

# The Elks

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## Magazine

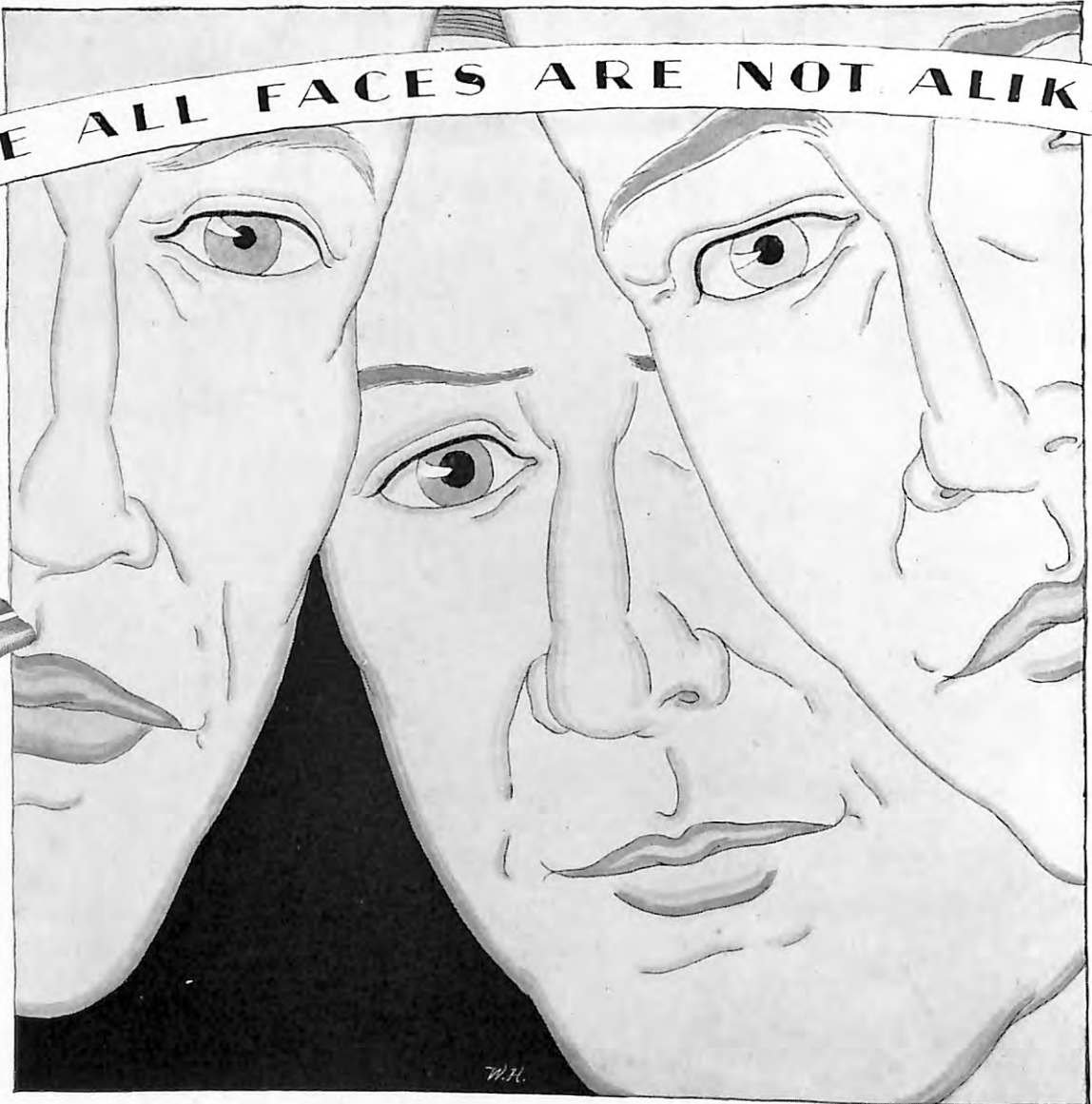
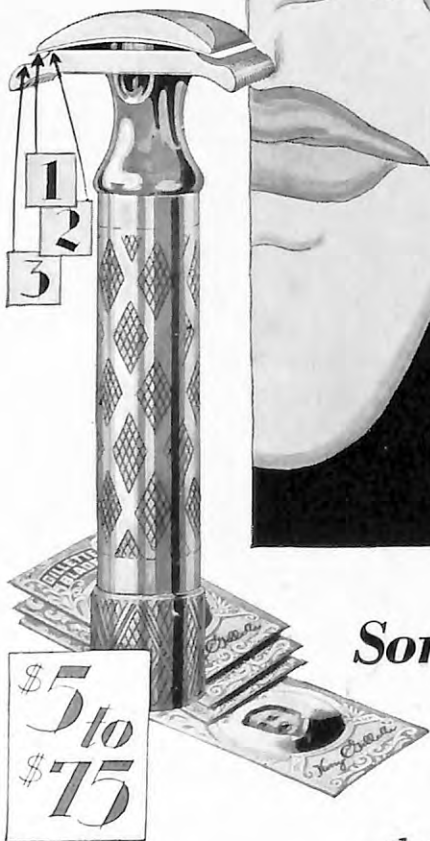
JULY, 1927  
20 CENTS A COPY



Beginning in this Issue: Thirty  
Years' Reminiscences of the American Turf



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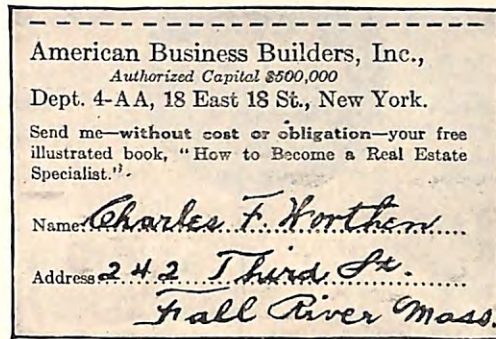
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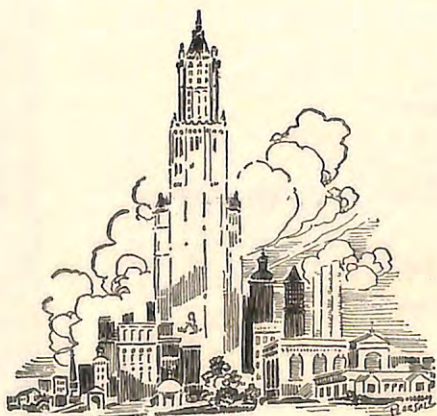
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 —From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Six  
 Number Two

# THE ELKS MAGAZINE

## Features for July, 1927

|  |    |   |    |
|--|----|---|----|
| Grand Exalted Ruler, Official Circular No. 6.....                        | 6  | Spy, a story by Ben Lucien Burman.....  | 26 |
| The Bronze Elk for the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building..... | 7  | <i>Illustrations by George Wright</i>   |    |
| <i>With photographs</i>  |    | The Story of William Frederick Cody—  |    |
| From Start to Finish, reminiscences of the turf by Jack L. Dempsey.....  | 8  | Part III, by Courtney Ryley Cooper....  | 30 |
| <i>Illustrations by Baroness Dombrowski</i>                              |    | <i>With photographs</i>   |    |
| Gratitude, a story by William Hazlett Upson.....                         | 12 | Shadow River, Part IV, a novel of elephant hunting in Africa, by Walton Hall Smith..... | 34 |
| <i>Illustrations by Albert Levering</i>                                  |    | <i>Illustrations by Douglas Duer</i>  |    |
| Hell and Highwater, an article by Arthur Chapman.....                    | 14 | Editorials.....   | 38 |
| <i>With photographs</i>  |    | 1927 Grand Lodge Reunion in Cincinnati.   | 40 |
| Behind the Footlights and on the Screen..                                | 19 | <i>Bulletin No. 7</i>   |    |
| International Competitions, an article by W. O. McGeehan.....            | 22 | Under the Spreading Antlers, News of the Order.....                                     | 42 |
| <i>With photographs</i>  |    | Communication from Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow.....                                    | 48 |
| Should America Forgive Her Debtors? an article by Paul Tomlinson.....    | 24 | Program of the Elks National Trap Shoot   | 78 |
| <i>Illustrations by R. M. Brinkerhoff</i>                                |    |   |    |

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

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Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Robert A. Scott, Chairman and Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, B. P. O. Elks Lodge No. 866, Linton, Indiana.





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Salem, No. 305

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Omaha, Neb., No. 39



Boston, Mass., No. 10



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





*Astor saw the trend in his day*

*Rockefeller saw the trend in his*



# What is the *one* most significant trend in business today?

SEVERAL million men worked hard in the day of John Jacob Astor and died poor. Astor saw the trend. A rapidly growing new country meant rapidly increasing land values. Land was the secret of fortune in that day.

Many million men worked hard in business in the days of John D. Rockefeller. He saw the trend. The development of the nation's natural resources was the secret of fortune in his day.

There is in business today a trend so pronounced, so self-evident that it is remarkable that anybody should fail to see it. Yet millions of men, doing their everyday work, are so close to business that they do not see.

A few will see and profit. This advertisement is addressed to the far-sighted few.

What is the trend? It is definitely, irrevocably toward larger and larger business units. Toward consolidations, mergers, great institutions.

Two things have made this trend possible. One is transportation; the other is communication. One man, in an office in New York, can lift the telephone and project his personality into a dozen plants. He can step on a train at night and be in any one of the plants next day. Without communication and transportation there could be no big business.

With larger business units, consolidations and mergers, come bigger responsibilities, greater opportunities. They cannot be avoided. They must be met. But how?

When a business is small, one man can personally supervise all the various operations. But when the business becomes too large for him to do this, he must choose men to serve as his assistants, men who can take charge of whole departments, plants, districts. These men in turn must divide their responsibilities with carefully picked junior executives.

### Who will be the Headliners in 1935?

And here is the challenge of modern business. Only men who know the principles that apply in all executive work can handle these jobs. They must be men who understand more than the routine of one department. They must be men who know the relations and functions of all departments; men with a knowledge of all the broad phases of business.

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MERLE THORPE, Editor of the "Nation's Business" magazine, who has himself read the Institute Course, summarizes the growing need for executives in these words:

"American business today needs men with executive training, men whose knowledge is broader than their own specialized positions.

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

Official Circular Number Six  
**Elkdom's Greatest Month—July**

Philadelphia, Pa.  
July 1, 1927

*To All Elks—Greeting:*

This is indeed the greatest month in Elkdom's calendar, for our Grand Lodge Convention makes possible the renewal of those old ties of friendship, and brings together those friends whom duty and regular activities bring together all too infrequently. The friendly clasp of the hand, the communing, one with the other, the refreshing of memory—out of all of these much joy is experienced, and a brighter tinge is given to life itself.

It is the best opportunity for **Knowing Your Order Better**, **In the exchange of Lodge experiences, the learning of the intensive activities of the Grand Lodge, and the aims and ideals for the ensuing year, the time is most profitably spent.** And when you add to the above the wonderful program of entertainment, diversified and interesting, which Past Grand Exalted Ruler Herrmann and his committees have arranged for your entire stay, I am sure that you will be with us and that this will be the greatest Grand Lodge Reunion in the history of the Order.

Brother Herrmann's program is arranged to include every member of our Order in attendance. The dates are July eleventh to sixteenth, as you already know. The arrangements are complete! The success is assured, if you are present!

I am looking forward to the great pleasure of greeting you and in meeting you again, and in rounding out the year that has been so pleasant, due to your whole-hearted cooperation and enthusiastic loyalty.

On to Cincinnati and Know Your Order Better!

*Chas. H. Graklow*

Grand Exalted Ruler.

P. S.—Brother Herrmann's intensive efforts and keen desire to make you most happy while attending the Grand Lodge Reunion warrant your communicating with him at once if there are any details that are yet to be attended to regarding your participation.





## The Bronze Elk

*Modeled by  
Laura Gardin Fraser*



*For the Elks  
National Memorial  
Headquarters Building  
in Chicago*

ENCLOSING the landscaped grounds of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago, and separating them from the sidewalk is a low limestone wall. In the center of this wall, as you look at the building head-on, is an opening which gives onto the broad walk that leads, between plots of green lawn, to the semicircle of steps rising to the main entrance of the great memorial hall. On each side of this opening in the wall is a pedestal and now, atop of each pedestal, is a bronze replica of the very beautiful reclining elk shown on this page. It is difficult, even in a photograph, and next to impossible in words, to portray the qualities of grace and vitality with which the sculptor has endowed her work, nor to visualize for you the glowing color of it.

The metal is not the usual greenish hue of bronze, nor is it a bright gilt color, but rather a rich, russet gold. The reclining form of the animal loses none of the alertness, vigor and



*Two views of the bronze elk at the Lake View Avenue entrance-way to the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building. In the circle is the sculptor*

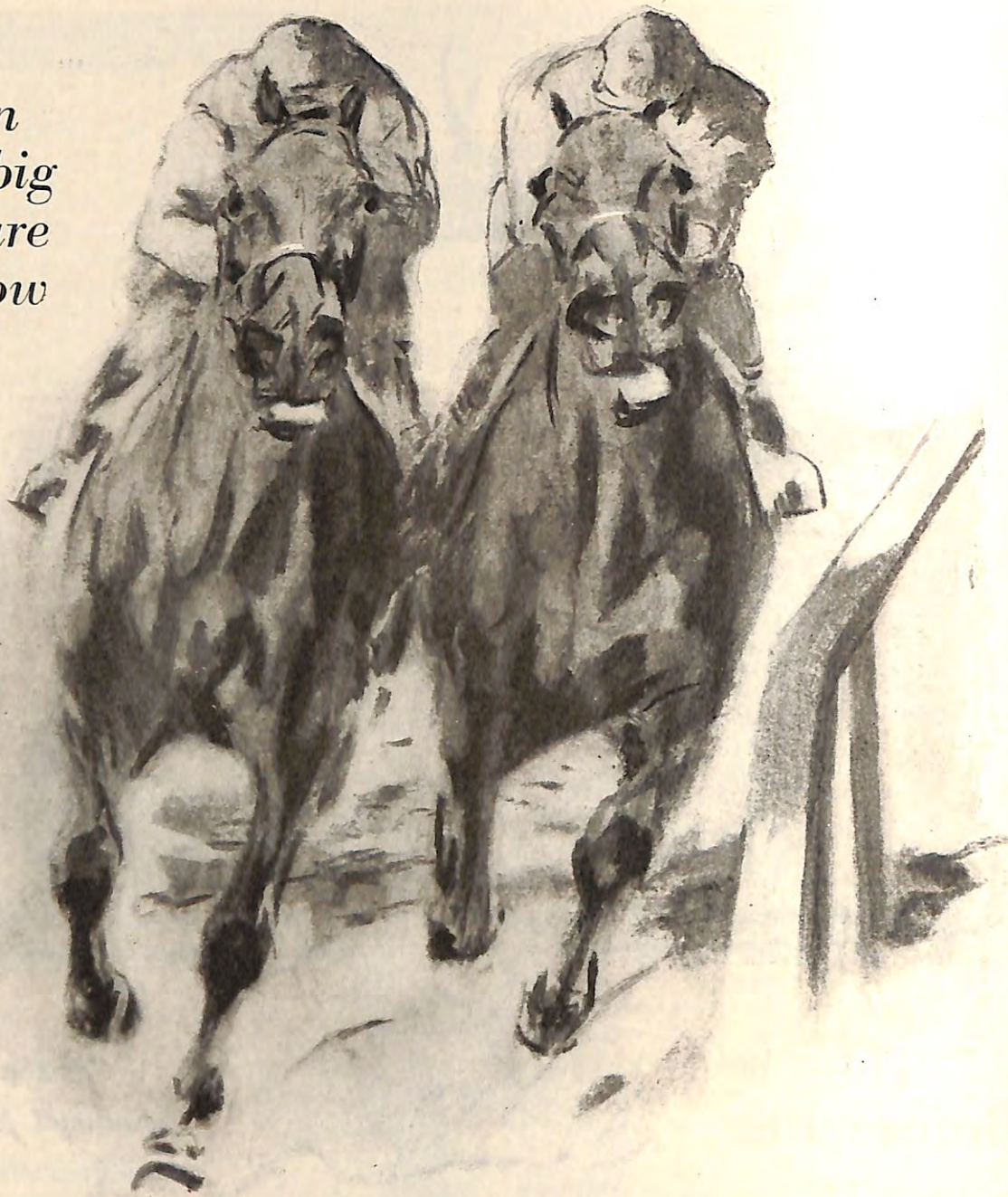
dignity of the familiar standing posture, and harmonizes better with the setting. In the modeling of this elk, Mrs. Fraser, one of America's most notable sculptors, has once more distinguished herself.

Coincident with the placing of the bronze elk upon its pedestal, further progress was made, last month, in the artistic embellishment of the Memorial Headquarters Building. The three masterly mural paintings by Edwin Blashfield were set in place in the west lobby of the building; the twelve great symbolic panels painted by Eugene Savage for the colonnade of the memorial hall were set in their positions; and carving on the wonderful exterior frieze by Adolph Weinman was begun. It will be a little time before the frieze can be seen, but the Fraser elk,

and the Blashfield and Savage mural paintings are ready now for every visitor to enjoy. These art features of the building will be fully described and illustrated in later issues of the magazine.



*Begin  
this big  
feature  
—now*



## From Start to Finish

*An Introduction by Hermann B. Deutsch*

**I**T ISN'T everybody who gets a chance to introduce a man with billion-dollar eyes to as large a circle of readers as that of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. But it just happens that Jack L. Dempsey, who has been a champion in his own line for the past thirty years or more, has let me see something of the work of what, in many respects, is the most remarkable pair of eyes in this hemisphere.

If you are at all a follower of the stirring events of the turf, you know what a form chart is. Whether there are but two horses in a race, or twenty-two, before the race is many minutes old there goes speeding over the telegraph wires from the track a chart which shows the position of every horse and its distance from every other horse in that race at the start, at each quarter pole, at the stretch and at the finish. That elaborate chart has been compiled during the minute or so that elapsed while the race was being run. One pair of eyes has unerringly picked the position of each horse at four, five, or

*By Jack L. Dempsey*

*Drawings by Baroness Dombrowski*

six different stages of that race, and the possessor of those eyes has dictated what they see to a corps of highly trained assistants. The possessor of those eyes is Jack L. Dempsey, who has been compiling official form charts for thirty-odd years. Throughout these years, wagers in every city have been paid off on the basis of his form chart. These wagers aggregate far more than a billion dollars. The places Jack Dempsey has quoted in his form charts have decided the fate of more dollars than there have been minutes since the beginning of our present calendar!

What Jack's pair of billion-dollar steel-blue eyes have missed of the notable and unnotable events of the turf during the past thirty-five or thirty-six years is scarcely worth the knowing. How he is going to write a tithe of one per cent of what they have seen and stamped indelibly into that phenomenal memory during this period is

beyond me. But then, that's *his* job. Mine was simply to say, in as few words as possible: "ELKS MAGAZINE Reader, shake hands with Brother Jack Dempsey. He's a life member of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30."

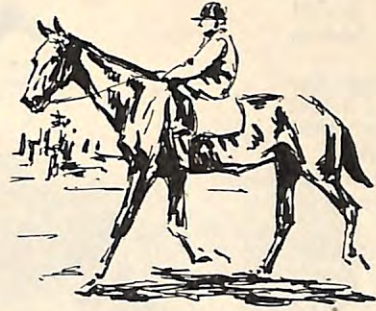
Having said this, I turn the typewriter over to Jack and let him strut his stuff.

### CHAPTER I

**L**ET me make a confession right now: I don't know where or how to begin. If it were the description of a particular race that was desired, or the recital of a particular turf saga, or a description of a particular character connected with horsemanship, I am moderately certain I could deliver. I've been describing the events and characters of the turf long enough. But this business of reviewing more than a quarter-of-a-century of the history of the most swiftly changing and yet ever-the-same sport in the world puts me back in the maiden class. It reminds me of Johnny Reagan and Arthur Chambers, the former a green kid rider, and



## A Brilliant and Colorful Record of Thirty Years of the American Turf as Seen and Set Down by a Great Expert



the latter at one time champion lightweight of the world.

This was back in the early nineties. There was a race meeting going on at Gloucester, New Jersey. Johnny Reagan was making his debut as a rider, and, boy-like, worshiped the pugilistic fame of Arthur Chambers. To show his admiration of the fighter, he tipped him off one day to bet on a long shot which a small group of insiders seemed to regard as a good thing. The horse won, and paid something like eight to one. Chambers was tickled to death and invited little Reagan, a few newspapermen, and myself to have dinner with him that night in Philadelphia. He took us to Green's hotel and spread for us a magnificent banquet.

This hospitable gesture made a tremendous impression on the little apprentice, who had been introduced to dishes of which he had never previously even dreamed. He treasured the experience and recounted its wonders to the envy of the other jockeys. But he was not quite satisfied. Ambition stirred in him. He wanted to return the courtesy of that princely dinner.

Stammering and blushing, he managed to get up nerve enough to invite his hero, Arthur Chambers, and the same newspapermen, to a dinner that he would give. It was to be at Green's hotel, too; a crowning triumph to the social career of an apprentice rider. Naturally, every one of us accepted and gathered at the big table with our diminutive host. The waiter handed him a menu card. He gazed in growing embarrassment at the strange and meaningless array of printed words. Most of it was in French, and so far as Johnny was concerned, it might just as well have been in Egyptian hieroglyphs.

But Johnny was none the less undaunted. He had invited us to a great banquet, and a great banquet it was going to be, if it took a leg. So he laid the menu down carefully.

"Bring us," he said grandly to the waiter, "twenty-five dollars' worth of ham and eggs."

That's my fix right now. I've been enjoying the mental banquets of the printed-page all my life. Now I've got a chance to return the hospitality that has been showered on me. But I'm a green kid at this game, and so if I wind up by serving you readers of THE ELKS MAGAZINE twenty-five dollars' worth of ham and eggs, please bear with me and figure that my heart's in the right place anyway.

Logically, I suppose, the place to begin is the beginning. For me this came in the year 1888, when I was a leggy sixteen-year-old, going to school in New York and selling papers after the school hours to help out the family budget. Horse races meant rather less to me than a grand total of nothing at all. I hadn't the faintest notion of what all the excitement was about when

I elbowed my way into the bar of the old International Café one afternoon, with an armful of papers. Just by the way, I don't believe there were more than three afternoon dailies published in New York at that time.

What I saw was a jam of men packed about a ticker under a huge glass bell. As I looked, the excitement rose to a milling, rejoicing and swearing climax, the men fell away suddenly, and the words: "Proctor Knott, Salvator, and Galen!" were shouted in a great chorus. I didn't know it then, but the first Futurity, one of the world's greatest two-year-old stake races, had just been run. Though it was all Greek to me, something of the gripping tension of that moment had become a part of my very being. From that time on I began to read about the races.

I left school shortly thereafter, and was sent by the newly established New York *Evening World* to Newark, N. J., to build up a delivery route there. They started me off with a hundred papers a day. I don't remember exactly how fast that route grew, but it was something extraordinary. At any rate, the work kept me jumping in the afternoons, and it wasn't until 1890—two years after that first distant contact of mine with the doings of Turfdom—that I got a chance to go out to the track at Morris Park and see a race myself.

In the meantime, of course, I had been reading anything and everything concerning the races that I could lay a pair of predatory hands on. Boy-like, I had my equine hero, too, in Tournament. Though I had never seen Tournament run a race, I had followed the sports accounts of every race in which he took part, and I had fashioned for myself an image of Tournament as the unbeatable thoroughbred. On the days when some other horse nosed Tournament out of first position, I was too grief-stricken to eat. Such an event was regarded by me as an international calamity.

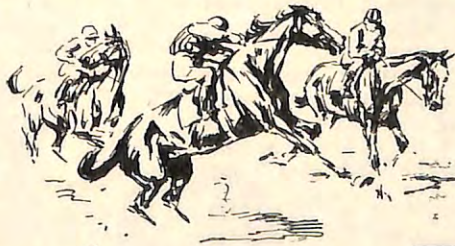
It was in 1890, as I said, that I got my first chance to visit the track at Morris Park. In those days Morris Park had a "free

field"; that is, no admission was charged to the centerfield, but only to the grandstand. This free field is an English institution. It is still in vogue at Epsom Downs on Derby Day, and it was at one time the accepted custom at Churchill Downs on Kentucky Derby Day, too.

Though I didn't know it then, the day I made my initial visit to Morris Park was a stake day. It brought out a tremendous attendance. There must have been all of ten thousand persons there. I know that doesn't sound like much in these days, when a hundred thousand will crowd into Churchill Downs for a Derby, but please remember that this was thirty-six years ago. Also imagine what such a throng looked like to a skinny eighteen-year-old kid who must have weighed all of ninety pounds, and who was jammed in the centerfield looking across the track to the massed grandstand with its sloping lawns, drinking in the roar of applause as that vast concourse hailed the victory of a favorite.

LET me stop for a minute right here, to say that though I've seen every race of any importance in more than thirty-six years in this country, in Mexico, in Canada; though I have watched specials, International Specials, and famous match races; though I have reported thirty Kentucky Derbies—and where is there a thrill like that of Derby Day?—and have observed human nature at its best and its worst about a race track; in spite of all this, I know I have never received and never will get the same thrill out of anything connected with the turf that I got that day as a scrawny ninety-pound kid on the old Westchester course at Morris Park.

Thrill? I should have said thrills, for they came thick and fast, almost without interruption. In the very first race, Best Boy, ridden by Johnny Lamle and carrying the red jacket and green cap of Bill Daly, broke a leg almost in front of me. The horse floundered on with his remaining sound feet, trying to race with his field to the finish and demonstrating that though his leg could be broken his great heart could not. His gallantry earned him only the mercy of a bullet, however, for he was destroyed before my eyes.



A group of famous turf writers of by-gone days. Mr. Dempsey is the fifth from the right wearing a white waistcoat





Johnny Lamle was carried away to nurse a broken collar-bone.

Still tingling with the excitement of what I had just seen, I was electrified anew by overhearing a scrap of conversation between two older men on my right.

"Whaddaya want to bet on Tournament for? Don't throw away good money. Riley's going to win, sure."

Tournament! My horse of horses, the unbeatable thoroughbred of my dreams, was going to race, and I hadn't even known it! I was going to see the wonder-horse add new laurels to the wreath I had woven for him. What cared I for the opinions of those who thought Riley had a chance? Tournament was to race!

My whole fortune at that moment consisted of sixty-eight dollars, and every nickel of it was in my pocket. I didn't even hesitate. Scrambling, pushing, elbowing, jostling, I fought my way to the nearest bookmaker's block, and put sixty-eight dollars on Tournament to win.

A few years ago my wife, rummaging through some old papers in a desk that was being cleaned out, came across that ticket for sixty-eight dollars. History is not a matter of sentiment, but of accuracy. And history compels the admission that after the race they let me keep that ticket for a souvenir, for Riley won by a big margin from a filly named Can Can, and Tournament trailed the pair, far behind at the finish. There were only three starters in the race.

The world had come crashing about my youthful ears, and it wasn't all because of the fact that I was penniless twenty miles



from New York, with a bitter long walk and nothing else to show for the accumulated savings of two years. In all honesty, most of my grief was due to the fact that Tournament, my Tournament, the unbeatable champion of all my dreams, had been vanquished.

But there was thrill enough left in the day to rouse me from my despondency. Larchmont ridden by Johnny Slack in the last race, suddenly became unmanageable, tore himself from the control of his diminutive rider, and, after circling the course, made for the particular part of the inner rail to which I clung. I ran for dear life as this apparition thundered down at me. Larchmont tried to jump the fence, but was too much spent. He crashed through the rail only to go down in a heap with his rider.

I was the first to reach the unconscious jockey. Unable to detect a sign of life, I tremblingly lifted his head to my lap. Suddenly the boy opened his eyes. "Don't hold my head so high," he said. "It hurts. I'll be all right soon."

In this he was mistaken. He remained unconscious for something like twenty-five days, what of a bad skull fracture. Ultimately he recovered, but by the time he could leave his hospital cot he had grown so heavy that he was through as a rider on the flat. He continued to ride in steeplechases for some time.

It wasn't until the ambulance departed with the unconscious boy and left me still sitting there by the track that I be-

gan to understand what an endless walk it looked like back to Park Row. Of course, I didn't realize how many years it was going to take me to get back there, either. The thought uppermost in my mind at the time was that I was hungry as a starving wolf cub, and that the chances were excellent that I would soon be considerably hungrier. A heavy voice roused me from these reflections.

"Here, son, take this set of colors over to Mr. Ross in the barn over yonder—the one that owns Kitty Van. And here. . ."

The big man who was speaking fumbled in his pocket and spun half a dollar toward me.

"Get a hustle on," he concluded.

The world had, of course, righted itself to a considerable degree by the time I was speeding across the infield to the Ross barn. It righted itself to an even greater extent when I found Mr. Ross in the dining-room and he invited me to "set up and have a snack." We got to talking, during the course of that meal, and the upshot of it was I was engaged then and there with the idea that ultimately I would become a jockey. I weighed only a scant ninety pounds, but I was active and fairly strong. I was given a cot at the barn that night, and the next morning began to carry water, rub legs and perform the other elementary duties of my novitiate. Before noon I had forgotten that Park Row ever existed. That was where my back-of-the-scenes acquaintance with the doings of the turf began.

I could elaborate this account endlessly, I suppose. But it would serve little purpose. I drifted with the races to Chicago. Good food, much open air and exercise increased the size of my city-reared frame and filled it out so that I soon became too heavy to ride. I might have become a trainer or an owner



Proctor Knott and Salvador (above), which ran first and second in the first Futurity, now one of the world's greatest two-year-old steeplechases, in 1888



PHOTOS BY THE KING, INC.



BROWN BROTHERS

John W. Gates watching his horses run





in a professional way, but for the friendships I had made in the meantime with the boys in the press box at the various race courses. It was at the press box that I spent most of my spare time. Thus it was that I met Frank H. Brunell, then sports editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. He had an idea in those days—that was in 1894—that a daily publication devoted exclusively to racing and the various racing interests would prove to be a profitable venture. He backed that idea by founding the *Chicago Daily Racing Form*. Also he offered me a position on the staff. I accepted with alacrity, you may be sure. A year later I also became, in addition, attached to the racing staff of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, one of the greatest of American newspapers. I still have both positions, and the work that involved has given me an insight into the doings of turfdom and its folk that I treasure.

For it is a strange, strange world, this world of the track. Kipling it was who pointed out that, while the ways of a man with a maid were hard to understand, they were none the less tame when compared with the ways of a man with a horse, when selling or racing the same. Emotions and passions of all kinds, as diverse as the poles themselves, lie very close to the surface and are always to be seen at their best and their worst. Greed and generosity, tender affection and merciless hate, kindness and cruelty, honor and dishonor . . . there is no middle ground for these on the turf. It is a world of extremes, where life pulses swift and hot, impatient of the placid, lukewarm back-waters.

Comedy, drama, and tragedy are laid before the observer at all times in the raw, and in such endless profusion that to recall individual instances is almost like trying to pick three particular grains of wheat out of an entire crop.

I recall, for example, an afternoon at Oaklawn, in Hot Springs, somewhere about 1908. Two characters that are known wherever horses are raced were among

those present—Rod McMahon and Hughie McCarron. Each had but a single eye. Hardly fit material for a jest, would you say? Yet here is what happened: Rod McMahon was making book, and as the horses lined up at the barrier, he dragged a high stool to the lawn, stood up on it, and focused a magnificent pair of binoculars on the thoroughbreds and their riders. Rod had taken a pile of bets, and stood to lose or win handsomely. Hughie had no field-glasses, and no high stool. But he did have a horse named Camel in the race. Nervously he edged in to the stool where Rod was standing as the crowd roared "They're off!" Hughie couldn't see what was going on, owing to the press of those about him. He plucked at the hem of Rod's coat.

"Who's in front, Rod? Who's in front?" Rod told him. A moment later Hughie plucked at his coat again.

Once more Rod told him. But Hughie was too nervous to heed.

"Tell me how they're running. Where is



"Pittsburgh Phil" (left) who made a fortune in the betting ring—and kept it. Above, Jimmie McLaughlin, America's greatest jockey, who died this spring while acting as patrol judge at New Orleans

Camel?" he pleaded, tugging at Rod's coat so frantically that he tugged him off the stool.

Rod looked at Hughie an instant in a rage. Then he seized one barrel of his magnificent binoculars in each hand and furiously broke the glass into two independent pieces.



Colonel Edward Riley Bradley, master of Idle Hour Farm, the only owner whose horses have twice finished first and second in the famous Kentucky Derby

"Here, you one-eyed hick from hell," he roared, "now you look too and leave me be."

Each with one-half of the glasses glued to his one serviceable eye, watched out the race in silence.

No, there wasn't anything subtle about the jest, but the story will endure as a permanent legend of the American turf just as long as men continue to race thoroughbreds.

Drama is served with only its own native spice to flavor it. Where, for example, could you find anything more dramatic than the death of Gen. W. B. Haldemann, owner of the *Louisville Times*? He had retired from active direction of this great newspaper, and found his greatest recreation in his daily visits to the race track. Three or four days after a Kentucky Derby had been run, he came out to Churchill Downs. His friends and acquaintances noticed he looked ill.

"You'll catch your death out here," I warned him on this occasion.

"Can you suggest a pleasanter way to meet death than while watching a strenuous duel between game thoroughbreds right here?" he asked.

Less than ten minutes later, death found him right there. The general had his wish. He had suffered a heart attack in his box at Churchill Downs Club House.

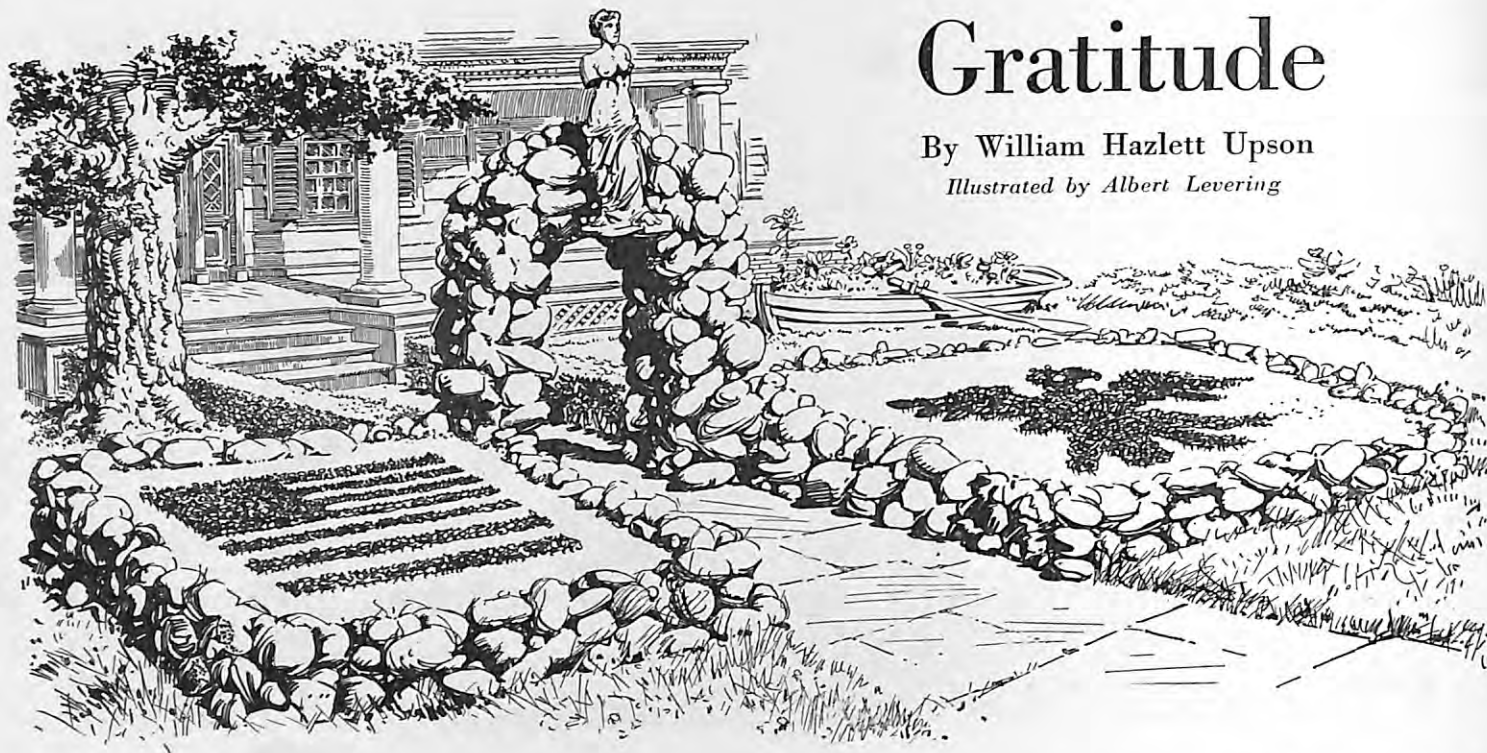
(To be continued in an early issue.)



# Gratitude

By William Hazlett Upson

Illustrated by Albert Levering



THE man got on the train at Stamford, sat down beside me and at once started to talk.

"Some people," he said bitterly, "have no sense of gratitude at all. Old Mr. Standish knows I worked hard for him. I gave him the best that was in me. And now he threatens to shoot me, and he runs me off the place. Would you call that gratitude?"

"It certainly doesn't sound like it," I admitted.

"If it wasn't for dear old Mr. Schwartz over in South Norwalk," the man went on, "I would lose all my faith in human nature. Mr. Schwartz is one of these affectionate old Germans who loves everybody, and wouldn't hurt a soul. Why, you know, he has a dog that is about fifteen years old, and so crippled-up and sick that even Mr. Schwartz himself admits it ought to be put out of the way, but he is so tender-hearted he can't bring himself to do it. He's had that dog so long it's just like his own child."

"Evidently a splendid old gentleman," I said.

"He sure is," said the man. "And he has just as keen a sense of gratitude as I have myself. I have known him quite a while, and I know he feels grateful to me because I used to help him with his garden. So when Mr. Standish ran me out, I just called Mr. Schwartz on the telephone and told him I was out of a job and had no place to go, and asked him if I could come over and stay with him for a week or so until I got straightened around. 'Come right over,' he said, 'I will be away all day to-day, but you can walk right in and make yourself at home—and I will be back this evening.' That's exactly what he said. So that's where I'm going now."

"Very nice of him," I said.

"Yes, and very different from the actions of that lowdown, ungrateful pup of a Mr. Standish."

"Did this Mr. Standish have any reason," I asked, "for running you out?"

"None at all. You see he is a rich old guy; and he and his wife live in an old white house on the northern end of town. Last spring the two of them decided to

spend the summer in Europe, and Mr. Standish hired me to live in the house as caretaker while he was gone. He paid me a hundred dollars a month, and I had a nice room in the house, and no work at all, except to guard the property and take care of the lawn."

"Pretty good pay for such a soft job," I said.

"Very good. That is what I thought, myself. And I was so grateful to Mr. Standish for treating me so well that I decided to show my gratitude in some practical way. Now you wouldn't say there was anything wrong in my feeling that way, would you?"

"The feeling does you credit," I answered.

"That's what I thought. So I looked around the place to see if there wasn't something I could do to improve it for him. The house itself was over a hundred years old, but it had been kept up in good shape, and it had all modern conveniences, so there didn't seem to be much I could do there. But the grounds had never been fixed up very much; there was nothing but a plain grass lawn around the house. And the furniture was terrible; I never could understand why such a well-to-do man as Mr. Standish was willing to get along with such out-of-date stuff. So I decided to fix up the grounds right, and to replace the old junk furniture with some real stuff. And I decided not to tell Mr. Standish anything about it. I would have it as a glad, happy surprise for him when he got back from Europe."

"So what did you do?" I asked.

"Well, sir," he said, "I sure fixed up those grounds swell. I made two big square flower beds in the front yard—one on each side of the walk. I hauled a lot of dirt around from

behind the house, and I built up the back end of each flower bed so that it was about three feet higher than the front. This made the beds slope toward the street so that people going by could see them better. I put a border of cobblestones painted white around each bed, and in one of them I planted red, white and blue flowers in such a way that when they grew up they formed an American flag. In the other bed I planted red and yellow flowers to form a yellow American eagle on a red background."

"YOU must be very patriotic," I said.

"It's not so much myself," he replied.

"It's Mr. Standish. His ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*, and he is very proud of it. He is a member of the Sons of the Revolution, too. So I thought he would be just tickled to death to find these patriotic emblems in his front yard. Then—as I knew he was interested in boats and yachting—I got hold of a couple of old rowboats which I painted with gilt paint and put







*WHEN the quality of gratitude is not restrained then that of mercy is likely to be*

*"Well, sir, I sure fixed up those grounds swell. They certainly looked grand. But what I did inside the house was even better. And when Mr. and Mrs. Standish arrived from Europe this morning, and I took them out to the house, I was full of pride"*

in the corners of the yard, filled with geraniums and sweet peas."

"Was that all you did?" I asked.

"Oh, no! I decided the place needed some sort of an entrance, so I worked for three weeks building a very handsome cobblestone arch over the front walk. It sure was a swell arch; but still I wasn't satisfied. And you can never guess what I put on top of the arch."

"I'm afraid I can't," I said. "What was it?"

"Well, sir, I wanted to add a touch of classic beauty, so I went down town and with my own money I bought a plaster cast of the Venus de Milo about three feet high. And after I had varnished it all over to protect it from the weather, I set it right up on top of the cobblestone arch. It certainly looked grand."

"It must have," I said.

"THAT'S about all I did to the yard," he went on. "But what I did inside the house was even better. I took almost all of that old junk furniture, loaded it onto a wagon, and carted it down to a second-hand store. I was really surprised at how much money I got for it. There were two or three dozen rickety wooden chairs that looked like they had been made way back before the Revolution, and there were several wobbly old tables, and a lot of cracked bureaus and such things. Also, there were a lot of cheap-looking colored prints—all yellow with age—which the old guy had stuck around on the walls. As I said before, I was surprised at the amount of money I got for this junk. I guess I must be just a natural bargainer."

"What did you do with this money?" I asked. "You didn't keep it yourself?"

"Of course not. I'm not that kind of a guy. I took every cent of it, and even put

in twenty-five dollars of my own, and sent off to a mail-order place and got some real up-to-date stuff. Most of it was polished walnut, very artistic, with lots of these little curlycues all over it. For the sitting room I got a high-grade overstuffed davenport with two chairs to match, upholstered in lavender plush with gold tassels on the arms. By sending away I got just as high-grade stuff a lot cheaper than I could have gotten it in town. So I had enough money left over to get a lot of beautifully framed reproductions of the world's most famous paintings to hang on the wall. I got 'The Age of Innocence,' 'Dying Gladiator,' 'Pharaoh's Horses,' and a lot more like that."

"You certainly did a thorough job," I said.

"Yes," he admitted. "I did. And when Mr. and Mrs. Standish arrived this morning from Europe, and I took them out to the house, I was full of pride. But do you know what Mr. Standish said? Do you know what he did?"

"I would like to hear about it," I said.

"Well, sir, instead of being grateful to me for all I had done for him, he just seemed to go suddenly crazy. Perhaps his trip to Europe had shattered his nerves or something. He raged and ranted around that house, and he used language that I couldn't think of repeating. It was like nothing I ever heard of such an old and respectable

gentleman. Mrs. Standish just broke down and cried. And then the old man went upstairs and got his shotgun, and after he had loaded both barrels he stuck the muzzle right in my face and told me if I didn't get away from there and get away quick and stay away forever after, he would kill me."

"So what did you do then?"

"I left in a dignified manner. And I will never go back, even if he should beg me to do so on his bended knees. I feel very bad about all this, but I am trying not to lose my faith in humanity. I want to keep my own sense of gratitude, and I want to continue doing good to others just as I always have. In fact, I am already planning a surprise for dear old Mr. Schwartz to repay him for his kindness in taking me in."



"JUST what are you planning to do?" I asked, a bit anxiously.

"South Norwalk!" shouted the trainman. "South Norwalk!"

"Here's where I get off," said my seat-mate. As he got up, he pulled a small package from his pocket and held it up proudly. "Do you remember," he asked, "how I told you that Mr. Schwartz has a dog that he admits ought to be put out of the way, but he is so fond of it that he can't bear to do it himself?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the man, as he started for the car door, "I have some cyanide here, and before Mr. Schwartz gets home this evening, I'm going to fix it so he won't have to worry about his dog any more."



# Hell and High Water

*We Have Just Lost the Greatest Battle in the War of the Levees. How Can We Win the Next One?*

By Arthur Chapman

*Noah sailed the seas for forty days—  
Noah, tell us what to do.*

THE chorused chant was borne down upon the ears of Red Cross relief workers who were searching the Arkansas levees for refugees when the greatest of Mississippi floods was raging last May.

The river channel, marked with broken levees, was a long succession of S-curves. As the first bend was rounded, it was thought that the singers would be seen. But no refugees came within the vision of the relief workers, who had been notified by an airplane observer that rescue was imperative.

The song grew stronger as the steamer rounded the second bend, but still no one was in sight. The chant seemed to fill the air, the only accompaniment being the sound of the engine and the lapping of waves against the bow of the craft. The monotonous refrain sounded uncanny, floating over the newly created inland sea. In some such fashion the bosom of the Father of Waters must have echoed to the requiem that was chanted in the midnight gloom of the twenty-first of May, 1542—always the month of floods—when Ferdinand De Soto was wrapped in his mantle and consigned to the river which he had discovered.

Finally, at the third bend, the relief workers found the objects of their search—

*Loss of livestock in the flood has been appalling. Animals, marooned by the waters, have died from starvation by thousands*

eaten away before them and behind them. On one side was the hungry Mississippi and on the other side the overflow waters stretched for miles across the Arkansas fields where all had been ruined—homes gone, crops gone, livestock gone.

Yet the attitude of these refugees was calm and patient. They typified the people of the vast country behind the levees, where the flood menace has always been present. They had lived through many floods, and this was just one more—the greatest and most insatiable flood of all. The levees, in which their dependence had been placed, had failed to hold. They had fled, white planters and colored tenants alike, with only such clothing as they had on their backs. When the flood receded they would go back to what had once been their homes, and would try to start all over, but with what? And what guaranty did they have that next year they would not be driven out again by

the same tawny monster, crawling everywhere and licking up everything in its path?

These questions are being asked, not only by the refugees who have borne the brunt of this year's unparalleled conditions in the flooded districts of the Mississippi Valley, but by the nation at large. For the first time the country is fully aroused to the fact that the Mississippi presents a national problem, too great to be solved by any half-way measures. The Mississippi may be likened to a recumbent Gulliver, sprawled across the richest territory in the world. Such measures of control as have been adopted seem a good deal like trying to tie the giant down with packthread. When the Gulliver of rivers has really awakened, these inadequate bonds have broken, and death and huge economic losses have resulted. This has happened not once but many times, and the losses have been proportionately greater as the valley which is the giant's resting place has increased in population and wealth.

From the hour it was realized that the 1927 flood was greater than the previous record inundation of 1844, and that the property damage would transcend that of any flood in the interim, official Washington has bent itself to the task of devising plans which will be actually preventive instead of



WIDE WORLD



PHOTO BY W. H. MATTOON COURTESY U. S. FOREST SERVICE

more than a thousand refugees, most of them negroes, chanting in full-throated unison as they had been doing for hours:

*Noah sailed the seas for forty days—  
Noah, tell us what to do.*

The refugees were rescued from their insecure position, as thousands of others were being rescued from tree-tops and from the upper stories and even the roofs of houses. For many hours they had been huddled on a fragment of what had been a continuous earthen dike. The embankment had been



*The photograph on the left shows a hillside saved from erosion by the growth of young trees. Below is seen the soil erosion due to deforestation*



merely palliative. As a representative of THE ELKS MAGAZINE I called upon army engineers, Department of Commerce officials, and heads of the Department of Agriculture, including Weather Bureau and Forestry executives, and talked with senators in an effort to get an idea of the various approaches to a problem which undoubtedly will occupy much of the attention of Congress during its next session and probably for several sessions to come.

Senator Broussard of Louisiana put the situation succinctly as applying to the state which he represents.

**I**T IS just as if you and I lived on adjoining farms," said Senator Broussard. "Your farm is on higher ground than mine, and you cut off all the trees on your place. When you plow your ground, you run your furrows in my direction. You put in tile and drain your farm, and all the water from the deforested land and the plowed land and the tiled land runs onto my place. That is about the situation in Louisiana today. Levees have been made higher and still higher, but they have not held back the increasing flood waters.

"It should be understood that we are not standing all the loss. It is possible to go into a flooded district in Louisiana after the water has subsided and pick out the deposits from a dozen rivers that empty into the Mississippi. You can distinguish the yellow soil from the Missouri, the rich black soil from the Illinois-Iowa region, and the red soil deposited by the Red River. All this is the best top-soil in the country. Farmers all through the Middle West are spending millions of dollars fertilizing that soil, only to have it washed down the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico. The silt carried every year into the Gulf is one of the greatest economic losses this country is called upon to face."

Thirty states out of forty-eight contribute drainage to the Mississippi. Even New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia are tapped by its tributaries. From its source at Lake Itasca to the Gulf of Mexico the Mississippi is 2,477 miles long. The Mississippi-Missouri is 4,200 miles long—the longest river waterway in the world. From Greenville, Mississippi, to New Orleans the river flows through six hundred miles of its own creation. It carries into the Gulf each year enough solid matter to build new land one mile square and 241 feet deep. This deposit of silt causes the delta to advance from sixty to seventy feet

a year. Yet this rebuilding process cannot go on forever, as eleven miles from the present edge of deposited silt there is a sudden drop into deep water, which means that all the alluvial richness of the Mississippi must eventually be carried into the Gulf.

The main tributaries of the Mississippi are laws unto themselves, so far as flood problems are concerned. The erratic Missouri carves new channels for itself in many localities each year. The Ohio and its tributaries had much to do with the seriousness of the recent flood. So did the Arkansas and the Red River—madstreams which have been the subject for much engineering study. No other river basin is so complicated and so full of engineering difficulties, yet it is only within the last fifty years that the nation has brought anything like concentrated effort

to bear upon this problem which more or less directly concerns over forty percent of the area of the United States.

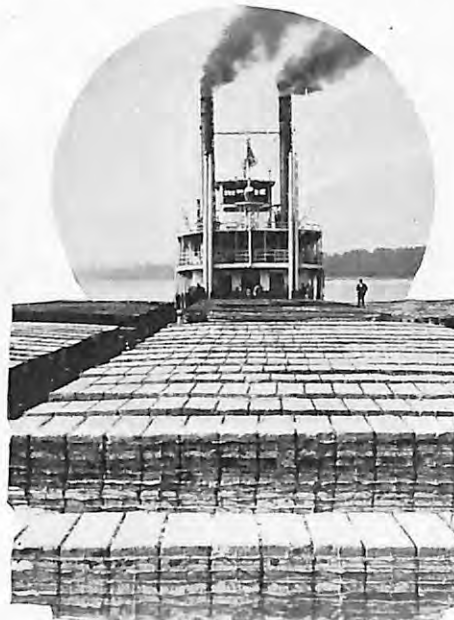
No satisfactory substitute has been found for the earthen levee—the first form of protection against the ravages of the big river. I talked levees with Brigadier General Herbert Deakyne, associated with General Edgar Jadwin, Chief of Engineers. General Deakyne has had much experience in the battle which engineers have been waging against the Mississippi, and he made it clear that any future plans of fortification would necessarily have much to do with levees.

"The advantage of the dirt levee is that material is always at hand to build it," said General Deakyne. "When it is desired to make a levee higher, all that is necessary is to pile more dirt on it. It is the simplest and easiest defence against the river that man has been able to devise. Advances have been made in new machinery for dredging and levee building, but the levee itself remains the same."

Until the organization of the Mississippi River Commission in 1870, levee construction was more or less hit-or-miss. The French engineer, De la Tour, who laid out New Orleans in 1717, built the first levee, to protect the city from overflow. This levee was not completed until 1727. It was 5,400 feet long and eighteen feet wide on top. As colonists moved in, they protected their own water fronts with levees. Among those who had settled below Natchez in 1723 were Marquis d'Anconio, Marquis d'Artaignac, Madame de Mezières, and Dior d'Artaquette.

*Scow loads of concrete mats used now in revetment work—to bolster levees in locations subject to attack*

*This is a scene in one of the refugee camps established by the Red Cross throughout the flooded areas*



RED CROSS

*Here you see (below) how the sandbags are piled on the levee tops against the gnawing action of waves*



In 1735 the Mississippi Company gave up the colony to the French Crown. Floods had broken the embankments, and in 1743 the inhabitants were required to complete their levees under a penalty of forfeiture.

The flood dangers were such that in the first levee laws of Louisiana one reads: "The road and levee inspectors are hereby empowered, within the several parishes, to call out to work on the levees therein, in case of a crevasse, all the male slaves above the age of 15 years and under 60 . . . whose owners reside on the same side of the river or bayou, within seven miles of the threatened danger."

Up to 1850 there were twenty-three great floods on the Mississippi, but there were long periods when the Father of Waters





Some idea of the force of the water near breaks in levees may be gained from the interesting picture above

granted immunity. Thus from 1750 to 1770 and from 1770 to 1798 there were no great floods, but in 1718 and 1735 New Orleans was inundated.

The first help from Congress came in 1850 when the river states below the Ohio were granted all unsold swamp and overflowed land, in order to provide a fund for reclaiming districts liable to inundation.

The standard levee of today is an enormous thing. It has a base of three hundred and fifty feet and a top thirty feet wide. It is at least three feet above the surface of the river at high water, to prevent the deadly wind action which makes waves—and waves lapping at the top of a levee will soon destroy the strongest rampart.

**S**UCH levees, if they extended through the danger zone of the lower river, would be sufficient to insure safety, but unfortunately they do not exist everywhere. In spite of millions contributed by the national government and adjacent states and local districts, the funds have not been sufficient to make the levee system adequate. It is the old story of the chain being no stronger than its weakest link. The engineers may report a project ninety percent complete. When the water gets over the top of the ninety percent project, something has to go.

A standard levee is pretty nearly impregnable. This was proved when it took a week to blow a crevasse above New Orleans, to save the city. Yet a levee that is water-soaked will go in a few seconds.

Adequate or inadequate, the levee has come to be the symbol of safety as far up the river as Rock Island, Illinois. This is true especially along the lower tier of states, where in many cases the river bed is higher than the level of the surrounding country. The people behind the levees look upon these earthen banks as the Hollander looks upon the dikes that keep him out of the clutch of the sea. They mean prosperity as well as bodily protection, and when the river threatens inunda-



Plantation buildings under water — a picture taken in the flood of 1884



A view of the main street of Little Rock, Arkansas

tion, the levees, being the highest level available, are the last-minute places of refuge for those who have refused to heed flood warnings.

The old song, "I'm a-workin' on the levee" grew out of the days when levees were built by the shovel-and-wheelbarrow method. Then came the days of the mule-team and scraper. Today the work is done with drag-line and cable-way machines, which have a capacity of from 150 to 300 cubic yards of earth an hour.

Revetment work is distinct from levee construction, and plays a big part in the program of the engineers who have the lifelong task of trying to control a stream which hitherto has proved uncontrollable.

Revetment consists of guarding the levees against attack at their weakest points. If the Mississippi channel were comparatively straight, the problem of control would be simple. But the river is one long succession of curves, and every bend affords a point of attack. The extent of caving bank has been so great that it has been necessary to confine revetment to threatened cutoffs and levees of such large size that replacing them would entail great cost, and to the harbor fronts of cities. For this form of protection, woven willow mattresses have been generally used. These mattresses vary from two to twelve inches in thickness and when sunk against a threatened bank form a protection against the water's action.

it. Out in the river are big channel dredges, working constantly during low water stages. One of these dredges will dig a cut six feet deep and thirty-two feet wide through a sandbar at a rate of 360 feet an hour. Every flood makes more work for these giant craft, as the river's predilection for seeking new channels and closing old ones is well known.

Has the Mississippi raised its own river bed, in all these years of silt collecting and depositing? A "riverwise" Louisianan, who comes of a family that has been facing floods for many generations, assured me in the affirmative and backed his assurance by personal observation and tradition. But engineers say that scientific observation has not indicated any such thing. The fact remains that the levees have been steadily and consistently raised, and the glistening surface of the river, snakelike in its contortions, is raised higher and higher above the level of the surrounding lowland country.

**A**FTER the flood of 1922, Congress authorized the expenditure of \$60,000,000 to raise the levees three feet. Half that amount had been spent when this year's disaster happened. Now it is figured by engineers that the additional three feet will not suffice, but that still higher levees, farther apart, must be the answer.

The question of how high and how far apart levees can be built is something that only the future can determine. But some idea of the rapid growth in levee height can be obtained from the Yazoo Basin, where, in 1822, the levees were eight feet high and where the standard height is now twenty-two feet.

There are 1,267 miles of completed, standard levees below Rock Island, and the term "standard" does not mean that they are



invulnerable. The Father of Waters recognizes no such term as invulnerability. Every bend in the river presents a point of attack. Dreaded "sand boils" occur where they are least expected. The "sand boil"—perhaps caused by a crawfish—is the danger signal on the side of the levee opposite the river. It means that the river is eating through beneath the dike. If the warning is not heeded at once, there is a crevasse, and the flood waters come tumbling into the fertile lands behind the levee.

Sandbags, principally used to add height to levees that threaten to "wash," are the outward evidences of the fight eternal along the big river. They are in evidence everywhere, and there are reserves of unfilled bags in departmental warehouses, to be brought to the front in case of emergency. When the great flood began to establish its new records of destruction this year, quartermaster depots and army posts sent burlap bags—all they could gather—along with the tents, cots and blankets for the Red Cross. Prisoners from jails and penitentiaries worked with volunteers, white and colored, at threatened points, and the universal weapon in this Titanic battle against an ancient foe was sandbags—burlap bags. One wondered where so many bags came from—that is, if the observer were not acquainted with the ways and demands of warfare on the Mississippi.

When a fight is lost at a strategic point, there is a quick climax. A warning shout from a keen-eyed foreman, and men dash

cessarily, the spillway or spillways will have to be located in the lower reaches of the river—possibly one above New Orleans and one below. These will simply be new outlets to the Gulf, but they involve complicated questions of rights of way, even after the locations have been settled upon.

**E**VEN more complicated and costly is the question of reservoirs, which also will be considered in the final plan for harnessing the Mississippi. Advocates of the reservoir plan point out that the St. Lawrence is the most tractable river on this continent because its flow is regulated by the chain of great lakes. The Mississippi has five times the drainage of the St. Lawrence, consequently the size of reservoir projects would necessarily be enormous. The proposal is not new, for Colonel Townsend, making a report to President Wilson on the flood of 1912, said that to have controlled the Mississippi within its banks at that time would have necessitated a reservoir only slightly less in area than the entire state of New Jersey.

Much is going to be heard of the Dayton flood relief plan when the question of reservoirs comes up for discussion. Four hundred persons lost their lives in the big flood which swept through Dayton, Ohio, March 23 to 27, 1913, causing property damage estimated at \$100,000,000. As a result of this flood the Miami conservancy district was formed and flood control dams, five in number, were built. The cost was nearly \$34,000,000 and was met by bonds which will be retired year by year until 1949, from a tax levied for that purpose. It is estimated that this flood control system will take care of an even larger flood than that which brought disaster to Dayton.

The same plan, on a larger scale, has been projected by the Pittsburgh Flood commission looking to the control of the flood waters of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers by a series of seventeen dams.

The heavy cost of the Miami project, considering the comparatively small territory

covered as against the Mississippi Basin, is pointed out by opponents of the reservoir plan as one reason why the control of the big river cannot be worked out that way. The cost of lands in the richest of valleys, it is argued, would be prohibitive, when the necessary extent of reservoirs is considered. But advocates of the plan bring up the unanswerable argument that the Mississippi problem is too great to be solved in any but a great way, and that the reservoir plan brings with it a power adjunct which has amazing possibilities.

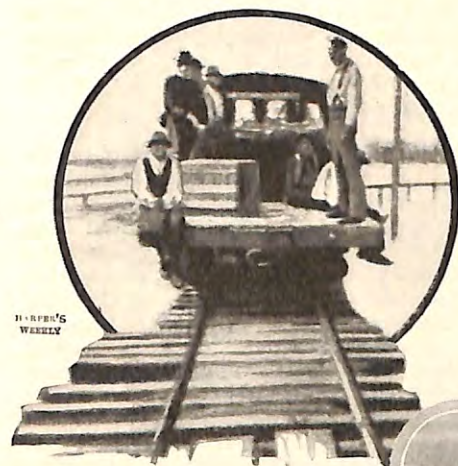
Likewise it is pointed out, and truthfully enough, that any project, which aims at river control, is going to be costly. In levee work alone there has been spent from 1882, to December 31, 1925, \$228,920,878.77. Of this amount, \$67,759,882.65 were spent by the government from government funds; \$13,188,862.92 spent by the government from contributed funds; and \$147,972,133.20 from state and local organizations and expended by them. Thus it will be seen that the government has by no means borne the brunt of the heavy expense of the Mississippi. The act approved March 4, 1923, provides for continuing the improvement of the Mississippi river "and a sum not to exceed \$10,000,000 annually is hereby authorized to be appropriated for that purpose for a period of six years, beginning July 1, 1924."

Since the great flood of this year, senators and representatives from the stricken states have been asked why they did not request more money from Congress.

**"WE ASKED** for all we could get under the law," has been the reply. "To ask for more simply would have been inviting refusal."

From Dr. Frankenfield, head of the river and flood control division of the Weather Bureau, I learned that the great flood of this year was no sudden thing, resulting from a few weeks of torrential rainfall, but really began last September.

Many a touring motorist remembers the heavy rains which swept over Kansas and Oklahoma and adjacent states in that month. Roads were rendered impassable, corn fields were washed out and bridges were



HARRIS'S WEEKLY

*The last train out of Greenville, Miss., photographed in the big flood of 1897*

back from the top of the water-soaked levee. None too soon! What had been a sturdy line of earth seems to dissolve like so much sugar. There is no noise—only the sudden sinking earth of the rampart, and where there had been protecting earth there is rushing water, and where there had been plantations behind the levee there is now a widening lake.

When the various committees and commissions now investigating the Mississippi problem make their report to Congress, with accompanying recommendations, much emphasis will be laid on the importance of spillways. Major General Jadwin, in view of the fact that crevasses have helped the flood level, has declared the spillway to be of permanent importance. Nec-

*An airplane view of a portion of an inundated city showing miles of territory invaded by the river*



W. E. W. R. D.



destroyed. The Neosho and the Arkansas were beyond control at a time when they should have been most tractable. Heavy rains continued in various Middle Western localities during October and November. In December there was an alarming situation on the Ohio, which is regarded as the key to the Mississippi flood situation for the reason that it is the main stream through the Middle Western states which receive the most rainfall. The December floods from the Cumberland filled the lower Ohio to the danger point. On top of this flood, in January, came a big flood from the upper Ohio.

**T**HE steady continuation of local floods since September meant that the Arkansas and Ohio valleys were already filled well toward the saturation point when almost the entire Middle West was visited by torrential rains during March and April.

It was not the first time that Nature had gone about such a deliberate setting of scenes for a great flood drama. In the meager reports on the great flood of 1844, it is set forth that one reason for the inundation was the fact that the swamp lands bordering the Mississippi, which under normal conditions were capable of caring for a great part of the overflow, were "filled with rainwater before the rise of the Missouri occurred." In that year, as in 1927, the Mississippi Valley was like a huge sponge, incapable of absorbing more moisture. Additional rains meant a swift run-off to the sea, with accompanying destruction.

Nothing just like the flood of 1927 had ever occurred before. It is not on record that there had ever been such heavy rains in the Middle West, affecting so many tributaries of the Mississippi. But this does not mean that those who work out a plan of future flood prevention can confine their efforts to the Middle Western theatre of action within the comparatively narrow limits of this year's rainfall. The flood of 1844, which exceeds anything else on record, up to the flood of 1927, was due to June freshets on the Missouri, coming on top of high water due to earlier rainfall in the Middle West.

When June freshets occur on the Missouri it means, as a rule, that there has been a sudden release of snow water from the far-off tributaries extending to the Rocky Mountains. Thus engineers are confronted with the disturbing fact that the points of flood attack are several. The lower valley of the Mississippi is vulnerable, whether the flood waters come from an exceptional downpour of rain in near-by states or from the release of snow water 2,500 to 4,000 miles away.

The old-time planters, from Cairo to the Gulf, were content to "take a chance" on being flooded out. Frederick Law Olmstead, in his "A Journey Through Texas," written in 1859, tells of conditions along the Louisiana bottoms, where floods were regarded with comparative equanimity. The average small planter, having little to lose, would move back on his plantation in case of flood. If he were flooded out one year in three, he made enough in the intervening two years to carry him through. But to-day no such chances can be taken. The population has increased many-fold. There are towns and cities behind the levees and these cannot be left and returned to at will. To-day the flood situation is faced gamely, even heroically, but there is no compensating thought that losses are going to be made up in a year or two. One can understand the feelings of the Tallulah, Louisiana, business man who wrote to a New York firm:

"The Mississippi is about to get us. I am getting out of my office now. This is my last check."

In one week after the flood crest passed Cairo, the "easy way to Dixie" had become a way of difficulty and danger—a way of terror and destruction. That it did not become a way of wholesale death is simply due to the fact that such modern agencies as the airplane, the radio and the telephone made it possible to locate refugees whose lives were saved by the quick mobilization of all available craft.

In Missouri, all of Mississippi, New Madrid and Pemiscot and parts of Dunklin and

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*"GETTING the Jump on Famine" is the title of a forthcoming article by Boyden Sparkes. Here is a tale more exciting, and infinitely more significant to every member of the human race, than any that has come from Scotland Yard. Look for it—if you want to know how you are kept from starvation.*

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Stoddard counties were inundated. In Arkansas all of Mississippi, Crittenden and Chicot and parts of Craighead, Desha, Poinsett, Cross, St. Francis, Lee, Ashley, Lincoln, Arkansas, Phillips, Greene and Clay counties were flooded. Louisiana saw the inundation of all of West Carroll, East Carroll, Richland, Madison, Tensas, Concordia, St. Martin, St. Mary and Franklin counties and the partial flooding of Morehouse, Ouachita, Catahoula, Avoyelles, La Salle, St. Landry, Iberia, Terre Bonne, Pointe Coupee, Lafayette and Caldwell counties. When the final break came in the Atchafalaya, through the McCrea crevasse, the four parishes of Pointe Coupee, West Baton Rouge, Iberville and Assumption were from 30 per cent. to 75 per cent. flooded. Mississippi saw destruction wrought in all of Washington, Humphreys, Sharkey and Issaquana, and parts of Bolivar, Sunflower, LeFlore, Holmes, Yazoo and Warren counties.

At the office of the chief of Army engineers at Washington, where the flood was closely followed by official reports from day to day, it was estimated that the total of flood land area was close to 20,000 square miles, with an assessed property valuation of over \$300,000,000. Seven hundred thousand persons suffered from the flood, and of this number 600,000 were dependent upon the Red Cross for aid.

This country had never looked upon disaster of such magnitude. Fortunately it was able to cope with the immediate needs of the flood sufferers in a way that never has been equaled. President Coolidge detailed Secretary Herbert Hoover, of the Department of Commerce, to take up the burden of relief work in the lower valley of the Mississippi, and the man who fifteen years ago fed Belgium and later took up post-war relief work which saved thousands of lives in virtually the entire continent of Europe, was equal to this sudden emergency which had been imposed by the angry Father of Waters.

Of the details of this great work of mercy there is little need to speak here. Newspaper readers are familiar with the wonderful manifestation of American sympathy—the immediate response to the appeal of the

Red Cross for millions; the prompt enlistment of the Army, Navy, Coast Guard and Public Health Service; the quick assembling of tents, cots, blankets, foodstuffs and medical supplies; the heroism of aviators, who located endangered groups of refugees; the rescue work of an enormous fleet of all sorts of craft from river steamers and barges to pirogues; the cooperation of the railroads, which carried workers and refugees free; the volunteering of individuals, who cut the overhead expense of Red Cross administration down to a mere trifle of the funds raised; the aid extended by various units of the state militia, and by local civilian organizations.

In Louisiana, where the flood struck hardest and where relief work was especially urgent and the question of more permanent aid more serious, on account of crops having been further advanced, especially meritorious service was rendered by various State agencies under the direction of former Governor John M. Parker.

It was all a work that had to be done quickly, and it was the supreme test of the organizing genius of the man who saved Europe from starvation. Nor was the mere saving of life and the prevention of epidemics in the refugee camps all that faced Mr. Hoover. There was the question of rehabilitation after the receding of the flood waters—how to aid these thousands of farmers in getting a new start on their lands after the flood waters had receded. How were they to get seed, if they still had time to replant, and how were they to secure credit for the necessary purchase of the livestock which had been swept away—the cattle, mules, horses, swine, poultry which had gone down in the flood?

**H**ERE was another heartening and inspiring story—the cooperation of bankers, which made possible further credits for a part of the country which had been hard hit by the low price of commodities before the flood and which was in no financial condition to receive such a sudden and overwhelming addition to its liabilities. No man who was not used to dealing in large things could have carried out such a program. No man who was not an engineer could have looked over the situation and caught an intelligent glimpse of the remedial measures which would prevent such a thing from happening again. Yet, in the thickest of a fight which means the preservation of the lives of thousands, and which called for mass cooperation and the expenditure of millions of dollars, Mr. Hoover was quickly responsive to any personal appeal. If there came up any minor question, wherein it seemed that the comfort of any refugees might suffer owing to the enforcement of some rigid rule regarding the feeding of pets or the denial of some little luxury which was outside the list of things purchaseable, there would always come the quick response of the genuine humanitarian:

"Charge it to me."

The difficulty of getting more than half a million people to leave their homes in accordance with flood warnings can only be appreciated by those who were on the ground. Telephone operators, who proved themselves to be heroines, worked on scaffolds above the high water mark, but their appeals were not always heeded until the last minute. There were countless thousands of well reared white people, many of them bearing the proudest names of the South, who were naturally reluctant to abandon homes, perhaps to be the prey of

(Continued on page 72)





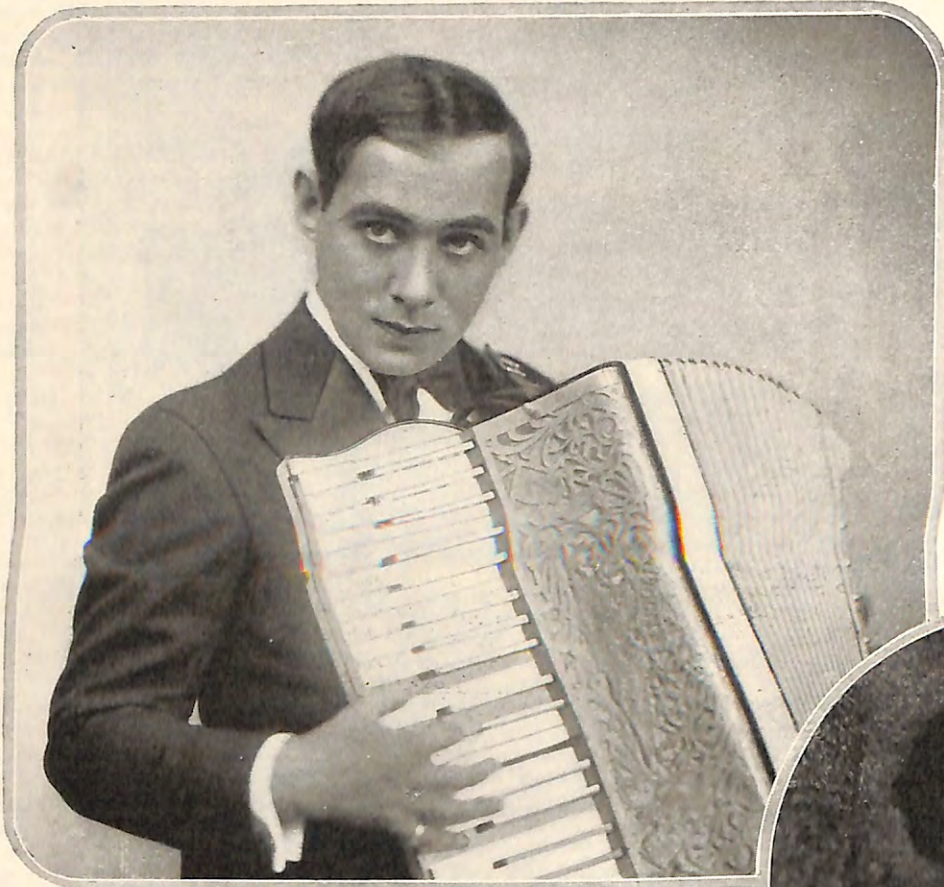
### Rose McClendon and Frank Wilson

FLORENCE VANDAMM

**F**OR twenty-five years Abraham McCranie (Frank Wilson) fought a losing battle to bring enlightenment to his people. His wife (Rose McClendon) was a drudge, and from town to town they fought starvation and disease in the effort to secure a school for his preaching of equality. If this statement of the

theme of "In Abraham's Bosom" does not sound dramatic, the fault is with the statement, for no play of the season has been more deeply and poignantly moving than this understanding picture of negro life acted by negro players. This is the play with which Paul Green won the Pulitzer award—E. R. B.





Captions by  
Esther R. Bien

It has been some time since New York has seen a female impersonator in the leading rôle of a musical comedy. Karyl Norman (below) is this year's candidate for honors in the field and gives a very clever performance in "Lady Do" which has recently departed for Philadelphia and points West



PHOTO BY  
FLORENCE VAN DAMM

"A Night in Spain" has most of the good things one has come to look for in an expensively produced revue except the exotic, romantic local color one might expect from the title. It has a newly imported dancer called Helba Huara who is lithe and sinister, and occasionally the piece goes Spanish with a sort of conscience-stricken start in a splurge of gaudy colors and rich mantillas. For the most part it lapses into a satisfactory brand of the usual song and dance act with a generous display of Foster and Gertrude Hoffman girls. It is during one of these lapses that Phil Baker (above) and his accordion definitely hold up the show.



The present revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta "Patience" would seem to indicate that the vital appeal of the great aesthetic movement initiated by Lord Byron which made such a difference in the lives of a great number of Mid-Victorian maidens is a bit difficult to recapture to-day. Much of the music is still delightful but most of the humor seems a bit anemic. James Watts and Bernice Merston (right) as a fleshly poet and a rapturous maiden of waning charms are excellent in their parts





PHOTO BY FLORENCE VANDAMM

Three little girls from — are we: Blanche Talmud, Aline Bernstein, and Sadie Sussman (above). If you want to know where from, you must see the "Grand Street Follies". You'll want to anyhow; partly from sentiment, since this is the last show to be produced by this pioneering, insurgent group before they dissolve their organization, and also because it's one of the best they've ever done. The satirical burlesques of notable people and successful plays are exceptionally clever in the current edition

Way back in November, Constance McKay (above) slid quietly into town in a play called "Gertie." No one except perhaps Ladema Bussiere, the author, seemed to cherish much hope of its longevity, yet it has jogged gently along all season on the strength of good acting and an appeal hidden somewhere in its threadbare little plot. Just a simple, talky story of a simple but pretty girl whose mind is filled with rosy visions by the ardent wooing of a seemingly noble-minded plutocrat from Long Island. When he turns out to be a moral disappointment Gertie switches her true love to the rising young garage man who, to the eyes of the knowing, has been slated for the hero right from the start



To the right are the popular Talmadge sisters. According to latest information Constance is working on a picture called "Breakfast at Sunrise," transcribed from a continental play, while Norma has plunged straight from "Camille" into "The Dove"



# International Competitions

## What is Their Real Effect on World Relations?

By W. O. McGeehan

Photograph by Wide World

IT IS a beautiful theory that international athletic competition promotes international amity and understanding. Elaborating on the theory, it is pointed out that Captain Charles A. Lindbergh's great achievement was, in reality, a sporting feat and, because it was just that, it once more endeared the United States to the nations of Europe at the very time when it seemed that we had no friends left.

But admitting that the feat of Captain Lindbergh was a feat of sportsmanship, it must be remembered that he had no competitors from the other nations. He raced alone and he raced with Death, a rival who has not many friends and who calls forth no huzzas from the cheering sections.

My notion is that the supposedly civilized nations are more jealous of their athletic prestige than they are of their wealth and honor. The nations, in their way, are no more sophisticated than the undergraduates of an American university who can make an appalling tragedy out of the loss of the big football game to the hated rival.

I happened to be at Muirfield last year when Jess Sweetser, the home-born and home-bred, won the British amateur golf championship on the banks of the Firth of Forth, where golf was born, or, at least, where it passed through its very early infancy.

Now the British have their emotions well under control and they are the most sportsmanlike losers in the world. They lose even more gracefully than Americans. But I recall the heartrending sigh that went up at the final stroke that meant the victory of the home-bred American.

They were holding some fleet maneuvers in the Firth of Forth at the time. Suddenly the distant booming of the guns died down, and in the oppressive silence that followed all eyes were focused on the handsome young man in the blue sweater. It was as though the fate of a few nations trembled in the balance.

Then there was a very painful and audible gasp from a few thousand well-bred but intensely suffering people. The somber opponent of the young American walked over to clasp his hand. The applause started very quietly at first from throats that were a little lumpy and increased in volume until the few Americans present felt emboldened to give a few joyous whoops.

Understand that I do not mean to imply that the British gallery was ungenerous. On the contrary they did nobly, and acted like true British sportsmen and sports-women, for the vehemence of that first sigh indicated the depth of the tragedy they were called upon to face. They presented the precious cup to the victor manfully and generously, and before the twilight had gathered they made the air ring with their singing and their cheers.

But light as it may seem from any description, it was a strain on them. Had the conditions been reversed it might have been the same sort of strain on us.

You can appreciate it if you can picture some British heavyweight coming to the United States and taking back with him the crown and the mantle that were John L. Sullivan's. Of course this picture is so far-fetched that it cannot even be outlined in the popular American mind.

In the United States there is absolutely

the opposite feeling in regard to a certain other cup. Watching the international yacht races the last time they were held, it was revealed that apparently all America, with the possible exception of the members of the New York Yacht Club in whose custody the trophy reposes, wanted to see Sir Thomas Lipton lift the *America's Cup*.

There was no doubt as to the popular sentiment on that score, and when the good Sir Thomas returns with another edition of the *Shamrock* the feeling will be stronger than ever that Sir Thomas should be presented with the cup.

If this should happen it would not be long before the sentiment would turn in exactly the opposite direction and there would be a clamor for the building of armadas of American yachts to be rushed across the Atlantic to bring the trophy back. People can go just so far in their generosity in a sporting proposition, and then they go to the other extreme.

The more polite the sport and the more hedged in with the outward shows of sportsmanship, the more intense the feeling because of the repression. In a game where there is no repression—such as baseball or prize-fighting, where the emotions are permitted to have full vent—sanity follows the most violent explosions. But it is in the sport where the fans are repressed that the dangerous feeling rises.

A few years ago Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, making her first visit to the United States, rushed out of a tennis court on Long Island in a flood of tears and a storm of temperament, defaulting to Mrs. Molla Mallory, the American champion, who was champion by her own achievement and American by marriage. It was a very painful and awkward situation.

I know from talking to some of the intimate friends of Mlle. Lenglen that she felt she had been rather unfairly dealt with, that she had been jockeyed into meeting her most formidable American opponent when she was far from being at her best. In France, where she was queen in her own realm, they would have made allowances. The French were distressed over the incident outwardly, but inwardly they sympathized with Suzanne.

Subsequently Mlle. Lenglen met Mrs. Mallory in Europe and beat her so thoroughly that the alibi of Mlle. Lenglen (to use the very ungallant term) seemed fairly well established. According to her own lights Mlle. Lenglen was thoroughly justified in "resigning" when she felt that she was not at her best.

This is one of the dangerous quirks to international competitions—the different notions as to what is "the sporting thing." For instance, in French and English prize-rings, it is not at all unusual for a boxer who feels that the bout is hopeless as far as he is concerned to raise his hand and say, "I resign."

There are no caustic comments from the non-combatants at the ringside. It is felt that the loser is well within his rights, and that he is doing the sensible and obvious thing. But at an American prize-ring they would howl with baffled rage. It is against the American tradition. Here one had

better die than to default. So you see that we can be more intensely and idiotically serious over a mere sporting event than the people of the older and more blasé countries.

BUT there can be times when the older countries are not so blasé. The French are proud of their growing tennis prestige. They were very proud of their Suzanne. When our own Helen Wills started on her quest of the women's championship of the world in tennis we never could understand why Mlle. Lenglen always was such an odds-on favorite in all of the preliminary tournaments.

Did not Mlle. Lenglen default to Mrs. Mallory and did not Helen Wills beat Mrs. Mallory decisively at Forest Hills? It was not in the cards for Mlle. Lenglen to be such a heavy favorite. Because of the attractiveness of Miss Wills there was almost some national indignation over it.

But when I got to the Racing Club in Paris that year I could understand, after seeing Suzanne play just once on her native clay courts and in her own environment. It was a different Suzanne. She pirouetted about as lightly as a bird rising and descending. She purred like a happy kitten.

She did not play Helen Wills that day, for Miss Wills had been granted a postponement because of illness. I saw her play an easy victim from England and I sat down and wrote very unpatriotically for my paper that Miss Wills would not beat Mlle. Lenglen that year nor any other year. I added that I could see why Mlle. Lenglen always had been an odds-on favorite over Helen Wills, and would always be that over Miss Wills or any other woman player.

Just as the story was finished I received the news that Miss Wills had been stricken with appendicitis, and the story went into the waste basket. But the conviction remained.

That evening it occurred to me that a "statement" from Mlle. Lenglen in regard to the illness of Miss Wills and her withdrawal from the French tournament might be of some interest.

Said Mlle. Lenglen, "I am so sorry. I, particularly, can sympathize deeply with Miss Wills; for I know how it feels to be alone and sick in a foreign country. I am sure that France will be just as sympathetic to Miss Wills as her country was to me."

She purred this statement forth so smoothly! But the claws of sarcasm stuck out all through it. If you cannot conceive of international sporting competition creating deadly bitterness, you should have heard the murderously musical lilt of Mlle. Lenglen's voice as she issued this particular "statement." It had all of the menace of a hundred thousand bayonets.

There seemed to be considerable repressed "feeling" for the duration of that tournament. The American women did not have an opportunity to play in the main court until Miss Mary K. Browne met Mlle. Lenglen in the finals. This probably was not a slight. It was according to the custom at the Racing Club, but there was some whispering over it.

Miss Browne was overwhelmed in the finals by Mlle. Lenglen, who was at her best. The American woman lost very graciously



and pleasantly, for Miss Browne is a sports-woman with considerable tact and self-control. But she could not restrain the faint deprecation of the whisper as she prepared to enter for the final match: "Well at last, Mary, one of us is going to be allowed to play in the center court."

The winning of the American men's singles by René Lacoste furnished a tremendous thrill for the French—carrying with it the promise that a French team will have more than a good chance at the Davis Cup this year. In fact, the United States Lawn Tennis Association is convinced that the defense of the Davis Cup will be a desperate battle this time.

**P**EPHAPS this is why the attitude of the association toward William Tilden has changed so suddenly and so obviously. Not so long ago the association was disposed to be quite critical of Tilden, but now, with Vincent Richards a professional and out of it, and with the indication that the great little Bill Johnston has gone back, Tilden seems to have become "the white-haired boy" again.

It is very treasonable, of course, but it is my notion that it might be a very good thing for tennis, for sport in general, and for the greater amity of the nations, if the United States did lose the Davis Cup this year. But I do not think that anybody connected with American tennis ever will be able to see it in that light. The Tennis Association will continue to "bear down," as the baseball players say.

What I mean is that it is good for the national soul—to put it that way—to be beaten once in a while at the various sports. We always can come back. The national physique and the national stamina are there for that, and can be called upon when there is a real challenge.

It is elemental that the victor can be magnanimous to the vanquished, but it is not in human nature for the continually vanquished to feel any too kindly to the victor. To be victorious too continuously is not good for the victor, and it certainly does not make him any too popular. The constant victor can not expect to be universally loved.

Let us go into another field where I can demonstrate that a beating has done us good, and that we were able to recover quickly from the said beating.

When Paavo Nurmi came to the United States, he beat everything and everybody. They were saying that he was the greatest distance runner that ever sped along the track, and the watches proved it. In this sport, where permanent records can be kept, they can compare the athletes of the present with those of the past, and the athletes become better with the years.

Then Wide, another foreigner, was rated even greater than Nurmi. It seemed for the moment that America would be left permanently in the ruck by foreign distance runners. This was the challenge and the response came quickly enough.

It brought out Lloyd Hahn, a Nebraskan born, but a member of the Boston Athletic Club. He beat the great Wide, the conqueror of Nurmi, at the mile in New York City, and in doing it created a new world's indoor record. He will be the hope of the United States in the distance races at the next Olympic Games. You can see that, if there had not been the challenge, Hahn might not have been discovered. Our athletes always will be the better for sterner competition.

I should like to see things of this sort



***P**ARTAKING of the nature of an international sporting event, but with all feeling of partisanship sunk in admiration for the magnificence of the daring required to undertake and complete it, Captain Charles A. Lindbergh's feat has done more to unite in friendliness the Old World and the New than a century of race-meets could. When the opponent is Death the human race takes but one side in the match.*

happen to all of the nations that have been consistently supreme in certain sports. The crowning chastening for the United States would be to have the Japanese, who have taken up baseball with such enthusiasm, beat the New York Yankees in an Oriental and Occidental series. I suppose that I should be shot at sunrise for such a treasonable statement, but you may make the most of it.

Things of this sort can happen and are happening. The English women for ages were supreme at golf. Yet this year Mlle. Simone Thio de la Chaume won the British Women's Golf Championship, and has carried that coveted cup to France.

You would say that golf is a game that would be entirely foreign to the temperament of a French girl, but of Mlle. de la Chaume an expert writes, "She has the ideal golf temperament and smiles in the eyes of defeat as she does in the face of victory. Small, compact and charming, she is the idol of the French golf world. It was from her hands that John A. Anderson received the Open French Championship trophy which he won in France last year."

This is the way that I would have it, John Anderson, American, winning the French championship, Mlle. de la Chaume winning the English championship and to make it even, a Frenchman or a French woman or an Englishman or an English woman winning some American championships to even the thing up again. Of course it was a blow to the English women to have a French girl win the English Golf championship. To some of the members of the United States Lawn Tennis Association it was a blow to have René Lacoste win the American tennis championship, but it was a blow which the other citizens of the United States received with no evidence of any very acute suffering.

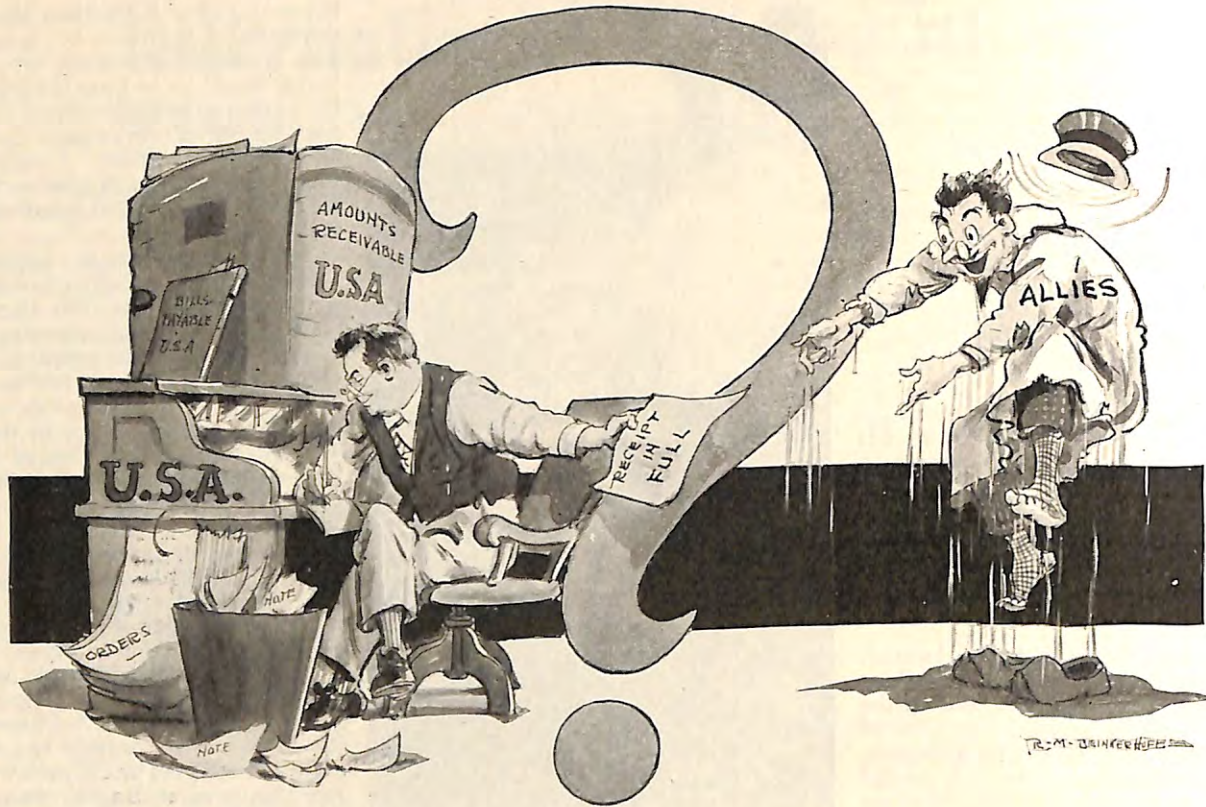
There have been occasions when international competitions have been responsible for considerable ill-feeling. There was the finish of the Marathon in London where the sympathetic English helped the Italian Dorando across the tape to beat the American Johnny Hayes. Dorando subsequently was disqualified and the event was awarded to the American, but the feeling was bitter for the moment.

**T**HEN there was that football game in Paris where the Americans were booed and jostled by the French mobs. Of course the French are no more responsible for the actions of their mobs than we are for ours. No people should be judged by their mobs.

I should hate to think of the United States, as a whole, being held responsible for the brutal booing of little Eugene Criqui of France, with the bullet from Verdun in his jaw, as he went down to defeat before an Italian-American prizefighter. That was the most disgraceful "sporting" event at which I have ever been present.

But we must realize that the nations are becoming naively jealous of this matter of athletic prestige, particularly since the whole world seems to have gone sport mad. Athletic competitions, to my mind, never will be particularly effective in creating amity among the nations, but with the victories being distributed somewhat equitably I am sure that the time is not so far distant when the nations will be able to play without quarreling, or, at least, when the quarrels over the play will be as inconsequential as those of small children. At that, it may be that the nations are even now playing as small children and that all of us exaggerate the "feeling" which we seem to detect over these athletic competitions.





# Should America Forgive Her Debtors?

By Paul Tomlinson

Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff

**M**ANY Americans think that the debts owed this country by those nations who were our associates and allies during the War should be forgiven. Other Americans feel that there is no reason at all why this should be done, that our claims are equitable and just, and should be enforced. The discussion goes merrily on.

In order to grasp the merits of the argument it is necessary to understand how it came about that some ten billions of dollars happened to be loaned by the United States Government, loaned in varying amounts, to twenty different nations. Of course there was the War. The nations with whom we became allied in the prosecution of the War had established—long before our entry—the principle that goods and services purchased by one ally in the country of another should be financed by the country where the purchases were made. If, for instance, France placed an order for shells in England, the British government paid for these shells in English pounds; when English troops were carried on French railways, the French government paid for their transportation in French francs. Pounds were furnished on credit, francs were furnished on credit, and when the necessity for these expenditures was removed, the credits offset each other, and one country owed the other whatever difference there was remaining. This method of doing business was based on sound economic principles and when we entered the War it was applied to our transactions with our allies.

The United States agreed to furnish the Allies the dollars with which to make their purchases in this country, and we not only agreed to furnish dollars, but to *lend* them. This was the origin of the debts and is a

very important point to bear in mind. It is important because we required goods and services from other countries ourselves, goods and services which had to be paid for in francs or in pounds, and except in a few minor instances, we got those francs and pounds, not on credit, but in return for cash. In other words, our associates got what they needed from us on credit, and what we needed from them we paid for in cash. This explains how it happened that when the War ended everyone owed us money and we owed no one anything. Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, asks those people who urge us to cancel the debts because they were incurred in a common cause whether, if this is done, we are to be reimbursed for the dollars we expended in other countries so that the goods and services they sold us—for cash—will be these countries' contributions to the same common cause.

**T**HERE are twenty nations to whom we loaned money. Armenia, which no longer has an independent government, got \$12,000,000. Austria has been granted a moratorium until June 1, 1943, on her debt of \$11,959,917. Russia was advanced \$102,000,000, but her present government has not been recognized by the United States. Greece borrowed \$15,000,000, and Liberia \$26,000.

Cuba and Nicaragua got \$10,000,000 and \$176,000 respectively, and settlements have been made with these two countries independently of the Debt Commission authorized by our government to negotiate terms of settlement.

Thirteen other countries borrowed from us as follows:

|                     |                |
|---------------------|----------------|
| Belgium.....        | \$ 377,029,570 |
| Czechoslovakia..... | 91,879,671     |
| Estonia.....        | 12,060,222     |
| Finland.....        | 8,281,926      |
| France.....         | 3,340,410,043  |
| Great Britain.....  | 4,074,818,358  |
| Hungary.....        | 1,685,835      |
| Italy.....          | 1,647,860,197  |
| Latvia.....         | 5,132,287      |
| Lithuania.....      | 4,981,628      |
| Poland.....         | 159,666,972    |
| Rumania.....        | 36,128,494     |
| Yugoslavia.....     | 51,037,886     |

The total of these borrowings amounts to \$9,811,004,094—a very tidy sum. Interest had accumulated on these various sums of money before agreements as to the basis of settlement had been entered into, this item of interest itself totalling \$1,711,259,905, which added to the original borrowings makes a grand total of \$11,522,354,000.

Now, another important point to remember is that the act providing for these loans authorized the United States Government to sell Liberty bonds to its citizens and to invest the proceeds of the sale in the bonds of these foreign governments, the latter bonds to bear the same rate of interest as the Liberty bonds sold and to have the same maturities. To quote Secretary Mellon: "What we allowed our associates to do, in effect, was to borrow money in our investment market, but since their credit was not as good as ours, to borrow on the credit of the United States rather than on their own. Looking at the substance rather than the form of the transaction the situation was no different than if they had actually sold their own bonds in the American market and our government had endorsed them." It is









"Der Americans see me. I throw up my hands and I am prisoner"

## Spy *Another Adventure of the Special Operations Officer of the Famous Secret Service of the A. E. F.*

By Ben Lucien Burman  
Illustrated by George Wright

(CAPTAIN FRANK J. QUIGLEY before the war was an investigator for the Department of Justice. At the outbreak of hostilities he enlisted in the ranks of the United States Army, but was quickly promoted and sent overseas, where he was assigned to a high post in the Intelligence Section, for which duty his training as a detective made him particularly fit. Here he devoted his energies to two vital tasks: one, the checking of the operations of the German Secret Service, the other, the gathering of information from the German lines. In the course of his dangerous duties he was twice wounded, the second time in such circumstances that the French Government conferred upon him the highly coveted Croix de Guerre. This spy story is an account of his most picturesque and memorable experience.)

THERE was a spy in the line: there could be no doubt about it. A spy who was a genius, a master. A fact which, coupled with the knowledge that in a week or two a tremendous drive was to be launched against the Germans, was rapidly driving the general staff of the corps area into a state of frenzy. A battery of 155's would be moved up at night into a well-camouflaged position along the edge of a wood to be left there until needed; three or four hours after dawn the Germans would send over a terrific rain of shells and the guns would be blown to pieces. A sniper would take up his post just before sunrise in a spot where it was physically impossible for him to be seen from the enemy line; yet before half the

morning had elapsed, before he had opportunity to fire a single shot, a shell would scream out near him and he would be forced to beat a hasty retreat.

"Never saw anything like it. Never!" the fiery little chief of staff snapped to Captain Quigley as he paced up and down the bare floor of the little farmhouse serving as area headquarters. "Been a soldier all my life. Nothing but a soldier. This wins the derby. Absolutely the derby. One day he's here; when we go to look for him he's there; a week later he's somewhere else. Laughing at us. Laughing damned good and well at us. Look at this." He held out a dirty piece of paper. "Dropped down from a plane over us when two of our infantry regiments went out for a rest and the replacements came in. Just swallow what it says there. Just swallow it." His fist pounded a table in impotent anger. "Says good-bye and a pleasant vacation to the outfit leaving, and hello and a pleasant stay to the outfit coming in. Gives the numbers of the outfits too. How's that for cheek, I ask you? For fourteen-carat gall? By God, you Intelligence people have got to do something, Quigley, and do it quick or we're going to be cooked here. Absolutely cooked."

Captain Quigley, who had come up from General Headquarters after the receipt of a series of feverish telegrams, assured the other that he would do everything possible. He took his departure, then at nightfall jumped into his car and drove up a shell-torn road, now past a train of bumping artillery, now under a black arcade of ragged

camouflage fluttering in the wind. As he rode he meditated on the task before him. He had quickly given the tempestuous chief the assurance that he would leave nothing untried; but whether that assurance could resolve itself into accomplishment he was by no means certain. True, he had caught other spies who had sent over messages which had wrecked many a laboriously thought-out scheme and caused many a general staff to fume and sputter as the officers sat in a dingy, smoke-filled room toiling over their plans for the next day. But never a spy so cloaked in a garment of invisibility, so brazen, so constantly successful.

FROM the French Intelligence some weeks before he had received word that a spy who was thought to be one Gustav Braun, perhaps the best, certainly one of the best spies in the German Secret Service, had been taken prisoner at Verdun, but quickly escaped. Spies capable enough, masterful enough to escape from the French were very, very few; he felt it was quite probable that this unusual individual and his quarry were the same.

He drove toward the front line until the condition of the road and the increasing heaviness of shell fire made further travel that way impossible, then left his car and made his way over rolling muddy fields to the trenches, still reflecting on his course of action. He had no description of the game he was stalking; certainly the man could not be trapped by his accent, for fluency in languages is the primary requisite of even the most unskilled secret agent. There



*"You can be court-martialed for having a gas mask like this! It isn't your gas-mask! You took it from a dead man, didn't you? Where did you get it? Answer me! D'you hear! Answer me!"*

seemed nothing to do but instruct every company commander in the combat section to keep guard and pick up any one seeming suspicious, while at the same time posting a number of his own highly trained men at strategic points to aid. As he reached a slight rise in the ground, however, where he could look over the barbed, flare-pierced blackness of no-man's land a quarter of a mile away he was struck by an idea which he thought might prove useful. It was quite likely that a spy who was sending his information with such precision and regularity, and changing his sphere of action so constantly, would be making fairly frequent trips across no-man's land to hold counsel with the German staff. To crawl across the wired, shell-torn waste was a task difficult at best; but doubly difficult with the heavy, cumbering soldier's pack. It would be the natural thing for any person making the trip to cut down his burden to the minimum. A slight and unimportant fact. But for lack of any better, certainly worth his attention.

A few moments later he was in the trenches. A shell with a torn firing band shrieked dismally over his head, a machine-gun began a quick put-puttering at his side, the sky was stabbed with sharp shafts of light as a battery of German artillery before him began laying down a barrage upon some distant road.

"Very small thing may give our man away," he told a captain with a three days' growth of beard who sat in a dugout munching his supper of bacon and hardtack. "Watch particularly for a soldier who lacks some of his equipment. Mess kit, gas mask, anything important. As I told you, he's pretty certain to travel light as he can when he crosses, relying on picking up most of what he needs after he's reached this side. Keep a sharp lookout, especially if you change your position or if casuals or other troops are sent up to join you. That's when he's most likely to drift in."

From trench to trench he hurried, giving similar instructions, occasionally crawling out to an observation post to peer at the shadowy expanse separating him from the enemy. In the morning he established his headquarters in a half-wrecked cottage half a mile behind the line. He had not been here long when a grizzled sergeant drifted in with a prisoner. The captive was a

lanky Wisconsin farmer; he had been arrested because his complete pack was missing. Bitterly he cursed the grumbling non-com who had brought him; bitterly he complained that his pack had been stolen by some thieving Senegalese. Quigley questioned him closely; convinced of his innocence, sent him back to his company. Before dusk had fallen seventeen other prisoners were sent in by overzealous officers, each sure the captive was the master secret agent; before that same dusk all were set free.

**A**T NIGHT the captain again made a tour, this time taking a different section of the dank-walled trenches. He mingled with the men, hoping to hear some careless word, to notice some tell-tale movement. He found nothing. Early next morning in response to a telegram, other picked Intelligence men came to join him; quickly they took places in the line. Several days went by. More prisoners drifted to the wrecked cottage. To-day it was a hatchet-jawed Philadelphian who had suddenly appeared in the ranks of an artillery regiment clad in suspiciously new uniform and lacking identification tag; to-morrow a gloomy-eyed Georgian who had written a letter to his family which by a stretch of the

imagination might be construed as a code. To their captors' disgust, these too were speedily released.

A week passed. Two weeks. Three weeks. The front shifted, veered, advanced. Battles were fought; intervals of quiet followed. But there were no passive intervals in the activities of the tireless spy. Here his presence would be marked by the blowing up of a thoroughly secreted ammunition dump; there it would be made known by a clever foray impossible without some knowledge of the Americans' movements.

More days went by. More Intelligence men arrived. More prisoners were examined. Still no result. The captain began to despair. The sector covered a wide area; he decided to visit as much as possible of it every day. He was unobtrusively watching a detachment of infantry eating their roughly cooked mess one evening when he noticed that one of the soldiers, dark, wiry, with a narrow, well-moulded, very intelligent face, waited until one of his comrades had finished eating so that he might borrow his mess kit. In this fact there was nothing startling; many a soldier in the mad confusion of the front had lost more than a mess kit. Yet it fitted in with his earliest theories, and clues were far too faint to permit even the slightest being overlooked.





He spoke a few words to the grimy lieutenant in command.

The other shook his head. "Wasting time there, Captain. Good man. One of the best I've got. Works like the devil. Crack shot. Just been here a couple of days but I'll vouch for him. Came in with the casualties we got after the smash the other night. Bank on him. Absolutely."

"I want a little chat with him."

The two officers walked into the dugout which served as company headquarters, a narrow, cramping hole whose floor was covered with muddy, matted straw. The captain placed two candles on a box which took the place of a table, arranged them so that they would shine full on the face of anyone who entered, then took a seat on another box in the shadows behind, just as in civil life every detective so plans his office that the light from a window falls directly upon the face of his visitor, enabling him to study its every expression at his leisure while he himself remains behind his desk in comfortable obscurity.

The soldier entered. Quigley gazed at him silently. At length he spoke.

"What is your name?" he asked quietly. "Murray, sir. James Murray." Wonder was evident in the soldier's handsome, kindly face.

"Where born?"

"Chicago."

"How old?"

"Thirty-one."

"Walk forward to me, please."

The other obeyed.

THE captain arose; glanced at the pack on his back, for he had been ordered to don his full equipment. "How did you lose your mess kit?"

Murray grinned, shrugged his shoulders good-naturedly. "You know these Senegalese, Captain. They'll take everything that isn't nailed down."

The officer slowly began examining the other's splotted and blackened equipment. Suddenly he whipped a gas mask from its dingy container, and with an instantaneous, startling change from his usual manner, in a passion of pretended fury shook it in the soldier's face. "Look at that! Look at that!" he bellowed. "Three bullet holes! Straight through it! Absolutely worthless! Worthless! You can be court-martialed for having a gas mask like this! It isn't your gas mask! You took it from a dead man, didn't you? Where did you get it? Where? Answer me! Answer me!"

If Murray were the man he sought, he hoped by the unexpectedness of

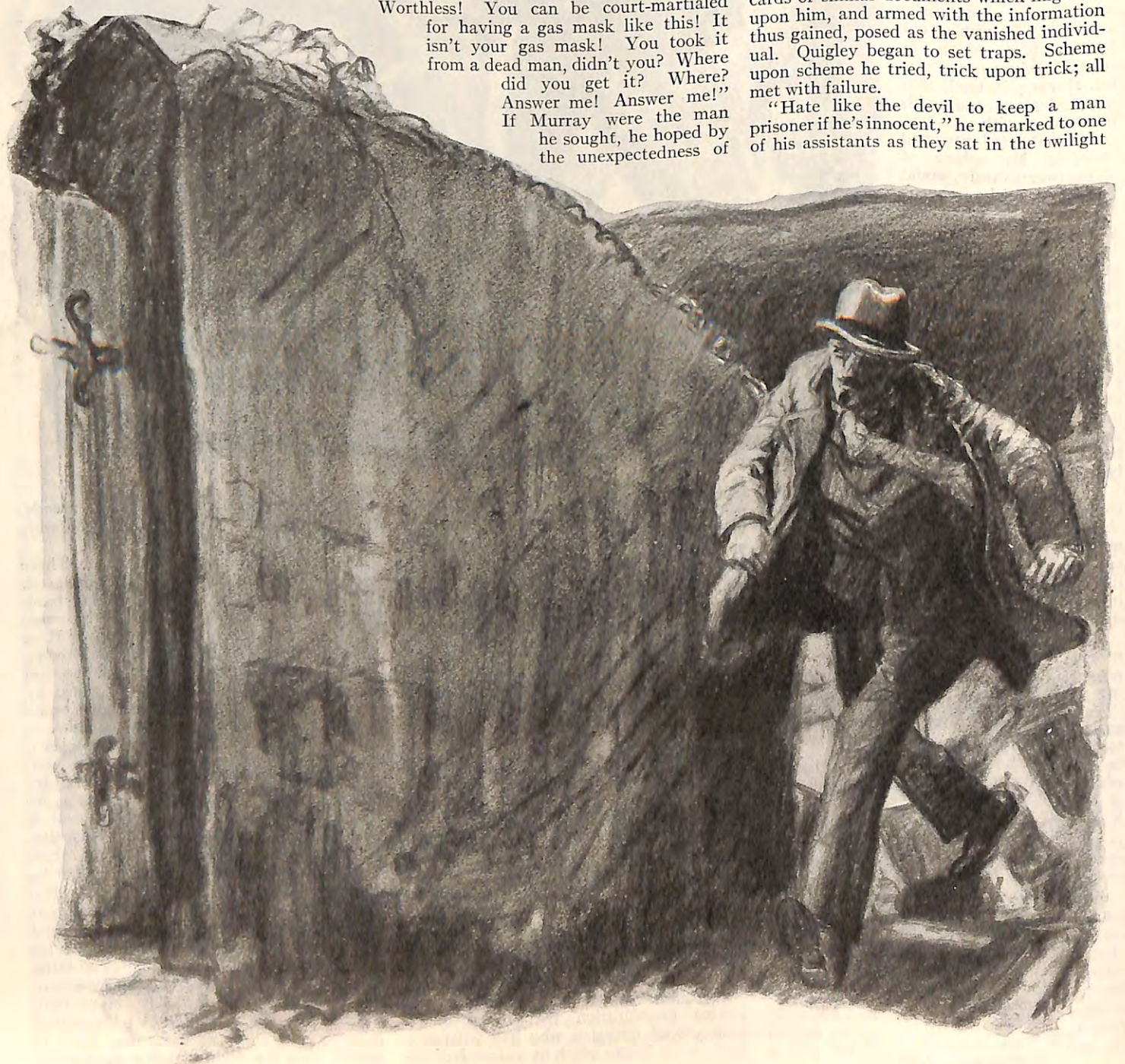
the attack to trick him into some slight revelation, some trivial false move which might mean betrayal.

Instead the soldier only shook his head. "Know I'm taking chances with it, Captain. But that's all we do here. Isn't that right? Got those holes yesterday when I was out sniping."

A few more questions; a few more swift, unhesitating answers. But the captain was not yet convinced; he ordered the suspect kept under heavy guard while he telegraphed for information. The answer was a blow to his hopes. There was a James Murray with the same identification number as the prisoner recorded in the central office; the brief general description noted there might very well apply to him—though it might equally well apply to ten thousand others; but more important, the lists confirmed the date he had given as that of his birth and the name of the relative he had said was to be notified in case of his death.

Still the officer refused to be satisfied. Cases had been known before where a spy had taken advantage of the death or capture of an enemy trooper to appropriate identity cards or similar documents which might be upon him, and armed with the information thus gained, posed as the vanished individual. Quigley began to set traps. Scheme upon scheme he tried, trick upon trick; all met with failure.

"Hate like the devil to keep a man prisoner if he's innocent," he remarked to one of his assistants as they sat in the twilight





decoding some messages. "Particularly a chap as intelligent and agreeable as this one. If he is innocent I'll certainly do what I can for him. But there's something about him that gives me just a trace of a doubt. Perhaps it's that he's too convincing. I may be all wrong of course. Frankly, I don't know what the devil to try now. I'm about ready to give up the ship and let him go."

That night he stayed awake many, many hours, smoking countless cigarettes and looking out upon the sinister threads of red and green touching the horizon as a signal flare shot up from the black trenches. At length he extinguished his last cigarette and stretched out on the floor for a few hours' sleep; he had his plan.

In the morning he drove off to a German prison camp which, fenced off with ugly, closely twisted barbed wire, rose gloomily from the plain some thirty miles in the rear. He held a long conference with the stockade commander; soon after, carpenters began erecting five drab wooden huts, each large enough to contain two men.

The work was quickly finished. A motor truck arrived carrying twenty German soldiers, taken prisoner a few days before. Some were placed in the new shacks, some in other parts of the cheerless stockade. A short time after another automobile drove up, a touring car with a heavily guarded passenger. It was Murray. He was placed in one of the huts alone. There, the sentry told him, he was to be kept until the end of the war.

Bitterly the prisoner protested his innocence; eloquently he argued his record of accomplishment at the front. The sentry shrugged his shoulders.

The following day another detachment of prisoners arrived. One of them was assigned to share Murray's cell. The newcomer was one Herman Weinholz, a northern German of the peasant type, stocky, somewhat awkward in movement and slow of wit, but, withal, friendly, affable. He greeted his cellmate with a genial German salutation; Murray replied with a pleasant "Bon jour," and made signs that he did not understand the other's language. Since Weinholz had great difficulty in comprehending even the few words of broken dough-boy French with which Murray now tried to address his cellmate, the conversation would have languished had they not found in a few moments that they could communicate after a fashion in English, Weinholz having spent two years in the United States working for his brother who had a butcher shop in Hoboken.

They spent several days in the ordinary fashion of prisoners, reading, talking, doing odd jobs about the camp. To while away a few hours Murray began to teach Weinholz English, Weinholz began to teach Murray German. They became more intimate; knew in a general way each other's recent history. One afternoon the conversation drifted to their families. Weinholz became gloomy. He took out a packet of letters and from them carefully

extracted a photograph. It was that of a rotund German hausfrau and two small children. He looked at it, sighed wretchedly, showed it to Murray. "Dot iss mein wife und der two babies I have tell you off," he murmured.

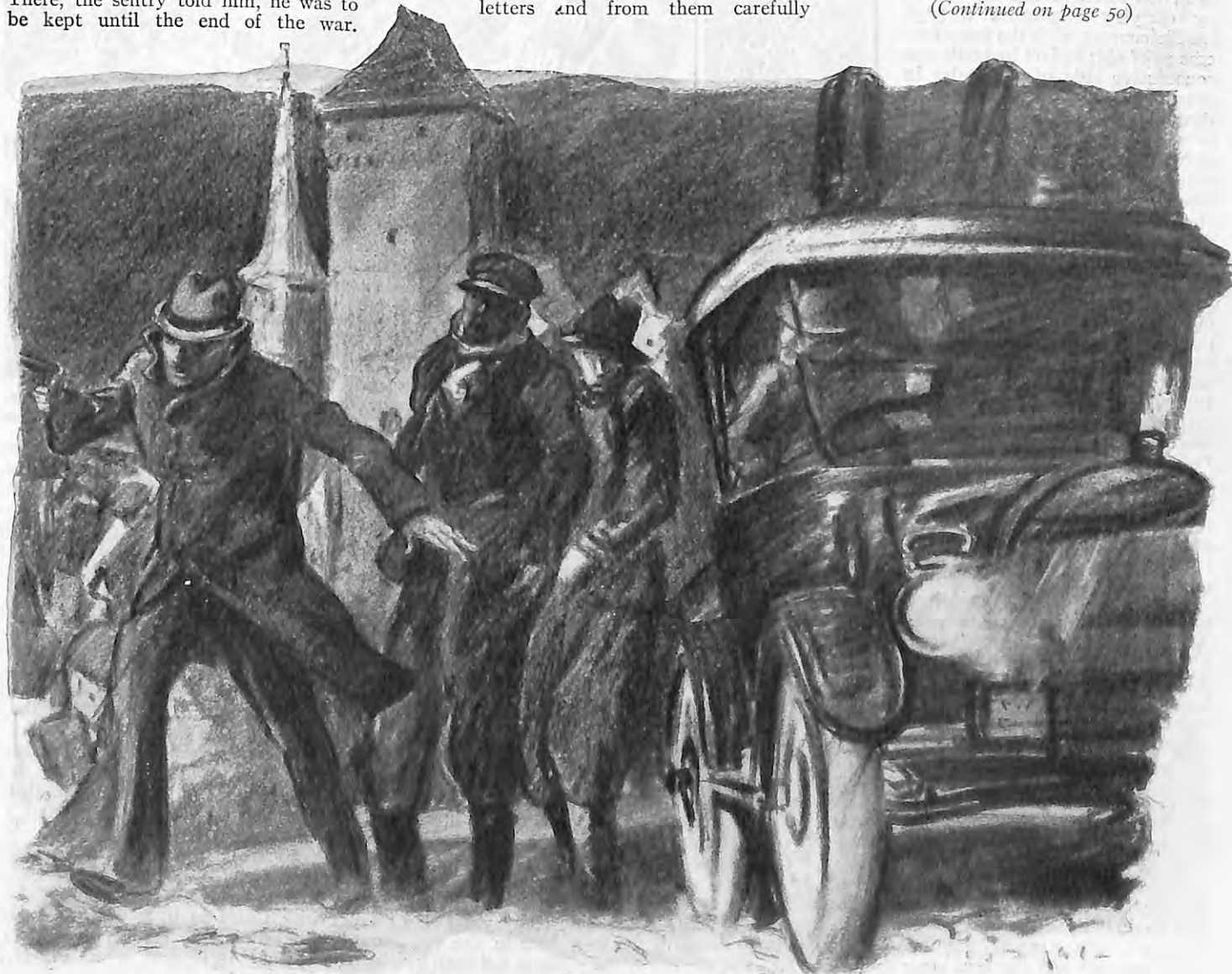
"Fine looking. All three of them," Murray replied cordially. "You're a lucky man."

WEINHOLZ sighed again. "When I looks at this picture and thinks, then it iss not good mit mein heart. No, it iss not good." He replaced the picture caressingly in its envelope. "Ach, this war, this war. When will it end? I tells you, Herr Murray, I good soldier. Many, many Germans not like be soldier. But I like be soldier. Except when I think about mein wife und der two babies. Then I hates be soldier, then I hates der war." He blew his nose stertorously. "If I have something to drink, some schnapps, then I maybe not be sad. You got moneys? Der guard will buy us a drink maybe. He iss a good fellow, I think. He has a good German face, even if he iss not German. You got moneys?"

"Not a cent. Sorry. I'd like a drink myself."

Weinholz made a forlorn search of his pockets. "I got nothings also." He looked at a thin gold ring on a finger next his wedding ring; hesitated. "You thinks we get schnapps for dot, maybe? It iss cost thirty marks in Munich."

(Continued on page 50)



The captain caught a glimpse of the dark man's face. Automatic in hand, he leaped to the street, the other turned his head, wheeled, and began to run toward the gate



# The Story of William Frederick Cody

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

## Part III

THE killing of Yellowhand served as a fitting finale for Buffalo Bill's work on the plains. True, for the remainder of the campaign, he acted as scout, and in several instances displayed the fact that his sojourn upon the stage had diminished neither his skill, his strength nor his daring, by carrying dispatches through hostile country with the same success as of old; in fact he made one consecutive ride of 155 miles in twenty-two hours, wearing out three horses, but finishing comparatively fresh himself. All these things, however, can be classed as a part of the Yellowhand event. The campaign had diminished almost to the vanishing point with the killing of the Indian chieftain and the halting of the march of the Cheyennes from Red Cloud Agency. Sitting Bull had taken flight after his great victory, and the fears which the United States had held for a protracted Indian war were not fulfilled. Therefore, Bill Cody thought it over, remembered that the East was as much interested in Indians and Indian killings as the West, noticed that the duel with Yellowhand had given him a tremendous amount of publicity along a different line from that of his average scouting adventures, and, good showman that he was, determined to take advantage of it.

He said good-by to the soldiery and went East, hunting up an actor friend, Joseph V. Arlington, whom he commissioned to write a play from a serial then running in *The New York Saturday Journal*, published by Beadle and Adams. The story bore the quiet title: "Kansas King," or the "Red Right Hand," while the play got more to the gist of things, if there was any gist to it. It announced itself in four acts and a procession of scenes as "Life in the Black Hills," or "Buffalo Bill's First Scalp for Custer." Naturally it was the recital of the killing of Yellowhand.

At least, Yellowhand appeared in the cast, listed as the "heavy" or villain. Just what he had to do with the general mix-up is rather difficult to determine, since Buffalo Bill himself often said jokingly that three dramatic critics went out of their senses that season in an attempt to figure out the plot. With this any reader will agree, from a glance at

## BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST AND

### AN ASSEMBLAGE OF THE WORLD'S ROUGH RIDERS

SELECTED FROM AMONG  
THE MOST CELEBRATED OF THE UNIVERSE OF ALL RACES,  
ALL MEN WHO RIDE, INCLUDING

### A GRAND INTERNATIONAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT

INTRODUCING FOR THE  
FIRST TIME ON EARTH AND ON HORSEBACK, AND IN ONE ARENA TOGETHER,



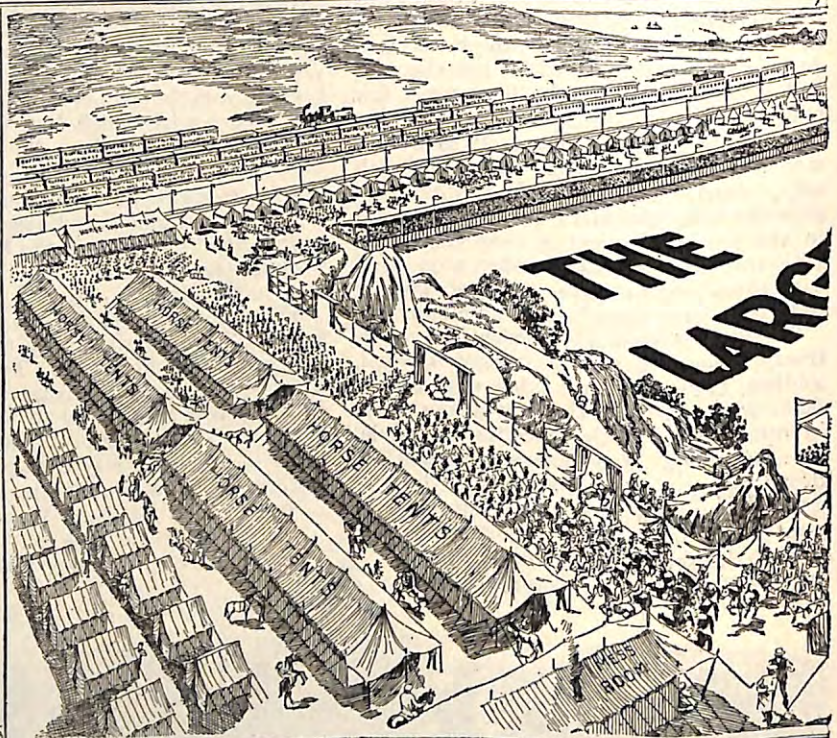
GENERAL NELSON A. MILES

Extract from Poem, by Miss E. Hartley, on announcing visit to Scotland.  
"But though, where Indian warhorse grazed,  
In strife's wild, maddening day,  
Thy white sombrero ever glauced  
Mid thickets of the fray,  
We hail thee not for life-blood shed,  
But that thy voice cried Cease!  
And that thy noble efforts led  
To white-winged, meek-eyed peace,  
Hail! hero, hunter of the West,  
To bonnie Scotland's strand;  
Well hast thou stood the fiery test  
In thy wild Western land.  
Hail to the land where storm-clouds dwell  
Around the mountain crest,  
The land where heroes fought and fell—  
Hail! hunter of the West."  
E. HARTLEY,  
Glasgow, Dec., 1891.



Kate Field's Washington, July 9th, 1893.  
BUFFALO BILL.

Chicago is to-day the center of the United States and will remain so, until the close of the World's Fair. There is more to see and hear than an ordinary Berlin can digest in a thousand years. The vastness of the Fair makes it the part of wisdom to use discretion in selection. When I want instructive entertainment without fatigue, when I want a breath of air from the Rockies, when I want to shake hands with "square" men who can tell good stories and do kind acts with equal facility, and never try to be anybody but themselves, I take a day off and visit Buffalo Bill's Wild West camp, and so does every intelligent visitor who most fully considers that of all the vast and manifold attractions of Chicago and of the great White City, the most marvellous and most soul-stirring of them all is the Wild West Exhibition.



## THE AMERICAN COWBOY—THE MODERN CENTAUR

From Every Section, Every Latitude of the Vast West, from

The Roving Ranchero and Ranger of the Mustang-Land of the Rio Grande, to the Broncho Busting Buck Rider from the Cayuse Ranges near the British Border.

THE SCOUT, THE GUIDE, THE TRAPPER, THE FRONTIERSMAN, AND

- |                                |                           |                           |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| The United States Cavalry Man, | The Hungarian Magyar.     | The Tartar of Asia,       |
| The French Chasseur,           | The Bedouin Arab,         | The Mexican Ruralle,      |
| The English-Irish Lancer,      | The Russian Cossack,      | The American Indian,      |
| The German Cuirassier,         | The South America Gaucho, | The Afro-American Jockey, |

Born Hereditary "Princes of the Saddle."



COL. W. F. CODY

the manuscript, which I happen to possess. And just so one may know what theater-goers thrilled over, back in the Sizzling Seventies, here is the fervent beginning of "The First Scalp for Custer."

### ACT I. SCENE I.

STAGE Directions: A rocky pass, full stage. A shelf of rock, left at back, projecting from cliff with small platform behind and small truck to pull it back and forth. Large set rock in front of shelf with return piece. A large set rock right opposite shelf with platform behind. Set rock and return piece in front right. Moonlight drop at back. Hills and mountains in perspective. Moon to rise right on drop, at cue. Large set tree right (an old trunk) with name: "Boyd Bernard, Slain July 10, 1866" cut in the tree. Grave at foot of tree. Time, evening. Slow music at rise. Red Hand discovered, standing over grave with folded arms leaning on rifle.

Red Hand—"Five long weary years ago, Boyd Bernard, we met, here in the very heart of the wilderness—you to fall dead by my act. Your fate led you to death. My destiny led me to avenge. And for the sake of olden times, I buried you here where you

fell. Oh, that I had been less true in my aim, and then he could have told me of her. But she is dead—ay, forever. Dead to me, even were she living. Did I know where was her grave, I would seek it, for guilty though she was, I loved her. But he is dead too, and my hand forever sealed his life. Hark!"

Just that fetching little opening scene should have been enough to lure any audience on, even to spending a few moments in listening to an exposition of why the Gentleman with the Red Right Hand had killed Mr. Boyd Bernard, and what they fought about in the first place. But explanations were rather *de trop* in this particular play. What the audience wanted was action. For, when the Maundering Mourner of the Carmine Fist announced "Hark!" it was for a purpose. For then:

Music. Tremolo pianissimo. Grace sings outside, left on shelf. At end of verse, the moon is seen to rise, right behind rocks. Truck with Grace on it, is worked slowly out to the end of shelf. So that when she is well out, the moonbeams strike on her. Picture. Red Hand stands horrified, Right, gazing at her. She looks down at grave and calls:





## CONGRESS OF ROUGH RIDERS OF THE WORLD

### ACTUAL, GENUINE, NATIVE EXPERTS

REARED IN THE SCHOOL NECESSITATED BY  
THE PRIMITIVE LIFE NOW PASSING AWAY, THE LAST LINGERING DISCIPLES  
OF

### AN ART ALLIED WITH HISTORY'S HEROES

Men, Veterans in the Tented Fields of War! Graduates from the Tests of the March.  
**THE RAID! THE BIVOUCAC! THE CHARGE!**



S and "BUFFALO BILL"

Courtesy G Buff. NY

From London Review, by Geo. Sims, on announcing of intended visit, slip.  
We hear that the cowboys are wonders,  
And do what no rough-riding dare,  
So wherever the "pitch" is in London,  
Its wild horses will drag us there,  
O, fancy the scene of excitement—  
O, fancy the scene of excitement!  
The cowboys, and Injuna, and horses,  
And the dashing Buffalo Bill.  
The world is a wasteland desert,  
The life that we live is a bore,  
The cheek of the apple is rosy,  
But the canker-worm hides in the core,  
Our hearts have a void that is aching—  
That void, then, O, hasten to fill,  
With your mustangs, and Injuna, and  
cowboys,  
And yourself, gallant Buffalo Bill.  
Dabblers—Review.



Chicago Herald, May 15, 1897.  
Anthropological Congress, Paris.  
When the Wild West was in Paris,  
In 1889, the Congress of Anthropology,  
headed by Prince Roland Bonaparte  
visited the camp. The result  
will be chronicled in the history of man  
by that Congress. The Prince and his  
party of scientists visited the Wild  
West yesterday, and expressed the  
pleasure the entertainment gave, as  
well as the interest now attached to it  
by its aggregation of different races,  
by the student of mankind. On Saturday  
General Miles and staff highly  
complimented Colonel Cody (Buffalo  
Bill) on his program of primitive horsemanship  
and his national military exhibition.  
Maj.-Gen. Schofield was present,  
and so impressed was the commanding  
officer of the U. S. Army with the  
horsemanship displayed and military  
evolutions, that he has issued permission  
for the West Point Cadets to attend  
in a body—the only place they will  
be permitted to visit here.

*A graphic presentation of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show when they opened in the Exposition grounds at Atlanta, Ga., in 1895*

## Searching for New Worlds to Conquer, Col. William Cody Evolves That Famous Novelty, the Wild West Show

empty seats, for an engagement of two weeks, only to find that the throngs which gathered nightly enforced an extension of the run to the unprecedented length of five weeks. But after all, it wasn't the play. It was the man who appeared in it. Cody, in those days, could have crowded any theater, simply by the announcement that he intended to walk across the stage.

There was ample reason. Not only was he a man who had accomplished heroics that equalled the record of Boone, of Crockett, of Bridger and of Kit Carson, but he had done these things in a manner which the public loved. A national hero, whether he be one of to-day, of yesterday or of tomorrow, must have the ingredient of personality to add to the prowess of his accomplishment; otherwise he fails. Cody had everything—the bravery to do deeds of valor that other men would not even attempt, the personality which dictated that he do these things in his own particular style, thus lifting the killing of an Indian, or the finding of a trail



## THE INDIAN—Late Terror of the Plains

CAMPED IN PEACE WITH THE CONQUERING FOE. NOW IN FRIENDLY INTERCOURSE, FRATERNALLY FRATERNIZING

### The Star Spangled Banner, AND The Cross of St. George, The Tri-Color of France, AND The Black Eagle of Germany

IN HARMONIOUS UNITY.

THE ARAB OF THE DESERT and THE GAUCHO OF THE PAMPAS viewed in open-eyed wonder by those learning the wonderful story of man; THE CAUCASIAN COSSACK and MEXICAN CAVALIER verifying their dim traditions by associated facts with the Afro-American; THE SCOUT, RANGER, FRONTIERSMAN and the PROUD PRODUCT OF THE PRAIRIE LAND—THE COWBOY, adding interest to this picture of man's brotherhood. A lesson of the fact of the passing of racial prejudice; a garden for the cultivation of general amity in

### THE FIRST CAMP OF UNIVERSAL ARBITRATION SINCE THE DELUGE.

Grace (arms extended to grave)—“Boyd! Boyd! Boyd Bernard! Come! Come!”

Red Hand (still horrified)—“Oh, merciful heavens! Horror!” Exits R. 2 E. hurriedly. Pause. Grace, beckoning at grave to follow her, moves slowly off L. U. E. on truck.

Of course, as one has guessed by this time, Gracie is a ghost. So far, there has been one man in a grave, one horror-stricken gentleman with a red right hand, and one ghost asking that the dead man pick up his grave and chase her through the woods. But the action has only started! The play goes on:

**MUSIC**, tremolo, until Grace off. Then change to hurry music at shot. Pearl enters R. 3 E. pursued by several Indians. She runs on rock Right. Enter Indians yelling. She fires one shot and an Indian falls. The balance of them yell and attempt to ascend the rock. She clubs them back with butt of rifle.

Pearl (on rock)—“Back! Back! You Red Fiends!”

Enter Buffalo Bill, R. 2 E. Hurriedly fires a few shots and three or four Indians drop dead.

That ought to be enough to show that “The First Scalp for Custer” was not a weak,

namby-pamby problem play. Yet, of course, there was after all, a vital problem—that of attempting to find out what it was all about. For, with this anemic beginning, the play gradually warmed up, with the arrival of a hermit, the villain Yellow-hand and other components, until it became a melodrama with enough thrills to raise hair on a bald head. Cody's dramatic enterprises always struck a humorous chord in the plainsman, this one above all others. According to his description, it was perhaps the most mixed up, thoroughly hash-heeshed melodrama that ever appeared in the glare of footlights. But the audiences loved it! From the time it opened, in the Rochester Opera House at Rochester, New York, until it closed at the boom mining town of Virginia City, Nevada, the Standing Room Only sign was almost a nightly event. The play even went into San Francisco, where legitimate stars were

Maj. John M. Burke, man Friday to Col. Cody, and his two Indian comrades

for a harassed army command out of the mere rut of a machine-like accomplishment, and



more than this, he was the American ideal of how a Western hero should act and look. His stalwart figure, his buckskins, fitting him as they could fit only William Frederick Cody, the alliteration of his real name and of his nickname, his flowing hair, his clear complexion which remained as perfect as that of a baby's until almost the very day of his death, his handsomely molded features, his perfect physique, made William Frederick Cody the typification of romance, and he will remain that typification as long as there are engraving plates to print his pictures, and type with which to tell of his deeds. More, there was the true merit of accomplishments to back the romance of appearance. Chief of Scouts under General Phil Sheridan, under Custer, under Crook, under Miles and Carr and Merritt; companion of the frontier of such men as General "Sandy" Forsyth, who, with a mere handful of men, stood off the attack of Roman Nose and his thousand warriors at the famous Battle of Beecher Island; General in command of the Nebraska National Guard, and the frankly admired hero of practically every commander of any importance in the United States Army during the various Indian Wars, William Frederick Cody was, of necessity, a person of unusual accomplishments. In the Cody records are many letters from men whose names are written upon Army records as winners of the West. There is not one who does not give to Buffalo Bill the credit for having been one of the greatest of factors in the progress of civilization which ended the geographical jumping-off place of the Missouri River, and brought to the realms of progress the region formerly dismissed as mere waste, "The Great American Desert."

SO, it was not his play which drew the crowds, it was Cody himself. It was for what he stood—the freedom of the West, the boundless expanses, the dangers, the privations and the heroism; and for that matter, these things are the ones which have made Cody a permanent figure of history. To the person who truly investigates the story of the growth of the West, Cody stands pre-eminent. As a builder, as a romantic figure, he must and will inevitably take his place with the rest of the builders of America; to this writer's mind, he has the right to stand with Washington, with Lincoln and with Roosevelt.

But Cody himself thought little of this. He only wondered why persons should be so anxious to see him, especially in that terrible play. And looking to the future when plays might fail, at the end of this season, he entered into a partnership with Major Frank North, formerly in command of the Pawnee Scouts which served for a time with the Fifth Cavalry, resolving again to "settle down." A ranch was established on Dismal River, sixty-five miles north of North Platte, Nebraska, and to this Cody and North drove their herds of cattle. Thus was the entire summer of 1877 occupied, and it was during the long drives, when Major North and Colonel Cody, together with their cowpunchers, followed the bawling herds of cattle through the draws and coulees to Dismal River, that a greater idea than anything Cody ever before had known, began to take shape in the plainsman's mind. Time was when this had been nothing but Indian country; Cody could remember when not a hu-

man habitation broke the lines of prairie. Now there were little towns, and upbuilding communities; here and there a field of waving corn; freight-trains made their slow way from Omaha across what had been trackless wilderness, to Cheyenne, thence onward to the coast. To Cody, this was all a tremendous drama, a country with a thrilling story behind it; the building of the West was to him something more than the mere fighting of Indians. Yet, he realized that in the average mind there was little knowledge indeed of the causes behind the various Indian campaigns, the reasons for scouts and soldiery and heroism. The popular conception was indeed hazy; something to the effect that Indians didn't like white people, and therefore, all Indians should be killed. Inasmuch as they were savages who simply delighted in slaughtering the pale face, the man who could slay the most Indians was therefore the great hero. But, as Cody wandered his ranch country, observing the cowboys at their various tasks, he wondered if a more accurate picture could not be given with success; something that would bring the scout, the soldier, the Indian, the cowboy, the plainsman and even the fast-fading buffalo before the very eyes of the people and, in their own home, give them at least a glimpse of this far-away country of which so much had been printed. The idea stayed with him, even when he went back upon the road with his theatrical ventures. It became stronger the next year, when, riding round-up in the gathering of his cattle, he observed the sports of the cowboys, watching them with the eyes, not of a ranchman, but of a showman.

Thus, early in the spring of 1883, strange things began to happen in the open space down by the railroad station at North Platte. Cody had built himself a home here, a pretentious affair which was little less than a palace in those days, a rambling, turretted, ginger-breaded house known as "Scout's Rest," and here, in his periods of repose after the various seasons with his "Dramatic Combination," as he now called his theatrical ventures, he had dreamed his dream of a Wild West exhibition.

Now it was taking shape, while Mrs. Cody and her two daughters, Arta and Irma, watched from the vantage-point of railroad ties. Tragedy and happiness had come to Buffalo Bill in the last few years—the former in a new bereavement, for Orra, second daughter, had joined little Kit Carson Cody in death, while Irma, the last of

Buffalo Bill's children, had come to take her place. Perhaps, because her advent had followed the departure of two beloved children, Buffalo Bill had given to her his deepest affection. She was the "apple of his eye" as he often expressed it; baby though she was at this time, he boomerily announced that he could hold no rehearsals without the good-luck spell which her presence would cast, and the "apple of his eye" she remained during his lifetime. Upon her in later years he lavished the education, the wealth, the fondnesses which he would have given his other children had they lived; true, too, he gave as much to Arta, his first born, but with Irma there seemed to be a different, a deeper feeling, such as only a parent can know when that parent has seen the hopelessness of death relieved of at least a part of its sting by the new-born, come to relieve the agony of an empty heart. Irma was constantly in Bill Cody's thoughts. When he desired a name for his new hotel at Cody, Wyoming, it was that of Irma which graced it, a name which still prevails. He saw one day what he considered the most beautiful lake he ever had gazed upon; he named it Irma. And this love was to have a pitiful sequel.

BUT now there was no thought of a sequel, such as the future might bring. There was only the excited calling of children, and the deep misgivings of Mrs. Cody, as from her seat atop the railroad ties, she watched the tangled forms of horses and cowboys as they practised their roping, or engaged in bucking-horse contests, Colonel Cody mingling with the rest as the rehearsals proceeded.

It was an ambitious undertaking, far different from anything which Cody ever had experienced. The production of a play meant only the buying of a manuscript, the hiring of a play-house, the purchase of scenery and the engagement of a few actors. This was something more pretentious—in the East, a young generalissimo, Major John M. Burke, who had early attached himself to Cody's forces as a manager and press-agent, was attending to the booking of the show at various fair-grounds, the buying of wagons, and the thousand and one other bits of physical paraphernalia that would be necessary to the staging of an outdoor show. In what is now Oklahoma, a still younger man, who was later to play a big part in Colonel Cody's fortunes, Gordon W. Lillie, now known to the world as Pawnee Bill, was making use of his friendship with the Pawnee Indians, for whom he served as a teacher and interpreter, by gathering the necessary "savages" to take part in the

hold-up of the Old Dead-wood Stage-coach and the Massacre of Custer. Another agent was in Mexico, to procure vaqueros; Major North had headed an expedition to capture buffalo, mountain sheep and bear. Colonel Cody's money was flowing in a dozen directions—and without assurance that it ever would return.

This was something new. There were circuses in America, some of which had reached gigantic proportions for that period. There were other outdoor exhibitions, such as fireworks displays, showing the "Destruction of Pompeii" and various historical pageants. But there was no such show as this one



Buffalo Bill as he appeared with the Sells-Floto Circus a few years before his death





*The colorful personnel of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show photographed at the time of its triumphant tour of England*

would be, a combination of the sports, the amusements, the history and exciting events incidental to the history of the opening of the West to civilization, and more than once as Cody supervised rehearsals, he would move thoughtfully to the old pile of railroad ties, and with a sigh of fatigue, sink beside his wife.

"Well, Mamma," he would ask, "what do you make of it?"

Naturally, the answer would be that it was the most wonderful thing which Louisa Cody ever had seen. Gradually the show took shape and was moved to Columbus, Nebraska, for final rehearsals, thence to Omaha for the opening, which took place at the Fair-Grounds, May 17, 1883. The weather was propitious, the crowd immense, the show popular—and Cody had started on the road to the making of millions.

But for the time, these millions seemed far away. There could of necessity be but one show a day; gasoline had not yet come into use, and electricity, as a means of commercial outdoor lighting, was unheard of. The show traveled in rented railroad cars, moving great distances, even when compared to the "show jumps" of to-day. From Omaha, it went to Springfield, Illinois, and thence for equal distances, throughout a season which promised much in the way of future riches, but gave little in the way of immediate returns.

One of the reasons for this was the fact that William Frederick Cody was the main-spring of the organization. By that is meant that he handled everything; the money, the arrangements, the show, the business end of the attraction and bossing the working men. And while Cody was one of the greatest showmen in history, he was likewise one of the poorest managers. To the latter fact may be traced his every ill-fortune; to the day of his death he still held the view-point of a plains scout—always something over the hill, with the day to come a new day entirely, and no need to prepare for it. That first year, as a result, was little less than a bedlam.

From the time that the show arrived in town until the time it left, there was a great deal of doubt whether there would even be a performance. Real Indians, cowboys, vaqueros, Indian fighters and scouts were something new to the average Eastern town. The show was new to Cody. Happen what might to the money after it got into the ticket wagon, there were always thousands, pouring in every day, and as far as William Frederick Cody could see, he was already a millionaire. Therefore, with his boyish,

impulsive nature, the world as far as his Wild West Show was concerned, was on holiday, and everybody shared in the happiness. Such little things as rules of behavior, attention to work and business-like management never entered his head. When the show got into town, and the biggest saloon announced an open house for the company, it was quite all right with Bill Cody. In fact, striving always to be the good fellow, he would be in the thickest of the celebration, whooping it up as long as any one else—and sometimes a bit longer. Then, at the last possible moment, there

**BEGINNING in August—a new serial by Bertram Atkey in which the debonair and courageous Prosper Fair matches his wits against the demon of an English countryside. If you like a well written tale full of exciting episodes don't fail to read "The Mystery of the Axes."**

would be a rush to the show lot, and as much attention paid to business as possible under the conditions.

WHEN the train pulled out in the evening for a new town, it did not mean that the celebration ceased. A grand, glittering and glorious year, that primary twelve months in the experimentation of handling the world's first Wild West Show. One entire car of the sixteen which formed the show-train, was given over to the carrying of a stock of combustibles, to which every one in the personnel was welcome. There were no regulations such as now exist upon a show-train, no rules regarding quiet, the necessity for rest, appearance at the exhibition grounds, sobriety or in fact anything except that everybody on the show from the veriest roughneck to the star himself, should have the time of his life. For the first five weeks of the existence of Buffalo Bill's Wild West it was an eternal gamble as to whether the show would exist from one day to the next, not because of a lack of money, but simply through an absence of human endurance necessary to staying awake twenty hours out

of twenty-four, that the birth of a new amusement enterprise might properly be celebrated.

When the show-train started at night, for instance, that was not a signal for sleep. Far from it. Instead, the band immediately got out its instruments, "sounded its A," and began to play, while the entire personnel of the show, consisting of about two hundred persons, whooped into what had become the official song of the organization:

"I saw the train come round the bend,  
Good-by my lover, good-by!  
All loaded down with Wild West men,  
Good-by my lover-r-r-r, good-by-y-y-y-y-y-y!"

This strain, pitched in ardent barbershop chords, grew louder and more fervent as the night progressed. Railroadng in those days was not the speedy thing that it is now, with the result that the Wild West procession often would be compelled to stop at small stations along the route to allow the passage of other trains. That inevitably would be the signal for the entire personnel to flood forth from the coaches and "advertise"—who knew but what the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show might want to exhibit in this town at some day of the distant future? So while the band played and the glasses clinked, while Sioux shouted and Pawnee yelped, while Arapahoe shrieked and Mexican vaqueros squawked in Spanish, that song would rise anew to the chill morning breeze:

"I saw the train come round the bend,  
Good-by, my lover, good-by-y-y-y-y-y-y!"

The scheme met the approbation of everybody on the train as an excellent method of letting the populace know that there was such a thing as a Buffalo Bill Wild West Show, until one morning, about three o'clock, a shadowy group of twelve men moved forward as the train halted, thus interrupting the usual sally. It was a sheriff and his posse, acting upon the complaint of a swift riding citizen from a small town ten miles down the line.

"The whole town's complained!" said the sheriff as he prepared to serve a warrant upon Buffalo Bill for disturbance of the peace. "You fellers yellin' around that way!"

Bill Cody grinned. Then Bill Cody signalled to the band.

"Come right in and rest awhile!" he commanded. "No use serving that warrant right this minute, is there? We're going to be here for an hour or so."

(Continued on page 55)



# Shadow River

By Walton Hall Smith  
Illustrated by Douglas Duer

"I have something to tell you pertaining to this case you're trying, and I guess you'll have to deal out a little justice whether you like it or not." "Explain," said Van Loo. He had gone a greenish white



"The white people? What white people?"  
"Before. Before we left."  
"That's very kind of the boy on the boat,"

Davy said in English.

"Mondele?"

"Malamu; go away now. Leave the things."

Davy began to drink the gin. He made a business of drinking the gin, until he had drunk something more than half the bottle. Then he fell asleep. He lay dreamless until one o'clock, and after that his sleep for this night was over.

He went out under the sky. It was brilliant with starlight. Several boys lay asleep among the luggage. Davy stumbled over them and then sent them to find nests aboard the *Kigoma*. He lighted a cigarette and sat down in the stern of the baleinière. He drew a piece of tarpaulin over him and lay back, looking up into the sparkling void.

. . . I have not had sunstroke; I am not mad. To-day I saw Marcella Moore. Here in the Belgian Congo, West Africa. I have seen Marcella Moore in the flesh, walking about among my enemies. Therefore she is not in Chicago, and has not been in Chicago for several months. She has been in Europe, probably in Belgium; she has taken a ship and travelled down the East African coast; she has come into Africa through Johannesburg, ricocheted up through Rhodesia and Tanganyika, and landed, notorious, at Stanleyville. Her name has been coupled with the name of an infamous crook, my particular enemy, and she is now on her way to meet and marry him. Her name, or the name she has taken, has been hiccoughed over slopping glasses in every barroom from one end of the Congo to the other.

Marcella. It is odd when I think of the things I have done during these months, imagining she was watching me. The times I have gone on, feeling that she would not have admired me had I stopped. The talks I have had with her—the little hourly dialogues. The times I have wanted her here with me. Marcella the worshipped—the

golden-voiced goddess with whom I whispered and confided halfway across the world. I saw her to-day.

Perhaps she did not know me. But she must know me by this time. Someone would have told her my name. Yet she turned away. She is up there now—my beloved, my Marcella. She has not communicated with me.

Marcella begged me not to do what I have done. But she would not come here to say "I told you so." Rather she would go to the other end of the earth. Even loving this man, she would not have come knowing I was here, simply because it is not in her to say "I told you so." Nevertheless, she is sleeping fifty feet from me. It might as well be ten thousand miles. She might as well be up there among the stars.

She has appeared as though out of a cloud in the moment of my greatest disaster and misfortune.

Now that I know it—now that the shock is over, I am vaguely composed. It is not a natural calm; I am dazed. I realize these things, yet I do not suffer from the realization. I realize that I have had severe knocks in the last months, yet I am living on, in good health, and calmly reflecting on the situation. I think the reason for this is that a human being can stand only so much. Past a certain point a personal anesthesia is developed, and I am drawing on that now.

I am convinced the world has turned a somersault. It is a kind of mute show, and I am holding some of the strings. I'm going to pull them a little and see what happens. I'm going to speak to Marcella. . . .

When light came Davy went back to his little house, out of sight. He took a knife and cut a slit in the palm leaves, so that he could peek up and see the *Kigoma's* deck.

## II

HE FELL into the habit of starting the days with a little warm gin. Under this method his spirit was freed from his body by eight or nine o'clock, and could coast along in the air above the *Kigoma* and look down at the performance below. It

## Part V

"IT IS the sun."

"Oui, oui, un coup de soleil."

"The sun has been strong to-day."

"Yes, it is the sun. He has a touch of sun."

"Est ce qu'il y a un medecin à bord?"

"No, no, a doctor is not necessary. A glass of water—"

Marcella Moore said, "It is too bad."

"Oui, Mademoiselle, oui, c'est dommage."

Davy saw that she moved away through the crowd, taking its interest with her. She disappeared. The people dispersed, flocking down the gangplank to the beach. No one brought the water it was thought he needed. Nothing further happened—it dawned on him that nothing more was going to happen. This astonishing episode was apparently over. He stood there, rigidly, hearing shouting, watching the colorful wavings of departure as the *Kigoma* glided away from Stanleyville.

Selah. . . . In crises, if instinct does not suggest immediate action, one does not act at all. Davy was aware of numbness. He was aware of hollowness. He stopped under the palm roof and stretched himself on the cot. His brain raced. It went too fast; he could not control or assimilate the pictures. He lay there for some time, perhaps an hour, and with the coming of fatigue his brain began to slow down, painfully, drawing him into an emotional maelstrom. He wished it to speed up again. He sent Esoko rummaging among the confusion of his baggage for a bottle of gin. He had not acted, so he must think—but later.

Esoko brought a glass of water as well. "A boy on the boat told me the white people said you were sick from the sun and needed water."





was very entertaining. By noontime his spirit could slip free altogether, and go back to Jackson Hole, or swim at the sand dunes with Marcella.

Davy would sleep all afternoon. Sometimes he missed his dinner. Sometimes he didn't awake until midnight. When he woke up he would sing. He sang very loudly, and a phantom came from the bridge with regularity, to say that the passengers wanted to sleep. He found the gin worked quicker when he ate no breakfast.

In the early mornings Davy came to life moaning. Esoko was usually squatting outside the roof, waiting, and watching curiously. He held the bottle and a glass. Davy's body was hurt in several ways. It resisted this daily thrusting aside. The waking became more and more painful. On the tenth morning Davy woke sobbing. The blood seeped back to his brain sluggishly, and the sobbing stopped. It changed to cursing.

"I saw a vision. That's all it was; I'm a fool. It was the sun. I saw a vision."

"Mondele?"

"Shut up. I'm not talking to you. Where is the gin?"

"Awa, Mondele."  
"Then give it to me."  
His spirit had a hard time getting loose that day. It had to struggle painfully, but it was worth it. Compensation. Davy tried a shave at nine-thirty and gave it up half finished at ten.

"I got de St. Louis blues  
Jes blue as I can be—  
"Ho-o-o-o-o, Ho, Ho, Ho!  
"St. Louis woman wid her di'mon' ring  
Got me caught right by her apron string—  
"If 'twern't for powdah  
An' her store-bought hair  
That man o' mine  
Would not have gone nowhere.  
"Ho-Ho!"

Davy emerged, blinking in the brightness. Everything was as usual, the broad river, the distant line of green, the ship. The same tables of cards going on deck, with all the players, and the few promenaders pretending disinterest in the baleinière and its mad occupant. Only one thing was different. A man

was standing, leaning over the rail and laughing at the prisoner. This was Monsieur LeKeuche. He said, "Bon jour, bon jour." Davy said, "Bon jour yourself." "You sing." "So I do, so I do. For once you are right, you thin swine." "I'm afraid Monsieur is drunk." "Right again!"

"WHY don't you come up on the deck and sing for all of us?" "If I came up on that deck I'd drag your tongue out by the roots." "How brutal!" "It certainly is; you ought to try it." Someone snickered, and LeKeuche flushed. "You are in good spirits." "Toujours. Thank God for a sense of humor.

"If I feel to-morrow  
Like I feel to-day—"  
"Bravo!"  
"Thank you, thank you. Will you have that again?" "Un état d'ivresse incroyable," LeKeuche said to the audience. "Oh, not so bad as that. Wait till you see me at twelve o'clock." "Did you know, Monsieur Zones, that we will be at Coquilhatville by twelve o'clock?" "Coquilhatville?" "Yes. The Congo flows past Coquilhatville. Had you forgotten?" "Not entirely—"  
"Monsieur Franck will be disappointed in you."

"And how happy you are! Do you suppose he'll give you another sock in the teeth?" "I don't understand English, Monsieur." "I don't care. Look, I drink to your better education." Davy emptied the glass in his hand and raised it above his head.

LeKeuche started backwards, and Davy let it fly. It struck the iron rail and shattered into bits over the deck. The card players rose.

"Oh, please don't disturb yourselves. It's my loss. I dropped my spectacles. Ho-Ho! Ho-Ho-Ho! So you think I should look my best for Franck, do you? Listen, I don't dress up for my friends, but I'll look well enough in court."

LeKeuche advanced again to the rail. "You will not be in court long enough to make it worth while," he said.

"Perhaps you're right—"  
"When the court finds out, and when Franck finds out—"

"Ho-Ho!"  
"That you murdered his capita to keep your secrets—"

And now Davy reflected on this one. He jumped from the bottom of the baleinière to the gunwale, and balanced there, not much like a drunken man. "A new idea! How well it fits you! Dead men tell no tales. I'm sick of your tales—"

The rail was at some little distance. Davy crouched, gathering himself, and then looked up.

She was there. LeKeuche had gone. Her lips were moving— "Davy, Davy, Davy—"  
He missed it. He fell rather hard. Esoko put him on the bunk, out of sight of all the eyes.

Consciousness did not come back all at once. It was dark. There was gibberish on his lips, and something cool around his head. He felt miserable in most spots and numb in others. His ears were working, and he heard a deep, familiar voice which he couldn't place. A heavy hand held his. He went on back to sleep, and slept a long time.

HE SLEPT until morning, and was awakened by banging and shouting. He kept his eyes closed, resisting the noise, the pain in his head, the taste in his mouth. He became wide awake, and he shut his eyes tighter, seeking oblivion.

"Esoko, bring the gin."  
There was no response. Davy became aware of the heavy hand holding his again, or still, he didn't know.

"Be quiet," said Franck.  
There was much whistling now, and the banging ceased. Davy felt the motion of the current.

"Where are you going, Franck?"  
"With you."  
"Then why aren't you on the ship? What are you doing down here with the prisoner?"





"I'm travelling here."

"Oh."

A quarter of an hour passed. "No place for you to sleep here."

"We'll make room."

"It's absurd."

"Be quiet."

"Know what LeKeuche said yesterday? Said I murdered Djoli."

"What did you do that for?"

Davy's eyes popped wide open.

"There," said Franck. "I thought that would bring you around."

"Listen, Franck, I want a drink." Davy thought Franck looked thinner.

"Coffee or water?"

"Neither."

"The other's over."

"That's good."

"Do you want some breakfast?"

"I'll try it."

Esoko brought the things. "Begin at the beginning," Franck said, "as soon

*Davy crunched, gathering himself, and then looked up. Her lips were moving . . . "Davy, Davy" . . . He missed it. He fell rather hard*

as you feel up to it. I want to hear it all."

The food made Davy sick. He vomited. The coffee went down better. He sat on the edge of the bunk, with Franck squatting beside him. He felt dizzy.

"That's quite a beard you have on one side of your face."

"Is the effect good?" Davy smiled.

"My teeth hurt. That coffee was hot."

"Is there anything that doesn't hurt?"

"I don't know. I guess not."

Davy sent for some more food. This time he ate it. He was angry, principally at himself now.

"I'll be all right very soon. To-morrow or the next day. When we arrive at Kinshasa everything will be fine. Listen, Franck, there's a girl here—I guess I'd better—"

Davy lay back on the cot. "This is a long story. I guess I'd better begin in Chicago. Chicago—"

### III

Mr. Juta had practiced law in the Congo for some years. Juta was a Dutchman, a linguist and a scholar, and an honest lawyer. He had not made a financial success of his practice. His office was in Kinshasa, and on a certain hot Monday morning he was in consultation with Messrs. Franck and Jones, reviewing point by point the case of the State versus Jones.

He would take the case, he said. But he thought Davy's chances of keeping out of prison were exceedingly slim.

Davy was guilty in the eyes of the law. Masses of evidence loomed against him; they had him on several counts and would no doubt have methods of proving each. On his side he could only deny. He could prove



nothing. Even his boys had disbanded—he had no witnesses. The State would produce witnesses, beyond question.

HE (Juta) believed Davy's story. He believed it first because Franck, his old friend, vouched for it. He believed it secondly because it had continuity—it hung together from beginning to end. That was the only real defense Davy had. If Juta could rise at the trial and recount the story from the moment LeKeuche overheard Franck's secret about the elephant, and then if they could find the boy who had stolen the points, so as to prove to the court that the elephant actually had existed, the thing might pass. But now Davy had stubbornly refused to allow him to mention the name of Monsieur Van Loo. This spoiled the thing. There was no story without Van Loo. It was particularly irritating to Mr. Juta because this was an opportunity for which he had waited for years—his chance to show up the corruptness running through the colonial government. It would be dramatic. Van Loo was the incoming Substitute for the District of the Equator. Since these events had taken place in his district, it would be necessary for him to prosecute personally. He would arrive just in time for the trial, would undoubtedly win, and proceed to his district triumphant. This could be avoided and the whole house of cards brought down with such noise as to shock Brussels, thousands of miles away. But here Davy, without stated reason, and against his own interests, refused to allow him to involve Van Loo in any way, neatly spoiling the whole story, and opening the doors of the Moma prison settlement for himself.

Franck, his old friend, admitted to understanding the reason for this refusal, and therefore Juta will take the case. But it can readily be understood that in the exceptional circumstances he can promise nothing. In fact he feels it his duty to predict the worst.

His best efforts, however, will be given. The three of them must take the train to Matadi at six in the morning, Davy of course under guard. There appeared to be nothing else to say, at this time.

Davy and Franck, followed by a cordon of police, returned to the A. B. C. Hotel, where they remained in seclusion the rest of the day.

They had dinner brought to their room and ate it in comparative silence. Davy was listening to the unaccustomed sounds rising from this metropolis of the Congo. Apart from his notorious position—apart from the conspicuousness of the ever-present police, he felt like a country bumpkin in this ugly village of twelve hundred white people. He wished for the deep forest. He who had cursed the jungle felt a swelling in his throat now at the thought of it.

He looked through the open door at the half dozen uniformed blacks squatting on the verandah outside. How unnatural they looked with those khaki clothes, spiral puttees, bare feet, and red fezes. One of them, a pale, untattooed negro, was even writing something on a piece of paper. Davy felt out of place.

"Are you going out, Franck?"

"I don't think I will."

*They were following the trail that Londelengi followed. They rounded the turn and saw the tree*

"You know you always have things to do in Kinshasa. Don't stay in on my account."

"I'll do what I have to do on my way back. I'm too worried."

"You're a good guy, Franck."

"Oh, no, Davy; we just can't let them get away with this, that's all. This is outrageous. I got you into it, didn't I? You did what I said right the way through."

"It's pretty raw."

"This is a funny country. You never really know it. Anything can happen here. And anything does happen. This business—this, you know, not just the palaver, but Marcella—I never heard of anything like it. It couldn't have happened any place but here. It's funny; people are not themselves here."

"She is."

"Davy, listen. She's at the hotel out on Kalina point. Let me—"

"We've gone through that, Franck."

"But boy, boy—surely if she is what you say she is, she wouldn't let them lock you up unjustly like this. You owe it to her, and to what she has been to you, to warn her against this snipe Van Loo."

"Let it drop, Franck. If she has chosen him, that's enough for me. I've been a fool. I ruined everything for her once. Let her take him and make a man of him."

"Oh, Davy—you're being a fool now! Juta is right, you've got to change on this. You're mixed up in the law now; you've got to let Juta tell the story. Don't you see—"

"Franck, for God's sake!" Davy left the table and lay down on the bed. "Please stop now. You don't understand, you don't—Oh-h-h, you can't understand. . . . I love her. I love her, damn it! It's the only thing I've got left; it's all there is of me, the old me, that remains. What do I care what happens to me now. I'm through, finished. One moment's happiness for her is worth more than life imprisonment to me. I mean it. All this mess is just nonsense—the cackling of stupid chickens, the shrieking of babies. Let them do as they please with me. It's just funny, that's all it is. It's so funny—all these people are so funny, that it just isn't real. She's the only thing. If it will help her for Van Loo to win over me, then let him win."

"BUT Davy, you're inconsistent. Don't you see that you are committing her to a life among all these whom you think ridiculous?"

"Do I see it? What a question! What else have I thought of for seven hellish days now? Listen Franck—my opinions about these people are only my opinions. They are not true for that; and they are not her's. All my life I've hated the person who forces his opinions on others. This is her business. If she chose to marry the devil himself, it would not be my place to blacken him."

"Are you losing your mind? Only opinions, are they? Have you not been persecuted enough to know by this time?"

Davy rose, trembling. "Franck—you—"

"Why do you bother to hire a lawyer and defend yourself at all, if you want to lose—?"

"For you, you idiot. I've got to let the thing come out as they have planned it, to

clear you. Otherwise they've got you for collusion in the thing. You financed me, they know it, they'll hang part of it on you!"

"You fool! You bloody young FOOL!"

Franck swore. "I'm going down to the bar for a little while," he said.

Davy went to bed and Franck came in drunk at eleven o'clock. In the early morning they joined the home-bound mob on the station platform.

"I wish you two weren't with me." Davy said to Franck and Juta. "I could carry the situation off better. I feel ridiculous now, with all these police."

"Forget it," said Franck.

"Easy."

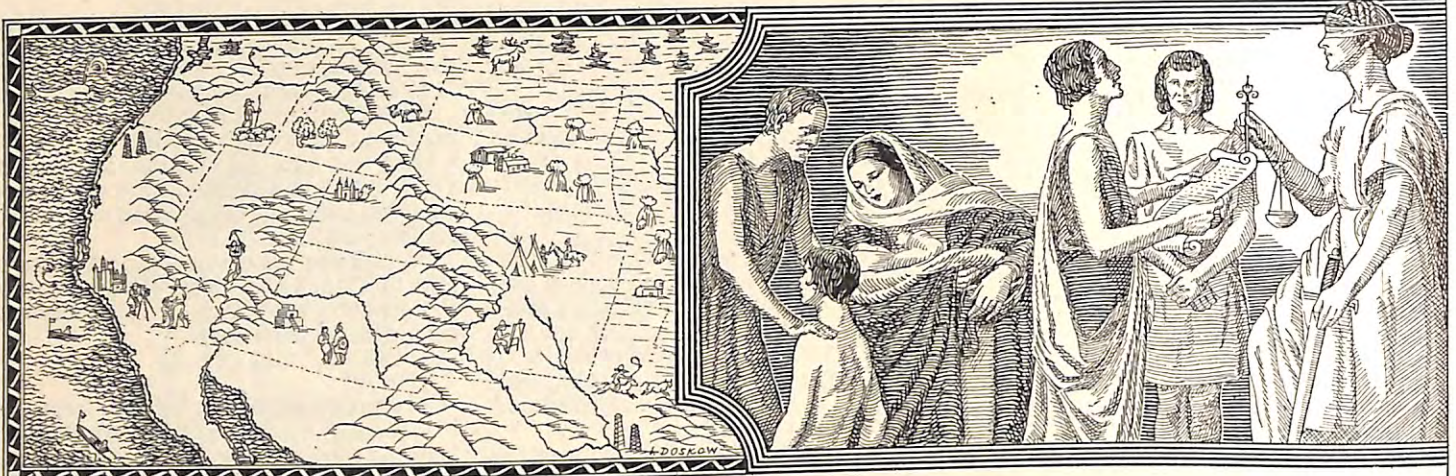
As a matter of fact he had already forgotten it to a considerable extent. He was looking here and there nervously, trying to be inconspicuous, hoping and hoping that Marcella would not come. He heard someone say that the Ford bus from Kalina point was arriving, and his eyes turned toward it against his will, fascinated. She was not there.

There were no women in the bus at all.

*(Continued on page 62)*







## EDITORIAL

### SALUTAMUS

**B**EFORE the publication of the next number of the Magazine, the annual session of the Grand Lodge will have been held, and the present Grand Exalted Ruler will have surrendered the mantle of leadership to his chosen successor. It is customary, in such circumstances, to laud the retiring official and speak only words of praise for his administration. And it is a most gratifying fact that throughout the history of our Order, such expressions of commendation have been consistently well earned.

In the present instance, however, the administration of the retiring Grand Exalted Ruler has been so unusually successful, marked by such brilliant leadership and attended by such an awakened spirit of enthusiasm throughout the Order, that any merely perfunctory tribute would fall short of what is justly deserved.

In the number of Lodges visited, in the extent of territory covered, in the number and varied character of audiences addressed by him in his capacity as head of the Order, in the effectiveness with which he has interpreted our fraternity and its aims and purposes to its membership and the country generally, and in the renewed loyalty and zeal he has enkindled, Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow has set a new standard.

His eloquence and magnetism as a speaker have never failed to charm and delight his hearers, whether they were his brothers in the lodge room, or underprivileged boys, or civic organizations, or legislative bodies. His unbounded energy and mental vigor never flagged even under the inordinate strain to which he sometimes subjected them. His sincerity and devotion, so repeatedly demonstrated, present an example worthy to be emulated by all who come after. And his genial personality, his kindly disposition and his unfailing courtesy and thoughtfulness, have won the admiration and affection of the many thousands of Elks with whom he has come in contact during his year of service.

He, and all his official associates who have so loyally supported him in every endeavor for the welfare and upbuilding of the Order, richly de-

serve the grateful appreciation of the entire membership.

It is no vain assumption of authority on the part of The Elks Magazine, to pay this tribute on behalf of the whole Order. It will be heartily endorsed and approved by every Elk, as a timely acknowledgment of a distinguished fraternal service.

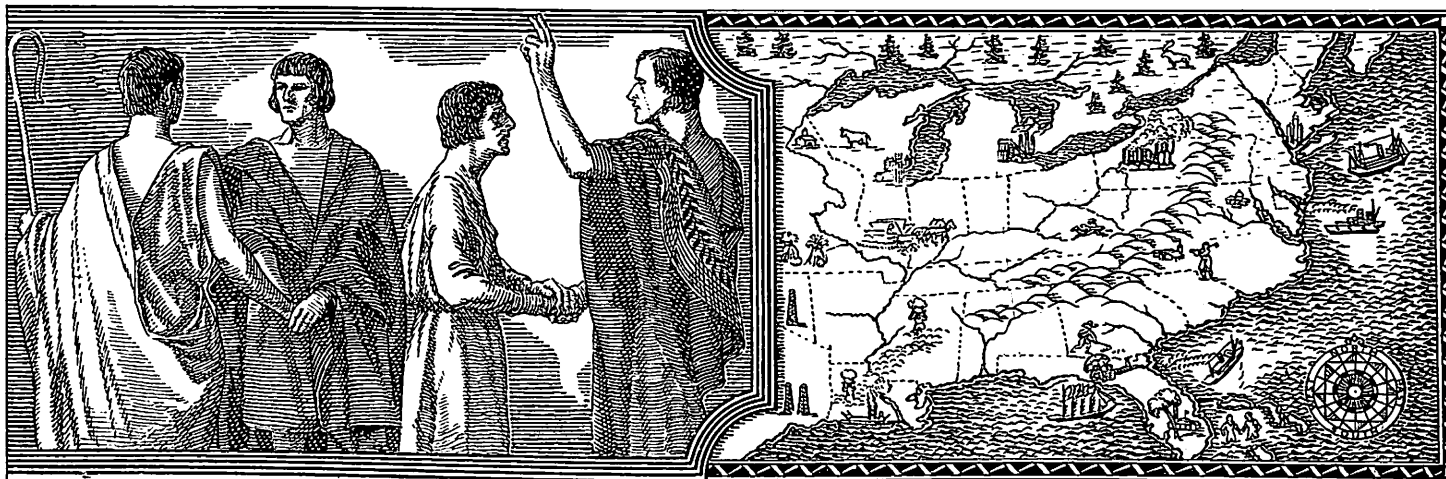
### AGAIN AN AGENCY OF MERCY

**D**URING the latter part of April and the early part of May, when the unprecedented floods in the Mississippi River and its tributaries began to overflow their banks, and to break through the levees which had for years held even the flood waters in check, it became apparent that it was not merely a series of local catastrophes which impended, but a great national disaster. And day after day, as more extensive areas became inundated, as additional thousands were driven from their homes, and the property losses mounted into the millions, it was obvious that the country faced the most appalling calamity in its history. Even now the staggering totals can only be estimated.

It is gratifying to note that the Order of Elks was, perhaps, the first national organization to place funds for relief in the hands of local agencies on the ground, immediately available to meet exigent needs; and that its total contributions were worthy of its splendid record of generosity. Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow and the Grand Trustees forwarded ten thousand dollars as a first installment from the Order. This was quickly followed by an additional fifteen thousand dollars. And in response to his call for contributions from the subordinate Lodges, a fund of over one hundred thousand dollars was promptly provided for the work of mercy which the country had properly assumed as a national obligation.

The appeal of the Red Cross, through President Coolidge, for the millions of dollars needed to finance the campaign of relief, was answered by generous and adequate contributions from all classes of people in every section of the country. Individual members of the Order played their





part in this fine demonstration of human helpfulness, of course, and assisted in writing one of the brightest pages in the splendid history of American benevolence.

But it is appropriate that the whole membership should know what a magnificent response to the call of distress was made by the Order as an organization. It is something of which, as Elks, they may be justly proud; for it is another gratifying demonstration of the Order's capacity, and ever-ready availability, as a great instrument of service in the relief of human suffering.

The Order has written another fine chapter in its own splendid history of benevolent activities. It has again proved itself a real agency of mercy.

#### A NATIONAL ANTHEM

"What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?"

\* \* \*  
"Tis the Star-Spangled Banner. Long may it wave."

IT IS quite probable that nine out of ten men on the street, if asked to name our National Anthem would reply without hesitation: "The Star-Spangled Banner." Some of the others would very likely name "America." All of them would be mistaken. We have no National Anthem; that is, we have none authoritatively declared to be such by appropriate Congressional action.

From time to time, the suggestion is made from varying sources, that we should definitely adopt a National Anthem that would thereafter have the exclusive right to be so designated and used. And fruitless efforts have been made, through prize competitions, to bring forth a new hymn that would meet some supposedly popular ideal.

It is not surprising that such efforts have failed. A National Anthem is not something that can be ground out at so much per word, or produced at command. It must be a child of inspiration. And before it can be truly acceptable, it must acquire the sentimental attributes that come from long use, and associations with occasions of patriotic significance.

There are sharp differences of opinion as to whether "The Star-Spangled Banner" measures up to the theoretical requirements. Definite criticism has been made, by some, of the poetic value of the words and of the excessive range of the melody. Others regard its exalted patriotism

and its characteristic tune as a very satisfactory combination. And in this latter class are to be numbered, without doubt, the great majority of our people.

For more than a hundred years "The Star-Spangled Banner" has been, by common consent, regarded as our peculiarly American National Hymn. It has acquired a sentimental value that only a century of use could give it.

In the light of the renewed discussion of the subject, it would be interesting to have an expression from the Grand Lodge upon the proposal for Congressional action, declaring "The Star-Spangled Banner" to be the National Anthem of the United States.

#### CINCINNATI AND THE CONVENTION

THE Bulletins which have been issued by the Reunion Committee of Cincinnati Lodge, relating to the plans for the Convention soon to assemble in that City, have not only been unusual in number and exceptionally informative in content, but they have displayed a spirit of good will and a personal interest that augurs well for the pleasure of all who attend.

Cincinnati has had experience in entertaining Elks Grand Lodge Conventions. That experience has led to a sentiment of friendliness toward the Order and its membership that is quite universally entertained by its whole citizenship.

Cincinnati has made good, in preparation, the promises of her hospitable invitation. The Reunion Committee, under the interested and experienced leadership of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Herrmann, have performed a gigantic task with marked efficiency. The real success of the Convention, in its social aspects, now very largely depends upon the response of the subordinate Lodges and their members. From present indications, on the very eve of the Convention, all records will be broken and a new standard set.

Of course the strictly entertainment features do not determine the success of the Grand Lodge sessions from a legislative or fraternal viewpoint. But they do have much to do with the general atmosphere in which the sessions are held; and they thus indirectly affect all that is accomplished or undertaken. It is fortunate that the approaching Convention has every prospect of being held under the most favorable conditions for both work and enjoyment.



# 1927 Grand Lodge Reunion in Cincinnati

## Bulletin No. 7

*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:*

AND now for the closing chapter—the last of this 1927 series of Official Bulletins—promissory notes for the good times assured at the July Grand Lodge Reunion.

You'll love the old town on the banks of the beautiful Ohio that was extolled in the merry, tuneful "Prince of Pilsen."

Just as soon as you arrive and are settled in your quarters—REGISTER.

Remember this costs you nothing, but you must be registered in order to enjoy all the privileges open to the hosts of Elkdom and which will only be granted to those who are officially badged and can show the proper credentials as an honored guest of the city and of "No. 5."

Registration of Grand Lodge Officers, committeemen, and members of the Grand Lodge will take place at Grand Lodge Headquarters—the Hotel Sinton—and will be in charge of Secretary James S. Richardson, Past Exalted Ruler of Cincinnati Lodge.

General registration is just as important for the home-guard of Cincinnati No. 5 and the surrounding lodges, Covington and Newport, Ky., Hamilton, Middletown, Dayton and Lebanon Lodges, and their families, as it is for Elks from the far flung Maine coasts to the Gulf, Great Lakes, the Pacific States, Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines. This general registration will take place at the Hamilton County Court House at Court and Main Streets. A large corps of representatives will be ready to conserve your time. Brother Joseph E. Sweeny is in charge of this registration. Each one registered will be given a large envelope containing the Program of the Reunion, a Descriptive Pamphlet of the High Spots of Cincinnati, Official Badge, Passes to Coney Island and Chester Park for the entire period of the Reunion and good for use as often as you may care to go. Admission to the Zoo will also be included. Invitation to suburban gardens and resorts and other information that will help make your stay in the old "Queen City of the West" superlatively joyful will be found in this envelope. See that you get yours early!

Registration for the members of No. 5 and the surrounding Lodges will start on July 8th, and this registration should be completed and gotten out of the way before the visitors arrive.

### *The Great Reunion in Moving Pictures How Every Subordinate Lodge of Elks Can Secure the Film*

Brother Clarence E. Runey, pioneer among the moving picture men in Cincinnati, and member of "No. 5" is the Official Photographer of the reunion. He has assumed the obligation without expense to Cincinnati Lodge or the Order and will prepare a three-reel story of the picturesque features of the great reunion. As Chief Representative of the Paramount News of the Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation for the Cincinnati and adjacent Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky territory, he will have on his staff of aids some of the most competent photographers in America.

This Moving Picture of the 1927 Elks' Reunion will be of widespread importance. Wherever it is shown it should be a great aid in recruiting new members for our beloved Order. It will appeal to the finest citizenship of the land. The General Reunion Committee had in mind the invaluable aid that such a filmed

reproduction will prove in membership campaigns when the thought of making a permanent pictorial record was put into action. Subordinate Lodges can give entertainments for local philanthropies that will enlist the interest of thousands outside the Order who will thus have opportunity to view Elkdom in its "party dress" and on parade.

This official Motion Picture will be released direct by Brother Clarence E. Runey, and the only cost will be a rental basis of \$5.00 per reel for the first night, and added cost of \$2.50 for each succeeding night and transportation to and from place of destination.

The actual cost of the film assumed by Brother Runey will be \$3,000 or more and he should have an immediate guarantee of a reasonable number of Lodges or Theatres to use the film to cover that cost.

Officers of Subordinate Lodges are urged to act on this matter at once. Write direct to Clarence E. Runey, Paramount News, 1434-1436 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and give the month during which the film is wanted.

Individuals, Lodges and Lodge organizations, such as bands, drill teams and the like, will be able to secure also from the same official photographer photographs for all purposes at special low rates.

### *The Great Kentucky Burgoo and Barbecue*

Old Kentucky, famed in song and story for her beautiful women and her splendid blooded horses, has many other lines of distinction, and Kentucky Burgoo and Barbecue are quite as famous as the mint juleps that were served by Henry Clay at his home, "Ashland," in the heart of the Blue Grass in the Long Ago. Twenty-five thousand Elks are expected to be in the herd that will enjoy the old-fashioned Kentucky Burgoo and Barbecue, which Chef Frank Krippner of "No. 5" is to serve at Coney Island during the coming reunion.

Listen to the needed equipment: Thirty 60-gallon large iron kettles with 25,000 new tin cups and 25,000 new soup spoons!

There's quite some secret in the proper seasoning of the burgoo, and the chef personally attends to that. To the novice it may be surprising to learn the content of the "stock" used in the creation of the rich puree which from time immemorial has been called burgoo.

Chickens, veal and briskets of beef are the fowl and meats that give it body. For vegetables are chosen cabbage, puree tomatoes, potatoes, carrots, okra, red and green beans, mangoes, onions, celery and sugar corn. Lemons, Lea & Perrin's, pepper pods, cornstarch, sherry, paprika and salt provide some of the seasoning.

Elks and their ladies will be permitted to "see" this marvelous feast in course of preparation. To miss the Kentucky Burgoo and Barbecue will be to overlook one of the greatest features ever provided as incidental to any Grand Lodge session.

### *Coney Island—The Inland Gem of Summer Resorts*

Coney Island, in its magnificent new dress with added attractions, bids all Elks to "the finest amusement park in America." The season ticket to Coney Island, which will be found in the package of credentials at the time of registration, is good for the entire time of session and acceptable on the steamers at the public landing or the automobile gate at Coney Island.

The trap-shooting contest that will result in deciding the championship of Elkdom will be conducted at the Coney Island Race Track. In addition there will be scores of other entertaining features, including a display of fireworks, the like of which has never been seen before. The twenty-mile boat-ride on the most palatial

inland water boat in the world will long be remembered, as it affords an opportunity of viewing the most gorgeous scenery in this part of the country. Every Elk is advised to visit Coney at least once during the convention. The ticket is good for as many times as you care to use it.

### *Parking at Redland Field Reservation Other Places That Will be Open to Motoring Elks*

Thousands of Elks will motor to Cincinnati and all the highways from North, East, South and West afford a splendid entrance to Cincinnati whose thousands of the A. A. A. affiliated with the Cincinnati Automobile Club join the welcome to motoring Elks. Parking places will be numerous, but it is possible to secure early reservations in the Redland Field Parking Place back of the Cincinnati Baseball grounds on Western Avenue with entrance from Findlay Street.

The Redland Field Parking Place affords place for 400 machines and reservations in advance may be made covering four days at a total cost of \$4.00—only \$1.00 per day. Motorists may come and go as they please and be certain of police protection in a well-lighted field with competent men in charge. The Redland Field reservation is within a moment's run of oil stations, a motor washery and automobile repair shop. It is an ideal spot and reservations up to 400 can be made at once by writing to Brother Matty Schwab, care Redland Field, Cincinnati.

Only reservations covering the four days can be made. First come, first served.

Among the well-equipped large modern garages where cars are kept under cover are: Alms Hotel, McMillan and Victory Boulevard; American Auto Hotel, 631 West Fifth Street; Auto Hotel Company, 310 Walnut Street; Federal Garage, 419 Sycamore Street; Gibson Garage Company, 225 McFarland; Government Square Garage, 219 East Fifth Street; Sycamore-Hammond Garage, Sycamore below Fourth.

In addition to these are scores of smaller garages, both down-town and in the suburbs, enclosed and open.

### *A Trip to the Elks' National Home at Bedford, Va.*

Only a very small fraction of the membership of the B. P. O. E. have ever been privileged to visit the institution which is the pride of Elkdom—the Elks' National Home in Virginia. It is only a little over a night's run from Cincinnati on the Norfolk and Western to Bedford, where the Home is located.

The Grand Lodge sessions are for many Elks just the beginning of a joyous vacation season. Cincinnati is so close to Bedford that plans have been made for a "run" to the Home and a continued jaunt on to Virginia Beach and then up the Potomac to Washington, if so desired.

The Norfolk & Western Ry. has authorized special rates, effective leaving Cincinnati July 14th, to Norfolk and Virginia Beach, Va., including stopover at Bedford, Va., the Elks' National Home, at low rate of \$21.00 for the round trip. Tickets are limited sixteen days—provide for stopovers at all points in Virginia, with free side trip to Richmond, Va. An optional arrangement returning—steamer from Norfolk to Washington, D. C., thence via Shenandoah Junction through the Shenandoah Valley, permitting stopovers at Grand Caverns and Natural Bridge, may be included at a slight additional cost—\$6.00. This arrangement will allow members to visit the National Home at Bedford, as well as Virginia Beach and Washington, D. C., at a very nominal charge. For further details communicate with Mr.



C. H. Johnson, A. G. P. A., N. & W. Ry., 116 Dixie Terminal Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

### Banquet for Officers of Elks' State Associations

The Grand Lodge State Association Committee, Wm. H. Reinhart, Sandusky, Ohio, Chairman; A. Charles Stewart, Frostburg, Md., and L. J. Kosminsky, Texarkana, Ark., have issued a call for a joint meeting of all officers of Elks' State Associations to meet at Elks' Temple, Cincinnati, July 11, at 3:00 p. m. At 6:00 o'clock a banquet will be tendered them by the Cincinnati Grand Lodge Reunion Committee at Elks' Temple.

The Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations will have a registration booth in the Grand Lodge Registration room at the Sinton Hotel, Sunday, 9:00 a. m. to 12:00 noon; 2:00 p. m. to 5:00 p. m. Monday, 9:00 a. m. to 1:30 p. m., in the Lobby of the Elks' Temple, Monday 2:00 p. m. to 3:00 p. m., where each and every officer is to register promptly on arrival so the Committee on Arrangements can reserve the proper number of plates for the banquet.

All Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Secretaries, Treasurers, Trustees and Past Presidents are to be honor guests. *Please take notice and register early.*

Quite a number of inquiries are being received from the various State Associations with reference to participating in the parade in Cincinnati on July 14.

It has been decided that in cases where the State Associations desire to participate in a body, representing a certain State in the parade, that they be permitted to do so and that a Special Division will be assigned to State Associations.

However, the Reunion Committee of Cincinnati should be notified at once as to whether or not you intend participating in the parade in a body as a State Association. If so, some sort of a banner or placard will be necessary to announce the particular State which the marchers represent. Also state whether or not you will have a float in the parade.

Inquiries are also being received by the Reunion Committee with reference to floats for State Associations. State Associations desiring to enter floats and purchase them in Cincinnati should get in communication with Wm. Beck & Sons, Highland and Dorchester Avenues, or with Geo. E. Fern, 1252 Elm Street, Cincinnati, immediately.

### An Order About Bands

The Music Committee which is composed of John C. Weber, Theodore Hahn, Jr., Edward J. Carr, Sr., and John Hofer, have promulgated an important order as follows:

"No band will be permitted in the Parade unless it is composed of Elks or members of the American Federation of Musicians, or both; but bands, in order to be in the band contest, must all be members of the Elks."

### The Gem City Trip

Plans will be carried out to make the visit of Elks to Dayton one of the splendid privileges that will immediately follow the Grand Lodge sessions. The National Cash Register Company, the Frigidaire Corporation and the Delco-Light Company are to welcome these visitors who go to Ohio's Gem City. It is where are located the factories of Frigidaire Corporation, largest manufacturer of electric refrigeration equipment in the world, and the Delco-Light Company, foremost manufacturer of lighting plants and pumps. Both are subsidiaries of General Motors.

Growth of the electric refrigeration industry to one of the important businesses of the country within the past few years resulted in the investment, during 1926, of \$20,000,000 by General Motors in a factory expansion program which resulted in the erection of a huge cabinet-making factory, and remodeling of two other plants.

Frigidaire Corporation has now assumed second place in unit sales among General Motors subsidiaries, and third place in sales volume.

The Frigidaire cabinet plant, south of Dayton, completed early in 1927, is nearly a mile long and has a capacity of 50,000 cabinets a month, or four a minute. The largest one-story factory building in the world forms a part of this plant.

It contains the largest porcelain enameling plant in the world.

Across the city is Plant 1, where Frigidaire mechanical units are made. Five millions of dollars were expended upon this plant to bring it to its present capacity of 2,000 units a day. Acres of whirling machinery in one great enclosure, the largest enameling oven in the world, the largest plating machines in the world and five miles of conveyor tracks are among the interesting parts of the equipment.

Frigidaire Corporation manufactures electrically refrigerated household and apartment-house cabinets, ice-cream cabinets, and water coolers. It also manufactures equipment for commercial use, such as grocery stores, meat markets, florist shops and various other trades.

Plant No. 3, located adjacent to Plant 1, is given over to the manufacture of Delco-Light plants and pumps. The lighting plants are individual electric plants which supply electricity for lighting of farmhouses and buildings in rural communities where power lines do not reach. The pumps are designed to place running water in such homes.

### Chester Park

Chester Park, one of the most famous amusement resorts in America, visited by millions within the past quarter century, is awaiting with welcoming arms the Elks from everywhere. Chester Park has been almost totally rebuilt. Scores of old attractions have been replaced by the most modern devices for entertainment. The vast lake has been transformed into a swimming pool lined with sea sand—a back to nature pool. Chester Park is unique in that wide, double-decked walks lead from the main entrance to the palatial clubhouse, the dance hall and the amusement devices, and under the wide roofs of the promenades Chester Park is rain-proof and sun-proof as the merry-makers proceed from place to place throughout the vast resort.

In its new dress and new equipment Chester Park is ready for the visiting Elks. You may come to Chester Park expecting a day or night of characterful entertainment, unlimited fun, a delightful plunge and the thrills that go with the most hectic "rides" in any park in the world. Every Elk who registers receives a season ticket to Chester Park.

### A Glimpse of Swiss Garden

"If you miss Swiss Garden you are overlooking a little bit of Heaven."

That's what one delighted tourist had to say of one Cincinnati resort where you may be served twenty-four hours a day, either in the beautiful ballroom or out under the whispering trees. Swiss Garden is an old landmark, one of the old wayside taverns Longfellow speaks of, but of course there have been many changes

### Dedication of Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Robert W. Brown

**THE Grand Lodge Committee on the Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Robert W. Brown has designated the hour of eleven o'clock, A. M., Friday, July 15, 1927, for the ceremony of unveiling the monument erected over the grave at Russellville, Ky.**

**Arrangements have been made for a special train, leaving Cincinnati at 10:25 P. M., July 14, arriving at Russellville 7:10 A. M., July 15; returning train will leave Russellville 1:08 P. M., arriving at Cincinnati at 8:30 P. M., July 15.**

**All those who contemplate attending the ceremony should notify the Committee, which is composed of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, Chairman; Past Exalted Ruler Fred O. Nuetzel, of Louisville, Ky., and Past Exalted Ruler W. A. James of Galveston, Texas, by communicating with Mr. Nuetzel at Jefferson County Court House, Louisville, Ky.**

since that famed poet passed beyond and the old tavern, once the Bond Hill House, is now a modern establishment. Dancing begins at seven o'clock and continues throughout the evening. Music is furnished by famous orchestras. An elaborate floor show three times nightly. Nothing has been left undone to make your visit one long to be remembered.

Welcome Elks, thrice Welcome to Swiss Garden, twenty minutes from Fountain Square, Reading Road, at Bond Hill.

### Seeing Cincinnati by Aeroplane

Lunken Airport in historic "Turkey Bottoms" is the official flying field for Elkdom's hosts. The Embry-Riddle Company, Inc., have made special concessions for all Elks and their families who may desire to see Cincinnati from the air. Flights may be arranged and the new Waco airplanes are all piloted by U. S. Army Air Service trained men. Two passengers are taken at a time.

Daily flights may be made by the ER Express to Bowman Field, Louisville; Moraine Field, Dayton; Norton Field, Columbus; Stow Field, Akron, and Municipal Airport, Cleveland; unusual diversions for Elks who may want to enjoy the novelty of travel à la Lindbergh.

Passengers may leave for Cleveland at 7:10 a. m., and lunch in the Forest City at 11:20, returning from Cleveland at 2:00 p. m., and arriving at Lunken Airport at 6:10.

On the night of Elks' Day at Coney Island, a special display of aerial fireworks will be put on over the Island by Waco planes with their blazing trains of fireworks—a novel and thrilling sight.

### Get Your Copy of "High Spots"

This is the "Last Edition" of these once-a-month Bulletins which the Reunion Committee has been sending out to every member of the Order in all Elkdom to enlighten them on many of the events of interest that will be crowded into the days that Cincinnati will be privileged to make good on its promise to give royal welcome and entertainment to all who share in the 1927 gathering of the Grand Lodge.

The Reunion Committee has had no small task during these seven months of preparation and they are indebted to a great number of people who have given them loyal and enthusiastic cooperation. *The Committee feels that, in common with all of Elkdom's sons, it owes much to the generosity of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, which has given liberally of its valued and valuable space in carrying these Promisory Notes to the entire membership.* This paragraph is but a brief acknowledgment of appreciation for this great help in carrying out the broad plan for national publicity for the Reunion toward whose success the unselfish efforts of an entire city have been dedicated.

When you register you will be given a pamphlet that must be in every visitor's hands during the kaleidoscopic week that Cincinnati has prepared for the July days now so very near. "High Spots" will carry the program of the week, the official plans for the Grand Lodge itself and outlines of all the varied diversions which will fill every moment save the few that are reserved for required rest.

Be sure and get your copy of "High Spots." In the language of the score-card boy, "It will be pretty hard to keep track of all the plays unless you have one!"

REGISTER! That was the word upon which special emphasis has been laid in all the preceding Bulletins. And the last most important word that comes with all the courtesy that can be crowded into an imperative command is "REGISTER!"

Cincinnati is waiting for you, Elks All, in festival attire. Come and enjoy the week with us.

With fraternal greetings and best greetings and cheerful anticipations for "the best time ever."

Cordially and sincerely yours,

1927 GRAND LODGE REUNION COMMITTEE

AUG. HERRMANN, Chairman,  
CHAS. E. BUNNING,  
CHAS. E. DORNETTE,  
D. F. FRAYSER, Ex-Officio,

And all of the Chairmen of the various Sub-Committees already appointed.





The new Home at DeLand, Fla., Lodge No. 1463, recently dedicated by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price

## Under the Spreading Antlers

### News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

#### Lodges Throughout the Order Observe Flag Day

AS WE go to press with this issue, reports are coming in to the Magazine from all parts of the country describing the Flag Day exercises held on June 14 throughout the Order. We wish it were possible to print all these accounts in detail, for they testify in a very wonderful way to the high patriotism of every Lodge. Unfortunately it is impossible to do this, considering the number of Lodges and the amount of space it would involve to report the Flag Day activities of each. We take this occasion, however, to congratulate the Flag Day Committees and the members of the various Lodges on the impressive way in which the Order's reverence for the Flag was again publicly observed in every community where there is an Elks Lodge.

#### Braddock, Pa., Lodge Stages Juvenile Follies of 1927

Gorgeous settings, magnificent costumes, tuneful music and catchy dance steps characterized the sixth annual children's dancing carnival and musical extravaganza known as the Juvenile Follies of 1927, which was presented recently by Braddock, Pa., Lodge, No. 883, at the Capitol Theatre. Three hours were needed for the seventy numbers, each one of which aroused the audience to a wild pitch of enthusiasm. Three hundred youngsters, specially coached for the show in the dancing classes conducted by Braddock Lodge, took part in the performance, given before a packed house.

#### Beautiful Home Is Owned by Fort Myers, Fla., Lodge

The recently completed Home of Fort Myers, Fla., Lodge, No. 1288, fronts on Fort Myers Avenue of Palms, a wide residential thoroughfare which justifies its name by being completely lined on both sides by the rare and stately Royal Palms. On each side the property is bordered by magnificent private estates whose landscaping has been nursed for years and abounds in tropical beauty.

The building, which stands amid such natural

splendor, makes no apologies to its surroundings. Being strictly Spanish, its exterior is treated with a rich buff-colored stucco and harmonized with a loose effect tile roofing. Looking down upon it from the air, the shape of the building would be that of a square letter "C" with the points extending toward the street and the back lying parallel with the river. Around the entire edge of the inside of the "C" is found a cool tile-floored veranda furnished with many comfortable chairs. The front lawn extends into the "C" and forms a green border between the veranda and an artistic pool and fountain adorned with water lilies and containing goldfish. The front entrance lies at a point just opposite this fountain and leads into the lobby of the Club. In the lobby are the manager's desk, the Secretary's office and also one corner devoted to the Weather Bureau instruments and desk. To the left of the lobby is the billiard and pool room. Just to the

AS USUAL, the August issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE will contain a full account of the Grand Lodge Convention held in Cincinnati, July 11-16. This number will also carry the reports of the Grand Lodge Officers, Grand Lodge Committees and Commissions

rear and beyond the lobby is the Dutch Grill. The modern kitchen lies to the right of the grill and completes the first floor of the base of the "C." In the eastern wing of the "C" one finds four splendid bowling alleys. In the western wing of the "C" the space is divided into three parts. The front room is used for small dining parties and for committee meetings. Next is a stock room and behind that the showers. The second floor is reached by a spacious stairway leading up from the lobby to a lobby above from which one can reach a front balcony overlooking the fountain or a rear balcony overlooking the

river. To the left of this second floor lobby is the main lounge room, furnished with all the splendor it deserves. From this main lounging room one may reach a department entirely reserved for the ladies consisting of a private lounge and writing room and rest room which also opens on the front balcony. Directly over the eastern wing is the Lodge room, furnished and equipped in keeping with the comfort and splendor of which it is a part. A hard wood floor permits this to be used also as a ballroom.

The handsome building was completed a little over a year ago and represents an investment of \$150,000.

#### Monterey, Calif., Lodge Has Many Plans for State Association Meeting

Officers and trustees of the California State Elks Association met recently with representatives of Monterey Lodge, No. 1285, to go over plans for the annual convention of the Association to be held in Monterey on October 6, 7 and 8. The Lodge committees were found to have matters well in hand, with a tentative program, and plans for the entertainment of visitors, ready for discussion. Convention headquarters will be established at the Del Monte Hotel, where there will be room for at least 400 delegates. The committee in charge stated that, in addition to these quarters, there would be 1,200 first-class rooms available in the city at the time of the meeting. Adequate housing facilities at reasonable rates add much to the enjoyment of such a gathering, and Monterey Lodge plans to see that no visitor shall lack comfortable space at a cost which will be commensurate with his pocket-book.

#### Princeton, Ill., Lodge Shows Excellent Progress

Princeton, Ill., Lodge, No. 1461, has been showing remarkable progress during the last year, increasing its membership greatly and paying off a considerable sum of its outstanding indebtedness. The initiation of good sized classes has been the monthly rule. Recently a class of over 60 candidates was initiated, the event being marked by a special celebration which began with a large banquet. Many visi-



tors were present from surrounding Lodges in Mendota, Dixon, Sterling, Kewanee and La Salle. The honor guests of the evening were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert N. Crawford and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Hugo Weyrauch. It was a very successful and delightful affair in every way and was greatly enjoyed.

**Indiana State Elks Association Convention in Muncie, August 16-18**

The annual convention of the Indiana State Elks Association will be held on August 16-17-18, it was decided recently by President F. J. McMichael, Secretary Don Allman and the officers of Muncie Lodge No. 245. Preparations for the entertainment of visitors are being made by the members and their wives, and the tentative program of business and social events is as follows: *Tuesday, August 16th*—Morning, business meeting, memorial services. Afternoon, business meeting, followed by a grand ball in the evening at the Home of the Lodge. *Wednesday, August 17*—Morning, business meeting and election of officers. Afternoon, ritualistic contest. *Thursday, August 18*—Parade and picnic.

Indications point now to one of the largest meetings in the history of the Association.

**Salinas, Calif., Lodge Installs New Gymnasium**

The new gymnasium in the Home of Salinas, Calif., Lodge, No. 614, has just been completed, and the members are looking forward to the athletic activities which it makes possible. Completely equipped with punching bags, pulley weights, flying rings, parallel bars, medicine balls, a boxing ring and wrestling mat, there is also room for a volley-ball court and one of the finest basket-ball courts in the vicinity, on which it is planned to hold a number of high-class games next season.

**Butte, Mont., Lodge Celebrates Thirty-fifth Birthday**

The thirty-fifth anniversary of the institution of Butte, Mont., Lodge, No. 240, was celebrated by the members with an elaborate birthday party. Some 450 Butte Elks gathered in the Home of the Lodge for a program of addresses and reminiscences, and a large number of both professional and amateur entertainment features. Among the speakers were J. Bruce Kremer, Exalted Ruler 20 years ago, and J. K. Heslett, a charter member, who spoke of the early struggles and successes of No. 240. Past Exalted Ruler Harry A. Gallwey presided as chairman, eleven other past leaders of the Lodge sharing the rostrum with him. A splendid buffet supper followed the entertainment and

*The New Home of Livingston, Mont. Lodge, No. 246, decorated for its formal dedication*



wound up one of the most enjoyable occasions of the Lodge year.

**Leominster, Mass., Lodge to Hear Talks on Current Topics**

Members of Leominster, Mass., Lodge, No. 1237, will have the opportunity this year of hearing monthly talks on present-day problems if the plans of Exalted Ruler Dr. J. W. Desmond go through. The first speaker to address a meeting was George P. Campbell, Superintendent of the Industrial School for Boys at Shirley, who discussed education and boy psychology.

**District Deputy Bournique Institutes New Lodge at Union City, Ind.**

Union City, Ind., Lodge, No. 1534, was recently instituted with appropriate ceremonies by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Victor Bournique.

The Exalted Ruler of this new Lodge is Roll B. Turpen; Secretary, Clarence B. Mangas.

**West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge to Open New Home This Month**

After a year of work on a new and enlarged building, members of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1352, are expecting to move into their beautiful quarters some time this month. The new Home is one of the finest in the State, the serviceableness of its arrangements being equalled by the beauty of its design.

The near completion of this fine building, the success of the Lodge's baseball team, and the records established by No. 1352 at the recent State Association convention have attracted much attention, and applications for membership promise a large class of candidates for the first initiation in the new Lodge room.

**Denver, Colo., Lodge Greets Home-Coming Baseball Team**

Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, played a large part in the home-coming festivities arranged for the Denver Bears. Past Exalted Ruler John A. Payment was chairman of the committee representing No. 17, and was ably assisted by Loyal Knight Joseph P. Shevlin. Greeting the players at the field, Exalted Ruler Charles Ginsberg presented to the club a mammoth floral horseshoe, following which the team proceeded to win the opening game of the season by fine play. Past Exalted Ruler Milton L. Anfenger, owner of the Bears, attended the Lodge meeting following the game and was profuse in his expressions of gratitude to the members for their reception of his team.

**Home of Fargo, N. D., Lodge Is A Community Center**

That the beautiful Home of Fargo, N. D., Lodge, No. 260, and the hospitable spirit of the members, are appreciated by Fargoans, is evidenced by the use they make of the building on special occasions. It is a center for worthwhile community efforts of all kinds, and the interesting and important events which take place within its walls are many. In donating the use of their Home for such purposes the members are carrying out a promise made long before the erection of the splendid building.

**Long Beach, Calif., Lodge Plans to Build Lodge Room for Antlers Club**

At the annual election of officers of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, Order of Antlers, it was announced by Chairman Houston Walsh, of the Big Brother Committee of Long Beach Lodge, No. 888, that it was the desire of the Committee to build a separate Lodge room for the juniors at the rear of the Home; in the meantime temporary quarters were to be established at once in the basement of No. 888's building. Mr. Walsh and his committee were planning at the same time to aid the Antlers in a sweeping membership drive.

**Irvington, N. J., Lodge Assisted By Ladies' Social Club**

Irvington, N. J., Lodge, No. 1245, has a Ladies' Social Club made up of mothers, wives and daughters of members, which is one of the really active organizations of New Jersey. The Club holds card parties, dances, and other social affairs, the receipts from which are used for Lodge purposes. The sum of \$300 was recently raised for the Lodge band, a handsome clock was presented to the Lodge, \$100 was donated to the Red Cross for the flood disaster fund, and \$500 was paid for taxes on Lodge property. Among the committee heads of the Club are Mrs. Gus L. Hasse, Mrs. John Neichel, Mrs. Ed Kuper, Mrs. Henry Wuensch, Mrs. John Bruck, Mrs. Harry Wright, and Mrs. Frank Chamer. Information about the work of the Irvington Lodge Ladies' Social Club may be of interest to other Lodges and can be obtained by writing to Mrs. Clara Stanley of the publicity committee.

**Welfare Committee of Seattle, Wash., Lodge Plans Fall Program**

At an organization meeting of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Seattle,



*The comfortable and well constructed home of Chicago Heights, Ill., Lodge, No. 1066*





This substantial new \$75,000 Home is the property of Delta, Colo., Lodge, No. 1235

Wash., Lodge, No. 92, held a short time ago, plans were made for a program of activities which will include at least one major event each month. Seven sub-committees have been formed, each of which will have charge of a monthly feature, while the general committee, under the chairmanship of J. J. Lawson, will coordinate the efforts. One of the special committees appointed has been charged with the sole duty of seeing to the welfare of the widows and orphans of deceased members of the Order.

**Boonton, N. J., Lodge Dedicates Its Handsome New Home**

The dedication of the handsome new Home of Boonton, N. J., Lodge, No. 1405, was the occasion of a special celebration in which the whole community played a part, and which was attended by many Lodges of the State, accompanied by their bands. A parade through the city streets preceded the formal dedication, which was in charge of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry A. Guenther. Mr. Guenther was assisted in the ceremony by Richard P. Rooney, Grand Trustee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Lenehan; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas F. Maxsey; Thomas S. Mooney, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association; John H. Cose and Fletcher L. Fritts, Past Presidents of the Association. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William T. Ramsey, acting as the representative of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, delivered the dedicatory address.

That evening the dedication banquet was held in the beautiful new Home. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, the honor guest of the occasion, made the principal address. Others who spoke congratulating the members and complimenting Past Exalted Ruler Dan W. Carey, head of the Building Committee, and Exalted Ruler Lyman E. Drake, were Judge Fred W. Bain, chairman of the dedication exercises, and William T. Phillips, Past Exalted Ruler and Secretary of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1. Among the other distinguished guests of the evening were William K. Devereux, Past President of the State Association, and Philip Clancy, Secretary of the New York State Elks Association.

The dedication and the banquet that followed were attended by the officers, past officers, and members from Lodges in Passaic, Plainfield, Union Hill, Madison, Morristown, Summit, Kearny, Dover, Paterson, and Newark.

**Lincoln, Neb., Lodge Pays Visit To York, Neb., Lodge**

A large number of members of Lincoln, Neb., Lodge, No. 80, were recently guests of York, Neb., Lodge, No. 1024. The purpose of the meeting was to bring about closer relationship

of the two Lodges and to boost the State Convention held at Grand Island, Neb., June 8-10. Lincoln Lodge made a similar trip to Beatrice, Neb., Lodge, No. 619, a few months ago.

Frank E. Green, Exalted Ruler of Lincoln Lodge, was the principal speaker of the evening, giving a most interesting talk on "Fraternalism." Short talks were also made by George F. Corcoran, Past Exalted Ruler of York Lodge, and at present District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and C. A. McCloud, Past Exalted Ruler of York Lodge. Lincoln Elks furnished a delightful entertainment, and their hosts provided a sumptuous supper.

**Salt Lake City Lodge Has Monday Luncheon Club**

The "Monday Luncheon Club" of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, is proving a great success. Important guests from other States and many local citizens who are not members of the Order enjoy these weekly meetings, at which there are always interesting talkers and some good musical entertainment. New members are being attracted to the Lodge as a result of these informal gatherings, and the attendance of Lodge members is always most gratifying.

**Louis N. Goldsmith Resigns From City Post**

Louis N. Goldsmith, Secretary of the Grand Lodge Special Activities Committee and Past Exalted Ruler of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, has resigned as assistant director of the De-

This pleasant Home is occupied by the members of Iowa City, Ia., Lodge, No. 590



partment of Welfare in the city of Philadelphia. His new post will be assistant to John J. McGurk, President of the Stanley Theaters Corporation of America.

Mr. Goldsmith was appointed assistant director of the Welfare Department by Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, the director, in 1924. He has also been identified with amateur athletics for many years. He is chairman of the National Record Committee of the Amateur Athletic Union, a former President of the Middle Atlantic Association of the Union, and is chairman of the Record Committee of the local body.

**Important Notice to Elks State Association Officers**

The Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Secretaries, Treasurers, Trustees, and Past Presidents of all State Associations are invited by the Grand Lodge State Association Committee to attend a joint meeting of all State Elks Association Officers to be held at 3:00 P. M., July 11, at the Home of Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5. This will be an important business meeting. At six o'clock a banquet will be tendered them at the Home by the Cincinnati Grand Lodge Reunion Committee.

The Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations will have a registration booth in the Grand Lodge Registration rooms at the Sinton Hotel Sunday: 9:00 A. M. to 12:00 Noon; 2:00 P. M. to 5:00 P. M. Monday: 9:00 A. M. to 1:30 P. M., and in the lobby of the Home Monday, 2:00 P. M. to 3:00 P. M. Each officer is requested to register promptly on arrival, so that the Committee on Arrangements can reserve the proper number of plates for the banquet.

**Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge Initiates Large Class of Candidates**

A large class of candidates was recently initiated by Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1500. Exalted Ruler Henry E. Gabriels conducted the ceremony, assisted by the other officers of the Lodge. Dr. J. E. Gallico, Past Exalted Ruler of Troy, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141, addressed the meeting, giving details of the New York State Elks Association convention.

Following the initiation scores of visiting Elks were entertained at an informal reception in the Home.

**Panama Canal Zone Lodge Honors District Deputy Goulet**

The testimonial banquet given recently in honor of Arthur W. Goulet, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler in the Canal Zone, by members of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, at the Hotel Washington, in Colon, was one of the finest events sponsored by Elks of the Isthmus. The banquet was held on the eve of his departure for Cincinnati, where he will attend the Grand Lodge Convention. During the course of the banquet Mr. Goulet, who is an honorary life member of the Lodge, was presented with a handsomely engraved gold cardcase.

Another guest of honor was Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard M. Davies, who will also attend the Grand Lodge Convention. They will be joined at Cincinnati by a number of other Elks from the Canal Zone.



### **Drill Team of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge Signally Honored**

Three beautiful silver cups in one week is the proud record of the crack drill team of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841. The first was presented to the team by Richmond Forest, No. 66, Tall Cedars of Lebanon, and the second by the Chamber of Commerce, following an exhibition drill during its Industrial Exposition. The third trophy was won in a hotly contested competitive drill held by Sa-Ha-Ra No. 13, Court of the Orient. Staten Island members are justly proud of their team, and sent it off to the Convention of the New York State Elks Association with high hopes of still another victory.

### **New York Western District Holds Enthusiastic Meeting**

The meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of the New York Western District held recently at the Home of Buffalo Lodge, No. 23, was the best attended meeting since its organization, every Lodge in the District being well represented. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Aloys F. Leuthe was elected President for the coming year. Other officers elected were Vice-President, Richard Grimm, Exalted Ruler of Buffalo Lodge; Secretary, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William R. Cullen of Buffalo Lodge; Treasurer, Louis Drinkwine, Past Exalted Ruler of Buffalo Lodge; Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Past District Deputy D. Curtis Gano, Rochester Lodge.

### **New Haven, Conn., Lodge Approves Plans for Fine New Home**

At a special meeting, held a short time ago, New Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 25, approved the plans selected by its Building Committee for a new eight-story Home. The architecture of the finely conceived building will be modified Gothic, with the four upper stories stepped back to create a tower-like effect, in the manner of many striking new structures in New York City.

The new Home will contain a spacious assembly hall, a large Lodge room, many living-rooms for visitors, and the usual club features. The imposing structure, to be erected at a cost of \$300,000, will occupy the site of the present two-story Home which has housed New Haven Lodge for the past seventeen years.

### **Banquet and Dance Mark Sixth Anniversary of Miami, Ariz., Lodge**

Miami, Ariz., Lodge, No. 1410, celebrated its sixth anniversary and honored the retiring administration at one of the most enjoyable evenings of its history. Opening the celebration with a banquet to the more than 300 members and their guests who attended, the program included a number of excellent speeches, and an exhibition of the new dance steps. Exalted Ruler Charles H. Lemon and the committee in charge were warmly congratulated on the success of the Lodge's birthday party.

### **San José, Calif., Lodge Has Beautiful Summer Home**

San José, Calif., Lodge, No. 522, maintains a beautiful summer home and camp ground at Boulder Creek in the Santa Cruz mountains. There is a club-house with a fine, big fireplace, a kitchen with all equipment for cooking camp meals, barbecue pits, a supply of fresh spring water and, for diversion, fishing, swimming and tramping. It is expected that many of the members will make use this summer of the opportunity for healthful week-ends, far from business and care.

### **Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge Gives Dinner and Entertainment**

Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 863, scored the biggest social success of its season recently, the event being the seventh annual reception, dinner and entertainment held in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Commodore in New York City. Close to 300 were present, including many distinguished members of the Order, and representatives of Lodges in New York and Connecticut. Among those who took part in

the delightful evening were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard Leo Fallon; Past District Deputies Edward S. McGrath and William C. Clark; John T. Gorman, President of the New York State Elks Association; Philip Clancy, Secretary of the Association; and William T. Phillips, Secretary and Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge, No. 1.

Fred H. Ponty, Chairman of the Ball Committee, was responsible for the arrangements of the evening, which included one of the best shows ever given in connection with an event of this kind.

### **Olean, N. Y., Lodge Planning Extensive Home Alterations**

The commodious Home of Olean, N. Y., Lodge, No. 491, which has been without a dining-room for the past few years, will now be remodeled so that there will be adequate dining space for over 300 couples. Olean Lodge, which has been growing rapidly every year, will also, in the near future, make additional alterations so that visiting members of the Order passing through its city may be accommodated in well-furnished living-rooms.

### **De Land, Fla., Lodge Dedicates Its Attractive Home**

De Land, Fla., Lodge, No. 1463, recently dedicated its new Home with impressive exercises in which many prominent members of the Order took part. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37, conducted the ceremony, and was the principal speaker of the day.

The new Home is of brick construction, Spanish type, and the foundations and steel work are built to allow the erection of three more stories which will be added in the near future. The large plot on which the building stands was the generous gift of Theodore Ruff, a member of the Lodge.

### **Fremont, Neb., Lodge Lays New Building Corner-stone**

Fremont, Neb., Lodge, No. 514, recently laid the corner-stone for the handsome new Home which is being erected in the heart of the city. Work on the structure is proceeding rapidly and the building will, in all probability, be dedicated early in September with a special program of exercises now being perfected.

### **Banquet of Old-Time Members Of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge**

One of the most delightful functions held recently in the Home of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, was the banquet celebrating the

forty-fourth anniversary of the Lodge, given by the Old Timers Association, an organization to which only those who have been members twenty years or longer are eligible. Close to fifty of the Old Timers were present, including Henry A. Meyer, who is the only living charter member of the Lodge. An interesting program of entertainment featured the evening, and there were short addresses by distinguished members of the Order. Among those who addressed the Old Timers were Hon. Edward Lazansky, Justice of the New York Supreme Court; William T. Phillips, Secretary and Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge No. 1; Thomas F. Cuite, Exalted Ruler of Brooklyn Lodge; and Joseph H. Becker, Secretary of the Lodge. The eleven o'clock toast was ably rendered by Thomas J. Moore, Past Exalted Ruler of Brooklyn Lodge.

### **Northeastern Illinois District Lodges Going to Grand Lodge Convention**

Lodges of the Northeastern Illinois District will come to the Grand Lodge Convention in Cincinnati on a special train. All of the fourteen Lodges of the District are planning to send large delegations, including their bands, drill teams and marching clubs.

### **Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge Helps Port Jefferson Home**

The crippled children of St. Charles' Home, Sisters of Wisdom, a French charity at Port Jefferson, N. Y., are happier this season, and the Home \$1,500 richer as the result of a recent visit by 600 members of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, and their wives. The trip was made from the Lodge Home on South Oxford Street in eighteen buses, with a string of private cars forming a parade down the highway. The Elks band of forty pieces played, the double quartette sang, and the degree team of the Lodge presented an entertainment for the youngsters and visitors.

The presentation speech, extolling the work of the Sisters, was made by Borough President James J. Byrne, Past Exalted Ruler of Brooklyn Lodge.

### **Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge Visits Clearfield, Pa., Lodge**

A large number of members, including the degree team and orchestra, of Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519, recently visited Clearfield, Pa., Lodge, No. 540, where a class of candidates was initiated. The degree team and orchestra performed perfectly to the delight and profit of the large attendance. A fine buffet lunch was served following the meeting.

Clearfield Lodge has had in the past several visits from this well-known degree team and

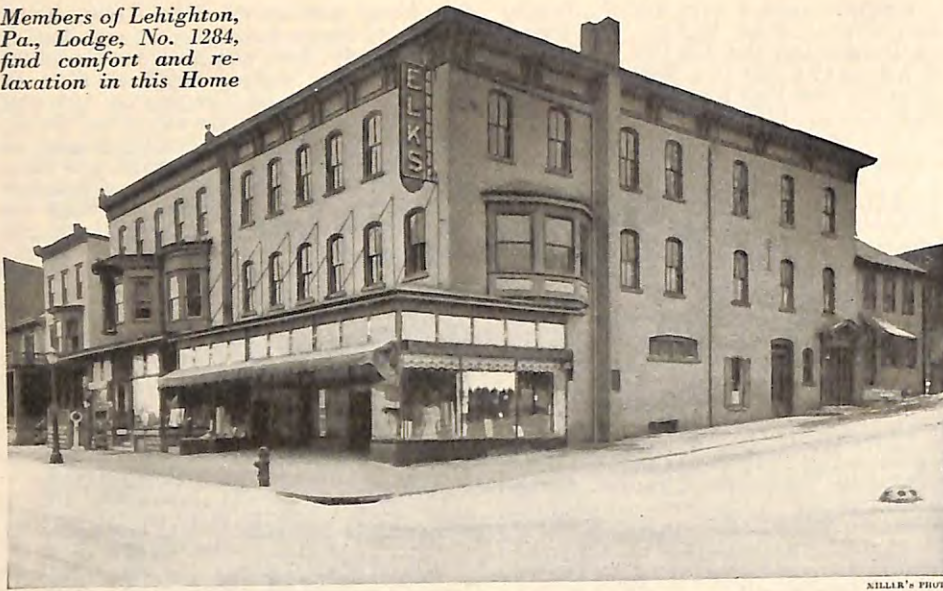


FRANZITS PHOTO

Float entered by St. Joseph, Mo., Lodge, No. 40, in the annual Apple Blossom Parade



*Members of Leighton, Pa., Lodge, No. 1284, find comfort and relaxation in this Home*



KILLER'S PHOTO

orchestra, and each time has extended a brotherly hospitality to its guests.

### *Elks Magazine Now in All Birmingham, Ala., Libraries*

Through the good offices of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, THE ELKS MAGAZINE is now obtainable in all the public and public-school libraries of Greater Birmingham. Beginning with the June issue, thirty-four copies of the Magazine were placed in as many libraries for the interest and convenience of the general public.

### *Sacramento, Calif., Lodge Again Observes Flower Day*

Following its custom of many years Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, again observed Flower Day this spring. To every known sick-room in the city the committee in charge delivered luxuriant bouquets of flowers contributed by the membership of No. 6, and paid a cheerful visit to the patient. Sacramento Lodge instituted this beautiful practice a number of years ago, and is proud of its spread among the other Lodges of the Order.

### *Livingston, Mont., Lodge Dedicates Large New Home*

The large new Home of Livingston, Mont., Lodge, No. 246, was recently dedicated by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Henry Nibbe of Billings, Mont., Lodge, No. 394. Hon. Henry L. Myers, former Senator of Montana and now Judge of the State Supreme Court, delivered the dedicatory oration before a great gathering which included representatives from Lodges throughout Montana and adjoining States. A three-day program of festivities in which the visitors took part preceded the formal dedication.

### *Pennsylvania Central District Meets at Tarentum.*

The Central District Association of Pennsylvania met recently at Tarentum, Pa., Lodge, No. 644, the members having as their host District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. K. F. Weaver and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. Frank Horne. This meeting, which was the largest since the organization was started, contained features which made it also the most interesting held thus far. Numbered among the dignitaries present were John F. Nugent, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of the Southwest District; Matthew A. Riley, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of the Northwest District; John Carr, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of the Southwest District and William Carle, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler; R. C. Robinson, President of the Southwest District; William D. Hancher, Vice-President of the Southwest District; Daniel Burns, Mayor of New Kensington; H. B.

Kessler, Mayor of Arnold; Rev. F. M. Bierbaum, Chaplain of the Pennsylvania Association. Principal addresses of the afternoon were made by the State Chaplain, Rev. Bierbaum, John F. Nugent and Matthew A. Riley. Following the meeting a buffet luncheon and smoker were given the members.

The following officers were elected to serve the Association for the ensuing year: President, E. Roland Hammond; Vice-President, Andrew J. Rottler; Secretary, George H. Liebegott; Treasurer, Nevin T. Fisher. The next meeting of the Association was scheduled for June 5th at the Home of Connellsville Lodge, No. 503.

### *Rock Island, Ill., Lodge Dedicates Its Handsome New Home*

A three-days' celebration marked the dedication of the new Home of Rock Island, Ill., Lodge, No. 980. Following the formal ceremony conducted by the officers of the Lodge, a large banquet was served in the dining-hall of the building. W. N. Phillips, acting as toastmaster, introduced the following distinguished guests who addressed the diners: Hon. Floyd E. Thompson, Justice of the Illinois Supreme Court and member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson; Grand Inner Guard Louie Forman; Congressman F. D. Letts; Eugene W. Welch, President of the Illinois State Elks Association; Rev. Father Daniel F. Monaghan; Rev. Victor Webb, Chaplain of the State Association; Sam Ryerson, Chairman of the Lodge's Building Committee; and Chester C. Thompson, Mayor of Rock Island.

On the day preceding the dedication, the

new Home was thrown open to the general public for inspection. The rooms were handsomely decorated with numerous floral emblems donated by the members or sent by sister Lodges.

The new Home, described in a recent issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, was purchased a short time ago at a cost of \$75,000 from the Rock Island Club, by whom it was originally erected.

### *Portsmouth, Va., Lodge Holds Gala Charity Ball*

Portsmouth, Va., Lodge, No. 82, recently held its eighth annual charity ball in the city auditorium, this event proving more successful this year than ever before, more than 1,000 being present.

This annual affair has become the outstanding social event of Tidewater, Virginia, drawing from the Army and Navy bases as well as from the near-by cities of Norfolk, Hampton, Newport News, and Suffolk.

This year the Auditorium was most elaborately decorated with the colors and emblems of the Order. Festoons of purple and white hung from the ceiling and American flags covered the walls, making a colorful background for the gaily dressed throng.

Past Exalted Ruler Thomas A. Flood was chairman in charge of the arrangements for the ball, and Mrs. J. Griff Edwards headed the patronesses of the evening, who numbered more than one hundred.

### *Beacon, N. Y., Lodge Engaged in Progressive Work*

Beacon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1493, which was instituted four years ago, now stands at the head of the fraternal organizations doing progressive work in its community. A few months ago this Lodge held one of the most successful expositions and fêtes ever staged in this section of the Hudson Valley. As a result of the efforts of the members and the generous support given it by the merchants and manufacturers, the event netted the Lodge close to \$5,000 which will be used to refurbish its Home. The grounds surrounding the Home will also be landscaped and beautified.

Beacon Lodge is also active in social and community welfare work, paying special attention to the youngsters within its jurisdiction.

### *Alma, Mich., Lodge Plans to Help Crippled Children*

Alma, Mich., Lodge, No. 1400, is sponsoring the work being done in Gratiot County by the Michigan Society for Crippled Children. The Lodge is asking that all afflicted children be reported to the Chairman of its Social and Community Welfare Committee, so that no child needing treatment shall be neglected.



DEALEY PHOTO

corner of the beautifully decorated dining-room of Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171



### Edward McLaughlin, of Boston, Mass., Lodge, Passes on

It is with deep regret that THE ELKS MAGAZINE makes known news of the death on May 12th of Edward McLaughlin, Past Exalted Ruler and one of the best loved members of Boston Lodge, No. 10. Mr. McLaughlin first became a member of the Lodge in 1898, was elected Esteemed Lecturing Knight in 1899, Esteemed Loyal Knight in 1900 and Esteemed Leading Knight in 1901. He served as Exalted Ruler in 1902 and was made a Trustee in 1903. He was appointed District Deputy in the same year, under Grand Exalted Ruler O'Brien and was also President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association. In 1904 he served as Grand Inner Guard, the following year was elected Grand Lecturing Knight and in 1906 Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight.

Mr. McLaughlin was an enthusiastic worker for the Order and had many very close friends among its members. To these and to Mrs. McLaughlin and the members of the family THE ELKS MAGAZINE offers sincere sympathy in their loss.

### Sullivan, Ind., Lodge Has Successful Quartette

Sullivan, Ind., Lodge, No. 911, boasts of an excellent Elks Quartette made up of members. The quartette has sung in a number of Indiana Lodges and is planning to attend the Grand Lodge convention in Cincinnati this month. It confines its singing mostly to popular music, and has been enthusiastically received on every occasion.

Besides the quartette, Sullivan Lodge has a vested choir and an excellent orchestra and band.

### District Deputy Lalla Institutes New Lodge at Elmhurst, Ill.

Elmhurst, Ill., Lodge, No. 1531, was recently instituted with appropriate ceremonies by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James J. Lalla of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1295. The Exalted Ruler is Richard J. Quiter, and the Secretary is Joseph W. Lithgow.

### Indiana Lodges to Have Special Train to State Convention

Plans have been made for a special Big Four train to carry Elks from Elkhart, Goshen, Warsaw and Ligonier to Muncie on August 18, for the last day of the annual three-day convention of the Indiana State Elks Association. Large representations from Lodges in these towns will take the trip with their bands, marching clubs, etc., adding greatly to the number of members expected in Muncie from other Lodges of the State.

### Arizona State Elks Association Has Fine Meeting at Nogales

The annual convention of the Arizona State Elks Association, held this year at Nogales on May 13, 14 and 15, was a great success, both socially and from a business point of view. Although rumors of border trouble—the city of Nogales lies half in Arizona and half in Mexico—kept down the attendance somewhat, the hundreds of visitors from the Lodges of the State who did go to the meeting thoroughly enjoyed the program of hospitality and entertainment arranged by the city and by Nogales Lodge, No. 1397.

At the first business meeting, called to order by retiring President Frank B. Baptist, the Nominating Committee was appointed, and selected the following members, who were then unanimously elected to serve as the Association's officers during the coming year:

President: Paul P. Correll, Past Exalted Ruler of Tucson Lodge, No. 385; First Vice-President: John Foster of Bisbee Lodge, No. 671; Second Vice-President: R. William Kramer, Exalted Ruler of Phoenix Lodge, No. 335; Third Vice-President: James Chappell of Yuma Lodge, No. 476; Treasurer: Onas H. Jett, Secretary of Prescott Lodge, No. 330; Trustees: Arnold White of Douglas Lodge, No. 955; Henry Albers of Flagstaff Lodge, No. 499; and Mike Murphy of Globe Lodge, No. 489.

The by-laws of the Association were amended to make the office of Secretary appointive, and at the time of going to press news of his selection had not reached the Magazine.

On the same evening a joint initiation was held, with candidates from Nogales, Prescott, Tucson and Phoenix Lodges, the Secretaries of which introduced the novitiates to the officers of Douglas Lodge, who performed the ritual.

Starting at noon on the second day a big barbecue was held on the Mexican side, which was attended by a large proportion of the visitors. Bull fights, boxing contests, baseball games and a grand ball were other features of one of the most picturesque conventions Arizona Lodges have ever held. A varied program of entertainment marked the closing day of the meeting before the delegations started out

### The Second Elks Magazine Cruise

**SO SUCCESSFUL** was the first Elks Magazine Cruise to the West Indies and South America that the second is now announced.

Note that the day of sailing, February 11, 1928, is a more convenient one than that of last year.

As before, the new cruise will be a three weeks' trip, under the management of James Boring's Travel Service Inc., and throughout the entire time aboard and ashore every possible factor looking to the comfort, convenience and enjoyment of the cruise members will be provided for.

This year a larger and even more desirable steamer for tropic travel has been chartered—the S. S. Megantic of the White Star Line. It is a beautiful vessel for cruising and it will be occupied solely by the Elk members of the trip, their families and friends. The cruise membership has been limited to 480. Bookings will be made in the order of their receipt. For further information, turn to the announcement on page 73 of this issue.

through the beautiful country on their way home. A number of the Lodges attending had chartered great motor buses, the modern "ships of the desert," for the trip, among them being Phoenix Lodge, whose delegation was attired in special costumes.

### Past Grand Trustee John Halpin, Of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge

Elks all over the country will receive with sorrow the announcement that Past Grand Trustee John Halpin, of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, No. 26, died on May 31, after having been ill for several months. Mr. Halpin was elected Exalted Ruler of his Lodge for the year 1914 to 1915. He was appointed District Deputy for Missouri West in 1915. In 1917, on the death of Grand Trustee Calvin L. Kingley, he was appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper to serve as Grand Trustee until the end of the Grand Lodge year. Mr. Halpin later served the full term of five years as Grand Trustee, being elected to the Board in 1920. He was an enthusiastic Elk and a genial and loyal friend.

In private life, Mr. Halpin was for many years head of the Police Department of Kansas City, a service in which he rose from the grade of detective. He also was president of the Halpin-Dwyer Construction Company. It is with deep regret that THE ELKS MAGAZINE publishes news of his passing, and it extends herewith the sincere sympathy of the Order to those near to him.

### Williamsport, Pa., Lodge Has Antlers Country Club

Many members of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, enjoy the privileges of the Antlers Country Club, with its fine club house and its membership composed exclusively of Elks. Situated on the Susquehanna River, in one of the most picturesque spots of Lycoming County, the club has just opened under its new charter and, in all probability, will have filled its limited membership by the time this issue of the magazine appears.

### Grand Exalted Ruler Grants Dispensations for New Lodges

The Grand Exalted Ruler has granted dispensations for the institution of the following new Lodges:

Barre, Vt., Lodge, No. 1535.  
Lakeview, Ore., Lodge, No. 1536.  
West Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 1537.

### Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler B. M. Allen Unveiled

As this issue went to press, announcement was made, by the Grand Lodge Committee on the Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Basil Manly Allen, of Birmingham, Ala., that the memorial was to be unveiled and presented to Birmingham Lodge, No. 79, on Sunday afternoon, June 26th. The memorial is in the form of a life-size portrait bust by the noted sculptor Bashka Paeff, of Boston, and is mounted on a pedestal in the Lodge Home. A full account of the unveiling and presentation with a photograph of the bust, will appear in the August issue.

### Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge Plans Initiation for State Association Meet

The most spectacular initiation ever held in the Pacific Northwest is planned for the evening of August 9, the first of the three days during which Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593, will act as host to the annual convention of the Washington State Elks Association. A class of at least 300 candidates from the Lodges of the State is expected, and an amphitheatre seating 4,000 persons will be built in the Aberdeen armory. A chorus of seventy-five voices, a sixty-piece orchestra and a band will take part in the ceremony. The team to perform the ritual will be selected from among the most capable members of Washington Lodges by the officers of the State Association.

A great Purple Bubble Ball, theatre parties, cabaret performances, a golf tournament, a trapshoot, a fishing contest and sight-seeing trips will be other features of the meeting.

### New Jersey Lodges Are Asked To Enter Big Parade

The Firemen's Celebration and Old Home Week Committee of Mount Holly, N. J., is anxious to have all Elk Lodges in the region participate in the large fraternal parade which will be a feature of the festivities on July 13. Any Lodge wishing to compete for the various prizes in this event should make application for registration to H. P. MacHugh of the Committee.

### LaFayette, Ind., Lodge Honors Winner of Famous Motor Race

George Raymond Souders, winner of the 1927 Indianapolis Motor Speedway 500-Mile Race, is a member of LaFayette, Ind., Lodge, No. 143, and following his notable victory on Decoration Day over the speed kings of the world, his fellow Elks turned out in large numbers to do him honor. At the first regular meeting to be held after the race, attended by more than 300 LaFayette and visiting members, Mr. Souders was enthusiastically acclaimed, and presented with a life membership in No. 143. Nor was this the only honor accorded him at that time; the Lodge session was suspended while Col. Nelson Kellogg, Director of Athletics at Purdue University, where the young victor had studied, awarded him the coveted varsity P in recognition of his great feat.

Many members of Crawfordsville Lodge, No.



483, were present, and extended a special invitation to Mr. Souders and the other LaFayette members to attend their regular meeting on the following evening. This was made an occasion for further honors to the hero of the day. Another large crowd attended, and a reception was held, after which, during the Lodge meeting, he was presented with a beautiful white gold wrist watch by No. 483.

### Pennsylvania Southwest District Association Holds Meeting

The Southwest District Association of Pennsylvania, at its annual meeting held recently in the Home of Allegheny Lodge, No. 339, elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

President, William D. Hancher, Washington Lodge, No. 776; Vice-President, Joseph Connell, Charleroi Lodge, No. 494; Secretary, C. S. Brown, Allegheny Lodge; Treasurer, C. H. Roberts, Homestead Lodge, No. 650.

The next meeting was scheduled to be held in Canonsburg, and the date of the Association's big summer outing was set for August 4 at Kennywood Park.

### Sheffield, Ala., Lodge Dedicates Its Large New Home

The handsome new Home of Sheffield, Ala., Lodge, No. 1375, was recently dedicated with impressive ceremonies by District Deputy

Grand Exalted Ruler George P. Bell, who was assisted by the present and past officers of the Lodge. Following the dedication that evening a large class of candidates was initiated, and a delightful dance on the roof garden of the Home concluded the exercises.

The new Home is a beautiful building located on a prominent business corner of Jackson Highway, and is of marble and steel construction. The basement is equipped with baths and bowling alleys. The first floor contains the ladies' parlor, library, billiard room, and lounge. On the second floor is the large Lodge room. The top floor provides the dining room and the roof garden. All the equipment is thoroughly modern and up-to-date in every respect, and the building represents an outlay of over \$100,000.

A feature of the dedication exercises was the gift of a life membership card to John J. Nyhoff, who donated the site for the new Home.

### Texas State Elks Association Convenes in Houston

The three-day convention of the Texas State Elks Association to which Houston Lodge, No. 151, acted as host was one of the most successful of recent years. The parade held in connection with the meeting brought out thousands of spectators and was the longest and most colorful procession ever seen in Houston. Following the parade, the visitors and their hosts attended

a gala athletic night at the City Auditorium. During the day a special program for the ladies attending included sight-seeing trips, a luncheon and a matinee party. On the next evening, following a trip down the ship canal, with luncheon served on board, a great reception was held at the Rice Hotel, bringing the formal convention hospitalities to an end. Other festivities, however, had been arranged for the last day, and it was late at night before most of the out-of-town Elks started homeward.

The following were elected to serve the Association as officers during the coming year: President, James H. Gibson, Houston Lodge; Secretary, William G. Blake, Corpus Christi Lodge, No. 1030; Treasurer, L. J. Schneider, Austin Lodge, No. 201; Vice-Presidents: Texas Central—Otto Fullen, Waco Lodge, No. 166; Texas North—L. L. Wilkey, Mexia Lodge, No. 1449; Texas North Central—George L. Griffin, Waxahachie Lodge, No. 280; Texas, Northwest—J. K. Bromley, Burkburnett Lodge, No. 1489; Texas, South—A. L. David, Beaumont Lodge, No. 311; Texas, Southwest—Paul E. McSween, Seguin Lodge, No. 1229; Texas, West—B. S. Huey, Cisco Lodge, No. 1379. Trustees: Fred O. Grimes, Hillsboro Lodge, No. 903; Larley Reasonover, Denison Lodge, No. 238; C. K. Johnson, Wichita Falls Lodge, No. 1105; Henry Block Galveston Lodge, No. 126; A. B. Mueller, Laredo Lodge, No. 1018; M. J. Nanney, Breckenridge Lodge, No. 1480.

(Continued on page 79)

## Activities of the Grand Exalted Ruler

ON THURSDAY, May 12, the Grand Exalted Ruler made his official visit to Sunbury, Pa., Lodge, and from Sunbury went to Stroudsburg, Pa., for the dedication of the beautiful new Home of the Lodge there. This was the first time that Stroudsburg Lodge had ever been visited by a Grand Exalted Ruler, and it was also the thirty-second anniversary of its institution. An elaborate program was carried out. On May 18 Mr. Grakelow, accompanied by Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum, made a short visit to Ithaca, N. Y., where he breakfasted with the officers of the Lodge, and then visited Cornell University. Later he motored to Rochester, N. Y., for a largely attended meeting with that Lodge in the evening. On Thursday, May 19, he had luncheon with Seneca Falls, N. Y., Lodge, and then motored to Elmira Lodge, where he made an official visit.

On Friday, May 20, the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by a delegation of Philadelphia Elks, motored to Dover, N. J., Lodge. The following two days he spent at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., attending a meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees. Leaving Bedford Sunday afternoon, Mr. Grakelow went to Washington, Pa., to attend the twenty-fifth anniversary of that Lodge on May 23. This proved to be a most enjoyable occasion. From Washington he went to Charleroi for the twenty-fifth anniversary of Charleroi Lodge. Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, J. Edgar Masters and Fred Harper were present, together with F. J. Schrader, member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge, and many other prominent Pennsylvania Elks. Returning to Philadelphia on May 26, the official visit to Bristol, Pa., Lodge was made that evening. Mr. Grakelow was accompanied by thirty members of Philadelphia Lodge, and there were about three hundred present at the banquet tendered him. This date marked the twenty-second anniversary of Bristol Lodge. Among the guests were Hon. Murray Hulbert, Justice of the Grand Forum, William T. Phillips, Secretary of New York, N. Y., Lodge, P. M. Minster, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry A. Guenther. It was at Bristol that Mr. Grakelow delivered his first public address at a Memorial Service some years ago. From Bristol the Grand Exalted Ruler went to Oneida, N. Y., for an official visit there, accompanied by Mr. Hulbert.

On Saturday, May 28, Mr. Grakelow made his official visit to Vineland, N. J., where an elaborate banquet was tendered his party. A short

stop was made at Millville, N. J., en route, where the Grand Exalted Ruler was received by the members of that Lodge. On this trip he was also accompanied by a delegation of Philadelphia Elks. On Tuesday, May 31, Plainfield, N. J., Lodge was visited. On Friday, June 3, the Grand Exalted Ruler motored to Frackville, Pa., where he was present at the institution of the new Lodge at that place. Many prominent Pennsylvania Elks were in attendance, including Past State Association President George Post and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas Giles and Past District Deputy J. G. Thumm. On the next day the Grand Exalted Ruler left Philadelphia to attend the New York State Elks Association meeting held at Troy, N. Y.

THE return to Philadelphia was made on Monday, June 6, and at noon of that day Mr. Grakelow motored to Wilmington, Del., for luncheon with Wilmington Lodge. On Tuesday came the official visit to Morgantown, W. Va., Lodge. A short stop was made at Conneville, Pa., en route, where a reception and breakfast had been arranged by Arch F. Dawson, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, at the Union Club, after which the party motored to Morgantown. Many of the surrounding Lodges were represented at this meeting, which was a most enjoyable affair.

### The Grand Exalted Ruler Congratulates Captain Lindbergh

Immediately upon the flashing of the message that Capt. Charles A. Lindbergh had reached France, the following cablegram was sent immediately:

CAPTAIN CHARLES LINDBERGH,  
Care Hon. Myron T. Herrick,  
American Embassy,  
Paris, France.

The All-American organization of nine hundred thousand Elks acclaim your feat. Desire to tender you banquet in Philadelphia the Cradle of Liberty. Date most convenient for you.

CHARLES H. GRAKELOW,  
Grand Exalted Ruler  
B. P. O. Elks

This reply was received:

Paris May 28

LCD GRAKELOW  
B. P. O. Elks Philadelphia

Please convey my thanks all-American Elks. Regret impossible make definite plans at this time.

LINDBERGH.

With a keen realization of the avalanche of invitations, yet realizing also the Order's stand for clean sport, and glorying in America's advancement, the Grand Exalted Ruler sincerely trusts that a favorable date may be found. Due notice will be given and all Elks will be welcome to pay tribute to this history-making, courageous and modest American citizen.

### Mississippi Flood Relief

The flood situation is improving, but the Order is continuing to extend aid to its representatives in the stricken areas, this made possible through the very generous response of members to the call for relief. The Elks are now assisting in the reestablishing of the farmer upon his land, with foodstuffs and seed to start his planting, enabling him to raise sufficient crops in the season, yet remaining to carry him through the winter.

From Poplar Bluff, Mo., came this wire:

CHAS. H. GRAKELOW  
Grand Exalted Ruler B. P. O. Elks  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Poplar Bluff known dead 105 injured 400. Our Lodge building total loss valued at sixty thousand only ten thousand tornado insurance. Would it meet your approval to issue circular letter to all Lodges asking for \$15 contribution each. Wire answer.

Z. LEE STOKELY Exalted Ruler

The following reply was sent, acknowledgment of the receipt of which also follows:

MR. Z. LEE STOKELY, E. R.,  
B. P. O. Elks No. 589  
Poplar Bluff, Mo.

Wire received. Be assured of sincerest sympathy to the citizens of Poplar Bluff in this great misfortune. Deeply regret impossibility to grant permission to circularize Lodges. Wire you herewith ten thousand dollars for relief work. Apply where most good can be done. Await your further commands. Be assured of wholehearted support.

CHAS. H. GRAKELOW,  
Grand Exalted Ruler.

Poplar Bluff Mo

CHAS. H. GRAKELOW  
Grand Exalted Ruler B. P. O. Elks  
Philadelphia Pa

Your wire and assistance received "Know your Order better" will never be forgotten by the citizens of Poplar Bluff and Five Eighty Nine. May Elksdom ever be what it has been heretofore.

Z. LEE STOKELY Exalted Ruler.



# Marvelous Mary Garden Always Careful of Her Precious Voice



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You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, and there is an extra process—“It’s toasted”—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

**“It’s toasted”**  
Your Throat Protection

writes:

“My teachers, Trabello and Richard Bartelemey, all impressed upon me the solemn warning that I must always treat my throat as a delicate instrument. Yet every artist is under constant strain. Sometimes we get real relaxation in smoking a cigarette. I prefer Lucky Strikes—which both protects the throat and gives real enjoyment.”

*Mary Garden*



When in New York you are cordially invited to see how Lucky Strikes are made at our exhibit, corner Broadway and 45th Street.





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**Y**OUR newly shaven skin needs special attention these hot days. Aqua Velva, made expressly for use after shaving, keeps it soothed and comfortable all day long. It heals little nicks and cuts, and keeps your face smoothly conditioned just as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

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For use after Shaving



Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream.  
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Street, Montreal)

Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Lusa 7-27

## Spy

(Continued from page 29)

"Never can tell. Might try it."  
"Ya. I will try." He stepped to the window, beckoned the guard pacing up and down outside. The sentry moved nearer. Weinholz held out the ring. "You will get me schnapps for dot, maybe, mein friend?" he asked cajolingly.

The guard, a burly, hard-visaged East Sider, turned on him fiercely. "What you t'ink you're doin', Heine? What you t'ink? What you t'ink? What you t'ink you are? What you t'ink I am? Huh? Poke yer head back inside that window before I bust you one."

But Weinholz did not give up so easily. Despite the other's menaces he argued, pleaded, pointed out that the act would injure no one, declared that he would do it for the guard if the situation were reversed and the guard was a prisoner in Germany. Finally the sentry, whose disposition was quite the reverse of his rough, ungracious manner, was won over. "All right. I'll get you yer schnapps," he grumbled. "I guess there's many a poor dope like me cooped up in some little chicken yard back of Berlin whose throat's achin' fur a good drink and can't get it unless some good-natured Heine gives it to him. So I'll get you yer schnapps. But don't you say nuttin' about it. See? Nuttin' to nobody. Or I'll get hell. All kinds of it. And then I'll come and knock yer block off."

Two hours later he thrust a bottle of cognac through the window. Weinholz took it, drank, offered the bottle to his cellmate. Murray drank deeply. "Hits the spot," he declared approvingly.

"Ja," Weinholz answered. He drank again, again passed the bottle to his companion. The liquor began to diminish rapidly. Weinholz grew cheerful again; became loquacious. He began to talk of his years spent on his father's farm near Bremen; of the machine shop where he had worked in Hamburg; of his adventures in the army since the outbreak of the war; of his disappointment at his lack of promotion. Murray listened and said nothing, only reaching forward now and then to put his hand on the bottle and lift it to his lips.

"JA, I tells you it iss not nice not to be promoted," Weinholz went on as he looked regretfully at the sparkling liquor now on the verge of complete disappearance. "All der time to be a private soldier iss not good. Und it iss not dot I am lazy, dot I am not brave. No. I am a good soldier. A good soldier. But it iss dot I have no luck. You have say before dot I am a lucky man. But this iss not so. I have no luck." He wiped his red lips with a dirty bandana. "I have try to get into der aviation. I have no luck. I have try to get into der camouflaje. I have no luck. Last I try to get into der intelligence. Once more have I no luck. I tells you und you see if I have no luck. I am in the infantry, nicht wahr? It iss not too bad, the infantry. But I am only a private. Und what iss a private but nothings. One day my cousin comes to der regiment. He iss in der intelligence. A lieutenant. Smart. Dot iss fine work, der intelligence. Der finest in der army. 'I will try to be in der intelligence also.' I say to meinsel when I see my cousin. I tell this to der captain off my company. He laughs. 'You in der intelligence, Herman? Dot iss a joke. A good joke. You are but a farmer. A stupid. You can not be into the intelligence. You have not education. You have not go to the college.' I answer nothing; I am sorry. Then I go to him again. 'Maybe I am but a farmer,' I say him. 'Maybe am I stupid. But I am brave. If I go into der lines off der Americans und bring back many things you wish to know will you then maybe let me go into der intelligence?' Once more he laughs. But this time he does not make fun. 'All right,' he says. 'Go into der American lines. I know what will happen. Exactly I know. You will be captured. But I will give you der chance.'

He took the bottle from Murray, saw that it was empty, regretfully set it on the floor. "Dot night I start out from der trenches to crawl across no man's land. Der iss many bodies, many barbed wires. I crawl over them. Silent like a mouse, like a snake. Soon I come to a listening post off der Americans. They do not hear me, do not see me. Nothings do they see.

They are talking. I listen. It iss very interesting what they say; it will be very good for my captain to know. It will make him very happy. I start back, thinking how proud my wife und der two little children will be when they know dot I am in der intelligence. I too am very proud, very happy. Then in a sudden I hear *put-put put-put*. An airplane. German maybe, French maybe, American maybe. I do not know. Quick like lightning a flare makes bright der sky. Der Americans see me. 'Heine! Heine!' they cry. They run out. One points his bayonet. What can I do? I throw up my hands. 'Kamerad!' I say. 'Kamerad!' They take my gun from me. I am a prisoner. Und dot iss der finish of Herman Weinholz."

**M**MURRAY arose from the bed on which he had been sitting and walked slowly toward the window. His cheeks were a flaming red; his eyes sleepy, watery; his gait a trifle unsteady. "Think I'm drunk," he muttered.

Weinholz sighed. "Dot iss what I wish I was also. But it iss not yet."

Murray peered out the window dully, saw that the guard was far away, then half walked, half staggered to his companion. "You still want to get into the intelligence service?" he whispered furtively.

"Ja. Ja." Weinholz looked at him in wonder.

"I'll get you in. . . . You're a good fellow. . . . Like you. . . . Get you in. . . ." He picked up the empty bottle and holding it above his open mouth tapped the sides until a few drops trickled down. ". . . Remember that. . . . Get you in. . . ."

"You can not do this. You make der joke."

"Telling you the truth. . . . Get, you in. . . . Can't give you a big job. . . . Not . . . fit for it. . . . But find work for you somewhere. . . . You're a brave man. . . . Like brave men. . . ." He gave a torpid glance at the window again, then with his finger jovially poked the other in the chest. "My name's Braun," he whispered. "Colonel. Gustav Braun. . . . Colonel. . . . Intelligence Service."

Weinholz's heavy eyes widened in astonishment. "Ja? A colonel?" he murmured dazedly.

"Ja. . . . And what Gustav Braun says . . . you can depend on. . . ." He sat down on the peasant's bed and began to talk in a hushed, uneven German which grew constantly slower, drowsier as the potent liquor began to make itself increasingly felt. "Jawohl. . . . I will not long be here. . . . Not long. . . . Very soon I shall escape. . . . Once before have I been captured. . . . I am in French uniform. . . . Each day I send information from the French lines. . . . Make signals to our airplanes. . . . Talk to our listening posts at night. . . . No one suspects. . . . One day I pass a group of soldiers. . . . They are from my own city. . . . One of them sees me. . . . Gott, what a fool was that man. . . . 'See! See!' he shouts. 'There goes Gustav Braun in French uniform. Traitor to the Fatherland. Schwein! Schwein!' He makes a nose at me and curses me bitterly. . . . I am put in prison. . . . But I do not stay long. . . . No. . . . Of a piece of iron I find I make a file and cut my way free. . . ." His drowsy talk drifted to his wife and his home for a few moments, then back to the war and his present captivity. ". . . As I escaped once before when I was in prison so also shall I escape from here. . . ." His eyes blinked; he held them open with a visible effort. "You shall see. . . . You shall see. . . . You shall come with me. . . . They can not keep Gustav Braun. . . . Can not keep. . . . Can not. . . . Can. . . ." His eyes closed completely; his head dropped onto his chest; he sunk down upon the bed in a stupor.

When he awoke it was evening. An oil lamp was flickering on a table. Near it sat Captain Quigley, smoking a cigarette. Weinholz had disappeared.

"The game's up, Colonel Braun," Quigley said placidly.

The prisoner rubbed his eyes. "Murray's my name, Captain," he answered leadenly.

Quigley smiled. "Sorry, Colonel. But we know better now. You've walked into our trap. Your cellmate was one of the best men we've

(Continued on page 52)



# Old Briar

TOBACCO  
"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"



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UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.



(Continued from page 50)

# World-famous Flavor



The finest barley  
America grows.

Flavored  
with a  
blend of  
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Hops.

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**B**LATZ Malt Syrup has a flavor all its own—  
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Blatz uses imported Bohemian Saazer Hops,  
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barley from Minnesota and Wisconsin, America's  
foremost barley region. The name "Blatz" has  
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Get the best. Insist on Blatz.

Made by Blatz—Milwaukee. Sold everywhere.

# Blatz

## MALT SYRUP

FLAVORED WITH A BLEND OF **Bohemian** SAAZER AND DOMESTIC HOPS

got in the service, while I myself was lying outside one of these thin walls listening to everything you said. If you're as sensible as I know you're intelligent you'll take one of my cigarettes and tell me a few things I want to know."

The prisoner stared dejectedly at the cognac bottle still on the floor. "I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about, Captain. Calling me Colonel and Braun and all that. You know I'm Murray." He smiled wanly. "I've probably been making a damn fool of myself drinking and told a lot of insane yarns. Always do when I've had too much. Everything I've heard or read about I tell as if it happened to me. My imagination is one of the best things I've got. You've certainly not going to put any stock in any of the wild things I said when I was drunk, are you?"

"Sorry you won't be sensible, Colonel. Have a cigarette anyway."

Quigley telegraphed the importance of his catch to general headquarters. A reply came ordering the captive to be sent on for examination and assigning Quigley to another pressing case on another section of the front.

He set off at once; was at his new post two days. He returned to his main office. On his desk, atop numerous other papers, was a telegram. He read it quickly; was struck with dismay. The secret agent, under guard of two soldiers with drawn bayonets and two secret service men, had been put on a train. The party had disembarked in Dijon, placid, hill-girded center of Burgundy, to change to another line. They were on the platform when an argument broke out between a group of French soldiers and some colonials. The argument became a fight. Some American soldiers coming from Paris, unwilling to miss any opportunities, joined in the scuffle; in an instant the platform was a scene of wild disorder. Bystanders were hurled against the wall or bowled to the floor as the battle surged now here, now there, or new recruits rushed to join it; station employees darted frantically back and forth vainly trying to check the combatants; gendarmes came running. The secret service men and the guards, drawn into the mêlée against their will, at length buffeted their way through the heaving, struggling mass of humanity pressing upon them. Once more in the open, they looked about. Their prisoner was no longer with them. In the few seconds while in the vortex of the mad disorder he had managed to make his escape. Captain Quigley's work of weeks had gone for naught.

**A** GENERAL alarm was sent out; three hundred men were assigned to guard the front lines and the frontiers of France; the thousands of military police on duty all over the country tightened their already strict guard on the railroad stations. Scores of suspects were brought in; all were released. Then with startling suddenness came the armistice. But an armistice is not an ending of a war, only a temporary truce. Conditions in Germany were so uncertain that no man could prophesy; hostilities might be resumed at any moment. If they were resumed, the capture of Braun was a matter of tremendous importance to the Allied armies.

The captain determined to enter into Germany in pursuit. Attired in one of the greenish suits beloved to the Teutonic heart so that he appeared to be a typical citizen of Berlin or Hamburg, he crossed the frontier, accompanied by one of his colleagues garbed in the same fashion. Both spoke German like natives; both were provided with passports taken at the capture of a German general headquarters. While Braun had been in his intoxicated state, Quigley had heard him mention the name of the city in Southern Germany where he resided; the officer had further heard his mention of his wife, had noticed that when he spoke of her it was with deep affection. What more likely then, he reasoned, that the colonel after his victorious escape would take advantage of the lull in hostilities to pay her a brief visit? To his native city, therefore, the two Americans made their way.

Posing as Germans who had come from Switzerland and whom the army would not accept because of physical unfitnes they took rooms in



a modest hotel and began their search. The task was tedious, wearisome. The city was one of the largest in the country; Braun is one of the commonest Teutonic names. For three or four days they roamed the streets, drinking great steins of beer, consuming innumerable pretzels, talking until their voices were exhausted. All without result. Then in a café resplendent with gilt-framed mirrors they came upon what might prove to be a clue.

"Braun?" the jolly, heavy-paunched proprietor repeated when the captain remarked that he sought this friend he had met in Switzerland. "Gustav Braun?"

"Ja. Ja."

"A man who much travels?"

"Immer, immer. All over the world he travels."

"Then is he the man, *nicht wahr?* Ja, so sure is he the man." He scratched his chubby head. "Smart, Herr Braun. Smart. Only last week was he sitting where now are you sitting. Drinking schnapps. He likes much his schnapps. But now is he not here. Only a few days ago has he away again gone."

**W**ILLINGLY he gave the visitors the address of Herr Braun's unpretentious house three or four blocks away. They strode to it, when mistress and servants had left it deserted, entered and made a speedy search. The search appeared to confirm the café-owner's description; they seemed at last to have the trail.

Two or three letters they found in a bureau led them to believe their quarry had set out for Luxembourg, that picturesque duchy nestled between the boundaries of Germany and Belgium. They crossed into the tiny kingdom. From microscopic village to gay-roofed town they tracked him, always finding that he had been there two or three days before. They increased their pace; still they always arrived too late.

Then, to their astonishment, Herr Braun changed his tactics; for some mysterious reason he began making intimates of the cleverest thieves in each community he visited. The Americans were troubled; they began to fear they might be stalking a weasel instead of a fox.

Another surprise awaited them. Hitherto all those whom they had questioned about the traveler had answered nothing but praise; now the compliments became condemnation. The mere mention of his name was enough to tinge their reception with harshness and suspicion. At the pungent-smelling Inn of the Four Columns where they stopped for the night this attitude reached its height.

"Nein! Nothing about him will I tell you!" barked the owner, a massive, scowling peasant. He stared rudely at his guests. "And if you are his friends I will out into the street make you go! I do not wish you here! Nein! Nein!" His face purpled as his passion mounted; he shook his fist in the officer's face. "If you are his friends, out in the street I say you! Sleep in the mud like the pig and the dog and the thief which is he!"

The captain was astounded at the other's vehemence. He determined to know the reason. "Ja wohl, I am his friend," he answered soothingly. "So good a friend that I know well there is some mistake. It cannot be anything but a mistake. What is it he has done? If it is money, money will I gladly repay."

"You will give me back what he has taken from me?"

"Ja. . . . What is it he has done?"

"A robber is he. A thief. He comes to my inn. A garage have I also. 'I have auto tires,' he says. 'I will sell them cheap. Yes, most cheap. Do you wish to buy these auto tires?' 'Yes,' I say. 'I need them always.' I give him money. Much money. For a deposit. He says he will send the tires to me next day when I will pay the rest. Now is it three days. And the tires come not. Never will they come. More. He has gone away and not even paid that which he owed for his sleep upon my bed. So that well I know he is a thief. If you pay me that which I have lost then will I indeed go to the church next church day where I have not been since the harvest time and say that God is good."

He watched, trembling with eagerness, while the captain counted out the equivalent of five dollars and pushed the money forward; feverishly he thrust it into his pocket. The officer need

(Continued on page 54)

New York Life Insurance  
Company Building, to be  
erected where Madison  
Square Garden stood  
Cass Gilbert, Architect



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**Western**  
World's Champion Ammunition

## Spy

(Continued from page 53)

no longer ask questions; the inn-keeper, swearing eternal friendship, hastened to volunteer all he knew.

"Something mighty queer about this business," Quigley muttered to his companion as they set off again next morning. "Wonder what this chap's up to now. Be a beautiful joke on us if we are on the trail of the wrong man after all."

Several days more they followed him. Quigley began to think his hell would be the never-ending pursuit of Gustav Braun's shadow. The track crossed the frontier into Germany once more; led to a small city near the Rhine where almost every house had a roof shaped like a caved-in dunce cap, the peak crowned with a weather-vane of cow or grotesque pig. Here in a busy café the stalkers learned that a man who might be their quarry had arrived only half an hour before and walked off with some friends, where, the bartender did not know.

The Americans, to facilitate their travels, had secured an automobile; they drove slowly up and down the narrow streets scanning every passerby in the hope he might be the man they were seeking. Night fell, cold, gloomy. A mist came up from the river and gathered round them until it changed to a heavy rain. They made a second tour of the cafés, then returned to their task of patrolling the streets. Fat, deep-voiced merchants passed; chattering, weather-beaten little old women returned from their stalls in the markets; dark-overcoated musicians hurried to their night's engagement in a concert hall. But no Gustav Braun.

THEY drove to the outskirts, grayer, less frequented. The road led up a steep, almost deserted hill. The car began to climb. Three figures came into view ahead of them, two blond, bulky, massive, the other dark, small, wiry. They were moving toward the gate of a shadowy house set back a hundred feet from the highway. "Step on it," the captain said to his companion.

The car sputtered up the slope, passed the walkers. The captain looked out, caught a glimpse of the dark man's face. Automatic in his hand, he leaped to the street. The other turned his head, wheeled, and began to run toward the gate. He reached it, swept through, swung it shut, and while his two burly companions looked on spellbound, darted up a gravel path. Quigley followed. He leaped the gate; two great police dogs came at him snarling, their huge white fangs viciously bared. He was prepared to fight for his life, when he saw that they were tied; they could only run to the limit of their long chain. He bounded past them; reached the fugitive as he was about to open a door of the house and enter. He saw the other's hand go to his belt. "Drop it," he barked.

A Luger fell dully to the ground. Quigley ran nearer, clicked his electric torch. Its blinding rays lighted up a narrow, finely-chiseled face. The hair, however, was not trimmed in the fashion of Colonel Braun when first taken prisoner; further this man had a moustache and goatee while the secret-agent had been smooth shaven.

But Captain Quigley did not falter; he was certain that he looked upon his long sought prey. "Come on, friend Braun," he said pleasantly as he pressed his automatic close to the prisoner's side. "You've led me a wild and merry chase. But I've got you again at last. And this time you won't get away."

The captive looked at him coldly. "Braun?" he repeated "Braun? How is this? You have made a mistake, mein Herr with the gun. This is not my name. Go with a gun to seek this man Braun if so you wish, but do not trouble me. Or quick, quick, mein lieber Herr, will I have you arrested. For I am not he. Listen. I will show you." He called to the two men still standing stonily at the gate. "Come here, Max and Otto," he said with growing indignation. "Come here and tell this fool, this crazy one what is my name. And be careful. For in his hand he holds a pistol."

They came forward cautiously. "Stampfer is his name," the elder of the two, an individual with oily hair parted widely in the middle,

grunted. "Friedrich Stampfer. And if you do not let him go, quick, I will call the police."

The prisoner chewed an end of his moustache excitedly. "Yes, you are a crazy one. A verrückt. From the asylum," he mumbled. "Look. Again will I show you. In my pocket is my passport. On it is my name and my photograph. I will take it out if you will not shoot me."

The captain assented; watched guardedly while the other put his hand inside his coat. The passport confirmed the statement of the oily-haired friend; there was the name "Friedrich Stampfer," merchant of Cologne; beside it was a picture of the prisoner.

Quigley reflected a moment. He took the captive's arm. "Come with me," he said. He led the way to the car. He and his companion hustled the German inside. They sped away, hearing behind them fainter and fainter the shouts of the two terror-struck friends running down the deserted hillside to summon the police. They raced over lonely roads, past a hamlet already deep in sleep, past a great factory belching fiery smoke into the clouded sky, never halting until they reached the Rhine, where a detachment of Americans had moved in to occupy a strategic bridge while the terms of peace—if there was to be peace—were being discussed. The car drew up before the garrison, a gloomy jail-like building beyond which the waters of the river dully reflected the electric lights fringing its bank.

The captain held a brief parley with the officer in command. He strode out into a long, dimly lit court. On three sides were a myriad of sinister, iron-barred windows; at one end was a grim stone wall. An iron door grated on its hinges. The prisoner, with hands bound behind his back, was led before his captor.

"You're Gustav Braun," Quigley boomed. He waited while the sombre walls grumblingly echoed his words. "Will you admit your identity, give me some information we want, and perhaps have things made easier for you, or will we have to shooof you immediately as a spy?"

A squad of soldiers carrying rifles filed slowly into the court. The prisoner slowly turned his head to look at them, then shrugged his shoulders. "My name's Stampfer," he answered doggedly.

The soldiers took posts a short distance from the wall.

The captain scowled. "Last chance!" he snapped. "Will you admit your identity?"

The captive made a gesture of resignation. "How can I do this when I am not the man?"

The captain turned to a sergeant waiting at his side. "Stand him up against the wall," he barked.

The soldiers obeyed, eight shadowy, silent automatons. Rigid they stood facing him. "Ready!" the captain called.

Eight rifles clicked harshly.

The prisoner's eyes shone mistily.

"Aim!"

Eight rifle barrels glittered in the gas-light as the butts were pressed against eight shoulders.

The prisoner's face grew tense; his breath came in quick, spasmodic jerks.

The officer opened his lips to speak the third and final order.

A swift change came over the prisoner's countenance. He smiled, then beamed broadly.

"You wouldn't shoot your old friend Colonel Braun, would you, Captain?" he murmured.

Quigley smiled also. "I couldn't be very well with eight empty rifles, could I, Colonel?" he replied.

He smiled reminiscently four or five months later when he told the story to one of his fellow officers on a transport returning to the United States. "But that last trick we worked on him wasn't the queerest part of the affair," he remarked as he leaned over the side and watched the bobbing patches of phosphorescence trailing the ship in the warm spring night. "The odd thing is that after pursuing him for so many weeks it was finally the German Government which took the greatest interest in his future, not the American. We of course let him go when it was definitely settled that the war was over. I personally was mighty glad to. An unusually brave and intelligent chap. But unfortunately he had a strange streak in him.



Just one of those unaccountable traits which occasionally crop out in cultivated people. He hadn't confined his activities to Intelligence work. He had taken advantage of his Secret Service credentials to make deals with thieves in Luxembourg and, smuggling their booty without difficulty across the border, sold it for enormous prices in Germany. The officials of the German Government were so hot about it when they found out that they sent him to prison for ten years. Poor devil. I liked him."

They went below. The ship ploughed on through the phosphorescent darkness.

## The Story of William Frederick Cody

(Continued from page 33)

The sheriff came in—just as the band-leader waved his baton, and the music blared through the train:

"For he's a jolly good fellow!  
For he's a jolly good fellow!  
For he's a jolly good fellow-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w!  
Which nobody can deny!"

It was for the sheriff. When the train pulled out an hour later, an officer and his posse stood on the depot platform, trying to catch their dear old home town, when it came whirling around again. In the sheriff's hand was his warrant, marked in a very shaky hand: "Service not obtained"—and the band played on. Nevertheless, the incident had its effect, the serenading of towns was stopped after that, followed rapidly by an accident which changed the celebrating qualities of the show considerably.

The small herd of buffalo which Cody carried—about twelve—was by no means composed of tame creatures. One of their favorite tricks was to break loose while en route to the show grounds from the train, breaking down fences in their stampedes, invading gardens, knocking down spectators and other activities which not only caused trouble, but damage suits. However, they were a necessary part of the show—especially since it had been advertised that one of the features of the performance was the riding of wild buffalo by the cowboys.

However, there was one, Old Monarch, a shaggy, ferocious bull, which no cowboy would attempt to ride, in spite of Cody's insistence that he be subdued. Every day the command would be given, and every day the cowboys would accidentally miss their throw, allowing their lassoes to drop over the head of any other buffalo except Old Monarch. Buffalo Bill strove to force the issue, but always when time for the buffalo riding act to appear, something happened to keep Old Monarch in the lists of the unriden. At last, however, at Indianapolis, Colonel Cody determined to settle the matter. He had just ridden into the show-grounds with two landaus laden with friends with whom he had lunched.

"Now, boys," he said to his buffalo riders, "I've got the Mayor of Indianapolis and the Governor of the State in the audience, and I want Old Monarch to be ridden to-day."

When the usual procedure of "missing Monarch" started, Buffalo Bill strode forward.

"I want that buffalo roped!" he commanded, and accordingly Buck Taylor, one of the riders, dropped a loop over the old savage's horns with a neat throw, while Jim Lawson, another cowboy, "heeled" him, with the result that Old Monarch soon was stretched on the ground. But no volunteer came forward to do the riding. In vain did Buffalo Bill command—one after another refused, and anger mounted for the show-owner.

"I've got more nerve than the whole bunch of you!" he shouted and moved for the buffalo. Upon his back he clambered and gave the signal to "turn 'er loose." The ropes were loosed and Old Monarch rose, the packed audience applauding wildly. But only for a moment. The buffalo ran a few steps, and then started to buck, finally dislodging Cody and sending him in a parabolic off-shoot which landed him insensible upon the track. Hurriedly, Pawnee Bill, Bill Bullock and other cowpunchers

(Continued on page 56)



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# The Story of William Frederick Cody

(Continued from page 55)

carried him out of the arena and rushed him to a hospital, and the show went on as best it could without its leader. The next day word came from the hospital that Colonel Cody was dangerously injured and might not live. The band did not play that night, nor for nights afterward, as under the direction of Dr. W. F. Carver, a founder of the show with Buffalo Bill, the aggregation moved onward to its various engagements, a much chastened and saddened outfit. However, after several weeks Cody was back again, and the show once more resumed its glorious course. But at the end of the season, after a trip all the way to Coney Island and back to Omaha, it was found that much experience had clung to the aggregation and little else. Carver and Cody divided what equipment they possessed between them, flipping dollars for the possession of a part of it. Carver left the organization to start a Wild West Show of his own, and Cody, with the idea still fixed in his mind that he was the possessor of potential millions, began a search for someone with money who could manage the financial and business end of the show, leaving him to what he knew best—the actual presentation of the performance.

**T**HIS man he found in an old friend, Nate Salsbury, an actor-comedian who had made a small fortune by the astute management of his own theatrical enterprises. The partnership was formed, and with this coalition, the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show really began its true existence.

Salsbury was a genius at the handling of men, the purchasing of supplies and the watching of dollars. He put the show upon a business basis, routed it according to carefully prepared plans, installed rules which were rigidly enforced to insure the proper presentation of performances, and made the beginnings of the exhibition with which the public of America is familiar. The show was put into an arena instead of merely being so much paraphernalia to haul into a fair ground and haul out again. Lighting arrangements were perfected so that performances could be given at night, and "jumps" arranged to allow the appearance in a different town each day. And while he was the guiding spirit in this, Nate Salsbury possessed the genius necessary to remaining in the background and letting the public devote its entire interest to the man who formed the romance of the establishment, Buffalo Bill. In this he was aided by a voluntary slave known as John M. Burke, the most faithful Boswell who ever drew the breath of worship.

Burke had come to Cody as the press agent and business manager of his first theatrical venture with Ned Buntline, in Chicago. In that first hit-and-miss company, was a young actress, Mme. Morlacchi, and Burke soon was deeply in love. But Mme. Morlacchi had her own ideas, which drifted in the direction of the more handsome and spectacular personage of Texas Jack Omohundro, nor was it long until Burke received the announcement of their engagement, thus ending his personal hopes. He had loved deeply, with one of those rare affections—a single love. For him there was one woman in the world. She had given her love to another man, and John M. Burke transferred his every affection to the stalwart Buffalo Bill.

It was a sort of worship which one may read about, but seldom see, a blind, steadfast, almost incomprehensible devotion which grew until it obsessed the every thought of the man, the every action. Years later, when the Cody fortunes had made Buffalo Bill a circus star instead of a show-owner and Major John M. Burke my assistant in the press department of that circus, I sat at luncheon one day with an editor friend, talking over the possibilities of something different in the way of a press story. "I've the idea," I said finally. "Send a reporter to see Major John M. Burke. Have him write a story about trying to talk to the Major without having Colonel Cody dragged into the conversation."

The attempt was made. When a rather haggard reporter returned to the office of his paper, it was to announce that he had talked politics, the World War, chicken-raising, and

every other possible subject of which he could think, asking Major Burke for his personal views. He had fenced, parried, striven to drag the subject to different topics from that of the main idea of the white-bearded man with whom he talked. But, in spite of his every effort, in spite of the fact that Major John M. Burke knew nothing of the purpose behind the visit, the name of Cody had come into the conversation on an average of once every five seconds. It amounted almost to a mania with the man; Cody was a part of his life, a ruling spirit which dominated his every thought, his every action.

Because of this, John M. Burke was, perhaps, the greatest press agent who ever lived. Not because he could write; he couldn't. Not because he knew the thousand and one tricks of "sneaking past" an editor, with which all good press agents are supposed to be familiar—Major Burke was almost childish in his innocence regarding the artifices by which many press agents succeed. His system was simply to announce to a newspaper that Buffalo Bill was coming, and by his own enthusiasm, instill something of the same sort of awed joy over the arrival into the mind of the editor. To John M. Burke, the newspapers of America did no favor to William Frederick Cody in printing the advance announcements of the coming of his exhibition. In his mind it was news, genuine, thrilling news, and any paper on earth should be overjoyed at the privilege of printing it.

Thus, with the "advance" in Major Burke's hands, and "back with it," as the management of the show itself is called, under the skilful guidance of Nate Salsbury, the haphazard features of Buffalo Bill's adventures in the arena vanished, and Cody gave his time entirely to the handling of the show. That he was a genius in this regard, in knowing exactly what would thrill the people, may easily be judged by the fact that England still talks of the Buffalo Bill exhibition of forty years ago, and the French youngster still enhances the thrills of a lifetime by reading the adventures of "Boofalo Beel," at fifty centimes a copy.

Bigger and bigger the show grew until at last in 1886-1887, it spent the entire winter at Madison Square Garden in New York, seldom playing to a house that numbered less than 15,000 persons to a performance. Then, reaching for greater things, the steamer, *State of Nebraska*, was chartered, Burke and other agents sent ahead, the show loaded for an ocean voyage, and the Buffalo Bill Wild West started forth to the conquering of new domain as the prime feature of the American Exhibition at London in the summer of 1887. There Buffalo Bill learned for the first time what his name and the romance of his career really meant to the civilized world.

He became the companion of royalty. He taught the Prince of Wales to play draw-poker. He gave exhibitions by command for Queen Victoria. He carried at one time four kings and the Prince of Wales in the old Deadwood stage-coach while the Indians whooped in pursuit. At a single performance there were in the audience the King of Denmark, the King and Queen of Belgium, the King of Saxony, the King of Greece, the Crown Prince of Austria, the Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, the Princess Victoria of Prussia, the Duke of Sparta, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, Prince George of Greece, Prince Louis of Baden and the Prince and Princess of Wales. All to see a man who viewed this assemblage of royalty with something of amazement.

"I never thought anything like this would ever happen to me," he said at the time with all the innocence of the boy he was. "Why, I can remember when I would have been tickled to death if the Mayor of Leavenworth would have shaken hands with me in a friendly sort of way." It turned his head, this adulation of kings and princes, not in a way of egotism, for William Frederick Cody, vain though he might have been, especially as regarded his personal appearance, had less egotism than any personage I ever have known. Vanity, yes—the vanity of a man who has been for years before the public, who has been showered with adulation; he loved to



be seen, to be recognized, to hear whispered: "Look, there goes Buffalo Bill!" And who would not have had the same desires had they been in his shoes? He loved to be told that he was handsome, especially when the years had taken the firmness from his cheeks—but was that a crime? He loved to get out on the platform of his car when the train stopped at some little station, and "advertise" as he called it, by striding up and down, as though merely having happened to be taking the air as the train came to a stop. And if the crowd which gathered applauded him, was the world a sufferer because he waved his hat and greeted them, or leaned over the railing to give some freckle-faced kid the thrill of his lifetime by a clasp of the hand from Buffalo Bill? But he was Bill Cody, the plainsman, always and forever; proud of his accomplishments, but chary, indeed, to say that others might not have accomplished the same things had they been given the chance.

Therefore, it was not to egotism that his head turned, but to the natural thought that he possessed a gold mine in himself, the pay streak of which would never vanish. Always improvident, it made him even less careful of his fortunes; the money would always flow into his hands as it was flowing now.

Yet in the strict interpretation of the word, William Frederick Cody was not a spendthrift. Deep in his heart, he wanted enough money upon which to retire, and in the years which followed his first success, he strove earnestly toward that end. The show returned to America that it might rehabilitate itself and then set forth for a tour of practically all of Europe, meeting there with the same success it had enjoyed in England, and finally returning again, to make its American reputation even stronger through its performances at the World's Fair in Chicago, and thence set forth upon its various tours which followed. In this time, it is estimated that between six and seven million dollars in profits passed through the hands of William Frederick Cody. To-day there is practically nothing to show for that money. What became of it?

FOR the answer, ask those who fawned upon Buffalo Bill, who pretended to be his friends, who flattered him, who cajoled him, who bled him! Ask those who tricked a childishly innocent man into the spending of fortunes upon a country which he called his own—the West. Cody had come from a land where a man's word was his bond; a bad man was a bad man, free and open and above board about it, even though he might have a dozen notches upon the butt of his gun, he at least admitted the fact and, like the rattlesnake, gave warning. But in this other world, where Buffalo Bill was a newly crowned king and a fawning court paid homage, there lived a different kind of man from that to which Cody had been accustomed. To Cody these men were friends, trustworthy, honorable friends, until time had proved them to be different. To them Colonel Cody was frankly an easy mark, a child of nature who had made a lot of money by riding around an arena and shooting glass balls—money which simply awaited the clutching fingers of designing persons, both male and female.

Cody was making money; hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of dollars came to him in a season. Almost pathetically, he strove to save some of it by the buying of ranches, the building of a hotel in Cody, Wyoming, the purchase of cattle, the investment in "sure things" which he felt certain would yield him a return in his old age. But for every cent which he put away, there was a dollar to be taken from him. Women pursued him; especially actresses, to tell him the sad story of their lives, to plead with him to give them the chance which they should deserve upon the stage. Those who prate of Cody's "affairs" would be nearer the truth if they told the story of a gullible, ever-boyish, always trustful man, who had listened to a hard-luck story, and taken an interest in the proceeds of a show—which never did anything but consume money.

So it went as the years passed, as Buffalo Bill was supposedly waxing rich, and as the money flowed into his hands, only that it might flow out again. The tragedy with which his life had begun was again hovering in the distance.

(Continued on page 58)

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# The Story of William Frederick Cody

(Continued from page 57)

There were days of worry, days of strife; all was not happiness. Marital discord had arrived—there even came the time when a divorce petition was filed at North Platte. And it had come as one of the distinct prices of greatness.

William Frederick Cody loved Louisa Frederici. Louisa Frederici loved him. But the world had stepped between them. As the stairs of fame had presented themselves to Buffalo Bill, he had climbed them, adapting himself to the every change of existence; he had met kings, and found those kings admiring him as much as he admired them. He had received the plaudits of millions of persons—it had affected him only in the natural belief that these millions would always constitute his following. But it all had affected Louisa Frederici Cody far differently.

She had been unable to adapt herself. The life of the show-grounds did not appeal to her. The Will Cody who once had been solely hers was now the possession of the world. And she was frankly jealous.

Jealous of the crowds which did him homage. Jealous, and rightly so, of the hundred and one sycophants who had wormed their way into his confidence, to mulct him of money. Jealous of the demands of the road, which took him away from her. Jealous because she loved him above all else in the world, a love which could understand only her Will, the private in the United States Army with whom she had walked o' evenings under the maples, back there in St. Louis, dreaming of a future which concerned two persons and no more. It led to bickerings, to quarrels, to separation, and then to the petition. But there came a barrier.

"Will didn't want to divorce me," said Mrs. Cody to me as she sat in her grief in the mortgaged home at Cody following her husband's death. "I knew he cared for me, and I cared for him. We loved each other—but it was always the world, calling to him; and people who cared no more for him than that!" She snapped her fingers. "They were always trying to take him away from me, they told him things about me, and then came to me and told me things about him. But," then she laughed, "when it came to court, do you know what Willie did? He walked into the court-room and took the stand. Then he stroked his goatee and looked at me. 'Oh, hell!' he shouted so the whole court-room could hear, 'I love Mamma!' Then he came down and kissed me, and that was the end of the divorce case!"

A CULMINATION of petty quarrels, that was all. There are men and many of them, who would not have had the strength to announce the truth, once they had reached court. William Frederick Cody knew only one moment when his courage failed. That was when some cavilling sycophant begged him for money—and Cody, because of the tear-stained appeal, could not find the strength to say "No."

Because of that inability, the millions faded. With the passing of Nate Salisbury as his partner, Cody went to the management of James A. Bailey of circus fame. Then one day, in 1907, Major Gordon W. Lillie (Pawnee Bill), owner of a successful Wild West Show which had its inception in the days when, as a young man, he had managed the Pawnees for Cody's first venture in the Wild West business, received a letter from the Bailey estate, asking him if he wanted a bargain. It proposed the purchase of a part of the Buffalo Bill show from the estate of Bailey, who had died some time previously. Pawnee Bill bought a third interest, for \$100,000, and the name of the show became Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Pawnee Bill's Far East. They approached the opening of the season, and Pawnee Bill went to Cody for a share of the money necessary to the opening of the show. But Buffalo Bill could only spread those fine-sinewed hands through which so many millions had passed.

He had nothing. The show had passed in its entirety to the James A. Bailey estate, lock, stock, and barrel. It not only owned outright the third interest in the show which Cody had previously held, but held a bill of sale for it, including the title, "Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Rough Riders of the World." In addition to that, the estate held notes for \$70,000 signed

by Cody to carry the show through the winter after a disastrous tour of Europe, in which the horses had become afflicted with glanders, thereby causing the German authorities not only to kill practically every horse in the show, but to burn the horse tents, canvas, saddles, harness, costumes, and everything else that had come in contact with the diseased animals. Buffalo Bill's home at North Platte was mortgaged, as well as his ranches at North Platte and Cody, and his hotel. Besides this, there was a note for \$12,000 given personally to James A. Bailey in London. The Colonel said he had paid it. But he had neither the note nor a receipt to show for the statement—probably tossed away, a crumpled piece of paper at which he had not even taken the trouble to look. He did not even own the physical equipment of the show—that belonged to the Ringling Brothers, and was rented from them at a price of \$25,000 a year. The show had no winter quarters; when the snows came, it occupied a small portion of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey quarters at Bridgeport, Conn., for which it paid a moderate rental. After all these years, the hands of Buffalo Bill—were empty.

THERE was only one thing to do. Pawnee Bill bought the show, and the equipment, allowing Cody to rebuy a half-interest as the money came in. The three seasons which followed were fairly successful. Cody again was half-owner in his establishment. Then, one day, he called Major Lillie to his tent.

"Shake hands with a millionaire," he said in his booming manner. "I've just gotten a great idea. If Adelini Patti can make a farewell tour, why not I? I'm getting old. I want to retire. We ought to make a million on a two-year's tour. Then I can square up and quit."

When those two years were over, eight hundred thousand dollars in profits had poured into the Buffalo Bill show. Four hundred thousand of this went to Cody. But, as they faced the new season, Col. William Frederick Cody owed Pawnee Bill \$20,000 for his share of the winter's expense, and there must be another season—in the hope of that million. Where had it gone? No one knows—it just went, sliding through fingers that could not seem to contain the strength to hold it. Out of his share, Pawnee Bill had become a rich man. Buffalo Bill, with the same amount of money, had nothing. So a third "farewell tour" began—it was one too many. Ill-luck perched on the shoulders of the show: bad weather dogged its trail, the crowds refused to be lured to the circus grounds, and for several months the show lost hundreds of dollars a day which, perforce, must be advanced by Pawnee Bill, since Cody had nothing. The time came when Pawnee Bill refused to advance more. The show was attached in Denver, in the summer of 1913, for a printing bill, and the career of Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Congress of Rough Riders of the World was done. A short time later, even his speckled white horse, Isham, upon which he had ridden the arena in his countless salutes from the saddle, was led to the auction block for sale. And those who loved the white-haired man who now stood, broken and beaten in the very country which he had helped to win to civilization, bought that horse and gave it back to him—his sole reminder of the glorious days that were.

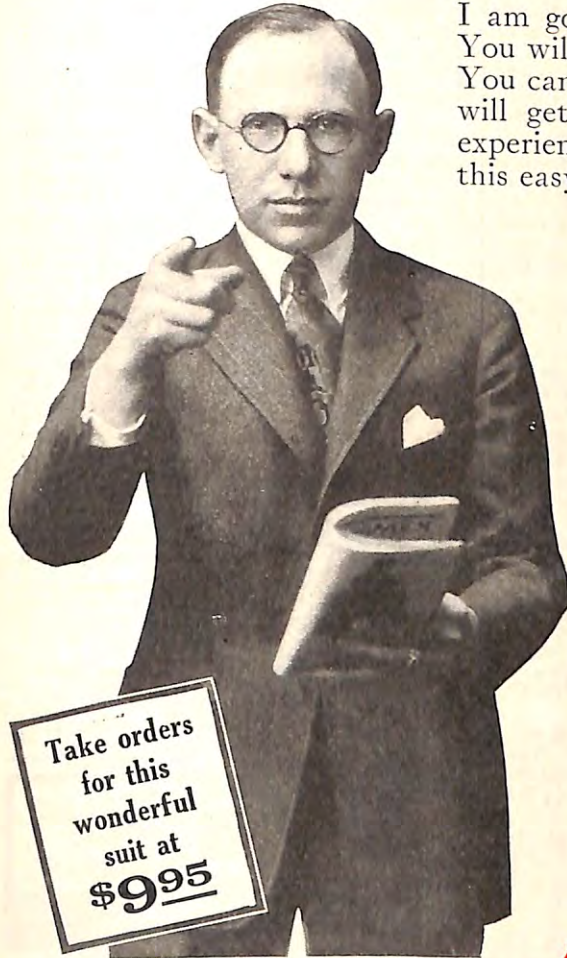
It was Buffalo Bill's press agent after that, first in an ill-fated motion-picture venture, then as the head of the press department of the Sells Floto Circus, to which he came as a "feature," with a salary of \$700 a week. A tremendous amount of money to the ordinary person; to Cody harassed by debt, still unable to say "no," it was little more than a pittance. There were attachments, bills, replevins; the salary often dwindled to nothing, long before the appointed time for him to receive it.

A lonely man in the midst of his memories, the spring gone from his stride, the strength from his shoulders, an old man, a tired man, Colonel William Frederick Cody was a figure of pathos in those days. Cody no longer was the feature which he once had been, and it cut him to the quick. But he fought against it, he sought to keep his voice booming as of old; cheerful in

(Continued on page 60)



# Now I'm Ready for 800 Men who can Earn \$150 a Week



I am going to show you how you can make \$150 a week *in cash!* You will be your own boss. You can go to work when you want to. You can quit when you want to. You can set your own hours. You will get your profits in cash every day. You can start without experience, training or capital. And you can earn \$150 a week in this easy, pleasant work.

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I have just brought out a wonderful new suit for men. It's a good suit—stylish, fits fine—and wears like iron. It is made of a marvelous new special cloth that is unusually durable and long-wearing. It withstands treatment that would ruin an ordinary suit. And because these wonderful new suits are so stylish and wear-resisting, they are selling like wildfire. Hundreds of men in your territory will snatch at the chance to buy this most amazing suit.

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Take orders for this wonderful suit at **\$9.95**

# An Amazing Suit \$9.95 for Only . . .

Think. \$9.95 for a good suit of clothes. You can see immediately that every man is a prospect. Every community in America is swarming with opportunities for sales. And now if you are interested in making money we want to show you how you can make it. We are appointing men in every locality to represent us—to take orders. That's all. We furnish all instructions. We deliver and collect. But we must have local representatives everywhere through whom our customers can send us their orders.

\$27.50 gives you a suit for every pocketbook and every need. Just mail the coupon for details.

## A Few Hours Spare Time Will Convince You

If you feel you want to devote only spare time to the work, that is satisfactory to us. You can earn \$10 to \$20 a day in a few hours. You will find in a few days that it will pay you to give this work more time—for your earnings will depend entirely on how many men you see.

**WRITE TODAY** Territories will be filled rapidly. Orders are now coming in a flood. Men are making money faster and easier than they even hoped. So don't delay. Write today for complete descriptions, samples of cloth and full information. Do it now. Don't send any money. Capital is not required. Just fill out the coupon and mail it for all the facts.

Experience is not necessary. We want men who are ambitious—industrious and honest. Men who can earn \$30 or \$40 a day without getting lazy—men who can make \$150 a week and still stay on the job. If you are the right type—you may be a bookkeeper, a clerk, a factory worker, a mechanic, a salesman, a farmer, a preacher, or a teacher, that makes no difference—the opportunity is here and we offer it to you. My complete line of suits ranging from \$9.95 to

C. E. COMER, Pres., COMER MFG. CO., Dept. 23-Y, Dayton, O.

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**N**OTHING quite equals the cooling tang of mint after an hour or two on the courts. It is rightly called "The perfect refreshment".

The sense of taste, jaded by over-activity of the delicate glands in the mouth, requires a stimulant. Pure Beech-Nut Mints do the trick as surely as a shower makes fatigued muscles throb back into life.

Fine refreshment, men. And you can choose the flavor that you most enjoy—Spearmint, Wintergreen or Peppermint.

# Beech-Nut Mints

## The Story of William Frederick Cody

(Continued from page 58)

spite of his worries, of the knowledge that the end of his show-man days were approaching, he strove to dream of the time when again he would head an aggregation of his own, once more the proud Buffalo Bill riding in the van of his Congress of Rough Riders of the World. But while he dreamed, there was the stark reminder of ill-fortune that would not leave him; vacancy where there had been millions, emptiness where there had been the fulness of every wish gratified.

We rode together often in the afternoons, the Colonel and myself—another's loss had been my gain, because of this man I had made my first runaway trip to a circus lot, at the age of six, thence to be yanked homeward just as I had achieved a life's ambition by means of the job of selling peanuts on Buffalo Bill's Wild West. Now that the world had turned aside, I could have him to myself, to work for him, to serve him, to gratify his few wishes, to sit beside him and ask the age-old question:

"Tell me about the time you were with Custer, Colonel!"

Then the present would fade for him. Once again he would be the stalwart man in the saddle, keen-eyed, alert. It made him forget that the world apparently had passed him by. Nor could he understand that this seeming disdain was only toward him in the light of a show-man. But in this time, there was one whose adoration never dimmed, whose belief in the greatness of Buffalo Bill never faltered. That was Major John M. Burke. One wintry morning in Denver, I watched him, whiskers flying, threadbare coat pulled tight about his rotund form, set forth to what I knew by experience would be a meager breakfast. But in ten minutes he was back at the circus offices, a copy of the *New York Times* tucked under an arm.

"You didn't take long for breakfast, Major," I said. He grew red-faced.

"Well, I—I just decided I didn't want any," came at last. "I noticed this *New York Times*, and I just thought I'd see whether it had anything to say about the Colonel. He's in *New York* now, you know."

I bought the Major's breakfast that day. The ten cents with which he had started for his coffee and rolls—had gone upon the altar of his adoration.

**A**ND all to no purpose. That visit to New York had been a last effort on the part of Buffalo Bill, a final attempt to interest various showmen in a new and greater Buffalo Bill's Wild West. It failed. He came back to Denver, to the home of his sister. Then on the advice of his physician, he went to Glenwood Springs, Colorado, for a short stay. Only however, to return, a wan, gray-featured man; Buffalo Bill had come back to die.

Not that he admitted it, even though the sentence of death was written in his every feature, his every action. Those about him, his sister, his wife, his sole-surviving daughter, Irma—for Arta had died some years before—all could see the unmistakable signs, but the heart of him remained alive.

"I've still got my boots on!" he would say, with a pathetic attempt to put the old boom into his voice. "I've still got my boots on—I'm a long way from a dead man yet."

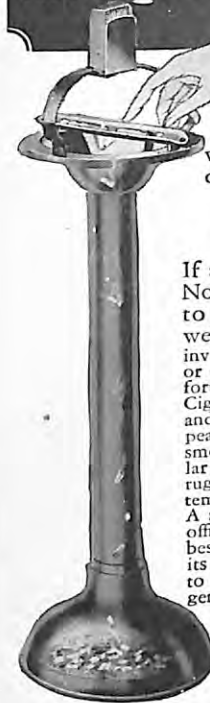
And keep his boots on he did, staggering about the home of his sister, a man veritably dead on his feet. Life had been sweet to him, he fought for it with even a greater courage than he had known back in the days of physical conflict; hour by hour, day by day, while Death clutched and tugged at him, only to be met by a shake of that white-haired head and the quavering statement:

"I've still got my boots on! The sawbones may say I'm dying, but I know! I know! You'll see me yet, riding into the arena, swinging my hat and giving my salute from the saddle!"

But two days later, at midnight of the tenth of January, 1917, the word flashed forth to the world that the salute from the saddle would come no more. Buffalo Bill was dead.

The word circled the world in swift messages of tragedy—but the true irony of it all was

## To smokers with children and porches!



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CHICAGO



something that was not for telegraph wires. Buffalo Bill was dead, he who had felt the touch of millions, he who had known kings, he who had received the homage of the whole world. Dead, and with a remaining estate so meager that there was not the available money with which to give him the sort of burial that the public would demand!

It was then that Irma, his pride, the "apple of his eye," stepped into the breach. Years before, her father had taken out an endowment policy for her; it was with money which she borrowed upon this that the bronze casket was purchased, the innumerable bills paid, the hundred and one expenses borne for the funeral of a man to whom the public had given millions; the willing, prodigal hands that now were still had refused no request, had flexed to every demand; they had failed to grasp even the ready cash for the last journey.

It is not meant by this that Buffalo Bill died a pauper; there were, perhaps, sixty thousand dollars of assets out of the millions which had come to him. But they were unavailable assets; the residue of mortgaged ranches; his equity in the hotel at Cody; frozen assets which could not at this time aid in the final functions. But this was something of which the public neither knew nor cared.

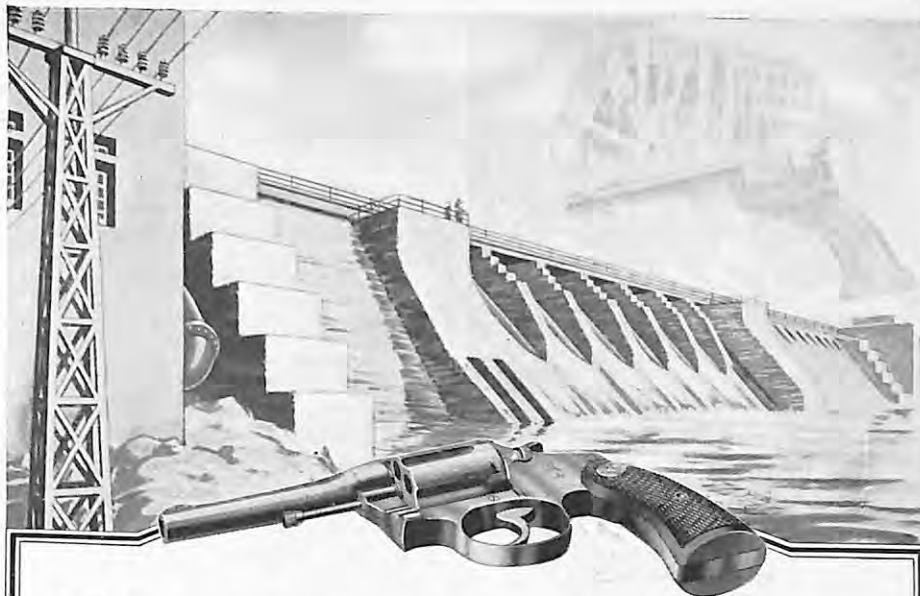
**BUFFALO BILL** was dead; public interest went no farther than that. In the days which followed, thousands upon thousands passed his bier to say farewell, the young, the old, the feeble, the rich and poor, and lame and halt; a reverent farewell to a man who had given his all for a land he loved. Outside the Colorado state house, where lay his body, stood McKinley, his ring horse, the old, worn saddle with its gleaming brass pommel empty forever, the bridle reins hanging loose—those reins which for so many years had been clasped by the strong, sinewy hands of Buffalo Bill. And in the procession of death, old McKinley followed the flag-draped caisson as it made its way through solid lanes of reverential persons, enduring the blasts of ten degrees below zero, that they might say farewell to a man who thought that he had been forgotten! To one who knew Cody, his lovable weaknesses, his harmless vanities—there existed in this procession a tragedy that was worse than death. For the flashing eyes were closed, the well-formed ears of which he was so childishly proud were beyond hearing. He, who had gone to death believing that the world cared for him no longer, that it looked upon him simply as a broken, useless old man, could neither see nor hear nor know that he had not been forgotten after all, that he had indeed, upon the steps of Death ascended to the true position which he deserved, and ever would hold in the heart of America! But Death is selfish with its secrets—the pomp was empty, the homage a gesture; for he who cared most, was beyond understanding.

It seemed that Cody's death had acted as a pull upon the latchstring of the Beyond. Two years more and there came the great influenza epidemic in which Irma and her husband succumbed. Two more following that and Mrs. Cody passed to a desired future; since the death of her illustrious husband she had lived only for death that she might join the man she adored, even while she had failed to understand. There now remain only grand-children, and a foster son, Johnny Baker, who faithful in his love, lives beside the grave atop Lookout Mountain, near Denver, where lie his adored Colonel, and Mrs. Cody, sharing the same crypt of mountain stone. All the others are gone, and one among them whose very passing carried perhaps a greater tribute than any.

It was six weeks after the funeral of Colonel William Frederick Cody that a brief dispatch came out of Washington. It stated that Major John M. Burke, widely known throughout the United States as a press agent for the late Buffalo Bill Wild West Exhibition, had died at the home of friends in the National Capital. Death, so the dispatch said, was due to old age.

But we who understood knew better. Death had come because Death had gone before; a worshiper had followed his god. And before this tribute, the martial bands of the Cody funeral cortege, the packed throngs, the marching military, the flowers, the flags at half-mast, the grief of mourners seemed to dim.

Greater love hath no man—



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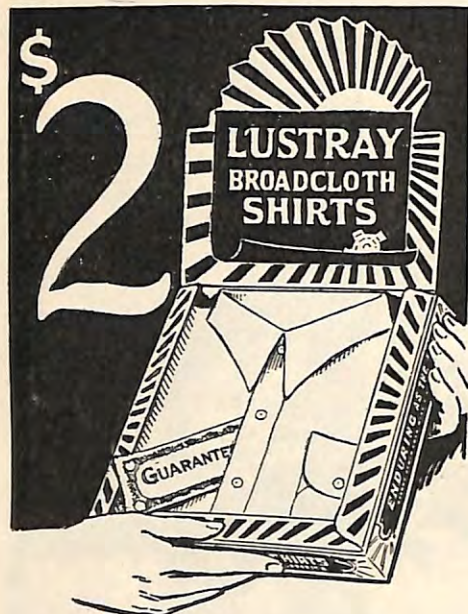
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**THE ALL 'ROUND SPORT'S GLASS**  
Some are slightly worn or refinished. All are optically perfect. Guaranteed same as new glasses. Shipped promptly on receipt of check or money order for \$8.50. Positive guarantee of full cash refund if not satisfactory.

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ONLY THINK, a shirt for \$2, sold with a sweeping unconditional guarantee. Guaranteed with a Gold Bond to fit, wear and wash, same as my

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Lustray shirts have one high quality of standardized make. They range in price of course according to the fabric. These fabrics are enclosed in the famous Lustray Test Box. Whether you buy direct from me or from your dealer, I will send you this miniature box free. Just use the coupon.

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Kindly see that I get, as marked below:  
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White Lustray Shirts (Red Label) at \$2  
Attached Collar  Neckband style   
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Send me Free Lustray Test Box   
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## Shadow River

(Continued from page 37)

A half dozen men clambered out, and among them was a familiar figure. Davy stared and started. It was Bowden.

They did not greet each other. For some reason which he couldn't analyze, Davy didn't speak, and apparently Bowden didn't see him. Bowden went to the first-class carriage.

They all boarded the train.  
This was not the real jail. We would call it the ho'd-over.

Davy was incarcerated on the third floor of the jail, overlooking the river. It was the pleasantest place he had slept since his arrival in the Congo. Franck and Juta came in the morning, excitedly depressed.

"WE TELEGRAPHED yesterday," Juta said, "to the American consul for the French and Belgian Congos and Portuguese West Africa. His name is Martin and he is located at St. Paul de Loanda in Angola. He wired back that he cannot come. He is writing a letter to the Director of Justice here at Moma, before whom the case will be tried. That is good, but not as good as if he had come personally. Have you no friends of influence in America? The situation is very serious. If we do not scare these people we are lost. You have nothing else."

"I have no one."

"Your father is rich, isn't he, Davy?" said Franck.

"He was, according to some standards."

"We wish to cable him," said Juta.

"Well, you can't do it."

A State Agent knocked at the door and entered. "There is a Monsieur here, who calls himself LeKeuche, who wishes to speak for a moment with the prisoner."

All three were silent for a moment.

"See the man of course," said Juta. "It may be of interest. It could hardly be otherwise. Anything he says to us now will help. Think, you would never have known of the murder charge had it not been for him."

"Does he want a private interview?" Franck asked the agent.

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Very well, we will wait outside."

"God help him," said Davy.

"Now, Davy, be calm."

"I am calm."

"Oh, Hell."

Franck and Juta left, and a minute afterwards LeKeuche came into the room. The State agent closed the door. LeKeuche looked serious and polite.

"Bon jour, Monsieur Zones."

"What do you want?"

"Monsieur, I will speak quickly. You see that you are in a serious predicament. Perhaps you and I have not understood each other. This is our opportunity to do so. I will state to you my position and proposal. Then we will call in your friends and discuss the details, so as to have everything perfectly satisfactory. You have the ivory of the elephant Londelengi."

"What?"

"I say you have the ivory of Londelengi. You probably have the skin and other accoutrements as well. Now you may think that you have been unjustly treated, but after all it was not fitting that a foreigner should capture a prize on Belgian soil which by rights should be Belgium's. In such matters of patriotism, all is fair."

"Comforting alibi—go ahead."

"It is this that I would say. Divulge the exact whereabouts of these things and I can clear your name, make it all seem a mistake, and you will go free, with ample money to return to your native land."

"And that which has been done already, the arrest by black police, and so forth—upon whose heads will that fall?"

"Upon the heads of a few minor State officials, I suppose."

"Patriotism again?"

"You—accept?"

"No. I refuse."

"Do you doubt my ability to do as I say? We can call in others and hear the proof if you wish."

"I hadn't thought so far ahead as to doubt it."

"Is your refusal final? There will be no further opportunity."

"Quite final."

"Good day, Monsieur Zones."

"Good day."

Franck and Juta found Davy grinning. "Tumba has been true," he said. Then he explained.

"That proves nothing," said Juta. "A boy with sufficient intelligence to choose the proper moment to make off with the ivory would certainly not offer it at once to LeKeuche, who would only take it and pay him nothing. The boy is simply bidding his time. You don't know the Congo nigger."

"Oh, you insufferable gloom."

Franck said, "I wish we had had one of these machines here that records what is said in a room. That would settle it, wouldn't it?"

"I wish we had heard his proposition," said Juta. "We could have obtained some sort of delay, perhaps. Then we could have searched for the boy."

"I wouldn't have given him the ivory even if it had been in this room," Davy said.

Juta's face expressed complete disgust. "The trial," he said, "is set for three days hence. There is nothing further to be discussed. I shall do my best. I am returning to the hotel now."

"I'll stay a while," said Franck.

"Very good."

Juta went away. Franck sat down on the edge of Davy's bed. He sighed. They were silent for a long time.

## IV

THIS bright morning Davy walked through the streets again. He walked as he had walked at Stanleyville. He was smiling.

It was only a few minutes to the Palais de Justice—a few minutes while David Worthington Jones was still David Worthington Jones. He thought it should be longer, and wondered if he could make it so. What difference the sentence these stupid people would present to him? He would pass out of things, that was all—be put in a position where he could make no more mistakes. It didn't matter that he was innocent. All the more a gesture, an impudent, insolent gesture.

Cerebral essence, or reason, or whatever it is, flashed messages across his brain, saying: "Oh, but you are silly!"

"Shut up."

"Your thinking is wrong. You smother your real thoughts so that you may swagger."

"Isn't it better thus?"

"Perhaps it is."

"Then let me alone."

Davy's smile broadened. He moved up a pace, so as to be definitely ahead of the armed guard. They were passing the hotel; he sensed, without seeing, the throng on the porch; his spirits mounted. He walked like a soldier.

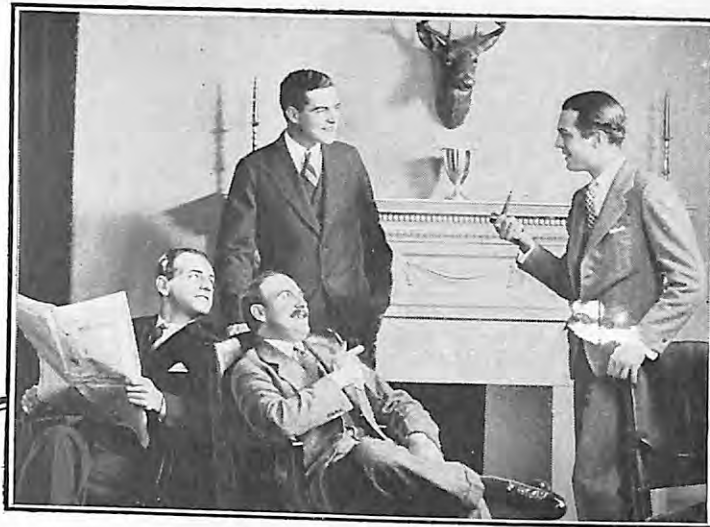
The approach to the Palais was crowded with blacks. Davy felt easier as he moved through them. He looked sidelong from time to time, catching their expressions of curiosity, feeling with them the sensation that something was in the air.

He went on to the ugly brick structure called the Palace of Justice. "I am thinking crazily," he said aloud. "I am acting." A definite shudder of apprehension danced through him. "What have I let myself in for?" he demanded. His voice brought inquisitiveness to the faces of the armed guard.

He entered the court room sadly, naturally, not at all as he had planned. It was jammed and sweltering. Everyone turned, and he momentarily whipped back to his former poise. He looked around with protesting heart, boldly; he located Franck, down in the front, and Juta seated at a table before the bench. Another man sat opposite, fumbling with papers. One word came to Davy involuntarily when he first saw him. The word was rat. Then he realized. This, then, was Mpo, Monsieur le Substitut, Van Loo. Vile pictures surged up in Davy's brain and he went as white as the walls around him.

(Continued on page 64)





# Well boys ~ last night I met an interesting woman

**I**T WAS the first time anyone had ever seen Chris Roulston enthusiastic about the ladies. He was a confirmed bachelor—and his pet aversion was *girls*. His friends were curious.

“What is she like, Chris?” they asked.

“Well, not especially pretty, perhaps—as you fellows regard prettiness. In fact you might call her rather plain. But she’s certainly the most interesting woman I’ve ever met.”

“Come on now, Chris—what do you mean by interesting?”

“Just what I say! *Interesting!* We had dinner together at that little French place on the Avenue, and I had planned to take her to the theatre afterward. But we got into a pleasant discussion and didn’t like to end it—so we just drove on and on for hours, talking.”

“Lord!” his friends breathed. “Can this be Chris Roulston? On and on for hours—with a woman!”

But Chris wouldn’t be teased. “She was *interesting*, I tell you! A brilliant conversationalist. I enjoyed every minute of her company. Not one of these chatterers, you understand. Whatever she said was interesting. She knew how to express herself. We’re going driving again on Sunday.”

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Do you ever grope for words—for something, *anything* to say?

Do you ever wish, when you are with some man or woman you like, that you

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## Shadow River

(Continued from page 62)

His walk down to the prisoner's box was one of his greater efforts. He had not seen Marcella. . . .

An age passed. An aeon passed. The Director of Justice arrived. There was prolonged handshaking all around. Davy streamed with perspiration. From the box he stared at the unhealthy neck of his prosecutor. He closed his eyes again and again. It began.

"Monsieur le Directeur de Justice, we have to present to your Honor the serious case of the Belgian State versus one David Jones, American. It is our duty to announce that the prosecution will be conducted by—"

Talk, talk. Preliminaries. Why not just sentence? Why drag it out?

"Oh, Marcella, my little darling, how could you do it? How could you? Must I sit here and let them send me away to prison, and send you to that?"

"He is frightful—awful. Oh, how could you, my white angel?"

THE prosecution was beginning. Van Loo was talking in a light, deliberate voice to the Director and to the audience. He was outlining briefly the points against the accused. He wanted to explain first what this was all about, he said, so that everyone could follow intelligently his specific prosecution when he should come to that. He began the series of circumstances that led up to Davy's arrest. He was not dramatic; he was quite calm, doing his work quite well. He gave the attitude of a man repeating events which were regrettable—in many cases nearly unbelievable—but which were of course undeniable, and which it had become his distasteful duty to present to a humanitarian audience. He said that unfortunately the sentence for certain of the crimes was irrevocable, therefore it would be useless for him to ask leniency for the accused. In some ways, he felt, these things were a waste of the Director's time, but in this particular case he was rather glad that it had come out publicly before this distinguished audience. This, he said, was so flagrant as to be an education. It would serve to show how insidiously a kindly State could be betrayed; it would serve to show them all that Belgium must be more firm in her colonial government. "We are a little country," he said, and here his voice weakened and vibrated just the slightest bit, "and it has not been only once that reprobate citizens of a stronger nation have thought that we could not dare be firm—"

He came to the outlining of the points. He had his story excellently balanced.

"—and so it went up to that point. We have no reason to believe that this World Zoological Society was not sincerely believed in by certain individuals among the men who waited in vain at Coquilhatville. On the other hand we have nothing to show that the English-speaking members of the ill-fated Society were not in league with the English missionary Carter. If we review the facts as they occurred, we will see that apparently none of the English-speaking members suffered ostensibly by the debacle—two of them for example, continued a pleasant hunting expedition in East Africa. Let us, however, allow this to pass. We deeply regret it, if some of our countrymen have been the dupes of a criminal scheme to make money, but that is not our problem at this moment. We are concerned with our national and colonial protection. . . ."

Davy's eyes were closed, but he sensed many things. He sensed that Franck wished he would open them, and stare boldly at his enemy. It would look less guilty. He sensed also the mass mind of the audience. He could feel them, gathering under the spell of Van Loo, swaying toward him. Davy was listening and absorbing the thing himself, but he was sick. He was sick because he thought. He remembered A. E. H., the poet. "And when men think they fasten their hands upon their hearts."

" . . . and then our friend Mr. Jones rather lost his head, it appears. He had been away from Coquilhatville but a short time, mind you, but he had been subjected to bad advice while there. He was guilty, and is guilty—we cannot excuse him simply because he was egged on and financed in his criminal career by another. That will have to come later. He lost his head and he



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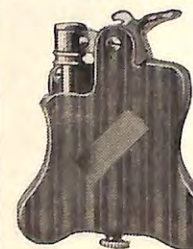
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did not simply shoot elephants—he massacred elephants.”

Davy was able to close his ears for a while now, as well as his eyes. For a long time the voice was a drone.

“ . . . some of us who have been in the colony for long and come in contact with many foreigners are accustomed to having insult added to injury. We can understand Jones’ action in purloining good men away from the people he had already cheated. Well known and well respected citizens are Messrs. LeKeuche, Jadot and Gerard. Of late they have been unfortunate. Their capitas were lured away from them with offers of higher pay. One capita in particular, the boss boy of the outfit, told Monsieur Gerard on the beach at Coquilhatville that he was to receive much more than they could afford to pay, although he would have preferred to go with them. This man’s name was Djoli. Jones and his advisor know of course that the capitas of such hunters as these white men would promote their chances. Djoli led Jones to many beasts. He was only a black man, doing the bidding of his white man. And Jones, when he had tasted the thrill of his first kills, found that he had a thirst unslakable. Poor Djoli went on, leading him to the spots where the thickest herds abound, and Jones went on—killing and killing. Entreaties and warnings from our government offices had no effect. At Coquilhatville his advisor pretended ignorance, but it must be said that this man was worried. He had been an elephant hunter himself—he had not lost his reason as had his protégé. Jones went on. On and on to the time, at an elephant bath behind Bondo, when his loyal capita at last rebelled. A criminal cannot afford to have a rebel at large, your Honor and ladies and gentlemen. Djoli was killed . . . ”

Davy could not have said how long Van Loo talked. He would have guessed two hours; it was probably one. Van Loo went back to the beginning and began his specific attack. The atmosphere in the court grew taut and precarious. Van Loo was not calm any more. He didn’t have to be. Indeed, they wouldn’t have had it calmly now.

Davy saw black men and white men take the stand, one after another, brazenly committing perjury. Clouds gathered on his horizon, black clouds, hopeless. It began to be a little ridiculous. He wanted very much to laugh, even to smile. But it was not quite ridiculous enough for that. His will was growing tired—it was increasingly difficult to drive his attention elsewhere. He tried repetition of a sentence: “Marcella Moore should have seen Londelengi Marcella Moore should have seen Londelengi Marcella Moore should have seen Londelengi—”

“Monsieur Zones!”

Juta rose, protesting. “The French of Monsieur Jones is inadequate to take the stand.”

“An interpreter is here.”

“I will not take the stand,” Davy calmly announced in French. His spirits rose enormously as soon as he had spoken. He regretted his ultimatum. It would have been easier perhaps, if he had had a word battle with Van Loo. But dangerous.

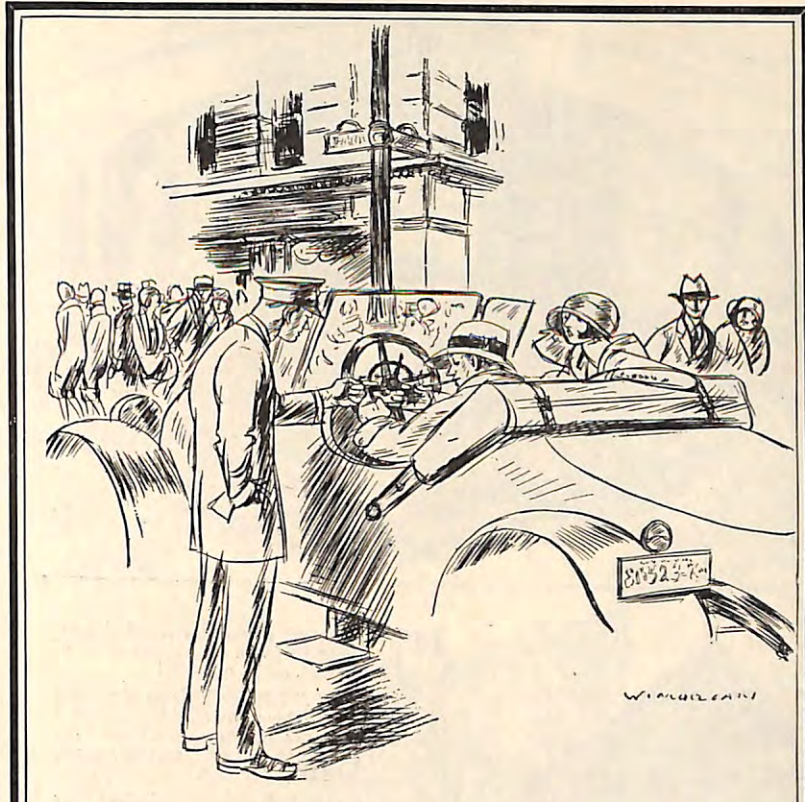
THE court looked at him in curiosity and astonishment. Obviously he meant what he said. Like all people of little or no breeding, no one knew what to do in the face of such a statement by a superior, even though he was momentarily in their power. The matter was allowed to drop.

Juta rose to begin the defense. The court was interested but unsympathetic. Juta did his best. He certainly did fairly well. Londelengi was a difficult proposition to explain without making it mythlike, and he did it skillfully. He ended in half an hour by throwing the matter on the reasonability of the court, assuring the Director that it was all a mistake and that the United States Government would have just cause to complain when it came out, as it surely would. This final chord was a mistake. Juta sat down.

Van Loo took the floor. “Your Honor and ladies and gentlemen, I find nothing in the arguments of mon cher confrere that it is necessary to answer. The conclusions to be drawn from this matter are obvious. It now only remains for the Director to decide our course of action.”

Why didn’t they hurry? Why had they gone through all this balderdash? Why did Van Loo have to talk again?

(Continued on page 66)



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Shadow River

(Continued from page 65)

In a moment he saw why. Van Loo knew his countrymen. He knew that during Jute's talk they had cooled down. It was not to his liking that they should cool until sentence had been pronounced. Van Loo rose now to rhetorical heights. He brought in everything—wars, debts, patriotism, the future of Belgium.

He was a rat, yes. But he was clever. Davy saw it coming; it would be cataclysmic. This little word twister was sending him to hell, ruining his life—Franck was pale as death. The audience breathed together, audibly.

"I call on you all! Is there a human being in this court of justice of our beloved king who would have it on his conscience to wish this imposter dealt with lightly? We have only imprisonment as punishment here in the Congo—but we must not send this case to Brussels. We must sentence with what we have. The crimes have been perpetrated here—we must punish them here. Only by these methods can our blood for colony grow and prosper. Prison! Prison! I say. Prison until the venom is drawn from the fangs of the snake. In the name of the colony, in the name of the King, in the name of Belgium our motherland! *Vive la Belgique independante!*"

They rose, and they cheered. They looked indescribable hatred at Davy. So Davy rose. He tried to laugh, but his face never changed. He made up his mind he would laugh, or die in the effort. They sat down, quickly quiet. They thought he was going to speak—to make it better for them, so that they could yell him down.

The room was as a tomb. Davy struggled with himself as never before. The fought-for smile was beginning to come.

Then someone spoke. A voice boomed out, a big voice, a laughing voice, a voice full of satire.

"Bunk!" it said. And Mr. Bowden swung easily down the aisle. The Director struck the desk. "Who interrupts?"

"I do." "And who are you?" "You know me. You ought to." "It is Bowden."

"That's me. I'm glad we're all here together. I have something to tell you pertaining to this case you're trying. I understand this is a court of justice, so I guess you'll have to deal some of it out whether you like it or not. Hello, Davy." He broke into English. "I'm poison to 'em, boy, be putting on your hat."

"Explain," said Van Loo. He had gone a greenish white.

"Don't worry, *Mpo*. Here it comes." He beckoned behind and a score of black men came into the room and down to the bench. He beckoned again, and a half dozen white men entered. Davy recognized several of them. One was the Dutch house agent with whom he had spent the night. All of them were commercants in the Equator District. "Now, everybody, I have here some genuine witnesses. I'll prove that to you before we're through. My story won't take very long, but it covers a lot of ground. You're just about to hear this tale as it really happened. You're going to hear, first off, that Carter the missionary is captured with most of the money. You're going to hear who killed the elephants, you're going to hear who killed Djoli—you're even going to see the men that did it—they're tied up outside, all except the one that was killed by the big elephant. And you're going to hear them confess and explain. Furthermore, you're going to see the man who's behind it all—"

"Bowden!" shouted Davy. "Shut up, fool!" So Davy shut up. "In fact you are looking at him now!" And Mr. Bowden pointed casually toward Monsieur Van Loo.

HE WAS sitting with his back to the river, because the sun was on the river and the river was molten. The Congo flows south past Coquihatville. . . . "Davy!"

What, he wondered, was it all about. He was asking himself the oldest question.





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"Davy, come on to the back of the café. Come to my room."

Why had Bowden saved him? Damn decent of Bowden; well-meant but disastrous. Marcella . . . Most of all, why had Bowden disappeared directly after the trial? Why?—Why? Endless whys.

Franck came out to the little corner table and shook him. "Are you asleep?"

"I guess so."  
"You must be. Don't you see that the ship is in and the people are coming ashore? The café will be full in a minute and you said you wouldn't be stared at. Come on. This boat brings European mail as well as local; I want to read my letters in private."

They went back among the *La Vie Parisienne* posters. They heard the café filling, and the scurrying of the boys bearing bottles.

"About one ship a week comes up from Kinshasa," said Davy.

"Yes, about."  
"That's the fourth since the one we came on. Makes it a month. Nothing's happened."

"This café's a hoodoo for you, as far as waiting for something to happen is concerned."

"Listen, Franck, shall I go home?"

"I don't know, Davy. I hate to think of it; this place will seem pretty dead. But you're rich again—I guess there are no more Londelengis."

"Not rich, Franck. I'll have about two thousand a year; that's not so much in the States."

"Maybe not. It would be a lot here, but nobody wants to live here."

"Oh, I don't know. You and I might form a trading company and buy ivory. I have nothing to go home for."

Franck came to his feet. "Do you mean that, Davy?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"I've wanted to do it for years." Franck sat down again. "But I wish you had the same enthusiasm as I have. I want to see you get back—you know, feeling the way you did when you arrived here, Davy."

DAVY shook his head. He shook it violently, as though to drive away his thoughts. "There's no use thinking of that. I can't even make a start until I find out what's happened, much less have enthusiasm. The only other alternative is to go home."

"And leave her out here somewhere?"

"She's gone, Franck. She's gone home."  
"She didn't go with Van Loo."

"No, thank God. But there is much about the whole thing that's unexplained. Nothing is explained really; it's all just happened. I've got to find out about it. I can't pull myself together until I do."

Then a platoon came and knocked at the door. He was a State messenger, seeking Monsieur Jones. Franck took two letters from him and handed them to Davy. Thus Davy saw once more the government stamp of a letter addressed to him. He thought of the beach at Bokwankusu, and of Londelengi lying out there on the sandbar. "The wheels of Fate grind slowly—"

"Want to read them alone, Davy? It may be something—"

"No, no."  
They read the letters through together. They found them extremely interesting.

The first was an official apology from the Belgian Colonial Government and it was signed by the Governor General of the Congo. It was really a masterpiece of abjectness. It said something about their humiliation at the present time being greater than his had been before and during the trial. It used such phrases as "profound regret," "sad and dishonorable conduct of officials," "appreciate your assisting us to discover," "treasure hope of future cordial relations," "more than delighted to offer and insist upon your acceptance of the freedom of the Congo." The Governor General hoped that Davy would honor him with a visit to his house upon his next trip to Moma. "Would you be so kind as to accept, Monsieur Jones, my most sincere and cordial salutations." Signature.

"I'm going to keep it always," Davy laughed.

"Boy, you've got them scared. They're afraid of another lawsuit."

"I may do it, too."  
"It would ruin our plans for starting a business here."

(Continued on page 68)

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## Shadow River

(Continued from page 67)

"The question is, would it be more profitable to sue and make a wad of money all at once, or engage in business here and speculate on making it over a period of time."

"A business would be permanent, Davy. I know the ropes here, and you have learned something about it yourself. We can make a go of it. It's a new country and things move fast. I'm for the business and not the lawsuit."

The other letter was signed by the Procureur Generale. It was also an apology, but it dealt specifically with the State's action against Van Loo, LeKeuche and his friends, and the subordinate State Agents involved in the case. Van Loo was simply ordered home on the next steamer and was permanently disconnected with government service of any character. Monsieur Van Loo, in other words, was ruined. LeKeuche, Jadot and Gerard were obliged to leave the Congo for good. Other punishments were levied commensurate with the offenses.

Davy said, "I guess I'll stay." Someone knocked again at the door. It was a planter with the regular mail bringing several letters for Franck.

"But I can't start anything until the past is cleared up. I have a lot of readjustment to do. And I may not be any good even later. I'll do the best I can. I suppose I am glad to be free, but beyond that there's not much that I can say. You'll probably be surprised when I tell you that I feel just about as low as I did at Moma before the trial. Something's gone from me, Franck. There is no hope any more."

"Davy," said Franck. "There's another letter for you. It came in among mine."

Davy rested his head in one hand and extended the other toward Franck.

"What's this one?" he asked wearily. The handwriting was entirely unfamiliar; it was perfectly regular and even, Spencerian.

"Can't tell you. It looks like one of these coast niggers' writing. They always learn to write like that."

Davy opened the envelope and read. His eyes grew very wide.

"Franck—" He handed the letter over.

"Bondoki

"Mondele na ngai

"Kotala ngai, boy na yo, Tumba

"Kenda noke mingi na Bokwankusu. Oi bi njete monene mulai abimi na njelo na mai kuna. Ake na yango. Ake na likolo na yango. Oyo esika biso tolalaki. Kosala pila moko ngai koloba Mondele, nansima macamba yonso akosilisa. Lokuta te.—Tumba."

FRANCK jumped up and yelled. "There you are! There you are! Juta was wrong. The boy's been on the level!"

Literally translated the letter read as follows: "Rifle

"My white man

"Notice me, your boy, Tumba

"Go very quickly to Bokwankusu. You know the big tall tree that grew from the sand in the water there. Go to it. Go to the top of it. That is the place where we slept. Do the way I say Mondele, and afterwards all the troubles will be over. This is not a lie.

"Tumba."

They read the letter again, eagerly.

"Tumba dictated it to some coast nigger who could write," Franck said.

"But why the top of the tree? Why not just meet at that beach there, or at the tree? Why climb the tree?"

"You know as much about it as I do. He's your boy."

"I don't get it. Do you suppose this is some more funny business? How do we know he wrote the letter?"

"Who else knew you slept in a tree there?"

"The rest of the boys I had."

"That means nothing. You must get off right away. We're fixed if we can get those points. We're lucky—there's a boat to-morrow for Itoko in the Lomela. You will have to borrow a pirogue and hire some boys to paddle you up from there. I'll run over to the Unatra and book your passage."

"Well, wait a second. Where was the letter mailed from?"

"Kinshasa, isn't it? Yes."

"There's something funny. Tumba wasn't in Kinshasa, surely."

"Naturally we don't understand the details of it, but let's don't think about it. We had nothing, now we have a little something anyway."

"All right, go ahead. But I have to get some equipment. My stuff is scattered all over the Congo by this time. It's a long haul from Itoko to Bokwankusu."

"You can do it in a week with good paddlers. You'll have to go pretty light this time. I'll get some stuff together."

"Wonder what the birds and crocs have left of him," Davy said.

## II

Itoko is a pretty place. An aisle of big palms runs back to the village from the beach. Two white commercants are located there, but they were both away the day Davy arrived. A score of natives watched the little vessel pull in and tie up. Madibanga and Esoko put Davy's scanty gear ashore.

"Esoko, find the mokunji of the village here. I want to get a pirogue and some paddlers."

A black man who wore a portion of a pair of trousers stepped up to Davy and saluted. Davy looked at him for a moment curiously. He was sure he had seen the face before.

"Men here will paddle, Mondele."

"Well, that's the first time that ever happened to me," Davy said. "They want to work?"

"No money, Mondele. Bula Matadi is coming soon to collect the impot."

"Who are you and how many men can you get?"

"I am an under capita here. There are plenty of men."

"Is there a good strong pirogue?"

"Yes, Mondele."

"When can we get started?"

"Now, Mondele." The capita spoke to the men around him.

"Well, I'll be damned. Thank heaven for the impot."

His gear was taken to a new pirogue a little way up the beach. One half an hour after his arrival at Itoko, Davy had departed again, on his way to Bokwankusu.

They stopped late at night, and Davy's simple camp was quickly made. And before daylight the capita awakened him; they were off again.

The second night Davy called the capita to him. He thought the face looked even more familiar by the light of his lamp, but he was unable to connect it with the confusion of the past.

In the middle of the afternoon of the third day following the paddlers suddenly stopped in mid-stream—stopped as one man, listening. Davy listened too. He thought he heard a drum in the distance but he was uncertain. It was a great way off. The paddling was not resumed; they drifted back a considerable distance.

Davy turned and looked at the capita. He was about to protest, but the man was not looking at him. He was leaning slightly forward, holding the tiller paddle and listening intently. Davy decided to wait.

Presently all the paddles went in the water again. One of the men said the word "Ndeko." "Nini?" said Davy, turning to the capita again. "Do you know a white man named Ndeko? What did he mean?"

The capita shook his head and spoke to his men in some language foreign to Davy. They eased the canoe over to the nearest good bank and stopped. The men got out and lay down in the grass.

"Say, what's the idea of stopping here? Who do you think is running this thing?"

"The paddlers are tired, Mondele. We will go on in a little while."

"It is nearly dark now. We can't stop now unless we camp here."

"We will go on as soon as the men rest a little."

"How far is Bokwankusu?"

"We will reach it without stopping when we start again."

(Continued on page 70)





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## Shadow River

(Continued from page 68)

"How long will it take?"  
 "Not very long, Mondele."  
 "See here, I don't want to arrive there at night. What is all this drumming and stopping about anyway?"

"There is a full moon to-night, Mondele."  
 Davy swore. He stood for a moment undecided. He could pick up a club or take his revolver and drive them back to the canoe, but after all they had worked like slaves for him. It would be a little unfair.

Something was in the wind. Apparently he was in for an adventure, what sort it would be he had no notion. He felt a little thrill of expectancy. He decided to wait and see what happened. He had his cot brought and lay down. He went to sleep.

### III

"MONDELE, Mondele."  
 The capita was shaking the cot gently. Davy opened his eyes and gazed into the full rising moon.

"What time is it?"  
 "It is early. The moon has just come up. We leave now, Mondele."

The paddlers were standing quietly in the canoe, waiting. They embarked. The little drum picked up the time, increasing the strokes of the paddles faster and faster. The men bent to their work.

They kept it up two hours. Davy dozed. Then the canoe shot forward; it seemed to lift from the water in its gaining speed. The current was a thing of the past. Davy opened his eyes onto a broad, moonlit expanse of water.

"Bokwankusu," said the capita.  
 "Have you been here before, capita?"  
 "Yes, Mondele."

"Do you know the tall tree that rises from a sandbar through the water, the one at the end of a string of islands, with nothing else around it?"

"Yes, Mondele."  
 "Go to that first. Where is it?"  
 "The other side of the lake." The capita pointed to the left.  
 "Then head for it."

The pirogue turned a little but its general direction was up the lake toward the islands. Davy let it drop. An elephant trumpeted. The moonlight was brilliant to the point of numbness. Excitement raced in Davy's blood.

At length they turned, doing a figure eight now among the islands, bearing down in the direction of the tree. They were following the last trail that Londelengi followed. They swept around the last of the chain, and Davy saw the tree. The men's paddles touched sand, and they scudded along, poling, lifting the pirogue.

"Why did you make this long circuit? Why didn't you go directly past the beach to the tree?"

No answer.  
 "Stop at the tree. I built a nest in that tree. I want—I think I left something up there."

"Yes, Mondele."  
 They drew close. Davy peered suspiciously toward the beach, but it was too far to see clearly, and it was surrounded with heavy vegetation which threw dark shadows. Why had they avoided the beach?

His attention was suddenly attracted elsewhere, so that he thought no more of the beach. They shot past a great, eerie skeleton—Davy could see the giant, bleached ribs of Londelengi.

"I killed him, I killed him!"  
 "Yes, Mondele."

The pirogue drew up and the bow man caught the first rung of the billet ladder up the tree. The canoe swung around with its momentum and stopped. Davy picked his way through the paddlers to the bow and climbed to the billet. "Wait here," he ordered. "I'll be down in a minute."

It was a pretty long climb; the tree was tall. He kept his eyes on the bottom of the nest, so as not to look down.

But he was not to make it just yet. More than half way up he heard Esko's voice, and then Madibanga's, raised in protest. And the voices



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were not coming directly from the foot of the tree.

He looked down quickly, but there was no canoe. It was thirty yards away.

"Hey, you! Hey!"

There was no response. Then Davy bellowed at the capita, furiously. No answer. He lifted his voice again, calling to his own two boys to stop the others. The canoe went out of sight in the direction of the beach. That was the only answer he got, except the elephant, trumpeting in the distance.

There was no alternative. Davy proceeded, bewildered and angry, toward the nest.

"It is an easy place to protect," he said aloud. "I have thirty rounds."

He climbed on.

"They will have to starve me to get me from here."

He reached the nest.

"To-morrow morning I'll wade ashore. To-morrow I'll see what it's all about, all right."

He threw one leg over into the nest—and then his heart stood very, very still. But his right hand didn't. There was something in the nest—some living thing. His revolver streaked out—

"Not to-morrow, Davy, my darling. Now."

It was the only voice in the world. Davy sank down into the nest.

He sank into warm, comforting arms and felt his head drawn against her tender breast. To his ear came the beating of her brave heart, racing like a squirrel in a cage. The tears poured out of his eyes and streamed in rivulets down his cheeks. He sobbed. The sobbing choked him.

"Oh, I'm such a baby."

"No, Davy. You are a man."

So ended Davy's second lesson—in the high tree at Bokwankusu where it had begun.

"Davy—"

This was later. Perhaps it was a half hour later, for they didn't talk for a long time.

"Davy—Londelengi is over there."

He stirred. "Londelengi? Oh. Yes, it's too bad."

"No, sweetheart. He is safe over there at the beach. The ivory, and the hide all prepared—packed and ready to ship."

"Oh, no!"

"Yes, sweetheart. And Bowden's over there. Tumba is over there too. Good Tumba."

"Oh, Marcella, I don't—"

"You are going to understand now, my darling. Did you think that I could let you go? Had you forgotten that I love you? Oh, Davy."

"I'VE been blind and more than blind. Ever since I was sure Carter had cheated us, I have not known how to think. I have been a fool."

"When your letter came, long ago, saying that you were going to stay on and see it through, I took it to your father. It delighted him, Davy. He fell in at once with my plan to come to you. He insisted on financing the trip. He knows everything. I cabled him about the trial."

"You see, I went to Brussels first, to try to get governmental action against Carter. That succeeded finally, as you know. One night in Brussels I was dining at the Metropole. You know how the Belgians come up and ask one to dance without an introduction? It's not impolite to them. It was thus I met Mr. Van Loo. He told me during our dance of his position in the Congo; he told me lots of things that I was dying to hear. I asked him a thousand questions about it all, and particularly about hunting. I wanted to find out, you see, so that I could plan how to help you. Mr. Van Loo drank a good deal and talked a good deal. He said he could tell me a true story about a big hunt, one that was going on right then, he said. It was going to make him rich. When he had drunk a lot more he did tell me, darling."

"I saw him again. I saw him quite often. I learned from him all his horrible plans. He made love to me, Davy."

"I didn't think it was wrong for me to use my woman's wits to thwart this despicable scheme against the man I loved. He kept saying 'We are going to put this upstart Jones out of the way.'"

"So I came, as you have heard, Davy. I took another name and came a roundabout way because I was afraid you would find out and

(Continued on page 72)



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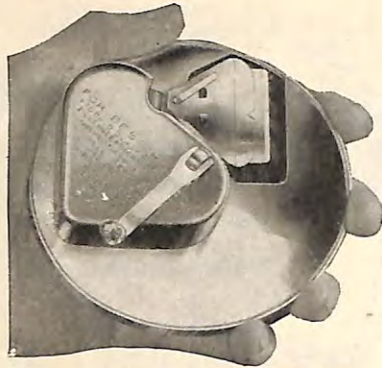
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## Shadow River

(Continued from page 71)

accidentally upset all the plans. I heard all the stories about my loved one and I was heart-broken. It looked so hopeless. Then I met a gentleman. I met Bowden in Stanleyville. He came to you; he found out the truth. You remember. He got the witnesses for us, and he caught the men who had been doing the shooting. I was in the other camp all the time. I knew all that was planned against you and I planned accordingly. Only one thing I couldn't manage, and it nearly killed me, sweetheart. That was our taking the same boat from Stanleyville to Moma. But I just couldn't help it. I cried all the nights and most of the days. I kept out of your sight as much as I could, and luck was with us. You didn't speak to me. If Leleuche had known, it would have spoiled everything.

"While Bowden was on the way down to testify at the trial, a native runner came to him with a story of a group of boys from a white man's safari, commanded only by a black capita, who were guarding the hide and tusks of a fabulously huge elephant. Bowden could not turn back then to verify the report, for he had to arrive at Moma before the trial was over. He felt certain, though, from the reported location, that it was a group of your boys and that it was Londelengi that they were guarding."

"But why didn't he tell me so, then; and why did he—and you—disappear without a word to me? I was free, and could have come back myself. And you and I could have been together, all these last dismal weeks, when I was wondering what had become of you?"

"Oh, Davy, don't you see? Bowden wasn't sure—how could he be—that, even if you had killed Londelengi, Tumba and the others hadn't, in the meantime, sold the hide and ivory, and scattered to their villages? And he didn't want to arouse false hopes, have you cruelly disappointed, after all you had been through. So he came here himself, to make certain. And I—I came with him. I came because, after all you had suffered on my account, I wanted to have some share in restoring your pride to you."

"And when we knew, we planned each little detail of this surprise. Bowden had Tumba dictate that letter, and had it sent from Kinshasa in his name, as a reward for his loyalty. It was Bowden's capita who met you at Itoko. It was just luck, of course, the full moon—but that's why the boys stopped on the way up. They had been told not to arrive until it had risen. I'd have died if it had rained."

"And Bowden wants to go into business with you. He has much ivory to sell. He says that you and Franck should form a company and let

him handle the production, Franck the shipping and detail work, and you the selling of the ivory in America.

"Oh, Davy, Davy—you understand it now, don't you, dearest?"

... The moon went up and up, and started down on the other side. It began to set, having intoxicated the world. . . . "Davy."

"Beloved?"

"I want you to ask me a question you haven't asked me yet."

Davy was not backward or slow any more. Davy had recovered his reason. "Will you marry me?"

"I'd love to, darling."

"When?"

"A week from day after to-morrow."

"Where?"

"The American Mission at Mondombe."

... At a great distance the last call of the elephant rose. It ushered in the day.

"Will Bowden take the packages down to Coq. for us?"

"He is taking everything except our own equipment and boys for our safari."

"It will be a fast trip."

"No more fast trips. I heard from Tumba about your first arrival here after that terrible chase."

"But this is even more important."

"Silly darling."

"There's the sun."

"There goes Bowden."

"What!" Davy looked up and saw two baleinieres going away. He shouted after them. "Bowden! Hello there! Want to see you?"

Bowden pointed toward the south west. "At Coquilhatville," he called back.

"Bowden! Thanks for everything!"

"Right you are."

They watched until the boats had disappeared in the distance. Now a pirogue was coming out from the beach. Tumba stood in the stern, holding two pith helmets. He was showing his pointed teeth in a broad grin.

"He ought to go to America with us," said Davy.

"It's all decided and arranged, sweetheart. I knew you'd want him."

"You are perfection. I shall never have to make a plan again."

"Your average would still be high if you never did. You planned to come to Africa, Davy Jones."

The sun was really up now. All the shadows had been driven away.

THE END

## Hell and High Water

(Continued from page 18)

prowlers before the flood actually arrived. Their attitude was reflected in the case of the woman whose home was being engulfed in the waters of the Atchafalaya, and who pleaded with her rescuers to be allowed to return to the fast-disappearing building and "lock ze back door, so ze tramp he will not enter."

Even more difficult was to move the Negroes, who had been through floods before, and whose faith in weather bureau warnings was less than their simple faith that God would point a way out when all else had failed. In Arkansas, a Negro settlement had received warning that the flood crest would arrive on such a date. Rather than flee to safety they built an ark, on which they assembled many animals. When the flood waters began to come, they gathered on their craft, which had been hastily built and was innocent of caulking. Soon those on the ark found themselves knee deep in water and were obliged to make a perilous journey through the flood to the security of some box cars, where they were rescued by the Red Cross barge.

Human life was well cared for, owing to the various agencies which were called upon to meet the flood emergency, but the loss of animal life was appalling. I talked with a Red Cross official who had followed the flood crest from Cairo south and asked him what was his outstanding impression of the disaster.

"The condition of the livestock," he said un-

hesitatingly. "I have seen hundreds of cattle marooned on a mound, fringed around with the dead. To see them drop into the water, weakened from starvation and exhaustion, was almost more than one could stand. Yet, of course, our orders were to save human life first. To see a dog go by, on top of a floating house, a dog so thin that his ribs can be counted and to know that he is going to slip into that waste of water across which he looks so hopelessly—well, the flood district was no place for a man who loves animals. And the children who had lost their pets were the hardest of all to comfort in the Red Cross camps. One little chap, a white boy, cried all day on his arrival at Vicksburg because he had seen his two pet kittens drown. The nurses couldn't comfort him—nobody could. That boy had received a shock that he will remember during his entire life."

Nor were domestic animals the only sufferers. The losses of wild life were heavy. I talked with Paul G. Redington, director of the Biological Survey, on whose desk were beginning to pile reports of heavy losses of wild animals in the flooded districts, and who has started a survey to determine, as nearly as possible, the extent of the inroads made by the flood.

Mr. Redington pointed out that these losses are economic, inasmuch as the muskrat trapping industry in Louisiana alone is worth from

(Continued on page 74)



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## Hell and High Water

(Continued from page 72)

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\$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000 annually. The muskrat trappers, some of whom are descendants of the French and Spanish who first inhabited these bayous, saved many animals by setting rafts afloat. These rafts were protected with sideboards and filled with straw, making it possible for the muskrats to care for their young on these floating homes until the flood subsided. But it is estimated that more than half the young muskrats have been lost. Also there is a heavy loss of wild turkeys, of which Louisiana boasted more than any other state, not to mention scores of other species of bird life. Bears, foxes, cougars, wildcats, mink, raccoons, skunks and opossums are among the fur-bearing animals which were caught in the flood. As for the deer, their losses undoubtedly have paralleled those of the flood of 1828, when the Indian mounds along the Mississippi were covered with those animals after the waters had receded.

**T**HE heaviest single loss sustained in the flood districts is that of the crops, which the Department of Agriculture estimates as anywhere between \$250,000,000 and \$500,000,000. To this staggering loss must be added the cost of putting in new crops, the damage to buildings and farm machinery, and the general impairment of credit. In the towns, the losses relate to stocks of merchandise and damage to buildings and machinery—direct losses which mean painful and expensive processes of rehabilitation, possible only through elasticity of credit.

When these various losses are estimated in the aggregate, they will make almost any figures, as applied to flood control, sound reasonable. Instead of putting a limitation of \$10,000,000 a year on Mississippi control expenditures, Congress will be called upon to expend sums in proportion to the value of the property protected—this in cooperation with the adjacent districts, which undoubtedly will have to increase their burden of flood control expense. How much governmental expenditure will be required to complete a comprehensive program of flood control on the Mississippi depends, of course, on the final report which will follow the preliminary investigations. Some have maintained that an expenditure of \$100,000,000 a year will be required for an indefinite number of years. Others who have made a close study of the flood situation say that \$50,000,000 a year should be the outside limit considered—that more than that sum cannot be expended wisely. But even the largest estimate will not loom so great when contrasted with the total amount the flood of 1927 has cost the nation.

In Washington there is a bureau of soils, conducted by the Department of Agriculture, where all sorts of astounding things are being found out concerning the thin layer of mellow earth to which mankind must turn for sustenance. The Mississippi Basin, being the greatest agricultural domain in the world, could lessen its flood danger and at the same time cut down the heavy toll of soil wastage, if more attention were paid to the vital matter of soil erosion, according to the scientists in charge of this bureau.

Farmers are losing \$200,000,000 annually through the constant process of soil erosion, according to H. H. Bennett, of the survey division of the bureau. Too rapid run-off of water carries away the rich and absorptive top soil from the gentle slopes as well as from the hillsides. The soil experts in this bureau can show you just where this run-off has clogged streams which formerly were navigable. They can show you just how and why every acre of land in the Mississippi catchment basin has some effect on the flood situation.

What is the answer, so far as soil erosion in the cultivated area of the great basin is concerned? Terraces, and yet more terraces, to check the flow of water. Terracing on hillsides and gentle slopes, contour plowing where it is needed, and the reversion of naturally erosive lands to woodlots and pasture—these are some of the things that will put a partial check on floods and will save some of the present enormous waste of soil according to the experts who have made a study of erosion and its causes and effects.

That cultivation of the soil has done much to change the character and content of the streams that make up the Mississippi is shown

in the Humphreys and Abbott report on that stream, made in 1859. This report, made by two government engineers, Captain A. A. Humphreys and Lieutenant H. L. Abbott, is an exhaustive work and considers practically every engineering phase of the Mississippi problem that has come up for discussion to-day. The authors of this work were historians as well as engineers, and also they were prophets. Their exhaustive treatise has been known as the "Mississippi Bible," and no doubt it will come up many times for reference in congressional discussion of river control plans.

Farming in the Mississippi Valley when this report was made had made little progress compared with Middle Western farming to-day, but Humphreys and Abbott had this to say about the changed condition of the river at the Yazoo, due to the erosion of cultivated soil:

"It is stated that a marked change in the color of the water has occurred near the mouth of the Yazoo River within the last eight or ten years. Formerly the floods were clear; now they are becoming more and more muddy every year, probably owing to the increased cultivation of the banks of the river." Later on the same authorities say: "It appears probable that the effect of cultivation will be to render the floods greater and the low water lower."

Levees, these pioneer investigators of the Mississippi found, were "the most important means of protection." They found objection to reservoirs, or artificial lakes, as proposed by European engineers, their objection being based on the fact that "the Mississippi drains a plain, hence reservoirs would be of little benefit around the narrow border." Of proposed dams, which now have advocates, they say: "The main tributaries are navigable rivers which are too valuable as routes of communication to be interfered with by dams."

These engineers also took up the question of inlets, or spillways, and sounded the crevasses above New Orleans to see if reducing the discharge of the Mississippi occasioned deposits in its main channel, their conclusion being that "it is an error to suppose that measurements prove outlets to be disadvantageous to the river."

The only thing not taken up in detail by Humphreys and Abbott, whose observations might have been acted upon if the Civil War had not intervened, was the question of deforestation, which had not then arisen. Since their report was made, America had entered upon an era of timber-cutting unequalled in any other part of the world. Not only the primeval forest cover of the Middle Western states, but the forest of the bordering mountains has served their commercial uses, with a negligible amount of reforestation to make up for the wholesale slashing that has gone on.

Forestry experts declare that the denudation of timber lands has had much to do with the increasing vexations and dangers of the flood problem. A certain proportion of forest cover, they say, is one of the best forms of insurance against floods and consequent soil erosion.

The Forest Service and Weather Bureau for fifteen years have been conducting exhaustive experiments on land selected for the purpose at Wagon Wheel Gap, Colorado. This experiment is completed and the final report is soon to be issued. While the station is on the Rio Grande watershed, and is not directly related to the Mississippi, the conclusions will bear upon the effect of snow run-off generally.

Similarly an experiment is being carried on by the Forest Service in Utah, to determine the effect of grazing upon erosion. Premature grazing, which tends to destroy the young grass, is a cause of soil sterility and eventual erosion.

Reforestation of waste lands, contour plowing and terracing of cultivated fields which are subject to erosion, the prevention of forest fires, and the dangers of overgrazing—these are subjects more or less directly related to floods and they will be heard in the general discussion of the vast problem of the Mississippi Basin.

No other country offers a basis of comparison. The harnessing of the big river will have to be worked out by this nation alone, aided by the experience of two centuries of floods, plus the genius of American engineers.



## Should America Forgive Her Debtors?

(Continued from page 25)

moreover, has tried to fix terms of payment which will impose no undue hardship, and which are, so far as it is possible to determine, definitely within the power of the various nations to meet. The Commission has been criticized because all nations have not been treated alike; they have been treated alike, however, in that no refunding agreement calls for more than  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. interest, and sixty-two years has been fixed as the period over which payments are to be made. Also, they have been treated alike in that the Debt Commission has endeavored to determine each country's capacity to pay, and arranged settlements accordingly. If France, being the actual seat of war, suffered things that England was spared, it seems fair that France should be forgiven a larger proportion of her debt than England. If France is a richer country than Italy, should she not be expected to pay more than Italy? Such arrangements may not seem just to all people, but certainly the Debt Funding Commission entered into them with the idea of accomplishing justice. As a matter of fact, the debtor nations themselves admit that if a creditor wants to discriminate between debtors he has a perfect right to do so, and the debtor is bound to comply with the terms the creditor sets. England, the nation which must pay the largest percentage of her contracted debt with us, admits that this is so, and her Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Winston Churchill, has publicly conceded it.

It has been said that if the United States would cancel the debts, and lift the heavy burden from the shoulders of these other nations—undoubtedly the burden is very heavy indeed—international trade and commerce would be greatly stimulated, a large part of this trade would be ours, and that looking at cancellation merely from a selfish point of view it would be to our advantage. Possibly so. There are, however, other considerations. Suppose we did cancel, and thirty years from now Italy, or Belgium, or France, or England wanted to borrow money from us again. What would be the reaction in this country? Isn't it possible that they would find sentiment pretty solidly against such loans, our people fearing that once again we should fail to collect? Suppose we wanted to borrow from England, or France, or Belgium, or Italy—and no one knows what thirty years may bring forth—wouldn't sentiment in those countries be against such loans, their citizens fearful lest we should claim that inasmuch as we forgave them their debts they might be called upon to forgive us ours, too? Cancellation of these debts now might make it difficult for nations to borrow from one another for generations to come, a condition which would be most unfortunate for the well-being of the whole world.

THE writer of this article was in Europe in the early part of 1927. It was not possible in a brief stay to gather much more than impressions, or to obtain testimony of more than a few people, and conclusions based on such evidence are liable to be faulty. It is a fact, however, that everyone he talked with on the subject in France agreed without hesitation that the French are perfectly able to discharge their debt to us. The people who expressed this opinion were in a position to know what they were saying. "But," said one of these men, "you know the French; they'll die for their country gladly, and they'll die before they'll part with a franc, too." Which may not be fair. Certainly France suffered more from the War than we did, and the French feel that while Germany, the cause of all her woe, has been aided to get back on her feet financially, she has been left to work out her own salvation as best she can. And this feeling may or may not be fair. No one can deny, however, that vast areas of her country were devastated and that her man power was practically decimated. She sees us rich and prosperous, remembers that the total of our killed was only 50,000, a mere fraction of her own losses, and she thinks we might release her from this dreadful obligation to pay. On the other hand, as a partial offset to her losses, it should be not

(Continued on page 76)

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## Should America Forgive Her Debtors?

(Continued from page 75)

forgotten that France has received Alsace-Lorraine with a population of nearly two million people, and immensely valuable coal mines and steel mills. America received no territorial possessions.

Italy added to her territory at the expense of Austria, and now has possession of the very important harbor and port of Trieste. These are valuable acquisitions for the Italians, who incidentally have never strenuously pressed any claims for debt cancellations. Italy did share in the spoils of war, however, which is not true of this country.

In London, an Englishman, a leading engineer, in reply to a question about the English debt to America said rather brusquely: "What is all this talk about canceling the British debt? I have never felt that the debt should be canceled, and what is more I have never found a single one of my friends or business associates who felt so, either." And then he said with a touch of pride in his voice: "England doesn't do things that way. She has always paid her debts and she is going to pay this one, too, and that is all there is about it." If one can judge by appearances, England is fast recovering financially. Taxes are still staggering, but there is less unemployment than there was, and a recently published report on the income of the English nation states that this item is now as great as it was before the war. And in the matter of territorial acquisitions, either actual or in the form of mandates, England did not do so badly. In Africa and in Asia she now owns or controls tens of thousands of square miles, acquired as a result of the war settlements. Many of the former German islands are now England's. America received no territorial possessions.

AMERICA does not benefit from the Dawes Plan. America spent \$22,500,000,000, however, from the day of our entrance into the war until the day of the Armistice. Great Britain spent \$34,000,000,000 in the prosecution of the war, and France \$24,000,000,000. In addition to our own expenditures we loaned ten billion dollars to our allies, and even if we are the richest country the world has ever seen no one can deny that a certain amount of sacrifice was necessary in order to raise some thirty-two billion dollars either to spend or to lend. Some people take the position that we are doing a dreadful thing in asking these nations to repay our loans. By the present terms of settlement we get about 82 per cent. of the total indebtedness from Great Britain, 55 per cent. from Belgium, 27 per cent. from Italy, and the pending agreement with France calls for a 44 per cent. payment. On April 21 there appeared in the New York newspapers a dispatch from London to the effect that France was about to pay England £33,000,000, thereby accelerating by about three and one-half years the settlement of the debt agreement between those two countries. The dispatch went on to say "the operation is most significant as it marks a great improvement in the French financial situation. . . . The revelation that the Bank of France was able to control more than £33,000,000 credits and transfer them to the Bank of England surprised even those who have closely followed the *improvement in French finances since the advent of the present administration.*" The italics are ours, but these last few words, it seems to us, present a view of the debt settlement question that has been somewhat neglected. The finances of France are being efficiently administered now, and if they continue to be efficiently administered it may be neither quite as impossible nor lengthy an undertaking for France to pay her debts as people supposed. Nor as burdensome, either.

Not one of the debtor nations says that it cannot pay its debts to us. They all say it is hard for them to pay, and probably none of them would declare for national mourning if we canceled the debts. No one denies that it is hard for them to pay, but that is not a very solid argument in favor of cancellation. No one denies that legally our claims are well founded. Are they well founded morally? This is the whole question apparently, and it is because

(Continued on page 78)

## Are You Looking for a Real Business Opportunity?

Within the short span of the last few years the oil burner industry has taken a prominent place in American business.

Heating methods have been revolutionized. The methods of yesterday are giving way to the modern oil burner! Ten years ago there were barely 20,000 oil burners in use . . . Today there are almost a million and only a small percentage of the great potential market has been supplied.

New homes and buildings are constantly rising to an everchanging skyline. Yet the great volume of new construction represents a relatively small portion of today's market. A count of the number of homes and buildings in your territory now heated with oil will reveal impressive sales possibilities.

The opportunity is apparent. Today's fuel for heating is a liquid fuel. Today's equipment for the furnace is the modern oil burner.

It is but natural, therefore, that there would be developed an oil burner so fine in all of its principles and their application, in engineering and construction, that it has become a leader in the industry.

There is a real opportunity for men of capacity and sufficient capital, in the sale of this oil burner. Dealers and distributors throughout the United States are prospering. There are still good territories open for men well established in their towns or cities.

You may already be in the heating business, or experienced in heating methods, or an electrical contractor. You may be in the automobile business, but seeking a less competitive field in an industry where the big growth is still ahead.

You may have the agency for an electric refrigerator, but desire to add a nationally known oil burner to give you a year 'round business.

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The manufacturer of this oil burner offers broad assistance in sales and installation work. Factory sales engineers are always close at hand. Likewise, trained service engineers.

The burner is built as one complete, self-contained unit, eliminating all assembling at time of installation. It is simple in design and extremely quiet.

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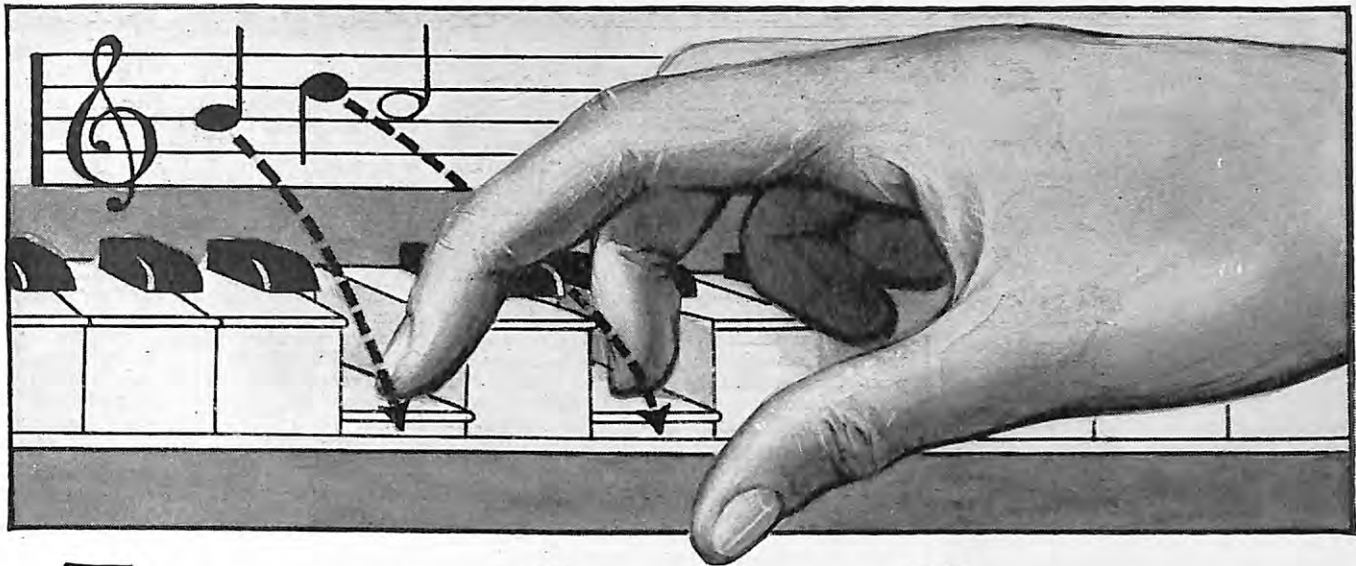
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# Easy to Learn Piano this *Print and Picture* Way

Half a million people have learned to play the piano, violin, saxophone and other instruments by this simple "Print and Picture" method. You can, too!

IT MAY be difficult to believe—but thousands of people can tell you it's so! You can master your favorite musical instrument by means of a "Print and Picture" method so simple you will be astonished!

You don't need a teacher. You learn by yourself—right in your own home. You learn *quickly*. You play simple tunes right from the start. And almost before you know it you are playing real music from real notes.

The cost of the lessons averages only a few cents a day, because instead of long, monotonous periods of practice and expensive private lessons—you teach yourself through the inexpensive "Print and Picture" method.

And it's real fun to learn music this way! No tiresome scales—no dull exercises. You'll be delighted to see how you play music right from the start. You'll understand after the first lesson why this new method is sweeping the country!

### Like Learning to Spell Simple Words

The "Print and Picture" method is so clear and simple, so easily mastered, that people who once thought they'd never have the time or opportunity to learn how to play a musical instrument—are now actu-

ally playing! Some of them are even earning fine incomes as members of bands and orchestras.

This method is like putting letters together to make simple words. F—A—C—E, for example, represent the four spaces. Thus, if you see a note in the second space, you know it is A. If you see a note in the fourth space, you know it is E. All you need to remember is how to spell *face*!

You simply can't go wrong. You are told in simple print how to proceed. Then a picture *shows* you. Then you play it on your instrument and *hear* it. Step by step you learn to play real notes from real music—and once you know the secret, you can pick up any piece of music and play it right off!

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"I have completed only 20 lessons and can play almost any kind of music I wish. My friends are astonished. I now play at church and Sunday school."—Turner B. Blake, Harrisburg, Ill.

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# PETERS AMMUNITION

## Should America Forgive Her Debtors?

(Continued from page 76)

many people, both in America and abroad, think the answer is "no," that the matter is being discussed. These people think the answer is "no" because they say our contribution to the Allied cause was scarcely enough; we lost fewer lives than our allies, and therefore we should be willing to lose our dollars. As a member of Congress stated in a recent speech before the Foreign Policy Association in New York: "But finally, even assuming that the debt settlements were just, the question still remains whether it is in accord with the traditions, the spirit, and the interests of our country relentlessly to press these settlements for the long-drawn period of sixty-two years." In other words, have we any moral right to ask these nations to pay?

**W**ELL, is it in accord with the traditions of this country or of any country on earth not to collect the money owed her? Is it in accord with the spirit of this nation or of any nation you ever heard of not to expect to have her loans repaid? History is not exactly teeming with examples of this sort of thing. Would it be to the interests of our country to tell these nations that they need not pay us: that we will replace this money ourselves by means of taxes on the incomes of our own citizens, so that the citizens of these other countries need not be unnecessarily burdened? How many people do you know who could feel that it was to their interest to pay increased taxes for such a purpose? And are we pressing the settlements "relentlessly"? That was not the idea. Agreements have been made on the basis of capacity to pay, and there is no doubt but that these agreements have contributed mightily to the restoration of the economic pros-

perity of the world. Moreover, has it ever been stated anywhere that if the present agreements should prove too burdensome there may not be further adjustments made? America is not trying to get a pound of flesh out of the emaciated national bodies of Europe. She feels that morally, just as well as legally, she is entitled to collect what is owed her. If our contribution to the War was late does that mean it was not effective? Had it no moral value? Had these loans themselves no moral value?

In his recently published work "The World Crisis," Mr. Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, an office which in England corresponds to that of Secretary of the Treasury in the United States, makes the following statement:

"But if the physical power of the United States was not in fact applied in any serious degree to the beating down of the Germans; if, for instance, only a few score thousand Germans fell by American hands, the moral consequence of the United States joining the Allies was indeed the deciding cause of the conflict."

Note the words, *the moral consequence*. The only arguments in favor of canceling the debts have been moral ones; that our contribution to the War was not commensurate with that of our allies and that morally, therefore, we have no right to press for repayment of our loans. Evidently the British Chancellor of the Exchequer seems to think our contribution was a rather important one. If he is right, then morals as well as legality are on the side of those who think the debts should be paid, and the argument might very profitably for all parties concerned be brought to an end.

## Program of The Elks National Trapshoot

**P**LANS for the Elks National Trapshooting Championships, which will be one of the outstanding events of the Grand Lodge reunion of 1927, are heroic enough to give a thrill to every Elk with a strain of sporting blood in his veins.

Happy, indeed, was the thought which made these Shooting Tournaments for Elks incidental to the biggest happening of the year within B. P. O. E. boundaries.

Cincinnati is one of the old Capitols of the Shooting World, and memories of more than one successful shoot of bygone days are recalled by the two-day program arranged for July 12 and 13.

There are enough entries already to insure a gathering of the clans and the renewal of many old friendships during the two days when traps are to be open for practice and sweep-stake shooting—two happy days of "prelims" before the real thing and the prize competitions begin.

Coney Island will afford an ideal shooting place, and the grand stand with its comfortable seats for thousands of spectators, provides a wonderful background for the shoot.

### Announcements

Shooting will commence at 10 A. M. each day, Eastern Time.

The Amateur Trapshooting Association rules will govern all points not otherwise provided for.

All targets on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 12 and 13, are registered and the scores made by all contestants will be included in the Official A. T. A. averages for 1927.

Any contestant who is not a member of the A. T. A. can secure a card from the Cashier. The annual dues are \$1.00.

The daily Registration Fee of 50 cents is included in the entrance.

The Preliminary or Practice Events scheduled for Sunday and Monday, July 10 and 11, are open to all amateurs regardless of whether or not they are members of the Elks.

The management reserves the right to refuse any entry.

Loaded shells for sale on the grounds.

### Cash and Trophies

Open to Elks Only

#### Tuesday, July 12th

Lodge Team Championship . . . . . \$1,500  
\$500 to winning team; \$400 for second;  
\$300 for third; \$200 for fourth and \$100  
for fifth.

Championship at Singles . . . . . \$ 900  
Purse distributed under Lewis Class  
System; four classes; \$225 in each class;  
divided: *High Guns*—ten moneys—22,  
18, 14, 11, 10, 8, 5, 5, 4 and 3 per cent.  
in each class.

Championship at Doubles . . . . . \$ 100  
Distributed \$30, \$20, \$15, \$13, \$12, and  
\$10 to the six High Guns.

#### Wednesday

State Team Championship . . . . . \$ 500  
\$150 to winning team; \$125 for second;  
\$100 for third; \$75 for fourth and \$50  
for fifth.

Elks National Handicap—16 to 25 yards. . \$1,500

Three Trophies . . . . . \$ 500  
One to the winner of the Championship  
at Singles; one to the winner of the  
Championship at Doubles, and one to  
the winner of the National Handicap.

Total . . . . . \$5,000

Ladies' Championship Event—Trophy to the winner and a trophy to the runner-up. Donated by Mr. H. R. ("Hy") Everding, Portland, Oregon.

President's Trophy—Gruen Wrist Watch to the Elks' All-Around Champion—100 singles first day, 25 doubles and 100 handicap; total 250 targets. Donated by Mr. Charles S. Hart, New York.

Capt. Billy Fawcett Trophy—To the high individual score in the Lodge Team Race. Donated by W. H. Fawcett, Robbinsdale, Minn.

L. R. Maxwell Trophy—To the contestant making the longest run. Donated by Mr. L. R. Maxwell, Chicago.

The Elks Magazine Trophy—To the winning team in the Lodge Team Championship event.



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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 48)

### Hobart, Okla., Lodge Enjoys Old-Time Initiation

The members of Hobart, Okla., Lodge, No. 88r, had one of the most enjoyable evenings of many months on the occasion of a recent initiation and social session. Many visitors and a large proportion of the members, including ten Past Exalted Rulers, were present for the fine exemplification of the ritual for a class of fifteen candidates, and from the opening of the session, till supper closed the evening's entertainment, a fine spirit of festivity and good-fellowship prevailed.

### Los Angeles Antlers Lodge Exemplifies Spirit of Senior Order

Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge of Antlers, No. 11, sponsored by Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, is imbued with the finest principles of its Big Brothers, and takes its share in the work of the Order wherever possible. The most recent exhibitions of this spirit were the purchase of a \$1,000 bond in the Elks Building Association and the forwarding to Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow of a check for \$100 for the Mississippi Valley Relief Fund—fine work for a group of youngsters whose average age is well under twenty.

### Weehawken, N. J., Lodge Wins Home-and-Home Tournament Trophy

At the second annual banquet of those New Jersey Lodges which take part in the Home-and-Home Tournament, Weehawken, N. J., Lodge, No. 1456, was awarded the general trophy, as well as first prizes for billiards, pool and pinocle. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Lenihan presided as toastmaster at the dinner, which was held in the grill of Union Hill Lodge, No. 1357. The Home-and-Home Tournament has proved of great value in developing a spirit of good-fellowship among the Lodges taking part, and to John J. Murphy, its originator, goes much gratitude for the comradely sport enjoyed.

### Cumberland, Md., Lodge Observes Fortieth Anniversary

With Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener and Judge D. Lindley Sloan as guests of honor, Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, recently celebrated its fortieth anniversary. The banquet which marked the event was held in the Queen City Hotel, and many prominent citizens and members of the Order were present to congratulate the Lodge on its many excellent achievements. Mr. Tener addressed the large gathering and praised the membership for its loyalty and accomplishments. Other speakers of the evening included Charles A. Stewart of Frostburg, Md., Lodge, No. 470, and Congressman F. N. Zihlman. It was a thoroughly delightful occasion and was attended by members from many Lodges throughout the region.

### Alabama State Elks Association Meets in Talladega

At the sixth annual convention of the Alabama State Elks Association held in Talladega the last week in May, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Thomas, E. Martin, Montgomery Lodge, No. 596; First Vice-President, E. J. McCrossin, Birmingham Lodge, No. 79; Second Vice-President, J. L. McLean, Talladega Lodge, No. 603; Third Vice-President, Ben W. Spielberg, Sheffield Lodge, No. 1375; Treasurer, C. L. Haley, Florence Lodge, No. 820; Secretary, H. M. Bagley, Birmingham Lodge; Trustees: S. K. Booker, Talladega Lodge; Pat O. Byrne, Eufaula Lodge, No. 912; Sam Lefkovits, Bessemer Lodge, No. 721; P. J. MacHoff, Sheffield Lodge.

The meeting was impressively opened on the courthouse lawn with a salute fired by the Talladega Howitzer Company, of the National Guard, and Mayor H. P. McElderry addressed the visitors, among whom were Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Harvey M. Blue, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers George P. Bell

(Continued on page 80)

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THE most sensible Ring Improvement of the century! The "REVERSO" Ring. TWO Rings combined in ONE. Top of Ring is reversible. It is mounted on a pivot. One side of the top has an EMBLEM—the other side a CAMEO! YOU can change it from EMBLEM to CAMEO and vice-versa in JUST THREE SECONDS! A touch of the plunger does it! A revolutionizing invention!

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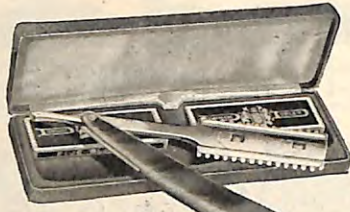
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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 79)

and H. C. Farley, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward J. McCrossin, a member of the Allen Memorial Committee of the Grand Lodge. The city was profusely decorated in the Elk colors and the citizens generally lent their aid to Talladega Lodge in welcoming the more than 300 delegates and visitors. Among the important resolutions adopted was one requesting each Alabama Lodge to support a Boy Scout Troop for underprivileged youngsters, and appointing a committee to take up the matter.

A competitive drill for the Bell cup, sight-seeing trips, dances and receptions and a barbecue and picnic were some of the entertainments which Talladega Lodge had prepared for its guests and which were thoroughly enjoyed by everyone attending.

### New State Officers in New York and Massachusetts Associations

The officers elected for 1927-1928 at the recent convention of the New York State Elks Association held in Troy are as follows: President, Miles S. Hencle, Syracuse Lodge, No. 31; Secretary, Philip Clancy, Niagara Falls Lodge, No. 346; Treasurer, Jay Farrier, Oneida Lodge, No. 767.

The Massachusetts State Elks Association, meeting at Haverhill, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, James R. Flanagan; First Vice-President, George Stanley Harvey; Second Vice-President, James R. Savery; Third Vice-President, William E. Earle; Trustees, Joseph F. Perault, John C. Byrne, Dr. E. Harold Donovan; Treasurer, Bernard E. Carbin; Secretary, Jeremiah J. Hourin. It was decided to hold the 1928 meeting at Northampton.

Detailed accounts of these important conventions will be reported fully in the August number of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

### New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge Loses Well-Known Member by Death

William C. Jaques, Director of the Department of Public Safety of New Brunswick, N. J., a well-beloved figure in his community, a charter member and, for thirty-one years, Trustee of New Brunswick Lodge, No. 324, died recently after a brief illness. Mr. Jaques, who was seventy years old, and had just been reelected to his post for the third time, was a prominent figure in Middlesex County life for many years, and a devoted worker for his Lodge. Preferring the comparative anonymity of trusteeship to the more prominent Lodge offices, he gave freely of his time to the building committee which was in charge of the construction of the beautiful, recently dedicated Home of the Lodge, and to other activities of No. 324, and a few months ago was elected to life membership by the grateful members. Elk services were held in his memory, the public and Lodge members alike uniting in the last tribute to a faithful worker and friend.

### South Carolina State Elks Association To Establish Scholarship Fund

A permanent revolving loan fund for the benefit of promising young men and women seeking an education is to be established by the South Carolina State Elks Association, it was decided at a special meeting held in Columbia a short while ago. The fund, to be raised by the Lodges of South Carolina, and from the treasury of the Association, will be available to both high school and college students, and it is hoped that two or three may be aided the first year, and the number added to as additional money is acquired. William H. Reinhart, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, made the principal address of the session, presenting the scholarship plan to the delegates, and telling of the success of similar efforts by other State Associations.

Some 150 Elks from all over the State attended the special meeting and elected the following officers for the coming year: President, E. M. Wharton, Greenville Lodge, No. 858; First Vice-President, Wilson Hunter, Columbia

Lodge, No. 1190; Second Vice-President, Henry Tecklenburg, Charleston Lodge, No. 242; Third Vice-President, Dr. C. S. Breedin, Anderson Lodge, No. 1206; Secretary and Treasurer, R. E. Cochran, Anderson Lodge; Trustees: Manley Sanders, Columbia Lodge; Fred McCullough, Greenville Lodge; and B. S. Livingston, Georgetown Lodge, No. 900.

The committee which will administer the scholarship fund is composed of William S. Nelson, Columbia Lodge; Rutledge Rivers, Charleston Lodge; and Proctor A. Bonham, Greenville Lodge.

### News of the Order From Far and Near

Information is wanted as to the whereabouts of Will H. Jones, Past Exalted Ruler and honorary life member of St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge who has been missing since early April. He was probably carrying a life membership card number 43, and member's number 26. Information should be sent to V. N. Ridgely, Secretary of St. Petersburg Lodge.

N. B. Bryant, who has just passed his ninety-second birthday, is claimed by Le Mars, Iowa, Lodge to be the oldest member in the State, if not in the Order.

Three generations, grandfather, father and son, are represented in Lawrence, Kans., Lodge: Oliver P. Barber, now eighty; his son, Perry, fifty-three; and the grandson, Oliver P., who is twenty-four.

Melrose, Mass., Lodge appropriated the necessary sum to pay the initiation fees and two years' dues of the five members of the U. S. Grant Post, No. 4, G. A. R., who had expressed a desire to become members of the Lodge, and in two years will confer honorary life membership upon the veterans.

At the corner-stone laying of a new unit of the Betty Bacharach Home for afflicted children at Longport, N. J., it was announced that members of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge were marking the occasion by a gift of \$1,100 to the maintenance fund, and that the Morris Guards were assuming the expenses of one of the little patients in the Home.

For the tenth consecutive year Seattle, Wash., Lodge acted as host to the veterans of the Civil War on Decoration Day.

Muscatine, Iowa, Lodge celebrated the initiation of a class of more than seventy candidates with a street parade and entertainment.

Kearny, N. J., Lodge recently unveiled a memorial tablet to Esteemed Lecturing Knight Captain C. Arnold Mohn, who died in office early this year.

Several hundred youngsters attended the Boys' Night entertainment given in the Home of the Lodge by the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Seattle, Wash., Lodge.

The boys belonging to the Lodge of Antlers sponsored by Glendale, Calif., Lodge are forming an orchestra.

Attleboro, Mass., Lodge has appointed a building committee, empowered to buy or build a new Home.

Freeport, N. Y., Lodge recently entertained the William Clinton Story Post of the American Legion in its Home.

Waterbury, Conn., Lodge reports it is making great progress in enlarging its membership.

Fredericksburg, Va., Lodge has five brothers, all members. They are Dr. S. L. Scott; S. Taylor Scott; Rev. Hugh D. Scott; George A. Scott; and D. William Scott.

Martins Ferry, Ohio, Lodge claims its Exalted Ruler is the youngest in the Order. Thomas J. McConville is twenty-four years old.

Many members turned out to greet District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Truman A. Snell on the occasion of his official visit to Mt. Carmel, Ill., Lodge.



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