sentry, and soon was conversing with the youthful, round-faced lieutenant who sat in the dark office inside.

"I've come to talk to this deaf-and-dumb man you're holding up at the hospital," he announced after the usual preliminaries. "I've read your reports and the reports of my own operatives, but I'm not at all satisfied. There's something queer about this case. Something very queer. And I want to get to the bottom of it. Give me all the details that you know."

The lieutenant's round face became troubled. "I know it looks foolish, Ma-

for, but the man really is deaf and dumb. He's not faking. I'd take my oath to that." He put a weight upon a pile of papers which were blowing in the wind. "But you want facts, not my opinion, don't you? I'll do my best. You know, of course, that the business began about three months ago. Ten or twelve auto tires were reported missing in the big auto depot about a kilometre down the road. Ten or twelve auto tires don't mean very much and they said nothing to us about it. But in a few days eighty and then a couple of hundred were missing, and they naturally got excited. They sent for us.

But we're short of men here and didn't have much luck and pretty soon the thieves began stealing carburetors and timers and all sorts of electric equipment. Mighty serious business, that. We got a few more men and after a devil of a time finally stopped the looting of the autos and were congratulating ourselves, when a day or two later we learned that our friends had merely shifted their activities to the aviation center near here and were stealing airplane parts from the warehouse for a fare-you-well.

"Which didn't makes us happy, you can bet. Stealing auto parts is bad enough, but taking plane parts is ten times worse because the damned things wear out so much quicker. My sergeant summed it up perfectly. 'The first ten years of the war are the hardest,' he said, 'but this is too much for even the first ten. If you can't fix your autos, you don't get food, and if you can't fix your planes you don't get observations, and what are you going to do without 'em while the Germans got shells and we got stummicks? Call the whole show off and give rain checks, I say.' He was pretty nearly right. Things went on a little longer, going

from bad to worse. We didn't know who was doing it, spies or simply infernally clever crooks. Finally we got desperate and notified your office."

He took one of the Major's cigarettes and began puffing excitedly. "By the time our men arrived the thieves had begun holding up the trucks as they drove through the towns near here on their way up from the base ports. Your operatives hadn't been here very long before one of them—Blake was his name, wasn't it?—who was pretending to be an American deserter and crook, picked up information in a cheap French dive, that the real crooks were planning to loot a convoy of trucks at Chatelle, a little town about forty kilometres to the north. The cars always stop there for oil and gas. Blake decided to try to trap them. He took me with him. It's a long way from the front here, and I don't have much chance for excitement, but I certainly had it that night. There were about eight of us, I think, three Americans and five French gendarmes. We got there a little after dark and hid in the bushes along the road. The trucks arrived on schedule, all right, and as usual the officer in charge took his men off to a café to have supper, leaving two men standing guard. Pretty soon two girls—mighty good-looking ones they were, too—came strolling along and started flirting with the sentries. The boys didn't suspect anything. Not a thing. And even if they had thought, they wouldn't have been able to see how they were running any danger. They weren't leaving their posts; they could watch the trucks; why shouldn't they have a pleasant little chat with two pretty mademoiselles?

Besides the girls had promised to bring them a couple of sandwiches a few minutes later. So there was a lot of bad French and worse English and a rapid fire of the usual soldier repartee. But right in the midst of it, so quickly that the two doughboys hadn't an idea what was happening, four men leaped out of a near-by doorway, tied them up, leaped onto the trucks, and began driving away like mad."

He took up his pencil and nervously began scraping off the paint with his thumbnail. "The French had waited so that we could



catch them red-handed, so it was maybe half a minute before we could get into our cars and shoot down the road after them. They were certainly surprised to see us, but they weren't babies by a long shot—they were desperate men. They whipped out automatics and began firing. Two were dressed as Frenchmen, two were in American uniform. They kept on racing and shooting, then suddenly when the trucks were speeding along like lightning, they leaped out and ducked for cover in a wheat field, letting the trucks crash into anything that happened to be handy. We lost them for a little while, but saw them just as they were getting into a big touring car near the end of the field. We took out after them again but their car was faster than ours, and they gave us as pretty a little chase as you'd ever like to see until finally they stopped the car, jumped into a little cafe along the road, and began to shoot it out. It was a corking battle while it lasted but the cafe-owner came running out, frightened to death, waving a flag of truce, and begging us to spare his family. Of course we couldn't shoot any innocent bystanders, and the French began arranging a new plan of attack. I tell you, Major, it's a nuisance, this not being allowed to make our own arrests where the French are concerned. Slows things up horribly. As you could expect, while they were talking the four gunmen tried to escape down a grape arbor back of the house. We picked off two of them, the two wearing American uniforms, but the two Frenchmen got away."

THE Major grimaced. "They certainly did get away," he declared ruefully. "They're in Switzerland where they'll be safe for the rest of the war. If I didn't realize that what you say is true, and that these joint expeditions so often end by being neither French nor American, but a grand jumble of misunderstanding and bad temper, some one would rate rather a stiff lecture, I'm afraid. But what's done is done. After all the four of them might have gotten away. I take it this deaf-and-dumb man is one of the two you wounded?"

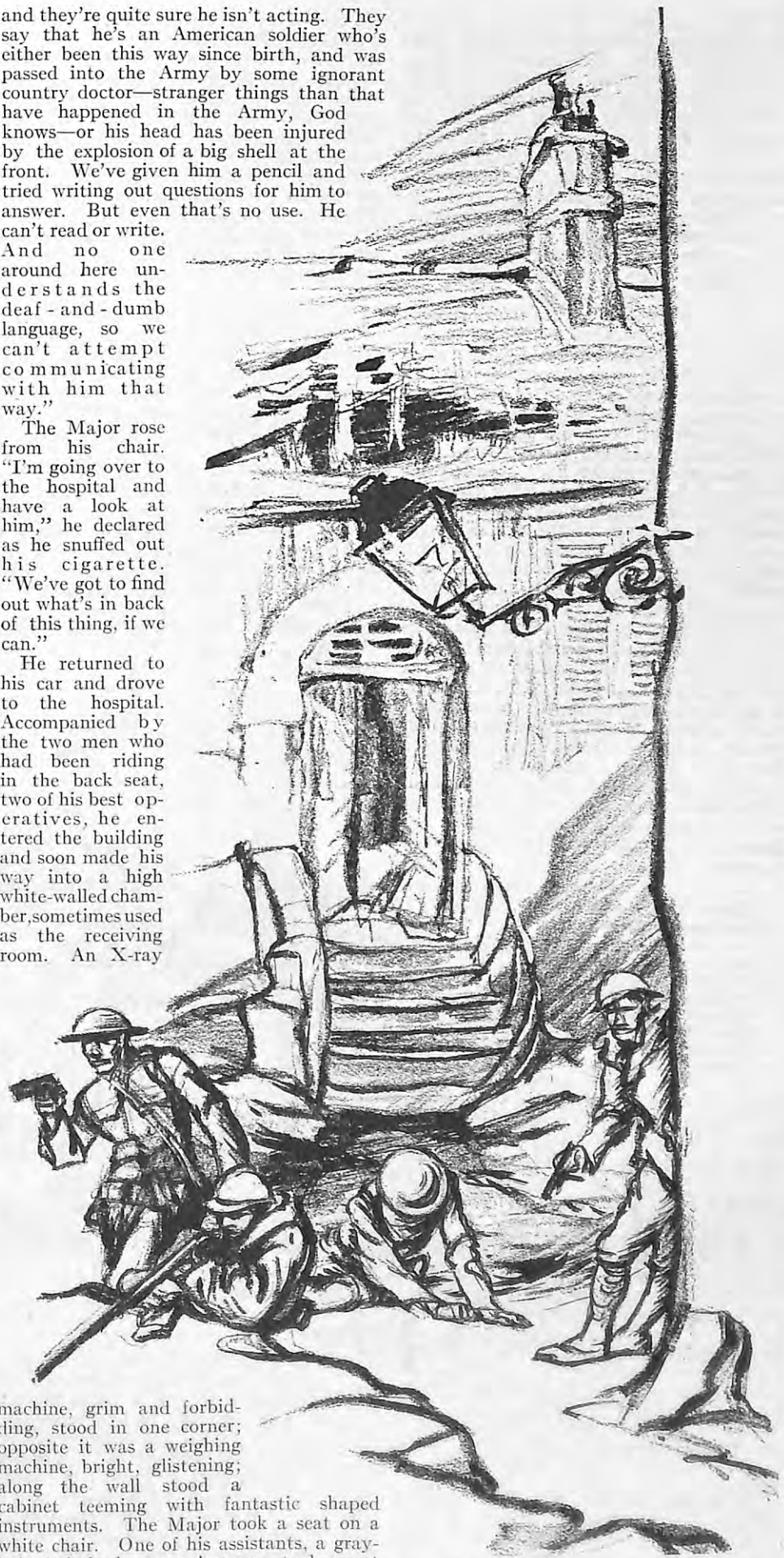
"Yes sir. The other's in the hospital too, still at the point of death, though we made the raid—let me see—three weeks ago Tuesday. The dumb fellow's wound wasn't serious at all. Just a scratch in the hand that prevented him from firing. It was well in a week. We're only keeping him in the hospital now because he's deaf and dumb, and we don't know what else to do with him. I tell you, Major, he's a problem. We didn't know his condition until we got him to the hospital to have his hand treated. It was considerable of a shock, I assure you. We had expected to get him to talk and tell what he's been doing with the things he stole, and just why he'd been stealing. But you can't get much information out of a man deaf as a post and dumb as a stone.

"Naturally, at first we thought he was faking, but nothing we could do broke him down, and after a few days we were sure that his deafness and dumbness were real. I tell you again. I'd be willing to take my oath to it. For three weeks he's been that way, understand. Three weeks. A faker simply couldn't keep it up. Just goes around like an ugly sort of statue, eating, sleeping, and staring emptily around the wards as if he hadn't the trace of a brain. My private belief is that he's just an out-and-out moron who happened to be dragged into this by accident. I think he's too stupid to steal. The doctors think the same thing. They've given him psychological tests, examined his eyes, poked their instruments into his throat,

and they're quite sure he isn't acting. They say that he's an American soldier who's either been this way since birth, and was passed into the Army by some ignorant country doctor—stranger things than that have happened in the Army, God knows—or his head has been injured by the explosion of a big shell at the front. We've given him a pencil and tried writing out questions for him to answer. But even that's no use. He can't read or write. And no one around here understands the deaf-and-dumb language, so we can't attempt communicating with him that way."

The Major rose from his chair. "I'm going over to the hospital and have a look at him," he declared as he snuffed out his cigarette. "We've got to find out what's in back of this thing, if we can."

He returned to his car and drove to the hospital. Accompanied by the two men who had been riding in the back seat, two of his best operatives, he entered the building and soon made his way into a high white-walled chamber, sometimes used as the receiving room. An X-ray



machine, grim and forbidding, stood in one corner; opposite it was a weighing machine, bright, glistening; along the wall stood a cabinet teeming with fantastic shaped instruments. The Major took a seat on a white chair. One of his assistants, a gray-haired, fatherly appearing man, took a seat a few feet away; the other, stocky and a trifle dwarfish, hid behind a door where he could see all that transpired in the room and yet give no sign of his presence. Another door at the far end of the room opened; a burly sergeant walked inside. Behind him

"As the crooks still shooting tried to escape, two of them were picked off, the two wearing American uniforms, but the two Frenchmen got away"

plodded a prisoner. Slowly the sergeant led his captive forward. The Major examined him closely. His limbs were huge, his stature enormous; with his shaggy unkempt hair and savage-protruding jaw, he did not appear many degrees removed from a gorilla. His eyes roved stonily about the room, his stupid, sullen face giving not the slightest sign that he sensed the presence of the human beings so near him.

"What's your name?" the Major snapped.

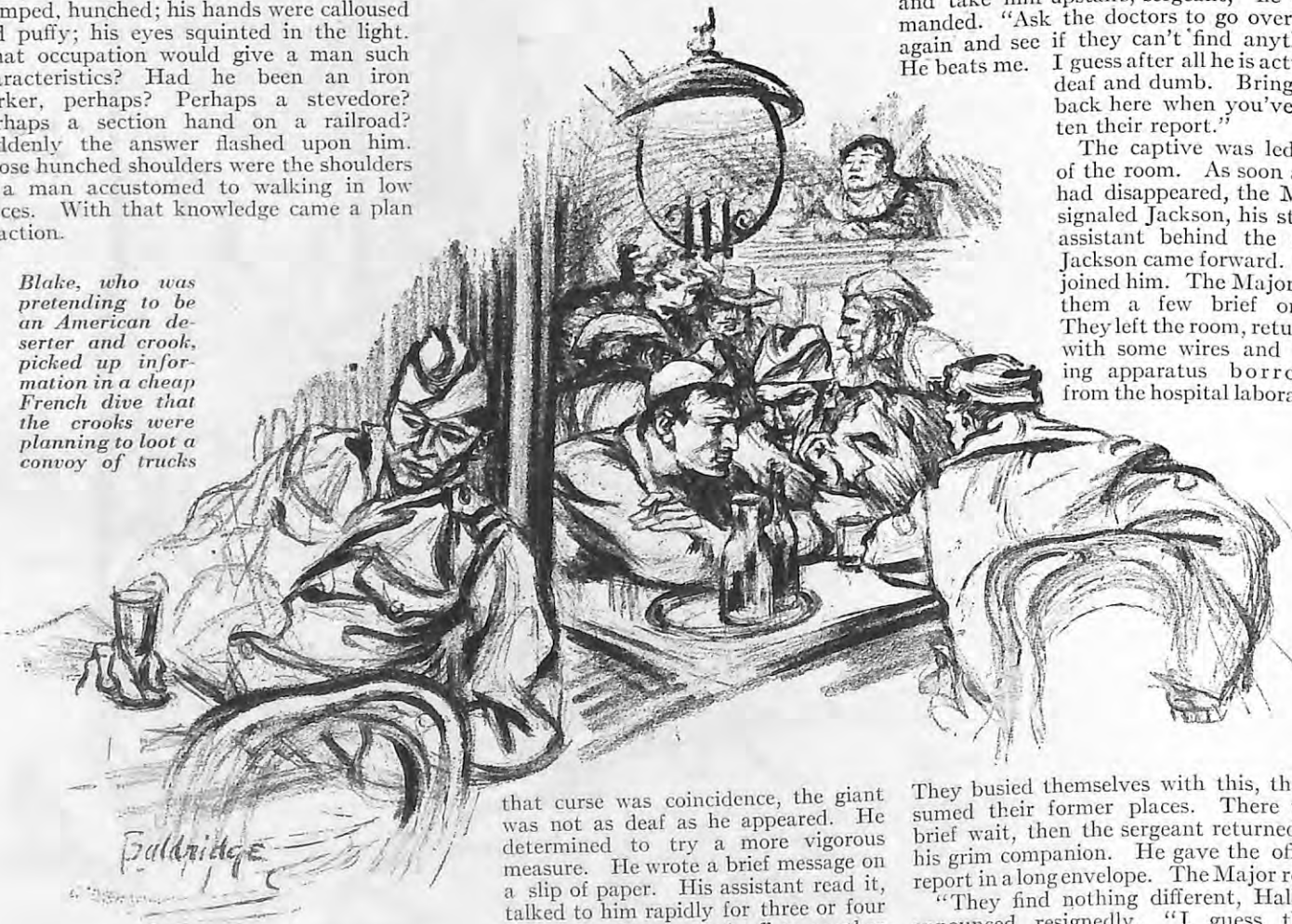
There was no answer. The prisoner's eyes continued their lifeless wandering.

"What outfit do you come from?"

Again no answer.

"Take off his clothes, Hall!" the officer barked with calculated harshness to the gray-haired assistant beside him. In a moment the giant was divested of coat and breeches and stood uglily in his coarse army underwear. Quickly the Major's hands traveled over his body, searching for some slight bundling of fibers, some protuberance of bone which might have affected his nerves and brain and account for his condition. He drew back the lids of the eyes and looked for evidence of the use of drugs, glanced at the skin of the swarthy arm for traces of the hypodermic needle. He found nothing. He sat down again, and with his glance still fixed on the uncouth figure, pondered. The man's shoulders were enormous, but they were nevertheless somewhat cramped, hunched; his hands were calloused and puffy; his eyes squinted in the light. What occupation would give a man such characteristics? Had he been an iron worker, perhaps? Perhaps a stevedore? Perhaps a section hand on a railroad? Suddenly the answer flashed upon him. Those hunched shoulders were the shoulders of a man accustomed to walking in low places. With that knowledge came a plan of action.

Blake, who was pretending to be an American deserter and crook, picked up information in a cheap French dive that the crooks were planning to loot a convoy of trucks



To succeed in that plan he must first attract the prisoner's attention, a task which did not promise to be easy. Taking from his pocket a small mirror, he began flashing it carefully about the room, now upon the ceiling, now upon the floor, now dancing its bright reflection into the eyes of the giant before him. Ceasing, he pretended to replace the mirror in his pocket. Instead he kept it concealed in the palm of his hand.

He took out a pencil; wrote rapidly in his note book. Rising from his chair, he paced up and down the floor as though deep in thought, then peered at the prisoner, wrote again, and whispered mysteriously to his companion. After a pause of a few seconds, he lit a cigar, put it out immediately, lit it once more, and for a third time began writing excitedly. In the mirror hidden in his hand he saw that his ruse had been successful. The prisoner's eyes were furtively following his every move; he was trying to divine the meaning of the Major's strange and meaningless actions.

THE officer bit the end of his cigar. "Take this down, Hall," he grunted. "We know all that we need know about this man now. He's a coal-miner, Polish, and probably comes from the Scranton district in Pennsylvania. Send his photograph to the chief of police at Scranton and we'll get his criminal record."

The giant did not break his silence. But the Major, watching in the mirror, saw that his stratagem had again triumphed. At the phrase "coal-miner" the deaf-mute had slowly, almost imperceptibly moved his lips. And the detective, for many years an expert lip-reader, saw that they framed the words "Damn you."

The officer repressed a smile. Unless

that curse was coincidence, the giant was not as deaf as he appeared. He determined to try a more vigorous measure. He wrote a brief message on a slip of paper. His assistant read it, talked to him rapidly for three or four moments, then moved off to another part of the room. The Major began dancing his mirror about the room again, put it in his pocket, took out a rubber band, and began cutting it into small pieces with a knife. Soon the giant's attention was again riveted upon him. He laid the knife on a table. The movement was a signal; Hall, who was now directly behind the prisoner, drew out an automatic pistol and fired two shots into the floor.

The reports resounded deafeningly through the long chamber. But though the muzzle of the pistol was barely a foot from the captive's heel, not a muscle of his face twitched, not a fiber of his great body quivered. He stood rigid, inflexible, the violent explosions affecting him no more than if the bullets had been two bits of down drifting noiselessly to the floor.

The Major was astounded. He had fully expected to see the other give a frantic leap to escape the unseen danger behind. This time his trick had failed. Yet it had nevertheless been useful. He knew now to a certainty that the man was acting. For though a stone-deaf person might not have heard the reports of the gun, his body would have felt the concussion and responded to it. Sound waves reach the body through other sources than ears, and many are familiar with the manner in which a deaf-mute can "hear" the taps or vibrations on a pencil which he holds tightly between his teeth. The giant was not stupid. He was clever, very clever. That was proved.

The officer pondered as to the means he might devise to trick the captive into speech. One inadvertent word, one astonished exclamation would suffice; once the tiniest hole had been pierced in the mask, its complete destruction would be easy.

He turned to the burly noncom standing near a window. "Put a bath-robe on him and take him upstairs, sergeant," he commanded. "Ask the doctors to go over him again and see if they can't find anything. He beats me. I guess after all he is actually deaf and dumb. Bring him back here when you've gotten their report."

The captive was led out of the room. As soon as he had disappeared, the Major signaled Jackson, his stocky assistant behind the door. Jackson came forward. Hall joined him. The Major gave them a few brief orders. They left the room, returning with some wires and shining apparatus borrowed from the hospital laboratory.

They busied themselves with this, then resumed their former places. There was a brief wait, then the sergeant returned with his grim companion. He gave the officer a report in a long envelope. The Major read it.

"They find nothing different, Hall," he announced resignedly. "I guess they're right. This fellow's too much for me. I give him up. Take his thumb prints and his height and weight—all his Bertillon measurements. Wait a few weeks and then if you don't hear anything send him back to the States to an institution. You can't court martial a statue. I'm leaving town now. Join me at Nevers to-morrow."

He strode outside. But he did not leave the hospital. Instead he took off his shoes



Concealing himself behind a thick tapestry, he saw her enter a bedroom, open a drawer in a finely wrought table, and take from it a pearl-handled revolver. Furtively she thrust this into a fold of her dress

city, a Frenchman, who bought everything offered him and paid very high prices. No, he wouldn't tell his name. All right, if he had to, he had to. It was Monsieur Maurice Radelle. Lived at 10 Rue St. Marguerite. Yes, he was sure. Maurice Radelle. He'd been there twice himself with one of the Frenchmen. No, he didn't know anything more. It was enough, wasn't it? Were they going to keep him in jail here in France, or send him back to the States? Or what were they going to do?

Half an hour later, the officer left the hospital. He drove to the gray stone building which housed the offices of the local Commissaire of police. The Commissaire, fat, round, jovial, and arrayed in a uniform a trifle operatic, greeted the American cordially. But his joviality faded when the visitor explained his mission.

"Ah, surely, surely, there is some mistake, Monsieur le Major," he murmured excitedly. "This prisoner, he does not tell the truth. Non, Non! Monsieur Radelle, he is one of our citizens most important. He is rich. Very rich. Belongs to him the largest hotel in the city, belongs to him the villa which is perhaps the largest also. And not alone is he rich, monsieur. He is of the kindest. He gives much moneys to the poor. Much moneys. And he loves deep la France. He buys many, many of the war bonds. He has married one of the girls, the most beautiful in my city, a woman *ravissante*, monsieur, who like himself, is very, very kind and who also gives much moneys to the poor. This which you say is impossible. Monsieur le Major. *Oui, c'est trop!*" He thrust out his hands in dramatic expostulation.

The Major smiled patiently. "Is this man a native here, Monsieur le Commissaire?"

"No. Here he is not born. But he comes many years ago. From Alsace, I think." His chubby face was grave. "Some they have said his father was a German. But poof! In times of war they say this about all men. I, the Commissaire, know how it is not so. I have known Monsieur Radelle many, many years. He is my friend, perhaps my best friend."

"I am sorry, but I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to help me search his house tonight. The arrangements between the two armies forbid my doing it alone, or I would, and relieve you of an unpleasant task. Of course he may not be guilty. Tscheslik may be manufacturing this story for his own purposes. But the ramifications of this case may be extremely far reaching and we can't afford to miss any opportunities. I'm afraid you'll have to toss friendship overboard. If he's innocent, he'll understand."

The Commissaire's fat hand quivered with emotion. Gloomily he tamped his pipe with black, reeking tobacco. "It is most *embarrassant* for me. Most *embarrassant*. I am not rich. My salary is little. Very little. And he has lend me money when I have need it. Much money. He is my friend. But if I must do this, I must."

The Major thanked him and walked to his temporary quarters in a hotel near by. He summoned the gray-haired Hall and gave him some instructions. The assistant departed. He was gone three hours.

(Continued on page 56)

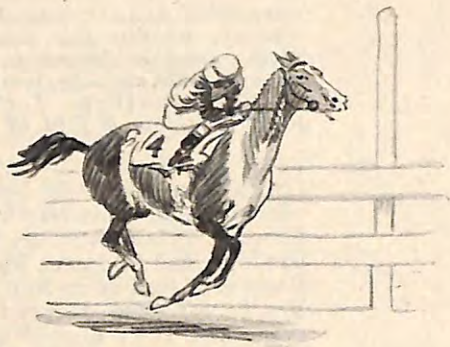
and put on a pair of heavy felt slippers he always carried with him. Quietly he took Jackson's place behind the door and peered into the examination room. He saw the gentlemanly Hall take the giant's thumbprints; saw him note down here a mole which marked his arm, there a scar which marred his breast; saw him conduct the prisoner to the bright steel scales which stood in the corner opposite the X-ray machine. Then the Major stole through the partly open door and crept soundlessly over the floor.

The giant glanced dully at the weighing machine, lifted his huge, naked foot, held it poised, then brought it down squarely upon the steel beam. The same instant the Major leaped forward, screaming at the top of his voice. The mute suddenly lost his muteness. Like the officer, he uttered a piercing cry, and bounding from the scales fell upon the floor where he frantically began rubbing his foot, accompanying the rubbing with a roaring volley of curses. The locked lips were unsealed. Electricity had succeeded where sound had failed. The scales had been connected with the electric apparatus used to cure the paralyzed and shell-shocked muscles of the veterans in the hospital; the violent unexpected shock to the prisoner's body, together with the officer's scream, which tended to induce a sympathetic reflex action, had been too much for his nervous system to withstand.

Stripped of his armor of pretense, the giant quickly capitulated. As he had been caught in the act of robbery, to deny his guilt was useless; when the detective sought to know whether that robbery had deep, furtive roots which crept across the frontier to Germany, he answered in a passionate,

unbridled torrent of speech, as though all the words he had not uttered for weeks had been stored up within him like a reservoir, each day gaining new force until now they had burst their dam. Cooler, he repeated his story with all appearances of frankness, adding that he hoped his confession might gain him a lighter sentence.

HIS name, he said, was Tscheslik; as the Major had conjectured, he was a Pole who had worked in the coal-mines of Pennsylvania. But five years of the hard life in the black tunnels had disgusted him with all labor and filled him with a desire for quick, easy riches. Burglary and highway robbery had struck him as the best means of accomplishing his ends; he was successfully engaged in the practice of his new profession when the war came, conscription swept him into the army, and his forays abruptly ceased. But not for long. His regiment was sent to France; there he quickly found a chance to desert. Soon he encountered another criminal who, like himself, had deserted from the American army. They discussed opportunities and decided that their best plan was to ally themselves with one of the bands of Apaches whose headquarters were in the smoky dives of Paris. No sooner agreed than done; in a few days they were thieving and pillaging as of old, preying on the war supplies of their fellow countrymen. No, he was not a German spy, nor even a German sympathizer. He stole merely for the sake of the loot. Yes, it was easy to sell the loot. Very easy. Foreigners bought it and sent it out of the country. And there was a man in this very



The Story of a Scorned Who Tried Scorning Once too Often

Water Lou

By Hermann B. Deutsch

Illustrated by Paul Brown

AS TO this question of second sight, yes and or no. Mere argument isn't going to settle it one way or another. None the less, it is an established fact that long before New Orleans became a center of hustling commercial enterprise, in the days when the main portion of the city lay below Canal Street and French newspapers still flourished, the then City Fathers named one of the downtown thoroughfares "Mystery Street." By no stretch of the imagination could they have known that one day there would front on Mystery Street a huge parked enclosure known as the Fair Grounds, where thousands would gather daily through the winter to pay homage to His Majesty the Thoroughbred—thousands who would gain entrance to the magnificent glassed-in grandstand by way of the Mystery Street gate.

Of course, it may be argued quite justly that there are mysteries in countless numbers to be found outside the race-track enclosure too. True enough; and yet—after all, to this very day no one has adequately explained for the benefit of the "talent" how a lump the size of your head could appear on the leg of a thoroughbred mare one minute, be gone practically the next, and leave the leg's efficiency unimpaired.

One Elton Beauregard Charnley, the famous "E. B." of the Keep-a-Hustling Stock Farm back where the blue grass covers the rolling meadows with a carpet of matchless hue, holds the key to this particular mystery. So does Holy Joe, who has excellent reasons for keeping his own counsel; and old E. B. was and is the closest-mouthed horseman ever turned out by Kentucky in six-foot-and-better lengths. Never would he depart from his own maxim that the only way to remain abreast of practically everything that was going on around a race-course was to keep your ears open and your mouth shut.

That was what made the approach of Holy Joe Trumble, at the time this mystery was ready to pip the shell late one warm mid-February afternoon, doubly difficult—not to say exasperating.

"Looky here, E. B.," complained Holy Joe, "you took me good and plenty on Canobean, didn't you?"

"Uh-huh," vouchsafed E. B., pushing his broad-brimmed black hat farther back on his thatch of white hair.

"Fifteen grand," added Holy Joe bitterly. "That'd keep even a giraft in collars for a while."

In reply to which observation, E. B. said nothing, though the frosty light that suddenly gleamed in his blue eyes would have indicated that he recalled the precise circumstances under which certain designs on the part of Holy Joe had been circumvented.

"Well, I ain't a squealer," continued Holy Joe, "and that fifteen grand didn't exactly bust me flat or anything. Just the same, I'd like to get at leastways a piece of it back. And I'll give you my paralyzed oath, E. B.,

it ain't costing you a cent—not one red copper cent—if you'll help me. In fact, you'll make a chunk of change out of it for yourself. And they ain't a thing I'll ask you to do would hurt a Sunday-school teacher's conscience, even."

Still E. B. maintained a silence that can only be described as utter.

"Looks like that'd be the least you could do," concluded Holy Joe plaintively.

The faintest possible hint of merriment appeared in E. B.'s eyes.

"Any schemin' whereby a bookmaker—specially you, Trumble—aims to catch back fifteen thousand dollars, would be worth hearin'. One that aims to do that and still not disturb a tender conscience, deserves to be written out and framed. So let's hear it, anyway."

"Attastuff," approved Holy Joe. "It ain't gonna hurt you to listen. Well, all I want you to do is to enter that good mare of yours, Water Lou, in one of the cheap races some day next week."

E. B. gazed earnestly out across the infield, all gold in the level rays of the western sun, to the barn of the Keep-a-Hustling stable, where Water Lou was presently housed, as befitted her regal lineage. Of her line, she alone had never carried white and she alone had never carried white and incarmine silks flashing first beneath an invisible wire. Slowly he let his gaze wander back to the little bookmaker who leaned against the track rail beside him.

"What might be the idea of that?" "Well, I'll tell you. I got a little plan. To work it, I need a horse that simply can't lose. And if you enter Water Lou in one of the cheap races, she couldn't lose if she was to be rode backwards."

"I understand that all right. But how do you come in on that? Looks like to me that with Water Lou entered against a lot of cheap horses, everybody'd be bettin' their heads off on her. And you're making book, so that no matter how skimpy-like the odds be, you'd have to pay off all those bets, wouldn't you?"

E. B.'s shaggy eyebrows rose with each succeeding statement until interrogation literally radiated from him.

"That's all right," replied Holy Joe, flapping a fat palm in deprecation. "That's where my little plan comes in. You know what they call me—one of the Bell Cows of the Palm Garden. I mean I'm one of the big oralizers, and when I put my odds upon the horses in a race, the rest of the bookmakers follow my lead. All those eggs that make oral book down under the grandstand, they don't know how to figure odds. They just copy their odds offa what me and one or two others of the big boys is offering. You know that."

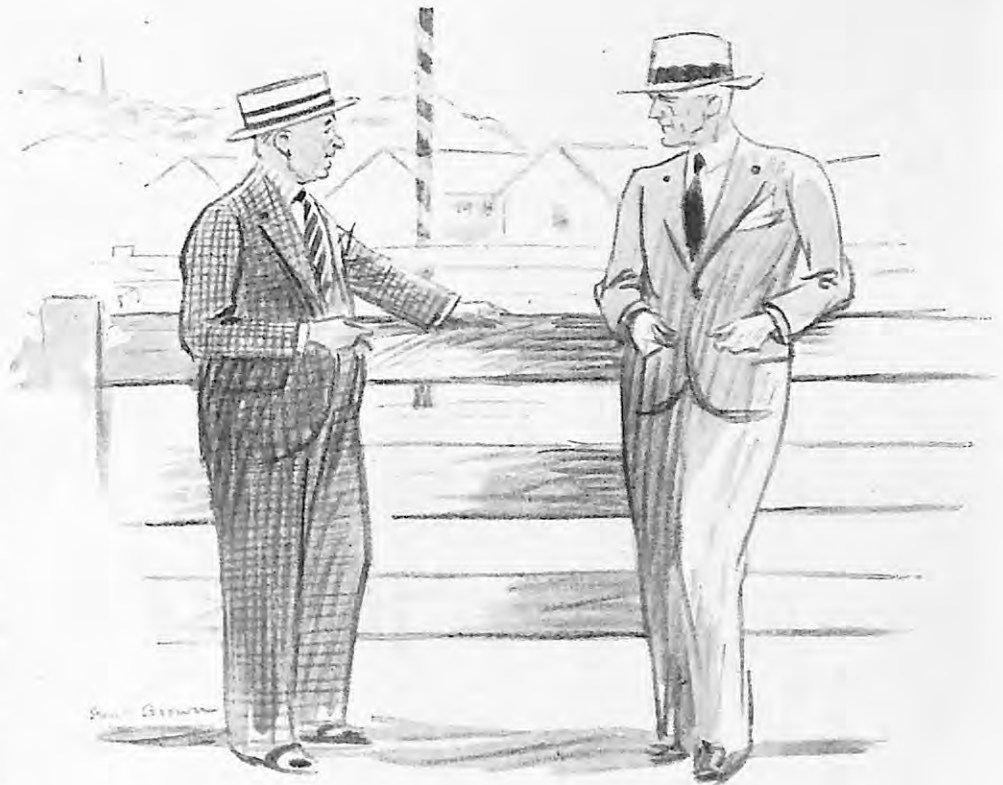
E. B. nodded thoughtful agreement.

"WELL, then we'll do this way. You'll enter Water Lou against a lot of these here claiming dogs, that couldn't beat her if she was hauling a tractor plow in the race. By rights the odds should ought to be about say one to three—put up three dollars to win one. Instead of which, for a couple of minutes, I'll announce odds of six to one against her, at the opening—see? But I ain't taking any bets on her at that figure that I can get out of taking. Just the same, before the race, I'll take a bet from you at four to one, if you'll promise not to bet more'n a thousand dollars. That'll give you a sure four grand for one, as your bit."



E. B. motioned the boy to a seat beside him. "Fleabit," he asked, "what would you do, say somebody was to give you maybe as much as two hundred dollars?"

*"Any schemin' where-
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science, deserves to be
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framed. Let's hear it"*



"Well?"
"That's a whole lot better'n you could ever get other ways on as good a mare as that, when she's a cinch to win, ain't it?"

"But where does your end of it come in?"
"Well, as soon as they see me, the Bell Cow, offering odds of six to one, they'll figure they must be something wrong with the mare—you entering her in a cheap race and all—see? So that bunch of eggs'll follow my lead like they always do, and they'll offer six to one too. So I'll take your thousand bucks that I gave you four to one on, and a whole potful more dough, and I'll have a couple friends bet it all with the other boys at six to one, meantime not taking a nickel more'n I can help at that figure myself. Then, soon's I see all my own money's down with the other boys, bingo! Down goes my odds to one to three, and I'll be taking mighty little of that, anybody happens to ask you—see? So I'll get mine back good and plenty, for I'll have five thousand bet against thirty on a horse that can't lose."

"Uh," remarked E. B.
"And nobody holds the bag—only the other bookmakers. You get a cinch four grand for your one, plus the purse for the race. I'll catch back at least the four grand I got to pay you and the fifteen grand you hooked me for on Canobean—maybe a little bit more."

Silence fell—a silence which E. B. did nothing whatever to break.

"Say, E. B.," demanded Holy Joe at last. "Can you see one single solitary hole in that? Don't you figure I'd have more sense than to try to proposition you on something that wasn't straight?"

"Yes," said E. B.
"Well, what's the matter, then?"

"Nothing."
"Does that mean you'll go in on it with me, or don't it?"

"Yes."
"Yes what?"

"I'll go in with you," said E. B., and, turning on his heel without another word, strode off toward the carmine and white stable barn that was his home during the racing season.

It was after supper, when Fleabit Corrigan and Tod Beasley, the two jockeys, had been put to bed, that E. B. confided the details of Holy Joe's plan to Mother Charnley, who was rocking comfortably over a basket of mending.

"Why Father!" exclaimed Mother Charnley, when E. B. had concluded his recital. "I'm most certainly surprised to think you'd go into that sort of a dicker. You that is always preaching about sharp practices! And many's the time I've heard you say

you wouldn't trust this man Trumble any farther'n you could kick the grandstand at the Downs! Whatever's got into you? Instead of being glad you took that money away from him and built a clubhouse for the boys with it, you don't mean to sit there and tell me you're actually going to help him make a profit on it?"

E. B. grinned shamefacedly.
"Well, Mother, I kind of hate to tell you just why I went in with that scoundrelly Trumble, I do so."

"It wasn't the money, I should hope."
"Course not. Why for'd I want to take and try to make money that-away? Ain't we most always got along under Providence? Shuh! No, I'll tell you, Mother. It's because I'm mor'ly certain that Trumble is out to do me."

"All the more reason then, for you. . . ."

"I know. But I reckon they must be some taint of the Old Scratch left in me still yet, Mother, and while I ain't denyin' we're commanded not to walk in the way of the scorner, I'd a heap sooner boot the scorner off the way I'm on than go makin' a detour myself. And I've got a hunch, a real old sinful hunch, that I can overreach the Trumble scorner if I can only be real low-down certain what his game is. I can so."

"But maybe he does mean just what he told you."
"Well, 't ain't likely, much."

"Why not?"
"First place, just because he's Trumble, and Trumble's the kind of person 't wouldn't even take the golden stair to the pearly gates, lessen it was a spiral golden stair—he's just naturally that crooked."

"But this deal 'pears to me like it would satisfy him a-plenty, far's that's concerned."
"Well—and then they ain't enough to it. I know Trumble, and he don't aim to take none that money back lessen it comes out of my own pocket. Most everybody knows how I over-reached him in the matter of Canobean, and I reckon most everybody's had a pleasant word or two to say to him

about it. So what he wants most of all, is to have folks realize that he's done whetted his tushes on my own pers'nal hide. That's what makes it so dang-beat puzzlin' to me—offering me four thousand dollars just like finding it. I just know that can't be straight."

"All right, Father; but remember, if something happens to you, I'll be saying it served you good and right for ever associating with that man."

"Umm. Sufficient unto the day. And speakin' of days, they ain't so many hours between now and next day, when I got to be out on the track with the boys, old lady. Le's we go turn in. I reckon enlightenment'll be give me in due and good season, if so be's I'm worthy to receive it."

None the less, just about two hours thereafter, Mother Charnley woke to hear her spouse chuckling by her side.

"What in time ails you now, Father?" she complained.

"Nothing, honey. Enlightenment's done been given to me. That Holy Joe's a slick one, all right."

"Such a man! And I ain't a mite surprised that dicker's on your conscience. But it ain't on mine, so don't let it keep me awake. My lands! All hours of the night, too."

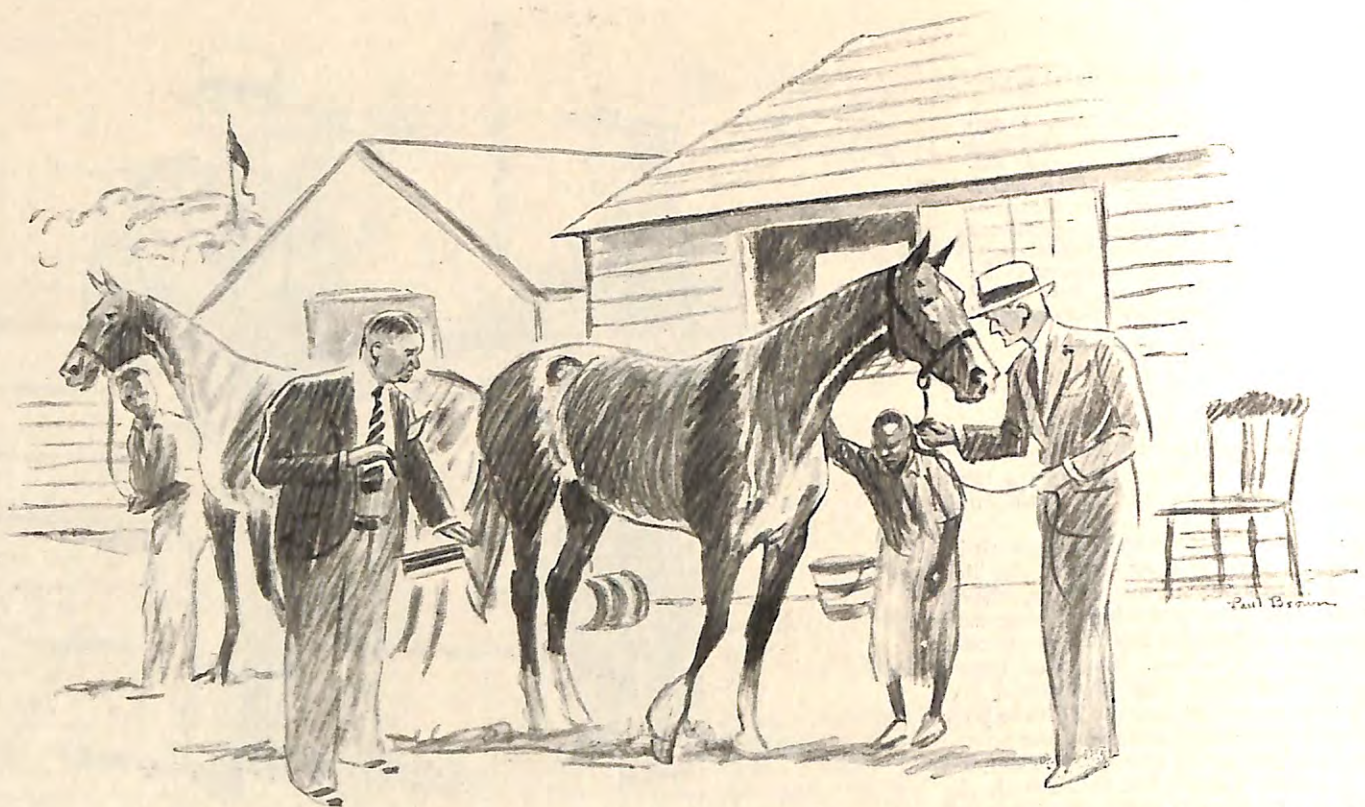
It was not until after the horses had been exercised and were being walked about the big carmine and white barn to cool out, that E. B. brought up the subject of his sudden enlightenment. His confidant was not Mother Charnley, but fourteen-year-old Fleabit Corrigan, race-rider extraordinary.

DRAWING the little jockey apart from the barn to a stretch of turf where a strange menagerie of stable mascots were basking in the warmth of the early morning sun, E. B. let himself down on the sward, placed a sweet new grass blade between his lips, and motioned the boy to a seat beside him.

"Fleabit," he asked, "what would you do, say somebody was to give you maybe as much as two hundred dollars?"

"Buy me a di'mon' pin and a watch, and some silk shirts and some suits with pants wide at the bottom and . . ."





"There, there. I reckoned you'd be able to find something foolish to do with it. But suppose somebody offered you that much money to throw a race on one of my horses, what then?"

Fleabit sighed heavily. From the first he had been hedged about with doubt, suspecting that all this was too good to be true.

"Yes'r," he replied dutifully. "Was somebody to offer me two hundred dollars to pull a race, I'd tell him to go to hell, sir."

"How often do I have to say you mustn't use profane language, Fleabit? Want I should wash out your mouth with soap and water?"

"Nos'r."

"Well then. Remember you ain't to talk like that nowadays. And furthermore, this one special time I got in mind, if a man should happen to come up to you this evenin' or maybe to-morrow or next day and proposition you to throw a race, I want you to tell him just exactly what I'm going to tell you to say."

"Yes'r. What race?"

"A race with Water Lou. I'm going to enter her next week."

"In a handicap?" Fleabit's eyes were shining, for Water Lou was indeed a mare of promise, and there is glory in plenty for the rider who pilots the winner of a feature race.

"Nope. In one of the short claiming races."

"Aw, shucks!"

"That's all right, Fleabit, my boy. You lissen at me now. In case somebody was to come to you and offer you money to throw Water Lou's race, I want you should tell them you'll do it."

"You mean you want me to say I'll pull Water Lou? That's the onlies' way she could lose that kind of a race."

"That's most exactly what I want. Just say to whoever propositions you that it'll be all right. Only don't take no money in advance. Just you agree to throw the race, and leave the rest to me. I'll tell you when to ask for money."

The tall Kentuckian rose and dusted himself.

"And don't worry, Fleabit," he assured the boy. "You won't actually have to pull any horse. And I don't know but what I'll

Trumble found that her owner had not exaggerated the extent of Water Lou's injury. Limping painfully, she was being led about the barn with the other horses

fix it so's the silk shirts and other fool gew-gaws you spoke of might be forthcoming."

"Yes'r," said Fleabit dutifully.

"And when somebody does proposition you, and you agree to 'em, the first thing I want you to do is to let me know about it, right off. I'm a heap interested in knowin' can I boot the scorners where they was meant by Providence to be booted."

Leaving a thoroughly mystified little boy behind him, E. B. went off about the manifold duties incident to the care of a well-kept racing stable. Not until the following day, just before supper, did Fleabit inform his employer that the proposition had been made.

"IT WAS that o'n'ry ripe tomato that's swipin' for the Plimssoll stable, sir," he stated. "He comes up to me and says he hears Water Lou's gonna be entered next Tuesday evenin' in the second race and asks me is that right. I tells him I don't know. And he says if she is would I be ridin' her, and I says sure, and so he says I would get two hundred an' fifty dollars was she not to win," he finished all in one breath.

"Umm. And what did you say to him?"

"I never told him to go—nowheres; no-where's at all. Nos'r," replied Fleabit. "I just said all right, like you done told me to say."

"That's fine, son. Run along and fill up with chuck, now."

Evidently matters were shaping themselves much to E. B.'s liking, for he was in high good humor that night, and his blue eyes twinkled merrily into the eyes of Mother Charnley across the table after the boys had been tucked in.

"Told you enlightenment would be give to me if I was only worthy to receive it, and I reckon I still am," he said.

"Then Trumble is really up to something that's not showing on the face?"

"Course he is. I knew that much, right off. But I wasn't just altogether real sure which way he aimed to jump. Now I know."

"Well, is it going to be a secret?"

"Not from you, Mother. Remember he told me that if I'd enter Water Lou in a cheap race, where she couldn't lose, he'd let me bet a thousand with him at four to one, and then he'd fix things so's he could bet my thousand and some more too with the other books at six to one."

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, that was most too fish market for me, like I told you before, which is why I began to look around for enlightenment. So here's what that most immoral rip is really up to. He'll take my thousand before the race, of course, offerin' me four to one. But he's got no idea of offerin' six to one in the Palm Garden, not even for two minutes. He might be the Bell Cow, down there, all right, but the rest of them ain't plumb crazy even if they do follow his lead, and he couldn't get none of them to offer six to one with him. Matter of fact, he's done sent somebody around to proposition little Fleabit to pull the race so's Water Lou would lose. Then he'd not only have my thousand dollars, but all the other money that'd be bet on her in that kind of race."

"But even that wouldn't make up for the fifteen thousand you made him lose before, and you were saying that what he'd want most would be to take it away from you."

"Wait a minute. I ain't through expoundin' that man's iniquities. He's a scorners from Scornersville. Pulling that race would likely get Fleabit ruled off for life, and it would get me most powerful in wrong too, tryin' to explain I didn't have anything to do with it. Everybody'd know it was crooked if Water Lou lost a cheap race like that, because she's a stake mare if ever they was one."

"So that's what he's after! And you making a dicker with trash like that!"

"And that ain't all he's after, Mother. I'm coming to the worst part of all. You see, this is a claiming race—a thousand-dollar-claiming race. All cheap horses, and anybody who wants to can claim any horse in it for a thousand dollars; only he has to put in his claim fifteen minutes or more before the race. So with my thousand dollars, that he'll have in advance, Holy Joe aims to

(Continued on page 67)



Ruth Gordon and Roger Pryor

FLORENCE VANDAMM

MAXWELL ANDERSON'S play, happily entitled "Saturday's Children," is an illuminating, touching and ruefully amusing tale of young marriage on forty dollars a week. All the nagging, sordid troubles that bid fair to swamp the love of Bobby and Rims O'Neil are desperately real, and it all started from the little scene pictured above. Bobby's scheming sister wrote out a simple

set of directions guaranteed to make Rims propose on the spot and forget all about his intended trip to South America. Bobby swore she loved him too well to use such trickery, but when the time came—well, you can see she's reading the notes over her shoulder. In a wisely selected cast, including F. Perry and Lucia Moore, Ruth Gordon's performance easily heads the list—E. R. B.



FLORENCE VANDAMM

No aspect of the sloppy, sentimental attitude of most juries toward pretty murderesses escapes a sharp poke of derision from the pen of Maurine Watkins in her satirical melodrama "Chicago." Her treatment is a bit heavy-handed at times, but her situations are well chosen and she accomplishes a vast amount of debunking. Grouped about Francine Larrimore (above) as the notorious Roxie Hart, "Chicago's beautiful jazz murderess," are, left to right, Edward Ellis, Eda Heinemann, Isabelle Winlocke and Arthur R. Vinton the reporter



KENDALL EVANS

Kenyon Nicholson went on the road with a carnival troupe to get the material for his play, "The Barker." Which probably accounts for the genuineness of the atmosphere and the realness of his people. The play has a strong, dramatic story, in which Walter Huston (above) plays the carnival manager, and Eleanor Williams, the South Sea dancer



FLORENCE VANDAMM

"Peggy-Ann" is a most enjoyable musical comedy. Herbert Fields has provided a book rich in satire and delightful fantasy, Richard Rodgers has contributed a first-rate score, and the lyrics of Lorenz Hart are both clever and amusing. The scene to the left shows Helen Ford and Lulu McConnell stranded on a crossing in the course of Peggy-Ann's nightmare visit to New York



FLORENCE
VANDAMM

There doesn't seem to be very much of the original sparkle left in that portion of "The Charlot Revue" which has been merged with the "Earl Carroll Vanities." Herbert Mundin (above) is the only one of the English headliners in the current show and he is only pretty good except in one skit as an old cabby which is quite perfect



Beatrice Lillie (above) not only has a show of her own this season but she is practically the whole show. Never before has Miss Lillie gone in so heavily for beautiful costumes and it rather cramps her style but she does manage to break through this restraint several times in the evening for scenes of that perfect clowning which has made her famous. Charles Winninger's acting and the Vincent Youmans score also deserve at least several words of praise

*Captions by
Esther R. Bien*

The middle of March will see the launching of "The King of Kings," the picturization of the life of Christ for which Jeanie Macpherson wrote the scenario. Dorothy Cumming (left) plays the Madonna and Muriel McCormack the little blind girl who is carried into the temple to be cured by the Christ





KENDALL EVANS

Eleanor Painter and Tom Wise

ROMANTIC biographers have it that when Jenny Lind first came to these shores she sang at West Point and there fell in love with the handsome young cadet of an old, aristocratic family who frowned upon stage ladies. Faced with the choice of her career or her pretty soldier boy, poor Jenny chose her art and put her heart-break into her golden voice. The story may not be strictly

accurate, but it makes a charming basis for the operetta appropriately called "The Nightingale." Miss Painter gives a most tuneful impersonation of the immortal Jenny, and there is an astonishingly lifelike portrait of P. T. Barnum by Tom Wise (above). Some amusing interludes are supplied by Stanley Lupino and Josephine, Miss Lind's pert young serving maid, played by Violet Carlson—E.R.B.

The Man With a Bundle of Books

In His Miscellaneous Pack There's Something for Almost Every Taste

"In no circumstance ought reading for pleasure to take on the appearance of a task. Either it is a lark or it is nothing."—Arnold Bennett.

By Claire Wallace Flynn

Sketch by Henry B. Davis

THE Man With a Bundle of Books came in with a gust of wild March wind, and toppled his literature upon our desk.

"Here," he said. "I'm going down to the country for a couple of weeks and need something to read. I've just made a raid on a book shop with this collection as a result. Give us the 'low down' on them, will you, like a good soul?"

"They are not all masterpieces," we hazarded, after a glance at the titles.

"Good Lord, I should hope not," answered the honest Man. So, feeling from that that he had an open and a friendly mind toward all books, we commenced to pick up his purchases, one by one.

"This," we began, fondling a copy of "*Galahad*," by John Erskine, author of "*The Private Life of Helen of Troy*," (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.), "is by way of being the prize of your whole bundle."

Heaven only knows what, precisely, saves Professor Erskine's Galahad from being a prig; but just by a hair's breadth he seems to be rescued. So, we can with gratitude make our annual pilgrimage to the Boston Public Library and gaze with unaltered affection upon Abbey's glowing paintings of the Quest of the Holy Grail. We learned our Galahad too early, through the pages of *Morte d'Arthur* and Tennyson to lose him altogether in this scandalous modern version. Galahad, for most of us, still kneels in his dim cathedral keeping vigil before his young and shining armor, and Tristan and Iseult still cry to us through Wagner's music—untarnished. However, it cannot be denied that some irrepressible portion of us chuckles gleefully with Professor Erskine and applauds his faultless way of making the old legend take on an air as modern as an apartment-hotel.

Imagine Galahad, if you please, using the language of a nice Duluth high-school boy. Imagine him having steak and onions for luncheon! Well, not onions, perhaps, but Alice, his mother's general houseworker, had suggested them.

Imagine King Arthur saying to the young knight:

"My men are splendid when it comes to blows, but except for your father, there isn't enough tact in the place to deliver a birthday greeting to a horse. I hope you'll be stronger on that side."

When Professor Erskine brings his book to a close Galahad has not yet achieved tact, but he is headed for it. The story has to do only with his very young years—before the famous Quest is undertaken—and we must not expect too much of such a strippling. Between ourselves, we think he did remarkably well considering the influences that surrounded him on all sides.

There was Guinevere

being impossibly jealous and lofty-minded at the same time. A nerve-wracking combination of moods. There was Galahad's mother, no real lady at all but still quite charming with her shockingly honest ideas. There was Arthur, something of a stuffed mailed-shirt (if one may be so rude), a man whose energy appears to have given out prematurely. Lancelot, too, is lost in a sort of fog because of Guinevere's illicit love, but we have a hunch that he would have been just as much of a dawdler if there never had been a Queen at Camelot. And how they talk! They are at it from morning until night. Even young Galahad, who starts off as a good, naughty boy, with a broad grin and nice bad manners, is soon turning his phrases quite as neatly as the others.

If you remember the famous legend, you will recall that Lancelot had no right at all to be Galahad's father, but such being the case, Queen Guinevere swallowed the fact and had the boy brought to court so she could put some finishing touches to his education. She had the most noble ideas. The youth must, she declared, change the custom of the good old free-for-all fighting so popular in England at that time, and do combat only in a righteous cause.

"I can't imagine anything nastier," said Lancelot. "I'm sorry to speak so, Guinevere, but if you teach him such sophistry he won't be a fit companion for decent men!"

Amongst them all, Galahad got pretty

nervous and high-strung, as the saying is, and a bit superior. How he survived, long enough to become a legend, is a wonder. But he did, and John Erskine uses him now as a pivot about which to revolve his biting and brilliant criticisms of men and life.

If you are quite sure that you are grown up and that you have a nicely cultivated taste for the piquant, then we assure you that you have some high moments ahead while you read this delectable piece of work.

"GEE!" exclaimed The Man W. T. B. O. B., "This looks good. Know anything about it?" And he pushed forward a mystery story called "*Harvey Garrard's Crime*," by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.)

It did look good, if you can get any clue from a paper jacket showing the picture of an old man lying obviously dead in a deep chair and a younger gentleman staring in horror at him across a table. Only a week before—beginning in a lazy fashion quite late after dinner, and finally winding up about half past one, hoarse and thirsty—we had read the thrilling tale aloud to a family drawn one by one into the circle of those interested to know how *Harvey Garrard*, young London merchant prince, on the verge of bankruptcy, got away with his theft of a million dollars worth of good Yankee securities, snatched, cold handed, from the leather case of a gentleman whom he conveniently finds dead in his office.

"Want to hear the details?" we asked after we had given this much to the Man.

"Rather go to the movies for that sort of thing."

"Well," we objected, "that isn't very polite. But if you'll stay right here, we'll try to turn this crime story into a scenario for you. We want to please our public."

"Shoot!" said the Book Bundle gentleman.

So——

Reel one, scene one: Handsome office of Harvey, surviving member of a famous leather firm in London. Harvey, thirty-eight, handsome, addicted to society, polo and a beautiful but extravagant wife, returns from the south of France to find the old business of his father and his grandfather simply gone to seed.

He must have eighty-thousand pounds by the day after tomorrow to prevent the bank from falling upon him and rending him limb from limb in the market place.

Show picture of Harvey's house in Curzon Street. You know the kind: super-glossy floors, marble staircase, whale-boned butlers—the saturation point of elegance. Harvey puts the firm's sad plight to his gorgeous wife who promptly hides her pearls and refuses to part with the deed to the house. She will not be impoverished with him, fool that he is!

Now, back to grim old warehouse and the dark office of the surviving partner. It is late at night. Harvey, in despair, studies his tragic ledgers. The place is deserted. Not even a watchman about. At length, the distraught young man starts to go home.

Ha! What is that! A light in the reception office!

Who's there?

(Continued on page 69)





On the other side of the fallen tree trunk, Brown Otter saw one of his most deadly enemies

BBROWN OTTER was a long, sleek rascal. For years he had lived in the Smoky River country, and although he had gone through many exciting adventures unharmed, he should not be altogether excused for the sense of ego which impelled him to make the foolhardy trip we shall here recite. Heretofore his existence had been commonplace enough—his was the well-ordered life of the average otter. When he was sleepy, he slept; when hungry, he caught a fish and devoured it.

In some respects the otter is an exceedingly fortunate animal. Unlike the fox, the lynx and the wolf, he lives in a world where even the terrible frosts of winter do not annoy. Snug in his bank retreat, the howling blizzards and bitter cold have no powers to harm him. Rarely does he know what it is to be really hungry.

Brown Otter, or "Brownie," as we shall call him, was an adventurous sort of a fellow. Perhaps he should have been content to remain at home on the Smoky River, but something urged him to attempt the overland trip to Buck Lake, a distance of several miles, in spite of the fact that winter had really made its appearance. And here we shall take up the strange thread of his existence.

The snow was rather deep, but he did not mind it. With the true spirit of the philosopher and a feeling that he knew how to take care of himself, Brownie plunged into the spruce forest and disappeared in its shadowy depths—an exile (if a self-imposed rôle) from the friendly river he had known as his home for many years.

It was at the time when the snowshoe rabbits of the north had reached a certain point in numbers and were scourged by a disease which caused them to die off in millions; their starved, shriveled bodies lay in every nook and cranny of the swamps, where they had congregated in numberless droves like frightened sheep driven before a howling blizzard.

All carnivorous animals that depend on the rabbits for food are forced, during the bitter cold periods, either to starve or hunt continually for something to eat. In the absence of their regular bill-of-fare they will tackle anything from a mouse to creatures many times their own size. Thus would Graycoat the Wolf and Graybeard the Lynx have seized on such golden opportunity as was presented in the wandering of Brownie from the safety of his many retreats along the banks of the Smoky River.

But, happily, Brownie was not obsessed



The Feud Of Otter Tail Creek

By Raymond Thompson

Illustrated by Herman Palmer

with fear, and the keen joy he derived from plowing through the soft snow was not marred by any dread of the consequences of his rash act. He plunged ahead and made very good progress despite the fact that he was totally out of his element. Although his legs were short, his neck was very long and he took great pride in his ability to look up out of the furrow he was plowing and glance ahead through the long vistas and park-like spaces in the muskeg. The trees were bowed with the first heavy snowfall of the season and Brownie admired the scintillating diamond brilliance of frosted decorations that clung to the rough bark of pine, spruce and tamarack. For an amphibious creature, the big brown otter had very good eyesight; he was on a sight-seeing tour and intended to get his money's worth.

Coming to a huge stack of pine cones, Brownie paused to investigate, much to the wrath of Chatterbox the Red Squirrel, who eyed with suspicion this sleek brown monster and cursed him so volubly a big bull moose paused to glance that way as he wandered across the neck of a swamp. But for the mammoth of the forests there was nothing of interest in what he saw; he went on over the poplar ridge that joined with the muskeg, unmindful that he had caused the first shiver of trepidation under Brownie's smooth skin. The otter had seen moose hundreds of times, but always from a point either in or near the water; for the first time he realized that he was out of his proper element.

But when the big black monster went on about his business, the otter's brief spell of fear departed; surely if this great creature did not molest him there was little else to be avoided! And as the moose seemed to be traveling in his direction, the otter further showed his spirit by following in the very tracks the bull had made. And thus it came about that he got his first real scare!

Graycoat the Timber Wolf had left his

mate early that morning; they had decided it was better to hunt separately, for of late things had been going rather hard with them. For several days the big wolves had tasted nothing but a few mouthfuls of tough sinews and muscles a Great Horned Owl had afforded, as the result of a *coup* they had accomplished in surprising this "tiger of the air." So as Graycoat trotted along the poplar ridge that

bordered the swamp he ran full onto the red-hot trail of the bull moose.

Now Graycoat knew full well that he had but one chance in a hundred of waylaying the moose single-handed; the snow was not deep enough seriously to handicap the antlered monster, and the latter was strong and fit from a summer of ease and plenty. So, before making any rash move, Graycoat sat down on his haunches and faced the direction in which the moose had disappeared but a short time previously. He sniffed the air as a starving man scents the odor of food through the open door of an eating-house.

At this crucial moment Brownie peered up over a log he was just in the act of surmounting. For one brief second his senses forsook him and he turned tail in a flash, for there with his back toward him was one of his very worst enemies. Luckily for Brownie his normal sense of shrewdness returned to him before he blundered into a dead stick; as it was he had barely composed himself to the semblance of a frozen inanimate object when Graycoat turned around. Slight as had been the scuffling of the snow, Graycoat had heard and turned inquiringly, even taking a few strides toward the otter and sniffing the air suspiciously. The sight and scent of the wolf are remarkable, and but for the intervention of Dame Fortune, Brownie would have surely been discovered and introduced to a horrible fate.

FOR some reason of his own the moose had paused but a few rods away, and was even then sensing the presence of Graycoat, for a strange warning of the dread enemy had come to him. He stepped from behind a thick growth of young spruce and his keen eyes spotted the wolf just as the latter turned to investigate the noise made by the otter. With a loud snort of wrath mingled with fear, the great long-legged moose broke cover and dashed away through the second growth timber, scattering snow right and left and snapping twigs and branches with such abandon the noise would have been heard by Graycoat a half mile distant. This sudden change in the program saved Brownie, for with a flashing

somersault the wolf wheeled and loped silently away on the trail of the moose.

For several moments Brownie was too overcome by his good fortune to realize exactly what had happened. But finally his scattered wits collected, and raising himself from his lowly position, he peered cautiously around. There was no sign of the enemy. A saucy Jaybird perched on a limb just over his head had witnessed the brown rascal's discomfiture and derided him unmercifully, and Brownie slunk in the snow again as if to hide his head in shame.

For a time he was undecided as to what course to pursue. According to his sense of direction and knowledge of location, he should be well over half-way to Buck Lake, yet there was undoubtedly an advantage in retracing his steps, for he could make much better time over the trail he had made. Again something happened to decide him; from back across the swamp he had so laboriously traversed came the unmistakable howl of a wolf, in all probability the mate of Graycoat. Not knowing what the future held for him, afraid to retrace his steps Brownie went on toward Buck Lake.



THE big otter traveled with ever-increasing haste, and before long he became so tired he felt the need of finding a resting-place for the night. Darkness held no terror, in itself, for him, yet an instinct told him he could not possibly make the lake before such animals as Graybeard the Lynx, should come slinking on heavy furred pads through the forest. Then there was that uncomfortable sense of being followed—tracked through the lonely spaces, and as the evening shadows lengthened he imagined all sorts of grim monsters were following him.

Again he was in luck; as he crossed around the end of a high bare slope, he discovered a fox den and was just about to enter it when a dark streak flashed by him and the owner of the retreat, Silver King the Fox, disappeared down the dark-mouthed tunnel.

Sharp on the disappearance of the fox came a swish of heavy wings. Shadow, the Golden Eagle, screamed in thwarted rage as he narrowly missed his mark and, too late to swerve and tackle the shrinking otter (in lieu of the fox he had missed), mounted heavenward. Brownie had but one thought—to escape this winged terror, so he plunged headlong into the fox den.

Thereupon things happened with startling suddenness. Silver King, who had gained a wide enough point in his burrow to permit of his turning about, met the poacher with snapping, slashing fangs and drove at the otter so fiercely the latter doubled back and made for the open air, expecting to be forced into a terrible combat with Shadow, the eagle. But the huge bird was already a hundred yards away in search of other prey, and Brownie was permitted to slink away from the entrance of the den unmolested.

Truly, the otter reflected,

Graycoat watched Silver King back out of the entrance to the burrow, with the brown Otter hanging grimly to his neck

he had stumbled onto a very inhospitable personage in Silver King. He contemplated grievously that the fox could have put him up for the night, and he could have fished for the King at some future day in payment for his lodging. Well he knew the fox was fond of fish, for had he not laughed at Silver King, a few short weeks previously, as the latter attempted in vain to capture a land-locked trout? He wished earnestly that he might make the fox understand how beneficial to both parties an alliance might prove, yet instinct told him Mother Nature had ordained them enemies.

He licked his bleeding snout and something of his independence returned to him as he recalled that Silver King wasn't such a terrible fighter at that!

A pall of silence had settled over the wilderness and Brownie curled up in a ball under the root of an upturned tree in the hopes that he might yet pass a peaceable night. Occasionally the hoot of an owl disturbed him, and once a moose passed within a hundred yards of where he lay. In a few hours Brownie was shivering with the cold; he was accustomed to sleeping in deep burrows where no breath of wind could get at him, and now he was exposed to chilling blasts. Although the full moon cast ghostly figures over the snow, a bitter cold breeze had sprung up from the east and it penetrated even the otter's dense coat. Not for long could he lie inactive; he rose, stretched his long, sleek body, which glistened in the light of the moon, and stepped out under the frost-bedecked trees. He even thought seriously of traveling on toward Buck Lake, but when he smelled the startlingly fresh track of a lynx just below, he hurriedly back-tracked in the direction of the fox den.

Suddenly the wind increased in strength and a lonely cloud curtailed off the brilliance of the moon. With the effacing of this heavenly orb a wolf howled in prophecy of the impending storm, and in answer to his weird, mournful voice the wind whistled dolefully. The air was filled with flying snow loosened from its precarious hold on spruce and pine limb; the flying particles were hard and sharp like tiny icicles and stung the otter through his thick coat.

Pausing at the very mouth of the fox den he looked longingly down the black tunnel, and was half inclined to enter it in spite of the reception which he knew would await him at the hands of the fox. But something held him back and he again retired

the few steps to the poor shelter of the uprooted tree.

Half dozing in his rude shelter, Brownie suddenly awoke with a start to find himself staring in the very face of a huge gray wolf, less than half a dozen paces distant. Through the blinding sheet of flying snow the timber wolf appeared a veritable monster, and the terrified otter could almost see the lips of the other parted in a grin at the prospect of a meal.

Brownie was too paralyzed to move, and perhaps it was that immobility which saved his life. Graycoat lunged forward, but his teeth closed on air; with a bewildering flash the brown animal had disappeared into the very earth itself. Too late Graycoat remembered the close proximity of the fox den, and he was about to turn away in chagrin when the sounds of a terrible struggle made him pause. Instantly he was on the alert; the very fierceness of the combat going on below was proof that one of the combatants would probably be ejected and he, Graycoat, would step in for a meal.

Silver King had been sleeping peacefully when the brown intruder had catapulted down the chute that led to his bedroom. Instantly alert, the big fox straightened upright in the enlarged portion of his burrow, determined to give the upstart visitor a real lesson this time.

Now Silver King had often watched the otter as it swam playfully in the water, and had even been a silent and rather disdainful spectator of the animal's unique sports. He was willing to admit that Brownie was the champion diver and swimmer of the whole north woods, but he never for one moment entertained the notion that an otter, not even one as big and handsome as Brownie, could fight. He was destined for a rude surprise.

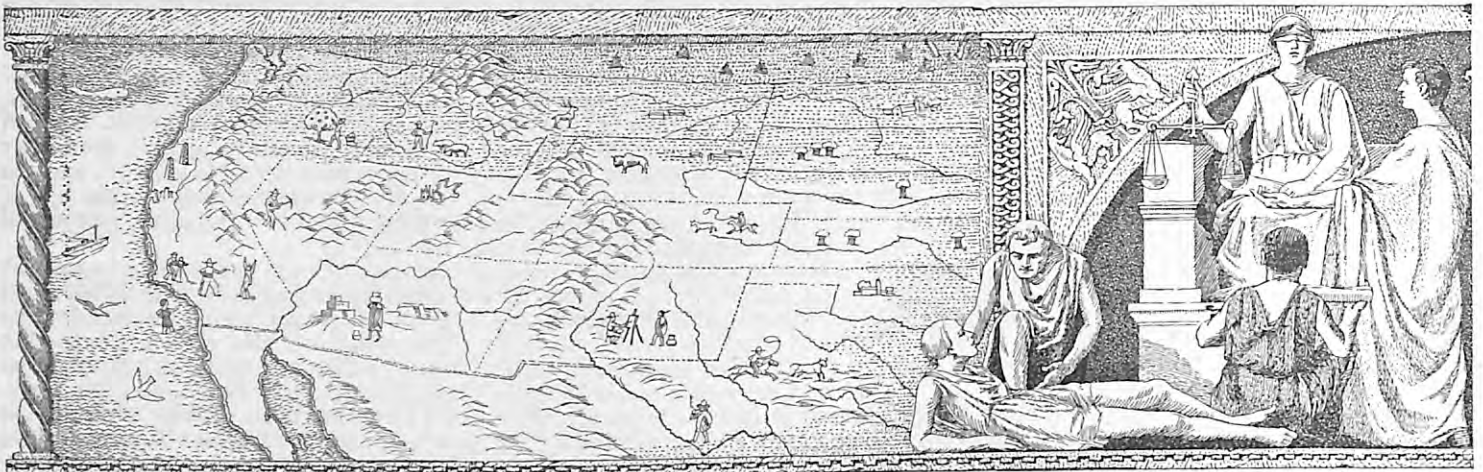
INSTEAD of the cowering animal he had driven from his den a few hours previously, Silver King met a determined, amazingly powerful creature that evaded his attack and slipped by him as a greased pig slips through the hands of the small boy on Fair Day. Had the fox been at all wise he would have been contented to sleep at the very entrance to his tunnel, rather than try to oust this intruder from the retreat. But Silver King came from a family noted for prowess in fighting; he would drive this slick, saucy rascal from his home in mighty short order, now that his fighting dander was aroused.

Alas, how true it is that pride goeth before a fall! Silver King approached the otter

in the most remote corner of his retreat, and what really happened was meat for speculation all the rest of his days. Brownie wasn't looking for a fight; all he wanted was to escape the wolf. When Silver King approached him he rumbled in his throat a sort of growl, which was really meant to convey the idea of arbitration. Again the fox made a mistake, for he took the growl in the light of a warning, and he was in no mood to be "sassèd" by a low-down rascal like this otter. What right had an otter to usurp his home! Backed by the urge of his mighty wrath, Silver King drove with annihilating force at the brown one.

(Continued on page 84)





EDITORIAL

UNWARRANTED STATEMENTS

BROTHER Lee Meriwether, of St. Louis Lodge, No. 9, has issued and distributed throughout the Order a pamphlet announcing his candidacy for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler. If this were the sole purpose of the document and its contents were limited to that announcement, or even to the statement of other facts pertinent thereto, THE ELKS MAGAZINE would have no concern about it, any more than it would about the expressed ambitions of any other candidate. Those are matters with which the Grand Lodge deals; and concerning which the Magazine's policy, adhered to without exception, is to make no comment and to express no opinion.

But in his pamphlet this particular candidate makes an unwarranted attack upon THE ELKS MAGAZINE and charges it, both directly and inferentially, with garbling reports of Grand Lodge action and with deliberate suppression of news important to be published in justice to a Subordinate Lodge and its members.

He refers to the suspension of the Charter of the Lodge in question, and to the subsequent voluntary act of the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Grand Lodge Session at Chicago, revoking the Suspension and directing the record thereof on the minutes of the Lodge to be expunged. He then states: "But the Elks National Magazine reported the proceedings without saying a word about St. Louis Lodge being innocent; on the contrary, it stated that the suspension order was revoked as an act of mercy, not of Justice."

And again he states that, although the innocence of the Lodge had been established—"the fact is suppressed by THE ELKS MAGAZINE."

It is only fair and just to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, and to the Order whose official journal it is, to state that there is not the slightest foundation in fact for the statements contained in the pamphlet, nor for the inferences so obviously suggested to be drawn therefrom.

What the Magazine, in its report of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge Convention at Chicago, actually published in its August 1926 issue—its only reference to the matter of the suspensions—was as follows:

"The third business session . . . began with the announcement, by Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell, that

he was instructing his District Deputies to visit each of the Lodges whose charters he had suspended during the year, with orders to expunge from the minutes of those Lodges the record of their suspension. This generous act was very warmly received."

THE ELKS MAGAZINE had never mentioned the name of the lodge in question in connection with the order suspending its Charter. Indeed, it so happens that it did not even publish the official circular of the Grand Exalted Ruler in which the announcement of suspension was made. Nor did THE ELKS MAGAZINE ever state, anywhere in its columns, that the order revoking the suspension was issued as an act of mercy, not of Justice. Nor has there ever been any suppression by the Magazine of any Elk news appropriate for publication on behalf of any lodge or individual.

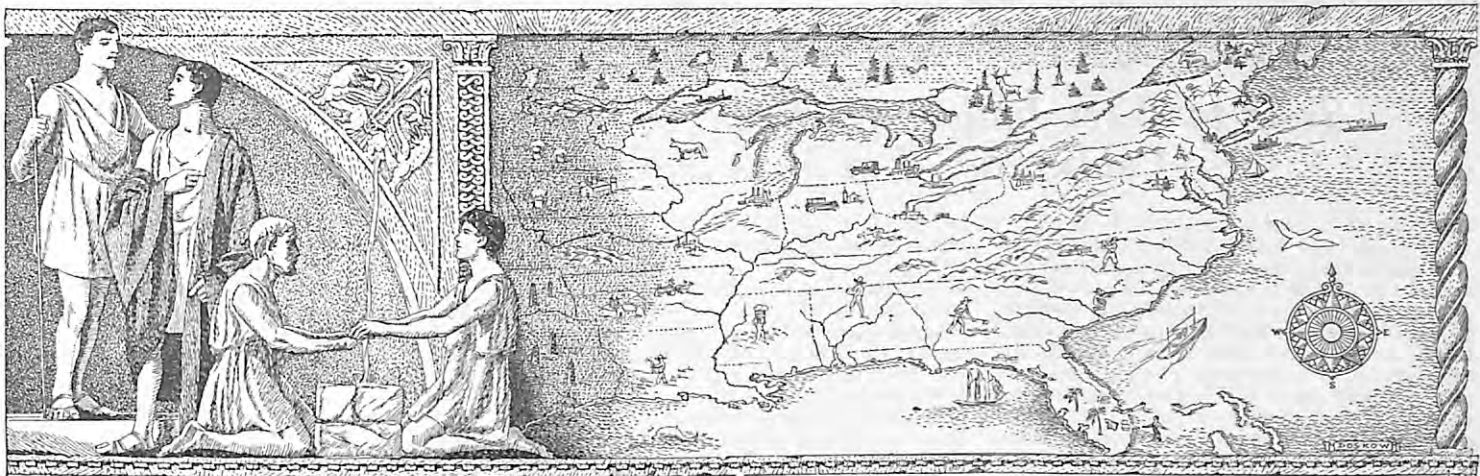
In accordance with the established policy of the Magazine, which is still deemed wise and salutary, it has refrained from commenting by name upon the subordinate Lodges subjected to discipline. And as it had not made any publication of the suspension of the Charter of the Lodge in question, it was thought appropriate and considerate to make no statement about subsequent orders with relation to it. This course was also in accord with the suggestions of the Grand Exalted Ruler, made to the Grand Lodge at Chicago, which were so obviously approved by that body.

It is to be regretted that Brother Meriwether should have permitted his ambition, or his enthusiasm for his announced cause, to lead him into statements so palpably unjust and unwarranted.

CINCINNATI

IT IS none too early for the subordinate Lodges to be giving consideration to their plans for participation in the events scheduled for the Cincinnati Convention in July. And this matter is now commended to the several Lodges as worthy of their prompt attention.

Each city that undertakes the task, and it has grown to be a gigantic task, of entertaining the annual Elks Convention, very naturally desires to create a new record for such occasions. The chief burden of the undertaking falls, of course, upon the local Lodge. And this year Cincinnati



Lodge, under an unusually capable and experienced committee, and with the generous cooperation of the whole city, has provided a program that promises well for the achievement of their declared purpose to make this a record-smashing convention.

But it must be remembered that the host Lodge and city cannot accomplish that purpose by themselves. Complete success depends very materially upon the subordinate Lodges of the Order and the interest they manifest in the occasion by an adequate and creditable participation in the prepared program. That Cincinnati will splendidly perform her part is already assured, as indicated in the enthusiastic circulars which have been issued by the Reunion Committee, of which Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann is Chairman. It now behooves the subordinate Lodges to match that demonstrated interest and enthusiasm.

Preparations to do this should not be left to sudden, last minute decisions. Organized participation should be carefully planned. It involves the selection of an authoritative head, the dealing with many individuals and numerous agencies, the negotiation of important contracts, and various other activities that require deliberate thought and consideration.

The preliminary steps should be taken at an early date by those Lodges which desire to make a really creditable showing, worthy of themselves and of the Order.

SUBORDINATE LODGE ELECTIONS

AT THE first meeting in this month, each subordinate Lodge of the Order is required to elect its officers for the ensuing year. It is, because of that provision of the Grand Lodge statutes, the most important meeting to be held by the Lodge. The character and value of its fraternal and benevolent activities for the full twelve months to follow are very largely determined by the results of that election. And yet, for the most part, the members do not seem to realize the importance of the occasion and their responsibility in relation to it.

It is a custom in many of the subordinate Lodges to promote their officers to the next higher positions; and those elevations are taken as a matter of course. This is not a very wise custom. There are many instances, of course, in which it is obviously the wise and proper thing to do. There are many others, however, in which it

is just as obviously unwise and improper. And yet, where the custom prevails, it is supinely followed.

The welfare of the Lodge and the efficient administration of its affairs is very much more important than the ambitions of any one member, or any small group of members. And the election should be conducted with that thought in the minds of all; so that only those will be chosen to office who are qualified, by ability and loyal purpose alike, to carry forward the work of the Lodge and of the Order in a manner commensurate with its importance.

But if this be not done, and the rank and file of the membership remain away from the meeting and permit the few who do attend to elect the officers, at least they should accept the responsibility for the result as readily as if they had actually participated in the election. And they should unreservedly accord their loyal support to the new officers. It is the only proper amends to make for their neglect of the important fraternal duty to attend the meeting and to cast their ballots for those who can, and will, best serve the Lodge.

BROADCASTING

THE perfection and popularizing of the radio, that great marvel of modern science, has brought into common use an old word with a new and specific meaning—"broadcasting." From the hundreds of transmitting stations in the country, programs of infinite variety are daily impelled upon the ether waves, to be picked up by thousands of receiving sets in every quarter, even the most remote, to be heard by millions of listeners.

This "broadcasting" so tremendously multiplies the number of those within the range of the influence of the artist or speaker, that it is quite startling to realize the possibilities of this still new instrumentality of science.

Consideration of this momentous fact, however, brings to mind the thought that every living human being is a similar broadcasting station, sending out, during every waking hour, impulses of good or evil, that are picked up by other human receiving stations. In many instances these latter are as completely unknown to the broadcaster, as is the lonely farm wife at her radio unknown to the famous artist whose beautiful song brings pleasure and uplifting inspiration to her listener in, thousands of miles away. The reminder of this fact carries its own suggestion.

The First Elks Magazine Cruise

Tour to West Indies and South America Sponsored by this Publication Was Most Successful of Season

THE ELKS MAGAZINE Cruise to the West Indies and South America is declared to have been one of the largest and most successful that ever went out from the port of New York. Initiated by the Magazine, in cooperation with the James Boring Travel Service, Inc., the cruise attracted wide interest among the membership of the Order and, despite unseasonable weather prior to the date of the sailing and also adverse climatic reports during the autumn which led to the canceling of many similar cruises, the passenger list of THE ELKS MAGAZINE cruise was very large.

Under charter to the Boring firm, with Mr. Boring in personal charge, the beautiful White Star liner *Doric* steamed from her New York pier on December 28 carrying more than 400 passengers, composed of Elks, their families and friends. On her return, January 18, twenty-two days later, every one on board was enthusiastic over the result of the voyage, and expressed great pleasure in having participated in it.

After clearing New York harbor the *Doric* headed straight for Cuba, Havana being its first port of call. On the second night out a "Get-together" meeting of the Elks on board was held for the purpose of bringing together the members who had not yet had an opportunity to become acquainted. At this meeting, which took place in the main lounge of the ship, a list was made of the various Lodges to which the Elk passengers belonged. The count showed that there were 183 Elks, 18 of them Past Exalted Rulers, in the party, representing 112 Lodges, located in 25 different States, from Maine to Florida and Utah. Most of them were accompanied by members of their families, making a total of 350 on board who were connected with the Order. About fifty non-members, who were, however, friends of the Elks on board, were also included among the passengers.

Under the circumstances, it naturally did not take long for the passengers all to become acquainted. Officers of the ship say the social and fraternal features of the voyage were entirely distinctive and new to them, so much so that they imagined they had on board either next-door neighbors, or members of one big and congenial family.

The weather during the entire cruise was as balmy as June and, save for a shower or two, was as well-behaved as if it, too, were under the control of the management.

The first country visited was Cuba, "the

island of a hundred harbors." The *Doric* arrived in Havana harbor late in the afternoon of December 31, and her passengers were taken off in landing boats. The ancient city was in festal mood, and the cruise members were plunged at once into a typical old-time New Year's Eve celebration, including a banquet and, later, a ball on the roof of the Hotel Plaza. New Year's Day also was spent in Havana, members of the Elk party spending the day largely in automobile drives to points of interest about the city.

The next stop was in the Panama Canal Zone, the *Doric* arriving at Colon on the afternoon of Tuesday, January 4. A royal reception was given the voyagers at this port. A fleet of army airplanes met the steamer several miles out at sea, and performed many spectacular stunts while circling around it on the way to the dock, dropping on the deck copies of a special ELKS MAGAZINE Cruise edition of the *Panama Times*, profusely illustrated and containing much information about Panama and the Canal Zone of interest and value to the visitors. Boarding parties, composed of officers and members of Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, government officials and local business men, welcomed the visitors while the vessel was docking, during which time the United States Government Band played patriotic airs on the dock.

The cruise members were immediately put on board a train, headed for Balboa Heights, on the Pacific ocean end of the Panama Canal. On the way across the Isthmus a stop of two hours was made to permit an inspection of the famous Gatun Locks of the Canal. This is the highest spot in the construction of what is known as the greatest engineering feat on the American continent. Aside from the technical interest attaching to the locks and the Gatun dam, there is also a sporting interest, for the surface of the latter has been seeded with grass and laid out as an eighteen-hole golf-course.

At Balboa Heights, on the Pacific end of the Canal, motor-cars were waiting to take the visitors on sightseeing trips, including the Canal Zone, Panama City, and Old Panama, in the last of which the ruins of construction more than three centuries old stand alongside of modern buildings and business establishments.

A banquet and ball were tendered the members of the cruise at the Tivoli Hotel, Balboa Heights, in the evening, and the *Doric* left at one o'clock the next afternoon for Willemstad,

the quaint old Dutch settlement on the island of Curaçao. Authorities state that it seldom, if ever, rains on Curaçao, and that most of the water used on the island has to be imported. Nature treated the members of the cruise to an unlooked for phenomenon, while they were at Willemstad, in the form of a lusty shower. But even this did not spoil their enjoyment of their visit to that curious old town.

Across the water from Curaçao, on the mainland of Venezuela, is the oil port of La Guaira, a town of vari-colored houses built on a steep hill rising almost from the water's edge. This was the next place visited by the *Doric*, and it was here that the voyagers encountered what was, perhaps, their most thrilling experience of the entire trip: the journey from La Guaira to Caracas. Caracas, capital of Venezuela, is a city of 100,000 people, built in a sort of valley which is some 3,200 feet above sea-level, ten miles on an air-line from La Guaira, but thirty miles by motor or train. A narrow gauge steam railroad and a splendid automobile road connecting the two cities climb tortuously over the intervening mountains. Both are considered among the wonders of modern engineering. The journey, by either train or automobile, is an exciting trip along the sheer edges of rocky hills that are almost perpendicular, from which one looks over into valleys 2,000 feet deep and more, their sides in many instances being too steep for even the mountain goats to negotiate. At Caracas luncheon was served to the members of the cruise at the Palace and Grand hotels, and about two hours were spent there in automobile drives in and around this old Spanish city.

Trinidad, in the British West Indies, followed on the itinerary and furnished a new and different attraction to the party in an automobile drive of sixteen miles over "The Saddle," through a tropical growth that seemed to include every fruit and flower known to that part of the world. This drive started out of Port of Spain, the capital and the largest town on the island. The French West Indies were reached at Fort de France and St. Pierre, on the Island of Martinique. At the latter place, one has a somewhat gruesome thrill in the recollection that in 1902 the former city of St. Pierre with its 28,000 inhabitants was totally destroyed by the eruption of Mt. Pelée, the great volcano at the base of which it stood.

(Continued on page 83)

Candidates for Grand Lodge Offices

THREE candidacies have been announced for Grand Lodge offices to be elected at the Grand Lodge meeting to be held in Cincinnati next July. Two of these candidacies are announced by the Lodges of which they are members, the third by the candidate himself.

Springfield, Mass., Lodge Presents John Frank Malley For Grand Exalted Ruler

Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61, endorses and presents John Frank Malley as a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, at the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge to be held in Cincinnati, Ohio, next July.

Mr. Malley has been a member of Springfield Lodge since 1904. He was elected Exalted Ruler in 1909, was delegate to the Grand Lodge in 1910 and was appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler in 1916. In 1917 he was appointed to the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, on which he served continuously— with the exception of one year—until 1926, serving as Chairman during the last three years. The year 1922-1923, he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order.

As Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, he compiled, revised and edited the Digest of Opinions and Decisions, in 1924, a supplement thereto in 1925 and a cumulative supplement in 1926.

Mr. Malley served two terms in the Massachusetts State Senate, 1910 and 1911. In 1913 he was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the State of Massachusetts, from which office he resigned in 1919, to resume the practice of law.

Lee Meriwether, of St. Louis, Announces Himself For Grand Exalted Ruler

Lee Meriwether, of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, has, by printed circular, announced himself as a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, at the Grand Lodge meeting in Cincinnati next July.

Mr. Meriwether was elected Exalted Ruler of St. Louis Lodge in 1921, was representative to the Grand Lodge in 1922 and was appointed to the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare for the year 1922-1923. He is a past President of the Missouri State Elks Association.

In 1916 Mr. Meriwether was appointed Assistant to the United States Ambassador to France, a post in which he served for three years.

Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge Presents Dr. Ralph Hagan For Grand Trustee

Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, presents Dr. Ralph Hagan as a candidate for the office of Grand Trustee, at the Grand Lodge meeting in Cincinnati next July.

Dr. Hagan was initiated into Los Angeles Lodge in 1898. He became its Exalted Ruler in 1904. He was appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for the year 1905-1906. In 1915-1916 Dr. Hagan was President of the California State Elks Association. He served on the Grand Lodge Committee on Preservation of the Elk in 1912-1913, was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, 1916-1917, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order, 1923-1924, member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, 1924-1925 and Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Distribution in 1926.

1927 Grand Lodge Reunion in Cincinnati

Bulletin No. 3

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

Greetings!

FEBRUARY days seem pretty far removed from July and the Big Doings in Elksdom, but the first robin was heard singing an early salute to spring—so the time of King Winter's abdication is just ahead of us.

Meanwhile the preparations for the nationwide coming of the Elks to Cincinnati, July 8 to 15 next, have been going on with unprecedented fervor.

There hasn't been one drone discovered in any of the sub-committees and all of them are busy as honey-makers in a beehive when roses are in blossom.

Before Cincinnati was assured the opportunity to "repeat" the earliest experience of over a score of years ago, the promissory note was given that this home of Cincinnati Lodge No. 5, B. P. O. E., would fracture all records as host-entertainers to the Grand Lodge in 1927.

That promissory note will be taken up and paid in full with compound interest.

This is the third of the once-a-month series of Official Bulletins directed to every Elk within the national preserves, carrying in brief a forecast of the events scheduled during that historic week next July.

It is not the intention to rehearse in each successive Bulletin the high spots covered in the messages that have preceded the current presentations.

This point is one we would like to stress:

Each Elk is asked to save the issues of THE ELKS MAGAZINE carrying the Bulletins and to stow them in their grips when they come to Cincinnati, as reminders of some of the high spots of the great get-together. The last Bulletin, No. 7, will appear in the July number of the Magazine, which will be in your hands ten days before you reach Cincinnati. It will contain a résumé of all the "high spots."

Everything that the Cincinnati Elks will offer to their visiting guests of Elksdom will be as free as the cool breezes that sweep from her score of hills—as free as the pure water from Cincinnati's marvelous up-river filtration plant.

But—and please get this **But**—and note that the emphasis is stressed in black-face type, which fairly screams the important order:

To Enjoy all These Free Privileges Every visitor MUST register and by so doing secure the proper and needed credentials.

This applies to *all* Elks and their families—members of Cincinnati Lodge no less than visitors from other places.

Registration of Grand Lodge Officers and members of the Grand Lodge will take place at the Hotel Sinton, and General Registration at the County Court House, Court and Main, where tickets to all events and badges will be given each visitor.

Every Elk should remember this—even if he has to tie a red string around his little finger. He might memorize this injunction:

"The first thing I've got to do when I get to Cincinnati is to REGISTER!"

Historical High Spots

At the hour of writing this proclamation the united sons and daughters of Greater Cincinnati are in the thick of preparation for a unique "Know Cincinnati Better" campaign. The old

Queen City of the West, whose beauty Longfellow immortalized in poetry, is awakening to her advantages in a way that will at least add knowledge to the enthusiasm and zest of your Elk hosts. Cincinnati is a beautiful place with its glorious emerald settings on a mighty skyline of successive heights. The Big Parade as it passes through Eden Park will march under the historic bridge near the Water Tower which is the first concrete structure in the world! Redland Field presented the earliest of all concrete baseball grand stands and the Ingalls Building at Fourth and Vine Streets was the first concrete business block ever constructed.

On Wayne's Trail

Cincinnati has scores of historic spots that are to be visited by our grand army of guests. The famed plant of The Globe-Wernicke Company has been added to the list of industrial plants to be visited. This home of sectional bookcases and filing cabinets is located on what is called Carthage Avenue, Norwood, one of Cincinnati's suburban towns, but which might have been more properly named Wayne's Trail, because it was over that route that Mad Anthony Wayne and his brave troopers marched from their camp, which is now Hyde Park, over to the site of the picturesque hamlet of Hartwell.

Another Great Trip

Another of the nationally famous structures to be visited during the week will be the wonderful new plant of The Columbia Power Company, down the river, the magnificent structure from which Cincinnati and a hundred smaller towns and cities are supplied with electricity—heat, light and power. This plant is located in the valley of the Miami and Whitewater rivers, not far from North Bend, where sleeps Ohio's first President—William Henry Harrison—"Old Tippecanoe."

"Castle Farm" and the rejuvenated Chester Park have been added to the places of entertainment to which the Elks and their visiting families are to be welcomed. See details in next Bulletin.

The next Bulletin will present word-pictures of both these Meccas of popular resort.

Lying just southwest of Cincinnati—a little beyond Louisville—is Mammoth Cave, one of the world's greatest subterranean wonders. Elks from East and West have written the General Reunion Committee if it would be possible to arrange for an Elks' pilgrimage to Kentucky's great cave country. To all these inquirers we would reply that if this is humanly possible arrangements for such an "after-the-Grand-Lodge session" expedition to Mammoth Cave will be made. Those to whom this trip might appeal are invited to write the Committee and we will see what can be done in the way of securing a special train, special rates and special accommodations at Mammoth Cave.

The Zoo Opera

Lovers of music will be delighted to know that the choice of grand operas to be presented during the Elks' stay in Cincinnati has already been made. A performance is promised for each night at the new outdoor theater at the Zoological Garden. Fra Diavolo and Il Trovatore are the two operas selected. At the Zoo every afternoon during the Grand Lodge sessions free popular concerts are to be given by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, and on Saturday, July 16, a grand ballet and concert will be the dual attraction. As the Zoo is a civic institution every Elk, his family and friends, should visit it during their stay in Cincinnati. Tickets will be furnished every Elk that registers free of charge.

The Great Elks' Shoot

The Committee in charge of this big feature of the 1927 Grand Lodge Reunion have completed arrangements for holding this event at Coney Island on July 12th and 13th.

The large Grand Stand and other immense buildings will make it possible to accommodate any number of shooters with all necessary conveniences. The traps will be located inside the track which immediately joins the grounds of the Coney Island Amusement Park, where many of the entertaining features of the Reunion will be held. Every Elk and the members of his family will receive free transportation to and from Coney Island, a beautiful ride of ten miles on the Ohio River.

Coney Island is one of the most beautiful amusement parks in the country and here, within a stone's throw of the shooting grounds, you will find, among other features, the world's largest swimming-pool with a capacity for 7,000 bathers. Wednesday, July 13th, will be "Elks' Day at Coney," with an old-fashioned Kentucky Burgoo and Barbecue free of charge.

\$5,000.00 in Cash and Trophies

Over \$5,000.00 in Cash and Trophies will be awarded in the various Elks' Trapshooting events, and the *one event* which will probably create the greatest interest will be the Lodge Five-Man Team Race for the handsome ELKS MAGAZINE Trophy, valued at over \$500.00.

Again we ask that each subordinate Lodge select at once, if they have not already done so, one or more of their local members who are Trapshooters, to act as a Committee and organize a team to compete in this *Record-breaking Elks Tournament*.

The Peters Cartridge Co.

Another one of the great industrial concerns of Cincinnati and of the ammunition world is The Peters Cartridge Company, whose offices are in Cincinnati, with factory located at Kings Mills, Ohio, about twenty-five miles from the city.

This Company was founded in 1887, and in the forty years of its activity has progressed to a point where its product, Peters ammunition, is known the world over and regarded by many as the standard by which good ammunition is judged.

The reasons for this constant growth are many and varied—but briefly it is the result of a perfect coordination of administrative and technical forces with the common aim in mind of placing in the hands of the shooting public ammunition of only the highest possible quality, and producing only the finest possible performance.

An example of this policy of catering to the needs and desires of sportsmen is shown by the fact that the Peters line of shot shells and cartridges is complete to answer on a strictly quality basis any and every requirement of the "scattergun artist" or the "rifle crank."

The officials of The Peters Cartridge Company will be glad to meet all visiting Elks who are interested in the great sport of shooting. Peters representatives will, of course, be on hand for the trapshooting events, for these events will, no doubt, be made so attractive as to interest many hundreds of Elk trapshooters. And particular attention is called to the cash prizes offered by the Reunion Committee in the Trapshooting Contest.

A Possible Dayton Trip

In 1922, when the Elks were last in Cincinnati, a large group expressed the desire to go to Dayton to see the great plant of the National Cash Register Company.

Some of the Old-timers who remember the

success of the excursion to the Gem City at that time, are asking if it is possible to have an excursion there this year—1927. If a sufficient number express themselves in favor of a run to Dayton, this trip will be an added attraction to follow the close of the business session.

Dayton is only sixty miles from Cincinnati and is one of the most beautiful cities of Southern Ohio.

Golf

From all parts of the country queries are being received with reference to the Golf Links of Cincinnati. A subcommittee on this subject has been appointed and details pertaining to Cincinnati's Golf Links will appear in the next Bulletin.

Taxicab Service

The following companies will be the official ones for the taxicab service during the reunion:

Zumstein Taxicab Company
Town Taxi Company
Blue Bird Cab Company
Checker Taxi Company
Brady Taxicab Company

A number of queries are being received from the larger delegations that are coming. Communications addressed to either of these companies will receive attention, and the rates submitted by them will be first approved by the General Reunion Committee, and all of these companies will have placards reading:

"Official Cab Approved by Reunion Committee"

Our first message of the Bulletin is also serving as the last word—the first thing to do after you arrive in Cincinnati is—

REGISTER!

Faternally,

1927 GRAND LODGE REUNION COMMITTEE,

AUG. HERRMANN, *Chairman*,
CHAS. E. BUNING,
CHAS. E. DORNETTE,
MAX FRIEDMAN, *Ex-Officio*.

And all of the Chairmen of the various subcommittees already appointed.



The Grand Exalted Ruler's Western Trip

ONE of the longest and busiest tours ever taken by a head of the Order was made by Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, who on February 10 completed, at Philadelphia, a trip of considerably more than 10,000 miles which took him through a score of States and into scores of Elks Lodges. And it was not only a busy tour, but a triumphal one. On his arrival, towns declared half holidays, business men left their affairs to devote their time to greetings and good fellowship, and Elks in many cities presented hundreds of candidates for initiation in the presence of the head of the Order.

Outstanding in Mr. Grakelow's visits were sessions at Salem, Oregon, and Olympia, Washington, where the State assemblies met in joint sessions to listen to addresses on Americanism and patriotism by the Grand Exalted Ruler. Past Grand Exalted Rulers, former officers of the Grand Lodge, Exalted Rulers of the local Lodges and prominent Elks in every town visited gathered to welcome the chief executive. In California, two outstanding Elks, Past Grand Exalted Rulers William M. Abbott and Raymond Benjamin, helped to guide him through their State and spent as much time as possible in his company.

The Grand Exalted Ruler left Philadelphia on the night after Christmas. His first stop was Chicago, from which city he departed for St. Joseph, Missouri, on Monday night, December 27, to arrive on the morning of December 28. Here he was met by Fred A. Morris, Grand Treasurer, and W. S. Aldrich, Exalted Ruler of St. Joseph Lodge. A luncheon meeting was followed by a motor trip to Kansas City, where A. A. Lobban, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and J. M. Langsdale, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, were in the welcoming delegation. The departure from Kansas City was taken the same night with Lamar, Colorado, the next destination. Here the Grand Exalted Ruler was met at the station by a delegation of more than 100 Elks, accompanied by the Lamar High School Band. Every business house in the city was decorated in honor of the visit, and municipal and Lodge officers joined in the welcome. Following a luncheon given by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Lamar Lodge, a meeting was convened, attended by large delegations from neighboring Lodges, at which a class of candidates was initiated. Following a banquet in the evening the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed a capacity meeting in the Lodge room.

Lamy, New Mexico, was the next scheduled stop. This was reached on the morning of Thursday, December 30, with a motor trip to Sante Fe for a noon session, and another motor trip to Albuquerque for a night meeting, filling the rest of the day. Joseph L. Regensburger, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, headed the welcoming delegation at Lamy and accompanied Mr. Grakelow on his other visits.

A day's travel then took the Grand Exalted Ruler to Pasadena, California, where Harry M. Ticknor, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight,

was one of those who welcomed him on New Year's Day. Here Mr. Grakelow was escorted to the Home of Pasadena Lodge, where the members and their families had gathered to meet him. He then rode in the parade of the world famous Tournament of Roses with the Tournament directors and later witnessed the magnificent pageant from the reviewing stand. After lunching at the home of Mr. Ticknor, who is the President of the Tournament Association, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended the East-West football game and in the evening was the guest of honor at an Elk banquet at the Pasadena Athletic and Country Club.

From Pasadena, Mr. Grakelow moved on to Redlands, where there was a noon meeting with Redlands, San Bernardino and Riverside Lodges on Sunday. Late that afternoon he passed through Los Angeles on his way to Phoenix, Arizona, where he was met by R. C. Kaufman, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and H. J. Lawson, Exalted Ruler of Phoenix Lodge. After almost twelve hours in the hospitable atmosphere of the Home of Phoenix Lodge, he resumed his journey, with Pomona, California, as the next objective. Here there was a noon meeting with Pomona, Ontario and Monrovia Lodges. An evening meeting was held in the Home of Glendale Lodge, with Burbank, Santa Monica and Pasadena Lodges participating, which was attended by many distinguished members, including Miffin G. Potts, President of the California State Elks Association; Past President Edgar F. Davis; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. G. Pyle; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Earl S. Patterson and Horace Quinby.

On January 5 there was a noon meeting at Ventura Lodge, with Oxnard and Santa Barbara Lodges participating. That night, in the magnificent Home of Los Angeles Lodge, there was a meeting in which Huntington Park and Whittier Lodges joined. Orange Lodge took part in a noon meeting at Santa Ana on January 6, and that night, at San Diego Lodge, Calexico, El Centro and Brawley Lodges were included in a meeting. One of the constant companions of Mr. Grakelow on these excursions was Dr. Ralph Hagan, of Los Angeles Lodge, Past President of the State Association.

Friday, January 7, was marked by a noon meeting at Anaheim and a night meeting at San Pedro, with Long Beach, Redondo Beach and Inglewood Lodges uniting. The departure from Los Angeles came on January 8, and Bakersfield was reached at 6.30 P.M. in time for an evening meeting. The next day, Sunday, January 9, was marked by a motor trip through Porterville, Visalia, Tulare and Hanford to Fresno, where there was a luncheon meeting on Monday, January 10, with a dinner and evening meeting at Merced the same day. Modesto for a luncheon meeting, with a dinner and evening

meeting at Stockton, occupied the day of January 11.

Eight Lodges combined for a meeting at Oakland on Wednesday, January 12. They were, besides Oakland, Vallejo, Napa, Eureka, Pittsburg, Richmond, Alameda and Berkeley Lodges. Seven more were represented at dinner that night at San Francisco, where, besides No. 3, the Lodges taking part were Santa Rosa, Petaluma, San Rafael, San Mateo, Palo Alto and San José. The last three Lodges were visited the next day and the Grand Exalted Ruler then arrived, on Thursday night, January 13, at Sacramento for a dinner and evening meeting with Sacramento Lodge, seven other Lodges participating. They were Chico, Nevada City, Grass Valley, Marysville, Redding, Red Bluff and Woodland Lodges. The departure from Sacramento occurred at 1.15 A. M., but early hours and late hours, and all kinds of times for snatches of rest were the customary thing by that time. After a luncheon stop at Susanville, California, and a night meeting at Reno, Nevada, Lodge, with Gordon M. Bettles, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, as one of the party, Saturday, January 15, was a day of complete rest, spent traveling northward toward Oregon. Eugene was reached on Sunday morning, where a noon meeting was held, with a motor ride to Albany in the afternoon for a meeting with Albany and Corvallis Lodges. At Salem, Oregon, there was a night meeting. Mr. Grakelow addressed the State Senate and Legislature the next day, and then automobiles were boarded for Portland and an evening meeting.

PORTLAND, scene of the 1925 reunion of the Grand Lodge, had special arrangements for the entertainment of the Grand Exalted Ruler, who has made frequent visits there. Past Exalted Ruler C. C. Bradley, of Portland Lodge, and "Jimmy" Olson were among the welcoming delegation. Mr. Olson, a Portland newspaperman, was one of the active spirits of the 1925 convention, and was one of those who bore Portland's invitation to the Grand Lodge Reunion in Boston in 1924. Justice of the Grand Forum Walter F. Meier, of Seattle Lodge, was another member of the welcoming delegation.

On Wednesday, January 19, the program included a motor trip to Longview, Washington, for a luncheon meeting with Longview Lodge, and an address to the Lions Club, with a stop at Kelso Lodge on the way back to Portland. The tour was resumed that night, with a motor trip to Vancouver, Washington, Lodge. The night meeting there was followed by the departure for Tacoma. The arrival was early—5 A. M.—but by six the Grand Exalted Ruler was on his way to Aberdeen for a breakfast with Aberdeen and Hoquiam Lodges.

A luncheon meeting at Olympia was followed by an address to the assembled houses of the State Assembly, and the return to Tacoma. After dinner at Tacoma Lodge, the motor trip was resumed the next morning. Puyallup

(Continued on page 82)

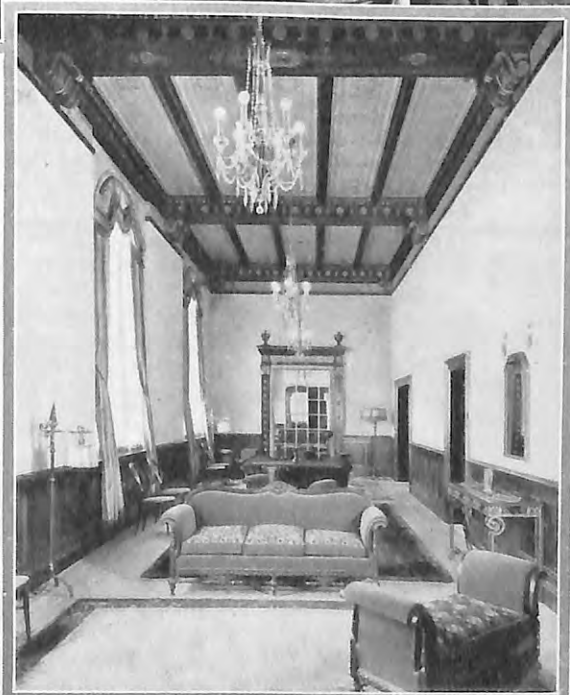
The New Home of Sacramento Lodge

Interior Views of Sacramento's Tallest Building

PHOTOS BY
MC CUREY CO.



The top picture gives a glimpse of the large ballroom. Above is a view of the second-floor lobby. At the left is a section of the main dining room, also located on the second floor



Above is the ladies' lounge. The men's lounge, shown at the right, occupies part of the third floor and is most attractive





"Old Times" Meeting Biggest Ever Held by Newark, N. J., Lodge

ATTENDED by 3,000, more than half the total membership, the recent "Old Times" meeting of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, was the largest and most impressive in its history. The splendid Home was thronged from cellar to roof with enthusiastic Elks who had come to do honor to old memories and to enjoy themselves. Standing space was at a premium in the Lodge room when Exalted Ruler Nicholas Albano called upon David I. Kelly to speak for the membership. At the conclusion of his excellent speech, Mr. Kelly presented to the Lodge a framed photograph of the late Exalted Ruler, John C. McEnroe, who died in office June 2, 1925. Following Mr. Kelly's talk, the Past Exalted Rulers were called to the rostrum in the order of seniority, and Past Exalted Ruler Daniel M. Junk, who served in 1885-86, spoke, on their behalf, of the feelings of pride and gratitude felt by the older members at this splendid tribute. Exalted Ruler Albano then spoke, telling of his ambition to initiate 1,000 members during his administration, after which an elaborate program of entertainment was put on.

Hampton, Va., Lodge Praised By District Deputy King

At a meeting of Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, which was featured by the largest attendance of many months, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. J. Garnett King announced that, while it was not customary for him to give out information in advance, he was glad to be able to say that his report on Hampton Lodge would be an excellent one. Dr. King especially commended the members for the interest shown in Lodge meetings. A large delegation from Newport News Lodge, No. 315, assisted the members of Hampton Lodge to greet the District Deputy, and after the meeting joined with their hosts in a most enjoyable social session.

Charter Members of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge Organize

A permanent organization of the charter members of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 852, was formed at a recent meeting of 12 of the 14 living men whose names were on the first roll of the Lodge. It was the first meeting of the kind held since the organization of No. 852 and it was decided to make the affair an annual one. John T. Gorman, President of the New York State Elks Association, was present and congratulated his hosts on the firm foundation they had laid for their Lodge. Patrick J. Hastings was elected President of the new organization; Edward L. McDevitt, Secretary, and P. Joseph Congdon, Vice-President.

Champion Gene Tunney Visits Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge

Gene Tunney, heavyweight champion of the world, was an honored guest a short time ago in the Home of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44. Mr. Tunney, who was appearing at a local theatre, was escorted to the Lodge room following

a regular meeting of the Lodge, and was given one of the most enthusiastic ovations ever tendered a visitor. His brief, well-delivered talk, in which he told of his championship fight with Dempsey in Philadelphia, and expressed his pleasure at being in an Elks Lodge, greatly impressed his hearers.

The evening was further marked by an excellent entertainment, and a buffet supper.

District Deputy and Grand Lodge Committeeman Visit Logan, Utah, Lodge

Logan, Utah, Lodge, No. 1453, had the honor of entertaining District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler O. R. Dibblee and Eugene W. Kelly of the Grand Lodge New Activities Committee, a short while ago. A good turnout of members was on hand to greet the distinguished guests, and an evening of entertainment and sports, followed by a buffet supper, was thoroughly enjoyed.

Decorah, Ia., Lodge Adds To Its Property

Decorah, Ia., Lodge, No. 443, has purchased the lot on the north side of its Home, and as soon as weather conditions permit the unsightly garage building which now occupies the space will be removed and the plot sodded down and made into an attractive lawn. In addition to enhancing greatly the beauty and value of the Lodge property, the removal of the garage will materially reduce the fire insurance premiums paid on the Home.

Pennsylvania Central District Association Meets in Johnstown Lodge

An interesting meeting of the Pennsylvania Central Elks Association, held recently in the Home of Johnstown, Pa., Lodge, No. 175, was attended by F. J. Schrader, member of the Grand

Lodge Good of the Order Committee. Mr. Schrader and Hon. Alvin Sherbine, of Johnstown Lodge, made excellent speeches, while Michael Michaelowski, also a member of No. 175, rendered a number of vocal solos. It was announced at the meeting that Mt. Pleasant Lodge, No. 868, had joined the Association, giving that body a 100 per cent membership of the Lodges in its district. It is believed that this is the first time that such an association has enlisted every Lodge in its jurisdiction.

Taft, Calif., Lodge to Put On Membership Campaign

Five hundred members by the end of the year is the goal which Taft, Calif., Lodge, No. 1527, has set itself. This young Lodge, instituted last July, is extremely active in the affairs of the Order and the community, and its present membership is composed of the leading citizens, so that no difficulty should be experienced in bringing the names on its rolls to the desired figure.

Comedian Surprises National Press Club in Washington

We believe that members of the Order and of one Lodge in particular, will enjoy this story of Joe Cook, the famous comedian. It has long been the custom of statesmen and other notables invited to speak at the National Press Club, in Washington, to take that opportunity to address flattering remarks to the newspaper men. The club is the most notable organization of its kind in America, embracing in its membership a representative of practically every metropolitan newspaper in the United States, and its importance to those seeking public favor is evident. So, when Mr. Cook, at a club entertainment, began the following speech, the members felt that they knew what to expect:



This band of Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948, is one of the most active in the community

"My friends," said the comedian, "of all the men I would rather associate with, of all the men whose profession I would be proudest to have my name identified with, of all the organizations I would rather appear before, of all the Clubs I would rather be in at the present moment—everywhere, from Coast to Coast—is"—then, to the delight of his audience, he said—"the Elks Club of Evansville, Indiana!"

District Deputy Zieg Visits Grand Island, Neb., Lodge

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. P. Zieg paid his official visit to his home Lodge, Grand Island, Neb., No. 604, a distinguished group of Nebraska Elks was gathered to meet him. Among them were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George F. Corcoran, of York Lodge, No. 1024, who was accompanied by some 10 Past Exalted Rulers and officers; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. G. Christensen, and five Past Exalted Rulers and a group of officers and members from Hastings Lodge, No. 159. Following a dinner to the past and active Exalted Rulers present, the officers of No. 604 performed impressively the initiatory ritual before a gathering of several hundred Elks.

Grand Island Lodge, instituted in 1900, has had 26 Exalted Rulers, 24 of whom are members in good standing, one of whom has dimitted, and one, Hon. W. H. Harrison, died. Mr. Harrison, however, is still represented by his four sons, Guy L., Fred L., Ray L., Reed L., all Past Exalted Rulers and active in the affairs of No. 604.

Cambridge, O., Lodge Host to Many Distinguished Elks

Perhaps never before in its history has Cambridge, O., Lodge, No. 448, entertained at one time so many distinguished members of the Order as on the occasion of its recent "big" meeting. Such a meeting, with the initiation of a large class of candidates, a banquet and a social session, was decided on some time ago by Exalted Ruler Samuel G. Austin. With the enthusiastic assistance of the entire membership the plans were laid and carried out, and the affair was a great success. Following the Lodge session and initiation, the officers, the guests from many neighboring Lodges, and the Cambridge members, including the new Elks, marched to the Masonic Temple, where a splendid banquet awaited them. Throughout the dinner there were delightful musical selections, followed by an entertainment and speeches. Among the distinguished guests seated at the speakers' table were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Thomas J. Hanley and James R. Cooper; Judge Charles L. Justice, President of the Ohio State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers James Robinson, John Sherry and Paul Bonnell; Past State Association Presidents Clyde Reasoner and A. Bart Horton; Past Exalted Rulers C. Homer Durand, of Coshocton Lodge, No. 376, and Milton H. Turner of Cambridge Lodge. Exalted Ruler Austin acted as toastmaster.

Charter Members Guests of Savannah, Ga., Lodge on Anniversary Night

Savannah, Ga., Lodge, No. 183, celebrated its thirty-sixth anniversary by holding a meeting at which its charter members were guests of honor. A fine fraternal spirit marked the well-attended session, which was one of the pleasantest and most successful held for some months. There were a number of interesting talks by the honor guests and much jovial reminiscing by the older members. Each of the charter members attending was presented with a souvenir in the form of a framed photograph of a group picture of themselves taken some days earlier.

Distinguished Guests Entertained By Newark, Ohio, Lodge

With three District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers and the President of the Ohio State Elks Association among the guests of the evening, Newark, Ohio, Lodge, No. 391, held an unusually interesting meeting some time ago.

The Home of San Antonio, Tex., Lodge, one of the finest of its kind in the city



Following the initiation of a class of candidates a banquet was served in the ball-room of the Lodge Home to some 250 members and their guests from many nearby Lodges, during which a number of delightful musical selections were rendered. The dinner was followed by speeches by prominent members of the Order in the State of Ohio. Among the speakers were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Thomas J. Hanley, William F. Bruning and James R. Cooper, and Judge Charles L. Justice, President of the State Association.

Minstrels of Pottsville, Pa., Lodge Enjoy Enthusiastic Receptions

The several public appearances of the Minstrels of Pottsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 207, under the auspices of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, met with such flattering success that the organization tendered a complimentary performance to the patients at the State Sanatorium for Tuberculosis at Hamburg. The success of this venture spread their fame to Tremont, Pa., where benefit performances were given for the American Legion Post. The profit from these last entertainments, which was greater than the Post has ever netted from similar events in the past, will be devoted to the purchase and equipment of permanent quarters.

Willard, Ohio, Lodge to Have Fine New Addition to Home

An addition to the Home of Willard, Ohio, Lodge, No. 1370, will soon afford the members much necessary space. The plans call for a brick, one story and basement structure, 80 x 36 feet, which will house a fine Lodge room, a banquet hall that will seat 300, and a complete kitchen equipment. These latter, in the basement, will be rented to other organizations and used for general community purposes.

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge Scene of Elks National Bowling Championship

The tenth annual championship tournament of the Elks Bowling Association of America will start on March 11 in the Home of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, and continue until April 24. Entries closed at midnight on February 26. This event has always attracted many of the leading

bowlers of the country, as well as large numbers of less well known devotees of the game. The splendid Home of Milwaukee Lodge, with its ten new regulation alleys and facilities for entertaining the contestants and visitors, is an ideal place for the meet and President John J. Gray, Secretary Art Williams and Treasurer Louis Stallberg are counting on a record attendance. As usual, diamond championship medals will be awarded the winners in the different events, and there will be the customary regular and good-fellowship cash prize list.

Williamsport, Pa. Lodge to Move Into New Home Next Month

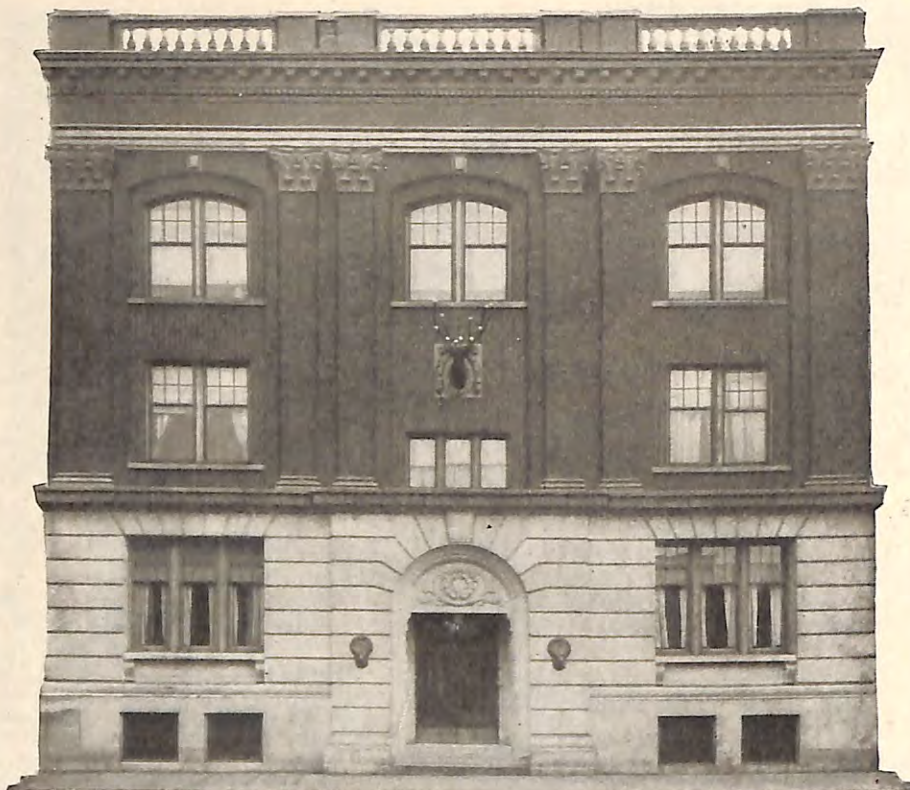
With the work on their new Home to be completed this month, the members of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, are looking forward to moving into the splendid building by April first. An elaborate dedication program has been arranged to start on April 4 with the official opening of the doors. On the fifth, Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow is expected to conduct the formal dedication services, which will be followed by a banquet to Mr. Grakelow and other distinguished visitors. On the sixth, a large class, possibly 500 strong, is to be initiated in the presence of the Grand Exalted Ruler. The remainder of the week will be given over to dances, receptions, a regular meeting at which the officers for the coming year will be installed, and other fraternal and social functions.

Officers Meet with District Deputies At Des Moines, Ia., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Harry N. Moctzel, S. H. Longstreet and H. B. Winter and fifty Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and past officers of Iowa Lodges, met in conference at the Home of Des Moines Lodge, No. 98, for one of the most interesting sessions held for a long time. A fine spirit of enthusiasm and cooperation marked the occasion, and the groundwork of many progressive plans was laid.

The principal speaker at the morning session was James T. Keefe of the Grand Lodge Committee on Special Activities, who explained the scope and purpose of this new Grand Lodge committee.

Following luncheon Exalted Ruler B. B. Hunter of Waterloo Lodge, No. 290, chairman of the Iowa Committee on Publicity and Grand



The imposing Home occupied by the members of the Akron, Ohio, Lodge, No. 363

Lodge Parade, urged upon the delegates the importance of a united effort for a strong representation at Cincinnati in July. Henry Louis was then appointed to arrange for the transportation to the 1927 Reunion and gave the outline of a trip which proved extremely interesting to his hearers.

Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge Entertains At Eagleville Sanatorium

Once every year a day of joy and festivity is provided for the young patients at Eagleville Sanatorium by the members of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2. At eleven o'clock in the morning automobiles provided by members of the Elks Automobile Club line up in front of the Lodge Home to receive their cargoes of toys, ice cream, cakes and candy and the troop of entertainers who, this year, had provided several novelties with which to delight the hearts of the youngsters.

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Holds Membership Banquet

Five hundred members of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, met at the Lodge Home and, escorted by their band and drill team, marched to the Hotel Maryland and attended a get-together membership dinner. Robert Hubbard of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, was the principal speaker of the evening, and other talks were made by Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, Harry M. Ticknor, J. M. Eckenrode, of No. 672's membership committee, and Mifflin G. Potts, President of the California State Elks Association. Following the speeches there were eight acts of vaudeville which were greatly enjoyed by those present.

Pasadena Lodge is contemplating the erection of a new Home and with this in view has set itself a goal of 2,500 members.

Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge Officers Initiate Class in Kodiak

Exalted Ruler Carl E. Martin, accompanied by Secretary Lyle W. Larsen and Past Exalted Ruler H. H. McCutcheon of Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1351, made the long journey to Kodiak to initiate a class of candidates. Traveling by rail and boat, they necessarily made many stops, at every one of which enthusiastic members turned out to welcome them. Arriving at Kodiak, the initiation was held in the Masonic Hall, especially decorated for the occasion.

After the ceremonies a banquet was held, at the conclusion of which the diners went on to a dance given in their honor. The following evening they attended another dance and the visiting officers set sail for home the next morning. Arriving at Seward they were the guests of Seward Elks at a banquet, after which the remainder of the trip was unbroken. At this time they expected to make another trip to Seward in March to initiate a class of candidates in that community.

Washington State Elks Association In Mid-Winter Meeting

Extremely interesting and productive was the recent mid-winter meeting of the Washington State Elks Association held in the Home of Seattle Lodge, No. 92. The principal subject of discussion was the convalescent home for crippled children which the Birthday Utopian Crippled Kiddies Service, an organization of Washington Elks, are erecting. Reporting for the B. U. C. K. S., the secretary announced that the twenty acres of land at Lake Ballinger had been paid for, and that there remained in the treasury \$11,000. The contract between the Service and the Orthopedic Hospital, setting forth the terms under which the Home shall be operated, was approved, as were the architect's specifications and figures for the building.

Other matters of importance were discussed and a number of decisions reached, among them being one to hold the annual convention of the Association in Aberdeen on August 10, 11, and 12.

The meeting was splendidly entertained by Seattle Lodge, and a note of appreciation for its hospitality was extended by the State Association officers and delegates.

Two Distinguished Elks Lost To the Order by Death

Two representative members of the Order, each the Mayor of an important city, have recently been lost to their communities by death. Edward L. Bader, of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, and William P. White, of Augusta, Ga., Lodge, No. 205, were types of citizens the country can ill spare. Each had made a pronounced success in business, and each, at the time of his death, was giving liberally of his strength and ability to his community.

Mayor Bader was one of the largest and most resourceful contractors on the Jersey coast, and one of the best-loved residents of Atlantic City.

He was forceful, far-seeing and progressive in his conduct of municipal affairs, and was serving his second term at the time of death.

Director in a number of banks, president of the Augusta Packing Company and a trustee of the University Hospital, William P. White, Mayor of Augusta, enjoyed a reputation for integrity and ability that any man might envy. He also was serving his second term as head of his municipality when death took him.

In addition to the many personal friends in and out of the Order who mourn the deaths of these two fine Americans, are the cities themselves which have lost their devoted loyalty.

District Deputy Leuthe Given Fine Reception by Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge

More than 200 members of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 346, were on hand in the Lodge room to give a rousing welcome to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Aloys F. Leuthe when he paid his official visit to his home Lodge. It was one of the most enthusiastic meetings held in the Home of No. 346 for a long time, and one which testified to Mr. Leuthe's great popularity with his fellow members. The District Deputy's address was an inspiring one, and was thoroughly appreciated by Niagara Falls Elks, as were the fine talks by John T. Smith, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William R. Cullen, who had accompanied Mr. Leuthe.

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge Entertains Legion Post

R. R. Rand, Jr., Commander of the American Legion for Minnesota, and members of the Minneapolis Post were the guests of Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44, at a special Legion night a short time ago. Mr. Rand, who was the special guest of Esteemed Leading Knight John R. Coan, who is commander of Minneapolis Post, made an inspiring address, in which he emphasized the common patriotic ideals of the Legion and the Order. The occasion brought out one of the largest crowds of the season, who thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment provided by the band and quartette of the "Bearcat Post," and by youngsters from the Kiddies Revue. A supper served in the dining room of the Lodge Home brought the evening to a successful close.

District Deputy Hogan Commends St. Johnsbury, Vt., Lodge

Accompanied by Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers and Thomas P. Fitzpatrick, Past Exalted Ruler of Bennington, Vt., Lodge, No. 567, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William P. Hogan recently paid his official visit to St. Johnsbury, Vt., Lodge, No. 1343. A fine attendance greeted the visitors, and Mr. Hogan was warm in his praise of the Lodge, stating that the work of the officers was the best he had seen in the State up to that time.

Hilo, Hawaii, Lodge Holds Purple Bubble Ball

Hilo, Hawaii, Lodge, No. 759, held this season a splendidly successful Purple Bubble Ball at the Hilo Yacht Club. More than 150 couples took part in the dancing in the beautifully decorated ball-room and enjoyed the buffet supper. The decorations, which were the subject of much enthusiastic comment, were carried out in Elk colors, the ceiling of the room being a profusion of purple balloons, tastefully designed and arranged by a group of members and their wives.

District Deputy Fallon Visits Mother Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard Leo Fallon, New York Southeast, paid his official visit to New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, a short time ago. Mr. Fallon was accompanied by a large delegation from New Rochelle Lodge, No. 756, headed by Exalted Ruler Job Sherman. Among the distinguished members present were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Fred Hughes, White Plains Lodge, No. 535; William T. Phillips, New York Lodge; John E.

Dearden, New York Lodge; Hugh C. Harris, New Rochelle Lodge; August Glatzmeyer, Bronx Lodge, No. 871; Edward S. McGrath, Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22; Past President and now Secretary of the New York State Elks Association, Philip Clancy, Niagara Falls Lodge, No. 346, and many officers, past and present, from the Southeast District.

The excellent quartette of White Plains Lodge rendered a number of vocal selections during the session. At this meeting a set of resolutions, presented fifty years ago to the celebrated actress, Clara Morris, by New York Lodge, in appreciation of aid rendered the Charity Fund, was returned. The presentation was made by Fred Onderdonk, Exalted Ruler of White Plains Lodge, on behalf of Harry St. Clair Drago, who secured the testimonial at an auction sale of the effects of Miss Morris. New York Lodge deeply appreciated the sentiment which inspired the return of this memento and extended its thanks to the donor.

Minstrel Troupe of Plainfield, N. J., Lodge Gives Many Performances

A prominent group of entertainers, always ready to donate its services to worthy efforts in the vicinity, is the Gold Medal Minstrel Troupe of Plainfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 885. A few of the organizations entertained and aided by this able and generous company are All Saints Church at Fanwood, the South Plainfield Fire Department, the Saint Joseph's Building Fund in North Plainfield, and the 400 patients in a nearby sanatorium. As a result of this and other excellent community welfare work, Plainfield Lodge is naturally held in the highest esteem by the residents of its neighborhood.

Santa Monica Officers Initiate Class For Pasadena, Calif., Lodge

With more than 500 members in attendance, Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, at a recent meeting initiated one of the largest classes it has taken in for over a year. The ceremonies, conducted by the officers of Santa Monica Lodge, No. 906, were beautiful and impressive. Some 200 Santa Monica Elks accompanied their officers on a special train and took part in the services. Past Exalted Ruler John A. Morton of No. 906 was the principal speaker of the evening, while G. I. Wallace, also a Past Exalted Ruler of Santa Monica Lodge, and President Miffin G. Potts of the California State Elks Association, also spoke.

Bemidji, Minn., Lodge Forming Band of Thirty-five Pieces

The recently organized band of Bemidji, Minn., Lodge, No. 1052, is hard at work on rehearsals these days. The first meeting of the



This charming building is the Home of Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge, No. 682

musicians a short while ago resulted in a rehearsal of some twenty members, and with this excellent start it was felt that an organization of thirty-five pieces would soon be achieved. There are in Bemidji a number of boys' bands, but that of No. 1052 is the only adult group of its kind, and as such should be an interesting and profitable addition to the life of the city.

District Deputy McNeil Visits Attleboro, Mass., Lodge

Several hundred members and visiting Elks crowded the Lodge room of Attleboro, Mass., Lodge, No. 1014, when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Hugh T. McNeil paid his official visit. Mr. McNeil was accompanied by more than forty Past Exalted Rulers and members from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and New Jersey Lodges and the meeting was one of the largest and most successful held by Attleboro Lodge. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. McLaughlin, of Rhode Island, was an honored guest.

Atlanta, Ga., Lodge Sends Two Mountain Girls to School

Deep in the Blue Ridge Mountains of North-

east Georgia is the Tallulah Falls Industrial School, supported by the women of Georgia, where children of the mountaineers are being brought up to be good American citizens. Georgia Elks are helping actively in this splendid project, and two scholars from isolated districts owe their presence in the school to the generosity of the members of Atlanta Lodge, No. 78. Maude Ritchie, fifteen years old, whose home in the Persimmon District of Rabun County is twelve miles from the railroad, and Salome Norton, from far back in the mountains of the same county, are holders of scholarships granted by No. 78.

Punxsutawney, Pa., Lodge Has Socially Active Season

Members of Punxsutawney, Pa., Lodge, No. 301, are enjoying an active social season. Among recent events in the Home of the Lodge was the initiation of a large class, followed by a buffet supper and a theatrical entertainment by members of a company playing at the Jefferson Theatre. Another, open to the public, was a cabaret dance, with special numbers by sixteen entertainers, which was one of the most successful functions the city has seen for a long time.

Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge Finishes Membership Campaign

The membership campaign of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, was closed recently with an appropriate celebration. As a result of a final canvass, 196 applications were announced on this occasion. This brings the rolls of No. 13 to the desired point, and there will be no further special efforts, though membership in the Lodge will always be open to worthy applicants.

Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge Officers Initiate Large Class for Sister Lodge

Fully 1,000 members from the lower portion of Long Island were present in the Home of Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1515, when fifty-eight candidates were initiated for the home Lodge by officers from Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841. Despite the lack of space occasioned by the large crowd, the ritual was beautifully exemplified, and the Junior Officers Drill Team and the Quartette from Staten Island Lodge were heartily congratulated.

Rare Disease Diagnosed in Laboratory Erected by Akron, O., Lodge

One of the first triumphs of the new Elks bio-chemical research laboratory at the
(Continued on page 72)



This spacious clubroom is in the attractive Home of Ashland, Ore., Lodge, No. 944



after

SHAVING

DELIGHTFUL

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Immediately it sets you up. Your whole face feels cool, soothed, yet invigorated. There is an amazing sense of exhilaration you'll like.

If the razor scrapes, Listerine stops the smarting. If the face burns, Listerine cools it. And you are left with a nice feeling of safety—for Listerine contains antiseptic ingredients that lessen the danger of infection.

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R I N E

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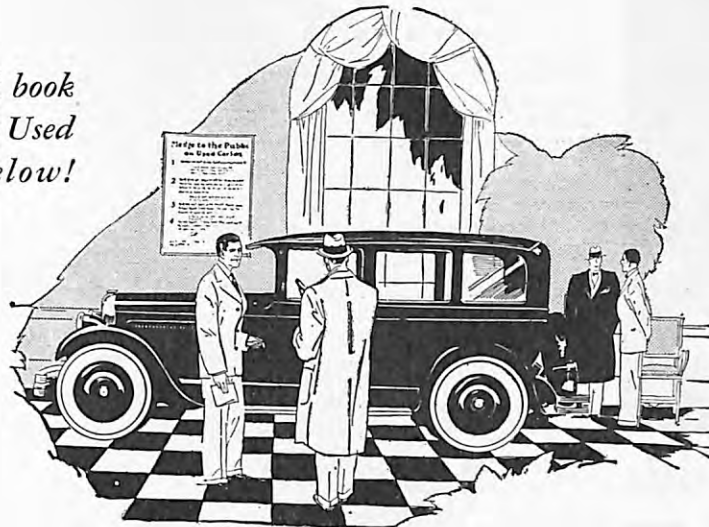
Directory of State Associations

1926—Presidents and Secretaries—1927

- Alabama**—President, Walter A. Page, Opelika Lodge, No. 910. Secretary, W. S. Harris, Opelika Lodge. Annual meeting at Talladega, May 15.
- Arizona**—President, Frank B. Baptist, Phoenix Lodge, No. 335. Secretary, Edwin M. Berg, Phoenix Lodge. Annual meeting probably at Nogales—date not decided.
- Arkansas**—President, Charles T. Ryan, Argenta Lodge, No. 1004. Secretary, J. Frank Franey, Pine Bluff Lodge, No. 149. Date and place of meeting not decided.
- California**—President, Miffin G. Potts, Pasadena Lodge, No. 672. Secretary, James T. Foyer, Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99. Annual meeting at Monterey in October.
- Colorado**—President, W. V. Roberts, Fort Collins Lodge, No. 804. Secretary, Joseph H. Loor, Pueblo Lodge, No. 90. Annual meeting at Longmont in September.
- Connecticut**—No State Association.
- Delaware**—Affiliated with Maryland State Association.
- District of Columbia**—Affiliated with Maryland State Association.
- Florida**—President, H. A. Bennett, West Palm Beach Lodge, No. 1352. Secretary, L. F. McCready, Miami Lodge, No. 948. Annual meeting at Daytona Beach, April 25-26, with Georgia and South Carolina.
- Georgia**—President, Louis Ludwig, Brunswick Lodge, No. 691. Secretary, B. C. Broyles, Atlanta Lodge, No. 78. Annual meeting at Daytona Beach, Fla., April 25-26 with Florida and South Carolina.
- Idaho**—President, Dr. A. R. Mannock, St. Maries Lodge, No. 1418. Secretary, S. Earle Boyes, Caldwell Lodge, No. 1448. Annual meeting at Nampa, June 20-21.
- Illinois**—President, Eugene W. Welch, Galesburg Lodge, No. 804. Secretary, George W. Hasselman, La Salle Lodge, No. 584. Annual meeting at Peoria, August 9, 10, 11.
- Indiana**—President, Dr. Frank J. McMichael, Gary Lodge, No. 1152. Secretary, Don Allman, Noblesville Lodge, No. 576. Annual meeting at Muncie—date not decided.
- Iowa**—President, Dr. Jesse Ward, Iowa City Lodge, No. 590. Secretary, J. Lindley Coon, Newton Lodge, No. 1270. Annual meeting at Clear Lake—probably second week in June.
- Kansas**—President, J. J. Griffin, Iola Lodge, No. 569. Secretary, Frank E. McMullan, Wichita Lodge, No. 427. Annual meeting at Newton in June.
- Kentucky**—President, John L. Grayot, Madisonville Lodge, No. 738. Secretary, Richard H. Slack, Owensboro Lodge, No. 144. Annual meeting at Crab Orchard Springs, June 14.
- Louisiana**—No State Association.
- Maine**—No State Association.
- Maryland**—President, John J. Powel, Wilmington Lodge, No. 307. Secretary, Howard F. McCall, Wilmington Lodge. Annual meeting at Wilmington, Del., in September.
- Massachusetts**—President, Patrick J. Garvey, Holyoke Lodge, No. 902. Secretary, J. J. Hourin, Framingham Lodge, No. 1264. Annual meeting at Haverhill—first week in June.
- Michigan**—President, Richard E. Miller, Petoskey Lodge, No. 629. Secretary, Edward E. Nolan, Lansing Lodge, No. 106. Annual meeting at Marquette, June 9-10.
- Minnesota**—President, Dr. Chester R. Leech, St. Paul Lodge, No. 59. Secretary, Lannie C. Horne, Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44. Annual meeting at Thief River Falls—date not decided.
- Mississippi**—No State Association.
- Missouri**—President, Sam D. Byrns, Mexico Lodge, No. 919. Secretary, O. W. McVay, Trenton Lodge, No. 801. Place of annual meeting and date not decided.
- Montana**—President, John K. Claxton, Butte Lodge, No. 240. Secretary, R. A. Gibbons, Helena Lodge, No. 193. Place of annual meeting and date not decided.
- Nebraska**—President, A. B. Hoagland, North Platte Lodge, No. 985. Secretary, W. J. Gregorius, Columbus Lodge, No. 1195. Annual meeting at Grand Island in June.
- Nevada**—President, J. Emmett Walsh, Goldfield Lodge, No. 1072. Secretary, B. M. Weaver, Goldfield Lodge. Annual meeting at Reno in July.
- New Hampshire**—No State Association.
- New Jersey**—President, Judge Thos. S. Mooney, Burlington Lodge, No. 996. Secretary, Edgar T. Reed, Perth Amboy Lodge, No. 784. Annual meeting at Long Branch in June.
- New Mexico**—No information received.
- New York**—President, John T. Gorman, Owego Lodge, No. 1039. Secretary, Philip T. Clancy, Niagara Falls Lodge, No. 346. Annual meeting at Troy in June.
- North Carolina**—President, James J. Hatch, Goldsboro Lodge, No. 139. Secretary, J. S. Crawford, Goldsboro Lodge. Place of annual meeting and date not decided.
- North Dakota**—President, A. J. Rulon, Jamestown Lodge, No. 995. Secretary, G. T. Richmond, Jamestown Lodge. Annual meeting at Jamestown in August.
- Ohio**—President, Judge Chas. L. Justice, Marion Lodge, No. 32. Secretary, John W. Ranney, Columbus Lodge, No. 37. Annual meeting at Cedar Point in August.
- Oklahoma**—President, C. D. Wallace, Oklahoma Lodge, No. 417. Secretary, Louis F. Pfothenauer, Oklahoma Lodge. Annual meeting at Alva, September 4-6.
- Oregon**—President, Joseph F. Riesch, Portland Lodge, No. 142. Secretary, Homer Ross, McMinnville Lodge, No. 1283. Annual meeting at Baker, July 5.
- Pennsylvania**—President, P. M. Minster, Bristol Lodge, No. 970. Secretary, W. S. Gould, Scranton Lodge, No. 123. Annual meeting at Easton, August 23-25.
- Rhode Island**—No State Association.
- South Carolina**—President, Henry Caughman, Rock Hill Lodge, No. 1318. Secretary, R. E. Cochran, Anderson Lodge, No. 1206. Annual meeting at Daytona Beach, Fla., April 25-26, with Florida and Georgia.
- South Dakota**—President, W. A. Snitkey, Sioux Falls Lodge, No. 262. Secretary, William J. Mulvey, Madison Lodge, No. 1442. Place of annual meeting and date not decided.
- Tennessee**—President, S. T. Bowman, Bristol Lodge, No. 232. Secretary, A. L. Osborne, Bristol Lodge. Annual meeting at Jackson—date not decided.
- Texas**—President, Col. P. L. Downs, Temple Lodge, No. 138. Secretary, Grover G. Collins, San Antonio Lodge, No. 216. Annual meeting at Houston, probably in May.
- Utah**—President, Ben Beveridge, Park City Lodge, No. 734. Secretary, J. A. Barclay, Salt Lake City Lodge, No. 85. Annual meeting at Park City—date not decided.
- Vermont**—No State Association.
- Virginia**—President, David Johnson, Hampton Lodge, No. 366. Secretary, Harry F. Kennedy, Alexandria Lodge, No. 758. Annual meeting place at Fredericksburg—date not decided.
- Washington**—President, Gus L. Thacker, Chehalis Lodge, No. 1374. Secretary, Victor Zednick, Seattle Lodge, No. 92. Annual meeting probably at Aberdeen—date not decided.
- West Virginia**—President, J. Melvin Ripple, Martinsburg Lodge, No. 778. Secretary, Jay Reefer, Clarksburg Lodge, No. 482. Annual meeting at Bluefield in September.
- Wisconsin**—President, Harry A. Kiefer, Wausau Lodge, No. 248. Secretary, Theo. Benfey, Sheboygan Lodge, No. 299. Annual meeting at Manitowoc—date not decided.
- Wyoming**—No State Association.



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- 2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

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It is assumed, of course, that the car has not been smashed up by collision or other accident in the meantime.

Not only to the public, but also to The Studebaker Corporation of America, whose cars we sell, we pledge adherence to the above policy in selling used cars.

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Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

Elks-3-27

Twisted Gun Gap

(Continued from page 19)

I am a citizen of the state of civilization. I have my conception of my duty to that civilization, and I intend to go my way in my own fashion and not become alarmed at the ideas that may or may not reside in the skull of Seth Holman. It is just this sort of jingoism that causes all the . . ."

"Wait a minute, Ben. I don't want to hear a lecture. Just promise me that you will tell Mary what I have said."

"I would tell her anyhow, of course. Good-by."

As I hung up, the whistle on the dummy engine blew for noon. The colored laborers began to filter in from the rock quarry and concrete mixer, and Bill Damron returned to take care of the trade. I strolled down the baked yellow clay road to the two shacks which housed the dining and living rooms of the tunnel engineering corps.

"EPPY," I said, after the meal was over and every one but Eppy had departed. "Mr. Hundley wants you to go over to his shack and fix things up nicely for him and Miss Mary."

"Yassuh." Eppy stood by the table with his hairy light brown hands folded over the checked apron that draped his paunch. "He comin' anyhow, is he, Cap'n?"

"I've packed my rifle, Eppy. I want you to lend me yours. Load it and put it behind that closet for me."

Eppy's light brown face became mottled. He put the palm of his hand against his gray hair. His eyes stared at nothing. Then he went softly into the next room. In a moment he came back with a box of cartridges in each yellow palm.

"One steel-jacketed. One is soft-nosed, Cap'n."

"Soft-nosed." His hands were trembling as he filled the magazine. He stood the gun behind the closet, got some linen from the next room, and went quickly down the road toward Hundley's cabin. He hadn't stopped to clear away the table.

My plans were vague, but my feeling in the matter had become rather definite. Mary would doubtless abet Ben in his course, and they wouldn't look out for themselves. As the sheriff had said, when a man won't tote his share of the fight, somebody must tote it for him. It seemed that I was elected.

Some of Eppy's nervousness transmitted itself to me. I went out and wandered down the road. After half an hour I came in sight of Hundley's shack. It stood on the sparsely wooded bottomland across the river, near the tents of his party. Some one was in front of the cook tent, adjusting a transit. The next day they were to rush a preliminary line of stakes toward the precipitous headwaters of the Guyandotte, aiming to preempt the best railroad route before the arrival of the engineers of a competitive road. I noticed, rolled up on the ground, the canvas of a brand new tent. It would be a happy adventure for Mary. I fought off a feeling of melancholy as I crossed the suspension footbridge.

Eppy had cleaned things up at Hundley's cabin, but the bare splintery planks of the walls and floor made the room seem rather dreary. I climbed up the mountain, cut armfuls of the beautiful white and pink rhododendron (which the natives call "mountain ivy") and piled it in every available recess of the cabin. The time went quickly and I was surprised when my watch showed twenty past three. I scattered the last armful of blossoms over the bed, then hurried back to camp.

The dishes were still on the table in the mess-room. Eppy was staying away. I picked up the rifle from behind the closet, made sure that there was a cartridge in the barrel, then, carrying the gun on my arm, walked up to the cross-roads store. Ben and Mary were due at four. My watch showed 3:52.

The train carried mail, and there was usually a group at the store to see it come in. But to-day there wasn't a soul except Bill Damron, and he wore a nervous air. Seth Holman now sat with his back toward the store, so that the rifle across his knees pointed directly toward the spot

where the passengers from the train would alight. The dummy engine stood on the spur track. The negro laborers were out of sight behind the concrete box, and were keeping remarkably quiet.

Seth Holman, of course, hadn't seen me come up, although he must have heard footsteps. In the corner of Bill Damron's store stood an old carpet-bottomed chair. Holding the rifle by its grip, as if it were a pistol, I picked up the chair with my left hand, walked over near the track to a point about twenty feet from Seth Holman, put the chair down and sat in it.

Seth looked at me over his shoulder. His tiny black eyes, pinched together above high cheek-bones and a straight dominant nose, widened in surprise. Then a flush rose from his celluloid collar and stained his white, deeply pitted face. There was a pig-like power in his short thick neck; the muscles bulged against the purple sleeve garters on his arms.

I was facing the store, with my back toward the railroad track. The rifle across my knees, while it didn't point exactly at Seth Holman, could cover him with a movement of the wrist. The subdued chatter of the negroes behind the concrete box had completely stopped. The song of a wood thrush on the mountain rang clear in the silence.

Number 2 whistled. The slate and concrete walls megaphoned her entrance into the far end of the tunnel. Five minutes later I felt the brake of the engine on my back, heard the brakes grind as it went slowly by, and stopped.

Seth Holman had dropped his eyes to his rifle. When the train pulled out I stole a glance at Ben and Mary. They were climbing with their bags into a sled that was waiting across the track. I heard the sled-runners drag on the bridge. When they were safely beyond the river, I got up and took the chair back to the store.

When I came out, I was surprised to see the young Indian woman emerge from behind the watch box near Seth Holman and climb rapidly up the hill. She carried a rifle! I hadn't known that she was there, and it gave me a creepy feeling. Seth Holman had not changed his position. He was polishing his rifle barrel with a strip of oily rag, ostensibly oblivious of his surroundings. The concrete car was pulling back into the tunnel, and the negroes were stealing looks at him askance.

AS I walked back to camp, I thought of trying to have Holman put under a bond to keep the peace. But he had made no open threats. In fact, Ben Hundley had thought the danger from him fanciful. I was almost cheered by a doubt as to whether Holman were really so dangerous after all. But Eppy knew Seth Holman well, and as I came up to the kitchen he stared at me as if he were seeing a ghost.

"Didn't he—git you, Cap'n?"

"Nobody got anybody, Eppy."

I strolled down the road and across the swinging foot-bridge to Hundley's cabin. Ben came out to meet me, but the smile behind his spectacles was not quite real. I detected a subdued hostility upon his sensitive face.

"Thanks for telling Eppy," he said. "He fixed the place up beautifully with laurel. Here comes Mary."

She came out of the cabin and across the springy hemlock needles toward us, wearing a black sweater with fluffy white cuffs and collar, a dark green corduroy skirt and black-and-white low-heeled shoes. She was vivid and bird-like with smooth black hair drawn close to her shapely head. It somehow hurt to see her slim figure swinging toward us, the whole green mountain a background for her grace.

"I dropped over to congratulate you both," I said—and then stopped at the expression on her face.

"Why are you so stupid!" she cried.

I simply gawked. Here was the same severely chiseled straight thin nose, rounded chin and thin red lips, but she seemed of a sudden a stranger.

"You've made Seth Holman ridiculous. This was Ben's affair, and mine. Why did you interfere?"

"Yes," added Ben, "you have a perfect right,"

(Continued on page 50)



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Stroppers



Twisted Gun Gap

(Continued from page 48)

old fellow, to create trouble for yourself whenever you want to. But it does seem you might have considered us a bit and not let jingoism run away with you. Of course," he continued, turning to Mary, "he did intend it for the best."

"That's what makes it so infuriating," Mary stamped her foot. "I know, as well as I know anything, that Seth Holman wouldn't have dared. Now, of course, things are worse. It's the people who are afraid that things will happen," she said at me, "who cause all the trouble."

"It's the same way with nations," said Ben. "They begin to pile up armaments because they are afraid of each other and so drag themselves into war. A man with a rifle is like a nation with a powerful navy."

"But, Mary!" I objected. "Holman is a dangerous man! You wouldn't protect yourself, and I felt that somebody had to . . ."

"DON'T you think we have covered that point already?" Ben interrupted with a patient smile. Then he slapped me on the back. "Well, old man," he offered, "Mary and I will try to straighten out the kinks you've made. Let's forget about it, and you stay to supper. We'll only repeat one thing. We want to work out our own problems without outside interference."

"Absolutely," agreed Mary. I saw that her gray-green eyes could be not only beautiful, but cold. "Of course," she added, "we know you didn't intend to make things worse."

"Not to-night, Ben," I said. "See you tomorrow." I lifted my hat and went off across the bottom land to the suspension bridge. Looking back from beyond the river I saw them strolling into the cabin with their arms about each other.

At supper the boys were full of the Holman incident, but seeing that I didn't want to discuss it, they talked about other things. I didn't know what to do, or feel, or think. If Holman had only been bluffing, I had certainly made things worse, because it would be up to him now to uphold his reputation for being "bad." This put matters even more up to me—and yet Ben and Mary had told me to keep hands off. It seemed that I had done my friends more harm than good, and I felt pretty uncomfortable when I strolled alone up on the hill after supper to think.

On one side of the valley the moon was a blazing white disc, whirling a train of silver-blue stars above the dark shoulders of the mountain. On the other swelled a threatening tumble of dirty cloud banks, tortured by shimmers of rapid lightning into the semblance of battlements and towers. In between lay the dark valley, checkered with the grayish bulk of rock and moonlit tree.

I climbed to a rocky knoll. Turning to take in the contrasts of the scene, my eye was caught by the light in Seth Holman's cabin. Silhouetted in the open doorway, a man was changing his shoes. A moment later he stood up, lifted and examined a rifle. Then he leaned the rifle against the wall and looked at his watch. After this he sat down in the chair, filled and lighted a pipe.

I sank into the shadow of the knoll. Ben and Mary had insisted that they could handle the Seth Holman matter. They thought I was too fearful. Very well, I wouldn't lift a hand—unless I was absolutely sure that danger actually threatened them.

The lights had gone out in the camp when I returned to Eppy's kitchen. The door was open, and I could hear Eppy's heavy breathing in the further room. I crept inside and found the rifle behind the closet. Then I slipped out, and hiding the gun under my coat, went up past the cross roads and turned to the left along the railroad track. There was no light in the telegrapher's shack beyond the bridge. I passed the new road leading down to Hundley's camp, and followed the railroad a quarter of a mile till I hit the faint trail that led up the mountainside to Twisted Gun Gap.

The way was steep and devious, but I had been there many times before, attracted by the legends of the place, and by the view. Finally I came upon the flat shelf of rock that projects above a precipitous drop to the new road below.

The moonlight struck out the black square of Bill Damron's store, made the roads on either side of the river palely visible, too. A light still shone in Seth Holman's cabin.

Scarcely half a dozen Indians were left in as many counties, but the Indian legend about the gap still lived in the mouths of the whites. It told that the gap had formerly been merely a trail between the two mountains. Then an Indian maiden killed a chief who had slain her lover. The men of the tribe were gathered at the gap to put her to the flames. Just before she was tied to the stake, thunder pealed, and the earth divided. A river of crystal water surged down through the mammoth cleft. On the crest of the torrent rode a pale-faced god in a huge canoe. He swept the maiden from the bank. Leaping and swirling on the water they passed out of sight down the course of the growing river. And the gap had never closed.

The white man's was scarcely a legend at all. It told merely of the finding of a skeleton and twisted gun barrel.

I was glad that Mary didn't know I was up on the mountain. She was married to Ben now. That chapter was closed. But I had the hope that she would forgive me for my meddling, and that we might, even if we never saw each other, be lifetime friends. I was thinking about this when I saw Seth Holman's light go out.

A tiny black figure—made to seem round by the shadow it cast—presently began to follow the railroad track along the course I had taken. I caught, twice, the gleam of moonlight on steel. The figure came to the new road on this side of the river, stopped for a moment, then continued and disappeared behind the mountain. Suddenly I understood.

Seth Holman was traveling to the Hundley cabin by way of Twisted Gun Gap. Naturally. Once off the railroad track, he would be unobserved, either going or coming back. I had thought he would go down one of the river roads. Now my first necessity was to get out of his path.

Fifty feet above me on the mountainside a large boulder nested against the half-exposed roots of an ancient cedar. I climbed up and hid behind it. A damp wind had risen, and the giant tumble of clouds had all but covered the heaven. Soon I heard the rattle of a loosened rock. A moment later the stocky figure of Seth Holman appeared round the curve of the hill. He walked to the edge of the cliff and stood there, rifle in hand, silhouetted against the valley, catching his breath. Then he turned. As he did so, the moon was blotted out, and he vanished as if swallowed up by the night. The next moment a spear of lightning split the sky and I saw him rapidly descending the path. The darkness swallowed him again as the mountain rocked and echoed with the thunder.

I GAVE him time to get out of easy earshot before I followed. The lightning now was frequent, the thunder terrific, but no rain fell. Between the flashes the mountainside was unnaturally dark. In spite of every care, I stumbled upon a rock, which rolled over the cliff and struck faintly upon a ledge far below. But thunder crashed immediately after.

I began to be afraid that Seth Holman would get too far ahead. I had caught no glimpse of him in the bright lightning flashes. Taking advantage of what I had seen of the trail, I began to run in the darkness, but was stopped by a giant boulder. I was feeling my way around it, when a blaze of lightning and a deafening thunder clap came as if together. I saw a white pointed face, its eyeballs glittering like jewels. The swift arc of a rifle butt whirled toward me against the lighted tree branches.

I leapt backwards; tripped and dropped my rifle; fell and rolled, but scrambled up before reaching the cliff. No sound came from the stocky figure somewhere close by. I knew he was waiting for the lightning before he shot.

Taking the only chance, I ran toward him, striking as I came. In the dark my fist impacted against his teeth. In this cliff-edge struggle there was room for only one to survive. I leapt and shoved him with all my strength. But as I shoved, I tripped again. He brought up against a tree or a rock, while I plunged

(Continued on page 52)



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RUGS &



CARPETS

Twisted Gun Gap

(Continued from page 50)



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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

headlong by him. In a glimmer of lightning the cliff edge was etched beneath my feet.

Stopping just in time, I heard him behind me. Before I could turn, he shoved me. Like a person on the brink of the world, I fell toward space. With a shriek, I leapt wildly sidewise, clutching at the wind. A thousand pictures tried to squeeze themselves into the aperture of that instant. I saw Mary, standing sadly by my grotesque remains. I saw my mother, long dead—the lightning shone upon her coiled white hair and lit a smile of welcome in her eyes . . .

I awoke to see a distant mountain against the colorless sky of dawn. Then I shrank, because my arm hung over a three-foot ledge, and far below me was the valley. I heard a grunt. A black wild pig, the hair raised on its back, spraddled its legs in mud and glared at me with small defiant eyes. Much rain evidently had fallen. My clothes clung to me. I was chilled to the bone, and every muscle ached. I cautiously looked up at the broken cliff edge, perhaps twenty feet above me, through which I had fallen. At my movement, the pig grunted and ran. I followed him painfully on hands and knees. The ledge rounded a bend in the cliff and sloped gradually upwards to the trail.

Obviously I had been unconscious for hours. Holman, no doubt, had listened to the diminishing sounds of falling rocks and had figured me safely dead far below. He had reached the Hundley cabin—perhaps by now was even returned to his bed. My bodily misery was so acute that somehow I could not become concerned about the matter. Then I remembered how Mary had blamed me for firing Seth Holman's anger. If anything had happened, she would feel that I was to blame. I crawled to my feet and hobbled about till I found Eppy's rifle. Then I forced my aching muscles to carry me down the trail.

Finally I saw the Hundley clearing through the trees. All of the tents had disappeared, but smoke was issuing from the cabin chimney. I had a fanciful picture of Seth Holman burning a body, and began to run. As I dashed up to the door, Mary, who was just inside, whirled with a start.

"What is it?" she cried. Her face went white. "Where is Ben?" "He's just left to work with the men up the river. They walked up yesterday afternoon. What is the matter?" "You haven't seen Seth Holman?" "This morning? Of course not!" "How long has Ben been gone?" "About ten minutes. Don't tell me you have been . . ."

BUT I was racing across the bottom land toward the deer path that ran along the foot of the mountain. I saw at last that Seth Holman was too cunning to try anything at the cabin, where Mary would be a witness against him. No doubt he had learned that the men had gone up yesterday and that Hundley was staying at the cabin till morning. He was waiting for Ben on the trail. Ben's footprints showed in the muddy leaf mold. He was taking the long strides of a man who is happy, and who, perhaps, is singing as he walks.

Presently the trail turned uphill, to cross a jutting cliff. Already my lungs felt scraped at the strain upon them. But I had to keep on. My chest was nearly bursting when I reached the crest. Then my heart leaped.

The path dropped steeply before me and I saw the black felt hat and blue flannel shirt of Ben Hundley. He was wading carefully across the small drain in the hollow.

Too breathless to shout, I was about to fire my rifle to attract his attention, when I saw the black cotton shirt, the black soft hat, the pale pointed face of Seth Holman emerge from behind a boulder at the right of the opposite crest. He had counted upon Ben's slow progress across the drain to give him his opportunity. Seth Holman hadn't seen me. I was too petrified to move as the rifle swung into place against his shoulder, and he snuggled his cheek against the stock.

Seth Holman's forehead was toward me, his face foreshortened as he looked down into the

hollow. Like a man coming out of a trance I threw up my rifle and fired. As I fired, or perhaps an instant later, his gun spoke too. I am not a good marksman and I had fired quickly. I was a bit shocked to see his rifle slip from his hands and go rolling and sliding down the hillside till it caught behind a poplar sapling. For a second he remained quite rigid. Then his head dropped against the boulder and his hat rolled off.

I glanced at Ben Hundley. His big body was crowded behind an inadequate boulder beyond the drain. Even at that distance I could see that his face was white. I made a reassuring gesture and climbed down to join him. We went up to Holman together.

The man was dead. A bullet had drilled a neat hole in at one temple and out of the other. It was hard to realize. A silent, unaccountable character, he had been feared, if not respected, throughout the mountains. Now he was harmless at last.

Ben Hundley's face wore a peculiar expression. He had been relieved of a dangerous enemy, and yet on his shoulders lay not a jot or tittle of responsibility or blame. He pulled out his watch. It was an unconscious gesture, signifying his desire to dissociate himself from all of this.

"YOU will, of course—I mean, the coroner—you understand I've got to get on the job." He hesitated, with eyes averted. His face was almost as gray as his hair. I was aware of an unyielding rigidity in his nature; it occurred to me once more that he and Mary would be happy. He did not speak again—made a motion of farewell with a ghastly smile and went off jerkily down the trail. If he had thanked me it would have been an admission that perhaps I had been justified in bearding Seth Holman the day before.

All the while we had been standing there, something had been going on inside of my mind. I turned away and started back to camp, and then the idea swam up into my consciousness.

Yes, a soft-nosed bullet would have torn a larger hole. Further, the shot had come from the side; and Seth Holman had been facing me. I returned and found where my soft-nosed bullet had ploughed a fresh hole into the bole of a birch tree, five feet above where Seth Holman's head had been.

My flesh crept a bit. The sun had risen above the mountain, and in its slanting rays diamond drops of water sparkled on twigs and leaves. Tree boles gleamed brown and wet. A wood thrush sang. And yet from somewhere nearby a steel-jacketed bullet had pierced Seth Holman's temple.

Holding my rifle ready, I climbed softly over the boulder and crept up the hill in the direction from which the bullet had come. Within forty paces I caught the yellow gleam of an empty shell, and picked it up. Behind a big hemlock I found the print of a small round knee. Further away I stopped by a muddy depression. Pointing toward the hemlock were the prints of two small moccasin-clad pigeon-toed feet. And as if to round out the picture, I picked up three beads of a peculiar shade of pink.

I recalled the young Indian woman, hiding with her rifle behind the watch box near the train. Possibly, by some primitive feminine inversion, she had figured his brutality—even to the killing of her child—a proof of love. But now he had been planning to leave her. Could she have killed Seth in order to keep him wholly hers?

As I stumbled back along the trail, I began to think of the thoughts of this Indian woman and the thought of Mary and Ben. She was the very symbol of violence, they of peace. Yet there was a certain sameness. She killed to keep, with no thought except of self. They refused to use force, regardless of the consequences to others or each other. They would rather be right than humane. It came to me that in a choice between the ideas of Ben and Mary, and the emotion of the Indian woman, I should choose the latter. She struck because she loved. One at least could understand this.

"Everything is all right!" I called to Mary as I passed. I continued across the foot-bridge,

(Continued on page 54)



They Grinned When the Waiter Spoke to Me in French

—but their laughter changed to amazement at my reply

WE had dropped into Pierrot's for dinner—Pierrot's, that quaint French restaurant where the waiters speak nothing but French. Jack Lejeune, who boasted a smattering of French, volunteered to act as interpreter.

"Now tell me what you want to eat," announced Jack grandly, after we were seated, "and I'll 'parley' with the waiter."

With halting French phrases and much motioning of hands, Jack translated our orders to the waiter. Finally Jack turned to me.

"What's yours, Fred?" he asked.

"Virginia ham and scrambled eggs," I replied.

Jack's face fell. He knew that my order would be difficult to translate into French. However, he made a brave effort.

"Jambon et des—et des——" but Jack couldn't think how to say "scrambled eggs." He made motions as if he were scrambling eggs in a frying pan, but the waiter couldn't get what he was driving at.

"I'm afraid you'll have to order something else, Fred," he said finally. "I can't think of the word for 'scrambled eggs.'"

Everybody smiled—everybody except me. With great ceremony I beckoned to the waiter. "I'll explain my order to the waiter," I said. A chuckle ran around the table.

"Fred can't speak French, can he?" I heard a girl whisper to Jack.

"No—he never spoke a word of French in his life," came the answer. "But watch him. This will be funny. He'll probably give an imitation of a hen laying an egg."

A Tense Moment

The waiter addressed me. "Qu'est-ce-que vous voulez, Monsieur?" he asked.

There was a pause. All eyes were on me. I hesitated—prolonged the suspense as long as possible. Then in perfect French I said to the waiter: "Donnez-moi, s'il vous plait, du jambon aux oeufs brouillés—jambon de Virginie."

The effect on my friends was tremendous. The laughter stopped. There were gasps of amazement. In order to heighten the effect, I continued for several minutes to converse in French with the waiter. I asked him all sorts of questions—what part of France he was from—how long he had been in America, and many

other queries. When I finally let the waiter go, everybody started firing excited questions at me.

"Fred! Where did you learn to speak French like that?" "Why didn't you tell us you could talk French?" "Who was your teacher?"

"Well, folks," I replied, "it may sound strange, but the truth is I never had a teacher. And just a few months ago I couldn't speak a word of French."

"Quit your kidding!" laughed Jack. "You didn't develop that knowledge of French in a few months. I thought it took years to learn to talk like that."

"I have been studying French only a short while," I insisted. And then I told them the whole story.

How I Learned French Without a Teacher

"Did you ever hear of the House of Hugo?" I asked.

Jack nodded. "That's that famous Language Institute over in London, isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied. "They've been teaching languages for over a century. Thousands of Europeans have learned foreign languages in a surprisingly short time by their 'at-sight' method."

"But what's that got to do with your learning French?" asked Jack. "You haven't been over there taking lessons from the House of Hugo, have you?"

"No, I couldn't go to the House of Hugo, so the House of Hugo came to me," I replied quizzically.

My Friends Look Startled

"Here's what I mean," I said. "The authorities of the House of Hugo got together recently and decided to condense their knowledge of language instruction—their experience in teaching French—the secrets of their wonderful method into a *course of printed lessons*—a course which anyone could study at home.

"This course turned out to be the most ingenious method of learning French ever devised. It was simply marvelous. It enabled people to learn French in their own homes, in an incredibly short time.

"I can scarcely believe it myself, but just a few months ago I didn't know a word of French. Now I can speak and understand French when it is spoken to me. And I didn't study much—just a few minutes a day. There were no laborious exercises to do—no tiresome rules—no dull class-room drills. It was actually

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Twisted Gun Gap

(Continued from page 52)



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not heeding her commands that I stop. At the camp Eppy stood in the kitchen doorway.

"Fix me a hot bath, Eppy," I directed, "and some breakfast. After that, you go up to the store, find out who the coroner is, and tell him that Seth Holman's body is on the right hand trail, about a mile beyond Mr. Hundley's cabin."

"De sheriff is de coroner, Cap'n," said Eppy faintly after a moment. "He went to Naugatuck yestiddy an' he ain't got back, less'n he come in on dat early train dis mornin'. I'll fix de bath and de coffee, Cap'n. You sho looks like you needs 'em bofe."

I GOT out of my wet clothes while Eppy filled the round tin tub with pails of hot water. Then I climbed in and thawed out the stiffness. When I had fallen on the ledge of the cliff, the carpet of earth and hemlock needles had saved my bones. I was merely bruised, except for an abrasion above the left temple. I shaved, and when I was putting on dry clothes, Eppy thrust his gray head in the door.

"De sheriff jes' left here, Cap'n. He come up de road from Mr. Hundley's way an' knowed all about Seth Holman. He snatched dat rifle for evidence an' went back down de road."

"Didn't he want to see me?"

"He ast me whar you was. I told him dat sence I seen you, you'd had time to git about two miles down de road. So you had, Cap'n. You had de time, ef you had used it."

I couldn't help laughing.

"Thank you, Eppy. Is that coffee ready?"

"Pinin' for de cup, Cap'n! Pinin' for de cup!"

After breakfast I strolled up the hill path, drawn by an insatiable curiosity to see the young Indian woman. There was no question in the world but that she had killed her man. It was certain, too, that I was the only one who knew it. Whether she knew that I knew, was another matter.

A bend in the path brought her suddenly into view. She was seated on the lower step of her cabin, working beads into a strip of yellow cloth. As I came noiselessly nearer I saw the cloth slip from her fingers. She gripped her hands between her knees; her head drooped, her shoulders stiffened and raised in a slow paroxysm of suffering.

I suppose the strain of the night before, and maybe an excess of coffee, had somewhat deranged me. Because, as she bent there, the sun on her slim copper neck and raven black braid, I seemed to see the whole Indian race personified in this lonely, agonized figure. A race with many aspects of nobility, yet doomed to be crushed by the very proximity of the white man, whose customs and laws, even whose love, it could never understand. Never to the Indians—as to the maiden of the legend—would come the fair god in his huge canoe to lift them from the midst of their enemies and carry them off down the river to a happy land of their own.

A twig snapped under my foot. The young woman lifted her head with the stealth of a wild creature rising for flight. By the time I reached her she had become gradually erect, not deigning to turn her head. But in the steady impassive gaze of her black eyes—staring at the silver twining river down which the fair god and the maiden had gone—I saw deep ineradicable scars which pride could not conceal.

I continued down the hill, and went into the store for tobacco. Then I walked back to camp. I knew that I was playing the fool again—but my mind was made up. I could no more give her away than I could cut off my sound right arm.

"Eppy," I said to that worthy, who was walking about his kitchen softly, "I am going to the Hundley cabin to see Sheriff Wade. You might take my bags up to the store. I planned to leave on that noon train for my vacation. Maybe the sheriff will let me go if I promise to come back."

"Yassuh. But you wouldn't come back, would you Cap'n?" His voice contained advice, almost command.

"Well, Eppy, I've done bigger fool things than that."

I had almost forgotten Mary, but as I crossed

the suspension foot bridge and neared the cabin, the thought of her came over me with a rush. She was married; they would be happy; I was resigned to that. But I wanted her for a friend.

The gaunt figure of Sheriff Wade came toward me out of the Hundley cabin. Mary, in black sweater and green skirt, followed after, and I had eyes only for her. Something direct and homely in her boyish primness touched me like a familiar song. I tried to find a welcome in her eyes, but on her sharply chiseled features and thin red mouth was an expression of restrained distaste. My heart began to sink.

"Well, Sheriff, here's your man," I said.

Sheriff Wade carried Eppy's rifle over his arm. He pushed his Stetson back from his leathery aquiline face, worked his cheeks convulsively and then spat a deliberate stream. His blue eyes ran shrewdly from Mary to me.

"You mean you done the killin'?"

"Seth Holman was about to shoot Ben," I answered. "It was a question of—which one." Mary was looking over my head. I knew what she was thinking. I had stirred Seth Holman up, by defying him before the camp. But for that, she and Ben could have worked the thing out peaceably alone. My interference had endangered her husband's life, had caused Seth Holman's death. Well, of course, she might be right.

I discovered the sheriff regarding me queerly.

"I planned to take the noon train," I said.

"But I don't know whether you feel you can trust me to come back."

"I'll walk along with ye," he answered.

"Well, Mary," I said, and held out my hand.

"Goodbye. As you and Ben are going up the river, I probably won't see you again for quite a while. The best of luck!"

"Goodbye," she said. She put her hands behind her. I had prepared myself for her viewpoint, but I wasn't quite prepared for this. It was as plain as if she had said the word aloud—"Murderer!"

For a moment I stood there with nothing to say. Then mechanically I joined the sheriff and we crossed the river.

I was lost in my thoughts and the sheriff was silent as we went up the road. When we reached the camp, he said: "Wait here," and went into the kitchen. In a moment he came out again, without the rifle, and we continued walking toward the tunnel. From far away echoed the whistle of a train.

"THIS here Indian woman is goin' to need work, now Seth is dead," said the sheriff. "I was wonderin' if she could be put in Seth's job. 'Taint nothin' to do but to wave a flag."

"That's a fine idea! I can arrange it, I'm sure."

I was waiting for the sheriff to speak about me. His position was hard. He himself may not have had much love for Seth Holman. But Seth was a member of the Bid Wade clan; I was a "furriner;" and the mountaineers although looking up to the sheriff and his brothers for leadership, looked upon them also as duly appointed instruments of revenge. As coroner he could, of course, decide that Seth had been justifiably slain, and end the matter thus. Had I been a clan member, and Seth been "the furriner," that is what he would have done. As things stood, he would be expected to hold me for trial—a trial to be conducted by a Wade prosecutor, before a jury of Wade kindred. It was the conventional thing to do!

"It will be a month or more before the grand jury will convene," I said. "If I may go on my vacation, I'd be back in plenty of time to be indicted."

Sheriff Wade stopped and looked me in the eyes. From beyond the far end of the tunnel echoed the whistle of the train.

"Warn't you talkin' some last month of goin' to Coal Creek after your holiday if you could git transferred?"

"Yes. It's pretty dull here. Why do you ask?"

"Waal." He worked his cheeks, and spat deliberately. "When you git to Coal Creek, you go to see my brother Charley Wade. He's the sheriff thar. I'm goin' to write him tomorrow. I reckon mebbe he'll have you up to his house to eat an' sleep till you git yo' camp pitched down. Don't offer him no money. He don't take no boad'ers, but he'll take in a

(Continued on page 56)



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Twisted Gun Gap

(Continued from page 55)

frien' of mine. Sets a right good table, does Charley."

I stared at the Sheriff. This was a long speech for him. And in the manner of the silent mountaineer, he had spoken only of apparently irrelevant things, concealing the feeling that moved him. His suggestion meant that I was being taken into the Wade clan. If Charley Wade would house and feed me after I had shot Seth Holman, this was notice to the world that whatever I did—then or thereafter—would be approved of by the Wades and backed up by the Wade guns.

I didn't see why the sheriff should do this for me. The kindness was so unexpected, coming at that moment, I could hardly preserve a stolid demeanor. I did not speak. Indeed, I began to understand how silence can be more eloquent than words.

"Here's yo' train," said the sheriff. "The next time you go to clean up," he added, "you want to clean up better."

Eppy—guided by some instinct, perhaps—was heaving my bags on the train. The con-

ductor called "All aboard!" The sheriff and I shook hands, but I had no time to ask him to explain his words. Instead of releasing my hand at once, he put something in my palm and closed my fist upon it.

I just had time to scramble on the train. As we turned the curve I looked down at what he had given me. It was a bead such as the Indians use for embroidery, and was of an unmistakable shade of pink.

The train was following the curves of the river. I glanced behind. Against the far away sweep of the precipitous mountain, I caught a glimpse of Seth Holman's shack, and of the Indian woman seated there, staring straight ahead.

It was good to realize that, after all, a white god had come to rescue her. But she would never know that as he paddled his legendary canoe down the river, the rescuing white god wore a black Stetson hat and a mournful moustache, and that as he lifted her from the midst of her enemies he worked his cheeks in a convulsive motion and spat deliberately upon the waters.

The Fifth Cross

(Continued from page 23)

At eight o'clock, when the city was sweltering in the grip of a summer night, two pedestrians clad in the ordinary dress of French factory workers strode down the street in front of the elaborate iron gate which marked the entrance to the villa of Monsieur Radelle, and looking cautiously about, secreted themselves behind the low wall of the Parc au Forage—the haymarket—opposite. Soon they were joined by other laborers arriving singly or in couples until their number was increased to seven. All waited in silence, peering expectantly into the street.

In a few moments the antiquated automobile of the Commissaire drove up to the curb before the villa. The Commissaire stepped out asthmatically. Behind him came the Major. The two men strode through the gate to a garden, then up the steps of a wide porch shadowed by great stone pillars. The Commissaire rattled the bronze knocker. A servant answered and led into the house. They sat down in a drawing-room whose lofty walls were almost hidden by paintings and thick tapestries.

There was a sound of footsteps outside. Monsieur Radelle hurried in. Tall, immaculately dressed, smooth shaven except for a trace of a moustache which formed a thin line of black over his lip, he might have been considered a bit of a dandy had it not been for the obvious strength of his well-moulded features and his vigorous, dominant chin. He greeted the visitors cordially.

"Ah, mon cher Emile, it is indeed pleasant to see you once more," he remarked as he took a seat beside the Commissaire. "And it was most kind to bring Monsieur le Major Americain with you and so honor my house. You come to have a little causerie and drink a glass of Chamberlain, or perhaps I can be of service to the armies?" His voice was liquid, his language graceful, faultless.

The Commissaire shifted uneasily in his chair. "I would wish nothing better than this causerie, mon Maurice," he murmured. "But I am afraid I come on an evil errand. Yes, an errand which is very, very evil. I wish that to any one but myself it might have fallen."

Radelle's black eyebrows lifted. "An evil errand? You bring me bad news?" His thin lips tightened, then he shrugged his shoulders. "Alors! In these cruel days of war one must be always prepared for evil. We have had reverses? Some one I love dearly has died in battle?" He pulled the bell cord hanging at the wall. "C'est la guerre. Let it be what it will be. At any rate let us have a drink of wine before you inform me. It will make the informing easier to bear."

A servant appeared with a decanter of wine. Radelle poured it. As he did so his lips lost their tautness, his striking face resumed its usual appearance of cultured ease. The men drank.

"Now let us hear this evil errand," the host requested.

The Commissaire nervously twisted his moustache. "It is a mistake, a terrible mistake. You are my friend and I know it is not so. But I have argued and I can do nothing. I am not the general Foch. Monsieur le Major declares to me that in their prisons is a man who is a thief. And this thief—who lies—has said that of the objects he stole many he sold to you. I know this is not so. With my life I would swear it. But I can do nothing. . . . Monsieur le Major wishes to search your house."

Radelle put his wine glass upon the table. Coolly he filled it again, drank, and twirled the thin stem in his hand.

"I too am afraid Monsieur le Major is in error," he murmured to the detective. "It is my custom and was the custom of my father and my father's father before him to regard the slightest wish of the guest beneath their roof as their sacred law. But I am afraid this is indeed the request of a guest I must refuse. For perhaps it might be better to regard it not so much as a request, mon cher Major, but rather—a term which has not a pretty sound."

The detective stood up. "I am sorry, Monsieur Radelle," he declared gravely. "If I wrong you, you have my profoundest apologies. But I have information which leads me to believe that you have stolen American property concealed near your house, perhaps in it. Will you permit me and my aids to make a search or will I be put to the unpleasant extremity of asking Monsieur le Commissaire to place you under arrest?"

Radelle took out a cigarette and struck a match. "I thank you, Emile," he said to the pale French official. "You have given me a new experience. I have met many Americans, but never before a mad American."

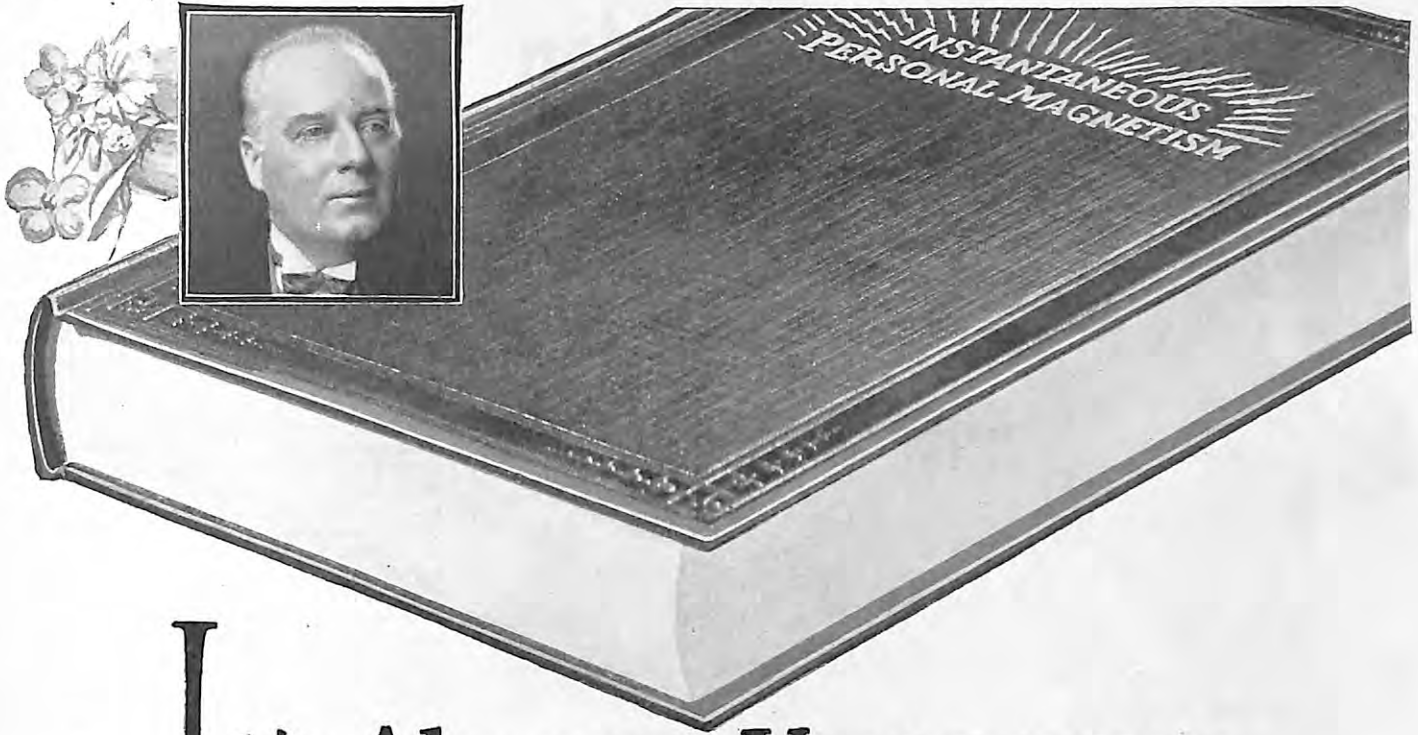
As he spoke a woman entered the room. She was clad in a long gown of yellow silk which brilliantly enhanced the blackness of her eyes and lustrous hair: the Major needed no second glance to know that this was the beautiful Madame Radelle in whose praise the Commissaire had waxed so enthusiastic. She was advancing to greet the visitors when she halted, struck by the wretchedness patent in the official's fat visage. Guessing that something was amiss, she turned to her husband.

"What is it, Maurice?" she demanded. "Why does Emile sit in his chair so sadly and why do you gaze so coldly at our guest? Tell me quickly. What is the matter?"

Radelle flicked the ash from his cigarette. "Little. Very little. Monsieur le Major is mad. And in his madness he accuses me of being a thief."

The woman helplessly searched the faces of the three men. "I . . . I . . . do not under-

(Continued on page 58)



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NAME

ADDRESS

The Fifth Cross

(Continued from page 56)

stand," she stammered. "What is this you say? A thief? No. I cannot understand."

The Commissaire shook his head in despair. "No one can understand. Perhaps the good God. But besides him no one! No one!"

The Major took a step forward. "Monsieur Radelle," he said. "I can wait no longer. We are merely wasting minutes. For the second and last time I ask you, will you permit my men to peacefully enter and search your house?"

"No. Assuredly no."

"Very well then." He turned to the Commissaire. "I formally charge Maurice Radelle with being a receiver of goods stolen from the American armies. I request that you arrest him." The Commissaire hesitated. The Major went on quickly. "I repeat that I ask you to arrest him. If you do not I shall myself put this house under surveillance in so far as I am able and take the matter up instantly with the French High Command."

THE Commissaire put his hand into his pocket and drew out a pair of handcuffs. "I am the Commissaire of police. I must do as you say. But I hope that before I see again a day like this I shall be dead." He strode toward his waiting friend.

The woman darted toward him. She caught his arms. "You shall not! You shall not!" she cried hysterically.

The Commissaire gently thrust her away.

The detective put a whistle to his mouth and blew a sharp blast. A few seconds later the seven men in laborers' clothes who had been hiding across the road darted through the door. "Hall, you take the garage," the Major ordered. "You were in it this afternoon. Jackson, you take charge of the upper floors. Davis, you take the cellar. Be careful of the things you handle. Don't break any private property. Report to me here when you're through."

In a moment the searching party had disappeared, to be replaced by two frightened children and three or four gaping servants whom the whistle had brought scurrying to the scene. The children saw Radelle, handcuffed, standing near the fireplace. They rushed across the room, clung weeping to him. The father gazed thoughtfully at one of the crouching dogs forming the andirons. The detective stood in the shadows of the corridor and waited.

He had been there perhaps two or three minutes when he saw the bright-gowned Madame Radelle slip furtively out of the room and climb a flight of stairs at the rear of the house. Soundlessly he followed. Concealing himself behind a thick tapestry, he saw her enter a bedroom, open a drawer in a finely wrought table, and take from it a pearl-handled revolver. She thrust this into a fold of her dress, then left the bedroom and walked to the head of the stairs. "Monsieur le Commissaire!" she called as if in bitter agony. "Monsieur le Commissaire! I suffer! Come to help me! I ask in the name of friendship!"

The Commissaire, puffing and bewildered, appeared at the foot of the stairs. The woman's hand darted to her dress. She whipped out the pistol, leveled it to fire. "Thus I give death to a false friend!" she cried with the intense Latin emotionalism which to the American so often seems theatrical. But the pistol did not explode. Instead it was jerked from her fingers by the Major hidden behind the tapestry.

"Sorry to disturb a lady," he said.

She gazed at him bitterly, shrugged her shoulders, and strode down the stairs to rejoin her spouse.

Soon the searchers arrived to make their reports. The upper floors of the building contained nothing to arouse suspicion. But in a cellar cut off from the rest of the residence they had found vast quantities of tires and the electric equipment so vital in the assembling and repair of automobiles and aeroplanes, while a supposedly unused garage adjoining the villa was a veritable warehouse. Yet though the operatives had searched exhaustively, not a single document could they discover which might link the aristocratic-mannered Radelle to that far-reaching and much-respected organization with which they were constantly waging a battle of wits and sometimes bullets—the German Secret Service.

The Major was not satisfied. He determined to make a personal search. He saw the Frenchman taken off to prison by the dazed Commissaire, then set to work. Like the others he discovered nothing which appeared suspicious. Most of the documents he found in the desk of the trim study or the drawers of the costly furniture in the bedroom were concerned with the management of the hotel which was Radelle's chief property; here voluminous accounts of expenditures and receipts, here a bank-book, here notes of a real estate transaction, here a few letters from hotel-keepers in other cities asking or giving information. He decided to take the papers to his hotel where he could study them at leisure.

Back in his room, he lit a cigarette, and spread the documents upon his desk. One by one he took them up and scanned the typed or written words, hoping to find some curious arrangement of the letters which might hold a hidden meaning, some juxtaposition of syllables which might prove a code. Again his efforts seemed about to prove futile. But in going through some industrial lists which tabulated cake factories, wine dealers, and food merchants throughout France, lists such as would be possessed by every hotel-keeper of consequence, he came upon a sheet of note paper bearing the addresses of five garages located in various small towns with whose names he was not familiar. Such a list in itself meant nothing; Radelle's legitimate business caused him to travel constantly and it was quite logical that he would have made note of the garages he found most to his liking in order to patronize them again when in the region. But the detective nevertheless was interested.

Securing a gazetteer of France from the hotel clerk, he returned to his room and laid on his desk the linen-backed map he always carried in his coat. After a little searching, he located the town where the first garage on the list was situated and marked it with a black cross. More searching, and he had located the second town and marked it also. The third, the fourth, the fifth followed in quick succession. With a few strokes of his pencil he connected the five crosses, then with a metric rule measured the distances between. He smiled exultantly. The crosses formed a direct line from Paris to Strasbourg in Germany. And with methodic regularity they were spaced from 200 to 225 kilometers apart, just a convenient night's travel for an automobile carrying spies.

WAITING until morning, the Major drove to the prison and was brought before the haggard-checked Radelle gloomily pacing up and down his cell. For an hour the two men sat conversing. Now the prisoner was soft-spoken and placid as though the officer were a casual caller at his villa, now he was cold and bitter in defiance, now he was pleading. At last, convinced that resistance was useless, and that compliance would spare his innocent family much sorrow, he agreed to the Major's plan. Carefully he shaved and made his toilet until no signs of his night in prison were apparent, and a few hours later was seated in his luxurious touring car, speeding along a country road. To the passing motorist he was merely a millionaire taking two friends for a drive; but the two friends were the Major and the gray-haired Hall, while the swarthy, intent chauffeur was a picked member of the French Secret Service. For most of the afternoon the quartet traveled through the soft, green-clad hills which overhung the highway, then toward evening entered a valley where a red roofed town perched on the bank of a microscopic river. They drove through it and halted before a flimsily built garage, isolated by a small patch of woods. Radelle stepped out. The Major and the chauffeur followed, their hands near their hidden pistols. They strode into the garage, rank with the odor of petrol. A heavy-jowled peasant clad in grease-stained overalls came forward. He saw the visitor; bowed to him with the deference of a clerk to his chief, a lieutenant to his general.

For an instant Radelle hesitated. But only for an instant. For he knew too well the meaning of the Major's casual reach for his handkerchief. With a nod he acknowledged the garage owner's salutation.

"All goes well?" he demanded.

The peasant shot a glance at Radelle's companions, then reassured, answered slowly: "Very well, monsieur."

(Continued on page 60)



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The Fifth Cross

(Continued from page 59)

"Who has passed during the night?"

"Three and seven, monsieur."

"Was there difficulty?"

"No difficulty, monsieur. Once the gendarmes have stopped them and have searched the car. But they find nothing."

"Good."

The two men exchanged a few more sentences, then Radelle and his silent escorts returned to the waiting automobile. They drove on to an inn a few kilometers up the road and halted for the night. In the morning they resumed their travels. Three times they repeated their strange procedure of the afternoon before, the touring-car coming to a stop before a garage, Radelle disembarking and striding into the grimy interior, with the swarthy chauffeur and the Major following like shadows close behind. Finally they entered a garage in the last of the towns marked with the black crosses. It was a town of Alsace Lorraine, located in the strip of German territory which the French had captured early in the war, and the dwellers in its red-plastered houses could plainly hear the booming of the guns at the front only a few miles away. The Major need search no further: this was the French terminus of the German underground. Here

German influence had been so strong and German immigration so frequent that a large proportion of the inhabitants were German patriots, willing to give their lives in the service of the Fatherland: here every church steeple was a potential signal tower. Thus it was an easy matter for the huge German Gothas to fly over the line under cover of darkness and glide down with their spies and messages to the secluded meadow of some favorably disposed farmer, where they would be safe from the eyes of the French military. So effective were these systems, the Major knew, that when the usual means of smuggling war materials through Spain and thence via submarine to Germany had failed, or the routes through the borders of other neutral countries had been temporarily obstructed, the planes in such emergencies could be employed to carry back to their hangars as much delicate mechanical equipment or badly needed surgical material as their long bellies would hold.

The detective's work was ended. Swiftly his news was wired to the French Intelligence; swiftly its squads swooped down for five simultaneous raids. And one great leak into Germany was plugged.

But there were many more.

Shadow River

(Continued from page 13)

nearest State man, who takes the points of ivory for a given price per kilo. The State price is pretty far below the trading companies' prices, so the chief doesn't always do it. It's a question of spying all around. If a white hunter poaches consistently, he'll get hooked sooner or later. Somebody'll report it, and whether it goes any further or not depends on how good a friend the hunter is of the State man who hears it. I tell you, Davy, champagne is a wonderful thing, properly used. Suppose you are up in the bush, and along I come with a few cases of fizz. Suppose you want to buy a case, and I sell it to you—but I've forgotten the price, and I say I'll write and let you know when I find out. Then suppose I forget to mention it again?"

"I wouldn't like it. I'd ask you about it."

"Of course you would. But everybody's not like you. You wouldn't understand. You'd never be a good ivory hunter, either."

"Neither were you."

"And there you are."

FRANCK leaned down and drew a little oval on the map that fenced in the section of jungle where the high Lomela was nearest the high Tchuapa. "That sounds like pretty crude work to you, Davy," he continued, "but that's finesse out here. That only breaks the ice. After that it's not so much trouble. You see, a man that comes out here to starve on the salary of an Agent Territoriale for the State is a Belgian always, and usually a pretty low Belgian at that. He has to do four years—think of it now, four years in this country. The English trading companies have proved that a man is a dead loss to them after eighteen months. Four years they have to do. *Four years*. And they like to go home from the colony with a little money to show for the time spent, not to speak of the time lost off the other end of their lives as a result, that they don't know about. No sir, after the champagne episode has gone down all right, you just begin paying imaginary debts with coin of the realm. 'Here you are, mon ami, the 500 francs you had the charming kindness to advance me when I passed here two months ago. Infiniment merci. And what do you hear from Brussels?' That's all, Davy. Then when somebody says that you killed five elephants on one permit, and they bring in niggers to prove it—niggers who have bought the meat from you—why this Agent says 'Scandalous!' and that's all he ever says. If the complainant carries it further, the Agent may get an instruction from the Administrateur, third class, to investigate. He finds the accusation very false indeed. The complaint may go to the second class Administrateur, and then to the one of the first class—even to

the Commissaire de District, perhaps; but it all comes back to the Agent Territoriale. Anyway, you have friends among some of these other people, too. . . . It's a long way from home out here. It's a new country. The first white man to come through here (your countryman) only did it comparatively few years ago. Djoli's father remembers Stanley well. . . . I call it pretty."

Davy felt a little weary and sat down in the chair. The morning was getting along now—the sun had the range. Davy felt a bit sick, too.

"Pull your chair over here by the bed," Franck said. "We've gotten off the subject a little. See where I've drawn this ring? You're going in there. Now I was about to explain why LeKeuche and party are going up to Moma and on to Iligapondou. But first I want to tell you that you don't stay in that ring there. That's just where you start, to be sure the old fellow hasn't slipped us on the west. After that you work on up as far as Bondo. Wait till you see that elephant bath in behind Bondo there. It's a beauty."

"Now the reason they went so far up is just the reason your inexperience is going to pull this thing off. They know too much. I can't say just how many herds, large and small, move through that area of ours up there in the course of a year, but this I do know, and so does LeKeuche; that for some reason all the herds that come in there from the north follow a natural inclination to go on east and south a bit and then cut down into the Sankuru. In other words they don't come out of that area by going straight west. I don't know why it is, so don't ask me—I only know that they've been doing it that way since the beginning of time, and that anyone going in there can see there are no trails leading out to the west. They all run well down into the Sankuru and then back into the Equator again below Itoko. There's a big lake in there; you'll see it some day. . . . Anyway, you get LeKeuche's reasoning now. And I—well, if I'm wrong I'm wrong, and we lose, but I don't see it that way. It sure was a smack when those three got onto our plans, because it was uncertain enough when we had it all to ourselves. That can't be helped now—it only means we'll have to work faster, so we won't waste time moaning over it. But there's this about it—I never had the slightest intention of sending you to Moma or the Sankuru, so they haven't changed our plans a bit. My hunch is for Isambo first, then work up slowly to Bondo, and then trek across to the Lomela and down as far as Itoko if necessary. If you finish that big arc, and do all the inside of it properly, it will take a year. By that time, if there's no Londelengi, we'll talk about it."

Franck also marked this route on the map—"If I'm wrong I'm wrong. But Londelengi is no ordinary animal. He's not with any herd and I don't think he'll follow the motions of the others." Franck put the map away and went out into the café and Davy sat for a while, thinking.

There was much to be done. The equipment had to be put together, the proper boys had not been hired, the supply list had to be completed. All the actual work of getting off was unstarted. But Davy was not thinking about these things; he was living for the moment at Jones' Place in Jackson Hole. He was sitting on the big lounge in front of the piñon pine fire; it was after dinner—Marcella sat beside him. He was drawing a flannel patch through the barrel of his deer gun. They were married. She was sitting with one foot curled under her, chin in hand, shock of dark hair fallen forward as she bent over her book. Davy looked at her, studying the delicate curve of her neck, her firm, round forearm, the contour of her cheek. . . . He had met her; now they were married.

. . . There was much to be done—but for a little while, a happy, very little while, Davy Jones lived 8,000 miles from Coquihlatville, from Franck, from Londelengi, from LeKeuche, Jadot, and Gerard.

THE stuff covered the whole verendah. It certainly wasn't Davy's idea of a legitimate amount of gear for a camping trip. But Franck ought to know. And Davy had read in books that it was a different story in Africa, and that a man must have every possible convenience when he tackled the job of living in the jungles.

There were four tent packs alone: green day tent with an extra fly to cut the sun, flyless night tent of light canvas, cook tent, bath tent. He and Franck had a small palaver about the last two. Franck said, "Davy, you have to eat three times a day—please shut up. If you miss a meal it's not like missing a meal at home. And you know it rains here sometimes. Not like it rains at home. You have to bathe twice a day, and no white man without State soldiers has ever been able to keep the niggers from ganging around to watch the process. It's been proved bad for morale, this twice-a-day naked show by the white man—unarmed, soft-skinned, helpless. Please shut up; you'll see the reason for all this stuff later."

"Well, I should think one tent for day and night, with a removable fly, would take the place of two, anyway."

"Oh, Davy, shut up. Who's running this thing? Who's paying for it? If it goes through I take my 30 per cent. and no more, and if it fails I'm out. You don't think I'd start you out under handicaps, do you?"

"That 30 per cent. business," said Davy, "was your idea. Fifty-fifty was what I thought was fair." Davy got a bit pale in the face. Franck began to laugh, and pretty soon he sat down on a case and roared.

"And in the meantime Londelengi's still tearing holes in the bush and eating my country's palm fruit. Come on, mon ami, the 30 per cent. is all I take, as I told you. We can't go over that again. You risk everything, I risk a few francs—ca n'est rien. Shut up and let me decide about the equipment."

Davy did, after that. But he said to Franck that risking everything was no great hardship right then to him. Franck was still laughing. "You'd be surprised how much you still have to lose," he said. A time came later when Davy remembered some of Franck's asides. . . .

So the argument ended on the tents and the rest of the equipment.

There never was, however, any argument about the guns to be taken. Davy's guns. Davy needed no tips from anyone on this part of his equipment. His small arms outfit was complete and in the best condition. Two Express rifles, British hand-made elephant guns which he had bought, sparing no expense, on his way to West Africa. On was a Greener, calibre .577, ammunition charged with 100 grains of cordite. The other was a William Evans .500, 80 grain cordite, with a shorter barrel for hunting in the thick bush. Both were double-barreled, with hammers. They were beautiful pieces of workmanship, sturdy construction, powerful, foolproof. Then he had a Savage (Newton-designed) high powered .22 for mon-

(Continued on page 62)

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Shadow River

(Continued from page 61)

keys, marabou, small antelope, etc. A twelve gauge, double barreled shotgun and a Colt .45 revolver.

Franck and Fernandez watched Davy go over each arm, expertly opening and closing their actions, looking into barrels, and seeing to the sights before replacing them in their damp-proof cases.

"Your tall American might be taking care of babies, the way he handles those guns," Fernandez said. Fernandez was a Portuguese trader who owned the steamboat *Alda*—sailing the next morning for the Tchuapa with Davy and retinue aboard.

"I think he was born with a rifle in one hand and a revolver in the other. But you ought to look in those barrels; not a speck on them. He won fourth place in a national rifle contest in the United States just after the war."

Fernandez showed three teeth in a grin. His cloudy little black eyes were fixed on Davy's wide shoulders and the easy ripple of blue shirt over Davy's shoulder blades as he swung a panier of Congo potatoes to the back of a waiting negro. "Won't help him much with the elephant," Fernandez said; "and doing heavy work in front of those niggers won't help him much with them."

"He'll learn," Franck answered.

Franck shouted to Davy in English that he was breeding insurrection among the blacks, and telling him to take his ease now while he had the chance. "He's got twenty-one boys," said Franck, interrupting Fernandez's ruminations, "and they're hand-picked. That Djoli used to be my old captain. Of course he's getting a little old now, I guess, but he knows the bush, and he's a pure Bangala, so he can be counted on not to run in a tight place. That young giant there is named Tumba; he's Djoli's son and comes straight from the interior of Lusangania. He was recommended by the big chief up there, old Evoloko. Those two will keep the others in line. Djoli speaks a little French, but it's remarkable how Monsieur Jones is picking up Bangala. There are three Swahili boys, all three have qualified under white men as hunters, trackers and gunbearers. Then there's a general utility man—used to be a State policeman. I don't like ex-policemen as a rule, but I've seen this one around Coquilhatville here for a long time. Name's Bopio. He came up and applied so I put him on. The twelve boat boys are all good paddlers—you sent some of them over to me. And that helmsman, their capita, I think he worked for the Dutch houser as barreuer of the S. W. S. Mambere; you know she nosed up all the small streams—the only steamer that ever made a passage up the Yenge. That finishes the boys, except the servants, cook, personal boy, and small boy. It's not very many, there ought to be some extra ones, but if there are any desertsions, they can press in natives along the shores."

"Is he paying you well for outfitting him?" asked Fernandez.

FRANCK laughed. "Plenty," he said. "You know what I figure, Fernandez? I think as the owner of the only café in Coquilhatville, I am the logical one to build up a trade as outfitter to hunters. In East Africa, at Nairobi, there are several outfitters. I think as the Congo grows there should be a good business in it here, don't you?"

Fernandez said yes, but he saw no profit in it for himself, nor indeed any advantage in continuing this conversation, either financial or informational, so he went back to his store.

Franck had had a table set in his room and he and Davy had their farewell dinner in private. It had been planned as a rather festive affair; it was certainly the best the Congo could offer in the way of a meal. But somehow not much was said. There seemed to be little left to say.

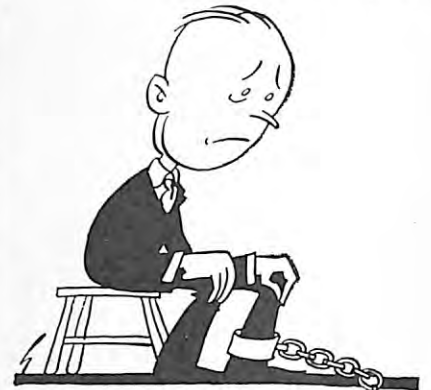
They sat for a time over their *Cointreau* and coffee.

"The *Alda* will push off before daylight," said Franck. "You better sleep on board."

"I'm going to," said Davy. "Will you be down in the morning?"

Franck shrugged. "Probably."

They sat for a time without speaking further, until Franck began a few desultory instructions



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AGENTS

about the care of Davy's baleinière and pirogue. In addition to the other equipment there were tied up alongside the *Alda* a five-ton baleinière or whaleboat and a light, strong pirogue, a native canoe made from a hollowed log. The baleinière, the most common method of water transportation for white men in the small rivers, was made of three-millimeter plates, and shaped like a whaleboat. It would carry all of Davy's gear, was paddled by twelve blacks, six sitting on each gunwale, steered by a rudder, and had the bows covered by an improvised banana-leaf roof long enough to shelter a camp cot. The craft was about twenty-two feet long. The pirogue was for the purpose of quick, short passages, poling through swamp, shallow water travel, etc.

"YOU'RE sure to scratch most of the paint off the baleinière in a few weeks' time. The current is fast in these high rivers, the turns are sharp and there are thousands of snags. You'll be lucky not to punch some holes in her. But you have a tin of red lead, and you know what to do. And remember to swamp the pirogue if you are not using it or have to leave it some place. If you let it stand very long on the surface of the water, and we should have a dry spell, the sun will crack it, and you'll play hell finding a nigger up in there who'll sell you one. Djoli knows all this stuff and most everything else I've told you for that matter, but I have a hard time trusting niggers, Davy. Djoli's about the best I ever saw, but you can't tell how he'd be if he found he was smarter than his white master. Their skins are black after all; this is their country, and we've taken it away from them. They've all got a spark of that memory in them somewhere. So you give the orders to Djoli and let him pass them on to the others. And the first time you have to deal direct with the others be sure you do it with a firm hand. If there's any insurrection, a heavy fist, my boy. As far as your actual movements are concerned, you can talk them over with Djoli first without him getting out of his place. Find out from him what's the best thing to do and then order him to do it. After a while you'll be running it yourself. But when you come to the elephants, keep him close to you or you'll shoot the wrong one. The first full-grown African elephant you see will be so much bigger than your Indian circus elephants that you'll think it's Londelengi. You've only got a license for two elephants so you can't afford but one mistake. And we can't afford to buy another license. There's another thing that may give you trouble a little later—your men may begin wondering why you pass up shots at good-sized elephants. Of course Djoli is the only one who knows why, unless he's told Tumba. I think it's all right if he has told Tumba, but I've forbidden him to breathe it to any one else. Now your men are sure to urge you to shoot, so they can have the meat, and they will get sore if you don't. One way around this, and most other troubles with niggers, is to get them meat whenever you can. You'll kill some buffalo, crocodile, and hippo, and you must see that your men get a good part of the meat. But don't give it to them—make them pay a small sum for it. You pay them a fair ration for their food, and it ruins niggers to give them too much. When you sell the rest of the meat to the bush niggers, charge them a little more for it than you do your own boys. That makes them see the advantage in being in your employ. Now don't underestimate the value of this meat business. A Congo nigger will almost commit murder for meat—in fact they did before the white men came, and it wasn't elephant meat, either."

"You speak of selling it to bush niggers," Davy cut in. "Suppose there aren't any? Shall I throw part of the meat away rather than spoil my boys?"

"You still don't understand the power of meat, Davy. You may not think there are any natives around, but if there's a dead buffalo, hippo, or elephant on the ground you'll see them coming from all directions, even if you're in a region marked 'Uninhabited' on the map."

Davy dropped a cigarette on the floor, stepped on it, and rose. "I guess I'll poke along," he said. "The boat sails early."

Franck said, "Well,—" and stood up. "I suppose there will be something important that we should have discussed. You'll probably think of it five minutes after the *Alda* is out of

(Continued on page 64)



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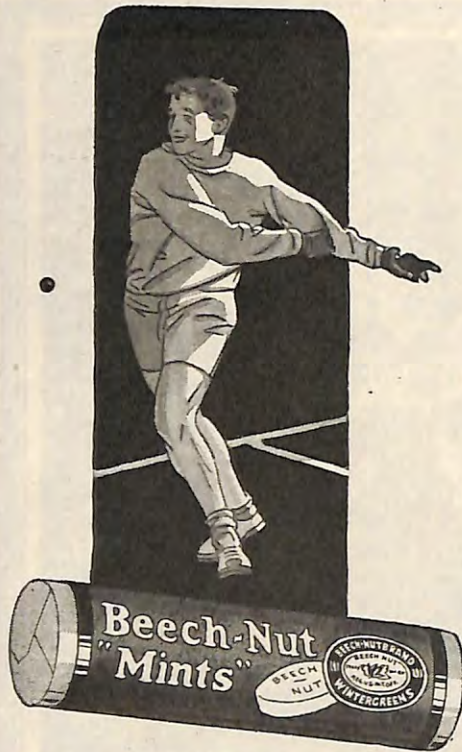
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Beech-Nut Mints

Shadow River

(Continued from page 63)

sight; it's always like that when somebody is going away."

"Yes," said Franck.

"But I've absorbed about all I could in this last three weeks since we've known about Londelengi. Most of what you've told me is written down."

"You'll get the hang of it pretty soon. Practical experience comes quick in the bush."

They shook hands. "I'm much obliged to you, Franck, for everything."

"Well, I'm glad you came along, Davy. I couldn't have been in this thing if you hadn't. And I sure wanted to be in it. In fact I'll never feel right unless I'm in the ivory business some way. It's in my blood, I guess. This café—it's just a gossip parlor. . . . I couldn't have trusted anybody but you."

"I don't see how you happened to trust me; you never saw me until two months ago. I'm a down-and-outer—typical white riff-raff of the tropics."

Franck smiled. "I know who I can trust."

"WELL, I'll do my damndest anyway. I'll get him if I can. Sometimes, when I think about it logically, it seems like the old needle in the haystack business, but maybe I'll be lucky."

"Just keep moving—comb the territory right. But don't move too fast and tire yourself out. Time enough for that if you pick up his trail. You'll have to move fast then, and carefully, too, because if you stampehe him he may lead you all the way back to Bokanja."

They shook hands again and Davy went down to the *Alda*. Once on board, Davy threw off his clothes and climbed into bed. He was dozing before Esoko, his personal boy, had finished tucking in the mosquito net.

Later, Davy heard a confusion—the banging of irons and the breaking of wood. It was morning. The niggers were firing up. He shouted for Esoko and stepped out of bed, feeling around in the darkness for the chair that held his bath wrapper. By the time he had finished his cup of tea and a cigarette the world was pink and turning silver. The *Alda* blew a long blast. A sentry from the post office came down with several sacks of mail for the upper rivers and Franck appeared at the top of the beach in pajamas. Apparently he was not coming any further. The *Alda* blew two short blasts and the planks to the beach were drawn on board. The black captain walked aft along the deck and looked back to see that all was clear astern.

Franck shouted, "Write!"

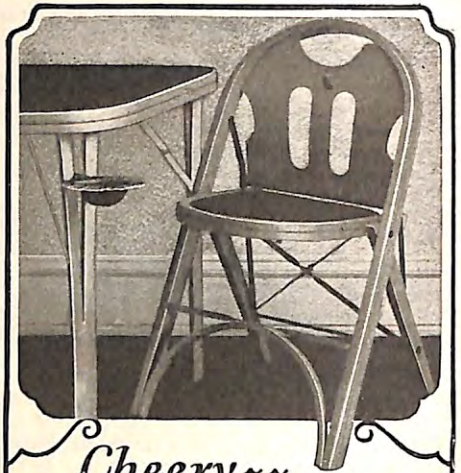
Davy nodded and they both waved. "I'll keep you posted on everything," Franck belted, using his hands as a megaphone. They waved again and Franck turned back. The *Alda* was under way. Fernandez, the owner, slept peacefully on. All this had happened to him every day for many years.

Davy called Djoli and asked if all the men were aboard below. Then he went to the rail to see that the baleinière and pirogue were riding safely. The stern paddle of the *Alda* was beating the water at full speed; the boat had settled down for the day's run.

Davy ordered a shower, and several boys made a firefighters' line and passed buckets of Congo water from hand to hand up the ladder and poured it in the shower box out aft. Then Esoko came for *monganga*, medicine, and Davy gave him three compressed tablets of potassium permanganate from his medicine kit, which he must throw into the white man's shower box. Davy gave them time to dissolve and then went aft and shaved, bathed, and dressed. He put on khaki trousers and blue shirt, and as Franck had told him they would have tsetse flies while going through the Ruki he put on his light canvas mosquito boots. Fernandez had turned out now, and was standing by the wheel in front of the cabin, talking to the helmsman and the captain. After a while his wife appeared and went below to spend the day among her own color. Davy and Fernandez sat down to breakfast.

The day grew hot, grew unbearable, and then grew bearable again. They tied up for the night at Ingende, under a high bank.

They stopped the next night at Bangu. Sem-



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March, 1927

blances of civilization were dropping away to nothing. The natives wore practically no clothes now—only little breech-clouts.

By the middle of the next morning the river had narrowed a little. The water was low; it was the dry season. They were in the Busira now. Sandbanks rose here and there, looking like snow-drifts in the sun.

Davy was dozing in his chair when Fernandez called him.

"Voulez-vous un peu du sport, Monsieur?" He showed his three teeth. "There's a big crocodile on one of these sandbanks we are coming to up here. The boys could use the meat, too."

Davy jerked his Springfield from its case, saw to the telescope sight, ran a patch through the bore to remove the preservative, took one solid point cartridge, and went up to the bow.

All the boys had seen it—all were waiting, the steamer boys with interest, his own boys with eagerness. He was their white man, a white man with guns who had come to kill animals. Now he was to shoot a gun.

Davy felt the tenseness and the little pre-competition tingle ran through him. It was his first shot in Africa.

The captain was pointing and in a minute he saw it—something long and black, a sort of scar on the snowy bank. It was a long way. Davy put the sights at 300 yards. The captain signaled the engineer to stop the paddle and the ship hung vibrationless in the stream. Davy steadied and raised the rifle—and all at once the tingling in his back was over. His Springfield lay in his hands like a friend. He glanced through the telescope and saw the crocodile's eye. He was ready—everything was ready—but something happened before he could fire. From the dead stillness of the boat there came a piercing yell from one of the men—one of his men. They say crocodiles can't hear, but this one heard. He began to move. Davy looked down and saw Djoli's palm smack against the open mouth of the ex-policeman called Bopio, and quiet came again. Davy steadied now on a moving target. The crocodile was making for the water. Slowly he led the sight down until it showed against the center of the ugly, scaly head. Then he squeezed the trigger.

CHAPTER III

THE big reptile sprang into the air, twisting, and fell back on its side. A roar went up from the steamer and Fernandez said, "Bien touché, mon vieux." Then somehow the crocodile regained its feet and started crawling slowly toward the edge of the sandbank. But it was only for a yard or two. The boys paddled up in the pirogue and threw a barbed lance into it and trailed it back to the steamer.

Davy called Djoli.

"What was the matter with that idiot?"

"He says he was excited, *Mondele*."

"He nearly ruined my shot. Tell him to keep quiet after this."

"I think he is bad, *Mondele*. Shall I send him away?"

"Send him away? I'll decide those things, Djoli, and let you know. You hit him pretty hard; that's enough."

Djoli went below and they began the cutting. The horned tail was still moving from side to side when it was half flayed. Davy watched, incredulous. It was his first insight into the truth of Franck's stories about the vitality of African beasts. Davy's bullet had passed through the crocodile's brain and come out the other side.

The *Alda* slept that night at Lotoko, a big river village at the junction of the Salonga and Busira rivers.

Fernandez sent his cook ashore to buy chickens and eggs, and Davy practiced his Bangala on the captain. The captain was pointing up the Salonga. "There are many elephants up there, *Mondele*," he said. "A long way—five days on the boat from here, but they are there."

"There are more in the high Tchuapa, aren't there?" Davy asked.

The captain shrugged. "There are many in the Salonga," he repeated. "Are you getting off here to go up the Salonga?"

"No, I'm going on to the Tchuapa. I get off at Isambo."

(Continued on page 66)

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IN the spring of 1937 two men will be sitting in a down-town restaurant.

"I wonder what's going to happen next year," one of them will say. "Business is fine now—but the next few years are going to be hard ones, and we may as well face the facts."

The man across the table will laugh.

"That's just what they said back in 1927," he will answer. "Remember? People were looking ahead apprehensively—and see what happened! Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before. They've certainly been good years for *me* . . ."

He will lean back in his chair with the easy confidence and poise that are the hallmark of real prosperity.

The older man will sit quiet a moment and then in a tone of infinite pathos:

"I wish I had those ten years back," he will say.

TODAY the interview quoted above is purely imaginary. But be assured of this—it will come true. Right now, at this very hour, men are dividing themselves into two groups, represented by the two individuals whose words are quoted. A few years from now there will be ten thousand such luncheons and one of the men will say:

"I have got what I wanted."

And the other will answer:

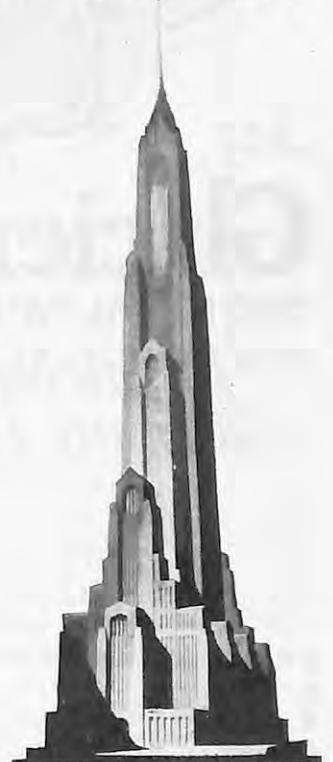
"I wish I had those years back."

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Shadow River

(Continued from page 65)

"If you see any elephants at Isambo they will be small elephants."

"Why is that?"

"There is a fine elephant bath near there. Only one half-hour away by pirogue. The white men always stop there, and they have killed the big elephants. Only females and small ones are left. The bulls have only small ivory, like this." The captain indicated the dimensions of a tusk that struck Davy as being quite sizable.

"But I sha'n't stay at Isambo," Davy said. "It is the first elephant bath on the Tchuapa, so I will start there. After that I will go on up and up, perhaps even as far as Moma, and then down into the Lomela."

The captain paused a moment and then pointed again toward the river Salonga. "There are many elephants up there, Mondele."

Davy looked at him, puzzled. "What's the matter, don't you think there are any in the Tchuapa?"

"Yes, sir, there are elephants in the Tchuapa, but in the Salonga there are elephants too, and there are no white man hunting in the Salonga."

"Oh," said Davy, and laughed. "You mean the three white men who hunt elephants, and who buy ivory: Messieurs LeKeuche, Jadot and Gerard?"

"I don't know their names with the other white people. We call them *Mondele na Nkoi*, *Mondele Mafuta Mingi*, *Mondele Suki Pamba*."

FERNANDEZ was lying on his bed in the cabin, and he joined the conversation from there. "That's just what the niggers call them to their faces," he said to Davy in French. "Every white man has two names; one is just something about his appearance, which they call him openly. That one is never very bad. It's the one they call him among themselves that's hard to find out."

"You must be able to understand some of them," Davy said. "Anyway, your wife would tell you."

"No, she won't tell anything. She'd be afraid of eating a bad paipai some morning. And those other names are not always in Bangala. Usually it's in Lonkundu, or some other language that the white man doesn't know. Anyway, who cares?"

"I think it's pretty interesting."
"You'll get over that."

"Well, by the way, what do those words mean the captain said? I know *mafuta mingi*—*Mondele Mafuta Mingi*, the fat white man; that must be Gerard. What are the others?"

"*Mondele na Nkoi* means the leopard white man or in other words, just the leopard. They call LeKeuche that." Fernandez laughed.

"He's proud of it. Most niggers are afraid of leopards, you know. *Suki Pamba* means no hair—bald head; that's Jadot." Fernandez's cook appeared at this moment to say that there were no chickens or other fresh food to be bought, and Fernandez left his cabin, cursing. "It's always the way with these villages at river junctions," he said, "fresh niggers. I don't know why it is." He went below and walked out on the beach, shouting for the chief, and then for his wife.

Davy turned again to the captain. "What's my name in Bangala?" he inquired.

"*Mondele na Bondoki*."

"White man of the gun? Oh, you mean since the crocodile to-day?"

The captain nodded. "Don't the other white men shoot guns like that?"

The captain shook his head. "They don't shoot guns like that. The crocodile was far away—perhaps two arrow shots." He paused. "Do you always shoot in the head, so far away?"

Davy wanted to say "part of the time," but

he couldn't think how to say it, fortunately. So he said, "Certainly," and his reputation was made.

There seemed to be a rising confusion in the village now, and for a minute they were silent, listening. "I don't understand," Davy said, "why you think the Tchuapa is not a good place for me to hunt, if you say the other white men don't know how to shoot a gun."

The captain looked at Davy with some surprise. "They don't shoot much themselves. They stay in the villages. It is the black hunters." Then he said, "*Bango, bandoko na Bula Maladi*. 'They are friends of the Bula Matadi—the State Officers.'" Davy felt a little chill run over him. Even a black man was warning him now. He determined to sound out Fernandez the next day, if it could be brought about gracefully. . . . But a good deal was to take place before the next day.

A boy came up and said Fernandez wanted the captain in the village, where the row had reached pandemonium. Davy watched the captain walk down the plank carrying a handy log of wood, and decided that he was missing some excitement. He shoved his .45 in his belt and started for the village. Fernandez, however, put in appearance as Davy reached the beach. He was the active center of a throng of excited boat boys who were coming forward with him; several hundred villagers straggled after, men, women and children, most of them talking. Fernandez's cook, who walked beside him, was carrying a hen. Davy went back up on deck and Fernandez, when he reached the inshore barge, held up his arms for silence and told the villagers that Lotoko was a bad village, that they had lied about having no poultry, but that when he had found it in spite of them he paid a fair price anyway. He would brook no further nonsense, and they could all go back to the village now and keep quiet while the white men ate their dinner.

Fernandez joined Davy with a sort of flourish. He seemed well pleased; and when Davy asked him what all the row had been about his jaw opened in surprise. "Why," he said, "they claimed they didn't have any chickens, even after I offered them a good price."

"Maybe they didn't want to sell the chickens," Davy suggested.

"Well, but we have to keep chickens in our coop on board here. We can't live on tinned stuff all the time. You'll find out you have to get your chop where there's a chance out here."

"True enough," Davy said.

Davy went to bed directly after dinner. He was a little over-wrought, and the black captain's talk about the three Belgians was in his mind. It would, perhaps, be a mistake to bring the matter up with Fernandez, he thought. He fell asleep with the decision that Fernandez was certainly below the average intelligence of the whites in the Congo. But he was wrong. There were still quite a number of these other white people with whom he had still to come in contact.

IN THE night there was a cry. Then a little hell broke loose on board the *Alda*. Davy tore his net getting out of bed, but found he couldn't do anything when he was out. The *Alda* was well away from the bank, drifting down in the strong current onto the snags below Lotoko.

"*Les batards ont coupé les lignes!*" Fernandez bellowed—he who always knew beforehand what they were going to do.

It was true. The steamer sentry had, of course, been asleep, and the villagers, angry about the chickens, had cut the lines and set them adrift. The fires were banked down and there was no steam. Fernandez went mad.

(To be continued)



Water Lou

(Continued from page 26)

claim Water Lou about twenty minutes before the race, and there you are. He'll have the pick of my stable—best little mare right now on the Keep-a-Hustling list, and she won't have cost him a jitney. And if she develops like she's a-promising, he'll be able to sell her before the end of the season for most any kind of price he cares to set. Best of all, look at the laugh he'll have on me, telling folks how he did me out of my best horse."

"Well, I do declare to goodness! And he's actually offered Fleabit the money already?"

"Yep. He done told me about it this evenin'."

"He's a straight little boy, and I'm right proud of him. I hope he didn't get mad and pick a fight when he refused."

"Oh, he didn't refuse. He told 'em he'd do it."

"Told them he'd do it?"

"Certainly. I told him to."

"Why, Father!"

"THERE, there now, old lady, everything going to be all right. Ain't going to be any scorners left on the way when I get through. If Holy Joe wants a Wafer Lou that bad I aim to see he meets one—only think it'll be spelled different."

Neither by word nor otherwise was the compact between E. B. and Holy Joe referred to again by the principals to the agreement until the following Monday afternoon, when, after the last race, the Kentuckian sought out Trumble and handed him ten hundred-dollar bills.

"This here's for our bet to-morrow," explained E. B. "You said you wanted to get it all settled before the race, so's you could bet this thousand at higher odds than you're giving me."

"That's right. We'll pull off a good one to-morrow. Well, everything set?"

"Yep. Reckon so."

"Picked out a rider?"

"Fleabit'll ride. He's the best I got and I don't aim to take any chance."

"That's right," cordially endorsed the bookmaker, and turned away to hide any gleam of triumph that might betray him.

With the sailing apparently so very plain and smooth, Holy Joe therefore wasn't prepared for the agitated entry of the Kentuckian the following morning at a time when Trumble was collecting the information gathered for him that day by the clockers.

"Can I see you a minute private?" asked E. B., obviously much disturbed.

"Sure," agreed the bookmaker, anxiously. He hoped E. B. hadn't ferreted out anything that . . . maybe Fleabit had talked; still, that wasn't any good, since there wasn't any possibility of tracing the connection between a Plimsoll stable-boy and himself.

"Listen," confided E. B. when the two had drawn away from the others. "We'll have to call this whole thing off for to-day."

"Why, what's wrong?" demanded Trumble.

"Water Lou."

"Nix. My clockers just ticked off her sprint, and when the boy set her down this morning she went at the rate of ten long miles in nothing flat."

"That's just the trouble, dang the blame luck," wailed Water Lou's owner. "She bruised a joint in her off forefoot and it's swelling up right now's big as your head."

"What!"

"That's whatever. So I'll ask you, please, sir, for my thousand dollars back, and we'll wait till she gets better."

"But maybe she won't get better. A bruise like that's liable to be permanent."

"Well, I reckon that'll be my hard luck. I'll send her back to the farm for a brood mare, if so be that's the case. Anyway, we can pick another horse."

Trumble considered this, frowning.

"Lemme see that Water Lou thing," he growled at last.

E. B. shrugged his shoulders.

"All right. Come on over to the barn."

Trumble found that her owner had not exaggerated the extent of Water Lou's injury.

(Continued on page 68)

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Water Lou

(Continued from page 67)

Limping painfully, she was being led about the barn with the other horses, a great puffy swelling disfiguring the trim outlines of one ankle.

"So you see how it is," E. B. pointed out. "Uh-huh. It's a cinch she can't race this afternoon, and maybe not ever no more." agreed the bookmaker.

"And about that thousand dollars. . . ." Holy Joe grinned.

"As to that, a bet's a bet, E. B.," he replied. "After all, I'm entitled to something, too."

"But we had an agreement about" "Sure. You're welcome to go tell 'em all what sort of agreement you made with me. I'd like to hear it myself."

"You mean to say that bet's got to stand—with Water Lou in a fix where she might never be able to race again?"

"Yes, sir. That bet stands so far's I'm pers'nly concerned."

"Well then, by the gravy on the fatted calf, Water Lou's going to race this afternoon! Tod, take Lou in the stall and start dreening that ankle with hot water. Get Billy to help you. I'll come in and take charge myself in a minute."

Trumble laughed. "Not only does that bet stand, but I'll take more of the same, if you want it," he suggested.

"As for you, Trumble," roared E. B., "you get away from my barn and keep away. I've had my lesson for good, and that is never have no dealings with the likes of you. You've done said our bet stands, and that closes the transaction. Move."

Holy Joe Trumble reported the gist of this conversation, with much chuckled comment, to certain of his confreres.

"Yes, sir, I got a barb sunk into that old pirate at last," he concluded. "And while it ain't as much as I was hoping I'd take him over the jumps for, it's better'n nothing, ain't it?"

"You're not figuring to claim the mare now, are you?"

"With a leg like that? Say, whaddaya take me for? The Humane Society or something? Let him keep his goat for a brood mare if he wants to. I've got one grand out of him, and I don't propose to trade it for a horse you couldn't get the chorus of a last year's song for in a trade."

None the less, certain activities were being prosecuted with brisk dispatch in and about the Charnley Barn.

"Fleabit," commanded E. B., "take a right quick stroll over to the Plimsoll barn and tell that boy you want your money now. Never mind answering; you do just like I say."

FLEABIT returned with the message that his demand for cash had been met with scornful refusal.

"Someways he'd done found out about Water Lou, sir," he reported. "He says I must think he's crazy in the head, askin' for money to pull a horse with a leg like that. He says it's all off. He says for me to get to the hell out of there—nos'r, it wasn't me said that, but him. I never said nothing like that. I just went, and come back here to tell you."

"Umm. So he knew about Water Lou, already. And yet I ain't told a soul except Trumble. Now ain't that real strange? Yes, sir, it is so. But he called it off himself, which means that in spite of your agreement to pull the race, you are now at liberty to ride Water Lou as you please. That's good. So in the second race this evenin', my boy, you're to ride Water Lou to win. Understand?"

"But you ain't gonna let her run with a leg like that, are you?"

"Don't you fret that tow head of yours none," advised E. B. kindly. "Yes, you're going to ride Water Lou this evening," he chuckled reminiscently, "in a race where she can't lose."

The story of Water Lou's mishap had spread rapidly, for the entry of so valuable a thoroughbred in a claiming race had aroused considerable comment on the part of the talent, in itself. Thus, though the odds were tempting, there was next to no betting—a fact which caused many a

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one who had considered himself learned in the lore of the Bangtails to request he be kicked, inasmuch as Water Lou appeared at the start without hint or sign of dishfigurement and won the race on the bit, which means, freely translated, without visible exertion.

There was a distinctly chilly glint to E. B.'s eyes when he dropped in at the Palm Garden, beneath the grandstand, after the race, to collect a total of five thousand dollars from Holy Joe's paying teller. It was the sort of glint that seemed to preclude questions or argument.

But it was not in Holy Joe's make-up to let the incident pass without an effort to learn what had sprung the mine. Late the following afternoon, after the last race had been run, he saw E. B. and Fleabit standing side by side against the rail, looking across the infield to the spotless carmine and white of the Charnley Barn. Nothing unusual to that. E. B. was usually to be found there, all right. Fleabit was garbed in a suit the trousers whereof flared bell-mouthed at the cuffs; in a shirt of flossy striped silk. From a violent scarf there gleamed a pin that might or might not set a diamond.

"Say—E. B.," began Holy Joe uncertainly.

"Ummm."

"You—you sort of did it again, didn't you?"

"Ummm."

"Well, maybe some time I'll learn to keep my fingers out of the buzz saw," continued Holy Joe placatingly.

"Ummm."

"Well, I got no hard feelings, special. Only, E. B., what in hell happened to that horse?"

"She won."

"I know that. But that swelling?"

E. B. turned to Fleabit.

"Son, you run along to the barn and tell Mother I'll be right over for supper," eh commanded. Fleabit, preening his finery, obeyed.

"I don't want the little Tad should learn too much about the wickedness of this sinful world," he explained to Holy Joe.

"Sinful is right. You sure hung it on me."

"I'm downright certain you ain't ever going to tell nobody about this, Trumble, because you kind of feel that the place smarts a-plenty already without all these jesters rubbin' salt and vinegar on it."

"No. I ain't tellin' it on myself. Now about that swelling?"

"I'm a-coming to that. Ever put hydrogen peroxide on a cut?"

Holy Joe nodded.

"Well, you've seen how she bubbles when she strikes blood then, haven't you? So you take and fill a big syringe and hypodermic needle with peroxide, and inject it in a horse, just under the skin. Not in the flesh, mind you, but in the loose space just under the skin. She'll bubble in there, just the same, and the gas from those bubbles will puff the place out till it's most as big as your head. Then, when you're through, all you got to do is take a good sharp knife and make a tiny cut on top that swelling, and there ain't no more swelling. It goes out, just like pfff! And you wash out the cut a little, and

But Holy Joe had turned on his heel and was walking swiftly toward the Mystery Street gate.

The Man With a Bundle of Books

(Continued from page 31)

Harvey enters. Old man asleep. Must have been waiting hours. So sorry! Good God! The old chap's dead! Dead—and in a little dispatch box on the table lie a million dollars in United States Treasury Bonds. Also a card.

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Flash of grim hand of the law clutching Harvey's shoulder, while we witness struggle of the man's two natures. Then—taking the money,

(Continued on page 70)



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The Man With a Bundle of Books

(Continued from page 69)

Mr. Garrard turns out the lights and leaves the dead man to himself. (We suggest that the orchestra here play Damrosch's setting for "Dannie Deever." It will add a final prickle to the spine.)

Reel two: Modest apartment in Paris. There we see Grace Swayle, orphan-granddaughter of the old Yankee, living in comparative poverty. (Her father having married a French actress and got himself cut off without a nickel. You know how it is.) Grace is learning to be a secretary. Now, joyously, she is about to meet her unknown but forgiving grandparent Swayle in London, when—

Close-up of telegram. Grandfather dead! Flash back to London now. Harvey banks the ill-gotten money. Scotland Yard prowls around a bit concerning the death mystery, but Harvey tells a good story. No complication so far.

Again the warehouse, reached, as usual by motor car. Fine chance here for pictures of Westminster Bridge and other points in London Town on foggy nights. Again on leaving his office Harvey discerns a light in the reception room. His nerves do a turn or two. Is this a ghost!

No! It is a girl, who comes quickly out of the shadows when Harvey, in a panic, turns on all the electricity. Ebenezer Swayle's granddaughter! Nemesis, fate, love—all in one small, beautiful person.

"That will do," cried the Man With The Bundle. "Don't go on. You get too carried away with this sort of stuff. In a word, tell me if he hangs."

"Not Harvey. But he has a time of it. In reel three you think the granddaughter is a clever detective from Scotland Yard. She trails him to America as his secretary and back again. Simply mad about him, the girl is, but she had us guessing. Then the beautiful wife walks off and begins proceedings for a divorce. Meanwhile on the stolen bonds Harvey has cornered the leather market. Then the show down."

"Is this motion picture that you are gratuitously concocting out of Mr. Oppenheim's book all fogs, warehouses, night scenes and shivers?"

"My dear man! Do you think that would get over! No. It ends grandly for every one except the proud ex-Mrs. Garrard in a blaze of sunshine, blue Mediterranean, palm trees, roses, fluttering chiffons—in short the terrace at Monte Carlo. And now we must add—

Close-up of plump and aristocratic infant in a pram. Mr. Oppenheim calls this child of a dozen silver spoons by the name of Philip. But to explain much in little we suggest that the initials on the "pram" be shown as E. S. G., and that as the soft air of the Riviera blows about the little chap, the letters spread out (you know what wonders printers perform in the pictures) into the words—Ebenezer Swayle Garrard."

"You make me utterly tired," quoth the ungrateful audience. "Tell me, without any nonsense, is it good?"

"It's grand. I told you we stayed up until indecent hours reading it. Oppenheim writes like a streak. He has a sure touch and a fine edge to his pen and—a sense of suspense."

"Guess it will do. We'll take it along. Wish you didn't talk so much."

"I must earn my bread. Do you begrudge—"

"*NONE BUT THE BRAVE*," by Arthur Schnitzler (Simon & Schuster, New York.) (A novel novel portraying the great advantage to be gained by ordering Vienna rolls and coffee before committing suicide.)

Gustl is a Herr Lieutenant,
Quite, we feel, Vienna's pride.
Wears a chip upon his shoulder,
Wears a sword upon his side.

Looks he right and left for insults,
As befits his rank and race,
Then a common baker fellow
Calls him "Fathead!" to his face.



This little machine—with
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Gustl is so flabbergasted,
So completely robbed of fight,
That he lets the swine who mocked him,
Beat it safely out of sight.

Nothing left now but dishonor,
(Life at best is just a tussle),
Nothing left but blow his brains out
For the Herr Lieutenant *Gustl*.

But our author, Mr. *Schnitzler*,
Glad we have no need to rhyme it,
Gives the Lieut. till early morning—
Lads like *Gustl* have to time it.

Six A. M.—Must have some coffee,
Supplemented by a roll.
“Heard the news!” The waiter gives him
Apoplexy’s latest toll.

Habetswallner—that’s the baker—
Up and had a fatal stroke.
Whal! He’s dead? And dead his insult?
Gott! Ain’t life a screaming joke!

Now our brave boy, he should worry,
Suicide can get the hook.
Schnitzler tells a pungent story
In this glowing little book.

AT THIS point two novels ostentatiously separated themselves from Our Man’s bundle. They were “*Echo Answers*,” by Elswyth Thane (Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York) and “*Young Anarchy*,” by Philip Gibbs (Geo. H. Doran Co., New York.)

“Anything alike?” asked O. M. “I was told that they were love stories.”

A little alike, we had to admit. Love has a way of being a universal sort of affair, you know. But Miss Thane is not Philip Gibbs, and vice versa.

Mr. Gibbs burns to tell us of the conflict between the new generation and those who were the new generation a few short years ago—burns to tell us of the gap between post-war and pre-war moralities, ethics and the whole social scheme. To bring his characters upon a stage sufficiently vivid, he involves them, one side or the other, in the General Strike which paralyzed England last summer. An enthralling political and social drama is the result, with the youngsters and all their errors and honesties coming out on top, and “Down with intolerance, and bigotry and the rest of it!”

We like the way that Philip Gibbs writes. He possesses the magic trick. We like his descriptions of Oxford, his delightful epigrams, his brilliant dialogue and his attitude toward life.

And now for “*Echo Answers*,” by young Miss Thane. Unless one has a taste for the highly sentimental, unalleviated by that grace and whimsy that sublime knack of pulling a rabbit out of a hat and making it seem the one thing that ought to come out of a hat, which is W. J. Locke’s own profound secret, why we fear the reader will not be able to wade through this tale without a smile or two.

In “*Echo Answers*” we have again a glimpse of love and life and very modern youth—as they all are supposed to flourish today. Miss Thane does not write of a revolution among her men and women as does Mr. Gibbs. She concerns herself with the specific heartaches and joys of a little group of quite thoroughly likable people in London. Love, indeed, plays havoc on many of her pages, but we are glad to be able to tell you that all ends happily.

Last year when we read Miss Thane’s “*Riders of the Wind*,” we were amazed at her virtuosity. This new piece of work is less of a “stunt”—indeed it is no stunt at all, but it once more displays her extraordinary gift for incident and color.

“AND that’s that,” quoth our Bookish Man. “We’ll tote them along, but now pick out some sturdier food, there’s a dear.”

“How about this? ‘*Seeing the South Sea Islands*,’ by William Lee Calton (Fred’k H. Hitchcock, The Grafton Press, New York.) That will balance your diet beautifully, and for all roving writers it will be the recipe for an unusual and delicious travel book.”

Take a well-selected number of South Sea Islands. Drain off the water.

(Continued on page 72)



Photo by International Newswire

JOHN J. MCGRAW
wizard of baseball
“Next to baseball, billiards is my favorite form of recreation. It is the one competitive sport, too, that recognizes no barriers of age.”

You Won't Grow Old - if You Play

How Noted Authors, Sportsmen, Athletes—leaders in every calling have discovered amazing benefits in the one ideal form of recreation for all ages—Billiards.



Photo by Underwood & Underwood
ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
celebrated author

“As a student I’d often play billiards for lunch and forego food. My slim figure is due largely to this diet, for I have never ceased to enjoy billiards.”



Table shown here is the Junior Grand

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The Man With a Bundle of Books

(Continued from page 71)

Put to simmer over a kindly, humorous fire. Stir constantly with clear-sighted comment, unbiased observation, and vivid intelligence.

Add picturesque customs, amazing descriptions, and new and valuable data.

Flavor with fascinating stories, such as that about Chief Tufele, who with his American education is doing his darndest to make Broadway and the Manua Isles meet somewhere in the Pacific.

Bring to a good heat, but do not boil over. (Leave this to Mr. Frederick O'Brien and others.)

Strain, or debunk, of all absurd and romantic bosh, but leave the Islands as they really are.

Serve with a generous sprinkling of photographs.

"What an idiot you are, really," said our friend. But we saw him make a grab for Mr. Calnon's excellent book, so we were satisfied. We heartily recommend it for all who have that "run-down" feeling about their reading.

NOW we come to "Under The Tonto Rim," by Zane Grey, (Harper & Bros., New York.)

The army of Mr. Zane Grey's almost fanatically loyal readers will go out with banners to greet this new novel of the great open spaces.

The book, however, leaves this department quite cold. Not from prejudice, because as you know we have waxed enthusiastic over Mr. Grey's yarns of desert and mountain, and not because we can not "get" the proper western view (remember how we trumpeted concerning a book called "Men and Horses" not so long ago?) but simply because we do not honestly believe this is as good a story as Zane Grey ought to write.

In tabloid: A city girl goes into the half-timber country of Arizona on a mission for the State Welfare Commission. She is to show the poor, ignorant folk up in the hills how to live. Incidentally, she shows the male contingent of these stalwart backwoods people how to love. And there you have it.

Fresh air, fights, wild-honey gathering—these are things that grow, of course, into good reading under Mr. Grey's practiced pen. But his people never, at least for us, take on the true tint of flesh and blood. Perhaps we ask too much. If, in such easy reading as we get in "Under The Tonto Rim" we breathe for a moment the high winds of the western mountains, if we hear the beat of hoofs on wild roads, if we possess, vicariously, a hardy life for the time being, the people who act out the obvious little play are, after all, gloriously unimportant. *Soil!*

"**MURDER at Smutty Nose and Other Murders**," by Edmund Pearson (Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.)

The Gentleman of the Diminishing Bundle turned this book about, puzzled like, and then handed it to us.

"You've read it?" he asked. We had, God help us and bring us safe home! Aren't there, we besought the Man, enough fresh murders every day in the newspapers, enough murders in mystery stories, enough murders in the movies? We realize full well that there is an eternal question as to whether ladies should live or not, but we doubt the wisdom of exterminating all the population!

Evidently driven to distraction by the public's growing appetite for horror and crime, Mr. Pearson has gone to old files and rewritten the stories—dramatically, it is true—of classic murders of yesteryear.

Beginning with the gruesome tragedy that took place on "Smutty Nose" one of the Isles of Shoals off Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in

1873, he brings the old "thrillers" back again. The disappearance of Dr. Parkman in Boston; the crime of Carlyle Harris; the famous Molineux case—all are here. Mr. Pearson has done his creepiest in these, but—and we ask it from a full heart—why do it at all?

WITH a shout of joy we snatched a book from the desk and waved it in the air. "Here's something for you!" we said. It was "So This Is Jazz," by Henry O. Osgood (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

Jazz at the bar of justice. The court room absolutely crowded with the most interesting people.

Over there are those dear folk who condemn the gay young thing as a sign from Satan. Over here are all those who love it and tune their days—or nights—to it.

Mr. Osgood is the more than brilliant attorney for the defense.

We, as the jury, are quickly brought to realize that he leaves no case at all for the prosecution.

Jazz wins out, magnificently. Instead of being hailed before a tribunal of any kind, jazz should, it is proved, be part of everybody's life. Just a little, anyway. We should let it set our weary toes spinning, should make it swing our static bodies into rhythm, we should let it flow, like joy, through us somehow. That's what you feel as you read this book.

Seriously, the story of jazz as given by Mr. Osgood, forms an enthralling study of "the new music," an insight into its history and development that amazes. Here is romance, real at that, if ever there was romance. And patriotism, too, invades the thing.

"Already," Mr. Osgood assures us, "jazz has shown itself to be the first art innovation originating in America and accepted seriously in Europe and acknowledged as purely American."

This broad-minded and inspiring study of our contribution to the arts is by a man who knows what he is talking about. Mr. Osgood was, for several years, assistant conductor of the Munich Royal Opera, and many other equally noble things. His book is authentic, serious, gay, altogether delightful.

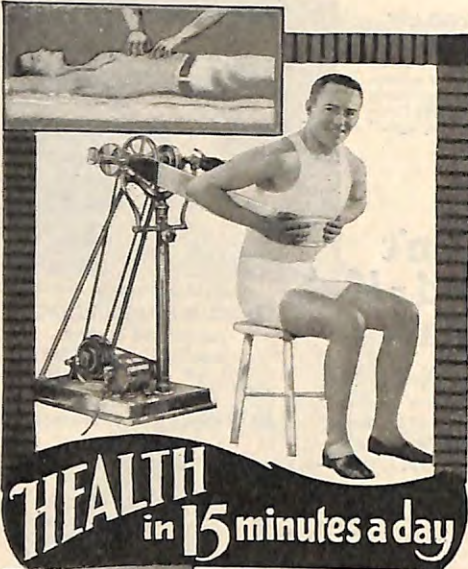
"**THE EMERALD**," by Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton. (Harper & Bros., New York.)

Two gentlemen of Merrie England have had a gay time putting this book together; Mr. Belloc in the writing of this leisurely and sprightly mystery story, and our dear friend Mr. Chesterton (he of the delightful essays and books ad lib.) showing off what he can do with a drawing pencil and contributing some delightful illustrations.

These two good chums across the sea have obviously enjoyed themselves so much over this tale of the disappearance of a priceless emerald and the search that ensues to recover it, that the reader is, perforce, compelled to join in the good humor. It is a distinctly British product, as it should be, and if at times we snap our fingers at the lack of hurry displayed in the telling of the story, we must at the same time relish the really "elegant" writing of Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton's clevernesses.

We do not recommend this book for jerky perusal on trains, or other restless places, but we do believe that if you are given to reading in bed after all the house has quieted down (a truly praiseworthy and Hidalgo habit) this volume will prove a delight. Try it.

"And that finishes your bundle," we told our visitor. "Now tie them all up again, like a good fellow, and get along down to the country. You've got a great collection."



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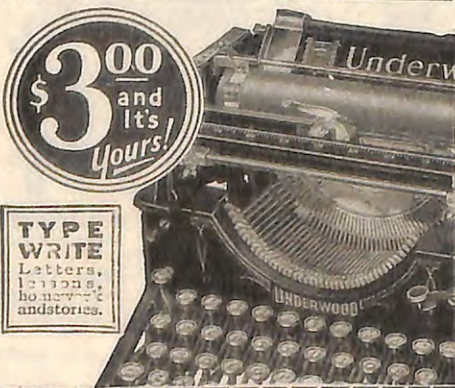
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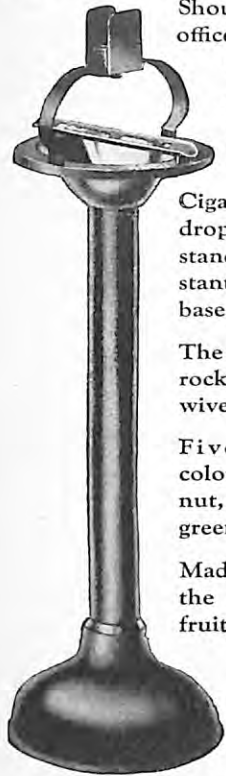
Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 43)

Springfield Lake Sanatorium in Akron, Ohio was achieved recently when an extremely rare disease was diagnosed as a result of experiments conducted there. This laboratory, completely equipped with the most modern apparatus, was presented to the sanatorium little more than a year ago by Akron Lodge, No. 363.

The disease in question was tularemia or "rabbit fever," and was the second case ever reported in Ohio. Ordinary bacteriological examinations had given little help, and it was not until Dr. Evelyn Crandall and Miss Geisla Fredericks, working in the Elks laboratory, had grown cultures of the bacteria, that they, with

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Dr. C. L. Hyde, of the sanatorium staff, were able to identify the disease as the very rare "rabbit fever." The case had interested physicians all over the country and the diagnosis was a triumph for the sanatorium and for Akron Lodge, whose gift had made it possible.

Blue Island, Ill., Lodge Praised By District Deputy Lalla

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James J. Lalla warmly complimented Blue Island, Ill., Lodge, No. 1331, on the occasion of his official visit. A good turn-out of members was on hand to greet the District Deputy and the work of the officers was impressively performed. The steady growth of the Lodge, its gratifying financial condition and the fine work of the secretary, treasurer and trustees, were all subjects of comment by Mr. Lalla.

News Wanted of John S. Lewis Of Dodge City, Kans., Lodge

Mrs. E. M. Bond, of Westcliffe, Colorado, is anxious for news of her brother, John S. Lewis, at one time a member of Dodge City, Kans., Lodge, No. 1406. He held a card in this Lodge, paid to April 1, 1926. Mr. Lewis was a brakeman by occupation and his last known address was Hoisington, Kans. Mrs. Bond last heard from her brother in July by a letter postmarked in the South, and is fearful that he may have been lost in the large floods that inundated the section at that time. Any one having information concerning Mr. Lewis would be conferring a favor by communicating with Mrs. Bond, or Secretary H. E. Ripple at Dodge City Lodge.

Clinton, Mo., Lodge Holds Fine Meeting

With a class of candidates so large that it had to be divided into two sections and initiated at separate sessions, Clinton, Mo., Lodge, No. 1034, a short time ago, held one of the most successful meetings in its history. Following the initiation of the first section of the class, which had taken place in the afternoon, a banquet was served in the Lodge room to some 300 persons. The Lodge room was then cleared and the remainder of the class initiated, after which there was a short program of speeches, followed by dancing. A number of visitors from Missouri Lodges, including District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. A. Lobban, who made an inspiring address, enjoyed the festivities.

Hazleton, Pa., Lodge Plans To Enlarge Its Home

Hazleton, Pa., Lodge, No. 200, plans to spend about \$100,000 on the construction of an annex to its Home. Among the luxuries and conveniences provided for in the accepted plans are a ball-room, Lodge room, bowling alley, and billiard room.

Prescott, Ariz., Lodge Sponsoring Boy Scout Troop

Prescott, Ariz., Lodge, No. 330, which plays an active rôle in all community welfare movements, sponsors one of the local Boy Scout Troops as part of its activities. The comfortable Home occupied by the members, which is the largest building in the city, is distinguished by a splendid figure of an elk, cast from native copper, standing on the top of the building.

Taunton, Mass., Lodge Pays Tribute To Charter Member

One of the outstanding events in the history of Taunton, Mass., Lodge, No. 150, was the testimonial dinner to Captain James H. Cash, a charter member of the Lodge, and Deputy Chief of the Taunton Police Department, on his completion of fifty years of police service. Originally planned as an Elk affair, the interest of the citizens generally was so great that it was decided to include all organizations in Taunton. Captain Cash is one of the best known and best loved men in the city and the gathering gave his innumerable friends an opportunity to express their affection and admiration. These were tangibly expressed in the

(Continued on page 74)

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 73)

presentation to the Captain of \$1,000 in gold, a silver loving cup and a life membership card in a solid gold case. But even more indicative of the high place he occupies in the hearts of his fellow townsmen was the outpouring of hundreds anxious to do him honor.

Hon. Joseph E. Warner, former speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, was the principal speaker, eulogizing Captain Cash's long and faithful service. Hon. Andrew J. McGraw, Mayor of Taunton, presented the purse, and Past Exalted Ruler Charles Cain, Jr., the life membership card. The splendid fashion in which the affair was carried out was largely due to Exalted Ruler Daniel A. Stanton, who was responsible for the arrangements.

Minstrel Show and Gift Add to Betty Bacharach Home Fund

Fourteen thousand dollars from ticket and box sales and program advertising, was the substantial sum taken in by Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, at its recent minstrel show. That it was the best production ever put on by this active and able Lodge was made clear by the enthusiasm of the members and the general public. The funds derived from the performance go each year into the fund maintained by the Lodge for the upkeep of the Betty Bacharach Home for Crippled Children, administered by Atlantic City Lodge.

Atlantic City Forest, No. 11, Tall Cedars of Lebanon, recently made a most generous contribution to this fund, \$500 from the proceeds of their recent minstrel show being appropriated by the Tall Cedars for this purpose, and transmitted to the treasury of No. 276 by Grand Tall Cedar Benjamin Bacharach.

Reading, Pa., Lodge Holds Crippled Children's Clinic

Under the auspices of the Crippled Kiddies Committee of Reading, Pa., Lodge, No. 115, Dr. Arthur J. Davidson conducted a crippled children's clinic in the Homeopathic Hospital and in the Home of the Lodge. At the hospital ten youngsters were operated on, and in the Home Dr. Davidson examined and prescribed for many more. At the same time some seventy-five children, who had been outfitted with braces, had been summoned for a refitting of the appliances which are straightening crooked bones or supporting weak ones. This splendid work of Reading Lodge, started in August, 1925, has aroused so much interest that it is possible the State may take a hand in it, it is said.

California State Elks Association In Close Contact with Lodges

In Official Letter No. 1 from the office of President Mifflin G. Potts, of the California State Elks Association, an urgent plea is made for full cooperation between the member Lodges and officers and committees of the Association. To this end Mr. Potts recommends that each Exalted Ruler appoint a "State Association Committee" in his Lodge, whose duty it will be to keep constantly in touch with Association activities and to keep the Lodge members thoroughly informed of such movements.

Mr. Potts has also appointed a Fraternal Association Committee, composed of the five vice-presidents and two assistants from each district, which will act as district executive committees to promote and foster all Association-sponsored movements. B. F. Lewis, of Fresno Lodge, No. 439, is chairman. A Lapsation Committee, of which W. E. Varcoe, of Alameda Lodge, No. 1015, is the head, has been formed to help the Subordinate Lodges with their unpaid-dues and lapsation problems.

Grand Exalted Ruler to be Greeted In Pennsylvania North Central

Danville, Berwick and Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodges, Nos. 754, 1138 and 436, are cooperating in plans for a gala reception to Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelov on April 4, when he will visit in Pennsylvania North Central. The first event on the program will be a reception

at the new Home of Danville Lodge, after which hosts and guests will travel ten miles to the splendid Home occupied by Bloomsburg Lodge, where the festivities will be continued. Following these, the membership of the three Lodges will convene in the National Guard Armory at Berwick where a large class will be initiated by the officers, after which a red fire parade will form and march to Westside Park, where an elaborate banquet will be served to the Grand Lodge officials, the past and present officers of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association and large delegations from at least twenty surrounding Lodges.

Galena, Ill., Lodge Holds Enjoyable Social Session

A fine "get-together" meeting, the first of a series planned for the winter months, was recently held by the members of Galena, Ill., Lodge, No. 882. Starting with a bounteous dinner enjoyed by the largest number who have attended a meeting for a long time, the program progressed to a regular Lodge session, followed by a delightful entertainment and social evening.

Detroit, Mich., Lodge Band a Great Radio Treat for Elks

The famous prize winning Elks Colonial Band of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, under the baton of Eugene G. LaBarre, is broadcasting a weekly concert through WCX (The Detroit Free Press Station) every Wednesday night from 8.00 to 9.00 P.M., Eastern Standard Time. This band has won the first prize for three consecutive years at the Elks National Conventions in Boston, 1924, Portland, 1925, and Chicago, 1926, and Elks who missed hearing them on these occasions may now tune in and decide for themselves the justice of the awards. The members of the band are all members of Detroit Lodge and none of them follows music for a livelihood, although every man belongs to The Musicians Union, a most unusual condition among fraternal bands. The fifty members are all equipped with burnished gold instruments with "Detroit B. P. O. E." engraved in platinum on the bell of each horn. This set of instruments is the finest ever manufactured.

Mr. LaBarre, the conductor, will be very pleased to honor requests, and says that if readers of the Magazine will write to him at 1451 Broadway, Detroit, Mich. they will hear their favorite pieces played on the program following the receipt of their letters.

Salisbury, Md., Lodge Produces Outstanding Minstrel Show

Two performances of a minstrel-revue preceded by a street parade half a mile long, was the recent contribution of Salisbury, Md., Lodge, No. 817, to the gaiety of its city. Admirably planned, produced and acted, the show, with a cast of sixty people, packed the Arcade Theatre, and on both evenings the S. R. O. signs were hung long before the performances started.

The parade was the biggest and most elaborate ever seen in Salisbury and the citizens turned out in great numbers to watch its triumphal march, while a news-reel company sent representatives to photograph it for the movies.

Birthday Utopian Crippled Kiddies Service Campaign

The opening gun of a statewide campaign to raise funds for the Crippled Kiddies Convalescent Home was fired in the Home of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, a short time ago. Held in connection with a regular meeting, the inspiring and entertaining program, arranged by Chairman Jack O'Dale and his committee for Crippled Kiddies Night, was attended by a crowd which taxed the capacity of the spacious Lodge room. Governor Roland H. Hartley headed a group of distinguished men and made a brief address, lauding the enterprise. Frank Grant, Past Potentate of El Kader Temple of the Shrine in Portland, showed stereopticon slides of orthopedic surgery, and Thomas Swale

(Continued on page 76)



Thousands Have This Priceless Gift - and Never Discover It!

Many men rob themselves of success, popularity, achievement and position which could rightfully be theirs if they would but recognize the presence of a priceless gift which nature gave them. They go through life timid, self-conscious, fearful and retiring instead of using this natural gift to dominate and control others and become leaders among men. Seven men out of every nine have this gift. You can now find out for yourself, by means of this amazing FREE test, if you are one of these.

NO SANE man would deliberately and knowingly throw away a chance to become an outstanding, influential and important figure, occupying a high-salaried job in his chosen profession. Yet, without knowing it, thousands of

men are throwing away a priceless gift which, if they would but bring it out from its hiding and use it, would obtain for them influence, position, popularity, power, leadership and money.

Nearly every man has in him the knack of powerful and convincing speech. This magic power is that thing which often rises up within you and demands expression, but is never heard because you lack confidence in your ability to speak with force and conviction.

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I don't care what work you are now doing. I don't care what may be your station in life. I don't care how timid and self-conscious you now are when called upon to

speak. If you will give me just fifteen minutes each day in the privacy of your home I will make you an accomplished and powerful speaker in a few short weeks or not charge you a single penny. You need not have a college education, nor do you need any kind of vocal training. By this amazing,

easy method you have only a few simple, easy-to-remember principles to learn. Then you will see how really easy it is to have the power of effective, convincing speech.

Why Powerful Speakers Are Picked for Important Jobs

If you will take particular notice, you will find that the big, important, high-salaried jobs invariably

go to men who are convincing talkers. Often you will see a man of this type forge ahead in business at an amazingly fast rate, while men of even greater ability stand tied to one job because they lack speaking power. That is the reason you quite often are astonished to see a man jump over the heads of many superiors into a job among the big leaders. It is the power and ability to speak with force and conviction that flashes men from

obscurity and low wages to prominence and high salaries.

Amazing Book Free Mail Coupon

If you will fill in and mail the coupon at once, you will receive a remarkable new book called "How to Work Wonders with Words." This book gives you an amazing test by which you can determine for yourself in five minutes whether you are one of the seven men out of every nine who possess the "hidden knack" of powerful speech, but do not know it. Decide for yourself if you are going to allow 15 minutes a day to stand between you and success. Thousands have found this to be the biggest step forward in their lives. If it has played such an important part in the lives of many big men, may it not in yours? Then mail the coupon at once.



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- How to propose and respond to toasts
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- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write better letters
- How to sell more goods
- How to train your memory
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
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The Barbasol Company
Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube.

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E-M-3-27

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 74)

delivered an impressive appeal for statewide cooperation, while the program was rounded out by musical and dancing numbers. It is expected to have the Home completed and in operation by July 1.

Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge Initiates Large Class

One of the most successful meetings of recent years was held a short time ago in the Home of Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1351, when fourteen candidates were initiated. More than 100 members of the "farthest north" Lodge gathered to witness the ritual and greet the new Elks, afterwards sitting down to a most enjoyable banquet. There were speeches and an illustrated lecture and a general good time, thoroughly appreciated by these far-away Elks.

Albany, N. Y., Lodge Holds Old Timers' Banquet

Old Timers' Night in Albany, N. Y., Lodge, No. 49, was a great success. From the moment the guests of the occasion entered the Home until they left there was not a dull moment. Speakers, singers, dancers and acrobats vied with one another to make the party memorable. Exalted Ruler James C. Fox welcomed the Old Timers on behalf of the Lodge, and Mayor John Boyd Thatcher, 2nd, for the city of Albany. State Senator William T. Byrne and Past Exalted Ruler Daniel H. Prior felicitated the guests of honor, for whom Past Exalted Rulers John F. Donovan, Edward P. Hanlon and William E. Drislane, and Warren S. Hastings responded. Souvenirs, in the form of leather bill folds with the dates 1886-1926, and the member's name stamped in gold, were presented to the Old Timers in attendance, and mailed to those who had been unable to take part.

San Pedro, Calif. Lodge Complimented By District Deputy Pyle

Accompanied by Dr. Ralph Hagan, Past President of the California State Elks Association, and Esteemed Leading Knight Jack Doyle, of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. G. Pyle recently paid his official visit to San Pedro, Calif., Lodge, No. 966. Mr. Pyle complimented the Lodge highly upon the rendition of the ritual by the officers, its excellent financial condition and its outside activities.

Welfare Committee of New York, N. Y., Lodge Endows Hospital Beds

Presenting a comprehensive report through Chairman A. F. Groll, the Social and Community Welfare Committee of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, announced the endowment of beds in the name of the Mother Lodge in the Beekman Street and Knickerbocker Hospitals. Another interesting feature of the report was a group of letters commenting upon the splendid charity work of the Lodge.

Past and Future Activities of Tampa, Fla., Lodge

Tampa, Fla., Lodge, No. 708, is one of the most active organizations in its community, and takes an interest in a variety of work. Among its recent welfare efforts was the erection of a hut at the Boy Scout camp, and another for the Girl Scouts. Elks Day at the South Florida Fair coincided with the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Lodge and was celebrated with a parade of automobiles and floats to the fair grounds, followed in the evening by an initiation and entertainment in the Home.

Plans for an elaborate reception to Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, who will visit Tampa on March 19, are now complete.

Lebanon, Ohio, Lodge Initiates "Garry Herrmann Class"

With the Lodge room filled to capacity, Lebanon, Ohio, Lodge, No. 422, recently ini-

tiated the "Garry Herrmann Class," one of the largest in its history, named in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann. The officers of Cincinnati Lodge, No. 5, had accepted the invitation to exemplify the ritualistic work and did so in a beautiful and impressive fashion. Mr. Herrmann was present as guest of honor and gave a most interesting talk, including an elaborate outline of the Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Cincinnati in July. The popularity of Mr. Herrmann in Lebanon Lodge was attested by the pledge of hearty cooperation given him. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Buning was also present, and in an address on "Reasons for The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks" had a valuable message for the older members of the Order as well as for the newly made Elks.

In honor of Mr. Herrmann fifty members of Cincinnati Lodge were in attendance, as were also visiting members from Toledo, Hamilton, Middletown, and Wilmington, including many present and Past Exalted Rulers. After the Lodge meeting a social session was held in the banquet room at which a program containing many entertaining features was enjoyed. The committee in charge of this outstanding meeting was made up of the following Past Exalted Rulers of Lebanon Lodge: James E. Burke, W. J. Pflanzner, C. J. Waggoner and G. A. Meloy.

Guard of Honor of Boston, Mass., Lodge Produces Minstrel Show

The Guard of Honor of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, put on three performances of a Minstrel Show and Frolic a short time ago in the magnificent new Home of No. 10. Major James F. Winston, organizer and director of the Guard, acted as interlocutor. The Guard of Honor, founded in 1924, plays an active part in the life of the Lodge, being especially prominent at conventions and receptions and on the occasions of visits by distinguished guests.

East Chicago, Ind., Lodge Dedicates Its Handsome New Home

Members of East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, are now fully established in their handsome new Home located at Magown and Chicago Avenues. The dedication of the building a short while ago was one of the most impressive rites witnessed by the citizens of the community in some time, and was attended by many representatives of Lodges in Indiana, north-eastern Illinois and western Michigan. The dedicatory services were conducted by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Hascall Rosenthal, who laid the cornerstone for the building last year. Among the other notable members of the Order who took part in the exercises were Grand Chaplain Rev. Dr. John Dysart; Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Claude A. Lee; and Alexander Wolf, Exalted Ruler of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4. Following the dedication of the Home there was a large banquet at which Grand Chaplain Dysart was the principal speaker, and Raleigh P. Hale, Past Exalted Ruler of East Chicago Lodge and Mayor of the city, the toastmaster.

The new Home is one of the finest buildings in the city, representing an investment of close to \$500,000. It is a three-story structure, the first floor consisting of store rooms, dining room, Chamber of Commerce headquarters, and headquarters for the Township Assessor. The second floor is reserved entirely for the purposes of the Lodge, and includes a large lounge and ballroom, ladies parlor, billiard hall, library, committee rooms, Lodge room, equipment room, small grill and kitchen and check rooms. On the third floor of the building are fifty-two living-rooms, all handsomely furnished, ten of which are reserved for members who come to East Chicago.

With their new Home now completed and occupied, the members of East Chicago Lodge have increased their activities greatly. Among the many live organizations of which they are proud, the band is perhaps the best known. This excellent musical unit was awarded first prize and the State Championship at the Valparaiso

Convention of the Indiana State Elks Association in 1925, and captured similar honors at last year's meeting of that Association in Elkhart. East Chicago Lodge was also awarded the national trophy at the Chicago Grand Lodge Convention last July for having the largest uniformed membership in the parade.

Many State Associations Conducting Fine Welfare Work

In a report received from William H. Reinhart, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, it is learned that a large number of State Elks Associations are carrying on definite programs of important welfare work. The New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Oregon, Washington, West Virginia, North Dakota, Wisconsin and Nebraska Associations give most of their attention to the crippled children's work which has done so much to give the Order as a whole its high place in the esteem of the country. The Illinois Association is engaged in Big Brother work, as is that of California, which also actively sponsors the Junior Order of Antlers. The Georgia Association has made the underprivileged children of the State its special care, while Oklahoma Elks are constructing a State Orphanage. The Minnesota Association maintains a welfare worker at the Mayo clinic in Rochester. This work is so important and affects Elks from so many parts of the country that the Grand Lodge is lending it its assistance.

The Associations in Iowa, Ohio, Michigan, Massachusetts and Kentucky are engaged in Scholarship Fund foundations for the purpose of aiding worthy boys and girls to receive a higher education. Money is lent to the student, without interest, on the recommendation of the Subordinate Lodge in whose jurisdiction he lives, and is payable when he has completed his education and has gone to work. The Iowa Association has at the present time some twenty-odd students which it is assisting in this manner.

Charles E. Witt, Assistant to Grand Secretary, Elected Exalted Ruler

Charles E. Witt, for many years assistant to Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson, and one of the most widely known Elks in the Order, has been elected Exalted Ruler of his home Lodge, Waterloo, Iowa, No. 290, in the place of B. B. Hunter, who resigned his office. Mr. Witt will continue his duties in the Grand Secretary's office, making the trip from Chicago to Waterloo every two weeks for the purpose of conducting Lodge sessions. The election of the new Exalted Ruler was unanimous and took place at one of the largest meetings in the history of Waterloo Lodge.

District Deputy Haggerty Honored By His Home Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. Edward Haggerty, Connecticut, West, is always accompanied on his official visits by a large delegation from his home Lodge, Greenwich, Conn., No. 1150. His fellow members have taken this way of showing their high regard for him, both as an individual and in his official capacity. On the occasion of his inspection of Norwalk Lodge, No. 709, fifty Greenwich Elks were present.

Greenwich Lodge recently held an excellent initiation, and there are plans on foot to make it one of the most active Lodges in the State.

Santa Monica, Calif., Members To Occupy New Home June 1

The members of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, are looking forward to moving into their magnificent new \$400,000 Home on or about June 1. This fine building has a frontage of 81 feet on Main Street and a depth of 200 feet, and is one of the most completely equipped Lodge Homes in California, having, in addition to the usual club and Lodge features, a magnificent Memorial Hall and a spacious gymnasium. Elaborate plans are being made for the formal dedication of this notable Home.

Lodges Are Warned to Look Out for This Man

In the course of a burglary in Santa Maria, (Continued on page 78)



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Newly patented Halvorfold—Bill-fold, Pass-case, Card-case—just what every Elk needs. No fumbling for your passes, just snap open your Halvorfold and they all show, each under separate transparent celluloid face protecting from dirt and wear. New ingenious loose-leaf device enables you to show 4, 8, 12 or 16 passes, membership cards, photos, etc. Also has two large card pockets and extra size bill-fold.

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beautiful, soft texture that shows real quality. All silk stitched, extra heavy, no flimsy cloth lining. 14 K. gold corners and snap fastener. Size 3 1/2 x 5 inches closed, just right for hip pocket. Backbone of loose-leaf device prevents breaking down. You simply can't wear out your Halvorfold!

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 77)

Calif., the last membership card issued to Dr. Roy P. Wilcox before he dimitted from Elgin, Ill., Lodge, No. 737, last April, was stolen, as were the Doctor's dimit, and an elk's tooth presented him by Elgin Lodge. The burglar is now carrying these items and is forging Dr. Wilcox's signature to checks, using them as identification. Should this man present himself at a Lodge he should be held and the police notified of this information.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge Greeted Grand Exalted Ruler

In the story of Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelov's trip published in the February issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE he was reported as having been greeted on his journey by Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 160, with its band. It was Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91, and its Elk Band of forty pieces which welcomed Mr. Grakelov. We regret very much that this was incorrectly reported.

Indiana Central Lodges Hold Interesting Meeting

Nine of the twelve Lodges in the Central District of Indiana were represented by their officers at a meeting held recently at the Home of Anderson, Ind., Lodge, No. 209. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Victor Bournique of Marion, Ind., Lodge, No. 195, presided at the meeting, and also acted as toastmaster at the banquet held later at the Stilwell Hotel. The discussion covered many topics of interest to the Lodges in the district, and arrangements were made for the annual meeting of the Indiana State Elks Association to be held next August in Muncie. Another meeting of these Lodges was called for April.

News of the Order From Far and Near

A well attended meeting was held by Rahway, N. J., Lodge, on the occasion of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jess H. Rubert's official visit.

Worcester, Mass., Lodge held a midwinter carnival in its Home last month which ran for five days.

A beefsteak dinner will be held by Jersey City, N. J., Lodge on St. Patrick's Day.

Williston, N. D., Lodge recently initiated a class of sixty-five, making a total of 215 new members this year.

Arlington, Mass., Lodge has just celebrated its fifth anniversary.

Some 350 couples attended the Charity Ball of Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge is considering plans for a new building to be erected on the lot adjoining its Home.

Fifty little orphan girls were the guests of Middlesboro, Ky., Lodge at its recent charity minstrel.

Hagerstown, Md., Lodge is inviting neighboring Lodges to join its second good-fellowship tour to the Shenandoah caverns, which will be made during apple blossom time.

Milton, Pa., Lodge held a smoker and entertainment in its Home.

Members of Chelsea, Mass., Lodge enjoyed an entertainment by thirty-five artists on the occasion of a recent get-together party.

New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with a dinner and entertainment in its Home.

The Tulane University Glee Club gave its first concert and dance of the year in the Home of New Orleans, La., Lodge, as guests of the members.

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge conducted a most successful three-cushion billiard tournament in which thirty-seven players participated in 494 games in eleven weeks of play.

When the officers of Somerville, Mass., Lodge visited Waltham Lodge to initiate a class for their hosts a delightful social session followed the meeting.

Jersey City, N. J., Lodge represented by Sam Garfunkel, won the three-cushion championship in the Elks Metropolitan Billiard Tournament when Mr. Garfunkel beat Louis Lipton, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge in the final game played in the Home of New York, N. Y., Lodge.

Lowell, Mass., Lodge produced an amateur entertainment in Keith's Theatre last month.

West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge celebrated its ninth anniversary with a dancing party at El Verano Hotel.

Detroit, Mich., Lodge produced its annual charity benefit last month in the Masonic Temple.

Weehawken, N. J., Lodge held an old fashioned beef steak dinner and entertainment a short time ago.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge held its twenty-fourth annual charity ball last month at the Commodore Hotel in New York City.

The officers of Centralia, Wash., Lodge initiated a class for Kelso Lodge in the latter's Home. Many members of Centralia Lodge accompanied their officers on the visit.

A Glee Club has been organized in Woburn, Mass., Lodge.

The new bowling alleys of Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge were opened with a series of exhibition and team matches.

The Boy Scout Troop sponsored by Eureka, Calif., Lodge scored ninety in an efficiency contest held only four months after its organization.

A class of nearly 150 was initiated by Des Plaines, Ill., Lodge on the occasion of the visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James J. Lalla.

Rochester, N. Y., Lodge is holding a series of concerts and dances to raise funds to send its Boys Band to the Grand Lodge Reunion in Cincinnati next July.

Rock Island, Ill., Lodge is now in its Home, having taken over and remodeled the spacious quarters of the Commercial Club.

The charity ball of Melrose, Mass., Lodge was a great social and financial success.

St. Johnsbury, Vt., Lodge produced "The Slicker" with a cast composed entirely of home talent.

Gloucester, Mass., Lodge recently celebrated its twenty-third birthday with a splendid banquet, entertainment and dance.

The annual charity ball of Ventura, Calif., Lodge was a great success, bringing into the Lodge fund some \$1,500.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge sold so many tickets for their minstrel show that they were forced to put on two performances a day. The proceeds went to the charity committee.

The proceeds of the Hospital Benefit dance given by Victor, Colo., Lodge were very substantial and ensure the continuance of a modern hospital in the district.

Muskegon, Mich., Lodge celebrated its thirty-third anniversary with a largely attended dinner and party.

A reception followed the initiation of a large class of candidates into Naugatuck, Conn., Lodge on the occasion of the visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. Edward Haggerty.

At the opening ceremonies of the new St. Raymond's School an American flag was presented by the members of Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge.

Paterson, N. J., Lodge celebrated its fortieth anniversary recently. The degree team of Hoboken Lodge, accompanied by its band, visited Paterson Lodge and conducted an initiation for their hosts.

A big prize bowling contest and exhibition matches marked the opening of Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge's four new alleys.

Among the numerous organizations which have held meetings in the Home of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge have been the Superior Court Judges, the Alumni Association of Santa Barbara State Teachers College, the Industrial Surgeons of Los Angeles, the Los Angeles Principals Club and many others.



“I Was So Embarrassed— You Sat There Like a Dummy!”

“WHAT do you mean—a *dummy*? Aren't you a bit harsh?”

“You know what I mean. Couldn't you think of *anything* to say?”

“No, I couldn't. How was I to get in on that kind of conversation?”

“And what did you expect them to talk about—business?”

“Really, Ja—”

“Oh, I'm so ashamed! I wanted to be proud of you, Ted. You are cleverer and more successful than any man who was at that dinner tonight—but you acted as though you were afraid to open your mouth.”

“I was, dear! What do I know about that philosopher they were talking about—what was his name?—Nietzsche. I couldn't even follow their conversation, half the time . . .”

“You should read more. It's pitiful! Why, you didn't contribute one idea or opinion all evening. I was so embarrassed!”

“I'd like to read more, but you know how much time I have!” He helped her into the cab, then turned to her with a smile. “But you made up for both of us tonight, Jane! You were wonderful! How did you ever find out so many things to talk about?”

Busy People Enjoy This Way of Becoming Well-Informed

Jane glowed, flattered by her husband's praise. “Do you really think I made a good impression on those people, Ted?”

“I should say you did!” he laughed. “You seemed to know about everything.

Well, you have plenty of time to read.”

“Is that so!” she retorted. “I have even less time to read than you. I found all that information in Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book.”

“What's that?”

“You must have heard about it. It's quite famous. Now don't tell me you don't know who Elbert Hubbard was! One of the most versatile men America has ever known—a writer, craftsman, orator, business man—a many-sided genius. Well, he began keeping a scrap book when he was quite young, and he kept it throughout life. He put into it only the things that inspired him most, choice bits from the best minds—the *highlights* of literature.”

“Great idea! Tell me more about it.”

Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book Selections from 500 great writers

All the way home she told him about Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book, and urged him to use it as she had.

“Imagine, Ted! In that one great Scrap Book are all the ideas that helped Hubbard most, all the wonderful bits of wisdom that inspired him—the greatest thoughts of the last four thousand years! He did all your reading for you! You don't need to go through long, tiresome volumes—you can get at a glance what Hubbard had to read days and days to find. Promise me you'll read in it every day for five or ten minutes, dear! It will make you so well-informed—you'll never need to feel embarrassed or uncomfortable in company again.”

“It sounds great,” he said, as the cab drew up at their door. “Why didn't you tell me about it long ago!”

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Layman and Expert

By Paul Tomlinson

IT IS, of course, a fundamental truth that in order to purchase securities it is first necessary to acquire money. In the great majority of cases the only way to acquire money is by hard and intelligent work. This applies to the merchant, the lawyer, the doctor, the salesman, to every person who is faced with the necessity of earning his living. Also it is true that in this modern world of keen competition so much activity is required in order to produce money that little or no time remains to the average man for the study of that very complex science known in the banking world as investment. In other words, paradoxical as it may seem, the men who know most about, and are most successful at the business of accumulating money, are frequently utterly devoid of any practical knowledge of how to go about the investing of it.

Who does not know men whose earning power in their own chosen field of activity is the envy of their acquaintances, but who when it comes to investing their earnings are childlike in their simplicity? These same men, say they are engineers or surgeons, would think it highly amusing if an investment banker tried without professional advice to build a bridge or perform an operation for appendicitis; they on the other hand have no hesitation about trying to practice the investment banker's profession, as complicated and intricate a pursuit as the one at which they are earning their own livings. Perhaps it might be to the benefit of the country if the buying and selling of securities were restricted to those who had passed an examination proving their fitness for such work, just as lawyers and doctors are required to pass tests before they are allowed to practice their professions. It might not be practicable to make such an arrangement, but were it done the citizens of the United States would doubtless be saved large amounts of money each year.

Now there are always opportunities in the investment world. Also, there are always what seem like opportunities, and it is not only difficult, but practically impossible for the layman to distinguish between the real and the false. Two stock issues may look very much alike, two bonds may seem to be of equal value, but appearances frequently are deceptive, and just as it requires expert knowledge and experience to diagnose a disease, so it is usually necessary to secure the benefit of expert banking knowledge and experience to determine what is good and what is bad in the field of investments. There are always good investments to be had, a fact of first importance for the unskilled investor to keep constantly in mind. The purveyor of fake securities always urges haste; he acts as if he were giving his prospective victim a chance that would never come again and that would be lost forever unless seized quickly. Which is utter nonsense. There are literally thousands of issues of securities which have been outstanding in the market for years, securities whose worth has been proved, and among them there are always many which present genuine investment opportunity. It may take the practiced eye of the expert to distinguish the securities which offer these opportunities, but expert advice is not hard to find, nor is it expensive.

Sometimes investment opportunities come in the form of new offerings. Sometimes issues which have been available for years are the ones which promise the investor the most for his money. In the case of new securities, in the case of securities of new enterprises at least, it is well to proceed with extreme caution. Of every new business started statistics show that only one in seven succeeds. The man who invests in an untried undertaking, therefore, has, on the face of things, only one chance in seven of not losing his money, and if any investor wants to see an impressive exhibit on this point let him borrow from his banker a copy of a book which records obsolete and worthless securities. There are hundreds and thousands of them, and frequent new editions of this book are required in order to keep the heavy mortality records up to date. Most of these worthless securities, it is safe to say, are of corporations which had been in existence only a short time before failure overtook them. Lack of capital may have caused their

downfall; ignorance of the business the promoters were engaging in may have done it; possibly the field entered was already overcrowded with competition entirely too stiff for an infant company to combat; then, as a matter of fact, the whole scheme may have been a stock selling promotion, and nothing more.

Someone has said that the secret of success in the business of buying securities is not to lose money, that if losses are eliminated, profits will take care of themselves. In actual practice there are few investors who ever consider losses; investment to them means revenue and profits, and with the optimism that is part and parcel of the average investor's nature the idea of disaster seldom presents itself. Nor, naturally, does the seller of doubtful securities touch upon this point if he can help it. His one idea is to make people buy and he is not scrupulous about the kind of arguments he employs. Further, his chance of making a sale depends upon gaining the consent of his victim quickly; if time is taken to think things over or if expert advice is sought, the seller must in the vast majority of cases look elsewhere for someone else to whom to sell.

Now it is not reasonable to expect a layman to know very much about investments. Why should he? His time and thought must of necessity be taken up with other matters. Why should John Smith, a busy merchant, be posted on the position of a certain convertible bond, know what its value is, and how it compares with other bonds which are selling at the same price and returning the same yield? How can Dr. William Jones, a busy physician, be expected to appraise accurately the investment value of a certain issue of common stock? It is not the business of these gentlemen to be conversant with such things. On the other hand, and this is the really important point, there is no disgrace in not knowing about them; the only inexcusable thing is not to admit lack of knowledge and not to seek the advice and help of someone who is qualified to supply them with it.

Investing is a science, an intricate field of knowledge which requires years of study and attention to master. The investment banker is in touch with the security markets every minute of his working day, six days a week. The executives in an investment banking house have enjoyed this contact over a varying period of years. When an investment question is presented to them for decision they have their own knowledge to draw on, and they have many precedents to guide them in the proper application of this knowledge. These investment houses have statistical departments which collect and collate the latest information about securities; through the comity existing between the members of the Investment Bankers Association one house can call on other houses to supply information which it itself may lack. One house may specialize in railroad securities, another in public utilities, a third in municipals, a fourth in industrial bonds and stocks. The fact that certain houses limit their attention to certain classes of investments, or even to certain investments within a particular group is an indication of how vast a range there is to the investment field, and how impossible it is for any layman to make an intelligent selection for himself.

An investment banker is a man engaged in the practice of a profession; sometimes he is a merchant who buys securities wholesale and sells them at retail; again he may merely be a broker who executes orders on commission. He may do all of these things, or he may do one of them, but in order to be successful he must know what he is doing. A banker is not in business for his health any more than a man who sells shoes or automobile accessories. Why should he be? A good banker knows, however, that his own success is absolutely dependent upon the value of the service he renders to his clients and customers; if the securities he aids them to buy prove valuable these clients and customers will benefit, and their prosperity means more orders for the banker and prosperity for him too. It is fair to assume, therefore, that an investment banking house which has been in business for a long time, and which during that time has grown and expanded and prospered, has done so

because its advice to its clients has been sound and reliable and honest. Probably there is no relation more dependent upon mutual respect and good will than that of an investment banker and his client.

Make money for a man and he is your friend; give him advice which results in financial loss, and friendship will immediately turn to dislike and distrust. Investment bankers know that this is the case; they have a constant haunting fear of being connected with some issue of bonds or stocks which may go bad, for one failure can do more harm to their reputation than a hundred successes can do good. The reliable investment banker is not in business for a month or for a year; he hopes to continue indefinitely and to that end his greatest asset is a reputation for honesty, fair dealing, and satisfied clients. Compare such a situation with that created by the sellers of worthless securities; many of these latter gentlemen would no more think of showing themselves to some of the people they have sold stocks to than they would of trying to fly to the moon.

There are two classes of people who make it a business to buy and sell securities; one is honest and reliable, with his customers' interests as well as his own at heart, while the other merely considers a customer as an aid to ready money. Similarly there are two classes of people who buy securities for investment; one knows how to go about it, and the other has no idea of how to proceed. If people were not ignorant of investment matters there would be no sellers of fake or worthless securities, simply because there would be nobody to whom they could be sold; dishonest purveyors of worthless securities would not be willing to pay big prices for "sucker lists"; and many people who are now engaged in a relentless fight against these crooked tricksters could devote their attention to other matters, as the necessity for their present work would soon disappear.

Experts make mistakes, of course. No human being is infallible, and no one can guard against every possible contingency. When a man is to have a major operation, however, he does not engage a layman to perform it; he secures the services of an expert.

Why not, therefore, admit that most of us know as little about investing as we do about medicine, or law, or education? If we will go on the principle that we are ignorant about investments but not too unintelligent to overlook the existence of people whose training, experience, and knowledge qualify them as experts in this business of which we ourselves know nothing, investing becomes a very simple matter indeed.

Investment Literature

"Fifty-four Years of Proven Safety": "How to Build an Independent Income" (1927 edition). The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

The North American Accident Insurance Company, 805 Bonnell Building, Newark, N. J., will be glad to send on request a booklet describing their new accident policy. Booklet E.

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The Grand Exalted Ruler's Western Trip

(Continued from page 38)

and Ballard Lodges, were visited on Friday, January 21, and a meeting at the Home of Seattle Lodge followed. In Seattle, following a reception by Mayor Bertha K. Landes at the City Hall, Mr. Grakelow was escorted to the Home of No. 92 by the Lodge's band. From there he went to the site of the proposed children's convalescent home to be erected by Washington Elks, where he turned the first shovelful of earth. Attending these ceremonies were Gus L. Thacker, President of the Washington State Elks Association; C. W. Van Rooy, President of the Birthday Utopian Crippled Kiddies Service; Mrs. George T. Myers, President of the Orthopedic Hospital, which will administer the home, and representatives from every Lodge in the State.

MORE of the motor trip was taken the next day when, after leaving Seattle, the first stop was at Bellingham for a luncheon meeting. Leaving here for Everett, there was a visit to Anacortes Lodge. Early dinner and a Lodge meeting followed at Everett, and the railroad was again resorted to, the Grand Exalted Ruler heading for Spokane, where he arrived Sunday morning, January 23, at 8 A. M. A whole day was spent with Spokane Lodge and the trip was resumed the next morning with Moscow, Idaho, Lodge, as the first stop.

Hugh D. MacCosham, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, and G. Harvey Moore, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, joined the party and accompanied the Grand Exalted Ruler from Moscow to Lewiston, Idaho, by motor. Here, at an impressive ceremony, also attended by District Deputy Harry L. Alcorn, the Grand Exalted Ruler dedicated the splendid new Home of Lewiston Lodge. From Lewiston the party reached Pendleton, Oregon, Lodge, by train, seven hours later. Another six hours, and Mr. Grakelow was off for Boise, Idaho, where the daylight hours of Wednesday, January 26, were spent with the members of Boise Lodge.

Ogden, Utah, was the next stop on the schedule. The Grand Exalted Ruler arrived early on the morning of Thursday, January 27, and a meeting was held. A drive to Salt Lake City followed. Here more than 1,000 Elks witnessed the initiation of a class of 300 at an afternoon meeting, while at least 1,500 attended the evening meeting. At the dance which followed 2,500 members and their guests crowded the Lodge Home.

Friday, January 29, was spent at Pocatello, where Idaho Elks were gathered to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler, and witness the initiation of a large special class. Mr. Grakelow had been met at Salt Lake City by a delegation from Pocatello Lodge, which included Exalted Ruler R. W. Jones, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William Wallin, chairman, and A. C. Hinckley, an official of the Oregon Short Line, who placed his private car at the disposal of the Grand Exalted Ruler. An elaborate program, which, however, allowed for a morning of rest, had been prepared by Pocatello Lodge. At noon Mr. Grakelow lunched with the officers and discussed with them the affairs of the Lodge, and then motored to an Indian dance and powwow put on by braves from the Fort Hall Reservation. In the evening he was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the officers and past officers of the Lodge, following which he attended the largest meeting ever held in Pocatello Lodge, where the class, composed of candidates from Pocatello, Blackfoot, Burley, Idaho Falls and Twin Falls Lodges, was initiated. His address to the Idaho Elks who had gathered to greet him was characteristically inspiring and was received with enthusiastic acclaim. At the close of the session the Idaho Technical Institute Symphony Orchestra of 50 pieces gave a splendid program, the feature of which was the "Grakelow Fidelity March" composed by Gaylord Sanford, who is a member of the Lodge and instructor of music in the Pocatello High School. Presentation of mementoes of his visit to the Grand Exalted Ruler and a buffet supper wound up the memorable occasion. The next afternoon the party, which included Past Grand Tiler E. W. Kelly and District Deputy Grand

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Exalted Rulers J. Henry Nibbe and Archie McTaggart, Mr. Hinckley, and Mr. Wallin, traveling in Mr. Hinckley's car, arrived at Butte, Montana, where a banquet was held.

Twenty-four more hours of train riding brought the Grand Exalted Ruler to Cheyenne, where the feature of the stay was a luncheon meeting. The next stop was at Greeley, Colorado, Lodge, and after a trip of almost another day, with passage through Denver, the head of the Order arrived at Pueblo to be met by a large committee of welcome.

A night meeting at Pueblo was followed by a run to Colorado Springs, where District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas M. Hunter and Joseph H. Loor, Secretary of the Colorado State Elks Association, were among those who greeted Mr. Grakelov. Returning to Denver for an evening meeting, the Grand Exalted Ruler left the night of Thursday, February 3, for Lincoln, Nebraska, where he arrived the next day for a luncheon meeting about 2 P. M. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George F. Corcoran, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain, were members of the reception committee here.

Arriving in Minneapolis, Minnesota, on the morning of Saturday, February 5, he was met by a committee of officers of No. 44, W. C. Robertson, of the Grand Lodge Social and Community Welfare Committee, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers W. F. Marcum and Charles F. Englin. Following breakfast at the Nicollet Hotel the party motored to Stillwater, where a luncheon in the Home of Stillwater Lodge had been arranged. Returning to Minneapolis the Grand Exalted Ruler met with the officers of the Minnesota State Elks Association, before appearing at the testimonial banquet in the Home of the Lodge. Here more than 300 Elks, representing every Lodge in the State, had gathered for one of the most brilliant functions in the Lodge's history. Among the speakers were Mr. Robertson, Lieutenant-Governor W. I. Nolan, Mayor George E. Leach, John E. Regan, Past President of the Minnesota State Elks Association, and Mr. Marcum and Mr. Englin. The Grand Exalted Ruler's own speech brought every member to his feet, and, at its close, was cheered to the echo. An informal reception was then held by Mr. Grakelov, after which he returned to his hotel for a brief rest before starting out the following morning on the remainder of his journey. The Grand Exalted Ruler was accompanied throughout his whole trip by William Heim, a close personal friend and a member of Philadelphia Lodge, who acted as his secretary.

From Minneapolis the Grand Exalted Ruler's schedule called for a number of stops on the way eastward to Philadelphia, where he was due to arrive on February 10. Starting February 11, he will visit a number of Eastern Lodges; and on March 4 he will start on a Southern trip, returning to Philadelphia on April 2. A detailed list of these coming visitations was printed in "Under the Spreading Antlers" in the February issue of the Magazine.

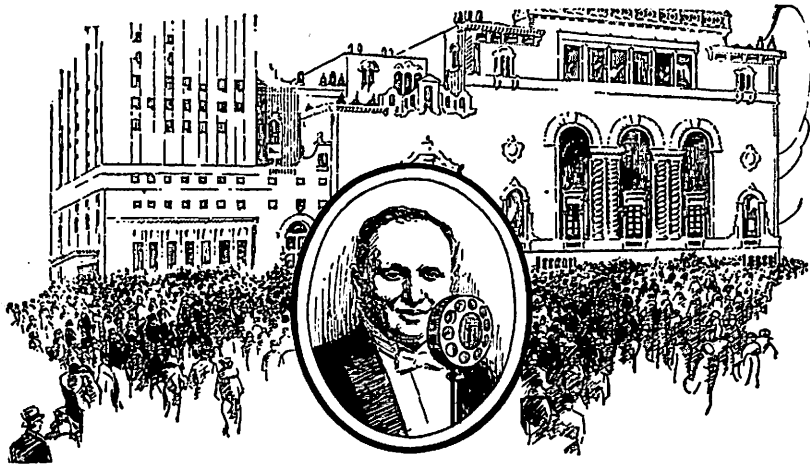
The First Elks Magazine Cruise

(Continued from page 36)

St. Thomas, one of the Virgin Islands, purchased by the United States from Denmark in 1917 for \$25,000,000, was next visited. With a fine harbor, St. Thomas was formerly a shipping rendezvous, but it is now infrequently visited by steamers. A short while ago, San Juan Lodge of Elks held a meeting on the island, under special dispensation, and initiated nearly forty members into the Porto Rico Lodge.

A committee of Elks from San Juan Lodge, No. 972, met the *Doric* at St. Thomas the evening of January 6, and one of the most enjoyable features of the cruise was the visit next day to Porto Rico. The *Doric* arrived at San Juan early the next morning, and the travelers were warmly welcomed by officers and members of the Lodge, as well as by public officials and prominent professional and business men of Porto Rico. Many of the visitors met old friends at San Juan, and the day was notable on this account also. The cruise passengers were quickly loaded into automobiles and taken on various trips around the island. Shortly after

(Continued on page 84)



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III. EARLY APPRECIATION: The theatre reaches its full earning power immediately upon its opening. Increase of market value of Roxy stock should be great at this time. Moreover, 15% of net earnings after preferred dividends must be used to retire Class "A" stock, which is not callable for less than \$50 per share.

IV. READY MARKETABILITY: Roxy Theatre stocks are widely distributed among nearly 6,000 investors. The corporation has agreed to make application in due course to list the shares on the New York Curb Market. The shares have already a real market.

V. ABLE MANAGEMENT: Roxy's financial and artistic successes while directing the Strand, Rivoli, Rialto and Capitol are a matter of record. At his own theatre he has fullest scope for his genius as the leading

motion picture showman of the country. Associated with him are experienced and resourceful men.

VI. STABILITY OF THE INDUSTRY: The motion picture business is a billion dollar industry. The flow of cash into the box office of a "first run" house is steady, regardless of trade cycles. The capacity of "first run" houses in New York is inadequate.

VII. LOCATION AND UNUSUAL FEATURES: A. The Theatre is in the heart of the New York theatrical district and yet removed from the traffic congestion of Times Square.

B. The Theatre is the largest in size and the design is superior. Architectural beauty and perfection of appointments are unsurpassed. Over 6,000 patrons may be seated, and every facility is provided for comfort and safety. While awaiting admission, patrons will be entertained in the spacious rotunda.

C. The pipe organ has three separate consoles operated by three organists, allowing a range of musical production never before attempted.

D. The orchestra pit may be raised or lowered at will. The stage is divided laterally into sections so that one act may fade in as another fades out. The stage has three terraces so that chorus, ballet and pictures may be shown simultaneously.

E. Special lighting equipment and the projecting machinery are revolutionary, eliminating necessity of darkening the theatre and making figures on the screen stand out in relief. The Vitaphone—the sensational new talking movie will be installed.

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The First Elks Magazine Cruise

(Continued from page 83)

noon all were brought to the scene of a monster barbecue, with all the usual inviting edible accompaniments, including the famous heart-of-palm salad. The Porto Rican barbecued pig is a celebrated institution and rightly so.

The last stop of THE ELKS MAGAZINE cruise was at Hamilton, Bermuda, early on Sunday morning, January 16. The absence of motor-cars was quickly noted, Bermuda being one of the few spots on earth where they are not permitted. Many of the tourists went by carriage, however, to the famous crystal cave, the big sightseeing point of the island. Luncheon was served to the members at the Hamilton Hotel and, at five o'clock in the afternoon, the *Doric* set her nose toward New York, where she docked forty-eight hours later.

There was no need for any one to spend a dull hour on the entire twenty-two days. Members of the cruise were well acquainted with one another almost from the start, and all deck and cabin games known to sea travel were engaged in. These included deck golf and tennis, shuffleboard, ring- and disk-pitching, and the like. There was also a swimming, or diving, pool and many found amusing exercise in marching around the ship's decks. There were many special events during the trip, including one mask and one costume ball, a gala night, a race meet, and numerous special dinner parties. The crowning entertainment of the voyage was the Elks Social Session, held the night before the boat docked at New York. This was probably the first time in the history of the Order that an Elks Social Session was held, and the Elks Eleven O'Clock Toast delivered, under a foreign flag on the high seas.

At the social session resolutions were adopted thanking Canal Zone and San Juan Lodges for their part in the receptions and entertainments tendered the cruise party at those places. Acknowledgment was also made of the splendid service given by all connected with the *S. S. Doric*. Commander S. Bolton, D.S.C., R.D., was specially praised for his kindly interest in all on board, and for his personal attention to details making for their comfort.

Two Past Grand Exalted Rulers were among the passengers: Joseph T. Fanning, Editor and Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, accompanied by Mrs. Fanning, and Hon. Rush L. Holland, with Mrs. Holland. Two other prominent members of the Order on the *Doric* were Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson and Past Grand Trustee William E. Drislane, the former accompanied by his son and the latter by his daughter. The Magazine was also represented by Charles S. Hart, Business Manager, and Mrs. Hart, and J. W. Lysons, Circulation Manager.

"The cruise left nothing to be desired," was the comment of Mr. Fanning. "Weather conditions were perfect, the countries visited were at their best for tourist interest, and we were everywhere greeted in some special and pleasing way. At the Panama Canal Zone and in Porto Rico, especially, where there are local Lodges of the Order of Elks, we were royally received. Mr. Boring and his office took splendid care of all the arrangements and details connected with the undertaking. The cruise was in every way so successful and enjoyable that it is not at all unlikely it will be made an annual event by THE ELKS MAGAZINE."

The Feud of Otter Tail Creek

(Continued from page 33)

During the momentary lull in the conflict, Graycoat the Wolf, had braced himself for an attack on whichever animal happened to be ousted from the den. But when no animal appeared, the wolf felt uneasy. Perhaps the two had killed one another in mortal combat—in which case he would be unable to sample the flesh of either. Graycoat was miserably hungry; he had chased the bull moose for several hours, and his side was sore where the big bull, driven to defend himself, had struck a glancing blow with a sharp hoof.

The storm had not abated, rather it increased in force, and the wolf doubly felt the need of food that he might better combat the force of the driving cold. His had been a hard life since the rabbits had all disappeared, and Graycoat was beginning to wonder, in the face of old age creeping upon him, if he would ever live to see another period of plenty.

When Silver King drove at the cornered Brownie, the latter, instead of cowering, rose to meet the attack, and from a peace-loving creature changed to a raging demon. Never had the big fox fought with such a whirlwind of action; the methods used by the otter were altogether unfamiliar to him and his most clever sallies were repulsed. Every time his jaws snapped they closed on emptiness, while the otter bit him severely on feet, legs and belly. In vain the fox tried to get at the sleek one's throat; the loose skin of the otter enabled him to virtually turn about within its folds. Within the short space of a few seconds Silver King admitted defeat in his own heart and gladly would he have called quits. But Brownie had changed to the aggressor. As they struggled to and fro in the inky blackness of the burrow, the otter's sharp teeth finally secured a firm hold in the loose skin of the fox's neck, and like a bulldog he hung on grimly.

Silver King fought desperately, but to no avail. The struggle had stirred up the accumulated dirt and dust of the fox den until the owner felt

himself choking. He must get to the open air or die in the attempt, and as he backed slowly toward the outlet the otter allowed himself to be dragged along, offering no resistance except what the weight of his body afforded.

Thus it happened that Graycoat saw, through the blurring snow, a strange sight. For a moment he thought the fox had been victorious and was even dragging his victim out into the open to finish him off properly. He smacked his lips in expectancy of killing two birds with one stone and pounced upon the luckless fox, grabbing him by the back of the neck with the intention of shaking the life from him. Luckily brownie lay perfectly still, and Graycoat, thinking he had finished the fox, decided to look over the sleek brown one.

At that instant Brownie was obsessed with a daring notion. Releasing his hold on the fox, which had not seriously injured Silver King, Brownie flashed in under the belly of Graycoat and biting deep into his vitals, caused the latter to whirl in mingled pain and astonishment. The fox, instantly alive to the possibilities in the situation the moment he felt free of the dragging weight at his throat, deserted his strange champion and slipped back into the den. A split second later a brown streak followed him and Brownie, the otter, quite content the way things had turned out, lay down in the first crook of the burrow and derived huge satisfaction from the knowledge that he had again thwarted Graycoat.

Thus did the Feud of Otter Tail Creek date from that night, for as Graycoat howled his wrath into the very teeth of the storm, the brown otter realized that no stone would remain unturned by the wolf in his attempt to even the score. Death of a horrible nature would be the punishment inflicted on the weaker animal, should Graycoat ever get the chance to inflict it.

Note: Further adventures of Brown Otter will appear in an early issue.

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