

The Elks

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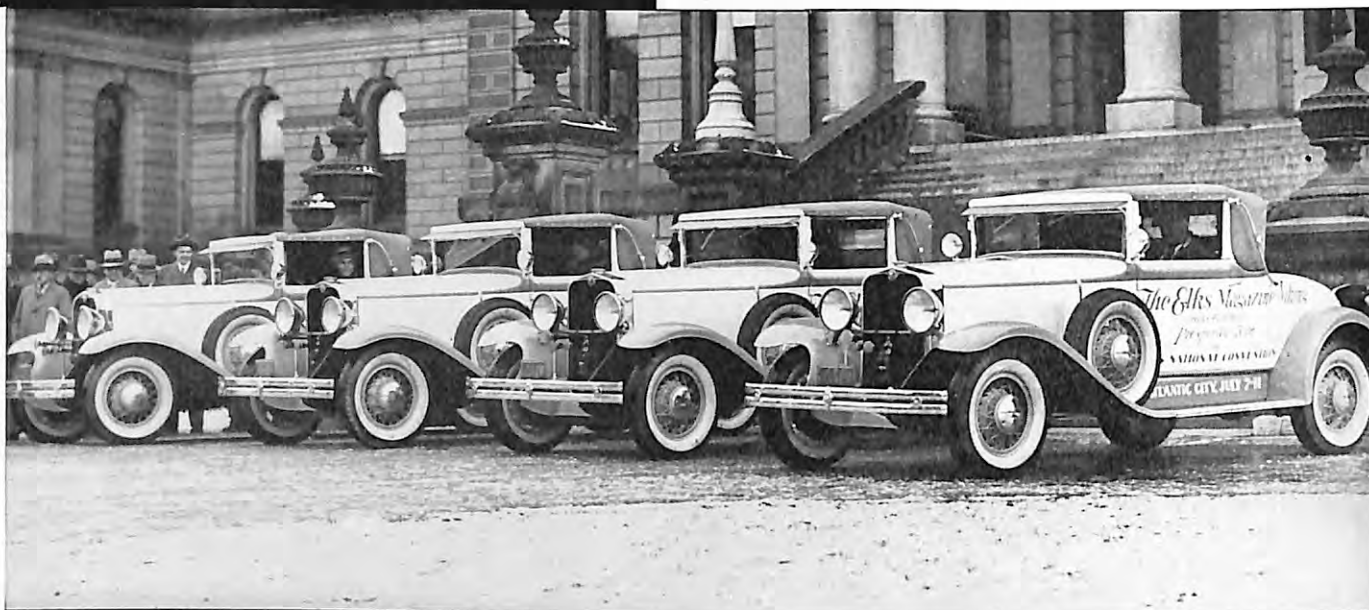
20 CENTS A COPY

Magazine

AUGUST, 1930



In This Issue:
Charlie Paddock forecasts the forthcoming track
and field championships; and various other features



The drivers of these cars can tell you what that extra quart means to a motor!

AFTER licking the roughest, toughest going the continent could hand it, the Elks Magazine—Viking Purple and White Fleet arrived at the big Atlantic City Convention *on schedule*. And those men who piloted the cars on this tortuous cross-country journey are not hesitant about praising the motor oil that saw them through—Quaker State!

"Not a lubrication worry all the way, thanks to Quaker State" . . . R. E. CLIFF.

"Quaker State gave the smoothest lubrication I've ever experienced" . . . GEORGE ALPERS.

"The trip was tough, but Quaker State was tougher. Quaker State certainly does stand up!" . . . W. B. HART.

"That Quaker State Motor Oil is the best lubricant I've ever run across" . . . WM. CUNNINGHAM.

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MOTOR OIL

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"Unaccustomed as I am—

"I... er, er...
don't know just
what to say... on
the subject."

"I wasn't ex-
pecting to be
called on to
speak."

"Mr. Bell can
tell you more
about the idea
than I can."

"Er... that is
not very clear,
but that's the best
I can do."



...Yet 4 Weeks Later He Swept Them Off Their Feet!

IN a daze he slumped to his seat. Failure... when a good impression before these men meant so much. Over the coffee next morning, his wife noticed his gloomy, pre-occupied air.

"What's the trouble, dear?"

"Oh... nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!"

"John! You don't mean that your big idea didn't go over!"

"I don't think so. But Great Scott, I didn't know they were going to let me do the explaining. I outlined it to Bell—he's the public speaker of our company! I thought he was going to do the talking!"

"But, dear, that was so foolish. It was your idea—why let Bell take all the credit? They'll never recognize your ability if you sit back all the time. You really ought to learn how to speak in public!"

"Well, I'm too old to go to school now. And, besides, I haven't got the time!"

"Say, I've got the answer to that. Where's that magazine?... Here—read this. Here's an internationally known institute that offers a home study course in effective speaking. They offer a free book entitled *How to Work Wonders With Words*, which tells how any man can develop his natural speaking ability. Why not send for it?"

He did. And a few minutes' reading of this amazing book changed the entire course of John Harkness' business career. It showed him how a simple and easy method in 20 minutes a day, would train him to dominate one man or thousands—convince one man or many—how to talk at business meetings, lodges, banquets and social affairs. It banished all the mystery and magic of effective speaking and revealed the natural

Laws of Conversation that distinguish the powerful speaker from the man who never knows what to say.

Four weeks sped by quickly. His associates were mystified by the change in his attitude. He began for the first time to voice his opinions at business conferences. Fortunately, the opportunity to resubmit his plan occurred a few weeks later. But this time he was ready. "Go ahead with the plan," said the president, when Harkness had finished his talk. "I get your idea much

more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top in our organization for men who know how to talk!"

And his newly developed talent has created other advantages for him. He is a sought-after speaker for civic banquets and lodge affairs. Social leaders compete for his attendance at dinners because he is such an interesting talker. And he lays all the credit for his success to his wife's suggestion—and to the facts contained in this free book—*How to Work Wonders With Words*.

* * *

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



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Nine
 Number Three

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Features for August, 1930

Speech of Acceptance of Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp	5	Set a Rogue, a story by George Creel	21
A Summer Road, photograph by John Kabel	7	Illustrations by Henry B. Davis	
Blood of a Foreign Crew, a story by Edmund M. Littell	9	The Quest of the Thunderbus—Part IV, a romantic novel by John Chapman Hilder	24
Illustrations by L. R. Gustavson		Illustrations by Raeburn Van Buren	
East Is West, an article by Charley Pad-dock	12	Editorials	28
With photographs		Proceedings of the Grand Lodge Conven-tion at Atlantic City	30 to 37
The Private Lives of Several People, book reviews by Claire Wallace Flynn	15	Elks Magazine-Viking Prosperity Tour	38
Behind the Footlights	16	Reports of Grand Lodge Officials and Com-mittees	40 to 45
The Game of Neo-Friendship, an article by Gelett Burgess	18	Under the Spreading Antlers—News of the Order	46
Drawings by Arthur Dove		News of the State Associations	50
For the Life of Us, We Can't Understand Why Our Friend—page of humorous sketches by George Shanks	20	When Security Prices Are Low, an article by Paul Tomlinson	68

Cover Design by Revere F. Wistehuff

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

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

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50 East Forty-second Street, New York City

The Elks Magazine is published monthly at 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, U. S. A. Entered as second class matter May 17, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in New York City, N. Y. Single copy, price 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and

Possessions, for Non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Elks, \$1.00 a year. For postage to Canada add 50 cents; for foreign postage add \$1.00. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address it is essential that you send us: 1. Your name and member's number; 2. Number of your lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address. Please also notify your Lodge secretary of change, and allow four weeks' time. Address notice of changes to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, at address above.

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"His Tail Between His Legs"

What most men would see if they could see themselves

MOST men are being whipped every day in the battle of life. Many have already reached the stage where they have **THEIR TAILS BETWEEN THEIR LEGS.**

They are afraid of everything and everybody. They live in a constant fear of being deprived of the pitiful existence they are leading. Vaguely they hope for **SOMETHING TO TURN UP** that will make them unafraid, courageous, independent.

While they hope vainly, they drift along, with no definite purpose, no definite plan, nothing ahead of them but old age. The scourings of life do not help such men. In fact, the more lashes they receive at the hands of fate, the more **COWED** they become.

What becomes of these men? They are the wage slaves. They are the "little-business" slaves, the millions of clerks, storekeepers, bookkeepers, laborers, assistants, secretaries, salesmen. They are the millions who work and sweat and—**MAKE OTHERS RICH AND HAPPY!**

The pity of it is, nothing can **SHAKE THEM** out of their complacency. Nothing can stir them out of the mental rut into which they have sunk.

Their wives, too, quickly lose ambition and become slaves—slaves to their kitchens, slaves to their children, slaves to their husbands—slaves to their homes. And with such examples before them, what hope is there for their children **BUT TO GROW UP INTO SLAVERY.**

Some men, however, after years of cringing, turn on life. They **CHALLENGE** the whipper. They discover, perhaps to their own surprise, that it isn't so difficult as they imagined, **TO SET A HIGH GOAL**—and reach it! Only a few try—it is true—but that makes it easier for those who **DO** try.

The rest quit. They show a yellow streak as broad as their backs. They are through—and in their hearts they know it. Not that they are beyond help, but that they have acknowledged defeat, laid down their arms, stopped using their heads, and have simply said to life, "Now do with me as you will."

What about **YOU**? Are you ready to admit that you are through? Are you content to sit back and wait for something to turn up? Have you shown a yellow streak in **YOUR** Battle of Life? Are you satisfied to keep your wife and children—and yourself—enslaved? **ARE YOU AFRAID OF LIFE?**

Success is a simple thing to acquire when you know its formula. The first ingredient is a grain of **COURAGE**. The second is a dash of **AMBITION**. The third is an ounce of **MENTAL EFFORT**. Mix the whole with your God-given faculties and no power on earth can keep you from your desires, be they what they may.

Most people actually use about **ONE TENTH** of their brain capacity. It is as if they were deliberately trying to remain twelve years old mentally. They do not profit by the experience they have gained, nor by the experience of others.

You can develop these God-given faculties by yourself—without outside help; or you can do as **SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND** other people have done—study Pelmanism.

Pelmanism is the science of applied psychology, which has swept the world with the force of religion. It is a fact that more than 700,000 people have become Pelmanists—all over the civilized world—and Pelmanism has awakened powers in them they did not **DREAM** they possessed.

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"Father of the House of Former Chairman of National
Commons." War Labor Board.
Sir Herbert Austin, K.B.E., Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, M.P.,
Famous Automobile Manufacturer. Lord Privy Seal.



General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement.

Edgar Wallace, Famous Novelist.

Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.

W. L. George, Author.

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

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

Baroness Orczy, Author.

Prince Charles of Sweden.

—and others, of equal prominence, too numerous to mention here.

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

But if they use their **HEADS** they will realize that people cannot be **HELPED** by tommyrot and that there **MUST** be something in Pelmanism, when it has such a record behind it, and when it is endorsed by the kind of people listed above.

If you are made of the stuff that isn't content to remain a slave—if you have taken your last whipping from life—if you have a spark of **INDEPENDENCE** left in your soul, write for this free book. It tells you what Pelmanism is, **WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS**, and what it can do for you.

The first principle of **YOUR** success is to do something radical in your life. You cannot make just an ordinary move, for you will soon again sink into the mire of discouragement. Let Pelmanism help you **FIND YOURSELF**. Mail the coupon below now—now while your resolve to **DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF** is strong.

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Lawrence H. Rupp, of Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130, elected Grand Exalted Ruler at the Grand Lodge Meeting in Atlantic City, N. J., July 8, 1930

Speech of Acceptance Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp

*Before the Grand Lodge at Atlantic City, N. J.,
July 8, 1930*

GRAND EXALTED RULER, Past Grand Exalted Rulers
and Brother Elks of this Grand Lodge:

I am grateful to the delegates in this Grand Lodge assembled for the high honor that has been conferred upon me.

To be selected as the leader of this great Order for the coming year is a proud distinction. To be called into a position that has been filled so ably by the distinguished American gentlemen who have preceded me in this office arouses in me feelings of great responsibility. I feel humble, indeed, as I appraise that responsibility. I hope that with your help I may meet it; that I may be able fittingly to fill this high office, so that my year may bring further glory to the great fraternity whose representatives you are.

You are entitled to know something of my program. That program will be based upon my conception of the ideals of the Order, its needs, and its hopes for the future. It will not be a startling program. I will not ask you to voyage with me into any strange and uncharted seas.

Sixty-two years have passed since our Order was founded. On that day in February, in 1868, when its founders decided upon its basic principles, the livid scars of the Civil War had not yet healed, the din of that fratricidal combat had hardly died away, the hatreds engendered by that strife of the sections had not yet cooled.

Then it was that those who founded the Order felt the need of human brotherhood. They phrased that need in the principles of the Order: Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity, upon which the temple of Elldom has been reared. To paraphrase the stately language of Emerson: "They builded better than they knew."

Florence Finch Kelley has a poem that runs thus:

"Oh, how Life chases us, rushes us, races us!
From day until day forever he chases us,
As he pricks us with goads and he flicks us with whips,
Till we have no time to live!

When a new day comes and with it time starts anew,
Then we think we shall live and the tyrant beshrew,
Who is always rushing us on from this to that,
Till we have no time to live!

But his whip cracks again and we run on as before,
While he rushes us on till we reach e'en death's door,
And he chases us on through the years to the grave—
And we've had no time to live!"

I am sure that they who founded our Order in that long ago, in that time of strain and stress, felt that there was a need of a fraternity in which men might have "time to live," and to fill that time with thoughts and deeds of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity.

There is a significance in these principles. These are not martial words. There is about them nothing of the tumult of the battlefield, no sound of beating drums and marching armies and charging cavalry. They are peaceful words, expressing the aspirations of men who desire to dwell in harmony and friendly relations with their fellows.

It is my belief that if we can retrace our footsteps to the altar of Elldom during the coming year and reconsecrate ourselves to the high ideals of the Order we will be fired anew with a zeal that will fling its boundaries still more widely and bring into its circle a larger membership.

The world needs brotherhood now as it needed it in 1868. It needs fraternity now as in the past. It needs "good fellowship," with all the implications of that term, as in the decades since our Order was founded.

The world doesn't need dictators. It has these. It doesn't need kings. It still has some of these. It doesn't need great capitalists and captains of industry. It has these. It needs kind hearts.

It was Tennyson who said:

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

During the days of Louis XIV lived Fenelon. He died more than two centuries ago. The great structures of the "sunshine King" still adorn the city of Paris. They were built of the tears and pain of a tax-ridden people. Fenelon reared a structure in a remarkable sentence, considering the times in which he lived, that will endure long after the glittering palace of Louis XIV at Versailles and the Trianon shall have crumbled. He said:

"I love my family better than myself, my country better than my family, and the human race better than my country."

That was the aspiration for human brotherhood, speaking eloquently from the depths of a kindly heart. We need that aspiration today.

Modern life is complex. It changes its pattern like a kaleidoscope day by day. It has many distractions.

The radio, the automobile, the moving-picture theatre, these and other interests have crowded in upon our fraternal life. Their appeal makes more apparent the necessity for stressing good fellowship, brotherhood.

In our haste to pursue the material things of life we are neglecting the things that are more important. Anomalous as it may seem, in a democratic land we are losing our liberties. We are hedged about with laws and limitations and inhibitions. We write our intolerances into our Constitution and into our Statutes. What we need is to rebuild the cleansing fires of fraternity on the hearthstone of every Lodge of the Order, so that the warmth of these fires may be felt throughout the land. To stress these things will be my program.

I can point to what has been accomplished. I can call the roll of the great leaders of the Order, living and dead. I can unroll the scroll of our splendid achievements. I can point to the Memorial Building on the shores of Lake Michigan, the finest of its kind in America; to the Home on the sunny hills of Virginia, where so many of our brothers are our guests awaiting the last roll call; to the Magazine, which has achieved the highest place among the magazines of its kind in the world; to the Elks National Foundation, that will be a source of strength and a guaranty for the permanence of our Order through the years to come.

I may arouse your pride in the physical bigness of the Order, its wealth, its 1,500 homes, its 800,000 members.

These things are the tangible evidence of the intangible but persuasive power of good fellowship, the concrete result of the practice of brotherhood in a fraternity in which men have "time to live." But what I hope to do is to fill the hearts of Elks with the firm conviction that Elkdom is a "delectable land," into which others should be brought, to assemble at the altar with us, to be initiated into the open mystery of brotherhood. Thus our Order will gain the inspiration to grow and the enthusiasm that will bring to it greater prosperity.

May I ask for your hearty support? Will you carry the message for me?

I shall not be a taskmaster. Go back to your Lodges and tell them for me that I hope for their continued prosperity, that if I am invited I shall attempt to visit them, that *I shall not look for lavish entertainment* but that if in honor of the office I hold they might find it possible *on the occasion of my visit to initiate a class* to be inducted into this "delectable land" I will be very, very happy.

I am following in the footsteps of a distinguished Georgian, Walter Andrews, who is closing a successful administration. He followed the path so magnificently blazed by the Grand Exalted Rulers who preceded him. By virtue of the office to which I have been elected I will carry the standard which he bore for a year. Will you march with me for a season? Will you join in furthering the principles of Elkdom?

We can, I am sure, by our mutual love for this great Order broaden its scope, enlarge its activities, bring within its folds a large number of our friends and fellow Americans, who will glory with us in the opportunities our fraternity offers for the expression of that kindest of sentiments, brotherhood, which makes life worth while and justifies the existence of our organization.

We can accomplish much in America to translate the principle of brotherhood into terms of a larger liberty, ridding our land of intolerances, of bitteresses, of prejudices, so that of our Order it may continue to be said that it represents the highest ideals of American life.



Reproduced from a camera study by John Kabel

*A ROAD that's soft and friendly to the feet,
Above, a sky of burning blue and gold,
This is the month the ripe year seems to hold
Its breath—that any world can be so sweet!*

—From "Mid-summer"
by Jon Wyatt

Burroughs

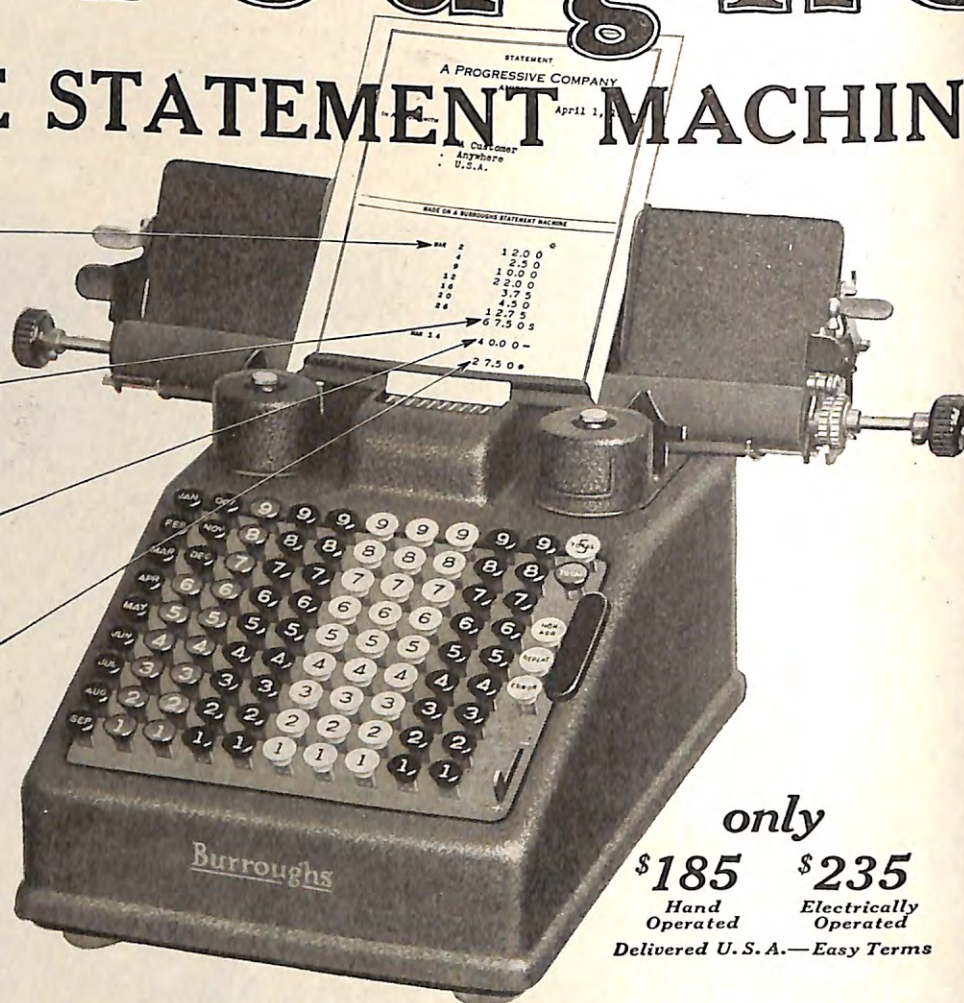
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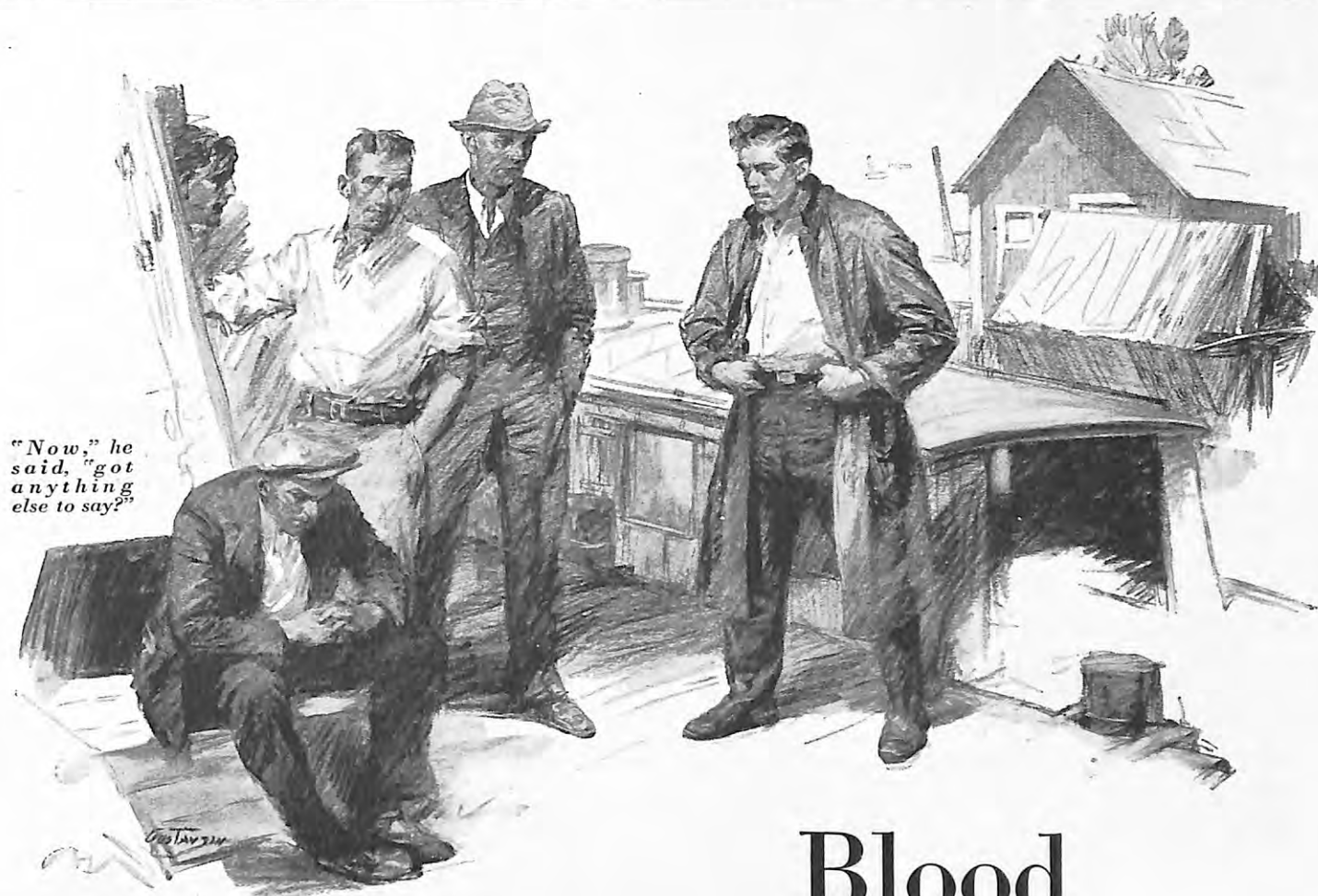
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Blood of a Foreign Crew

By Edmund M. Littell

Illustrated by L. R. Gustavson

ONLY twice had his father said it; Hans Jensen, standing on the low stern deck of the outward-bound fishboat, with the chatter of his brother's voice sounding in his ears, remembered that very distinctly. And neither time had his blond-haired, blue-eyed Norwegian father given way to the passion that was so characteristic of his mother's French blood. No; his voice had been cold and harsh, on that day four years ago, when, for the second time, even as he lay on the sickbed, from which he never arose, his eyes had been the icy ones of a man who has come—sailing—from the north.

"The blood of a foreign crew!" he had rasped—and each time Hans had refused to believe.

For Hans was fond of his younger brother. He always had been. And as he looked at him now, standing there on the after deck of the *Marie*, talking more than he had ever talked before, he realized that from the time Frank was a baby, placed in his care while his mother did the housework, they had been comrades. They had worked together and played together, Hans always doing more than his share of the chores, and more than once acting as protector when larger boys would have bullied his younger brother. He had felt the same protective impulse when his father first gave vent to those harsh words.

"A grocery clerk!" So his father had exploded before he voiced the bitter indictment. That was when Frank had graduated from high school and announced his intention of staying on shore instead of becoming a third member of the fishing crew. "A

clerk, with flour on your pants!" Then he had turned his cold-eyed glare from Frank to his mother. "The blood of a foreign crew!" he had rasped.

Hans was twenty-two at the time. In stature and color and strength he was the image of his father, and he guessed what was meant by those words. His mother, he knew, had always been fearful of the water, and because Frank resembled her—he had her dark eyes and black hair, her slender, wiry figure—his stocky, thick-shouldered father believed him to be afraid of the water, too. But Hans didn't agree with him. Frank wanted to be a storekeeper, that was all; and though Hans had long cherished a dream of the two of them on the lake together, he wanted Frank to follow his own inclination.

But that was four years ago—before their father died. And now Frank was twenty-two, Hans twenty-six, and they were on the lake together at last—with Frank talking a blue streak.

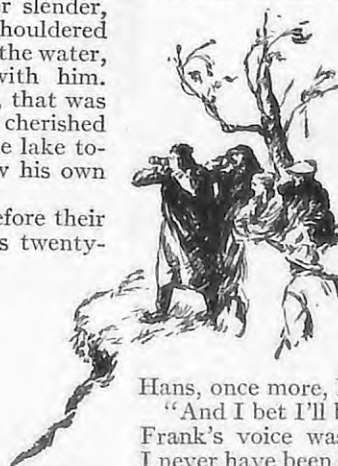
The water had been calm when just after daybreak they had dropped down the swift, narrow current that poured out from beneath the power house

to make the fisherman's business street. Not a ripple had marred the surface that stretched away beyond the two breakwater piers that conducted the creek into the lake. But Frank, standing beside him and looking ahead over the roof of the low cabin, hadn't been so calm.

"Well, here we go," he began as soon as they left the dock. There was a certain tenseness in his voice. His eyes glittered metallically. "Been waiting for this a long time, but it's never too late to start, is it?"

No, it was never too late to start. Hans told him so—and thought of the second time his father had voiced those words. Rolling his head on his pillow, his father had bent upon him an icy-eyed glare, and rasped: "The blood of a foreign crew!"—and

Hans, once more, had refused to believe. "And I bet I'll be a good fisherman, too," Frank's voice was running on. "Even if I never have been on the lake before, I know



how. I ought to; I've heard it talked around home long enough. Besides, I'm a fisherman's son, and . . . where are we going to-day?"

Hans told him. "Straight west. There's a bank just this side of North Island. We've got five gangs of nets on it." And he thought of the weeks that had followed the conversation with his father.

Terrible, those weeks. None of the eight fishermen had ever seen a poorer season. And with the doctor bills mounting, the Jensens never could have managed if it hadn't been for Frank.

Nor had Frank complained, even though he had every right to. He had begun to have dreams of his own by this time. He was in love with Alma Cross, the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired fisherman's daughter, who seemed to be unable to decide between him and Ansil Larsen. He had been saving his money with the idea of opening a store of his own, thus putting himself on an equal footing with Ansil, who had just been made a partner in his father's fishing business. But not one word did he say about this interruption of his plans; he gave what money was needed without any comment whatsoever.

And now he was exclaiming: "All the way over there?" Then, in a different tone: "Well, it'll be a nice ride, won't it? Almost ten miles. And there isn't any danger of running aground either, is there? No, sir. When we get close to Snagtooth Shoal we'll watch out for it, won't we? We won't strike and go down like Carl Erickson did, will we?"

"I SHOULD say not," Hans replied gruffly. "We couldn't hit it if we wanted to. Not to-day. It takes a storm to make Snagtooth dangerous. That's when Carl Erickson got lost—in a fall storm. To-day we could go right over it and never touch."

At the same time he was thinking of the circumstances which had resulted in his brother being with him to-day. Their father had died in a painless coma, then Chris Olsen had left.

Just how he was going to manage, he didn't know, for there were no extra fishermen to be found in the little village of Norland, and he couldn't handle the boat alone. It was Frank, once more, who supplied the answer.

"Why," he had said with a quick glance at his grieving mother, "I'll help you out. We're not so busy at the store now. The resorters are gone and—I'll go."

And here he was, talking an almost endless streak.

"Sure. Calm as a mill pond to-day. Nothing so terrible about this, is there? Just a lot of water with land sticking up out of it. All but Snagtooth Shoal. Just water. Deep water. And why not? Ha-ha! It's got to be deep. How else could it hold all the fish we're going to catch to-day?"

He needed no answers; Hans discovered that very soon. He was only talking. And why not? He was in a new and strange environment; he was chattering excitedly. The same spirit had moved him when several years ago they had gone to their first circus together. That was his mood; so Hans nodded or grinned or dropped a word where he thought it necessary, and otherwise stayed silent. In no time at all, it seemed, they had coasted up to the first buoy, and

the net was coming in, bringing many fish.

"Look at 'em! Just look at 'em come in! Talk about luck—maybe I'm not the boy that brings it, eh? I told you we'd catch 'em to-day!" Frank's voice was loud. His eyes were brilliant, and his fingers trembled.

"And I guess if Pa was here he'd say I was a fisherman, wouldn't he? And you don't have to know how to swim, either," he said when the last net had been hauled and the nose of the broad-beamed *Marie* was pointed homeward. "Pa couldn't swim, could he? And neither can you. Well, I can't swim either, but I can be a good fisherman just the same, can't I?"

Hans was standing with his feet astraddle of the tiller and gave a mechanical answer to Frank, who stood beside him. They were in calm water at the moment, but Hans could see that the wind had freshened in the west and that out beyond the lee of North Island whitecaps were running.

"Very soon," he thought as Frank's voice rattled on, "we'll be out into some fresh weather; what will Frank do then?"—and felt himself stiffening with anger as the thought took shape in his mind. It was as though some stranger had voiced it. His fists clenched at his sides. "Do?" he answered himself. "Why, nothing! Frank is a fisherman's son!" and laughed aloud.

Soon they were pulling into the channel, and beneath the push of the breeze from the west, waves were beginning to slip in under the stern, lifting and dropping it with increasing motion. Frank's hands lifted to the handrail that edged the cabin roof and gripped it so tightly his knuckles were white.

"And don't you think I'm not strong enough to swing those boxes of fish, either," he chattered on. "I guess I can handle 'em as good as you or anybody else. It's just—Gosh! That was some sea!"

It wasn't much of a sea, as a matter of fact. The day was of the sort that made a fisherman glad he was alive, and the wave

It was fear. With sinking heart Hans recognized it. His father had been right. But each time he had voiced his thought, Hans had refused to believe, and by all the whitefish in Lake Michigan, he would still refuse to believe! He faced his brother. He spread a smile of great contempt across his face, and in a voice that was far too loud he answered:

"A sea? Call that a sea? Ho-ho! Why, that was only a ripple! The trouble with you, young feller, is you haven't got your sea legs

yet. Stand up straight, man! Ride the boat, don't let it pitch you around. Think you can be a fisherman in an hour or two?"

"No-no," Frank's voice faltered. "I guess not. B-but—"

"Why, you don't even know how to steer yet," Hans rushed on. "And here I been letting you stand around doing nothing! Get forward and grab that wheel. Hold her nose on the hill back o' town. I'm going to wash some nets and I don't want you running any snake's trail, get me?"

THERE is more than one kind of fear; Hans learned this during the space of the next few breaths. There is the kind that his father had meant when he rasped: "The blood of a foreign crew!"—and there is the hideous terror that stops the heart when a brother shows signs of turning craven. Was he going to collapse? It looked like it. Or would he accept the strength that Hans was trying to pour into him?

"Go, get in there!" Hans wondered if his eyes were icy like his father's as he bel-lowed. "And don't let go of that wheel till we're scraping the dock, hear me?"

Frank heard. Somewhere back of those wildly staring eyes there was an attentive sanity, and it took hold. His mouth, which had dropped slackly open, closed. He swallowed once with difficulty. He grinned. Or rather, beneath dark eyes in which there was such a look of suffering as Hans never wanted to see again, he bared his teeth. Then he sucked in a breath that hissed through them, lowered himself into the cabin, and with hands outstretched to steady him, stumbled forward to the wheel.

Nor were his struggles over. A weakness such as the one that bestrode him was not to be conquered in a moment. More than once during the next half hour he turned away from the wheel and looked back with his mouth open as though to call; Hans saw it from the corner of his eye. But each time Hans pretended not to see, and saw his brother's lips tighten, saw him turn back to the wheel again. Not a word was exchanged between them until, having drawn close to the out-thrust ends of the two piers, Frank looked back with the frightened look in his eyes, and called.

"You'd better take her in, Hans. I—it's pretty narrow there."

It was, quite narrow. Only forty feet of current separated the two cribbings that prevented the waves of the lake from washing sand into the mouth of the creek, and compared to the broad reaches of water behind them the gap looked as small as a needle's eye. But it was more than three times as wide as the *Marie*, and Hans said so. Gruffly.

"You can't miss it," he growled. "And you've got to take her in. I've got to mind the engine."

"I know, but—"

"Look," Hans interrupted, pointing.



There was a troubled look in her blue eyes

that had slipped in behind them had nothing alarming about it. But Frank, one hand, flung out spasmodically, clutched Hans by the arm. His voice was a whisper. The dark pupils of his eyes were ringed about with white. His face was colorless.



"There's a bunch o' the boys standing on the dock. Show 'em."

That won. Frank's lips tightened and he turned back to the wheel. And Hans, while he stayed astern ostensibly to mind the engine, sat on the edge of the heaving stern deck where he could rest a hand upon the tiller.

In they went, the nose of the *Marie* sliding fairly into the center of the outpouring current. The stern lifted on the charge of a following wave. The boat rushed forward, yawing widely—and the tiller failed to move. Frank's nerve had failed him. He was rigid, his hands frozen to the wheel.

It took all the strength Hans could muster to snatch control away from him. He had to thrust against the tiller with all his strength before he could throw it over. But he brought the nose of the boat around. It cleared the cribbing with bare inches to spare. They were safely in.

And with not a soul the wiser—or so Hans

The "Marie" plowed sturdily on. He could see the man's arms fly out and the black thread of line settle across his shoulders. They had made it!

thought with huge satisfaction; for once her nose was straightened up, Frank's rigidity left him. Once more his hands were moving the wheel; Hans could feel their touch on the tiller. He heaved a sigh and reached forward to throttle down the engine.

"GOOD work!" he called. "Done like a fisherman, boy!" And as he passed Frank on his way to the bow line, he clapped him on the back. "That's showing 'em!" he bragged—and caught a glimpse of the tense white face that stared fixedly ahead through the square of glass above the wheel.

It was a dead give-away, that face. Hans knew it even before he saw the interested eyes of the men who loitered on the docks on either side. They all knew that this was

Frank's first trip. They had all been speculating, no doubt. And now they were seeing what Hans had hoped would be a secret between him and his brother. One of them, as the boat slid up the current, threw a jeer.

"Hey, white-face! What's the matter?"

Ansil Larsen. Flat-faced, wide-mouthed Ansil Larsen, whose small eyes leered evilly and whose teeth showed in a broad grin. He was thinking of Alma Closs and what he would have to tell her; Hans knew that and his blood boiled.

No answer from Frank. He probably hadn't heard. He was intent upon bringing the boat in to the dock, which he did like an expert, then he jumped back to shut off the engine. But when he appeared a moment later on the stern deck, Ansil made sure he would hear.

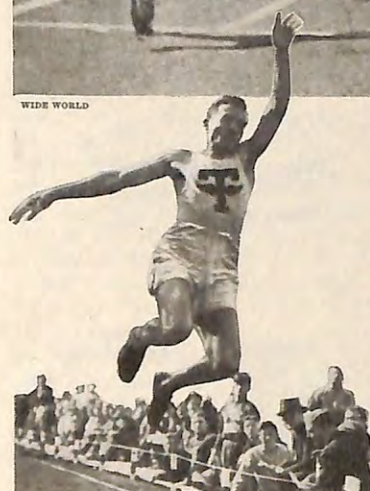
"What's the matter, Frankie?" he called. "Mamma's boy been seasick?"

(Continued on page 59)



WIDE WORLD

Frank Wykoff, at the extreme left above, defeating Eddie Tolan, world's record holder for 100 yards. Tolan is third from the left. Below, at the left, is Hamm of Arkansas; and opposite him, Eric Krenz of Stanford



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

East Is West

By Charley Paddock

and Leigh Miller. These stars are training not only for victory in their own great meet but to conquer the Americans as well. No one enjoys continuous defeat, and it is only natural that even the British, splendid sportsmen though they are, should have a more kindly feeling toward our athletic representatives and our country as well, if they should win once in a while.

The history of our athletic friendship has been rather spotted, to put it mildly. Back as far as 1908 the English were rather fed up on American victories. That year they held the Olympics in London, and from the opening day of the meet a large per-

centage of the spectators watched each succeeding American triumph with increased bitterness. It all began when the American flag-bearer in the parade of athletes did not dip the Stars and Stripes to England's royalty. The fact that it is a tradition and an unwritten law that the American flag shall never be dipped had nothing to do with the case, according to the English viewpoint, and this feeling was heightened still more four years later at Stockholm, when the American standard-bearer by mistake dipped the flag to the King of Sweden. The spectators rushed from the stands on that occasion and embraced the Yankees. Though it was later explained that the dipping was entirely accidental, the Swedes refused to believe it, while the English said that the Americans should have had the same kind of an accident in 1908.

ANOTHER event occurred in the London games which still more intensified the feeling between the English and the Americans. The Yankees had swept the field in virtually every competition, but the English felt that they were to get full revenge in the Marathon, that classic climax of the Olympics. They had a representative from Canada named Tom Longboat, an Indian, who was considered the greatest distance runner in the world. The United States did not have a single outstanding candidate.

At the end of the first ten miles of the 26 which the marathon runners are called upon to complete, Longboat dropped by the way, and a heavy-set little Italian named Dorando took the lead. In second place, more than a quarter of a mile behind, came an unknown, Johnny Hayes, a New York store clerk, who did not look like an athlete, and had never been accused of being one until he had qualified for the American team.

The English all along the route frantically cheered Dorando on to victory. It



WIDE WORLD

To his feudal title, Lord David Burghley, of England, added an athletic one at the Olympics two years ago when he won the 400-meter hurdles

THE British Empire Games will be held in Hamilton, Ontario, on August Sixteenth, with a thousand athletes in competition, representing Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Bermuda, British Guinea, Newfoundland and Canada, as well as England, Wales, Scotland, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State. The events will include track and field sports, rowing, swimming, boxing, wrestling, soccer, lawn bowling, and lawn tennis.

The primary purpose of this great meet will be to develop a powerful British Empire team for the 1932 Olympic Games at Los Angeles, as well as to revive British enthusiasm in the Olympic sports. These games, however, have a still greater significance, for they will serve not only in establishing closer relationship among the several colonies of the British Empire, but they are expected to strengthen the friendship of all English-speaking peoples. In order to see that the latter purpose is more completely accomplished, a meeting will take place between the winners of the Empire games and the winners of our own National Championships during the latter part of the same month.

Though the champions of track and field who have victoriously represented the United States for three decades in international competition will have equally strong successors in this meet it is not at all certain that we will win. The last Olympic games proved that the British, when presenting a united offense, can stand up against the athletes of any single nation, even including our own.

Among those who will participate in the great Canadian meet are Douglas Lowe, Lord David Burghley and Jack London of England, Weighman-Smith and Atkinson of South Africa, Dr. Patrick O'Callaghan of Ireland, and the Canadian champions, Percy Williams, Phil Edwards, Jimmy Ball

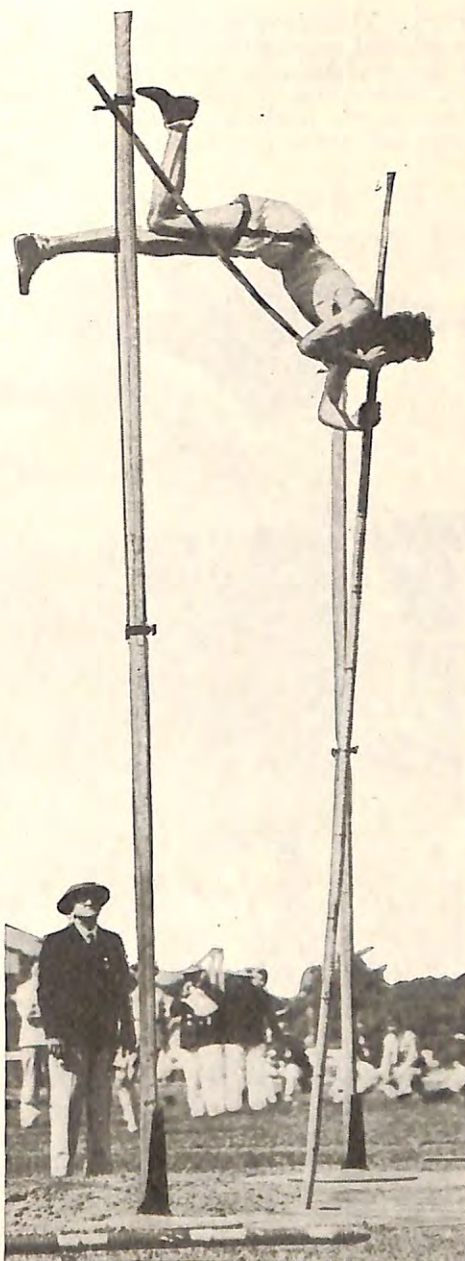
Copyright, 1930, by Charles W. Paddock

was anything to keep America from another triumph. Dorando at last plodded his way into the Olympic stadium. He had only to run a lap and a half around the track in order to capture the laurel wreath. Dorando completed the first lap, but with less than a 100 yds. to go the last vestige of his strength departed, and he fell fainting to the track. Meanwhile Hayes came into the stadium, circled the track, and found himself less than 50 yds. behind the Italian, who courageously struggled to his feet, blindly staggered forward a few yards, and dropped unconscious again. This time, with a Hayes victory inevitable, English officials rushed to Dorando's aid and carried him across the line ahead.

THE stands were in an uproar, some claiming that Dorando might still have finished unaided in front of the American, while others said that he would be disqualified for having received aid. The latter, of course, was the only step which could be made in the case, for the rules emphatically stated that no such assistance might be given. The English did not gracefully accept Hayes as the champion, and a great deal of bitterness followed the incident.

It took a long time to bridge the rift between our athletes. And the war did not help matters. Though the Australian, New Zealand, South African, and Canadian soldiers became great pals of the American doughboys, none of these seemed to have much in common with the English Tommies. After the Armistice, it was General Pershing's idea to hold a series of company, battalion, and division competitions, in all kinds of sports, the winners to represent the Stars and Stripes, against the champions of the other Allied Nations, who would be selecting their stars in the same way. This plan was successfully carried out, and the Inter-Allied Games were held in a stadium built by American engineers at Joinville-le-pont, which was afterwards presented to the French, being the only thing our fellows found in France which was too big to be brought home as a souvenir. The English did not enter into the spirit of this occasion, and their star athletes failed to compete.

The withdrawal of the British team was resented by the Americans, and when we all met at Antwerp the following year, in the



Fred Sturdy, above, clearing the bar. At the left and right, Lowe of England, wearing the Union Jack; and O'Callaghan of Ireland. Just below is Leo Lermond



P. & A.



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

of South Africa, an Oxford student, locked elbows with Don Scott of America, and accidentally pushed him from the track. Even in that moment of excitement and strain when Rudd saw in front of him the Olympic tape which he had always hoped that some day he might break, and when he heard those thousands on every hand yelling for him to go on, he turned his head and said, "Beg pardon, Scott!"

Rudd lost that race by a scant two feet and there were a lot of people at the finish line that day who said that if he had kept straight to his course and had not taken that moment to turn his head and to speak that word, that he would have won the championship of the world. And he probably would.

But the first thing that Scott did when he finished was to relate the incident, and it did more to cement the athletic friendship between England and America than a dozen victories on the field might have accomplished.

Some way or other that night many of the Americans found themselves in the British quarters, while just as many of the English were in our own. From that day on we have been as one on the field of competition. British athletes have no longer looked upon us as crude denizens of the West, nor have we considered them as high-hat, cold-hearted sticklers for form.

THIS pleasant relationship has continued through the years, stimulated by the competition of English stars in the Pennsylvania Relay Carnival from time to time, and by the International Collegiate Matches between Princeton, Cornell, Harvard, and Yale, and Oxford and Cambridge. In 1924 at Paris, Bevil Rudd, no longer a competitor, but still a gracious companion and a splendid sportsman, served as Master of Ceremonies for the athletes of the two nations, and the meetings which we had together will remain as cherished memories for us all.

As the Olympic ship dropped anchor in the harbor at Amsterdam for the games of 1928, Lawson Robertson, head Olympic coach, and the writer, received a cablegram from Rudd in South Africa, wishing good luck to the American athletes, for though his own countrymen were in competition against us, he appreciated that the Olympic games mean something more than victory



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

or defeat, and serve as the best vehicle to bring a closer relationship between the representatives of the English-speaking peoples of the world, whether they live in the East or the West, the North or the South.

It is with the same spirit that the champions of the British Empire and our own national stars will soon meet, for we have learned that to know each other is to

Olympic Games, we had little to do with the English athletes. They lived in their quarters and we in ours. An occasional cold greeting was the best that either side could manage. This condition prevailed until the finals of the 800-meters, which proved to be one of the greatest battles ever held in the history of track sports.

On the last turn of that race, Bevil Rudd

like each other. This friendly feeling, however, will in no way affect our keen rivalry, and we appreciate that each winner in the British Empire meet will prove a formidable opponent.

Heading the list for England is none other than Doug Lowe, who was good enough to win the 800 meters in the 1924 Olympic Games at Paris, and then ran away from his field in spectacular fashion at Amsterdam four years later. Lowe expects to come out of temporary retirement for these games, not so much with the purpose of preparing himself for the Los

victory. There is no reason to believe that his physical prowess has deteriorated, while his form has doubtless improved.

A classic duel is sure to ensue when Burghley of England faces Weighman-Smith and Atkinson of South Africa in the

British Isles, and Fitzpatrick and Miller of Canada, will all be on hand to dispute the supremacy of the lithe-limbed Percy Williams of Vancouver, B. C.

Though little has been heard about this youngster since he won both the 100 and 200 meters at Amsterdam, something no other representative of the British Empire ever accomplished in the Olympic Games, he has by no means fallen from form. Reports have recently come to me that Williams has been working desperately hard in developing the middle part of his race, which in the past has been his only weakness. The



WIDE WORLD

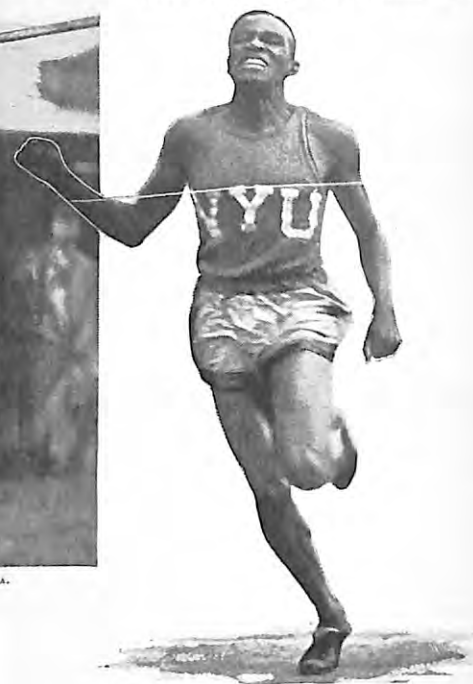


P. & A.



P. & A.

Percy Williams, just above; and George Simpson, above at the left, both may set new sprinting marks. At the right, Edwards of Canada; and at the top, London of, and quite appropriately, England



INTERNATIONAL

Angeles Olympics as of stimulating interest in middle distance running throughout the Empire. Lowe represents the flower of English athletic manhood, standing for all that is finest in sportsmanship and running skill. The latter was displayed most strikingly in the 1928 games, when he saved himself heat after heat, and even in the finals allowed that long, easy stride of his to carry him over three-quarters of the distance without great exertion. But when he did bear down, he left such stars as Sera Martin of France and Lloyd Hahn of America, as though they were standing still. He won by ten full meters and proved himself the greatest half-miler in the world. Since that time no one has risen to dispute his reign, with the possible exception of Phil Edwards, the Canadian.

EDWARDS was a sensation of the 1929 Intercollegiate Meet in this country, running under the colors of New York University, and breaking Ted Meredith's old half mile record, with a new mark of 1 min. 52-1/5 seconds. A few weeks later, Edwards won our National Championships, and after a successful 1930 indoor season, he stands out as a worthy opponent for the handsome Englishman.

The hammer throw is still another event where the British Empire possesses a champion who at present seems to be in a class by himself. O'Callaghan of Ireland, in winning the Amsterdam games, not only proved himself the best man but promised to be a record-breaker in the future. His form is not yet perfect, and it was his strength which accounted for his 1928

hurdle events. No one gave these boys much credit before the last Olympics, but all three reached the finals. Atkinson, the only man considered as having any chance against the Americans, was beaten by his countryman, Weighman-Smith, while Lord Burghley won the 400-meter hurdles from Morgan Taylor, the greatest champion America ever produced in this event. It is difficult, indeed, to select a winner out of this trio, but one fact is definitely established: that all of them will give the Americans plenty of competition.

Chief interest, however, will be centered in the sprint events. New Zealand will be sending their new star, Elliot; while Legge of South Africa, Hanlon and London of the

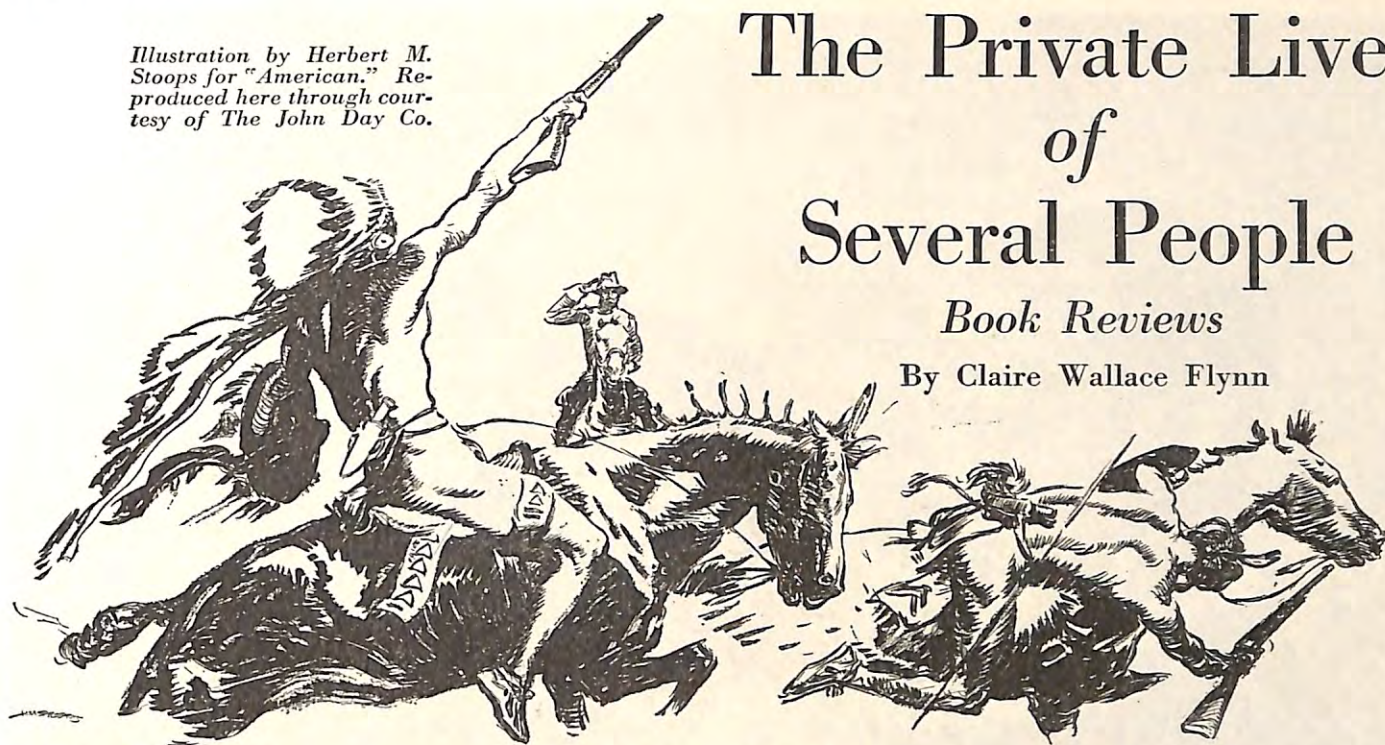
fair-haired Percy is one of the fastest men from the starting holes that the game has ever known, and his pick-up during the first 30 yards has placed him in front of his field on every occasion that he has toed the mark outdoors during the past three years. His finish has also left nothing to be desired. And now they say that he has learned how to change from his starting form into full stride without the loss of a fraction of a second.

IN RUNNING, the majority of sprinters have always labored under the same handicap to which an automobile is subjected when the gears are shifted. A man, in common with a machine, is forced to start in low gear, but soon finds himself at the point where his power is being wasted unless he can stride out, as an automobile does in high gear. This change of pace has been fatal to many a sprinter. Williams claims to have conquered the handicap.

Though the fleet Canadian has never officially broken any world marks for standard sprinting events, he has always managed to beat the record-breakers, which naturally has caused considerable curiosity. People have wondered how it was possible for this boy to win in 9-4/5 seconds over competitors who were consistently racing the same distance one-fifth of a second faster. The secret has been in the track itself. When Williams won the Olympic title, he was running on a soft cinder path, heavy with recent rain, and easily cut up. Again, last summer, when he defeated the American

(Continued on page 72)

Illustration by Herbert M. Stoops for "American." Reproduced here through courtesy of The John Day Co.



The Private Lives of Several People

Book Reviews

By Claire Wallace Flynn

NOT more than a fortnight ago, haunted by the terrifying number of "lives" we had recently read, we cried, "No, by heaven, not another biography for a year!" We felt that there was something almost ignoble about all this curiosity that had been developed as to the private life of the other fellow. Hardly a man is now alive who has not bared the secrets of his soul in eight point type, and the churchyards have been so thoroughly picked over that well may we exclaim with Maeterlinck, "There are no dead!"

It wasn't that we were not just as happy as the next book-fiend to pour over such revelations; it was simply that we felt ourselves being drowned in them.

So, sitting down to write these August columns we decided on frivolous love stories for a change. To that end we nailed, figuratively of course, a neat little sign on the door: "No biographies need apply!"

Pretty soon we heard something drop outside on the doorstep—something that sounded like a book. We took no notice. Pretty soon what was evidently another book deposited itself upon our threshold.

Then another and another. Finally we could stand the persistent thuds no longer. We opened the door a crack and a proud looking black and gold volume pushed its way in, as spokesman for the lot, and simply insisted that we listen to it.

"I am," said the tome, "the story of some high and low moments in the life of Mr. Albert Payson Terhune, the man who writes the dog stories. Better read me."

"This is a bad day for you," we laughed cruelly, thinking to frighten the thing away. But it wouldn't go.

"Your loss," it replied, and patiently, but without any humility whatever, laid itself upon our table.

We went on with our work. We tried to forget the horde outside the door. But the love stories went from bad to worse—incredibly awful tales about dull-witted lads and wasps of girls. Romance that day was not putting its best foot forward. In desperation, when we could stand the drivel no longer, we took up Mr. Terhune, . . . and that, my children, is how we have come to write about the other fellow once again.

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To the Best of My Memory

By Albert Payson Terhune. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

ATIP TOP book, this delightful record of one who has found life a grand, man-size proposition. It provides gay reading from the first line of the dedication to the very last word of the tale. We advise you to get a copy of it before your earliest convenience—and we expect to be thanked for the tip.

We must admit that Mr. Terhune, in his effort to be nobody's hero, does pile it on a bit thick about his own failings. He makes himself out at the very start as a superb little sinner, a liar of such gusto and fine technique that strangers believed his preposterous tales, and the punishments administered by a shocked family never appear to have disturbed him much. Later on he turned his imaginative talents to good use as a newspaper man and a novelist.

For us the very best part of the book are those chapters in which the author gives such a priceless picture of the years during which he was on the staff of the *New York Evening World*.

A newspaper is a thing into which men pour more than their brains. They give, and it is part of the game, their very blood and brawn. Nerves are mostly on edge in a newspaper office. Friendships run high, and so do hates. Politics are rife. Humor rescues tragedy just as it is about to go over the brink. And, next to a stage career, it is probably by all odds the most temperamental of professions. Mr. Terhune lets us into the inner circle of a newspaper crowd with a fine open gesture. It makes great reading.

Take, for instance, his reminiscence of the night of the famous Stanford White murder. He had gone to report a show in progress on the Madison Square Roof Garden in New York, and was sitting but a few tables away from Mr. White, the noted architect, when Harry Thaw walked up to White and shot him dead.

The biggest story of a year was breaking just a dozen feet from him. Terhune had but a few minutes to catch the first edition of the morning *World*. He raced down flight after flight of stairs to the nearest telephone. Someone was using it and re-

fused to give it up. Mr. Terhune, who is of gladiatorial figure, grabbed the instrument. The ousted man and a friend of his argued the rape of the telephone with fists and a chair. But Mr. Terhune, who had entered the ring with such chaps as Corbett, Kid McCoy and Jeffries, held them at bay with one hand while he managed to get his story through to the office at the moment it was going to press.

This is the sort of stunt that gives a real newspaper man a deep and glorious thrill. But despite all such extravagant moments Mr. Terhune never descends into sentimentality about the "old shop" nor professes to love it. In fact, during his twenty-one years on the *World* he "never once ceased to detest his various jobs and the newspaper game in general." This, we think, makes what he has to say about Park Row all the more worth-while.

There is, however, much more than newspaper memories in this good volume. Travel—the hard climb out of little pay and much work to the place he now occupies in the writing world—that hungry morning when he got away with a free breakfast in a baker's shop—and the picture of his happy years at Sunnybank, where his kennels of colliers provide him with most of the heroes of his well-loved tales.

American

The Life Story of a Great Indian—as told to Frank B. Linderman. (The John Day Company, New York.)

PLENTY-COUPS, chief of the Crows, is the American of this tale.

The old man, sitting under the cottonwoods before the door of his cabin on Arrow Creek, gave his remarkable story to Mr. Linderman by means of the sign language and through interpreters, and our author has reshaped his material into one of the most striking pictures of Indian life that has ever been produced.

There have been innumerable attempts to immortalize the vanishing red man in romance and history, but when these do not fall into sentimental gush and spurious picturesqueness they are often rendered worthless to the serious student by their

(Continued on page 64)



VANDAMM

Fred and Adele Astaire

THE season has reached its low water mark. Practically no new plays are scheduled until the latter part of August, and the real deluge will not commence before some time in September. Even a forecast of the cheer to come is subject to sudden changes, but we will venture to predict a little, anyhow. The Astaires are promised for mid-September in a piece called "Tom, Dick and Harry." Along about the same time you will see "Dancing Partner," a play from the Hungarian, with Lynn Overman, Irene Purcell and Charlotte Granville; Arthur Byron, in a piece called "One, Two, Three" and very possibly Helen Hayes in "Mr. Gilhooly," an adaptation from the novel of Liam O'Flaherty.



VANDAMME

Miss Barrymore will make her bow in October in "Scarlet Sister Mary," a play made from the book written by Julia Peterkin a year or so ago. This will be a decided novelty as Miss Barrymore will impersonate the colored heroine in black face. Then the Theatre Guild will contribute "Elizabeth the Queen" for its initial offering with Lynn Fontanne as Elizabeth, and Richard Bennett will return in a play called "Solid South." There is a race on between two early contestants for Broadway, both unique in having all-feminine casts. One is entitled "Ladies All," no players announced, and the other "A Wonderful Evening" with Claiborne Foster scheduled to head the cast—Esther R. Bien.

Ethel
Barrymore



I know that Charles will never pay back that five. But I like his eyes and I like his taste in neckties

The Game of Neo-Friendship

By Gelett Burgess

Drawings by Arthur Dove

now, I feel like a smug, overfed millionaire expatiating on how he came to the city a poor boy, and almost starved, at first. Not that I was starved, exactly. Of course I had friends, good friends—much like yours, probably. Perhaps too much like them. But we all have our faults and I suppose we all feel impatient with the faults of others. In short, as my wise old lady said, we're all asses because we expect perfection and don't know how to play the game of Friendship.

And then, one day—presto! My eyes were opened. I discovered that every one of them who had irritated me, weak or wicked, witless or wise, could minister to my happiness. It was like joining some secret fraternity and finding a million new ready-made friends in a minute.

And when should that day be but Christmas Day? And who should teach me but a little child?

I had sent Archie a box of carpenter's tools. As soon as the presents were distributed from the tree, Archie started, while we cracked walnuts, to build a house. (A House of Friendship, perhaps, such as I had tried in vain to build. Like mine, his first experiments were disastrous.) We heard a scream.

Hardly had his mother cried, "I told you so!" when I was at Archie's side. "I droved a nail," he was sobbing, "and it hurt me aw—aw—awful!"

"You mean you pounded your finger," I was bandaging his bruise, "with that hammer!"

"No, no!" he screamed, "with that nasty old thing there!"

"But that's a screw-driver," I said; "it's not meant to drive nails with, at all. No wonder you were hurt. You should have used that for screws."

Archie was so interested that he stopped crying while I explained the uses of his saw and gimlet and plane, and how he could make round holes with the bit, but square holes had to be cut with the chisel. Each tool, I told him, had its special use, and was no good at all for anything else.

And it was while I was showing him how to use the knife safely—the knife—why, what was Miss Cutting but a knife that I had tried to take hold of by the blade? Very useful she was, in her way, but dangerous. Why permit her to cut me? Take her by her social handle, be careful not to let that sharp point and keen edge of hers get into my private affairs, and she could never harm me. Nobody dislikes a real knife; they use it, or let it alone.

And Naylor—what was he but a dull-headed hammer with which I had tried to drive in delicate screws? Naylor was ex-

IN MY youth I was romantic. I believed in Santa Claus. When I was older I was still more romantic. I believed in Friends. But I soon found that friendship wasn't nearly so easy as I had thought. It is one of the most difficult little old arts in the world. It has to be studied like counterpoint. It has to be analyzed like Greek brachycatalectics. It has to be practised as scientifically as chemistry or kissing or auction bridge. But, once I began to understand it, once I got the real kick out of it, I found that nobody on earth need ever annoy or disappoint me ever, ever again. No longer, like Job, did I feel like cursing my friends: "How long will ye vex my soul?"

Why, even our own gentle, optimistic Emerson, you know, used to wail, "Friends such as we desire are dreams and fables." But this is the constructive, radioactive year 1930. If we can handle ions, hormones, aeroplanes and T.N.T., lift old ladies' faces and rejuvenate graybeards, it's a pity if we can't apply the vital principles and laws of human friendship. I know you've been bored with Toms who were damn fools, and impatient with the Dicks who are always late, and angry with Harrys who double-cross you. Now do you mind my suggesting that perhaps the fault wasn't altogether with Tom, Dick and Harry, after all, but partly with your own charming but unreflecting self? All right. Now go on with the story.

I got my first gentle hint at a tea table, one day, in Mayfair. I was telling a wise old lady in short skirts how my friend Naylor bored me. "Oh, he's always telling interminable stories," I growled, "at just the wrong time."

"It's usually one's own fault when one's bored," she observed.

"Well, he can't talk when he comes to play chess with me, anyway," I added, "but every other time he's an ass."

With my second cup of tea she slipped in, with the lemon, "I'm afraid, my dear young friend, that it's you who are the ass."

Well, she was right. But it took me ten years to find out just exactly why I was an ass. Every time a friend or half-friend stepped on my sensitive psychic toes, so to speak, I asked myself how any sane person could help being annoyed or hurt.

I have to grin, now, at the agonized way I used to try and try and try, in those asinine days, to make Cousin Eva answer my letters. I implored her like a beggar, like a schoolmaster I scolded her. Anxious Special Delivery letters with Receipt requested. Frantic telegrams: "Did you or did you not ever get the photograph I sent last Christmas?" Never a word in reply. And yet, when Eva played Liszt so adorably I always forgave her and let her torture me all over again.

And how absurd it seems, now, that I should ever have allowed Miss Cutting to disturb my delicate sensibilities. You probably know a Miss Cutting—pretty, witty, and "such awfully good company." Always ready to brush Grandma's hair, help wash the dishes, make fudge. Miss Cutting can tell divertingly ridiculous stories. But pretty Miss Cutting, I fear, is malicious. Tonight you'll be laughing at her amusing distortion of the Smiths' idiosyncrasies and private affairs, and to-morrow the Smiths will be screaming over her exaggerations of your very own most sacred confidences.

Why, when I think of those suffering days

cellent for chess, why try to use him for the theatre, where he talked right through the whole play? If I could like a hammer, why couldn't I like Naylor? I could find a screw-driver in some other friend.

I had discovered a new kind of Friendship. New to me, at any rate, and that was why I call it Neo-Friendship. I had tried before, you see, to value my friends quantitatively. But they can't be graded so that you can say just exactly how much better you like John than Henry. You like them for all sorts of reasons.

Immediately the cause of all my trouble was clear. Every one of my friends, I saw, was just a different kind of social tool. A few were versatile and had several uses, like those corkscrew-can-opener-glass-cutter affairs. You could dance or flirt with them and also discuss philogistics or the immigration problem. Some had only one use, like a level or a file. You could enjoy only their cooking or their clear, crisp enunciation. But each had his own special character and quality given him by the great Maker of human tools. The trouble with me was that I had thought a friend was useful for everything, like those fifty-bladed knives you see in the windows of hardware shops, and nobody ever finds in every-day life.

Cousin Eva was a delightful pianist. Why couldn't I rejoice in that, and not try to make her all over into a punctual, methodical correspondent? Do you harness a nightingale into a donkey cart or expect a rhinoceros to have feathers, fly up into a tree and sing, tra-la?

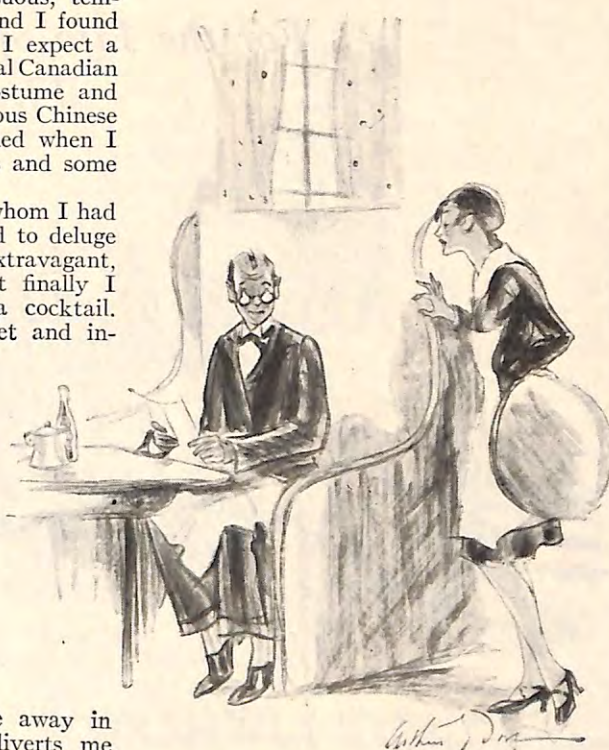
My tool box of friends was too small, now. I had to widen my analogy. Some of my neo-friends were phlegmatic, but quiet and restful, like a shady tree. Some abounded with life and happiness like wind and sunshine. But you don't want either sun or shade *all* the time. I could enjoy each in his own way and season. Some were strong meat. They nourished me with solid proteid common sense. Some were delicate as mandarin oranges, with the most refreshing vitamins of humor. In my Geography of Neo-Friendship lived cold, crafty business

men like Esquimaux, and sensuous, temperamental artists like Zulus, and I found delight in each. No more did I expect a rugged, straight-spoken, ministerial Canadian to have the manners, morals, costume and climate of a subtly wise, mysterious Chinese lawyer. I was no longer shocked when I found that some were cannibals and some Holy Rollers.

There was one lady, though, whom I had hard work classifying. She used to deluge me with flattery so overt, so extravagant, that it made me seasick. But finally I realized that she was merely a cocktail. Altogether too strong and sweet and insidious for a steady beverage, but rather stimulating when taken in small, occasional doses. I'd sip her adulation till I was inspired to try to prove that I was *really* as clever as that damn fool had said.

Every one, I found, had some quality that I could enjoy. To be sure, it might not be anything you would like, at all. Luckily the law of Relativity obtains not only in light and motion, but delight and emotion. You may like a man who collects butterflies and would drive me away in tears. And the flapper who diverts me by reciting saucy limericks may bore you to death. As you've heard Auntie Bromide say, "what's one man's meat is another man's poison," or else we'd all want to marry the same girl, and Presidents would be elected unanimously.

Where's the trick, then, in Neo-Friendship? Simply in finding the points of sympathetic contact between you and your acquaintances, and keeping right to those points as carefully as a slack-wire walker keeps to his wire without a falling-out. They may not have what you expected at all. Once a man came to me to do some type-writing. He made fearful botches of it, but we got to talking about Charlie Chaplin's mustache and forgot about the copying and went to the movies together.



Why try to reform people who don't want to reform, and simply won't, anyway?

Neo-friends are apt to be like that waitress in the country restaurant, when the fellow ordered ice-cream.

"Which'll you have, lemon or vanilla?"

"Vanilla, please."

"We ain't got nothin' but lemon."

So why try to reform people who don't want to reform, and simply won't reform, anyway? They ain't got nothin' but lemon.

And, after all, doesn't every big manufacturing concern (we're all in the business of manufacturing happiness, you know) retain a vocational expert to determine the qualifications of its employees and make the best use of them? In a modern plant a man is seldom discharged in the petulant, discouraged way I gave up my friends. If he proves unsatisfactory in one position he is given a trial in another department. A poor bookkeeper may be excellent at a machine. Why shouldn't we test the adaptability of our friends in the same way, and find a place for every one of them, even if you can use him for only five minutes?

I meet Charles on the street. We chat, we laugh, we part. Charles has promised to pay back that five next Thursday at noon. I know he never will. But I like the twinkle in his eyes, fine eyes, and I like his taste in neckties. For that five minutes, standing on the corner, he is my friend. And don't think that a neo-friend is merely a near-friend, either. *For the one quality you like, he's perfect.*

Why, I found a point of contact even with gabby Miss Gabble. She hasn't had an original idea for seven years, poor thing, and she indulges in that most frightful of female crimes, egotistic Narrative. But, believe me, the delicate, artistic way she can handle her knife and fork is graceful and restful. She can eat lobster or asparagus or shad, yes, even spaghetti, without seeming really to eat them at all. And so, when I take her to dinner, I shut my ears to her verbosity and open my eyes to her Emily Post table manners. She is my very best restaurant friend.

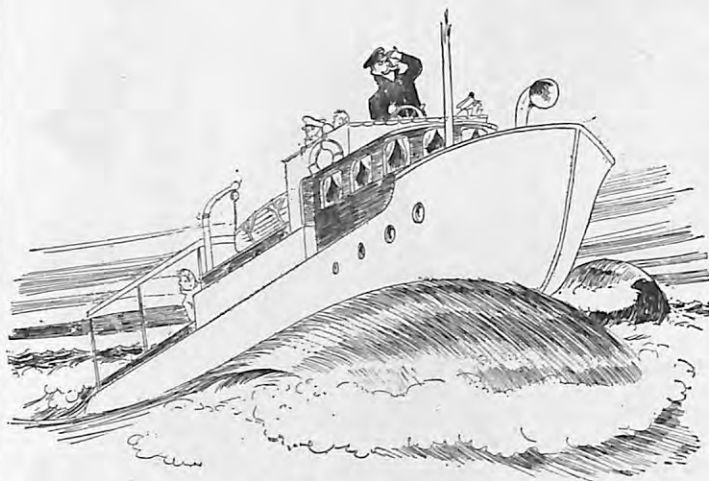
Fred Ridgpole, however, is a perfect
(Continued on page 63)



And then,—presto! My eyes were opened. And who should teach me but a little child?

*For the Life of Us We Can't Understand
Why Our Friend—*

Drawings by George Shanks



*Van Smythe-Smythe, who takes a most nautical
glory in the dangers of ocean racing*



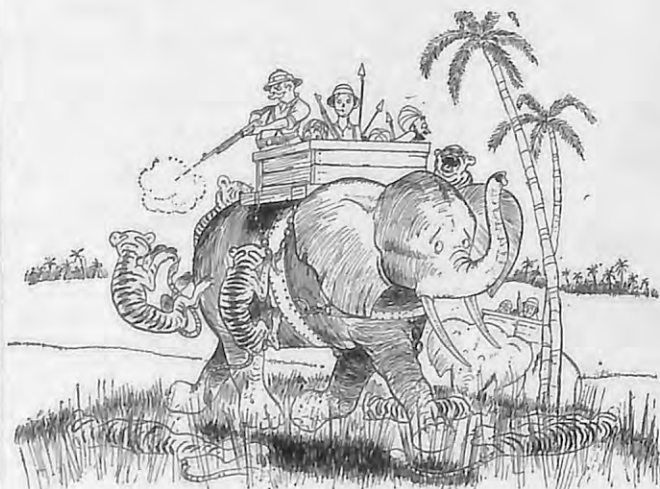
*And who has done a lot of mountain climbing,
scaling difficult peaks with ease*



While on a polo field he is the very soul of courage



And harpooning walrus seems to hold no terrors for him

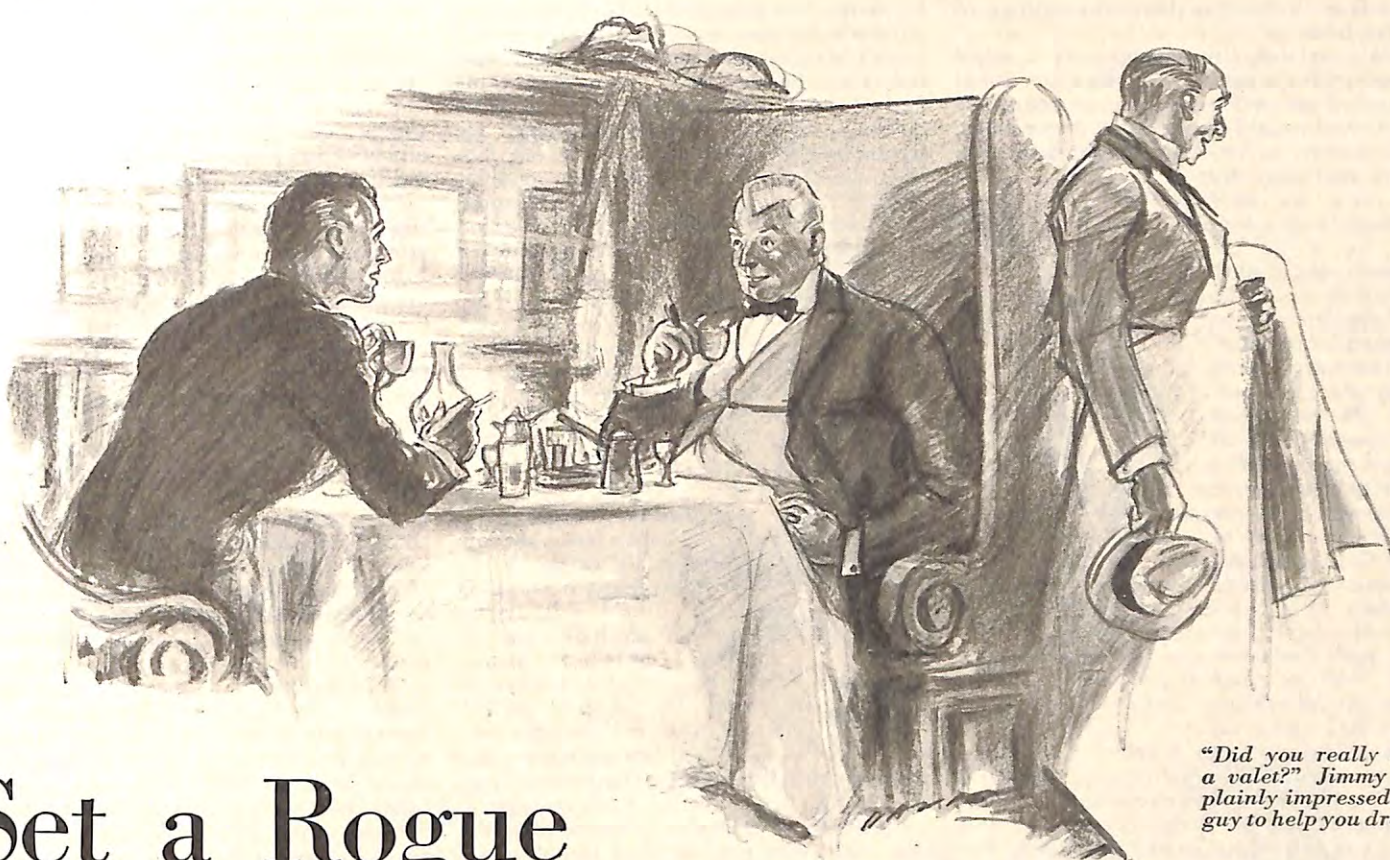


*When he has even stood before the fiercest tiger
and called it just another day*



*Is it any wonder that we can't understand why he
acts like this when faced by a two-foot putt?*

Shanks



"Did you really have a valet?" Jimmy was plainly impressed. "A guy to help you dress?"

Set a Rogue

By George Creel

Illustrations by Henry B. Davis

A WILD storm whipped the outer world, but inside the basement speakeasy all was warm and cozy, rich kitchen smells giving body to the smoky air. The clatter of voices, high pitched and cheerful, bespoke a general absence of care, but contentment seemed peculiarly the property of an elderly gentleman in a front booth. The rubicund face, crowned by a thatch of snowy hair, radiated peace and good-will; and soft, crooning noises bubbled from his lips as he poured cognac over a lump of sugar, balanced it carefully on a spoon, and reached out for a match.

"Well, for the love of Mike! If it ain't ol' Pop!"

Spoon and sugar splashed down into the coffee, and the startled head, lifting suddenly, showed eyes hard as agates and features tightened into a mask of wariness. On the instant, however, vigilance fell away, and the facial effect was again one of an all-embracing benignity.

"Jimmie, my boy!" The rich, full voice had the flow of syrup. "Lord, but you gave me a start. For a minute I thought it was a pinch. Not that the minions of the law have anything on me, of course," he hastened to add. "Sit down, you young scamp, and give an order."

"Nothin' for me, Pop." Jimmie protested. "I just finished lunch an' lamped you as I was goin' out. Gee, but you're lookin' swell. An' pipe the clothes."

"Not clothes," the proud owner ran a caressing glance over his attire, flawless in cut despite a certain hint of the clerical. "Garb, my boy. Garb! I got them in London."

"London? So that's where you've been the last six months. A business trip?"

"Pleasure entirely." A plump, manicured hand gestured grandly. "Slim Grannan

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went with me. He'd cleaned up rather handsomely on a certain deal out West, and I was in funds myself—"

"Sell some sucker the Woolworth Building?" grinned Jimmie.

"Nothing so crude." Pop Bronson, prince of confidence men, rebuked the young rum-runner with a look. "Florida lands."

"I know." Jimmie grinned even more broadly. "The kind where you have to hire Venetian gondoliers for yard men, an' the postman comes 'round in a steam launch. But how about this London business?"

"Well, having money," Pop explained, "and feeling that it might be well to absent ourselves from home pastures for a while, Slim and I decided that it would be a good idea to give Europe the once-over."

"I been that way myself," Jimmie nodded sagely. "See America first is all right, but what if America sees you first? Hey? Well, what kind of a time did you have in dear old Lunnon? Gee, but I've always been crazy to get over there. Take off your shoes, rest your dogs, an' spill me the whole story."

Pop's expression mingled joy and incredulity. Was it possible that he had actually found one willing to listen to a returned traveler? In a low tone, calculated to soothe, he ordered coffee and cognac, and then seeing that Jimmie showed no signs of alarm, settled back luxuriously, a modern Chaucer in full flight.

"Some trip! And believe me," he boasted genially, "we did it right. I've never been one of those birds who go places on one shirt and a two-dollar bill, and come back without ever changing either. Nothing cheap! That's what I told Slim right at the start, and I must say he didn't need coaxing. Two-way pockets, that boy, and no speed limit. And was a good time had by all? Say!

"Of course," Pop admitted, "we got some mighty lucky breaks. Up in the ship's smok-

ing room, the very first night out, who do you think we run into? An English bird I kept out of the hoosegow down in Tia Juana ten years ago. He'd made a squawk about some fake gambling game, not knowing it was owned by the chief of police, and at the time he came under my observation, five or six members of the local constabulary had worked him over until mighty little was left of the original pattern. I could see he was just a youngster, so I butted in, explaining that he was a friend, and backed up the play with a handful of pesos. Next day, I slipped the poor kid enough change to get back East.

"Well, you'd have thought I was his rich uncle from Australia, the way he carried on at seeing me, although it turned out money was the least of his troubles. It seems his old man sloughed off in England soon after the Tia Juana mess, leaving him a bunch of jack a giraffe couldn't see over, along with the family title, an' there he was sitting on top of the world with nobody telling him to move over. A lord! That's what he was, Jimmie. A regular honest-to-goodness lord!

"I HAD me buffaloes at first, never having met anything higher than a Southern colonel, but say, he was easy as an old shoe. Nothing would do but we must call him Harry, and right off it was Pop this and Slim that, just like we'd been raised together. He had our seats changed to his table, and gave us half of his plovers' eggs, and every night saw us sitting in on bridge games with a bunch of swells I never thought to meet outside of a Sunday supplement."

"Did you pull anything?" asked Jimmie interestedly, knowing the old man as a card shark with four sets of teeth.

"Everything I had." Pop shook his head mournfully. "It was the only way to keep from winning. Why, you never saw such a lot of suckers in all your born days. A jack four times was their idea of a quick trick, an' a king queen suit made them see pink and purple grand slams. Slim almost cracked under the strain, but being as they

were Harry's friends, there was nothing to do but bear it.

"We certainly went good. At a ship's concert, Slim sang some Mexican love songs he picked up while running guns across the Rio Grande, and I put over the parlor magic stuff I used to do with a medicine show thirty years ago. By the time the boat reached Southampton we were the miners' pets, and it was all we could do to keep from being dragged off to Harry's ancestral castle some place in Surrey. He was hell bent on it, being all alone except for fifty or sixty people over week-ends, but we finally argued him into letting us get London out of our system.

"Some burg, Jimmie, and that's no bull. Not a real town like New York or Chicago, of course, but nice and homey. More like Brooklyn, you know, with yards and trees. And the historic spots convenient and comfortable, with none of this climbing up and down like in the Statue of Liberty. At the Old Cheshire Cheese you couldn't only sit right in Dr. Samuel Johnson's chair, whoever he was, but get as good a glass of ale as ever cooled a fevered tonsil."

"Did you see the King an' Queen an' Prince of Wales?" interrupted Jimmie.

"Often, my boy. Often. We went to Buckingham Palace quite regularly to watch the royal family emerge."

"What did they look like?" Only a true democrat could have put such passionate curiosity in a tone.

"Just so-so," Pop made the confession rather reluctantly. "Good-hearted and friendly, bowing right and left all the time, but not what you'd call *bright*. After the first flash, Slim swore the reason they had so many soldiers on guard was to keep American men from slipping in and hornsoggling the King out of his bridgework. But as I told him, what could you expect? Pen anybody in a palace, only letting them out to lay corner stones, and they're bound to be shy of savvy.

"I COULD have stayed in London a while longer, but at the end of two weeks, Harry wired us to report for Old Home week, and sent up a car for us. Honest, I thought the driver was kidding when he turned in a big iron gate and drove up an avenue of oaks a mile long, for the place was the size of a state normal school or a Masonic home. It was Harry's dump all right, for he was out on the terrace to give us the glad hand, and took us up to our rooms himself, followed by a small army of footmen.

"No fooling, Jimmie, the cell he assigned me could have been used for whippet races, with space enough left over for a baseball diamond and at that, Harry was worried to death for fear I'd feel cramped. Slim told him we'd take the rooms for a week anyway, and maybe keep 'em steady if the table proved satisfactory, and none of the other lodgers played the saxophone, after which we went downstairs and took turns throwing mud in each other's eye.

"When I got back to the stadium to dress

for dinner, the valet had laid out everything all ready for me to step in, and maybe I wasn't glad I'd thrown away my old stuff before leaving London. Slim had kept some ancient underwear, and he found it right on top of his brand new haberdashery. He tried everything but taking them out into the woods for a midnight burial, but his bird would ferret out that bum union suit no matter where he hid it, and fold it so every hole showed."

"Did you really have a valet?" Jimmie was plainly impressed to the point of reverence. "A guy to help you dress?"

"Only at first," Pop assured him.

"After the second day I promised my little shadow an extra tip of five pounds if he'd quit trying to help me on with my pants, and stay out in the hall until I got through wash-

ing. I'm no Victorian, heaven knows, but nobody can tell me that a bathroom's any place for a rally or Rotary Club meeting.

"Some forty or fifty people came to dinner that night, and one sweep of the old eagle eyes showed me that I had drawn the pick of the herd. Most English girls go it a bit strong on the neck and nose, besides being afflicted with a rush of teeth to the mouth, but the trick I took in was about as perfect a piece of assembling as the human factory ever turned out. Absolutely nothing out of plumb. We hit off like a house on fire, for right at the start she asked if I wasn't Pop, and said Harry had been telling her all about me, and she just adored me already.

"Her name was the Lady Miranda—Lady being the handle they put on to the daughter of an Earl—but I've seen check-room girls with more high hat. Sure I met her old man. Slim made the mistake of telling him some joke stuff about America, and we couldn't lose him. No matter where we were or what we were doing, up would come the Earl, bringing along a new bunch to hear about how the Missourians hunted down their boys when they got to be twenty-one, roping and throwing them so as to put shoes on.

"Well, it didn't take me a minute to see that Lady Miranda was the bright red apple of Harry's eye, for he kept craning around to watch her, and his ears stood out like flanges trying to get what we were saying. The little gal seemed soft on Harry, too, because she made me spill everything I knew about him, and didn't I think he was handsome and talented and were all the women in the States crazy about him?

"Yessir, I would have taken any bet that the two were as good as engaged, but when we all met up again in the drawing-room, I wasn't so sure. There was a dark-skinned bird, patent leather hair and everything, that fastened himself on the Lady Miranda like a Texas tick, and Harry was thrown back for a five-yard loss every time he tried to carry the ball. A good-looking young fellow, but the kind that makes you keep feeling to see if your watch is still there.

"That night in the gunroom, while we were taking a few aboard after all the others had gone, I brought up the matter of the Colorado maduro gent, and got the lowdown. His name was Gregorio Ruiz, and nobody

knew much about him, Harry said, except he came from the Argentine and was a wizard at sucking the poison out of a tango. It seems he'd met Lady Miranda while Harry was off in the States, looking at some copper properties down New Mexico way, and he'd sure put the Indian sign on the little girl if appearances meant anything.

"Our boy friend was certainly on the ropes and ready for the count. This Gregorio was always visiting in Lady Miranda's home, town as well as country, and where once it had been almost a case of name the day with Harry, now she seemed to put him in the same class with poison ivy and contagious diseases. It served him right, he said, for ever going away and leaving a poor little bird to be charmed by a damned poisonous snake.

"Slim's advice was to walk right up to Gregorio and give him a good bust in the nose. He'd had an experience with two or three South Americans back home, and he knew a lounge lizard couldn't take it. Harry liked the idea at first, but finally concluded that Miranda was free, white and twenty-one, and had a right to her tastes.

"Things rocked along that way for a couple of weeks, Harry falling farther back among the also-rans, and Gregorio strutting all over the place until I came close to taking Slim's advice myself. That cake eater certainly had a mug that looked incomplete without a fist in the middle of it. And seeing Lady Miranda fall for the rat sure burned me up. At that, the more I saw of her, the more I got puzzled, for she never talked about anything but Harry, and always with that gooey look in the eyes.

"WELL, along in the middle of the third week, Slim busts into my room fairly whinnying with excitement. He'd been out to a lawn party of some kind, and happening to take a fancy to mooch down by the lake and see what made the swans go 'round, who should he pipe but Gregorio and Lady Miranda, sitting on a bench under some cedars.

"Don't tell me you eavesdropped, Slim," I said to him, shocked almost to death.

"Not very good," he admitted. "The closest I could get was twenty feet. But I heard enough to make me know it ain't on the level. The guy's got something on her, Pop. Sure's you're born. She was beggin' him, wringin' her fingers together, and the wop was talkin' downright rough. I don't know yet how I kept from sockin' him."

"Maybe you're right," I said.

"I know dam' well I'm right," said Slim. "He's pullin' somethin' crooked, Pop."

"We talked a long time that night, and the next day I piled into a car and drove to Lady Miranda's pa's place. She was tickled to death at seeing me, and took me out into the gardens, although protesting she didn't know what the neighbors would say, seeing her walk off unchaperoned that way with a dashing young stranger with a raven mustache and a wicked look, that boded no good for an innocent girl. Her line of chatter didn't fool me at all, for her eyes looked kind of red around the rims, and when I finally got rid of the Scotch gardener who followed us like a beagle, afraid we might pick some flower that he was growing for the County Horticultural Show, I let her have both barrels.

"What's the idea?" I said. "You love Harry and he loves you. Where does this Ruiz come in, anyway?"

"She didn't try to bluff or stall or anything but just broke down and cried like a baby.



A lump in my own throat near choked me, she was so little and pathetic, and I just put my arm around her and told her to tell Pop everything and he'd fix it. Looking back, I get kind of dizzy at my nerve, but all the same, Jimmie, earl's daughter or no earl's daughter, she got a lot of comfort sobbing it all out on the old shoulder.

"Slim was righter than a rabbit. While Harry was off in the States, she'd got to dancing around with this Gregorio, and admitted to falling for him like a ton of brick. I don't know what it is, but those Argentine birds have certainly got something where the gals are concerned. It doesn't last long, from all I can make out, but the temperature sure does run high while the fever's on. Lady Miranda's attack was as short as it was violent, but in her delirium she made the mistake of writing the usual letters.

"And he won't give them back," she whimpered. "Not unless I marry him. And if I don't marry him, he—he—he'll p-publish them."

"Good Lord," I told her. "Is that all? You had me thinking it was a secret marriage with him hiding your lines. Come on over with me right now, and tell Harry the whole story. What sort of a man do you think he is, anyway?"

"I couldn't! I just *couldn't*!" She threw a fit at the bare idea. "I'd *die* if Harry ever saw those letters. Oh, Pop, you never read anything so mushy, so positively *sickening*. I must have been *crazy*. Every time I think of them, I simply *perish* with shame."

"So that's the way it was. Lady Miranda wouldn't marry Gregorio, not if she died, and Gregorio wouldn't let her marry anybody else, keeping the letters as his ace in the hole. I went back home, after promising her I'd think of something, and that night Slim and me went into joint and solemn session after getting Harry off to bed. The thing to do, of course, was to grab the fatal documents, but how to get cagey Mr. Ruiz to meet us at the old mill with the papers was a puzzle. Slim was all for taking him by the nape of the neck and shaking him loose both from letters and his teeth, but I pointed out that while the rough stuff might be all right for pleasure, it held small hope of results.

"Where do you think he keeps them?" I said. "On him or in his rooms?"

"On him, of course," says Slim. "He's the sort of bird that loves to read his mash notes over and over. If I'm right, the thing's easy. I happen to know that Danny Martin's in London."

"And who's Danny Martin when he's home?" I asked.

"The best dip in the world," Slim answers. "He could take one of your eardrums without you knowing it. He had everything his own way in Chicago when I was there, but the police split kept getting bigger and bigger until he couldn't even make living wages, so he beat it over to London. Danny's my friend, and I'll get him to go through Ruiz from the inside out."

"We told Harry that we had some business in London that might take us a week, and before leaving I tipped Lady Miranda off not to let Ruiz come down, no matter what he said. We spent a couple of days locating Danny Martin, being as he wasn't giving his address to everybody, but when

we did see him, he was tickled to death to do a favor for Slim. A swell looking little fella, more like a college professor than a dip, and living in elegant lodgings with his stalls. Crazy over London, too.

"This is the place to do business in," he told us while a libation was being poured out. "A fellow gets a chance to keep what he makes. Why, I'll bet you couldn't get one of these London bobbies to take a split, not if you begged 'em."

"I HAD Gregorio's address and Danny and his mob got busy the next morning. When he came out, they trailed him over to Regent Street and gave him the good old run-around in a crowd, the stalls bumping into him while Danny removed everything but the sucker's birthmark. They came back to our hotel with a wallet, a watch, a stick pin, a gold fountain pen, a lipstick, two theater tickets, a comb, and a couple of invitations to parties, but no letters.

"Sorry," said Danny, "but unless he had 'em under a filling in his teeth, they weren't on him."

"Well, I reckon they must be in his room," I says to Slim after Danny left.

"Yeah?" he said. "And what about it?"

"We've got to get them, stupid," says I.

"Sure," he grumbles, "but how? I never went in for second-story work, and no more did you."

"Well," says I, shooting it right back at him, "if I'm not too old to learn, you oughtn't to be. Pick up those flat wheels of yours and come along."

"We hoofed it over to Gregorio's hang-out in Brook Street, and set ourselves across the way. It was all of three hours be-

"Say, there must have been a million letters in that safe, all from half-witted gals"

fore the lazy hound decided to take the air, too busy putting the patent-leather finish on his hair, I suppose; and before he'd fairly turned the corner, we were hop-skippping up the stairs. Coming to the door with his name on it, I stopped Slim and we took our handkerchiefs and tied 'em around our faces, figuring we needn't take any more chances than we had to.

"What'll I do when the door opens?" Slim whispered.

"If it's a man," I told him, "just imagine he's Ruiz and let go. Show me that hay-maker you're always bragging about."

"Well, it was a man, and say, the smack Slim gave him could have been heard in Hoboken. The poor sucker went down like a dropped chain, and we bundled him into a closet so's he could come to without embarrassment, and locked the door on him to make sure nobody intruded. Gregorio's dump was just what you would expect of a cake-eater: all full of divans and cushions and incense; and hunting for the letters was like going through a woman's bureau drawer. We drew a blank in every room until we came to a sort of library, and there, tucked away behind some curtains, was a little portable steel safe.

(Continued on page 62)



While Jerry was engaged in carrying Beauregard to the beach, Sheila removed the outboard motor from her capsized craft. Queenie, who throughout the excitement had been jumping up and down, was dispatched to the house for a bottle of her father's applejack



The Quest of The Thunderbus

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 who, as the new installment begins, finds himself in a desperately depressed state of affairs.

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Part IV

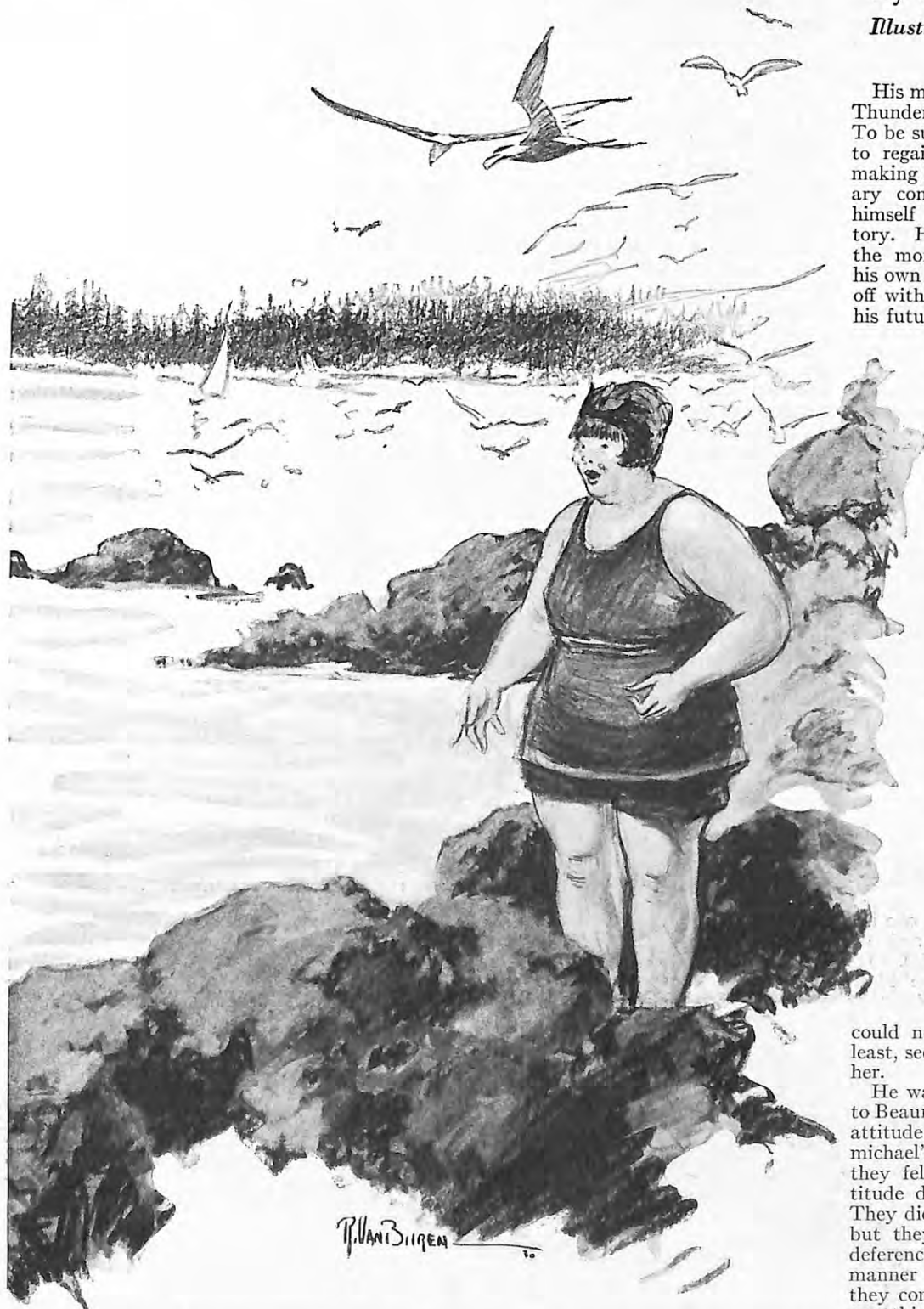
ALL the next morning Jerry kept to his room, thinking over his first afternoon with the Carmichaels, and resisting the impulse to telephone to see whether or not Sheila was still angry with him. He maintained a feeble hope that she might even telephone him, if only at her father's behest, and to ask him over for another game. But, as lunch time came and there had been no call, and as the day wore on and still there was no call, he realized that his hope was vain.

The more he thought about his situation,

the more ridiculous and the more baffling it appeared to him. As may have been inferred, from the haphazard and headlong way in which he had plunged himself into it by betting his father that he could secure the Old Thunderbus, Jerry was given to acting first and thinking afterwards. At the time of making the wager, his sole idea was to postpone—and possibly forestall—the open break with Mr. Marshall which would result from a positive refusal to go to work in the Comet factory. He had had no knowledge whatsoever of the complications that would confront him, but had merely trusted to luck that somehow or other he would be able to bring off the feat. Having been brought up to regard Mr. Carmichael as a pirate and a low person, he had had no scruples about trying to hi-jack him. And having heard nothing concerning even the existence of

By John Chapman Hilder

Illustrated by Raeburn Van Buren



His motive in venturing to secure the Old Thunderbus had been primarily selfish. To be sure, it would make his father happy to regain possession of the machine; but making his father happy had been a secondary consideration, subordinate to freeing himself from the yoke of the parental factory. He would have to decide which was the more important: freedom to arrange his own future, which would involve making off with the Old Thunderbus, or sacrificing his future for the sake of Carmichael's and Sheila's regard.

So far as Jerry could see, he would be the loser whatever happened. If he succeeded in stealing the old car, he might win freedom to choose a career, but he would never be able to see Sheila again. On the other hand, if he abandoned the project, he would be forced, under the terms of his wager, to spend the next five years in Detroit. This would not be unendurable if he could take Sheila there as his wife. But he could not ask her to marry him without telling her who he was, whereupon she would almost certainly refuse him. And even if, by any remote chance, she accepted him, knowing who he was, and Mr. Carmichael did not object, it was hardly to be expected that Mr. Marshall would look with favor on the match.

OUT of this welter of conflicting possibilities—and impossibilities—Jerry could see no unobstructed exit. Upon one course only was he able to make up his mind. And that was to make sure, whatever else might happen, that Sheila should not be won by the bogus Lord Beauregard. If he could not have her himself, he would, at least, see to it that that outsider did not get her.

He was a good deal puzzled with respect to Beauregard and his status. From Sheila's attitude toward the man and Mr. Carmichael's, also, it was difficult to tell how they felt about him. Certainly their attitude did not seem to be one of dislike. They did not treat him with any deference, but they apparently treated no one with deference, so that meant nothing. Their manner with him gave the impression that they considered him one of the family. It was this evident acceptance of Beauregard that Jerry could not understand. To him, the fellow was so obvious a sham that, even if he had not known him to be an impostor, he would have guessed it. He found it hard to believe that the Carmichaels could be so naive as to be deceived by such a second-rate impersonation. Even if they themselves were not familiar with English types, surely Dennis, a Britisher himself, must have seen at a glance that Beauregard was not what he claimed to be. If he had, however, he could not have told his employers of his suspicions, for, impostor or not, there the man was, living in the bosom of the household as a familiar and an equal, calling Sheila by her first name.

Jerry felt that he ought to be able, somehow, by using his brains, to turn his knowledge of Beauregard's imposture to his own advantage. Presumably it was information

Sheila, he had not been forearmed in that respect. At the beginning, the enterprise had seemed a little, Quixotic, perhaps, but reasonably straightforward.

Now that he was on the ground, however, it seemed anything but straightforward. Certain phases of the undertaking had been easier to accomplish than he had expected. But, in spite of that fact, or, rather, because of it, other factors had crept in to make the proposition more difficult.

One of the first steps had been to make entry into the Carmichael estate in order to find out whether the Old Thunderbus was there, and whereabouts it was kept. This he had contrived to do. The question was, however, what had he gained by it? To begin with, he had found out that the ancient car was in so conspicuous a spot that to steal it without first drugging the entire

household would be as successful as trying to hide a barrel of beer under your bathing suit. Not only that, but in making the discovery, he had been brought into contact with Mr. Carmichael and Sheila. Instead of hating the former, with a lusty, inherited hate, he liked him very much. Instead of despising Sheila, as the offspring of the traditional enemy, he was unreasonably in love with her.

He still felt that to abstract the Old Thunderbus from the Carmichael house and restore it to his father would be a perfectly legitimate act. He had no doubts as to its legality. What he did doubt was—provided he invented a way of spiriting the car from its place—whether or not he could bring himself to go through with it, in view of his feeling toward Mr. Carmichael and Sheila.

that Mr. Carmichael would be glad to have and that he should be willing to pay for. Would he, however, be willing to pay the price Jerry would ask, i.e.: that he relinquish his claim to the Old Thunderbus? Though he had never considered himself a business man, Jerry was shrewd enough to realize that to make a trade of any magnitude it is necessary first to agree upon the terms and second to make provision for their enforcement. If he went to old man Carmichael and said, "I have some information of value to you and I want the Old Thunderbus in exchange for it," Carmichael would say: "Tell me what it is and then I'll tell you whether it's worth that much to me." The old fellow would also wonder why he wanted the Old Thunderbus, instead of something more negotiable. Turning over in his mind the possibility of consummating such a deal, Jerry saw that it would not be practicable. And yet, he told himself, there must be some way of capitalizing his inside knowledge about Beauregard. If he could only think it out. . . .

HE GOT up and stretched. Almost all day he had been hunched in his chair, lighting one cigarette from another, until by mid-afternoon he was thoroughly cramped and semi-anesthetized. Outside, it was gorgeous. A bright warm sun hung in a cloudless sky and made a brassy sheen on the sea. Through the open window floated the soothing drone of bees; the chirp of birds and the occasional far-off chuffing of motor boats. It was a crime to stay indoors, yet Jerry had deliberately done so, even facing his bedroom wall rather than risk being distracted by outer sights—the little red flag on the Carmichael golf course, for instance. But now he felt he had done all the consecutive thinking of which he was capable for the time being. His brain had taken all the punishment it could absorb and was beginning to give symptoms of distress. Intent on trying to solve his problems at one sitting, he had drawn his nerves and his muscles into an unnatural tautness. He stretched again, looked out at the ocean and decided to go for a swim, hoping that the frigid water would clear his head and whip up his circulation.

2.

His bathing suit was hanging on the line in the back yard, drying after his early morning plunge. As he went to get it, Queenie watched him and waylaid him en route to the house.

"Hello, Mister," she said, with her usual amiable, if vacuous, grin.

"Hello, Queenie," said Jerry.

"Goin' swimmin'?"

He could not very well deny it.

"Can I go, too?"

"It's a free country."

"Yeah—but can I go with you?"

"Of course." What else could he say?

"I got a bathing suit."

"Good for you."

"Will I put it on?"

"You can't go without it," said Jerry.

"Can I go swimmin' with you? Honest?"

"Of course," said Jerry, "I said so once."

"Will you learn me to swim?"

"Oh—" he hesitated. This was more than he had bargained for.

"Will you?" hopefully.

"Well—we'll see. I—ah—I'm not a good teacher. No patience."

"I learn things easy. An' I can float already. I can float good."

"I shouldn't wonder," said he. Secretly

he thought it would take at least two hundred pounds of lead to keep her from floating, but he did not say it.

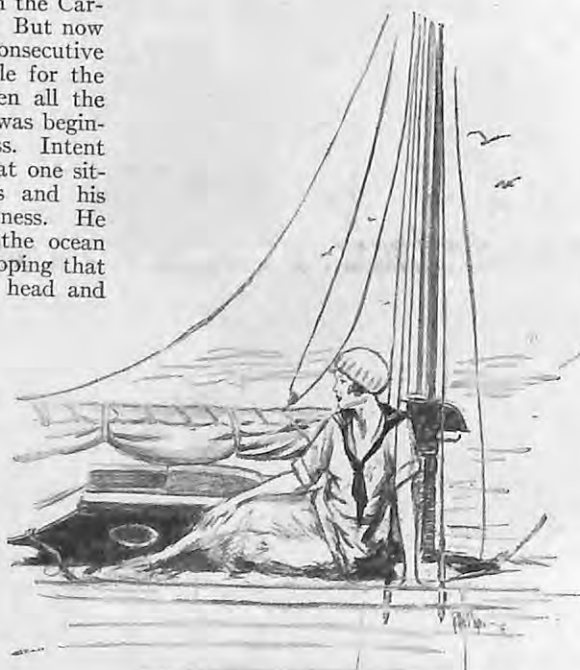
"If you're coming with me you'd better look slippery," he advised her.

"Look slippery? What's that, Mister?"

"Snap into it."

A few minutes later, accompanied by the voluble Queenie, whose vastness was now diminished by a brilliant scarlet bathing suit that was a little too small for her, Jerry walked briskly across the fields to the cove he had discovered the morning after his arrival. After being cooped up alone for so many hours, it was good to be out in the sun again and to have the companionship of another human being, even though it was that of a chattering, overgrown child. Queenie's conversation, limited as it was, for the most part, to motion-picture matters and her own prospects of becoming a luminary of the screen, required little effort on the part of the listener. Jerry found it rather soothing, for an occasional yes, no, or certainly, was all that was necessary to keep it going. With Queenie he felt free from the constant compulsion to keep on the alert. Even when she began questioning him about his work he did not have to be too careful with his answers. The slightest items of misinformation seemed to satisfy her. From having agreed reluctantly to her plea that he allow her to go swimming with him, he came to be quite grateful to her for having suggested it.

It was pleasant down at the cove. The rocks were warm and there was a soft, piney breeze. In the clear air distant objects were



distinctly visible. Even the houses on the farthest islands could be plainly seen. In no hurry to dispel the comfortable, lazy feeling that had stolen over him, Jerry lounged on a conveniently hollow rock and surveyed the seascape. Presently he be-

came conscious of a high, whining sound and, looking for its source, spied a small, dark speck on the water about a mile away, scudding along past one of the islands. When he first saw it, the little boat was running parallel to the shore line, but as he watched, it swung abruptly and headed for the cove. There were two people in it, a man seated amidships and a woman in the stern. Their faces were not yet distinguishable, but somehow they looked familiar.

"Whose boat is that?" Jerry asked, with quick apprehension.

"Looks like Miss Carmichael's," said Queenie. "Sounds like it, too."

"Hm," said he. "Moves fast, doesn't it?" While saying this, he searched hastily for some cranny in which to take cover. He found himself suddenly eager not to have Sheila see him sitting there with Queenie. At low water he might have hidden, but the tide was high just now and no cover was available. To escape observation, there was only one course: to get into the water himself and, even more urgent, to get Queenie in too. With that hulking body and that flamboyant bathing suit submerged, it was possible that they might escape Sheila's notice.

"The way to learn to swim is to go in all at once," he said. "Take my hand and we'll both dive together. You can stand out there. Don't be afraid, you'll be all right. Come on."

So unexpected was this command, and so peremptory, that Queenie obeyed before she had time to think. Gripping his hand, she shut her eyes and jumped, hitting the water with a mighty splash. In the shock of the sudden immersion, she let go of Jerry's hand and, on coming to the surface, clutched wildly at the air and opening her mouth to screech, swallowed a lot of sea. But as her feet touched bottom and she found she was not out of her depth after all, her panic was short-lived. Between gasps and gurgles, she achieved a triumphant grin.

"Gee, Mister," she shouted, "I dove!"

BUT Jerry, assured that his companion was in no danger, was more interested in noting the result of his ruse than in congratulating her on her achievement. He was considerably relieved to see that the little boat was no longer heading straight for them, but was skirting the opposite shore of the inlet, which, at that point, was about a quarter of a mile wide. There was no doubt, now, as to the boat's occupants. He could identify them easily. He had no way of telling, however, whether they had identified him. He could only hope they had not and that they would go far enough up the river to enable him and Queenie to get back on land unobserved.

But he had not reckoned with the latter's mood of high adventure. Queenie, somewhat disappointed at Jerry's lack of appreciation of her initial effort, and wanting tremendously some recognition of her valor, decided to encore her aquatic act and to assure herself of an audience. Accordingly, while Jerry, with chattering teeth, stood immobile nose deep in the water, intently watching Sheila's boat, Queenie, unseen by him, clambered out onto the rocks. And standing there in full view she began waving her arms and yelling:

"Come and see me dive! Come and see me dive!"

Jerry whirled around and glared at her. It was fortunate for her that no lethal weapon was within reach, for he could have shot her, at that moment, without compunction. Sheila and Beauregard had probably not heard her yells, owing to the wasp-



like buzzing of their motor, but they could not have failed to see her. She was as conspicuous as a lighthouse.

He looked again at the boat and groaned. It was skimming across directly toward them, bouncing along at twenty-five miles an hour.

The next few minutes were crammed with action. Jerry thought at first that Sheila intended to run him down. She kept the nose of the squat little craft aimed right at him. He was prepared to dive to one side when suddenly, without slackening speed, she yanked the tiller hard to port. The boat swerved, careened and capsized. Beauregard, who had been nervously holding on to the gunwales, was flung ten feet through the air into deep water, where he thrashed around like a fly in milk. Sheila, who at the last moment had jumped clear, bobbed up and shouted to Jerry.

"Get Charles," she cried. "He can't swim."

While Queenie jumped up and down with

With a squeal of terror, the unfortunate Queenie tried to hide her booty behind her back. "You'd better hand it over," insisted his lordship, "if you don't want to get into trouble"

excitement and Sheila retrieved the painter of the overturned boat, Jerry ploughed, as swiftly as his numbed muscles would let him, to the aid of the unfortunate Beauregard. As is usually the way with non-swimmers, the latter's sole thought was to climb out of the water, using his rescuer's body as a ladder. Jerry disabused his mind of that and all other ideas by giving him a sharp uppercut on the chin. After which, he towed him in, emptied him of the water and started him breathing again.

Not until he had made sure that Beauregard would be all right and had dispatched Queenie to the house for a bottle of her father's applejack to hasten the miserable creature's recovery, did Jerry pay any attention to Sheila. That young person,

during the resuscitation process, had removed the outboard motor from her cap-sized craft and carried it ashore and was now engaged in a valiant attempt to turn the boat right side up. Warmed by his recent exertions, Jerry waded out to help her.

"What was the big idea?" he inquired. "First you start to run me down and then you throw his dear old lordship into the drink. What's it all about?"

"I didn't start to run you down at all," retorted Sheila, loftily. "I saw your little girl friend waving and yelling and I thought she was calling for help."

"For me?"

"Exactly. Then when I saw that you were all right and didn't need help, I decided to go away from here and not interrupt you when you were busy. I'm sorry if I broke up your party. Or perhaps it wasn't a party. Perhaps you were dictating a story."

To this sally Jerry was about to make an

(Continued on page 52)



EDITORIAL

GRATIFYING

THE annual sessions of the Grand Lodge are important and significant events in our fraternal history. They are not only the occasions when the legislative power of the Order is exercised in the enactment of laws and the declaration of policies, but they are also the stipulated occasions when the statistics of the Order as a whole, which have been previously collected and analyzed, are presented in official reports, so that an accurate estimate may be made of the Order's progress and well being.

The subordinate Lodges, of whose members the Order is composed, are scattered all over the broad domain of the United States, and are maintained under widely variant conditions. Each Lodge is, in a sense, a somewhat independent unit, as to its legitimate activities; and it is accorded a full measure of authority over its membership. It is because of those facts, perhaps, that so many individual Elks, not directly in contact with the Grand Lodge, limit their fraternal horizon to the jurisdictional boundaries of the local Lodge.

But such members do not get a true picture of the Order of Elks. It is too much colored by experience and observation merely coextensive with their respective communities. If their own Lodge be prosperous and active, it is quite natural for them to assume that such conditions are general. If, on the contrary, it be simply drifting along, engaged upon no worthwhile endeavor, it is equally natural that they should consider the whole Order to be in similar unsatisfactory plight.

Only those who study the official reports made to the Grand Lodge, which are based upon a careful analysis of the data which has been secured from all the Lodges, can acquire a comprehensive concept of our great fraternity and form an intelligent opinion of its general condition.

It is gratifying to be able to cite those reports made to the Convention recently held at Atlantic City as convincing evidence of the Order's continuing prosperity and of its fine achievements in its chosen field of service. There was a substantial increase in the number of initiates during the

year as there was in restorations of lapsed memberships. Financially, its physical assets show a considerable increase. Careful supervision of building operations has insured a sounder business basis for these local Lodge enterprises, which are quite generally distributed throughout the different sections of the country. The aggregate of expenditures for charitable and benevolent purposes is the largest in the Order's history. And the accretions to the National Foundation have met all reasonable expectations.

Any one but a confirmed pessimist will experience a deep satisfaction in the contemplation of the Order's present condition and its prospects for the future. In all essentials it is moving consistently forward.

A DISTINCTIVE RECOGNITION

THE open letter which President Hoover recently addressed to the Order, and which was formally presented to the Grand Lodge at Atlantic City by the Grand Exalted Ruler, was not a mere empty compliment. It dealt with a serious and pressing economic problem of national import; and it frankly invited the cooperation of an agency deemed peculiarly capable of effective helpfulness.

It can but bring a feeling of pride to every member to note this distinctive recognition, by the President, of the Order's demonstrated patriotism and his confident reliance upon its ready response to his call for a needed service to the whole country.

And it is pleasing to think that he recalled a former occasion when, as United States Food Administrator during the World War, he selected the Order of Elks as the first fraternal organization to be called upon to assist in carrying forward that essential war measure; and that its response was so eagerly prompt and its cooperative activities so splendidly organized and efficiently administered as to win his warm expressions of appreciation and approval.

The action of the Grand Lodge, pledging the Order to every possible activity in promotion of



Decorations in dry-point by Ralph L. Boyer

the President's suggested program, was what might have been anticipated. It may be confidently assumed that the subordinate Lodges and individual members will observe that pledge in good faith and in the proud consciousness that the Order of Elks has again become a chosen instrumentality for an important patriotic service.

OUR NEWEST PAST GRAND

IT IS customary, at the end of a Grand Exalted Ruler's term of office, to speak words of praise for his fine administration and to pass commendatory resolutions in appreciation of his outstanding services. Happily those expressions have been quite uniformly well deserved throughout the history of the Order. We have been singularly fortunate in our fraternal leadership. And this fact has prevented any actuality, or seeming, of empty formality from attaching to such expressions. They have always rung true with sincerity.

And so again, in paying this tribute to Walter P. Andrews, who has just retired from the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, honesty and sincerity prompt every phrase of appreciation and praise.

His own earnestness and sincerity have been marked characteristics which have won the admiration and esteem of thousands of Elks who have seen them displayed in word and in deed. His energy and eagerness to perform every duty of his office really overtaxed his strength and contributed no little to a serious illness which incapacitated him for a time. And his warm-hearted, lovable, sunny disposition insured him a welcome to every fraternal circle.

Walter Andrews proved himself a worthy successor of the long line of able and distinguished Grand Exalted Rulers who have preceded him. And the Order is fortunate in having him still numbered among those whose advice and counsel it seeks and values.

RITUAL EXEMPLIFICATION

THE real necessity for effective ritual exemplification, particularly as to the constantly used opening, closing, and initiation ceremonials, has been frequently stressed in these columns. But the importance of the subject justifies reference to it again, even at the risk of possible criticism of its lack of novelty in substance or suggestion.

The State Associations are performing a splen-

did service in encouraging a keener interest in this matter among the subordinate Lodges. Ritual contests are held annually by nearly every one of the State organizations. And there is a continuing growth in the number of local units entering the competitions. This naturally results in a general improvement in the rendition of the ritual in all the Lodges. Even those which do not compete derive some degree of benefit from observation of the work of the teams which do strive for the coveted prizes.

And the contest held at the recent Convention at Atlantic City, under the auspices of the Grand Lodge Committee, was an inspiration to all who witnessed it. Its influence will doubtless be reflected throughout the Order.

But there are still too many Lodges in which the conduct of the prescribed ceremonials wholly fails to measure up to the standard which should be maintained. The officers in these Lodges are utterly neglectful of the obligations they have assumed; and the members are too lenient in permitting such delinquency to continue.

The opening and closing ceremonies of a subordinate Lodge are beautiful and most impressive when properly conducted. Our initiation ritual is of surpassing excellence. It is doubtful if those of any other fraternity are superior in substance, phraseology or action. The time required for exemplification is brief, much shorter than in many other orders. And effective delivery is reasonably within the capacity of every Lodge official. But it does require serious interest, full appreciation of the purpose in view, and careful preparation. These are essentials, and they are definite official obligations.

The report of the Ritualistic Committee to the recent Grand Lodge Convention was an unusually thoughtful and well-considered document. It contained a number of recommendations for minor changes in the rituals, which were adopted. These do not involve any material alterations, but they do insure a smoother rendition and a more impressive effect, which will be readily noted.

It is to be hoped that the Committee's earnest appeal for a better observance of their ritualistic duties on the part of subordinate Lodge officers will result in a marked improvement throughout the Order in this essential feature of our fraternal activities.

The Grand Lodge Convention in Atlantic City, New Jersey, July, 1930

THE sixty-sixth Grand Lodge Convention and general reunion of the Order, held within sight and sound of long Atlantic rollers, breaking on mile after mile of sunlit beach, was as enjoyable in its holiday and social aspects as it was successful on its business and administrative side. The lure of Atlantic City, most famous of all seaside resorts, drew throngs of Elks from all over the country and these, with their families and friends, found, in the preparations made for their welcome by Atlantic City Lodge, No. 276, and in the resort's manifold attractions, material for days of recreation and diversion and nights of social entertainment and foregathering. Though the whole city was gaily decorated with the national colors and the purple and white of the Order it was, quite naturally, the magnificent boardwalk, and the beach which it parallels, that furnished the background for most of that convention pageantry, both formal and informal, which is one of the most colorful and memorable features of these annual gatherings.

It was on the boardwalk, in front of the huge Municipal Auditorium, that the first function of an official nature was held. Here, at two-thirty in the afternoon of Sunday, July 6, the four cars of THE ELKS MAGAZINE—Viking Prosperity Fleet finished, with flying colors, their long transcontinental journeys which, beginning last April, had taken them as visitors to more than four hundred Lodges lying between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Accompanied by a police escort and by city and Lodge officials, the cars had left Philadelphia, Pa., that morning. Reaching their final destination in the convention city, the drivers were greeted officially by Grand Esquire Harry Bacharach, Exalted Ruler of Atlantic City Lodge, and by Acting Mayor Joseph Paxson, to whom they presented letters entrusted to their care at their starting points and along their routes, including the missive from President Hoover addressed to the officers and members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. Also present to greet the travelers were Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Editor and Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE; Charles S. Hart, Business Manager of the Magazine and originator of these cross-country good-will tours, and a large gathering of distinguished members, including 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. Mountain, J. Edgar Masters, William H. Atwell, Charles H. Grakelow, John F. Malley and Murray Hulbert.

Public Opening Session

The Grand Lodge Convention was officially opened at the public Opening Session held in the ballroom of the Municipal Auditorium on Monday evening, July 7. The splendid room was filled with a large and enthusiastic audience when the Legion of Honor and the Mounted Guard of Atlantic City Lodge escorted the Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Rulers and other active and past Grand Lodge officers to the stage. Following a beautiful organ prelude by Karl Bonawitz, and several popular orchestra selections, Mme. Nora Allen Volpi, guest soloist, sang "The Star Spangled Banner." Grand Chaplain the Rev. Dr. John Dysart delivered the invocation, and then State Senator Emerson L. Richards, Esteemed Leading Knight of Atlantic City Lodge and presiding officer of the Opening Session, welcomed the Elks on behalf of his city and his Lodge. Another solo by Madame Volpi preceded a vigorous, heartfelt address by Governor Morgan F. Larson, of New Jersey, a member of Perth Amboy Lodge, No. 784, who dwelt upon the great humanitarian program of the Order as exemplified by its work for crippled children. His talk was followed by a selection by the Atlantic City Elks Quartet.

Senator Richards then spoke of the tragic automobile accident in which, but a few days before, Mayor Anthony M. Ruffo, Jr., had lost his life. Mayor Ruffo, a member of Atlantic City Lodge, and a devoted and widely known Elk, met his untimely death so shortly before the opening of the Convention that his name appeared in the printed program as the one who was to deliver the address of welcome on behalf of the municipality. In his stead, Senator Richards introduced Past Exalted Ruler Joseph P. Perskie, City Solicitor, who greeted the visitors.

Following another solo selection by Madame Volpi, Senator Richards introduced Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, who paid eloquent tribute to the memory of the late Mayor Ruffo, and expressed to the bereaved family, the members of Atlantic City Lodge, and the citizens generally the deep and sincere sympathy of the Order at large. Mr. Andrews' response to the official addresses of welcome was a most happy one, graciously acknowledging the hospitality of the city and the State. In speaking of the Order and its accomplishments, he emphasized his whole-hearted belief in the power of its cardinal tenets to fashion a better and a happier world, offering as proof of his statements the great good accomplished within the country by the practice of the cardinal virtues of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity by the members of the Order.

Following a further number by the Atlantic City Elks Quartet, the Opening Session closed to music from the magnificent organ.

The First Business Session

The first business session of the Sixty-sixth Grand Lodge Convention was opened by Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews with the formal ritual shortly after 10 A. M., on Tuesday, July 8, in the same spacious room in the Municipal Auditorium in which had been held the public exercises the evening before. At the conclusion of the ceremony the Grand Exalted Ruler instructed Grand Esquire Harry Bacharach to escort to the dais the Past Grand Exalted Rulers present. This having been done, the former heads of the Order were introduced according to their seniority of service as follows: Joseph T. Fanning, John K. Tener, Rush L. Holland, James R. Nicholson, Edward Rightor, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, Frank L. Rain, William M. Abbott, W. W. Mountain, J. Edgar Masters, William H. Atwell, Charles H. Grakelow, John F. Malley and Murray Hulbert. Following these introductions there was a pause in the proceedings to allow the official photographer to take a picture, after which Mr. Andrews called to the dais for introduction Pardon Commissioner William J. Conway, the members of the Board of Grand Trustees, the Grand Justices of the Grand Forum, and the members of all Grand Lodge Committees.

After the introductions, the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke of the report which he had submitted of his year of service and announced that, inasmuch as it had been printed and distributed, he would not take up the time of the Grand Lodge with a recapitulation or discussion of it. He said, however, that he wished again to emphasize his belief in the enduring powers for good of the concept of the brotherhood of man and his high hopes for even greater achievements by the Order as long as the ideals on which it was founded, and in the light of which it has grown, are kept clearly before it. He also acknowledged the devoted cooperation of all who worked with him during his year of office and spoke particularly of the invaluable assistance of the Good of the Order Committee, which prepared manuals for the guidance of District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers and subordinate Lodge officers, and of the Ritualistic Committee, whose efforts were responsible for the inclusion in the program of the Convention of the first national ritualistic contest ever to be held.

Mr. Andrews then appointed the following Committee on Distribution: Michael Feinberg, Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, Chairman; Benjamin S. Fisher, Marshfield, Ore., Lodge, No. 1160, and S. John Connolly, Beverly, Mass., Lodge, No. 1309. He also appointed the following Committee on Memorial Service: Past Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Atwell; Pardon Commissioner William J. Conway, and Eugene Eibeling, of Atlantic City Lodge.

The Grand Exalted Ruler then announced his appointment of John S. McClelland, of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, as Grand Justice of the Grand Forum for the term of five years, and his appointment of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, whose two-year term as a Trustee of the Elks National Foundation had terminated, to succeed himself for the seven-year term. Both of these appointments were unanimously confirmed by the Grand Lodge. Mr. McClelland was then called to the stage and made a brief speech of acceptance. Mr. Benjamin was not able to attend the convention, being detained in Europe, where Mrs. Benjamin is slowly recuperating from a serious illness.

At this time the Grand Exalted Ruler announced the appointment of aides to the Grand Esquire and assistants to the Grand Inner Guard and Grand Tiler.

Mr. Andrews then recognized Chairman C. C. Bradley of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, who submitted his preliminary report. The final report of this Committee, presented at the third Business Session on Thursday, being more complete than the preliminary one, we quote herewith the final figures. The attendance of Grand Lodge members was as follows: Past Grand Exalted Rulers, 15; Grand Lodge Officers, 10; Grand Lodge Committeemen, 25; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, 126; Representatives, 932; Alternates, 122; Grand Lodge members, 474—a total attendance of 1,713. Mr. Andrews then announced his appointment to the Committee on Elections, of which Jules Bertero, of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, was Chairman. After the submission, by Approving Member John K. Burch, of the preliminary budget of the Board of Grand Trustees, the Grand Exalted Ruler recognized Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, who moved that the privilege of the floor be granted to Claude T. Reno, a member of Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130, but not a member of the Grand Lodge. This was unanimously accorded, and Judge Reno, who is President Judge of the thirty-first Judicial District, placed in nomination for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler the name of Lawrence H. Rupp, in the following address:

"This is one of the distinctively happy episodes of my life. By your special indulgence, I am permitted to stand here and nominate for the high office of Grand Exalted Ruler my most intimate friend. We were boys together, we attended college at the same time, we were admitted to the Bar on the same day. Together we have gone down the avenues of life, hand-in-hand, sharing the joys of prosperity, sharing solace and comfort when the shadows of adversity fell upon us. And now as a climax, when, as we truly believe, Lawrence H. Rupp is about to realize the outstanding ambition of his life, I count it a blessed privilege to bear testimony to the splendid attainments of mind and heart which signally qualify him for that great trust.

"I shall not long detain you with a recital of the details of his career. As I have already intimated, after the completion of an amazingly brilliant college career, he studied law and was admitted to the Bar. Immediately he became a busy practitioner. When most men are still nursing their hopes, and meanwhile practicing more economy than law, he was on the high road of success. He had fine ability and he was ruggedly honest, but I should be damning him with faint praise if I were to suggest that he had these and nothing more. He had dash and verve and courage and a captivating personality; he had humble confidence in himself which engendered the confidence of others and he was so supremely devoted to his cases that he inspired the faith of others in his cause. Soon political preferment sought him out and his term as

prosecuting officer, won easily in a campaign which gave him a tremendous majority, is still regarded as the standard of excellence. He prosecuted vigorously but he never forgot that even a defendant has rights which even a District Attorney is bound to respect. He served a term as State Chairman of the Democratic party and then, although he might have had any office within the gift of his people, he voluntarily closed his political career as far as holding public office was concerned. He remained as he began, a lawyer, a busy practitioner, a leading attorney in his section of the State, now representing vast and important business and financial interests, yet always free to champion the cause of the humblest litigant and give him the best of his mighty talents.

"But these details do not reveal the real man. Mark Twain says that a man really dwells mostly in his mind. Judged by that standard, our friend has had a rich and an enriching life. Nature endowed him with a receptive, an acquisitive mind, and a marvelously retentive memory. Wide reading, deep study, serious reflection have made him a versatile scholar, a cultured gentleman, a man of varied and infinite charm. He has traveled in every realm of knowledge and he is perfectly at home in wide and diverse areas of learning. I think he has read everything worth reading in poetry, fiction, biography, philosophy, history and the sciences. Reading has indeed made him a full man, talking a ready man, and writing an exact man. He writes as well as he reads and he talks—but it is not necessary for me to speak of his superb oratorical gifts to you who have sat so often under the joyful spell of his matchless eloquence. What has happened to you has been the experiences of audiences all over this country. His pleasing personal presence, his resonant speaking voice, his delicious humor, the height of his ideals, his depth of feeling, his utter sincerity form a combination which always move his audiences to an extraordinary degree. I venture to think that in the year which is to come the whole Fraternity from coast to coast, from its center to its circumference, will be profoundly moved and stirred to its highest pitch of devotion and fidelity by his splendid eloquence.

"Still, if you know only the mind of a man you do not truly know the man. The qualities of a man's mind are merely symbols, the qualities of his heart are realities. Long ago a wise old man said in accents that come flowing down the stream of the centuries, 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.' We who know him best admire our friend for the qualities of his mind but we love him for the issues of his heart. He has a deep heart, an understanding heart; not a passive but an active heart, a heart hitched to a dynamo. He radiates cheer and optimism, love and brotherhood, ineffable tenderness and wide sympathy. He is a genius for friendship; his capacity for making and holding friends is infinite. He is happiest when he is serving men, when he is doing something for his friends, when he is giving and spending himself for a great cause. And when I speak of service I am not thinking of it in that cheap sense in which it is employed in these modern days, mere accommodation for the sake of a profit, but I am thinking of that highest kind of service which is consecrated self-sacrifice for the good of others without thought of self. So genuine, so absorbing, so consuming is this passion for service that those who know him best were not at all surprised by an attitude that has puzzled other men. This spring the minority party of our State unanimously offered the nomination of Governor to our friend. I need not say that generally the nomination is only an honor; still, it is an honor conferred not by favor but upon merit. This year, by reason of circumstances to which I need not refer, the nomination seemed to be something more than an honor. There seemed to be in the whole situation real possibilities for the election of the minority candidate. Thus our friend was faced with a cruel dilemma. Obviously, he could not be a candidate for Governor and a candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler at the same time. Indeed he could not be Governor and Grand Exalted Ruler at the same time and give each office its just due. I say it was a cruel dilemma but he rose to it grandly and characteristically, as his friends knew he would. He renounced the opportunity to be Governor and announced his determination to move out into a field of activity wider than public office, into a field broad as the world itself, where as an authentic missionary of love and brotherhood he could grasp opportunities for deep and lasting service and reap rewards of true and inner spiritual satisfaction which public office can never bestow. You see, the mind, tempted by the snares and delusions of public office, said, 'You have a chance to be Governor,' the heart, appraising things at their true value, said, 'You would rather be Grand Exalted Ruler'; and the heart won.

"This is, I know, but a partial and I fear an artistic portrait of our friend. I'd love to complete it by painting more details upon that background. I should have said something about his love and work for this Fraternity, but you probably know that better than I do. But I have already made large claims upon your patience and I must reluctantly close this tribute. On behalf of Allentown Lodge, No. 130, I nominate for Grand Exalted Ruler, its favorite, its beloved son, Brother Lawrence H. Rupp."

The address seconding the nomination of Mr.

Rupp was made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow. There were no other nominations for the office, and Mr. Rupp's election was unanimous.

The other officers were also elected unanimously. They are:

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, Martin J. Cunningham, Danbury, Conn., Lodge No. 120.

Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, Leonard R. Ellis, Hot Springs, Ark., Lodge, No. 380.

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, J. T. Farrer, Provo, Utah, Lodge, No. 849.

Grand Secretary, J. Edgar Masters, Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494 (re-elected).

Grand Treasurer, Lloyd R. Maxwell, Marshalltown, Iowa, Lodge, No. 312 (re-elected).

Grand Tiler, L. F. McCready, Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948.

Grand Inner Guard, John F. Holliday, Washington, Ind., Lodge, No. 933.

Grand Trustee, five-year term, James S. Richardson, Cincinnati, O., Lodge, No. 5.

Grand Trustee, one-year term (to fill unexpired term of the late Richard P. Rooney), Henry A. Guenther, Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21.

After the nominations of the above new officers, and before their election, Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews spoke of his previous appointment of Henry A. Guenther to fill the unexpired term of the late Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney and asked the Grand Lodge for confirmation of this appointment, which confirmation was unanimously accorded.

There was no contest for the place of meeting in 1931. The invitation of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, tendered by Past Exalted Ruler Arthur S. Morgenstern, was unanimously accepted.

Mr. Andrews now requested Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, Charles H. Grakelow and John F. Malley to escort the Grand Exalted Ruler-elect to the platform. He then presented his successor to the Grand Lodge, and Mr. Rupp delivered the speech of acceptance which is printed on pages 5 and 6 of this issue.

The Grand Lodge then adjourned, to meet again at 10 A. M., Wednesday, July 9.

Second Business Session

The session was called to order by Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews who, after the invocation by the Grand Chaplain, read a telegram conveying good wishes to the Grand Lodge from Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, who was kept from attending by the illness of Mrs. McFarland. Mr. Andrews then read into the record a report of the return to the Grand Lodge of \$686.74 of the \$1,000 forwarded last year by his predecessor, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, to J. D. Walsh, Glen-cive, Mont., for flood relief.

The chair then recognized Past Exalted Ruler Michael Feinberg, of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, Chairman of the Committee on Distribution. After reporting for the Committee, Mr. Feinberg spoke of the Grand Lodge Convention of 1933, and repeated the invitation of his Lodge, first delivered last year, to entertain the Grand Lodge at that time, when the fortieth anniversary of the World's Fair will be marked by another great exposition.

The first regular order of business of the session was the reading by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, Chairman, of the report of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, and the turning over by him to the Grand Secretary of a draft for \$150,000 representing, in part, the net surplus earnings of THE ELKS MAGAZINE for the past year, less the necessary working capital retained for the coming twelve months. The report, which appears elsewhere in this issue, was unanimously approved and accepted.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Secretary-Treasurer and Executive Director of the Commission, then made a supplementary report to the Grand Lodge, outlining the method pursued by the Commission in arriving at a decision concerning the desirability of accepting the invitation of the American Legion to participate in the construction of the World War Memorial known as Pershing Hall, which

is now being completed in Paris, France. He explained that Past Grand Exalted Rulers Raymond Benjamin and Murray Hulbert, being in Europe during the earlier part of this year, he had requested them to make a first hand inquiry. This they did, Mr. Fanning said. Mr. Hulbert, at the request of Mr. Fanning, then took the floor and rendered an account of his and Mr. Benjamin's investigation of the property acquired by the Legion; spoke of the financial soundness of the arrangement made for the completion of the building, and submitted, for the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, the following report and subjoined resolution:

Early in the year 1919 the American Legion had its birth in the City of Paris, France, and the Paris Post No. 1 thereupon came into existence.

Inspired by a group of Legionnaires, among whom were Gen. John J. Pershing, Brig.-Gen. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Col. Laurence Benet and Col. Francis E. Drake, and loyally supported by the late Ambassador Myron T. Herrick, the idea was to establish a permanent War Memorial Building in Paris which will not only serve as a great pantheon commemorating the valor and heroism of the American Expeditionary Forces, but would also serve as a headquarters for the American Legion and the fraternal and philanthropic organizations which cooperated with the A. E. F. in the World War. This project was officially sanctioned at the Ninth Annual Convention of the American Legion held in Paris in 1927.

Subsequently, the American Legion Building, Paris, Inc., was organized under the laws of the State of Delaware.

This is a non-profit stock corporation, of which General Pershing, Colonel Drake, Colonel Benet, Albert Cudebec and Ambassador Walter E. Edge are the directors. This corporation acquired a private residence known as 49 Rue Pierre, Charron, Paris, which building has been remodeled and is to be formally dedicated and known as "Pershing Hall."

Invitations were extended to and have been accepted by the United States Navy, United States Army, United States Military Academy, United States Marine Corps, National Guard, American Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, Jewish Welfare Board, Salvation Army, Grand Lodge of Masons of State of New York and other jurisdictions, and the Daughters of the American Revolution, to establish in "Pershing Hall" Memorial Salons commemorating their respective services in the World War. Contributions range from \$7,500 to \$25,000.

The citizens of Cleveland, Ohio, have also established a Salon in "Pershing Hall" as a memorial to the late Ambassador Myron T. Herrick.

The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks were also invited by the American Legion to establish a Memorial Salon in said building. This invitation was referred by the Grand Exalted Ruler to the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission.

At the solicitation of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Editor and Executive Director, Past Grand Exalted Rulers Raymond Benjamin and Murray Hulbert visited and inspected the premises owned and acquired by the American Legion Building, Paris, Inc.

A six-story building has been erected and is in course of completion which will be connected with "Pershing Hall" by a gallery, through which will be operated elevator service to both buildings. The ground floor in the new building will be a recreation center. The second floor will be an auditorium having a normal seating capacity of one hundred and sixty-four and a maximum seating capacity of about two hundred. The upper floors will be utilized for school rooms and other activities of the Legion.

It has been proposed by the American Legion, that in consideration of a subscription by the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of \$30,000, that the Auditorium will be designated as "Elks Memorial Hall," commemorating the services of the seventy thousand Elks who responded to the Colors and the 1,000 of whom made the supreme sacrifice in the World War.

"Now, therefore, be it RESOLVED:

"That the members of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks in convention assembled in Atlantic City hereby accept the invitation of the American Legion to designate the Auditorium in the American Legion Building, Paris, France, as Elks Memorial Hall and do hereby appropriate the sum of \$30,000 out of any available fund, not heretofore appropriated, to be paid to the American Legion Building, Paris, Inc., when the Grand Exalted Ruler shall have entered into an agreement with the American Legion Building, Paris, Inc., setting forth terms and conditions of said subscription."

The report and resolution were unanimously approved and adopted.

Upon a motion by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, the report of the Good of the Order Committee, of which he is Chairman, was then made a special order of business at the

opening of the second half of the session at two-thirty.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell now made the final report of the Grand Lodge Committee on Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Astley Apperly, the other members of which were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, and Fred O. Nuetzel, of Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, and moved that the Committee be discharged. The report, unanimously approved, was in part as follows:

Early in October of last year, the undersigned, pursuant to a resolution adopted by the Grand Lodge at Los Angeles, California, were appointed by the Grand Exalted Ruler as a committee to consider, determine and present in some suitable form a memorial to the memory of our late Brother Astley Apperly, of Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8. Your committee proceeded immediately to perform the duty delegated to it, and after consultation with members of Brother Apperly's family and the officers and members of Louisville Lodge, it was determined to erect a monument on the family lot where Brother Apperly is buried in Cave Hill Cemetery at Louisville, Ky.

On Sunday, May 25, 1930, the monument selected by the Committee was unveiled and dedicated with impressive ceremonies, assisted by a committee of Louisville Lodge, No. 8. An account of the dedication ceremonies, together with a photo of the monument, appears in the July issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, to which reference is had for the nature and character of the memorial erected and the program incident to its unveiling and dedication.

The total amount expended by your committee in performing the task delegated to it was \$2,407.98. All of the accounts of the Committee have been audited and approved by the Approving Member of the Board of Grand Trustees and by the Grand Exalted Ruler.

The thanks of the Committee and the Grand Lodge are due to the officers and members of Louisville Lodge, No. 8, and particularly the special committee appointed by the Lodge, consisting of Past Exalted Ruler William Neal, Past Exalted Ruler John C. Schildt, and Chris J. Franz, Secretary of Louisville Lodge.

Your committee further reports that it has performed all of the duties delegated to it and presents this, its final report, with the request that it be discharged.

Next to be recognized was Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees. He explained the purposes of the Foundation, and spoke of the splendid response of the subordinate Lodges and State Elks Associations to the appeal for subscriptions for Honorary Founders Certificates, and reported that the artist's design for these certificates had been accepted and was in process of printing. The full and official report of the Foundation's Trustees had been printed and was in the hands of the members of the Grand Lodge before Mr. Malley spoke. This report is largely reprinted elsewhere in this issue. At the close of Mr. Malley's remarks Past Exalted Ruler Abraham M. Herman, representing Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135, handed to the Grand Exalted Ruler, who passed it on to Mr. Malley, a check for \$1,000 for the subscription pledged by the members of No. 135 on the occasion of their fortieth anniversary, at which time Mr. Andrews was their guest. C. L. Doherty, of Rapid City, S. D., Lodge, No. 1187, was then recognized, and announced that checks for \$1,000 each, representing contributions from Huron, S. D., Lodge, No. 444, and the South Dakota State Elks Association, were in the mails.

Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews then called Past Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Atwell to the rostrum for the conduct of the annual Memorial services. Following a baritone solo, "Thou Art Passing Hence," by Powell Evans, Mr. Atwell delivered a beautiful and deeply moving memorial address, speaking of the unity of spirit and purpose to be found among the members of the Order, of the quiet charity and thoughtful helpfulness of those who had passed on, and of their abiding place in the affection and admiration of those who had known them best. Another solo, "God Shall Wipe Away All Tears," sung by Evan Prosser, preceded the eulogy of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Mills, delivered by Pardon Commissioner William J. Conway. A duet, "Watchman, What of the Night," by Mr. Prosser and Mr. Evans, brought the beautiful service to its close.

Second Half of the Second Business Session

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson

was recognized by the chair, and spoke of the work of the Good of the Order Committee, of which he is Chairman. He expressed the deep appreciation by the committee of the help given by Grand Lodge officers, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers and subordinate Lodge officers in contributing valuable information in regard to general and local conditions, and personally thanked the other members of his committee for their unflagging interest and zeal.

He then introduced Dr. Carroll Smith, of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, a member of the committee, who explained the plan outlined in 1928, under which the committee has since operated. He stressed the inquiries conducted among the subordinate Lodges of the Order and urged their study and the application of the committee's findings in the light of local conditions, calling upon the delegates to analyze the state of affairs in their own Lodges. He then called attention to the fine work of the Lapsation Committees in Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, and Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, in securing the reinstatement of large numbers of Elks who had allowed their membership to lapse. Dr. Smith asked the continued cooperation of the subordinate Lodges in contributing to the committee reports of any methods proven to be successful in bettering conditions and advancing the interests of the Order.

The official report of the Good of the Order Committee was, in part, as follows:

Report of the Committee on Good of the Order

The Committee is very happy to be in position to report that throughout the year the fullest cooperation was received from the Grand Exalted Ruler and his office, the Grand Secretary, the Editor and Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Grand Lodge officers and committeemen, District Deputies and from the Officers of the subordinate Lodges. Many helpful suggestions were received relative to methods of meeting various problems of the Lodges of the Order. These suggestions and comments were carefully considered and passed along to those Lodges in need of or requesting such information.

Committee Meetings

At the installation of the District Deputies in Chicago in September, 1929, the Chairman of the Committee addressed them and called their attention to the duties of their office and the manner in which they might be helpful to the subordinate Lodges. Specific attention was called to the 1929 report of the Good of the Order Committee and the District Deputies were requested to study and re-study the material contained therein.

He suggested that they compare the showing of their Districts with that of other Districts throughout the country; and that they study the per capita expenditures for charity and compare the showing of the various Lodges, Districts and States. It was pointed out that it was their duty to analyze conditions in their territory in the same manner that they would analyze a business problem in a business organization and determine ways and means for the solution of such problems.

1929 Report of the Good of the Order Committee

Shortly after the Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles in July, 1929, a copy of the report of the Good of the Order Committee was sent to all the subordinate Lodges with a request that they go over the report carefully and search for items of interest to them. Many Lodges followed the Committee's suggestion and subsequently advised that they used many of the suggestions contained in the report to good advantage.

The District Deputies also were provided with a copy of the report so that they could use the facts contained therein during their visitations to the Lodges. Correspondence from these men indicates that they also have found it possible to use to advantage some of the suggestions contained in this report.

The Committee has therefore prepared a comprehensive set of statistics of membership losses and gains, charity expenditures, suggestions for officers and committeemen of subordinate Lodges and items pertaining to the welfare of the Order. Arrangements have been made to send a copy of this report to each of the subordinate Lodges, and it is the hope of the Committee that those interested in the direction of the subordinate Lodges will give some consideration to and take advantage of the facts contained therein.

Good of the Order Questionnaire

In order that the Committee might have the benefit of information relative to conditions in the subordinate Lodges, a questionnaire was sent out which made inquiry regarding the membership standing on September 30, 1929; the number of

members in good standing on that date and the number in arrears; information relative to the activities that were engaged in and that were of interest to the members; the nature of their community welfare work; whether or not lapsation work was carried on; whether or not activities were engaged in to secure the interest of the ladies. The Lodges were requested in this questionnaire, to submit any suggestions that might be beneficial to the Lodges in securing new members, in retaining old members and in holding the interest of all members.

The Lodges were requested also to report whether or not they had any financial problems that were retarding the growth of the Lodge and if so, in what manner the Committee could be of assistance to them.

(A copy of the questionnaire is included in the printed report as Exhibit A.)

The Committee is glad to be able to report that out of 1,419 Lodges to whom questionnaires were sent, 1,343 replies were received.

The Committee desires to bring to the attention of the subordinate Lodges the importance of their giving prompt attention to requests made of them by Grand Lodge Committees.

Many suggestions relative to Lodge activities were received and after careful consideration, those suggestions that were felt might be of assistance to the Lodges, were tabulated and sent to those Lodges requesting such information. (A copy of the tabulation of suggestions is incorporated in the printed report as Exhibit B.)

District Deputies

Having an intimate contact with the District Deputies, the Good of the Order Committee was in position to observe the activities of these men, working for the best interests of the Order. It was very pleasing to note the manner in which they performed their work and the spirit with which they entered into their activities.

Manual for District Deputies

The Committee with the approval of the Grand Exalted Ruler published a Manual for the use of the District Deputies containing many suggestions regarding the manner in which they might best perform the duties of their office.

A copy of the Manual has been sent to each District Deputy.

In it are incorporated suggestions relative to the following: Survey of conditions in the District. Manner of contacting the officers of the various Lodges. Official visitations of the Lodges. Checking of Lodge records, officers and activities. Address to the Lodge. Report to the Grand Exalted Ruler. Cooperating in the solution of Lodge problems. Institution of New Lodges. Summary and final report to the Grand Exalted Ruler. Final appeal to the Lodges. Assistance to succeeding District Deputy.

This Manual was gratefully received by the District Deputies and a considerable number have written to the Committee, advising that they found the information contained in it of great assistance to them in their work.

The Manual was prepared with the assistance and cooperation of a large number of members of the Order, and the Committee wishes to acknowledge this assistance and to express its appreciation.

Manual for Subordinate Lodge Officers and Committeemen

Encouraged by the reception of the Manual for District Deputies, the Committee with the approval of the Grand Exalted Ruler undertook the preparation of a Manual covering the duties and responsibilities of the Officers and Committeemen of the subordinate Lodges. This Manual is designed to point out to these brothers those things pertaining to their duties of which they should be particularly watchful, the manner of performing their work and of analyzing and meeting the problems of the Lodge.

The Manual was prepared with the assistance of a large number of brothers who are active in the affairs of the Order and the Committee feels that it will be of considerable benefit to the subordinate Lodges, if the information contained therein will be carefully studied.

A copy of the Manual has been sent to all of the subordinate Lodges of the Order, with a letter to the Exalted Ruler, suggesting that he hold a conference of all of the officers and committeemen of the Lodge for the purpose of discussing the Manual and perhaps adopting such suggestions contained in it as might prove to be helpful to their officers and to the Lodge.

A copy of the Manual has also been sent to all Secretaries of the subordinate Lodges.

Membership Statistics, 1925-1930

The Committee felt that it would be helpful to the District Deputies to have in their possession, information which would show them the trend of the membership in the Lodges of their district. Accordingly a tabulation was prepared showing the membership on March 31, 1924, of each Lodge, the amount of the gain or loss for each year from March 31, 1924 to March 31, 1929, the membership on the latter date, the gain or loss for the five-year period, the number

of years that the Lodge showed a gain and the number of years that it showed a loss.

A copy of the tables for his District was sent to each District Deputy. A copy of the tables covering all of the Districts in the State was sent to the Grand Lodge officers located in the State and to the President of the State Association. A copy of the tables covering the territory of particular interest to them was furnished to the Past Grand Exalted Rulers. A full set of the tables was sent to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

With this information before them in convenient form, these men could trace the membership trend for each Lodge and could see how they were progressing or losing in membership. The tables brought out the weak spots in the Districts and pointed out the places where assistance seemed to be necessary.

(A similar set of tables covering the five-year period, March 31, 1925 to March 31, 1930, is incorporated in the printed report as Exhibit C. A table showing the losses and gains in membership of each State and Grand Lodge District for the same period is shown as Exhibit D.)

It is suggested that those interested in the welfare of the Order, make a careful study of these tables and pick out the weak spots in those sections in which they have influence and attempt to assist in building up those Lodges.

An analysis of these tables shows that in the last five-year period, 289 Lodges have shown losses in each of the last five years; 359 Lodges have shown losses in four years; 370 Lodges have shown losses in three years; 211 Lodges have shown losses in two years; 124 Lodges have shown losses in one year, and only 62 Lodges have shown gains in each of the five years.

Particular attention should be given to the Lodges showing losses in each of four or five years. It will be noted that there are 48 per cent. of the Lodges of the Order in that class. The Committee feels that if proper steps are taken a considerably better showing will be made by the end of the next Grand Lodge year.

Attendance Committee

The Committee has given careful consideration to a suggestion received which recommends that the Lodges look into the possibility of appointing an Attendance Committee whose duty it shall be to check up on the members who are not attending meetings regularly and learn if possible, why that is the case.

It was pointed out that a large number of members never attend meetings and for that reason are somewhat out of touch with Lodge activities. As a result in many cases those members who have lost their interest are dropped because of failure to keep up the payment of their dues.

When a member is consulted about his failure to attend the meetings, in many instances the interest thus shown in that member will be the cause of the revival of his interest in the activities of the Lodge, and he will again become an active member.

A record showing what members are failing to attend meetings might be obtained by having each member who does attend either record his name in a book provided for that purpose or by depositing a card carrying his name and Lodge number into a receptacle provided therefor, as he enters the Lodge room.

Some Lodges have already used this method with such success that the Committee strongly recommends the adoption of some method of this character and believes that thereby the membership and interest of many brothers disposed to drop away from Lodge activities may be retained.

The Committee appeals to every Exalted Ruler to institute this method of maintaining the membership of the Lodge and continuing the interest of each individual member.

Lapsation Work

Replies to the Good of the Order Committee questionnaire furnished the Committee with information relative to the number of members delinquent in the payment of dues on September 30, 1929.

Throughout the year the Committee emphasized to the subordinate Lodges the importance of having an active Lapsation Committee. It will be recognized that a considerable number of members are dropped each year who could be saved to the Order if proper efforts were made to retain their interest and with their interest, their membership.

The larger the amount of their dues and the older their debt to the Lodge, the more difficult it will be to secure payment. It is suggested, therefore, that the Committee start working as soon as a member's name is shown on the delinquent list and not wait until the end of the year before taking action in attempting to secure payment of back dues.

Particular attention is called to the possibility of bringing back into the fold, many of the members who have been dropped in years past and secure payment from members who are six months, a year and even two years in arrears.

State-Wide Initiations

It has come to the attention of the Committee that much success has attended the efforts of one State Association in sponsoring a State-wide initiation. Every Lodge in the State was encouraged to have as many candidates as possible for initiation on February 12th, Lincoln's Birthday. The candidates were all initiated in their home Lodges on that date.

In another State the State Association sponsored a State-wide initiation in connection with a ritualistic contest but in this case, held the initiation of all the candidates in one Lodge. Every Lodge responded by procuring candidates and as a result of the very impressive ceremony performed by the winners of the State Ritualistic contest, all members were very much enthused.

The Committee feels that this practice is commendable and should be encouraged.

Ritualistic Contests

It has long been recognized that one of the most important factors of our initiatory services is the proper rendition of the ritual. The Committee has encouraged the officers of the Lodges to improve their efficiency in this work.

The practice of holding State-wide ritualistic contests, usually under the direction of the State Association, has been gaining in favor and practice and unquestionably much improvement in ritualistic work has resulted.

Group Entertainment

Reports have been received by the Committee of the success of group entertainments. This activity is very helpful, particularly to the smaller Lodges and should be encouraged. Many Lodges are so located that it is comparatively easy for the members of one Lodge to attend a meeting of a sister Lodge.

With a number of Lodges participating, the scope of the entertainment can be enlarged, a better program prepared and its success made more certain. The Committee suggests that the subordinate Lodges consult one another relative to the possibility of arranging for such group entertainments.

Charity Tables

This Committee has prepared a tabulation of the expenditures for charity of the subordinate Lodges. (This tabulation has been combined with the membership Tables and is incorporated in the printed report as Exhibit C.) The tabulation shows the total expenditures for charity, the amount spent per capita, and the rank of the Lodge in the State. The Subordinate Lodge officers are urged to study these statistics and it is suggested that they compare the amount spent by their own Lodge with that spent by other Lodges. (A tabulation of expenditures by Districts and by States is also incorporated in the printed report as part of Exhibit D.)

One of the principal activities of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is its charitable work. In many of the Lodges this work constitutes the most important activity engaged in by the Lodge. The Committee desires to present a few facts in connection with these tables. A total of \$2,640,701.41 was spent by the Lodges of the Order for charitable purposes for the year ending March 31, 1930. This represents an expenditure of \$3.47 per capita.

The per capita expenditures this year were greater than ever before and it is very gratifying to note that the increase in such expenditures this year over those of last year amounted to \$.33 per member. This year the State of New Jersey leads in per capita expenditures with \$7.72. The Canal Zone District ranks first with an expenditure of \$18.13 per capita. The District of New Jersey South ranks second with an expenditure of \$14.60 per capita. Atlantic City, New Jersey, Lodge No. 276, ranks first among the individual Lodges with an expenditure of \$60.61 per capita.

There were twenty Lodges in the Order that expended more than \$10 per capita for charity, which is indeed a most commendable record.

The officers of the subordinate Lodges might well ask themselves, "How does our Lodge stand in the District? What contribution is our Lodge making to the record of the State and how does our State compare with other States?"

If the Lodges will make their charitable activities one of the most important parts of their program the Committee feels that they will be well repaid not only in increased interest on the part of their members but also in the prestige which will result and which will encourage many worthwhile citizens of the community to seek membership in the Lodge.

Lodges Needing Special Attention

From time to time the Grand Exalted Ruler referred to the Committee matters regarding Lodges requiring special attention. The Committee attempted to help these Lodges as much as possible by referring these matters to members of the Order resident in or near the community where the Lodge was located and also requested the District Deputies to give their fullest cooperation to such Lodges.

The Committee feels that through the efforts of these men, considerable assistance has been given to the Lodges in the solution of their problems.

While the members of the Committee could not make a personal investigation they attempted to do what was within their power either through correspondence with the Lodge or through contact by the District Deputy and others.

The Committee wishes to acknowledge its appreciation of the assistance given to it by such brothers in these matters.

Special Representatives

The Committee recognizes the desirability of having

available when necessity arises, some competent representative of the Grand Exalted Ruler to assist in analyzing and endeavoring to correct the conditions of Lodges that are experiencing difficulties, financial or otherwise.

A proper knowledge of these conditions can not be obtained by correspondence nor by this method can the solution of such be found.

It is believed by the members of the Committee that if capable men of business and fraternal experience could spend some time with the officers and members of a Lodge requiring attention material assistance could be rendered and many problems that might develop seriously and affect the very existence of the Lodge might in this manner be remedied.

The Grand Exalted Ruler possesses the power to send special representatives to investigate the condition of and help Lodges that are in need of advice and assistance.

Men of the character and training of those who could render the best assistance, however, could not afford to spend the necessary time on this work without proper compensation. Your Committee, therefore, recommends:

"THAT the Grand Exalted Ruler be authorized to make temporary appointments from time to time of special representatives to investigate the problems of Lodges requiring assistance and advice and cooperate in the solution of such problems, and that provision be made for the proper compensation of those thus assigned."

Additions to Application for Membership Blank

The Committee gave consideration to the application for membership blank, and suggested to the Grand Secretary that the following question be added to this form: "Give the name and address of three nearest relatives."

Every year a large number of members are dropped from the rolls because the Lodges lose track of them because of change in their residence.

The relatives of such members are usually acquainted with their movements and the Committee feels that with this information in its files it will be extremely helpful to the Lodge in locating such members.

Elks National Park

At the Grand Lodge session at Los Angeles, there was referred to the Good of the Order Committee the following resolution referring to the Elks National Park:

"WHEREAS, It has been brought to the attention of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, that the subordinate Lodges in the Western section of Colorado, have for some years past been devoting their time and energy and means to bring to this Grand Lodge for its attention the advisability of the establishment of a National Elks Park in the vicinity of Ouray, Colo., and

"WHEREAS, The project is such, and the work done thereon, that a report upon the same, and the advisability of accepting the proposed site should be made to this Order.

"NOW THEREFORE, Be it Resolved, by the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, that the Grand Exalted Ruler be and he hereby is authorized, empowered and directed to refer this matter to the Committee on Good of the Order, which Committee be and hereby is authorized, empowered and directed to fully and completely investigate and report to the next Grand Lodge session, the feasibility and advisability of accepting the site, and making it an institution of this Order for the benefit and enjoyment of the members thereof, and for the public."

The Grand Lodge had previously given consideration to this project. At the Grand Lodge session held in Portland, Ore., in 1925, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan, as Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Grand Lodge, reported as follows on the advisability and feasibility of the Grand Lodge entering into such an undertaking.

"If this Grand Lodge endorses such a project, it means committing the Order ultimately to the expending of a vast sum of money which would have to be raised and obtained from some source, and the only source to which this Grand Lodge could appeal is to the subordinate Lodges through the imposition of an additional per capita tax; and our Order today is already engaged in as many national projects as can well be carried out at this time.

"Your Committee can not but feel that any decided addition for such purposes to the present per capita contribution would be unwise, and would not meet with the general approval and endorsement of the membership at large.

"For the reasons assigned herein and for many other reasons good and sufficient and patent upon the face of the papers, your Committee has unanimously resolved, and it does hereby report unfavorably on the said National Park Project resolution."

This resolution was adopted by the Grand Lodge. In order that the Good of the Order Committee might have first hand information relative to this

project, Brother William T. Baldwin of the committee was requested to visit the region, meet the brothers interested in this undertaking, study its possibilities and report to the committee.

Brother Baldwin made a visit to the region and reported at the meeting of the committee held in February. From the brothers interested in this movement, the Committee received much information relative thereto.

The members of the Committee carefully considered all of the possible advantages of the Order entering into this project and the responsibilities financial and otherwise, which necessarily would be involved.

As a result of its deliberations the Committee reports that it is the unanimous opinion of its members that the Grand Lodge should refrain from indorsing or otherwise assuming any responsibility in connection with the establishment of the proposed National Elks Park, it being recognized that no Grand Lodge funds are available for such purposes, and that it would not only be unwise but impossible to raise through such sources as the Grand Lodge has for raising funds, the money required to carry on this project through to the successful conclusion which the Order would expect and demand if it undertook or even sponsored the proposed Park.

The Committee further feels that this vast Park Project is wholly without the plans and purposes of the Order and is primarily and properly a matter and function of the government.

Red Cross Article

Early in the year the Chairman of the Committee was asked by the Editor of the Red Cross Courier, to prepare an article on the charitable activities of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

(A copy of this article is incorporated in the printed report as Exhibit E.)

The Committee feels that this article which is merely a condensation of existing records can be advantageously used by the subordinate Lodges in acquainting the present membership and prospective members with the charitable activities of the Order.

The members of the Grand Lodge will be interested in the following editorial which appeared in the same issue of the Red Cross Courier as did the above referred to article, testifying to the splendid cooperation that has been maintained between the American Red Cross and our Order:

"Cooperation with the American Red Cross is an unswerving policy of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. In the World War the relief commission of the Order collaborated with the Red Cross War Council, and a hospital program for the benefit of wounded soldiers was with fine vigor put into motion by the Elks. Throughout the years of peace the Order of Elks has been ever cooperative in relief for disaster sufferers, as well as in the local welfare activities of Red Cross chapters."

Radio Hook-Up for Eleven O'Clock Toast

The suggestion was received that the Committee give some consideration to the possibility of a nationwide radio hook-up to broadcast the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

In its investigation the Committee found that several Lodges broadcast such a toast from local stations and the practice was well received by the members and the public.

The Committee feels, however, that on account of the difference in time throughout the country it is impossible to enter into such an activity on a national scale.

The Eleven O'Clock Toast is an important feature of Elksdom. It is recognized that by broadcasting this Toast it is brought to the attention of a large number of members and non-members and creates interest in the Order. The practice is a splendid one and the Committee feels the movement should be encouraged.

The report of the Good of the Order Committee, and all of the recommendations and findings therein, was approved by the Grand Lodge.

Mr. Nicholson then took the floor to report upon the disposition of several resolutions submitted by the Elks of Arizona and contiguous States, having to do with the provision of Grand Lodge assistance in the care of members of the Order who annually go to the Southwest in considerable numbers for the treatment of tuberculosis. He did not read the resolutions but said that it had been long recognized that the Lodges in this district were faced with a very special problem in that members of the Order from all over the country, seeking health in their locality, quite naturally turned to them for help when in difficulties, financial or otherwise, and that these Lodges were most commendably anxious to do everything in their power to meet these requests and to extend to the sufferers every fraternal sympathy and comfort. He said that his committee therefore recommended to the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler that he consider the donation of \$3,000 from the special fund

provided for the assistance of subordinate Lodges in such circumstances, and furthermore recommended most earnestly to the Elks National Foundation Trustees a study of the situation of these Southwestern Lodges, with a view to assisting them financially in their important and praiseworthy work.

Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews then read, and recommended to the attention of the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler and Good of the Order Committee the following resolution presented by Robert S. Macfarlane of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92:

"WHEREAS the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has constructed at Bedford, Va., and now maintains and operates a home for its indigent and needy members; and

"WHEREAS such Home is available to new members of the Order as well as the older members through whose efforts it has been made available;

"Now, therefore, be it RESOLVED that the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler, with the assistance of such committee as he may deem appropriate, consider and report at the 1931 Grand Lodge session upon the propriety and advisability of requiring each applicant for membership in the Order to make some uniform donation for the benefit of such home."

The Committee on Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler James U. Sammis, next presented its final report. This was read by H. B. Maynard, of Waterloo, Ia., Lodge, and was, in part as follows:

At the Miami meeting of the Grand Lodge held in July, 1928, the newly elected Grand Exalted Ruler was by resolution directed to appoint a committee which should report at the following meeting of the Grand Lodge recommendations for a suitable memorial to the memory of Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. U. Sammis.

In conformity with this resolution Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert appointed Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Mills, Superior, Wisconsin, Lodge, No. 403; and Past Exalted Ruler James G. Murtagh, Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge, No. 290. On September 12, 1928, Brother Murtagh was called in death and Past Exalted Ruler Charles C. Bradley, of Le Mars, Iowa, Lodge, No. 428, was appointed in his stead.

Upon the formation of the Elks Foundation Committee the Grand Exalted Ruler asked Past Grand Exalted Ruler Price to accept a membership thereon and upon his acceptance he resigned from the Sammis Memorial Committee. To the vacancy thereby created, Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert appointed H. B. Maynard, Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge, No. 290, and upon the suggestion of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Mills, Brother Maynard was also made chairman of the committee.

The Committee, thus constituted, reported its recommendations to the Grand Lodge meeting at Los Angeles at the meeting in July, 1929 and they were by that body unanimously approved, making available the sum of \$2,000 for the memorial and \$50 per month to the widow during her lifetime.

(For a description of the memorial and its unveiling dedication, readers are referred to the account published in "Under the Spreading Antlers.")

Just as the committee deliberations were concluded and contracts awarded, our beloved associate Past Grand Exalted Ruler Mills was called, on March 19, 1930, to his final reward. The surviving members of the committee desire that this report of our work record our testimony to the value of his wise counsel and his practical advice. He enjoyed our confidence from the beginning of our association and our contacts thereafter won for him our fraternal love.

From the \$2,000 made available for our use, the following (total) expenditures were made and vouchers issued: \$1,492, leaving a balance unused and returnable to the Grand Lodge funds, \$508.00.

Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther was then recognized and on behalf of the Board of Grand Trustees submitted a recommendation for an additional dormitory at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. The following resolution, embodying this recommendation, was then offered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, and unanimously adopted.

"RESOLVED.

1. "That the Board of Grand Trustees be, and are hereby, authorized and directed to enter into all necessary contracts on behalf of the Order, for the prompt construction, at Bedford, Virginia, as a part of the Elks National Home, of an additional dormitory, to provide for approximately one hundred additional residents, at a cost not to exceed the sum of two hundred and forty thousand dollars, and to be of such archi-

tectural design and character of construction and location as to the said Board shall seem wise.

2. "That there be and hereby is appropriated for the purpose of defraying in part the cost of said additional dormitory the sum of fifty thousand dollars from the Home fund, and fifty thousand dollars from the surplus earnings of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, paid over to the Grand Lodge at this session, said amounts to be available as and when needed for said purpose.

3. "That the Board of Grand Trustees be, and are hereby, specifically authorized and directed, in the name, and in behalf of, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, to borrow such sums, from such sources and upon such terms, as to the Board shall seem proper, to defray the remaining cost of said additional dormitory in such manner as the said Board shall deem proper."

John K. Burch, Approving Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, then read a list of those Lodges whose charters had been revoked during the year by the Grand Exalted Ruler and asked approval of the action, which was unanimously granted.

Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews then passed the gavel to Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, who recognized Chairman John R. Coen, of the Committee on Judiciary. Mr. Coen introduced the following associate members of the committee, George F. Corcoran, York, Neb., Lodge, No. 1024; James T. Hallinan, Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, and William H. Beck, Jr., Griffin, Ga., Lodge, No. 1207. Mr. Coen then presented the report of the committee, recommending amendments to the Grand Lodge Statutes, all of which were approved and enacted into the laws of the Order.

Acting on the recommendation of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, relative to the amendment to Section 40b, of the Grand Lodge Statutes, to the effect that said section be amended so as to prohibit the use of the word "foundation" in the title, or designation of any charitable funds sponsored by any agency of the Order, the Committee on Judiciary recommended that the following paragraph be added:

"No subordinate Lodge, group of Lodges or State Association, shall hereafter sponsor or create any charitable fund, trust or other agency using the word, "foundation," or any title or designation in which said word shall appear."

On the recommendation of Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews, relative to the adoption of proper legislation authorizing the Grand Exalted Ruler to appoint special representatives from time to time to study problems, give assistance and cooperate with lodges requiring attention and provide for compensation for such representatives, the Committee reported that in its opinion authority for appointment of such representatives is now delegated by section 9, article 4 of the Constitution of the Order and therefore recommended that section 48 of the Grand Lodge Statutes be amended by adding to the last paragraph the following provision:

"Special Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers appointed by the Grand Exalted Ruler shall receive such reasonable compensation as may be fixed by him."

On recommendation of Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews, the following paragraph was added to Section 48b, in order to insure the witnessing of initiation ceremonies by the District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler upon the occasion of his official visit to a subordinate Lodge:

"If the subordinate Lodge visited shall have no candidate awaiting initiation, the Exalted Ruler shall or the District Deputy, upon his failure so to do, shall select some member to act as a candidate."

The recommendation of Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews, relative to an amendment of section 56 of the Grand Lodge Statutes providing for an increase in the contingent fund provided for the use of the Grand Trustees in the operation and maintenance of the Elks National Home from twenty thousand dollars to twenty-five thousand dollars was followed by the committee in recommending that this section be amended by substituting the words "twenty-five" for the word "twenty" in the last line thereof.

Acting upon the recommendation of Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews, amendment of Section 62 was suggested by the addition of the following paragraph:

"The Superintendent (of the Elks National Home) so employed by the Board of Grand Trustees, shall before entering upon the discharge of his duties, procure, execute and furnish to the Grand Lodge, sufficient surety bond in the penal sum of Twenty-Five Thousand Dollars, the form of bond and the sureties thereof to be approved by the Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary, and said bond filed with the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees.

"Said bond shall be conditioned for the faithful performance of his duties, and the safe keeping and security of all moneys or property coming into his possession as such Superintendent. The premium for such bond shall be paid by the Grand Lodge."

At the request of the Board of Grand Trustees, Section 66 was amended to read as follows: (The changes in this section are indicated by the italics.)

Section 66. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary, and signed by the applicant. The application shall state the age of the applicant, his physical condition and the number of continuous years he has been in good standing in the Order, and in his Lodge. *In addition thereto and as part of said application the applicant shall execute and acknowledge an agreement or assignment in writing, in which he shall grant, convey, assign, transfer and set over to the Grand Lodge, all property, real and personal, which he then may own or have an interest in, or which he may thereafter acquire, to be held in trust by said Grand Lodge for the purpose of conserving the same and collecting any income therefrom in order to reimburse said Grand Lodge and the subordinate Lodge of which the applicant is a member, for all expenses incurred by said Grand Lodge and said subordinate Lodge in connection with the admission of said applicant to said Home and his maintenance therein, including expenses of any sickness or the funeral of said applicant in case of his death while a resident of said Home. It shall be the duty of the Grand Lodge to return any of said property, or any balance of funds remaining unexpended to the heirs or legal representatives of said applicant who may be lawfully entitled thereto.* All applications must be approved by the subordinate Lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting; and such approval shall be attested on the application by the Exalted Ruler and Secretary. The application thus endorsed shall be forwarded to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. Any Lodge misrepresenting any facts in connection with an applicant or application, shall be deemed guilty of an offense against the Order, and upon trial and conviction shall be punished by reprimand or forfeiture of charter. Any applicant making misrepresentation shall be deemed guilty of an offense, and shall forfeit his right of admission to, or residence in the Home, and shall also be subject to charges and trial in his Lodge. (For form of application see appendix 66.)

The Committee on Judiciary reported that it had carefully considered the recommendation of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews with reference to the amendments to Chapters 1, 3, 4 and 5 of Title II of the Grand Lodge Statutes pertaining to Forums and Appeals in order to provide for the appointment of a Presiding Justice for the subordinate Forum in each subordinate Lodge who shall preside as a Judge over subordinate Forum Trials and have authority to dispose of legal matters, and recommended the adoption of statutory amendments as follows: (The italics denote the changes.)

Chapter 1

Section 70. Substitute the words "*Presiding Justice*" for the word "Chairman," so that the amended section shall read as follows:

The judicial power shall be vested in one Grand Forum consisting of five Grand Justices, and in subordinate Forums, selected and appointed in each subordinate Lodge as hereinafter provided. The Grand Justice whose term shall next expire shall be the presiding officer of the Grand Forum and shall be designated as Chief Justice; provided, however, that in case of incapacity on the part of such Justice to act, the Grand Forum may designate one other of its members to act in his place and stead. The presiding officer of each subordinate Forum shall be designated as *Presiding Justice*, and shall be appointed as hereinafter provided.

All the remaining sections of Chapter 1, being Sections 71 to 73 inclusive, to remain as now adopted.

Chapter 2

All sections of Chapter 2, consisting of Sections 74 to 78 inclusive, to remain as now adopted.

Chapter 3

Section 79.—Same.
That a new Section 79a be adopted to read as follows:

Section 79a. The Exalted Ruler shall, at the first regular session of each subordinate Lodge held in the month of September, 1930, and annually thereafter, at the next regular session after his installation, appoint a member of the Lodge, and who shall be a lawyer in the active practice of his profession, if available, as a member of the subordinate Forum, and which said member shall be known as the Presiding Justice of the subordinate Forum, and who shall perform such duties and exercise such powers as a member of said Forum as provided for by the Statutes of the Order.

Section 80.—Same.
Section 81. That the first paragraph of Section 81 be amended so that same shall read as follows:

When a complaint against any member of the Lodge is filed with the Secretary he shall immediately serve a copy thereof upon the accused, and also notify the Exalted Ruler and the *Presiding Justice of the subordinate Forum* of its receipt. The second paragraph of Section 81 to remain as now adopted.

Section 81a. The first paragraph of said section to remain as now adopted.

Amend the second paragraph of Section 81a by substituting in lieu of the word "five" the word "four" in the third line thereof, and by striking out that portion of said second paragraph beginning with the word "at" in the fifth line of said second paragraph and ending with the word "forum" in the seventh line thereof, so that said amended section will read as follows:

At the next regular session of the Lodge, succeeding the drawing of the names from the subordinate Forum Box, the Exalted Ruler shall under the head of "New Business" appoint four of the unchallenged members whose names were so drawn, to be and constitute the subordinate Forum for the trial of the case. The Secretary shall immediately notify the members of their appointment, and thereafter shall act as Secretary of such subordinate Forum and keep correct minutes of all its proceedings.

Section 82.—Same.

Section 82a. First paragraph to remain as now adopted. Amend the second paragraph by inserting the words "or by *Presiding Justice*" after the word "complaint" in the fifth line.

The third paragraph of Section 82a remains as now adopted.

Chapter 4

Section 83. Amend by inserting the words "*together with two copies thereof*" after the word "complaint" in the third line of the first paragraph.

Section 83a. Same.

Section 83b. Same.

Section 83c. Same.

Section 84. Amended by Wm. T. Phillips' suggestion.

Section 85. Amend so that it shall read as follows:

The Presiding Justice shall hear the plea of the accused at a place and time determined by him not less than five nor more than ten days after the appointment of the subordinate Forum. The Secretary shall immediately notify the accused and accuser of said time and place so fixed. The presence of four members of the subordinate Forum together with the Presiding Justice shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business. The time for the accused to file his plea, and any proceedings before the Presiding Justice or the subordinate Forum, may be continued from time to time, but a continuance shall not be granted for slight or trivial reasons and only when it appears absolutely necessary for the proper presentation of the case.

Section 86. Amend the first paragraph of said section by inserting the words "*Presiding Justice*" in lieu of the words "Chairman of the subordinate Forum."

The balance of said section to remain as now adopted.

Section 87. Amend said section by substituting the words "*Presiding Justice*" for the words "subordinate Forum" in the first, fourth, fifteenth and seventeenth lines of the first paragraph of said section, and also by striking out the words "subordinate Forum shall meet" in the twelfth line of said first paragraph and substitute in lieu thereof "*Presiding Justice shall.*" Also amend said first paragraph by striking out the word "to" in the thirteenth line.

The second paragraph of Section 87 remains as now adopted. Amend the third paragraph of Section 87 by inserting the words "*request the Presiding Justice to*" following the word "discretion" in the fourth line of said third paragraph; also by substituting the words "*Presiding Justice*" for the word "Chairman" in the seventh line of said third paragraph; also by substituting the words "*Presiding Justice*" for the word "Chairman" in the thirteenth line of said third paragraph.

Section 87a. Same.

Section 88. Amend the first paragraph of said section by substituting the words "*Presiding Justice*" for the words "subordinate Forum" in the ninth line thereof.

Amend the second paragraph of said section by

substituting the words "*The Presiding Justice*" for the words "a subordinate Forum" in the first line thereof; also by inserting the words "*the Presiding Justice or*" following the word "by" in the tenth line of said paragraph and also by striking out the letter "a" immediately preceding the word "subordinate" in the tenth line of said paragraph so that said amended paragraphs will read as follows:

The Esteemed Loyal Knight shall, unless disqualified, conduct the prosecution of the case, and may be assisted by other counsels who are members of the Order. Should the Esteemed Loyal Knight be disqualified, the Exalted Ruler shall appoint some impartial member to prosecute the charge. The accused shall be entitled to be personally present at all stages of the proceedings until the case is submitted for decision, and may be represented by counsel who is an Elk. Upon the request of either party, the *Presiding Justice* shall appoint a stenographer who is an Elk, to take all testimony produced at the trial. If such stenographer is not available, the Secretary shall record the testimony as accurately as possible.

The Presiding Justice shall have power to issue subpoenas and other process to compel the attendance of witnesses and the production of evidence. Either party shall be entitled to subpoenas, and when the same are required they shall be signed by the Secretary under the Seal of the Lodge, to compel attendance at the trial of any witness residing within the jurisdiction of the Lodge. Subpoenas shall be served personally upon the witness. Any person over the age of twenty-one years, and not a party to the case, may serve a subpoena. Wilful disobedience by a member of any order or process issued by the *Presiding Justice* or subordinate Forum shall constitute a contempt punishable by not to exceed three months suspension, in the discretion of the subordinate Forum. 117, 119, 121, 122, 123, 125.

Section 88a. Amend said section by substituting the words "*Presiding Justice*" in lieu of "subordinate Forum" in the first line thereof; by inserting the words "*Presiding Justice or the*" immediately preceding the word "subordinate" in the second line of subdivision three of said section.

Section 89. Amend the first paragraph of Section 89 so that same shall read as follows:

The members of the subordinate Forum *including the Presiding Justice* shall be the sole judge of the facts proven. *The Presiding Justice shall pass upon and decide as to the competency, materiality and relevancy of evidence offered.* Technical objections as to the form of questions shall not be entertained. Admission or confessions of the accused in courts of the land, or elsewhere, may be received.

The second paragraph remains as now adopted.

Section 89a. Amend the first paragraph of said section by substituting the words "*Presiding Justice*" for the words "subordinate Forum" in the first, and seventh lines of said paragraph.

The second paragraph of Section 89a remains as now adopted.

Section 90. Same.

Section 91. Same.

Section 92. Same.

Section 93. Amend said section by inserting the words "*except the Presiding Justice*" after the word "Forum" in the last line of said section.

Section 94. Amend the first paragraph of section 94 by substituting the words "*Presiding Justice*" for the words "subordinate Forum" in the sixth line thereof.

The second and third paragraphs of said section remain unchanged.

Chapter V—Appeals

Section 96. Amend said Section 96 by substituting the words "*Presiding Justice*" in lieu of the words "Chairman of the subordinate Forum" in the fifth line of the first paragraph of said section.

The second paragraph of Section 96 remains as now adopted.

The Committee on Judiciary, at the suggestion of Secretary William T. Phillips of New York Lodge, No. 1, concerning the expulsion of a member convicted of a felony or misdemeanor involving moral turpitude, recommended that section 84 of the Grand Lodge Statutes be amended by striking out the last six lines of said section and substituting therefor the following:

"The Secretary of a Lodge receiving such information shall thereupon obtain a certified transcript of the final judgment and sentence imposed upon such member by the State or Federal Court and upon obtaining same and the filing thereof in his office, shall immediately give thirty days notice to the offending member by registered mail, and if the offending member so served shall not within said thirty-day period file with the Secretary a written notice of a demand for a hearing before the subordinate Forum, the Secretary shall report the filing of said transcript of proceedings showing a final conviction as herein defined to the Presiding Justice of the subordinate Forum who shall thereupon enter an order for the expulsion of said member from the Order and which order

shall be entered in the minutes of the Lodge and shall have the same force and effect as a final decision of the subordinate Forum and sentence based thereon."

The Committee, on the recommendation of Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews, relative to a change in the amount of indebtedness to be paid by an applicant for reinstatement in the subordinate Lodge in that the required payment be reduced from the amount of two years' dues to the amount of one year's dues, recommended that Section 180 be amended by striking out the word "two" where same appears in the fourteenth and twenty-fifth lines of this section and by substituting the word "one"; and by inserting the following proviso following the word "dues" in the fourteenth line "*and in addition thereto, the Grand Lodge dues (which shall include the magazine fee) for said annual period and which Grand Lodge dues so collected shall be remitted monthly to the Grand Secretary*"; and by inserting the following proviso following the word "greater" in the twenty-ninth line "*and in addition thereto, the Grand Lodge dues (which shall include the magazine fee) for said annual period and which Grand Lodge dues so collected shall be remitted monthly to the Grand Secretary.*"

At the suggestion of Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews, in order to insure a more strict supervision over the activities of Antlers Lodges sponsored by subordinate Lodges by the Order, the Committee recommended that said Section 183a be amended by adding the following provision:

"The Grand Exalted Ruler for cause may cancel any permit so granted.

"Each subordinate Lodge shall exercise strict supervision over the activities of a Lodge of Antlers, sponsored by it, to the end that the best tradition of the Order may be emulated.

"The Exalted Rulers of all subordinate Lodges having heretofore or that may hereafter sponsor the organization of an Antlers Lodge shall appoint from the membership of the subordinate Lodge an advisory council of five to supervise all activities of said Antlers Lodge, the members of said advisory council to serve for one, two, three, four and five years respectively from the first day of April, following the date of their appointment, and annually thereafter, the Exalted Ruler shall appoint a member of said advisory council to serve for a term of five years."

At the recommendation of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning for an amendment to Section 192 in order to harmonize the records of THE ELKS' MAGAZINE and the offices of the Grand Secretary and of the respective subordinate Lodges relative to affiliation by Dimit, recommended that the third paragraph of Section 192 be amended to read as follows:

Section 192. (The first, second and fourth paragraphs of said amended section remain as now adopted.)

It shall be the duty of the Secretary of a Lodge to which an applicant may submit his Transfer Dimit for its action to notify within one week the applicant and the Secretary of the Lodge which granted such Dimit, and the Grand Secretary of the rejection or affiliation of said applicant, as the case may be. In case the applicant fails to complete his affiliation within thirty days after his election on Dimit, such election shall be void, and the Secretary of the Lodge which granted the Dimit and the Grand Secretary shall be immediately notified of such voidance.

At the recommendation of Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews, Section 214, having to do with the publication of bulletins was amended by inserting the words "*or Antlers Lodge sponsored by any subordinate Lodge of the Order*" following the word "Order" in the first line of the first paragraph of said section.

The recommendation of Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews, relative to the necessity of statutory authorization of the granting of dispensations by the Grand Exalted Ruler for the holding of "Flag Day Services" on a day other than that specified in the Rituals of the Order, was met by inserting in Section 229 the words "*for a different day or*" following the word "dispensation" in the fifth line thereof.

The recommendations of Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews, concerning the re-indexing of the Grand Lodge Constitution and Statutes and the possible revision to date and reprinting of the digest of Opinions and Decisions of 1924 and Cumulative Supplement thereto, owing to the

large supply of Opinions and Decisions now in the possession of the Grand Secretary's office, was referred to the incoming Committee on Judiciary.

The report was approved, and the amendments suggested therein were adopted and are now part of the laws of the Order.

Following Mr. Coen, Chairman W. C. Robertson, of the Ritualistic Committee, introduced his associates, David Sholtz, Daytona, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141; J. C. Dallenbach, Champaign, Ill., Lodge, No. 398; George Crane, Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, No. 1046, and George W. Denton, Gloversville, N. Y., Lodge, No. 226. He then presented the report of the committee. Since much of this had to do with specific changes of various parts of the ritual, information concerning which should be confined to members of the Order, we are printing herewith only as much of this report as may properly be made public. Such sections follow:

Through the cooperation of the District Deputies and the officers of the various State Associations, elimination contests to determine in which subordinate Lodge the ritual is being exemplified the most proficiently have been held in a number of States, while others have signified their intention of staging similar contests later in the year when their Associations are scheduled to meet. Reports from all sides indicate that there has been a general improvement in ritualistic work and a natural quickening of interest and increased attendance at initiations has resulted.

In order to keep in closer contact with the various Lodges, the Grand Lodge jurisdiction, as heretofore, has been divided into five districts, each of which is under the supervision of one member of this committee.

At the outset, our plan was to confine our efforts this year to competition between the Lodges of each State, and that later regional contests and ultimately a national championship contest would be practicable.

But the demand for a national competition has been so great that your committee has been able to stage a contest here at Atlantic City.

Those who were fortunate enough to witness the contest Tuesday afternoon at the Auditorium doubtless received an inspiration from this, the first national contest in the history of the Order, which will impel them to return to their respective subordinate Lodges and encourage greater efforts toward ritualistic perfection.

It is our pleasure to advise that Wilmington, Ohio Lodge, No. 797, won the first prize; that the second place was won by Norwood, Mass., Lodge, No. 1124; and third place by Cocoa, Fla., Lodge, No. 1532.

The judges of the contest were D. Curtis Gano, Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24; O. L. Hayden, Alva, Okla., No. 1184; and Frank J. Lonergan, Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142.

The checkers were Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779; O. T. Mallory, Fort Morgan, Colo., Lodge, No. 1143.

They announced that only 62-100 of a point separated the winner from the team taking third place.

Last year at Los Angeles, your committee presented a standardized set of rules to govern ritualistic contests, which was adopted and made available in mimeographed form from the office of the Grand Secretary. Profiting, however, from suggestions which came from various members of the Order, who have had long experience in such competitions, these rules have been completely revised, a new score card has been devised and a set of instructions to judges has been prepared and will be submitted for your approval with this report. It is the opinion of your committee that these rules should be printed in inexpensive form or be mimeographed since some changes and additions may be found necessary as a result of the experience this session in a work in which we are pioneering so far as the national feature of the competition is concerned.

The work of contacting the various Lodges in the five districts above referred to, has necessitated a voluminous correspondence and entailed a considerable sacrifice of time and money by committeemen in visiting subordinate Lodges and State Association gatherings. In order to facilitate the work hereafter, it is recommended that the Ritualistic Committee be organized each fall at the time of the District Deputies' conference with the Grand Exalted Ruler. This would afford an opportunity for each member of the Ritualistic Committee to meet for a few minutes with the District Deputies from the territory under his supervision and outline the work to be accomplished in fostering State-wide, regional and national ritualistic contests, thus avoiding the necessity for much correspondence and the loss of valuable time in an enterprise which calls for the closest cooperation and teamwork if it is to meet with the full measure of success it should attain.

The reports of the District Deputies are about the only medium by which the Ritualistic Committee can

ascertain the merit of the current ritualistic work in the subordinate Lodge. It is suggested that the report forms issued to the District Deputies be so fashioned that a duplicate report may be made with respect to the ritualistic work of each officer in each Lodge visited, and that one copy be mailed by the District Deputy to the Ritualistic Committeeman in his territory.

Last September, Brother H. R. McCann, Secretary of Sandpoint, Ida., Lodge, No. 1376, raised the question as to whether our present custom of permitting the Bible to rest upon the flag of our country was not in violation of the code prescribed by the War Department. Since that time we have received two or three similar inquiries along the same line. In order to get a clear ruling, our Committee placed the matter before Col. W. C. Sweeney, Commander of the 3rd U. S. Infantry, who had his Adjutant, Captain Townsend, confer with the War Department, which issued a circular setting forth clearly that the flag should never be used as a decoration or a drapery by military organizations, but should always be left flying free. The Department makes it clear, however, that it does not seek to establish rules and regulations for civilian practice, or to interfere with any use of the flag by civilians so long as that use is generally respectful. For that reason, in the opinion of Colonel Sweeney and Captain Townsend, there would be no objection whatever to placing the Bible reverently upon the flag. In view of this opinion, your committee believes that the present method of arranging the altar should be continued.

Your committee submits the following resolution:

"BE IT RESOLVED That the custom of joining hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne" according to the tradition of the Order just before the Exalted Ruler declares the Lodge closed, be revived and be made an optional ceremony of the closing ritual."

This report, with the resolution and the recommendations, including those not herewith published, was unanimously approved and adopted.

Mr. Abbott at this point returned the gavel to Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews who called to the stage Exalted Ruler Thomas C. South, of Wilmington, O., Lodge, No. 797, winners of the first national ritualistic contest, and entrusted to his keeping, until such time as another Lodge shall win it, the Grand Lodge cup emblematic of the championship.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Abbott then moved that the session be adjourned until ten o'clock on the following morning. This motion was seconded and carried.

The Third Business Session

As the first act of his conduct of this session Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews called to the rostrum, and introduced to the Grand Lodge, Perry Buchanan, veteran member of Springfield, Mo., Lodge, No. 409, who had travelled 1500 miles by automobile to be present at the Convention.

Mr. Andrews then recognized John K. Burch, Approving Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, who presented the final budget for 1930-31, which was unanimously adopted.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper next introduced the following resolution:

"RESOLVED: That \$70,000 of the excess earnings of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, turned over to the Grand Lodge at this Convention, be carried into the General Fund of the Grand Lodge and made available for expenses of the Grand Lodge as provided in the final budget of expenditures for this coming year."

This was unanimously adopted.

Secretary Ralph Hagan of the Board of Grand Trustees, after introducing a number of routine resolutions having to do with the authorization of certain regular disbursements of Grand Lodge funds, offered the following:

"RESOLVED: That in accordance with Section 15, Article 3, of the Constitution, and Section 49 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, there are hereby fixed and assessed upon each Member of the Order as of April 1st, 1931, annual dues in the amount of \$1.35; that of the amount so fixed and assessed, \$1.00 for each Elk on its roll of Membership as of said April 1st shall be paid by each subordinate Lodge on or before May 1st, 1931, for the expense of publishing and distributing the National Journal known as THE ELKS MAGAZINE, and the same is hereby appropriated for such purpose; and of the amount so fixed and assessed, 35 cents for each Elk on its roll of Membership as of said April 1st shall be paid by each subordinate Lodge on or before May 1st, 1931, to meet the expenses of the Grand Lodge, including the maintenance of the Elks National Home, and the same is hereby appropriated for such purpose."

This resolution was unanimously adopted. Mr. Hagan then submitted the following report:

Your Board of Grand Trustees has, under Section 30a, Chapter 3, of the Statutes, examined the applications for Charters of the following Lodges: No. 1567, Gilroy, Cal.; No. 1568, Maynard, Mass.; No. 1569, Clifton, N. J.; No. 1570, Compton, Cal.; No. 1571, Mineola, Texas; No. 1573, Pampa, Texas; No. 1574, Southampton, N. Y.; No. 1575, Hillsdale, Mich.; No. 1576, Ajo, Ariz.; No. 1577, Craig, Colo.; No. 1578, Eustis, Fla.; No. 1579, Grove City, Pa.; No. 1580, Belvidere, Ill.; No. 1581, Borger, Texas; No. 1582, Malad, Idaho; No. 1583, Union, N. J.; No. 1584, Grants Pass, Ore.; No. 1585, Westfield, N. J.; No. 1586, Brighton, Colo. The applications being in proper form, and the Subordinate Lodges having complied with the Grand Lodge Statutes, Section 102, Chapter 1, Title III, and the Charter Fee having been paid, your Board of Grand Trustees recommends that Charters be issued to the above named Lodges.

After the approval of this report and the accompanying recommendation, Mr. Hagan then read the following, which was unanimously adopted:

Brother Clyde Jennings, a member of Lynchburg Lodge No. 321, with the adjournment of the Grand Lodge session of 1930, now being held in Atlantic City, New Jersey, will have concluded a service of five years as a member of the Board of Grand Trustees of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

The unusual ability and the loyal devotion which he has displayed in the performance of his important duties as a member of the Board, as Home Member in charge of the Elks National Home, and as Chairman during the past year, have won the admiration of his associates and deserve the grateful appreciation of the entire Order.

His genial personality and companionable disposition have made association with him a happy experience for all his fellow members who will cherish the memory of their fraternal contacts.

Desiring to give expression to their sentiments, and to make suitable record thereof, the Board of Grand Trustees, in session assembled, Brother Jennings not being present, do hereby

RESOLVED: 1. That this tribute to Brother Clyde Jennings be spread at length upon the minutes of the Board.

2. That Brother John K. Burch be and is hereby directed on behalf of the Board to present to the Grand Lodge for adoption by it a resolution authorizing the Board to purchase and present to Brother Jennings a testimonial of their esteem and of their appreciation of his services to the Order.

3. That a copy of these Resolutions be presented to the Grand Lodge with the request that they be spread at length upon the minutes of that Body.

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED: That the Board of Grand Trustees be, and are hereby, authorized and directed to purchase and present to Brother Clyde Jennings a suitable testimonial of the esteem and regard in which he is held by the members of this Body and of their admiration for, and appreciation of, his distinguished services as a member of the Board during the past five years.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley was next recognized by Mr. Andrews, and read the following resolution, which was adopted by the Grand Lodge:

"WHEREAS: The Charter of Boston Lodge No. 10 was revoked by the Executive Order issued by and with the consent of a majority of the Board of Grand Trustees on the 11th day of June, 1930, for violation of the Constitution and Statutes of the Order, and of the laws of the community in which said Lodge is situated, and said Executive Order was duly served upon said Boston Lodge No. 10 and said Boston Lodge No. 10, within ten days after service of said Executive Order made a written demand for a hearing before the Grand Exalted Ruler and Board of Grand Trustees and in pursuance of provisions of Section 140 of Grand Lodge Statutes, a hearing was given to said Boston Lodge No. 10 by the Grand Exalted Ruler and Board of Grand Trustees, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, July 5th, last, at the Hotel Traymore, Atlantic City, and after hearing the representatives of said Boston Lodge No. 10 and after consideration of all facts and arguments presented by the representatives of said Boston Lodge No. 10, a decision was made by the Grand Exalted Ruler with the concurrence of a majority of the Board of Grand Trustees that said Executive Order be confirmed, and said decision was duly served upon the Secretary of said Boston Lodge No. 10 on the 9th day of July, 1930, and said Boston Lodge No. 10 by its duly authorized representatives has acquiesced to said decision and has waived its right to appeal, and said decision has been confirmed by the Grand Lodge, and,

"WHEREAS: Under the laws of the Order,

the Charter of Boston Lodge No. 10 has been revoked as of the 10th day of July, 1930, and on said date, said Charter of Boston Lodge No. 10 will stand revoked, and,

"WHEREAS: The officers and a substantial number of Past Exalted Rulers and members of said Boston Lodge No. 10 have petitioned the Grand Lodge to reinstate said Boston Lodge No. 10 under the provisions of Section 141, Grand Lodge Statutes, upon such conditions as the Grand Lodge shall determine to be for the best interests of the Order, and said petitioners have represented that the hotel which has been conducted as part of the club of said Boston Lodge No. 10 will be leased or otherwise disposed of and that the club rooms, Lodge rooms over headquarters of said Boston Lodge No. 10, will be established in a location outside of the present hotel building, and that said Boston Lodge No. 10 will not conduct in the future a hotel in connection with its club, and that all conditions which in any way have contributed to the violation of the law as charged in the said Executive Order will be changed, and the said Boston Lodge No. 10 will pay all Grand Lodge dues for which said Lodge is indebted to the Grand Lodge, and if reinstated will be conducted in accordance with the laws of the Order and in a manner to reflect credit upon the Order.

"NOW THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED: That on or after the first day of December, 1930, the Charter of Boston Lodge No. 10 shall be restored and said Lodge shall be reinstated as subordinate Lodge of this Order, provided that the Grand Exalted Ruler shall find and so certify with the concurrence of a majority of the Board of Grand Trustees, that the Corporation known as Boston Lodge No. 10, B.P.O. Elks by its officers and members has caused the hotel property of said Lodge or Corporation to be leased or disposed of or otherwise has become divested of said property, and has established its Lodge rooms, club rooms and headquarters in a place outside of said hotel building, and has discontinued the hotel business as an activity conducted by said Corporation, and has agreed not to conduct a hotel in connection with the club of Boston Lodge No. 10 if reinstated, and has paid the Grand Lodge dues for which said Boston Lodge No. 10 was indebted to the Grand Lodge, and since the revocation of the Charter of Boston Lodge No. 10 has not functioned as a subordinate Lodge of this Order or attempted to do so or held itself out as such Lodge or represented that it had or was entitled to have any of the rights and privileges or to exercise any of the functions of a subordinate Lodge of this Order and also has changed all conditions which contributed in any degree to the violations of law as charged in the said Executive Order all to the satisfaction of the Grand Exalted Ruler and a majority of the Board of Grand Trustees, and

"IT IS FURTHER RESOLVED: That upon such reinstatement all property received by the Grand Lodge upon said revocation of the Charter of Boston Lodge No. 10 shall be restored to it by the Grand Lodge as far as practical and the members of Boston Lodge No. 10 entitled to certificates of status under provision of Sections 142 and 143, Grand Lodge Statutes, at the time of such reinstatement shall be reinvested with membership in said Boston Lodge No. 10."

Chairman C. C. Bradley of the Committee on Credentials then presented its final report, the figures from which were quoted earlier in this article. The report was enthusiastically accepted, the announcement of a total Grand Lodge attendance of 1713 being heartily applauded.

Pardon Commissioner William J. Conway now offered the following resolution which was unanimously adopted:

"RESOLVED: That the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler be authorized to appoint a committee of three to consider, determine and present in some suitable form a memorial to the memory of our late Brother, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Mills of Superior, Wisconsin, Lodge No. 403; the said Committee to determine the character and nature of such memorial and to cause it to be erected at the expense of the Grand Lodge."

At this point Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain was recognized and offered a resolution that upon the conclusion of this meeting the Grand Lodge adjourn, to meet in Seattle, Wash., the week of July 5, 1931, and that the first business session be called for 10 A. M. Tuesday, July 7. It was unanimously adopted.

Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Robert S. Barrett then took the stage to make the report of the State Association Committee, of which he is Chairman. Mr. Barrett had been assisted during Convention week by Past Grand Trustee Robert A. Gordon of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, who acted in the stead of Past

Exalted Ruler J. J. Doyle of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, who was unavoidably prevented from attending. After introducing his associate on the committee, D. Curtis Gano, of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, Mr. Barrett read the report, unanimously approved by the Grand Lodge, of which the following is a condensed version:

Your Committee on State Associations begs leave to submit the following report of their activities since their appointment in September 1929.

As soon as your committee was appointed, the Chairman wrote to the Grand Exalted Ruler, asking for an outline of the duties of the committee, as same are not covered in any of the Grand Lodge Statutes. In response thereto we received certain instructions from him which are summed up within the following paragraph:

"While the record does not show any specific instructions which should be followed by the State Association Committee, I know that you appreciate the type of service which the Committee can perform for the best interests of the Order. You should keep in touch with the officers of the various State Associations, encouraging them in their work, and, of course, at all times keeping in mind that their Associations have no legislative power and their activities should not be considered any part of the Grand Lodge policy. In other words, you should keep the activities of the State Associations strictly within the meaning of the law."

In compliance with these instructions, which have been closely followed, your committee has devoted much of its time to correspondence with the officers of the various Associations with the object of keeping in close touch with their activities, and encouraging them to greater effort for the development of their Associations and the subordinate Lodges within their States. For the purpose of administration, the United States was divided into three divisions, and one member of the committee placed in charge of each of these divisions.

Believing that a personal contact with the officers and members of the State Associations was extremely desirable, your committee has endeavored to be represented as far as possible at each annual meeting of the various State Associations. The fact that many of the Associations hold their annual meetings following the Grand Lodge Re-union, and prior to the appointment of this committee, made it impossible to visit them all, but with few exceptions we have been represented at meetings of the Associations which have been held since last October. At each of these meetings it has been the effort of the member of the committee who was present to outline the objects of a State Association in accordance with the practices already exhibited by most successful Associations.

These objects, as stated by your Committee, are summed up as follows:

Social. The promotion of cooperation between the various subordinate Lodges in the State and their members, and the bringing together in the annual convention or re-union of large numbers of individual Elks so that they may secure a wider outlook upon the Order and its activities than is offered in their own communities.

Subordinate Lodge Activity. The stimulation of subordinate Lodge activity by dissemination of information, cooperation and visits by the officers and committeemen of the State Associations to Lodges forming the Association, bearing in mind in these matters that the State Associations can only encourage the subordinate Lodges in such forms of activity as have been approved by the Grand Lodge. This work may be projected in various directions, but care should be given to the following specific needs:

(a) Exemplification of Ritual. The encouragement of subordinate Lodges to perfect their Ritual should be an important part of the work of the State Associations. A committee should be appointed to have charge of this work. This committee should work in conjunction with the Grand Lodge Committee on Ritual. In large Associations, where the number of the principal Lodges warrant it, the State should be divided into convenient jurisdictions, with a committeeman in charge of each jurisdiction. The holding of regional and State-wide Ritualistic contests, the latter to take place at the annual meeting of the State Association, should be encouraged.

(b) Development of Community Welfare and Social Service Program. A State Committee should be appointed for the purpose of advising and encouraging subordinate Lodges to adopt a definite program for community welfare and social service. This committee should work in conjunction with the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge. Forms of activity on the part of Lodges in these directions might include: Service to crippled children; Work for underprivileged children; Scholarships to deserving students in business colleges, high schools and colleges; Loan Fund to deserving students; Distribution of food, clothing, and fuel to needy

(Continued on page 59)

The Elks Magazine-Viking Prosperity Tour

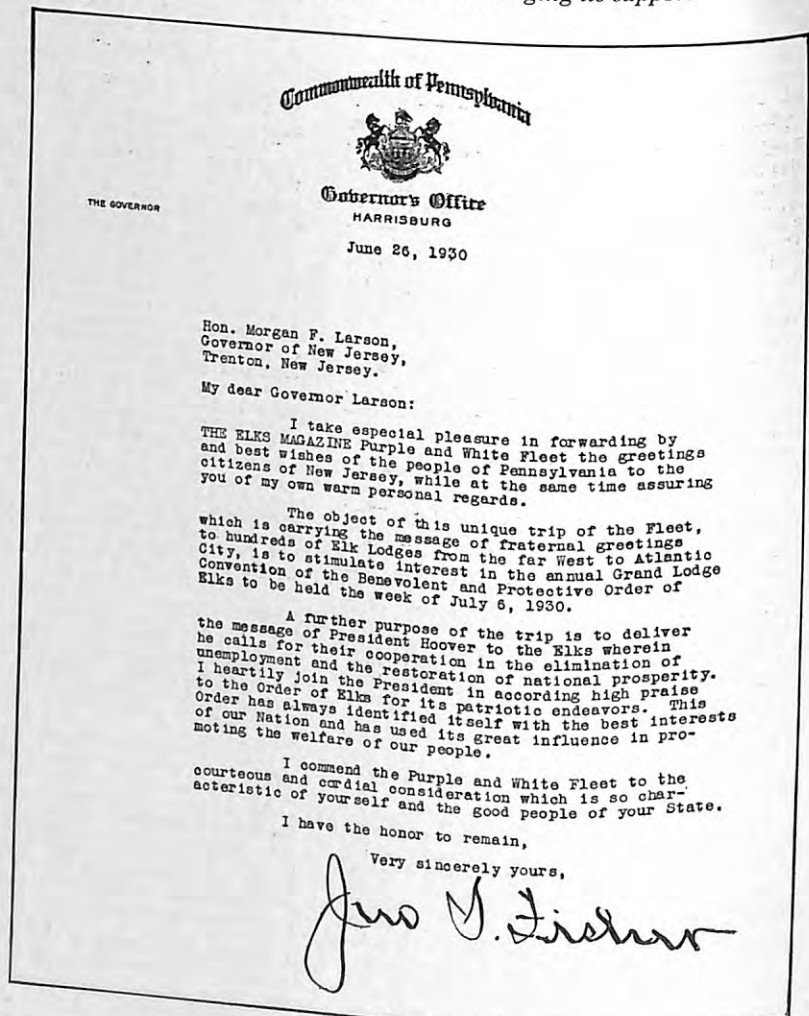
The Purple and White Fleet, as It Neared, and Attained, Its Long Journey's End



Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews shakes hands with Pilot Robert E. Clift upon his arrival in Atlanta, Ga. After this greeting, extended when the Purple and White car reached the outskirts of the city, Mr. Andrews headed a large delegation of the members of Lodge No. 78, which conducted the pilot to the City Hall. There Mayor I. N. Ragsdale extended the official welcome of the municipality

For a short period, during its stay in Atlanta, Ga., Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews took the wheel of the Elks Magazine-Viking Prosperity Tour car. He is shown below in the driver's seat, surrounded by a cheering group of other members of his home Lodge, No. 78, who, together with a squad of motor-cycle police, met the car at Center Hill, formed a parade and escorted the visitor into the city

Pilot William C. Cunningham conveyed the letter (below) from Governor John S. Fisher, of Pennsylvania, to Governor Morgan F. Larson, of New Jersey, setting forth the purpose of the Prosperity Tour and urging its support



GREAT as was the enthusiasm with which the drivers of the Prosperity Tour cars were greeted at the outset of their trips across the continent, it was equaled by the acclaim which met them as they approached the finish of their runs, on schedule to the minute, outside the mammoth municipal Auditorium on Atlantic City's renowned boardwalk. From start to finish, the tour, thanks to the wholehearted co-operation of the Lodges along its routes, was a complete success



ATLANTIC PHOTO SERVICE

The drivers of the four cars deliver messages to the heads of the city government and of the Elks of Atlantic City; above, from left to right, are Pilot W. B. Hart, Acting Mayor Joseph Paxson, of Atlantic City; Pilot Robert E. Clift, Grand Esquire Harry Bacharach, Exalted Ruler of Lodge No. 276, who a few days later was elected, for the third time, Mayor of Atlantic City. At the right of Mr. Bacharach are Pilots George Alpers and William C. Cunningham



BROWN BROTHERS

Notables of the Order and of the convention city were present on the boardwalk at Atlantic City when the four cars constituting the Elks Magazine-Viking Prosperity Tour fleet arrived. At the right, Acting Mayor Joseph Paxson shakes hands with Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews. With them is Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Editor and Executive Director of the Elks Magazine



ATLANTIC PHOTO SERVICE

Exalted Ruler Samuel McKee (above, at the left) welcomes Pilot George Alpers at the Home of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, while Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, at the left of Mr. Alpers, stands by. The members of No. 1, headed by Mr. Hulbert and Mr. McKee, met the Purple and White Fleet's representative at the Yonkers line and, with the assistance of a motorcycle escort, conducted him to the Elks Home in the heart of the metropolis in almost record time

Philadelphia and the members of Lodge No. 2, there, welcome the four bearers of the President's message. From left to right are Pilots William C. Cunningham, W. B. Hart and George Alpers; Secretary Henry J. A. Newton, of Philadelphia Lodge; Mayor Mackey, entrusting to Pilot Robert E. Clift a message to the Acting Mayor of Atlantic City; and Exalted Ruler Edward A. Kelly. When the cars departed for the convention, many Philadelphia Elks accompanied them right up to the doors of the Auditorium in Atlantic City



THE PHOTO-ILLUSTRATORS

Excerpts from the Annual Report to the Grand Lodge Of the Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews

July 7, 1930.

To the Officers and Members of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America:

MY BROTHERS:

THE Grand Lodge at the Los Angeles Convention, 1929, unanimously conferred upon me one of the highest and most responsible distinctions known to fraternal life—the office of Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.

This filled me with the greatest possible pleasure and impelled me to the highest resolve for service.

I stated these personal feelings in my address of acceptance; and I forthwith entered upon my year of unrelenting labors for the upbuilding of Elksdom throughout the Grand Lodge jurisdiction. I have visited State Associations and Subordinate Lodges and striven with the utmost devotion and zeal to fulfill every high resolve and ambitious hope for wide accomplishments in the purposes and ideals to which the Order of Elks is committed.

My work in this behalf has been supremely agreeable because it has been in the interests of Brotherhood as organized and prescribed by the Order of Elks, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have spent a whole year of diligent and zealous service in this great cause.

I cannot find words with which to express my appreciation and thanks to the Grand Lodge and all brother Elks for this honor conferred upon me, together with this opportunity afforded to me to serve the Order in the capacity of its Chief Executive.

The Grand Exalted Ruler is required by Section 24, Chapter 3, Grand Lodge Statutes, to render at the end of his term of office a printed report of all the business and transactions of his office during the Grand Lodge year in which he served.

In accordance with the provisions of said Section and in compliance therewith, I now take pleasure in submitting this, my report, including herewith suggestions and recommendations, which I deem for the best interest of the Order.

Visits of the Grand Exalted Ruler

I have visited Subordinate Lodges and State Associations very extensively this year, details of which have been printed from time to time in THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

These visitations gave me a fine contact with the Brothers throughout the country and furnished me splendid opportunities to discuss Elksdom, its principles, purposes and ideals with the Brothers in every Section.

I shall always treasure in my memory the cordial and hospitable receptions I have received.

I am glad to report that the Order is making substantial and satisfactory progress everywhere with some exceptions. I have been impressed with the great number of substantial, livable, comfortable, inviting and suitable Homes owned by the Subordinate Lodges, many of which are free from debt and most of which are well financed. These Homes are generally located centrally in the various cities and are well suited for use as fraternal, social, charitable and civic welfare centers.

I have vigorously urged this year that all Subordinate Lodges utilize their Homes, in their respective cities, as centers of Civic, Charitable, and Welfare Work, and that they assume leadership in such activities, in the name of Elksdom.

I have urged throughout my term of office that the Subordinate Lodges use their Homes for these purposes and thus cooperate actively with constructive and charitable people of their

various cities, and win for themselves and Elksdom the praise and good opinion of their neighbors. Such work as this is in strict accord with the principles and purposes of Elksdom and it would be an easy matter for Subordinate Lodges to make the name of Elksdom respected and admired everywhere.

One of our great problems is to make the public know and understand us better.

I have made thousands of fine friends this year, whom I value very highly, and I hope that it may be my good fortune to meet them hereafter from time to time.

The Elks National Foundation

The Order of Elks from its very inception has held Charity foremost among all virtues, and to that end and purpose all the instrumentalities of Elksdom have been continuously employed and engaged in the ministrations of charities in all of the communities where Subordinate Lodges of Elks are located.

The Grand Lodge Convention in Miami, 1928, provided by constitutional amendment for the creation of the Elks National Foundation, which is indeed the supreme and perpetual plan and project of all Elksdom for Charity in a huge and national scope. The adopted plan of this Foundation is based upon voluntary action, which is to accumulate through voluntary subscriptions a Foundation Endowment Fund whose principal shall remain intact and whose interest shall be devoted to nation-wide charities, without any deduction whatever for administrative or overhead expenses.

In other words, this Charity accumulated and dispensed through the Elks National Foundation will go to the object of charity 100 per cent. This organization is created to be co-existent with the life of the Order of Elks, and we believe it will grow into huge proportions as the years pass by.

I am very thoroughly and profoundly sold upon this plan to provide for Charities perpetually and largely, and I have used every effort, as Grand Exalted Ruler, to aid in its promotion and development, and all of my District Deputies have been charged throughout the year with the duty of devoting themselves wholeheartedly to securing subscriptions to this Foundation Endowment Fund. I am glad to report that they entered zealously into this work and have been instrumental in securing, this year, more than two hundred subscriptions to Founders Certificates of one thousand dollars each in this Endowment Fund.

The full detailed reports of the accomplishments and progress of this Elks National Foundation will be reported to the Grand Lodge by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, who is the Chairman of the Board of Trustees of said Foundation.

From my experience this year, I feel impelled to express the opinion that the Grand Exalted Ruler should be constituted an ex-officio member of the Board of Trustees of the Elks National Foundation, which, I feel sure, would redound to the future welfare of the Foundation, as well as to the good of the Order.

The Elks Magazine

I have upon every opportunity this year presented the merits of THE ELKS MAGAZINE to our Subordinate Lodges and to all Elksdom.

It is the constituted Organ of the Order; it is absolutely essential to the dissemination of the principles and affairs of the Order; it is the leading fraternal magazine of the World; it is growing constantly in merit and importance, and I now, at the end of my term, have a higher and deeper appreciation of its value to Elksdom than ever before.

I congratulate very heartily and most sincerely the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, Past Grand Exalted Ruler

Joseph T. Fanning, who is the Editor and Executive Director of this Magazine, as well as his entire staff, upon the high standard of the Magazine, which they are producing, and the great accomplishments, which they are achieving for the welfare of Elksdom in this respect.

I acknowledge my indebtedness to the Magazine for helpfulness and support throughout my term of office, and I heartily extend my thanks for same.

Portrait of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning

A very happy and appropriate ceremony occurred on the eighth of June, 1930, in the office of the Grand Exalted Ruler in the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, Chicago.

Mrs. Joseph T. Fanning came into the Conference and presented to the Order of Elks a very fine oil portrait, a speaking likeness of Mr. Fanning, by Albert Salzbreinner, and requested me to make the official presentation for her.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, Chairman of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, responded in a very beautiful and touching address of acceptance.

The portrait now hangs in the Chicago office of the Grand Exalted Ruler in this splendid Memorial Building, and is a distinct addition to the artistic effect of this Building.

Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building

I have had the pleasure and privilege of traveling very extensively in foreign countries and have visited many wonderful edifices abroad, but I can truthfully say to all the brothers of Elksdom that this Building, standing near the shore of Lake Michigan, in Lincoln Park, Chicago, is one of the most beautiful and splendid memorials I have ever seen, and it should excite in the minds of all Elks the highest degree of appreciation and pride.

It is visited daily by hundreds of sightseers, and I only wish that every Brother Elk could be privileged to see this Building with his own eyes, and realize what the Order of Elks has done for the patriotic purpose of memorializing our brothers who fell in the World War, as well as those who served and returned.

The Elks National Home

The first big effort at charitable service was inaugurated thirty years ago by the Grand Lodge of Elks when the Home was established for aged and indigent Brothers, who are unable to take care of themselves and who would otherwise have been left to pass through their declining years without the comforts and solaces of home.

This National Home is located at Bedford, Virginia, in the midst of beautiful scenic surroundings, and has been expanded and enlarged as the years have gone by, and to-day it comfortably houses, as the guests of the Order, three hundred and one of our aged Brothers, and we have a waiting list of twenty-five. I have visited this Home three times during my term of office and no undertaking in which the Order of Elks is engaged impresses me more than this great and splendid provision for shelter and home comforts to our aged and indigent Brothers.

We must never fail in our duty to the Elks National Home.

A new building to provide increased facilities to take care of Brothers now on the waiting list and others to follow, who qualify under our Rules of Admission and thus are entitled to be received at the Home as guests, is needed, and I recommend that immediate attention be given to the proposition of erecting a new building or dormitory-unit at this Home.

Brother Robert A. Scott is the Superintendent of this Home, and I am very much impressed

with the character of his service, to such an extent that I believe he is the ideal man for the place.

I have also witnessed the interest shown in this Home by the two near-by Lodges of Roanoke, Number 197, and Lynchburg, Number 321, as well as the interest of the neighbors and people who reside in the City of Bedford. This is very pleasing and very encouraging, and I take this opportunity to commend and thank them all.

President Hoover's Letter

It is with honor and pleasure that I call attention to the fact that on April 18, 1930, the President of the United States addressed a letter to the Officers and members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, which was published in full in the ELKS MAGAZINE of June, 1930.

Mr. Hoover expresses in his letter his great interest, as the nation's President, in the prosperity and welfare of the millions of men, women and children who constitute the citizenry of this great Republic.

He urges that States, cities, counties and all business concerns unite to abolish unemployment "by cooperating with all movements to accelerate building constructions, especially of family dwellings, new roads, and local and State public works. These measures will provide employment, enlarge buying power, increase the circulation of money, create markets for farms and factories, and assure prosperity and contented homes."

The President honors and commends Elksdom in the following language: "Your Order, which since its inception has identified itself with the interests of our nation, can play an invaluable part in bringing about this happy result."

As Grand Exalted Ruler, authorized to speak for 1,586 Subordinate Lodges of Elks and 800,000 Brother Elks, I most heartily thank President Hoover for this splendid letter and the kind and commendatory words in which he refers to the Order of Elks.

Appreciation of the Order of Elks

I have spoken and written throughout my term of office with an earnest desire to have the Brothers everywhere hold and cultivate a high appreciation for the Order of Elks, the eternal virtues upon which it is based and the supreme ideals through which it is actuated.

I feel in my heart that no brother Elk, who really understands the Order and has the proper appreciation of its principles and ideals, could ever bring himself to the point of voluntarily quitting the Order and relinquishing his connection with it through lapsation or Dimit.

An Elks' membership card should be a proud possession and highly valued by every holder thereof.

This Order is distinctively American, wholly patriotic, wonderfully democratic, free from prejudice and intolerance, founded upon the eternal virtues of life and should appeal most powerfully to every American citizen, whose heart is right and in the right place.

State Associations

The State Association is a very important organization in Elk affairs and is capable of accomplishing great good for the Order.

A State Association, however, must always bear in mind that it has no legislative powers whatever, for all such powers rest exclusively with the Grand Lodge.

The State Association is naturally and properly designed for the purpose of bringing the Subordinate Lodges of a particular state into close union and co-operation with each other, for the purposes of intervisitation and helpfulness in all ritualistic matters and other Elk functions.

I have urged this year upon State Associations that they and their Executive Committees keep in close touch with all weak Lodges of their States and visit them in large bodies and help to keep them established as Subordinate Lodges, and to see to it that they do not falter or fall behind in their work.

A great field is thus opened to the State Associations, working in conjunction with the Grand Exalted Ruler and his District Deputies.

District Deputy Conference

I called a Conference of all District Deputies and a few heads of Grand Lodge Committees to

meet me at the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago, on September 21 and 22, 1929. I was very much pleased to note that the attendance of District Deputies was almost unanimous; only three or four were absent.

I am glad to report that my District Deputies this year have done wonderfully fine work, and I am more convinced than ever that the system of District Deputies is a splendid part of our Elk organization. Of course, we sometimes get discouraged at the work of indifferent, unambitious District Deputies, but the fine work of numerous others impresses us greatly and convinces us that the system is good.

This meeting wound up with a luncheon in the Congress Hotel on September 22, at which I installed all of the District Deputies and spoke upon Our Plans and Policies.

Manuals for District Deputies and Subordinate Lodge Officers

I call special attention to two Manuals that have been prepared this year by the Good of the Order Committee, of which Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson is Chairman. His associates upon the Committee are—Brothers Carroll Smith, St. Louis Lodge, No. 9; W. T. Baldwin, Oroville Lodge, No. 1484; Sam Stern, Fargo Lodge, No. 260, and E. M. Wharton, Greenville Lodge, No. 858.

The Manual for District Deputies and the Manual for Subordinate Lodge Officers are separate pamphlets and each is exceedingly instructive and beneficial.

I commend and thank this Committee for this excellent service to the Order.

I hope the District Deputies will constantly use their Manual, and that the Subordinate Lodge Officers will do likewise.

Building Applications Granted

All applications filed by Subordinate Lodges in compliance with the provisions of Chapter 14, Grand Lodge Statutes, have been carefully analyzed, and whenever there was any doubt as to the financial ability of the Lodge to execute its building program, or where it appeared that the project was unsound, the application was denied. In keeping with the strict supervision and careful analysis made of all applications filed during this Grand Lodge year, the Board of Grand Trustees, with my approval, have granted permits aggregating an expenditure of \$5,024,733.84.

Applications filed by the following Subordinate Lodges received unanimous approval:—

Little Rock Lodge, Ark., No. 29; Detroit Lodge, Mich., No. 34; St. Joseph Lodge, Mo., No. 40; Paterson Lodge, N. J., No. 60; Roanoke Lodge, Va., No. 197; Red Bank Lodge, N. J., No. 233; Tucson Lodge, Ariz., No. 385; Huron Lodge, S. D., No. 444; Auburn Lodge, N. Y., No. 474; Olean Lodge, N. Y., No. 491; Hattiesburg Lodge, Miss., No. 599; Antigo Lodge, Wis., No. 662; East St. Louis Lodge, Ill., No. 664; Eureka Lodge, Utah, No. 711; Hilo Lodge, H. I., No. 759; Winsted Lodge, Conn., No. 844; Beloit Lodge, Wis., No. 864; Long Beach Lodge, Calif., No. 888; Holyoke Lodge, Mass., No. 902; Etna Lodge, Penn., No. 932; San Pedro Lodge, Calif., No. 966; Clarksdale Lodge, Miss., No. 977; Decatur Lodge, Ind., No. 993; Middletown Lodge, Penn., No. 1092; Berwick Lodge, Penn., No. 1138; Greenwich Lodge, Conn., No. 1150; Marshfield Lodge, Oregon, No. 1160; Rome Lodge, N. Y., No. 1268; Watsonville Lodge, Calif., No. 1300; Inglewood Lodge, Calif., No. 1492; Burbank Lodge, Calif., No. 1497; Lyndhurst Lodge, N. J., No. 1505; West Haven Lodge, Conn., No. 1537; Liberty Lodge, N. Y., No. 1545; Watkins Glen Lodge, N. Y., No. 1546.

The Antlers

I have, in accordance with the provisions of Section 8, Article IV of the Constitution, and Section 183a, G. L. S., granted permits to the following Subordinate Lodges to institute organizations of young men, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one years, to be composed of white male citizens of the United States of America, to be known as Antlers:

Wheeling Lodge, West Virginia, No. 28; Atlanta Lodge, Georgia, No. 78; Salt Lake City Lodge, Utah, No. 85; Defiance Lodge, Ohio, No. 147; San Antonio Lodge, Texas, No. 216; Stockton Lodge, California, No. 218; East Liverpool Lodge, Ohio, No. 258; Atlantic City Lodge, New Jersey, No. 276; Pendleton Lodge, Oregon, No. 288; Biloxi Lodge, Mississippi, No. 606; Santa Barbara Lodge, California, No. 613; Telluride Lodge, Colorado, No. 692; Long Beach Lodge, California, No. 888; East Chicago Lodge, Indiana, No. 981; St. Petersburg Lodge, Florida, No. 1224;

Glendale Lodge, California, No. 1289; Lakeland Lodge, Florida, No. 1291; Alhambra Lodge, California, No. 1328; Two Rivers Lodge, Wisconsin, No. 1380; Gallup Lodge, New Mexico, No. 1440; Bradenton Lodge, Florida, No. 1511; Taft Lodge, California, No. 1527.

Emergency Charity Fund

After investigation, and with the approval of the Board of Grand Trustees, one thousand dollars was forwarded to Brother Jacob Gunst, Chairman of the Arizona State Elks Association Tubercular Committee, to be expended by and under the direction of the Arizona State Elks Association in furthering the effective work being carried on in the interest of those suffering from this dreaded disease.

On August 19, 1929, Brother Joseph H. Creedon, Secretary of Detroit Lodge, Michigan, No. 34, called my attention to the fact that a member of Bucyrus Lodge, Ohio, No. 156, was confined in a hospital in the City of Detroit, and in a very serious condition. I immediately communicated with the officers of Bucyrus Lodge, advising them in this matter, and, in the emergency, I forwarded fifty dollars to Brother Creedon, with instructions that he immediately extend relief to this Brother, who shortly afterward lapsed into unconsciousness and died.

On December 19, 1929, Brother L. F. Pfothner, Secretary of the Oklahoma State Elks Association, advised me that many lives had been lost in a coal mine explosion at McAlester, Oklahoma, and urged me to assist in financing the relief work being carried on in the affected area. Three hundred dollars was forwarded to Brother Pfothner as a Grand Lodge contribution to this emergency.

A. C. Richardson, a member of Mt. Sterling Lodge, Kentucky, which Lodge lost its charter during the year 1927, received a permanent injury upon admission to this Lodge, and for the past eighteen years has suffered as a result thereof. A request was made to my immediate predecessor, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, to bring this case to the attention of the Grand Lodge.

He referred this request to Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harold Colee of St. Augustine Lodge, Florida, No. 829, for investigation and report.

Past District Deputy Colee made a careful and thorough investigation of Mr. Richardson's case, and filed a report with me on September 24, 1929. After carefully reading Brother Colee's report, I was convinced that this case was one in which the Order should take favorable action and on November 29, 1929, at the fall meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees, I laid the entire matter before the Board for disposition. Upon my recommendation, the Board of Grand Trustees authorized me to withdraw \$250 from the Emergency Fund account in my hands and tender the same to Mr. Richardson in full settlement of his claim.

In order that further demands might not be made upon the Grand Lodge, a proper release was executed and the same is now on file and Mr. Richardson's claim paid and satisfied.

I wish to personally thank Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Colee for the splendid manner in which this case was investigated and reported on in the interest and protection of the Order.

On January 18, 1930, application was made to me, through Brother Harry M. Ticknor of Pasadena Lodge, California, for assistance to Mrs. Mary B. Brown, widow of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Robert W. Brown.

I, accordingly, with the consent of a majority of the Board of Grand Trustees, sent to Brother Ticknor five hundred dollars for her relief; and shortly afterward she died.

A similar appeal was again made for assistance, and, I sent to Brother Ticknor an additional \$500, which was also approved by a majority of the Board of Grand Trustees.

On May 4, 1930, Nashua, New Hampshire, was swept by fire, causing a loss estimated at \$500,000,000; 400 homes were destroyed and 2,000 thousand men, women and children were left without shelter, many of whom lost their entire worldly possessions.

After investigation, and reports received from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Herman H. Rice; E. Ray Shaw, Exalted Ruler of Nashua Lodge, No. 720; and Brother William F. Sullivan, Mayor of the City of Nashua, I forwarded \$2,500

to be expended for relief work among the stricken people of the City of Nashua.

I commend Nashua Lodge, the Elks of New Hampshire and New England for the prompt manner in which they responded in this catastrophe, and for the effective relief work they extended during the great emergency.

SUMMARY

Received from Grand Lodge	\$6,600.00
A Brother of Bucyrus Lodge, Ohio, No. 891	\$50.00
A. C. Richardson, former member of old Mt. Sterling Lodge, Ky.	250.00
L. F. Pfotenbauer, Secy. Oklahoma State Elks Association	300.00
Harry M. Ticknor, representing Grand Exalted Ruler	1,000.00
E. Ray Shaw, Exalted Ruler, Nashua Lodge, N. H., No. 720	2,500.00
	<u>4,100.00</u>
Grand Exalted Ruler's Emergency Charity Account	\$2,500.00

Subordinate Lodge Assistance Fund

At the 65th Session of the Grand Lodge, held in Los Angeles, July, 1929, a resolution was offered and adopted, appropriating the sum of \$4,000 to the Subordinate Lodge Assistance Fund, the same to be administered by the Grand Exalted Ruler, with the consent of a majority of the Board of Grand Trustees, for the partial relief of Subordinate Lodges upon which exceptional demands are made for assistance of members of other Lodges.

Upon application and after careful consideration, \$3,000 of this appropriation was forwarded to the Minnesota State Elks Association, to assist in the welfare work being carried on at Rochester, Minnesota.

One thousand dollars of this fund was appropriated to Hot Springs Lodge, Arkansas, Number 380, to assist in carrying on its welfare work at Hot Springs National Park.

Grand Lodge Appropriation	\$4,000.00
Contribution to Minnesota State Elks Association	\$3,000.00
Contribution to Hot Springs Lodge, Ark., No. 380	\$1,000.00
	<u>\$4,000.00</u>

General Assistance Fund

The sum of \$10,000 was appropriated by the Sixty-fifth Grand Lodge Convention to be administered by the Grand Exalted Ruler, with the consent of a majority of the Board of Grand Trustees, to assist any worthy and needy member of the Order who is suffering from disease of an incurable character or total disability, and is without funds, property or relatives able or willing to care for him.

Twenty-four members of the Order were receiving relief from this fund when I took office. Three of the above members died during the year just closed, and two members were substituted therefor. To-day, twenty-three members of the Order are receiving assistance each month from the General Assistance Fund.

Several applications for assistance from this Fund are now on file, but until additional money is available, such applications cannot be favorably acted upon.

I recommend that the General Assistance Fund appropriation for the ensuing year be increased to \$12,500.

Necrology

During this year, 1929-1930, the roll of membership of the Grand Lodge has suffered large losses by death.

I am called upon to report the names of 428 of our brothers who have been summoned into the eternal keeping of the Father of all mankind.

We unite our sorrows, sympathies and solitudes with those of all the respective bereaved families, and we pray for all of them those consolations that a loving Father reserves in store for His children.

Since our last Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles, the following Brothers have passed onward:

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Mills, Superior Lodge (Wisconsin), No. 403, who died March 19, 1930:

Richard P. Rooney, Grand Trustee, Newark (N. J.) Lodge, No. 21, who died December 30, 1929;
John D. O'Brien, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, St. Paul (Minn.) Lodge, No. 59, who died August 13, 1929.

(A complete list of all Grand Lodge members deceased during the past year is included in the bound copies of this report.—Ed.)

By-Laws of Subordinate Lodges

I have endeavored, this year, with the co-operation of the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee and my District Deputies, to have every Subordinate Lodge bring its By-laws up to date.

Some Subordinate Lodges have not revised their By-laws for many years, others do not possess By-laws and many Lodges have never adopted a set of By-laws for their own use.

I hope that the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler will continue the effort I have made in this respect in order that every Subordinate Lodge of the Order may, as soon as possible, possess a complete and up-to-date set of By-laws.

Lapsation Committee

I call attention to Section 134b, Grand Lodge Statutes, which was enacted at the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles, 1929, and provides that the Exalted Ruler at the next regular session after his installation shall appoint a Lapsation Committee, to consist of not less than three members to hold office for one Lodge year. The Exalted Rulers are not confined to three members upon these Lapsation Committees, but may appoint as many members as the local situation may render advisable.

This is very important work, and, when properly and energetically done, will save thousands of good members to our Subordinate Lodges and to our Order.

I urge with great earnestness that all of our Subordinate Lodges give special attention to the work of the Lapsation Committee. We should not allow our Brothers to carelessly drift away, but we should unite our efforts and keep them in our folds and prove to them that we appreciate their membership.

Commercialism

Section 125, Grand Lodge Statutes, which outlines the duties of each Subordinate Lodge Secretary, among other things, sets forth his duty as to whom the roll of membership with the street addresses thereon shall be furnished.

Some unscrupulous and designing members and non-members of the Order have procured rosters of some of our Subordinate Lodges, and used the same to circulate their personal literature for business and commercial purposes—I urge every Subordinate Lodge Secretary to assist in protecting the membership of our Order by guarding the membership roll and withholding the same from individuals or organizations, who are not legally entitled to receive them.

I commend those Secretaries and members of the Order who, during the past year, forwarded to me literature received by them from persons circulating their wares without authority. Every case which came to my attention was immediately taken care of and proper action taken against the offending parties, and it was not necessary for me to proceed against any offending member this year, for the reason that as soon as the matter was brought to his attention, he immediately apologized for his action and declared that his illegal activities would cease.

Each Grand Exalted Ruler for many years past found it necessary to refer to "COMMERCIALISM" in his official circulars, as well as in his annual report to the Grand Lodge, and I trust that these violations will ultimately cease.

Conclusion

I am deeply appreciative of the fact that an opportunity has been afforded to me to serve our beloved Order in the capacity of Grand Exalted Ruler.

I have not, for a single moment forgotten the great responsibilities that thereby devolved upon me.

I have taken my work with the utmost degree of seriousness, and have preached and proclaimed, and in every way disseminated the principles and fundamentals of Elkdome.

Throughout my term of office I have looked upon the Subordinate Lodge as the unit of the Order and have sought to procure the operation of every unit in accordance with the laws, rituals, principles and ideals of Elkdome.

In addition to my nine Official Circulars, I sent three special letters to each Exalted Ruler of every Subordinate Lodge of the Order, in which I sought to put myself into the closest possible communion with each Exalted Ruler, the chosen head of his own Subordinate Lodge.

I have done likewise with all of the District Deputies and have also kept in close touch with the Past Grand Exalted Rulers and the Grand Lodge Chair Officers, who are serving with me. My purpose was to seek co-operation from all, and I am more than pleased to announce that my efforts in these directions were most satisfactorily rewarded.

I now, at the end of my term, thank all of the Past Grand Exalted Rulers, all of the Grand Lodge Officers, all of the Grand Lodge Committeemen, all of the District Deputies, and all of the Officers and Committeemen of the Subordinate Lodges, for their loyal and helpful co-operation during my term of office.

We all need re-baptism in the true spirit of Elkdome and a new resolve to devote ourselves even more zealously in the future than we have in the past to the principles of Elkdome, and to the upbuilding of the Order.

I had hoped to be able to report a gain in membership this year, and I bent every effort in that direction, but as the end of the fiscal year approached I was deluged with letters from Lodges expressing their regrets that they had been compelled to drop large numbers of Brothers at the close of the year on account of non-payment of dues, which resulted through business depressions and wholesale unemployment throughout the country. As a matter of fact, we initiated 2,000 more members this year than we did last year and I have received many notices of large classes since March 31, 1930, but I make no effort to take any account of them, as all such increases naturally and legally belong to the statistics of next year. I have, however, worked as hard to save old members and to secure new ones since April first, as I did before, feeling as I do that these efforts, and the efforts of all of my co-workers, are not personal, but for the good of the Order. I am pleased that statistics of this year show \$200,000 more of charity expended than last year, and I hope that they will show an equal or larger gain next year.

I am naturally of an optimistic disposition, but, taking everything into consideration, I feel thoroughly warranted in saying to all the Brothers, that the Order of Elks is going forward, becoming stronger and better, and is making real progress, and while we are proud of these facts, we know that we could greatly accelerate its progress by a greater degree of loyalty, devotion, fidelity and cooperation throughout all the organizations and instrumentalities of the Order.

I bespeak for my immediate successor, and all the successors who may hereafter come, an increased degree of devotion, service and co-operation and a finer achievement of success and progress.

I have no regrets, I have thanks for all and I lay down the responsibilities of my office with an absolute consciousness of having done my best.

Finally, I wish to mention and thank my exceedingly efficient, faithful, and devoted Secretary, Brother S. John Connolly of Beverly Lodge, Number 1309, Massachusetts, for his constant and untiring service to me and to the Order during the period of his association with me.

I heartily thank him and express the hope that he and his family may enjoy good health and every earthly blessing.

WALTER P. ANDREWS,
Grand Exalted Ruler.



Excerpts from Annual Reports

Submitted to the Grand Lodge at Atlantic City, N. J., in July

From the Report of the Board of Grand Trustees

Elks National Home

THE Elks National Home, which is maintained by the Order for those of our brothers who, by various circumstances, have been forced to seek residence there, has just passed through the most successful year since its creation.

Located at Bedford, Virginia, in the famous Blue Ridge Mountains and nestled in the very shadows of the Peaks of Otter, the Home is ideally situated. In that section of Virginia the four seasons of the year, while well defined, are not in the least bit extreme. The climate is ideal, as is attested by the general good health of the residents, other than those afflicted with chronic diseases.

The grounds which surround the Home are continually being beautified by the planting of additional shrubbery and flowers. The lawns are kept in perfect condition, the groves resemble a park, and the farm is in a high state of cultivation. The farm is self maintained, in fact making a small profit; something rather unusual in similar cases.

The buildings are kept in perfect repair and no visitor would dare suggest that the original group had been there fourteen years. In the maintenance of the building an engineer, carpenter and painter are kept continually on the job.

At a recent meeting of the Board steps were taken to improve the hospital facilities and general comfort of the sick by the appointment of a resident physician and female nurses.

The Home is filled to capacity and with a waiting list at the present time. The Board will ask the Grand Lodge in Atlantic City to provide ways and means for the erection of another dormitory similar to cottage "G," erected in 1927, and to contain approximately 100 rooms.

Also, in this connection, with the continual growth of the Home, it will soon be necessary to increase our acreage in order to provide pasturage for the ever growing dairy herd.

Elsewhere in this report the Superintendent lists the different entertainments given at the Home within the past year. Special mention, however, should be made of the attention given the Home by Roanoke and Lynchburg Lodges. Two of the most pleasing entertainments at the Home are the annual picnic and Christmas party given to the residents by Roanoke Lodge.

The Board desires to call to the attention of the different Lodges having members at the Home, the request that at Christmas time these members be remembered with a gift of some character. Last Christmas the Superintendent wrote a personal letter to each of the Lodges having a member at the Home and the response was most gratifying.

Improvement Fund

At the Los Angeles Session of the Grand Lodge an appropriation of \$12,000 was made, to be known as the Special Replenishing Fund, for use in making improvements to the Elks National Home. All expenditures therefrom have been under the direction of the Home Member of the Board of Grand Trustees.

Maintenance of Home

The total outlay by the Grand Lodge for operating the Home during the year June 1, 1929, to May 31, 1930:

Amounts to.....	\$129,956.07
Add—Inventories at beginning.....	5,509.16
	<hr/>
	\$135,525.23
Less—Inventories at close.....	6,541.95
	<hr/>
	\$128,983.28
Less—Sale of Supplies.....	1,548.98
	<hr/>
	\$127,434.30

To arrive at the figures upon which per capita cost of maintenance to be charged against Subordinate Lodges is based, the following must be deducted:

Building Maintenance.....	\$2,933.88
Grounds Maintenance.....	980.22
	<hr/>
	\$3,920.10

Leaving basis for Lodges' proportion. \$123,514.20

On May 31, 1930, there were 301 resident brothers at the Home, an average of 289 for the year, and the average cost per resident for the year ended that date was \$427.37.

The following table shows the average number of residents for the past five years, with average maintenance costs of same:

1926—Average number of residents, 204...	\$451.35
1927—Average number of residents, 208...	480.65
1928—Average number of residents, 220...	444.23
1929—Average number of residents, 260...	430.68
1930—Average number of residents, 289...	427.37

From the Report of the Grand Secretary

The total income of the Grand Lodge for the year ended May 31, 1930, amounts to \$585,339.74; expenses amount to \$416,973.74, showing a net gain of \$168,366.00.

Current assets, \$515,742.15; invested in bonds, \$25,572.00; fixed assets, \$1,011,152.08, making the total assets of Grand Lodge \$1,552,466.23.

District Deputy Visitations in Subordinate Lodges

At the Los Angeles Session of the Grand Lodge, by the enactment of Statute 48b, subordinate Lodges were relieved from the expense of District Deputy visitations. This item of expense, amounting to \$15,466.22, was this year paid out of the earnings of THE ELKS MAGAZINE and is

not included in the statement of Grand Lodge expenses.

Subordinate Lodge Finances

Reports filed in this office show that the subordinate Lodges of our Order had at the beginning of the year just closed cash assets of \$5,094,245.39. During the year, they received from all sources \$28,983,271.64, and expended \$29,152,081.14, leaving their cash balance as of March 31, 1930, \$4,925,435.89.

These reports show the total assets of subordinate Lodges to be \$105,999,629.89.

Charitable, Welfare and Patriotic Work

Below is a list of Charitable, Welfare and Patriotic activities in which subordinate Lodges are engaged, together with total moneys expended for same:

Relief of Members, their Widows, Orphans, Dependents, Burials, etc.	\$583,710.69
Summer Camps, Outings, etc.	93,389.25
Milk, Ice and Fuel.....	29,032.21
Crippled Children.....	205,278.71
Medical Aid.....	64,706.51
Hospitals.....	80,206.95
General Aid for Needy Families.....	207,176.43
Thanksgiving Baskets.....	57,308.90
Christmas Baskets.....	757,414.15
Miscellaneous Charities.....	49,816.29
Boy Scouts.....	93,085.70
Girl Scouts.....	8,666.83
Big Brother Work.....	28,613.92
Playgrounds, including Prizes.....	22,443.72
Red Cross, Salvation Army, etc.....	133,973.34
Scholarships, Text Books, etc.....	36,146.09
Veterans' Relief.....	16,848.45
Flag Day, Constitution Day, etc.....	107,581.32
Elks National Foundation.....	65,211.95

Total.....\$2,640,701.41

Detail of subordinate Lodges' charitable, welfare and patriotic activities has been assembled and immediately after the Grand Lodge Session an analysis of this work, in book form, will be mailed to each subordinate Lodge of the Order.

(The following facts from the report of the Grand Secretary have been summarized by the editors of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.)

There are at present 138 Lodges with memberships of more than 1,000. Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, is the Order's largest, with a roster of 17,594.

Thirty-six Lodges showed noteworthy membership gains, each of them having added 100 or more members during the year.

Ninety-five Lodges contributed more than \$5,000 each to charity, the five largest givers being Brooklyn, N. Y., No. 22, \$92,553.95; Newark, N. J., No. 21, \$78,957.79; New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, \$76,255.42; Atlantic City, N. J., No. 276, \$67,160.24; Minneapolis, Minn., No. 44, \$39,100.00. Many others gave greatly, and in proportion to their membership, but the list would be too long to publish here.

Report of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission

To the Officers and Members of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America:

IN THE report of this Commission made to the Grand Lodge last year at Los Angeles, it was stated that with the exception of two large sculptural groups to occupy niches in the front of the Memorial Building and certain paintings to be placed in the Reception Room, the Building, with all its embellishments, would be complete.

The June issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE carried illustrations of the large mural paintings

by Mr. Eugene F. Savage designed for the Reception Room. They represent respectively "Armistice" and "The Pursuits of Peace." Even the inadequate reproductions in black and white give some idea of the magnitude and artistic excellence, but only when seen in place, as they are now, can the wonderful coloring and decorative effect be fully appreciated. They are masterpieces of a great artist and are worthy of the conspicuous panels provided for them. The installation of these murals completes the interior ornamentation of the Building, except for two small bronze groups representing "Earth" and "The Spirit of Air," which have been modeled

by Mrs. Laura Gardin Fraser and which are now being cast and will soon be in place in the Reception Room.

The heroic bronze groups by Mr. Adolph A. Weinman which are to occupy the niches at the ends of the two wings of the Building are the only remaining exterior art features to be installed. An accident sustained by Mr. Weinman and a succeeding illness has delayed the completion of these groups. However, one of them is now cast in the bronze; the other is almost ready for the foundry, and it is expected that these exterior features will be erected in place within the year. The installation of these

features will entirely complete our Building, which is acclaimed by competent critics as one of the most distinctive and beautiful memorial structures in the world.

It is a great satisfaction and pleasure to the Commission to be able to state that since the opening of the doors of this magnificent Building to the public, it has been visited by some 202,500 persons who have enjoyed its beauty and all that it symbolizes. And we again express the hope that no Elk finding himself in Chicago will fail to make a pilgrimage to this Memorial Building, which is already known and will endure as the very shrine of our Order.

The Illustrated Booklet

The Grand Lodge at Miami adopted a resolution authorizing the preparation and publication of an illustrated booklet descriptive of this Memorial Headquarters Building, which booklet was to be made available by purchase to visitors at the Building and to all Elks.

By executive order Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert assigned the task of preparing, publishing and distributing this illuminated booklet to this Commission, and the Grand Lodge at Los Angeles last year appropriated the sum of \$2,500 to be applied to the initial expense involved.

The Commission has undertaken this service, and, without any expense thus far incurred, has made satisfactory progress in the preparation of the contents of the book and in arranging for its publication.

Until the exterior art features, which are to be illustrated therein, have been completed and placed in position, this work cannot be finished. Your Commission, therefore, can only report that the book will be ready for distribution at the earliest practical moment.

The Elks Magazine

Your Commission is particularly gratified with the report which it is privileged to submit for the fiscal year just past. During seven of the twelve months upon which it is based the country was suffering from a business depression which has seriously affected the attitude of advertisers, from whom the surplus revenue of the Magazine is derived. (The subscription price does not, by a considerable margin, cover the cost of production of a publication of its mechanical and editorial standards.) In these conditions, which have reflected themselves in reduced earnings of practically every periodical, THE ELKS MAGAZINE has given proof of sound standing and able administration, by showing a surplus profit which, while less than the totals reported for 1928 and 1929, is still greater than that of any other year, and above the average established over the eight years of its existence.

A certain number of subscriptions, and the consequent revenue, were lost as the result of a

decline in the membership of the Order. Such declines, for the past few years, have been experienced by all fraternal organizations, many of which have been affected to a far greater degree than has the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

The advertising revenue for the period here reported upon was \$74,490.58 less than in the previous year, yet the difference between this year's net surplus and that reported in 1929 is but \$26,944.35.

Economies which it has been possible to effect without in any way detracting from the quality of the Magazine or impairing its interest and value to its readers, have made it possible, despite the above mentioned decreases, to pay out during the course of the year, at the direction of the Grand Lodge, sums totaling \$78,193.20, and to turn over to the Grand Lodge, at this meeting, a draft for \$150,000 to be used for the reduction of the per capita tax for the year 1930-31, or for any other purposes that this Grand Lodge may direct.

In the more settled business conditions which, it is confidently hoped, will prevail during at least the greater part of the coming year, it is the purpose of your Commission to carry on apace the development of your Magazine. No effort will be spared by the business department to increase its earnings, or by the editorial department to maintain the high qualities of literary and pictorial merit which have made for it an enviable place among the foremost magazines of the day. It seems hardly necessary to say that, in your official publication, news of the activities of Subordinate Lodges, State Elks Associations and the Grand Lodge, when of interest to the Order at large, will, as heretofore, be given the most thorough consideration, and that nothing will be allowed to interfere with its adequate presentation.

In the last analysis, however, the success, or failure, of any publication lies with its readers. As has been stated previously, it is the revenue from advertising which makes it possible to furnish to the Order a magazine of the quality of The Elks and, conversely, it is the quality of the magazine, plus known returns, which attracts advertisers. Every Elk is, therefore, in a position to help not only the Order in general, but himself in particular, by patronizing those firms which advertise in his magazine and by making it clear, when he does so, that his action is the result of such advertising. The rendering of this service by the members will insure an increasingly larger and better magazine, and greater financial returns to the Order.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE has earned, during the eight years of its operation, a total net surplus of \$1,621,927.07, representing a yearly average of \$202,740.88. Its surplus earnings for the fiscal year which ended May 31, 1930, were \$215,613.34.

From the total surpluses earned during the

past eight years, there have been turned over, to the Grand Lodge, or paid out at its direction, the following sums:

		Total Surplus \$1,621,927.07
Turned over to Grand Lodge and used for reduction of per capita tax for year 1924-25.....	\$200,000.00	
National Memorial Headquarters Commission, to defray cost of art features for National Memorial Headquarters Building.....	480,000.00	
Administrative expenses of National Memorial Headquarters Commission from June 1, 1926, to May 31, 1929.....	87,344.74	
Maintenance, taxes, city improvements and other expenses of the National Memorial Headquarters Building from June 1, 1926, to May 31, 1929.....	107,338.81	
Payment in full of Grand Lodge appropriation of \$350,000 to the Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.....	350,000.00	
THE ELKS MAGAZINE has paid the following sums from its surplus balance of the past year:		
Administrative expenses of National Memorial Headquarters Commission from June 1, 1929, to May 31, 1930.....	26,546.33	
Maintenance, taxes, city improvements, and other expenses of the National Memorial Headquarters Building from June 1, 1929, to May 31, 1930.....	36,180.65	
Payment of expenses incurred by the Grand Lodge for official visits of District Deputies during the ensuing Grand Lodge year, in accordance with the resolution adopted by the Grand Lodge at Los Angeles, California, July, 1929.....	15,466.22	
Paid herewith from surplus to the Grand Lodge.....	150,000.00	1,452,876.75
Leaving a surplus balance of.....		\$ 169,050.32

The balance thus obtained is made up as follows:
Inventory of invoices (printing and wrapper paper, stories, articles, cover designs, illustrations, etc.) already paid for, but applicable to future issues of the Magazine..... \$ 83,023.95
Cash surplus—working capital, June 1, 1930..... 73,026.37
\$ 169,050.32

With these reports on the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building and THE ELKS MAGAZINE, and as a part thereof, there is filed a financial statement to June 1, 1930, of the receipts and disbursements of the Commission on account of the Headquarters Fund and the Publication Fund, under the official audit of West, Flint & Company, New York, N. Y.

The Grand Lodge Auditing Committee also audited the accounts of both of the Funds under the control of the Commission and has certified its approval of them in its report to the Grand Lodge.

Fraternally submitted,

ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL
HEADQUARTERS COMMISSION,

JOSEPH T. FANNING,
Secretary-Treasurer.

JOHN K. TENER,
Chairman.

Digest of the Report of the Elks National Foundation Trustees

THIS is the second annual report of the Elks National Foundation Trustees. It might properly be called the first annual report, because the Board had been organized only a few months when the report was made to the Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles on July 10, 1929.

Since the report of one year ago was not printed in form for general distribution, and we have had frequent requests for a book or booklet giving information relative to the Elks National Foundation, we believe that it is advisable to state herein some of the facts which should be known to all members of the Order, even if we repeat what has been said in some previous communication.

Inception

The Elks National Foundation became an institution of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks by virtue of the constitutional amendment adopted by the Grand Lodge in

Convention at Miami, Friday, July 11, 1928, approved by a large majority of the membership acting through the subordinate Lodges, and promulgated by the Grand Exalted Ruler in Official Circular No. 3, dated December 1, 1928, as Article V of the Grand Lodge Constitution.

Therefore, the Foundation is the creation of the membership of the Order. It should be regarded as the project of each individual member, of each subordinate Lodge, of each State Association, and the enthusiastic co-operation of all these units of the Order is necessary for its success. The national aspect and scope of the Foundation make it the paramount purpose of present-day endeavors of this great benevolent fraternity.

Distribution

The income of the Foundation which is available for distribution annually will be apportioned in an equitable manner by the Foundation Trustees, with a view to advancing the

philanthropic endeavors of the Order in every section of the United States and its possessions.

Salient Features

Three great outstanding characteristics of the Elks National Foundation are that it is to be a permanent fund; that its income is to be distributed in its entirety for the purposes for which it exists, and that the fund is to be raised voluntarily without compulsion of any kind,—no tax, no levy, direct or indirect. It is to be the expression in this form of the generosity of the members of Elksdom.

Method of Raising Funds

The Grand Lodge by vote passed at the annual session of 1928 turned over to the Elks National Foundation Trustees \$50,000 in money and \$50,000 par value City of New York 4½% Gold Bonds. The raising of additional funds was entrusted to the Elks National Foundation Trustees under the plenary powers given to them

in Article V of the Grand Lodge Constitution.

Similarly, during the year just closed the paramount duty of the Foundation Trustees has been the raising of funds. To meet the requests of those who wished to subscribe for Honorary Founders' certificates but who did not wish to pay a large amount in any one year, it has been provided that a subscription of \$1,000 for an Honorary Founders' certificate may be paid by annual installments of not less than \$100.

Pursuant to the policy stated in our report of last year and encouraged by the remarkable enthusiasm and generosity shown by the members in attendance at the annual session of the Grand Lodge in Los Angeles, the Foundation Trustees have urged members to make voluntary contributions and pledges according to their means.

An appeal for good will donations was sent to the membership through the ELKS MAGAZINE and by letters to the officers of the subordinate Lodges and state associations during the Thanksgiving and Christmas season. This was not productive of large results in individual gifts, but it served to stimulate interest and brought results in subscriptions from the Lodges.

Progress

The progress which has been made during the year covered by this report is most remarkable when one considers that the nation has been in the throes of a severe business depression, and that we relied wholly upon voluntary subscriptions and donations. Charts and schedules have been prepared and are made a part of this report so that each member may know the amount and source of the money which is in the fund. But to bring out clearly the extent of the forward movement, this comparison is made with the figures of one year ago.

	1929	1930
Honorary Founders' certificate subscriptions: Individual....	\$7,000.00	\$28,000.00
State Association.....	5,500.00	19,500.00
Subordinate Lodge.....	40,000.00	344,000.00
Total Subscriptions.....	\$52,500.00	\$391,500.00
Miscellaneous pledges and subscriptions.....	862.00	9,073.50
	\$53,362.00	\$400,573.50
Total Paid In.....	\$37,062.00	\$110,072.00
Balance due on pledges and subscriptions.....	16,300.00	290,501.50
Transfer from Grand Lodge.....	100,000.00	100,000.00
Grand Total.....	\$153,362.00	\$500,573.50

Last year we reported the offer of Mr. W. W. Marshall, of Daytona Beach, Florida, to turn over to the Elks National Foundation Trustees substantially all of his property, subject to the payment to him and his wife of a life annuity and the discharge of certain liens then upon the property, for the purpose of creating a fund to be administered by the Foundation Trustees for the benefit of boys and girls under the age of fifteen years. We had intended to accept this offer, but, unfortunately, the financial disaster which occurred in the State in which the property was situated made it improbable that the annuities and carrying expense could be paid out of the income from the property, or that any substantial amount could be realized from sale of the property. Therefore, in order to avoid a situation which might embarrass either the donor or the Foundation Trustees, we deemed it the wise and conservative action to decline the offer of Mr. Marshall.

Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews has been most enthusiastic and energetic in his advocacy of the Elks National Foundation. He has given it great impetus by the endorsement of his high office and by expressing his personal belief that the Foundation is destined to be the greatest achievement of our Order. We wish to make record of our appreciation.

Undoubtedly you have followed the work of the Elks National Foundation Trustees through the monthly bulletins which were carried in THE ELKS MAGAZINE. We found the magazine the most effective means of disseminating information in our campaign for funds. The reaction from the members showed that there was keen interest in the results which were being obtained in different sections of the country. We are grateful to Executive-Director Joseph T. Fanning for his valuable advice and his ready compliance with all our requests for space in the magazine.

The members will find much of interest and

of profit if they study the recapitulation chart which is part of this report.

We group for special mention and commendation the states which have more than twenty percent of the Lodges resident therein enrolled in the honor group of the Elks National Foundation by reason of subscriptions for Honorary Founders' certificates.

State	No. of Lodges	No. Enrolled	Percentage
Maine	14	14	100%
Connecticut	24	20	83%
New York	90	74	82%
Massachusetts	60	40	66%
Nevada	6	3	50%
Pennsylvania	117	47	40%
Rhode Island	5	2	40%
California	72	27	37%
Vermont	8	3	37%
New Hampshire	11	4	36%
Arizona	14	5	35%
Florida	32	10	31%
Idaho	14	4	28%
New Jersey	55	15	27%
Maryland	10	2	20%

We also call attention to the fact that of the thirteen subordinate Lodges situated outside the forty-eight states of the Union, eight have subscribed for Honorary Founders' certificates.

Through the courtesy of Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews, who always evidenced his zeal for the cause of the Elks National Foundation, the Chairman of our Board was invited to attend and address the conference of District Deputies at Chicago on September 22, 1929. For such informative value as it may have, the address delivered by the Chairman at said meeting is made a part of this report. The District Deputies have been of invaluable assistance to us in carrying on the work of education and of promotion and of fund-raising. We make this formal acknowledgment of our indebtedness to them, and of our appreciation for their effective cooperation.

It is true that in some sections of the country the record does not show results in the form of subscriptions and contributions, but, nevertheless, we know from letters and reports which have come to us that the Elks National Foundation has won the hearts of the members of the Order in every part of the Elk domain, and that material results will come as soon as there is an improvement in the financial situation.

We believe that the District Deputies who have been successful in enrolling all the Lodges of their districts as subscribers for Honorary Founders' certificates of the Elks National Foundation are entitled to special commendation.

Maine

District Deputy Arthur C. Labbe, Maine East
District Deputy L. Kenneth Green, Maine West.

Massachusetts

District Deputy Richard A. Cantwell, Massachusetts West.

New York

District Deputy John T. Buckley, New York North Central.

District Deputy John H. Burns, New York West.

District Deputy William H. Evans, New York West Central.

New York South East District is also 100% enrolled. In this district, twelve of the Lodges subscribed last year when Brother Peter Stephen Beck was District Deputy, and the thirteenth, a Lodge instituted this year, during the term of District Deputy Eugene E. Navin, immediately sent in a subscription.

The State of Maine has the distinction of having all districts 100% enrolled and of leading the States of the nation in this meritorious work.

New York State with ninety Lodges has seventy-four subscriber Lodges and four of the eight District Deputy districts are 100% enrolled. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, with characteristic enthusiasm, volunteered to assist the Elks National Foundation Trustees, and to supervise and supplement the work of the District Deputies in New York State. We are exceedingly grateful to him for what he has done.

Connecticut, with twenty of its twenty-four Lodges enrolled to a record of 83%, and Massa-

chusetts with forty of its sixty Lodges enrolled to a record of 66%, also evidence the cooperative work of the District Deputies.

During this year, we have received a few small bequests and we have been informed that substantial bequests have been provided in wills recently made. We ask all members, especially those of you who have the right contacts, to assist in keeping the Elks National Foundation in the favorable consideration of philanthropic people.

Finances

Our financial statement is comparatively simple. We have everything which we have received, plus accumulated earnings, to wit:

Statement

Debit	Credit
Received to account of	Invested in
Principal... \$210,072.00	Securities... \$185,699.26
Income..... 9,623.78	Cash in Bank... 33,999.52
\$219,695.78	\$219,698.78

The money which has been received has been invested in sound securities. In this matter we have adhered to the conservative policy outlined in our previous report.

Expenses

At the Grand Lodge Session of 1929, \$10,000 was appropriated for administrative expenses of the Elks National Foundation. We have kept well within this appropriation. The actual expenditures for the fiscal year ending May 20 were \$6,770.29. We shall not ask for a larger annual appropriation unless and until we have a definite promotion program which justifies it.

Honorary Founders' Certificates

The design of the Honorary Founders' certificate of the Elks National Foundation which will be issued to a subscriber—individual, subordinate Lodge and State Association—having paid into the fund \$1,000 or more, has been approved by the Foundation Trustees and will be exhibited at this annual session of the Grand Lodge. It is symbolic of this great philanthropic institution of our Order, a temple of philanthropy in process of construction. The main structure has advanced to the point of usefulness. Its beauty is apparent. Its proportions are indicated as monumental, but its actual size is left to the imagination and idealism of each individual.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast."

The certificate which is exhibited is a proof from an etching on copper,—the work of Artist W. H. W. Bicknell, of Winchester, Mass. Honorary Founders' certificate No. 1 will be issued to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, who has the distinction of having contributed the first \$1,000 to the Elks National Foundation.

Conclusion

The Elks National Foundation is a great permanent institution standing upon all the enduring principles of Charity, Justice and Brotherly Love, and rising in the strength and to the grandeur of height and proportion which fidelity to Elk ideals makes possible. Under its fostering influence, the noble thought and tender, generous impulse of this great American fraternity can be translated into deeds beneficial to our fellow-men. It is not the work of a day, of a year, of a decade,—it is an all-time endeavor. There must be patient, persistent and untiring effort in its building. There must be adherence at all times to the noble purpose of its conception.

Time may test and appraise, but true character and lofty ideals will show forth their worth.

Respectfully submitted,

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION
TRUSTEES

JOHN F. MALLEY, *Chairman*
RAYMOND BENJAMIN, *Vice-Chairman*
JOHN G. PRICE, *Secretary*
JAMES G. MCFARLAND
CHARLES E. PICKETT
EDWARD RIGHTOR
CHARLES H. GRAKELOW



Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews Pays Farewell Call as Head of Order

ONE of the most enthusiastic and largely attended meetings in the history of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, was that incident to the official visit there of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, making at this, his home Lodge, the last formal call of his administration as chief executive of the Order. Mr. Andrews made the principal address of the evening, his speech evoking a tremendous outburst of applause. In the course of the session, the Lodge presented to him a token of its esteem for him both as Grand Exalted Ruler and as a member of Atlanta Lodge of long and loyal service.

New Haven, Conn., Lodge Elects Congressman Tilson Life Member

At a banquet in its Home and before a throng of three hundred which included men of note in both public life and in the Order, New Haven Conn., Lodge, No. 25, presented recently to Congressman John Q. Tilson, majority leader in the House of Representatives, a life membership, in token of the Lodge's appreciation of his distinguished services to the Order. Prominent among those who attended the affair were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, former Governor of Pennsylvania; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, former member of Congress and at one time President of the Board of Aldermen of New York City; Congressman Sol Bloom, former Congressman P. B. O'Sullivan, William L. Higgins, Secretary of State of Connecticut; Earnest L. Averill, Deputy Attorney-General of the State; Mayor Thomas A. Tully of New Haven; Joseph F. Morrissey, Chairman of the Republican Town Committee, who acted as toastmaster for the occasion; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Nugent; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James F. Degnan; Martin J. Cunningham, President of the Connecticut State Elks Association; William T. Phillips, Past President of the New York State Elks Association; and Samuel McKee, Exalted Ruler of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1. The principal speakers were Mr. Tener, Mr. Bloom, Mr. O'Sullivan, Exalted Ruler James Chew, of New Haven Lodge; Mr. Tully, and the guest of honor, Mr. Tilson. Frank M. Lynch was chairman of the committee in charge of the banquet and presentation ceremonies.

United States Senator Metcalf Made Member of Providence, R. I., Lodge

Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, recently inducted into membership United States Senator Jesse H. Metcalf, before a gathering of between eight hundred and a thousand Elks, the largest assemblage ever known to the Lodge and one including many notable members of the Order and men prominent in public affairs. A distinguished participant in the initiation ceremonies was George W. Denton, member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee. Senator Metcalf, one of a class of thirty candidates, received during the evening a telegram of congratulation from Vice-President Charles Curtis and a letter of welcome from Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow. A banquet

and a program of entertainment followed the reception of the new members into the Lodge. In attendance were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Hugh T. McNeill of Massachusetts; Mayor James E. Dunne of Providence; Judge James E. Dooley, and General Joseph Fitzpatrick.

Washington, Pa., Lodge Celebrates Twenty-Eighth Anniversary

Before nine District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers and 400 members of the Order, representing twenty-seven Lodges, Washington, Pa., Lodge, No. 776, celebrated recently its twenty-eighth anniversary. As a part of the evening's program, the officers of No. 776, assisted by a group from Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28, initiated a class of candidates. Entertainment was provided later by a group of dancers and by members of the Department of Music of the Washington Seminary.

Southwest District Association of Pennsylvania Elects Officers

At the annual election of officers of the Pennsylvania, Southwest, Elks Association, held at Allegheny Lodge, No. 339, recently, the following were elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, A. J. Gerard, Knoxville Lodge, No. 1196; Vice-President, James M. Kelly, Sheraden Lodge, No. 949. The Association re-elected Secretary Charles S. Brown of Allegheny Lodge, No. 339; and Treasurer William T. Love of Canonsburg Lodge, No. 846.

Canal Zone Elks Give Bon Voyage Banquet to Richard M. Davies

Upon the eve of his departure for the Grand Lodge Convention in Atlantic City in the dual capacity of Representative of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, and of member of the

Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, the officers and members of Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge, No. 1542, tendered a farewell banquet a short time ago to Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard M. Davies. Many Elks prominent in No. 1414 also attended the affair in token of wishing Mr. Davies a pleasant journey.

Palo Alto, Cal., Lodge Band Entertains Veterans

The Elks band of Palo Alto, Calif., Lodge, No. 1471, under the direction of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, entertained recently the inmates of the United States Veterans' Hospital at Palo Alto. A monthly series of these concerts has been given by the band of No. 1471 assisted by the Berkeley, San Mateo, Oakland, San Jose, Salinas and Santa Cruz Lodge bands.

Member Gives Freeport, N. Y., Lodge Flag Which Crossed South Pole

Upon his return from the Antarctic, where he had spent two years with Admiral Byrd's expedition, Sergeant Benjamin Roth presented to his Lodge, Freeport, N. Y., No. 1253, an American flag which had been carried over the South Pole on the famous flight of his commander. The flag, together with a letter from Admiral Byrd attesting to the fact that it had crossed the earth's southernmost point, will be framed and hung in the Home of No. 1253.

Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge is Active In Community and Fraternal Affairs

Both in community and fraternal affairs Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge, No. 1530, has recently been especially active. Among its efforts early in the summer was the organization of a baseball team for competition in the county league. This will give an opportunity to the citizens of Lake



The handsome and inviting Home of Monticello, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1544



Past Exalted Ruler Vincent Ellsworth (at the extreme right) and his seven brothers, all of whom were recently made members of Monongahela, Pa., Lodge, No. 455

Worth to see games on Thursday, a half-holiday in the district. The Lodge has also appointed a committee to meet with one of the Chamber of Commerce for the purpose of modernizing the equipment of the local motion picture theatre; and it is sponsoring a boys' harmonica band. A fraternal event promising exceptional interest is Lake Worth Lodge's projected entertainment of the members of West Palm Beach Lodge, No. 1352.

New Past Exalted Rulers Association For New York, East, Formed

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Louis A. Fisher was elected President recently of the new Past Exalted Rulers Association of New York, East, which was formed a short time before at Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 842. The Association named Past Exalted Ruler Paul J. Miller, of Poughkeepsie Lodge, No. 275, as Secretary-Treasurer.

Detroit, Mich., Elks Entertain 1,400 Orphans and School Children

1,400 orphans and school children, from fifteen city institutions, were entertained by the Elks of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, recently in the auditorium of the Cass Technical High School. Among the features of the day's program were twelve acts of pageantry, in which most of the children took part; vocal selections by the police quartette; and a picnic lunch of ice cream, cake and candy. For over thirty years Detroit Lodge has sponsored this annual event.

Elks of Northwest Pennsylvania Have Fund to Aid Students

The Pennsylvania, Northwest, Elks Association announced recently the readiness for functioning of its Students' Aid Fund. Subscriptions to this at present amount to about \$1,500, and it will be dispensed in helping worthy students who have had two years in higher institutions of learning to complete their courses. The organization administering the fund will operate under a charter issued through the Venango County Court.

Easton, Pa., Lodge Celebrates Its Twenty-Sixth Anniversary

Easton, Pa., Lodge, No. 121, celebrated a short time ago the twenty-sixth anniversary of its institution. The program of entertainment arranged in observance of the event comprised a luncheon and a card party for ladies in the afternoon; and a vaudeville show and a dance in the evening, all of which were thoroughly enjoyed.

Grand Exalted Ruler Decorates Jefferson's Tomb, on Flag Day

Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews delivered on June 14 the principal speech at the Flag Day exercises held jointly by all the Lodges in Virginia at Monticello, the home of Thomas

Jefferson. During the forenoon preceding the program honoring the anniversary of the country's emblem, Mr. Andrews placed a wreath on Jefferson's tomb and visited the home of President James Monroe, a building now a national shrine. The Flag Day ceremonies were conducted under the auspices of Charlottesville Lodge, No. 389, and presided over by its Exalted Ruler, Stuart S. Rothwell. The full text of Mr. Andrews's address was published in the July issue of the Magazine.

Ladies' Club Presents Handsome Bible to Berwick, Pa., Lodge

The Council Cup Chapter, Delphian Society, an organization of prominent women, presented recently to Berwick, Pa., Lodge, No. 1138, a Bible, handsomely bound. The Lodge has for the last three years given over to the use of these ladies a room in the Home; and it was in token of their appreciation of this courtesy that they gave the Bible to the Lodge.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Gives Outing To 650 Crippled Children

The annual Crippled Children's Outing provided by Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, recently, proved one of the most successful of this series of holidays for helpless youngsters. Six hundred and fifty little guests, in charge of thirty nurses from the Lincoln Hospital, were entertained on a long steamboat ride which gave

them glimpses of most of Manhattan Island, the Brooklyn Navy Yard, Coney Island, and the Statue of Liberty. Lunch was served on the trip and special diversion presented by professional clowns, magicians, ventriloquists and other performers. Members of the Lodge called for the children in the morning and drove them to the Elks Home. While waiting for the start an orchestra played for the youngsters. From there the boys and girls were carried in a score of sight-seeing buses to the pier at West 129th Street and the Hudson River. Buses and automobiles owned by members conveyed the youngsters home upon their return from their voyage down the bay. The outing was in charge of a committee headed by Past Exalted Ruler Edgar Hirschberg.

Boys' Harmonica Band of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Lodge Gives Two Concerts

The Boys' Harmonica Band sponsored by Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, gave recently two concerts which won unusual manifestations of appreciation. The first was a program for the inmates of the St. Agnes' Hospital for Crippled Children, at White Plains. The second concert was one for the Westchester County Grand Jurors Association, upon the occasion of its dinner at the Home of Mount Vernon Lodge.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Degree Team Is Presented Championship Cup

Matthew J. Merritt, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association and Chairman of its Drill Team Committee, presented to Bronx Lodge, No. 871, at a recent meeting, the Championship Cup and Trophy which its drill team had won at the Association convention in Niagara Falls a short time before. This is the third consecutive time the Bronx Lodge team has been victorious. A number of delegates from Queens Borough Lodge, No. 878, whose Drill Team gained second place in the competition, attended the presentation ceremonies.

Lodges Warned Against Impostor With Card of Napa, Calif., Lodge Member

Charles Schenkmeier, member No. 687 of Napa, Calif., Lodge, No. 832, has requested the Magazine to warn the Secretaries of other Lodges against anyone who may present his membership card. This, together with Mr. Schenkmeier's watch, watch chain, elk's tooth and other effects, recently was stolen from his tailoring establishment in Sacramento.



The West Virginia State Elks Association Hospital for Crippled Children, at Martinsburg

Altoona, Pa., Elks Entertain Members of Nearby Lodges

As a stimulus to fraternal activity during the summer, Altoona, Pa., Lodge, No. 102, inaugurated recently a series of stag parties to which a number of nearby Lodges were invited. The first was attended in gratifying numbers. The affair began with a soft-shell crab supper and included later a program of boxing bouts and other entertainment.

Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Sammis Dedicated

In the presence of the members of Le Mars, Iowa, Lodge, No. 428, of Mrs. Sammis, her son and daughter, and many family, business and personal friends, the dedication and unveiling of the memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler James U. Sammis was performed with simplicity and dignity a short time ago in the city cemetery at Le Mars. Dr. C. A. Mock delivered the invocation and benediction; and Charles A. Wernli, Past Exalted Ruler of Le Mars Lodge, the eulogy. Exalted Ruler Joe M. Kass, also of No. 428, then introduced Past Exalted Ruler H. B. Maynard, of Waterloo Lodge, No. 290, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on the Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler James U. Sammis. Mr. Maynard made the dedicatory address. At the close of this, Exalted Ruler Kass and other members of Le Mars Lodge unveiled the memorial. This is a tablet in bronze set in a base of marble and bearing the following inscription: "1863-1927, James Uriah Sammis: The Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America dedicates this tablet in commemoration of his distinguished services to the Order, for many years in its Council and in 1909 as its Chief Executive."

San Diego, Calif., Lodge Dedicates New Home on Fortieth Anniversary

On the fortieth anniversary of its institution and in the presence of seven hundred Elks, representing more than thirty Lodges, San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, dedicated recently its magnificent new Home. The dedicatory exercises, occurring on the second day of a week's program of events in observance of the occasion, were presided over by Past Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99. His staff of officers for the ceremonies comprised seventeen Past Exalted Rulers of the San Diego Elks. Mr. Shannon later addressed the gathering, congratulating San Diego Lodge upon its contributions to the

Order since its institution and upon its success in erecting so splendid a Home as the center of its future endeavors. Others to speak were Past Exalted Ruler Eugene Daney, a charter member; and Exalted Ruler Robert M. Gregory, of San Diego Lodge. Notable features of the program which ensued were a recital upon the new pipe organ, the gift to the Lodge of its life members; and the rendition of several orchestral and vocal selections. An entertainment and, later, a buffet supper in the gymnasium of the Home followed the formal exercises. On the day before that fixed for the dedicatory rites, the Home was opened to visitors for inspection; and on the day following there was presented a program of dedicatory music by the Scouts Band, the Lodge Orchestra, the Elks Chanters and by the organist, Albert A. Kendall. Other events of the seven days' celebration were a smoker and entertainment for members only, an athletic and amusement night, presenting contests in bowling, billiards, handball and exhibitions of gymnastics; a grand dedicatory ball, the first formal Lodge session and, finally, a dance for the younger members and their friends.

Charity Circus of New Kensington, Pa., Elks Draws 6,000 Attendance

Preceded by a thorough and carefully executed publicity campaign and supported heartily by both members of the Order and the general public, the Elks Charity Circus presented recently by New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, No. 512, proved an unusual success. The show was given for seven nights in the Community Auditorium of the city. Attendance for the entire period of its run was estimated at 6,000. The entertainment consisted of six first-class circus acts, among the performers being one extremely popular with the children, Baby Nemo, a small trained elephant. Many Lodges in western Pennsylvania cooperated with the New Kensington Elks by sending delegations to the circus on special nights. Represented among the audience in the course of the circus were members of Tarentum, Leechburg, Apollo, Wilkinsburg, Greensburg, Jeannette, Connellsville, Kittanning, Butler, Pittsburgh, Allegheny, Etna, Uniontown, Latrobe, Johnstown and Altoona Lodges. Merchants of New Kensington assisted in furthering the venture by placing a generous amount of cooperative advertising in the newspapers. There were two particularly prominent special nights at the circus, Ladies' Night and Past Exalted Rulers' Night. Upon the latter occasion the Lodge was host to the newsboys of the New Kensington *Daily Dispatch*, which had lent its columns freely to publicizing the event.

An event of importance during the circus's stay in the city was the sending of Baby Nemo to perform before the inmates of St. Anthony's Orphanage, twelve miles from New Kensington. Interest in the circus was promoted before its opening by a popularity contest for young women employees of a score of local business establishments and by dropping from an airplane a number of envelopes which, when returned to circus headquarters, entitled the bearer to a gold cash award or a ticket for the entire run of the show.

Renovo Lodge Host to Elks of North Central Pennsylvania

Two hundred members of the Pennsylvania, North Central, Elks Association gathered recently for their regular quarterly meeting at the new \$25,000 summer Home of Renovo Lodge, No. 334. This number represents an increase of nearly seven times that of a year ago, when thirty Elks belonging to the Association assembled. An important part of the convention was the election of officers for the coming year. C. Gordon Hay, Ridgway Lodge, No. 872, was chosen President; Gilbert Hagenbuch, Berwick Lodge, No. 1138, Vice-President; Russell S. Stout, Renovo Lodge, Treasurer; and William B. Waite, Milton Lodge, No. 913, Secretary. The Association selected Berwick as the place for its September meeting. After the business session Renovo Lodge gave a banquet for the visitors. At this the guests of honor were John F. Nugent, Vice-President; M. F. Horne, Chairman of the Board of Trustees; and Ralph M. Robinson, Chairman of the Credentials Committee, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association.

Paterson, N. J., Lodge Provides Outing for Orphans

A throng of children requiring fifty-seven automobiles to transport was recently conducted out of the city and into East Side Park by members of Paterson, N. J., Lodge, No. 60, for the Lodge's annual Orphans' Outing. At the park entertainment was provided by the band of No. 60, and by a vaudeville show, and a picnic lunch served. At the conclusion of the outing each youngster was given a present by the Lodge. The girls received wrist watches and the boys military brushes.

Huge Entertainment Provided at Sanitarium by Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge

Using three large stages upon which were run three acts simultaneously, the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge, No. 920, recently entertained several hundred patients of the State sanitarium for tuberculosis at Wallum Lake. It was declared to be one of the most spectacular presentations in the ten years since the inauguration of this annual event. On the stages, placed outdoors in front of their different wards, more than 260 entertainers performed in rotation before an audience composed of the inmates and the many visitors who had come as guests of the Lodge. At the conclusion of the programs the Lodge gave each of the child-patients an American flag. Upon their return to the city, the actors were the guests of the Social and Community Welfare Committee at a lunch served in the auditorium of the Elks Home.

New Jersey Crippled Children's Committee Head at Bayonne Lodge

Joseph G. Buch, General Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association, recently attended a breakfast given by the Crippled Children's Committee of Bayonne Lodge, No. 434. In his address to the members of the Lodge gathered there for the occasion, Mr. Buch paid a tribute to the thoroughgoing and efficient work being done by them for the alleviation of suffering among crippled youngsters. Several months ago Mr. Buch was appointed by President Hoover to serve as a member of the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection.



The memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler James Uriah Sammis, unveiled and dedicated recently in the city cemetery at Le Mars, Iowa



The highly proficient Degree Team of Evanston, Ill., Lodge, No. 1316

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Guest at Jersey City, N. J., Lodge

In the presence of Grand Esteemed Leading Knight William Conklin, 126 candidates, constituting the largest class in ten years, were initiated by Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, at a recent meeting. In honor of the presence of the distinguished guest, the occasion was designated as "Bill Conklin Night." Before the Lodge session 300 members of the Lodge escorted Mr. Conklin through the streets of Jersey City in a parade, led by a band of sixty pieces. At the Home, later, the Grand Esteemed Leading Knight delivered an inspiring address. After the session a dinner was served and entertainment provided by professional performers.

Red Bank, N. J., Elks Break Ground for New Home

On the site where the new Home of Red Bank, N. J., Lodge No. 233, will stand many members of the Lodge gathered recently to participate in the ceremonies of breaking the ground. Short talks were made by Past Vice-President Charles Wibiralski, of the New Jersey State Elks Association; Exalted Ruler Fred A. Ellison and Augustus M. Minton, Chairman of the Board of Trustees since the institution of Red Bank Lodge. The new Home will cost approximately \$200,000.

Elks at Eau Claire, Wis., Present Benefit Show for Tornado Victims

In cooperation with a theatre in that city, the members of Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge, No. 402, recently organized and presented a benefit show for the relief of the seventy families of the community made destitute by a tornado a short time before. Admission to witness the performance took the form of contributions of non-perishable food-stuffs, of which forty bushel baskets were collected. These supplies were transported to the headquarters of the Red Cross by trucks lent free of charge by a coal

merchant of Eau Claire, and were sorted and distributed later by members of the Lodge, assisted by volunteer workers from the Catholic Women's Club and the Girl Scouts of St. Patrick's Church.

Long Beach, Calif., Elks Initiate Class at Santa Ana Lodge Home

The officers and a number of other members of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, visited Santa Ana Lodge, No. 794, recently and there conducted initiatory exercises. This is one of a series of exchanges of fraternal calls planned by the Long Beach Elks. They have arranged, for a time soon after their own visit to Santa Ana Lodge, to act as hosts to a delegation of members of Whittier Lodge, No. 1258.

Joint Picnic of Minneapolis, Minn., And St. Paul Lodges a Big Success

So thoroughly enjoyed by the thousand persons who attended it was the joint picnic held recently by St. Paul, Minn., No. 59, and Minneapolis, No. 44, Lodges, that it was planned immediately after the affair to make it an annual institution with the two Lodges. The festivities included an elaborate luncheon, a series of nearly thirty contests, including a golf tournament and a ball game; and a splendid dinner. G. Smith, of St. Paul Lodge, won the competition on the links; and the Minneapolis Elks proved superior in the ball game.

Wallace, Ida., Elks Guests of Butte Lodge on Their Way to Convention

In the course of their journey to attend the convention of the Idaho State Elks Association at Pocatello, the Drum Corps and the delegates of Wallace Lodge, No. 331, were the guests of the members of Butte, Mont., Lodge, No. 240. The Wallace Elks were met at the railroad station and escorted from there to the Butte Country Club, where a splendid dinner was served. They were, when they departed, unani-

mous in expressing their appreciation of their enjoyment of the hospitality of the members of Butte Lodge.

"Edgar T. Reed Night" Observed By Union Hill, N. J., Elks

President Edgar T. Reed, of the New Jersey State Elks Association, was a guest at a recent meeting of Union Hill Lodge, No. 1357, an event named in his honor "Edgar T. Reed Night." Vice-President Harry McGill and a large delegation from Perth Amboy Lodge, No. 784, accompanied President Reed. After the business session the Elks of No. 1357 provided their guests with entertainment and supper.

Five Lodges Hold Joint Meeting At Mobile, Ala., Elks Home

At a joint meeting of five Lodges, held recently in the Home of Mobile, Ala., Lodge, No. 108, a singularly good program of speeches and music was enjoyed by the large attendance. The session opened with short talks by the Exalted Rulers of the five Lodges participating in the event. They were C. Q. Carman, Mobile Lodge; Thomas A. Johnson, Pensacola, Fla., Lodge, No. 497; A. H. Wambsgans, Biloxi, Miss., Lodge, No. 606; C. H. Castenera, Gulfport, Miss., Lodge, No. 978, and C. A. Carrier, Pascagoula, Miss., Lodge, No. 1120. Mayor Harry T. Hartwell of Mobile welcomed the visiting Elks on behalf of the city and Judge Tisdale J. Touart, also of Mobile, delivered the principal address of the evening. Musical numbers were provided by a chorus of thirty-eight members, accompanied by the Mobile Symphony Orchestra. Preceding these ceremonies a banquet was tendered the visiting Elks and their ladies at the Cawthorn Hotel.

San Pedro, Calif., Lodge Observes Twenty-fifth Anniversary

At a dinner-dance, attended by 150 members and their guests, San Pedro, Calif., Lodge, No. 966, celebrated recently its twenty-fifth anniversary. One of the important events of the evening was the presentation of life memberships to the eleven remaining charter members of the Lodge. The ceremonies were performed by Exalted Ruler Fred Smith. Those to receive this distinction were B. F. Davis, Sr., Charles Dreifus, John Guodie, J. S. Gwaltney, E. B. Scott, Richard Quinn, Joseph Horgan, John E. Logan, Lazard Lippmann, C. Henry Olsen and Joe A. Weldt.

Reno, Nev., Lodge Has "Days Of '49" Celebration

A unique and attractive celebration was enjoyed by the members of Reno, Nev., Lodge, No. 597, and their guests recently when the Home was decorated to represent the days of the '49 gold rush. The fete, which lasted two days, was opened by a parade of bands, cowboys, and many old-time stage coaches driven by men dressed in the costumes of the period. Several rooms of the Home were arranged like old-fashioned dance halls where the spirit of the wild west was carried out to perfection.

(Continued on page 66)



Two glimpses of the outlook at sunset from the Home of Agana, Guam, Lodge, No. 1281

News of the State Associations

Reports of Many Annual Conventions

Iowa

IN SPITE of rain that fell at inopportune times, the silver anniversary convention of the Iowa State Elks Association, held early in June at Fort Dodge, proved one of the most successful in the last quarter-century. Business sessions were not called until the second day, the opening events being a number of sporting contests during the first morning and afternoon, a banquet in the evening at the Waukon Hotel, followed by boxing bouts and, later, a dance. In the golf tournament and trap shoots, the representatives of Fort Dodge Lodge, No. 306, were prominent. Their squad won the team championship, and one of its members, S. T. Thompson, was first in the medal play. In match play, Dr. G. Earl Hermance, of Marshalltown Lodge, No. 312, defeated M. E. Hamilton, of Fort Dodge Lodge, one up, for the individual championship. The entrants of Fort Dodge Lodge in the team competition in trap shooting were victorious, although many individual prizes went to the marksmen of Webster City Lodge, No. 302. Upon the day following these sports, the first formal meeting of the convention was held, with President B. B. Hunter in the chair. Among the reports submitted at this session was that of the Iowa Elks Scholarship Fund. It made known the gratifying fact that forty-eight scholarship loans had been made up to the time of reporting. The big outdoor picnic, attended by 900 Elks and members of their families, took place in the afternoon. It was during this that a downpour of rain came, forcing the festivities back from the grounds at Coffin's Point to the shelter of the Home of Fort Dodge Lodge, where they were continued with no loss of spirit and enjoyment. The third and final day was devoted to memorial services, conducted by the Rev. Father J. J. Keane; to a ritualistic contest, which was won by Fort Dodge Lodge; and to the election of officers. Those chosen to direct the affairs of the Association for the coming year were Clyde E. Jones, Ottumwa Lodge, No. 347, President; Sam W. Hirsch, Davenport Lodge, No. 298, First Vice-President; J. LeRoy Nichols, Clinton Lodge, No. 199, Second Vice-President; Wilton J. Moore, Fort Dodge Lodge, Third Vice-President; L. D. Ross, Cedar Rapids Lodge, No. 251, Secretary; J. J. Barton, Fort Dodge Lodge; A. Henigbaum, Davenport Lodge; R. E. Johnson, Marshalltown Lodge, No. 312, Trustees; and R. E. White, Ottumwa Lodge; Henry Louis, Iowa City Lodge, No. 590; and E. H. Johnson, Trustees of the Foundation Fund.

Mississippi

DELEGATES and a host of other Elks representing fifteen Lodges in the State, gathered recently at the annual convention of the Mississippi State Elks Association, held in Clarksdale, and coincidentally with the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Lodge No. 977 there. Prominent among the resolutions adopted during the business sessions was one recommending that every Lodge in the State give at least one benefit show a year for the purpose of raising funds to support the Elks' unit for tuberculosis patients at McGehee. At the election of officers, William Estopinal, Gulfport Lodge, No. 978, was re-elected President. Others chosen were W. G. Paxton, Vicksburg Lodge, No. 95, First Vice-President; E. B. Causey, Hattiesburg Lodge, No. 590, Second Vice-President; W. B. Wilkes, Greenville Lodge, No. 148, Secretary-Treasurer, a reelection; E. L. Fontaine, Clarksdale Lodge, Trustee for the Northern District of Mississippi; and C. H. Castenera, Gulfport Lodge, Trustee for the Southern District. The convention decided upon Hattiesburg as the place of meeting next year, and the third Tuesday and Wednesday of May as the time. The celebration of the arrival of the quarter-century mark in the life of Clarksdale Lodge was held at the Moon Lake

Club of the Lodge. A concert in the afternoon by the Clarksdale High School band, and a barbecue in the evening, attended by 200 members of the Order, their wives and other guests, constituted the chief events. The twenty-one living of the twenty-five charter members of the Lodge were the guests of honor. Before the convention dispersed those who attended it voted, both officially and unofficially, to voice their appreciation of the hospitality of the Clarksdale Elks.

North Dakota

REPORTS submitted at the eleventh annual convention of the North Dakota State Elks Association, held recently at Dickinson, disclosed that every one of the ten Lodges in the State has adopted the work of treating and rehabilitating crippled children, as a part of their official program of welfare activity. Interest in this beneficent aim was heightened further by an opportunity presented to the delegates to witness the holding of a crippled children's clinic. This was conducted by Dr. Swanson, of Fargo, with the assistance of the health officer of that city, Dr. Kilbourne; and it was arranged through the courtesy of Sam Stern, Vice-President of the Association; and Past President Curtis P. Brown. Mr. Stern, in the absence of President William G. Owens, called to Washington by his duties as Chief Counsel of the Federal Farm Board, presided at the meetings of the convention. Attendance at these was excellent. Large delegations from every member Lodge were present. Officers chosen for the year now beginning were Norman Black, Fargo Lodge, No. 260, President; Sam Stern, Fargo Lodge, Vice-President; George T. Richmond, Jamestown Lodge, No. 995, Secretary; William Broderick, Williston Lodge, No. 1214, Treasurer; and Charles H. Doyan, Devil's Lake Lodge, No. 1216, Trustee for three years. H. K. Jensen, Mandan Lodge, No. 1256, was confirmed again as Chairman of the Committee on Crippled Children. Fargo was selected as the place of the convention next year.

Nebraska

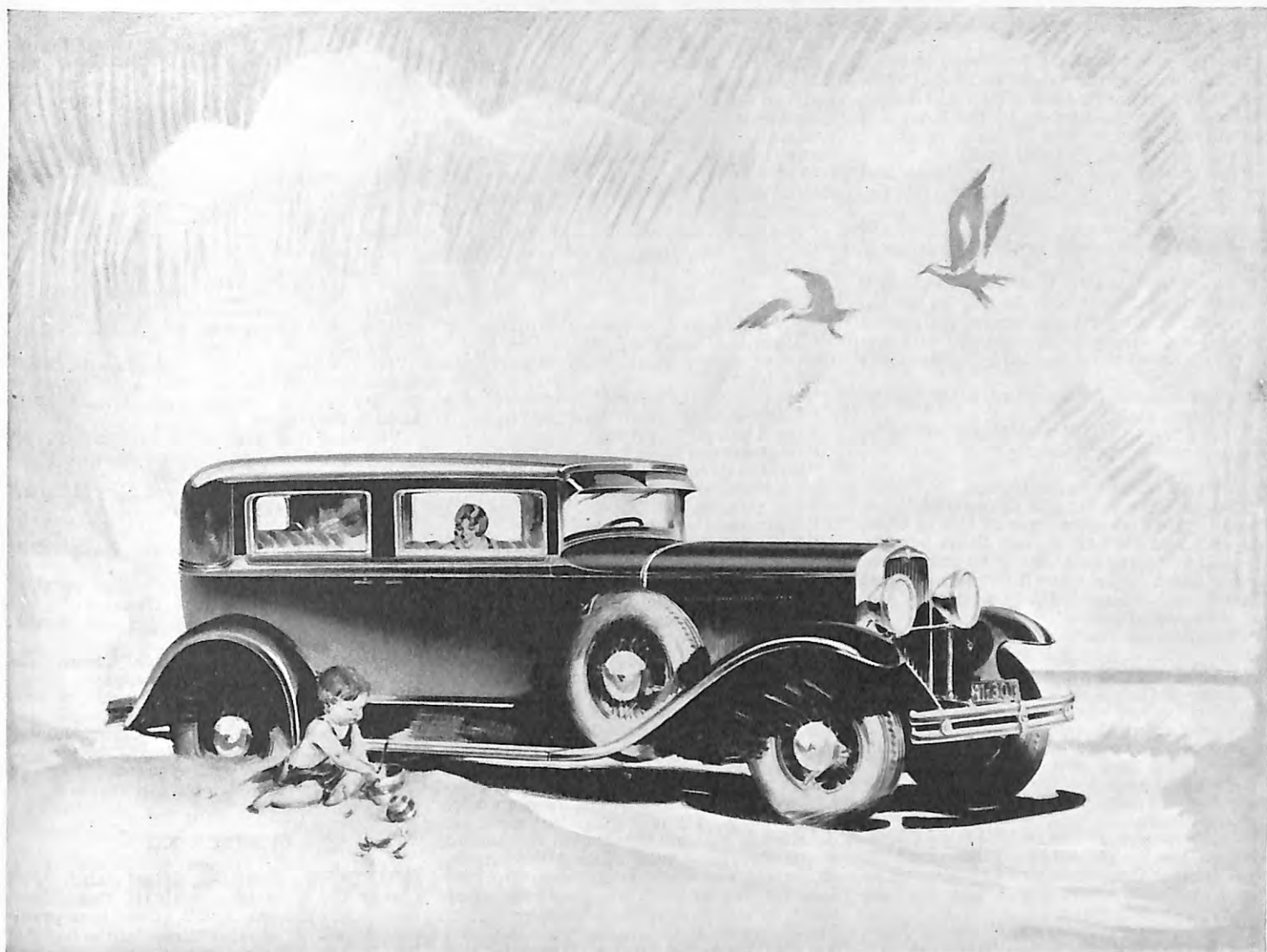
THE Nebraska State Elks Association, at its twentieth annual convention, held in York for three days during the middle of June, decided to increase its efforts this coming year in behalf of the crippled children of the State. This became manifest at the opening event of the assemblage, a banquet at the McCloud Hotel, attended by one hundred Elks, comprising officers of the Association, delegates to the convention and visiting members of the Order. At the dinner, Judge George F. Corcoran, toastmaster, first introduced Charles A. McCloud, senior Past Exalted Ruler of York Lodge, No. 1024, and Trustee of the Association, who welcomed the out of town guests to the city and to the Lodge. C. A. Laughlin, President of the Association, responded for the visitors. After an interlude of community singing, Charles A. Goss, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Nebraska, the principal speaker of the evening, delivered an address upon the history and the accomplishments of the State. There followed an illustrated lecture by J. R. Jewel, head of the Rehabilitation Division and Supervisor of the State Department of Vocational Education, upon the treatment and training for self-support of crippled children. An important part of this lecture was the depiction of the work done at Beatrice this year by the Nebraska State Elks Association. Dr. C. P. Fall, of Beatrice, one of the surgeons who had conducted the clinic there; and Allen H. Mann, employed by the Association to make a personal canvass of crippled children in that district, supplemented Mr. Jewel's talk with explanations of the nature of the work, its conditions and its promises of success. For definite action in furthering this welfare enterprise, August Schneider, Past President of the Association, and now Chairman of its Crippled Children's Committee, called a

meeting of the group he heads immediately after the conclusion of the banquet. The other guests then repaired to the Lodge Home for a social period. The following morning the first of the Association's business sessions was held, with another in the afternoon at which officers for the coming year were elected. Those chosen were Howard W. Loomis, Fremont Lodge, No. 514, President; Walter C. Nelson, Omaha Lodge, No. 39, First Vice-President; A. E. Wood, Lincoln Lodge, No. 80, Second Vice-President; L. L. Turpin, Omaha Lodge, Secretary; Frank Real, McCook Lodge, No. 1434, Treasurer; C. A. McCloud, York Lodge, Chairman of the Board of Trustees; and William Gregorious, Columbus Lodge, No. 1195, and C. A. Laughlin, Grand Island Lodge, No. 604, Trustees. Other officers, appointed by the newly elected president, were the Rev. T. Porter Bennet, York Lodge, Chaplain; Thomas S. Fielding, Alliance Lodge, No. 961, Tiler; and Elmer Johnson, Omaha Lodge, Sergeant-at-Arms. The afternoon of the second day was devoted to sports: a golf tournament, won by the team of York Lodge; and a tennis tournament. While these were in progress the ladies who accompanied Elks to the convention were entertained at a card party and tea. In the evening, Lincoln Lodge defeated Omaha Lodge in the ritualistic contest for the Charles A. McCloud cup. Nineteen candidates were initiated during these exercises. A buffet supper closed the evening's events. The business session the following morning witnessed the installation of the new officers and arrival at the decision to hold the 1931 convention in Omaha. In the afternoon came the grand parade, headed by the band of the 134th Infantry and including several Lodge bands. The Elks musical organizations later gathered at the East Hill baseball park for a band contest. First place in this was won by the Omaha Elks Band. The York Lodge Military Band was second. The grand ball, the concluding event of the convention and attended by both delegates and other visitors, took place in the evening at the Assembly Hall, with the members of York Lodge acting as hosts.

Michigan

GRAND TRUSTEE JOHN K. BURCH, D. Curtis Gano, of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge; and over 300 delegates, representing forty-nine Lodges, attended the twenty-fifth annual convention of the Michigan State Elks Association held in Hancock recently. A well planned program of entertainment was successfully carried out in conjunction with the business sessions of the convention. On Sunday, the day after the opening of the convention, short talks were broadcast over the radio by Mr. Burch, Mr. Gano, and by officers of the State Association and of Hancock Lodge, No. 381. When the convention opened officially on Monday, Mayor Norman D. Starrett, of Hancock, delivered an address of welcome on behalf of the city; and Exalted Ruler George M. Waldie expressed the greetings of the Lodge. The election of officers followed. The Association named Amiel J. Toupin, Marquette Lodge, No. 405, as President to succeed William Dickson Brown; George C. Ackers, Manistee Lodge, No. 250, as First Vice-President; B. P. White, of Detroit Lodge, No. 34, as Second Vice-President; and Frank C. Condon, of Hancock Lodge as Third Vice-President. Edward E. Nolan, of Lansing Lodge, No. 196, was re-elected Secretary; and Patrick H. Close, Jackson Lodge, No. 113, was re-elected Treasurer. For Trustee, the Association chose Earl Leininger, Ishpeming Lodge, No. 447. Before the session adjourned for the day it was voted to hold the 1931 convention in South Haven. That night a boxing match was held at the amphidrome in Houghton. The next day, Tuesday, there was a ritualistic contest, among the teams of Manistee, Muskegon, Jackson and Calumet Lodges. First place was won by

(Continued on page 69)



BODY BY FISHER

It Grows On You ∇ ∇

Owners insist that the Viking Eight—like all really good things—improves upon acquaintance . . . that as the months and miles go by they discover sources of satisfaction which even the first thrill of new car ownership cannot equal. ∇ ∇ ∇ They say, for example, that they have found Viking's 90-degree V-type eight-cylinder engine to be truly competent in every requirement of speed, power, and acceleration—that its full-range smoothness adds to motoring pleasure. ∇ ∇ ∇ They say that its beautiful body by Fisher is staunch, quiet, and luxuriously restful. That its splendidly designed chassis contributes to comfort,

security, and ease of control under all conditions. That, as time goes on, the many advantages of Viking's thorough dependability become more and more apparent. ∇ ∇ ∇ You can prove these things by talking to any Viking owner. ∇ ∇ ∇ And you can check the basis of this satisfaction by seeing and driving the car yourself. ∇ ∇ ∇ Then you will know what a truly fine automobile the Viking is . . . and you will understand why it grows on you as the miles roll by.

VIKING EIGHT

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

The Quest of the Thunderbus

(Continued from page 27)

impolite retort, when Queenie arrived with the applejack.

"Better give his nibs a few drops of this," he said, handing the bottle to Sheila. "He doesn't look it, but he's still alive. Just dozing. And you, Queenie, race up to the house and phone Henry Gay to bring his car at once."

"Why not Dennis?" asked Sheila.

"Not at all," said Jerry. "We always send our guests home in taxicabs. Run along, Queenie, and do as I tell you."

Pleased to be found useful, the huge girl lifted her blimp-like legs in a fair imitation of a trotting elephant.

"A splendid docile wife for somebody," murmured Sheila. Then she turned to the recumbent Beauregard, who groaned and opened his eyes and, seeing her approaching with the bottle, managed to sit up and open his mouth also.

"What happened?" he asked, a bit weakly.

"Ouch, my chin!"

"Don't try to talk," said Sheila. "You've just been saved from drowning."

Beauregard shivered.

"My chin hurts," he complained.

"You're lucky to be able to feel pain," said Sheila. "Here, swallow some of this to warm you up. And then sit up and thank our Mr. Maxwell for saving your life. If he hadn't been lurking about in the water I don't know what might have happened. I'd have had to pull you out myself, I guess."

"Why does my chin hurt?" asked Beauregard, fretfully. "My whole jaw hurts when I move it."

"Better not move it then," Sheila suggested. "It hurts because our Mr. Maxwell socked it. He was enraged because we broke in on his tête-à-tête and lashed out at the first chin he saw. It might have been mine—"

Beauregard took another lengthy swig from the bottle and looked from Sheila to Jerry with a puzzled frown.

"Don't understand," he said, "I mean t'say—ow—my jaw." He massaged his mandible. Then another thought occurred to him and he glared at Sheila. "What you turn the boat over for, eh? Silly trick."

"Don't be angry with her," put in Jerry. "She didn't do it on purpose. She lost her head, that's all."

Sheila shot him a quick look.

"That'll cost you something," she said, significantly.

"Charge it to my account," said Jerry, with a grin. "I still owe you a few."

The appearance of Mrs. Carey and Queenie galloping down the hill checked this exchange of hostilities. The former, puffing, but still in good voice, dominated the situation by sheer force of lung power.

"My lands," she bellowed, "you're all soakin'. Look at you, Miss Sheila, look at Lord Beauregard! Look at you, Mr. Maxwell. Teeth all chatterin'. Come up to the house and get warm by the stove. You're all over goose-pimples. You'll catch your death o' cold. Come up and get warm. I'll make you some coffee."

She did not wait for an answer to her invitation, but, wiping the perspiration from her mustache with the back of her hand, started back toward the house on the run.

"Go ahead," Jerry ordered Sheila. "You're frozen. I'll see to his nibs."

"You may need help," said Sheila.

Jerry went over to Beauregard, who was still on the ground, propped against a rock, rubbing his chin with one hand and clutching the bottle with the other. At Jerry's approach, he took another swig and craftily tucked the bottle behind his back. It was half empty.

"What you want?" he inquired thickly.

"Feeling better?" asked Jerry.

"None of your business."

"Don't be surly, Charles," said Sheila. "Get up and come with us."

"Not me," said Lord Beauregard, eyeing her suspiciously.

"You go up to the house," said Jerry to Sheila. "You and Queenie both. I can handle him."

"Please don't be rough," said Sheila.

"Don't worry. I won't hurt him!"

The two girls moved off. Beside Queenie, Sheila looked like a child.

"Now then," said Jerry, grimly, after he had watched them out of sight. "Be a good chap and come along, before I have to make you."

Beauregard leered at him sullenly for a moment and muttered something unintelligible under his breath. Then a stupid grin spread over his face, his eyes closed and his head rolled forward. Jerry picked him up and carried him to the house.

"Did you hit him again?" asked Sheila.

"No. I thought I might have to, but he passed out."

3.

ABOUT an hour after Sheila and the snoring Beauregard had been driven home by Henry Gay, the Careys' telephone rang. It was Sheila calling Jerry.

"Are you frightfully busy?" she asked him.

"Being sarcastic again?" he asked her.

"Don't be a pig," said she.

"What will you have?"

"Want to do something for me?"

"For instance?"

"You are a pig."

"What would you like me to do?"

"Nothing, if that's the way you feel about it."

"Oh don't be silly—" he began. But a click on the wire told him she had hung up the receiver. He called the operator and gave the Carmichaels' number. The elderly maid answered and told him Miss Carmichael was not in.

"Well," he said to himself, "that's that." Filling his pipe, he went out into the garden and stood there, leaning against the gate, thinking over the events of the afternoon. It seemed to him that the whole business had been about as purposeful as an old-fashioned custard-pie comedy; a scrambled series of episodes that made no sense whatever. If they had any bearing on his own situation, it was too obscure for him to grasp. The only things that stood out definitely in his mind were that at the moment he was not in favor with Sheila and that Queenie, simple soul, was an infernal nuisance. Not only had she precipitated the afternoon's crazy doings by insisting on going swimming with him but afterwards, in the kitchen, while they were warming themselves by the stove with Mrs. Carey's coffee, she had embarrassed him horribly before Sheila by repeatedly declaring him to be a hero. And Sheila, of course, had slyly egged her on and laughed at his discomfort.

Occupied thus, with thoughts more rueful than otherwise, Jerry was presently roused from his brooding by the arrival of a sleek motor car which slid to a silent stop across the road. Dennis was at the wheel, and, seeing Jerry, touched his cap. Sheila, appearing not to notice him, spoke a few words to the chauffeur and strode off toward the cove.

Dennis got out of the car, crossed the road and addressed Jerry.

"Hello, Dennis. How's the world?"

"All right, sir, thank you." He paused and allowed the bare suspicion of a smile to illumine his professional gravity. "I have a message for you, Mr. Maxwell. Miss Carmichael directs me to ask you to be good enough not to follow her down to the water. She has come for her boat and expressly wishes you to know that she does not need any help."

"Those her exact words, Dennis?"

"They are, sir," said the man.

Jerry chuckled.

"Much obliged, Dennis."

Thrusting his pipe into his pocket without bothering to knock out the ashes, he loped in the direction the girl had taken. She was fussing with the outboard motor when he reached her and did not look up. She had changed into dry clothes—a khaki shirt and skirt, with short woolen socks and moccasins—and had on a rakish French blue beret, which set off the golden tan of her complexion.

Jerry watched her in silence while she competently drained out the carburetor and the gas tank, cleaned and dried the spark plugs and tightened the connections, humming to herself as she worked, ostensibly oblivious to his presence. After a little she began to talk, to herself, but loud enough for Jerry to hear.

"That young Mr. Maxwell," she said, "is the rudest, most self-centered person I have ever met. At first I thought he was rather nice. I quite liked him at first. He looks like a gentleman. It just shows you can't judge by appearances. We try to be decent to him and invite him to play golf with us, but he prefers to go swimming with Queenie. So he can show off, I suppose. He knows she's easily impressed. She thinks he's a great man. A hero, no less. It must be great to be called a hero—" she broke off as Jerry, no longer able to contain himself, burst into laughter so loud that she could not possibly ignore it.

"You were eavesdropping," she accused him. "Why did you follow me? Didn't Dennis give you my message?"

"He did, but—"

"You decided to force yourself on me. Is that it?"

"No. I thought you might change your mind—about needing help."

"Well, I haven't." She picked up the motor in one hand and in the other a gallon tin of gasoline she had brought, and started to carry them to the boat.

"Give me that engine," said Jerry.

"Go away," said she, holding on to it.

"Give it to me," he insisted.

"Go away," she repeated. "I don't like you."

"Will you give me this motor, or—"

"You can't bully me. Go away."

In the middle of this conflict, Queenie bore down on them.

"Yoo-hoo, Mr. Maxwell," she yodelled, "supper! Supper's ready, Mr. Maxwell."

Jerry looked at the large girl and then at Sheila.

"Tell your mother," said he to Queenie, "I'm sorry, but I won't be home for supper."

"All right, Mister," said Queenie, a trifle downcast, "I'll tell her." She trudged off.

"Aren't you taking a good deal for granted?" asked Sheila.

"Yes," said Jerry. "Do you mind?"

"Terribly," said she—but she smiled as she said it.

CHAPTER XII

THAT night, Jerry went to bed elated. Not only had his evening with the Carmichaels been delightful, but, he felt, it had been profitable as well. For the first time since he had met her, Sheila stopped fencing with him and seemed to go out of her way to be agreeable. Whether or not this change in her attitude was attributable to the absence of Beauregard, he could not tell. All he knew was that she was the most beautiful, most provocative, most piquant and most desirable girl he had ever hoped to meet.

Seeming to catch her mood, Sheila's father also was in gay and genial humor, talking of books, of art, of the industrial age, of golf and motor cars and the state of the world in general.

When at last he got up to leave, Jerry agreed readily that next day, when he was to bring over his license plates and take the Lancia, he would bring his golf bag, stay to lunch and spend the afternoon on the links.

It was not only this pleasant prospect, however, that caused his elation, but the fact that he had made up his mind what to do. Things Mr. Carmichael had said about the Old Thunderbus had given him an idea. From it there had suddenly emerged what seemed to be a solution to his problems.

The plan Jerry had conceived was relatively simple. The more he considered it and weighed its chances of success, the better he liked it. Briefly, the plot was as follows:

After dinner he had referred casually to the Old Thunderbus and asked Mr. Carmichael if the weird little vehicle could still run. Mr. Carmichael, who was very proud of the machine, said not only that it certainly would run, but that it would run indefinitely. When Jerry expressed mild doubt on that point, the old gentleman added that not only would the car still run, but that he would back it for reliability against any cheap modern one, such as the Comet, for example. It might not be very speedy, he admitted, but he would wager any reasonable sum that he could drive it to Boston and back, a matter of some two hundred miles each way, without once having to stop for repairs.

(Continued on page 54)



WHY THE LOG BOOK OF THE ELKS TOUR NEVER ONCE MENTIONS TIRES

If you were to take in hand the log book of the 1930 Elks Magazine Prosperity Tour Fleet, and were to study, line for line, this thrilling story of a 36,000-mile motoring achievement ...you would never once find mention of tires, or tire trouble.

Here's the reason: Elks representatives who made the tour did their talking about tires *beforehand* And they selected U.S. Tires—Royal Masters—to do the job.

Why not "select and forget" as they did? There is a tire for every purpose and every budget in the U. S. line. Perhaps you will prefer the U. S. Royal—a tire which is making sales history on the sound basis of stamina, performance, and superior value.



ROYAL MASTER

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF RUBBER

THE BIG SWING
IS TO U. S. TIRES

The Quest of the Thunderbus

(Continued from page 52)

Jerry did not want to seem impolite, he said, or to cast aspersions on Mr. Carmichael's mechanical knowledge, but he would lay the old gentleman a thousand dollars, even money, that the Thunderbus wouldn't run to Boston even one way, without a breakdown, let alone there and back. Whereupon his host retorted that he would give him two to one on the proposition. To which Jerry said "done," but added that it would be like stealing pennies from a blind man's dog's tin cup.

A date for this test could not be definitely set at the time, said Mr. Carmichael, because he was working on an important experiment which might take from a week to a fortnight, but as soon as he was through with that, he would tune up the Old Thunderbus and make Jerry a thousand dollars poorer.

Though he had not started the discussion of the ancient car's capabilities with malice aforethought, Jerry was quick to perceive that a trial run, such as Mr. Carmichael proposed, would give him the very opportunity he had hoped for to get the machine in his possession. When they were on the road, it would be an easy matter, once the car had been put in some garage for the night, to have it loaded onto a fast truck and driven to his father's warehouse in New York.

Jerry realized that when Mr. Carmichael first discovered what had been done to him, he would be fit to be tied. He was convinced, however, that after the old gentleman's initial anger had burned itself out, sportsmanship and a sense of humor would induce him to take his defeat gracefully. Whatever rancor remained, Jerry told himself, he could probably dispel by playing his remaining trump, the exposure of Beauregard. For that service alone Mr. Carmichael should be willing to forgive him the theft of the old car. Jerry was ignorant of Beauregard's reasons for being on the scene, but he was satisfied that they were highly felonious.

Meanwhile, he decided, he would make himself as agreeable to Sheila and her father as possible, on the theory that if they liked him they would be more ready to forgive him when the time came to draw upon their clemency.

It was not without certain twinges of conscience that Jerry determined to carry through his scheme. The action of winning the Carmichael's friendship in order later to betray it was not an appealing one. In fact it seemed a pretty shabby trick to contemplate. On the other hand, he sincerely believed himself to be an agent of justice. He reminded himself that, after all, in restoring the Old Thunderbus to its rightful owner, he would be committing no crime. Having originally acquired the car by the simple expedient of refusing to surrender it, Mr. Carmichael had retained it by right of possession only. And if he lost it to Jerry, his sole valid complaint could be that the young man had outwitted him.

CHAPTER XIII

I.

TEN days after his involuntary plunge into the cold Maine water—since which experience he had steadfastly declined all invitations to go boating—Mr. Alfred Walter Griggs, to the Carmichaels known as Lord Beauregard, sat alone at the luncheon table, gloomily reading a day-old New York newspaper.

Things had not been going any too well for him of late. Mr. Carmichael, with whom he had been working quite steadily every morning in the laboratory, had been increasingly captious and carping. Sheila, though she was unfailingly polite to him, was too much in the company of the newcomer, young Maxwell. The latter, by reason of superior prowess at golf, swimming and the management of boats, was undermining his influence in the household.

Before young Maxwell had come on the scene—with that confounded dog, Lancelot, forever at his heels—the outlook had been fairly bright. Sheila had not been so polite then, perhaps, but she had at least seemed interested. She had been willing to walk with him and talk with him and had taken him for drives and put up with his wretched attempts at golf. In other words, he had felt himself making progress with her,

slowly yet definitely. True, her manner was puzzling and a good deal of the time he suspected her of laughing at him. But still there were moments in which she was very nice; and it was in those moments that he had built up his hopes.

DURING the last week or so, however, he had seen the ground being gradually cut away from under his feet. As a matter of fact, it was more than a week. The sapping process seemed to have begun immediately after the day Maxwell had pulled him out of the water. The recollection of that afternoon rankled. He did not feel a decent gratitude to his rescuer. He did not think of Jerry as the man who had saved him from drowning. Rather he thought of him as the husky young brute who had unfeelingly knocked him out with a punch on the chin. That punch had not alone been a blow to his dignity; it had made his jaw ache for days. Furthermore, it had changed his status.

While he was brooding over his waning prestige and wondering what he could do to bolster it up, the maid came in with word that he was wanted on the telephone. The news startled him. He could not imagine who would be calling him up. Not Sheila, for she was off on the ocean, somewhere, sailing with young Maxwell. Who else knew his whereabouts? Fred Meaney. But Meaney was in New York and had definite orders not to phone him except in an emergency.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"The operator said it was Portland calling, sir," replied the maid. "Shall I say you are out?"

"No, no," said he hastily. "I'll talk to them." In considerable agitation he went to the telephone. If it was Portland on the wire, it could be only Meaney. Something must have happened. He had a mental flash of his partner, behind bars.

"Hello, hello."

"Lord Beauregard? Is this Lord Beauregard? It is? Hold the wire please."

There was a moment of confused cross-talk, a loud hum and a couple of clicks and buzzes. Then the voice of Meaney.

"Hello, Lord Beauregard? Hello, Stinkpot, is that you? This is Fred. Can you hear me? Well, listen, Stinkpot, is it hot up there? What? I can't hear you. Can you hear me? Well, listen. I'm coming up to see you. What say? You don't, eh? Well, I'm coming anyway. There's a hotel, ain't there? I'll go to the hotel. See you to-night. About six."

With a muttered curse, Lord Beauregard hung up the receiver. What the devil did the silly fool want to come nosing around for? Things were bad enough without Meaney being in the neighborhood to complicate them. He knew Meaney. He'd promise to keep in the background, but likely as not he'd appear at the Carmichaels' and invite himself to meals. A prime bungler, Meaney was. Bull in a china shop.

Inwardly raging, Beauregard pulled on a cap and set out for a solitary walk.

2.

It was not only his lordship who was troubled in spirit. The redoubtable Queenie also felt low in her mind.

When the charming Mr. Maxwell had taken up residence in her mother's house, the blimp-like girl had naively hoped to captivate him. Wealthy, according to village gossip, good-looking and, by his own admission, a writer for the screen, he represented to her all that was desirable in a member of the opposite sex. With sublime confidence in her own power to attract, she had entertained visions—colored by scenes she had witnessed in the movies—of romantic moments spent with him, culminating finally in a regular seventh-reel climax featuring a midnight elopement in a high-powered car, or possibly an airplane, pursued by her father and a posse, firing revolvers.

For the first few days he had not paid much attention to her, but when, at last, he had consented to take her swimming, she had believed he was beginning to fall under her spell. Then

had come Miss Carmichael and her boat and Mr. Maxwell's heroic rescue of the floundering Lord Beauregard. Since which time, she, Queenie, had seen the gentleman of her heart only at breakfasts. For he had acquired the habit of jumping into his car every morning and shooting off in the direction of the Carmichael estate, returning each night after she and her family had gone to bed. Not only that, but Lancelot, her own dog, had forsaken her to go with him. It was very hard.

Almost as much as by the fact that Mr. Maxwell had abandoned her for Miss Carmichael, Queenie was worried by his evident abandonment of his work. Where were those stories he had begun to write on his arrival, those stories that would become movies and in which, she had fondly hoped, his influence was to have assured her of important rôles? He had promised to let her read what he wrote. But now he was making no pretense at writing. And he didn't even want to talk about it.

That very morning she had asked him, at breakfast, when he was going to have a story finished, so that she could see it and he had looked kind of red and said he didn't know. He had seemed in a great hurry to get away, gulping his coffee and rushing off without even waiting for Lancelot to jump into the front seat with him as usual. She had tried to call the dog back when he started running after the car, but he hadn't listened to her.

"Why don't he write some stories like he said he would?" she complained, as she helped her mother clear the table.

"Why don't you mind your own business, daughter?" Mrs. Carey observed.

"I can wonder, can't I?" she inquired rebelliously.

Not only could she wonder, but she did. She wondered so steadily all morning that by early afternoon she could stand it no longer. Forbidden, since the episode of the plus-fours, to enter Jerry's room, even to make the bed, she had succumbed only twice to the temptation to go in and rummage through his things. On both of these occasions her visits had been brief because of her fear of being caught. Each time she had stolen a small object, a handkerchief and a necktie, and hurriedly crept out, secreting her booty in her own room. But each time she had wished for the chance to examine all his possessions at leisure. She longed especially to get her hands on his manuscripts.

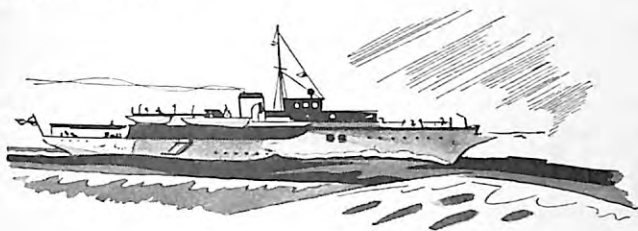
At last, on this particular afternoon, the opportunity had come. Mrs. Carey had gone to the village, marketing. Queenie had the house to herself. She went into Jerry's room and looked through the papers on his table. They yielded nothing of interest. She turned next to the dresser. The two upper drawers were locked—a minor obstacle inasmuch as the key of her own dresser, a duplicate, would open them. Eagerly, like a terrier digging at a rabbit-hole, the huge girl scabbled the contents of one drawer. Finding that it contained nothing but socks and handkerchiefs, she dived into the other. There, under a tangle of neckties, her fingers met and closed upon a small leather object. Jerry's pocketbook.

The sound of a car coming along the road threw her in a momentary panic. Swiftly slipping her prize into the bosom of her dress, she locked the drawers, left the room and ran downstairs. Fearing to inspect her loot in the house, she crossed the road and, quivering with excitement, made her way down to the cove, where, after looking around for possible observers, she sat in the shadow of a large rock and drew forth the swag.

3.

It happened, however, that Queenie had not come to the cove unobserved. Stalking along a trail through a nearby patch of woods, his mind occupied with his troubles, Beauregard, who from long habit always kept one eye cocked for potential danger, caught a glimpse of the girl as she started down the hill. Not feeling in the mood for conversation of the brand he felt she would offer, he crouched behind a huge fallen tree, from which point of vantage he could see without being seen. He was annoyed, at first, that she had halted the train of his thoughts. But the furtive manner in which she looked about her before sitting down aroused his interest. Evidently, he thought, she was up to some secret

(Continued on page 56)



You'd like to be in this man's shoes . . . yet he has "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

A YACHT, the graceful lines of which are as well known on Narragansett Bay as they are in the home port behind the Golden Gate—a half dozen town houses and country seats—a flock of gleaming motors and a railroad or two—this man has *everything* the world has to offer—and "ATHLETE'S FOOT"!

And he doesn't know what it is!

A power among big men, he feels *furtive* about the dry, scaly condition between his little toes.* But he *will* know soon what worries him for *now* all medical authority knows that what he has is a form of ringworm infection caused by *tinea trichophyton* and commonly called "Athlete's Foot."

*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 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.

*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.



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.



The Quest of the Thunderbus

(Continued from page 54)

mischievous. Watching keenly while she took the pocketbook from her dress and, after looking around once more, began to open it, the thought occurred to him that it might be useful to have this girl in his power. As she slipped her fingers into a compartment of the wallet, Beauregard stepped quietly from his hiding-place.

"What have you got there?" he asked, sternly.

With a squeal of terror, the unfortunate Queenie tried to hide her booty behind her back.

"Nothin'," she said.

"Yes you have," said Beauregard, "I saw it. Give it to me."

Queenie whimpered. "It's only an old pocket-book. I found it—up on the road."

"In that case," said he, "there's no harm in letting me see it. Hand it over."

"I will not."

"You'd better," insisted his lordship, "if you don't want to get into trouble."

Queenie looked around wildly. There was no help in sight.

"I'll tell my pop on you," she threatened weakly. "My pop's the sheriff—"

"Oh, no you won't, my girl," said Beauregard, "but I'll tell him on you. Come along, now, be sensible and hand over that pocketbook."

Thoroughly frightened, the wretched girl obeyed.

"Please don't tell Pop on me," she begged.

"I'll see," said Beauregard, snatching the wallet. With agile fingers, he explored its recesses, disappointment showing on his face as he found the open compartments empty. There still remained one, fastened with a snap. Opening this, he discovered a little bundle of newspaper clippings. On unfolding them his eyes gleamed and he emitted a low whistle.

The clippings bore photographs of Jerry. And under the photographs was the following legend:

"Mr. Jerome Marshall, of Magdalen College, who won his match yesterday against Mr. J. B. C. Keating in the Oxford-Cambridge tournament. Mr. Marshall is the son of Mr. Joseph P. Marshall, the well-known American motor car magnate."

"Holy Aunt Maria!" ejaculated Lord Beauregard.

"What is it?" asked Queenie.

"Never you mind," said the other, folding the clippings carefully and tucking them in his pocket. "Look here, my girl," he said, handing her the empty wallet. "Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, sir," averred Queenie.

"Well then, promise not to say anything about this and I won't say anything to your father."

"Yes, sir. But—" she hesitated. "What about them papers?"

"You haven't seen any papers. Put the wallet back where you found it and say nothing. Understand?"

"Can't I see 'em?"

"No. They wouldn't interest you anyway." He thought for a moment and eyed her solemnly. Then, producing some money from his waistcoat pocket, he selected a ten dollar bill and dangled it before her eyes. "Can I trust you?" he asked.

"Oh, yes sir," said Queenie, taking the bill quickly, before he could have a chance to change his mind.

Lord Beauregard watched the grotesque girl until she had disappeared over the crest of the hill, then sat on a rock and reread the caption under Jerry's picture. "Son of old Marshall, eh," he mused. "Son of the old boy who used to be Carmichael's partner. Pots o' money. Comes up here incog. What for? What's the game?" His lordship lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply and, speculating over his newly acquired information and how best to use it, idly watched a flock of gulls that were squawking and screaming overhead. Presently he stood up and stretched and chuckled. "Thinks he's clever, does he?" he said to himself. "Thinks he can make a fool of me, does he? Thinks he can badger old Carmichael into giving him an easy chance to sneak that old car for his father, eh! That's what he's up to, the sneaky young blighter. They'll be glad to know that, they will. Worth something to 'em to know that. Won't that pretty lad go out on his ear, though! Won't he just! Him and his golf and his swim-

ming and all. Thinks he's cut me out with Sheila, does he? That's another good one. Wait till she sees these clippings. She'll send him flying so fast you won't be able to see him for dust."

Still chuckling, Beauregard began leisurely to stroll along the shore. He had not gone far before another thought occurred to him. Wouldn't it be possible, he wondered, to do a little business with this young blighter before tipping off the Carmichaels? Why not shake him down first? Make him shell out a good, fat sum by threatening to give him away if he didn't—his father was a millionaire and would be good for a heavy touch—and then, after he had forked out, expose him anyway. As this extra twist popped into his mind, Beauregard laughed aloud. It was a master-stroke. The beauty of it was that he need not do the shaking down himself. He could delegate the job to Meaney, who would appear to be working quite independently. Thus, not only would he, Beauregard, keep clear of a possible blackmailing charge if the attempt, by any chance, should fail; but also he would save his skin in case the prospective victim happened to cut up rough. The memory of what that young gentleman's fist had done to his jaw was still vivid.

He looked at his watch. Half-past three. Meaney would probably arrive in Waterboro in the neighborhood of six. Nearly four hours to wait. When his partner had telephoned, Beauregard had been angry at the thought of his coming. Now, however, he began to look forward to the event with much impatience. The sooner he arrived, the sooner could be set in motion the newly hatched plan to eliminate young Mr. Maxwell, or Marshall, from the picture. With the intruder out of the way, it would then be possible once again to concentrate on the business for which he, himself, had originally come to Maine.

CHAPTER XIV

WHILE these pious expectations were bubbling in the brain of Beauregard, Jerry and Sheila were busy obliterating the traces of lunch from their surroundings. It had been a quite elaborate repast, for a picnic, requiring extensive preparations and considerable K. P. activity afterward.

Though there seemed to be every outward reason for being blithe and chirpy, Jerry had been morose all morning. It was not the weather, for that was perfect. A heavy fog, which had rolled in from the ocean overnight, threatening for a time to force a change in their day's plans, had conveniently lifted with the veering of the wind, and the sky, though cloudy, held no hint of storm. There was a fresh breeze, made to order for sailing and the sea, while by no means rough, was choppy enough to call for careful navigation. Nor was it the programme which oppressed him, for that, too, was perfect: a day on the water, alone with Sheila.

On one other occasion only, during the past ten days, had he spent the entire day with her alone. Every other day, for part of the time at least, either Beauregard, or Mr. Carmichael, or both had been present. Once, all four had gone for a picnic at an isolated cabin back in the hills which local legend reputed to be haunted. Another afternoon they had all driven down to Pemaquid Point, a rocky promontory a few miles down the coast, where they had fished in the surf. Most mornings, while Carmichael and Beauregard worked in the laboratory, Jerry and Sheila had played golf, at which they were joined, after lunch, by the other two. Under Sheila's urging that he teach her the finer points of the game, Jerry abandoned all pretense of working, asserting, when she taxed him with laziness, that he had gone stale and needed a rest. On the links they nearly came to blows. To bedevil him, Sheila pretended at first to be incapable of grasping the principles he expounded and demonstrated, supposedly for the benefit of her game, and did everything wrong. Then, when she had made him thoroughly exasperated and out of patience and on the point of murdering her with a niblick, she suddenly dropped her pose of stupidity and proceeded to play a brand of golf that approached

the mechanical precision of his own. Re-proached for having deliberately made a fool of him, she confessed to having been taught, as a little girl, by Walter Travis, a close friend of her father's, and having also been coached, from time to time, by professionals.

"I wanted to see if you had a temper," she said cheerfully. "And I'm glad you have. I was afraid you might be one of those awful people who never get mad."

"Temper!" said Jerry. "You're lucky to be still alive. I'm a terrible man when I'm roused. Five minutes more and I'd have broken a club over your little bean. Temper, eh? You bet. I inherited it—" he broke off sharply. It would be unwise to bring his father into the conversation, even anonymously.

"Great old boy, Walter Travis," he remarked.

"An old peach," said Sheila, feelingly.

"Shame he had to die."

A strange girl, thought Jerry. One moment flippant, mischievous, full of irreverence; the next, moist-eyed at the memory of a childhood friend. She baffled him—and fascinated him. He couldn't tell whether she really liked him or not, or whether she really liked Beauregard or not. It seemed to him that she treated them pretty much alike.

On this particular morning, their second day alone together, conditions, as has already been said, were ideal. That is to say, the physical conditions were. But though it seemed sheer ingratitude to harbor the blue devils of melancholy on such a day, Jerry could not overcome his depression of spirit. For ever since making his decision to effect the theft of the Old Thunderbus during the course of its reliability run, he had been eaten, as the saying goes, by anticipatory remorse. The more he contemplated the act, the more indecent it appeared to him. And as he hoisted the mains'l of Sheila's boat he made up his mind, grimly, that when they had had lunch he would confess all and be prepared to take the consequences.

About three miles off shore was a curious rock known as Devil's Reef, a forty-foot column of which the top was barely visible at high tide. The waters adjacent being an excellent fishing ground, Sheila and Jerry headed for the reef, tied up to a nearby lobster buoy and threw over a couple of lines, baited with clams.

Sitting on the gunwale of the little sloop, gently bobbing his fish-line up and down, an empty pipe between his teeth, Jerry breathed deeply on the salty air and suffered exquisite agonies. In his highly sensitized state, he was keenly alive to the stark beauty of his environment; the shifting cloud-patterns in the vast sky, the patting of the waves against the boat, the gem-like islands crowned with dark and stately spruce, the cries of sea-birds and the leisurely flight of a far-off heron. It was all so tranquil, in contrast to his own inner turmoil, that it actually hurt. He wished he were a dog and could throw back his head, point his muzzle to the heavens and frankly and unrestrainedly howl. But more keenly than anything else was he conscious of the nearness of Sheila. Out of the corner of his eye he could see her, the loveliest sight of all, slim and brown and cool and detached, fearfully detached—and unattainable. There she sat, a magic figure in a faded blue sailor suit that matched her eyes, humming softly to herself and looking at him as if she did not see him.

"If she doesn't like me," he pondered, "why does she want me to be with her? Is she playing me against Beauregard—and playing him against me? She can't be as cold-blooded as that. Certainly she can't have any feeling for that awful specimen. But she's as nice to him as she is to me—well, perhaps not quite, lately. But still—oh, what's the use? I'll have to get out, that's all. Tell her who I am and why I came and get out, and stop being a damn fool." He clamped his jaws so tight that the stem of his pipe, weakened by previous gnawing, snapped and the bowl fell overboard.

"Curse," he exclaimed, as the briar bobbed about on the water, eluding his attempt to salvage it with a boat-hook.

"Save this morning, aren't we?" said Sheila, smiling.

Jerry grinned ruefully.

"My favorite," he said.

"That's the worst of possessions. One gets attached to them. If we're going to catch any

(Continued on page 58)

THE WINNER'S BAG

The game is in the bag. The bag is Wilson. The clubs are Wilson ▼▼ precisely matched for weight, and for balance. The balls are Wilson HOL-HI, long off the tee for fast swinger or slow ▼▼ durable hole after hole ▼▼ steady and true around the greens. ▼▼ The new steel-shafted irons have an exclusive Wilson feature for anchoring and cushioning the shaft, and reducing wrist fatigue.

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The Quest of the Thunderbus

(Continued from page 56)

fish you'd better have a look at your hook. I'd have mentioned it before, but I didn't want to disturb you. You seemed miles away."

"I wasn't. I was thinking—" he stopped. He had begun to say he had been thinking about her. "By George," he exclaimed, hastily pulling in his line, "they've swiped my bait, the devils."

"Little fellows probably," remarked Sheila. "They got mine, too. When the small ones nibble, you can't even feel 'em half the time. Throw me a clam, will you?"

They baited their hooks again and put out their lines. Jerry felt a strike almost immediately and hauled in a viciously squirming dogfish, a species of shark, which he despatched with a well-aimed blow on the head. This initial unprofitable catch disposed of, the two, between them, managed to hook upwards of a dozen useful fish, cunners and small rock cod. At the end of an hour, they untied and headed for an island, a mile or so further out, where there was safe anchorage for the sloop. They went ashore, with their supplies, in the dory.

While Sheila skinned and cleaned their fish, Jerry built a great fire of driftwood in a hollow of the rocks and, when there was a glowing bed of embers, piled on several armfuls of wet seaweed. Into the latter, at Sheila's direction, he placed clams that had been dug for them that morning on the mainland. Then he built a smaller fire on which to boil water for coffee and to cook the fish.

As they worked, Jerry's spirits rose somewhat. To balance a coffee pot and a frying pan on a stove improvised from stones requires concentration. For a time he was too busy for brooding. Not only that, but there is something about the combined aromas of coffee and crisp bacon and the fragrance of wood-smoke that tends to banish depression. At last the clams were ready, the fish lay demurely in the pan and Jerry, like a condemned man facing his final breakfast, fell to, determined to live for the moment and enjoy it, even if it turned out to be the last moment he was ever to enjoy.

There is a vast difference between the clam of commerce and the clam which has been dug, feebly protesting, only an hour or two before he is to be eaten. There is a difference, also, between the clam which has been cooked in the steam of mere water and the clam which has been cooked in the steam of fresh-picked seaweed heated over a drift-wood fire. Until you have tasted the latter, you have never really tasted clams in their apogee. They have a flavor that it would be not only futile, but presumptuous, to attempt to describe. The first one surprises the palate, which demands a second in order to authenticate its sensations. After that, you simply go on eating and marveling. When you have negotiated three or four dozen and have followed them down with a couple of plump young just-caught fish, crisply fried, together with hardtack, coffee and a few home-baked cookies, you do not take kindly to the idea of undergoing a self-imposed martyrdom.

Before lunch, Jerry had told himself that after the meal he would pull himself together, tell Sheila everything, beg forgiveness for having deceived her and bow his head to the inevitable. But when lunch was over and the last clam had been ferreted out of the sea-weed and the last crumb of the last cookie had been crunched, he felt his resolutions ooze away. Try as he would to force himself into the ordeal, he lacked the power of will. Every fibre of his clam-stuffed being cried out against his making the effort.

"Coward," said his conscience, "do it now, while you have the opportunity. Be a man. Do it now and take your medicine."

"No, no," shrieked Inclination, "not now. To-day is too perfect. Don't spoil it. Wait till to-morrow."

The debate was short and was won by Inclination. He decided to wait until to-morrow. Upon this decision, the last vestige of his gloom

mingled with the smoke of his cigarette and disappeared in the breeze. He knew he was being weak, but he didn't care.

They spent the afternoon in exploring the island, which was upwards of a mile in extent and densely wooded. Somewhere, in the thickest part of the woods, Sheila said, there was a large heronry. If Jerry had never seen one, he would find it interesting. They set forth in search of it, but though they could hear the hoarse cries of the young birds, they wandered through thickets and underbrush for two hours without locating a single nest. At length, following an old trail which seemed as if it would lead them to the other side of the island, they came into the open at the exact spot from which they had started.

"I don't seem to be much of a guide," said Sheila, laughing.

"I think you're a marvelous guide," said Jerry warmly. "In fact I think you're altogether marvelous." The words slipped out.

Sheila colored and looked away.

"Good heavens," she exclaimed, "if we don't get off we'll be aground." She began to run and Jerry ran after her. The tide was nearly ten feet lower than when they had arrived. By dint of fast work they got aboard while there was still water enough to float them out of the anchorage.

"WOULD you have minded so terribly if we had been stranded?" asked Jerry, when they were clear of the rocky little bay.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because."

"Would your father have minded?"

"Daddy never minds anything I do."

"Oh! You were thinking of Beauregard, eh?"

Sheila did not answer.

"Were you?"

"Perhaps."

"Were you?" he persisted.

Again she did not answer.

"You like Beauregard pretty well, don't you?"

"I'm not on the witness stand."

"Do you?"

"I prefer not to say."

"You do," he said, accusingly.

"You are being very rude," she said. "You were quite unbearable this morning and now you're being unbearable again."

"But Sheila—"

"I don't want to talk to you," said she, turning her back on him.

Jerry bit his lip, furious with himself. Why had he been such a fool? He had had no right to question her. Why hadn't he kept his resolution and made himself come out into the open, hours ago, as he had planned—gotten it over with, one way or another?

"Sheila," he said, "I've got something to tell you. Something very important—"

"I don't care to hear it," said she.

He opened his mouth and shut it again. There was no use in making his confession while she was in this mood. By to-morrow, perhaps, she would have relented.

"I'm sorry I said what I did."

She did not acknowledge the apology.

"If you don't want to put a hole through this boat, you'd better watch your course," she said, coolly.

Jerry took this rebuke in silence. They were out in the channel now, but at low tide it was narrow and tricky. When Sheila spoke they were heading for a submerged reef that would have ripped the keel clean off the sloop. As he veered sharply, missing this hazard only by inches, Jerry felt like an utter ass and Sheila's expression did nothing to alleviate the feeling. She looked very superior and critical—at least she did to him—and the knowledge that he had given her cause to look superior and critical made him angry not alone with himself, but with her,

too. For the next half hour, he tried not to look at her.

It was Sheila who spoke first.

"Our Mr. Maxwell certainly is a morose devil," she observed, addressing the universe. "But I suppose writers are like that."

Jerry said nothing.

"It's temperament," went on Sheila, "that's what it is. Artistic temperament. A pretty name for a wretched disposition."

Jerry began to grin. This was Sheila's way of letting him know that he was forgiven for previous trespasses.

"We cannot seem to cope with the artistic temperament at all. We take Mr. Maxwell out in our boat and fill him to the eyes with rich foods and show him lovely islands, thinking to please him. But is he pleased? Is he grateful? No. He tries to wreck our boat, and when we make a suggestion to him he sulks. That's temperament for you. Thank Heaven we haven't any of it."

"Oh, look here," put in Jerry, "that's a bit thick. You have more than any girl I ever knew."

Sheila looked at him as if she did not see him and continued to address the universe in general.

"We've been wanting to ask him a favor, but there's probably no use. He's such a mean hound—"

"If he knew what it was he might grant it," said Jerry, and added, "that is, if he were asked nicely."

"I wonder."

"What is it?"

This time she looked at him as if she did see him. She looked at him very studiously, if there is such a word.

"Don't make Daddy go through with that bet. That trial run."

Jerry took a deep breath.

"Why?"

"It would hurt him to lose."

"You think he would?"

"Of course. It's ridiculous. The Old Thunderbus wouldn't run from here to the village without breaking down."

"No. Not being an amphibian, I don't suppose it would."

"You know what I mean. Don't try to be facetious."

"I'm not. I'm being literal."

"That's worse."

Jerry steadied the tiller with his knee while he lit a cigarette. "Your father built that car, didn't he?"

"Well?"

"He ought to know whether it will run or not. He thought it would the other night. He thought so two thousand dollars' worth. I didn't think it would run—not to Boston and back, anyway. That's why I bet him. But I think you're wrong about it hurting him to lose. He's a better sport than you give him credit for."

"Not at all. Daddy's the best sport in the world. I know that. But it would hurt him just the same. Not losing the bet, but losing faith in the Thunderbus. He loves that old car. It was the best thing on wheels in its day. All these years he's been kidding himself that he could run it any distance, any time he wanted to. It makes him happy to think so. It would make him miserable if the old thing let him down. Don't you see?"

"I see that you want me to call off the stunt. But I don't agree with your reasoning. I don't believe there's anyone less in need of shielding than your father. If ever any man could take care of himself—"

"All right," said Sheila coldly, "you refuse. We'll let it go at that."

"Oh Lord," groaned Jerry softly. Then, to Sheila: "Please don't be angry. I'll call it off. I'll do anything that will please you."

The girl looked at him impassively.

"There's nothing you can do to please me, thanks. Absolutely nothing."

"So it seems," said Jerry. But he said it to himself.

(To be concluded)

THE seventy-year old yachting rivalry between England and the United States will come to trial again in September. Be sure not to miss James B. Connolly's timely review of the contests past and present, called "The Quest of Sir Thomas," in September. Also the story of Earl Sande, "A Big Little Man," by Jack O'Donnell.

The Grand Lodge Convention in Atlantic City

(Continued from page 37)

persons; Distribution of Christmas and Thanksgiving baskets; Assistance to Boy Scouts and other organizations; Establishment of night schools in citizenship; Red Cross work; Americanization Program; Assistance to persons afflicted with chronic diseases.

(c) Membership and Lapsation Committees. Separate committees on membership and lapsation should be appointed in each State Association to work in connection with the subordinate Lodge committees, appointed for the same purpose, and with the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee.

Development of a State-wide Benevolent or Educational Program. The third principal activity of a State Association should be the development of a state-wide benevolent or educational program. The adoption of this program should be considered with the greatest care, and no steps should be taken to commit the State Association to a program that will be more extensive than its resources will permit, or involve it in a large capital outlay with no adequate means for continuing annual expenses, bearing in mind that a State Association has no power to raise funds except by voluntary contributions of the Lodges forming its membership. State-wide programs already adopted by various State Associations, and which are now in successful operation, include work for crippled and underprivileged children, establishment of scholarships, and loan funds for needy students, the care of persons suffering from disease, and assistance to blind and disabled children and adults. In none of the programs already adopted is there included the erection and maintenance of hospital buildings or other permanent structures, and the work is successfully conducted on a yearly basis within the current resources of the various State Associations. Interruptions or discontinuance of the work by reason of changing conditions within the Association would not discredit the Organization or cause any serious loss of prestige as would be the effect in the event it would be necessary to close down a permanent institution.

Your committee takes pleasure in presenting herewith a complete list of the State Associations with interesting data regarding their respective organizations. There are 44 Associations in which 1256 subordinate Lodges are affiliated. These Associations had a gross revenue last year of \$89,014.73, with expenses of \$68,903.51.

Following the vote on the above report, Frank J. Lonergan, of Portland, Ore., Lodge No. 142, moved a rising vote of thanks for their hospitality and appreciation of their splendid efforts, to the State of New Jersey, to Atlantic City Lodge, No. 276, to Grand Esquire Harry Bacharach and to the press of Atlantic City, which vote was enthusiastically accorded.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper now

offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"RESOLVED: That the appropriation of \$30,000, made by the Grand Lodge at this session to the American Legion Building, Paris, Inc., be paid out of the excess earnings of THE ELKS MAGAZINE turned over to the Grand Lodge at this session."

Mr. Andrews then passed the gavel to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, who recognized Grand Esteemed Leading Knight William Conklin. Mr. Conklin offered the following resolution:

"RESOLVED: That the Committee on State Associations be instructed to take under consideration and further the interest of producing 'Better Parades' at our National Conventions in accordance with the rules and regulations set forth in the attached booklet issued by the New Jersey State Elks Association, attached herewith."

This was unanimously adopted.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell then requested the privilege of the floor for a moment. Advancing to the microphone, he announced that Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning, charter member and senior Past Exalted Ruler of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge No. 13, was entering into his fiftieth year of Grand Lodge membership, a record which he doubted was excelled, or even equalled by any other Elk. He then asked the Grand Lodge, by a rising vote, to instruct the Grand Secretary to record this fact in the minutes of the session. This was done, to the accompaniment of enthusiastic applause.

Grand Chaplain Dysart then introduced the following resolution, which was adopted by a rising vote:

WHEREAS the Sixty-sixth Session of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the U. S. A. is now being brought to a close, after a most successful and enjoyable meeting, terminating as it does a year of fine and lasting attainment for the Order, under the gracious and active leadership of Hon. Walter P. Andrews as Grand Exalted Ruler, who has unsparingly given himself to the conscientious performance of the far-reaching and exacting duties of a distinguished, and at times onerous position, entailing as it did thousands of miles of travel undertaken at times almost in defiance of health and strength, as Lodges in every State of the Union were visited; and

WHEREAS this Grand Lodge, and the Order at large, are deeply appreciative of this year of splendid devotion to duty, and indefatigable activity on the part of its beloved leader, therefore be it,

RESOLVED: That this Grand Lodge, availing itself of the opportunity, most happily gives expression to its deep and abiding sense of gratitude and appreciation to Brother Walter P. Andrews for his outstanding and memorable service, invariably rendered in a spirit of brotherly love, and with the charming courtesy so characteristic of the chivalrous Southland of which he is a distinguished son, and to assure him that his year of service as Grand Exalted Ruler will be long recalled as a delightful one, and to bespeak for him and his charming and gracious wife, many long and enjoyable years, in which the heaven-sent blessings of health, happiness and material good shall richly attend them as the years come and go; and be it further

RESOLVED: That the Board of Grand Trustees be and are hereby authorized and directed to purchase and present to Brother Andrews a suitable and appropriate token of the sincere affection and high regard in which he is held, and which may in the future years recall the joys of his service as it brings to him the continued assurance of the love and best wishes of the great Brotherhood he has so splendidly, and graciously served; and that a copy of these resolutions, artistically engrossed and appropriately bound, accompany this token of appreciation.

Before returning the gavel to Mr. Andrews, Mr. Fanning spoke of the splendid Grand Lodge attendance, saying that he believed there were a larger number present than on the final day of any other previous Grand Lodge Convention.

Mr. Andrews now made a brief and moving valedictory in which he spoke of the satisfaction he had derived from the year of office which had given him the opportunity to spread throughout the country his concept of the true spirit of Elkdom. Speaking of the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler, he paid tribute to Mr. Rupp's qualities of heart and mind, and expressed his confidence in and hope for a year of great growth and progress by the Order. He complimented his District Deputies upon their almost 100% attendance at the Convention, and upon their devoted and able work during the year.

Then followed a greeting to Grand Exalted Ruler-Elect Rupp in the form of a song especially composed for the occasion and sung by the octette of Allentown Lodge, and the installation of the new officers, conducted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow. Presented by Mr. Andrews, the new Grand Exalted Ruler spoke of his hopes for the coming year and of his conception of the place and the possibilities of fraternity in the daily life of men.

Following the closing ode, the Grand Lodge adjourned to meet again, in 1931, at Seattle, Wash., during the week of July 5.

Blood of a Foreign Crew

(Continued from page 11)

Cruel, that taunt. Frankie was the name his mother had used when he was small, and when Ansil Larsen drawled it—Frank straightened up slowly, the stern line still in his hands. His face was still white, but his dark eyes were blazing with a light that was anything but fear. "No, I'm not seasick!" he shouted across the creek.

"Well now, that's my mistake," drawled Ansil, his eyes almost hidden behind his high cheeks as his grin broadened. "That makes it different, don't it? I thought maybe you was hangin' onto the wheel to keep your stummick steady."

"What's it to you?" Hans shouted at him, and Frank whirled on him.

"You keep out of this!" he snapped, then he turned to Ansil. "No, I wasn't seasick," he said. "I was scared. I was afraid I couldn't get into the creek. I couldn't twist the wheel, so Hans did it for me. Does that suit you?"

And Hans would have kept it a secret! He opened his mouth to shout, and heard Ansil roaring his delight.

"Haw-haw! Ho-ho! Frankie, the sailor man from the grocery store. Scared-o'-the-water Frankie!"

"But I'm not afraid of you," Frank shot across the current. "Wait a minute and I'll show you."

It took less than two minutes to make that crossing. Frank let the bow swing out with the

current, the stern pivoting on the stem of the boat below it. The gap of water between it and the Larsen boat on the other side began to narrow swiftly. Fifteen feet, and Frank got to his feet. Ten feet, and he crouched. Five feet, and he leaped, hip boots, oilskins and all. He struck the deck of the Larsen boat, sprang again in what was almost a bounce, landed on the dock—and Ansil's bellows stopped.

THE scuffle was a short one, finished by the time Hans had arrived to help him. For Ansil, confident of his superior height and weight, had failed to reckon upon the cold fury of Frank's attack. He swung his fists, but Frank charged through them. He staggered backward and fell, with Frank on top. Then up jumped Frank, his hands gripping Ansil's coat. A quick heave, and Ansil rolled off the edge of the dock to drop with a mighty splash into the chilly water just astern of his boat.

"Now," said Frank, straightening up and looking around. "Anyone else got anything to say?"

No one answered. There was no sound save that of Ansil's thrashing in the water below.

"Any of you over there?" Frank shot across the creek.

Still no word. The men just stood, watching. Then Frank shrugged his shoulders.

"All right," he said, a crooked smile twisting

his mouth. "You heard what I said. You've been talking behind my back for a good many years; I know it. And you seem to be afraid to say anything to me. That suits me. But if any of you change your minds, I'll tell you this: I'm going to be a fisherman from now on. I'll be at the Jensen fish shanty. And if you want to do any talking, you know where to find me." Then he turned to Hans, who had taken a stand close beside him. "Come on," he said. "These yellow-coated net-lifters think they've got something on me, but I'll show 'em. Let's go clean our fish."

But Hans knew that everyone in the village would be talking over what he had wanted to be a secret—Frank's self-admitted fear.

And what if they did? he asked himself. Maybe Frank did have a weakness. Maybe something uncontrollable inside him turned his blood to water when he was on the lake, but he had the courage to admit it publicly, to thrash the one who tried to make a joke of it. He had a courage greater than that: he was brave enough to continue as a helper on the daily trips that followed, to appear at the post-office or in the store just as he had always done; and what greater courage could anyone possess?

Ansil Larsen didn't see it as courage, of course. "Yeah," Hans heard him sneer one evening in front of the Mercantile, "anyone can be an imi-

(Continued on page 60)

Blood of a Foreign Crew

(Continued from page 59)



JIM HENRY'S PULLMAN PORTER POLL.....

● Before I climb into Lower 7, I always ask the porter: "What shaving cream do you see most?" Believe me,

"George" knows.

"It's Mennen—with the men who give the good tips" ... "The big striped tube, boss" ... "That's easy—Mennen every mornin'" —those are the answers I get and get again. Men who use the best trains—men who know comfort and the importance of clean, healthy skin—they are the Mennen boosters.

Mennen lather is a cleansing treatment for the skin as well as a softening treatment for the beard. It floats out imbedded pore dirt, and thus prevents pimples and blackheads. And it so thoroughly softens the hair that I can guarantee at least 2 more good shaves per blade with Mennen. Money back if you think I'm wrong.

The guarantee covers both Mennen shaving creams. (1) *Original*—noted for its quick creamy lather. (2) *Menthol-iced*—with its refreshing tingle.

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MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS

2 KINDS—ORIGINAL—MENTHOL-ICED



FINISH your Mennen Shave with a dash of Mennen Talcum for Men. Neutral tint; doesn't show. Protects your skin against the weather and absorbs excess facial oils.

AFTER THE SHAVE

tation fisherman and steer a boat into the creek when the lake's as smooth as glass, but what's he goin' to do in November, when—Oh, hello, Hans. I was just sayin' it won't be long till we get the November blows."

"Were you?" Below icy blue eyes, Hans smiled. "Maybe you'd like to have me tell Frank what you were saying, would you?" Which brought such a laugh from the others that Ansil retired, muttering.

Nor did Frank's mother see anything of courage in what he was doing. To him, when they were alone, she voiced a plea that only she could voice—until he made answer to her.

"Ma—" and in his eyes was the cold, hard light that was exactly like the one she had seen in his father's; she afterward told Hans so—"the lake's nothing to be afraid of. It's only water with fish in it—lots of them. And Hans and I are going to get them."

"But, oh, Hans," she went on, her voice trembling, "if you could hear him at night! He cries out in his sleep, and when I go to him I hear him saying: 'I'll whip it! I'll whip it!'"

She also told Hans something else: how Alma Closs came to her kitchen one morning. She brought a cake which she had just baked, and there was a troubled look in her blue eyes. Finally she blurted:

"Frank, is he—mad at me?"

She said she didn't know. Frank hadn't said anything about Alma.

"Well, he hasn't come to see me since—" and stopped. Then with a crimson flush mounting in her fair round cheeks, Alma went on. "I—will you—tell him I'd like to see him?" she said, then she opened the kitchen door and almost ran home.

"AND when I told him about it," his mother went on, her dark eyes filled with tears, "he smiled. Then he stopped smiling. 'Well, maybe I'll go and see her,' he said. 'After a while.' . . . But, oh, Hans, maybe then it will be too late. I know how he feels. I feel the same way, and—can't you see it's killing him? The look in his eyes when he thinks I'm not looking, and the way he's losing weight—can't you see?"

Yes, Hans could see. No one was in a better position than he to see the daily struggle of a man who tried to conquer a weakness.

Indian summer, with its calm days, brought to a close the whitefish season which would not open again until November. They were not the sort of days to try a fisherman's courage. Yet Frank was being tried every day.

He handled his share of the work with a deftness that was remarkable—and burst out suddenly into torrents of meaningless chatter. He brought the Marie into the creek and up to the dock with the precision of a veteran—and on either side of his mouth displayed lines of strain that were daily more deeply etched. And when at last the two of them tied up to the dock after the last trip of the season, he straightened up, looked about at the solid earth on which he had spent all his days until recently, and heaved a long, deep sigh that could be nothing but vast relief.

Courage? It was magnificent, the battle he fought! But was it worth while, permitting him to wear himself thin in a struggle against something he couldn't help? Such was the thought Hans entertained as they sat together in the fish shanty talking about everything but what was most important in their minds, and made ready for November. Why stand wordlessly by and see your brother's face draw into haggard lines, his eyes take on a fearing look when they glanced out over stormy waters? Such was his thought when, a few days before the season reopened, they stood on the hill beside the dam and watched the Larsen boat drop down the creek.

Indian Summer had gone and the sky was now gray with heavy clouds that scudded south ahead of a raw wind. The Larsens, they had heard, had been approached by two business men from Grand Rapids who wanted to go to North Island. Being city men, they were in a hurry. They had offered good money for the trip, so the Larsens had agreed to take them. It was not unusual, and Frank knew it, but now he was

looking at the white-capped gray water, and saying:

"Pretty rough to be going out, isn't it?"

Hans chuckled a little. "Not when there's money in it," he said. But he was thinking something else—that Frank had fought long enough, that the coming season, when weather like this was the rule rather than the exception, was a torment his brother should not have to suffer.

It was hard, thus to toss aside a dream which had persisted in spite of what he had seen during the past weeks. It wasn't easy to erase from his mind the sign: "Jansen Brothers, Fish" which was the embodiment of that dream. But at the price of a brother on the rack, it was more than he could ask. This he decided then and there, and when they had gone into the shanty and settled down to work, he spoke out.

"Well, we'll be as good as done to-day," he said, his eyes bent upon the cork he was lashing to his side of the net. "Nets, engine and boats, all in good shape. And a whole week left to loaf in, thanks to you. It's been fine, having you to help out, and with all the luck you brought I guess we've made about enough money to pay back what you loaned us. Much obliged."

Frank didn't seem to understand right away. There was a question in his eyes as he straightened up, still holding a lead sinker in his hand. Then he comprehended. A soft light glowed in his eyes. He smiled.

"Oh, I see," he said. "You're trying to tell me you don't need my kind of luck any more."

"No, I'm not. I'd like to have it for always. But you'll be wanting to get that store of yours started."

There it was, an exit all prepared for him. A door through which he could escape his torment without any loss of dignity. Hans bent to the lashing of the cork again lest Frank see what was in his eyes—and heard his brother say:

"Yes? Well, the store can wait. I've got something else to do."

And what it was, Hans found out a few hours later. It was one o'clock. They were coming back from dinner and met a crowd at the top of the hill. All eyes were looking out over the angry lake. A pair of field glasses was being passed from hand to hand. Far out there was a speck, now visible at the summit of a wave, now lost to sight in the trough.

"It's Larsen," someone said. "He's driftin'. Look: there's Ansil wavin' a slicker."

"Lot o' good that'll do him," said another. "He'd better get busy with the engine. Closs can't get to him in time to keep him off Snagtooth if he don't. Not in this wind."

"Him fix an engine? Huh!" snorted another, "Slicker-wavin's all he's good for. But his daddy will let him play engineer! Bet it's his fault they're stuck."

It was then that Frank spoke up. "You say Closs is going after him?" His voice was strained and brittle. Closs was Alma's father.

"Yeah. He's gettin' ready now," someone said, and Hans saw in his brother's eyes the same fighting light he had seen once before, when Frank had crossed the creek in pursuit of Ansil.

"Well, tell him he needn't go," Frank said slowly. "We'll get him. Come on, Hans," and he plunged down the slope toward the shanty.

There were a dozen reasons why Hans should cry halt, and every one of them took shape in his mind at that moment. Some of them were voiced by the suddenly galvanized bystanders. "Hey, that's Ansil Larsen out there." "Come back here, you fool! You don't know enough about the water!" "Hey, let an old hand do that stuff!" And the rest Hans thought. Their mother. His wife and children. The boat, their only capital. But all of them he ignored in the thought of what his brother had said: "I've got something else to do." He raced down the hill, to find that Frank had already flung open the door of the shanty and was dragging out coils of rope and armloads of slickers. He dashed inside for his boots, and when he came out found Frank casting off the lines. He had to jump across a gap of water to board the boat, and by the time he had fended its drifting bulk away from a neighboring craft, Frank had started the engine and jumped to take the wheel. The Marie was headed out.

Into what a sea! Fairly calm just beyond the piers because the rise of Bald Bluff to the north created a sort of lee, a half mile beyond, the sea was brutal. Charging hills of water that bore relentlessly down upon them. Cold, gray water that rose up and up, broke into white froth, and filled the whistling wind with spray. Sometimes they broke over the deck, sometimes they pounded down upon the very cabin roof. Always they broke and flung white spray.

But the *Marie* took it all. A staunch boat, she. Broad of beam, squat of cabin, she had been built for work, not play. There were no cushioned chairs on board, not even any benches. Only a painted floor, broken near the stern by an engine, a sturdy, two-cylinder one that throbbed like a strong man's heart. And two men, brothers.

Hans, now fully aware of what Frank was doing, stayed back beside the engine. And Frank, his face pressed close to the bit of square glass through which men had once thought they spied a coward, gripped his hands about the spokes of the bucking wheel until every knuckle showed white. This was his day. Hans gave it to him. "I've got something else to do," he had said, and now . . .

On and on, a dark squat shape of battle-gray tossed by the white-capped gray of a maddened lake. There were no frozen hands upon the wheel now. Frank was all hot courage. For a speechless hour they plunged and rolled while the gale roared above and beneath them. It was an hour without so much as a sight of the boat they had come to save, but at last Frank yelled.

Hans leaped forward to peer through the spray-drenched glass. There she lay, the other boat, almost directly down wind from them. And just beyond, terribly visible against the lowering gray of the clouds, rose high-flung masses of white froth—the demoniac spittle from Snagtooth Shoal.

Hans looked at Frank. His face was white. Both faces must be white, Hans thought, for fear was in him, too. But Frank's eyes were still on fire, not circled with white; and his steady hands swung the wheel so that the bow paid off some more. He was heading—steadily, like a sailor!—on a course down wind past the Larsen boat.

Dangerous, that. Hans knew it. They would almost touch those yawning jaws. But it was the only way. If they wasted time trying anything else, both boats might end on the rocks. And Frank was sure. The very posture of his body told him that Frank was sure. So he jumped back to the engine, stood ready for whatever might befall.

DOWN they went, now quartering the seas in another direction. Slowly they passed the drifting hulk. It was held bow up by a fish box on a line, Hans saw. Around they came, into a trough that rolled them on their beam ends. Hans braced himself with his hands on the ceiling and wondered if they would go over. They didn't. Instead, she came around. Slowly they headed up into the wind.

"Take the wheel!"

Frank yelled it over the roar of wind and water and the crash of waves on Snagtooth Shoal, and Hans thought of the time Frank had so weakly begged him to take the wheel.

Hans knew what Frank proposed to do now. He intended to pass the line. He intended to take himself out upon the low stern deck—the deck on which his fear had first overtaken him, and which now was a footing a thousand times worse. With one hand gripping the handrail he intended to heave the line to the helpless boat—a defiance of fear that was beyond compare.

Could he do it? Hans didn't know. If he failed, it was death for them all. Frank knew it, too. It showed in his white, strained face. But in his eyes blazed the unquenchable fire that had been there at the start, and somehow Hans knew he would.

He took the wheel. Frank scrambled back. Staring ahead at the spume-dimmed shape of the helpless craft off their bow, he heard the stern door close with a bang, knew Frank to be outside. Up into the raging seas they crawled. Slowly they came abreast of the drifting boat. Was Frank ready? Quickly, Hans looked back. He saw Frank's slicker, water-drenched, pressed against the glass. Yes, he was ready. He was releasing his grip on the handrail, hoisting a coil

(Continued on page 62)

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Blood of a Foreign Crew

(Continued from page 61)

oil line. He was freeing some loops, gathering them in his right hand . . . and the deck dropped away from under his feet, he staggered! Quick as a flash, his hand gripped the handrail again. He was still on board. The line was ready, too; and Hans flung a glance to port to see where the Larsen boat was.

Dead abeam now, it carried Ansil on its bow. He was kneeling there, both hands ready to catch a flying rope. It was dropping back a little, the *Marie* plowing sturdily on and the helpless one drifting back. Now Ansil was abeam. Soon he would be in the right place. Hans couldn't see Frank—but he could see Ansil's arms fly out and the black thread of a line settle across his shoulders. Good work, Frank!

But now, even worse was to come, for Frank had to leave the safety of the handrail. The towing line had already been made fast to the stern cleat of the *Marie*; Hans had seen to that. But now Frank had to go back there and ease out the slack. He had to let the dead load come slowly onto the line lest under a sudden strain it would part; and that, with Snagtooth waiting, couldn't be allowed. Should Hans go back and help, or should he let Frank do it?

The thought came and went in a flash. The answer was quite clear. This was Frank's day. He should do it all. But none the less, Hans jumped back to the stern and took the tiller.

Frank was already at work. He was kneeling on the deck. Water was surging around and over him, but his hands were busy with the line. He had taken up some of the slack near the cleat and was watching the coil pay out. Now it was gone, and Frank stood up—unsupported on that deck! The line tightened. The load jerked on his arms, and Frank, taking the load, braced himself on the plunging deck and eased it down. He bent over slowly. The line was taut. Then, fully laden, it lifted up out of the water with a long lash of white spray, and Frank released his grip. The rope dropped. It struck the deck—and held. Frank's job was done. All was well. He flung his hands into the air as a signal to Ansil and the rescue was completed—by one who had whipped his own fear.

But the job wasn't completed. There was yet a long, slow pull ahead of them. Frank knew it and acted accordingly. He turned about, clawed himself forward along the tiller bar and dived into the cabin, then he scrambled forward and took the wheel again. There was to be no letting down for him. There was to be no talk, either. Time enough for that when they had pulled a helpless boat up the creek, dropped

it there, and were themselves tied up to their own two piles.

The Larsen boat, they learned afterward, had run out of gas. It had been Ansil's fault, and was a crime against good seamanship. But neither Frank nor Hans was thinking of it then. Hans, having made the bow line fast while Frank shut off the engine, had plunged back into the cabin again.

There were many people outside. Every fisherman on the creek was there, so were wives and children. So was Alma Closs—on Frank's side of the creek, not on Ansil's. Frank must have seen her there and had a thought about his "after a while." But he didn't mention her. He only held out a bleeding right hand and smiled at Hans.

"That's the blood of a foreign crew, Hans," he said. There was a little smile on his face. His low voice was clear and steady. "That's mother's blood. And father's." His eyes lowered to the crimson that rose from a jagged tear in the heel of his palm, then lifted to Hans again. "You've got that blood too, Hans. You've always had father's and you've been showing me the mother side of it for quite a while. That makes you a pretty good man to go into partnership with, doesn't it?"

This time he grinned—the wholehearted grin of a man just through with a difficult job, not the sickly grimace of one with terror in his heart. And Hans looked down at the bleeding palm, seized the hand and studied it closely.

"How'd you do that?" he growled. "Why, a piece of wood, I guess. On the edge of the cabin roof. I must have ripped it when I grabbed for the handrail. That was a scare, let me tell you! I thought I was a goner sure. But I got hold of something."

"Yeah," Hans growled, "you got it all right. And you been dripping blood all over the cabin floor ever since. What d'you think this is, a slaughter house? What d'you think we got a first aid kit for?"

"I didn't know you had one," Frank said. "Besides, there was more to do. I didn't want to—"

"Well, we've got one. It's over in the tool box. Go get it, 'fore Alma pulls a faint on you. . . . No, not there! The other corner, you fathead! Plenty of iodine, now. Pour it on heavy. Now the bandage. . . . No, not that way! Come here; I'll do it for you. S'pose I might as well start takin' care of you right now. Probably have to do it from now on if I'm going to have a fool like you for a partner!"

Set a Rogue

(Continued from page 23)

"That's the baby," said Slim, all excitement. "Think so myself," says I. "Can you open it?"

"With my teeth," he grinned. "Just one of those tin boxes they make up for the boob trade."

"Down he went on his knees, twirled the knob about ten minutes, and there she was, wide open, and basket parties welcome. Say, there must have been a million letters in that safe, all from half-witted gals, and it took us an hour to locate Lady Miranda's, not knowing her handwriting and having to open up every package for a look at the name. Slim got fit to be tied, reading some of the slush."

"Damned if I know what's come over women," he wolfed. "They don't seem to want regular men any more."

"We found Lady Miranda's prize package at last, and from the way they began and ended, I didn't blame her for not wanting Harry to see them. Slim was wild to throw ink over Gregorio's cushions and hangings, but I made him come along, and inside of an hour we were in the big bus, beating it back to Surrey lickety-split. It was pretty late when we reached our neighborhood, but I knew we had something that would make the little girl only too glad to leap out of bed, so I told the boy at the wheel to keep right on, and take us over to the Earl's place."

"I'll say I was right. Lady Miranda came down on the run, taking the stairs in one jump, and when I put the package of letters in her hand,

darned if I didn't think she was going to pass out on us. And what do you think she did, Jimmie? She kissed us! Yes-sir! The daughter of an earl ups and plants her rosy little lips square in the center of this battered old mug, and then fills 'em up again for Slim. We pinched ourselves for weeks, making sure we were awake, and even now we have to keep telling each other it really happened."

"It's the most wonderful wedding present any girl ever had," she told us, half laughing and half crying.

"And that's what it was, Jimmie. Lady Miranda could hardly wait until morning to go into a clinch with Harry, and it couldn't have been more than next day before the two of them signed articles for the main bout at a swell church in Hanover Square. I heard it was one of the swellest affairs of the London season, with everybody in the world there except Mr. Gregorio Ruiz, the late Love Letter King."

"Don't tell me you weren't at the wedding?" exclaimed Jimmie.

"No," said Pop, "we didn't stay. In fact, we went right on to Dover that night, and got the morning boat to Boulogne. By the day of the wedding, Slim and me were headed for home on a liner out of Genoa. Y'see, Jimmie, there was quite a nice bunch of money and jewels in Gregorio's safe, and what was the sense of turning down a good business opportunity, even if it was a pleasure trip?"

The Game of Neo-Friendship

(Continued from page 19)

mine of information. He is up-to-the-jiffy on the news of my trade. But, alas, he's an elbow-eater and a cup-cuddler; he gobbles as if he were catching a train. I never permit him to annoy me, though, because I never invite Fred to dinner. He's my trade journal and private detective and I simply couldn't do without him.

Do you call this philosophy conceited or utilitarian or cold-blooded? There are plenty of texts I could quote, even from the Bible, to prove its orthodoxy, not to speak of that familiar line that ends, "and good in everyone." So long as you don't imagine that *you* are the one exceptionally perfect person, and are willing to accept the fact that, to others, you may be merely a screw-driver, or something, there's no more selfishness in these classifications than there is in chemistry. No one praises potassium for affiliating with nitrogen and oxygen in KNO_3 , nor blames it for flaring up angrily when it strikes water.

AND there's this queer thing, too, about Neo-Friendship, that I can illustrate by what is called Central Fixation. Kindly cast your eyes on this sentence:

COLD I AM AND BEAUTIFUL AND VERY VAIN.

Now, if you focus your eyes fixedly upon the single word BEAUTIFUL, so that you see it clear and black, while you're still conscious of the rest of the sentence—of the whole sentence—the COLD and VAIN will seem gray and indistinct and actually tend to disappear.

The analogy (though somewhat goody-goody) is plain. It can be applied perfectly to those people whom, though you think you detest them, you secretly admire for some one thing. If you concentrate your interest upon that one admirable quality, all the other less pleasant traits are subtly reduced to their lowest terms, because one can possibly think of but one thing at a time.

In short, the whole theory of Neo-Friendship is summed up in the hoary parable of the man who didn't know whether to marry the beauty or the wonderful soprano. When he woke up, the day after the wedding, and saw that mug on the pillow beside him—"Damn you, *sing!*"—he soon forgot, probably, to notice her lack of pulchritude.

Now I am well aware that you can't really prove anything by metaphors. So let's take a practical case. Everybody, for instance, dislikes a tightwad, and hates to see his parsimony triumph. But did ever you try the experiment of letting a tightwad get something for nothing—ever invite one, say, to a lavishly generous meal? You'd be surprised. No one on earth can testify to such sincere gratitude. His amazement and delight at your extravagance (which would break his heart) will pay you big dividends on the expense.

That little comedy will illustrate, too, how you can get a still higher view of friends and neo-friends so that you can enjoy, yes, *really* enjoy, even their faults. If you look upon life as drama (all the world's a stage, you know), you can have as much fun as if you were sitting in your own private theatre, like the mad King of Bavaria, and everybody were acting for your especial benefit. You'll marvel at the dialect, the "business," the wonderful interpretations of men and women who have heretofore got your goat. You'll laugh at the credulity, the shams of human nature. You'll even come to applauding the villains for their technique. And then, like a theatrical manager, you can select the types you need for your own little life-drama, and cast them according to your merits. With your experience you won't ask the winky soubrette to play a heavy emotional role, or expect the old man to do the frivolous juvenile in a coonskin coat.

Every actor and author has to regard his acquaintances as lessons in human nature. Didn't Charlie Chaplin delightedly follow that splay-footed Cockney all over London? Can you imagine Dickens being angry or annoyed when he found *Uriah Heep* in real life? He was merely an interesting character for fiction. Voltaire, Goethe, Shakespeare, Aristophanes—did they have anything but enjoyment in knowing the prototypes of the pedants and hypocrites and bounders they created for our diversion?

(Continued on page 64)

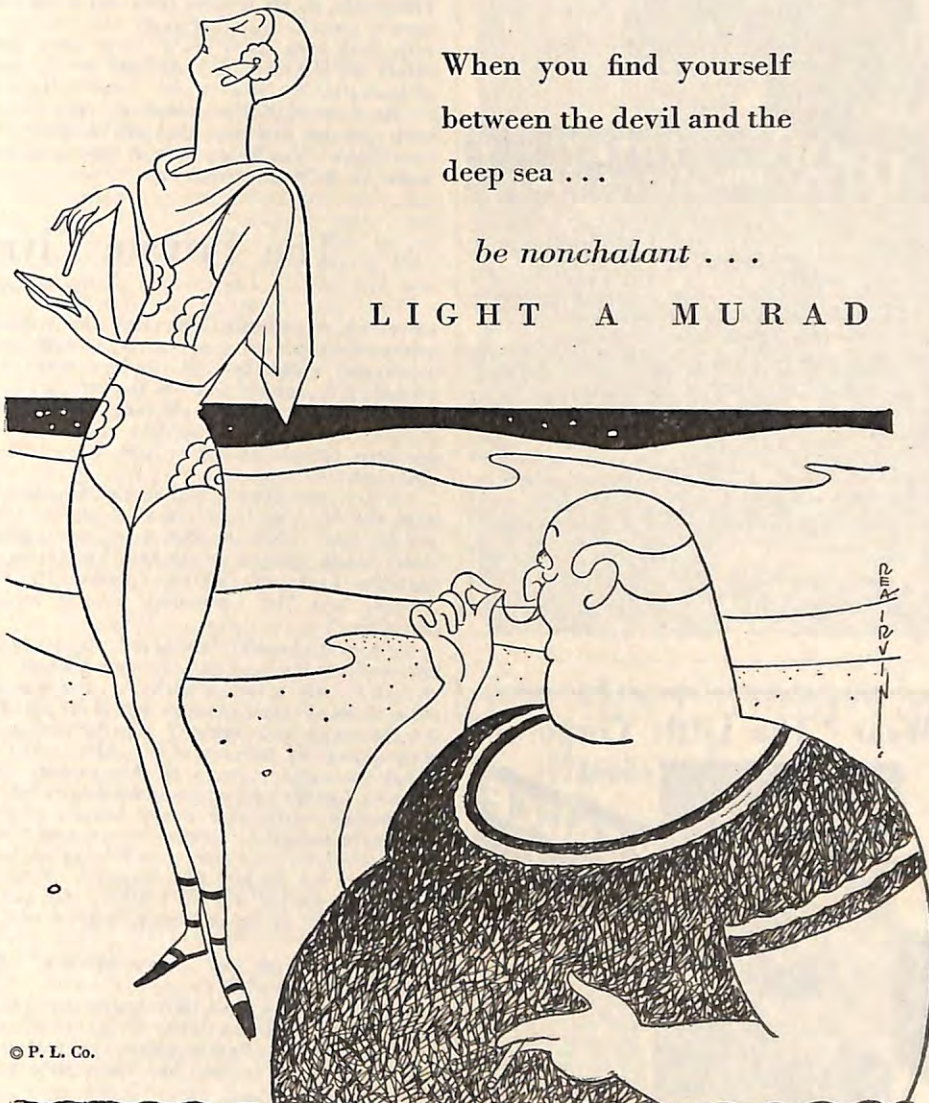
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The Game of Neo-Friendship

(Continued from page 63)

Be an author. Write your own life. Your own comedies. Try this philosophy of Neo-Friendship, do try it some rainy day when you have a grouch. Look at every one you meet with fresh eyes, as if you'd never seen him before, as if you'd just arrived, young and enthusiastic, in a strange city. You'll discover the Romance of the Commonplace. You'll find, next morning, probably, that you're singing in your bath. You'll burst right out laughing while you're brushing your hair.

And if your wife or your husband, mother, sister, looks in, anxiously, and wants to know what's the matter, you'll say:

"Oh, nothing much, only—why, I met Gelett Burgess yesterday, and—"

"Why, I thought you always said he was—"

"Yes, my dear, yes, I know. But d'you know, I find he's a darned good screw-driver—about the best one I ever saw! Gee, we had a fine old time. Yes, we're going over there to have lunch again next Saturday."

The Private Lives of Several People

(Continued from page 15)

utter lack of understanding. But this volume miraculously preserves a certain strength and truth and sympathy. It displays that rich feeling for its subject which is the very heart of a book of this character. In fact, *American* is, in every way, a work of the first rank. Here is gorgeous natural history. Here is matchless Indian stuff.

Picture yourself as sitting beside Mr. Linderman the day that the Crow chief promised to tell his tale. There he was, more than eighty years of age, his firm mouth and chin, his commanding nose and fighting forehead still fit models, says Mr. Linderman, "for a heroic medallion."

He took his broad-brimmed hat with its eagle feather from his head and standing up said, as though it were a sort of oath, "... a man in his right mind should speak straight to his friends. I will begin at the beginning." The beginning, of course, was the memory of his childhood; the tribal, nomadic customs of his people; the glorious, free life on the plains in the days before the buffalo herds were swept away. Indian boys were trained by strange lessons and rites. When they were little more than babies they had to learn to run straight and tirelessly. Plenty-coups' grandfather was his teacher. He made the lad stand up before him, naked except for his moccasins.

"Now catch me that yellow butterfly," he ordered. "Be quick."

It was no easy task, but finally the child brought the butterfly back to his grandsire, who bade him rub its wings over his heart and ask the butterfly to lend him their grace and swiftness.

Slapping their young joints and muscles with a flat beaver's tail was supposed to encourage them to swim, and at seven years of age our tiny "chief" already had graduated to a genuine arrow with an iron tip.

With so strenuous and incredibly early a matriculation, Plenty-coups soon found himself a real warrior. The old man made no boast to Mr. Linderman of the many Indian scalps he had taken—those were all simply part of an Indian's career. But one thing he made sure to tell him—he had never killed a white man.

Instead, he had been the white man's friend and guide and fellow-fighter, even when the white man confused and embittered him.

The old Crow refused to carry his story beyond those years of stalwart youth when the wide plains belonged to his brothers, and when long lines of proud red men on horses, followed by pack-horses and travois "reaching farther than we could see," moved in season from one region of plenty to another, taking with them their ancient codes and legends.

After life had passed into mere existence upon a reservation, he considered his own life ended. But Mr. Linderman has filled it out for us. He has told us how Plenty-coups, his soul crushed, became a leader for his people, visiting the Indian Department in Washington with impressive pleas; urging the young men of his tribe, during the world war, to offer themselves as soldiers; and at last acting as representative of all the Indian tribes in America and placing "the red man's" wreath of flowers upon the grave of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington.

Thanks to this remarkable book, the Indian of the plains is no Unknown American to us. In these pages he lives nobly and with dignity, and Mr. Linderman has presented, whether consciously or not, one of the most powerful

pleas ever made for white justice to the red man

The illustrations by Herbert Stoops, deeply colored by the mood of the tale, are an integral part of the pages, and greatly add to the enjoyment of the book.

Vagabond Dreams Come True

By Rudy Vallée. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

THIS is the red, red lining of Mr. Vallée's heart.

This is the true story of how he came to conquer his millions over the radio, in night clubs, in the pictures—the real personality back of that voice that croons the love songs of the nation. In a word, gentlemen, Rudy Vallée's autobiography.

Three short years ago, this son of a New England druggist, this soft-voiced, saxophonic youth, graduated from Yale. He tucked his diploma ("a college training has never hurt an individual," says he) under one arm and a saxophone under the other, and made his first lunge at fame. Last year he was playing and singing with his extraordinary little band of eight musicians at the Paramount Theatre in New York and the police had to be called out to keep the lines in order. A few months ago, the day that his first talking picture was shown in his birthplace in Vermont, the town declared a municipal holiday.

Now, no matter how much spoofing this young man may receive for his devastating effect upon feminine America, he must have something. And something, of course, can be reduced to talent and hard work.

Rudy Vallée can play and sing. He always gives his best. He knows his orchestras. He doesn't mind in the least putting in nineteen hours of grilling work on a day's job. And there you are.

But to a palpitating world, it is not so much a matter of all this as it is of the Vallée personality—a personality that has dropped as a rose of romance upon our hard-boiled land.

To hear him sing "Deep Night" or "The Vagabond Lover"—sugar-coated to the last note—is to realize that he has a mission in life; it is to realize why the susceptible young, the lonely, the sentimental middle-aged lap him up.

His story, to which no ghost writer has been permitted to add a rude, mature touch, is so terrifyingly naïve that one is compelled to put it down every few minutes and burst into strong and reviving language. But after all, under the Broadway glamour and the thick pink-icing there seems to be a likable chap; and his book contains an excellent picture of that mysterious world where litting dance orchestras and popular songs have their birth.

Johnson of the Mohawks

By Arthur Pound. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

IT IS a thrilling story of hazardous frontier statesmanship and warfare that Mr. Pound, in collaboration with Dr. Richard E. Day, Editor of Historical Manuscripts for the State of New York, has to tell in this story of Sir William Johnson—empire builder, major-general, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Mohawk war chief, one of the only two men created a baronet in America, opener of the road to the West, wealthy trader and farmer, and the head of an unconventional manor house in the Mo-

hawk Valley where his innumerable half-Indian children ran riot.

In this undoubtedly adventurous and romantic figure Mr. Pound has selected a hero of parts, too long largely unknown to the American reader, but now set forth in a full-sized portrait with such new and important material as to make not only an exciting narrative but a work of the greatest historical importance.

William Johnson, a young Irishman of excellent family, was brought to this country by his uncle in 1738, and was shortly sent "by sloop" up the Hudson to the wilderness estate of that same uncle, where, without any loss of time, he began to shape a career which Mr. Pound claims, and with good reason, to be quite unparalleled in our colonial annals.

The Mohawks, one of the Six Nations, "exercised moral sway in the councils of the strongest Indian bloc on the continent. . . . Whoever held the Mohawks in hand held Mid-America in hand, as Pontiac discovered in the grim year of 1763, when Sir William Johnson and his brothers by adoption managed to keep all but one of the Six Nations out of the most bitter Indian war the British fought in America." It is very proper, in view of his paramount influence over the savages, that much of Mr. Pound's enthralling story should be devoted to the miraculous work he did in clearing a path for the tide of western immigration. His biographer does not, however, neglect the personal side of his man: "His expansive and expensive way of life, his wines and stables," his young Dutch wife and his lovely Molly Brant—the dusky, swift-limbed Mohawk girl who was later to be the "light of his tent." All these are here.

To those of us who have prowled around the well-preserved Johnson Hall, the splendid house that the baronet built in 1761 at Johnstown, New York, there is a rare delight in reading Mr. Pound's descriptions of baronial and feudal life that went forward in that great mansion, conjuring up in one's mind those nights when enormous councils of Indians (sometimes as many as nine hundred) gathered. From the candle-lit rooms one could see the countless tribal camp fires gleaming for miles down the dark valley.

There, on the fine mahogany balustrade of the wide staircase, we have run our fingers along those hatchet scars which tradition says were put there by the famous Mohawk chief Joseph Brant (and Mr. Pound is willing to have us believe, if we care to, that Joseph was himself one of Sir William's sons) when he and Johnson fled from the Hall in 1776. These sign-scars protected the house from marauding Indians during the Revolution when the property was confiscated.

There is no lack of sheer romance in this admirable book, but primarily it stands forth as a noteworthy historical work. We recommend it to your immediate reading.

Times Square Tintypes

By Sidney Skolsky. (Ives Washburn, New York.)

DID you know . . .

That Florenz Ziegfeld's daily telephone bill is \$50?

That David Belasco carries a brief case on which is inscribed in gold letters: "The Play I Am Now Writing"?

That George Gershwin is a swell wrestler?

That Roxy was once a marine?

That Elmer Rice, the 1929 Pulitzer Prize play winner (*Street Scene*), hates Broadway?

That Eddie Cantor is worth two million dollars?

That Al Jolson owns part of the St. Louis National Baseball Club?

And so on and so on.

The dot-and-dash style of short and excessively snappy biographical essays that stamps this book is something that Mr. Skolsky (Broadway columnist) has carried to perfection.

He knows the most amazingly intimate details of a book-load of folk who are famous for their contributions to Manhattan's show business. And he tells all he knows.

How he discovered all these scraps of low-down is a mystery to us. He surely never thought up the questions that called for all this inside stuff. People must simply storm his desk, shouting things like this:

"I once autographed a soldier's wooden leg!" or, "I'm George M. Cohan. I'm the man who is responsible for Douglas Fairbanks's breaking into the movies."

Well, it's a queer world.

And this is a very popular book. Better look at it.

Livingstone

By R. J. Campbell, D.D. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

ONE day, a few months ago, a group of colored people, American negroes, stood before a tomb in Westminster Abbey singing some of those "Spirituals" which we all adore.

They were professional singers on a European tour, and the tomb before which they stood was that of David Livingstone—the great African missionary-explorer. They were paying their respects to the memory of a famous hero who had so valiantly "set my people free."

In the excellent life of Livingstone that we have before us we read this: "He lived now but for one thing: to claim Africa for Christ and make an end of the slave trade." That was back in the '50's, when the interior of the dark continent was a *terra incognita*. To accomplish the religious end of his mission this fearless Scot cut himself off from civilization for years. To bring about the other dream, he did all that an explorer and a scientific traveler might do to set the stream of legitimate commerce in the path of the cruel traffic in human beings. Here was a life-work and Livingstone gave his life to it.

The story of his exploits is a revelation of the stupendous strength of an apostolic mission. We would like to quote at length from this thrilling book—to tell you of his taking his midget craft two thousand five hundred miles across the ocean to Bombay with a mere handful of a crew—of his being found by Stanley after the whole world had given him up as lost in the jungles—but we have no more room.

If you want a book that will greatly reward the careful and patient reading that it asks, here it is.

Old Doc Lemmon

By Robert S. Lemmon. (The Midwest Co., Minneapolis.)

AS AN antidote to a heap of destructive modern theories, we recommend an evening in the company of Old Doc Lemmon—a Yankee philosopher who will make you realize that all human nature isn't so rotten after all.

Doc Lemmon treats sick "hosses an' haws an' neat cattle"—he's that kind of doctor—but he has a special brand of tonic, straight from the heart, for his fellow men. You'll meet lots of it in these browsy pages which remind us a little of the David Grayson books.

There's humor, too. The kind that makes him call his old blue hen Queen Elizabeth because she had never laid an egg.

You'll like this little book, we promise you.

Dwight Whitney Morrow

By Hewitt H. Howland. (The Century Co., New York.)

WITH Mr. Morrow standing plumb in the limelight at the moment, it would seem a wise thing to run through this hurried sketch of him. It won't take you more than ten or fifteen minutes.

Briefly the facts and color of his life are set forth—a peek into the "inner man," and the amazing number of sides to his interests.

Mr. Coolidge has added a laudatory introduction, and altogether the "pocket biography" is enough to make Mr. Morrow put his thumbs in his armpits and exclaim: "I'm certainly a most remarkable fellow!"

Which he is.

Marse Robert Lee

By James C. Young. (Henkle & Co., New York.)

A NEW, well-rounded, thrilling and lovable biography of the "Knight of the Confederacy," General Robert E. Lee, who, so many military experts agree, is the greatest soldier that America has ever produced.

Lee may be the name of the hero of Mr. Young's book, but it is the South, Lee's South, that is its heroine—beautiful—reckless—true to her man.



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Instead of sowing seed, you plant stolons or the chopped grass—and in a few weeks you have a luxuriant lawn like the deep green pile of a Turkish carpet. Read all about this unusual grass in our illustrated booklet, "Bent Lawns." Mailed on request. Fall is the best time to plant.

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Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 49)

Member of New York, N. Y., Lodge Supplies Plants for Hospital Roof

The report of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, as submitted by Chairman Augustus F. Groll at a recent meeting, stated that the Roof Garden at the Misericordia Hospital has been replenished with plants and shrubs through the generosity of John J. Schmitt, a member of No. 1. In this hospital there is a room endowed in perpetuity by Mr. Schmitt for the use of members incapacitated by illness.

Florence, Mo., Elks Induct Four Sons of Life Member Into Lodge

Florence, Mo., Lodge, No. 409, initiated recently the four sons of Charles Holland, for thirty years a life member of the Lodge. The young men who thus joined their father as members of the Order are Charles Holland, Jr.; Colley B., Massey, and Richard H. Holland.

Betty Bacharach Home is Given \$10,000 Recreation Hall

William C. Grunow, President of the Grigsby-Grunow Company, makers of radio equipment and other electrical devices, gave recently to the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children in Atlantic City, N. J., a sum of ten thousand dollars for the erection of a recreation hall, as a memorial to his daughter, Lois C. Grunow. Work upon the building was scheduled to begin after the conclusion of the Grand Lodge Convention. The proportions of the structure are to be 25 by 100. It will have a seating capacity of 200. One of its features is a miniature stage, where the children of the Home may present theatrical performances. In addition to the recreation hall, Mr. Grunow presented to the Home a radio surgical knife, an instrument valued at \$1,500; two radio sets and three electric refrigerators. Acknowledgment of the Home's appreciation of these gifts was made promptly by Exalted Ruler Harry Bacharach, and his brother, Congressman Isaac Bacharach, of Atlantic City Lodge, No. 276. It is understood that the need of the Home for such a building as that for which Mr. Grunow donated the necessary funds was brought to his attention by police officials of the city, prominent among whom was P. J. Doran, Chief of the Atlantic City Police Department and an Atlantic City Elk. It is expected that the new hall, to be known as the Lois C. Grunow Memorial Recreation Hall, will be completed by the end of the summer. It represents the seventh structural unit to be given the Home. The other and earlier ones are the original Betty Bacharach Home and grounds, the Jacob and Betty Bacharach Administration Building, the Grace Bacharach Memorial Ward, the McSweeney Isolation Hall, the Mr. and Mrs. Hackney Garage and Dormitory, and the Caroline S. Stern School.

Permanent Organization of Union, N. J., Lodge is Effected

Union, N. J., Lodge, No. 1583, was formally instituted a short time ago. The initiation of candidates and the installation of officers took place at the Home of Elizabeth Lodge, No. 289. Several Past Exalted Rulers of Dover Lodge, No. 782, assisted in the ritualistic ceremonies.

Notables and Many Visitors Attend Institution of Westfield, N. J., Lodge

In the presence of Grand Esteemed Leading Knight William Conklin, and 1,000 other members of the Order, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Francis V. Dobbin instituted, a short time ago, Westfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 1585. The officers of Plainfield Lodge, No. 885, initiated a class of forty candidates, and Mr. Dobbin thereafter installed the officers of the new Lodge. Herbert G. McAvoy was chosen Exalted Ruler and Dennis N. Lever Secretary. A dinner for the notable Elks in

attendance for the occasion preceded the institution and other ceremonies. After this a parade was formed, with representatives of many neighboring Lodges in the line of marchers. First in the procession came a police escort and the members of the Westfield Town Council. They were followed by members of Union Lodge, No. 1583. A buffet supper at the Home of Westfield Lodge, enlivened by entertainment by the Elks Quartet of Bayonne Lodge, No. 434, was an enjoyable event of the evening.

Ketchikan, Alaska, Elks Celebrate at Completion of Tennis Court

Members of Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1429, and a large representation of the public of the community attended a short time ago the ceremonies marking formally the completion of a new tennis court, to be devoted to the use of members of the Lodge and their families. The exercises included an exhibition drill by the Boy Scouts of Ketchikan. Music for the occasion was provided by the City Band.

Ladies of Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge Give Anniversary Dinner Dance

In token of the twelfth anniversary of the formation of their association, the ladies of Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, No. 11, gave recently a dinner dance at the Lodge Home. More than 200 persons were present in the gaily decorated ballroom, among whom, as guests of honor, were Exalted Ruler John A. Freyvogel, and Past Exalted Rulers George J. Kambach, P. M. Cancelliere and Albert Barchfield.

Passaic, N. J., Lodge Provides An Outing for 900 Orphans

At the annual Orphans Outing sponsored by Passaic, N. J., Lodge, No. 387, more than 900 children from that city and the vicinity were entertained recently at Olympic Park, Irvington. Each child was given a packet of tickets entitling him to every kind of ride and side-show, as well as to the other amusements the park offered. The youngsters were transported to and from the park by private automobiles lent to the Lodge for that purpose.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Celebrates Twenty-seventh Anniversary

In the presence of many Past Exalted Rulers and a large number of members, Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, celebrated its twenty-seventh anniversary recently. After a roll-call of old-timers, to which many responded, the officers of No. 871 initiated a class of twenty candidates. A special feature of the occasion was an address by the guest of honor, United States Attorney Charles H. Tuttle, a member of New York Lodge, No. 1.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge Receives Trust Fund for Charities

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, was the recipient recently of a bequest from one of its late members, Harry J. Selfridge, amounting to \$1,000. The income from this money, in a charity trust fund, will be used by the Lodge for relief and other charitable work.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Elks Entertain 3,000 Orphans at Field Day

Three thousand orphan children were the guests recently of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, at its twentieth annual Field Day, held at Ebbets Field, the grounds of the Brooklyn baseball club. Clowns, a gigantic white elephant, trick ponies and donkeys and other circus acts and a series of athletic events were the features of entertainment during the afternoon. The orphans were carried to the field in buses and, in the case of the crippled among them, from St. Giles's Hospital, in the private automobiles of members of the Lodge. As soon as he arrived at the scene of festivities, each child was

given a box of toys, the collection including confetti, streamers and highly effective noise-makers. In the contests among boys, the representatives of the Brooklyn Hebrew Orphanage won all the prizes. In the girls' games, the entrants from St. Joseph's Orphanage were equally successful. In addition to the young guests, there were many notables of the city present at the affair. These included Borough President Henry Hesterberg, who was General Chairman of the committee in charge of the Field Day; Commissioner John H. Crews, Vice-Chairman; Supreme Court Justices MacCrate and Lazansky, of New York State; County Judge Nova, Municipal Court Justice Wynne, and Magistrates Hughes and Maguire.

Union Hill, N. J., Lodge Gives Benefit Show for Crippled Children

The Crippled Children's Committee of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, recently sponsored a party at the Lincoln Theatre for the benefit of the Crippled Children's Fund. The receipts will be used for the financing of the clinic and the convalescent station maintained by the Lodge. An attendance of over 500 witnessed the showing of a 1,000-foot reel depicting the work that is being carried on by the Lodge at the clinic.

News of the Order From Near and Far

The officers and a group of other members of Alhambra, Calif., Lodge, made a fraternal call recently upon Huntington Park Lodge, and there assisted in the initiation ceremonies.

Elmira, N. Y., Lodge voted recently in favor of a resolution to improve the Elks Rest in Woodlawn Cemetery. The plans for beautifying the plot are extensive.

The Drill Teams of both Redondo Beach and Inglewood, Calif., Lodges gave exhibitions a short time ago at the Home of Santa Monica Lodge.

The Baseball Team of New Orleans, La., Lodge recently won the championship of the Amateur Athletic Union League in its district. The players finished the season without a single defeat.

With many old-timers present, Ogden, Utah, Lodge celebrated its twenty-ninth anniversary at a meeting held a short time ago.

Edward J. McCrossin, President of the Life Membership Club of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, issued recently a bulletin expressing the Club's grief at the loss of one of its members, Edward F. Herzog, who died a few weeks ago at his home in Birmingham.

The members of Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge initiated not long ago a candidate whom they believe to be one of the oldest ever to be inducted into the Order. He is "Daddy" Sharpe, ninety-one years of age. Mr. Sharpe fought in the Civil War, knew Abraham Lincoln, and for sixty-seven years has been a Sunday school teacher.

James H. Harrison, first Exalted Ruler of Worcester, Mass., Lodge, died recently at his home after a long illness. For thirty-eight years Mr. Harrison was an active member of Worcester Lodge.

Blue Island, Ill., Lodge gave a dinner a short time ago in honor of Frank Miller, who, as a member of the bowling team, was the highest man in all events at the Elks National Bowling Tournament. The first prize, a diamond medal, was presented to Mr. Miller at the meeting.

A fire destroyed the Home of Altus, Okla., Lodge recently. Many of the records were lost.

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge entertained, at a banquet recently, about 150 fathers who are members of the Lodge, and their sons.

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When Security Prices Are Low

By Paul Tomlinson

THE best method yet devised of making money in the investment business is to buy when securities are low and sell when they are high. Every one knows that this is so, but very few operate successfully on this basis, and deficient as most people are in knowledge of investing, the reason seems rather psychological than chargeable to ignorance. When prices are high everyone thinks they are going higher; when prices start down, few can see any limit to their decline. From a state of excessive optimism we sink to the depths of pessimism.

A year ago most of the people in the country felt that in order to make money all that was necessary was to buy stocks, any old stocks, and presently they would advance in price, and the owners would have a profit. For a while it did seem as if this theory was correct; certainly it worked well for many people. Since last October the vast majority, with a few breathing spells in between, have seemed to feel that the surest and quickest way to lose money is to buy stocks. Many who once had a profit which they neglected to take have held on until their losses have become substantial, and then have sold, explaining their action on the ground that apparently everything was headed for ruin, and that even if they lost it was better to have something left than to wait until their shares were worth nothing at all. There are many who bought at the high prices last year who are selling at the low prices this year.

Now it is well to remember that for every buyer there is a seller, and that every time somebody sells, someone else buys. The man who bought at the top last year, bought from somebody who made a profit; the man who sold at the bottom, sold to someone who is going to make a profit. The people on the profit end of these transactions, one may be sure, were not swayed by psychological considerations, but by a pretty certain knowledge of what they were about.

It is also well to remember that public participation is necessary to make a bull market, and also necessary to a bear market. The difficulty with the public is that generally they do the wrong thing at the right time. They will not buy unless everyone else is buying, and when everyone begins to sell they become panicky, and sell too. They are too often sheep-like, basing their actions on imitation rather than reasoned judgment.

In markets like those we have been experiencing recently it seems to us that one of the most important considerations is faith, or lack of faith, in the ability of the United States to recover from business depressions and to become prosperous once more. True, the recent tariff act and the proposed pension bill do not inspire great confidence in the economic judgment of our legislators, but as a prominent banker expressed it several years ago: "This country is bigger than any one man, or any one group; we can be set back temporarily, but we can't be stopped." We have had unwise laws before this, and legislation unfavorable to business,

but the country has grown and prospered in spite of them. Does anyone really believe we shall not continue to go forward?

Oftentimes the darkest time is just before the dawn, and it may well be that the spirit of pessimism, so prevalent throughout the land just now, is the immediate forerunner of a speedy return to better times. Looking back over our economic and industrial history, we find that these eras of depression have lasted on the average about one year. Is there any particular reason to suppose that the one through which we are passing now is going to have a longer existence? If a year is the normal period for readjustment, then the turn for the better should begin to be observed shortly after these words appear in print. It was in August, 1929, that shrewd observers began to note a falling off in our unexampled prosperity, and many of these observers started putting their investment houses in order to meet the troublous times they saw ahead. How wise these men were. Or perhaps they were only lucky?

IS IT possible that these men are on the buying end of securities now? Are they pessimists? Do they think the country is headed for the scrap heap? Are they frightened by the low prices of stocks and bonds? Do they think that present low prices are permanent? Or do they share the views of the representative of a New York investment banking house whose words we quote: "The prospective investor should realize that it is only during times of business depression and poor stock market conditions like this that he can secure the best common stocks at concessions. He should not allow himself to be too much influenced by the discouragingly weak behavior of the market coming after a major decline. At such a time acute weakness and poor behavior is no reliable index of the market's future course. Stocks must necessarily act, look, and be acutely weak in making a bottom; they could not well look strong in doing so. Increased momentum is one good sign of an approaching turning-point. Sharp drops which make stocks cheap enough to attract important new buying finally result in a definite checking of the decline and a reversal of the trend. Recent acute weakness, therefore, in this case, after what seems like an adequate readjustment, should be hailed as a sign of approaching fair weather."

Everyone is constantly on the watch for bargains, and yet how many have thought far enough to realize that when business is good and earnings are high, low priced stocks are not to be had; that it is only when everything looks black that the shares of our leading corporations can be purchased at prices to yield larger than average returns. When everybody wants a thing, competition for its possession is bound to run prices up; when the demand is slack, then it is that bargains are obtainable. All of this is obvious, of course, but it is the obvious thing that frequently passes unnoticed.

The same idea was expressed recently by a successful stock trader. He put it rather bluntly,

but in effect what he said was, "See what the public are doing, and do the opposite." These are unkind words, perhaps, but there is much truth in them. The trouble with the public generally is that they either are all buying at the same time or acting in concert when they sell, and it is the combined weight of the public's orders which turns the scale of prices up or down. And usually they are late in both actions. The public probably does not buy as large a percentage of worthless securities as formerly; rather, their purchases of good securities are made at the wrong times. It takes courage to buy when everyone else is bearish, but that is when investments are cheap; one feels much more comfortable following the crowd, but leaders, not followers, are the ones who reap the greatest measure of success.

Objection will be made that it is dangerous to buy securities when business generally is unsatisfactory. Of course one should always select investments with care, whether business is bad or good, but it is the unsatisfactory condition of industry which makes it possible to pick up the securities of our leading corporations at low prices. Moreover, it does no harm, in thinking of the future of securities, to bear in mind that unsatisfactory business is not the normal state of affairs in this country. We are paying the penalty for over-optimism and over-confidence; during our recent period of unexampled prosperity we got the idea that there was no limit to the amount of goods we could produce and sell; mass production was a sure foundation on which to base an enduring prosperity. We overdid it, and presently the country awoke to the fact that the markets of this country, and of the world, could not absorb all our radios, motor cars, wheat, corn, copper, and oil. Supply had run ahead of demand, and when such a condition exists only one thing can happen—prices must fall. No amount of legislation ever has changed, or ever will change, the old economic law. Production had to be curtailed until the slack was taken up, and the recent unpleasantness in the security markets is nothing more than a reflection of conditions in the industrial world where there has existed an excess of goods which must be absorbed before demand once again creates a need for greater supply.

This condition is gradually righting itself and unquestionably the time is coming when business will be more as we expect business in this country to be. We went ahead too fast, and have had to pay the penalty. Once having made amends, however, there is no reason to suppose that we shall not find real prosperity once more. We always have recovered from these recurring periods of depression, and what has happened in the past is usually a sound basis on which to predict the future. Business and prosperity go in cycles, but if we total the good years against the bad, the good outnumber the bad by a comfortable margin. And usually it is only in bad times, that stocks are cheap.

Sometimes when things look darkest, that means a change for the better. Along with low prices for stocks we have had cheap money; the rediscount rate recently set by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York has been the lowest in its history. Call money has recently been available in New York at one and one half per cent. Brokers' loans have shown a steady decline as weak margin accounts have been liquidated, and discouraged and disheartened investors have sold their holdings. Cheap money does not necessarily bring about an immediate improvement in business, nor does it necessarily advance the prices of stocks at once, but in the long run these will be the results. Since the panic of last October there have been six reductions in the bank rate, and cheap money is a boon to finance and business. No one can say that security prices have not discounted bad business conditions and decreased earnings; in few instances have earnings declined anything like as sharply as stock prices.

ONE thing to remember in all this discussion, however, is that the yields obtainable on the best securities will probably not in our generation be as high as they were before the war. People who used to get six per cent from the leading stocks, for instance, are very likely to be disappointed if they hope to get that much now. Last fall, and again this spring, in spite of the drastic decline in prices, it was almost impossible to buy the best high grade

stocks to yield what we used to consider attractive returns. To yield six per cent most issues would have to decline considerably from their panic lows, and it is doubtful if even the most confirmed pessimist expects that to happen. On the basis of yield, therefore, we shall probably have to revise our ideas of what we used to consider cheap securities, and what are considered cheap nowadays.

What constitutes low prices for securities must be figured on a comparative basis. As these words are being written, late in June, security prices are considered low. Is that any reason for selling if the securities represent sound business undertakings? Or are these prices, perhaps, rather an inducement to buy? Only when prices are low are there many bargains to be had.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 50)

Muskegon Lodge, No. 274, second prize going to Jackson Lodge, No. 113. During this event the visiting ladies were conducted on a tour of Keweenaw County, which included luncheon at Lake Breeze. In the afternoon, a service was held by the Jackson Elks in memory of the late Thomas G. Carroll, former Vice-President of the Association. This ceremony, and that of installing the newly elected officers, concluded the official business of the convention. In the evening a banquet, attended by over 400 Elks, their ladies and other guests, terminated the festivities.

Massachusetts

MORE than 200 delegates, representing fifty-three Lodges, attended the eleventh annual convention of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, held recently on the Island of Oak Bluffs, under the auspices of Middleboro Lodge, No. 1274. The following were elected to serve as officers for the ensuing year: President, William E. Earle, Newton Lodge, No. 1327; First Vice-President, Charles S. Riley, Northampton Lodge, No. 997; Second Vice-President, Patrick R. Riley, Fall River Lodge, No. 118; Third Vice-President, Michael H. McCarron, Woburn Lodge, No. 908; Secretary, Jeremiah J. Hourin, Framingham Lodge, No. 1264; Treasurer, Bernard E. Carbin, Lynn Lodge, No. 117. The Association named the following for Trustees: Alfred C. Daniels, Pittsfield Lodge, No. 272; Edward J. Gihon, Wakefield Lodge, No. 1276; Bernard S. McHugh, Watertown Lodge, No. 1513; Albert M. Heath, Middleboro Lodge, No. 1274; Daniel J. Honan, Winthrop Lodge, No. 1078; James A. Bresnahan, Fitchburg Lodge, No. 847; and John A. Moynahan, Lowell Lodge, No. 87. The convention officially opened in the Island Theatre with an address by E. Mark Sullivan, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. From there the delegates moved to Tivoli Hall, where a class of candidates for Middleboro Lodge was initiated under the direction of the degree team of Norwood Lodge, No. 1124, the State Champions. One of the important events of the convention was the passing of a resolution to maintain the grounds upon which is situated the Elk monument on the Mohawk Trail, in memory of the members of the Order who gave up their lives in the World War. Entertainment for those who accompanied the delegates was provided by members of Middleboro Lodge. An old-fashioned Cape Cod clam bake, band concerts and two dances were among the many enjoyable items on the program.

South Dakota

AT THE election of officers during the two-day convention of the South Dakota State Elks Association, held not long ago at Sioux Falls, George C. Hunt, Huron Lodge, No. 444, was chosen President for the coming year. Others to be elected to posts in the Association were J. P. McElroy, Rapid City Lodge, No. 1187, First Vice-President; Casper G. Aaberg, Brookings Lodge, No. 1490, Second Vice-President; M. T. Woods, Sioux Falls Lodge, No. 262, Third Vice-President; Carl H. Nelles, Madison Lodge, No. 1442, Secretary; Edward A. Porter, Aberdeen Lodge, No. 1046, Treasurer; and V. Ford Zeitlow, Aberdeen Lodge, Trustee for five years. At the same session it was determined that the convention next year should be held in Brookings, in June. This year's gathering of South Dakota Elks found virtually every Lodge in the State represented. Among the features of the first day were the address of the retiring President, Mr. Nelles, to the delegates; and the presentation, by Aberdeen Lodge,

to the Association, of a golf trophy, to be competed for at the 1931 assemblage. In the afternoon there was a golf tournament, and in the evening the Aberdeen Lodge drill team, the bands of Madison and Huron Lodges, and the Sioux Falls Symphonic band performed. A dance in the ballroom of the Home of Sioux Falls Lodge, and boxing bouts at the coliseum entertained the visitors later in the evening. The second day was replete with event. Reports of committees, an address by George Crane, of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; and memorial services, conducted by Dwight E. Campbell, Justice of the State Supreme Court and of the Grand Forum, occupied the morning. During the early part of the afternoon the parade was held, the more than two hundred marching Elks and their officers, in automobiles, being accompanied in the procession by the Aberdeen Lodge Purple Guard Drill Team, the bands of Madison and Brookings Lodges, and by the Sioux Falls Municipal Band. Immediately after the termination of this parade through the principal streets of the city, an initiation by officers chosen by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. L. Doherty took place at the Home of Sioux Falls Lodge. While this was in progress, the Elks' ladies were guests at a matinee. A buffet luncheon late in the afternoon, and a dance at the Home in the evening concluded the festivities.

Kentucky

AT ITS annual convention, held recently in Ashland over a period of three successive days, the Kentucky State Elks Association entertained two distinguished guests. They were Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews and the Honorable Flem D. Sampson, Governor of Kentucky. Both made addresses on the opening night of the convention when, after an impressive street parade and initiation ceremonies, performed by the Degree Team of Ashland Lodge, No. 350, the public joined the delegates and other visiting members of the Order at a meeting in the high school gymnasium. Edwin N. Williams, retiring President of the Association, introduced Mr. Andrews, and Edgar B. Hager, Exalted Ruler of Ashland Lodge, Governor Sampson. Phil Millis, Exalted Ruler of Catlettsburg Lodge, No. 942, pronounced the Eleven O'Clock Toast. A feature of this gathering was the presentation by Governor Sampson to Mr. Andrews of the commission of Colonel on his staff. A vaudeville entertainment by professional performers and a reception later, followed the meeting. During the initiatory exercises, the Elks band, orchestra and quartet rendered musical selections. The election of officers was the chief official business of the convention session the next morning. The following were chosen: Henry C. Curtis, Lexington Lodge, No. 89, President; Paul M. Newhouse, Fulton Lodge, No. 1142, First Vice-President; K. D. Harper, Catlettsburg Lodge, Second Vice-President; Roger L. Neff, Jr., Newport Lodge, No. 273, Third Vice-President; Richard H. Slack, Owensboro Lodge, No. 144, Secretary-Treasurer; and Stuart L. Johnston, Paducah Lodge, No. 217; C. R. Levi, Ashland Lodge; and Leland O'Callaghan, Louisville Lodge, No. 8, Trustees. Diversion and entertainment provided for the visitors during the day included a sight-seeing trip through a part of the three States of Kentucky, Ohio and West Virginia; a gigantic barbecue at Central Park, attended by more than a thousand guests; and a street dance later in the evening. Festivities concluded the following evening with a farewell dance at El Hasa Temple.

(Continued on page 70)

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News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 69)

Washington

ON THE last day of the two-day convention of the Washington State Elks Association, held recently in Ballard, the hundreds of delegates from all sections of the State, their ladies and a host of visitors, witnessed the dedication and the laying of the cornerstone of the \$45,000 Elks Convalescent Home for Crippled Children to be erected near Fort Lawton. The impressive ceremonies were conducted by officers of the State Association and by prominent members of the Orthopedic Hospital Association. Addresses were made by retiring President Russell V. Mack, of the State Association; and by Past Exalted Ruler A. W. Swanson of Everett Lodge, No. 479, who presided over the exercises. In his speech Mr. Swanson said that the Association had adopted, at its business sessions held the day before, extensive social and community welfare plans for the coming year. These included the help of crippled children, the entertainment of shut-ins, with the first week of November designated as "Shut-in-Week"; and an important Americanization program. On the day preceding the cornerstone ceremonies the delegates to the convention elected the following officers to head the Association for the new term: President, Emmett T. Anderson, Tacoma Lodge, No. 174; First Vice-President, John C. Slater, Seattle Lodge, No. 92; Second Vice-President, A. W. Tenney, Ballard Lodge, No. 827; Third Vice-President, Elmer J. Nelson, Wenatchee Lodge, No. 1186; Secretary, Victor Zednick, Seattle Lodge; Treasurer, Richard A. Anderson, Port Angeles Lodge, No. 353; Sergeant-at-Arms, A. L. Remlinger, Aberdeen Lodge, No. 593; Chaplain, Rev. T. A. Hilton, Seattle Lodge. Included in the round of entertainment were a golf tourney, luncheons, sight-seeing trips for visiting ladies, banquets, massed band concerts and drills, and a smoker.

Idaho

EMPHASIS upon ritualistic work featured the ninth annual convention of the Idaho State Elks Association, held recently at Pocatello, under the auspices of the Lodge there, No. 674. This was manifested by the occurrence, during the period of the assembly of the delegates, of the first inter-State ritualistic contest; and by the adoption, to further excellence in the performance of ceremonial, of a resolution dividing the State into two ritualistic districts. In the inter-State contest, the Degree Team of Caldwell, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1448, defeated that of Logan, Utah, Lodge, No. 1453, by a small margin. Of especial note among the incidents of the business sessions of the convention were the vote in favor of the Association's subscription to the Elks National Foundation and the report of the Secretary-Treasurer upon the Association's scholarship loan fund. The report disclosed that twenty-seven loans already had been made to worthy students and that of these six have been repaid. The fund is one of about \$2,000, and was established two years ago. Enthusiasm at the convention, presided over by President P. G. Flack, was stimulated by addresses by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. L. Crews; Dean R. Daynes, Exalted Ruler of Salt Lake City Lodge, No. 85; and B. P. Spry, of the same Lodge, and Secretary of the Utah State Elks Association; and by the reception of telegrams of felicitation from Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, Grand Chaplain John Dysart, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. J. Botinelli, of Idaho, North. Officers elected for the coming year and installed by Grand Tiler R. W. Jones, were the following: President, M. H. Eustace, Caldwell Lodge; First Vice-President, William C. Rullman, Wallace Lodge, No. 331; Second Vice-President, J. A. Stewart, Blackfoot Lodge, No. 1416; Third Vice-President, D. L. Rhodes, Nampa Lodge, No. 1389; Fourth Vice-President, Ben E. Kelly, Lewiston Lodge, No. 896; Fifth Vice-President, Harry J. Benoit, Twin Falls Lodge, No. 1183; and Secretary-Treasurer, Harry J. Fox, Pocatello Lodge. In addition to the ritualistic contest, there was held one for drill teams. This was won by the representatives of Boise Lodge, No.

310, with those of Caldwell Lodge second. In the series of sports tournaments, Pocatello Lodge carried away all honors, gaining the tennis and trap shoot trophies, and winning the prizes for both foursomes and individual play in golf. Social events which proved unusually enjoyable were the banquet for ladies at the Bannock Hotel, and a subsequent theatre party for them; and the Elks Ball, held still later, at the Dance Gardens.

Connecticut

AT THE first convention since its formation in January of this year, the Connecticut State Elks Association, with 175 delegates representing twenty-one Lodges, met recently in Hartford to elect the officers for 1930-31. In the majority of cases, the officers chosen were those named for temporary service earlier in the year. They were Martin J. Cunningham, Danbury Lodge, No. 120, President; Roy R. Powers, Hartford Lodge, No. 19, First Vice-President; John P. Pickett, Middletown Lodge, No. 771, Second Vice-President; William A. Gleeson, Torrington Lodge, No. 372, Secretary; Joseph C. Ivers, Bridgeport Lodge, No. 36, Treasurer; and William S. Murray, Norwich Lodge, No. 430; William Riether, Waterbury Lodge, No. 265; William H. Flood, New Haven Lodge, No. 25; Vincent R. Kilboy, Greenwich Lodge, No. 1150; and Raymond E. Gilyard, Ansonia Lodge, No. 1269, Trustees. At the banquet which followed the business sessions and which brought the convention to a close, speeches were made by the several distinguished visitors present. These included Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley; D. Curtis Gano, member of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge; George W. Denton, member of the Ritualistic Committee of the Grand Lodge; William T. Phillips, Past President of the New York State Elks Association; and Mayor Baterson of Hartford, Conn.

Utah

AT THE two-day convention of the Utah State Elks Association, held recently at the Home of Logan Lodge, No. 1453, M. Howard Graham, Provo Lodge, No. 849, was elected President. Other officers named by the Association were the following: First Vice-President, A. L. George, Eureka, "Tintic," Lodge, No. 711; Second Vice-President, Paul V. Kelly, Salt Lake City Lodge, No. 85; Third Vice-President, Frank W. Matthew, Ogden Lodge, No. 719. B. P. Spry, of Salt Lake City Lodge, was re-elected Secretary, and J. Edwin Stein was chosen again as Treasurer. The first session of the convention began on Friday morning with Exalted Ruler A. A. Firmage, of Logan Lodge, presiding. The High School Band of Logan, the official musical organization of the convention, played during the opening ceremonies. Mayor A. G. Lundstrom then delivered an address of welcome to the delegates and the other visitors. He was thanked by W. F. Jensen, the retiring President of the Association, in a cordial response. Among the several speeches which followed, the principal one was made by James De Vine of Salt Lake City Lodge, a former Warden of the Utah State Penitentiary. Later in the day, the ritualistic team of Logan Lodge performed before the members of the Association. On the second day, Saturday, the meeting was called to order in the morning, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. At this session addresses were made by Grand Tiler R. W. Jones, who was a guest at the convention that day; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Rowe. Among the several resolutions adopted during this session was one endorsing the plan to erect a monument to Charles A. S. Vivian, the founder of the Order of Elks, in Vivian Park, at Provo, where at one time he is supposed to have lived. The Association also voted to support the construction of a tuberculosis sanitarium for Elks in Arizona; and to cooperate with other fraternal organizations of Utah in rehabilitation work among crippled children. While the delegates were in session, members of Logan Lodge provided entertainment for the other visitors. On Friday, a sight-seeing tour into Logan Canyon was enjoyed

by the ladies and several groups of Antlers who accompanied the delegates to the convention. That evening an athletic show was given for all, followed by a grand ball at the Palais d'Or. On Saturday afternoon, after the last business meeting, a colorful parade, formed by members of the Order, city and county officials and many bands, marched through the city.

Minnesota

MEETING recently at the Home of Bemidji Lodge, No. 1052, the Minnesota State Elks Association, at its twenty-sixth annual convention, voted approval of the hospital work that has been carried on in behalf of incapacitated members of the Order and voiced encouragement of an expansion of activities for treatment and education for self-support among the crippled children of the State. Delegates to the convention furthermore showed favor toward the project of instituting a publicity committee in each member Lodge in order to bring promptly to the knowledge of the public the enterprises of communal benefit in which the Lodges engage. The report of the success of the hospital activities in Rochester proved of especial interest. This, submitted by the Rochester Welfare Committee, disclosed that among the Elks present in that city for treatment were representatives of Lodges in forty-one States. More than eight hundred Elks have received attention and care. Over thirty-three hundred visits have been made in the last year, and 317 Lodges notified of the presence of members in Rochester. In commenting upon the report, Charles F. Englin, retiring President of the Association, commended highly Roy Shadduck, who has been in charge of the hospitalization work in Rochester, and to this tribute the delegates added their own, in the form of a tremendous burst of applause. The reading of reports, of which Mr. Shadduck's was one, took place at the first business session, held on the afternoon of the opening of the convention. Other accomplishments of this meeting included the election of officers for the coming year. The following were chosen: President, B. J. Branton, Willmar Lodge, No. 952; First Vice-President, O. M. Thurber, Owatonna Lodge, No. 1395; Second Vice-President, A. K. Cohen, Brainerd Lodge, No. 615; Third Vice-President, Thayer C. Bailey, Bemidji Lodge; Secretary, Lannie C. Horne, Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44; Treasurer, William M. Ericson, Red Wing Lodge, No. 845; and Trustee for three years, John S. Siverts, Hibbing Lodge, No. 1022. In the course of the session a telegram of congratulation from Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews was read. Early in the evening of this day a banquet for the Grand Lodge officers present, among whom were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; for the officials of the Association, Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the Lodges representing and the Past Exalted Rulers and present officers of Bemidji Lodge, was held at the Birchmont Hotel. After this those present at the affair joined other Elks at the Home of Bemidji Lodge, where the Degree Team of Thief River Falls Lodge, No. 1308, initiated a class of candidates. There followed speeches by Mr. Masters and Mr. Barrett, both of which were received with enthusiasm. While the delegates were in assembly during the afternoon and while they and other members of the Order were gathered together in the evening to witness the ritualistic ceremonies, entertainment was provided for the ladies and other guests who accompanied Elks to the convention. There was arranged for the ladies, in the afternoon, an automobile and boat tour of the Itasca State Park; and for them and other visitors a concert was given in the evening at Library Park by the band of Bemidji Lodge. The following morning a golf tournament, at the Bemidji Country Club; and a trap shoot, at the Izaak Walton League Gun Club grounds, took place. Early in the evening came the grand parade of the convention, with Grand Lodge, State Association, Lodge and city officials, and delegations of the visiting Lodges in line. Musical organizations which took part in the procession were the Bemidji Elks Band, the Boys Band, the Willmar Lodge Drum and Bugle Corps, the Hibbing American Legion

(Continued on page 72)

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News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 70)

Drum and Bugle Corps, the Hibbing Boy Scouts Drum and Bugle Corps and the G. A. R. Drum and Fife Corps. Represented also were the Bemidji Boy Scouts, the American Legion and Auxiliary, and the Police and Fire Departments of Bemidji. A dance at the Birchmont Hotel was held later. The final event of festivity, a fish fry at Ponemah Point, was given at noon the next day.

Tennessee

DELEGATES from Lodges in the State, meeting in conference recently, formed a temporary organization of the Tennessee State

Elks Association, and elected Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. Z. Turpin, of Columbia Lodge, No. 686, President. The conference was called at the suggestion of Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations. Representatives of the Lodges are planning to assemble later, probably in September, for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization.

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.
Colorado—at Trinidad, August 28, 29, 30.
Illinois—at Chicago, August 7, 8, 9.
Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia—at Ocean City, September 4, 5, 6.
Montana, at Virginia City, August 14, 15, 16.
Nevada, at Tonopah, September 12, 13.
Ohio—at Cedar Point, August 25, 26, 27, 28, 29.
Oklahoma—at Sapulpa, September 1, 2.
Oregon—at Portland, August 11, 12, 13.
Pennsylvania—at Reading, August 25.
Virginia—at Hampton, August 14, 15, 16.
Wisconsin—at Racine, August 14, 15, 16.

East Is West

(Continued from page 14)

champion, Eddie Tolan of Michigan, he was racing over a soft surface. It so happens that Williams is a strider and does not dig into a track. He can run just about as well over soft ground as hard, barely leaving more than spike marks. American sprinters, on the other hand, are drivers, who dig into the track, but find themselves completely lost when running on the kind of surface to which Williams has been accustomed. It is my personal belief that though the little Canadian may again win when he races the sprinters of the British Empire, at Hamilton, he will lose to our American sprint aces on a hard-surface track in this country.

NEVER in the history of American sprinting have we possessed as many fleet-footed sons of Mercury. Heading the list is Frankie Wykoff, the University of Southern California sophomore, who recently ran the 100 yards without starting blocks, in 9-2/5 seconds, the fastest official time ever made. For many years, track followers have claimed that 9-3/5 seconds represented the ultimate of human speed and endurance. It was even said that no man's legs could stand up under the strain of such driving power as would be necessary for faster time. Strangely enough, Wykoff ran this race at a period in his career when many of his admirers thought that he was about through. Two years ago in the Final Olympic Tryouts at Boston, he raced the 100 meters four times in one afternoon in 10-3/5 seconds, which equaled the Olympic record. This achievement is unparalleled in sprinting, and indicated the possibility of 9-2/5 seconds. After that, however, Wykoff lost much of his speed and form. Critics believed that he was burned out. His defeat at the hands of Hector Dyer of Stanford University early this season in California, seemed proof of that contention. But Wykoff had gotten away to a miserable start that day and laboring under this handicap, he tied himself up so completely that he never was able to break into his regular form. Wykoff, right, should beat them all in our national championships which come the same day as the British Empire meet, and then he should win over Williams, Miller, London and the rest, in the International Games.

There are some other American sprinters, however, who may have something to say about all this. George Simpson of Ohio State, holder of the world's record for the 100 yards with starting blocks, at 9-1/2 sec., has been running in splendid form throughout the Spring, while a sturdy young Texan named Cy Leland has not only beaten the Dixie Flyer, Claude Bracey, but Tolan as well. Leland, aided by a wind at the Kansas relays, was timed in 9-2/5 sec. himself, and, though inexperienced, he does possess a great fighting heart, and is strong enough to stand up under a series of heats. Like Tolan, he is also a hot weather runner, and the meet in August should be just to his liking.

The date of both our national championships and the following International meet, is liable to prove a severe handicap to American hopes. The major percentage of our track and field teams to-day is made up of Western stars who are accustomed to an earlier season than East-

erners. The Intercollegiate championships the last Friday and Saturday in May, mark the top of the Pacific Coast track year and it is hard for the boys to retain their form even until the first week in July, when our National Championships are generally held. This time, however, because of the British Empire meet, the date of our own championships was switched to August 16th, which means that a majority of the Westerners will not even attempt to stay in training for these games. Instead of sending teams of thirty or forty men, the Los Angeles Athletic Club and the Olympic Club of San Francisco will only have, according to present plans, some twenty athletes between them.

This means that our field-event strength will be cut down and that we shall have few track athletes wearing the colors of the West against the stars of the British Empire.

Our strength in the sprints and in the hurdles with such men as Steve Anderson, Charles Kaster, Jeddy Welsh, Sentman of Illinois, Pogolotti of California, Allott of Denver, and Taylor of Chicago, should be great enough to offset the brilliant Britishers. We are certain to find ourselves lamentably weak in the half mile, with only Bill Gemung of Washington and Sam Martin as outstanding representatives. Leo Lermond, Rufus Kaiser, and Ray Conger will have to do the best they can in the mile, while our distance runners are hardly in a class with some of the stars who will represent the British Empire.

We do make up for this weakness, however, in the field events, with such great champions as Tom Warne of Northwestern and Fred Sturdy of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, in the pole vault; Bob Van Osdel of Southern California University in the high jump; Hamm of Arkansas and Gordon of Iowa in the broad jump; Eric Krenz of Stanford in the discus; Jim DeMers of the Los Angeles A. C. in the javelin and those two shot-putters of the West, Rothert and Brix.

TRACK and field followers sometimes consider the shot-put as an event devoid of thrills. The present duel between Harlow Rothert of Stanford University and Herman Brix of the Los Angeles Athletic Club has brought color into this form of competition. Brix, at the present moment, has a world's record up for consideration of 52 ft. 4 inches, and an unofficial mark of almost 53 feet. Rothert has thrown the sixteen-pound iron ball 52 ft. 2 inches this season, and he has also beaten Brix each time they have clashed in 1930. The friendly feud between these two stalwart giants goes back a lot farther than this year.

Ralph Rose, a three-hundred-pound behemoth of Michigan University, established the world's record of 51 feet in this event in 1908, and the critics at that time said the mark would stand until another man as big and as fast as Rose should come along. Twenty years passed, and that record still stood. But a few weeks before the Olympic Games of 1928, out of Germany came a man named Hirschfeld, almost as big as Rose had been. The Germans believed that Hirschfeld would not only win the Olympic

championship, but would break the record that Rose had set so long before.

Some twenty thousand Germans came across the Netherlands, down to Amsterdam, to watch their champion put the shot, and it so happened that this was the first event on the program, and the first man to step into the ring was Hirschfeld. A hush settled over the stadium as the big German prepared to throw. Suddenly, twenty thousand German voices were raised in one great yell that echoed and re-echoed throughout the arena. None of us could miss the thrill of that moment, and how much more must Hirschfeld have sensed it, as he stood there in that ring and realized that it was up to him to win for his country. He seemed to get every bit of strength and power that he possessed into his first effort, and on his initial attempt the shot went sailing out 51 ft. 6 inches to break a record which had stood for twenty years.

IN THE other ring, Herman Brix, then of Washington University, took his place. He looked almost like a midget beside the giant Hirschfeld, even though he weighed well over two hundred pounds himself. As he prepared for his first throw, possibly a thousand Americans gave him a yell, and he, too, seemed to sense that it was up to him to win back what Germany had just gained and, though he had seldom surpassed fifty feet in previous competition, he, too, seemed to get every bit of strength, of gameness and of courage that he possessed into his throw, and the shot went out 51 ft. 8 inches to break the world's record that Hirschfeld had just established.

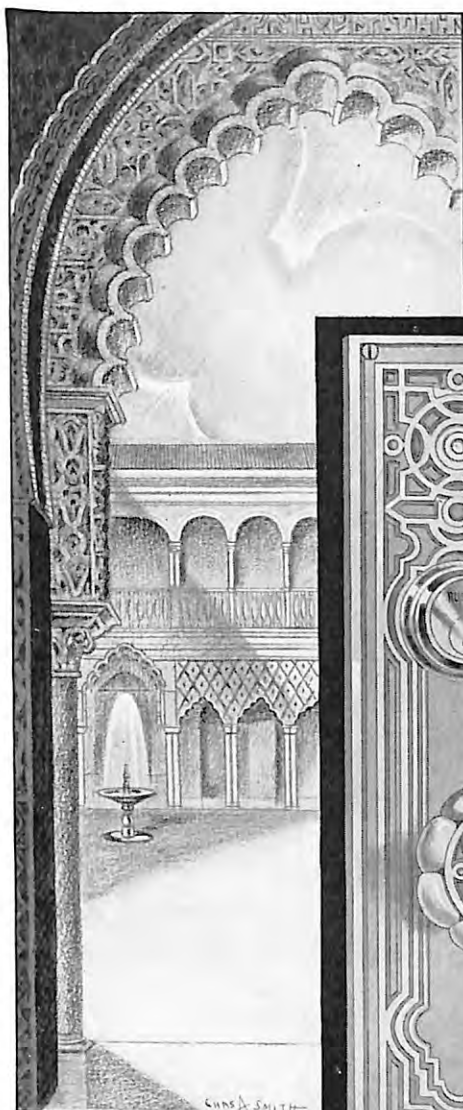
That was a thrill! The later Olympic victory of John Kuck served only as an anti-climax, even though the stalwart Kansan put the shot 52 ft. 3/4 of an inch for a new world's record. It was Kuck's last great throw, while Brix had just found himself.

Another youngster had been eliminated that day. His name was Harlow Rothert and it was his first big year of shot-putting. He had been the sensation of the American college season, improving in every meet, but he had his bad day at Amsterdam. The following year he again lost to Brix in the American Championships.

But now Rothert has come into his own, and seems on the verge of reaching 53 feet, if he gets right. Herman Brix is in the same position.

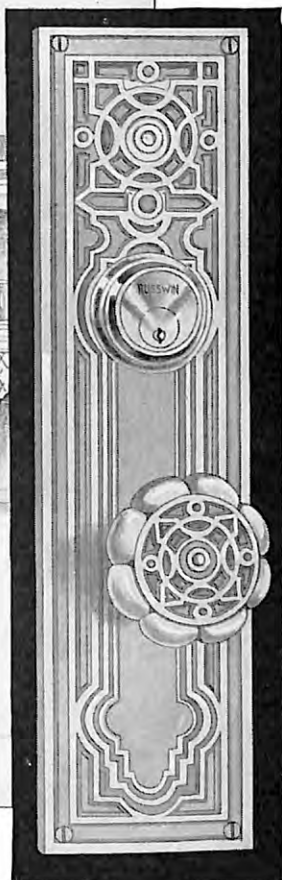
Our National Championships, or the International meet which follows, may find either one of them as the new world's record-holder. In any event, they are the most likely athletes to furnish the real thrill of the field events this summer.

Even with this array of stars, it is not at all certain that we shall be returned the winner of the greatest dual meet ever held between the English-speaking peoples of the world. A defeat, however, would not be disastrous, for it would doubtless stimulate interest not only throughout the British Empire, but in other foreign countries as well for the 1932 Olympic Games, and would prove that America was not invincible. Incidentally, such a defeat would do a great deal towards spurring us on to the development of new material and a greater team than this country has ever known.



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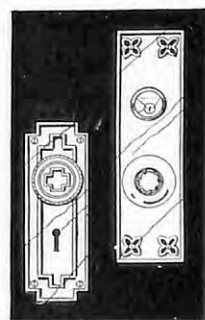
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