

# The Elks

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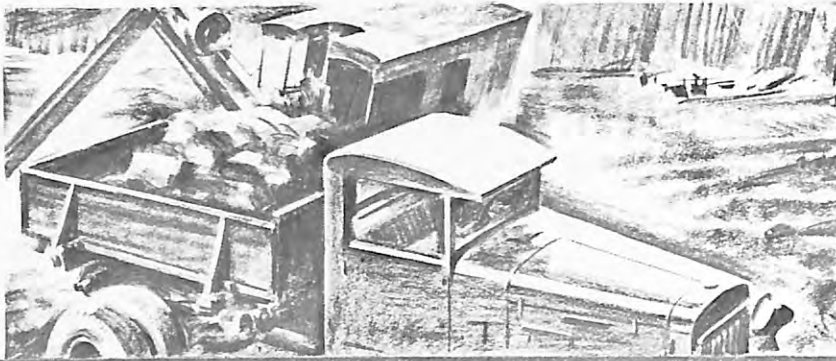
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## Magazine

SEPTEMBER, 1930



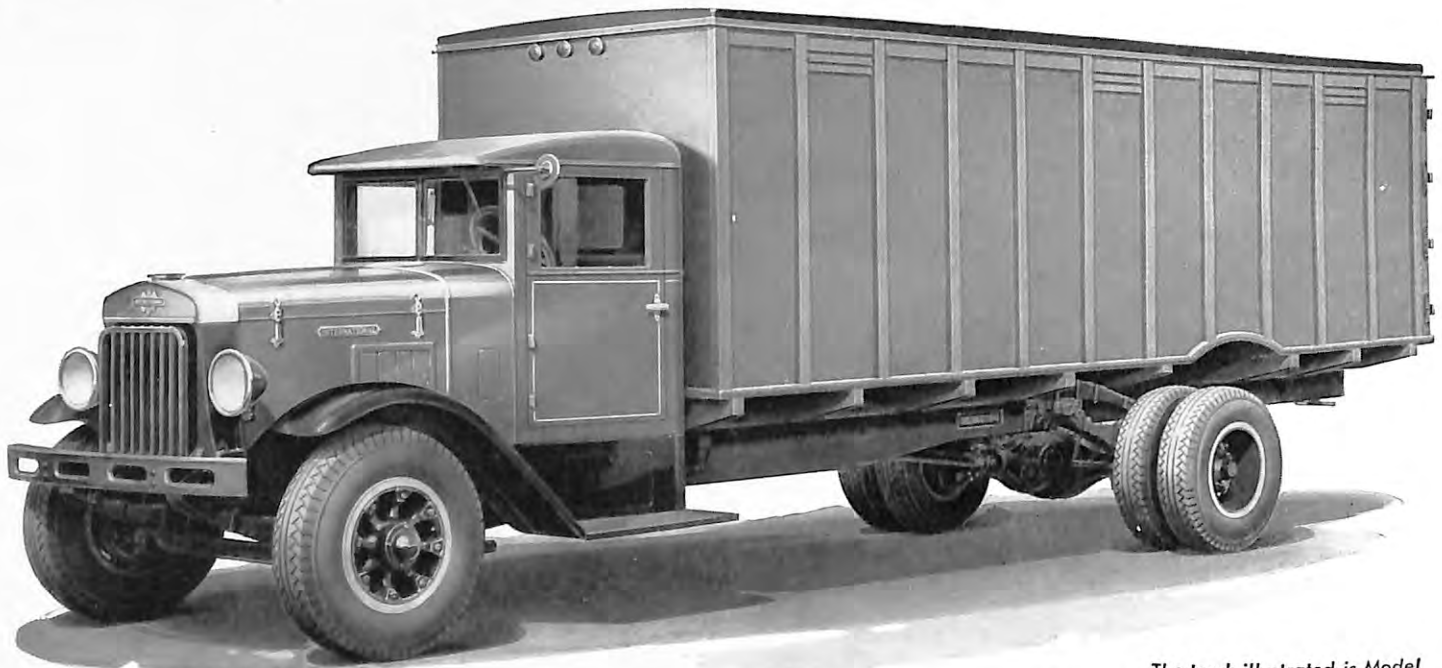
In This Issue: "The Quest of Sir Thomas," by James B. Connolly, the story of the America's Cup Race; and other timely stories and features



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Volume Nine  
Number Four

# THE ELKS MAGAZINE

## Features for September, 1930

Charles E. Pickett, Past Grand Exalted Ruler . . . . .	4	Behind the Footlights . . . . .	21
Grand Exalted Ruler, Open Letter to the Elks . . . . .	5	The Quest of the Thunderbus—Part V, a romantic novel by John Chapman Hilder . . . . .	24
The Quest of Sir Thomas, an article by James B. Connolly . . . . .	7	<i>Illustrations by Raeburn Van Buren</i>	
<i>With photographs</i>		Earl Sande, an article by Jack O'Donnell . . . . .	28
On Condition, a story by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding . . . . .	10	<i>With photographs</i>	
<i>Illustrated by W. C. Rosser</i>		Editorials . . . . .	30
Sixty Minutes a Day, book reviews by Claire Wallace Flynn . . . . .	13	The Social Side of the 1930 Grand Lodge Convention . . . . .	32
<i>Decoration by G. de Zayas</i>		The Elks National Trapshoot . . . . .	35
Amateur Star Gazers, an article by Boyden Sparkes . . . . .	14	Under the Spreading Antlers—News of the Order . . . . .	38
<i>Drawings by Louis Fancher</i>		News of the State Associations . . . . .	40
Johnny on the Spot, a story by Ferdinand Reyher . . . . .	18	Directory of Subordinate Lodges—1930-1931 . . . . .	42
<i>Illustrations by Douglas Duer</i>		Investment Counsel, an article by Paul Tomlinson . . . . .	64

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**"If You've Anything to Say  
Speak Up!"—Barked the President**

**-and I Answered with a Speech  
that Pushed Me Ahead 10 Years!**

THE little knot of men around the conference table sat silent as the President's voice rasped to the end of what he was saying.

"It's a bad mess, men, and that's all there is to it," he said. "Now I want some ideas from you fellows. Wellington," he turned to me suddenly. "Have you anything to say? If so, speak up!" His words came like a flash of lightning. I was in for it now! No time to dodge; no chance to pass the buck to someone else. Almost before I knew it I was on my feet. As I rose I heard some one at the end of the table whisper:

"This is going to be a joke! Poor Wellington'll about die on his feet, trying to talk at this meeting."

"I know it," was the whispered reply. "He's so timid he can't say two coherent sentences. He'll only make a show of himself, and waste valuable time."

I knew they were impatient and scornful—expecting to see me make a chump of myself. Then I grinned to myself, waiting to see their expressions.

It was a treat to watch their faces change with my first words. From bored annoyance their expressions turned to amazement—then to the tensest interest. In clear, concise terms, without a halt or hitch, I told them just where I knew the trouble lay, where the waste of time and money came in, and how everything could be remedied. For the few minutes it took to tell the whole story I had that group of executives hanging onto my words—spellbound. There was not a sound from any of them until I had finished—then a regular chorus of admiring words broke forth from every man there: "That's the idea, all right!" "The very thing I thought

and didn't know how to say!" "Great stuff, Wellington!"

At the end of it all: "Well, that settles that," said the President. "You certainly know what you're talking about, Wellington. But while I think of it, young man, I'd like an explanation from you. Why haven't you spoken out like this before? Why have you always acted around here as though you were

afraid of your own voice. You can certainly talk well enough when you want to! What brought about the change?"

I laughed. "It was just a case of stage-fright that got cured," I admitted. And then I told them how a certain, wonderful little free booklet had shown me how to change almost overnight from an embarrassed, retiring "human clam" into the self-assured man who had addressed the conference.

"That book did a wonderful thing for you," commented the President. "Anyway, Wellington, I want you to take charge of the work of straightening out that ware-

house tangle. There ought to be a lot in it for you," he added significantly.

That was something over one year ago. Today I sit in a private office marked "Traffic Manager" on the door—next in line for the General Manager's position. I can hardly believe it, yet I know it's true, and I know that I owe it to that wonderful little booklet that explained to me the secrets of dominating, powerful speech. As far as promotion, salary and increased influence are concerned, that little speech pushed me ahead at least ten years.

More than that, I am now a popular after-dinner speaker—widely sought-after at civic and political meetings, and a constantly-in-

vited guest at social functions. The secrets of effective speech, which that little booklet told me about, and which I mastered in my own home in only twenty minutes a day, did the work.

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing speaker, an easy, fluent conversationalist. You, too, can conquer embarrassment and stage-fright. One of America's leading specialists in effective speech can aid you to rise to positions of greater prestige and wider influence. This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that by spending twenty minutes a day in the privacy of your own home you cannot fail to make rapid progress.

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative little booklet called "How To Work Wonders With Words." In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage-fright, self-consciousness, timidity and bashfulness. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—which can win for you advancement in salary and position, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy FREE by sending the coupon NOW.



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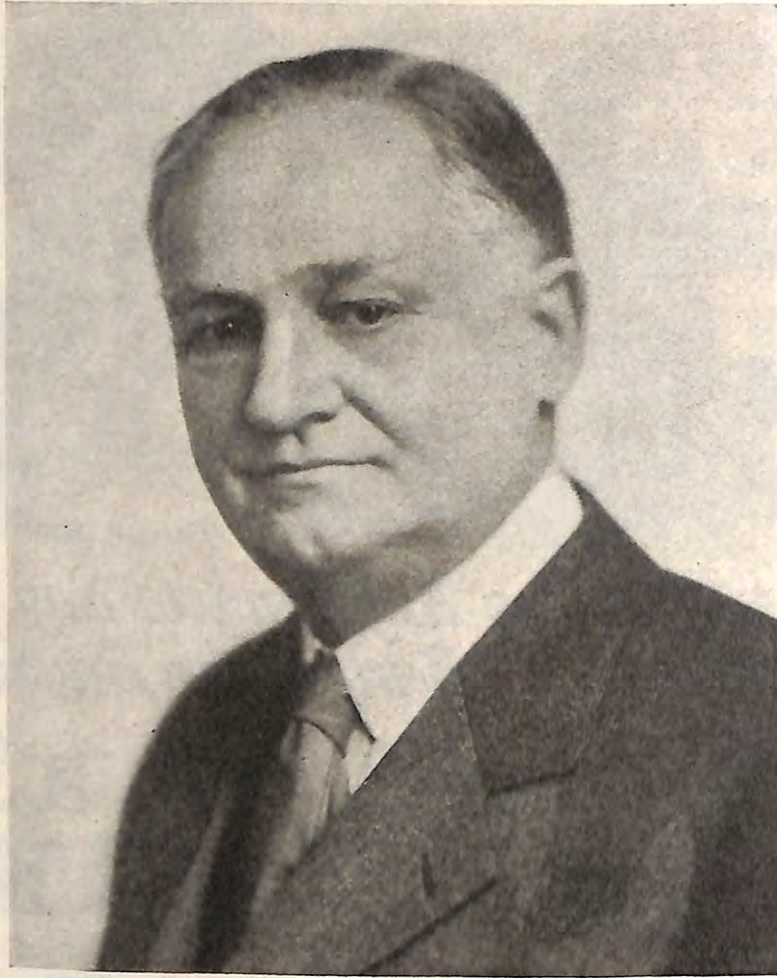
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**What 20 Minutes a Day  
Will Show You**

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- How to propose and respond to toasts
- How to make a political speech
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write better letters
- How to sell more goods
- How to train your memory
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to develop self-confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
- How to become a clear, accurate thinker
- How to develop your power of concentration
- How to become the master of any situation



MOSSETTER

## Charles E. Pickett

*Past Grand Exalted Ruler*

**O**N SUNDAY, July 20, at his home in Waterloo, Iowa, Charles E. Pickett, senior Past Grand Exalted Ruler, passed away of an illness which, though of long standing, became suddenly and unexpectedly acute.

Mr. Pickett, a native of Van Buren County, Iowa, had been a resident of Waterloo since 1872. He was a beloved and respected figure in his community and his State, a brilliant lawyer, an able and devoted public servant, and a valued friend.

Though in recent years ill health had kept Mr. Pickett from active participation in the affairs of the Order, it is doubtful if his work in its behalf had ever been exceeded, in lasting and constructive effect, by that of any other leader.

He was initiated into Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge, No. 290, as a charter member in October, 1894, and was elected its Exalted Ruler in 1896. In 1897 he was named by his fellow members as representative to the Grand Lodge. His talents were immediately recognized, and in the same year he was appointed to the Grand Lodge Committee on Ritual, and in 1898 became its Chairman. From 1899-1901 he was a member of the Committee on Laws and Appeals, and in 1901 was elected Grand Exalted Ruler. During his term at the head of the Order, he initiated many methods and practices which are still followed by the Grand and subordinate Lodges. In 1902 he

was made a member of the Committee on the Elks' National Home, and in 1905 Chairman of the Special Committee on Constitution Revision, which post he filled for two years. In 1907 he became the first Chief Justice of the Grand Forum. For the following twenty years Mr. Pickett occupied no official position, but during much of this period he gave generously of his time and of his great ability in the councils of the Order. At the time of his death he was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Elks National Foundation, to which he had been appointed in 1928, when the Foundation was created by Grand Lodge action. He had served previously, in 1927-28, as a member of the Elks National Foundation Committee which drafted the Foundation's plan of action.

Funeral services were held at the family residence on Wednesday, July 23, and burial was in Elmwood Cemetery. Among the great throng of friends and associates who attended the services were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell, Frank L. Rain, J. Edgar Masters and James G. McFarland.

The late Past Grand Exalted Ruler is survived by Mrs. Pickett, a daughter, Miss India Pickett, and two sons, Edgar and Charles Pickett. To them, and to his innumerable friends, THE ELKS MAGAZINE conveys the deep and sincere sympathy of the entire Order.



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

**Open Letter to the Elks**

*Allentown, Pa.  
August 4, 1930*

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

DEAR BROTHERS:

Elkdom is a privilege for the enjoyment of good fellowship with kindred spirits.

Elkdom is a kingdom in which business cares and professional worries are laid aside for the while.

I extend to all the members of the Order my appreciation of the honor conferred upon me at Atlantic City in being selected as the ruler of this kingdom for a year.

After you have read this letter will you not greet the very first Elk you may meet with a smile, and say to him, "Hello, Brother"? And will you not also speak to your friends about the privileges of this kingdom?

In every community there are many business and professional men who are not, but should be, Elks.

On the occasion of visitations to subordinate Lodges I would be most happy to welcome into the Order new members in whom you have aroused the desire to become Elks.

I will very much appreciate your friendly and hearty cooperation during the coming year, not only to make our Order numerically stronger, but also to make it a real kingdom of hearts in which good fellowship may reign supreme.

Sincerely and Fraternaly Yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Lawrence H. Rupp." The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name of the ruler.

*Grand Exalted Ruler.*

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*The race between the Shamrock I and the Columbia (right) might have gone to Sir Thomas's craft if her topmast hadn't given way. Since then he has lost many another close contest. But he comes this year to try his chances again with Shamrock V (below). At the extreme right is a recent photograph of the gallant Irish yachtsman*



BROWN BROS.



WIDE WORLD

# The Quest of Sir Thomas

By James B. Connolly

HERE is Sir Thomas Lipton once more in quest of the America's Cup, and here is a curious aspect of that quest: that cup was most gallantly won by the *America* in the beginning, and our yachts have tenaciously defended it since, yet if a ballot could be taken, it would be found that millions of good Americans to-day wouldn't be at all grieved should Sir Thomas take that same cup back home with him.

It's been seventy years since the *America* won that cup.

An exposition was to be held in London, during which England was to prove herself the world's industrial master (and she so did, when the time came), but to make a perfect year of it some London merchants conceived the idea of demonstrating England's world-leadership in other lines than trade.

What other lines? Well, there was yachting; and so, to their correspondents in Europe and the United States, they let it be known that they would welcome a challenge from some good foreign yacht.

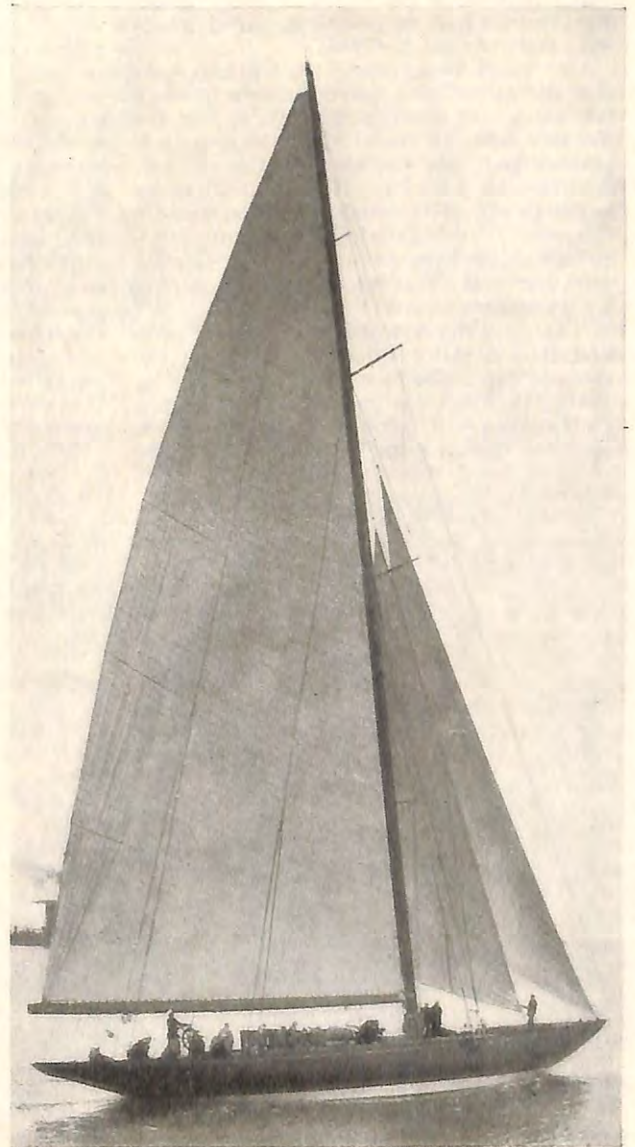
The letters of the London merchants to New York correspondents were turned over to the New York Yacht Club, the only club of its kind in this country. The United States at this time—1850—had no yachting prestige; we lacked the surplus wealth and the leisure class to be going in for that sort of thing. Yachting was a "gentleman's sport," an expensive sport. Our history could show only two yachting clubs of record; and one of these was already dead; and the other, the New York Yacht Club already named, was a puny thing compared with any of scores of like clubs across the water.

But if the New York Yacht Club was no powerful organization, on its muster roll were several good sportsmen, public-spirited citi-

zens, who happened also to be not without some means. The Club's Commodore, John C. Stevens, was one such. John C. went into conference with some fellow members who were pretty much of his way of thinking in matters of sport, and they decided to take up the English challenge.

No yacht of theirs then afloat was quite to their liking. They would have to build a boat. For the designer of that boat they chose George R. Steers, then thirty years old and the son of a British emigrant, a shipwright, who had left or been driven out of England during the Napoleonic Wars; had set up a residence in a French port and there took joy of building of fast French craft that later brought much trouble to the King's cutters of England. This elder Steers had a deep Irish streak in him with the prevalent Irish habit of that day of being "agin the gover'ment."

This rebellious emigrant's son, George, just naturally rejoiced in the task of designing a craft that was meant to outsail anything over in England. It was to be a labor of love as well as of profit and fame. He turned to on this job, stayed by it night and day. His nephew, David Conlon, relates how his uncle George would have him holding a candle for hours of a night while working on the model of



WIDE WORLD

the boat that was to race against all England, or how he would go down to the shipyard on a Sunday, and there, where all was quiet, not a soul to disturb him, he would study his new creation. Perhaps after an hour of intense contemplation, he would take an adze, chip a half-inch or so off the sheer of a frame. He would walk around her, and after another hour or so, perhaps alter another curve another half-inch. And so the *America* was designed and built by George Steers, a genius, if this country ever had one, among ship designers.

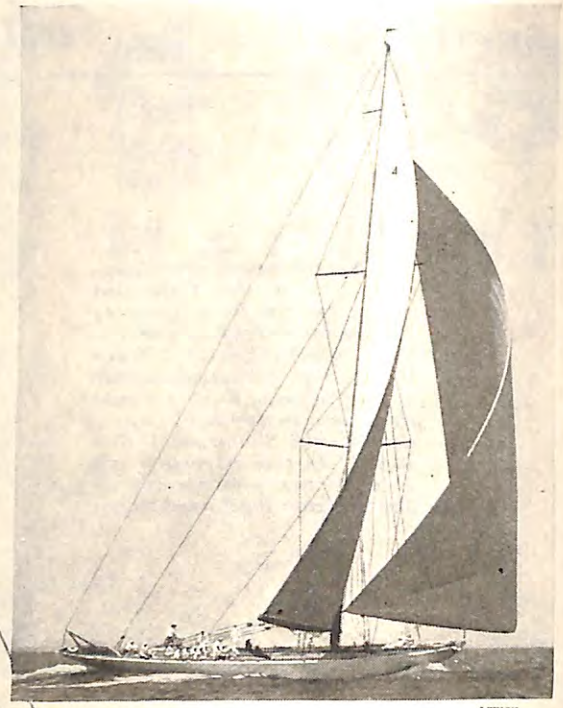
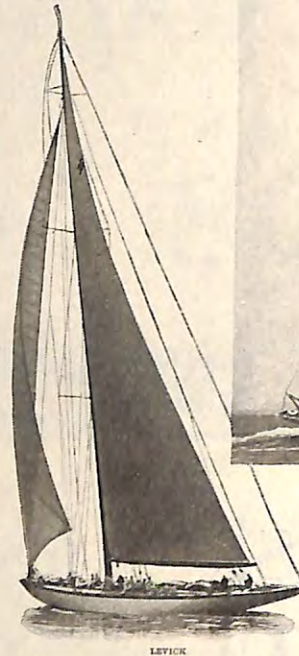
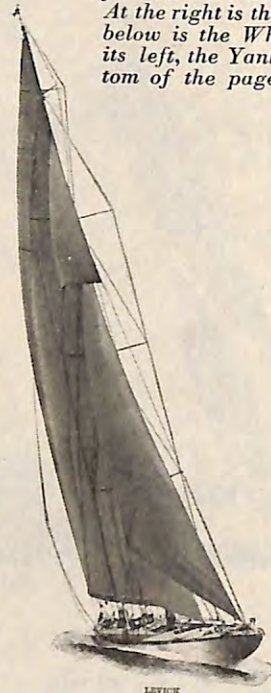
The *America* cost \$20,000, ready for sea. On June 21, 1851, she sailed for Cowes (Isle of Wight), where Commodore Stevens soon posted a challenge to race her against any British yacht of any class of tonnage whatever, for £10,000. Cutters, schooners or yawls—John C. didn't care which; only that it be boat for boat, and that a seven-knot breeze be blowing.

The *America*, though a good-sized yacht for those days—100 feet over all, 90 feet water line—was of less tonnage than several famous English racing yachts lying off Cowes right then. For all that, the British yachtsmen were very shy of taking her on. The trouble was that while she had yet to sail her first race, Commodore Stevens, by way of tuning her up, had been engaging in impromptu brushes with anything that came his way. In every brush the *America* had decisively outsailed whatever craft crossed her bows.

One English yachtsman, Robert Stephenson, did at last give Stevens a race (though for £100, not £10,000 a side); it was for shame's sake, to show the world that here was at least one Englishman who did not fear to take a licking, rather than that he hoped to win. The *America* and Stephenson's schooner *Titania* sailed over a twenty-mile-to-leeward-and-return course. The *America* gave her rival a scandalous beating, winning by six miles.

That was the *America's* only match race, and it was sailed after she had won the famous cup. She won the cup in a regatta; that is, she had to sail against a club's entire fleet, a contract not at all to the liking of Commodore Stevens. Among the

One of these four boats will defend the America's Cup this month. At the right is the *Enterprise*; just below is the *Whirlwind*, and, at its left, the *Yankee*. At the bottom of the page, the *Weetamoe*



vessels—schooners, cutters or whatever else a club could muster—the chances were that some one or two or three of them would find sailing conditions exactly suitable to their rig and design. It was not what Stevens would prefer; but any race was better than no race—he entered the *America* in the Royal Yacht Squadron's regatta.

This Royal Yacht Squadron was then the head and front of English yachting, the yachting club of all the world, they would tell you over there. It was the club of royalty. Among those present when the *America* started out against sixteen English schooners and cutters, was Queen Victoria. In her royal yacht she followed the racers over miles of the course after the start; and she was waiting around ten hours later for the finish.

The course that day was around the Isle of Wight, which, with head winds, called for about seventy miles of sailing. It was a day of light air, fresh breeze, fair winds and long legs to windward. The *America* won by twenty-four minutes. No competitor was in sight when she crossed the finish line.

It must have been disappointing for Her Majesty to witness from the deck of the royal yacht. According to the story:

"Who wins, Signal Master?" asked Queen Victoria.

"The American wins, Your Majesty."

"And who is second?"

"There is no second, Your Majesty."

That conversation was actually held by two ordinary yachting mortals; but it truly reflected the depression of the witnesses to the American victory. The use of the Queen's name was by way of impressing that depression on the public mind. The *America's* victory was a shock to all Britain, but such a joy to this country

that the trophy became known as the America's Cup.

What is it like? It is one of the homeliest trophies ever designed by anybody, at any time, for anything. It is loaded down with curleycues and arabesques, and it isn't even a cup.

It is a pitcher, and not much of a pitcher; for surely the first qualification of a pitcher is to be able to hold a certain liquid measure. Imagine the disgust of that ardent patriot who, on first laying eyes on the cup, hurried to empty two quarts of good lick into it; and then, lifting it from its pedestal to drink to the glo-o-rious victory, discovered that the darned thing had no bottom!

It is of silver, stands about two feet high, weighs about ten pounds, and on its bulging belly are recorded the results of the various races held for its possession. Its cost to the donor was \$500. Its cost to British yachtsmen who have tried to take it back and to American yachtsmen who have wanted to keep it here has been several million dollars. Sir Thomas Lipton alone must have spent two million dollars to date trying to win it. It isn't handsome, but it certainly does seem to be the most desirable trophy in the history of sport.

The five Americans who shared in the ownership of the *America* took turns as custodians of it, moving it from one home to another, celebrating each moving day, and each anniversary day, or any other day deemed worthy, with toasts to the great victory. Grown weary of waiting for some English yacht to come sailing into New York harbor for a try at bringing it back, they voted to melt it and have the metal cast into medals for themselves. Hefty medals they would have been—two pounds each. They held another session and decided not to melt it. In a later and happier hour they voted to give it into the keeping of the New York Yacht Club, to be held as a challenge trophy for any foreign yacht whatever.

It was nineteen years after the regatta off Cowes before an English yacht challenged. The *Cambria* she was, a big and able topsail schooner, owned by a Mr. Ashbury, whose first proposal was to sail his schooner against any single American schooner. This boat-for-boat challenge sounded fair enough. It was just such a challenge as Commodore Stevens issued when the *America* first arrived in English



waters; but the Golden Rule of Scripture was not in high favor with the classes or masses of that day, not when England and America were contesting. The New York Committee ruled that inasmuch as the *America* had been compelled to sail against the Royal Yacht Squadron's entire fleet for the cup, so the *Cambria* would now have to sail against the entire New York Club fleet.

The *Cambria* raced against fourteen American yachts. She finished in eighth place, half an hour in the wake of the winner after four hours of going. The old *America* was in the race; and she finished fourth, a place not at all to the liking of her fervent admirers, who claimed that a reduced rig and incapable handling had prevented her from winning.

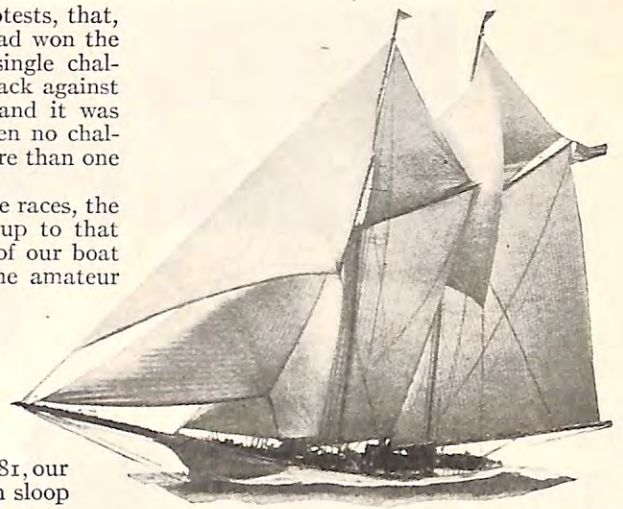
This Mr. Ashbury had some quaint ideas about cup racing. Thus, before leaving home, he had himself elected to membership in twelve English yacht clubs, and on arrival here he demanded that he be allowed to have twelve tries at the cup, one for each club of which he was a member. If he won a single race of the twelve, then he would claim the cup for the club whose colors he happened to be flying from his truck on that particular day. Another cute idea of his was that the Americans scrap their centreboard schooners and race him with a keel schooner. As practically all the fast American yachts carried centreboards, and as British yachts, fast or slow, were keel boats, his suggestion was not viewed with favor by the committee. A third idea of Mr. Ashbury's was that the Sandy Hook course be done away with. And why? Well, it was unfair to a visiting yachtsman. No time to get acquainted with local tides and flaws of wind off the near-by shore. To that the New York Committee retorted: "Was the Isle of Wight course fair for the visiting *America*? What time had she to get acquainted with local tides and currents of air?"

This Ashbury man was a persevering party. He returned the following year (1871) with a schooner, the *Livonia*, modeled as near like an American yacht as a patriotic Briton of that day would dare to go. She sailed five races, during which her contentious owner spent about as much time writing out protests as he did sailing

over the course. One of his protests, that, regardless of how the *America* had won the cup, it was still unfair for a single challenging boat to have to win it back against a whole fleet, was a just one; and it was finally allowed; and so, since then no challenger has had to sail against more than one defending yacht.

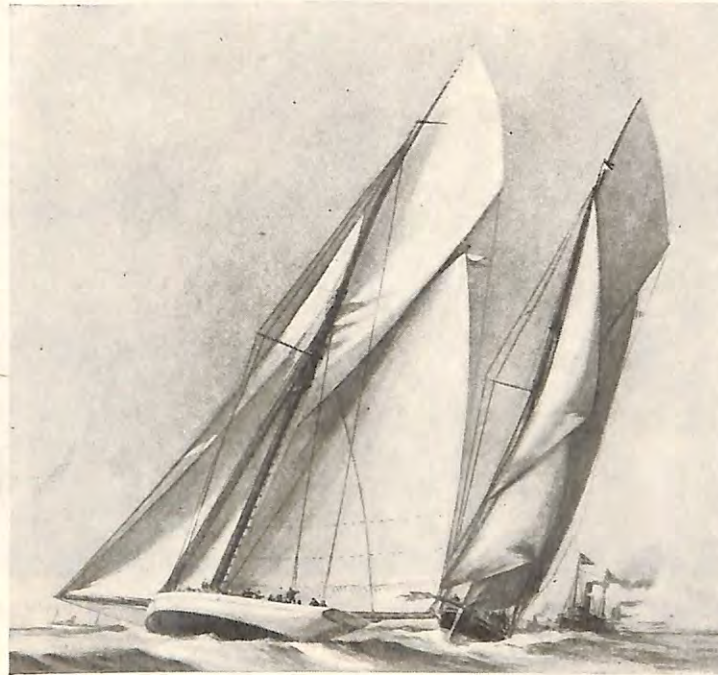
The *Livonia* won one of her five races, the only race won by a challenger up to that time. The alibi of the skipper of our boat for losing that race was that the amateur after-guard had too much to say about how it should be sailed.

After the *Livonia* try for the cup, English yachtsmen let the Canadians take a turn at it. The *Countess of Dufferin*, a schooner, raced our *Madeleine*, and was defeated in two straight races. In 1881, our sloop *Mischief* beat the Canadian sloop *Atalanta* in two straight races.



BROWN BROS.

The *America* herself (above) and (at the left) an incident in a later race for the cup she won, when the Puritan fouled the British yacht, the *Genesta*. At the bottom of the page, the *Cambria*, the first English challenger



LEWIS

The British were back on the job with the *Genesta*, a cutter. She raced our sloop *Puritan*, and in one of her races was beaten by only 1 minute 38 seconds. In 1886, our sloop *Mayflower* beat the cutter *Galatea* by 12 minutes and 29 seconds. In 1887, our sloop *Volunteer* beat the cutter *Thistle* in two straight races. In 1893, our sloop *Vigilant* beat the cutter *Valkyrie* in three straight races; and in 1895, the sloop *Defender* beat the *Valkyrie III* in three straight races. One of the *Valkyries* came within forty seconds of taking one race.

The noticeable quality in the later challengers was their increasing resemblance to the American style of racing yacht; that is, the old English deep, narrow and straight-stemmed boat was giving way to a shoaler and wider craft, with longer overhang fore and aft.

The record of the cup racing up to the *Valkyrie's* series was one of pretty good feeling. Mr. Ashbury did let a few squawks out of him, and the New York Committee did betray a disposition to give away nothing they were not compelled to, but no nasty disturbance was engendered thereby; the public early recognizing that all parties to the argument were very practical business men when they weren't yacht-racing, and a real business man just natural-

ly likes to get value received for his shillings or dollars.

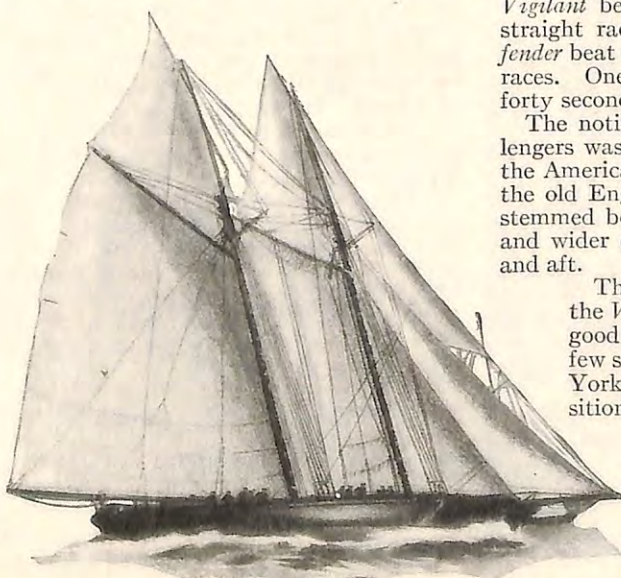
The Canadian challengers when they came were not looking for the best of it; and Sir Richard Sutton in his turn showed himself a real good sportsman. In his very first race his boat was fouled by ours. He could have had one race right then and there by sailing over the course alone, so the New York Committee informed him; to which Sir Richard replied: "Thanks, but we don't want to win a race that way. We came over here to race, not to sail solo."

Lieutenant Henry of the Royal Navy, who sailed the *Galatea*, also left here with only good wishes in his wake; but not so Lord Dunraven, owner of the two *Valkyries*. In his first series of races he charged the *Vigilant's* captain with intentionally fouling him; in his second series he charged the *Defender's* owners with turning in false water-line measurements, and her crew with shifting ballast between races. His claim of a foul was disallowed; his charges against the *Defender's* owners and crew were declared unproven. Notwithstanding these adverse judgments, Dunraven carried his protest home with him; so affording a belligerent press on the other side a fine excuse to discuss "Yankee trickery"; and on our side for repeating the ancient jest that the boast of the English that they never knew when they were licked was probably quite true.

It began to look as if the battle for the cup had ended with the second *Valkyrie*. Rough riders of the press over there said as much, easing their feelings with reference to stock jobbers who brought the tactics of Wall Street into the field of sport. Gentler brethren of the British press had it that the cup hunt was becoming too expensive, Englishmen sufficiently interested and at the same time wealthy enough to afford the enormous expense of a cup challenger being too few.

The expense reason was childish. Thirty years ago there were probably more extremely wealthy men in England than in the

(Continued on page 58)



BROWN BROS.



"Now kindly say—I accept this purse. I am now the master of this purse"

# On Condition

By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

Illustrated by W. C. Rosser

THE moon, so loved and sung for her chaste beauty, had no charm for Hackett that night. On the contrary, she seemed to him a sterile and cruel goddess. He wandered about for a time through the streets of the little tropic town; the hotels were brilliantly alight, he could hear snatches of dance-music, and all this seemed to him pitiable. He was acutely aware that these lights, this music, were manifest upon a little island of coral in the midst of a waste of water, that the moon was dead, hideously barren and cold. He was, in short, out of sorts, for no very good reason.

For a while he almost relished his bitter awareness, but presently it began to alarm him a little, and he turned to seek refuge with his fellow creatures. He had been elected a temporary member of a certain club, and he went there now, wanting to talk and to drink, and to forget ghastly Selene.

He found four men sitting there, smoking. Three of them were Colonials, quiet, matter-of-fact men, but the fourth was a fellow-countryman of Hackett's, an American, a big swaggering fellow with a black mustache, a sort of Porthos. Hackett knew him by

sight, knew that his name was Consadine, and that he was reputed to be very rich. He had, hitherto, not wanted to know any more, but to-night, in his black depression, he responded almost eagerly to the other's friendly salutation. And before long, he came to see this fellow as a godsend, because of his vigorous and diverting conversation. Certainly he had been drinking, but the sound whiskey had but stimulated him, induced in him a mood of rich exuberance.

One of the Colonials made some remark about the tourist trade.

"Everyone's a tourist," said Consadine, "without a return ticket. When we're young, they give us all the booklets and folders, about the lands we are going to see. Ha . . .! Bright-colored pictures—the land of heart's desire—the castles in Spain. Then it depends on the Purser what accommodation you get. And he's not fair. One fellow gets a cabin de luxe, and one gets an upper berth, just by caprice . . . And once you're on board, you've got to go wherever the

Captain chooses to take you. You can't get off, unless you go overboard."

"I see what you mean by the Captain," said Hackett, "but who's this Purser?"

"Fate!" said Consadine. "Destiny—Luck. People tell you that if you're good, he'll give you the best accommodation. But he doesn't. He likes his joke."

"I don't agree with you there," said one of the islanders. "I think we get pretty much what we deserve."

"Then business must be good with you," murmured Consadine, and, louder: "But who's to be the judge of what we deserve? No . . ." He was silent for a moment. "No," he repeated. "There's only one way to handle the Purser, and that's to observe his conditions. You can get anything you want—on condition."

"I DON'T see that," said the islander, mildly obstinate.

"I can tell you a little story," said Consadine, "to illustrate my point. If you'd care to hear it? Thanks!" He stopped and lit a cigar. "It happened to a friend of mine—we'll call him Ansell—and when this thing happened, he was in trouble, serious trouble, half-sick with worry and misery.

He'd lost every penny he owned on the market, and he'd lost his job, and he saw that he'd have to lose his girl. She was a nice girl; she would have stood by him, but he didn't want that. He wanted to give her everything, wanted to be magnificent.

"Her sister was getting married, and she'd asked Ansell out to the wedding, and he hadn't even answered her letter. Because just when he got it, the crash came, and he was sunk. He couldn't go unless he were properly dressed and could give the sister a present. He didn't want to refuse, because he had a desperate hope that something would turn up in time. Someone had given him the tip to buy Barnstable Common at once, and he was trying to borrow from everyone he knew. He felt perfectly sure that if he could raise two thousand dollars, he could clean up something pretty, and pay all his debts, and get to that wedding. It didn't seem to him worth while to look for another job just then, because even a good salary wouldn't get him clear for months—years. He had to get that two thousand.

"WELL, one person after another turned him down, until there was no one left but an uncle who was extremely unlikely to give him anything but the worst sort of good advice. And one morning Ansell set off to tackle him. He had lain awake most of the night, and when he got up, he was in a bad state.

"I'll get that money—somehow," he said to himself.

"He began to shave, with an unsteady hand, and the sight of his own face in the mirror almost frightened him. It occurred to him that he looked sinister, wolfish, pale, with his mouth in a hard line, and his eyes narrowed with fatigue. Yes . . . It occurred to him that he looked like a man who was ready to do anything . . .

"He stopped at a dairy for a cup of coffee, then he went to the Grand Central and bought a ticket for the suburb where his uncle lived. He didn't have enough for a return ticket; his last coin went for a package of cigarettes. His pockets were empty now. He had to get that money.

"He got into the smoker and sat down by a window. The train was almost empty at this hour of the morning; everyone was going the other way, into the city, to work. Another train came in, opposite, and a stream of people hurried out of it and, as he watched them, a strange feeling came over him. It seemed to him as if he were the only man on earth without a job, as if he were a pariah, an outcast and, like all outcasts, hostile and dangerous. A little shiver ran down his spine; he stirred restlessly, and then, suddenly, he became aware that someone was staring at him."

Consadine paused.

"You mustn't object to my telling you all of our hero's thoughts and so on," he said. "You can put it down to intuition . . . Shall I go on? Yes, thanks, I could do with another drink . . . Well, as I was saying, Ansell became aware that some one was staring at him, and turning his head, he found a man sitting beside him.

"A small man, the other was, short and spare, with a black beard and a yellowish face, and remarkable eyes, tawny, unwinking, with the melancholy, mocking light in them that cats and tigers have. He was not at all abashed to be caught staring; he kept on doing so. When Ansell scowled, he smiled.

"A pleasant spring day!" he observed."

"Ansell muttered something, and turned back to the window. But he still felt the

other's eyes fixed upon him, and it was making him angry.

"See here," he began. "You seem—"  
"Then he stopped, for once more the strange and unpleasant thought came to him that he was an outcast, and that his desperation was plain to be read in his face.

"The other took a case out of his pocket, drew out a card, and handed it to Ansell.

"Doctor Alphonsus Raven," was engraved upon it.

"I am a professor of history, in a certain university," he proceeded, "but I should prefer to describe myself as a student of history. I have written a book. Have you by chance heard of it?—*The Philosophy of the Fairy-Tale*.

"Fairy-tale!" Ansell repeated, with a faint smile.

"You smile," said Doctor Raven. "My dear sir, you have perhaps heard a more or less common theory that the dragon of the fairy-tales was not a childish invention, but a racial memory of the pterodactyl." And," said Consadine, "he went on to develop a theory. He assured Ansell that fairy-tales were facts, exaggerated sometimes, sometimes distorted, but basically true: dragons, witches, fays and all. 'The supernatural powers described in the old legends,' Doctor Raven proceeded, 'are still active.'

"What? There still are witches?" said Ansell.

"Undoubtedly," said Doctor Raven. "And still an actual, tangible Power of Evil. That is one of the conditions of life. I have learned only one thing of value in my investigations, my dear sir. Only one. And that



The office door opened and Marie entered. She had come to 'surprise' him. He made a hideous, attempt to seem pleased

is, that life is rigidly conditioned by forces beyond our control.

"Well, natural forces—" Ansell began, diverted by his garrulous companion.

"No," said Doctor Raven. "I am speaking of supernatural forces."

"I don't believe in that sort of thing," said Ansell, bluntly.

"It doesn't much matter whether you do or not," said Doctor Raven, affably. "To proceed: people used to understand this. The old fairy-tales were designed to teach this, to teach that success is attained by a faithful submission to supernatural conditions. The prince can win his kingdom only on condition that he obey the orders of a frog, an enchanted horse. The princess can regain her lover, only on condition that she keep silent a twelvemonth, and so on. For a time, coincident with the rise of that arrogant empiricism which is called science, men forgot the old wisdom. But we are going back to it. Going back to it."

"Ansell had nothing to say to this, and Doctor Raven too fell silent. The train went flying along through the sunny country.

"I've got to get that money," thought Ansell.

"May I speak frankly?" said Doctor Raven, presently. "I'm old enough to be your father, and I've been through—everything."

"Glancing at him, Ansell could believe that. The man looked worn, fined-down, tempered into steely hardness; he looked indestructible, a being without age.

"It is obvious to me," he pursued, "that you are in some difficulty." Ansell started. "And," Doctor Raven went on, "I should like to be of assistance to you. The most valuable thing, of course, you would not accept."

"What's that?" asked Ansell.

"The benefit of my experience," said Doctor Raven. "But nobody will accept that. There are other things, however. There is money. For example, if you want money, I can give you all you want, with no inconvenience to myself."

"He's crazy!" thought Ansell.

"No, I'm not mad," said Doctor Raven, reading the young man's expression. "I happen to be in a position to offer money, unlimited money, to anyone I choose. I offer it to you."

ANSELL believed now that he understood, and he smiled, not pleasantly.

"I'm not in a position to buy stock—whether it's an oil well or a gold mine," he said.

"Doctor Raven smiled also, without a trace of resentment.

"Your opinion of human nature is a poor one," he said. "When I offer you my assistance, you suspect me either of madness or of a discreditable motive. I shall tell you the truth—which you will almost certainly disbelieve. I am offering you this gift simply because your personality interests me, and because I believe—if you will pardon me—that you would not be sorry to have money at your disposal. Will you accept it?"

"And he brought out of his pocket a little leather bag, worn and rubbed to a shiny blackness, and fastened with a leather thong about the neck.

"I'd like to know what it is, first, if you don't mind," said Ansell, very civilly. For he believed now that Doctor Raven was entirely sincere—and entirely mad.

"I can't explain so well unless

you accept it," said Doctor Raven. "You can return it to me at once, if you choose, but in order to make a satisfactory demonstration, it will be necessary for you to make a formal acceptance."

"Half-amused and half-pitying, Ansell took the shabby pouch in his hand.

"Now, kindly say—I accept this purse. I am now the master of this purse."

"Ansell repeated the words as gravely as he could.

"Now open it!" said Doctor Raven. "Take out what is in it."

ANSELL untied the leather thong, and putting his hand to the very bottom, brought out the only thing that was in it, a new fifty-cent piece. He found it difficult to keep his face straight, but he managed to do so, and, glancing at Doctor Raven, found him with his watch in his hand.

"Crazy as a loon!" thought Ansell.

"There was a silence.

"Now," said Doctor Raven, "take out another coin."

"I'm sorry," said Ansell, "but there's nothing else in it."

"Put your hand in!" said Doctor Raven, and, to humor him Ansell did so. He was a little surprised to find another fifty-cent piece in there, for he had been quite sure the pouch was empty.

"Nothing in it now?" asked Doctor Raven.

"Not a thing!"

"At the end of five minutes there will be another coin," said Doctor Raven.

"Ansell felt very sorry for him, with his shabby little pouch.

"Now!" said Doctor Raven, at the end of a silence, "take out another!"

"Ansell was absolutely certain this time that the pouch was empty, but to please the other he put in his hand. And there was another coin there.

"One comes every five minutes," Doctor Raven explained.

"Ansell leaned over and observed the doctor's watch, and at the end of five minutes found another coin in the pouch.

"How do you do it?" he asked, impressed.

"I don't do anything," said Doctor Raven. "This is the purse of Fortunatus. You've heard of it, haven't you?"

"Yes, of course," said Ansell, a little impatient at this hocus-pocus. "But I wish you'd tell me how you manage the trick. D'you mind my examining the thing?"

"Examine it, by all means. Only, don't let your five minutes pass. The coins don't accumulate, you know. If you take one out, there's another in five minutes. But if you don't take it out, there it stays. Always just the one."

"Ansell weighed the pouch in his hand, and it was very light; he turned it inside out, squeezed it, felt it, inch by inch.

"Most remarkable trick I've ever seen," he observed, uneasily.

"I believe you!" said Doctor Raven with a smile. "Now try again."

"The pouch was still turned inside out, but there was another fifty-cent piece in it. And Ansell felt a sudden desire to drop the purse.

"I know how you feel," said Doctor Raven. "It takes time to get accustomed to it. I've had it—a long time. But, of course, I'd heard of it, even before that. I went to Hungary especially to investigate the rumors I had heard, and I found it there, in the possession of an old gypsy woman. She was perfectly willing to sell it to me. She told me it had been in her family for generations, but they had no use for it."

"Why?" asked Ansell.

"I SUPPOSE they had reasons," said Doctor Raven. "It has had a peculiar history . . . When I first got it, there was a Greek drachma in it, but it changed into the present coin when I returned to this country. I assure you there is nothing inately mischievous in the thing. The money is genuine, and no curse attached to it. If you want it, you are welcome to it."

"Ansell was silent, staring with a frown at the pouch in his hand.

"Of course," Doctor Raven continued, "there are rigid conditions attached to it."

"The young man glanced up quickly.

"There is never more than one coin in it at a time, and one more at the end of five minutes, provided the first one be removed. And no one but the owner will find anything at all in it. And—" Doctor Raven paused. "And there is also the inevitable condition that attaches to all money-making."

"And what's that?"

"This doesn't apply to earning a living," said Doctor Raven. "Or to actual production, only to money-making. No doubt you know what it is."

"I don't," said Ansell.

"Anybody can make money," said Doctor Raven, "on condition that he wants money more than anything else."

"Ansell did not pay much attention to that.

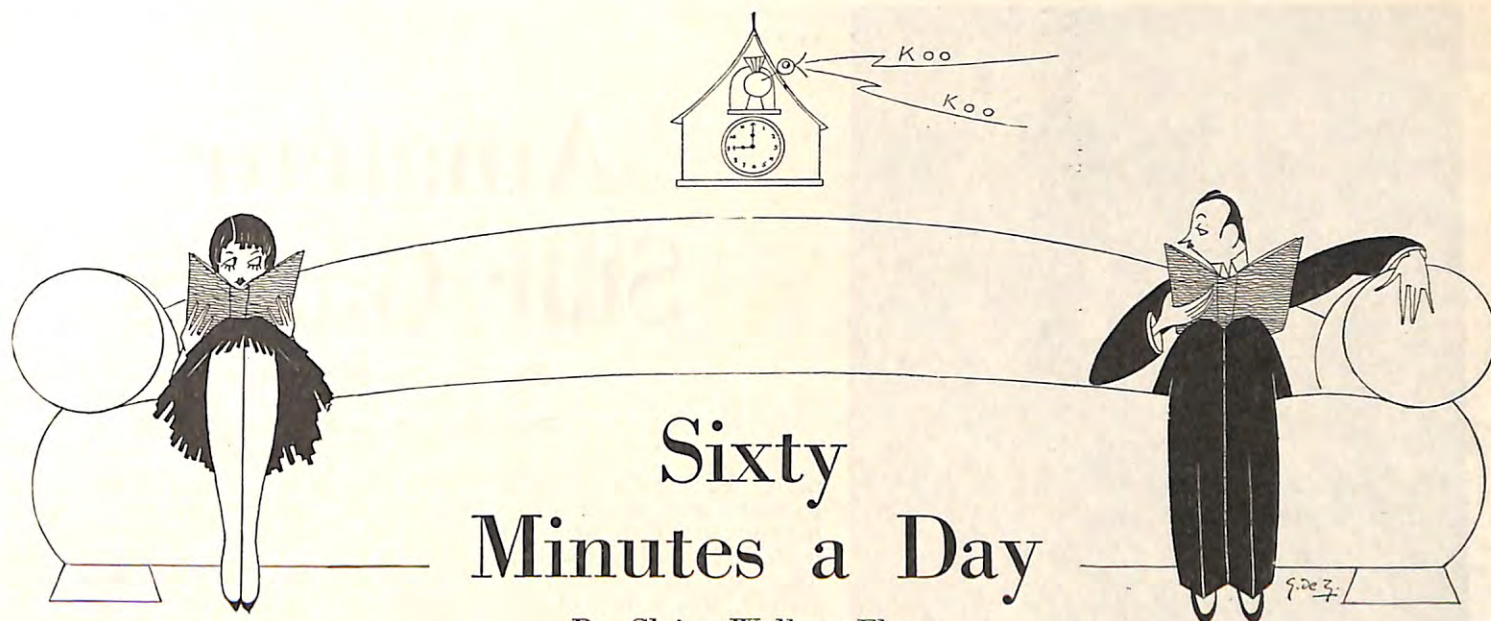
"May I borrow your watch?" he asked, with a pretty poor attempt at a casual and amused manner.

"Doctor Raven handed him his watch, a cheap enough one of nickel, and Ansell set to work to test this trick thoroughly. At the end of five minutes another coin; another five minutes, another coin; until there lay on his knees a small bright heap. Suddenly, and for no reason, he wanted to give the wallet back to Doctor Raven.

"But Doctor Raven was not there, and the conductor began bawling the name of Ansell's destined station.

(Continued on page 48)





## Sixty Minutes a Day

By Claire Wallace Flynn

Decoration by G. de Zayas

### *The Adams Family*

James Truslow Adams. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.)

WHEN someone asks you what is unquestionably one of the greatest biographies that has ever come out of America, you may safely answer, "The Adams Family." At the moment, the book-shelves appear to hold no other that even approaches it in quality and importance.

The dates 1735 and 1930 may be said to round out this study of a great American dynasty. Through two hundred years, Mr. James Truslow Adams (who, incidentally, is no connection of the distinguished New England family whose history he has so successfully recorded) traces the unique psychical energy of the Adamses—descendants of an English farmer who settled in Massachusetts in 1636. From John, "a man of oaken character," who became second President of these United States and first occupant of the White House, down to his great-great-grandson, Charles Francis Adams, present Secretary of the Navy, the family has maintained its unbroken and remarkable preeminence.

"That sudden, mysterious something that had occurred in the family strain with John, that had made the son of generations of village yeomen one of the half-dozen greatest men that America had yet produced, was to continue in his descendants. It is that which gives to the family its peculiar interest and significance, the continuance, once begun, of the combination of exceptional intellect with exceptional character."

As the author points out, such a "sequence" in one family, generation after generation, is extremely rare. He bids us contemplate how the line of Shakespeare, Napoleon, Jefferson, Lincoln, Scott "soon disappears . . . like a stream in the sands of a desert." It is easy to understand, then, how the Adamses came to present such a fascinating phenomenon to this historian, and why, with infinite gusto, he set himself to the task of tracing the thrilling record of the one family in our entire history which, during the passage of two centuries, has "consistently and without interruption made contributions of the highest order to our . . . civilization."

Research yielded not only historical documents, diaries, letters and family records, but also the open and adventurous pages of

200 of our most crowded and glorious years. Magnificent material! Two Presidents—three generations of Ministers to England—members of the Cabinet—scholars, writers, educators, public servants, and cultured private citizens! Surely no biographer ever possessed better heroes for a tale!

Mr. James Truslow Adams, who, you may remember, won a Pulitzer Prize for history several years ago, has handled his story in superb style. He has made it human and alive in every line. He presents us not only with the breathlessly absorbing romance of one of our "royal families," but with a moving picture of the march of our nation into the epoch of maturity.

Here, indeed, is modern biography of the very first rank.

### *Verdun*

By Marshal Petain. (The Dial Press, New York.)

A RESTRAINED, powerful description of the most heroic and spectacular "defense" in the World War, written by the man who conducted that defense. The book makes many of what we have come to class under one heading as "war stuff" look like cheap, hysterical fiction.

The attacks and counter-attacks upon the Fortress of Verdun (in France) engaged two enormous armies in a duel which lasted for nine horrific months. There has never been such a siege—such a defense. Upon the outer fort of Douaumont alone, it is estimated that more than 120,000 shells fell. To follow Petain's strategic movements (the excellent maps inserted in the book make this a fascinating thing to do) is to feel oneself a participant in the battle. Horror is lost in the magnitude of the action and in the selfless courage demanded of both the German and the French armies.

In all the war books that I have ever read there is, I think, no passage so stark with tragedy and heroism as the brief account of the last stand of Major Raynal and his companions at Fort Vaux. One dares not trust oneself to read aloud the simple, heart-stirring messages sent by these men—one brought by their last carrier pigeon, the others sent by visual signal, until the last broken word received by their helpless General tells of annihilation.

The whole book, in fact, has this quiet, terrific tone. Marshal Petain does not raise his voice. After all, a man who has been in hell needs make no fuss about it.

### *Liberty*

By Everett Dean Martin. (W. W. Norton & Co., New York.)

"MOST people of the generation now in middle life, by the time they reached their adolescence, have had built into them the strongest possible resistance to intellectual maturity"—says Mr. Martin (lecturer and writer on economics and psychology), striking all of us who are between the ages, say, of thirty and seventy, with a sentence guaranteed to bring us up sharp, and make us take stock of ourselves.

Is what he says true? Are we, indeed, content to go through life with a little boy's idea of "religion, morality, patriotism and liberty"?

And do we believe with him that "liberty, moral responsibility and reason stand and fall together"? In other words, do we agree that liberty is a thing within ourselves, bred in our minds and our hearts, to be achieved only by means of the deepest study and an understanding of those precious "ethics" so dearly fought for years ago, which are the heritage of our civilization?

In this twentieth century, Mr. Martin tells us, those persons who win to a certain "self-criticism or discrimination in matters of thought, intellectual honesty, and scepticism of popular slogans are really the friends of freedom."

For instance, he impales upon his lance the popular idea that all men are equal before the law. . . . During the year 1928, the Legal Aid Society of New York handled, in all, over 32,000 cases. The newspapers commented upon the work of this society as a deserving and inadequately supported "charity."

Our author springs to his feet:

"When," he cried, "justice among men is a charity which someone may grant or withhold at his pleasure, it can hardly be argued that our society gives equal liberty to all."

Well, here is something for us to think over.

The reading of Mr. Martin's fine book is a liberalizing experience in itself. It opens the windows of our minds and lets in plenty of good fresh air and sunlight. Smugness, that bugaboo of all thinking men and women, has

(Continued on page 60)

# Amateur Star Gazers

By Boyden Sparkes

Drawings by Louis Fancher



Aquarius

A FEW months ago a Kansas boy, Clyde Tombaugh, working in a photographic dark room of the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, saw a mysterious speck on a camera plate freshly developed. Immediately he became excited. He had been forewarned by observatory scientists of the significance of such a speck.

Thirty years before, a great mathematician and astronomer, Percival Lowell, in memory of whom the observatory was established and named, had predicted the existence of a hitherto unseen planet-member of our solar system. His reasoning was based on years of study of the behavior of the planet Uranus. That speck on the camera plate might be a new world!

The plate was a photograph of a rectangle of the sky, one of many he had made that

Copyright, 1930, by Boyden Sparkes

night. Each was a picture of a limited area of the starry heavens, but they were not made with an ordinary camera. There was no camera at all. Instead, this farm-bred boy of high-school training had simply exposed the sensitive surface of a negative to the magnified light of stars reflected down the barrel of the observatory's giant telescope. Each photograph so made was a picture record of what might have been seen if Clyde Tombaugh had placed his own eye to the eyepiece of that enormous instrument with terrific power to increase vision.

The speck might have been merely a flaw in the gelatin surface of the negative. Hastily the youth glanced at the rest of the bunch of plates that he was running through the developing machine in the dark room. The speck appeared on each one! It was not a flaw; it was a celestial object. Was it a star, that is to say another sun like the one which shines on earth? Or was it a planet, another world kindred with our own? A simple test was indicated.

Stars are so inconceivably distant from the eyes of men, and from each other, that they seem relatively motionless to human observers, even though they are swinging in vast orbits. They appear to be fixed in the sky. But when some point of light is seen to be shifting its position in the sky it reveals itself as closer to earthly view than any star, to be a planet of the same solar system of which the earth is a unit.

Clyde Tombaugh saw that unidentified speck on February 18. Every night thereafter for twenty-four days he made more photographs of that rectangle of the sky in which the speck was first seen. These photographs were turned over to the professional astronomers of the observatory, and by them placed in pairs in a box equipped with a machine-shutter devised to change the view from one plate to the other. This device betrays any motion of a point of light as the shutter stops from view one plate or the other. And in succeeding days all doubt was removed about Clyde Tombaugh's speck. It moved! A comparison made between the first plate and one made nearly a

month later showed beyond dispute that it was moving. The earth is about 92,900,000 miles from the sun; but this newly discovered object is believed to be four billion miles from the sun, the most distant child in the celestial family to which we belong.

Some scientists have taken the view that the object may prove to be of comparatively insignificant size, an asteroid; but most of the leading American astronomers are convinced that it is a full-sized planet, a newly discovered world, one that swings on a wide orbit. The earth travels once around the sun each year, but this mysterious stranger, it is believed, takes hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years to pass entirely around the sun.



Leo

CLYDE TOMBAUGH'S discovery is still the subject of controversy among astronomers. Dr. Seth B. Nicholson, head of the solar department of Mount

Wilson Observatory in California, believes that it cannot be the ninth planet, existence of which was predicted by Professor Lowell. It is, he holds, either a comet or an asteroid. With his reasons we need not be concerned. What matters here are Clyde Tombaugh and all of the other amateur astronomers of the country who are acting as sentinels for the professional astronomers. They are having thrills and fascinating experiences. Not all will be so lucky as Clyde Tombaugh, for his experience was the ultimate, the thought of which long ago was fashioned by the poet Keats into the lines:

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken."

After the first announcement from Lowell Observatory, reporters trooped into Flagstaff. They all wanted to talk to this Kansas kid who had discovered something that bulked immeasurably larger than that which Columbus found when he boldly sailed across what lesser men believed was a flat world.

"Sure I was excited," said Clyde. "That is no word for it. I just didn't know what to do or think or how to act. You know I'm not a real astronomer; but I've always been interested in stars."

Back in Kansas as a high-school student he had made a reflector telescope, grinding the mirror himself, as thousands of other boys have done or have attempted to do. He read books on the subject, and then he made up his mind to turn his avocation into a vocation. So he wrote to Dr. Slipher, the head of the Lowell Observatory and asked for a job, any kind of a job. That was how he happened to be put to work taking sky pictures.

It was something of a shock to me to



Capricornus



discover that the tremendous experience of finding a new world had fallen to the lot of a youth without pretensions to abstruse knowledge. I had supposed that the only astronomers worth notice were persons capable of moving on the mental plane of Professor Albert Einstein, or that great American physicist, Professor Michelson. Instead I discovered that amateur astronomy is a soul-enriching hobby that enlists the enthusiasm of hundreds of persons who are no more concerned with esoteric doctrines than the men, women and youths of the average motion-picture audience. Better still, I discovered that they are having just as many thrills in the pursuit of this hobby as if they were yelling themselves hoarse at the race tracks. I found that a railroad engineer out in Pennsylvania had for years been making observations of stars that were helpful to scientists at Harvard Observatory. I found that the keen eyes of an Ohio farmer boy had discovered a new comet. I found that a retired jeweler, who never went to college, was regarded by some of the most distinguished of professional astronomers as a really great contributor of original data to their science.



Aries

IT WAS Dr. Clyde Fisher of the American Museum of Natural History who told me about the jeweler. Dr. Fisher is president of the Amateur Astronomers' Association. I mentioned to him my notion that astronomy was something beyond the comprehension of ordinary minds.

"Nonsense," he replied. "You don't have to be an automotive engineer in order to drive an automobile, do you? You don't have to be a botanist to plant a garden. You don't have to be an artist to appreciate art. Nor do you have to be a navigator to ride

comfortably to Europe on a passenger liner. The man you want to see is David B. Pickering, a retired jeweler living in East Orange, New Jersey. As the president of the American Association of Variable Star Observers he gives a lot of his time to helping persons newly infected with curiosity concerning what lies beyond the sky."



Scorpio

I FOUND Mr. Pickering's house easily. It is a gabled, frame structure in a quiet residential street, distinguishable from its neighbors by an architecturally inappropriate black dome that squats on the roof tree. That dome is his observatory, but some of the uninformed who pass there must wonder if it is not the ultimate in bird houses, an ambitious invitation to nesting eagles or cranes or flamingoes. Since the number of such architectural excrescences is steadily growing in the United States it really is time their purpose was explained. When you see one of these domes next you may recognize it for what it is, one of the citadels of a minority in a motorized world. Long road trips do not allure them. Their preference is for infinitely greater journeys that they take with their eyes, long looks into the depths of infinity.

"Tell me about that observatory," I asked Mr. Pickering. "How do you get into it? What happens up there? Is it worth while?"

"Well, sir," he said, "in that observatory on the roof of my house I have had some gorgeous adventures. Up there I have had experiences I would not trade for any that have fallen to the lot of Admiral Byrd, Lindbergh or to any African explorer or hunter you care to name. The dome was built under my direction by a neighborhood carpenter.

"A typical experience occurred on a night of which I will tell you. Dishes were rattling in the kitchen as I left the family at the supper table. I had a rendezvous at the top of the house and wished to attend it before I was trapped into some less consequential enterprise such as a bridge game or a visit to the movies. With an elaborate and dissembling casualness I entered the library and rattled the evening newspaper. Then I darted upstairs.

"Parallel with the ceiling of the hallway on the third floor of our house is a ladder, drawn out of the way of ordinary domestic traffic by means of a rope fastened to a cleat on the wall. One end of that ladder may be lowered when the rope is slackened; the other end is hinged to the frame of a trapdoor in the ceiling. No matter how often I oil the hinges and pulleys of this contrivance it creaks in operation. Many times I have wished to discover some secret law of physics that would permit me to gain the asylum above the trapdoor merely by wishing myself there. Unhappily, though, one of the inescapable hazards of my avocation continues to be the creaking complaints of that ladder, spitefully betraying me to the various agencies that contest for the leisure of all Americans; and I am told occasionally that increased leisure is the justifying goal of all the furious activity of our civilization.



Taurus

"WHEN I had climbed that ladder, pushed back the trapdoor and lifted myself by my arms into the familiar blackness I was at the threshold of an adventure. What I was hoping to see was a vast and awful occurrence. First I blotted out the rectangle of light from below by pushing the trapdoor back into place. Then I turned on an electric light bulb so shaded as to illuminate



with a faint red glow a shelf where I had a blueprint chart and a star atlas. As my vision adjusted itself the blackness of this secret chamber took on the shape of the interior of a straw beehive. In the center, rising from a platform consisting of two circular steps was a black pillar—my telescope. With this giant eye I was planning to send my intelligence on a quest far into space.

"A pull on a rope opened a curved panel in the dome. With a touch of my hand I could revolve all of the roof above the level of my waist. This time I did not have to because every clear night for a month past I had opened that aperture so as to reveal the same segment of the sky. Out there was Cygnus, the constellation of the swan, and the faint gleam for which I was soon sweeping with my telescope was one that astronomers have indexed as SS Cygni. During my month of observation I had found it always as a pinpoint of light, one invisible to human eyes except when provided with an instrument like my telescope.



Gemini



Virgo

"IN GRADING stars according to magnitude, what astronomers are doing is to grade the power of the human eye. Stars of the first magnitude are the easiest to see. Those of the second magnitude are about

half as brilliant in our sight so that by the time we speak of stars of the sixth magnitude we are dealing with points of light so faint as barely to impress the eyes of men. SS Cygni is normally seen at about twelfth magnitude, far below the seeing powers of the naked eye. So it had been on the preceding night.

"On this occasion I found it quickly, and as suddenly as I identified it my heart began to pound. Every nerve thrilled. Something had happened. Overnight that faintest speck of light had become the brightest star in my field of observation. Some time during the preceding twenty-four hours the train of light from that inconceivably vast and distant sun had in some unknown way been transfigured in a manner that increased its glory one hundred fold. It may be that in that cosmic explosion I witnessed new worlds were born!

"SS Cygni was discovered at Harvard in 1891. At intervals that vary from twenty to ninety days it suddenly brightens up, almost reaching the eighth magnitude. The time of the star's rise to maximum is unpredictable, and also the speed with which it increases in light intensity is variable. One night it may be only faintly seen with a four-inch telescope and the next night it may be so brilliant as to outshine all other stars in the field of the observer's instrument. At other times the star may consume a week or more in accomplishing its maximum. Is it any wonder I was excited?

"In my eyes the importance of this spectacle was not diminished by a realization that the light I saw had been traveling seventy or eighty years. Here was something to breach that Chinese wall that encircles the imagination! The staggering possibilities suggested by this spectacle seized hold of the emotional part of my being so that I trembled. Most of us are afraid of our emotions. In the dark of a private observatory an amateur astronomer may, without being compromised, feel as deeply as a poet.

"Then my retreat was invaded by distracting sounds. Some one was climbing the ladder I regarded as my private pathway to the heavens. A square of light opened in

the floor, destroying the adjustment of my eyes and snatching me back from the edge of infinity.

"Listen," commanded a feminine voice, "we are going to the movies. Don't you want to come?"

"Whether I went is now unimportant. I have no quarrel with the movies, but I do feel free to assert that I find them only mildly entertaining in comparison with the free shows of cosmic phenomena. These I have been enjoying for a good many years.

I am but one of a large number of spectators, a steadily increasing number, of all ages and both sexes, mechanics in Detroit, schoolboys, retired preachers, clerks, schoolteachers and stenographers. We are people who have discovered that abstruse knowledge is no more necessary for an appreciation of the things we observe than it is necessary for the reporter who witnesses a battle between armies to be a master of military science. I myself have not had the benefit of a college education, yet I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have contributed a little to the sum of human knowledge. A boy living on a farm fourteen miles from a railroad in Ohio has done as much, and he did it with the aid of a borrowed telescope."

About ten years ago the American Association of Variable Star Observers, the group of amateur astronomers of which Mr. Pickering is the president, received a letter from this boy. His name is Leslie Peltier, and he must have been then about fourteen years old. He wrote that he had a two-inch telescope and wished to join the organization, the members of which send their observations to Harvard College Observatory. In time the wealth of this lad's observations caused scientists to marvel at his powers of endurance. They had learned that his day time was crowded with the chores of farm work. Nevertheless he was spending long hours of every clear night making comparisons of the brilliance of certain stars among the six or seven thousand which are known to vary the volume of the light they send to earth.

Finally it was possible for the American Association of Variable Star Observers to provide this young observer with a six-inch telescope that belonged to one of the observatories. This instrument increased tremendously the value of that boy's eyes to astronomy. On November 13, 1925, this young man placed an astounding report in the rural delivery mail box in front of the farm where he lives. That report informed the astronomers at Harvard College Observa-

tory that he had found a new comet. A week later the same luminous wanderer was observed through the telescope of a man named Wilk in Krakow, Poland. Does it seem extraordinary that a farmer should be the first among all the astronomers of the earth to see a celestial object of such magnitude? Certainly it is not extraordinary to Professor Harlow Shapley of Harvard. He knows that the prying telescopes of amateurs, because they are more numerous, make more discoveries than professionals. He knows they are as regiments of Colum-buses finding things of which the significance is later measured by explorers with more training.

Professor Shapley's theory of the cause of light change in the suns that scientists have



Cancer

indexed as Cepheids was based on a study of the results of the observations of hundreds of amateurs. Cepheids are a class of stars that wax and wane in short periods of time. They are sturdy giants among the celestial objects where our sun is a mere dwarf. They are the hottest and most massive

of the suns that have been measured. With a becoming regularity they change their cloaks of light. Some make the change within a few hours or less; others may require many days. The manner and character of the change, called by astronomers the light curve, identifies them as Cepheids. Some years ago a remarkable discovery was made. It was established that the length of time required for a Cepheid Variable to complete a cycle of its degrees of brilliancy was exactly related to its true intrinsic brightness. It was learned that one having a period of ten or twelve hours was one hundred times as bright as our sun, while one that took thirty days to complete its light changes would have ten thousand times the sun's brilliancy. An astronomer was thus enabled to reason that wherever human eyes could see the light of a Cepheid Variable and determine its period of change human minds could measure its actual brightness. Comparing this with the apparent brightness provided the means to calculate its distance from the earth. This discovery is called the period luminosity law, and in the grasp of Professor Shapley it became an instrument for sounding the depths of space.



Libra

WITH THESE stars to aid him Professor Shapley has shown that the distance across the Milky Way, that finite universe in which this earth is less than a speck, is twenty or thirty times as vast as it was believed to be by



astronomers no more than a generation ago. His measurements indicate that light would require upwards of 250,000 light years to traverse the unit organization we now call the universe. The word no longer holds its original meaning of everything that exists; astronomers speak of each spiral nebula as a universe and for the sum of these archipelagoes of universes they have yet to coin a suitable word.

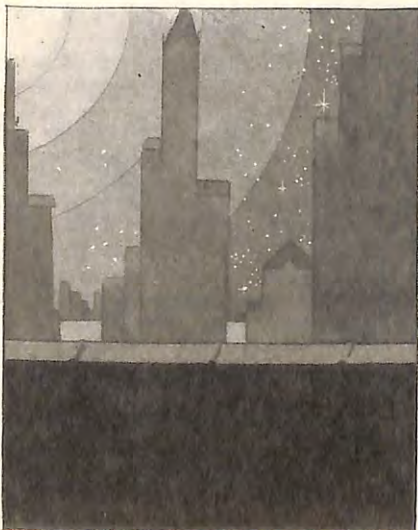
It is into such adventures of exploration in infinity that the amateur astronomer is invited to participate. If every human eye were to be enlisted in the survey there would still be tasks unassigned. All this is a challenge, one that will be accepted by an ever-increasing part of humanity as the slight advances thus far made in our knowledge of physics, chemistry and mechanics are applied to the problem of releasing humanity from the once engrossing task of keeping bellies full and skins warm and comfortable. Every day one may see proofs that support this belief. Only recently there was one in the newspapers, but most of the editorial comments of the occurrence seemed to fail to grasp the true significance of this bit of news.



Sagittarius

IT WAS described as a riot, which was, of course, a poor choice in words. About 4,000 persons had decided that they wished to see a moving picture designed to expound in simple concepts the Einstein theory of space. The picture was being shown in a hall in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. If it had happened in a subway or a department-store bargain sale it would never have been called a riot. Because it happened in an ordinarily quiet institution in aisles formed by Alaskan totem poles and glass cases filled with specimens, there was confusion. Totem poles toppled. Women were rudely pushed about. Then, on the heels of the policemen who were summoned, came the reporters.

Naturally it was the disorder that received attention; almost nothing was said about other gatherings of amateur astronomers in that same hall. In recent months individuals of that same crowd have gone there to learn why Mars is red; about William Herschel, the father of amateur astronomy; about the big telescopes and what they do; the influence on weather, earthquakes and hurricanes, of the sunspots. They have gone to see motion pictures of the planet Jupiter; to discover what shooting stars are and where they come from. Yet it is only because in numbers somewhat larger

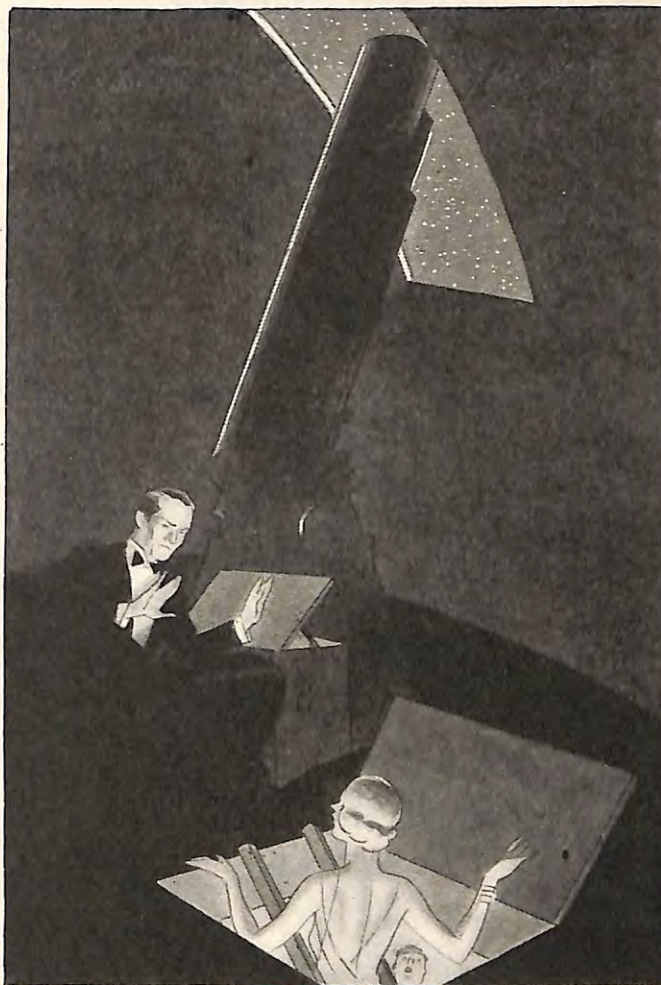


than usual a part of them grew a little disorderly that persons not actively interested in astronomy became aware of their meetings; and there are other activities of amateurs, equally significant, going on in all parts of the country.

Let your fancy play with the idea that a day will come when a considerable part of the mechanical and inventive genius of America will be concentrated upon the tools of astronomers. Suppose this should happen to the extent that such genius is now enlisted in the service of communications and transportation. Think what monstrous eyes might be created by a people wholly devoted to a curiosity about neighboring planets. With existing instruments we may see the surface of the moon as it would appear to our naked eyes if we approached within forty or fifty miles of its desert face. Why not, then, create a telescope that could carry unpaired across 40,000,000 miles of space the seeing power of a human eye? There is Mars as exposed to view as a neighbor's backyard and here, in the factories and laboratories of the United States in the year 1930, is sufficient intelligence and mechanical skill to work the necessary magic.

In a small town up in New England a few years ago you might have believed that this thing was actually transpiring. There, in a manufacturing community, fifteen mechanics suddenly seemed, in the unsympathetic opinion of some of their neighbors, to have gone insane on the subject of telescopes. These men, machinists, devoted all of their leisure through one entire winter to the making of reflecting telescopes. The men, accustomed to making certain machine tools, were trained to accurate and careful workmanship. Probably there were, to begin with, no more than two or three of them who had any faint notion of the construction of a telescope. Their knowledge of the reciprocal motions of that machine which is the universe were equally vague. Then there returned to that town a native who had been for some years devoted to astronomical work in the north polar regions. This man, Russell W. Porter, talked about the things he had seen through a telescope placed at the upper end of the world. Then when the imaginations of these mechanics were on fire he made a reference to a poor man's telescope. A poor man's telescope! When they understood that he was speaking of a powerful and efficient instrument for unlocking the mysteries of the cosmos, they all wanted one.

The result was that a class was established. In fifteen cellars of that town throughout the winter there was an extraordinary activity. Each of these men was busy grinding the surface of the mirror which is the principal part of such an instrument. In a reflector the light does not pass through the glass as in a refractor. Instead, it is reflected from a silvered surface, the speculum. This is the costly part.



At intervals throughout that winter the men, and one woman stenographer, assembled for guidance in a shop loaned for the purpose by a manufacturer who is himself one of the leading amateur astronomers of the country. It was on a blackboard in that shop that they first learned the principles of the Newtonian reflector, and learned, too, that they would have to alter their idea of what constitutes accuracy. One-thousandth of an inch may serve in an ordinary machine but in making those mirrors they had to be precise to the millionth part of an inch.



Pisces

THE telescopes made by those workmen cost them about \$30 each, but what they owned were instruments they could not have purchased for many times that sum. This was not all that they had gained, either. Few of them had gone beyond the grades of district schools, but by the end of their season of telescope-making they had a much better conception of the mechanism of the solar system than the average high-school graduate. They had oriented themselves in the great scheme of things.

This group is by no means unique except that they were rather a larger band than is usually found making telescopes in one small town. As a matter of fact there is a numerous body of amateur astronomers in the United States who have become so absorbed in the home manufacture of telescopes that they sometimes seem to have lost sight of the primary object of their enterprise. One might almost suspect nature of a sly intent to divert them from an impertinent prying into things beyond the world.

In New York there is a man who supplies  
(Continued on page 50)

# Johnny On the Spot

By Ferdinand Reyher

Illustrated by Douglas Duer



*"I'm sending you in with a note to Red Egan," said the King. "You'll bring one back from him. When you get back we'll hike out"*

**Y**OU can bump off an ordinary citizen with impunity, a rival gunman amidst general rejoicing, and a policeman with comparative safety—but lay off newspapermen. You riddle a member of the fourth estate and right away the rest of those professional guessers will start solving the riddle. The editor is liable to see a story in it, and maybe the owner will spot a chance of boosting the circulation by making an investigation, and then the lid's off!

Somebody bumped off Dan Connolly on his way into Malley with a story which was evidently going to give somebody a great big headache. The police had never cared for Dan in a great big way because on several occasions he had given them a great big headache, too. So they shed crocodile tears, chipped in for a wreath, and forgot about it. Thereupon Malley jumped a train and plucked Hannon out of the sticks. He had worked with him once and played poker with him more than once, so he knew all about his nerve and his judgment. As Hannon had never been north of St. Louis he had a reasonable expectation of not being known, for being known was going to do nobody any good, least of all Mr. Hannon.

It took Hannon exactly five months to find out who had killed Connolly, but the trouble was he had found out far too much besides. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing! The bozo who had pulled that, laughed Hannon bitterly to himself, ought to have tried trucking around the carload of knowledge he had collected in the last five months. He felt as if he were fooling around a burning oil well with his pockets stuffed with nitro-glycerine. Because the man who had killed Connolly was Johnny Conora, the brother of the King himself.

The papers gassed a lot about King Conora and his power and his rackets, but not one of them had an inkling of the real extent of that power and the variety of those rackets. The King was running rackets there weren't even names for yet, and he had

a strangle-hold on big shots in politics and society that every Citizens Union from Chi to Havana would have given a clean bill of health to. He was a gigantic, deadly rat, without a single redeeming feature, and he was nuts about Johnny.

His love of his younger brother was something more than Sicilian clannishness or any bedside vow he might have sworn to his dying mother to take care of Johnny. He just had a blind crazy love for him, and God knew even a brother had to be blind and crazy to love Johnny. Still, not even the King trusted Johnny.

**H**ANNON had found that out along with the many other things. When King Conora pulled one of his imperial councils, say with Judge Mahaffy or Red Egan, since the brittle truce he had patched up with that killer, Johnny was on the outside looking in or eased out of the neighborhood entirely. The King kept Johnny and his friends in cars and money, but he did not trust him, either with his girl or with his state secrets; perhaps for that very reason he protected him as he protected only himself. So along with finding out that Johnny had killed Connolly, Hannon had also found out what chance he had of trying to hang it on King Conora's brother in any court or in any newspaper column. In the full blaze of all his knowledge he knew, moreover, knew it better than he knew anything else in this world, that the first peep out of him would be his last. He knew that down to the marrow in his bones. He had seen three guys dumped in gutters. He could not remember their faces because all their faces were his own.

It had taken a guy with cold steel courage to put over what he had put over on the Conoras so far. But where did he go from there?

It was drizzling and a slight mist hung

over the Detroit River. Hannon sat at the window of the King's room in Amherstburg, binoculars directed on a small black boat putting out from Grosse Island. Suddenly a strange tingling started up his spine. An intangible force was pressing on the back of his head. The view out of the window went blank. He turned abruptly. King Conora, sitting behind him at the table, had his eyes fixed on him, peculiarly. He turned icy inside. Maybe he only fancied it, but it seemed to him that there was knowledge in the King's eyes. Not knowledge which came from knowing, but the deadlier knowledge which came from instinct. When a big shot got to be where the King was there was something subtler than machine guns that kept him there. An instinct more sensitive and alert than intelligence or nerve. He must have started being afraid before he realized it, and the King had smelled it as an animal smells your fear of him.

"Little Jake's just put out from the Island," Hannon said, to say something and break that gaze.

The King nodded and resumed his work at the table. He had sent Millie Gibbons back to Detroit that morning. She was his favorite. Whenever he packed her home things usually began to move. He always kept her well away from actual danger. He had been faithful to her for a long time, and he was probably fonder of her than of anyone except Johnny. Hannon had sometimes wondered what would happen if he ever discovered her two-timing him with Johnny.

The King was playing solitaire. Hannon had found out that that was when he really worked. When his ideas crystallized. He lifted his glasses again, but he wasn't looking at the river through them. He was looking

*Malley's voice came charged with excitement. "They've put him on the spot! They took him for a ride and dumped him just outside of Livonia twenty minutes ago. It's just come in"*

at a crumpled shape in a gutter. Behind him sounded the soft slap-slap of cards. Each tiny slap ripped through him, like the soft, hot slap of lead speeding through cloth and flesh.

Nothing happened. The next day he had nearly convinced himself that Conora had not tumbled to him after all, but his own aroused instincts kept stirring up his fears afresh. The King was tying up the loose ends for the biggest shipment that had ever come out of Canada. In the evening Hannon sat in on a conference in Harrow where every detail of the plans for flying in five million dollars worth of coke was laid out in front of him as plain as a stud hand. If the King had had the faintest suspicion of him, would he have let him sit in on that meeting?

The King kept him by him all the time, until the big word came to go. They were sitting in the King's room, just the two of them, just the King and himself. The King sat with his knees crossed, staring down at the toe of his shoe, taking long drags at a cigarette. He had not spoken for five minutes. Suddenly he looked up at him. It was a bland and even friendly look. And for the second time Hannon felt himself turn into ice inside.

"I'm sending you in with a note to Red Egan," said the King. "You'll bring one back from him. When you get back we'll light out."

He sat at the table and wrote a letter. It took him a long time. The King had passed up all educational handicaps at ten. He folded the letter, put it in an envelope and sealed it, and handed it to him. Hannon put it carefully inside his coat. Then the King did a peculiar thing. He thrust out his hand to him, and when he put out his own, mechanically, the King clasped it warmly.

"So long," he said. "Don't take any wooden money."

When he got outside he puzzled about that handshake. There seemed to be an echo of mockery in those words. They came back to him again and again in the boat crossing the Detroit River. A hundred feet from the shore of his native land, an almost overwhelming reluctance to set his foot on it got hold of him, as though all his instincts had risen in rebellion against himself. The letter burned him where it lay against his body. He had actually to force himself to rise and step on to the United



Douglas  
Dyer  
30

States. When he did so he stood undecided, as though expecting something to happen immediately. Nothing did. He walked around to the King's garage, and felt a little better when he sat behind the wheel of one of the sweetest motors in the world.

He zigzagged for half an hour to make sure he was not followed, and then pulled up in front of a tailor shop. He gave the pants presser a dollar to let him steam the letter open. He read it over half a dozen times, because the relief of it was so great. He memorized it, word for word:

"April 3.

"We will put out when bearer brings word of latest on this lay. This letter burn up on getting. If the boys should spot anything phoney immediately duck otherwise order bearer and Grettino back here to me and take also with him best men for giving goods instant and safest ride across line."

It was signed regally: "King."

He gave the tailor another dollar to celebrate his relief, and borrowed some paste and resealed the letter.

AS HIS car sped nearer and nearer to Red Egan's hideaway, however, the intuitive dread which he had beaten down broke loose again. Something somewhere was trying to tell him something. Something that had to do with the letter. Something was wrong with it. He repeated it over and over again to himself. He detected nothing amiss. Suddenly, without any thought of covering himself, blindly and instinctively, he pulled up in front of one of the largest drug stores in the city on one of the most conspicuous corners, and ran inside to a telephone booth. He got through to Malley after an agonizing delay.

"Chick—Hannon. I'm cutting it tonight, as soon as I deliver this note to Red Egan."

He repeated the note, word for word, from date line to signature, softly, slowly.

"Got it? Okay, pal. I'll be seeing you at—"

The sentence rattled to a death stop in his throat. An instinct saved him as his mind went into a tail-spin. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the thin dark rat face of Johnny Conora through the glass door of the booth. He burst into laughter against Malley's startled ears.

"I'll be seeing you at Tony's, then, baby. Seven o'clock on the dot, baby—"

The handle of the door turned and the door itself opened.

"—and be sure and bring Billie, baby, and I'll try and get Johnny. I know she's dippy about him. Okay, sweetheart? Bye-bye, honey."

He hung up, perspiration seeping from under the rim of his hat, and faced Johnny with a start of astonishment.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he exclaimed, grabbing Johnny's arm. "Kid, I just made a hot date for you and me to-night."

"Yeah?" Johnny's beady eyes probed him suspiciously. "I spotted the bus outside and I wondered what one of you tough guys was hittin' an ice-cream soda in here. What jane did you say you was buzzin'?"

"Flo White. She's

bringing Billie Nevers to Tony's at seven for you. Are you sitting in with us, kid, or ain't you?"

"Billie Nevers!" exclaimed Johnny. His suspicions vanished before the dazzling vision of a girl who made the rotogravures as often as the Conoras made the headlines. "On the level?"

"Kid, she's all hot and bothered to meet you. We'll feed 'em and take 'em over to the show and a party afterwards. Baby, I've been farming over in Canada so long I'm crying for some bright lights."

"You and me both," said Johnny, who had not been away from them a night in half a year. "But what are you doin' over here?"

"The King's sent me over with a letter to Red Egan," he whispered.

"Lemme see it."

"Listen, Johnny, if the King gives me—"

"I'm telling you, let me see it!" Johnny interrupted, instantly growing hard again. "Ain't I his brother? He never keeps anything from me."

He knew well enough that the King kept everything of importance from him, and he knew how bitterly Johnny resented it. He shrugged his shoulders and pulled out the letter.

"You can see, it's sealed. If he'd wanted anybody but Red to see it he wouldn't have sealed it, would he?"

"What are you trying to do, hand me an argument?" Johnny snarled, leaning closer and boring his little black eyes into him. "Fork it over, wise guy! I'll hand it to Red myself, see."

He snatched it out of Hannon's hand, and tore it open.

"For cryin' out loud!" he exclaimed, disgusted, when he read it. "You'd a thought you was carrying the telephone numbers of all his molls!"

But all Hannon was thinking of now was getting hold of Flo and Billie and fixing it up for that night, before Johnny found out he had been stalling him on that telephone conversation. He knew the danger of failing to carry out any detail of the King's orders, but he jumped at the chance of averting an even greater danger, the danger of Johnny tumbling to a phoney phone call. If he ever tumbled to that it would be fatal. He now had a chance of fixing it up with

Flo and Billie to meet them at Tony's, sure enough.

"All right then," he gave in. "I know the King will okay anything you say. You take the wheel and drop me at the Statler. I want to get a haircut and shave and doll up, and I'll meet you at Tony's at seven."

"Why the hell didn't you say so at first," grumbled Johnny, slipping back into good humor. "A bunch of you birds'll learn some day that there's more than one Conora in the family. What's more, you're going along with me to Red's right now. You got plenty of time to get dolled up, after."

He sat limp beside Johnny as the latter wove in and out of traffic and took more liberties than an ambulance driver. He was a pit filled with weary dread. The alarms which had been on the rampage through him for days had worn themselves out. He only knew that something was going to happen, and he almost hoped that it would be a smash-up of the car. But Johnny flashed ahead with a fiendish regardlessness which was its own protection, and they pulled up in front of Red's hide-away unscarred.

"I got some orders for you," Johnny said out of the corner of his mouth to the killer whom the King himself would not have addressed in just that tone.

Red's eyes turned to icicle points as they rested on him. For a moment he made no move to pick up the letter which had been flipped down in front of him. Then he picked it up and opened it. He seemed to be reading it over and over again until Johnny fidgeted with impatience.

"Want me to read it for you?" he drawled insolently.

Red let his eyes travel slowly up to his.

"I GOT it all right now, Conora," he said slowly. He looked at Hannon. "You two birds come over together?" he asked him.

"No, I bumped into him downtown on my way over with these orders I just gave you," lied Johnny, half on principle and half to affirm his own importance, and before Hannon could answer. There was something in his voice which killed any desire in Hannon to contradict him. His lack of importance eternally gnawed at Johnny.

"The Chief gave this letter to you yourself?"

"Just where in the hell do you think I got it?" Johnny bristled.

"I guess he picked you out because it was so important," said Red softly. "Everything is oke on this side, so we can get right at it." He rose frowning, and Hannon could see he was still puzzled about something. "Come on, we'll bring Grettino and Little Jake in with the big dough right now."

"Not me, I got a date at seven," said Johnny.

A gleam of understanding lighted Red's eyes.

"Oh, I see!" he said lingeringly. The frown vanished, and his eyelids drooped, almost as though he were winking. "It's not with Millie Gibbons now, is it, kid?"

"And what if it is?" Johnny winked back, won over by a grand new

(Continued on page 49)





### Ruth Tester and Al Trahan

**BY THE** time this picture reaches its audience, judgment will have been passed on the second "Little Show." The first edition was one of the brightest, most adult revues that we remember and from the roster of performers and contributors available at this writing the second edition should be just as good. Robert Emmet Sherwood, Marc Connelly,

Morrie Ryskind and Corey Ford have fabricated the sketches, most of the music and lyrics come from Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz while the players, besides the two pictured here, include Helen Gray, Tushamura, Kathryn Hamill, Yukona Cameron and Gus Hyland. Also, it is reported to have a remarkable chorus—E. R. B.



The season opens on a light, one might say a frothy, note. "Ladies All," Elmer Harris's American version of Prince Bibesco's comedy, ushers in the van. It is a naughty, and at times very amusing tale about a handsome Don Juan who experiences great difficulty in getting his affections permanently disposed of. The trouble is that the plot is tenuous and in the course of three acts is drawn thin and repetitious. Its best point is the acting of beautiful Violet Hemming (left) and Germaine Giroux as her French parlor maid. Walter Woolf (left), the hero, seems a bit stiff and at a loss without the relief of frequent bursts into song

Reviews by  
Esther R. Bien



PHOTOS BY  
VANDAMM



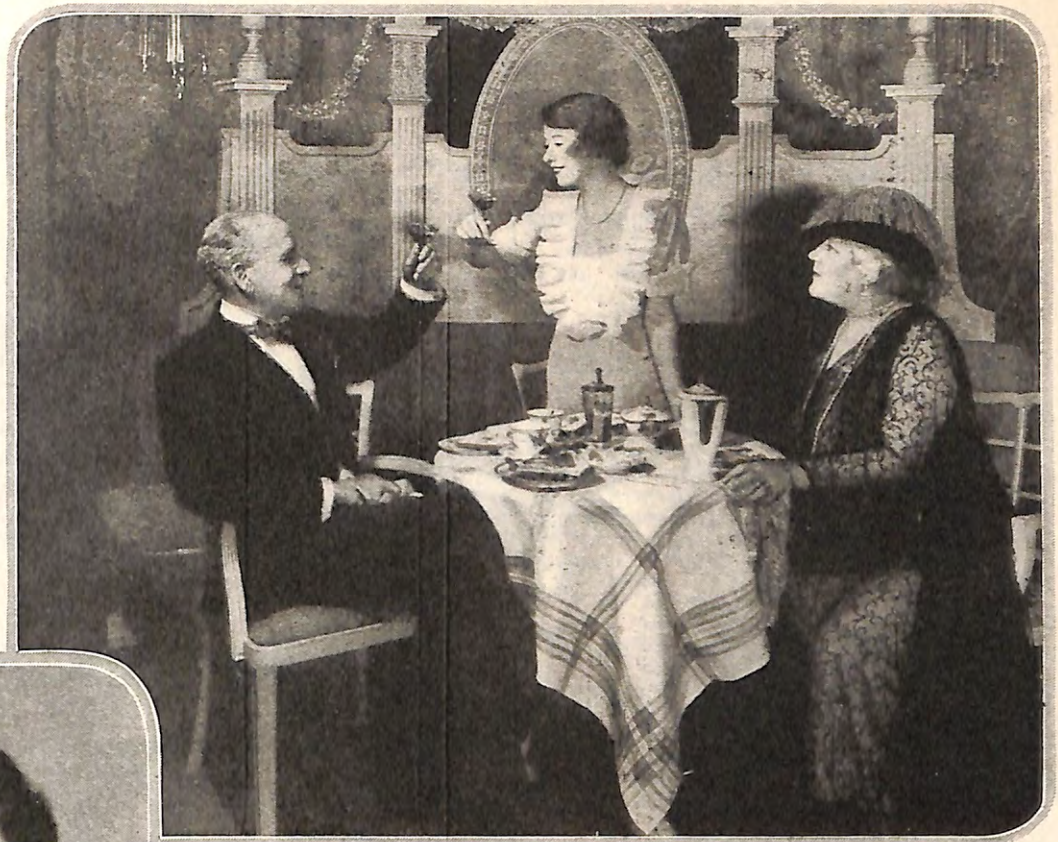
It looks as if "Nina Rosa" would be the first operetta of the season. It is scheduled for late in September and no other contenders are in sight. Book and music are from the respective laboratories of Irving Caesar, Otto Harbach and Sigmund Romberg. Ethelind Terry will be prima donna opposite Guy Robertson (circle), while Leonard Ceely, Margaret Carlisle, Jack Sheehan and Cortez and Peggy will all add lustre to a cast that sounds promising

Martha Madison and Eva Kay Flint, authors of "Subway Express," one of last season's grisliest and most successful mystery plays, have written a play called "The Up and Up." It is a comedy of the underworld of which hopeful things are reported and it makes its bow to New York on Labor Day. Dorothy Stickney (left) heads the cast



It has become Mr. Belasco's custom of late to shoot his opening gun before the season can really be said to have commenced. His opening salvo this year is "Dancing Partner," a comedy by Alexander Engel and Alfred Grunwald, adapted for American consumption by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. When you once get past the fact that the plot hinges on a highly ungallant wager, there is plenty of fun to be enjoyed and an abundance of good acting in which the three pictured (right), Henry Stephenson, Irene Purcell and Charlotte Granville, are ringleaders

PHOTOS BY  
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The theatrical year would not be quite well-rounded without at least one play by Owen Davis. He has jumped in early with a first-class mystery melodrama fashioned from an unpublished novel and called "The Ninth Guest." Alan Dinehart (left) is deeply involved in the mystifications, as are likewise Thais Lawton, William Courtleigh, Brenda Dahlen and that most engaging young son of Mr. Davis's, Owen Davis, Jr.



Endorsed by Chicago playgoers, Edna Hibbard (right) is slowly making her way towards Broadway in a play called "Sisters of the Chorus," by Martin Mooney and Thomson Burtis. It is a decidedly frank story of the off-stage life of three chorus girls, one of whom comes to a tragic end through her soft-heartedness. Excellent performances are given by Enid Markey and Hubert De Frayne, while plenty of lines in the vernacular fall to the adept handling of Miss Hibbard

# The Quest of the Thunderbus

By John Chapman Hilder

Illustrated by Reaburn Van Buren

THE preceding installments of this delightfully romantic and highly amusing novel have brought Jerry Marshall through the strange wager with his father, through the chaotic comedy of the Carey boarding-house in Maine, and, by a clever ruse, into the presence of the lovely Sheila Carmichael and the Old Thunderbus itself. However, several unexpected occurrences changed the smooth course of events. The ancient automobile, the reason for the wager, was so placed as to make Jerry's removal of it very difficult; the bogus lord had begun to make himself unpleasant; and, to cap the climax of reversals, Sheila had turned a cold shoulder on Jerry. This state of affairs grew more complicated when the fat member of the Carey household, Queenie, the blimp-like daughter, discovered Jerry's pocket book in Jerry's room. She was interested in the money, but the bogus lord, who caught Queenie counting her newly acquired wealth, was interested in the clippings hidden within the wallet which told the world and his lordship Jerry's real name. With this ace in the hole, the bogus lord made himself a still more important factor in Jerry Marshall's—alias, Jerry Maxwell's—future concerning Sheila and the quest of the Thunderbus. However, that tangled and hilarious situation of the preceding chapters comes to an unexpected and interesting conclusion in this, the last and best, installment.

## Part V

AS SOON as he could without seeming too obviously boorish, Jerry got into his car and left the Carmichael estate. Beauregard had been at the landing, watching them come in, and had greeted them with offensive good humor, helping Sheila out of the dory, offering to lend a hand with their things. It was too much. Jerry controlled his impulse to wring the fellow's neck, mumbled a good-night to Sheila and drove off. Out on the open road, he jammed his foot down on the throttle and slithered round the turns.

When he arrived at the Careys' he found the household in an uproar. Angry voices mingled with sounds of weeping floated from the kitchen. Not wishing to intrude, he started to go upstairs, but was halted by the Sheriff.

"Mr. Maxwell," called that worthy, in great agitation, "will you come to the kitchen, please?"

"Trouble?" asked Jerry, wondering what could have happened.

"Plenty," said the Sheriff. "It's that there Queenie again."

"What's the matter?"

Following his landlord indoors, he beheld the blimp-like girl leaning against the wall, her face buried in the crook of her arm, her huge frame shaken by sobs. Over by the range, anguish on her ruddy countenance, stood Mrs. Carey, impotently wringing her apron. On the kitchen table were a scarlet hat and a fancy little bottle which, from the odor of the room, contained a fluid alleged to be perfume. Jerry looked from



Queenie to Mrs. Carey and from her to the exhibits on the table and from them to the Sheriff.

"What's it all about?" he inquired.

Mrs. Carey moaned. Queenie wailed. The Sheriff fixed his daughter with one eye while with the other he gazed sorrowfully at Jerry.

"She's been at it again," he said.

"At what?"

"Takin' your things." He waved toward the table. "See that hat? See that bottle o' pafoom?"

"What about them? They're not mine."

"No," said the Sheriff, "I know they ain't. But she—" he indicated the miserable girl, "she stole something of yours an' sold it and bought that there hat and that there pafoom with the money. Ten dollars she got."

"Oh," said Jerry. "What was it she took?" This was becoming interesting.

"That's what we'd like for you to tell us," said the Sheriff.

"But how can I? I didn't buy my own property from her—"

"I know you didn't, son, but—"

"Better tell me the whole story, Sheriff."

"Well," said the other, "it was this way. About a half an hour ago Queenie comes in proud as a dog with two tails, wearin' this

here hat and smellin' to heaven with this here pafoom— You can smell it, can't you?"

"I certainly can," said Jerry.

"Well, sir," continued the Sheriff, "her ma takes a look at her and gets a sniff of the pafoom and she says 'daughter, where did you get that there hat and that there pafoom?' Ain't that right, Ma?"

"It is," heaved Mrs. Carey, shaking her head sadly.

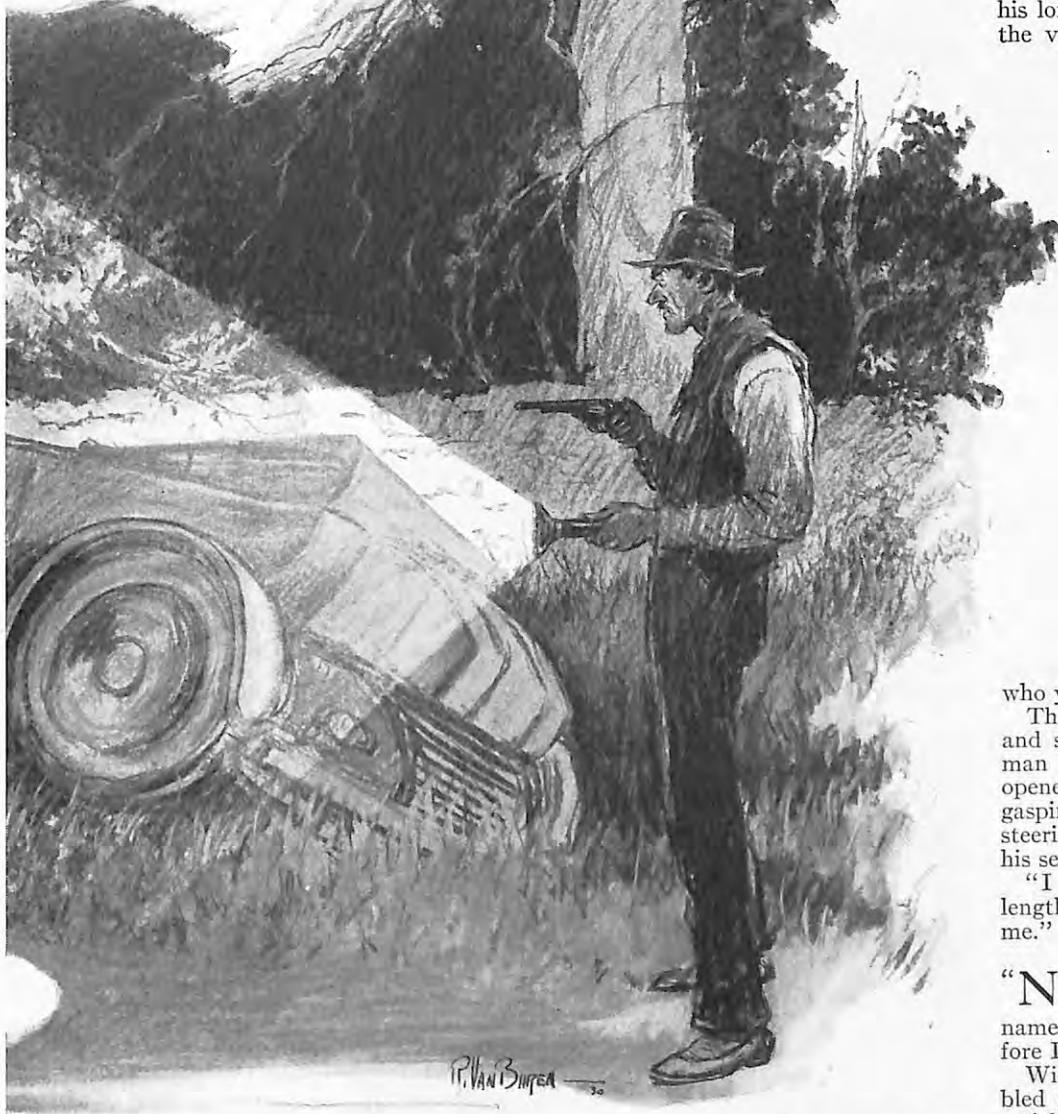
"And she says she bought 'em—" he paused to allow Jerry to grasp this fact. "An' her ma says 'what did you buy 'em with?' knowin' we don't let Queenie have more'n half a dollar at a clip. And she says she bought 'em with a ten-dollar bill. 'And where did you get the ten-dollar bill?' her ma wants to know. An' then Queenie gets fresh and says 'what do you care where I got it?' An' then Ma calls me—I'm workin' on the car, cleanin' a spark plug—and I come in and she tells me what Queenie just said. Ain't that the way it was, Ma?"

"It is," boomed Mrs. Carey.

"Then what?" queried Jerry, wishing the man would come to the point.

"Well," resumed the Sheriff, rolling his tobacco from one cheek to the other, "then

"You—" he stopped, his throat clogged with anger, then went on, addressing the Sheriff: "All right Squire," he said, "bring on your cuffs. But don't tie me to that little rat if you want to find him alive in the morning"



He went to the telephone and asked for Beauregard. The maid informed him that his lordship had just left the house to go to the village, less than five minutes before.

Jerry posted himself by the roadside and waited. In a few moments his man came bowling along, driving one of the Carmichael cars. At Jerry's signal he stopped.

"Ah, Maxwell," he said, "want a lift?"

"I want my clippings," replied Jerry, stonily.

"Clippings?" repeated Beauregard. "What are you talking about? I mean to say—"

"I want my clippings," said Jerry quietly, "and I want them quick."

"Are you trying to be funny?" sneered the other. "I'm in a hurry."

"Look here," said Jerry, irritably. "I'm not going to fool with you. I want those clippings and I want 'em quick. It happens that I went to Oxford with the real Beauregard. I don't know who you are, but I know

who you're not. See?"

The other lost his air of jaunty confidence and stared with horror at the lithe young man standing on the running-board. He opened and closed his mouth like a fish gasping for water. His hands fell from the steering wheel and he began to wriggle in his seat.

"I haven't done anything," he said, at length. "You haven't got anything on me."

"NO? How about receiving stolen goods? Come along, now, whatever your name is, and hand over those clippings before I lose my temper."

With nervous fingers Beauregard fumbled in his pocket and brought forth the articles in question.

"All right," said Jerry. "Have you told anybody yet?"

"No."

"I wouldn't, if I were you."

Beauregard looked at him obliquely.

"How about talking this over?" he suggested.

"What is there to talk over?"

"Well, we're both in the same boat. You know I'm a faker and I know you are. You're after something. So am I—something else. No need to run foul of each other. Better to get together—"

Though his toe itched to boot the fellow into the sea, Jerry heard him through. After all, he reflected, there could be no harm in listening.

"We can't talk here," he said.

"No," agreed Beauregard, heartened somewhat by this apparent compliance, "besides, I've got to dash to the village. I won't be long. On the way back I'll pick you up. After dark. We can drive to some quiet spot. So long."

Jerry nodded, as the other drove off, and when he had disappeared down the road, walked thoughtfully to the house. Why, he wondered, had Beauregard refrained from giving him away immediately? And why,

I take ahold o' Queenie and give her the devil for talking fresh to her Ma and I ask her where she got the ten dollars. An' she says she found it. And I ask her where she found it and she says in the road. 'Where in the road?' says I, 'show me the place.' But she says she don't remember and that's how I know she's lyin'.

"I tell her she better come clean because I may be her Pa but I'm a detective, too, and she better not try any monkey business with me. Ain't that right, Ma?"

"It is," agreed Mrs. Carey, crumpling her apron nervously.

"So then she tells me what she done," said the Sheriff, with a trace of professional triumph.

"And what was that?" asked Jerry.

"WELL, sir, she went in your room and opened your dresser and found a wallet."

"A little black leather wallet?" cried Jerry. "Who did she sell it to?"

"She didn't sell the wallet, she put it back."

"But—"

"She sold what was in it. She don't know what it was. Says it looked like pieces of newspaper."

"Yes," said Jerry, feeling a nasty chill come over him. "Who bought 'em?"

"Lord Beauregard," said the Sheriff. "Queenie was down to the beach lookin' through the wallet when he come along and took it off'n her and found them things, whatever they were—"

"Pieces of newspaper," said Jerry. He thought fast. It was clear, now, why Beauregard had been in such high spirits and greeted him so cordially. With the clippings in his possession the man could afford to be gay. He cursed himself for not having told Sheila the truth that afternoon. It would have been far better than to have her learn it at second-hand, from Beauregard, of all people. There was one ray of hope. It was barely possible that the wretch had not yet made use of his ill-gotten information. In that case it would not be difficult to head him off. Jerry turned to the Sheriff.

"Don't take this thing to heart," he said. "I understand about Queenie. She can't help herself. Those clippings were of no value. Funny old pictures of me, that's all. He must have wanted them to show Miss Carmichael—for a joke. But I'd rather he didn't and I'm going to call him up."

also, was he scurrying to the village at this time of the evening? He must have left the Carmichaels just before dinner. It was unlike him to slight a meal. He would not have done so except for a compelling reason.

"Well, son," said the Sheriff, who had been watching their meeting from the parlor window, "I see you got 'em. What did he say? I couldn't hear."

"Just as I thought," answered Jerry. "It was only a joke."

"About Queenie now," began his landlord, haltingly. "I—I'm awful ashamed—I reckon you'll be wantin' to move out o' here—I give her a talkin' to when you first come, but it don't seem to do no good talkin' to her—nor it don't help none to beat her. We've tried everything, me an' Ma—"

THE man was so genuinely distressed that Jerry was touched.

"Don't worry, Sheriff," he said, "she's not to blame. It's a disease. She'll probably grow out of it. Anyway there's no harm done this time."

"But that ten dollars," protested Mr. Carey, "that's stolen money."

"Forget it," said Jerry. "I'll fix that with Lord Beauregard."

The Sheriff was noticeably affected by Jerry's leniency. Drawing a small wad of bills from his pocket, he moistened a grimy thumb and counted off a five dollar bill and five ones and held them out to him.

"Here," he said, "give him these. I don't want as you should lose."

Jerry hesitated and then accepted the money. He sensed that the man would be hurt if he refused.

"Son," said the Sheriff earnestly, "if I can ever do anything for you—come right to me."

"You bet," said Jerry, shaking his extended hand.

He did not feel like eating, but when Mrs. Carey announced supper, he went in and sat down, not wishing to make it seem that the episode of the clippings had upset him too much. His lack of appetite he explained by saying he still felt as if he had just had lunch, which, as a matter of fact, was true.

Throughout the meal he was very quiet. He had a lot to think about. As he saw it, there were only two courses open to him. One was to hear what the bogus Beauregard might propose, and, possibly, make some sort of deal with him. The other was to go at once to the Carmichaels, tell his story, warn them of the other impostor and then—get out. He shrank from taking either.

The idea of actually conniving with Beauregard in any way was thoroughly repugnant to him. Even so, however, he found it distasteful to contemplate betraying the wretch. Of course, he could unmask himself without unmasking Beauregard. But was it not his duty, did he not owe it to the Carmichaels, to warn them against the man? After all, he owed nothing to Beauregard. It was to Sheila and her father that he was under obligation. He had deceived them into extending him their hospitality and had accepted it under false pretenses. To expose his own identity, without exposing that of Beauregard, would be to leave undone the only real service he could do them.

Viewed in this light, the situation was clear. In common decency, he must go at once to the Carmichaels and make his confession. He had no justifiable alternative. If Beauregard came for him before he had returned, well—Beauregard could wait. By

that time it would not matter to Jerry whether he saw him or not.

The meal over, he lit a cigarette and went into the garden to rehearse in his mind the few brief sentences which were shortly to bring about the end of all his plans. He had little hope that Mr. Carmichael might condone his deception. As for Sheila, he had no hope whatever of any help or sympathy from her. She was angry with him already.

The air was still and oppressive with the cloying scent of flowers. Overhead, ominous clouds were rolling up, obscuring a sky that had been rosy with the sunset. The sea had a sullen, leaden aspect. In spite of himself Jerry shivered. Then, grinding his cigarette under his heel, he trudged grimly to the barn to get his car.

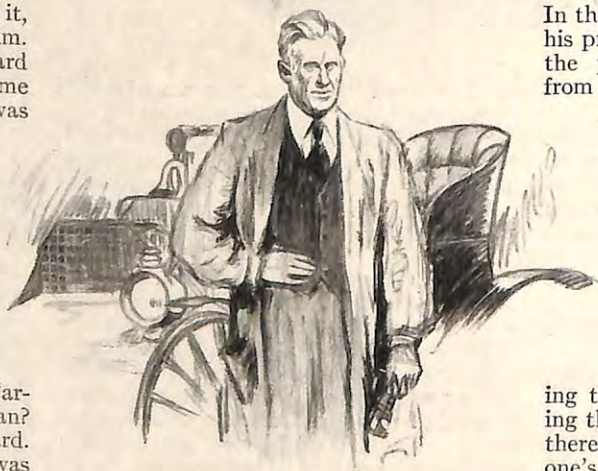
"Goin' out again, son?" asked the Sheriff when Jerry got into his roadster.

"Yes," said Jerry. "If Lord Beauregard stops by and asks for me before I get back, please tell him to wait. I won't be long. Will you be here for a while?"

"Looks like I'd be here all night," grumbled the Sheriff, jerking a thumb towards his own car. "I've cleaned the plugs and the points, but the doggone old junk pile still misses. Must be a short somewhere, I reckon. Lucky you took my advice and didn't get one of them Comets. I tell you when they start to go bad it's just one thing after another. If I ever get this one to runnin' again, I'm goin' to trade her in so quick there won't be nothin' to it."

Jerry smiled commiseratingly. It still gave him qualms of conscience to reflect that whatever worldly advantages he had enjoyed had been paid for out of the profits on Comets. He determined that when he went into the factory—as it now seemed inevitable that he must—he would see to it that the quality of the product was brought up to standard. To take money from the public for so shoddy a machine was little short of larceny.

As Jerry backed into the yard, Lancelot, who of late had been loath to let him go anywhere unaccompanied, looked up from a pan of food and took a few tentative steps toward the car. Receiving no encouragement from his friend, however, and being still hungry, the dog returned some-



what sheepishly to his rations. Grimly Jerry gripped his wheel to swing the car onto the highway, but no sooner had he begun to turn it than he knew, by the stiffness of the steering gear, that he had a flat front tire. "Damnation," he exclaimed.

Now ordinarily, changing a tire, dirty job though it is, takes but a few minutes. And it was rather the unpleasantness of the task, than the delay it would involve, that prompted Jerry's expression of annoyance.

He got out of the machine, shed his coat, rolled his sleeves and, with no more than the usual amount of grovelling in the dust, managed to jack up the affected wheel. That done, however, he found himself stumped; for the car was equipped with wire wheels of a make and design he had never before encountered. Examining his tool kit, he could recognize in it no implement that, by its shape, suggested relationship to a hub cap. There were one or two wrenches that looked as though they might fit, but Jerry could not figure out how to apply them. Nor could the Sheriff, who came to offer assistance.

"Ain't there no book some place in the car that would tell how to do it?" he queried. "Or maybe if there was it would be in Eyetalian, anyway. Can you read Eyetalian?"

"No. Besides, I've wasted too much time as it is."

"If my boat was workin' you'd be welcome to take her, but she ain't—"

"I'll walk," said Jerry, putting on his coat and slapping the dust off his trousers, which had once been white.

"Goin' to Carmichaels?"

"Yes."

"Then why'n' you phone Dennis to drive over? You could take the car he comes in while he's fixing this flat of yours. Be quicker'n walking."

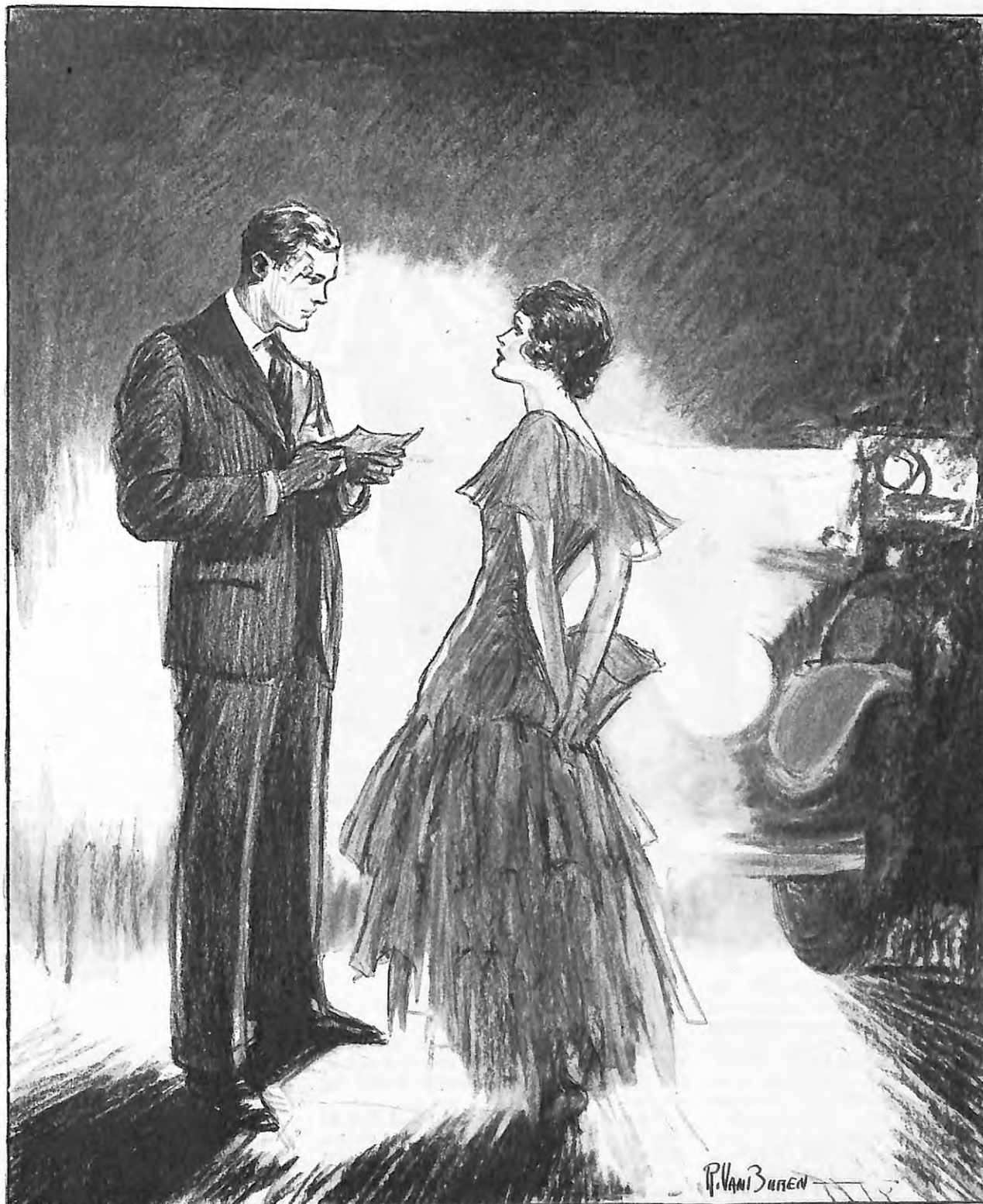
JERRY hesitated. The fine fervor of righteousness with which he had started out after supper on his errand of immolation had begun to ooze away. If his tire had not delayed him, that fervor would have held. He would have sped straight to the lion's den and marched in, with bared breast, so to speak, while the mood for martyrdom was still upon him. Now, however, the mood had started to evaporate. A voice within him was whispering that perhaps it was not essential that he sacrifice himself after all. Jerry was a reasonably upright young man. Yet he was not so nauseatingly noble as to be eager to sacrifice himself if there were an alternative. It struck him, now, that there might be another course, possibly a very simple one, to wit:

Whatever Beauregard's game was, his ultimate aim, presumably, was to get money. In that case it should be possible, by paying his price, to induce him to step right out of the picture. With Beauregard removed from the scene, Jerry himself would then be at liberty to work out his own problem at leisure. It might be that he would hold Mr. Carmichael to his promise to take the Thunderbus out for that test run, despite Sheila's opposition to the undertaking. Much would depend on that young lady's attitude toward him during the next few days, when Beauregard was no longer in the offing.

Jerry realized that he was yielding to a certain weakness in thus postponing the inescapable hour of reckoning. But there are few pleasures equal to indulging one's weaknesses and, when he went inside to telephone Dennis, though he felt a little less exalted, perhaps, he nevertheless felt a great deal more cheerful.

## CHAPTER XVI

LORD BEAUREGARD had dashed away from the Carmichael house in a state known as high dudgeon, furious with Mr. Meaney because the latter had had the effrontery to suggest, over the telephone, that Beauregard ask the Carmichaels to



invite him to dinner. He had no desire nor intention to introduce his partner into the household, for reasons which must be obvious. It was bad enough to have him in the vicinity, arousing curiosity among the natives and conversing with heaven knows whom, without adding to the general risks by standing sponsor for him. Not daring to argue the point, his Lordship had said, tersely, that the idea was out of the question and had told Meaney to stay where he was until he himself could get to the village. Sheila being upstairs, changing her clothes, he was relieved of the necessity of explaining his sudden departure; he asked the maid to say he would not be in for dinner, jumped into a touring car parked in front of the house and sped off.

"Pig-headed fool," he muttered savagely, "just like him to come blundering in where he isn't wanted. Why the devil couldn't

*Sheila had reached into the car and switched on the lights. "Here" she said, handing him the slip of paper, "you can see for yourself. The signature—"*

he stay in New York? He'll have to go back, that's all." This was his frame of mind up to the moment that he arrived in front of the Carey place and there was stopped by Jerry.

After that meeting, however, he thought differently. Stunned by the knowledge that Jerry knew he was not the real Lord Beauregard, realizing that because of this the ground was cut from under his feet, he ceased resenting the advent of Mr. Meaney and began to think of it as an act of Providence. For Mr. Meaney had a strong right arm and, though he was still too dazed to be able to formulate definite plans, Beauregard felt instinctively that a strong right

arm might be the only effective means of clarifying the situation.

Reaching the village at an hour when most of the inhabitants were still devoting themselves to supper, Beauregard approached the hotel by way of a back alley, left the car in a secluded shed and entered the building through a rear door. Cleaving the dense and musty atmosphere, made more than usually horrid by the rancid scents of the kitchen, he presently found himself in the dingy, plush-chaired lobby.

"Well, well," said his partner, as Beauregard came into view, "if it isn't my old pal Bogey." Turning to the frowzy proprietor of the place, who was peering through his front hair at the newcomer, Meaney went on: "Old friend of mine, Lord Beauregard is. Old college pal. Told you he'd be

*(Continued on page 44)*

# Earl Sande: *The Story of a Big Little Man with a High Goal*

**I**T WAS one of those rare days when he is in a talkative mood that I made one of my periodical pilgrimages to Earl Sande's modest home down on Long Island to talk with him about his past, present and future on the turf.

The Preakness and the Kentucky Derby were of the past. Sande, aboard William Woodward's Gallant Fox, had won both. But the great and most coveted turf event—the Belmont Stakes—was to be decided six days later. In it Sande and his gallant mount were destined to meet two great rivals—"Sonny" Workman and Harry Payne Whitney's stout hearted Whichone.

The eyes of race track followers of two continents were focused on that event, as it held promise of being one of the most important and stirring races of the decade. The winning horse would be crowned king of the three-year-old division; the winning jockey king of the pig-skin artists. To Sande the winning of that race would mean even more—a seat in the turf's Hall of Fame beside Jockey Johnny Loftus, one of the greatest race riders of all time.

It wouldn't have surprised me if Sande had been nervous and irritable that day. But he wasn't. As he arranged a comfortable seat and fetched cigarettes I marveled at his happy, carefree manner. With one of his boyish smiles he explained his mood: "I rode behind Whichone day before yesterday. He'll have to be a much better horse next Saturday to show his heels to Gallant Fox." Then with a serious look in his gray eyes he added, "And, you know, this is my lucky year. I've been knocking over all sorts of hoodoos, jinxes and superstitions. Why, I've even licked the Friday bugaboo!"

"The Friday bugaboo?" I asked blankly. "For twelve years—ever since I rode my first winner down at New Orleans—Friday has been my unlucky day. I broke that jinx by winning the Preakness and the Suburban on Friday. Moreover, I broke a tie which had existed for many years between Snapper Garrison, Joe Notter, Johnny Callahan, Clarence Kummer and me. Each of us had two Suburbans to our credit. Now I have three."

He then went on to relate how he had broken other hoodoos this season. Ever since he became a big-time rider he has been ambitious to equal, if not excel, the record of Isaac Murphy, the colored jockey, who rode three Kentucky Derby winners back in the '80s and '90s. After winning with Zev in 1923 and Flying Ebony in 1925 he was confident of attaining his goal. In 1927 he

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By Jack O'Donnell

made a gallant effort on J. E. Widener's Osmond, only to have his mount falter in the closing strides to be beaten a neck for all the money.

When William Woodward asked him to ride Gallant Fox this year Sande was elated. Although the offer was made long before Derby Day Earl was supremely confident that the Fox was a high-class colt capable of beating anything nominated for the Kentucky classic. That his confidence was not misplaced, the great son of Galahad III—Marguerite demonstrated when he made a show of his field at Churchill Downs in the presence of Lord Derby and 60,000 racing enthusiasts.

**T**HE real jinx in Sande's life, however, appeared to be the Preakness. Year after year since 1918 he has journeyed to Maryland for a try at the rich prize. Five times he left the barrier with hope in his heart and four of the five times he finished somewhere back of the winner.

But that fifth and winning effort was one that racing fans who witnessed the race will not forget to their dying day.

With his leg up on Gallant Fox he got away to a bad start and before the first turn was reached Sande had to take out to avoid being pinned in on the rail. Going up the

long back stretch Gallant Fox was eighth. One by one he picked up the fleet thoroughbreds that stood between him and leadership. Whenever Sande saw a hole he guided The Fox through it. At the far turn Sande and his mount were third. Ahead of them were Tetrachal and Crack Brigade.

"Poor ol' Sande—beat again!" pitied his friends in the crowd. "It's the old jinx still working!"

**B**UT Sande never lost his head for a moment despite the six or seven lengths that separated him from the leaders. He had a fighting chance for victory, and that's all he ever asked of man or beast.

As the leaders swung into the stretch bend Tetrachal called it a day and dropped back fast.

"Now you rascal," said Sande to Gallant Fox, "go get that other baby."

Gallant Fox answered with an extra burst of speed. But Crack Brigade was going strong, hugging the rail. When the pair came into the stretch there was plenty of daylight between them. George Ellis, on Crack Brigade, was riding a brilliant race. He glanced over his shoulder and saw a grim-faced, freckled rival for whom he had great respect.



Gallant Fox

He went to the whip and Crack Brigade responded gamely, holding Gallant Fox even.

An eighth of a mile from home Sande, knowing he "had a horse between his legs," went to the bat. One crack of the whip and Gallant Fox lengthened his stride just a trifle more. But that trifle was just enough. He gained on Crack Brigade at every bound.

"Come on, Sande!"

It was the old battle cry—the cry that has hoarsened the throats of millions of men and women on the American turf in the last

twelve years. It was to Sande's ears what applause is to a Barrymore. It was more! It was the cry of faith, of affection, of loyalty.

"When I heard it above the thud of hoofs," said Earl, "it thrilled me. I knew I had to keep faith, but I had no fear. The Fox was strong under me and I knew he had a great heart!"

The strain was too much for Crack Brigade. In the closing strides he faltered while Gallant Fox was finishing with a tremendous rush. As they thundered across the finish line they were lapped on each other, but The Fox was winner by three-quarters of a length.

Sande had laid his eleven-year jinx!

**I**N a way, too, it marked his third great comeback as a jockey. His first was staged at Havre de Grace, Maryland, the spring following his terrible fall at Saratoga, when he was so badly injured by falling horses that it was thought he would lose a leg.

"He'll never ride again," predicted the wisecracks. "They never come back once they've been cracked up—lose their nerve, y'know."

Sande rode Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's Sarazen in the Newark Handicap in his first attempt at a comeback. Sulky Sarah, as Sarazen was known to the race-track regulars, was slow to get away from the barrier that day. Once he got going, however, he responded splendidly to Sande's urging and flew after the leaders. On the first turn the leaders, closely bunched, were forced a trifle wide by the rail horses, leaving a slight opening. It wasn't a wide open space, by any means, but Sande believed he could take Sarazen through it. And he did. Then on past the leaders went old Sarah, running one of his best races. When the time for that race was hung up it was discovered that Sarazen had clipped four-fifths of a second off the old track record, stepping the six furlongs in 1:11.

At the instant Sande went through that opening at the first turn he had "come back." Only a boy with iron nerve would have attempted such a feat.

His second comeback followed his suspension from the turf by the Maryland Racing Commission for alleged rough riding in a race at Pimlico, November 4, 1927.

When news of the Racing Commission's action was flashed across the country it created a sensation. In the ten years that he had been riding on the "big apple" the finger of suspicion had never been pointed at him. He was a public idol. The name of Sande was synonymous with honesty. Any time he had the "leg up" the betting public

knew it would get a run for its money. Hadn't he piloted home more than nine hundred winners in ten years? Hadn't he won millions of dollars in purses for the owners of horses he had ridden? Hadn't he won more millions for the men and women who had bet on his mounts?

Sande was almost heart-broken by the ruling. His employer, Mr. Joseph E. Widener, the Philadelphia multi-millionaire sportsman, a few days before had made arrangements to send Sande abroad, hoping the change of scene would ease the pain Earl was suffering through the loss of his wife, who had died at Saratoga in September. Mr. Widener requested the Maryland officials to lift the ban against Sande so that the boy would not have to visit the racing plants of Europe under a cloud. The Commission turned a deaf ear to this appeal, however, with the result that when America's premier jockey visited England and France he was, in a sense, in disgrace.

"Although the English and French sportsmen received me graciously," said Earl, telling of his European trip, "I always felt like an outsider."

Before that adverse ruling Sande was having serious difficulty making 115 pounds. The bane of every jockey's existence—weight—was troubling him. One morning a few days before the unfortunate race which caused his suspension, I had breakfast with him at the Belvedere Hotel down in Baltimore. His face looked pinched and drawn and his lips were a bluish purple. While he sipped a cup of hot water and ate an almost raw egg (this was his usual breakfast those days) he told me he thought his riding days on the American turf were about over.

"Road work, dieting and Turkish baths are gradually undermining my health," he



Sonny Workman, up on Whichone, beaten by Sande and Gallant Fox in the Belmont Stakes

said. "The doctors tell me I'll have to give it up or—. So, I may get a stable of my own next year."

But when Sande came back from Europe in the Spring of 1928 he appealed to the Maryland Racing Commission for reinstatement and got it. Loath to have the records say that his last ride was a foul one, he determined to return to the saddle and rehabilitate his reputation.

**T**HEN began one of the toughest grinds of his life. Stripped, he weighed within a few ounces of 125 pounds. In his battle to get down to riding weight—even to 118 pounds—he was forced to enter upon a starvation diet, to hit the road every morning, to take hot baths and exercise horses daily.

In previous campaigns of this kind he had had a sympathetic and loving companion—his wife. But now he had to go it alone. Again the regulars around the race tracks said he couldn't do it.

"Sande's through!" they pronounced. "Weight has got him!"

But Sande wasn't through. He battled the weight bugaboo and whipped it. He came back to the race track and won more than 35 races that season.

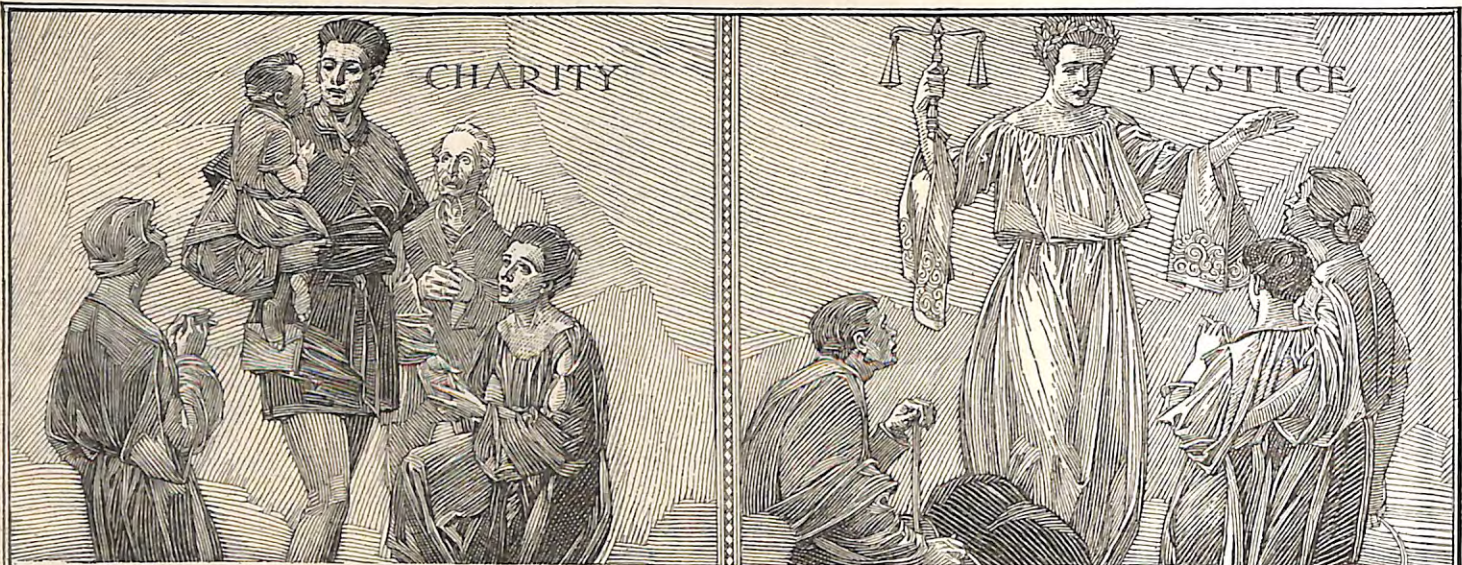
The grind of 1928 took a lot out of Sande, however, and at the end of the season he

(Continued on page 55)



One of the most stubborn jinxes of Sande's career was the Preakness. It was the one race he could never win—until this year, when Gallant Fox carried him under the wire to a thrilling victory over Crack Brigade

INTERNATIONAL



## EDITORIAL

### GRAND EXALTED RULER RUPP

THE ELKS MAGAZINE gladly avails itself of this first opportunity to tender editorial felicitations to the new Grand Exalted Ruler upon the fine acclaim with which he was elevated to executive leadership by the Grand Lodge at Atlantic City. It was a well-deserved tribute not only to the exceptional ability with which he has served the Order for years in other important posts but also to his personal popularity.

The Order has assured itself an efficient administration of its affairs during the ensuing year, for Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp has demonstrated his capacity, and his eager readiness, for sacrificial service in its behalf. His record supports his pledge that the duties of his office shall receive his first consideration throughout his term.

In bespeaking for him the fullest measure of confidence and cooperation from the entire membership, it is done with an abiding faith that it will be enthusiastically accorded to such a leader.

### OUR NEW ADDITION TO THE HOME

THE provision made by the Grand Lodge for an additional dormitory at the Elks National Home is another evidence of the continually growing demands upon the Order for the care of its own members who are in need. It is a pathetic fact. And yet it is one that is incident to the fairly accurate law of averages as applied to so extensive a membership.

This splendid fraternal enterprise, from its inception, has been regarded with special favor by every Elk. And as increasing numbers of members have applied for admission, requiring larger annual appropriations and frequent enlargements of the physical plant at Bedford, the response has always been as cheerful as it has been generous.

Happily the Order has been able to meet these requirements without any strain upon its resources. Even with the unusual construction item

in the current budget, and the inevitable increase in maintenance cost, the per capita tax was not increased. This was due to the payment into the Grand Lodge treasury, by the National Memorial Headquarters Commission, of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, representing available net earnings of THE ELKS MAGAZINE during the past year, from which fund the cost of the new dormitory was specifically appropriated.

It will be recalled that when the establishment of the Magazine was under consideration, those who advocated it predicted that in time the earnings from the proposed official organ would provide a large proportion of the annual expense of the Grand Lodge. The last report of the Commission discloses that this prediction has been an accomplished fact almost from the beginning.

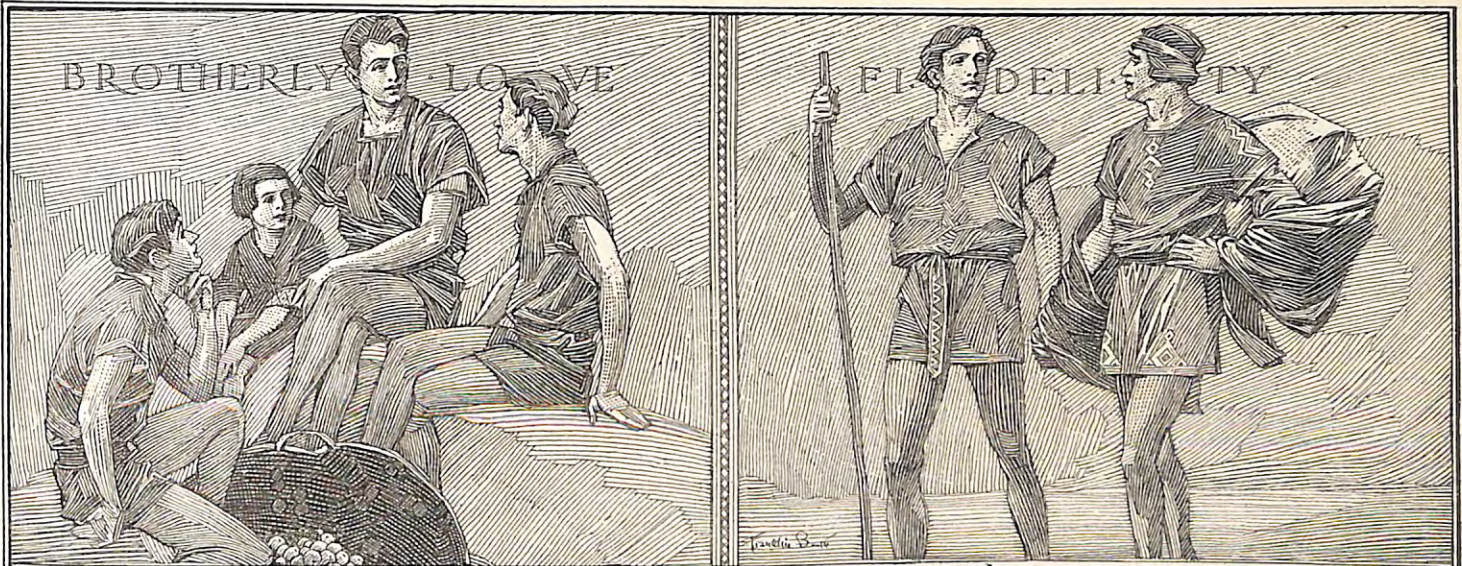
When the fate of a number of other fraternal periodicals is recalled, and comparison is made between our own journal and others of similar character still being published, it becomes obvious that the conduct and management of the Magazine has been remarkably efficient. Even with the loyal support that has been accorded it by the entire membership, it has required such management to produce the results that have been achieved. If this statement be regarded as somewhat self-laudatory, at least it will be conceded to be a bit of justifiable preening of some really fine feathers.

### THE PARADE AT ATLANTIC CITY

THOSE who witnessed the great parade which closed the Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City, were unanimous in their expressions of admiration and praise. In the opinion of many, it was the best the Order has ever held. And it is most gratifying to realize the outstanding cause for the splendid impression created upon the membership and the public alike.

It was not the unique feature of having the





Decorations by Franklin Booth

parade pass in official review indoors; although the stupendous auditorium which permitted this to be done, and furnished seats for twenty-five thousand spectators besides, is an architectural marvel, and, with its magnificent organ, contributed much to the final pageantry.

It was not the unusual number of bands which were in the procession, although in numerical strength and musical excellence they set a new standard.

It was not the number of Elks in line, nor the number of Lodges represented. Although it required three hours for the marchers to pass in review, other parades held by the Order have been longer.

By common consent, the distinctive feature of the occasion was the splendid personnel of the participants and the fine dignity of their bearing. There was a total absence of buffoonery and cheap comedy. There was no unit that attempted to be grotesque. Every marching group was appropriately uniformed and moved in an appointed formation. And there was a pervading spirit of fraternal pride and loyalty that constituted a splendid tribute to the Order.

It is pleasing to express the opinion that this result was due in no small degree to the specific activity in the interest of better parades which has been aggressively conducted by the New Jersey State Elks Association, so many of whose Lodges took part. It was undoubtedly due in large measure to the experience, efficiency and personal interest of Grand Esquire Harry Bacharach, to whom this word of commendation is offered on behalf of the whole Order.

#### CHARLES E. PICKETT

**I**N THE death of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Pickett, which occurred at his home, in Waterloo, Iowa, on July 20th, another of that notable group of older members, affectionately called "The Old Guard," has passed away. And in his passing the Order has lost one who made conspicuously important contributions to its growth and development, who ever maintained a

keen pride in his membership, who thoroughly enjoyed its associations, and who held an abiding faith in its high destiny.

For many years he was an outstanding figure in the Grand Lodge, and was identified with many acts of constructive legislation still contained in our statutes.

As a member, and Chairman, of the Committee on Ritual, and as a member of the Committee on Laws and Appeals, his ability, industry and loyal devotion to the Fraternity earned his promotion to the Grand Exalted Rulership in 1901. And no one who has ever filled that office was better qualified to meet its exacting demands, or more ably administered the affairs of the Order.

He was subsequently a member of the Committee on the Elks National Home, which had in charge the establishing of the original Home at Bedford, Chairman of the Special Committee on Constitutional Revision, the first Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, member of the Elks National Foundation Committee, and a Trustee of the Foundation.

Perhaps his outstanding service was in connection with the general revision of the Constitution of the Order, a work which stands to-day as a monument to his wisdom and legal ability.

In recent years declining health compelled him to withdraw somewhat from the more active fraternal service which he delighted to perform. But his occasional contacts with his official confrères continued always to bring to him, as to them, a real happiness, born of mutual admiration, esteem and affection.

He achieved distinction in his profession; and his political career led him to a seat in the halls of Congress. But above and beyond these successes he prized the honors which had been conferred upon him by his brothers of the Order of Elks.

The Order will preserve his memory as one of its constructive leaders, and those who knew Charlie Pickett, for the man and brother he was, will mourn the loss of a cherished friend.

# The Social Side of the 1930 Grand Lodge Convention

ATLANTIC CITY, designed though it is to be a resort affording every opportunity for recreation, diversion and sport, and inured though it is to the entertainment of conventions of consequence, surpassed itself in hospitality toward those who attended during the early part of July the Sixty-Sixth Grand Lodge Convention.

From the moment one stepped from the train at the station, or reached the outlying districts of the community by automobile, the signs of an eager welcome were apparent. The entire length, not only of the principal business streets and of the Boardwalk, but also of the numberless and less conspicuous cross-avenues, was festooned with the purple and white of the Order.

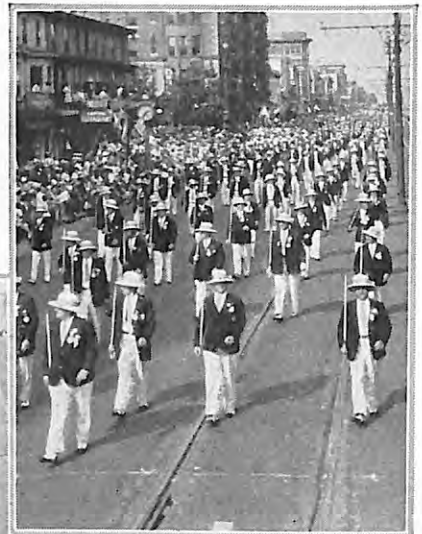
It appeared, too, that the weather had conspired with those in charge of the reception of the visitors from every part of the country, to make this scene even more brilliant. The elements seemed to arrange their necessary variations from absolute clearness of sky for such times as would not interfere with the festivities and the amusements of the Elks.

Although the convention did not open officially until the evening of Monday, July 7, activity relating to it began two days before. On Saturday, the fifth, was scheduled the arrival of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Grand Lodge officers, members of Grand Lodge Committees, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers. These notables, as well as delegations from subordinate Lodges arriving in force, were welcomed at the railroad stations by the Legion of Honor and the mounted Guard of Atlantic City Lodge, No. 276, as well as by "The 276 Greeters," the convention Reception Committee and the Transportation Committee, who escorted them to their hotels.

The success of the Convention from this, its very start, until the end, is due to the able administration of the several committees in charge of its affairs. These functioned under a Board of Directors, of which Grand Esquire Harry Bacharach was Chairman, Louis A. Steinbricker was Vice-Chairman, Elias Rosenbaum, Secretary, David C. Reed, Treasurer, Monroe Goldstein, Executive Secretary, and included as representative of the Finance Committee, State Senator Emerson L. Richards. The Chairmen of the Committees were: Harry Bacharach, Executive; Dr. I. N. Griscom, Aeronautical; William H. Schmid, Antlers; C. E. Knauer, Auditing; Lincoln G. Dickey, Auditorium; William G. Williams, Automobile; Elias Rosenbaum, Badges; E. A. Haines, Contests; William S. Cuthbert, Decorations; Clifford Howell, Elec-

trical Decorations; Enoch L. Johnson, Entertainment; Armand T. Nichols, Fashion Show; Harry Jones, Fraternal Societies; David C. Reed, Grand Lodge Entertainment; Julian A. Hillman and Harry Schoenthal, Hotel Accommodations; Charles Proebstle, Information; Eugene E. Ebeling, Ladies' Reception; Joseph B. Perskie, Law and Contracts; Dr. David B. Allman, Medical; Joseph M. Hewitt, National Golf Tournament; Fred Plum, National Trapshoot; Chief P. J. Doran, Public Safety; Edwin M. Spence, Radio; Albert H. Skean, Registration; I. Edward Littman, Reception; James S. Murphy, Transportation and Baggage; Harry T. Headley, Yachting; Louis A. Steinbricker, "276 Greeters"; and William S. Cuthbert, Music and Parade.

*The largest delegation coming from the greatest distance was that of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22*



*The most originally costumed body, outside New Jersey Lodges, was Baltimore, Md., Lodge No. 7 (left)*



*The prize-winning float of Hoboken, N. J., Lodge No. 74 (above), and (at the right), the marchers from York, Pa., Lodge No. 213, voted the best-appearing group from outside New Jersey*



*Just above, and reaching into the next page, is the Drill Team of Detroit, Mich., Lodge No. 34, which emerged victorious in the Class A Drill Contest. At the left is another winning organization, the Band of Trenton, N. J., Lodge No. 105, adjudged superior to all other contestants in the Band Contest*



General registration opened the next day at the Community Center Building, near the Home of Atlantic City Lodge. There, the members of the Order and their families gathered, receiving, as they recorded their names, badges, programs and hospitality coupon books for use during their stay.

In the early afternoon of the same day, precisely at the appointed time of half-past two, the four cars constituting The Elks Magazine-Viking Prosperity Tour fleet swung up on to the Boardwalk and lined up before the Municipal Auditorium. An interested gathering of mem-

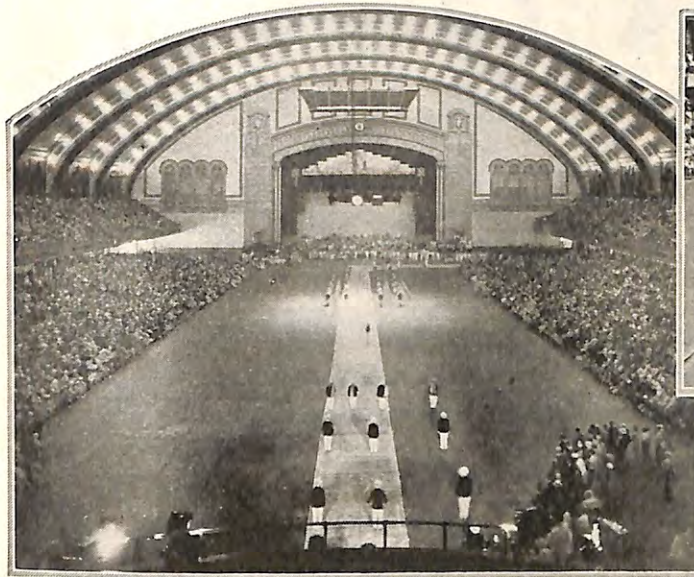


*Atlantic City welcomes the Order of Elks upon the eve of its annual Convention. Acting Mayor Joseph Paxson (above) greets the Grand Exalted Ruler, Walter P. Andrews, the Past Grand Exalted Rulers and Grand Lodge officers. At the right, Mr. Andrews shakes hands with his successor in office, the present Grand Exalted Ruler, Lawrence H. Rupp*



Mountain, J. Edgar Masters, William H. Atwell, Charles H. Grakelow, John F. Malley, and Murray Hulbert. In attendance also were Grand Esteemed Leading Knight William Conklin, Grand Tiler R. W. Jones, Grand Esquire Harry Bacharach who, a few days later, was to be chosen Mayor of Atlantic City; Grand Justice Dwight E. Campbell; and Richard M. Davies, member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee. These, on behalf of the Order; and Acting Mayor Joseph Paxson, on behalf of the city, extended a hearty welcome to the incoming pilots of the fleet and to Secretary Henry J. A. Newton and other members of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, who, in company with former Mayor W. F. Kendrick and Mayor H. A. Mackey, had escorted the four automobiles from the Pennsylvania metropolis to the end of their journey.

The following morning saw the beginning of the enjoyment of a number of outings arranged for



*Paterson, N. J., Lodge No. 60 (above) was regarded the best-appearing New Jersey delegation in the parade. The Auditorium (left) as the procession marched through. At the right is the float exhibited by Inglewood, Calif., Lodge No. 1492*



PHOTOS BY ATLANTIC PHOTO SERVICE



*The Drill Team of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge No. 23 (above) first won the Class B Drill Contest and, in the final competition, defeated Detroit, Mich., Lodge, the Class A victor, for the national championship. Below is the delegation from Orange, N. J., Lodge, awarded first prize for displaying the most original costumes of any Lodge within the State.*



bers of the public and of the Order was on hand to greet the transcontinental drivers, bearing messages from President Hoover and from the chief executives of several States and cities of importance in various parts of the country. Prominent among the many gathered to welcome the pilots of the automobiles were many well-known Elks, including Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews and his successor, Lawrence H. Rupp; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, editor and executive director of The Elks Magazine, co-sponsor of the prosperity tour; Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, Rush L. Holland, James R. Nicholson, Edward Rightor, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, Frank L. Rain, William M. Abbott, W. W.

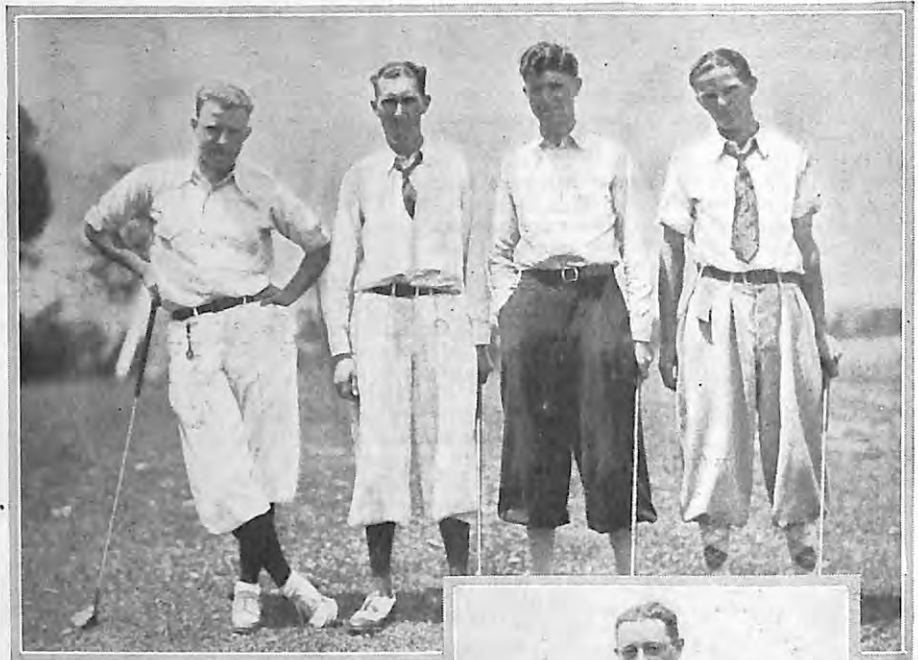


Elks and their families. From the Home of Atlantic City Lodge, buses carried some to the Inlet, where, from Yachtsmen's Wharf, they embarked upon sailing trips. Others chose the attractive motor tours to points of interest in the city and near it. Still others seized the opportunity to visit the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children, an institution of national prominence sponsored by Atlantic City Lodge.

On the first day of the convention, Monday, May 7, the sporting events began. At the Westy Hogan Gun Club, on Absecon Boulevard, preliminary practice was afforded the entrants in the Elks National Trapshoot. (A report of this appears elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine). Simultaneously, the Elks Second National 54-Hole Golf Tournament got



*J. Russell Thompson, of Glendale, Calif., Lodge, winner for the second time of the John J. Doyle trophy emblematic of the championship*



*The victorious four-man team (above) of Glendale, Calif., Lodge No. 1289, composed of J. Russell Thompson, J. G. Gaines, Harold Thompson and Roland E. Oakley. The quartet of players from Paterson, N. J., Lodge finished second in this event*



PHOTOS BY ATLANTIC PHOTO SERVICE



*Dr. E. H. Straessley, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Lodge No. 109 (above) won the low-net score title. E. F. Buckley (left) of Paterson Lodge, low-gross victor on the third day, who made a hole in one*

under way on the links of the Country Club of Atlantic City, at Northfield.

Major honors, both in the individual and the team play in the tournament went to the representatives of Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289. J. Russell Thompson, a Glendale Elk and winner of the event when it was inaugurated last year, again came through to win the low gross title and the \$2,000 John J. Doyle trophy emblematic of the championship. The victor's total of 208 gave him a marked lead over his nearest competitor, J. G. Gaines, of the same Lodge, the sum of whose strokes for the 54 holes was 220. Playing together on the four-man team representing Glendale Lodge, the winner and runner-up for the low-gross title, together with the victor's brother, Harold Thompson; and Roland E. Oakley, were first in the team championship match, their combined total scores amounting to 905, being well below the 1019 strokes taken by the players from Paterson, N. J., Lodge, No. 60. One Paterson golfer, however, E. F. Buckley, gained an unrivaled distinction during the tournament by making a hole in one. Players from Pennsylvania had the remaining event on the program to themselves. Dr. E. H. Straessley, of Wilkes-Barre Lodge, No. 109, was first in the low net scoring with 205; and F. R. Leiberman, of Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130, second, with eight strokes more. In the unofficial play held on Wednesday, the third day of the convention, Mr. Buckley added to his achievements by a victory in the low-gross scoring. His fellow Lodge member, T. H. Muth was second. The low net event went to Joseph Lavett, of Rockville, Me., Lodge, No. 1008, with E. L. Meyer, of Cliffside Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 1502, second.

One of the most enthusiastically received events of the convention week took place in the

Auditorium, on Tuesday, when the Lodge of Antlers, sponsored by Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge No. 2, exemplified their ritual before members of the Grand Lodge and of the Order. The exhibition was given in the room where, immediately following, the first Elks National Ritualistic Contest was held. The manner in which the junior Elks performed their exercises won both applause and praise from all who were so fortunate as to be present upon the occasion. Among these was Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler, Lawrence H. Rupp; Past Grand Exalted Ruler, Charles H. Grakelov, and members of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee. They were unanimous in declaring that the Antlers' officers had acquitted themselves with uncommon dignity and poise, and in designating the exemplification an inspiring performance.

Of interest not only to participants but to throngs of spectators as well were the contests among Lodge Drill Teams and Bands, on Wednesday, July 9th, upon the great parade floor of the Municipal Auditorium.

The Drill Team contests took place in the morning. In these there were two grades of competition, Class A, for teams with more than twenty-four men; and Class B, for teams with 24 men or less, but not less than 16 men. Between the winner of the Class A contest, the team of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, and the team to finish second, that of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, there was only a difference of 1.2 per cent, and 1 per cent of this Bronx Lodge lost as a penalty for not having the prescribed more than twenty-four members on its squad. Detroit Lodge's score was 98.8 per cent and Bronx Lodge's 97.6.

The Class B contest, calling for a smaller number of men to the squad, disclosed twice as many teams entered. Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, and Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, were represented. They finished in the order named, Buffalo Lodge's team achieving a perfect score of 100. Trenton Lodge gained a score of only one-tenth of a point less, finishing with 99.9 and a similar difference divided this from the mark accorded the team from Elizabeth Lodge, 99.8. Staten Island Lodge's total was but three-tenths of a point less, 99.5.

At the completion of these two events, a final contest was held between their winners, to decide the national championship. The com-

(Continued on page 57)

Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge won the five-man event. The team (right) includes W. E. Mullens, Robert Truman, George Peters, T. L. Edens, Jr., and T. L. Edens, Sr. The two-man team competition went to Wilmington, Del., Lodge, represented by I. L. Turner and J. L. Luke (below)



PHOTOS BY ATLANTIC FOTO SERVICE



# The Elks National Trapshoot

Yuma, Ariz., Lodge, No. 476, by only one point. Joe Murphy, of Freehold, N. J., Lodge, No. 1454, breaking 97 out of 100 in the Class C contest, came through ahead of K. G. Swain, of Roanoke, Va., Lodge, No. 197, by a margin of but two targets. In the Class D shoot, however, U. F. Rickards, of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 280, showed himself more definitely at the top of his class, his score of 96 being an even ten better than that of his nearest rival, James Carros, of Poughkeepsie Lodge.

Deciding the winner of the Elks national handicap was another matter, however, the closeness of the contest repeating the earlier matches for the amateur and the Class A titles. On the first string of 100, E. B. Springer, victor in the Class A shoot, found himself tied for first with J. Ed. Ely, of Freehold Lodge, at 93. On the shoot-off Mr. Ely won.

The marksmen of Phoenix Lodge, winners of the five-man-team event, found themselves in second place in the two-man shoot, yielding the first position to the entrants from Wilmington, Del., Lodge, No. 307, I. L. Turner and J. L. Luke. But the match, like the majority of others in the series of contests, required a shoot-off before prizes could finally be awarded. In the initial series of 100 targets, Mr. Peters, of Phoenix Lodge, made a perfect score, and this added to the record of his team-mate, Mr. Edens, Sr., of 92, equaled the total number of targets broken by Mr. Luke, who shattered 97, and Mr. Turner, who brought down 95. An additional string of fifty provided an extra test of skill, and the Delaware marksmen nosed out the Western pair by 49 to 48.

(Continued on page 60)

**E**AST and West divided honors in the Elks National Trapshoot, held during the recent Sixty-sixth National Convention of the Order, at the grounds of the Westy Hogan Gun Club, in Atlantic City, N. J.

The competition in marksmanship comprised contests among teams of five men representing Lodges; teams of two men representing Lodges; and contests for the individual championship, for the Elks national handicap contest, for the doubles championship, and for four class championships.

To the team of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge No. 335, and for the second consecutive year, went the five-man Lodge team title, and with it the custody of the Elks Magazine national trophy. The gunners from Phoenix, W. E. Mullens, Robert Truman, George Peters, T. L. Edens, Jr., and T. L. Edens, Sr., broke 472 targets out of a possible 500.

Mr. Peters, whose score in this competition was 100, was high man over all during the entire trapshoot, defeating Eugene B. Springer, of Wildwood, N. J., by a score of 96 to 94 in the doubles championship, and losing to Mr. Springer later, in the match for the Class A championship, by 149 to 150. The number of targets broken by both on the first day's shoot was a perfect 100, but in the shoot-off the following day, Mr. Springer continued his errorless work



George Peters (left), doubles champion; and (right) E. B. Springer, Wildwood, N. J., Class A winner. Above are Fred Plum, Atlantic City Lodge, runner-up; and M. L. Sullivan, Mt. Vernon, O., Lodge, winner of the amateur championship

up to 150, while Mr. Peters missed one target.

Another first day's tie that led to a thrilling contest for final victory was that between Fred Plum, of Atlantic City Lodge, No. 276, and M. L. Sullivan, of Mount Vernon, Ohio, Lodge, No. 140. At the end of the initial string, the scores of both stood at 98. On the next day's extra shooting for the Elks amateur championship, however, Mr. Sullivan repeated his score, while Mr. Plum was able to break but 94.


Competition almost as close marked the Class B and C championships. In the first, the Class B, F. L. Perry, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, with 96 out of 100, gained first place over N. R. Adair, of

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HEREBY INSURES the life of said insured and agrees as follows:

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Upon receipt at its home office in the City of Chicago of due proof of the death of said insured while this policy is in force and due proof of the interest of claimant, the Company will pay to the beneficiary named above \_\_\_\_\_ dollars (hereinafter referred to as the face amount of this policy) provided, however, that if such death occurs during the first six months of this policy the amount so payable shall be limited to one-half of the said face amount. If the beneficiary named herein is not living at the time of the death of said insured, the amount payable under this policy will be paid to the insured's executors, administrators or assigns.

**ACCIDENTAL DEATH BENEFIT—DOUBLE INDEMNITY**

If the insured while this policy is in force, and while no premium hereon is in default, shall sustain bodily injury resulting directly from external, violent and accidental means (suicide, sane or insane, not included) exclusively and independently of all other causes, and if such bodily injury within thirty days from the event causing the accident shall result in the death of the insured, the Company will pay to said beneficiary double the face amount of this policy in lieu of all other benefits hereunder.


This benefit is subject to the additional provisions on the second page hereof relating to accidental death benefits. It does not cover any accidental bodily injury caused or contributed to by sickness or disease or cover war risk or disappearance or loss suffered while riding or being in or on any aerial conveyance or any submarine.

**ACCIDENTAL DEATH BENEFIT—TRIPLE INDEMNITY**

If the insured while this policy is in force, and while no premium hereon is in default, shall sustain bodily injury resulting, exclusively and independently of all other causes, from the wrecking or disablement of any public omnibus, trolley, jitney or automobile stage or bus, which is being driven or operated at the time of such wrecking or disablement by a licensed driver plying for public hire and in which such insured is traveling as a fare-paying passenger, or from the wrecking or disablement of any railroad passenger car or passenger steamship or steamboat or street railway car or elevated or subway railway car, in or on which such insured is traveling as a fare-paying passenger in a place regularly provided for passengers only, or from the wrecking or disablement of any passenger elevator (elevators in mines and freight elevators excepted) in which the insured is riding as a passenger, or from the burning of a building, in which the insured shall be at the beginning of the fire and in which the insured shall be burned by fire or suffocated by smoke, he not acting as a volunteer or paid fireman, the Company will pay three times the face amount of this policy in lieu of all other benefits hereunder, provided, such bodily injury results in the death of the insured within thirty days from the date of such accident.

This benefit is subject to the additional provisions on the second page hereof relating to accidental death benefits.

FORM L-101-7-28



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NON-PARTICIPATING LIFE POLICY ACCIDENTAL DEATH BENEFIT PREMIUM PAYABLE FOR LIFE. FIFTEEN PER CENT ANNUAL DEATH BENEFIT DURING FIRST SIX MONTHS.

**B**ELIEVING that Elks, Antlers, and members of their families will welcome an opportunity to obtain Life Insurance on an economical basis, we offer, as a special service to readers of The Elks Magazine, One Million Life Insurance Policies—a most remarkable Life Insurance bargain opportunity!

For only \$1.00 a month and the coupon at right—and without any medical examination—you may obtain, through this special offer, a Life Insurance Policy in the Federal Life Insurance Company of Chicago which provides Insurance against death from any cause whatsoever, and, IN ADDITION, provides for DOUBLE and TRIPLE the amount of Insurance in the event of accidental death as stated.

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Never before, to our knowledge, has a Life Insurance Policy of this type been issued which provides so much protection for so little money. Men, women, boys, girls—every eligible reader of The Elks Magazine—should avail themselves of the opportunity, regardless of the amount of Life Insurance already carried.

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The Policy offered is illustrated at the left. Read it. Note that it is *Standard Life Insurance*. It provides Guaranteed Cash, Loan, Paid-up Life Insurance Values, Total and Permanent Disability Benefits, and other standard privileges known throughout the Insurance world.

Note that it is not limited Term Insurance. You do not have to exchange it for any other Policy at any time. The premium of \$1.00 a month remains the same throughout the life of the Policy. It never increases.

The Federal Life Insurance Company is a standard Legal Reserve Company. It has been established 30 years—continuously under the same efficient management, Isaac Miller Hamilton, President. It operates under the authority of the State laws for the protection of Policyholders. It has assets of *over Twelve Million Dollars*. It has more than \$150,000,000.00 of Paid-for Life Insurance in force. It has Policyholders throughout the United States and Canada. It has paid to Policyholders and beneficiaries over \$20,000,000.00.

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Address Coupons to THE ELKS M  
 FEDERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPA

er To Readers of The Elks Magazine:

# INSURANCE POLICIES

Members of Their Families Included!  
 on Below. Policies Sent By Mail!



Many will wonder why such an offer as this is made. It is made as a means of providing Standard Life Insurance with added benefits to readers of The Elks Magazine at low cost and to advertise Federal Life Insurance Service.

**Open to Persons Age 10 to 50**

This offer is open to persons between the ages of 10 to 50 in normal health, living in the United States or Canada. (Note: If you are not in normal health or are not a standard, insurable risk, please do not apply.)

The cost of \$1.00 a month is the same to everyone—regardless of age. The amount of Insurance which \$1.00 a month will purchase under this offer varies according to your age at the time you take out the policy. The younger you are the more Insurance you get. (See Table at right.) To determine the amount take age at your nearest birthday. This amount is payable whenever you die, regardless of how old you may be at the time of death.

For the benefit of those who wish to obtain larger amounts of insurance on this offer, arrangements have been made to issue these Policies in multiple sums, if desired. For example, for \$2.00 a month you may obtain TWICE the amount of Insurance, for \$3.00 a month THREE TIMES the amount, etc. Limit for males, FIVE UNITS—five times the amount; limit for females, THREE UNITS—three times the amount.

**Limited Offer!**  
**Send Coupon at Once!**

Never before has such an opportunity as this been presented to our readers. Think of it! A Standard Life Insurance Policy with Double and Triple Indemnities, Guaranteed Cash, Loan and Paid-up Life Insurance Values, Total Disability and other benefits—for only \$1.00 a month with the coupon at right! And no medical examination required! Policies sent by mail!

No matter how much Life Insurance you now carry, you cannot afford to disregard this offer. Apply for one of these policies for yourself and every eligible member of your family.

The Federal Life Insurance Company reserves the right to reject any application by refunding the full amount of the premium paid.

No more than One Million Policies will be issued on this offer. As The Elks Magazine is read by more than a million readers the supply of these Policies may be quickly exhausted. You are therefore urged to send the coupon at once!

## What This \$1.00 Life Insurance Policy Pays:

NOTE: This special Policy costs you only \$1.00 a month regardless of your age. Only persons between ages of 10 and 50 are eligible to apply. To determine the amount of insurance offered for \$1.00 a month take your present age at nearest birthday in Table below. The amount of insurance is shown opposite the age. This amount is payable whenever you die, regardless of how old you may be at time of death.

AGE	Amount of Insurance Payable Under Triple Indemnity Provision for Accidental Death	Amount of Insurance Payable Under Double Indemnity Provision for Accidental Death	Amount of Insurance Payable for Death From Any Cause Other Than Accident	AGE	Amount of Insurance Payable Under Triple Indemnity Provision for Accidental Death	Amount of Insurance Payable Under Double Indemnity Provision for Accidental Death	Amount of Insurance Payable for Death From Any Cause Other Than Accident
10	\$2,565.00	\$1,710.00	\$855.00	31	1,677.00	1,118.00	559.00
11	2,520.00	1,680.00	840.00	32	1,629.00	1,086.00	543.00
12	2,478.00	1,652.00	826.00	33	1,578.00	1,052.00	526.00
13	2,439.00	1,626.00	813.00	34	1,530.00	1,020.00	510.00
14	2,400.00	1,600.00	800.00	35	1,485.00	990.00	495.00
15	2,361.00	1,574.00	787.00	36	1,443.00	962.00	481.00
16	2,325.00	1,550.00	775.00	37	1,395.00	930.00	465.00
17	2,274.00	1,516.00	758.00	38	1,350.00	900.00	450.00
18	2,238.00	1,492.00	746.00	39	1,305.00	870.00	435.00
19	2,190.00	1,460.00	730.00	40	1,260.00	840.00	420.00
20	2,157.00	1,438.00	719.00	41	1,221.00	814.00	407.00
21	2,112.00	1,408.00	704.00	42	1,173.00	782.00	391.00
22	2,070.00	1,380.00	690.00	43	1,131.00	754.00	377.00
23	2,028.00	1,352.00	676.00	44	1,086.00	724.00	362.00
24	1,986.00	1,324.00	662.00	45	1,044.00	696.00	348.00
25	1,935.00	1,290.00	645.00	46	1,002.00	668.00	334.00
26	1,899.00	1,266.00	633.00	47	963.00	642.00	321.00
27	1,851.00	1,234.00	617.00	48	921.00	614.00	307.00
28	1,806.00	1,204.00	602.00	49	882.00	588.00	294.00
29	1,764.00	1,176.00	588.00	50	843.00	562.00	281.00
30	1,713.00	1,142.00	571.00				

NOTE: Fifty Per Cent Natural Death Benefit During First Six Months. See Policy.

**Mail This Coupon!!!**

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I certify that I am a reader of The Elks Magazine and hereby request the Special Life Insurance Policy checked below in accordance with your offer in the September Issue.

NOTE: For a dollar a month Policy check here  \$1.00  \$2.00  \$3.00  \$4.00  \$5.00

If you wish a larger multiple amount of this Insurance as offered, indicate your desire by checking here the amount of the monthly premium you wish to pay. (Limit for males, five units; for females, three units.)

Check or Money Order for the amount of the first month's premium must be sent with this coupon

My Name Is..... Write Your Name In Full. Do Not Use Initials.

My Home Address Is.....

Date of Birth..... My Age Is.....  
 Day Month Year

Beneficiary..... Write Here the Full Name of Person to Whom You Want Insurance Paid At Your Death

NOTE: This Insurance will become effective if and when issued by the Federal Life Insurance Company at its Home Office in Chicago. A short form application blank will be mailed to applicants in accordance with requirements. The Federal Life Insurance Company reserves the right to reject any application for this insurance for any cause whatsoever, and in such cases will return to the Applicant the full amount of the payment sent with this coupon.

MAGAZINE INSURANCE DEPT.  
 NY, 168 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago



*The Ritualistic Team of Wilmington, O., Lodge, No. 797, winners of the first national ritualistic championship, held during the recent Grand Lodge Convention*

## Under the Spreading Antlers

### *News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order*

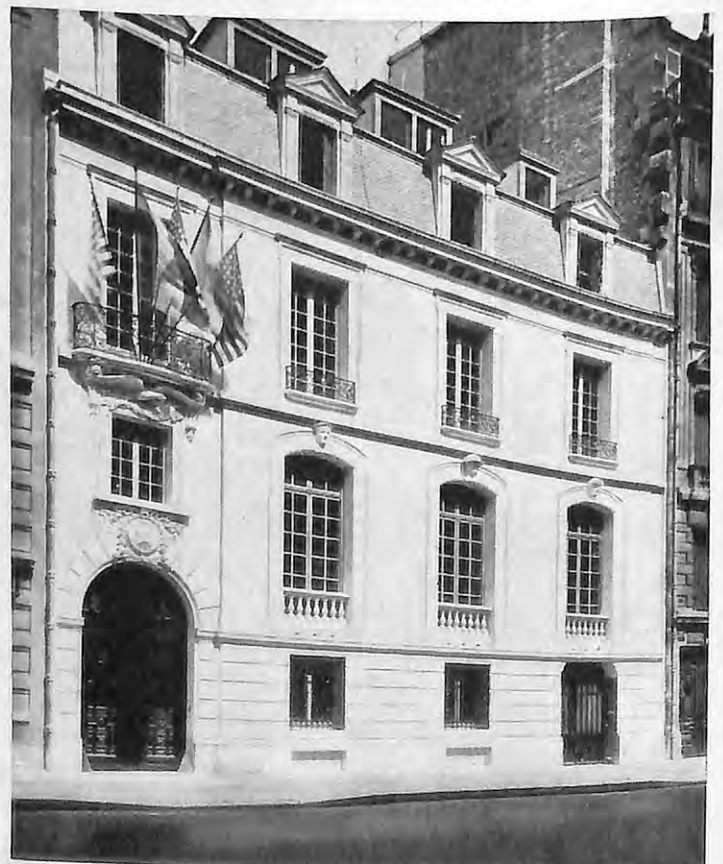
#### *Pershing Hall Auditorium in Paris Will be Named for Elks*

**F**OLLOWING a proposal by the American Legion and its acceptance by the Order of Elks, the auditorium of the new American Legion Building in Paris, France, is to be officially designated as Elks Memorial Hall. The structure comprehending the auditorium is one of six stories and is now in the process of erection. It will stand directly in the rear of and connected with Pershing Hall, a building purchased some time ago by the Legion as part of a war memorial in the French capital to the valor and heroism of the American Expeditionary Force. Pershing Hall likewise is to serve as Parisian headquarters for Legionnaires and members of American fraternal and philanthropic organizations which cooperated with the forces of the United States during the war. The Elks Memorial Hall in the adjoining building will have a seating capacity of about two hundred. It is located on the second floor of the edifice, the first story of which is to be devoted to a recreation center and the upper stories of which are to provide accommodations for schools and other activities of the Legion. The cost of the Elks Memorial Hall will be about \$30,000, and this amount was appropriated for it at the recent Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City. It will be dedicated to the memory of the seventy thousand members of the Order who served during the war, and particularly to the one thousand of that number who gave their lives for their country. Other organizations, in addition to the Order of Elks, which received the honor of an invitation from the Legion to participate in the construction of this World War Memorial and which have contributed toward its cost are the United States Navy, the United States Army, the United States Military Academy, the United States Marine Corps, the National Guard, the American Red Cross, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare Board, the Salvation Army, the Grand Lodge of Masons of the State of New York and of other jurisdictions, and the Daughters of the American Revolution. All will establish in Pershing Hall memorial salons to perpetuate remembrance of their respective services during the war.

#### *Denver Elks Assist at Institution of Lodge at Brighton, Colo.*

With District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Omer T. Mallory presiding at the ceremonies, the officers of Denver Lodge, No. 17, assisted in instituting a short time ago, a new Lodge of the Order, No. 1586, at Brighton, Colo. In attendance upon the occasion were, in addition to the officers, a numerous delegation of members

*Pershing Hall, Paris, a building which will serve as a memorial and headquarters for the American Legion in France. In addition to this structure, soon to be erected, will be an auditorium, to be known as the Elks Memorial Hall in tribute to members of the Order who fought in the War*



of Denver Lodge, and Elks from Fort Morgan, Greeley, Boulder, Fort Collins, Loveland, Longmont, Central City, Victor, Sterling and Alamosa, Colo., and Cheyenne, Wyo., Lodges. Brighton Lodge began its life with a membership of seventy-five, twenty-six of which were initiated during the ceremonies of institution. The principal address in the course of the exercises was given by John R. Coen, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary.

#### *District Deputy Louis A. Fisher and Friend Die After Motor Crash*

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Louis A. Fisher, of New York, East, and Thomas O'Mara, a fellow member of Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 842, lost their lives recently as the result of an automobile crash on the Boston Post Road near Guilford, Conn. The two were traveling from Mount Vernon to Mulberry Point, Conn., where Mr. Fisher was to be a guest at Mr. O'Mara's summer home over a week-end. The crash came at a sharp turn in the highway when the car, driven by Mr. O'Mara, skidded from the road into a fence and struck a telegraph pole. The District Deputy, rushed to the Guilford Sanitarium soon after the accident, died within a few minutes after reaching there; and Mr. O'Mara, taken to St. Raphael's Hospital, in New Haven, survived him by only a few hours. Immediately upon receipt of word of the tragedy, Past Exalted Ruler Charles S. Hart, of Mount Vernon Lodge, left for Guilford to claim the bodies. Exalted Ruler Ray W. Aylesworth and other officers of the Lodge conducted the Elks funeral services for Mr. Fisher and Mr. O'Mara on succeeding evenings at their residences; and on the mornings following high requiem mass was celebrated for Mr. Fisher at Sacred Heart Church and for Mr. O'Mara at St. Mary's Church. Both were buried in the Gates of Heaven Cemetery. Surviving Mr. Fisher are his wife, a son, two daughters, his mother and father, two sisters and seven brothers. Mr. O'Mara leaves a wife and two daughters. For more than ten years Mr. Fisher had been a member of Mount Vernon Lodge and, from the time of his appointment to its Community and Social Welfare Committee, he had been an active worker in furthering its interests and enterprises. His achievements in behalf of the needy families within the territory of the Lodge's jurisdiction





LOGAN STUDIO

and his later successful efforts in co-ordinating all the Lodges of Westchester County for the purpose of cooperation in providing outings for crippled children, made him a figure in the Order known throughout his State. Chosen Exalted Ruler of his Lodge in 1924, he was, upon his retirement from that office, made an honorary life member of the Lodge, for distinguished services rendered the Order; and in 1929 he was named by Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert as District Deputy for the East district of New York State. He served, too, as the first President of the Past Exalted Rulers' Association of the New York, East, District. Mr. O'Mara, although he held no official post in the Lodge, was one of its most widely beloved members. To the bereaved families of Mr. Fisher and Mr. O'Mara, to their many friends both within and without the Order, and particularly to the members of Mount Vernon Lodge, THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this opportunity to express its heartfelt sympathy for their loss.

### Freeport, N. Y., Elk Decorated For Valor While with Byrd

Secretary of War Hurley recently decorated Master Sergeant Benjamin Roth, a member of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253, with the Soldier's Medal for valor displayed while on duty with the Byrd Antarctic Expedition. The ceremony took place in Washington, D. C. Sergeant Roth was one of those who flew over the South Pole with Admiral Byrd.

### Millville, N. J., Lodge's Outing Cheers 1100 Crippled Children

Eleven hundred boys and girls, requiring 127 automobiles to transport them, were guests not long ago at the annual outing given by the Crippled Children's Committee of Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580. The affair was held at Sea Isle City and was one of all-day-long entertainment. Through the influence of Mayor Maurice Safroney, all the concessions along the boardwalk were thrown open to the little patients during the early part of the day. Those able enough to go swimming were provided with bathing suits; and all were, in the late afternoon, given a shore dinner. In the course of this the youngsters were entertained by three troupes of professional vaudeville actors. After the banquet, Congressman Isaac Bacharach and Dr. D. S. Renner spoke briefly. Many of the children's mothers were included among

the guests; and physicians and nurses from Millville and other nearby New Jersey cities were in attendance to safeguard the well-being of the little cripples. Police of Sea Isle City and State troopers escorted the cars that carried the children to and from the outing.

### The Order, His Home Lodge and City Welcome Grand Exalted Ruler

Eight Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order, officers past and present, and a host of members of Lodge No. 130, together with officials of the city and representatives of other fraternal organizations, combined recently to welcome Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp when he returned to his home in Allentown, Pa., after his election at the Grand Lodge Convention in Atlantic City. The first feature of the celebration was a parade, organized by Colonel C. J. Smith, President of the Allentown Chamber of Commerce. Heading the procession was a squad of police, followed by Esquire William Mc-

Collum, bearing the colors. Thereafter came automobiles in which were seated Mr. Rupp, Mayor Malcolm W. Gross, and Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, Rush L. Holland, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, Frank L. Rain, J. Edgar Masters, Charles H. Grakelow and John F. Malley. In the rear of these cars marched the members of Allentown Lodge, their number including those who had paraded in costume at Atlantic City and an additional delegation of two hundred. They were led by their Exalted Ruler, George W. Herbert. Next in line came the Degree and Drill Teams of the Order of Moose, appearing upon the occasion as a courtesy to the Elks; and the Allentown Band. After the procession reached the Lodge Home all members of the Order who took part in it gathered at an informal luncheon. At this speeches were made by all of the Past Grand Exalted Rulers, by Exalted Ruler Herbert; Mayor Gross, Colonel Smith, the toastmaster; by Attorney Reuben J. Butz, Mr. Rupp's law partner; and by the guest of honor, the Grand Exalted Ruler. While these events were taking place within the Home, the Allentown Band gave a concert for the public on the lawn of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, across the street.

### Hospital Benefit of Biloxi, Miss., Elks Attracts Ten Thousand

Ten thousand persons, including both citizens of Biloxi, Miss., and of other communities of the State, attended recently the annual charitable affair known as the Elk-Pat Celebration in that city, held under the auspices of the Lodge there, No. 606. The proceeds from the celebration are to be donated to the Biloxi Hospital.

### Five Members of Toledo, O., Lodge Drowned in Lake Erie

Five members of Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, lost their lives recently when a speed boat in which they and three friends were going to the Lodge's annual outing on Pelee Island in Lake Erie, overturned. All the occupants were drowned. The victims of the disaster who were members of No. 53 were Charles H. Nauts, Collector of Internal Revenue of this district; Franklin B. Jones, until recently a member of the Board of Elections; Frank Miller, former head of the Water Department of the city of Toledo; Henry J. Hainbuch, Supervising Inspector in the office of the County Engineer; and Arthur E. Kruse, an undertaker. Mr. Naut's son also was drowned. The bodies were not recovered until a week later. Special services were conducted in the Lodge room later in memory of the departed members, after officers of the Lodge had officiated at the funerals of several of them. Exalted Ruler John C. Cochrane, Past Exalted Ruler A. E. Weber, Jr., Frank Schmidt, Judge Homer A. Ramey, Judge



Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews delivering his Flag Day Address from the steps of the home of Thomas Jefferson, at Monticello, Va.

Charles J. Christensen and former Judge Scott Stahl eulogized the members whose loss was a heavy shock to the members of Toledo Lodge.

Among many messages of sympathy from neighboring Lodges and individual Elks was one from Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, and from Governor Myers Y. Cooper, of Ohio.

**Denver, Colo., Elks Entertain 3,000 Orphans at Annual Picnic**

At the ninth annual Orphans' Picnic sponsored by the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, thirty-five hundred children, from several institutions in Denver, recently were given an outing at Lakeside Park. Free transportation was provided by the Denver Tramway Company. In the park grounds the children enjoyed the many amusements and later were guests at a supper given by the committee. In the course of the day the children consumed over 100 gallons of ice cream, 400 pounds of hot-dogs and 3,000 pounds of peanuts.

**Tickets for Dolls Earn \$1,000 For Betty Bacharach Home**

From the sale of tickets for chances to win two dolls in Colonial costume, an event which took place during the Grand Lodge Convention in July, the Ladies Auxiliary of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, earned nearly \$1,000 for the benefit of the patients at the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children, an institution sponsored by the Lodge. It may be of interest to the many ladies from all parts of the country to know that the prize winning ticket, No. 2623, was that purchased by Mrs. Harry Bickner, of 2452 North Cleveland Street, Philadelphia. Announcement of this was made recently by the Lodge Secretary, George B.



*President Hoover greets a delegation of members of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, on the White House lawn. They visited Washington on their way to the Grand Lodge Convention*

Stoddard. The two little figures were the handiwork of Mrs. Olga Ebeling, mother of the organist of the Lodge, Eugene E. Ebeling, and they were donated to the cause of the Betty Bacharach Home.

**Oakland, Calif., Lodge Celebrates Thirtieth Anniversary with Banquet**

In the elaborately decorated quarters of its spacious Home, Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, recently celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of its institution. Many of its own Past Exalted Rulers and members, as well as Exalted Rulers of neighboring Lodges, attended the banquet held in honor of the occasion. For entertainment the Lodge's Glee Club rendered a series of selections. Other musical numbers rounded out the program.

**Seattle, Wash., Elks Band Opens Its Country Club on Lake**

The band of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, declared its country club at Lake Fenwick officially open a short time ago. Members of the musical organization and of the Lodge and several public officials gathered to participate in the exercises celebrating the completion of the project, begun several months ago. Important among the features of the afternoon when the opening was held were the presentation of a flag by Exalted Ruler Peter N. Oos; a concert by the band, an address by County Commissioner W. B. Brinton, who, on the same day presided at the ceremonies of opening the new road leading to the clubhouse; and a dance by a troupe of Indians.

*(Continued on page 52)*

# News of the State Associations

**New Jersey**

AT the annual convention of the New Jersey State Elks Association, held in Atlantic City concurrently with the 66th Convention of the Grand Lodge early in July, the following officers were elected to serve for the 1930-31 term: President, Albert E. Dearden, Trenton Lodge, No. 105; Vice-Presidents, Charles T. Merten, Bergenfield Lodge, No. 1477; Leonce L. Picot, East Orange Lodge, No. 630; John W. Cantillion, Red Bank Lodge, No. 233; Richard P. Hughes, Burlington Lodge, No. 996; Secretary, John A. Flood, Bayonne Lodge, No. 434 (re-elected); Treasurer, Charles

Rosencrans, Long Branch Lodge, No. 742 (re-elected); Trustee, George L. Hirtzel, Elizabeth Lodge, No. 289 (re-elected); Sergeant-at-arms, William J. Dearden, Trenton Lodge; Chaplain, the Reverend Francis H. Smith, Trenton Lodge; Organist, Max Bernhardt, Bayonne Lodge; Inner Guard, Alfred J. Mullen, Mount Holly Lodge, No. 848. Immediately following the elections, former Governor A. Harry Moore, of New Jersey, performed the ceremonies of installation. Addresses were made by Grand Justice Walter F. Meier and by E. T. Anderson, President of the Washington State Elks Association. One of the important programs planned by the Association and adopted at the busi-

ness session, was the continuance of its state-wide campaign in behalf of crippled children. Through the efforts of its Crippled Children's Committee, the Association will maintain its endeavors to reach every unfortunate child in New Jersey and provide it with either temporary financial assistance or permanent care. The committee is headed by Joseph G. Buch, who, during the past year, has personally visited 60 Lodges for the purpose of stimulating within them an increased interest in the care of young unfortunates. Long Branch was chosen as the place where the next convention will be held, in June, 1931.

**Minnesota**

SOON after its recent convention held at Bemidji, the Minnesota State Elks Association put into effect a resolution for rehabilitation work among the crippled children adopted by it at that time. A special committee appointed by the newly elected President, B. J. Branton, and headed by Trustee William M. Ericson, has drafted a definite program. This calls for a small per capita assessment in each Lodge belonging to the Association. With this fund the committee will provide vocational and rehabilitation work for the crippled children after they have been discharged by the hospital. Heretofore, other fraternal organizations have cared for the children only while in the hospitals.

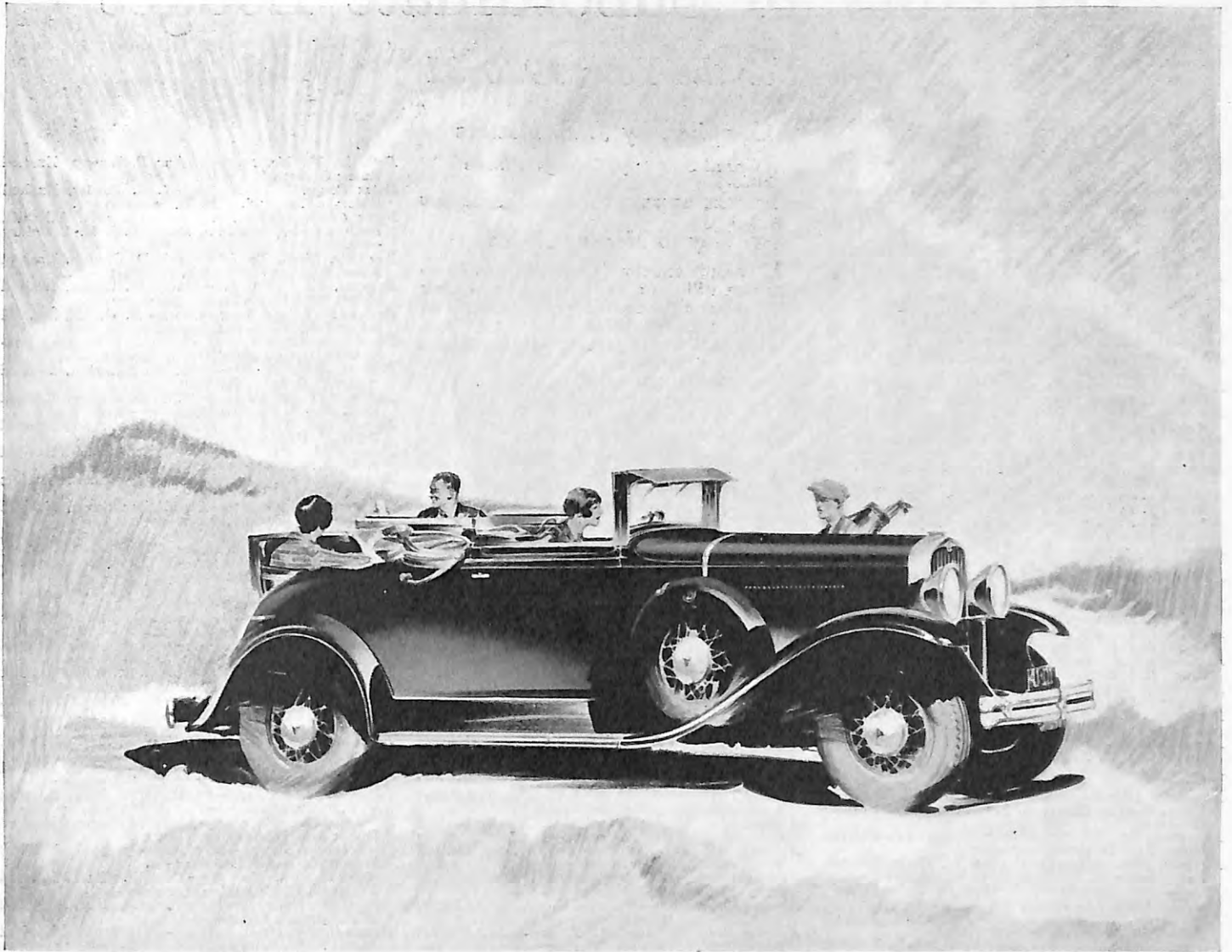
**Maine**

THE Maine State Elks Association, at its third annual convention, held recently at Portland, elected the following officers for the 1930-31 term: President, Wilfred P. Perry, Augusta Lodge, No. 964; First Vice-President, Fred L. Sylvester, Lewiston Lodge, No. 371; Second Vice-President, Alden W. Allen, Millinocket Lodge, No. 1521; Third Vice-President, A. C. Jones, Rockland Lodge, No. 1008; Secretary, Edward R. Twomey, Portland Lodge, No. 188; Treasurer, Mills L. Barber, Bangor Lodge, No. 244; and Trustee for three years, Clarence H. Thyng, Sanford Lodge, No. 1470.

*(Continued on page 59)*



*The Ritualistic Team of Logan, Utah, Lodge, No. 1453, victors in the State ritualistic contest at the recent convention of the Utah State Elks Association*



BODY BY FISHER

## Ready for Anything . . .

There's an alert, eager responsiveness about Viking's performance which makes you feel that this car is ready for anything . . . at any time. √ √ √ If it's fast getaway in traffic, a touch on the accelerator is all that's needed. √ √ √ If it's a burst of speed on the highway, Viking's big 90° V-eight engine leaps into action with such ease and smoothness that the thrill of fast going is made doubly enjoyable. √ √ √ If it's hard pulling on the hills, through deep mud or sand, Viking's mighty power reserve makes light of the task. √ √ √ In short, by every test of performance, Viking demonstrates true greatness—doing all that

you ask of it, and more. √ √ √ And in addition to this brilliant all-round performance, Viking provides many other vitally important advantages . . . restful comfort—ease of control—the style, luxury, and good taste of Body by Fisher. √ √ √ Come try the Viking yourself. Put it to your own performance tests. Check it point by point and feature by feature. Then you'll know the Viking Eight for what it is—a great car and a great value—thoroughly dependable and ready for anything.

# VIKING EIGHT

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

# Directory of Subordinate Lodges

## For the Year 1930-31

Compiled by J. E. Masters  
Grand Secretary, Chicago, Illinois

A

**Aberdeen, Miss., No. 620**—Frank S. Leftwich, Exalted Ruler; D. R. Stump, P. E. R., Secretary—12.  
**Aberdeen, S. D., No. 1046**—Prentice W. Connell, Exalted Ruler; Grant H. Mountain, Secretary—14.  
**Aberdeen, Wash., No. 593**—E. R. Fetterolf, Exalted Ruler; Earl B. Hunt, Secretary—10.  
**Abilene, Texas, No. 562**—H. H. Griffith, Exalted Ruler; Lloyd B. Thomas, Secretary—1.  
**Ada, Okla., No. 1275**—J. T. Roff, Jr., Exalted Ruler; J. B. Gilbreath, Secretary—3.  
**Adams, Mass., No. 1335**—James Kerr, Exalted Ruler; Chas. H. Tower, P. E. R., Secretary—9.  
**Adrian, Mich., No. 429**—O. T. Goodwin, Exalted Ruler; L. L. Gauder, Secretary—12.  
**Agana, Guam, No. 1281**—Charles G. Parker, Exalted Ruler; Charles E. Bennett, Secretary—8.  
**Ajo, Ariz., No. 1576**—Herman L. Snyder, Sr., Exalted Ruler; Robert C. Russell, Jr., Secretary—11.  
**Akron, Ohio, No. 363**—Chas. A. Nelan, Exalted Ruler; Thos. S. Hefferman, Secretary—5.  
**Alameda, Cal., No. 1015**—Harry Bartell, Exalted Ruler; Wm. Higby, Secretary—1.  
**Alamosa, Colo., No. 1297**—Harold D. Myers, Exalted Ruler; J. E. Harron, P. E. R., Secretary—4.  
**Albany, Ga., No. 713**—Edmund A. Landau, Exalted Ruler; John H. Mock, P. E. R., Secretary—7.  
**Albany, N. Y., No. 49**—Daniel H. Prior, Exalted Ruler; Edward P. Hanlon, P. E. R., Secretary—7.  
**Albany, Ore., No. 359**—W. J. Patterson, Exalted Ruler; A. C. Jensen, Secretary—12.  
**Albert Lea, Minn., No. 813**—Ralph Nelson, Exalted Ruler; A. B. Skaug, Secretary—2.  
**Albion, N. Y., No. 1006**—Wm. A. Caswell, Exalted Ruler; R. Pollo Stillman, P. E. R., Secretary—9.  
**Albuquerque, N. M., No. 461**—H. O. Strong, Exalted Ruler; L. J. Benjamin, Secretary—9.  
**Alexandria, Ind., No. 478**—Geo. E. Slone, Exalted Ruler; Will F. Smith, P. E. R., Secretary—10.  
**Alexandria, La., No. 546**—Fay A. Griffin, Exalted Ruler; Page N. Huddle, Secretary—11.  
**Alexandria, Va., No. 758**—J. Reece Duncan, Exalted Ruler; Geo. H. Railing, Secretary—3.  
**Alhambra, Cal., No. 1328**—Wynne A. Savage, Exalted Ruler; Fred H. Herman, Secretary—1.  
**Allentown, Pa., No. 130**—George W. Herbert, Exalted Ruler; Fred D. Kutz, Secretary—6.  
**Alliance, Neb., No. 901**—Merlin M. Sack, Exalted Ruler; Percy H. Cogswell, P. E. R., Secretary—8.  
**Alliance, Ohio, No. 467**—C. N. Gilmore, Exalted Ruler; George Sheets, Secretary—13.  
**Alma, Mich., No. 1400**—Carlyle F. Hawley, Exalted Ruler; Jos. W. MacKenzie, Secretary—4.  
**Alpena, Mich., No. 505**—Chas. A. Reynolds, Exalted Ruler; H. Joachimsthal, Secretary—11.  
**Alton, Ill., No. 746**—A. J. Schuessler, Exalted Ruler; R. H. Davis, Secretary—11.  
**Altoona, Pa., No. 102**—W. E. Yates, Exalted Ruler; J. P. Harlow, Secretary—9.  
**Alus, Okla., No. 1226**—Dr. W. T. Gibbs, Exalted Ruler; Hade Gibson, Secretary—9.  
**Alva, Okla., No. 1184**—O. L. Hayden, Exalted Ruler; E. Westing, P. E. R., Secretary—14.  
**Amarillo, Texas, No. 923**—John R. Trolinger, Exalted Ruler; Chas. Adkisson, Secretary—1.  
**Ambridge, Pa., No. 983**—Victor E. Wall, Exalted Ruler; Harry Schwartz, Secretary—12.  
**Americus, Ga., No. 752**—W. G. Pearlman, Exalted Ruler; O. P. Johnson, Secretary—7.  
**Amsterdam, N. Y., No. 101**—Chas. H. Schenck, Exalted Ruler; Herman T. Wessell, Secretary—8.  
**Anaconda, Mont., No. 239**—Chas. E. Jones, Exalted Ruler; W. P. Halloran, Secretary—11.  
**Anacortes, Wash., No. 1204**—Thos. K. Chambers, Exalted Ruler; F. R. Bullock, Secretary—8.  
**Anaheim, Cal., No. 1345**—John B. Menges, Exalted Ruler; Evan S. Alsip, Secretary—9.  
**Anchorage, Alaska, No. 1351**—Frank M. Kelly, Exalted Ruler; Lyle W. Larsen, P. E. R., Secretary—4.  
**Anderson, Ind., No. 209**—H. E. Nye, Exalted Ruler; F. F. Barr, Secretary—7.  
**Anderson, S. C., No. 1206**—Nathan Fleishman, Exalted Ruler; R. E. Cochran, P. E. R., Secretary—12.  
**Annapolis, Md., No. 622**—Benjamin Michaelson, Exalted Ruler; A. Guy Miller, P. E. R., Secretary—7.  
**Ann Arbor, Mich., No. 325**—Ray L. Savery, Exalted Ruler; Ernest E. Gwinn, Secretary—8.  
**Ansonia, Conn., No. 1269**—Frank J. Getlein, Exalted Ruler; Harry W. Gamble, Secretary—6.  
**Antigo, Wis., No. 662**—Elmer S. Nelson, Exalted Ruler; Frank T. Lynde, P. E. R., Secretary—3.  
**Apollo, Pa., No. 386**—Timothy J. Cuneen, Exalted Ruler; E. W. Hildebrand, P. E. R., Secretary—14.  
**Appleton, Wis., No. 337**—A. A. Gritzmacher, Exalted Ruler; Sarto S. Ballet, Secretary—8.  
**Arcadia, Fla., No. 1524**—S. H. Smell, Exalted Ruler; C. Roy Tonkin, Secretary—9.  
**Ardmore, Okla., No. 648**—F. W. Horn, Exalted Ruler; R. R. Fitzhugh, Secretary—6.  
**Arlington, Mass., No. 435**—Daniel P. Barry, Exalted Ruler; Francis L. Dalton, Secretary—9.  
**Asbury Park, N. J., No. 128**—Harold I. Tillotson, Exalted Ruler; John T. Leavy, Secretary—15.  
**Asheville, N. C., No. 1401**—John C. Vance, Exalted Ruler; N. P. Mulvaney, P. E. R., Secretary—7.  
**Ashland, Ky., No. 350**—Edgar B. Hager, Exalted Ruler; H. C. Steil, Secretary—8.  
**Ashland, Ohio, No. 1360**—Edwin M. Kerr, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Gardner, P. E. R., Secretary—5.

### Key to Meeting Nights

After each secretary's name in this directory you will see a number. Each number signifies the night or nights of the month on which the Lodge holds regular meetings. The key to these numbers is printed herewith:

- 1—Mondays.
- 2—1st and 3rd Monday.
- 3—2nd and 4th Monday.
- 4—Tuesdays.
- 5—1st and 3rd Tuesday.
- 6—2nd and 4th Tuesday.
- 7—Wednesdays.
- 8—1st and 3rd Wednesday.
- 9—2nd and 4th Wednesday.
- 10—Thursdays.
- 11—1st and 3rd Thursday.
- 12—2nd and 4th Thursday.
- 13—Fridays.
- 14—1st and 3rd Friday.
- 15—2nd and 4th Friday.
- 16—Saturdays.
- 17—1st and 3rd Saturday.
- 18—2nd and 4th Saturday.
- 19—Sundays.
- 20—1st and 3rd Sunday.
- 21—2nd and 4th Sunday.

**Ashland, Ore., No. 944**—C. E. Hedberg, Exalted Ruler; J. Edw. Thornton, Secretary—16.  
**Ashland, Pa., No. 384**—Harry M. Dusch, Exalted Ruler; Thomas Rich, Secretary—2.  
**Ashland, Wis., No. 137**—Francis J. Stevens, Exalted Ruler; L. W. Pool, Secretary—4.  
**Ashabula, Ohio, No. 208**—C. Walter Sheldon, Exalted Ruler; F. E. Cook, Secretary—10.  
**Aspen, Colo., No. 224**—Robert S. Killey, Exalted Ruler; John Bowman, Secretary—9.  
**Astoria, Ore., No. 180**—H. T. Stoneman, Exalted Ruler; J. R. A. Bennett, Secretary—10.  
**Atchison, Kans., No. 647**—Dr. C. R. Strode, Exalted Ruler; Geo. H. Edwards, Secretary—5.  
**Athens, Ga., No. 790**—R. O. Arnold, Exalted Ruler; John W. Welch, Secretary—11.  
**Athens, Ohio, No. 973**—C. R. Featherston, Exalted Ruler; F. A. Lavelle, P. E. R., Secretary—4.  
**Atlanta, Ga., No. 78**—John S. McClelland, Exalted Ruler; R. E. Lee Reynolds, P. E. R., Secretary—10.  
**Atlantic, Iowa, No. 445**—D. E. Crabtree, Exalted Ruler; C. M. Tomlinson, Secretary—3.  
**Atlantic City, N. J., No. 276**—Harry Bacharach, Exalted Ruler; Geo. B. Stoddard, P. E. R., Secretary—7.  
**Attleboro, Mass., No. 1014**—Lewis C. Balse, Exalted Ruler; Virgil Blackinton, Secretary—3.  
**Auburn, N. Y., No. 474**—Joseph S. Hanlon, Exalted Ruler; C. A. Dayton, Secretary—8.  
**Augusta, Ga., No. 205**—C. Resley Tracy, Exalted Ruler; Wm. K. Jackson, Secretary—5.  
**Augusta, Kans., No. 1462**—T. B. Thompson, Exalted Ruler; F. H. Plymate, Secretary—3.  
**Augusta, Me., No. 904**—Edw. L. Ripley, Exalted Ruler; F. M. McCurdy, Secretary—12.  
**Aurora, Ill., No. 705**—W. E. Quick, Exalted Ruler; Leonard Applequist, Secretary—8.  
**Austin, Minn., No. 414**—H. P. Hansen, Exalted Ruler; J. J. Scallon, Secretary—6.  
**Austin, Texas, No. 201**—Fred W. Kingdon, Exalted Ruler; C. B. Anderson, Secretary—9.

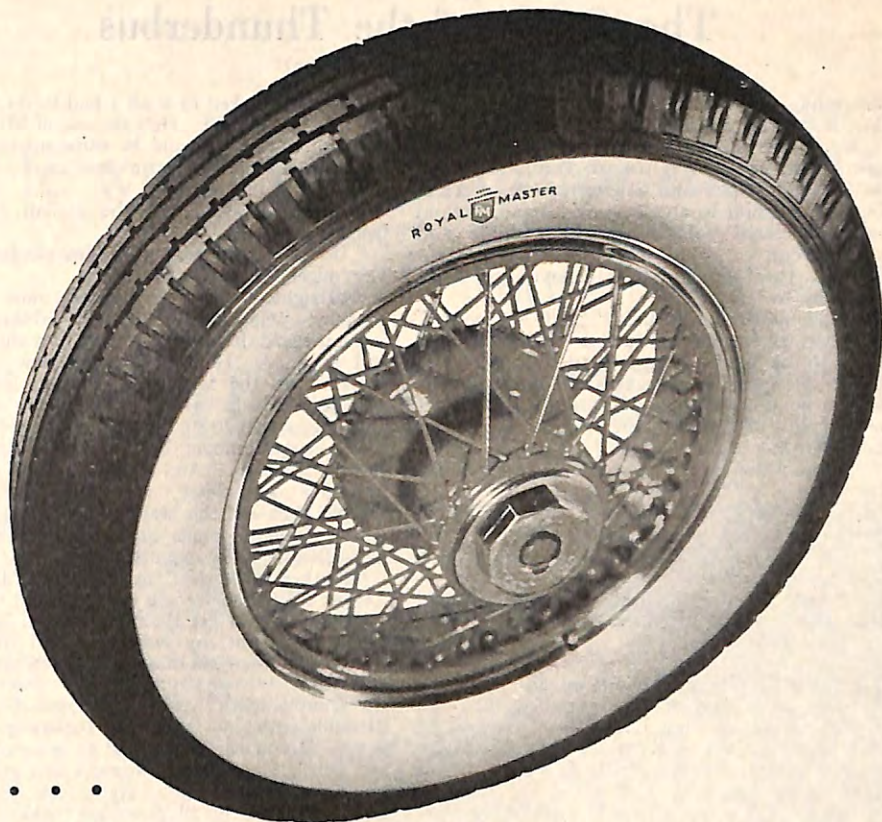
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**Baker, Ore., No. 338**—Earl F. West, Exalted Ruler; C. R. Butson, Secretary—4.  
**Bakersfield, Cal., No. 266**—James Ogden Reavis, Exalted Ruler; M. W. Skelton, Secretary—4.  
**Ballard (Seattle), Wash., No. 827**—Ernest Morris, Exalted Ruler; Dwight S. Hawley, Secretary—10.  
**Baltimore, Md., No. 7**—John H. Robinette, Exalted Ruler; Albert B. Kries, P. E. R., Secretary—7.  
**Bangor, Me., No. 244**—John M. O'Connell, Jr., Exalted Ruler; Walter I. Brown, Secretary—12.  
**Bangor, Pa., No. 1106**—Robert W. Davies, Exalted Ruler; Reimer Speer, Secretary—15.  
**Baraboo, Wis., No. 688**—H. J. Steeps, Exalted Ruler; Adolph Andro, Secretary—12.  
**Barberlin, Ohio, No. 982**—Edward H. Boden, Exalted Ruler; Edward A. Jacobs, Secretary—12.  
**Barre, Vt., No. 1535**—George O. Pratt, Exalted Ruler; H. Nelson Browne, Secretary—12.  
**Barlesville, Okla., No. 1066**—Chas. R. Gorman, Exalted Ruler; W. J. Wood, Secretary—9.  
**Batavia, N. Y., No. 950**—Clarence W. Bohm, Exalted Ruler; Frank H. Homolis, Secretary—5.  
**Bath, Maine, No. 934**—Alden G. Smith, Exalted Ruler; Roscoe H. Shaw, Secretary—12.

**Bath, N. Y., No. 1547**—Wilbur F. Knapp, Exalted Ruler; Gorham I. Newton, Secretary—6.  
**Baton Rouge, La., No. 490**—W. L. Fowler, Exalted Ruler; L. J. Ricard, P. E. R., Secretary—7.  
**Battle Creek, Mich., No. 131**—Arthur R. Mitchell, Exalted Ruler; Deland A. Davis, P. E. R., Secretary—10.  
**Bay City, Mich., No. 88**—Frank D. Church, Exalted Ruler; Thomas C. Hughes, Secretary—10.  
**Bayonne, N. J., No. 434**—Harry M. Cohan, Exalted Ruler; John F. McCarthy, Secretary—8.  
**Beacon, N. Y., No. 1493**—Charles B. Dugan, Exalted Ruler; John W. Moate, Secretary—12.  
**Beardstown, Ill., No. 1007**—Howard J. Brannan, Exalted Ruler; G. LeRoy Hegener, Secretary—8.  
**Beatrice, Neb., No. 619**—Geo. M. Johnston, Exalted Ruler; V. B. Solts, Secretary—11.  
**Beaumont, Texas, No. 311**—N. O. Richardson, Exalted Ruler; Gus A. Flasdick, Secretary—5.  
**Beaver Dam, Wis., No. 1540**—S. N. Groose, Exalted Ruler; H. D. Meister, Secretary—12.  
**Beaver Falls, Pa., No. 348**—D. L. Bowers, Exalted Ruler; H. B. Chandley, P. E. R., Secretary—12.  
**Beckley, W. Va., No. 1452**—W. W. Kite, Exalted Ruler; L. M. Dorsey, Secretary—9.  
**Bedford, Ind., No. 826**—Claud Stephenson, Exalted Ruler; Nick Conklin, Secretary—10.  
**Bellaire, Ohio, No. 419**—Joseph V. Mack, Exalted Ruler; Kenneth B. Schramm, P. E. R., Secretary—4.  
**Bellefontaine, Ohio, No. 132**—H. C. McPeck, Exalted Ruler; R. W. Zoz, Secretary—2.  
**Bellefonte, Pa., No. 1094**—Hoy W. Royer, Exalted Ruler; W. C. Rowe, Secretary—3.  
**Belleville, Ill., No. 481**—Lee Grandcolas, Exalted Ruler; Wilbur E. Krebs, Secretary—8.  
**Belleville, N. J., No. 1123**—Robt. S. Anderson, Exalted Ruler; Henry Gemeinhardt, Jr., Secretary—3.  
**Belleue, Ohio, No. 1013**—Robert E. Wills, Exalted Ruler; C. W. Jenkins, P. E. R., Secretary—8.  
**Bellingham, Wash., No. 194**—W. Bryan Dishman, Exalted Ruler; G. Ed. Rothweiler, P. E. R., Secretary—10.  
**Beloit, Wis., No. 864**—F. R. O'Neal, Exalted Ruler; Fred W. Zander, Secretary—9.  
**Belton, Texas, No. 1131**—Ghent Carpenter, Exalted Ruler; A. L. Monteith, P. E. R., Secretary—6.  
**Belvidere, Ill., No. 1580**—Fred S. Erbes, Exalted Ruler; P. F. Boale, Secretary—11.  
**Bemidji, Minn., No. 1052**—Walter F. Marcum, Exalted Ruler; B. L. Johnson, Secretary—11.  
**Bend, Ore., No. 1371**—N. H. Gilbert, Exalted Ruler; Wilson H. George, Secretary—4.  
**Bennington, Vt., No. 567**—John F. Clark, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Eddington, Secretary—6.  
**Benton, Ill., No. 1234**—Henry Busiere, Exalted Ruler; B. H. Stewart, Secretary—6.  
**Benton Harbor, Mich., No. 544**—O. G. Brewitz, Exalted Ruler; H. W. Smith, P. E. R., Secretary—11.  
**Bergenfield, N. J., No. 1477**—William H. Ziegler, Exalted Ruler; John L. Gorman, Secretary—9.  
**Berkeley, Calif., No. 1002**—James W. Waide, Exalted Ruler; Arthur B. Leslie, P. E. R., Secretary—7.  
**Berlin, N. H., No. 618**—George H. Gagne, Exalted Ruler; P. J. Hinchey, Secretary—9.  
**Berwick, Pa., No. 1138**—Gilbert Hagenbuch, Exalted Ruler; A. J. Hicks, P. E. R., Secretary—5.  
**Bessemer, Ala., No. 721**—Ted C. Sullivan, Exalted Ruler; Girard Crook, P. E. R., Secretary—7.  
**Bessemer, Mich., No. 1354**—Oscar Anderson, Exalted Ruler; Frank J. Duda, Secretary—9.  
**Bethlehem, Pa., No. 191**—John J. McNamara, Jr., Exalted Ruler; W. C. Moninger, Secretary—9.  
**Beverly, Mass., No. 1309**—Perley P. Parker, Exalted Ruler; P. Jos. McKeone, Secretary—9.  
**Bicknell, Ind., No. 1421**—Paris King, Exalted Ruler; John C. Heidenreich, P. E. R., Secretary—13.  
**Big Rapids, Mich., No. 974**—J. Alex LaRock, Exalted Ruler; Geo. E. Hurst, Secretary—10.  
**Billings, Mont., No. 304**—R. G. Wickstrom, Exalted Ruler; E. H. Sackett, Secretary—17.  
**Biloxi, Miss., No. 606**—A. H. Wambsgans, Exalted Ruler; John Schwenck, Secretary—7.  
**Binghamton, N. Y., No. 852**—William R. Canny, Exalted Ruler; Jess C. Hover, Secretary—1.  
**Birmingham, Ala., No. 79**—John G. Theilman, Exalted Ruler; H. M. Bagley, Secretary—4.  
**Bisbee, Ariz., No. 671**—Wm. A. Brogan, Exalted Ruler; J. A. Kelly, Secretary—14.  
**Bismarck, N. D., No. 1190**—A. W. Mellen, Exalted Ruler; Walter W. Clark, Secretary—14.  
**Blackfoot, Idaho, No. 1416**—Ray M. Berry, Exalted Ruler; Leon J. Chapman, Secretary—2.  
**Blackwell, Okla., No. 1347**—P. V. Boughner, Exalted Ruler; Floyd H. Brown, Secretary—5.  
**Blairsville, Pa., No. 406**—Guy W. Baker, Exalted Ruler; John G. New, P. E. R., Secretary—8.  
**Blount (West Blount), Ala., No. 710**—Dr. Geo. W. Randall, Exalted Ruler; G. Jackson, P. E. R., Secretary—12.  
**Bloomfield, N. J., No. 788**—Daniel A. Hoare, Exalted Ruler; Charles Krug, Secretary—6.  
**Bloomington, Ill., No. 281**—Chas. C. Spellman, Exalted Ruler; Otto Seibert, Secretary—2.  
**Bloomington, Ind., No. 446**—John M. Franzmann, Exalted Ruler; W. P. Dill, Secretary—7.  
**Bloomsburg, Pa., No. 436**—James C. Stradling, Exalted Ruler; Grover C. Shoemaker, P. E. R., Secretary—11.  
**Bluefield, W. Va., No. 269**—W. L. Mullin, Exalted Ruler; John F. Land, Secretary—8.  
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(Continued on page 65)

THE  
ONE THING  
YOU REALLY  
CARE ABOUT...



# MILEAGE



Sweeping aside all non-essential factors, one word will tell you why the big swing is to U. S. Tires.

That word is MILEAGE. And after all, isn't that all you really care about in tires?

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Ask your friends who ride on U. S. Tires what their experience has proved. Then examine the U. S. line and make your own selection.

There is a tire in the U. S. line for every budget and purpose. Among them—the U. S. Royal . . . a tire which thousands prefer because of its fine performance and extra value.

THE BIG SWING  
IS TO U. S. TIRES

# ROYAL MASTER

United States Rubber Company  World's Largest Producer of Rubber

## The Quest of the Thunderbus

(Continued from page 27)

dropping in, didn't I? Shake hands with him, Mr. Bond. A real, live lord."

Mr. Bond wiped his right hand on a greasy apron and held it out toward Beauregard, but as the latter made no attempt to reciprocate, but treated him to a cold stare instead, the old man muttered something unintelligible and shuffled out.

"Tut, tut," chided Mr. Meaney. "That's a nice way to behave."

"You slab-sided jackass," said Beauregard. "Always trying to be funny. I haven't got time to be monkeying around here, and you haven't either. We've got a lot to talk about in the next hour or so and the sooner we get out of this filthy hole the better. Come on. Get your bag and let's clear."

"What's the matter with you?" said Meaney truculently. "Nice way to welcome your partner after he's sweated all the way up to Maine to see how you're getting along."

"Oh, wash it out," said the other. "You give me a headache."

"Where we goin' now?" inquired Meaney, following Beauregard to the car.

"Wait and see."

HE SWUNG the car out of the alleyway and in a few moments pulled into the gloomy drive of Pine Lodge Inn, a resort he had never visited, but which had often impressed him from the outside as a likely place for a quiet council of war.

"This looks worse than the other hole," remarked Meaney. "What's the idea?"

"The idea is that you and I have got to have a confab where we won't be interrupted. We'll have to do some travelling to-night, unless I'm mistaken, and we don't want to have to do it on an empty stomach. At least I don't."

"Travelling?" repeated Meaney. "What for?"

"For our health," said Beauregard. "Wait till we're inside. I'll give you the low-down." Meaney grunted, but said nothing as they approached the front steps. They tried the door, but found it locked. Before they had time to ring the bell, however, the door opened a few inches and an old, shriveled woman peered out at them suspiciously.

"What you want?"

"Can we get some dinner here?"

"Wait," said the hag. "I see." She closed the door.

"Hideaway?" asked Meaney, with a grin.

"Must be," said Beauregard. "Here comes somebody."

Footsteps sounded in the hall and the door was opened again, this time by a stout Italian, who, on perceiving Beauregard, smiled and bowed.

"Come in, genelmans," he said, unctuously. "Excuse to keep you waiting. The old woman she not know you, sir. I know you. You English genelman, live with Mister Carmichael. We gotta be careful, you know. Gotta know everybody all right. What you like, genelmans? We got anyting. Anyting you want." He herded them into the hall, locked and bolted the door, and led the way into a small private dining room.

"Can we get a steak?" asked Beauregard.

"Anyting what you like. Steak for you, too, Mister?"

"Yes," said Meaney.

"O. K., genelmans. I fix you a nice dinner. You leave it to me, eh? What you 'ave to drink? Bronx, Bacardi, old-fashion? Anyting you like. Two old-fashion? Very good." The man drew chairs for them in his best *maitre d'hôtel* manner and scurried off, closing the door behind him.

"Oily cove," remarked Meaney, surveying his partner. "Well, Stinkpot, what's all this about travelling for our health? You've been a hell of a long time doing your job here. That's why I came up. Why all the delay? You've had time to propose to a dozen heiresses. What's the matter? Cold feet?"

"Don't start jawing me," said Beauregard irritably. "We're in the soup and we've only got an hour or so to think of a way out. You know that young fellow Maxwell. I wrote to you about? Well, I thought I had him cold. He's no struggling writer. He's a millionaire's son. I found out who he really is this after-

noon and it looked as if all I had to do was to tell him to push off. He's the son of Marshall, the motor car man, and he came up incog to pinch an old car that Carmichael's got—"

"What about it?"

The door opened and the Italian entered bearing a tray.

"Ere you are, genelmans. Two old-fashion'. Very nice. I mix 'em myself."

"All right, matey, mix a couple more," said Meaney. "Get on with the story, Stinkpot."

Beauregard drank his cocktail, lit a cigarette, and resumed. He told Meaney how Jerry's presence on the scene had affected his own pursuit of Sheila, how he had been trying to find a way of getting rid of him, how he had that very afternoon, by accident, discovered Jerry's identity. And then he told of his interview with Jerry, when the latter had stopped him on the way to the village, demanded the clippings and revealed that he knew Beauregard was an impostor.

"Mother of Moses," moaned Mr. Meaney. "What a fine bungler you've turned out to be."

"Where d'you get that?" protested Beauregard. "It's not my fault this bird went to Oxford and knew his nibs there. How was I to know that?"

"Trouble with you," grumbled Meaney, "trouble with you is you get too many fancy ideas. If you'd been satisfied to come up here and pinch Carmichael's formula and get out, quick, we'd have been all right. But you had to think up all this blackmailing monkey-shine about the girl. You wasted a whole month before this young blighter, what's his name, turned up at all. If you'd listened to me—"

"Oh, put it in your hat," broke in Beauregard angrily. "I suppose if I'd listened to you I'd have been the Prince of Wales. To hear you talk—"

"Take it easy," said Meaney, raising a warning finger, as footsteps outside heralded the approach of their food. The obsequious manager hovered about, doing his best to sell them a bottle of wine, but, meeting no encouragement, finally left the room. For a few minutes the partners ate without speaking. Then Meaney, whose manipulation of knife and fork was efficient, if not elegant, laid down those implements and eyed his partner.

"Where do we go from here?" he asked.

Beauregard shrugged.

"Back to New York, I suppose."

"Wh-a-a-t?"

"Where else? China? The boats don't run from here."

"Don't be a fool, Stinkpot."

"I'm not. The game's up and we'd better get out while the getting's good. We're still at large and we've got a fast car and the sooner we do a Mike—"

Mr. Meaney laughed unpleasantly.

"Oh, no," he said. "Not a bit of it. We don't leave Waterboro without that formula. You must have forgotten our bargain, old dear. I'm perfectly willing to go back to New York to-night, but not without that formula."

"You're crazy," said Beauregard, scowling.

"Oh no, I'm not crazy. You promised to get that formula and you've jolly well got to get it, because I've promised to deliver it, see?"

"What are you talking about? What d'you mean you've promised to deliver it?"

"Just that. I went to the embassy we talked about and told the johnny there I could get it and after a lot of palaver—I had to show him your letters written on the Carmichaels' stationery—the old bird came across. I told him I wouldn't expect much until I brought in the formula, but that I had to have something on account, to bind the contract and pay expenses. So you see, Stinkpot, you've got to get the formula if you want to keep out of trouble."

The bogus Beauregard gulped.

"You dirty, low-down—" he paused, as if thinking of a word that would fit the case.

"Save it," his partner advised him.

"You're bluffing. You didn't get any money from any embassy."

"Yes I did. Here it is. I had it changed into travellers' checks, so it couldn't be lifted off me. See? Twenties in this one. Fifties in this.

Pretty neat, eh? None genuine without the signature of Old Doctor Meaney. I got a passport, too, and it's viséd for the country this embassy represents."

Beauregard gulped again and a disagreeable light came into his eyes. When he spoke his voice was metallic.

"Where's mine?" he asked.

"Yours? Your what?"

"My share of the money."

"Oh," said Meaney, airily. "You'll get that when you've earned it, my lad. You haven't earned it yet. But that's what you're going to do to-night. So you won't have to wait long."

Beauregard swore tersely yet expressively. He called his partner a variety of names, to which Mr. Meaney listened unperturbed. When he had exhausted his store of expletives, the latter spoke. "The next move is yours," he said amiably. "And I'll show you the kind of a sport I am. There's no call for me to lift a finger in this business. You agreed to take all the risks. But just to see there's no slip-up, I'll go along with you and lend a hand. Somebody may need tying up and you were never very good at knots."

"Know what you are?" demanded Beauregard. "You're beneath contempt. That's what you are."

"Then I don't have to mind it," said Mr. Meaney. "Come on, Stinkpot, snap into it. You've got a job to do. What's the next move?"

Beauregard considered.

"The first thing," said he, in a milder tone, "is to get this Marshall out of the way. While he's loose we can't do a thing. He probably hasn't blabbed yet because he doesn't want me to blab. He said he'd wait at the Careys' for me to pick him up so we could talk things over."

"What do you want to do with him? Take him for a ride?"

"Yes. We'll take him for a ride, but we won't bump him off. You stay in the back of the car, on the floor, under the rug so you won't be seen. He'll get in the front, next to me. Then, when I toot the horn three times, you tap him on the back of the neck and knock him out."

"Fair enough," said Meaney. "Then what?"

"Then we take him up into the hills—I know an empty cabin up there—where we can tie him and lock him in. After that I'll park you somewhere and go to the Carmichaels' and nip the formula. That'll be the trickiest part of the whole business. I know where the damn thing is, but the old boy's got alarms all over the place."

"Got a gun?"

"Yes, but I don't want to use it if I can help."

"You're so damn squeamish nowadays," sighed Mr. Meaney. "Well, all right. Come on. Pay the bill and let's get into action."

### CHAPTER XVII

I.

WHEN Beauregard brought the car to a stop at the Careys' front gate, the headlights showed Jerry sitting on the stone wall, waiting for him.

"Well, Maxwell," he smirked, throwing open the front door of the machine, "here I am. Hop in and we'll go up the road."

But no sooner had Jerry got in beside him than something happened that froze the smirk on Beauregard's face. For barely had he set the car in motion than Lancelot, in full cry, dashed out of the yard and leaped for the tonneau.

Jamming his foot on the throttle, in a frantic attempt to outspeed the flying beast, Beauregard half turned in his seat, shrieking to Jerry, "Keep him out! Stop him!"

But he hadn't been quick enough. The dog landed in the car. The next instant, pandemonium broke loose. Ninety-odd pounds of solid pupflesh had come down on Meaney's unprotected stomach. And Meaney's fist, flung out reflexively, had struck the astonished animal on the nose.

Jerked off the road by its driver's panic-stricken hand, the car crashed into the stone wall. Above the harsh clank of the rended metal and the crackle of shattered glass, rose the snarls of the angry, excited dog and the hoarse yells of the startled and even more angry man.

The commotion in the rear took Jerry by

surprise. Thinking it might be useful to have him on hand, he had kept Lancelot nearby while waiting for Beauregard, in the hope that he would jump into the car. But he had not expected anything like this. He had not bargained on Lancelot finding a stowaway. To add to the confusion, the lights of the car had been put out by the smash. The combatants were invisible.

After the first shock, Jerry realized that he had narrowly escaped being ganged. Shouting for help, he seized Beauregard. The latter, however, having had the wind knocked out of him by sharp contact with the steering wheel, was in no condition to put up a fight. He was doubled over, moaning and gasping for breath.

Meanwhile reinforcements arrived, in the persons of the Sheriff and Dennis.

"What in thunder—" began the former.

"Stranger in the back seat," shouted Jerry, taking command. "Here Dennis, you keep your eye on his nibs, while we pull this other pair apart. Yank him out into the road and sit on him. Come on, Sheriff, you grab the dog and I'll tackle the man. Damn it, I wish we had a light."

The Sheriff opened one rear door and bellowed to the dog. At the sound of his voice, Lancelot stopped snarling, but as Meaney's outcries kept up, he started again. Jerry opened the other door and reached in to grasp whatever he could that felt human. A nasty, choking sound announced that Lancelot was being dragged off by the collar. A series of lurid oaths rose from the floor of the car. Jerry, leaning over, groping for something to hold on to, was caught in the midriff by Meaney's head as the infuriated man plunged out of the machine. He went down backwards, with the other on top of him.

IT WAS no easy assignment that Jerry had drawn. Though he brought into play all the rough and tumble tricks he had ever learned, his opponent was not only an expert at dirty fighting, but had the advantage in weight. In fact, Jerry was beginning to get the worst of it when the Sheriff, who had tied up the dog, charged back to the scene with a flashlight in one hand and his huge revolver in the other. Taking in Jerry's plight at a glance, he fetched Meaney a resounding kick that dislodged him from his kneeling position on Jerry's chest and made him roll in the road, squirming with pain.

"Leave him be, son," he said, as Jerry scrambled over to pounce on his antagonist. "Get up, you," he commanded, keeping the gun and the light focussed on Meaney. "Get up and reach high." To Jerry he said, "Frisk him, son. Then get the bracelets off'n my belt. Hey, Dennis," he shouted, "Bring your feller over here."

This was the signal for a violent scuffle from the deep shadows on the other side of the car, with Dennis' rich brogue saying "Come along quiet, now," and Beauregard's voice screaming "Take your dirty hands off me! Take 'em off, I tell you. You fool, I'll have you sacked for this!"

Holding his lordship's arms behind his back, Dennis trundled his captive into the circle of light and lined him up beside Meaney. The dapper Beauregard's appearance was in sharp contrast to that of his stocky partner, whose heavy face showed signs of battle and whose dust-powdered clothes were torn in a dozen places.

"Did you frisk him, Dennis?" asked the Sheriff.

"I did," said the chauffeur, displaying a squat automatic in the palm of his large hand.

"Find anything on your feller, son?"

"Only a slingshot. No gun."

"That's enough. 'Pears to me we got these boys dead to rights. Now, just so they don't get strayed, we'll use a couple pair o' bracelets on 'em. Go to it, son. Help me keep 'em covered, Dennis."

At the sight of the handcuffs, Beauregard's features grew livid with rage.

"Don't you dare put those things on me," he stormed. "I'll have the lot of you jugged for this. You'll find you've made a mistake. Listened to this young jackass, I suppose. What do you think he knows? He's just a common faker, that's all he is—"

The Sheriff laughed drily.

"Tell it to your partner," he said. "Go ahead, son, put the darbies on him. I'm gettin' kind o' tired, holding this here gun."

(Continued on page 46)

He won't even run for the 8:15

... yet he has

# "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

HIS Doctor told him to "go slow" and he has followed that advice so earnestly that it would take a convulsion of Nature to move him faster than an amiable amble.

Notwithstanding which, he has an active attack of the ringworm infection generally called "Athlete's Foot"!\*

Nor does he know what it is. He's aware, of course, of a constantly present and unnatural moisture between his little toes—unpleasantly and *uneasily* aware of it . . . *increasingly* so, as the days go by—

Yet he's as ignorant of its cause as are the millions of other Americans who suffer from the "Athlete's Foot" infection.

**\*Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home**

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,\* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere*. The United States Public Health Service finds "*It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*" And authorities say that half the boys in high school are

**\* WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.



affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

**It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ**

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals\* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent*. The person who is seriously afflicted with it today may have had these same mild symptoms like yours only a very short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals\* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. YOUNG, INC., 410 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

**Absorbine Jr.**

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS.

## The Quest of the Thunderbus

(Continued from page 45)

At the word "partner," Beaugard, still trying to bluff, did a stupid thing. In exaggerated disgust, he drew away from Meaney and looked him up and down.

"Partner!" he snapped. "That shows what fools you are. I've got no partner. I don't know this man. I've never seen him before in my life."

Upon this, Mr. Meaney's battered visage became suddenly animated.

"You dirty little swine—" he began furiously. "You snivelling little double-crossing this and that. Disown me now, would you? You—" he stopped, his throat clogged with anger, then went on, addressing the Sheriff: "All right, Squire," he said, "bring on your cuffs. But don't tie me to that little rat if you want to find him alive in the morning."

Beaugard seemed to shrivel. When Jerry snapped the steel bands on his wrists he could feel the wretch trembling. But he managed to keep his voice steady as he inquired, with heavy sarcasm, what he was supposed to be charged with.

"Assault 'n' batt'ry 'n' carryin' concealed weapons," said the Sheriff. "That'll hold you for a while."

"It'll hold 'em," put in Dennis, "until the Scotland Yard man gets here that's due any day now. You see, me bucko, I've worked for gentlemen in the old country in me time and you never looked like the real article to me. So I found out that young Lord Beaugard hadn't left England at all, and I sent your fingerprints over to the Yard, along of a picture Miss Sheila took. And they cabled from the Yard to keep you in sight. For it seems they've been huntin' for you. . . . Well, look at the rascal. He ain't even listenin'."

The reason Beaugard was not listening was that he had quietly fallen in a faint.

2.

WHEN Dennis and the Sheriff had driven the prisoners off to the calaboose, Jerry stayed in the Carey house long enough to change his clothes and patch up the abrasions on his face, then set out once more. Though the palpitant Queenie and her mother pressed him for details of the fracas, he gave them only a brief summary, saying he did not wish to take the edge off the Sheriff's version. To Lancelot, who was still in a frenzy of excitement, he gave a brand new golf ball to chew and promised rich rewards of steak to follow in the morning.

It was in dank and murky gloom, however, that Jerry started his car. The exhilaration that had filled him during the hand-to-hand encounter with Meaney had ebbed away, and the reaction had set in. Since the Carmichaels already knew Beaugard to be a pretender, no credit would be due him for the exposure. Now there was nothing left but to go and make his confession—and his adieu.

Bitterly he assailed himself for the carelessness that had brought about his undoing. Sheer vanity had led him to keep those clippings in his pocketbook. What were they, after all, but the record of a petty triumph, the winning of a college golf match? What had he achieved in the course of his life? Nothing. Born to all the advantages a boy could possibly hope for, he had reached the age of twenty-four with nothing to his credit beyond a certain facility with golf sticks; without even knowing what he wanted to do. What good was he, anyway? No good. Even supposing he had been successful in his crazy quest for the Old Thunderbus, what would he have done with the hundred thousand dollars that feat would have won him? Would he have invested it in safe bonds and lived on the income? No. He'd probably have taken it back to Europe and frittered it away in hotels adjacent to golf courses. A hundred thousand dollars—many a man had built a fortune with far less a stake than that.

And then falling in love with Sheila. Supreme idiocy. Vanity again. What right had he to think she could ever care for him? What had he ever done that would give him merit in her eyes? How could he ever have been such a fool as to delude himself with the idea that he might mean anything more to her than a pleasant

companion. Pleasant! He had not even been that. He had taken himself so seriously that much of the time he had not even been pleasant. That very morning, for instance. . . .

Well, it was all over now. At least, it would be in a few minutes. He would tell Carmichael about Beaugard; tell him about his own plot; apologize for having accepted his hospitality under false pretenses—and then make his inglorious exit. He hoped that Sheila would not be in the room. He hoped he would not have to see her at all. It would be much easier.

### CHAPTER XVIII

UPON Jerry's entrance into the great hall, Mr. Carmichael poked his head out from under the Old Thunderbus, beneath which he was lying with a wrench in one hand and an oil can in the other, and greeted him.

"Hello, there," he said; "tuning her up. She's as tight as a drum. I put a length of hose on to take the exhaust out of the window and had the motor running a minute ago. Wish you'd been here. She's as good as she ever was. We can start that run to-morrow—unless you want to back down."

Jerry swallowed. "I'm afraid that's off, Mr. Carmichael," he said. "I—I've come to say good-bye." "Good-bye? Why, what—" the old gentleman scrambled to his feet, "what's the matter? What happen to your face? Hi, Sheila. Where are you? Come and look at your friend Maxwell's face."

Jerry, who had been relieved at Sheila's absence, swallowed again, hard, as her steps sounded on the stairs. He looked at her, briefly, and addressed her father.

"We had a fight," he said. "With Beaugard?" "His accomplice." He sketched in the particulars of the incident, though omitting the details which had led up to it. "They're both in jail now," he finished.

"Good. We've been waiting for him to make a break. We'd have had him sooner or later, of course, but it's been hard to put up with him so long. Poor Sheila was getting pretty tired of her part. It was quite a godsend when you came. Wasn't it, Sheila?"

"Oh, quite," she agreed, in a tone which, to Jerry's ears, held not a little of mockery. "You've really done us a great service." Mr. Carmichael went on. "It's too bad you had to be all bruised up, but of course you weren't forewarned. If I'd thought he would try to put you out of the way, I'd have told you to be on your guard. But I didn't want you to know he was an impostor for fear you'd unconsciously show it in your attitude."

Jerry took a deep breath and steeled himself for the ordeal.

"I already knew, sir," he confessed. "I knew the moment I saw him. I went to Oxford with the real Beaugard. You see—" he paused and forced himself to look the older man steadily in the eye, "you see, I'm an impostor myself. I'm just as bad as he is. My name's not Maxwell. It's Marshall—I'm Joseph P. Marshall's son. And I came up here to steal the Old Thunderbus—"

Mr. Carmichael stared at him in amazement. "Great God!" he exclaimed, and his expression changed from one of incredulity to one of recognition. "So you are. You've got his eyes and nose. But without a beard I never—" He began to laugh. He threw back his head and shook the hall with his laughter. "Oh Lordy," he gurgled. "Oh Lordy, Joe Marshall's son, and I never guessed it." He burst into renewed guffaws, leaning against the Old Thunderbus so that the little vehicle quivered with his mirth. Presently he stopped. "You don't seem to think it's funny," he said.

"No, I don't." Jerry was very serious. From his point of view the situation continued about as much humor as a gallow. Out of the corner of his eye he could see that Sheila didn't appear to think it funny either. The feeling crept over him that Mr. Carmichael's show of amusement was probably feigned.

"Well, young fellow, go on with it. Stay here, Sheila, and listen to this."

"I don't want to hear it, thanks," returned Sheila. Without so much as a nod to Jerry, she went outside. Jerry's heart sank.

"There isn't any more, sir," he said quietly. "I've sailed under false colors and abused your hospitality. I'm very sorry. Good-bye, Mr. Carmichael."

Before he could reach the door, the old gentleman called to him. "Wait a minute, my boy. Come back here. I want to talk to you."

"Well?" asked Jerry.

"There are two sides to every story," said Mr. Carmichael. "Your father has probably bought you up to believe that I'm a blackguard and a thief, and that I stole the Old Thunderbus from him. That's not entirely true. What happened was that he and I formed a company to manufacture automobiles. I was the engineer. He was the promoter. He had a little capital. All I had was some theories. He made the initial investment. I designed and built the first car. It was a great day for us when this funny looking contraption," he patted the ancient machine affectionately, "made a successful run. Well do I remember it and how the people on the streets both cheered and jeered. What a celebration we had, your dad and I. We had only a few dollars between us, but we were going to make millions. Well, to make a long story short, we got into an argument. We'd both celebrated a little too much, I guess. Anyhow, I heard Joe boast that it was his car and I said it wasn't his, but mine. I'd made it. He got mad and said it was his because he'd put up the money. Then I got mad—we were both young, you see, and excited—and I told him it wouldn't be his car until he'd given me the stock he promised me. And he said he wouldn't give me any stock until I turned over the car to him. And we called each other names, and swore we'd never speak to each other again. The car was in my shop and I kept it. The stock was in his possession and he kept that. He found another engineer and I found another backer. But actually the car belonged to us equally, and still does. It's no more his than mine and no more mine than his. I know why he wants it. He's tried to get it before. I'd like it to go to the Smithsonian myself. And if your father would admit as much as I've just admitted to you, and agree to its being labelled as our joint accomplishment, I'd relinquish it in a minute. Isn't that fair?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Jerry. He had been listening to this recital abstractedly. What did he care, after all, who owned the Old Thunderbus? "I'll tell dad what you've said, though I doubt if it'll change him any. Good-bye, sir. You've been very decent about all this."

"Rubbish," said Mr. Carmichael. "Whatever happens, you'll always be welcome here so far as I'm concerned. Remember that."

Jerry thanked him and turned to go. It mattered little to him that Mr. Carmichael bore him no ill will. Sheila was the one who counted. And she had not even wanted to hear what he might have to say for himself. Sheila was through with him. She could hardly have made that more obvious if she had actually said so. Heavy with dejection, he left the brightly lighted hall and went out into the night.

For a few minutes he stood on the top step to accustom his eyes to the darkness. The soft breeze, fragrant with pine and the spicy odors of old-fashioned flowers, added poignantly to his depression. He looked up at the sky. It was very black. "I must get out of this," he told himself. "I must get out to-night." He squared his shoulders and walked slowly across the gravel parking space.

But as he neared the roadster, a slim figure appeared out of the dark and bared his way.

"Sheila," he cried, startled. His heart stopped, then pounded furiously. "You can't take this car, Mr. Marshall," said she, coolly. "It's not yours."

"Not mine!" He made an effort to keep his voice as calm as hers. "Why not? I paid for it."

"With a bad check."

"A bad check—?"

Sheila reached into the car and switched on the lights. "Here," she said handing him the slip of paper, "you can see for yourself. The signature—"

He stood in the glare of the headlamps, blinking and sheepishly rumpling the check in his



fingers. He did not need to look at it to know that it was signed "Jerome Marshall," that in his excitement, that first day of meeting her and of finding the Old Thunderbus, he really had forgotten to use his alias.

Sheila waited a moment and then began to run toward the house. Jerry raced after her and seized her wrist.

"You knew all along," he accused her.

"Yes."

"And you let me go on—making a fool of myself."

"That was not terribly difficult."

"Why did you walk out just now—as if—?"

"I wanted dad to think I was against you."

"So that he'd be for me?"

"I thought it might help," she said. "Sometimes when dad starts in by laughing he ends up in a rage."

Jerry caught hold of her other wrist.

"Do you know what I think of you?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"I think you're the most beautiful thing in the world."

"Is that all?"

"It is not," he almost shouted. "I think you're—" But it wasn't necessary, in fact, it wasn't possible, to say more, for in the next instant his lips were occupied in a manner far more eloquent than mere words.

After a time, however, he did again resort to language.

"Will you mind," he queried, "being a mechanic's wife and living in Detroit?"

"Will the mechanic guarantee to kiss his wife like that every evening when he comes home from work?"

"He'll guarantee it in writing," promised Jerry.

"Detroit will be perfectly elegant," said Sheila.

#### Postscript

STRICTLY speaking, this tale ended with the foregoing chapter. But to forestall a flood of letters inquiring what happened next, the author, who hates answering correspondence, deposes as follows:

In response to a telegram reading: "Your son in serious situation needs you here at once—Carmichael," Mr. Joseph P. Marshall arrived from New York on the morrow by seaplane. When he learned that his son's serious situation was an engagement to marry, he took one long look at Sheila and told Jerry he had more sense than he'd given him credit for. Also, he sat right down and wrote him out a check for two hundred thousand dollars. When he learned, further, that Jerry intended to go to work in the factory, he became strangely perverse.

"What do you want to do that for?" he growled. "Take this girl to Paris and show her a good time. Take her round the world. You're only young once. What could you do in the factory, anyway? You're not an engineer. What I need's a new engineer."

"I'm an engineer," said Mr. Carmichael. "And I'll bet you that Old Thunderbus over there that I can build you a car that'll outsell your present model two to one and out-perform it, too."

"If you build a good Comet," put in Jerry, "I'll bet you I can sell it."

"Hm," grunted Mr. Marshall, "we must all be crazy with the heat. How soon could you have a new job ready to go into production, Mike?"

"In time for the January show," said Mr. Carmichael.

"Hm," grunted Mr. Marshall again. "That'd still give these kids a couple of months in Paris."

"I want to go to Detroit and be a mechanic's wife," said Sheila. "I want to go right away."

This happened a little over a year ago. You probably own one of the improved Comets, and do not need to be told what remarkable little cars they are. In case you have not bought one yet, however, you will do well to put your order in soon, for the demand is excessive.

Last week, when Jerry and Sheila motored up to Maine for a short vacation, they thought Sheriff Carey would never stop talking about the Comet they had sent him as a present. He talked so much about it that poor Queenie, who wanted to thank them again for the motion picture outfit they had sent her, could scarcely get a word in edgewise.

THE END

# THEY GAVE A new Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY



## MARILYN MILLER

*From her grandmother's cellar . . . to Ziegfeld's Roof . . . in just the twinkle of a toe. She really was the "Sally" . . . of the alley called Broadway.*

How explain the miracle of Marilyn's success? . . . Nature blessed her with a charm all her own.

That's the answer to another star's rise. OLD GOLD made its bow 4 years ago. In a month it was popular. In a year, a headliner. Now, America's fastest growing cigarette.

Nature again! Sun-drenched leaves from better tobaccos. A new thrill for jaded palates. A new throat-ease and freedom from coughs.



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BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

## On Condition

(Continued from page 12)

"He rose, looking anxiously up and down the car."

"Look here!" he said to the conductor. "Did you notice a man with a black beard—?"

"No," said the conductor. "Moorewood, Moorewood!"

"Ansell got out and stood on the platform, in a sort of daze.

"Of course, this—" he said to himself, "this is all dam' nonsense."

"He had come out here to borrow money from his uncle, and he must not be deflected from his purpose by this preposterous hoax. He waved aside the taxi-driver who approached him, and set off on foot through the little village.

"A walk will do me good," he thought. "Clear my brain. I'll plan just what I'm going to say to him."

"But, try as he would, he could think of nothing but that purse.

"Well, hang it all!" he said to himself. "I'll examine it, once more. I'd like to find out how it works. It's a—remarkable trick."

"He looked about for a suitable spot, and presently entered a little strip of woodland, and sat down on a log, where he could not be seen from the road. He still had Doctor Raven's watch, and, laying it on the log beside him, he began testing the powers of the wallet.

AT THE end of two hours he rose, stiff and chilled and hungry. He had now some eleven dollars in fifty-cent pieces; he could have had more, but he had missed some of the intervals, while calculating.

"Naturally," he thought, "you couldn't work the thing to its full capacity. But ten hours a day would be easy. Sixty dollars a day. Four hundred and twenty a week. Call it twenty thousand a year."

"He had mechanically set out in the direction of his uncle's house, but now he stopped.

"Two thousand . . ." he thought. "I could get that in a month—or less, if I worked this thing overtime. But what do I want with two thousand now? I've got hold of something more profitable than any stock that was ever on the market."

"So he turned back, returned to the station, and, with considerable reluctance, proffered some of his fifty-cent pieces to buy his ticket. There was a line at the ticket window; the ticket-seller was in a hurry, and took his money almost without looking at it. By good luck, Ansell got a train back to the city almost at once; and all the way he sat with his hand in his pocket, quietly taking out the coins as they arrived in his purse, and dropping them down beside the bag. The weight of the coins had become considerable, and a little embarrassing to him; he took a taxi back to his room, and, alighting, offered the driver three more of his coins. It was a bad moment; he watched the man's face with sharp anxiety, in a panic that there might be something wrong, something queer, in the money.

"But the driver was only pleased when told to keep the change, and Ansell ran up the stairs to his room, in a sort of ecstasy. His knees felt weak; locking the door, he sat down on the bed, and laid the watch beside him, and got to work at once. Now that he had spent some of the money, the last doubt left him.

"Later in the afternoon, hunger drove him out. It was too early for dinner, so he went to a tea-room, and ordered sandwiches and coffee, and then returned to his room. There he wrote a letter to Marie, the aforementioned girl, in which he was obliged to lie. He said he had been out of town, and had just got her letter, and he accepted the invitation to the wedding.

"Except for meals, he remained locked in his room for the next two days, until he had a sum of two hundred and fifty dollars. He had figured that that would set him up for the present; he would buy a new suit, a wedding present, redeem his watch and cigarette case, and pay a few bills. He needed a respite badly; his nerves were on edge from the long confinement, and his concentration upon the wallet; when he went into the street, his knees were trembling; he walked for some time in the bright Spring sunshine, to recover himself.

"And he had troublesome problems to solve.

He could not go into a shop to buy a suit with a bagful of fifty-cent pieces. He did not want to take the money to his bank, for he was overdrawn and not ready to settle yet. He stopped at a newsstand to buy a paper, and he managed to exchange ten of his coins for a five dollar bill. He took a taxi, for the sake of repeating the process. He succeeded in getting ten dollars in a cigar store. And at the pawnbroker's he got three tens, and so on. But all this took time, and it made him nervous; he felt that his behavior was suspicious.

Consadine paused and sipped his drink.

"Ansell arranged things badly," he continued, "but he was a bit overwrought and not thinking lucidly. He had enough money in bills now to pay for his new suit, and he did so. And regretted it; he should have sent it home, C.O.D. For, the next day being a holiday, he was obliged to buy the wedding present now. It seemed to him necessary to go to a place with a well known name, and he suffered. He stood there in that supercilious place, surrounded by diamonds and pearls, salesmen like Prime Ministers—you know the tone . . . A fifty-dollar gift was paltry enough in their eyes, and when he had to pay almost half of it in fifty-cent pieces—like a miser who'd emptied the old stocking, or a kid who'd broken open the savings bank . . . You can see how it was.

"Well, he went to the wedding, but he didn't enjoy himself. Marie got a little annoyed with him.

"I wish you'd keep your hands out of your pockets," she said. "Even in the church—"

"Her complaint was well-founded. He couldn't bear to waste the purse. He'd keep his hand in his pocket, and every time he felt a new coin, he'd take it out. Of course, his pocket would get so heavy that he'd have to go up to his room and empty it into his suitcase. And naturally he would want to count it. And all this made him preoccupied—figuring in his head all the time. You can't blame the girl for feeling a little disappointed in him. He had been asked for the week-end, and he was a total loss, all the time.

"Then when the time came for him to go home, his suitcase was so astoundingly heavy. The others made jokes about it—said he must be bootlegging—threatened to open it. He was in a cold sweat. Because if they had opened it, and seen all those coins, how would he explain?"

"He got home safe with it, and he bought some gunny sacks. And he set to work to get enough money to marry on. He didn't think of looking for a job. What was the use? He simply stayed at home and took money out of the purse until he had two thousand dollars, which he decided would do for a start.

"In the meantime, he'd been to the manager of a bank, with the tale he'd concocted. Told him he was in a business, selling a novelty for fifty cents, and deposited enough to start a checking account. The manager seemed to swallow this tale, and after that Ansell went every day or so to deposit his bag of coins. The manager was beginning to get mighty civil, and Ansell was beginning to take this state of things as a matter of course—almost. He could draw checks now; he had nothing to worry about, nothing to do but dip his hand into that purse.

"He saw no reason why he should not get married now. So he asked Marie, and she consented, and he took his bank-book, and went to see her father. He had it all thought out, in detail. He was supposed to be selling a new sort of radio gadget at fifty cents. That was the tale. And he'd even taken care to rent a little office, and to buy a couple of cases of this gadget, for display.

"But the father wasn't satisfied. He asked Ansell where he advertised.

"Oh, one customer leads to another," Ansell said.

"And you mean to tell me," said the father, "that you're making four hundred dollars a week out of this, without advertising, without going out of your office?" He began to figure it out. "That's at the rate of sixty dollars a day. You mean to say that's what you net?"

"At this point Marie took a hand. She said that she knew everything was all right, and

that Ansell was a young marvel of industry and a financial genius. And that made him uncomfortable.

"I'm—spurious," he thought. "She thinks I'm making a fortune by sheer pluck and intelligence. And as a matter of fact . . . I don't want her to know . . . But when we're married, she'll find out."

Consadine paused a moment.

"And now," he resumed, "we come to the really incredible part of the story. I hope I have convinced you that Ansell actually came into possession of the Fortunatus purse. But how shall I convince you that it made him wretched? He had an unending supply of money—and he was wretched.

"Now, it is no more than a platitudinous lie to say that money causes unhappiness. Money is, in essence, a symbol for food, and no one was ever made unhappy by being well fed. No . . . It wasn't the possession of the money that upset Ansell; it was the way he had to get it. You'll find that is usually the trouble.

"Doctor Raven, you remember, had said that anyone could get money who wanted money more than anything else. Ansell had thought he was one of these. But, apparently, he was not. What he did want exactly I can't tell you. Admiration, perhaps, or a glow of self-approval. However that was, the wallet made him miserable. He couldn't explain his money satisfactorily to anyone. People naturally asked him questions about his business, and he had to keep up a highly complicated system of lying that was a severe mental strain.

"What is more, the whole thing was tedious, boring beyond measure. It seemed rank folly to look for a job, when he had this inexhaustible supply, yet he was longing for a job, for some sort of work where he could see and talk to other people, something that needed no explaining. Instead of that, he had to shut himself into that fraudulent little office for hours every day, taking coins out of the purse. He hated it. He began to dread his approaching marriage, because he was almost certain that Marie would find out his incredible and ridiculous secret.

"She was always suggesting stopping in at his office, and he had to put her off on one pretext or another, lest she see him there, alone, with no secretary, no clerk, nothing but himself, and his infernal wallet. In his desperation, he considered the possibility of hiring a small staff, to lend plausibility to his 'business,' but it was out of the question. He could not conceal from any employee the fact that there was no business.

THEN one morning a thought came to him that was like a blow. In March he would have to make out his income tax return. Suppose his statements were investigated . . . ? He had a ghastly vision of himself, being questioned, stammering guiltily, trying to explain . . .

"The office door opened, and Marie entered; she had come to 'surprise' him. He made a hideous attempt to seem pleased; he popped the wallet into his pocket, and tried to talk to her. But he saw her eyes wandering about the bare little office, in wonder. No typewriter, no filing cabinet, no staff.

"You're not—very busy just now, are you?" she said.

"I'm waiting for a customer," he told her.

"She was silent for a moment.

"Are you worried about your business, Dick?" she asked. "If you are, I wish you'd tell me, dear."

"In the face of her innocent affection and good faith he grew desperate; he would have made a full confession at that moment, but for the fact that the door opened again, and in came a customer, a man who had somehow heard tales of his gadget and wanted a look at it. Ansell showed him a sample, explaining and extolling it with feverish eloquence, and the man was so pleased that he gave Ansell an order for a gross. The girl went away satisfied, but Ansell was more miserable than ever; he saw his lies supported by destiny.

"From that day forward, customers began to come in droves. His gadget became immensely popular. He engaged a perfectly genuine staff; his days were spent in legitimate, orthodox work. He bought shares in the company that manufactured the gadget. And all this inspired him with the most serious thoughts.

"He believed that destiny was giving him

another chance, an absolutely last chance. He saw the wallet as a horrible menace to his integrity, and he determined to get rid of it before he married.

"So he set to work to find Doctor Raven, to return the purse. He consulted lists and directories, he wrote letters and asked questions. But he was never able to find any trace whatever of that singular man."

Consadine leaned back in his chair and smoked in silence. Hackett waited for a long time.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Consadine. "Ansell's married now—very happy—still selling his gadget."

"But what happened to the wallet?"

"I believe," said Consadine, "that he gave it away."

"To whom? I'd like to hear—"

"But, my dear fellow!" protested Consadine, with a laugh. "This was only a yarn—a sort of fairy-tale, to divert you. I'm considered rather good at this sort of thing. You looked down in the mouth when you came in, and I made up this tale to amuse you. If I've succeeded—Thanks! Now! What about a last round?"

The drinks came, and Consadine asked for the check.

"That was a good yarn," said one of the Colcnials, politely.

"Of course it's far-fetched," said Consadine.

"But there's a sort of fascination in making up a story of that kind."

"You ought to write—with an imagination like that," said another of his hearers.

But Hackett said nothing. He was staring at the handful of fifty-cent pieces which Consadine had brought out of his pocket to pay the bill.

## Johnny on the Spot

(Continued from page 20)

thought. "Anyhow I'm keeping it at seven."

"You'll be there," Red answered him. "Or how are you driving these days, riding on the clutch?"

Johnny flushed. His driving was his pride. He turned to Hannon.

"You get yourself dolled up," he ordered.

"I'll be there. Come on," he said to Red. "What are you waiting for?"

"I want you to wait here half an hour and let Mike Siracci in," Red told Hannon.

It was almost more oppressive in the room after they had gone and he was alone in it. He had a feeling of dark meanings lurking behind words, or invisible events taking strange twists behind everyday externals. He wanted to get out of that apartment, get out quickly. He was choking in it. And he had to get to Flo and Billie before Johnny got wise that he had been stringing him. He did not dare use Red's phone. He prayed for Mike Siracci's coming as no one had ever prayed for the arrival of that gorilla before. Then it struck him that Red hadn't burned that letter as instructed, but had tossed it into a dresser drawer. Suddenly he could not remember what was in it. Suddenly it took on a significance aside from what was in it. He strode up and down the room, and presently he opened the drawer and took the letter out. He reread it, but it was still the same old letter. The apartment bell buzzed, and he thrust the letter into his pocket and let Mike in.

"Where's Red?"

"Out with Johnny, bringing in Grettino and Little Jake."

"What's the lay across the river?"

"All set. Pulling in to-morrow. That's what Red and Johnny went out for, to bring in the ready dough Grettino and Little Jake's got."

"I don't know of no important dough Grettino and Little Jake's got. That's news to me," said Mike.

"I don't know nothing about it, either," Hannon answered, making for the door. "But that's what they went for, anyway."

He made a beeline for the Statler and got a room. He grabbed the telephone the instant he was alone in it, and called Flo's number. She was out. He called Billie's. She was out. Then he called Malley, explained the end of his conversation from the drug store and what had happened after, and asked him to locate the

(Continued on page 50)

# Are you eating a balanced diet?

**WITHOUT roughage in the diet, constipation often sets in. It brings with it spells of dizziness, headaches, loss of energy. Even serious disease may develop.**

**Now, in Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, you can obtain this vital roughage in a thoroughly appetizing form. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN has recently been improved both in texture and taste.**

**Just eat two tablespoonfuls daily. In severe cases, use with each meal. ALL-BRAN is positively guaranteed to prevent and relieve both temporary and recurring constipation. It brings the "bulk" which sweeps the system clean of all poisonous wastes. How much better than using habit-forming laxatives.**

**This famous health-cereal is delicious with milk or cream, fruits or honey added. ALL-BRAN also supplies valuable iron, which enriches the blood. Have your wife serve it—for variety—in soups, salads, omelets, muffins, etc. Sold by all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.**

# Kellogg's ALL-BRAN



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People just  
don't distinguish



IT'S utterly unfair, of course. But if a man will smoke an outrageously strong pipe, nobody is going to get close enough to him to appreciate his heart of gold. Don't keep potential friends at a distance. Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite blend is incomparably rich and fragrant—yet so mild as to be acceptable to the most fastidious pipe-sniffer. Nor does Sir Walter lack body and real flavor. They're all there in Sir Walter Raleigh—as you'll discover when you try it.



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(Hint No. 8) A new pipe should not be smoked out of doors for the first few pipefuls. A gust of wind may make the tobacco burn too rapidly and unevenly—thus causing burned spots or burn-outs. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky., Dept. 73 (In Canada, 3810 St. Antoine St., Montreal.)

Discovered How  
"Good a Pipe Can Be"

IT'S 15¢—and milder

## Johnny on the Spot

(Continued from page 49)

girls before seven and call him here in his room at the hotel. He lay back on the bed beside the telephone, utterly spent. He tried to sleep, but the instant his eyes closed a midge swarm of faces, words, occurrences and fears danced up and down, up and down in front of red-hot eye-balls. However, he must have fallen into a fevered doze of exhaustion, because suddenly the telephone was jingling beside him with a frenzied raucousness as though it had been ringing for hours. He groped groggily for it.

"Hannon?" It was Malley's voice, charged with excitement. "Are you alone? Are you all right?"

"Yes. Sure. What's up?"

"Haven't you heard?"

"Hell, no! What is it?"

"They've put Johnny Conora on the spot! They took him for a ride and dumped him just outside of Livonia twenty minutes ago. It's just come in. Remember that letter?"

"I got it with me."

"Great God, what a break! Freeze on to it with your life. Look at the date on it and then read it again. I'll shoot a couple of the boys over right away to stay with you. I'll be over as soon as the dust settles. Don't let another soul in."

He hung up. Hannon took the letter out and stared at it anew.

"April 3."

"We will put out when bearer brings word of latest on this lay. This letter burn up on getting. If the boys should spot anything phoney immediately duck otherwise order bearer and Grettino back here to me and take also with him best men for giving goods instant and safest ride across line. "King."

He stared at the date line of the newspaper lying on the telephone table. April 5. It was April 5. The date on the letter was April 3. Three, three, three. The word pounded on his mind as though trying to break through a fog. Third! Suddenly with blinding clarification he saw! April 3rd! If to-day had been April 25th the King would still have dated it April 3rd. Because every third word was to be read, and that to make a letter within a letter. And on the instant the unnecessary words blotted themselves out, and there, burning bright before his eyes, he saw:

OF . . . PUT . . . BEARER . . .  
ON . . . THIS . . . LETTER . . .  
ORDER . . . THE . . . SPOT . . .  
IMMEDIATELY . . . TO . . .  
GRETTINO . . . HIM . . . FOR . . .  
INSTANT . . . RIDE . . .

## Amateur Star Gazers

(Continued from page 17)

these amateurs with the materials needed to grind their mirrors. He estimates that about 600 persons in this country have actually completed good telescopes within the last four years and ten times that number, his records indicate, ground reflectors. Perhaps they are still trying.

An old automobile consigned to the scrap pile furnished parts for a telescope constructed a few years ago by Leland M. Thurston, then a sixteen-year-old schoolboy of Providence, Rhode Island. It took him nine months to complete the task so that he must have been only fifteen when he began to make the telescope.

The elevating and rotating mechanism was salvaged from the old automobile; but the essential parts, the reflecting mirror and the prism, as well as the eyepiece, are the work of young Thurston's own hands. Soon after he entered high school he developed a keen interest in astronomy. He discovered that if he were armed with a good telescope he might have fascinating adventures in his own backyard. The ordinary refracting telescopes that he could afford were too small to satisfy his mind. He wanted a big one!

So, he determined to make a Newtonian reflector. His first step was to buy a disk of suitable glass "in the rough," and during many, many hours that might have been spent on the baseball diamond or fishing or attending parties he kept at work. When it was finished this ambitious amateur had an instrument that could not be replaced in a store for less than \$300. With its stars of the first magnitude may be seen in broad daylight. Naked eyes can detect such stars in the daytime only if they peer upward from the depths of a well or a mine shaft. But at night that powerful aid to human eyes serves to enlarge the universe of young Thurston to infinite proportions. A cob-web on the chimney top of a neighbor's house seen through the home-made telescope appears as large as a manila rope.

There is in Toronto a real-estate broker who has made four telescopes in four years. The first one that he made had a six-inch mirror, the last one had a twelve-inch mirror, and if he behaves in the orthodox manner he will now proceed to make one somewhat larger. A colonel in the regular army made a telescope with a six-inch mirror and reported to others with a similar hobby that he had been surprised to discover that the cost, not counting his time, was \$25. An automobile manufacturer is one of those who has made his own telescope. Another was made by a school teacher in Guatemala. Among others was a marine stationed in Samoa who used a valve-grinding compound because the

proper abrasive, carborundum, was not available in that South Sea island where he was stationed. A preacher who made one set it up on the roof of his church. A chicken rancher in British Columbia, a lawyer in Los Angeles, a fishing rod manufacturer in Denver, and a dentist in Allentown, Pa., are among those who have pursued the hobby to the point of producing telescopes so powerful that they would have seemed like fairy gifts to Galileo or Newton. In Warren, Pa., a cigar manufacturer and in West Virginia a railroad telegraph operator have each contrived to make telescopes with sixteen-inch mirrors. One amateur has made a larger one. He is a resident of Jamaica, B. W. I., and his home-made reflector has a twenty-one-inch mirror.

If Henry Ford sometimes wonders why the demand for parts exceeds the calculated needs of Ford car-owners he might find a possible explanation in the activities of these amateurs. They have discovered that a rear axle assembly can be transformed into a first-class mounting for a telescope with brake drums serving as the setting circles.

What some leading amateurs, such as David Pickering, would like to do is to devise some sort of a channel whereby the product of the amateur telescope makers' energy and skill would be delivered into the hands of persons who want to observe the behavior of variable stars. As it is Mr. Pickering's organization has a limited number of fine instruments which it is privileged to loan for indefinite periods to amateurs who will use them to make observations. But if some philanthropist should convert all the automobile factories in Detroit into telescope factories I doubt if they would have enough for the demand. The craving of the highly trained astronomers for the data which the amateurs, so equipped, could provide, is insatiable.

As matters stand most amateurs are able to provide themselves with some kind of an instrument. Even a cheap pair of opera glasses is sufficient to double the power of one's eyes, to bring into view stars never seen by men without such equipment. There are amateurs whose equipment is more powerful and elaborate in every way than that of some university observatories.

At Springfield, Vermont, on the big hillside estate of former Governor James Hartness, is one of the most elaborate observatories in the possession of an amateur anywhere. Governor Hartness, a prolific inventor and a successful business man, has for years pursued his hobby of astronomical observation. Mr. Hartness has provided himself with one of the strangest astronomical observatories in the world. It is a

subterranean cave of concrete containing a half-dozen rooms fitted up as laboratory, library, study, office and storage rooms. He reaches the cave through a 200-foot tunnel that leads from his home. Jutting from the concrete structure is a cast-iron revolving turret in which is centered his telescope. This turret is an adaptation of the revolving turret of a battleship.

Only those amateurs who have stood out of doors in winter darkness with frost-bitten ears, cold and aching feet and other discomforts, may appreciate the degree of envy with which Mr. Hartness is regarded by astronomers who visit him. When politics or business or domestic affairs have assumed the form of trouble he has been able to reduce this trouble to its proper proportion in the scheme of things by focussing his telescope on Antares, the biggest star astronomers have measured. Its blazing diameter is 400 million miles, more than four times the distance between the earth and the sun, or if his worries are not very severe he may get a better perspective by turning his telescope on Betelgeuse with a diameter of 242 million miles.

David Pickering got the greatest thrill of all his years of observation by rediscovering a celestial object of such slight bulk that if drawn to earth it might well be made an adjunct of Coney Island and there explored and circumnavigated by curious visitors in much the same manner that they now make fifteen-cent trips to a papier-mâché Moon.

It happened in 1916. He was observing the variable star which for index purposes is called R Pegasi. It is one of the insignificant points of light visible in the telescope in the direction of that constellation called Pegasus. It was at New Dorp, Staten Island, on the edge of the bay. He had a three-inch glass mounted on a tripod. In a wide arc from north to south above his head wheeled the Milky Way.

"Suddenly," he told me, "I observed an object of seven and a half magnitude in that field with which I had been familiarizing myself for many nights. This I recognized was something different. The amateur knows an object of that kind can be only one of three things. It might be a comet; it might be a nova, or it might be an asteroid. Novæ are new only in the sense that they are newly brilliant. Asteroids are those unnumbered little worlds that circle around our sun between Mars and Jupiter. The largest we know is about twenty miles in diameter. There are others as insignificant as a heavily laden automobile truck, each coursing along in its own orbit. Like our own moon, indeed like the earth itself, they have no light of their own but are seen in the reflected light of the sun. Astronomers are unable to keep track of them.

"IF THAT object that I saw was a nova I knew that it would fail to move from the field where I observed it. On the other hand, if it was an asteroid I knew that the next night would show it, if at all, in a different place. The fact that it was near the path of our planets made me think that it was an asteroid. I went to bed finally but not to sleep.

"The next day it rained. A thick cloud blanket shut me off from contact with that distant fascinating object so that it was forty-eight hours after my first sight that I again focussed my eyes on its faint gleam. This time I discovered that it had increased in brilliancy one-half magnitude and had moved across the sky a distance equivalent to half the diameter of the new moon.

"I communicated with Harvard and they continued to observe the object. Eventually, they determined that the increase in brilliancy that I had noticed was due to the fact that one side of this turning object had higher reflective value than the other. What I had accomplished was called a rediscovery of the asteroid Eunomia. In a few days it was discovered again by another member of our society in Switzerland and another in England. Each of us had been engaged in observing the same star field.

"More than a thousand of these asteroids or planetoids have been discovered. Probably there are tens of thousands swirling around on their independent orbits. Some of them I like to think reproduce the conditions of the earth as a potted dwarf tree in a Japanese garden reproduces in miniature the graceful patterns of a large one. The luck of finding one is likely to bless any persistent amateur with a telescope."

The possible discovery of a new flare of bril-

liancy in the sky, the phenomena which astronomers speak of as novæ, is a lure that keeps the eyes of many amateurs to their telescope year after year. In May, 1925 this rare experience fell to the lot of an amateur in South Africa named Watson. What he saw with his telescope was a tiny point of light that was increasing in brilliancy. The brilliancy increased until this object was a star of the first magnitude. It has been named Nova Pictoris.

What may cause the outburst of a nova? Even scientists are forced to guess for the answer. The short duration of great brilliancy which is the usual case indicates that the catastrophe cannot be very deep-seated. The immediate cause of these star explosions appears to be a tremendous development of energy somewhere beneath the star's surface with the result of heating its gases to such a degree as to cause violent expansion into space in all directions. For a parallel imagine our own sun exploding in the manner of a Fourth of July fireworks display.

NOVA PICTORIS after its discovery by the amateur, Watson, became 10,000 times as brilliant as it had been. Then it became an astronomical puzzle by continuing to have naked-eye brilliancy. Months, years, passed, and it was still visible to the unaided eyes of men. It is visible only to people living in the southern hemisphere. Some astronomers incline to the belief that Nova Pictoris actually is two stars. Some have a notion that the cosmic explosion was caused by the collision of two stars! If this happened, however, it was not in 1925 when Watson's eyes were the first to see the terrible occurrence. The event occurred many years ago, perhaps on that day when Columbus set sail from Spain; perhaps when the foundation stones of the oldest pyramid were set in place by the slaves of a Pharaoh.

For unnumbered years at the rate of 186,000 miles a second the light of that awful explosion had been traveling across space when it encountered the wondering eye of a man in South Africa. Certainly it had been traveling as far in all directions. He would be an unimaginative person who would not ask himself if, in the immensities of space that light was not seen by other intelligent eyes.

Scientists believe our own world and the neighboring planets were born out of our sun in some such events as this one that puzzles astronomers. Are there, then, new worlds formed and even now cooling far out beyond the reach of our eyes? Are there out yonder other inhabited worlds inconceivably older than the one on which mankind has developed? To what heights of intelligence has life reached on other and older planets that may get their energy from tiny suns that once were giants large as Betelgeuse or Antares? With such questions bubbling in their minds do all the amateur astronomers go back night after night to seek an answer to this riddle of the universe.

Here is a field of exploration that is truly democratic. One who entered it years ago was Charles Y. McAteer, a railroad engineer. He died not so long ago rich in experience and friends earned in the pursuit of his hobby. One of his admirers in speaking of him to me said:

"We classed him as among our few really big observers. Grizzled and quaint, square-jawed, with deep-set kindly eyes twinkling under shaggy brows, can't you picture him bringing the fast night freight into Pittsburgh? A moonless, cloudless night he'd be leaning from the cab window as the engine jolted and swayed. One glance would be ahead for the winking of a green or red or yellow or purple signal light, expressing the meaning of men. The next glance would be to Orion sinking low in the southwest, a signal light of God. In a little rack above the strong hand that gripped the throttle always there was a prayer book and a star atlas. His run was usually finished in the small hours of the morning, leaving him time to hurry home and get his three-inch glass set up in his back yard. In later years when he had been promoted to a passenger run there was a five-inch glass. Always the objects on which his telescope was trained were variable stars.

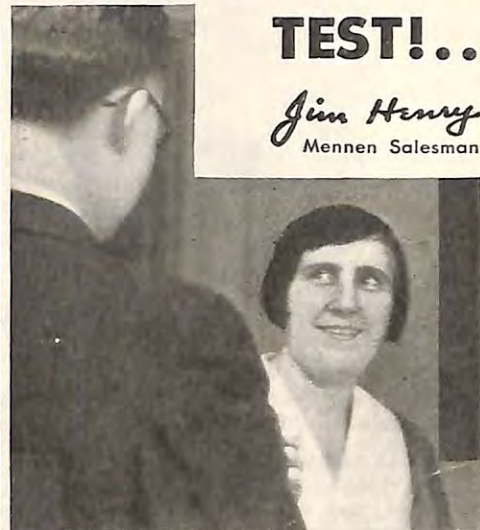
"This railroad engineer was the intimate friend of Dr. John Brashear of the Allegheny Observatory. There are such unexpected intimacies everywhere between professional and amateur astronomers. There is no academic

(Continued on page 52)

## ..MY FAMOUS CHAMBERMAID

### TEST!..

*Jim Henry*  
Mennen Salesman



IN SOME HOTELS they call me the big peep and snoop man from Newark. But when I want information, I go to headquarters. If chambermaids don't know what shaving cream men use, who does?

So, with the permission of the manager, I ask the chambermaids to check up for me. "Just tell me what kind of shaving cream is on the bathroom shelf," I say to them.

And Mennen leads in every hotel where I've made the chambermaid test. Same on Pullman cars, where all I need to do is to use my eyes. The big fellows who use the best trains and the best hotels just naturally use the best shaving cream too.

#### MY GUARANTEE

Remember, I guarantee you two more good shaves per blade with Mennen, and I return your money if you think I'm wrong. Mennen Shaving Cream gets whiskers so completely ready for the razor that the blade has less work to do. Penetrates skin pores, floats out dirt particles, preventing "muddyskin," pimples and blackheads.

And Mennen alone gives you two creams to choose from. (1) *Original*—famous for its quick, creamy lather. (2) *Menthol-iced*—with its refreshing tingle... You can get either tube at any drug store.

## MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS

2 KINDS - ORIGINAL - MENTHOL-ICED



THE new formula Mennen Skin Balm is a non-greasy, after-shave lotion in a handy tube. What a morning tonic! Cools and stimulates facial nerves, heals tiny razor nicks and protects your face. Try it after your shave. Faces kept alert and fresh-looking with this new and modern—

**SIX-SECOND MASSAGE**

## Amateur Star Gazers

(Continued from page 51)



### He Chose the Way to Larger Success

In Peoria there lives a man named Paul F. Bourscheidt, who a number of years ago began to set his plans for bigger earning power—larger success.

At that time Mr. Bourscheidt was Assistant Actuary of the Peoria Life Insurance Company, one of the outstanding insurance companies of the Middle West. He wanted to broaden his knowledge of business, so as to fit himself for larger responsibilities. So he enrolled with LaSalle for home-study training in Business Management.

"As a result of my training," wrote Mr. Bourscheidt, eleven months later, "I notice a big improvement in my work and my ability to cope with difficult situations. Already I can report a promotion and an increase of 90 per cent, which in these days is no small item."

A year or so later, realizing the importance of legal knowledge in business, he enrolled again with LaSalle—this time for home-study training in Law. He set as his goal the Illinois Bar examinations, which he passed successfully in the fall of 1924.

Was it merely by chance, do you think, that in October of that year Mr. Bourscheidt was made Assistant Secretary and Office Manager of this great company, or that today he is being entrusted with greater and greater responsibilities?

Significant of the worth of his plan—in the eyes of Mr. Bourscheidt's associates—is the fact that 23 other people in the Peoria Life Insurance Company have enrolled with LaSalle for home-study business training. These other executives—both men and women—are out to compel larger success through the speeding up of practical experience.

#### Set Your Goal—Then Start Today

In what field do you hope to gain success? Study the coupon below—then check the training that most clearly meets your needs, enter your name, address and present position, and mail the coupon to LaSalle.

It will bring you promptly—and without obligation—an interesting book descriptive of that field, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," the inspiring story that has set thousands of men on the shorter route to greater earning power.

Show your will to succeed by what you do with this coupon—NOW.

— Find Yourself Through LaSalle! —

**LaSalle Extension University**  
The World's Largest Business Training Institution  
Dept. 9328-R Chicago

I should be glad to learn about your salary-increasing plan as applied to my advancement in the business field checked below:

- Business Management
- Higher Accountancy
- Traffic Management
- Modern Salesmanship
- Railway Station Mgm't
- Railway Accounting
- Law—Degree of LL.B.
- Commercial Law
- Modern Business Correspondence
- Modern Foremanship
- Personnel Management
- Banking and Finance
- Industrial Management
- Expert Bookkeeping
- C. P. A. Coaching
- Paper Salesman's Training
- Business English
- Commercial Spanish
- Effective Speaking
- Stenotypy-Stenography
- Telegraphy
- Credit and Collection Correspondence



Name.....  
Present Position.....  
Address.....

snobbishness here. The more a man learns of astronomy the more profoundly he becomes aware of his ignorance."

The observations of the railroad engineer McAteer, were regularly forwarded to Harvard Observatory. Those observations were none the less valuable because they were simple records of the brilliancy of certain variable stars at certain times.

In the back yard of a home in Leonia, New Jersey, a place bordered by vine-clad wooden fences, there is a private observatory of an amateur with another kind of sky specialty. The observatory stands in the shadow of a neighbor's hip-roofed barn and is about as large as a one-car garage, but is surmounted by a dome. The builder is a man named James Ernest Grant Yalden. For twenty-five years he was head of the Baron de Hirsch Trade School in New York. Mr. Yalden is an engineer and a mathematician. Consequently he is qualified to participate in one of the esoteric branches of astronomy.

Mr. Yalden and a scattered group of amateurs with a similar interest and enthusiasm made some observations which were of tremendous importance to a work that was being done by Ernest W. Brown, Sterling Professor of Mathematics, Yale University. What was done would not have been possible without the co-operation of these amateur observers.

From these amateurs Professor Brown was able to accumulate hundreds of individual observations of the exact fraction of a second at which the moon had passed over the light points which represent stars. These eclipses of stars, called occultations, constitute the most exact way of following the place of the moon in the heavens hour by hour. Several months of such observations provided Professor Brown with data by means of which he was able to show that the earth as a timepiece is not running true. Until about a year ago it was supposed that the moon was varying from its calculated position. A discrepancy was noted when an eclipse of the sun, visible at New York six years ago, occurred five seconds later than the time it was expected. Professor Brown's idea that the earth and not the moon was tardy is now generally accepted by astronomers. His theory is that the earth alters slightly in size from epoch to epoch, causing a minute slowing or increase in its rate of spin. The result of this is that the earth, rated as a timepiece, is thrown off to the extent of one second every hundred years. That second may not be important to most of us, but to geologists seeking to understand earthquakes, it is a fact of marked significance.

Even in such work there was opportunity for persons without technical skill. Three processes were involved. One was the prediction of the exact time when the edge of the moon cuts off the light of a star. The second process was the observation of that occurrence and the exact timing of it by some accurate means. That phase of the work was participated in by numerous persons without training in mathematics and whose only equipment was a small telescope and a dependable timepiece. The third process was reserved for such minds as those of Mr. Yalden. It involved the reduction of the observation by a complicated mathematical procedure.

Through a powerful telescope the mountains and valleys of the moon are revealed to anyone who cares to wander over them in fancy. Then there is Mars, which sometimes swings within 35,000,000 miles of earth. It has atmosphere, water and a temperature which would permit the existence of life as it is known on earth. If the temperature of the earth's surface is an average of sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, then that of Mars is fifty degrees. Men could live under such conditions. Do they? This constitutes one of the most glamorous possibilities that entice the mind of the amateur from the tedious work that his fellows would mark out for him. With a powerful telescope any one can see Mars plainly enough to become infected forever with the peculiar enthusiasm that links devotees to a hobby. But for some seeing is not enough. They want to touch celestial objects, and astronomy has a branch which enables such persons to gratify their whim. At least they are able to take in their hands a piece of a comet. As a matter of fact there are on earth to-day sheltered in museums or lost in the ocean, in deserts and on mountainsides pieces of comet too large for a man to lift. These objects are called meteorites.

Each group of amateurs seems to look to some professional for guidance as well as for an opportunity to be of service. The professional astronomer to whom the meteorite hunters turn for sympathy is Professor Charles P. Olivier of Flower Observatory of the University of Pennsylvania.

They have formed an organization which they call the American Meteor Society. They not only observe "shooting stars," but sometimes they go a hunting souvenirs of a kind that when found are called meteorites.

Dr. O. C. Farrington, the curator of geology of the Field Museum of Natural History, would tell you that hunting a meteorite is far more tedious than hunting a needle in a haystack. It is supposed that about 900 strike the surface of the earth each year, but in four hundred years the number seen to fall has been only at the rate of about one a year. The total of known falls whether seen or found is about 850. In view of this the collection of meteorites in the American Museum of Natural History in New York becomes all the more impressive. There are iron and stone objects there representative of about 550 such incidents in the earth's career. One, brought from Greenland, is of iron and weighs thirty-six and one-half tons. You may touch it if you wish, knowing when you do so that the cold surface under your hand was once a molten mass that flamed into our atmosphere as a gigantic shooting star.

Numerous scientific searching parties have been organized to hunt for meteorites seen to fall in current times or in the past. A few years ago a searching party headed by Dr. Chester A. Reeds of the American Museum of Natural History returned empty-handed after hunting for one that had been seen to fall somewhere in Nevada nearly fifty years ago. The fascination of such a hunt lies in that fact that what the searchers seek is a bit of that material which men see when they gaze through telescopes at the stars, a tangible fragment of a whole they may have viewed from millions of miles away.

### Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 40)

#### Grand Exalted Ruler Rededicates Monument for York, Pa., Elks

Before many members of York, Pa., Lodge, No. 213, and several thousand spectators, Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp rededicated, recently, the Elks monument on Penn Common, in that city. Mr. Rupp, accompanied by Past Exalted Rulers H. A. Schantz, H. O. Ritter, Fred A. Weibel and Gurney Afflerbach, of his home Lodge, Allentown, No. 130, was met at the station by a reception committee from York Lodge, consisting of Past Exalted Ruler R. P. Sherwood, Exalted Ruler R. E. Conway and Secretary Horace H. Zeigler. The Grand

Exalted Ruler was then conducted to the Yorktown Hotel, where he rested after his journey. Later, a parade was formed and marched through the main streets of the city to the monument. One unit of the procession was the uniformed marching body which won first prize for York Lodge in the parade at the Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City, in July. On Penn Common, where stands the beautiful Elk monument, a large crowd gathered to hear Mr. Rupp deliver the dedicatory address. He received an ovation from the members of the Lodge and other citizens. After the ceremonies a banquet, attended by over four hundred guests, was held in the magnificent rooms of York Lodge. Among the

speakers were Mr. Rupp; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George H. Johnston; Past President E. J. Morris, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; and Mayor Jacob E. Weaver, of York.

### One Thousand Crippled Children Entertained by Trenton, N. J., Elks

A thousand or more crippled children of Trenton and of Mercer County, New Jersey, were entertained recently by members of Trenton Lodge, No. 105, at its annual outing in Woodlawn Park. In the early afternoon, the youngsters, under careful supervision, enjoyed every device for amusement that the park offered. After a lunch of watermelon, ice-cream and cake, members of No. 105 presented the winners of contests with prizes. Speakers who welcomed the crippled children on the outing were Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the New Jersey State Elks Association Crippled Children's Committee; Albert E. Dearden, President of the Association; and Commissioner George W. Page.

### Grants Pass, Ore., Lodge Instituted By District Deputy Underwood

In the presence of representatives from nearly every Lodge in Oregon, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. H. Underwood recently instituted Grants Pass Lodge, No. 1584 of the Order. Officers of Klamath Falls Lodge, No. 1247, assisted the District Deputy with the institutional ceremonies, and the degree team of Medford Lodge, No. 1168, initiated the candidates for No. 1584. After the formal session, the Elks adjourned to the Redwood Hotel, where a banquet was served. This was followed by a grand ball which concluded the day's festivities. The new Lodge, under the leadership of its first Exalted Ruler, W. E. Newcombe, a Past Exalted Ruler of Ashland Lodge, No. 944, begins its career with a membership of about one hundred. R. E. Stephenson was chosen Secretary.

### Mt. Vernon, Ill., Elk Reports Loss of Membership Card

Charles D. Summers, Secretary of Mt. Vernon, Ill., Lodge, No. 819, reported recently the loss of a membership card by Walter G. Voelker, a member of that Lodge, and requested Secretaries to be on the outlook for the card in case it should be presented by any improper holder. Mr. Voelker's card is No. 1, and is dated March 13, 1930.

### Toledo, Ohio, Lodge Aids Boy Scouts' Summer Vacation

Members of the Boy Scout Committee of Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, have made it possible for many Boy Scouts of that city to enjoy a summer vacation which they could not otherwise have had. The committee directed its benefits toward those boys who were working for their families during the summer recess of school, and who could not spare the money required for a few days at camp. Therefore, at a special meeting, the members of the Lodge unanimously voted to provide funds sufficiently large to give each such boy a week's vacation at the Boy Scout Reservation.

### Goshen, Ind., Lodge Sound in Both Membership and Finances

In point of both membership and financial condition, Goshen, Ind., Lodge, No. 798, according to recent report, is in splendid shape. The community in which the Lodge is located is not extremely populous, yet No. 798 has 200 Elks on its roster, and present indications point to an increase in numerical strength during the coming year. The Home, a white frame building whose lawn is shaded by large trees, is owned entirely by the Lodge and has been for several years free of all encumbrances.

### Passaic, N. J., Lodge Has Done Much in Year for Needy Children

Within a twelve-month period ended recently, the Social and Community Welfare and Crippled Children's Committee of Passaic, N. J., Lodge, No. 387, expended a total of more than \$8,500 in behalf of needy boys and girls. This was

announced a short time ago to the Lodge in the Committee's annual report. The attainments of the Committee during the year covered by report included the maintenance of 11 patients, for a total of 251 days, in a hospital for treatment and care; the supplying of nearly 1400 quarts of milk to undernourished children; an outing for more than 900 orphans; Christmas entertainment for 2500 youngsters and Christmas stockings for 1200; and the assistance of 26 charitable institutions within the Lodge's jurisdiction.

### Unfortunates Admitted Free to Butler, Pa., Elks Circus

When Butler, Pa., Lodge, No. 170, presented its charity circus, a short time ago, those in charge of arrangements made provision for the enjoyment of the affair not only by members of the public able to pay admission, but also by others in less fortunate circumstances. Tickets for the entertainment were distributed free of charge among the underprivileged children under the supervision of the Butler County Federation of Social Agencies, and among the inmates of the Butler County Poor Home.

### Residents of National Home Are Entertained by Danville, Va., Elks

The three hundred residents of the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va., were entertained recently by a minstrel and vaudeville show presented by members of Danville, Va., Lodge, No. 227. The program of amusements, divided in two parts, consisted of an act by the minstrel company of No. 227 and a series of sketches by a group of professional artists brought from Danville by the Lodge members. Preceding the entertainment all the performers had supper in the dining-room of the National Home.

### Chelsea, Mass., Lodge Celebrates Twenty-fifth Anniversary

Chelsea, Mass., Lodge, No. 938, celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary recently with a banquet and a dance. The event, largely attended by members of Chelsea and delegations from Somerville, Revere, Boston and Winthrop Lodges, was held in the spacious State Armory at Chelsea. Joseph M. Curley, the first Exalted Ruler, and Martin T. Ford, a charter member of Chelsea Lodge, delivered the principal addresses. Other speakers included Past Exalted Ruler Daniel J. Honan, of Winthrop Lodge, who represented the Massachusetts State Elks Association; Exalted Ruler John J. Diamond of Chelsea Lodge; Mayor John J. Whalen, of Chelsea; and Judge Samuel R. Custer, of the District Court.

### G. A. R. Presents Seattle, Wash., Lodge With American Flag

As an expression of appreciation of the services rendered by Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, during the Decoration Day entertainment, several posts of the Grand Army of the Republic presented the Lodge, recently, with an American flag. Twenty Civil War Veterans and their ladies were the guests of No. 92 for the colorful presentation ceremony, held in the Home of Seattle Lodge. In accordance with a motion made at the session, the flag will be framed behind glass and will bear a placard suitably inscribed with the names of the donors.

### Wilksburg, Pa., Elks Visit Seven Lodges on Week-End Tour

Sixteen members of Wilksburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 577, spent the week-end, recently, making a "Good Will Tour" of neighboring Lodges. This consisted of paying fraternal calls to seven Lodges near-by, including those at Altoona, Tyrone, Philipsburg, Clearfield, Renovo, DuBois and Punxsutawney. At Tyrone Lodge, the visitors were welcomed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler S. A. Marthouse and a delegation of other members. Clearfield Lodge entertained the touring Elks at luncheon, Renovo Lodge was host to them later in the day, at dinner and at a dance, and, the following morning, at breakfast. On their return journey the

(Continued on page 54)

## How to add \$50—\$200 to the value of your car

Not necessary to pay \$10 to \$15 for waxing job — do it yourself!

With this easy-flowing, high lustre polish, any car owner can do a professional waxing job himself—add \$50 to \$200 to his car's value—and save the cost of professional polishing.

As a practical, make-good demonstration without expense to you, we're sending a 25c can of Johnson's Wax free to owners who mail the coupon.

Johnson's Wax (either paste or liquid) builds a hard dry protective coating over the paint. Restores a glistening lustre to the dullest looking body. Grit and film can't touch it. Preserves the finish of a new car indefinitely. Saves washings.

If interested in adding \$50—\$200 to the trade-in value of your car, look for Johnson's Wax on your pantry shelf, or send coupon for FREE 25c can.

Before waxing, very stubborn traffic film can be removed with Johnson's Automobile Cleaner.



S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. E-9, Racine, Wisconsin.

Gentlemen: Please send 25¢ can of Johnson's Wax Polish to preserve and renew body finish.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 53)

delegation from Wilkinsburg Lodge called upon DuBois and Punxsutawney, where they were hospitably received.

### Comic Opera Given by Walla Walla, Wash., Elks Swells Charity Fund

To augment the funds at its disposal for charities, Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge, No. 287, presented recently, upon three consecutive evenings, an outdoor performance of a popular comic opera. The entertainment, for which only a moderate admission fee was charged, attracted an attendance of three thousand persons at its performances.

### Uniontown, Pa., Lodge Initiates Largest Class in 10 Years

Uniontown, Pa., Lodge, No. 370, initiated recently the largest class of candidates it has inducted at any one time during the last ten years. The group comprised fifty-five in all. Special festivities, including a program of unusually interesting entertainment and a buffet supper, followed the initiation ceremonies.

### Elks Band of Glendale, Calif., Lodge Has Active Season

A review of the activities of the Elks Band of Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289, disclosed that it has been prominent in many important functions of the Lodge during the spring and early summer. Among its performances have been those in the Decoration Day Parade and the Elks Flag Day Services. On the occasion of the Annual Jinks and Circus, sponsored by the Lodge, the band provided both concert and dance music, as special parts of the entertainment.

### Owensboro, Ky., Elks Mourn Death Of Secretary W. M. O'Bryan

As an expression of their grief at his death, the members of Owensboro, Ky., Lodge, No. 144, passed a resolution recently mourning the loss of W. M. O'Bryan, for the last twenty-five years Secretary of the Lodge and Past Secretary of the Kentucky State Elks Association.

### Old-Timers of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Hold Reunion at Dinner

Twenty-nine of the Hundred Old-Timers, an organization numbering five score of the members of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, initiated longest ago, gathered recently at a dinner at the Home. The guest of honor at the affair was Exalted Ruler Jack N. Cooper. Events of especial interest during the evening were James King's repetition of a song he first had sung twenty-seven years ago, and the receipt of a radiogram from Borough President Harry Bruckner, an Old-Timer, aboard the S. S. Columbus on his way to Europe.

### Charity Boxing Show of West Haven, Conn., Lodge Is Big Success

For the benefit of its charity fund, West Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 1537, presented recently a group of boxing bouts at Savin Rock, a resort nearby. The affair, from both an athletic and a financial aspect, proved a splendid success. Many of the best amateur boxers in Connecticut participated and the attendance at the exhibition was exceptional.

### Past Grand Inner Guard Ike Lederer Succumbs to Illness

After a depression in health which had endured for five years, Past Grand Inner Guard Ike Lederer, of St. Paul, Minn., Lodge, No. 59, died, a short time ago, at the age of seventy-four. Mr. Lederer, a business man of prominence in his city and a member of its Water Board for ten years, was most notably identified in his Lodge for his interest in the welfare of children. For seventeen years, until the time when his strength began to fail, he regularly organized the annual Elks Children's Christmas

Parties for St. Paul Lodge. He was a native of Albany, N. Y., but removed from there to Minnesota, half a century ago. During nearly all this period he found time, in addition to winning a pronounced commercial success, to engage in affairs of benefit to the community and to the Order of which he was a member. He was initiated into the Elks in 1889, became Exalted Ruler of St. Paul Lodge in 1901, subsequently held office in the Grand Lodge and membership upon the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and served as President of the Minnesota State Elks Association. The officers of St. Paul Lodge conducted the Elks funeral services for him at his burial in Mt. Zion Cemetery. Surviving Mr. Lederer are his wife, Mrs. Bertha Lederer; a brother, Jacob Lederer, of Minneapolis; and a sister, Mrs. Alexander Calder, of New York. To these members of his family, to his legion of staunch friends, both within and without the Order, and to St. Paul Lodge, THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this opportunity to extend its sincere sympathy in their loss.

### Loss of Treasurer A. E. Bartlett Is Blow to El Paso, Tex., Lodge

A. E. Bartlett, for many years Treasurer of El Paso, Tex., Lodge, No. 187, and to whose efforts the Lodge ascribes credit for the success of its plans to erect a new Home, died recently at Hot Springs, Ark. The officers of the Lodge later conducted the Elks service at Mr. Bartlett's funeral, in El Paso.

### Lewiston, Me., Elks Enjoy First Outing in Several Years

More than 150 members of Lewiston, Me., Lodge, No. 371, enjoyed, recently, their first organized outing in several years. The affair began with a parade, starting from in front of the Elks Home, and proceeding through the streets of the city to Thomas Point. There the members of the Lodge partook of a shore dinner, and after the meal they witnessed a baseball game between the married men and the bachelors. This was won by the single men by the score of 3 to 2.

### Many Children Entertained by Shawnee, Okla., Elks

Shawnee, Okla., Lodge, No. 657, gave a picnic, recently, for the children of the Salvation Army Sunday School. The one hundred and fifty boys and girls rode in trucks driven by members of the Lodge around the town for a sight-seeing trip before they reached the Shawnee Country Club picnic grounds. There the Elks entertained their guests with games and refreshments.

### Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge Relief Funds Aided by Ladies

From women's organizations associated with it, Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, has received within the recent past gifts amounting to nearly \$1,400. For the Lodge's fund for crippled children, the "Elks Ladies" contributed \$1,000; the "Ladies Wednesday Afternoon Club" donated \$129 to be used for general relief work; and the "Ladies of 289" presented to the Lodge a handsome, hand-worked Lodge banner, at a cost of \$250.

### Giant Tree Named in Memory of Stockton, Calif., Lodge's Secretary

Thousands of Elks, representing every Lodge in the Northern and Central Districts of California, attended, recently, the dedication of a giant Sequoia tree to the memory of G. Elmer Reynolds, Secretary of Stockton Lodge, No. 218, until his death, two years ago. The ceremonies, consisting of a dedicatory address delivered by Exalted Ruler William J. Quinn, of Stockton Lodge, the unveiling of a bronze tablet erected at the base of the tree, and the rendition of several selections by the Glee Club of No. 218, were performed near the tree, in the Calaveras Grove. In March, 1914, Mr. Reynolds was made a member of the Order, and soon

thereafter was chosen as Secretary of his Lodge. He established and edited *The Stockton Elk*, the Lodge's official bulletin. In spite of his many activities, both within the Order and elsewhere, he found time to work untiringly for the conservation of the big trees in the Calaveras Grove; and it is for this reason the members of his Lodge have named one of the oldest and largest trees for him.

### New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge Receives Gift of \$22,500 for Statue

New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, has made plans to erect a \$22,500 life-size bronze elk in front of its Home, on Livingston Avenue. The statue will be a reproduction of one at the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, in Chicago, and will be the second of its kind in this country. Arthur Bishop, a member of New Brunswick Lodge, donated the money for the figure that will stand before its Home. Earlier in the year, Mr. Bishop presented to the Lodge \$25,000, to be used in carrying on work in behalf of the crippled children of its community.

### Long Beach, Calif., Elks Host to Delegation from Whittier Lodge

Four hundred members of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, entertained at their Home, recently, a large delegation from Whittier Lodge, No. 1258.

The officers of Whittier Lodge, after being the guests at dinner of those of Long Beach Lodge, initiated a class of candidates for their hosts. The members of both Lodges enjoyed a vaudeville show and other amusements after the conclusion of the business session.

### Juneau, Alaska, Elks Give Picnic For Five Hundred Children

Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420, at its annual picnic, recently, entertained about five hundred children on Marmion Island. The little guests were conducted across the water by members of the Lodge, in three boat-loads. Features of the occasion were several contests in sports and an exhibition of fireworks provided by one of the Juneau Elks. Before the return to the mainland by boat the youngsters enjoyed a picnic supper.

### Many Attend Alameda, Calif., Lodge's Annual Picnic

Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, held its annual picnic, recently, at San Ramo Park. Between six and eight hundred guests enjoyed the dancing and games provided for by members of the Lodge. The attendance was augmented by many members of neighboring Lodges.

### Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge Secretary Issues Warning About Member

Before the Secretary of any Lodge should cash checks for Bert L. Murphy, a member of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, No. 335, the Secretary of that Lodge, John W. Wagner, requests that he be notified. According to Mr. Wagner, this member has issued checks on banks in which he has no account. Mr. Murphy holds membership card No. 360, paid up to October, 1930. His membership number in Phoenix Lodge is No. 2556.

### News of the Order From Far and Near

In order to facilitate work in the interest of the crippled children of New Jersey, Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the New Jersey State Elks Crippled Children's Committee and also of the New Jersey State Crippled Children's Commission, recently traveled by airplane from Trenton, his home, to attend a meeting of the committee in Hackensack.

Salinas, Calif., Lodge voted recently to sponsor a troupe of Boy Scouts.

Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge was host a short time ago to a delegation of Elks from Jeannette.

For the benefit of the Christmas Charity and Entertainment Committees, members of Lowell, Mass., Lodge gave a Rose Party recently, which proved both a financial and social success.



## Earl Sande

(Continued from page 29)

was bordering on a physical breakdown. Making up his mind to take no further chances with his health he spent the winter of '28-'29 planning a stable of his own. His first move was to buy Nassak from the Rancocas Stable for \$35,000, around which he intended building his stable.

From the very start, however, Sande seemed to be jinxed as an owner-trainer. Because of his old superstition about Friday he moved Nassak from the Rancocas Stable to his own after dark on Thursday, the day the purchase was made, and the first thing the \$35,000 beauty did was to get tangled up with a wire screen, injuring a leg so badly that he was out of running for three weeks. After careful nursing Sande got Nassak in shape only to have him break down after his third trip to the races. His total earnings under Sande's colors were only \$12,300.

Four fillies for which he paid \$20,000 proved a bad investment, none of them showing winning qualities. One of these broke her leg and had to be destroyed, while the others brought only a couple of thousand when Sande sold them.

THE greatest enjoyment Sande got out of his experience as an owner-trainer-jockey was at Havre de Grace that year. In his stable was a maiden named Hermitage—a horse which had never won a race. Sande took a great fancy to this racer and when he had him ready decided to take no chances by putting up a boy Hermitage didn't know. Under the Maryland Jockey Club rules he was eligible to ride a horse he owned and trained, so the program that day carried the name of E. Sande as owner, trainer and jockey.

With any kind of a horse doing the running that was a hard combination to beat, and when the finish line was reached Hermitage was in front. In the records of the American turf there are only a few instances of a similar feat.

On the whole Sande's venture into the owner class was unfortunate from a financial standpoint. He lost a considerable portion of the snug fortune he had earned as a jockey, and at the close of the 1929 season sold or leased his entire stable.

He discovered, however, that he hadn't taken on much weight, although for the first time in eleven years he had eaten everything he wanted and drunk all the water he craved. So, early this season when William Woodward, owner of the Belair Stud, of which Gallant Fox is the star, offered him a contract for 1930 Sande accepted.

Sande began his greatest comeback and his greatest year on the turf down in Maryland where he won the Preakness.

"When I gave up riding to become an owner-trainer," Sande said at that time, "I had ridden 942 winners. I am ambitious to stretch that number to 1,000. If I can make one hundred and eighteen pounds without impairing my health I believe I'll reach that mark before the 1930 season closes. I can do it easily enough by averaging two winners a week. Perhaps, too, I can tie the great record made by Johnny Loftus, who rode Sir Barton to fame and the triple crown by winning the Preakness, the Kentucky Derby and the Belmont Stakes consecutively. And wouldn't that be a comeback?"

To date Sande has accomplished a greater feat. He not only has won the above mentioned classics but also the Suburban and the Wood Memorial! No jockey in the history of the American turf ever equaled that record.

His ride on Gallant Fox in the rich Belmont stakes—rich to the tune of \$66,040 to the winner—was one of the most electrifying ever witnessed in America. Before that brilliant contest Harry Payne Whitney's Whichone was looked upon as another Man o' War. But Whichone had to bow to Gallant Fox and Sande.

I talked with Sande again right after the race.

"I have just ridden a great horse—a horse that ranks right up there with Man o' War," he said. "I had The Fox well in hand all the way, letting him out only once, and that was when we came into the stretch. I eased him up at the sixteenth pole and let him coast home. He's one of the greatest—if not the greatest—horses I ever rode!"

(Continued on page 56)

## LE MOMENT HUMILIANT

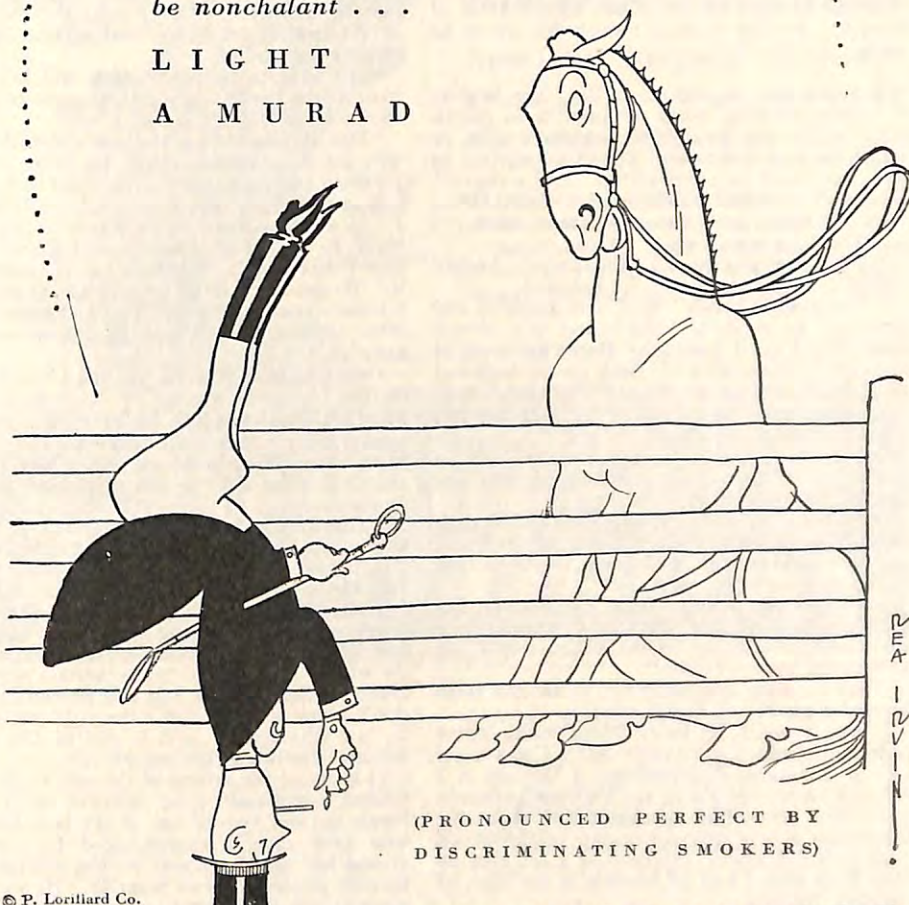
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## Earl Sande

(Continued from page 55)

For his brilliant ride on Gallant Fox in the Belmont Stakes this big little man received the largest single fee of his entire career—approximately \$7,000. Prior to 1930 the largest amount he ever received for a single ride was in 1927 when he rode Chance Shot to victory in the same event, earning a fee of a little more than \$6,000.

Sande may have the biggest money-winning year of his career in 1930. He has always been a big money winner, preferring to ride for a percentage of the stakes and purses than for a stipulated sum. His last big year—but not his best—was in 1927 when he led the money winning jockeys of the world with a total of \$277,877 for the various owners for whom he rode.

**I**T WAS Sande who rode Zev, the leading money-winning horse of America, in practically all of the great thoroughbred's races, in which he won stakes and purses amounting to \$313,630, back in 1922-'23-'24. And unless all signs fail it will be Sande, astride Gallant Fox, who will lower Zev's money-winning colors before the 1930 season ends.

"What are your plans for the future?" I asked Sande after his victory in the Belmont.

"I've always wanted to ride in England and France," he replied, "and unless Mr. Woodward has a good Kentucky Derby prospect at the end of this season I'll pack up my tack and go abroad. I have no definite offer to ride over there but my good friend Mr. Widener has promised to get me placed if I go.

"Over there the old weight bugaboo will be lost for the scale for jockeys is higher in England and France than in this country.

"When Lord Derby was here as Mr. Widener's guest he talked with me about riding in England and was kind enough to express the hope that I'd come over next year."

A far-away, wistful look came over the freckled face of this thirty-one-year-old race rider and he added: "Gee, I sure would like to win the Epsom Derby!"

That far-away look lingered in his eyes until he spoke again.

"It's funny," he said, "how we're never quite satisfied. I remember when I was a kid out in American Falls, Idaho, I thought if I only had a bicycle I'd be the happiest person in the world. Somehow I got one, but about the same time a boy moved into our neighborhood who owned a pony. As soon as I set eyes on that little hoss I lost all interest in my bike. I wanted that pony.

"Somehow I had saved fifteen dollars so I went to this kid and offered it for his little hoss. He said fifteen dollars wasn't enough so I gave him my bicycle and some live ducks to boot.

"I raced with other boys in American Falls who owned ponies, but mine was a good one and I beat most of them easily. It was in those races that the desire to ride in real races was born. I used to imagine myself on a fast cold-blood such as raced in that section in those days, coming down the stretch with the crowd whooping."

Sande got his chance sooner than he expected. It was at a Fourth of July celebration in his home town. The high light of the affair was a horse race over a half mile track right out in the sagebrush.

"Burr Scott, one of the biggest men I ever knew, was the leading horseman of American Falls," said Sande. "He had a couple of cold-bloods and a thoroughbred named Guise. But he didn't have a rider that day, so he went around among the spectators before the race asking if they knew anybody who would ride his horse. I followed him for quite a spell and finally mustered up enough courage to say, 'I'll ride him for you, Mr. Scott.'

"When I told him my name he said, 'Oh, you're the kid that's been winning all the races around town, ain't you?' I admitted I had had a lot of luck racing the other boys, so he agreed to take a chance.

"I've had many a thrill since that day, but I've never experienced such joy as surged over me when I got Guise home in front for a ten-dollar purse, one dollar of which I got for a fee."

Scott got Sande to quit school and go with

him to the State and county fairs, where they engaged in match races for small side bets. Owing to the superior horsemanship of Sande they won a large majority of these races, and the young lad from American Falls was learning a lot about horse racing.

Scott and Sande parted company at Phoenix, Arizona, after a year and a half in the bushes, and Sande went to work for Doc Pardee, a liveryman who owned two quarter horses, Tick Tack and Vanity. Pardee was a much better horseman than Scott and he taught Sande many things about race riding. The two became great friends—and still are—and they literally cleaned up on the "leaky roof circuit," as the outlaw tracks of that section of the country were called.

"It's hard to believe," Sande will tell you, "but I won twenty-six match races in one day on one of those Arizona tracks.

"Doc Pardee is one of those unselfish men who are always doing things for other people. He often told me that I was destined to become a top-notch rider. So, one day when I told him I was ambitious to ride on a regular big-time track, he said, 'Earl, I have been thinking a lot about that myself. I believe you're ready for it.' He gave me a letter to Joseph P. Goodman, a horse owner and trainer, who had a stable at New Orleans. That was in the winter of 1917-'18."

Goodman gave Sande a job and his first race on the big apple was astride a 20 to 1 shot named Liberator, which he brought home in second place. He would have won had not a horse named Vilry bored out at the head of the stretch forcing Sande's mount almost to the fence.

"That race and the result was the best thing that could have happened to me," said Sande. "It taught me to study the peculiarities not only of the horse I was to ride, but also of those I wished to beat. Since that day I've won many races because I could predict in advance just what certain horses and certain boys would do at a certain time under certain circumstances. Some people call this generalship. I don't know whether that's the right name for it, but whatever it is it is one of the most valuable assets a jockey can have."

It is one of the axioms of the race track that "Good horses make good jockeys." But Earl Sande did not become one of the best jockeys that ever rode a thoroughbred because he always had the best horses to ride, but because he rode mediocre horses superbly. He won his place as one of the great jockeys of the turf by his clean living, his honesty, his light hands, his quick thinking, his indomitable courage and his natural horsemanship.

He rode his first winner—Prince S—fifteen days after the Liberator race.

"Once having felt the thrill of victory I was ambitious to graduate quickly from the apprentice class and become a *real* jockey," said Earl. "I had to win thirty-nine more races before I'd graduate so I went to work in earnest. I rode my fortieth winner at Lexington just three months and six days after my race on Prince S. In September of that year I won four races out of six starts at Havre de Grace, and a year later six out of seven races on the card at the same track. That record still stands, I believe.

"In the last twelve years I've won practically every stake of importance in America, including three Kentucky Derbies. And now I have my eyes on the English classic. Funny how a fellow is never quite satisfied, isn't it?"

Those who know Earl Sande will not be surprised to learn of that ambition. He is a lad that generally accomplishes what he sets out to do. His many comebacks against terrific odds are proof of that. If further proof is needed I'll let you in on a secret.

Sande is a singer of no mean ability!

I mean he has a *trained* voice that he acquired at great effort.

It happened this way:

A few years ago he went with his pal, Jockey Lewis Morris, to the Morris home in Washington to spend a quiet evening. There he met the Misses Morris, and these young ladies in the course of the evening induced the shy Mr.

Sande to join them in singing some old ballads. "I had never lifted my voice anywhere but in the privacy of my bath before," said Earl, relating the incident, "but they were so darn nice about it that I went to the group around the piano. I didn't join in the first two songs but the third was an old favorite of mine so I forgot myself and joined in the chorus.

"When we had finished, one of the Morris girls said, 'You've got a pretty good voice—why don't you let it out?' Fact is, I had been letting it out as far as it would go and I told her so. But she wasn't satisfied. She said I ought to take vocal lessons. That made me laugh, but she was serious and one day she phoned me that she had made an appointment with a vocal teacher to try out my voice. I was pretty scared but I kept the appointment. I sang a couple of old songs I knew and expected the teacher to tell me to stick to horses and forget parlor tricks. But she didn't. She said I had a good quality in my voice but that it was without range. I asked her if she thought she could do anything to overcome that defect as I had a secret longing to be able to sing well. She admitted she couldn't do much, but that she could tell me how I could; said it would take a couple of years, but that if I had the courage to tackle the job she'd be glad to give me lessons.

"Well, I started in. I made up my mind to become a singer if such a thing were possible. It wasn't easy to keep appointments at her studio, ride, exercise and train horses, but I knew it had to be done, so I just stuck to it. I lost a lot of sleep on account of those lessons, but—well, I got results."

His teacher—Miss Estelle Wentworth, a former opera star—is eminently satisfied with those results. They were good enough to warrant the management of the WRC broadcasting studio at Washington engaging Earl Sande four times to sing over the air. And what's more, few artists received more fan letters from the well known radio audiences than artist Earl Sande, lyric tenor.

Perhaps it is this sense of rhythm in Sande that helps to make him the greatest race rider since the peerless Tod Sloan, a sense of rhythm together with the most sensitive hands that ever stroked the neck of a thoroughbred. For it is Sande's hands, the best informed horsemen will tell you, that are his greatest asset. They are strong hands, but they can be as gentle as a loving mother's. And they can be helpful to a faltering steed. It was those hands of Sande's that soothed the temperamental Mad Hatter in many of his important races. Thoroughbreds seem to realize from Sande's touch that he is their friend. He has a way of winning the confidence of horses—a way possessed by few men on or off the turf. Often—very often—he is forced to outsmart them, and in this branch of riding he is a past master.

**S**ANDE has crammed a lot of thrills, a lot of fun and a lot of experience into the twelve years he has been riding on the big tracks, but he wouldn't recommend many boys to aspire to the life of a jockey unless they are peculiarly fitted for the game.

"It's a hard life," he said, "with many temptations, many hardships, many dangers, and, except in rare cases, few permanent rewards. I've seen so many youngsters with promising futures battle the weight bugaboo for one, two or three years only to find that in the end they had to give it up. Many of these—too many—become inoculated with the love of the game and stick to it in poor-paying jobs, with little or nothing to look forward to. These become the tragedies of the turf."

Sande believes that the racing game has improved tremendously in the last ten years. The new type of men who are conducting the big tracks have driven the cheaters to the outlaw circuits, he maintains, and racing is gaining popularity throughout the nation.

"Colonel Edward Riley Bradley told me a year ago that he believed ninety-five per cent. of the races run on the big tracks are on the square," I said. "Do you agree with him?"

"I'll go him one better," said Sande quickly. "I'll say that ninety-nine per cent. of them are on the square!"

And, in the humble opinion of the writer, one hundred per cent. of them would be on the square if everybody connected with racing was as honest as Earl Sande, America's favorite jockey.

## The Social Side of the 1930 Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 34)

petition was almost incredibly close, the Buffalo team gaining the decision with a score of 99.8, with the Detroit team pressing almost to a tie, with a total of 99.7. The judges in charge of the scoring and awards were three United States Army officers: Captain Thomas A. Harris, Captain A. Y. Culton, and Second Lieutenant Madison C. Schepps, all attached to the 18th United States Infantry.

In the afternoon the Band Contest took place. Three musical organizations were entered, the bands of Trenton Lodge, No. 105, Paterson Lodge, No. 60, and Hoboken Lodge, No. 74, all of New Jersey. At the finish of the contest, the judges—Arthur Pryor, of Asbury Park; Bandmaster John Norris Robinson, of Wilmington, Del.; and Chris Sorenson, of New York—awarded first prize to the Trenton Band. Paterson Lodge's musicians were counted second, and those of Hoboken Lodge third.

The first gathering after nightfall was the formal public opening of the convention, held in the ballroom of the Auditorium on Monday evening. This was reported fully in the last, the August, issue of the Magazine.

For members of the Order and for those of their ladies who wished to attend, there was held the following evening, Tuesday, in the gigantic main hall of the Auditorium, an athletic carnival presenting several boxing bouts and a wrestling match.

The ladies visiting the convention who were not present at the athletic carnival in the Auditorium, were entertained at the Home of Atlantic City Lodge by the Ladies Auxiliary of No. 276. The affair, a card party, was attended by hundreds of the visiting ladies.

The culminating and most brilliant of evening affairs came on Wednesday when, in the ballroom of the Auditorium, more than nine thousand Elks, their ladies and other guests, attended the Grand Ball, given in honor of the retiring Grand Exalted Ruler, Walter P. Andrews.

The scene was a glamorous one. About the floor was a deep margin of spectators, watching the dancing under varicolored and changing lights. In the gallery, opposite the stage, where the orchestra was, was another throng of several hundred. Not long before eleven o'clock the grand march was announced. Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews and Mrs. Andrews led the procession, followed by the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler, Lawrence H. Rupp, and Mrs. Rupp; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning and Mrs. Fanning, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland and Mrs. Holland, and Grand Esquire Harry Bacharach and Mrs. Bacharach. After these celebrities of the Order and their wives came other couples. The line of marchers halted after making one tour of the ballroom, when the lights were extinguished and the clock slowly struck eleven. There was a minute or two of silence, the room brightened, and dancing began, to continue until a late hour.

The great parade the following afternoon, the climax to all festivities, proved one of the most spectacular and impressive in the annals of the Order. The marchers numbered about 15,000, the throng which crowded the Auditorium to watch them approximated 25,000, and the multitude which, all along the route through the city and the boardwalk, gathered to watch the stirring procession pass, totaled more than 100,000. The parade was a gorgeous and glittering and strikingly beautiful spectacle, and one of immense proportions. For three hours, to the minute, it passed, corps after corps of marchers, in various and varicolored costumes, and to the rousing music of military bands, through the sunlit thoroughfares of the city and the vast arched vault of the Auditorium.

Great credit for the effect of the parade goes to the Better Parades Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association which, throughout the year preceding the Convention, had striven for excellence in this regard. The parade bore splendid witness to the success of its endeavors.

Headed by a detachment of motorcycle police, and preceded by the massed colors and the color guard, marching to the music of the Reading Railroad Band, Grand Esquire Harry

(Continued on page 58)



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9 MILLION A DAY—IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

# The Social Side of 1930 Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 57)

Bacharach entered the Auditorium in the lead of the procession. Next, preceded by the Mounted Guard of Atlantic City Lodge, came the retiring Grand Exalted Ruler, Walter P. Andrews, and the incoming head of the Order, Lawrence H. Rupp, in an automobile. They were followed by other cars bearing the Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order, Grand Lodge officers, Grand Lodge Trustees, members of the Grand Lodge Committees and Justices of the Grand Forum. These notables took their places on the stage to review the procession. The reviewing stage was filled to capacity by the past and present officers of the Order, by public officials and their guests, and by an enthralled group of children from the Betty Bacharach Home.

At the conclusion of the parade, the following prize-winners were announced:

For the largest number coming the greatest distance, from outside New Jersey, Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22.

For the best appearing uniformed body in line, from outside New Jersey, York, Pa., Lodge, No. 213.

For the best appearing New Jersey body in line, Paterson, N. J., Lodge, No. 60.

For the Lodge with the most original costume, outside New Jersey, Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7.

For the New Jersey Lodge with the most original costume, Orange Lodge, No. 135.

For the best appearing band in the parade, outside New Jersey, Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22.

For the largest band coming the greatest distance, Plainfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 885.

For the best appearing New Jersey Elks Band, Passaic Lodge, No. 387.

For floats, Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, with a man of war, first; Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, with the national anthem, second; Hoboken Lodge, with the Statue of Liberty,

third; and Inglewood, Calif., Lodge, No. 1492, with Columbus' ship, fourth.

The judges took occasion to remark, in connection with their awards of prizes, upon noteworthy showings made by organizations not within the classes of competition. These were the Boys Band of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24; the Harmonica Band of boys and girls, sponsored by Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842; and the Antlers Band, sponsored by Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2.

In the order of march, the Lodges of New Jersey, as the State in which the convention was held, came first. Among the units which made up this contingent were the following:

Asbury Park Lodge, No. 128, with their band; Red Bank Lodge, No. 233, with their band; New Brunswick Lodge, No. 324, with a band; Elizabeth Lodge, No. 289, with a band and its Drill Team; Long Branch Lodge, No. 742, with the American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps; Perth Amboy Lodge, No. 784, with a band; Plainfield Lodge, No. 885, with a band; Somerville Lodge, No. 1068, and Dunellen Lodge, No. 1488, with the American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps; Rahway Lodge, No. 1075, with a band; Trenton Lodge, No. 105, with the Trenton Guard, the Lodge's Drill Team; and with its prize-winning band; Camden Lodge, No. 293, with a band; Millville Lodge, No. 580, with a Boy Scouts band; Bridgeton Lodge, No. 733, with the American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps; Mt. Holly Lodge, No. 848, with a band; Burlington Lodge, No. 996, with a float and the American Legion band; Vineland Lodge, No. 1422, with a band; Lakewood Lodge, No. 1432, with a band and a float in the form of a model of the dirigible *Los Angeles*; Freehold Lodge, No. 1454, preceded by a color guard; Newark Lodge, No. 21, with a band; Orange Lodge, No. 135; East Orange Lodge, No. 630, with the American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps; Morristown Lodge, No. 815, with the American

Legion Drum and Bugle Corps; Montclair Lodge, No. 891, with a band; Irvington Lodge, No. 1245, with a band; Nutley Lodge, No. 1290, with a boys' band and a float, in the form of an airplane and bearing the legend, "Flying to the Aid of Crippled Children." In line also were Bayonne Lodge, No. 434; Union Hill Lodge, No. 1357; Clifton Lodge, No. 1569; Ridgewood Lodge, No. 1455; Bergenfield Lodge, No. 1477; Ridgefield Park Lodge, No. 1506; Boonton Lodge, No. 1405; Paterson Lodge, No. 60; Hoboken Lodge, No. 74; Jersey City Lodge, No. 211; Passaic Lodge, No. 387; Dover Lodge, No. 782; Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23; Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2; New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1; Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7; Wilmington, Del., Lodge, No. 307; Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 12; Inglewood, Calif., Lodge, No. 1492; with a float of Columbus' ship; Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34; with their Drill Team and the cars of The Elks Magazine-Viking Prosperity Tour Fleet; Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878; San Juan, P. R., Lodge, No. 972; Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253; Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1515; Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1485; Glen Cove, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1458, Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22; York, Pa., Lodge, No. 213; Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24; Scranton, Pa., Lodge, No. 123; Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130; Chester, Pa., Lodge, No. 488; Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841; Great Neck, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1543; Norristown, Pa., Lodge, No. 714; Lancaster, Pa., Lodge, No. 134; and two marchers from Alaskan Lodges.

The parade was the last official event of the convention, but many who participated in it and who witnessed it remained in the city for the evening, to attend an informal dance and entertainment given in the ballroom of the Chelsea Hotel by the Al-Time Grotto of the Mystic Order Veiled Prophets of the Enchanted Realm, as a compliment to visiting Elks and their ladies.

## The Quest of Sir Thomas

(Continued from page 9)

United States. However, whether Lord Dunraven was a poor loser, or the American Committee poor sportsmen, or the game becoming too expensive—whatever the determining influence—the battle for the cup did look to be over. It was then, when American yachtsmen began to talk of locking up the historic cup in some nice cool storage vault and offering some new trophy to revive international yachting interest, that along came a challenger, a man new to high yachting circles, a wealthy tea merchant by the name of Lipton.

**B**ORN in Scotland, of Irish blood, to the Scotch genius for making money this eminent merchant united an Irish willingness to part with his money after making it. He was also a sporting pal of the Prince of Wales, who went in for yachting during his spare hours—some of them. Lipton, the trader, was not too warmly received at first. Certain members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the Prince's own club, having a social reputation to guard, refused to foregather with the tradesman Lipton in a social way; but the Prince, having a social standing beyond suspicion, could make friends of whom he darned pleased. He made a friend of Lipton; and the story goes that it was the Prince of Wales who urged Lipton to challenge for the America's Cup.

Why? Well, as a ten-year-old boy he had stood on the deck of the royal yacht and witnessed his mother's surprise and chagrin at the sight of the saucy *America* sailing through an English fleet. He was too young, then, to fully understand exactly what it was all about, but not so after he grew up. A Queen of England in her royal yacht was not hanging around a yacht race from morning to night merely to see what would happen to \$500 worth of a sporting trophy. That Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII, despite his sporting ways, developed into a pretty good diplomat, who very well understood the value of international contests for promoting

good will, who also fully appreciated the value of symbols to keep a national sentiment alive. That America's Cup was an emblem of supremacy in naval architecture; it had been taken abroad, and there it was, still abroad, after fifty years of British battling to bring it back.

So the Prince of Wales hinted to the commoner that he build a boat and challenge. It would cost a few shillings, but what of that?—the market for tea was good and it promised to be better. So Lipton challenged, being glad to do so because as a young man he had lived for years in the United States and had come away from there, so he said—and why shouldn't he be believed?—with an abiding liking for American people and American ways.

Lipton built the first *Shamrock*, and her building was the final admission by the British that American yacht designers were leading the world. Lipton had cut adrift from every ancient tradition except one. She was not a centerboard boat; but as to that, Americans themselves were already shying away from centerboards for racing yachts. The *Shamrock* was so extremely American that when she went out to race the only way whereby even old yachtsmen among the spectators could pick her out was by looking for her green-painted sides.

The advent of Lipton revived interest in the old cup race. The largest gathering of spectators in the history of yachting assembled off Sandy Hook to see what his new one would do. She had made a wonderful record in home waters; experts here were giving her a chance to win. She proved herself the fastest single-sticker that had ever crossed the western ocean. She showed herself a wonder in light air, came close to winning her first race; but when it came to fresher winds and all-round sailing, she wasn't quite the lady for the job. In her second race, she carried away her over-light topmast. She lost the third race by six minutes.

The conditions then being two races out of

three, that ended Lipton's chance for that year. He was disappointed—he thought he had a world-beater—but not discouraged. After all, his boat had made a great showing, and he had been given a great reception. Lipton himself made a hit with everybody. He kept open house on his big steam yacht, the *Erin*, smiled while his yacht was being outsailed, declared himself charmed with everybody and everything American, announced that he would return the very next year with a new and better challenger.

He built the *Shamrock II*, and she was even more extremely American than his first one. She was fast but not quite fast enough. She lost three straight races. Back he came with a *Shamrock III*, and she also lost in straight races.

**W**HILE Lipton was not completely discouraged, he did not come back for more—not right away. It was a tough job, this having to build a boat strong enough to cross the ocean, and yet lightly constructed enough to remain a first-class racing yacht; and possibly there was much in what was every now and then told him—that American designers were more creative, always a jump or two ahead of the British. Maybe so.

There were times when he thought he was done with yachting forever; but the old germ was still in his blood. He came back. The fourth *Shamrock* came over, and she was the best of them all. She won her first race. She won it after her rival, the *Resolute*, had carried away her peak halyard, but it was a win; and then she went out and won another race with no accident to help her; won it by fair sailing, with more than two minutes to spare.

Sir Thomas now had two decisions to his credit. He needed only one race of the next three to be taking the America's Cup back home; and the betting was that he would take it back. His own twenty-year hunt looked to be

over, the seventy-year battle of British yachtsmen to be ended.

The breaks were against him. He lost the next three races. The last race was something to trouble weak hearts. The *Shamrock* lost it by only twenty seconds! The cup was remaining in America only because of a twenty-second margin after sailing over forty miles of ocean bottom! It was tough. He had built four boats, expended two millions of his money and months of his time, and then to lose out by twenty seconds!

"It's not in the stars," said Sir Thomas; and most of us thought he had given up, and with every other British yachtsman seeming to be fed up with America's Cup racing, it looked again as if the old cup might have seen the last of her racing days; but from somewhere within him Sir Thomas found the courage to challenge again; and here he is once more.

Report has it that he has a fast boat; and he may lift it. And if he should? Well, this country is crowded with native-born Americans, good Americans—and this scribe is one of them—who will say: "Take it back—why not?" We can't say, now, as we did years ago, that he isn't a real yachtsman, that he went in for cup racing because of the advertising his business got out of it. He is no longer in business, he is an old man—eighty-odd years—and for thirty years he has been the only British yachtsman with money and spirit enough to continue what seemed like a hopeless battle. Let him take it back, and more power to him—he's earned it!

And his taking it back might not be the worst thing in the world for us.

### News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 40)

C. Dwight Stevens, the retiring President, who organized the Association and who was its leader for the first two years, was unable to attend the meeting, on account of illness. Immediately after the election and installation of the officers, the Association adopted, as one of its measures for the coming year, a program for State-wide philanthropic work. After adjournment of the formal session, the delegates enjoyed an outing at Eagle's Nest, arranged by the members of Portland Lodge. Among the pleasurable events of this were a baseball game and a clambake.

#### Kansas

AT THE twenty-fifth convention of the Kansas State Elks Association, held in Goodland, recently, the following officers were elected for the 1930-31 term: President, Walter E. Gage, Manhattan Lodge, No. 1185; First Vice-President, J. J. Ryan, Goodland Lodge, No. 1528; Second Vice-President, J. H. Burnside, Garden City Lodge, No. 1404; Third Vice-President, W. H. Hunt, Independence Lodge, No. 780; Secretary, L. F. Goerman, Newton Lodge, No. 706; Treasurer, W. B. Greenwald, Hutchinson Lodge, No. 453; and Trustees, F. M. Brown, Newton Lodge; James Farley, Wichita Lodge, No. 427; and A. W. Kopke, Emporia Lodge, No. 633. After the elections, the delegates and the new officers unanimously selected Junction City as the meeting place for the 1931 convention. This was followed by the initiation of a class of candidates by a State degree team composed of officers chosen from among various Lodges attending the meeting. The formal session then adjourned, and a banquet and community dance provided enjoyment for the many Elks and their guests gathered in the city for the convention.

#### New York

BECAUSE it defines, with such clearness and with such understanding, the functions and the relation to the Grand and subordinate Lodges, of the State Elks Association as an institution, THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this occasion to reprint a statement made a short time ago by the recently retired President of the New York State Elks Association, William T. Phillips. This statement was the concluding part of Mr. Phillips's report to the Association at its annual convention, held this year at Niagara Falls. It said: "The State Organization is a peculiar institution. It has not yet discovered its full possibilities. It exists under narrow limitations laid down by the Grand Lodge, and by grace of the enthusiasm of the Elks within its jurisdiction."

(Continued on page 60)

# 30 days FREE TRIAL You to be the Judge!

Will you give us a chance to prove to you—or rather to let you prove to yourself, regardless of make of your car—that you can save money on every dollar you are spending for gasoline? That you can completely silence gas-knocks and spark-knocks caused by inferior plugs? And put new power, punch and pick-up in your motor? . . . We are so sure that PAFS will do this for you—so sure once you have tried them you will never use any other plug—that we are making this remarkable

## SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

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**PAF plugs are built on entirely new principles**

The specially designed head of the PAF electrode gives a dual fire—

Over Two Million in Use



or in other words *two fires* as against the *one* of the average plug. Many motor car manufacturers are now using dual ignition—two spark plugs to the cylinder. WHY? To get more fire to burn all the vaporized gas in the cylinders. The dual fire across the head of the PAF specially designed electrode gives you a hotter, more intense spark that will never fail to ignite ALL the vaporized gas in the cylinders. There will be no unburned gas left to get into your crank case and dilute your oil—no wasted gasoline to cut down your mileage and increase your operating cost. **PAF plugs soon pay for themselves in gas savings alone.**

## SEND NO MONEY!

You are under no obligation to keep PAFS if you are not fully satisfied. You can return them at any time within the 30 days and you will not owe us a penny. We take all the risk—assume all the expense—trust you implicitly—and rely entirely on your judgment. So fill in the coupon below and mail to us and a full set of PAF Plugs will be sent you at once.

## COUPON

PAF MANUFACTURING CO.  
631 Franklin Avenue, Greenville, Illinois

In accordance with your special introductory offer you may send me a full set of PAF Non-Foul Spark Plugs for 30 days' free trial without obligation on my part to keep them. If I am thoroughly satisfied with their performance on my car I will remit the regular price of \$1.00 for each plug. Otherwise I will return them within 30 days after receiving them, and owe you nothing.

Name.....  
Street No.....  
City.....State.....  
Make of car.....Model.....  
No. of cylinders.....Correct year car was made.....

## Our Guaranty

ALL merchandise advertised in THE ELKS MAGAZINE is absolutely guaranteed. Your money will be promptly refunded by the manufacturer or by us if proof is shown that the merchandise advertised in our columns is not as represented.

It is obviously impossible for any publisher to guarantee financial offerings, but we do guarantee to our readers that we will make every effort to accept only the offerings of safe securities and the announcements of responsible and reliable banking houses.

The only condition of this guaranty is that the reader shall always state the advertisement was seen in

## THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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### For Your Spare Time

bringing buyers and sellers together with my successful Real Estate System. A. E. Warner, South Carolina, says: "Has given me an additional income of over \$250 per month since I went into it three years ago." Mrs. Pearl Murphy, Ohio, says: "Have averaged \$125 per month." Wm. Dakin, New York, says: "Have averaged \$52 a week." Send name and address at once for my free book "How to Make Money My Way" which tells how you can turn your spare time into cash and build up an independent business of your own. Ostrander, Dept. 339, 205 East 42 Street, New York.

## Don't PEEL POTATOES

### Agents!

This is brand new! Going like wild-ire! Offers a real chance for \$100 a week. Spare-time and full-time sales plans offered. Jump in on the ground floor! Write quick for big-money plans and Free Outfit offer.



An amazing new automatic invention now makes potatoes peel themselves! No more paring knives! No cut fingers! No mess, muck or waste! Here's something every woman understands and wants the instant she even hears about it! A mechanical marvel, almost incredibly small and simple, yet does more than ten pairs of hands! Peels the biggest potato in only a few seconds at the mere turn of a crank! Costs little more than a couple of good paring knives. Pays for itself many times over in saving on potatoes. Test it yourself at once. Write now. Ask quick for Introductory Offer.

GUARANTY PRODUCTS CO., Dept. M-40  
Francis Bldg., Washington Ave.  
at 16th St., St. Louis, Mo.

## PLAN NOW Your Trip to the B. P. O. ELKS SEATTLE CONVENTION JULY 6-10 1931



Panama Pacific Electric Liner *California* passing through the Panama Canal, with large delegation of Elks returning from 1929 Los Angeles Convention.

### One way through PANAMA CANAL via HAVANA

**ELKS:** A wonderful vacation trip has been planned for yourself and family. A complete circle tour by Rail and Water, from your home town back to home town again—more than 11,000 miles in all. Choice of rail routes to the Convention city. De luxe, all-expense tours arranged to suit all travel preferences. Elaborate sightseeing programs arranged through

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and  
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

**DELEGATIONS:** There will be large delegations at Seattle from all sections of the country. Make plans now to have your Lodge well represented. Now is the time to plan for the tour by organizing "Save for the Seattle Trip" committees. Send for tour booklet and full particulars.

FRED BIRD, GENERAL  
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## News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 59)

tion. Its support is voluntary. Its leadership must, of necessity, be moral leadership, and its influence measured by the unselfishness, earnestness and disinterestedness with which it serves. The highest form of service is voluntary service, and an organization altruistic in principle and kindly in purpose must march upon the level of the rank and file. Moral leadership upon which falls the shadow of selfishness must lose its force in the antagonism it creates, and a State Association of Elks may hope for success only so long as it carries on in the broad spirit of democracy, respecting the rights, privileges and opinions of those it seeks to serve. The State Association owes allegiance to the Grand Lodge. It must uphold the dignity of the sovereign body, obey its laws and support its policies. But it must stand free of the savor of national politics if it would hold the respect of the members of subordinate Lodges. The State Association must essentially be an organization of the laity, a medium of expression for the men in the ranks, and a promoter of good fellowship and good will, particularly among those who do not attain membership in the Grand Lodge. If ever the spirit of democracy fails and the State Associa-

tion is permitted to become a stepping-stone of personal ambition, if ever it falls into the hands of those who would use it as flaunted evidence of power, its moral leadership must fail. The State Association has demonstrated its usefulness, but its strength is the strength of unselfish service, and once perverted to the uses of selfish ambition or controlled by the will to drag its altruism into the dust of political discord, it will fail, never to rise again, and every Elk who loves the Order, reveres its principles, and appreciates the great possibilities which lie within the scope of the State Association, will strive with heart, voice and mind to avert the coming of such an evil day."

### Scheduled Meetings

THE following State Associations have scheduled annual conventions, to be held at the places, and on the dates, named below:

California, at Monterey, October 16-17-18.  
Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia, at Ocean City, Md., September 4-5-6.  
Nevada, at Tonopah, September 12-13.  
New Hampshire, at Rochester, September 26.  
Oklahoma, at Sapulpa, September 1-2.

## The Elks National Trapshoot

(Continued from page 35)

Following the official events of the tournament, an extra feature was added in the form of a five-gun State championship shoot, open to Elks and their ladies. The representatives of New Jersey won this, the victorious group comprising E. B. Springer, J. Bunker Plum, Fred Plum, William Kurtz, and Mrs. J. S. Murphy. The trapshoot was remarkable not only for

the excellence of performance it developed but also for the smoothness of its conduct, under the direction of Leo Schaab, of Annapolis, Md., Lodge, No. 622. The success of the affair, too, was heightened by almost ideal weather conditions. Not only were both days of competition clear and sunny, but the day before, reserved for practice, was flawless.

## Sixty Minutes a Day

(Continued from page 13)

no place in the theories that this author sets before us. It is a fresh and direct stream of constructive, generous and proud thought that he presents to us—suitable for the college student, the man in the street, the leader. Rationally and simply he has drawn his philosophy of freedom from those classic sources which will never grow old, and with this firmly established in his own mind he asks us squarely:

"What have we been doing with our freedom during the past hundred years?"

What, indeed!  
"The idea that a people are free merely because they live under laws they may be presumed to have made, is a fiction."

### Lone Cowboy

By Will James. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

THESE are the things that I like best to remember in this life-story of a cowboy who later became an author and an artist; who uses, more or less, the vernacular made so popular by one Will Rogers; and who takes what life offers "on the chin," finding most of it good in the long run:—

His wandering childhood with the old French trapper.

The way he climbed up, no bigger than a minute, on his first horse.

The two grey wolves who were his watch dogs one winter.

The description of some of the ranches out in his "country." A hundred head of cattle being just nothing to lift an eyebrow about.

His sketches of bucking broncos.

The story of the trapping of a herd of wild horses.

The author's adventures as a rider for the movies.

The whole book has an easy-going lope, like that of a gentle horse, but it keeps right on going and covers, as Mr. James would say, a heap of territory.

Personally, I had a grand time over a rainy week-end with this satisfying and generously illustrated volume. Breathes there a man with soul so dead, and so forth, who doesn't like a good "western"? No!

### The Young and Secret

By Alice Grant Rosman. (Minton, Balch & Co., New York.)

WE switch the traffic signals to red for this one.

Not because there is any danger ahead—either that you won't like this book, or that it is compounded of malignant ingredients—but simply because you must stop and take time out to read it.

It is a sprightly romance of London moderns, 1930-31 model, and is written for the young—which means you. It has to do with Una and Tony, clean cut, knowing what they want and prancing after it in a nice, smartish, well-bred manner with humor and honesty. The whole liltng story of their innocently clandestine affair makes you think of irrepressible things—colts in a spring meadow, daffodils in a high wind, laughter above the pounding surf—if you get what we mean.

The thread of the story is woven around a rare intaglio ring bought under Tony's jealous nose in a Florence shop by a "catamaran" of an Englishwoman, and later seen by Tony upon the hand of a lovely girl in Kensington Gardens. With that, the delicate yarn gets into real action.

Miss Rosner, who hails originally from Australia and who is the author of that delicious book, "Visitors to Hugo," possesses a laughing way with her pen. In "The Young and Secret" she isn't trying to prove anything or improve anybody—at least I don't think she is. She appears to imply, however, that if we'll just leave the younger generation alone with their perfectly normal hearts, we'll be surprised at the grand morals they exhibit. Also, she believes in the old theory that the sun shines half the time—and why not write about that half?

Ah well, this isn't the sort of book that needs much said about it—nor, in fact, is it of the caliber to demand much said about it; but it is decidedly an interesting story offered to the world to bring an hour's surcease from too much heavy thinking—or what have you!

**Shepherds in Sackcloth**

By Sheila Kaye-Smith. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

A DEEPLY compassionate and important novel of ill-starred and reckless love.

Sheila Kaye-Smith, with this new story of Sussex, comes forward with a book that has all the rich quality of her first great success: "Joanna Godden." This time her story moves meaningly within a little English parish which is guarded over by a kindly rector. Youth in the person of Theresa of the flaming hair and the child's heart, and George, the young fanatic religionist, bring glory and destruction to their little world. They embody the old, inevitable instincts and passions which no centuries of warning and experience have ever been able to tame.

With Greek inevitability, their days of exaltation call down the wrath of the gods. Death comes, faith all but crumbles. Then—life once more goes on in the little village, very much as though nothing had ever happened.

Miss Kaye-Smith does this sort of fundamental and cosmic thing with a sure and deeply wise touch. Her people speak in simple terms and from the heart. Her descriptions of the English country-side make one almost jealous of its beauty. Her knowledge of life is unerring.

Here is a real novel by an earnest writer. Recommended.

**Roosevelt, The Story of a Friendship**

By Owen Wister. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

THE great appeal of this book lies in its wealth of "behind the scene" anecdote, and in those personal glimpses of T. R. which Owen Wister's forty years of friendship have made possible.

Mr. Wister is a man of letters (you recall, of course, his American classic "The Virginian"), and Roosevelt was a passionate lover of the West which Wister wrote about. Here, at the outset, was a communion of interests which soon spread to other things.

The volume is filled like a rich fruit cake with warm and unstudied letters from Roosevelt, revealing the deepest emotions and punctuated with that high and proper impatience against folly and stupidity which invariably accompanies genius. Much new light is thrown upon many of the controversial questions that arose when he was in the White House and also upon his flaming attitude toward Wilson and the great war.

This book, as you've probably seen in the press, has been through a sort of literary battle. On the eve of publication, the Macmillan Company recalled all advance copies and stopped all shipments, having been threatened with a serious libel suit over a story contained in it dealing with the ruse of an ambitious hostess to induce Mr. Roosevelt, then President of the United States, to accept the hospitality of her home during one of his visits to a certain southern city. That story was simply not to be made public property. So, at a cost to make one simply weep to think of, the whole edition was unbound, the offending tale extracted at heaven only knows what pains, the necessary mechanical changes made, and an irreproachable version sent forth.

Only last night, in looking through a little book-trade magazine, I came across several "Want ads." begging for some of the unexpurgated copies. Curiosity is a funny thing!

**The Shepherd of Guadalupe**

By Zane Grey. (Harper & Bros., New York.)

THE line of Zane Grey fans forms on the right and stretches from coast to coast. This latest of Mr. Grey's good, clean tales—western style—is being handed out as quickly as the copies can be tied up and paid for.

No matter whether we are given to this particular brand of fiction or not, we must admit that so popular a recipe for entertainment must have its points.

In "The Shepherd," Cliff Forrest, returning home broken in body and spirit from the war, finds his father's ranch gone and his parents living in an adobe hut. Crooked work in the corral, of course. The villain being father to the

(Continued on page 62)

(Read the experiences of an Elk who takes J. B. L. Internal Baths—Second Column near Center)

# Did YOU Ever Take An INTERNAL BATH?

By M. PHILIP STEPHENSON

THIS may seem a strange question. But if you want to increase your energy—sharpen your brain—put sparkle in your eyes—pull yourself up to a health level and glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

I speak from experience. It was a message just such as this that dynamited me out of the slough of dullness and wretched health into an atmosphere of happiness, vitality and vigor. To me, and no doubt to you, an Internal Bath was something that had never come within my sphere of knowledge.

So I tore off a similar coupon to find out what it was all about. And back came a booklet. This booklet was named "Why We Should Bathe Internally." It was just chocked with common sense and facts.

**What Is An Internal Bath?**

This was my first shock. Vaguely I had an idea that an internal bath was an enema. Or by a stretch of the imagination a new-fangled laxative. In both cases I was wrong. A real genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it, is the now famous J. B. L. Cascade. Here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna, "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus  $\Omega$ . The enema cleanses but a third of this "horse-shoe," or to the first bend.

The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and is the only self-administrative appliance that does. You have only to read that booklet—"Why We Should Bathe Internally"—to fully understand how the J. B. L. Cascade can do this. There is absolutely no pain or discomfort.

**Why Take An Internal Bath?**

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization, nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely harmful.

The headaches you get—the skin blemishes, the fatigue—the susceptibility to colds—the sluggish responsiveness of both mind and body—failure to get most out of life and many other conditions are directly due to the presence of these poisons in the system. They are the generic causes of high-blood pressure, rheumatism, premature old age and other serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons. And the only sure and effective means is internal bathing. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of all impurities. And each treatment strengthens the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor and satisfaction that will insure your doing all the strenuous things you will want to do.

Just one internal bath a week will remake glorious vibrating health. This is not my experience only. It is the experience of over 900,000 men and women.

*NOTE—A New York Elk recently asked another why he seemed so "chipper" after the party the night before. Here's the answer.*  
*"As you know, I had but little sleep. When I first got up I drank a big glass of hot water, after dissolving a teaspoonful of baking soda.*  
*"I then shaved, brought out my J. B. L. Cascade and flushed my colon with four quarts of water and then took a cold bath.*  
*"By the time I was dressed the main effects of my over-indulgences last night were practically gone. I ate two soft boiled eggs, two pieces of toast and drank a cup of coffee. I am now ready for a strenuous day's work.*  
*(We are sorry we cannot give the name of the Elk who paid such a high compliment to J. B. L. Internal Baths.)*

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**WOODEN BOXES**

# Sixty Minutes a Day

(Continued from page 61)

only girl in the world, complicates matters still more. You will agree, of course, that this has been done before in the world's long list of romances. But Mr. Grey gives a new coat to his plot—so all is well.

After all, it is easy enough to see how this author has piled up his enormous public. He writes precisely the sort of tale that nice, comfortable, plain folks everywhere want: likable heroes and heroines whose lives get in the devil of a mess out in the open spaces of New Mexico and Arizona, and who suffer sufficiently but always with happiness riding down the range toward them as the last page flaps. Here are easy hours of reading and no tax on the old brain, at all. But, then, *why* tax it?

The publishing house of Harper and Brothers is celebrating its twentieth highly successful year of association with this "favorite son," whose books have sold in America alone some 11,228,339 copies.

After that, any kind word we may say for Mr. Grey's work seems just silly.

## Generals Die in Bed

By Charles Yale Harrison. (William Morrow & Co., New York.)

THE unvarnished version of a Canadian's experience in the war, done in short, staccato sentences, like spurts from a devastating machine-gun.

If the men who went through the great conflict want to give us their tortured memories of it, the very least we can do is to listen. Superficially the books are pretty much alike—blind marches through mud and ruins, trenches, filth, bombardments, crazy rest periods, the ghastly wounded, the grim, reckless philosophy of desperation. It is, of course, in the individual outlook of each writer that we search for some new meaning of the whole thing. But the meaning constantly evades us.

Charles Harrison, a private in a Canadian "shock" regiment, offers no explanation—only the day-by-day gamble with death. What is new, however, is his terrific account of a bayonet duel, and of the looting of the deserted city of Arras by the Canadians who drove off their own military police and practically went mad. Discipline disappeared—revelry, nightmare and drunkenness took its place. Here is a tale to bring your hair up on end. Other irregular incidents, courageously reported, must make the ex-generals of the allied armies clap their hands to their weary foreheads as they read this book.

## Wooden Swords

By Jacques Deval. (The Viking Press, New York.)

THE comic spirit of the war.

Jacques Deval, a young Frenchman too near-sighted to serve in the regular army, but a burning patriot at heart, does his bit behind the lines.

This hilarious record of his adventures is occasionally a little shocking and not for the very young, but a sophisticated reader will be forced to laugh, as all France has been laughing, at a boy's riotous and somewhat scandalous passage through Official Bureaus, Supply Offices, hospitals, guard-houses and such.

Still, no one can deny that, one way and

another, he did his gayest to keep back the Hun.

## Her Privates We

By Private 19022. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

"WAR," says this man who fought in the ranks, "is waged by men, not by beasts, or by gods."

On this theory he proceeds, in a superbly written account of an English infantry regiment on the Western Front, to appraise his protagonist, Bourne, and the men who were closest to him.

He sees them, always, as individuals and not as a group merged into a cursing, killing mass.

The hand of a trained writer is disclosed in the appalling pictures of the trenches, the dug-outs and the rest camps. Sympathetic insight flashes in his descriptions, and though many of the scenes in this book have by this time become familiar to all readers, a fresh pity and wonder overtakes us as we follow the fortunes of these particular soldiers.

## Air Conquest

By W. Jefferson Davis. (Parker, Stone & Baird Co., Los Angeles, Calif.)

IF THE pony express and the development of our great railroad systems spelt romance, what, asks Mr. Davis, of the greater adventure of the airways of the world?

Mr. Davis is all lit up about this business of flying—as well he may be; for it has passed beyond the experimental stage and faces an epoch of incalculable greatness. This forward-looking book won the Aeronautical Publications Award for 1930, and its author sees not only a new era in commercial and passenger air-travel, but plainly to him the pathways that lie above the earth are the pathways to universal peace.

Very fine! But meanwhile, until the longed-for millennium arrives, let us consider some of the interesting items he gives us:

More than two hundred airplanes take the air every day at Los Angeles on scheduled routes and on business errands to all parts of the nation and to Mexico.

Less than a century ago, six months were required to go by covered wagon from Missouri to the bank of the Sacramento River. Now, a cabined plane wings it in a day's flight.

No one can say to-day that he has seen America unless he has traveled a considerable part of it via air.

Aviation has compelled the railroads to cooperate with the air lines.

Technicians say that the era of noiseless flying is at hand.

Air companies charge ordinarily from \$100 to \$150 an hour to operate a large passenger plane.

## The Air Tourist's Guide to Europe

By Captain Norman Macmillan. (Ives Washburn, Pub., New York.)

THE air map of Europe (part of this book) looking like a spider's web or a totally unsolvable problem in geometry, will fascinate you.

If you are one of the lucky rich-in-imagination who have learned the trick of globe-trotting via a good comfortable chair and an absorbing travel book, then this little guide will provide you with a distinctly new sensation.

A sort of magic falls upon one as one flies through the pages of this very modern volume. Tangier—Budapest—London—Brussels—Rome—Venice—Zagreb—all these seem to swim below one's eyes and meet one's gaze with new and almost strange faces. It is, indeed, a different world that we see from the air. Aero-photographs are generously scattered throughout this book which, believe me, will tempt you with a whole new set of plans for that next trip abroad.

## The Seven Skies

By Harry F. Guggenheim. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

IT WAS its perfectly grand title which first drew me to this book. I thought it might be, perhaps, the romance of some Frobisher of the air, but instead the book is compact with the finest line of hard-boiled facts about aviation that one could stumble upon.

After all, I told my disappointed soul, it's facts that keep a plane up, darn you—not romance. So I read the thing from cover to cover—and glad I am that I did.

Mr. Guggenheim, Minister to Cuba, and late President of the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for The Promotion of Aeronautics, brings to this work not only a scientific knowledge of aviation but the practical experiences he gained as a naval pilot during the war. In fact, this gentleman knows his airplanes. What he wants, now, is for us all to grow air-minded. And why not! This Department, for one, stands ready to accept the first invitation for a cross-country flight that it receives.

## The Hobo's Hornbook

By George Milburn. (Ives Washburn, Pub., New York.)

SOME one hundred and forty of the songs and ballads that issue from the dusty throats and gladden the hearts of our hoboes and tramps on their long marches and in their camps.

These ditties (among which we find such classics as "The Face on the Barroom Floor" and "The Gila Monster Route") form a unique and authentic collection of American folk-song. These ballads spring from the very core of the perpetetic lives of their makers, embody their hedge-philosophies, and, commemorating their adventures, give a colorful picture of an army which, ragged and roving as it may appear to the casual eye, has not only a code of its own, but a literature of some merit as well.

## Saturday to Monday

By Newman Levy and John Held, Jr. (Alfred Knopf, New York.)

HERE are some impudences in verse and comedy-drawings by two gentlemen—one a lawyer in his saner hours, the other the guilty creature who has made the flapper what she is.

Both, presumably, have suffered mental and physical violence while week-ending and even while entertaining week-end guests in their own homes. Bitterness bursts from them—but it is the bitterness that makes you chuckle. A good book to stuff in your pocket when going on a train.

**O**UR next few issues will contain some exceptionally interesting stories and articles by a number of our most popular contributors. In the October number will appear a timely article on football by Sol Metzger; John R. Tunis has written for us an unusual piece about radio developments called "Forecasting Broadcasting," and there will be stories by Courtney Ryley Cooper and Ben Ames Williams



# Mrs. E. B. Douglas wins \$1025.00

Mrs. E. B. Douglas, the wife of charter member of Elks Lodge, No. 948 at Miami, Florida, won \$1025.00 in one of our recent contests. Mrs. Douglas solved one of our puzzles in *The Elks Magazine*.  
*Now it's your turn to win.*

## Now Test Your Skill

Qualify for the opportunity to win one of 10 prizes of \$600.00 each

**B**ELOW, the artist has pictured the start of a hunt. The hounds have been unleashed and are impatient to pick up the scent. Somewhere in the pack are two dogs exactly alike—identical to the eye in size, pose, markings on the legs, bodies, heads and tails. How well developed are your powers of observation? How quick is your eye? Can you find the twin dogs? It will cost you nothing to try for the grand prizes which will be awarded according to the contestants' standings when the final decision is made.

If you can find the twin dogs, send the numbers together with your name and address. There are ten equal first prizes to be given all at the same time. If the winners desire it, they may each have a latest model brand new Chevrolet Sedan, bought from their nearest Chevrolet dealers and paid for in full by us. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. There are also ten extra prizes of \$50.00 each for promptness, making the total of each of the ten first prizes \$650.00, or a Chevrolet Sedan and \$50.00. Over \$7500.00 prize money already deposited in one of Chicago's largest national banks. Besides the ten prizes of \$600.00 each there are dozens of other prizes in a well chosen prize list. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living outside of the United States or in Chicago or from employees of this company, or our former first prize or auto winners, or members of their families. Send the numbers of the twin dogs at once. No more puzzles, no obligation. Send no money, but hurry.

**J. F. Larson, Room 151, 54 West Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois**



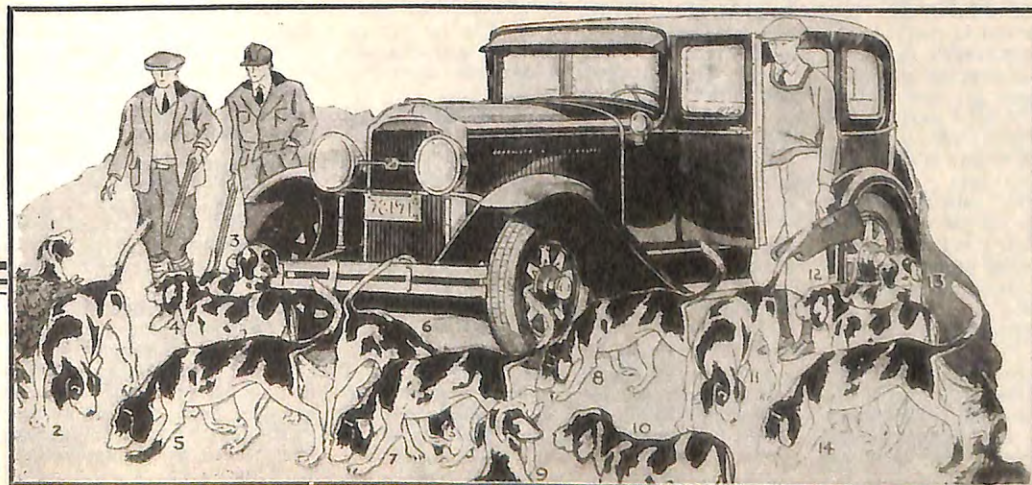
*Mrs. E. B. Douglas, Miami, Florida*

**M**R. DOUGLAS is a charter member of Miami Lodge of Elks No. 948, which was organized in 1905. The Douglas family were early settlers in Miami who have been very active in the development of that well-known Southern City.

Mr. Douglas is the retiring President of the Rotary and a member of the National Board of the Boy Scouts of America.

Mrs. Douglas wires ". . . cannot tell you how happy I am . . ."

What Mrs. Douglas has done, surely you or any other man or woman can do.



*N. B.—The car pictured at left is not a Chevrolet Sedan.*



## Investment Counsel

By Paul Tomlinson

**T**HE caller seated himself on the chair beside the banker's desk.

"I keep hearing more and more these days about investment counsel," he said. "What is it, or who is it, and what about it?"

"Well," said the banker with a smile, "let me see if I can explain."

"Does it mean advice, or does it refer to some person or persons?"

"Both," said the banker. "Investment counsel really describes the work of a trained staff of specialists who study investments and investment conditions, and on the basis of their experience and judgment advise people what securities to buy, and what and when to sell."

"Do they buy and sell securities themselves?"

"No. Their services are professional only, like those rendered by lawyers and doctors."

"And they charge a fee just like lawyers and doctors?"

"Exactly. The fee depends upon the amount of the fund they handle for you, and upon the length of time over which their work for you extends. The fee is all they receive; they get no commissions like brokers or investment bankers, nor any profits on the securities they handle for you. They are not in the investment business as such; they are, as I said, professional counsel only."

"Can they do more for one than an investment banker, or a regular banker like you?"

"Thank you for the compliment," laughed the banker. "Well, I'll tell you; it all depends. Some people accuse us, and investment bankers, too, of having axes to grind and of trying to sell securities on which we make a profit. That may or may not be true, and if it is, it may or may not be a drawback, but investment counsel, not being interested in any particular securities can not be accused of prejudice. Furthermore, they have trained staffs, different groups specializing on different problems, people who are experienced in the handling of funds other than yours, who keep thoroughly posted on current economic conditions, and who give all of their time to the business of investing. One important thing these people can do, too, is to observe the practice of other investors, and they come to know what is good practice and what is bad. It seems reasonable to suppose that a good organization of that kind ought to be able to produce pretty good results."

"You make them sound rather attractive," observed the caller.

"They can be very useful," said the banker. "An investor's problem is not merely to buy a good stock or a good bond, you know. First of all, he should determine the particular kinds of investments which are best suited to his particular needs. He should have a carefully designed investment structure, and be sure that his investments fit in with its plan."

"Make a plan and stick to it, you mean?"

"Make a plan, by all means," said the banker, "but don't stick to it necessarily. Plan subject to change. The basis of sound judgment and success in investing is timely and adequate information. Conditions are always changing

and the man who can anticipate these changes, or change with them, is likely to do well."

"Do investment counsel know about all these changes?"

"Well, it's their business to find out, if they can, and certainly they do their best to find out. They interview bankers, executives, engineers, accountants, men who are directing the industrial affairs of the country, and members of their organizations are constantly traveling about in search of information."

"Then they pass this information on to their clients?"

"Exactly."

"Well," said the caller, "it is reasonable to suppose that people who do nothing but concern themselves with investment information will be better posted than a man like me who has a business to run, and who can give but little time to such things."

"A good point," exclaimed the banker. "Too many people have the idea that investing is something any one can do successfully. As a matter of fact, it is a business, just as specialized as your own business. You know you'd laugh at any one who offered to run your plant for you in his spare time, and why should you think you could carry on an investing business outside your own job?"

"I don't," laughed the caller. "That's why I'm asking you what you think of investment counsel."

"You see," said the banker, "no two investors are in exactly the same circumstances. No two investors have exactly the same problems. What may be suitable for one man may be entirely unsuited to the circumstances of another, and that is where investment counsel come in. Their business is investing and they can recommend proper investments to fit individual cases; the layman couldn't do as well for himself."

"I don't see why an intelligent man couldn't study securities and learn to distinguish the good from the bad."

"He could. But can he keep in close touch with his investments always? Can he be sure he knows when to sell one thing and buy another? That's the sort of knowledge that may mean a lot of dollars in the long run."

"Yes, I suppose so," the caller agreed. "I don't see how any investment counsel, no matter how large their organization, can keep informed about all securities. How many are there, anyway?"

"I don't know. I believe there are about five hundred thousand corporations reporting to the U. S. Treasury Department every year."

"And all corporations have securities; some of them have a lot of different kinds. Who can know about them all?"

"Nobody, of course; as a matter of fact, I don't think any investment counsel attempt to study and keep informed about more than a few hundred. After all, if certain high standards are set, there is only a comparatively small percentage of investments which will conform to

them, and besides, a few hundred investments will be rather representative of the thousands that are in existence."

"Suppose I go to some investment counsel and ask their opinion on some security they are not familiar with?"

"In that case," said the banker, "the chances are that they would not give you an opinion. A casual opinion is not of great value, you know, and I doubt if good investment counsel would want to take any position without having their facts, and being sure of their ground."

"Tell me this," said the caller. "Do investment counsel pay much attention to the possibility of profits?"

"Of course. Enhancement of capital is a very important investment objective, but good investment counsel do not attempt to earn profits by speculating, or by constant shifting of securities."

"How do they earn profits, then?"

The banker smiled. "Isn't it possible," he asked, "to invest in securities which can increase in value through the sound growth of the corporations they represent?"

"I suppose it is, if you can get enough information about the corporations."

"Right. And that is where investment counsel have the layman at a disadvantage. All their time is spent in collecting information, and, of course, in interpreting it."

"And they tell you what to buy, and also what to sell?"

"Yes, and when to sell it, which, after all, is one of the most important things of all."

"Of course," continued the banker, "investment counsel can not recommend securities which can be expected to appreciate in value when prices generally are declining. No one can do that. At such times they very possibly might suggest the sale of certain holdings, and the retention of others which in their opinion will recede least and will recover most quickly, meanwhile paying interest or dividends so that their clients' incomes will be unimpaired. Good investment advice, as a matter of fact, is really more important in bad times than it is when everything looks fine."

"Does a client have to accept every recommendation he gets?"

"Not at all. Lots of people like to handle their own affairs, but investment counsel can provide them with facts, contacts, and ideas which they could not otherwise secure, and with such information at their disposal their chances of success certainly are increased."

"Yes, I should think so," said the caller. "What is the procedure with these people?"

**W**ELL, of course, a preliminary consultation with some members of the investment counsel organization is desirable. Then, if you are satisfied, you give them a list of your security holdings, and take them into your confidence regarding your financial circumstances. They then classify your holdings and determine the merits of each; then they place a definite structure for the fund you are proposing to build up, with suitable proportion of different types of securities and different industries. They report this plan to you, and if accepted, it is carried out. After that they keep in constant touch with all of your investments and notify you promptly of any facts deserving your attention."

"Do they keep the securities, or do I?"

"As a pretty general rule, investment counsel do not accept the responsibility for safeguarding securities," said the banker. "You yourself can deposit them with a broker or trust company, however, and if you want your investment counsel to accept the entire management of your affairs you can notify the broker or trust company, in writing, to make sales and purchases upon order from the investment counsel. It is very simple that way."

"They'll notify me of changes?"

"Certainly, if you tell them to. In any event they render regular reports, usually quarterly."

"Will they bother with small funds?"

"The usual procedure with funds totaling less than a certain amount is to merge them with others of a like character, and to divide earnings and profits on a *pro rata* basis. These usually are trust funds with no managers' fees or shares in the profits or earnings going to any one who is not actually a participant in the fund; the participants pay a regular fee for the managers'

services, and that is all they do pay. Management under such circumstances is likely to be disinterested."

"It all sounds rather good," said the caller. "Yes, I think so myself," the banker agreed. "This is an age of specialization, and a specialist in the management of investment funds is certainly not out of place." "You have to put a lot of faith in these investment counsel fellows, though."

"Indeed, you do," laughed the banker. "Still," he continued, seriously, "provided you are convinced of their ability and integrity before you sign up with them the more of your confidence you give them, the better the results are likely to be. Investment counsel are not afflicted by sentiment, prejudice, tips, and advice from relatives and friends the way so many individual investors are. They start with a considerable advantage, you see."

## Directory of Subordinate Lodges

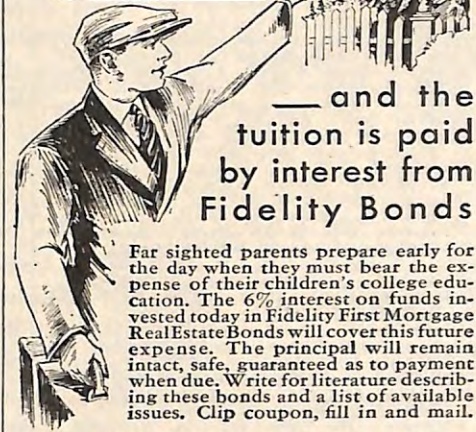
(Continued from page 42)

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**Canonsburg, Pa., No. 846**—William F. Berger, Exalted Ruler; William T. Love, P. E. R., Secretary—6.  
**Canton, Ill., No. 626**—L. L. Vitt, Exalted Ruler; Albert Wormser, P. E. R., Secretary—14.  
**Canton, Miss., No. 458**—F. E. Alsworth, Exalted Ruler; E. G. Spivey, Jr., Secretary—12.  
**Canton, Ohio, No. 68**—Robert L. Schumacher, Exalted Ruler; Edwin R. Booth, Secretary—4.  
**Cape Girardeau, Mo., No. 1464**—Geo. W. Steck, Exalted Ruler; C. R. Gibbs, Jr., Secretary—9.  
**Carbondale, Ill., No. 1243**—Marion P. Bouden, Exalted Ruler; Geo. N. Albon, Jr., Secretary—5.  
**Carlinville, Ill., No. 1412**—George C. Blaeuer, Exalted Ruler; C. L. Badger, Secretary—2.  
**Carlisle, Pa., No. 578**—John L. Boyer, Exalted Ruler; Val D. Sheaffer, P. E. R., Secretary—5.  
**Carlsbad, N. M., No. 1558**—Joseph Wertheim, Exalted Ruler; E. K. Neumann, Secretary—9.  
**Carnegie, Pa., No. 831**—J. Harper Galbraith, Exalted Ruler; A. J. Gabig, Secretary—3.  
**Carrollton, Mo., No. 415**—Dudley D. Thomas, Jr., Exalted Ruler; T. A. Vandegrift, P. E. R., Secretary—6.  
**Carthage, Mo., No. 520**—J. C. McCutcheon, Exalted Ruler; R. L. Brown, Secretary—12.  
**Casper, Wyo., No. 1353**—George A. Weedell, Exalted Ruler; Carney R. Peterson, Secretary—11.  
**Cattlettsburg, Ky., No. 042**—Phil Millis, Exalted Ruler; I. H. Frazier, Secretary—14.  
**Catskill, N. Y., No. 1341**—W. E. Thorpe, Exalted Ruler; W. C. O'Brien, Secretary—2.  
**Cedar City, Utah, No. 1556**—Wm. H. Gordon, Exalted Ruler; Alex H. Rollo, Secretary—4.  
**Cedar Rapids, Iowa, No. 251**—B. B. Hickenlooper, Exalted Ruler; L. D. Ross, Secretary—15.  
**Centerville, Iowa, No. 040**—S. G. Humphrey, Exalted Ruler; S. H. Mehrhoff, Secretary—12.  
**Central City, Colo., No. 557**—Louis J. Carter, Exalted Ruler; Henry J. Stahl, P. E. R., Secretary—1.  
**Centralia, Ill., No. 493**—Norman Hoffman, Exalted Ruler; E. C. Livesay, Secretary—6.  
**Centralia, Wash., No. 1083**—Clayton P. Truesdell, Exalted Ruler; Walter A. Higgins, Secretary—7.  
**Chadron, Neb., No. 1309**—Dr. M. B. McDowell, Exalted Ruler; Louis Remillard, P. E. R., Secretary—2.  
**Chambersburg, Pa., No. 600**—Benj. L. Heefner, Exalted Ruler; Stuart L. Brown, Secretary—8.  
**Champaign, Ill., No. 398**—Earl C. Harrington, Exalted Ruler; P. E. Utterback, Secretary—8.  
**Chanute, Kans., No. 806**—W. Marcus Barbee, Exalted Ruler; J. B. Wood, Secretary—11.  
**Charlottesville, Va., No. 404**—Arch J. Osborne, Exalted Ruler; N. Sanford Hall, Secretary—9.  
**Charles City, Iowa, No. 418**—Russell B. Olds, Exalted Ruler; W. Loren Parr, Secretary—5.  
**Charleston, Ill., No. 623**—Joe T. Shoemaker, Exalted Ruler; Albert Rosebraugh, P. E. R., Secretary—2.  
**Charleston, S. C., No. 242**—George M. Thompson, Exalted Ruler; Henry Tecklenburg, P. E. R., Secretary—12.  
**Charleston, W. Va., No. 202**—R. D. Lake, Exalted Ruler; R. C. Franklin, Secretary—10.  
**Charlotte, N. C., No. 302**—I. M. Cook, Exalted Ruler; Harry P. Murray, Secretary—13.  
**Charlottesville, Va., No. 380**—S. S. Rothwell, Exalted Ruler; E. R. Barkman, Secretary—11.  
**Chattanooga, Tenn., No. 01**—W. E. Bundschu, Exalted Ruler; M. O'Grady, P. E. R., Secretary—5.  
**Cheboygan, Mich., No. 504**—John A. Garrow, Exalted Ruler; Hugh A. McKinnon, Secretary—11.  
**Chehalis, Wash., No. 1374**—D. T. Coffman, Exalted Ruler; E. McBroome, Secretary—11.  
**Chelsea, Mass., No. 038**—John J. Diamond, Exalted Ruler; Edgar E. Donnell, P. E. R., Secretary—5.  
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**Chester, Pa., No. 488**—Howard Levy, Exalted Ruler; A. R. Bloom, Secretary—6.  
**Cheyenne, Wyo., No. 660**—James J. Cronin, Exalted Ruler; John J. McInerney, Secretary—1.  
**Chicago, Ill., No. 4**—Michael Feimberg, Exalted Ruler; Gustav W. Nothdurft, Secretary—10.  
**Chicago Heights, Ill., No. 1066**—Paul K. Shanks, Exalted Ruler; Donald T. Healey, Secretary—12.  
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(Continued on page 66)

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 Chisholm, Minn., No. 1334—John H. Tresider, Exalted Ruler; Geo. T. Anderson, P. E. R. Secretary—3.  
 Christopher, Ill., No. 1306—Ozro H. Lewis, Exalted Ruler; Robt. L. Hitt, Secretary—5.  
 Cicero, Ill., No. 1510—Joseph C. Kropacek, Jr., Exalted Ruler; William J. Kalal, Secretary—8.  
 Cincinnati, Ohio, No. 5—John F. Fussinger, Exalted Ruler; J. S. Richardson, P. E. R. Secretary—13.  
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 Clarksdale, Miss., No. 977—Frank G. Ralston, Exalted Ruler; P. P. Young, Secretary—2.  
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 Cleveland, Ohio, No. 18—Winfield Worline, Exalted Ruler; William F. Bruning, P. E. R., Secretary—10.  
 Cliffs Park (Grantwood) N. J., No. 1502—Frank C. Foley, Exalted Ruler; Joseph L. White, Secretary—12.  
 Clifton, Ariz., No. 1174—John R. Turner, Exalted Ruler; Thomas A. Lovells, Secretary—8.  
 Clifton, N. J., No. 1509—Frank A. Latimer, Exalted Ruler; John Franz, Secretary—12.  
 Clifton Forge, Va., No. 1065—C. C. Walton, Exalted Ruler; J. G. Staley, Secretary—10.  
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 Coatesville, Pa., No. 1228—Joseph M. Twohig, Exalted Ruler; Harry V. Atkinson, Secretary—6.  
 Cocoa, Fla., No. 1532—Leslie L. Anderson, Exalted Ruler; Henry A. Thompson, Secretary—10.  
 Coeur D'Alene, Idaho, No. 1254—E. T. Knudson, Exalted Ruler; P. T. Swan, Secretary—8.  
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 Cohoes, N. Y., No. 1317—Richard S. Fielding, Exalted Ruler; Thomas J. Connery, Secretary—3.  
 Coldwater, Mich., No. 1023—Howard E. Lees, Exalted Ruler; W. M. Drury, Secretary—11.  
 Colorado Spring, Colo., No. 309—Samuel J. Deal, Exalted Ruler; M. E. Stubbs, Secretary—4.  
 Columbia, Mo., No. 504—R. H. Brady, Exalted Ruler; L. C. Smith, Secretary—10.  
 Columbia, Pa., No. 1074—Frank O. Duerst, Exalted Ruler; J. Gardiner McMillen, Secretary—12.  
 Columbia, S. C., No. 1190—William H. Harth, Exalted Ruler; George L. Farr, Secretary—13.  
 Columbia, Tenn., No. 686—A. C. Pogue, Exalted Ruler; J. C. Armstrong, P. E. R., Secretary—3.  
 Columbia City, Ind., No. 1217—Thomas H. Hood, Exalted Ruler; G. Grant Weick, Secretary—5.  
 Columbus, Ga., No. 111—John D. Odum, Exalted Ruler; A. B. King, Secretary—1.  
 Columbus, Ind., No. 521—Albert E. Schumaker, Exalted Ruler; E. Earl Helfrich, Secretary—5.  
 Columbus, Miss., No. 555—T. E. Patton, Exalted Ruler; B. B. Fraker, Secretary—6.  
 Columbus, Neb., No. 1105—Emil F. Luckey, Exalted Ruler; Frank I. Holmes, Secretary—3.  
 Columbus, Ohio, No. 37—Chas. B. Norris, Exalted Ruler; C. W. Wallace, P. E. R., Secretary—9.  
 Compton, Cal., No. 1570—Glen Rood, Exalted Ruler; H. W. McKean, Secretary—7.  
 Concord, Mass., No. 1479—John J. Mullaney, Exalted Ruler; John J. Fallon, Secretary—6.  
 Concord, N. H., No. 1210—Robert J. Fraser, Exalted Ruler; Albert Hanus, Secretary—2.  
 Concordia, Kans., No. 586—John J. Wilcox, Exalted Ruler; W. E. Carnahan, Secretary—10.  
 Conneaut, Ohio, No. 256—Edwin Zack, Exalted Ruler; John F. Walsh, Secretary—12.  
 Connelville, Pa., No. 503—Paul M. Roland, Exalted Ruler; J. E. Wallace, P. E. R., Secretary—3.  
 Connersville, Ind., No. 370—M. Lair Hull, Exalted Ruler; Edwin M. Maley, Secretary—6.  
 Corapolis, Pa., No. 1090—John W. Dailey, Exalted Ruler; E. R. Dithrich, Secretary—3.  
 Corbin, Ky., No. 1496—A. N. Seitz, Exalted Ruler; Willard M. Milton, Secretary—2.  
 Cordova, Alaska, No. 1483—R. E. Elsner, Exalted Ruler; I. D. Bogart, Secretary—7.  
 Cornuth, Miss., No. 1035—Dr. J. R. Lanning, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Rankin, Secretary—10.  
 Corning, N. Y., No. 1071—James P. Hallahan, Exalted Ruler; John M. Beck, P. E. R., Secretary—8.  
 Corpus Christi, Texas, No. 1030—M. P. Bradley, Exalted Ruler; Wm. G. Blake, P. E. R., Secretary—7.  
 Corry, Pa., No. 769—Maxwell P. Hoenes, Exalted Ruler; Foster E. Davis, Secretary—11.  
 Cortland, N. Y., No. 748—Walter E. Kelley, Exalted Ruler; J. E. Dowd, Secretary—12.  
 Corvallis, Ore., No. 1413—H. A. Stiles, Exalted Ruler; A. A. Hull, Secretary—10.  
 Coshocton, Ohio, No. 376—R. T. Raymer, Exalted Ruler; Willard Freeman, P. E. R., Secretary—5.  
 Council Bluffs, Iowa, No. 531—Edwin F. Hubbard, Exalted Ruler; H. A. Waddington, Secretary—14.

Covington, Ky., No. 314—Harry H. Bohman, Exalted Ruler; Wm. H. Hayes, Secretary—7.  
 Covington, Tenn., No. 1205—B. V. Dickson, Exalted Ruler; W. T. Addison, Secretary—10.  
 Craig, Colo., No. 1577—E. C. Johnson, Exalted Ruler; C. G. Cowgill, Secretary—4.  
 Crawfordsville, Ind., No. 483—C. R. Flaningam, Exalted Ruler; W. L. Barnett, Secretary—10.  
 Creede, Colo., No. 506—Carl W. Walker, Exalted Ruler; R. I. Fisher, P. E. R., Secretary—7.  
 Creston, Iowa, No. 605—Earl F. Recknor, Exalted Ruler; Leona A. Morrison, Secretary—11.  
 Cripple Creek, Colo., No. 316—Walter D. Tatum, Exalted Ruler; Tom W. Rolofson, P. E. R., Secretary—4.  
 Crisfield, Md., No. 1044—Marvin H. Tawes, Exalted Ruler; Jas. W. McLane, P. E. R., Secretary—9.  
 Cristobal, Canal Zone, No. 1542—Joseph W. Coffin, Exalted Ruler; Harry E. Atwood, Secretary—12.  
 Crookston, Minn., No. 342—James R. Lowham, Exalted Ruler; R. A. Brown, Secretary—11.  
 Crowley, La., No. 745—E. A. Carmouche, Exalted Ruler; I. B. Broussard, Secretary—1.  
 Cumberland, Md., No. 63—Jesse K. Goodhand, Exalted Ruler; Jas. R. Rowley, Secretary—7.  
 Cynthiana, Ky., No. 438—Harry G. Jones, Exalted Ruler; John S. Linehan, P. E. R., Secretary—8.

### D

Dalhart, Texas, No. 1159—J. Troy Thompson, Exalted Ruler; Harry H. Schultz, Secretary—4.  
 Dallas, Texas, No. 71—Geo. W. Loudermilk, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Dudley, Jr., P. E. R., Secretary—3.  
 Danbury, Conn., No. 120—Lorenzo Janutolo, Exalted Ruler; Leon L. Thompson, P. E. R., Secretary—10.  
 Danville, Ill., No. 332—Frank J. Pecker, Exalted Ruler; C. F. Cooper, Secretary—9.  
 Danville, Ky., No. 670—J. H. Reynierson, Exalted Ruler; W. O. McIntyre, Secretary—6.  
 Danville, Pa., No. 754—Clyde W. Shannon, Exalted Ruler; Adam W. Mayan, Secretary—3.  
 Danville, Va., No. 227—W. N. Perkinson, Exalted Ruler; L. L. Bowers, Secretary—11.  
 Davenport, Iowa, No. 298—Theo. B. Numsen, Exalted Ruler; Sam W. Hirschl, P. E. R., Secretary—5.  
 Dayton, Ohio, No. 58—Howard E. Webster, Exalted Ruler; Lee Passmore, Secretary—10.  
 Daytona (Daytona Beach), Fla., No. 1141—J. Frank Isaac, Exalted Ruler; Geo. F. Crouch, P. E. R., Secretary—4.  
 Deadwood, S. D., No. 508—Francis J. Parker, Exalted Ruler; George A. Schulte, P. E. R., Secretary—11.  
 Decatur, Ill., No. 401—Ernest Nattkemper, Exalted Ruler; W. P. Bercher, Secretary—5.  
 Decatur, Ind., No. 993—Andrew C. Foss, Exalted Ruler; C. E. Holthouser, Secretary—7.  
 Decorah, Iowa, No. 443—Chas. J. Weiser, Jr., Exalted Ruler; F. M. Hughes, Secretary—11.  
 Defiance, Ohio, No. 147—E. C. Layman, Exalted Ruler; Louis E. Daoust, P. E. R., Secretary—10.  
 DeKalb, Ill., No. 765—C. J. Schulenberg, Exalted Ruler; L. A. Pierce, Secretary—3.  
 DeLand, Fla., No. 1463—M. M. Bond, Exalted Ruler; I. Walter Hawkins, Secretary—1.  
 Delaware, Ohio, No. 76—Leslie J. Smith, Exalted Ruler; Warren P. Ryder, P. E. R., Secretary—8.  
 Del Rio, Texas, No. 837—J. T. Terrell, Exalted Ruler; B. F. Peirce, Secretary—7.  
 Delta, Colo., No. 1235—Ernest Engelhardt, Jr., Exalted Ruler; Ray G. Beverstock, Secretary—8.  
 Demopolis, Ala., No. 681—C. Hickman, Exalted Ruler; J. L. Sledge, Secretary—Meets second Thursdays.  
 Denison, Texas, No. 238—W. L. Regensburger, Exalted Ruler; Harry Glidden, Secretary—9.  
 Denver, Colo., No. 17—Charles M. Armstrong, Exalted Ruler; William H. Wheadon, Secretary—10.  
 Derby, Conn., No. 571—M. Vincent Tracy, Exalted Ruler; Sidney J. Williams, Secretary—4.  
 Des Moines, Iowa, No. 98—Dr. Joseph B. Kennedy, Exalted Ruler; Walter S. McKee, Secretary—1.  
 DeSoto, Mo., No. 680—W. B. Shea, Exalted Ruler; Max T. Jones, Secretary—7.  
 Des Plaines, Ill., No. 1526—James C. Lorton, Exalted Ruler; Walter H. Tallant, Secretary—15.  
 Detroit, Mich., No. 34—Burt P. White, Exalted Ruler; Jos. H. Creedon, Secretary—10.  
 Devils Lake, N. D., No. 1216—Romanus J. Downey, Exalted Ruler; C. W. Greene, P. E. R., Secretary—14.  
 Dickinson, N. D., No. 1137—Adam A. Lefor, Exalted Ruler; Lyall B. Merry, Secretary—8.  
 Dillon, Mont., No. 1554—Eugene L. Poindexter, Exalted Ruler; Albert S. Baker, Secretary—6.  
 Dixon, Ill., No. 770—Raymond Worsley, Exalted Ruler; William Nixon, Secretary—3.  
 Dodge City, Kans., No. 1406—N. C. Peterson, Sr., Exalted Ruler; H. E. Ripple, P. E. R., Secretary—5.  
 Donaldsonville, La., No. 1153—Leo Bloch, Exalted Ruler; John Pfister, Jr., Secretary—11.  
 Donora, Pa., No. 1265—James F. Gallenton, Exalted Ruler; Jos. E. Mendola, Secretary—8.  
 Dothan, Ala., No. 1394—J. C. Wadlington, Exalted Ruler; J. L. Wilson, Secretary—Meets last Fridays.  
 Douglas, Ariz., No. 955—Oakley W. Lucas, Exalted Ruler; I. B. Ward, P. E. R., Secretary—12.  
 Douglas, Ga., No. 1286—A. S. M. Coleman, Exalted Ruler; F. F. Preston, P. E. R., Secretary—6.  
 Dover, N. H., No. 184—George W. Garland, Exalted Ruler; E. Dean Nelson, Secretary—12.  
 Dover, N. J., No. 782—Lawrence H. Stone, Exalted Ruler; Clyde Hoffman, Secretary—4.  
 Dover, Ohio, No. 975—Vincent J. Weber, Exalted Ruler; William V. Krantz, P. E. R., Secretary—11.  
 Dowagiac, Mich., No. 889—P. R. C. Phillips, Exalted Ruler; M. F. Hunter, Secretary—5.  
 DuBois, Pa., No. 340—Jas. Hellewell, Exalted Ruler; W. D. Wilkins, P. E. R., Secretary—9.  
 Dubuque, Iowa, No. 297—John D. Knoll, Exalted Ruler; Henry J. Kaep, Secretary—8.  
 Duluth, Minn., No. 133—J. J. Foote, Exalted Ruler; F. G. Treisise, Jr., Secretary—7.  
 Duncan, Okla., No. 1446—Jerome C. Sullivan, Exalted Ruler; Warren W. Winn, Secretary—14.  
 Dunellen, N. J., No. 1488—Edward J. Hannon, Exalted Ruler; George I. Apgar, Jr., P. E. R., Secretary—9.

Dunkirk, N. Y., No. 922—Harvey J. Smith, Exalted Ruler; William H. Maloney, Secretary—8.  
 Duquesne, Pa., No. 751—John F. Hickey, Exalted Ruler; Francis P. Long, P. E. R., Secretary—6.  
 Du Quoin, Ill., No. 884—Walter W. Naumer, Exalted Ruler; Joe Werner, P. E. R., Secretary—2.  
 Durango, Colo., No. 507—Wallace W. Gould, Exalted Ruler; S. D. Monberg, Secretary—7.  
 Durham, N. C., No. 568—D. W. Sorrell, Exalted Ruler; J. T. Muse, Secretary—1.

### E

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 Eastland, Texas, No. 1372—G. C. Kimbrell, Exalted Ruler; Earl N. Francis, P. E. R., Secretary—1.  
 East Liverpool, Ohio, No. 258—Wilbur E. Brooks, Exalted Ruler; Harry T. Logan, Secretary—10.  
 Easton, Pa., No. 121—Daniel A. Depew, Exalted Ruler; J. Albert Jefferson, P. E. R., Secretary—9.  
 East Orange, N. J., No. 630—C. Willard Cleveland, Exalted Ruler; H. T. Robinson, Secretary—6.  
 Eastport, Maine, No. 880—Ernest R. Holmes, Exalted Ruler; Emery A. Dow, Secretary—Meets first and second Wednesdays.  
 East St. Louis, Ill., No. 664—Lester J. Grigsby, Exalted Ruler; D. D. O'Connell, Secretary—4.  
 East Stroudsburg, Pa., No. 310—Montgomery F. Crowe, Exalted Ruler; Percy A. Rockefeller, Secretary—11.  
 Eau Claire, Wis., No. 402—Albert G. Carlson, Exalted Ruler; J. W. Seibach, Secretary—15.  
 Effingham, Ill., No. 1016—Harry H. Harrison, Exalted Ruler; Adolph Reutlinger, Secretary—2.  
 Elberton, Ga., No. 1100—T. O. Tabor, Jr., Exalted Ruler; C. C. Brown, P. E. R., Secretary—1.  
 El Centro, Cal., No. 1325—Harry W. Horton, Exalted Ruler; Clinton K. Harris, Secretary—10.  
 El Dorado, Ark., No. 1120—Walter L. Brown, Exalted Ruler; J. P. Henry, Secretary—10.  
 Eldorado, Ill., No. 1366—Nathan Schwartz, Exalted Ruler; Thos. Sisk, Secretary—3.  
 El Dorado, Kans., No. 1407—John E. McMahon, Exalted Ruler; James B. Stoner, P. E. R., Secretary—2.  
 Elgin, Ill., No. 737—Frank C. Albright, Exalted Ruler; John Cornwall, Secretary—1.  
 Elizabeth, N. J., No. 289—James F. Pierce, Exalted Ruler; E. J. Hirtzel, Secretary—1.  
 Elizabeth City, N. C., No. 856—N. P. Parker, Exalted Ruler; L. L. Winder, Jr., Secretary—13.  
 Elkhart, Ind., No. 425—David S. Helman, Exalted Ruler; Otis E. Smith, Secretary—9.  
 Elkins, W. Va., No. 1135—W. D. Reynolds, Exalted Ruler; P. L. Dye, Secretary—1.  
 Elko, Nev., No. 472—M. B. Badt, Exalted Ruler; H. T. Bryant, Secretary—13.  
 Ellensburg, Wash., No. 1102—Arthur McGuire, Exalted Ruler; Thos. Cunningham, Secretary—5.  
 Elwood City, Pa., No. 1356—Sidney Goehring, Exalted Ruler; Hiram J. Myers, Secretary—9.  
 Elmhurst, Ill., No. 1531—E. M. McQuillen, Exalted Ruler; C. H. Brinsmaid, Secretary—11.  
 Elmira, N. Y., No. 62—Frederick P. Collins, Exalted Ruler; Martin Purtell, P. E. R., Secretary—7.  
 El Paso, Texas, No. 187—Edward S. Bache, Exalted Ruler; T. W. Phillips, Secretary—4.  
 El Reno, Okla., No. 743—H. C. Paulson, Exalted Ruler; Geo. W. Preston, P. E. R., Secretary—11.  
 Elwood, Ind., No. 368—B. T. Dyer, Exalted Ruler; C. D. Sizelove, P. E. R., Secretary—10.  
 Ely, Nev., No. 1406—Frank D. Smith, Exalted Ruler; Jos. H. Bigger, Secretary—10.  
 Elyria, Ohio, No. 465—A. H. Krapp, Exalted Ruler; F. L. Ellenberger, Secretary—6.  
 Emporia, Kans., No. 633—Aden W. Davis, Exalted Ruler; Fred L. Priest, Secretary—2.  
 Englewood, N. J., No. 1157—James D. Moore, Exalted Ruler; T. C. Birtwhistle, Secretary—9.  
 Enid, Okla., No. 870—L. M. Abernathy, Exalted Ruler; A. V. Smith, Secretary—5.  
 Ensley, Ala., No. 987—Geo. P. Bell, Exalted Ruler; J. C. Cash, Secretary—1.  
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*Hollister, Cal., No. 1436*—Elmer Dowdy, Exalted Ruler; Walter Keene, Secretary—4.  
*Holly Springs, Miss., No. 1099*—Robert McMechan, Exalted Ruler; John M. Mickle, Secretary—10.  
*Holyoke, Mass., No. 902*—Arthur J. Britton, Exalted Ruler; James J. Murray, Secretary—8.  
*Homestead, Pa., No. 650*—Ray J. Miller, Exalted Ruler; W. L. Walton, P. E. R., Secretary—5.  
*Honolulu, Hawaii, No. 616*—A. W. Olund, Exalted Ruler; W. N. Hanna, Secretary—13.  
*Hood River, Ore., No. 1507*—A. S. Kolstad, Exalted Ruler; Fred W. Donnerberg, Secretary—10.  
*Hoosick Falls, N. Y., No. 178*—R. F. Murphy, Exalted Ruler; A. C. Brownell, P. E. R., Secretary—6.  
*Hope, Ark., No. 1109*—Dr. T. L. McDonald, Exalted Ruler; Talbot Feild, P. E. R., Secretary—1.  
*Hopkinsville, Ky., No. 545*—G. Dennis Shaw, Exalted Ruler; W. F. Garnett, Secretary—4.  
*Hoquiam, Wash., No. 1082*—Dr. F. N. Christensen, Exalted Ruler; Dean S. Palmer, Secretary—4.  
*Hornell, N. Y., No. 364*—Francis J. O'Neill, Exalted Ruler; John E. Cullinan, Secretary—8.  
*Hot Springs, Ark., No. 380*—Ernest S. Patton, Exalted Ruler; G. E. Hogaboom, P. E. R., Secretary—7.  
*Houlton, Me., No. 835*—Donald H. Dunn, Exalted Ruler; Samuel C. Webber, Secretary—5.  
*Houma, La., No. 1193*—M. L. Funderburk, Exalted Ruler; H. J. Thibodaux, Secretary—6.  
*Houston, Texas, No. 151*—S. W. O'Brien, Exalted Ruler; Courtney Hutchison, Secretary—4.  
*Hudson, Mass., No. 959*—P. Edward Kearney, Exalted Ruler; Peter M. Courtemanche, Secretary—5.  
*Hudson, N. Y., No. 787*—Mahlon Moore, Exalted Ruler; Richard H. Marshall, Secretary—2.  
*Hudson, Wis., No. 640*—Roy E. Webster, Exalted Ruler; E. L. Jones, Secretary—8.  
*Humboldt, Tenn., No. 1098*—E. H. Gibson, Exalted Ruler; R. W. James, Secretary—2.  
*Huntingdon, Pa., No. 976*—C. L. Patterson, Exalted Ruler; A. W. Port, P. E. R., Secretary—2.  
*Huntington, Ind., No. 805*—Adolph Schenkel, Exalted Ruler; Homer Hardy, P. E. R., Secretary—12.  
*Huntington (Huntington Bay), N. Y., No. 1565*—Samuel J. Hollander, Exalted Ruler; Einar E. Wind- ing, Secretary—8.  
*Huntington, W. Va., No. 313*—A. E. Haan, Exalted Ruler; E. C. Reckard, Secretary—10.  
*Huntington Park, Cal., No. 1415*—C. P. Hebenstreit, Exalted Ruler; Charles G. Hedcock, P. E. R., Secretary—13.  
*Huron, S. D., No. 444*—E. C. McKenzie, Exalted Ruler; N. S. Jamison, Secretary—14.  
*Hutchinson, Kans., No. 453*—Wm. M. French, Exalted Ruler; C. F. Clark, Secretary—2.  
*Hyannis, Mass., No. 1549*—Arthur H. Hardy, Exalted Ruler; Henry Doudican, Secretary—2.

- Inglewood, Cal., No. 1492*—Newcomb Condee, Exalted Ruler; Otto H. Duelle, P. E. R., Secretary—10.  
*Iola, Kans., No. 569*—R. D. Symmes, Exalted Ruler; Melvin Fronk, Secretary—7.  
*Ionia, Mich., No. 548*—Reuben B. Cook, Exalted Ruler; Henry Gardner, Secretary—11.  
*Iowa City, Iowa, No. 590*—Erling Thoen, Exalted Ruler; F. B. Volklinger, Secretary—8.  
*Iron Mountain, Mich., No. 700*—Ray E. MacAllister, Exalted Ruler; Dan Alexander, Secretary—5.  
*Ironton, Ohio, No. 177*—E. K. Shattuck, Exalted Ruler; W. E. Mittendorf, Secretary—11.  
*Ironwood, Mich., No. 1278*—Giles Barlow, Exalted Ruler; M. A. Kopnick, Secretary—9.  
*Irrington, N. J., No. 1245*—Frank K. Weckenman, Exalted Ruler; Percy A. Miller, Secretary—10.  
*Ishpeming, Mich., No. 447*—W. J. Miners, Exalted Ruler; Earl Leininger, P. E. R., Secretary—5.  
*Ithaca, N. Y., No. 636*—Edgar E. Tunison, Exalted Ruler; Erford C. Collier, Secretary—3.

J

- Jackson, Mich., No. 113*—William Sparks, Exalted Ruler; J. F. Harrison, Secretary—1.  
*Jackson, Miss., No. 416*—Harry Loflin, Exalted Ruler; L. M. Darnall, Secretary—14.  
*Jackson, Ohio, No. 466*—Harold H. Priest, Exalted Ruler; George S. Gast, P. E. R., Secretary—9.  
*Jackson, Tenn., No. 192*—A. U. Taylor, Exalted Ruler; J. E. Barber, P. E. R., Secretary—10.  
*Jacksonville, Fla., No. 221*—J. E. T. Bowden, Exalted Ruler; Geo. E. Munde, Secretary—8.  
*Jacksonville, Ill., No. 682*—E. J. McMonagle, Exalted Ruler; F. W. Brockhouse, Secretary—9.  
*Jameson, N. Y., No. 263*—Joseph H. Sauerbrun, Exalted Ruler; G. R. Broadberry, Secretary—11.  
*Jameson, N. D., No. 995*—Frank L. Robertson, Exalted Ruler; Geo. T. Richmond, Secretary—15.  
*Janesville, Wis., No. 254*—Frank W. Fisher, Exalted Ruler; Robert R. Conway, Secretary—5.  
*Jeannette, Pa., No. 486*—Leon Michaux, Exalted Ruler; Chas. T. Myers, Jr., Secretary—5.  
*Jeffersonville, Ind., No. 362*—H. Everett Hopkins, Exalted Ruler; Charles A. Vawter, Secretary—3.  
*Jennings, La., No. 1085*—Robt. B. Ricker, Exalted Ruler; H. L. Boudreaux, Secretary—9.  
*Jerome, Ariz., No. 1361*—Harry J. Mader, Exalted Ruler; R. H. Cunningham, Secretary—11.  
*Jersey City, N. J., No. 211*—William A. Dittmar, Exalted Ruler; William J. Culver, Secretary—1.  
*Jersey Shore, Pa., No. 1057*—Jacob Mamolen, Exalted Ruler; F. E. Lininger, P. E. R., Secretary—2.  
*Jerseyville, Ill., No. 954*—Thomas G. Adams, Exalted Ruler; Leslie D. Day, Secretary—5.  
*Johnsonburg, Pa., No. 612*—J. L. Trumbley, Exalted Ruler; Charles F. Wickwire, P. E. R., Secretary—12.  
*Johnson City, Tenn., No. 825*—W. M. Royal, Exalted Ruler; B. H. Everett, Secretary—12.  
*Johnstown, Pa., No. 175*—L. B. Dungan, Exalted Ruler; A. G. Hornick, P. E. R., Secretary—8.  
*Joliet, Ill., No. 296*—Willis H. Schubert, Exalted Ruler; Howard F. Hewlett, Secretary—6.  
*Jonesboro, Ark., No. 498*—P. M. Latourette, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Weaver, Secretary—10.  
*Joplin, Mo., No. 501*—Clem Bumgarner, Exalted Ruler; W. E. Stein, Secretary—10.  
*Junction City, Kans., No. 1037*—J. M. Flanagan, Exalted Ruler; J. H. Hughey, P. E. R., Secretary—9.  
*Juneau, Alaska, No. 420*—Ralph B. Martin, Exalted Ruler; M. H. Sides, Secretary—7.

K

- Kalamazoo, Mich., No. 50*—Bertram K. MacGregor, Exalted Ruler; Arthur E. Green, Secretary—10.  
*Kalispell, Mont., No. 725*—A. J. Driscoll, Exalted Ruler; J. M. Montgomery, P. E. R., Secretary—3.  
*Kane, Pa., No. 329*—Willard Paulson, Exalted Ruler; Arthur G. Folke, P. E. R., Secretary—11.  
*Kankakee, Ill., No. 627*—Morgan J. Jackson, Exalted Ruler; G. R. Peterman, Secretary—8.  
*Kansas City, "Wyandotte," Kans., No. 440*—P. W. Croker, Exalted Ruler; G. A. Rively, Secretary—14.  
*Kansas City, Mo., No. 26*—Gustav A. Roth, Exalted Ruler; E. L. Biersmith, P. E. R., Secretary—13.  
*Kaukauna, Wis., No. 962*—R. H. McCarty, Exalted Ruler; N. M. Haupt, Secretary—12.  
*Kearney, Neb., No. 984*—Fred R. Dickson, Exalted Ruler; Walter W. Lancaster, Secretary—14.  
*Kearny (Arlington), N. J., No. 1050*—Edward Finn, Exalted Ruler; Geo. A. Senior, Secretary—1.  
*Keene, N. H., No. 927*—Benjamin P. Hopkins, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Ryan, Secretary—Meets every other Thursday.  
*Kelso, Wash., No. 1482*—Walter C. Nikolaus, Exalted Ruler; Geo. E. Secord, Secretary—10.  
*Kendallville, Ind., No. 1194*—W. A. Maggert, Exalted Ruler; C. R. Wert, Secretary—7.  
*Kenosha, Wis., No. 750*—Elmer H. Pedley, Exalted Ruler; John N. Ponk, Secretary—12.  
*Kent, Ohio, No. 1377*—A. B. Ahern, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Mitchell, P. E. R., Secretary—6.  
*Kenton, Ohio, No. 157*—W. W. Durbin, Exalted Ruler; Samuel J. Pence, Secretary—9.  
*Keokuk, Iowa, No. 106*—Fred W. Semple, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Kinnamon, Secretary—11.  
*Kelchikan, Alaska, No. 1429*—George S. Talbot, Exalted Ruler; C. Martin Carlson, Secretary—7.  
*Kewanee, Ill., No. 724*—E. E. Karau, Exalted Ruler; E. T. Teece, Secretary—10.  
*Key West, Fla., No. 551*—B. C. Papy, Exalted Ruler; G. N. Goshorn, P. E. R., Secretary—11.  
*Kingman, Ariz., No. 468*—Aubrey Sims, Exalted Ruler; Walter P. Jones, Secretary—13.  
*Kingston, N. Y., No. 550*—John F. Edwards, Exalted Ruler; Chas. J. Mullen, P. E. R., Secretary—12.  
*Kirksville, Mo., No. 464*—W. F. Murrell, Exalted Ruler; John O'Connor, Secretary—8.  
*Kilanning, Pa., No. 203*—Jesse C. Hayes, Exalted Ruler; Chas. H. Rhodes, Secretary—8.  
*Klamath Falls, Ore., No. 1247*—E. S. Veatch, Exalted Ruler; F. D. McMillan, Secretary—10.

I

- Idaho Falls, Idaho, No. 1087*—Benj. P. Melquist, Exalted Ruler; W. T. Pettinger, P. E. R., Secretary—4.  
*Idaho Springs, Colo., No. 607*—Thos. G. McGrath, Sr., Exalted Ruler; C. A. Shortwell, P. E. R., Secretary—4.  
*Illon, N. Y., No. 1444*—Ray J. Fuller, Exalted Ruler; J. F. Meehan, Secretary—5.  
*Independence, Kans., No. 780*—Guy E. Cutler, Exalted Ruler; Wm. Harrison, Secretary—12.  
*Indiana, Pa., No. 931*—Harry K. Boucher, Exalted Ruler; Roy S. Stephens, Secretary—Meets first Tuesdays.  
*Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13*—Earl C. Woff, Exalted Ruler; W. G. Taylor, Secretary—13.

Knoxville (Pittsburgh), Pa., No. 1196—Frederick C. Krill, Exalted Ruler; P. W. Lascheid, P. E. R., Secretary—5.  
 Knoxville, Tenn., No. 160—J. Goodlow Walden, Exalted Ruler; D. Al White, P. E. R., Secretary—1.  
 Kokomo, Ind., No. 100—John T. Cosler, Exalted Ruler; Jas. E. Meck, Secretary—11.

L

Laconia, N. H., No. 876—Harry E. Trapp, Exalted Ruler; Thomas C. Hill, P. E. R., Secretary—2.  
 La Crosse, Wis., No. 300—Herbert J. Flug, Exalted Ruler; Anthony Fay, P. E. R., Secretary—14.  
 LaFayette, Ind., No. 143—Louis Segal, Exalted Ruler; Floyd A. Shaffer, Secretary—10.  
 LaFayette, La., No. 1095—Maurice Hernandez, Exalted Ruler; G. J. Guidroz, Secretary—6.  
 La Grande, Ore., No. 433—Chester L. Thompson, Exalted Ruler; W. R. Winters, Secretary—10.  
 La Grange, Ga., No. 1084—Anderson H. Smith, Exalted Ruler; Earl M. Jackson, Secretary—10.  
 La Grange, Ill., No. 1423—August Novotny, Exalted Ruler; William A. Goss, Secretary—12.  
 La Junta, Colo., No. 701—Reuben Van Inge, Exalted Ruler; W. C. Sporleder, P. E. R., Secretary—7.  
 Lake City, Fla., No. 893—J. W. Mills, Exalted Ruler; Inman Buie, Secretary—7.  
 Lake Forest, Ill., No. 1498—Arthur Zengler, Jr., Exalted Ruler; Richard H. Smith, Secretary—5.  
 Lakeland, Fla., No. 1291—Anton Beth, Exalted Ruler; Wm. Steitz, Secretary—10.  
 Lakeview, Ore., No. 1536—B. K. Snyder, Exalted Ruler; Kenneth B. Wall, Secretary—7.  
 Lakewood, N. J., No. 1432—W. Durward McCloskey, Exalted Ruler; Joel P. Hendrickson, Secretary—8.  
 Lakewood, Ohio, No. 1350—Frank E. Russell, Exalted Ruler; A. J. White, Secretary—13.  
 Lake Worth, Fla., No. 1530—Harold V. Emerine, Exalted Ruler; Alex Drake, P. E. R., Secretary—4.  
 Lamar, Colo., No. 1319—Hobart R. Gregg, Exalted Ruler; Charles H. Wooden, P. E. R., Secretary—4.  
 Lambertville, N. J., No. 1070—Leon H. Skillman, Exalted Ruler; Edward A. Riordan, Secretary—12.  
 Lancaster, N. Y., No. 1478—Franklin F. Hummel, Exalted Ruler; Charles A. Merkle, Secretary—6.  
 Lancaster, Ohio, No. 570—Alicide Brasseur, Exalted Ruler; E. W. Boerstler, Secretary—9.  
 Lancaster, Pa., No. 134—Kenelm L. Shirk, Exalted Ruler; C. H. Obreiter, P. E. R., Secretary—11.  
 Lansford, Pa., No. 1337—Clarence W. Weller, Exalted Ruler; H. H. Kneis, Secretary—9.  
 Lansing, Mich., No. 196—Frank J. Pienta, Exalted Ruler; R. C. Howland, Secretary—7.  
 La Porte, Ind., No. 396—J. T. Kloksiem, Exalted Ruler; J. T. Bachman, Secretary—11.  
 Laramie, Wyo., No. 582—Carl F. Eberhart, Exalted Ruler; O. M. Peterson, Secretary—1.  
 Laredo, Texas, No. 1018—H. L. Jackson, Exalted Ruler; R. A. Millar, Secretary—6.  
 La Salle, Ill., No. 584—Geo. P. Malone, Exalted Ruler; H. P. Miller, Secretary—2.  
 Las Vegas, Nev., No. 1408—James E. Powers, Exalted Ruler; Wm. L. Scott, Secretary—10.  
 Las Vegas, N. M., No. 408—Wm. H. Springer, Exalted Ruler; Chas. P. Trumbull, P. E. R., Secretary—6.  
 Latrobe, Pa., No. 907—Jerome A. Lowenstein, Exalted Ruler; Hughes W. Smith, P. E. R., Secretary—9.  
 Lawrence, Kans., No. 595—Chas. O. Radcliffe, Exalted Ruler; J. H. Cohn, P. E. R., Secretary—8.  
 Lawrence, Mass., No. 65—Laurence W. Donahue, Exalted Ruler; D. P. Desmond, P. E. R., Secretary—11.  
 Lawrenceville, Ill., No. 1208—John P. Zeinger, Exalted Ruler; L. O. Gray, Secretary—1.  
 Lead, S. D., No. 747—Frank P. Flavin, Exalted Ruler; E. A. Steinback, Secretary—5.  
 Leadville, Colo., No. 236—Maurice Miller, Exalted Ruler; W. G. Harrington, Secretary—13.  
 Leavenworth, Kans., No. 661—Walter Biddle, Exalted Ruler; C. P. Olund, P. E. R., Secretary—11.  
 Lebanon, Ind., No. 635—Geo. O. Palmer, Exalted Ruler; Frank O. Myers, Secretary—5.  
 Lebanon, Ohio, No. 422—Saul S. Hurwich, Exalted Ruler; Wm. J. Pfanzner, P. E. R., Secretary—11.  
 Lebanon, Pa., No. 631—Frank S. Haak, Exalted Ruler; Chas. R. Gates, Secretary—8.  
 Leechburg, Pa., No. 377—C. G. Goldberg, Exalted Ruler; R. F. Stivenson, P. E. R., Secretary—5.  
 Lehighton, Pa., No. 1284—A. F. Everitt, Exalted Ruler; G. F. Rehrig, Secretary—14.  
 Le Mars, Iowa, No. 428—Joe M. Kass, Exalted Ruler; R. T. Woodke, Secretary—2.  
 Leominster, Mass., No. 1237—Frank L. Brigham, Exalted Ruler; Andrew E. Harper, Secretary—8.  
 Lewiston, Idaho, No. 896—E. M. Grant, Exalted Ruler; Ben E. Kelley, Secretary—11.  
 Lewiston, Me., No. 371—Chester A. Miller, Exalted Ruler; Charles V. Allen, Secretary—3.  
 Lewistown, Mont., No. 456—L. A. Smith, Exalted Ruler; Alvin Martin, Secretary—8.  
 Lewistown, Pa., No. 663—Chas. Printz, Exalted Ruler; John J. Lawler, Secretary—8.  
 Lexington, Ky., No. 89—Gus T. Apt, Exalted Ruler; Spencer L. Finnell, Secretary—4.  
 Lexington, Mo., No. 749—Emile Guezec, Exalted Ruler; R. A. Ward, P. E. R., Secretary—15.  
 Lexington, N. C., No. 1255—Chas. E. Thomason, Exalted Ruler; Grant Raker, Secretary—Meets first Tuesdays.  
 Liberty, N. Y., No. 1545—Archibald F. Armstrong, Exalted Ruler; Ernest E. Beaudouin, Secretary—9.  
 Ligonier, Ind., No. 451—M. W. Loeser, Exalted Ruler; T. E. Jeanneret, P. E. R., Secretary—6.  
 Lima, Ohio, No. 54—Melvin C. Light, Exalted Ruler; L. A. Gushman, Secretary—10.  
 Lincoln, Ill., No. 914—Herman W. Gossett, Exalted Ruler; Harold G. Perry, Secretary—8.  
 Lincoln, Neb., No. 80—S. M. Kier, Exalted Ruler; Virgil H. Freeman, Secretary—14.  
 Linton, Ind., No. 866—H. E. Stalcup, Exalted Ruler; Clyde V. Davis, P. E. R., Secretary—7.  
 Litchfield, Ill., No. 654—Geo. A. Hall, Exalted Ruler; Edw. R. Butler, Secretary—3.  
 Little Falls, Minn., No. 770—L. H. Bastien, Exalted Ruler; A. I. Stone, Secretary—12.  
 Little Falls, N. Y., No. 42—Charles J. Fitzgerald, Exalted Ruler; Grover J. Murphy, Secretary—5.  
 Little Rock, Ark., No. 29—C. J. Griffith, Exalted Ruler; F. B. Reynolds, Secretary—12.

Livingston, Mont., No. 246—B. J. Bassett, Exalted Ruler; John J. Weber, Secretary—8.  
 Lock Haven, Pa., No. 182—Jos. F. Torsell, Exalted Ruler; Lester W. Rathgeber, P. E. R., Secretary—5.  
 Lockport, N. Y., No. 41—James N. Wylam, Exalted Ruler; John C. McDonough, Secretary—12.  
 Logan, Ohio, No. 452—W. D. Braddock, Exalted Ruler; Phil A. Henderson, P. E. R., Secretary—1.  
 Logan, Utah, No. 1453—A. A. Firmage, Exalted Ruler; Grant M. Cole, Secretary—10.  
 Logan, W. Va., No. 1391—Walter H. Moss, Exalted Ruler; Geo. H. Graef, P. E. R., Secretary—11.  
 Logansport, Ind., No. 66—Dr. Walter Surendorf, Exalted Ruler; H. G. Stalnaker, Secretary—10.  
 Long Beach, Cal., No. 888—A. Bruce Swope, Exalted Ruler; A. J. Strachan, Secretary—1.  
 Long Branch, N. J., No. 742—Robt. B. Storm, Exalted Ruler; Frank A. Brazo, P. E. R., Secretary—Meets first, second and third Wednesdays.  
 Longmont, Colo., No. 1055—C. A. Gunning, Exalted Ruler; C. D. Rue, P. E. R., Secretary—7.  
 Longview, Wash., No. 1514—Robert Protheroe, Exalted Ruler; Nelson E. Willits, Secretary—4.  
 Lorain, Ohio, No. 1301—Ray C. Wagner, Exalted Ruler; Albert E. Williams, Secretary—8.  
 Los Angeles, Cal., No. 99—Frank S. Hutton, Exalted Ruler; Dean K. Barris, Secretary—7.  
 Louisiana, Mo., No. 791—Gaylord Lansdowne, Exalted Ruler; R. W. Campbell, Secretary—12.  
 Louisville, Ky., No. 8—Wm. H. Bauer, Exalted Ruler; C. J. Franz, Secretary—1.  
 Loveland, Colo., No. 1051—Carl F. Gooch, Exalted Ruler; Fred L. Pray, Secretary—1.  
 Lowell, Mass., No. 87—Joseph P. Donahue, Exalted Ruler; John J. Flannery, Secretary—6.  
 Ludington, Mich., No. 736—A. E. Johnson, Exalted Ruler; Owen J. Gavigan, P. E. R., Secretary—5.  
 Lynbrook, N. Y., No. 1515—Aaron R. Lent, Exalted Ruler; Robert B. Finley, Secretary—10.  
 Lynchburg, Va., No. 321—T. H. Fox, Jr., Exalted Ruler; W. O. Bell, P. E. R., Secretary—12.  
 Lyndhurst, N. J., No. 1505—Eugene D. Firth, Exalted Ruler; Robert H. Strader, Secretary—3.  
 Lynn, Mass., No. 117—William H. Cochrane, Exalted Ruler; John J. Donlon, Secretary—11.  
 Lyons, N. Y., No. 869—David D. Bradley, Exalted Ruler; Frederic W. Hooper, P. E. R., Secretary—3.

M

Macomb, Ill., No. 1009—L. Ray Murphy, Exalted Ruler; R. B. Purdum, Secretary—9.  
 Macon, Ga., No. 230—Benj. J. Fowler, Exalted Ruler; Jesse Harris, P. E. R., Secretary—5.  
 Macon, Mo., No. 999—R. W. Barrow, Jr., Exalted Ruler; L. H. Muff, Secretary—4.  
 Madison, Ind., No. 524—Bernard E. Rahe, Exalted Ruler; Wm. H. Anger, Secretary—8.  
 Madison, N. J., No. 1465—Edward H. Behre, Jr., Exalted Ruler; C. Raymond Outwater, Secretary—6.  
 Madison, S. D., No. 1442—Harry Runchey, Exalted Ruler; Melvin Sunde, Secretary—11.  
 Madison, Wis., No. 470—Roy H. Proctor, Exalted Ruler; John J. Pecher, Secretary—9.  
 Madisonville, Ky., No. 738—Richard V. Omer, Exalted Ruler; Roy L. Vannoy, Secretary—1.  
 Mahanoy City, Pa., No. 695—Dr. E. A. McCloskey, Exalted Ruler; George J. Post, P. E. R., Secretary—3.  
 Malad (Malad City), Idaho, No. 1582—L. O. Johnson, Exalted Ruler; David J. Lewis, Secretary—13.  
 Malden, Mass., No. 965—John G. Macdonald, Exalted Ruler; Thomas C. Kenney, P. E. R., Secretary—8.  
 Malone, N. Y., No. 1393—William W. King, Exalted Ruler; V. B. Roby, Secretary—14.  
 Mamaronock, N. Y., No. 1457—Thomas P. Hollingsworth, Exalted Ruler; Edmond J. Mullaly, Secretary—15.  
 Manchester, N. H., No. 146—Walter L. Davis, Exalted Ruler; Thos. J. O'Neil, P. E. R., Secretary—6.  
 Manchester (Richmond), Va., No. 843—F. H. Workman, Exalted Ruler; L. D. Fendley, Secretary—12.  
 Mandan, N. D., No. 1256—Allen C. Pfening, Exalted Ruler; A. R. Weinhandl, Secretary—12.  
 Mangum, Okla., No. 1169—W. T. Jeter, Exalted Ruler; W. H. Barnett, Secretary—12.  
 Manhattan, Kans., No. 1185—C. Vernon Noble, Exalted Ruler; Paul Remmele, Secretary—11.  
 Manila, P. I., No. 761—L. D. Lockwood, Exalted Ruler; J. L. Irwin, Secretary—8.  
 Manistee, Mich., No. 250—Frank G. Decker, Exalted Ruler; C. P. Emunson, P. E. R., Secretary—11.  
 Manistique, Mich., No. 632—Benj. Gero, Sr., Exalted Ruler; H. A. Cochran, P. E. R., Secretary—11.  
 Manitowoc, Wis., No. 687—Andrew Glasslein, Exalted Ruler; William C. Herrmann, Secretary—9.  
 Mankato, Minn., No. 225—Dennis Donahue, Exalted Ruler; O. T. McLean, Secretary—15.  
 Mannington, W. Va., No. 388—Geo. F. Graham, Exalted Ruler; Denzil Underwood, Secretary—2.  
 Mansfield, Ohio, No. 56—H. E. Hawley, Exalted Ruler; E. S. Hiestand, P. E. R., Secretary—4.  
 Marianna, Ark., No. 1178—V. M. Harrington, Exalted Ruler; C. C. Mitchener, P. E. R., Secretary—6.  
 Marianna, Fla., No. 1516—W. L. Gammon, Exalted Ruler; W. V. Mayfield, Secretary—2.  
 Marietta, Ohio, No. 477—Kenneth L. Best, Exalted Ruler; H. L. Theis, Secretary—1.  
 Marinette, Wis., No. 1313—J. A. Faller, Exalted Ruler; R. F. Hanson, Secretary—8.  
 Marion, Ill., No. 800—Chas. B. Cochran, Exalted Ruler; Geo. C. Campbell, Secretary—9.  
 Marion, Ind., No. 195—Wm. Hobart Lugar, Exalted Ruler; Geo. Steffens, P. E. R., Secretary—8.  
 Marion, Ohio, No. 32—T. A. O'Leary, Exalted Ruler; E. H. Huggins, Secretary—10.  
 Marlborough, Mass., No. 1239—Alfred A. Hinckley, Exalted Ruler; George J. Moran, Secretary—3.  
 Marquette, Mich., No. 405—J. R. Stafford, Exalted Ruler; Thos. P. Carey, P. E. R., Secretary—12.  
 Marshall, Mo., No. 1096—R. P. McElwain, Exalted Ruler; J. L. Jacoby, Secretary—6.  
 Marshall, Texas, No. 683—I. Hochwald, Exalted Ruler; Ray Clark, P. E. R., Secretary—7.  
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P

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Q

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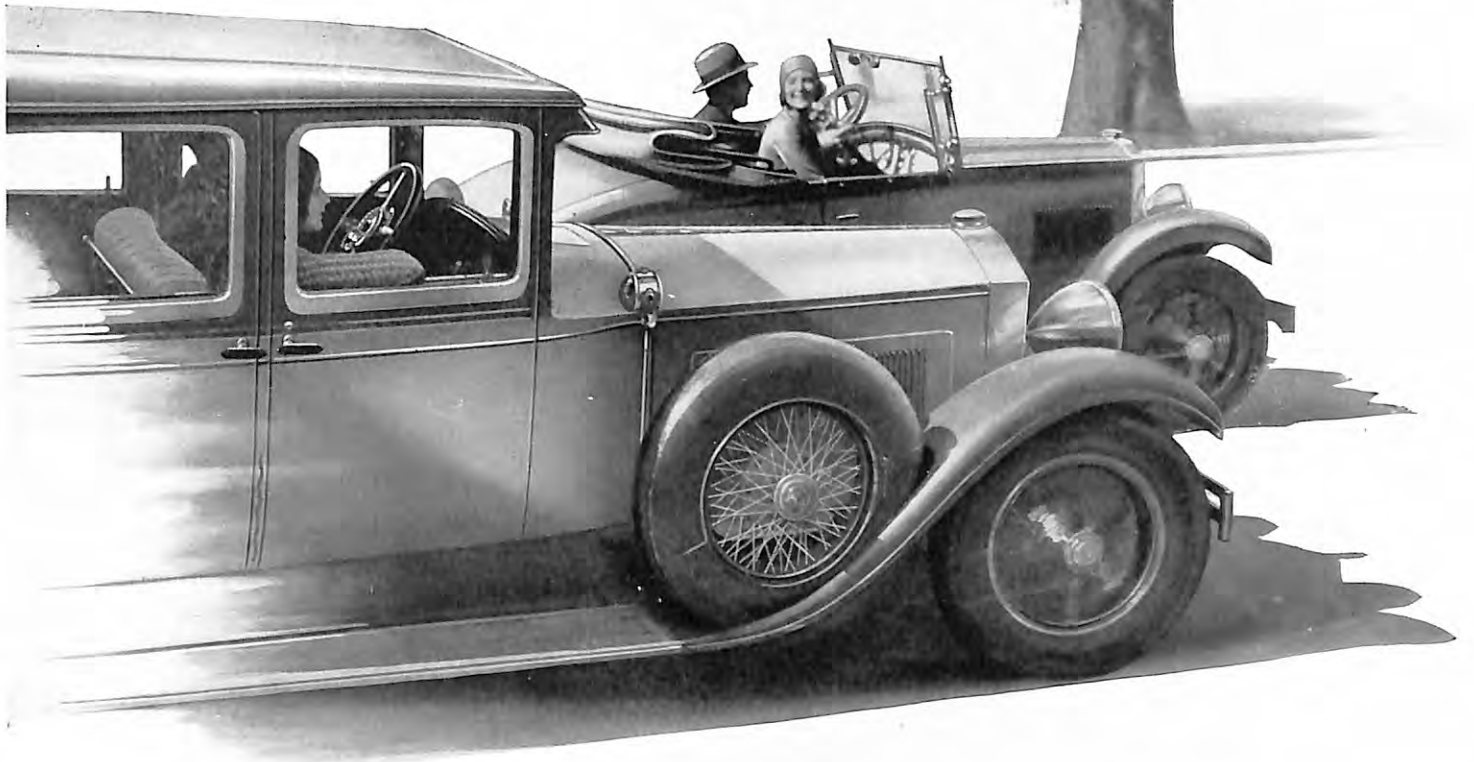
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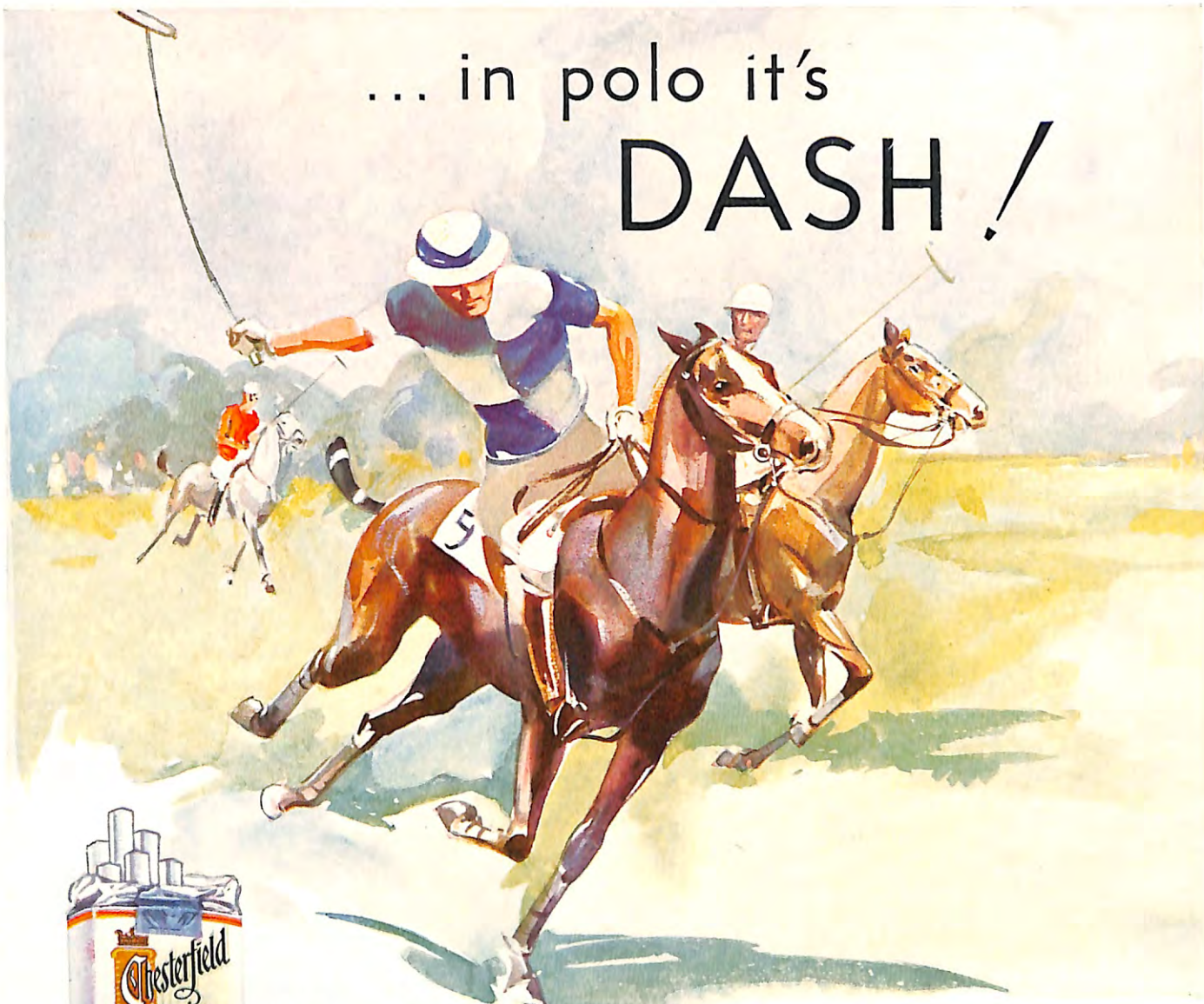


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