The Elks Magazine

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NOVEMBER, 1930

In This Issue:
Stories and Articles by well-known Authors on Business, Sport and Adventure

"My Ship O'Dreams" Pass Case
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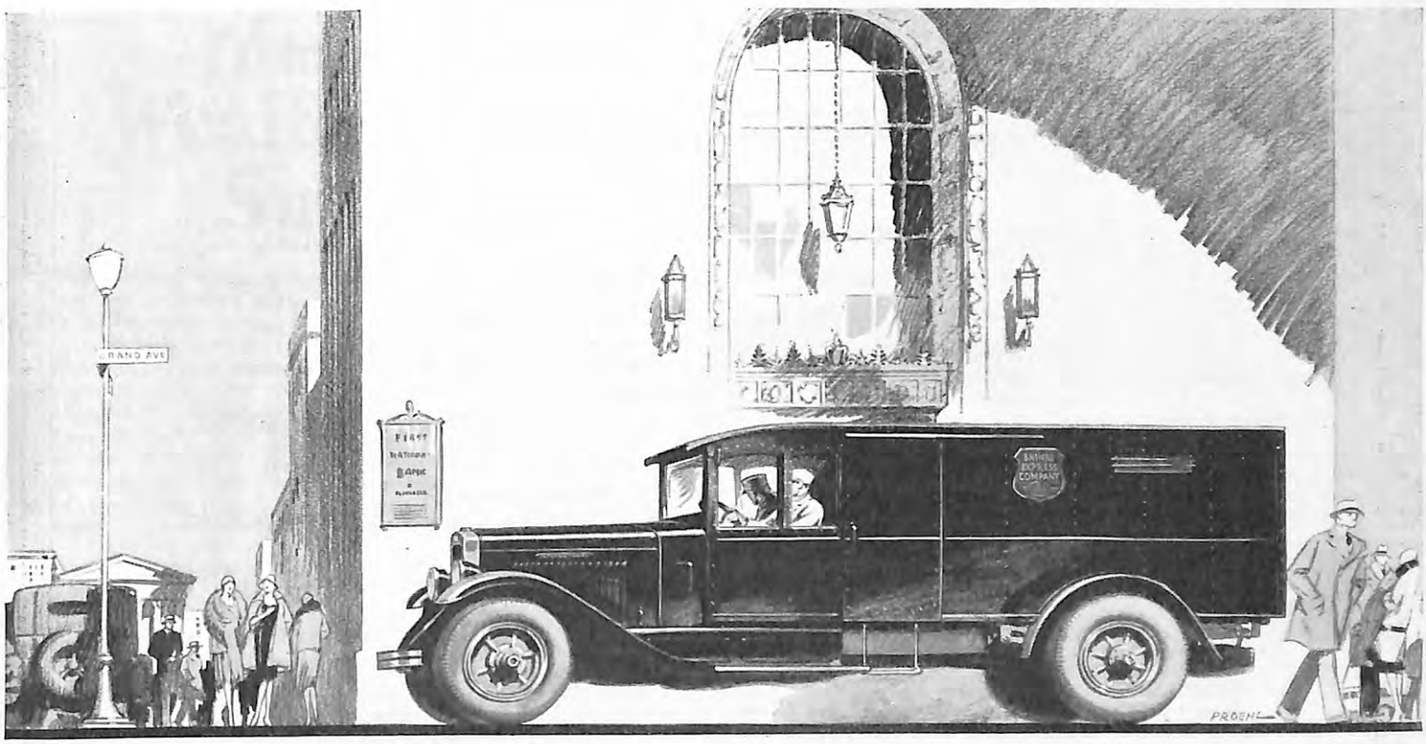

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For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Henry A. Guenther, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, Newark, N. J., No. 21, 300 Clifton Ave.

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The title of the revolutionary book, which brings you the results of these findings, is the key to what it contains. It is called *Strategy in Handling People* because it has been found that invariably the man who achieves success learns or knows naturally how to get along with people, how to deal with them, how to influence them. Never before has the true significance of the ability to handle people, for those who expect to achieve success, been brought to light.

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Office of the

Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Allentown, Pa.,
October 10, 1930

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

My Brothers:—

Our Membership

Our Order has attained its position of strength and esteem in America, not only because of its personnel but also because of its large membership.

Big things can be done in a big way by an organization which has numbers behind it. It is very important, therefore, to keep up our membership.

The fall and winter months are close at hand. The time has come to lay out a program for these months.

First, an especial effort should be made to induce members of subordinate Lodges to pay their dues promptly. The Secretaries, in some cases, might do well to call upon friends of any members who may be slow in the payment of dues to interview them and urge them to discharge their obligations promptly.

Second, the Lapsation Committee should be active in efforts to restore the membership of such as have been suspended or dropped heretofore for non-payment of dues, and to assist the Secretary in the collection of the dues of members who are slow in payment.

Third, a careful survey should be made to bring into the Order the many fine men who are not yet members.

Have an honorary class or classes, and go among your business and professional men, with the message that Elkdom is a privilege to be shared with friends, that it is a real kingdom of hearts, that it is a fine fraternity of good fellows.

With the power of greater numbers behind us, all that we have accomplished in the past will be surpassed by the achievements of the future.

Lodge Activities

A Frenchman once said: "Nothing is given so profusely as advice." One might add that nothing is so hard to take. But it is the experience of successful Lodges that definite programs for a season are tremendously important.

Now is the time to think of inter-Lodge visitations, of bowling contests, of card parties and dances for the ladies, of ritualistic contests, of anniversary banquets and the many other activities that make membership in a subordinate Lodge interesting and worth while.

Armistice Day

On November 11th, Armistice Day will be celebrated throughout the land. The part our Order played in the great war is a thrilling chapter in our history. On Armistice Day, our Fraternity will reverently join with the Nation in remembering the great deeds and fine achievements of our soldiers and sailors on land and sea and in the air, who assisted in bringing the war to a conclusion. We have inscribed the names of our heroic dead on our memorial tablets, and we have enshrined their memory in our hearts.

Thanksgiving Day

The Pilgrims, in 1621, in Massachusetts, celebrated the first Thanksgiving after the first harvest. The custom has grown, and now Thanksgiving Day is a national holiday. Many Elk Lodges take the occasion on Thanksgiving Day for the manifestation of their devotion to the principle of Charity. They go, quite unostentatiously, with well filled baskets into the homes of the poor, and help to feed the hungry mouths of those in need. "The poor always ye have with you." It is unnecessary to sermonize in addressing real Elks; it is sufficient to suggest opportunities for the practice of the principles of our benevolent Fraternity.

Memorial Day

On the first Sunday of December we celebrate Memorial Day. What a tender and touching sentiment we emphasize on each recurring Memorial Day! We recall the names of those who have travelled into the valley of the shadow. We extend our sympathies to their relatives and friends. Let us prepare this year, in ample time, to make this solemn service so dignified and so beautiful as to impress upon the community that we are not simply performing a customary ritual, but that we are expressing a sentiment of loving recollection that has its roots deep in our hearts. Soon we shall pass that way, and as we memorialize those whose names we have written on the tablets of our love and memory, so may we be memorialized sooner or later, when for us the silver chord is loosed and the golden bowl is broken.

I would like the Secretaries to read this letter in the Lodges, and I close with the most affectionate fraternal greetings.

Sincerely,

Lawrence H. Rupp.

Grand Exalted Ruler.

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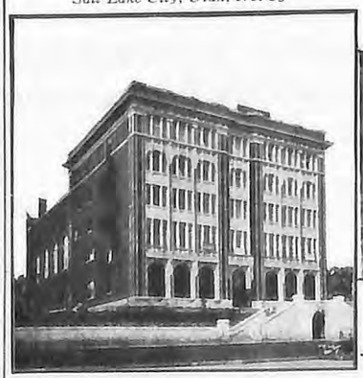

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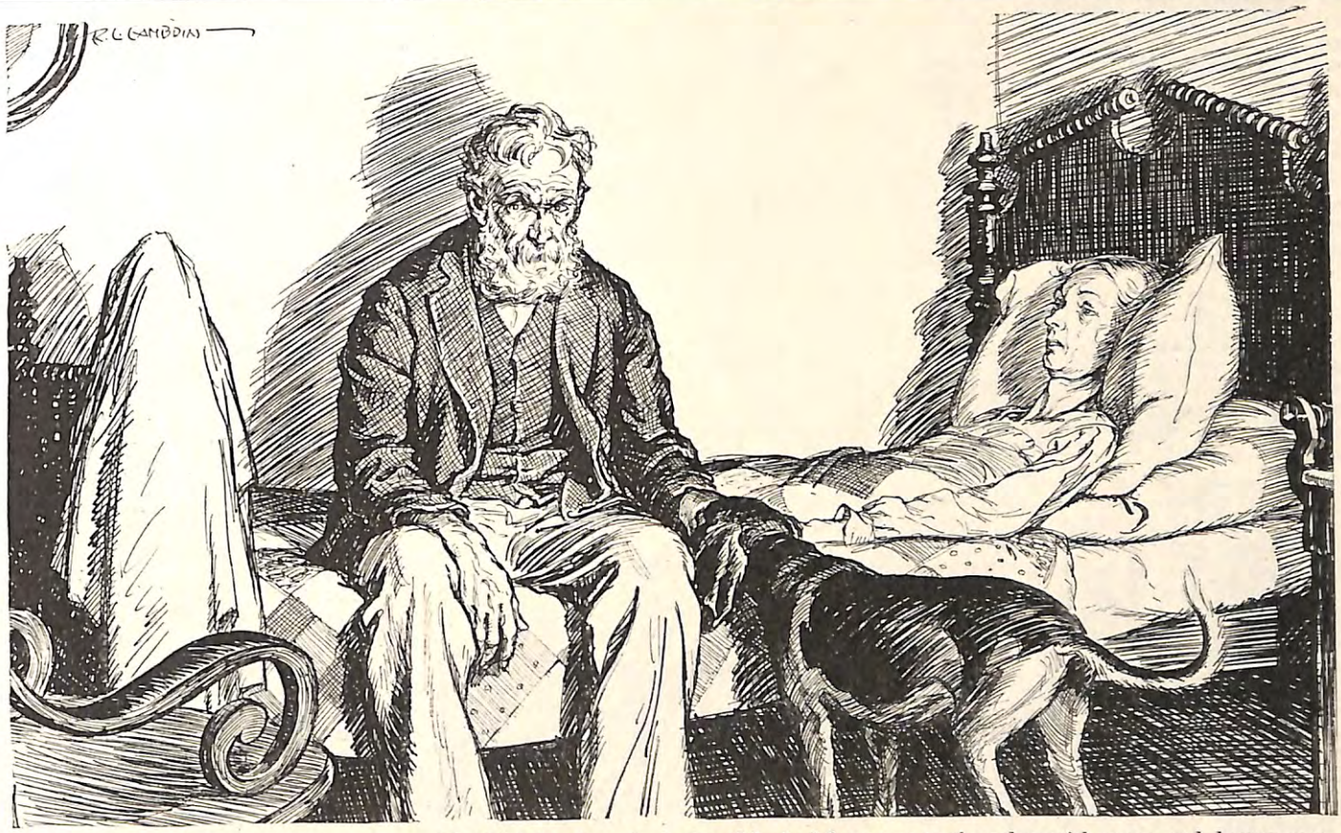


Drum, hearing his name spoken, came and laid his head on the bed and looked from one to the other with great, sad, brown eyes

Cold Trail

By Quintan Wood

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

A RING of yellow lantern light danced about Chinchilla Somers as he descended the creek bank. Leafless branches were inky etchings against the November night sky and Timbercreek, flowing toward the Missouri, shone like a stream of molten silver. The frost-stiffened mud crunched under Chinchilla's boots and the old man's curly gray whiskers (the ragged growth that had won him the nickname of Chinchilla) blew awry as he hurried. There was game ahead. The hounds were bawling from the hollow. Their voices mingled in a clamorous chorus and above the others thunderous, urgent, came the baying of old Drum.

"Oooooo-ooo-oon, cooo-oo-oon, coooo-oooon."

"Hiiiii-yup there Drum!" Chinchilla exhorted. "Talk to 'im, dog," and he broke into a stumbling run.

"Awroooooo-ooooo, aroooooo-eeeee," Drum answered and the young hounds chimed in lustily.

It always gave Chinchilla a thrill to hear Drum's tree cry on a fall night like this. It confirmed the presence of raccoon at the end of the trail. The young dogs might outfoot Drum. They were good hounds. Fast trailers and excellent rustlers. Any hunter ought to be proud to own one. But somehow Chinchilla always listened for the booming call of the old pack sire.

The old man paused at the bank edge and the clamor quieted for a moment. In that interval faint and far away he heard the tonguing of other hounds. Unconsciously Chinchilla's hands knotted in anger and he nodded to himself. That was Van Horn's pack. The fellow was hunting in his territory again.

There was bad blood between Chinchilla and Van Horn. A long standing dislike over the placing of a pasture fence had been fanned to hatred when the wealthy sportsman, purchasing a pack of coon hounds, had deliberately intruded upon Chinchilla's long-established business.

Chinchilla depended for his living upon the sale of coon dogs. Farming his little ten-acre tract and hunting helped. But it was the money from the hounds upon which he and his wife existed. And this fall he was desperately in need of money. Tilda wasn't well. The doctor said that she had to have an operation. It would take one thousand dollars.

By mortgaging the tiny farm Chinchilla had raised five hundred of the necessary money. He had expected to get the rest selling coon hounds. But Van Horn, invading the field, was talking down the old man's dogs; claiming his thoroughbred stock was better.

Already several prospective customers were wavering. And there were only so many good hounds wanted each fall. This talk of thoroughbred stock was propaganda Chinchilla didn't know how to combat. Pedigrees and registered bloodlines confused him, and the need for a market for his hounds made him desperate.

Heretofore, Chinchilla and his wife had been mighty happy. After their own fashion, they had lived well. Roast possum, young coon and plenty of rabbit meat in the fall and winter. Delicacies like mushrooms from the timber in the spring, and garden truck saw them through the summer. But for ready cash Chinchilla always had depended upon his hounds. Trained for coon hunting, the best offspring of Drum brought one hundred dollars apiece. There was a steady market for them. Or there had been, until Van Horn butted in.

Chinchilla shook his head in bewilderment. Pedigrees? A coon hound either hunted or he didn't. If his parents were good dogs and a pup had a nose, properly trained, he showed the stuff that was in him. The old man prided himself on selling only the best.

WORRY clouded the dim old eyes and his tall figure stooped wearily as he mounted the far bank and climbed to the ridge. Below, the hounds clustered in a dark, moving mass about the base of a big elm. Pups leaped and yipped. Bell, Bugle and Toss were howling and circling restlessly. But squarely beneath a branching limb, Drum, nose elevated, squatted.

"Berooooo-oooo, berrooooooo-eee," he bawled, oblivious to his surroundings. "Come and get him. Here's your coon. Here's the chicken thief I followed."

Had he spoken, Chinchilla felt that he couldn't understand any more plainly.

Drum wasn't much to look at. Old age had slowed him. His deeply furrowed skull and long, pendulous ears gave him a ludicrous appearance, and his black coat was sprinkled with graying hairs. But Chinchilla loved that hound. For more than a decade Drum had been his chief aid in wresting a living from the timber-covered bluff country bordering the Missouri River. He seemed like a member of the family. Trained by Chinchilla, and with the best blood that the old man knew in his veins, Drum was coon dog from nose to tail tip. There wasn't a hound in the State that ever had been able to beat him. Few compared with the pups he sired.

NOW Chinchilla stepped forward and swung his lantern. Its rays shined the eyes of a raccoon on a limb above. The ravine-split, timber-grown hill farms were overrun with these ring-tails. If it hadn't been for the sport of coon hunting for which men came from miles around, raccoons would have been a real nuisance to the farmers.

For several minutes Chinchilla studied his quarry's position. Finally he set down his lantern and raised his small-bore rifle. But a clamor from the creek-bed caused him to hold his fire. Then a big white-and-blue-spotted hound dog burst into the lantern light. More crashing and splashing, and others, sleek, beautifully marked creatures, galloped up. They added their thunder to the augmented cries of the old man's pack.

Lights flashed now on the hill, and Chinchilla heard the murmur of many voices. Several men plunged down the slope, shouting and waving lanterns as they ran.

"Hello, here!" one of them called as he topped the ridge. "Say—Van, I told you there was some one ahead of us. Here's some strange hounds and another hunter."

The man addressed as Van, a big, florid-faced man, plunged past the others, swearing volubly, and his flashlight illuminated Chinchilla's ragged figure.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he exploded. "Say—Whiskers, how the devil did you cut in ahead of us?"

Chinchilla clawed at his beard, and stuttered. Among the new arrivals he recognized four of his regular customers. Men who came to this section each fall to purchase coon hounds. They paid high prices, and he always saved a hound for each. Evidently Van Horn had gotten in touch with them; was showing off his dogs, and now he was seeking to make this chance crossing of trails appear as a deliberate interference. Anger stiffened the old man's tongue, but as the others scanned him suspiciously he suddenly found his voice.

"Van Horn, you know durn well I never cut no trail of yourn intentional," he declared. "Drum started that 'ere coon over on Mill Crick. We been treed here nigh onto five minutes before I even heered you comin'. My dogs don't have to cut another feller's coon trail to git coon."

More men stamped up, their lanterns augmenting the light here, and they stared at the black hounds mingling with Van Horn's spotted dogs.

"That old whiskered guy is Chinchilla Somers," he overheard one say. "Raises coon dogs, too. The old black hound over there is their sire. Said to be good dogs—but I dun'no. Don't look much class, do they?"

He stepped forward and ran a hand along Drum's back, and studied his head.

"What breed is your hound?" he inquired, studying the wrinkled head and tremendous ears.

"Redbone with a streak o' bloodhound," Chinchilla answered—then, proudly, "He's my pack sire and——"

"And not worth the powder to blow him up," finished Van Horn loudly.

He was plainly incensed by the old man's presence and how he turned to those clustering about the hound.

"You know how it is, boys," he said. "Cross a good hunting strain, redbone or any other, with bloodhound and you get dumb dogs and cold trailers. Dogs that'll follow old trails. Saay—with one of those critters you're liable to spend most of the season chasing last year's coons."

A laugh greeted this sally, and as one of the men tossed some dead branches on a fire which had been kindled, the blaze leaped up brightly, illuminating the men. Beneath his ragged beard Chinchilla's face turned a dull red. He stuttered incoherently.

"You ought to cut out this mongrel breed, old man," Van Horn admonished patronizingly. "Get thoroughbreds—like mine. In the long run it's always the pedigreed dog that wins."

"Thoroughbreds!" Chinchilla spat the word. The insult! Calling his hounds mongrels. Why, when you simmered it down, all dogs were mongrels. "Pedigree?" he inquired. "Huh! Don't the best dog ginerally git the coon? I thought it was pufformance a feller wanted in a coon hound—not pedigree."

At this there was a suppressed chuckle, and Van Horn's eyes narrowed. He gestured angrily.

"Why—you old fool, do you think for a minute that your curs compare to my dogs?" he asked.

"Well, they git the coons," Chinchilla replied stubbornly. "And that's what a coon dog's fer."

Van Horn shrugged derisively, but seeing that several of the hunters nodded in approval of this statement, he faced about.

"Listen, boys," he said. "Unfortunately, this meeting has started a controversy. It involves us all. The old man and I raise coon dogs for sale. Most of you are here to buy, and there seems to be some question in your minds as to the merits of the hounds we sell." His words, smooth and oily at first, were clipped and cutting. "Now, if the old man thinks his dogs are so good, I'll make him a proposition that'll give you all a line on both breeds."

He paused and glanced impressively about the circle.

"Five hundred dollars says that the pick of my kennels—my three best—can beat any dogs he puts in the field."

FOR a second there was silence. Then a shout rent the air. This appealed to the men's sporting instinct. Such a contest would decide definitely who bred the best hounds. The hunters discussed the challenge excitedly. Only Chinchilla remained silent. Tight lipped, he stared about like a trapped animal.

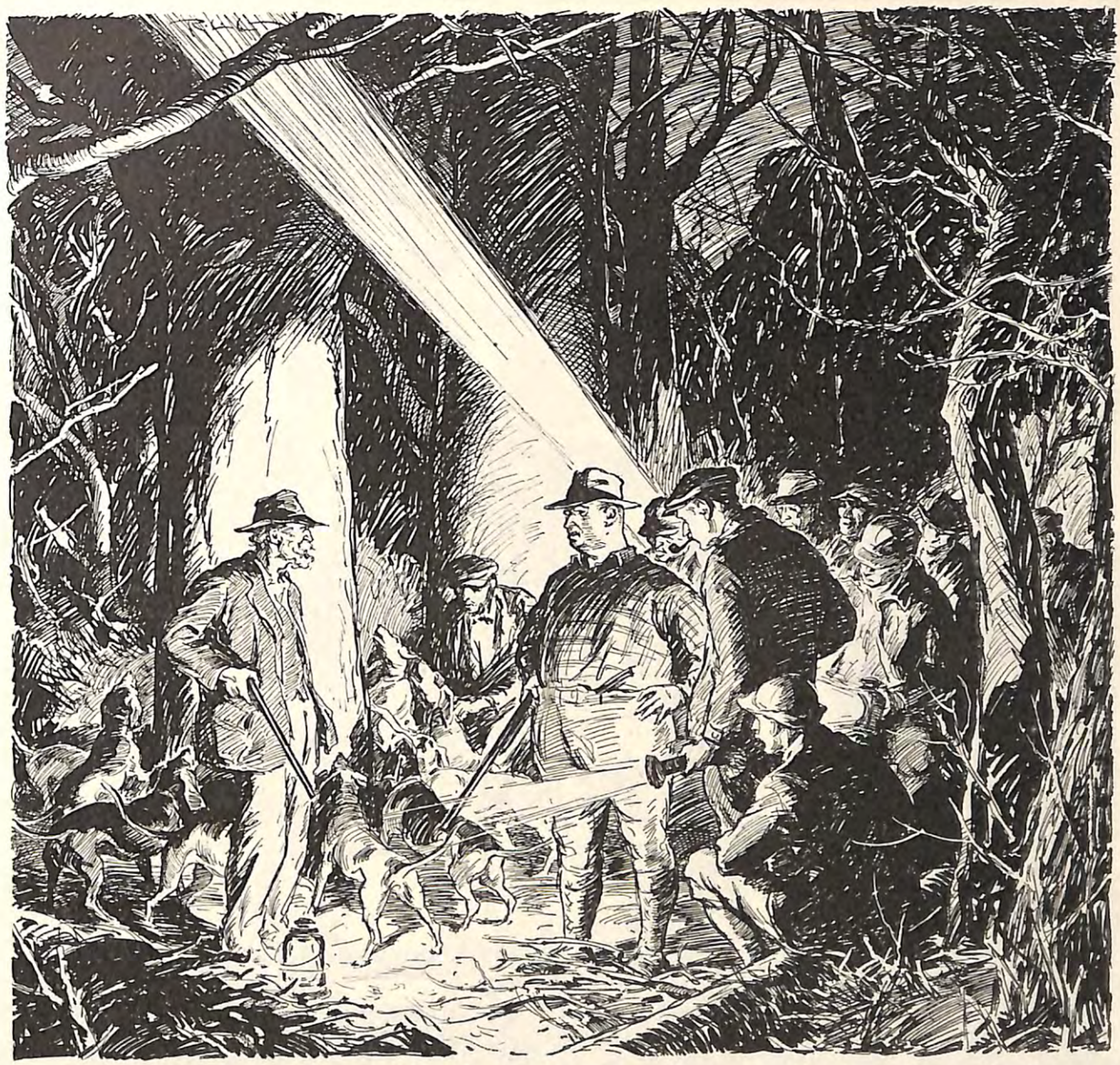
"Well, old man, either put-up or shut-up," jeered Van Horn. "You did some talking. Here's the customers. Of course—if you're afraid to back your dogs——"

Chinchilla was beside him as he turned.

"I'll—I'll back my hounds again yourn any day you say," he spluttered. Then sudden caution at the enormity of the risk he was taking gripped him. So he added weakly, "But—but Clem Brown, he'll have to be jedge if I run."

"Clem suits me," Van Horn replied quickly. "Shake."

A moment later a roughly dressed man, somewhat abashed, was shoved forward. Clem Brown was well known to all. An expert hunter, he was an honest man and ideally suited for the position to which he had been chosen. Almost before Chinchilla realized what had happened, an agreement covering the match hunt was reached. Each man might enter up to three hounds. Brown would select the night and the country over which they would hunt. And since he was well



"Well, old man, either put up or shut up," jeered Van Horn. "I'll . . . I'll back my hounds ag'in yourn any day you say," Chinchilla sputtered, outraged

acquainted with both packs, he would be the sole judge. But the trial must be run within the next five days in order to enable the visiting dog buyers to witness it. The last detail was settled and the men shook hands. Five minutes later, Chinchilla stood alone with his dogs. And now the enormity of the crime he had committed came to him. He had bet the money set aside for Tilda's operation. If he lost—why, he couldn't take such a risk! He'd have to go home and admit his fool mistake, and then beg Van Horn to let him off.

"BUT you got'ta do it, Pa," Tilda reiterated for the tenth time as he stood in his mud-splashed, brier-torn overalls beside her bed. "Don't you see? You got'ta. Ef you don't, you'll never sell another hound 'round here, and we ain't goin' to git through the winter without you sell some of the dogs. But you won't lose," she concluded sprightly. "I ain't afeerd. With Bugle, Bell and Toss you got the three best coon dogs in the State."

"Why—why, I was thinkin' I might use old Drum fer one, Tilda," Chinchilla ventured, his eyes following the movements of the big black hound across the room.

"Better not," counseled his mate. "Drum useter be top notch. But he's gittin' old—like we-uns. Too old. But—them young dogs is good—and you remember you said yestiday Drum wasn't trackin' so good no more."

Drum, hearing his name spoken, came and laid his head on the bed, his greying muzzle touching his master's hand as he looked from one to the other with great, sad, brown eyes. He whined softly, and his tail thumped the bed post. But the old man steeled himself against this mute appeal and nodded to his wife. Her decision was best.

So Bell, Bugle and Toss were segregated from the others in order to be kept in the best of condition for the hunt.

For four nights it was cold for ideal hunting, but Chinchilla, out with Drum and the pups, got several raccoons despite the weather. Pelts were ten dollars apiece, and he couldn't afford to be idle a single night. Then, early Friday morning, Clem Brown stopped by. The weather, moderating, promised a fair night. The visiting hunters could wait no longer. They would make the run that evening.

But when the truck containing Van Horn and the other hunters rolled into the Somers' barnyard at dusk, Chinchilla met them, his old face puckered with worry.

"They's sumepin' the matter with Bell, Bugle and Toss, Clem," he reported nervously. They hardly et at all this mornin' and they don't look right. I want you to see 'em."

Five minutes later Clem straightened from a close examination of the dogs.

"You say that some one was in here the first of the week with a stray dog, and he hung around this pen?" he asked. "Well, I'll bet that's where they got their distemper, for they've sure got it."

Chinchilla nodded dumb acquiescence.

"I was afeerd so," he replied. "I sent fer the Doc and he's on his way out here now."

"He'll pull them through, all right," Clem encouraged, "but—this knocks tonight's hunt."

He turned to Van Horn.

"I'm not blamin' any one for this, but under the circumstances I think——"

"It looks mighty funny to me that just these three dogs get distemper," Van Horn replied. "How do I know the old man isn't putting up a game on me? I was afraid all along he'd lose his nerve. Well, he can't back out now. It was stipulated that if either of us failed to start his dogs, his stake was forfeited. Somers has other hounds that aren't sick. Let him trot out three more of the wonder breed. I'm sorry. But there's one thing sure. He's gon'na make a run or I'll claim his money."

Brown turned to Chinchilla.

"What'ta you say?" he asked helplessly. "You know the agreement. Got any other hounds you can use?"

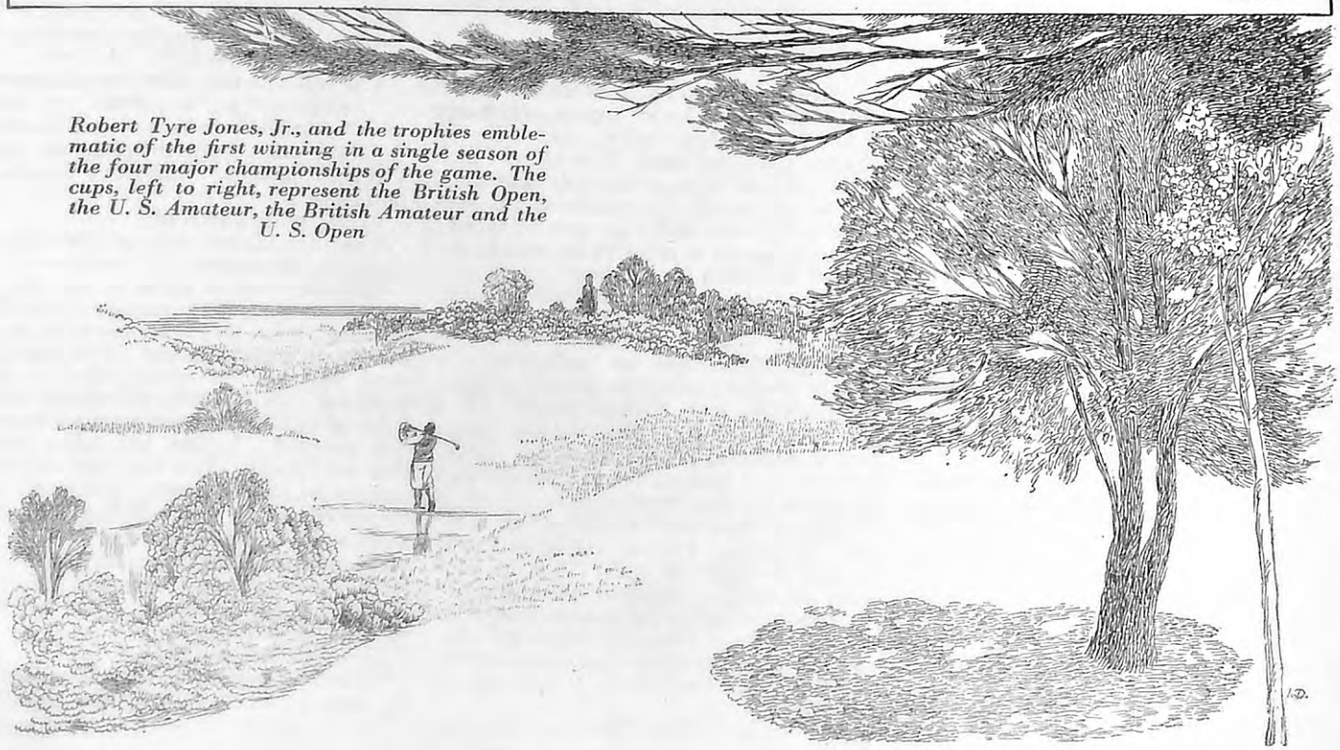
Chinchilla shook his head.

"The four pups got wire-cut fightin' a big coon in a brush heap, last night," he

(*Continued on page 45*)

WIDE WORLD, INC.

Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., and the trophies emblematic of the first winning in a single season of the four major championships of the game. The cups, left to right, represent the British Open, the U. S. Amateur, the British Amateur and the U. S. Open



"The Best-Beloved Champion"

By O. B. Keeler

LATE in June, 1926, Bobby Jones won the open golf championship of Great Britain, and, returning to his native heath, he won within the space of seventeen days the other major championship—the United States open, and became the first official world champion golf had ever known. He repeated the performance this year in the first "Grand Slam of Golf," winning not only the open titles of the two great golfing nations but their amateur championships as well.

But it was after the first conquest, ending July 10, 1926, at the Scioto Country Club of Columbus, O., that there appeared on the front page of the New York *World*, in an account by Peter Vischer of Bobby's triumph, a significant reference:

"The best-beloved champion," Peter Vischer called him.

Bobby Jones has been the inspiration of some of the most whimsical and most remarkable comments ever written about a sporting character, or, indeed, a character of any kind. He has been called everything from the Golden Boy to the Iron Duke; from Emperor Jones to the Mechanical Man of Golf. Mr. Bernard Darwin, grandson of the famous naturalist, and most delightful of all sports writers, coined for Bobby's golf the most utterly charming phrase ever applied to the description of a sporting art—"the almost drowsy grace of Bobby Jones"—and once whimsically referred to what he termed "another of Mr. Jones's brilliantly dull rounds," the finest compliment a golf writer can pay a golfing competitor.

But of all the brilliant and beautiful things that have been written and said of the American golfer whom they love to call, in England, "The Great Man," I think none rings with quite the golden tone of that simple phrase of Peter Vischer's, in the New York *World* of July 11, 1926:

"The best-beloved champion!"

You see, it needs more than the tallest record ever raised in the greatest of individual sports, to warrant a phrase like that. It wants more than to have twice captured in the same season the twin blue ribbons of golf—the British and the United States open championships. It requires more, even, than at the last to have stormed by miraculous escalade the fortress named by Mr. George Trevor the "Impregnable Quadrilateral of Golf"—the amateur and open championships of Great Britain and the United States, winning in the same season the four major titles of the world.

It wants more than the tremendous record of thirteen national championships won in eight years, and four of them within the space of four months of the same year, to merit duly that little phrase of Peter Vischer's:

"The best-beloved champion!"

There must be character and sportsmanship and personality in the champion to gain him that tribute. No mere succession of sporting coronets can make a man beloved; too frequently, continued success tends quite the other way.

I've been with Bobby Jones through virtually all his golfing career, which, if it may be said to begin with his first competition in a major championship—the United States amateur at Merion, when he was fourteen years old—now has extended through just half his life. I ought to know Bobby fairly well. We were initiated together as honorary life members of Atlanta Lodge, No. 78, B. P. O. E. In the quest of the Golden Fleece of golf, which is only golden medals, where the amateur is concerned, we have traveled together more than 120,000 miles. I have attended with him numberless matches and lesser tournaments, and twenty-seven national or major championships in this country and Great Britain; and I am the only person who has seen him win all thirteen of his national championships.

SO I ought to know him pretty well. And right now, when the world stands amazed and something abashed by his incredible capture in a single season of all the four major titles of golf, I would rather write of the boy than of the greatest competitive athlete; I'd rather say again what I've said personally to newspapermen and golfers and sporting fans all over the world, "He's a finer boy than he is a golfer."

I remember how, in his early days, a clear-cut, ruddy, blond-headed youngster of seventeen or eighteen, the women in the gallery before whom he was playing always said the same thing about him, as they caught their first glimpse of the kid from Georgia:

"Isn't he a nice-looking boy!"

Rather as if they were surprised that a celebrity could be such a nice-looking boy. I used to kid Bobby about it, and he would get furious.

He caught and held the fancy of the galleries from the beginning, back in the days of his petulant boyhood, when he occasionally slung a club away after missing a shot, and incurred a lecture by the golf writers for this lack of control.

It was this way, with Bobby: he never made the mistake of losing his temper with an opponent. It was always with himself. He could not endure to miss a shot he knew he could execute—it was the first symptom of a genius that was to astound the world; the evidence of a supreme artistry.

And it also is significant that the youngster, so far from disdaining the little lectures by the golf writers, clipped them out and saved them carefully, where he paid little attention to the more frequent and lengthier articles of praise. . . . Bobby Jones has those little lectures of bygone years saved away now—when his golfing manner quite as much as his golfing style is held up as the glass of fashion and the mold of form.

He learned his golfing methods originally by imitation, as a child of 6 and 7 and 8 years, from Stewart Maiden, one of the finest golfers who ever came to America from that home of Scottish stylists, Carnoustie. But he learned his competitive methods, and the deep patience of championship, commonly known as temperament, from a long series of disappointments through what have been called his Seven Lean Years of golf.

In the blaze of these later years, most of the fans have forgotten that Bobby Jones played through seven years and eleven major championships without winning one.

But Bobby has not forgotten.

"I never learned anything from a match or a tournament that I won," he told me, not long ago. "My education in competitive golf has been gained from lickings."

He must have learned a good deal from the lickings. Since he broke through to a major triumph at Inwood in 1923, he has won thirteen national titles. He has won the amateur championship of the United States five times; the open championship of the United States four times; the open championship of Great Britain three times; and the amateur championship of Great Britain once. He is the only competitor who has won the British and American open championships in the same season, and he has done that twice—in 1926 and 1930. And of course he is the only competitor, and doubtless will remain the only one, to win all four major titles in the same year.

Yet life has not been all golf, for Bobby

(*Continued on page 55*)

John Henry hadn't been able to keep from giving one appealing look toward Mary and she had turned her head away

Trailing A Winner

By Shirley Seifert

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

TO BEGIN with, John Henry Abingdon came home in a terrible rage. This was not like John Henry. He was the sunniest, the most equable of men, a tall strong fellow with a fine erect head and steady blue eyes and a smiling mouth. He was the kind of person who could make a joke or take one equally well. Almost nothing ever upset him. "Such a good sport!" people had always said of John Henry, even when he was a little boy. But to-day, this critical Saturday, John Henry came home in a temper.

"Something has happened down-town," said his mother, when he didn't bring home her week-end chocolates, when he kicked from the front hall to the dining-room a small rug that had tripped his feet, when he slammed off upstairs refusing his luncheon, and with a flare of fever shooting up his neck and cheeks.

"I'm late, late, late!" he shouted back in the ugliest manner. "I've exactly ten minutes to gather my traps and get out to the club if I'm going to play in that damned tournament!"

"Something has happened down-town," sighed Mrs. Abingdon. She didn't know the half. John Henry's outer rage was merely a bristling wall of defense. He had to slam things or go to pieces in a shameful, shameless, womanish way. He was so weak within! Never, never in his life had he felt so licked, so all gone, so discouraged! His very diaphragm sagged and pulled within him. He was even a little frightened, he was so discouraged!

"Something has happened," said Mrs. Abingdon, and made a sandwich at the luncheon table, and took it with a glass of milk upstairs to her son. She opened the door of his room without knocking. She stepped inside and stood in his presence with the meek, inquiring determination of a woman who still censors her men's neckties and counts their socks. John Henry glared at her a minute, then threw up his head with a snorting laugh.

"All right, all right!" he barked. "Here it is. The newly appointed general manager of the Portner Automobile Agency is that dirty, sneaking William Holderson, not your only son."

"John Henry!" The tray shook and the glass and the plate clinked. John Henry took it from his mother and set it on the dresser. "Son, I know how you wanted that place. You had planned——"

"Planned? Of course I had planned—a lot of things. I'd planned, among other things, to tell you and dad to go ahead and buy that place you looked at last week in the country. I was going to say I could cover the losses if there were any on the transfer of your city property. I would have something to spare if I got married, or something like that. Oh, hell! What's the use of a post mortem? I wanted the place—for myself, for my reward for working hard on the job, for the glory, the fat triumph of winning it!"

"John Henry, dear! How did it happen?"

"OH, that's what gets me sore! Sort of banking, I was, on honest endeavor! Seniority, consistent sales records, with a few crackerjack difficult orders in especial that I had landed lately! When this man Holderson came in, I refused to be worried by him. I knew he stood in with the City Hall crowd, and I heard afterwards that as an ex-detective he had a dubious connection with the old Egan gang. I knew that was why he had been taken on the sales force. Competition is fierce these days, but I thought the old man was too straight—too square——"

"John Henry, he didn't get this important place because of his political influence——"

"Certainly he did. Oh, that wasn't the reason given! The old man called me in this morning. You see, he's been planning this position with a view to letting himself a little out of active management. He called me in and offered me a 10 per cent. raise in salary as consolation, and told me that my record had been exceptional, equaled only by Holderson's, but the big reward had gone to Holderson because I was a single man and he had a wife and family and was farther along——"

"Oh, John Henry, even if that was the reason, it wouldn't be fair!"

"No, it's not fair!" That fever red ran over the young man's face again. "No, it's not fair. Nothing is life is fair. No game I ever played—business, war, sport or love, was fair. But I've played hard—I——"

His harsh, determinedly angry voice broke with a gulp that could very easily have been a sob. He had to turn away to a window. Even his mother couldn't know what it meant to him, deep down inside of him, to himself, what it meant always to be missing something he'd tried for. The clipped way in which he had reported the episode made it seem just an ordinary disappointment. Just ordinary. No disappointment is at the time; and John Henry felt his a big, crushing nightmare within him.

Raging all the way out from town, he had kept himself up with bitter thoughts. He had gone into the Portner Agency a cub, when the agency was an upstart, too. He'd been loyal from his first job as mechanic through his first trial on the streets. He'd

grown with the agency, and who could say which growth had depended on the other more. He was known and liked; and now—now there had come an opportunity for a real position—oh, the sting was that the old man had said what everybody else said, "John Henry is a nice fellow, but I'm not sure that he's big business." That's what cut. That's what ached underneath now.

"John Henry, what did you say?" demanded his insatiable parent, when the silence in the room had become noisy. "What did you do?"

"Nothing," said John Henry. "I couldn't kill him. I'd have been hanged for that. So I didn't do anything and I said some form of thank you and smiled and withdrew. I," he finished bitterly, "was a good sport about it!"

"John Henry, don't feel like that, don't speak like that, son! It distresses me to see it. And do eat that sandwich before you go out again!"

BUT Mrs. Abingdon's eyes had a curious gleam in them for the eyes of a distressed woman as she watched John Henry impatiently gulp his sandwich and swallow the milk; and, when he had finally slammed out the front door again and shot his car into the early Saturday afternoon traffic with blind disregard of consequences, she sat down on a chair and looked thoughtful.

However, if she thought her son was going out to win a tennis championship because he was angry, she was doomed to disappointment. John Henry lost there, too, again through no fault of his own, just another bad break.

He came so near to winning that he threatened to upset the whole tennis program of the High Hill Club for that season, because nobody had expected him to win. He was a good player of skill and experience, but nobody's champion. He was the sort of good player who is sprinkled along through the lists of a tournament, paired with one whom he is pretty sure to defeat, and saved to be paired along towards the end with the real hopes. He could be counted upon to put up an interesting match, and was sure of being retired during or just before the finals.

To-day at the High Hill Club, composed of business men of moderate incomes, an organization of not too great social brilliancy, but of top rank in the sports world, John Henry Abingdon was matched with last year's champion in the semi-finals. It was a brilliant midsummer day. There was a large and fluttery gallery. In that gallery some of the flutter centered around a pretty girl who had more to do with John Henry's commercial hopes and disappointments than he would have liked or needed to let on to his mother. John Henry lost the first two sets to the champion in able fashion; then, just as the second set was irretrievably going, he thought suddenly how this tennis tournament pictured a life like his: "Play the game squarely and vigorously. Plug, plug, plug along—and lose in the end to a sure-enough winner."

With doubled momentum his earlier fury returned and won him the next set six games to one. That one was the champion awakening to the fact that John Henry Abingdon was not his usual average self today. The next set stood five to four against John Henry, but with a game slipping his way, when the umpire called one of John Henry's line balls outside and ended the agony in favor of the champion.

From the stand and the side lines a sigh went up that could have been relief or disappointment, but was probably the former. The champion was visibly eased of worry. His fighting face broke into a smile of magnanimity. He came leaping over the net to tell John Henry what a game he had played, what a game! Everything had hung on that final decision. He waited for John Henry's equally cordial denial.

"Yeah?" said John Henry rudely. "Where does that get me?"

He found himself hating the enthusiastic, cordial man before him, hating him with bitterness, hating him because he was an easy winner—in tennis, likely in other things. The champion was his rival or his nearest to a rival for the favor of that particular flutter in the stands named Mary Allen.

At John Henry's unconventional retort, the champion stiffened.

"Shall we play it over?" he said.

"We'll let it stand!" said John Henry, not so much firmly as viciously.

HE HADN'T been able to keep from giving one appealing look towards Mary, and she had turned her back on him. The slight may have been only momentary—he was too blind to reckon its duration; it may have been only a coincidence—she was with a party; but it happened. John Henry tightened his jaws and pulled himself together. He wished the champion success in the State tournament scheduled for the fall in a "go to hell!" tone of voice and went off to the showers.

There a friend dared to try to console him.

"Rotten luck!" said the friend. "Just plain rotten luck! You had him except for that bad break."

"No," said John Henry, "I didn't have him. If I'd had him, one decision wouldn't have licked me."

"Oh, come!" said the friend. "Of course you're down right now; but snap out of it. You'll feel better after the evening frolic."

"Not staying for any dance. Going home," said John Henry.

"Get out! And leave lovely Mary, as well as the cup, to that conceited donkey? You knew she was here, didn't you?"

"Not staying for any dance," said John Henry finally. "Going home and do some thinking."

The thinking was, no doubt, hard on his family. In his misery John Henry was conscious of their hovering concern. Once he heard his mother say to his father, "Hush, John, don't bother him. Just let him alone. Don't even ask him any questions."

In spite of himself or because of himself John Henry's tight lips twitched. With amusement and a sort of tenderness. His father was a delicate man who still held an engineering job in the city waterworks, through seniority rights, in spite of bad health, a rheumatism that troubled him sorely, and made the country home with

"Are you selling as many cars as you can handle?" "No, no automobile dealer has had that trouble for some time"

its potential puttering about among fruit trees in the sunshine a most desirable vision. John H. Abingdon, Senior, a hard-working man all his life, was tremendously fond and proud of his smart son. He was probably threatening now to find out just what had happened, and go out and give somebody, maybe old Portner himself, a piece of his mind, if not something more terrible, and was being held back in the usual form by his wife, John Henry's mother.

John Henry's mouth twitched, but only for a second.

"That's not the point!" he said behind the closed door of his room, crashing his right fist into the palm of his left hand and battling so with himself. "That's not the point!"

The point was that the next business day, a Monday, John Henry walked across the tesselated floor of a conspicuously gaudy automobile salesroom and presented himself before the glassed-in private office of one of the big men in Automobile Row, a dealer who had been established when Portner had opened up in business, a dealer in spite of whose success the Portner agency had had to be built up. Of this man, Cyrus P. Stockton, John Henry this morning asked and obtained an interview.

Stockton had the reputation of being difficult. He was not one of these blustering, raging tyrants, however. He was the smooth type of villain, a gentleman born and bred and mannered, a slender, aging man with thin gray hair, high rocky forehead, sharp nose, keen eyes behind shining eyeglasses, and thin, sensitive lips. He had the slim, delicate hands usually attributed to artists. He motioned John Henry courteously to a chair. John Henry sat on the edge of it and, with some unquenchable vibrations in his tones, asked Mr. Stockton for a trial on his sales force. If Stockton was surprised, he didn't show it.

"Let me see," he said. "You're with Portner now."

"No," said John Henry. "I finished there Saturday."

"Trouble?"

"No trouble. Lack of opportunity. I had gone as far as I could there—for some time to come."

"How do you know that you could do any better with me?"

"I don't know that I could. I should like to try, if you can use me."

Stockton offered the young man a cigarette, which was declined. The keynote of John Henry's mood this morning was concentration.

"I have about as many men on the payroll now as I can take care of," said Stockton, but with just the faintest taint of uncertainty.

"Are you selling as many cars as you can handle?" asked John Henry.

"No, business hasn't been that way for some time. No automobile dealer has that trouble now."

"You know I'm a good salesman?" pursued John Henry.

The sensitive mouth twisted a little.

"There have been occasions, young man, when I have thought you were too darn good. Yes, I'm sure you're a good salesman, but——"

"Well, I'm not sure, Mr. Stockton; and I want to find out. I'm not asking to be on the payroll. I'm asking you for some order blanks to put in my pocket, a demonstration car, and your authority to solicit business. I'll take my pay, if it comes to nothing, in commissions——"

"What made you select my line for this magnificent offer, Abingdon?"

John Henry grinned, not impertinently, obviously at his own expense.

"I know it better than any other. I've been selling against your cars for several years. I know their points as your own men couldn't."

"I see," said Stockton. And a minute later, very thoughtfully again he said, "I see."

"Mr. Stockton, that isn't all." John Henry hitched forward yet another inch on his chair. "Everybody on the street is going to ask the same question—why I switch to selling cars that I've always bid against. I'm deliberately trying to stack the odds against myself. I've come, you see, to a sort of crisis in my personal affairs. I can't expect you to be interested in that; but I wouldn't have presumed to come to you with this apparently crazy proposition if you could in any way be the loser. In the next month or so I am going to work devilishly hard to prove something to myself. That's all."

THE light caught right then on Stockton's spectacles in a way that masked his eyes; and perhaps John Henry, being a man, wouldn't have recognized anyhow a curious resemblance between their expression and the look of speculative wonder that had dwelt chiefly in his mother's anxious scrutiny the last few days. John Henry right now was perspiring horribly.

"I'm not asking for any salary guarantee, any tips, any publicity—just a handful of blank orders and a demonstration car——"

Stockton laid down his cigarette on a bit of cast metal that was a combination ash tray and paper weight on his desk.

"It might be an interesting experiment," he said; and John Henry knew that he had his chance.

John Henry's first sale for his new employer was a sedan for family pleasure to the city chief of police. The transaction sent him home bubbling that evening.

"If I'd been with Portner I wouldn't have approached the chief," he thought. "I'd have left

A bright, intense girl in sporting green, accompanied by a slender man in business gray

him to Holderson with the rest of the City Hall gang. I—" it came over him suddenly, like a bursting rocket, that he'd not only achieved an interesting sale, he'd given Holderson more effectively than with fists the sock in the eye he'd been longing latently for months, and actively for three days, to give him. "Yippee!" shouted John Henry, then, as he was turning into the alleyway back of his home he subdued his cheer; but he couldn't help whistling softly as he went into the house.

The whistle gained in volume as he realized that his mother must have seen him drive a strange automobile into the garage. But she wouldn't ask him any questions, bless her. Wasn't she the cutest thing? He wouldn't tell her just yet. It would be fun to keep her guessing—and then, it was too soon to be sure. John Henry stopped whistling and all his heart swelled in prayer, the leading emotion transferred from his despair of Saturday.

"THERE'S a telephone call, son," she said to him. "A Bob Golding. I wrote the number down on the pad. He tried to reach you at Portner's to-day, but they said you weren't there any longer. Isn't he the man who won the tennis match at the club Saturday, son?"

Yes, John Henry said briefly, gave his mother a gratuitous hug in more than his usual manner of affection, and went to the phone.

After his rudeness of Saturday his greeting to Golding over the wire may or may not have surprised that lucky person; but Golding had a favor to ask of John Henry, and didn't quibble. He prefaced his remarks with another comment on John Henry's great game, and then got down to business. He, Golding, had been so fortunate as to win in the finals that day. He would, of course, represent the club in the State tournament in late September. He would naturally try devilishly hard for the championship, and he wanted to improve his game all he could between now and then, a six weeks interval. Now he didn't know anyone locally who could give him the run for his money in tennis that John Henry could. Would John Henry, just for the sake of the game, play him a few sets once a week from now to the tournament?

John Henry didn't question the selfish presumption of this proposition. Half-way through its wording he had sensed the conclusion and a gleam had come to his eyes. A second later a wild idea had broken simultaneously in his head and his heart. When Golding finally stopped talking with a definite question, John Henry shouted an acceptance into the receiver that made the cautious approach of the other seem silly. John Henry said he would be glad to take Golding on each week end, and on any other intervening day when they could arrange a late afternoon game. That might not come often because he had changed his job. Loudly, audibly to the kitchen, he said he had gone over to the Stockton agency, and he needed to work hard to make good. Golding said he might throw some opportunities his way. John Henry said that was all right. It was all for the sake of the game.

And there stood his mother in a doorway again looking at him.

"Beefsteak to-night?" said her irrepressible son, sniffing.

"With mushrooms in the gravy." Her tone held reproach.

So at the table John Henry told of his new job, but not its terms. He gave an excellent sketch of Cyrus Stockton and of the municipal chief of police. His mother served him a tremendous helping of peach cobbler for dessert, and his father's pale, emaciated face was flushed with pride.

"That's the stuff, son!" he said. "Don't take a licking!"

"No, sir," said John Henry. "I suppose I'll get plenty in my time, but I'm not going to take them—from now on."

"All right!" he barked. "The new manager of the Portner Agency is that dirty William Holderson, not your only son"

After dinner he thought of calling Mary Allen. He was feeling so much better! But the thought of Mary brought back for one intolerable instant the sting of that real or fancied slight on Saturday, and he was in no mood to sting to-night. So he didn't call her. He had suddenly another wild idea. This was apparently the day for them. Seeing Cyrus Stockton that morning, he had remembered that once he had known Stockton's daughter. Oh, hardly known her. Just seen her a couple of times.

He'd been a high-school athlete then. Once, feeling exceedingly foolish, but looking very youthfully handsome, he had posed for a poster study in one of the art classes. It had been a dizzy ordeal, but there had been a girl under one of the windows, a girl whom he had never forgotten and probably would never forget—she was so different. A girl with lots of bright brown hair and eyes like his mother's pansies in the springtime, and a small sweet mouth. Mary Allen was a beauty; but Helene Stockton had been a rarity. Once, once, when he had looked her way, she had laid her pencil down and was looking at him! Somebody told him afterwards that she was a Stockton, able to go to any swell school in the land, but she was being brought up strictly and plainly. And after that he had met her a few times in the halls and she had said, "How do you do?" or "Hello," or something like that in a shy, friendly way; but that was all. He'd graduate in June, and she was a Stockton, and he an automobile mechanic and a workingman's son.

But he thought of her now. He lit a pipe and cocked his feet on a window-sill and began a fair dream; but to-night even dreaming craved an accompaniment of action. So he dragged the lawn-mower up from the basement and he cut grass. He cut grass until dark fell, and his mother came out to sit guard over her flowerbeds, and perhaps to listen to the low crooning whistle of this strange grown-up child she had borne. He cut all the lawn, front and rear; and he knelt in the dew to clip borders until suddenly he snipped a tiny garden snake in two; then, with a shudder, he desisted and that day was done.

But its frenzied activity was not. That August and early September John Henry Abingdon lost fifteen pounds in weight. His

(*Continued on page 53*)

EWING GALLOWAY

Water hazards, sand traps, a surface like the most velvety of turf, provide members of the Golfers' Club with the next-to-the-real thing

Golf Moves Indoors

By Sol Metzger

LESS than four years ago, as the representative of a newspaper syndicate featuring sports articles, I offered the editor of a New York daily what was then a novel idea for an instructive series on golf. "I'll take it," promised my client, "if you will guarantee to keep it running all winter."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Golf in winter! That's a new one to us. Who would be interested in the game at that season?"

"I would," answered the editor, "because I play it then. So do many of my friends. Some of them, of course, go to Florida or Bermuda for a few weeks or months, but the majority of us are chained down to the job We have more leisure for reading about golf. And we have, on our indoor courses, lots of opportunity to practice the majority of the strokes and points we study. That's why I want the feature."

Then followed a tale which surprised me, as well as my home office, when I relayed it back. Of course we had all heard of winter golf in the northern states, but both reports and observation confirmed our opinion that it was played principally by wild enthusiasts who called themselves "snow birds," and that it bore much the same relationship to the familiar game over soft, fresh-scented spring and summer turf as swimming amid cakes of winter ice does to bathing and lolling on the beach under a warm August sun. But the editor gave us a fresh slant on the idea. He described how a friend with whom he paired during summer games had conceived the thought of continuing their enjoyment through the winter. His first step was to clear out a wine cellar and store-room that occupied most of his basement, tearing away the walls until only one large room remained. Over its floor was spread a sand green, and on its walls were daubed appropriate decorations, designed by an artist friend. The converted wine cellar became the rendezvous for a small group of artists and writers, and the scene of parties which differed in nature, though not in enjoyment, from those staged before the casks were moved out. The course wasn't complex, at first. Most of the time was devoted to putting. But gradually improvements were installed, adding tremendously to the interest of the games played over this miniature reproduction of a Pinehurst sand green. Thence the idea of indoor golf, approximating in nature and in interest the outdoor game, spread and has since expanded to proportions which to-day will amaze any one who studies seriously its popularity and extent in this country.

Undoubtedly, indoor golf has become one of the leading winter sports in the big northern cities. To my own knowledge, more than a hundred courses were installed in various cities throughout the country within the past year. Hotels, athletic clubs, and private homes now boast them, and the demand by professional golfers establishing indoor schools is enormous. Naturally, the latter have found in them a tremendous stimulus to business and income. In cost the courses range from $750 to $3,500, completely installed and equipped, even to the necessary clubs. On them grass is imitated to a degree of faithfulness in which color, texture and the natural springiness of turf is almost perfectly reproduced. On such miniature courses a ball will bite and hold the surface on a pitch shot as certainly as it will on an outdoor green. To assure sportiness, they are designed with undulations often so tricky that, to the player who masters them, putting, which is half of any golf game, will seem easy in comparison when later attempted at the familiar country club holes.

ONE of the first organizations to install a complete indoor course was the Golfers' Club of New York. To-day its course is famous among golf enthusiasts the country over. Located on the ground floor of the club house in a room not much more than average size, its interesting hazards and "turf" and its mural background, reproducing famous American golf holes, constitute a magnet which draws players the year around for short games and practice over its nine-hole course. With putters or lofted irons in hand, they crowd a bit of recreation into the luncheon hour or while away an idle afternoon or evening amid that spirit of fellowship and competition which, indoors as well as out, remains one of the game's greatest attractions. If, as its ardent advocates (including myself) suggest, golf is a boon in that it adds to the health of individuals and, in consequence, to the general well being of the community; offers all the advantages of mental relaxation; acts as a tolerant disciplinarian to that mysterious agency, the subconscious mind; relieves the tension of modern business or professional activity, and teaches the real meaning of play to men who never knew it before, then this and other indoor courses offering such opportunities throughout the year, instead of during a few brief months,

is a distinct asset to any city. Perhaps it may be even a business asset as well. I am told that many members entertaining out-of-town customers or other visitors now curtail the heavy luncheons so often indulged in, to find time for a round at the club—which is an excellent thing, however you look at it.

But patronage of the many indoor courses in New York and elsewhere is by no means limited to masculine followers of the game. During a recent trip to Manhattan I talked with a prominent feminine player, a State champion, in fact, who had been unable to accept Glenna Collett's invitation to become a member of the United States women's team that played a team match against British women last May. "Nearly all the girl players I know," she told me, "rush to the indoor courses when in New York. It's great practice for the wee shots around the green that one must always have working to perfection in any title match. As a matter of fact we learned to use the courses from the star men players. To me the most attractive thing about them is the way they give one the actual feel of the turf outdoors. Another thing that makes them especially convenient for women is the fact that players don't have to worry about their clothes. Even French heels aren't barred. They don't injure the indoor 'turf'."

Men, incidentally, have told me much the same thing concerning the comfort of escaping the elaborate ritual frequently required for a quarter hour of actual play, including long trips to distant courses, changes into plus fours and wind-breakers, and other time-consuming activities associated with attempts to play outdoor golf in winter. During the months of warm weather, of course, such minor inconveniences are more than compensated for by the actual enjoyment and health-giving qualities of playing in the open, which the indoor game was never intended to supplant, and never will.

Recognizing the value of sunlight and fresh air, owners of indoor courses are locating them whenever possible on upper floors, lighted by the largest windows practicable to the building. Basement quarters are less popular for obvious reasons. Yet many clubs and private owners to whom upper floors are unavailable have installed attractive courses in their basements after providing adequate ventilation and lighting systems.

AN INTERESTING example of the possibilities of a basement course is furnished by the St. Paul, Minn., Athletic Club. This was installed last winter after the manager had visited and enjoyed several similar courses in eastern cities. By tearing out six bowling alleys, the club was able to construct a complete 18-hole course, reproducing in miniature a beautiful outdoor links. Narrow streams of water in concrete aqueducts wind through its greensward. Spanning the streams are small concrete bridges. The walls are painted to represent long vistas of rolling country. The big beams that carry the weight of the building have been covered with imitation bark to resemble great trees of the north woods with branches and leaves extending to and blanketing much of the ceiling. Each tee is marked with a number plate indicating the hole being played, and at convenient intervals are placed ash trays with the dual purpose of accommodating players and protecting the course.

Like the great majority of indoor courses, the actual "turf" is made of cotton-seed hulls laid on a foundation of cinders. The cinders were first laid on the floor in accordance with careful plans providing for the necessary undulations and other irregularities required to assure a sporty course. Then tons of cotton-seed hulls were rolled on the cinders and pressed down to imitate accurately the kind of rolling country which lends charm to any links. This surface was next impregnated with green dye reproducing exactly the color of grass. On such courses the cotton-seed hull covering averages three-fourths of an inch in thickness, and reproduces marvelously the peculiar springiness of real turf. Heels do not mar it. Dubs may take all the divots they find necessary without such injury to the course as might occur outdoors. All that is necessary is to press the covering back into place with the feet, where it takes immediate hold. An interesting feature of the St. Paul course is the "Country Club" porch which replaces the former bowling alley office. Gaily-colored, cretonne-covered wicker furniture, soft cushions and other comforts typical of an outdoor club-house veranda, lure interested galleries as well as players to the indoor links. A final contribution toward realism is the white-painted picket fence which surrounds the entire course.

On the greens themselves are hazards enough to entrance any golfer. "Jimmy" Johnston, then newly-crowned United States Amateur Golf Champion, played the first round at the opening of the course with John W. Norton, president of the club, before a large and enthusiastic gallery which crowded the "porch" to capacity. Partly because of the course, the club, its directors say, has achieved new life. Blizzards may roar and March winds shriek outside, but in the converted basement, golfers are playing their rounds under conditions almost magically approximating a warm day in spring at the country club.

ANOTHER important indoor match was played at the formal opening of the Medinah Athletic Club Building in Chicago last winter. One of the striking features of the new club-house is an 18-hole, perfectly appointed and designed indoor course. The event was a four-ball match in which "Chick" Evans and Bob MacDonald opposed Gus Novotony and A. Espinosa—all nationally known figures in golf. Quite naturally, a large gallery attended, the largest, in fact, ever to witness an indoor golf match in Chicago. And the gallery enjoyed itself, too, with the same enthusiasm which marks the spectators at an important outdoor event. The match was by far the most popular attraction of the dedicatory exercises.

At present the largest indoor course in the United States and, so far as I know, in the world, is in Buffalo. It is privately owned.

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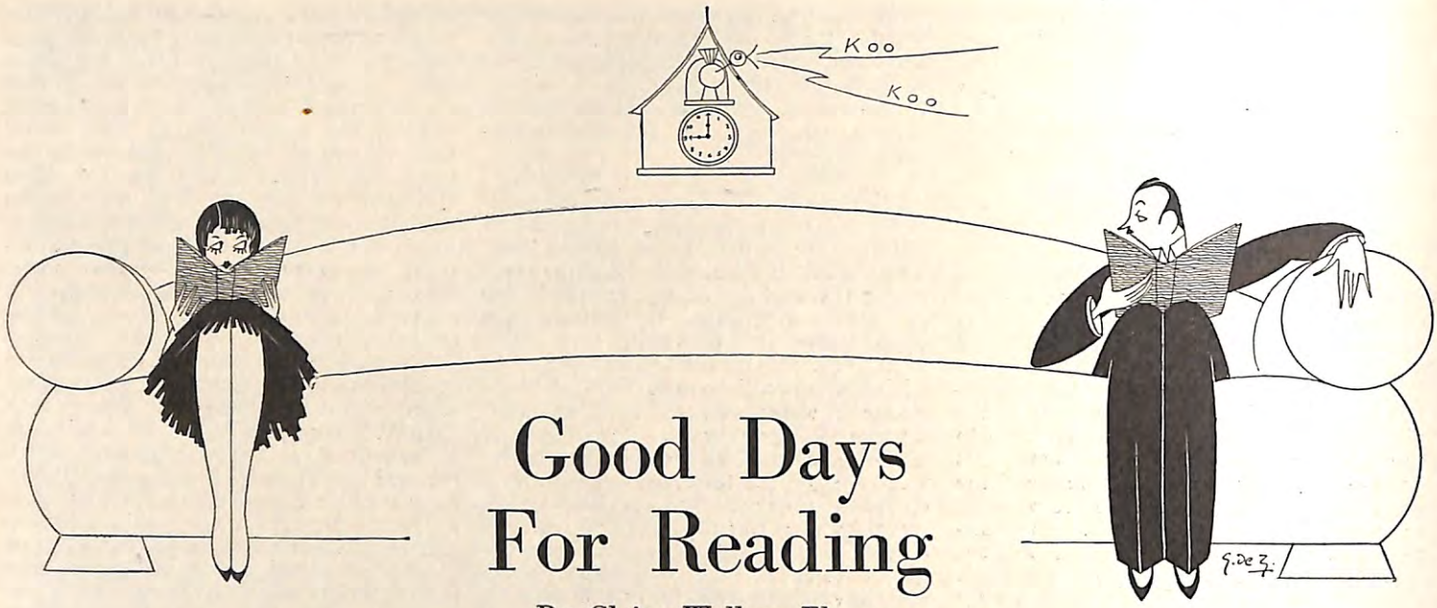
This roomy course provides the guests of a middle-western hotel with the opportunity to keep their hands and their eyes in



Good Days For Reading

By Claire Wallace Flynn

Decoration by G. de Zayas

The Shorn Lamb

By William J. Locke. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

THE London *Times* had said that he was dead. . . . "On November 7th, suddenly, in London, Brotherton, younger son of the late Sir Michael Drake, Bt." That's the way the notice read, yet here is Mr. Brotherton Drake sitting, very much alive, in a luxurious London apartment. After all his wandering, poverty-stricken years in America, here he is with a fortune in his pocket and the whole world once more before him. The servants and others think he is Sir Atherton Drake, and believe that the shabby, down-at-heels man who was found dead in the apartment was Brotherton, the young baronet's wastrel of a twin brother who years before had cleared out and gone to America, where he had lived a tumultuous and harried life.

Only the reader is let into the secret of the transformation—the strange lightning-quick trick of fate which puts one brother in the place of the other. Identical in face and form and voice to the dead man, no one ever puts a question to the impostor. And so Drake throws away his own personality and assumes the vague past and the bewildering present of another.

How long such a fraud could have gone on, heaven only knows. When Brotherton discovers that in taking over a life that is not his own he is bound to a woman who means nothing to him and at the same time is falling desperately in love with a girl-in-a-thousand, why, then, the thing takes on another color altogether. After all, a gentleman can go only so far in his villainy.

Here, you will perceive, is a situation true to the Lockean formula. The great English story-teller who is, unhappily, never to write another tale for us, always beheld a stirring human adventure in a man playing a part other than his own. You may remember "The Beloved Vagabond" and others of Locke's novels in which this is true. Ultimately the mask always comes off, and always the actor of the false rôle stops short of betraying anyone by his masquerade. There is, perhaps, an instinct in all of us to assume a character which we are not. This may account, in a way, for those strange things called Fancy-dress Parties or Costume Balls. It lies, somehow, at the bottom of that appeal which the stage has for so many men and women.

"The Shorn Lamb," aside from this thrilling premise upon which the tale is built and which in several of its ramifications transforms it almost into a mystery story, abounds in that charming debonair spirit, that kindly and sympathetic knowledge of the world that is the very essence of Locke's work. The girl Diana is a person you will fall in love with—whether you find it convenient at the moment or not. Straightforward, clean-cut, and with a heart functioning in just the right way beneath her modish tailored frocks. Tonio, the old conjurer who befriended Drake in America, comes along just in time to take a much-needed rabbit out of his old hat for Drake's sake, for the dangerous game finally beats the young man down into the dust of defeat, and he comes back to these Yankee shores with Tonio and becomes a prestidigitator. We'd like to leave him here, in the theatre-alley where Diana finally tracks him down and claims him for her own, but Locke had a care for the morals of his yarn. In a way, Drake was a rogue. He has to pay up. An eye for an eye, you know. And the last we see of Drake's eye—even though we see it in an English prison—is an orb shining, hopeful, clear. The eye, singularly enough, of a completely happy man.

Baron Fritz

By Karl Federn. (Farrar & Rinehart, New York.)

BARON FRITZ rides off to war—
Gay, and swanky, debonair—
Iron crosses prove a bore,
Red tape simply makes him swear.

Fritz takes fighting "on the chin,"
Friend and foe alike adore him,
And his quick sardonic grin
Make the ladies bow before him.

Still, there's pathos in this lad—
Something makes your old heart melt;
Hungry, mocking, truly sad—
They say his mother was a Celt.

Charlie Chan Carries On

By Earl Derr Biggers. (Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis, Ind.)

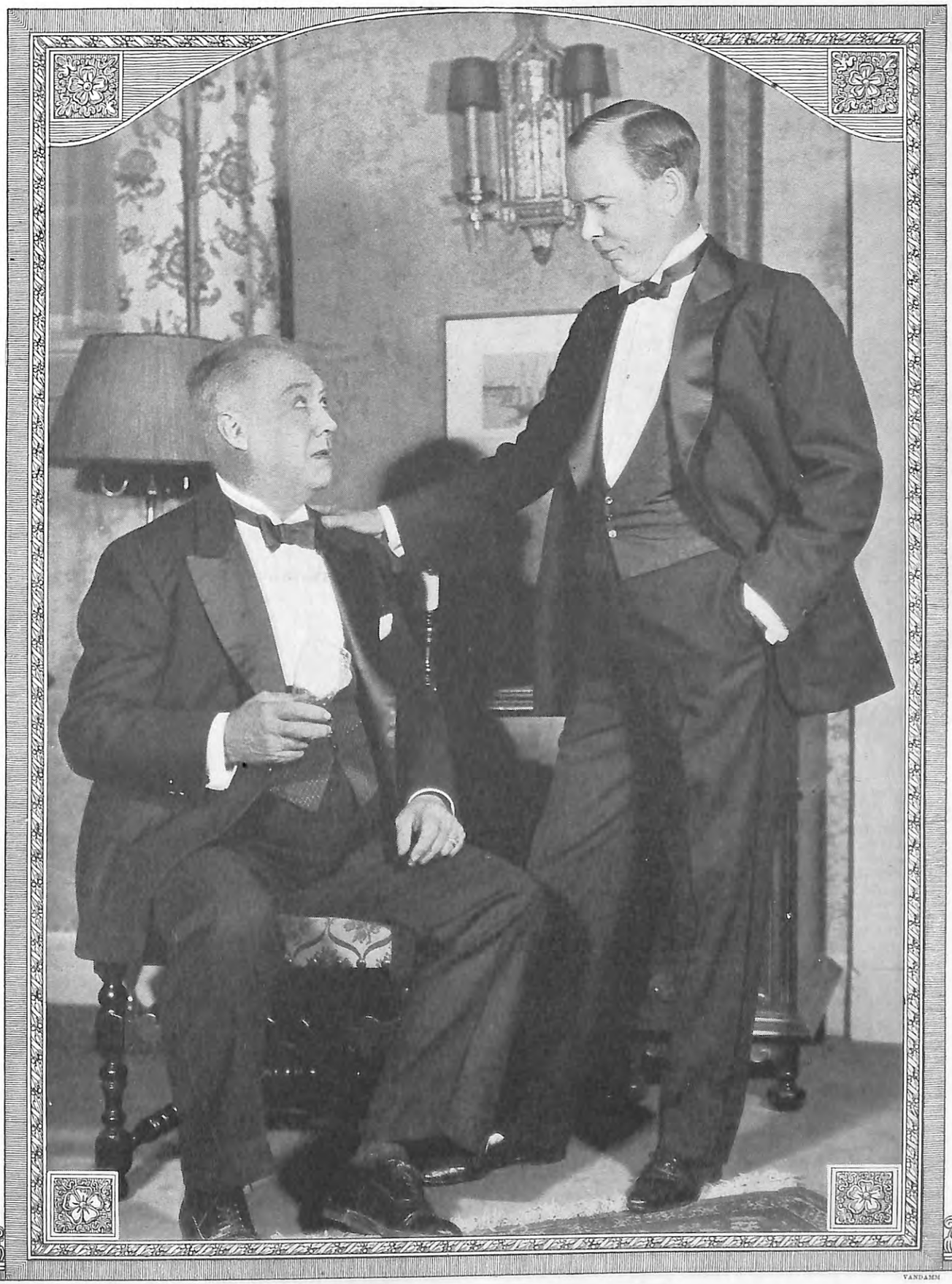
A CRACKERJACK detective story. Charlie Chan, rotund, urbane and delightful Chinese member of the Honolulu police, is the bright particular sleuth whom we hope will be called in on the case should anyone elect to murder us—which heaven forbid. Still, it is wise to have such details settled beforehand. Personally, we like the neat, oriental and deadly way that—but read this tale, and you will see what we mean.

A kindly old gentleman is found dead in his bed in a conservative London hotel on the first lap, from the United States, of a 'Round-the-World Cruise. The well-known Inspector Duff (Scotland Yard's best), shaking off the fog and the doldrums, swings into action. And at this precise moment, Chan is sitting calmly out there in Honolulu, getting a little browner under the tropic sun and musing on his almond-eyed daughter who is attending college in the States.

Inspector Duff, for all his good work, makes but a snail's progress on the case. The Cruise continues to cruise, toting its mystery along with it, so that Duff's gum-shoe activities are forced to follow a trail that leads on from England to the Riviera—India—Japan—and several of the Seven Seas. En route two more murders are added to the chain of malevolent deeds, just for good measure. And then—at Honolulu, with home almost in sight, when the two old friends, Duff and Chan, are indulging in one of their rare reunions in the picturesque Hawaiian town, what does the illusive assassin do but take a well-aimed shot at Mr. Duff. Down for the time being, though not out by any means, Duff hands the torch of clues on to Chan, who proceeds with cat-like tread to get his man, enlivening his immediate circle while he is doing it with what might be termed choice Buddhistic wise-cracks, such as: "Talk will not cook rice," "When the dinner is over, who values the spoon?" and other pearls of great wisdom. One surmises that Mr. Biggers, between mystery tales, spends much of his time brushing up his mind in the pages of Will Durant's "Mansions of Philosophy" (reviewed in these pages a couple of years ago).

Well, to get along, Mr. Biggers knew, of course, that this yarn, which ends at the wharf at San Francisco, has but to drop a few miles south to strike Hollywood; so he has provided the proper love interest, and a very charming one at that, for a corking movie. All in all, this is, or we would not have given it so much space here, one of the best mystery tales of the season.

(*Continued on page 56*)



VANDAMM

Frank Craven and George Barbier

AUTHOR and leading actor of "That's Gratitude," the prologue discloses Mr. Craven in trousers and pajama jacket saving the life of a fellow traveler laid low in a hotel somewhere in Iowa. In a cheerfully convivial scene the resuscitated traveler (George Barbier) swears eternal gratitude and urges unlimited hospitality in his home in Hutchinson, Kansas. Craven, flat broke manager of a defunct road show, pays the promised visit and wears his welcome ragged. There he finds a stage-struck daughter and an unwilling fiancé, but to learn the details of the ensuing complications you must see this delightful play for yourself—E. R. B.

VANDAMM

"Once in a Lifetime," a comedy of Hollywood by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman, is truly hilarious from start to finish. It opens in a hall bedroom on Broadway with three down-and-out vaudevillians suddenly glimpsing the golden opportunity for a voice-culture school in a Hollywood thrown into confusion by the advent of the talkies. The picture (left) shows them en route for the Golden West—Hugh O'Connell, Jean Dixon and Grant Mills. The satire of the coast studios, their absurd ostentation and senseless waste of money is not only mirthful but keenly penetrating. Mr. Kaufman's directing has given the play a breathless pace and he likewise herewith makes his debut as an actor

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien

TIMES WORLD STUDIO

Angna Enters (circle) achieves the difficult feat of entertaining her audiences single-handed. Her art combines the gifts of pantomime, drama and dance in a widely varied program. She is pictured here in her costume for "Odalisque," one of her most popular numbers. After a limited engagement in New York during the latter part of November, Miss Enters will tour the country

VANDAMM

The honors of "The Greeks Had a Word For It," the farce comedy by Zoe Akins, belong to the sparkling trio pictured at the left—Muriel Kirkland, Verree Teasdale and Dorothy Hall. Three very attractive gold diggers, once of the Follies chorus, they are out to have a good time. All their adventures are amusing, also naughty, but the scene pictured here is the high spot of the play. Miss Teasdale is about to marry a rather stuffy millionaire. The other two, en route for Paris, bid her farewell and paint a glowing picture of the good times they expect. The more wine they drink the less alluring is the prospect of pheasant shooting with the millionaire—but the dénouement you must see for yourself

VANDAMM

Above, the consummation of a Napoleonic tour de force. The perfect young executive seated at the desk (John Williams) was a disreputable looking taxi driver one hour previous to this moment when he is being photographed for the newspapers. Hence, the name of Ferenc Molnar's playlet—"One, Two, Three!" The transformation is engineered by Arthur Byron (extreme right) as a famous central-European capitalist when he discovers that his young American visitor (Audrey Dale) has made a disastrous misalliance with the taxi driver. An entertaining comedy, verging on farce. It is preceded by an even more amusing curtain-raiser by the same author, called "The Violet," in which Ruth Gordon and Reginald Mason give utterly delightful performances

WHITE

The acting of Helen Hayes and Arthur Sinclair (left) in "Mr. Gilhooley" leaves nothing to be desired. Frank B. Elser has made a faithful adaptation from Liam O'Flaherty's novel. But whereas the murder and suicide at the curtain come as the natural climax of an inescapable tragic fate in the book, they have a slight shock of the unexpected in the play. The tormented story of the middle-aged bachelor, returned to Ireland after twenty years of railroad work in South America, who falls hopelessly in love with a Dublin waif who cannot forget her first wild love, is full of tragic beauty and pity. The minor characters are acted with fine skill. Especially good is the play's one comic bit, a breakfast table interlude in a would-be respectable Dublin boarding-house

VANDAMM

A bitter, outspoken play dealing with women, and especially British women, in the war, is Kenyon Nicholson's "Stepdaughters of War." Loosely jointed as to plot, most of the action takes place in an ambulance driver's hut behind the front line, and you get a very vivid picture of the utter disillusionment of these gently bred English girls. Katherine Alexander and Warren Williams (right), who have the leads, get across all the poignancy and drama of their rôles but the pace of the play often seems to lag

"Yeh," said the old man, slowly. "Yeh, et's agin the law to bring foreign corn into this State"

Nine

A Short, Short Story

By Ferdinand Reyher

Illustrated by James S. Hulme

NINE. He was born on the eighth of January, the first month: 8 and 1—9. He got his first job on the 9th; he left home for the first time on the 9th; he was married on the 9th, which was an occasion for rejoicing; his wife departed from him on the 9th, which was another occasion for rejoicing. Practically everything of significance which had ever happened to him had happened on, with or through the aid of 9. When the 9 did not appear alone, neat and intact, he would manipulate days, months, years and the zodiac so as to bring the numbers to a point where he could discern his guiding figure as the dominant influence in the occurrence. For example, he was made cashier of the bank on the 14th of March, the third month. At first sight, a 14 and 3 seem to preclude the occult presence of a 9. But not for a moment did the problem bother him. He was 46 years old when this event took place. So he simply added 46 to 14 and 3 and, behold, made 63! Any way you added them it came to 9. No devotee of stud poker attached his destiny to Snake Mary as he to any 9.

He worked a deal of sense along with a great deal of nonsense into this obsession. He was a man of choleric rages, and as a child had been subject to fits and seizures of temper. As he grew older he learned to control himself in critical moments with nine deep breaths. He chewed his food nine times, which was a nice mean between Gladstone and the American plan. On important occasions he counted nine before replying. He would take nine hours or nine days or even nine weeks before committing himself to a grave decision.

So after working for nine months on an airtight plan to loot the bank, he inaugurated the scheme when he was 54 years of age—nine, observe—and withdrew the first bonds—nine of them—on the ninth of September, the ninth month.

It was simplicity itself. Old Mrs. Ferguson and John Harden alone supplied him with practically all the substitute collateral he required. As a man who attached his destiny to a thing as staple and exact as a single figure, he could have nothing but contempt for the carelessness with which even the best bank was run and the strictest bank examination made. He extracted the last bond from its sleeping place on the following 9th of June, but he bided his time and let nine more weeks pass before he was ready to carry out his disappearance. That was simplicity itself, also. He had merely to cross the State bridge over the Balleston River, drive to Mercer, make himself known there and, returning by the back road, miss the upper plank bridge and drive into the river. The automobile would be found, but bodies were never found there. No one even seriously looked for them. They were swept almost immediately by a boiling flood out to the unplumbed sea. Then he would change his clothes, walk into Harland and take the 11:15 express for Canada. Every bond which he carried in his bag was as negotiable as currency in Montreal. He had one Canadian passport which he would use for identification. But he would sail to Europe on still another one.

He left his house at nine o'clock in the evening. There was still a remnant of dusk in the air. He deliberately pulled up beside Dave Slade on Elm Street and conversed with him until he felt sure Dave would remember where he had said he was going and what he was wearing. He had never felt less nervous or more sure of himself. He swung into the State road two minutes later and headed north. The presence of the bonds in the luggage space behind him was not in the least oppressive, but he drove with unusual caution, nevertheless. Oddly enough, for all his native caution in other matters, he was usually more of a reckless than a careful driver. But to-night he drove cautiously. He could take no chances now that he was actually embarked on his getaway. If anything happened, and the bonds were discovered in the car, he might just as well prepare himself for a sojourn in jail instead of a holiday in Europe. A bank cashier riding around at nine o'clock at night with $90,000 worth of paper which was presumably resting safe against moths and corruption in the innermost vaults of a highly protected institution would have attracted fatal attention, to say the least. So he drove carefully, slowly.

THERE was virtually no traffic on the road, however, and not a car passed him until he was within a quarter-mile of the bridge. Then a roadster with rumble seat occupied swept by him. A moment later, a large touring car roared past, followed by a sedan. He rounded the curve over the crest of the rise from which the road slanted to the bridgehead, and saw the three cars speed across with bouncing headlight beams flashing blithely through the cable webbing. He moved down the incline to the bridge, gently holding back with his brakes. He swung on the bridge, and had scarcely gone twenty yards when a man, swinging a red light and carrying a shotgun, stepped directly in front of him. He jammed on his brakes and stopped dead,

almost before he realized that he had stopped. Then he would have given anything in the world not to have stopped. Only, on second thought, as he glanced wildly to one side and saw two other men standing behind one of the bridge pillars, armed with shotguns also, did he realize that even if he hadn't stopped, he would have been stopped.

The man with the red light approached him. A star twinkled on his chest. A wisp of white hair on a knobby little chin wiggled a grotesque accompaniment to a rolling cud of tobacco. He laid his elbow on the window ledge of the car and spat. To save his life the cashier couldn't have spoken a word just then. He was devastated by a gigantic, hollow wonder, as though in the presence of Fate itself.

"Git out," said the man. "I'm agoin' to search yore car."

"What—what do you mean you are going to search my car?" he managed to gasp. "What are you after?"

"I know what I'm after," said the old man. "Git out."

It wasn't the words he obeyed. It was the cantankerous dogmatism of the tone—and the three shotguns. The old man lifted the cushion on which he had been sitting, felt around in the space it had covered, restored it, and stepped down from the running board and moved to the rear. The cashier had locked the compartment there and now he broke out in shrill protestation of terror, demanding what he was being searched for. The little old man ignored him with the grim satisfaction of a starved authority that knew its rights, and took the ignition key out of the dashboard. It was attached to a book of keys, among which was the key of the storage compartment.

In a frenzy of despair and fury the cashier lunged at the old man. The other two gripped him. The old man regarded him with little baleful eyes. The cashier brought out his pocketbook and produced his card.

"Look at that! Read it!" he shouted hysterically. "You'll see who I am."

The old man read it. "Hm. Cashier, heh?" he said, and spat. He retraced his steps to the rear of the car, unlocked it and threw it open.

First he pulled out and opened the bundle which contained the clothes and spectacles and furnishings with which the cashier had intended to re-dress and disguise himself. Then he pulled out the traveling bag. The cashier hadn't locked it. The old man opened it and peered inside by the aid of his lantern. He cocked his head like a bird sighting a worm and brought the bag around front to the headlights.

"My God, man!" burst from the cashier. "Tell me what you are looking for?"

The old man crouched over the bag. He put his hand in the bag. "Wal," he said, drawing out a fistful of bonds. "I'm lookin' for cornborers."

"Cornborers!" screamed the cashier.

"Yeh," said the old man. "It's ag'in the law to bring corn into this State."

"Cornborers!" wailed the cashier in crazed indignation. "In the name of God what makes you look for cornborers with a shotgun?"

The old man drew out another fistful of bonds. He spat.

"Wal," he said, almost friendly. "I'll tell you. It's surprisin' the things people carry with 'em, and almost equally surprisin' the fuss some of 'em puts up over being stopped. I've been shot at so often that t'other day I made up my mind that come hereafter any shootin' that was goin' to be done I was the one that was goin' to do it. What's more," he added primly, "the law's behind me."

He gave his cud a quick little roll, spat again, and pulled two thin black books out of the bag and opened them.

"Yeh," he said slowly, staring at the cashier's Canadian passports and the photographs which adorned them. "Yeh," he repeated slowly, "et's ag in the law to bring foreign corn into this State."

He looked from the passports to the cashier. He stared at him thoughtfully. The cashier stared back frozen, as rigid as though he were having his picture taken. The old man dropped his eyes on the passports again. One was adorned with a photograph of the cashier in a shaggy mustache and shell-rimmed spectacles. The other showed him as a dapper gentleman in waxed mustache and trimmed Van Dyke. The cashier stared fascinated at the old man looking at those photographs, and he felt as though he were being stared at, naked.

"WAL," said the old man after a long pause, "this is certainly interestin'. Cashier, heh? Boys, jess grab his arms."

It wasn't they, however, who gripped him and filled him with the hopelessness of inevitability. It was Fate itself.

The old man stuffed bonds and passports into the bag and put it into the car. He drew out an ancient pair of handcuffs and approached the cashier. But the cashier held back.

"Cornborers!" he shrieked hysterically. "Cornborers!—What made you pick on me? I saw three cars sweep across the bridge right ahead of me and never stop. Why didn't you stop them?"

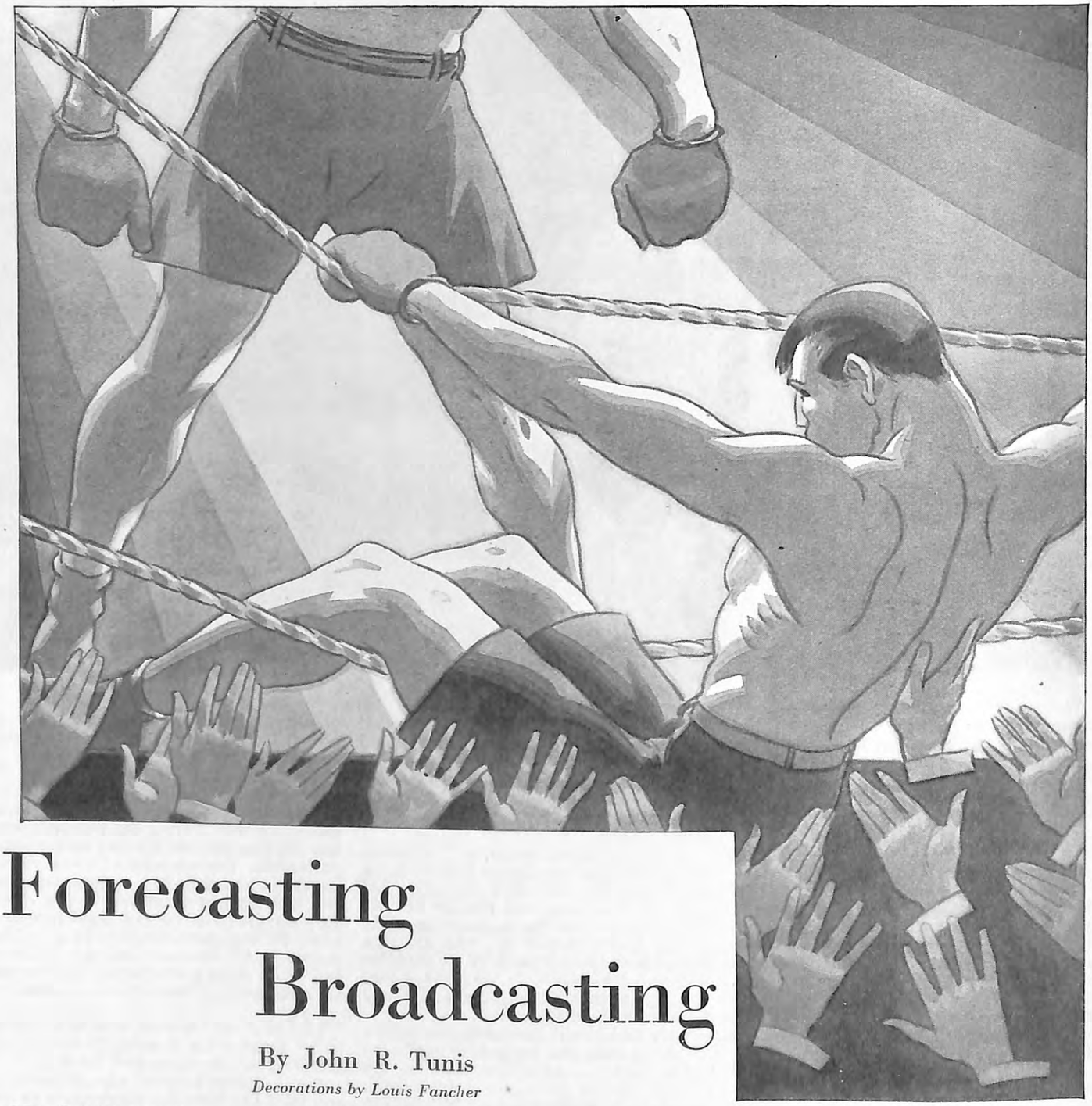
"Why," said the old man, surprised, "you can't stop every car, can you."

"But what made you stop me?"

"You, why you war the ninth, warn't you?"

"Ninth—ninth?" the cashier echoed weakly, swaying as though the whole solidity of his universe were crumbling beneath his feet. "What made you pick on nine?"

"What made me pick on nine?" said the old man, taking his hands and gently slipping the handcuffs over his wrists. "Why, nine's my lucky number. What's yours?"



Forecasting Broadcasting

By John R. Tunis

Decorations by Louis Fancher

DO YOU remember your first experience of all with the radio, your introduction to broadcasting? I know I shall never forget mine.

It was a clear, crisp night in fall, seven years ago, the 14th of September, 1923. High up in the tower of a house perched on a hilltop far above the gleaming lights of the steamers below on Long Island Sound, two men were fiddling with a radio which in those distant days seemed the very acme of perfection. Silently they handed me one of the three sets of earphones as I entered the tower, and ten minutes later we were listening to the magical words from the battlefield a hundred miles away.

"Dempsey's down . . . he's over the ropes . . . one . . . two . . . three . . . now he's being shoved back into the ring . . . he's up . . . on his feet . . . they're in a clinch . . . Dempsey leads with a right to the jaw . . . *Firpo's down.* . . ."

Stirring moments. Perhaps your introduction to the radio was as tense and thrilling as that, as vivid and clear cut and memorable as that cool night seven years ago this fall will always remain with me. Or perhaps more so. Only by such throwbacks to the past can the average individual, who is apt to take progress for granted, really appreciate the advances that have been made in radio during the few short years between the Dempsey-Firpo fight and the present day. From nothing, this newcomer to the world of business has grown into one of the leading industries of the nation. Eight years ago the United States possessed one broadcasting station: KDKA, of Pittsburg, Pa. To-day there are 630! Eight years ago there were no receiving sets in existence as we know the term, only a few home-made crystal affairs that were in the nature of toys. To-day there are approximately twelve million radios in use, some costing more than a thousand dollars apiece. Eight years ago there was no such thing as entertainment broadcasting. In 1928, $5,000,000 was paid in salaries to radio entertainers through the National Broadcasting Company alone, and 1,000,000 appearances were made before the microphone. This brief résumé of the growth of radio makes one realize that in eight short years the business has reached almost the same proportions that a mammoth and fast-growing industry like the automobile business has taken four times as long to reach.

If you glance back a bit you find that the history of the radio industry is as much as anything the life story of Dr. Lee de Forest, the inventor, and to-day the President of the Institute of Radio Engineers. He has been a pioneer in both radio and wireless telegraphy, and in 1906 invented the audion, or three-element vacuum tube oscillator, and other applications. It was due to his efforts that the first public broadcast in the history of radio took place in New York in 1910.

In the spring of 1910, Enrico Caruso, standing upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, gave the first public broadcast, a short program of songs which were listened to by only a few hundred persons in and about Manhattan Island. Ocean liners at sea, amateur radio enthusiasts, and a

scattered band of commercial operators were the only ones to hear his voice upon that historic occasion. A far cry from this intimate and personal moment, when the announcer was also a master mechanic who kept a hammer ready to sock the microphone when the carbon buttons "froze," down to the elaborate, systematized and expensive programs of 1930. Which, by the way, we kick about.

II

MOST of us are just a little apt to take the talent that falls upon us through the air pretty much as a matter of course. We consider it our rightful due. After all, haven't we bought an expensive P. D. Q. set, and haven't we a right to criticize the programs fully and freely whenever we don't like them?

Well, as a matter of fact we haven't. And perhaps a look behind the scenes in the radio industry and in the broadcasting profession will show you just why we have no such right.

There are to-day three kinds of programs upon the air: commercial programs, sustaining programs, and so-called fifty-fifty programs. The best example of the first named is the famous Amos 'n' Andy skit every evening, a feature that is frankly set forth by the Pepsodent Tooth Paste Company for entertaining and advertising purposes combined. The commercial program is, of course, the one that pays the bills, the one that supports broadcasting to-day. Next there is the sustaining program, an hour or a half-hour in the off-moments of the day when the studio itself is obliged to hire artists in order to have continuity in its program around the clock. These artists may contribute songs, sketches, music, or anything else; they are hired and paid solely by the station over which they are heard and have no connection with any industrial concern. The third programs are those in which the studio and some outside corporation combine to put on an hour together, each paying a share of the cost.

Who pays for broadcasting? Since its infancy, commercial advertising has supported our entertainment through the air. Mr. Merlin Hall Aylesworth, the President of the National Broadcasting Company, in an address at Princeton University in 1928, answers the question:

"Big business has discovered for itself that in addition to other established channels of communication, the air can carry a mighty message of *good-will* to millions of men and women."

Very true. But the past two years have made vast changes in the economic structure of the country. Business is keener to-day, competition is fiercer, profits are smaller, and at present a great many of the big industrial concerns that go on the air are beginning to wonder whether a message of *good-will* can not be bought at too high a price. In fact, some of them are so uncertain about the matter that they have started an investigation by the Crosley Company, a research, survey and statistical organization, to find out just exactly what they are getting from the air. This investigation, sanctioned by the Association of National Advertisers, has unearthed some interesting facts about radio and broadcasting.

THUS, while some corporations report increased interest and sales following programs on the air, the majority are not happy about the value of broadcasting. One large manufacturer states that "the fan mail received is in many cases distinctly valuable, but often it is merely praise for the performer and furnishes no better list of prospects than the telephone directory does." Mr. G. C. Furness of the National Carbon Company, says: "People write to tell how pleased they are. They seldom write to express displeasure—it is far easier to spin the dial to another station."

Again Mr. H. A. Bellows, Manager of WCCO, in Minneapolis, remarks that "mail response is a most unsatisfactory clue because, as many of you have already discovered, the listeners whom you are most anxious to reach are the ones who seldom or never take the trouble to respond to a radio program."

Now when the great national advertiser buys space in a magazine or a newspaper he can estimate fairly closely how many persons he is reaching and the effect his message will have. Mr. Bellows puts it this way: "With every other medium (except radio) you have some definite check on the number of people reached by your advertising message. In a newspaper or a magazine you have an audited circulation statement."

But the newspaper business is as old as Moses, whereas the broadcasting industry is only eight years old. The merchant to-day who pays for a costly program on the air cannot tell exactly how many thousand persons are listening in when he spends hundreds of thousands of dollars for a nation-wide hook-up. For the very good reason that no one knows. No one has any definite idea precisely how many radio sets are in use in the United States to-day. Estimates have been made, but they remain just that—estimates. Nor does anyone know with accuracy the number of persons who listen in on each set. The poor manufacturer who has been supporting programs merely knows that he is buying good-will, and that in these days of price-cutting and intense competition he may be paying too high a price for what he secures.

In other words, the manufacturer who during the past seven years has dug into his pocket, who has been putting up the money for us to sit at home and growl about the programs, is getting a little tired of holding the bag without knowing exactly what the bag contains for him. Don't forget that commercial broadcasting has made possible all the entertainment we receive nightly through the air, and that the moment these gentlemen who furnish it get convinced that they are spending money needlessly, every-one of us who owns a radio is going to be the loser.

III

IN 1927, Station WEAF charged $600 for an hour over the air, and in 1929 it had mounted to $750. But this is only a small part of the expense of broadcasting, only a small part of the increasing tariff which the man who furnishes us with our amusement is forced to bear. Formerly he put on a small program at a small cost for a limited portion of the country, or even the State in which he desired to create consumer demand. To-day that possibility has gone; now to reach a certain locality the manufacturer of nationally known products must buy almost a nation-wide hook-up. No wonder this gentleman who has been paying our radio entertainment bills begins to speculate as to whether the good-will Mr. Aylesworth speaks of is worth the price.

Nor is this the only way in which broadcasting costs have increased. Originally everyone was delighted to go on the air, at a chance to talk in a real broadcasting studio It used to be an honor to know a man who had broadcast; to-day there are hardly a thousand persons in the entire country who haven't been before the mike, and they are deaf and dumb. The time when talent was given freely for nothing has passed forever; at present the manufacturer who is arranging his program discovers that he must pay

and pay well for the entertainers of the evening. Let me give you some inside facts upon the situation.

It is generally considered that Amos 'n' Andy are the highest-priced features of the air. This is untrue. In April, 1930, the latest month for which figures are obtainable, the most expensive feature on the air was the American Radiator Hour, costing just over nine thousand dollars per week. Next was the E. R. Squibb program with Will Rogers as headliner at a cost of six thousand, then the Coca Cola Hour and the Fleischmann Hour with Rudy Vallee, each costing four thousand, the MacFadden Hour at three thousand, the General Electric Hour at twenty-eight hundred, and so on. The Pepsodent Company, employers of Amos 'n' Andy, are not listed among the twelve leading hours of the air during the first quarter of 1930. And it is no secret that this hour is by no means the cheapest, either.

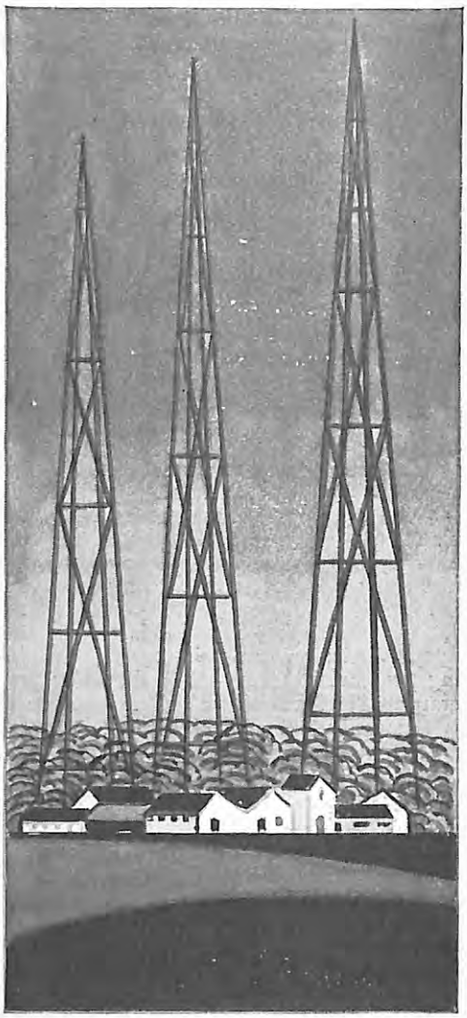
IN THE Crossley report it is stated upon excellent authority that Paul Whiteman receives five thousand dollars for each performance of his orchestra, Vincent Lopez and Ben Bernie from twelve hundred to twenty-five hundred apiece. The introduction of this talent has had only one effect. The radio public, which spent its time the first years getting distance, gave that up long ago. Now it twists and turns the dials with the air of a connoisseur at the opera. It wants, demands, insists, in fact, upon huge and expensive programs, with nationally known singers, humorists and musicians to entertain it.

Do not forget that besides his talent, the manufacturer who has been furnishing four-thousand-dollar programs to listeners at a cost of a few cents apiece (Mr. E. J. MacDonald, the President of Zenith Radio, figured recently that "for less than a cent an hour any home can have $75,000,000 worth of talent") must also pay station charges. Thus over the Columbia System he must pay $4,715 an hour, over the National Broadcasting Company System he will be obliged to pay $4,890 an hour. This means $500,000 a year for an average program upon the air. No wonder the gentleman who furnishes us with this entertainment is beginning to be staggered by the expense of it, no wonder he is speculating as to just how much longer he can continue this game merely for the good-will which the broadcasting authorities mention.

Does this give the impression that the big broadcasting systems are waxing rich at the expense of the manufacturing concerns who supply programs? If so, it is a totally wrong impression. For despite the fact that their fees to the sponsors of various hours have mounted steadily, the broadcasting stations are with difficulty earning their dividends. Expenses for new equipment, for continued, efficient and up-to-date service, for "free" programs, such as football games, World's Series, and the like, besides costing money, cut into the time and therefore the profits of the concerns who run the stations. In discussing the growth of the National Broadcasting Company, which he showed was not a big money-maker, Mr. Aylesworth stated recently that it lost money up to 1927, even in 1928 ran at a small deficit, and not until 1929 did it become self-sustaining. "We will have a little money left over (in 1929) but because of the progress of the art it must be put back into the business."

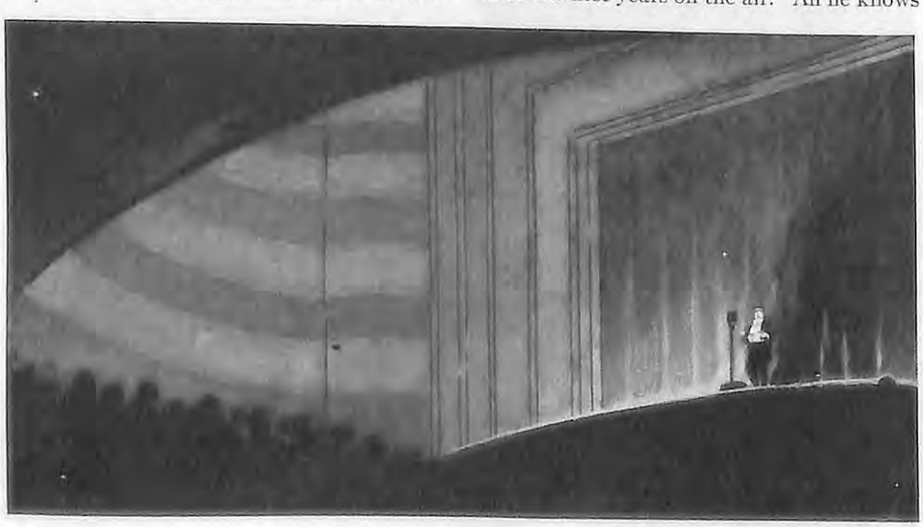
Unquestionably, the big broadcasting stations are failing to make money. Many of the smaller and less fortunately situated ones are going into the red every month; some of them have failed and are failing. Says Mr. R. S. Robinson, in the January, 1930, number of "Broadcast Advertising," the trade paper of the business: "When the Federal Radio Commission made its report on broadcasting conditions to the United States Senate not the least interesting feature was an item to the effect that more than half of the country's commercial stations operated at a loss during the twelve months covered by the study."

But this does not help much the manufacturer who furnishes the programs. The mere fact that the broadcasting chains are not paying large dividends on their investment is little consolation to him when his costs have jumped several thousand per cent since the first years on the air. All he knows



is that the hour which was once valued at a hundred dollars now costs thousands. That the singers and entertainers who were formerly available for nothing, are now as heavy an item in the expenses of the evening as the actual time he buys from the station. Do you wonder that he is starting to look around and suggest that someone else hold the bag for a while?

He is, too. Thus the Eveready Hour, the oldest hour on the air, a feature that has been steadily before the radio public since the beginning of commercial broadcasting seven years ago, this year cut its appropriations for broadcasting from an hour to a half hour. What radio fan does not remember the old Philco Hour with Jessica Dragonette and Colin O'Moore? Philco Hour was once a weekly program over the N. B. C. network; some time ago it cut its time to half an hour, and shortly afterward left the N. B. C. system for the less expensive Columbia system. Do you remember the Happiness Boys, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare? The Happiness Hour is no more. The man behind the bankroll simply can not stand the gaff. He is getting a little tired of furnishing entertainment without any certain direct return therefrom.



IV

THE situation, then, in which we find ourselves in regard to radio, is something like this:

A. Radio broadcasting is *not yet* on a financially sound basis.

1. Good broadcasting is expensive in all phases.

2. Each year since its birth, upkeep has mounted.

3. If stations are to be kept abreast of

technical developments, costs must continue to go upward.

B. Broadcasting stations are not big money-makers.

1. Small stations are running into the red.

2. Even large stations show small profits.

C. All of which means that the ultimate cost of entertainment on the air is falling upon the manufacturer or sponsor of commercial broadcast programs. And that those of us who own radios and tune in every night are getting an awful lot of amusement at practically no cost to ourselves.

Suppose the angels of radio get tired holding the bag, as they are beginning to show signs of doing now? Then all of us who are listeners on the air stand in danger of losing our entertainment over the radio. Unless some equable solution can be found for the whole perplexing problem.

What are some of the possible solutions?

V

"PERHAPS at no period in its history has the future of radio been cloaked in such a varied number of opinions as those in which it appears on the commercial stage to-day."

So speaks Mr. M. F. Flanagan, the Executive Secretary of the Radio Manufacturers Association. There are as many guesses about the future of radio and of broadcasting as there are guessers. What I propose to set down here, however, are not guesses. They are possibilities, some of them probabilities; the opinions of the leading minds of radio, and they give those of us who own receiving sets some idea of what the next ten years may bring over the air.

Needless to suggest, no one person, not even a weather prophet, can say dogmatically that the radio of 1940 will be this, that or the other thing. The inventions of science, the eager, creative genius of the American nation, the demands of our people for new and newer luxuries, which is so typical of our time and age—all this will produce changes, adaptations in broadcasting through the years to come that few can foresee definitely. But, nevertheless, certain avenues lie open, indeed are being explored already, in an effort to find the solution to the problem which confronts American radio to-day.

Perhaps the most obvious solution, although in some ways least to be desired, is to make broadcasting financially possible by more direct advertising. In this way, permitting the various sponsors of programs to sell goods over the air as they are seldom allowed to do at present, thus reimbursing themselves in sales for the vast sums poured out in hourly entertainment. Mr. Stuart C. Mahanay, in a recent number of "Radio News," shows the trend away from indirect advertising, or an attempt to build up goodwill over the air such as we have to-day, to direct advertising, or a straightforward effort to make sales during a program.

"In the early days of radio," he says, "announcements were usually of short duration, simple and concise. But to-day advertising announcements over the radio have expanded to unbelievable dimensions. The average layman is told not only who the senders are and the names of the products which they manufacture; but also a thousand and one other superfluous and boring details."

These details may well bore us; but we may have to submit to them. All listeners must have noticed in the past six months the increased attempt toward direct advertising in radio programs, must have observed the growing amount of selling which is going on over the air. Mere good-will is no longer considered a sufficient recompense for an expenditure of ten thousand dollars a week in broadcasting. And certainly no one will consider this an unreasonable viewpoint. The manufacturer must market his product, must increase his sales if he wishes to continue his weekly hour. And, therefore, he justifies giving a greater and greater amount of time during that hour to matter of a purely commercial nature.

"Oh, I don't listen to that. I just switch off to another station," you say. Precisely But suppose all the other stations are doing the same thing, as inevitably they would be forced to do. You do not like it, neither do I. But we may have to like it. In this way we may be obliged to pay our proper share of the cost of broadcasting, a share which to date we have never borne, as radio owners in foreign lands have done. The public may not like it; perhaps they will have to stand direct advertising over the air, nevertheless. Or else go without radio entertainment.

VI

AT THE exact opposite extreme from this lies the situation where radio flourishes without any advertising at all. We have just considered the possibility of radio's support through a frank and open avowal of the air as an advertising medium; now let us consider the other side, that in which no advertising of any kind is permitted. This is the answer to the problem of radio costs that has been adopted in England and some of the British colonies; a solution called "Government Control."

In the British Isles the radio owner applies directly to the post-office for a license to run his set. This costs five shillings, or a dollar and a quarter. These five shilling pieces which radio owners pour into the post-offices support the British Broadcasting Company and its two large studios, 5XX London, and

(*Continued on page 51*)

"Out of my house! You're like the rest of the Landers crew. I've knowed 'em since they was pups"

The Demon's Daughter

A Story of Fire-fighters, a Feud and a Four-alarm Blaze

By Karl W. Detzer

Illustrated by George Wright

CAPTAIN TERRY LANDERS of Engine 121 was chairman of the ticket committee that year for the Firemen's Mutual Benefit ball. And at the dance, held on the night of March 17th, he met Lura Drennan, Captain Tom Drennan's . . . old Demon Drennan's . . . daughter.

He liked the sober way she led the grand march with her stiff-necked father, and the way she danced with Battalion Chief Archer, who boasted a college education; he liked the cool blue of her eyes, and her slow smile, and her soft voice, with that pleasant, gentle touch of huskiness in it.

He admired her when she declined to leave at ten o'clock when her father demanded it, as he rushed off with the chief of department to a four-eleven alarm on the south side.

So after the dance Terry told her: "I got my car around the corner. I'll roll you home."

"It would be nice, if I was to ask you." She smiled that slow smile.

"It didn't take any asking. I decided," he explained. "There's something I wanted to say."

In the car he persisted: "I wanted to tell you I like you Lura. A lot. I think, maybe, some day I'll marry you."

"What makes you think that, Terry?" she demanded, and looked him full in his brown, lean face.

"I feel it in my bones. I'm gifted that way," he confided.

"Then you might use your gifts on what my father would say was I to tell him."

"He'd say: 'What? A Landers!'"

"Not quite, he wouldn't," she corrected. "He'd say: 'What? One of them no-account, low-down Landers!' That's what he'd say. He'd run you ragged, Terry."

"It'll be a fine foot race," he predicted.

"And when he caught you, he'd break all those gifted bones."

"He's a great man, is your father," Terry admitted, "great and notionable. He'll come to like me when he knows me better."

She tolerated his impudence for several reasons. The first was his reputation. She had heard talk of this Terry Landers for half a dozen years, had seen his name flashed in the headlines on many a morning after a snorting four-eleven fire. He led off the list of department honors, had been mentioned in orders a score of times for heroism, once for insubordination. He was thirty now, tall and straight as a water tower. His skin was tanned, with smoke of course, and his blue eyes shone the bluer for it. And he had a smile . . . the famous Landers smile.

But most of all Lura tolerated his impudence because she could afford to. She was a Drennan, and he a mere Landers, and if you know the fire department you know the gulf that lies between. Four generations of

Drennans had commanded four generations of Landers, bullied them, driven them, cursed them, brought charges against them, and depended on them whenever there was a particularly stubborn fire to fight.

The Drennans were the aristocrats of their smoky world. Three times Drennans had served the city as its chief of department, and three times resigned that high office, casting it off with a careless gesture, as if it were a piece of outworn hose, because chiefs were supposed to play politics and politics were beneath the Drennan dignity.

But not beneath the Landers dignity, were you to believe the Drennan story. Never a Landers went up in the promotion lists without an alderman behind him, or the vote of the nineteenth ward, or some other shameful sort of backing. Until this Terry came along. Now all the department, except Tom Drennan, admitted that Terry was different, that he was winning on his metal and letting politics strictly alone.

STILL, he was only a Landers, Lura remembered, when he talked carelessly of marrying her. She was not offended. A cat may look at a queen.

"I'm on regular off Thursday," Terry was saying at the door of Captain Tom's house. "I'll drop around, and we'll go see a talkie."

"You've an ache for trouble, Terry," she warned, but she smiled at him. "To begin with, I've promised supper to Lige Briggs that night."

For a moment Terry's tongue lost its fleetness. But only for a moment. "Briggs?" he challenged. "Seems I've heard the name. It puts me in mind of a false alarm."

"You might tell him that to his face, Terry," she suggested, "and see what happens."

"I will, if I have the bad luck to run over him. In the meantime I'll be here Thursday, at two sharp."

He was not sure she would stay at home to receive him. He was less sure next morning, back in the quarters of Engine 121, after he heard Murphy's news. Murphy, his senior pipeman, paused by the left front wheel of the pumper, which he was polishing, wrinkled his broad crimson face, rubbed his nose once with the polishing rag, and coughed for attention.

"And what is it now?" Terry asked, his thumb in the company log book.

"Nothing," the old pipeman replied, giving his nose another swipe. "Only I hear you've got your application in, sir, for appointment to insurance patrol."

"You hear a great deal that ain't good for you, Murphy," Terry said. "And a great deal more that ain't true, and some additional that don't bear repeating. Where did you get that from?"

"Two ways, sir. First, the story's been batting around the battalion. On the grapevine. Everybody's whisperin'. And second, my wife's niece, she's got a girl friend that's got a sister in the office of the city Board of Underwriters. This sister, she seen the application, with your signature on it, sir."

"Then there can hardly be a mistake, Murphy," Terry said. "The only one, far as I can see, would be for you to go blatting about it."

"We hope you get it, sir, all us boys do. Only . . . ."

"Only what?"

"There's another application in, with the recommend of the chief of department on it."

"And that's?"

"The Demon, sir. Old Tom Drennan. He's arter the same place, sir."

For a moment a rare silence fell on the apparatus room. Then the black key of the joker alarm instrument bit off a crisp message . . . five dots, five more, again five . . . three . . . two . . . four. Truck 14, far across the city, was called on a still, a first alarm.

"What would a Drennan be wanting with the patrol job?" Terry asked unbelievingly.

"Tom's getting old, sir. There's no more promotion for him in this business, what with the way they appoint johnnie-jump-ups to be battalion chiefs these days, leaving the old men go to seed Besides, they say as his daughter is a persuading sort of girl, and she's ringing the bell in his ear for him to take it."

Terry grunted. "Free field," he said.

But he went about his duties all day with the problem suspended between his eyes and his tasks. It was true he had applied to the Board of Underwriters for the job of superintendent of the Insurance Patrol. It carried a better salary than a battalion chief's, and meant the command of eight companies of salvagemen. The patrol, though independent of the department, must roll to every fire, and while firemen threw water, it must burrow in with canvas tarpaulins, buckets, brooms, mops, to salvage property and prevent damage from the water the engines throw.

A good job, Terry thought, with a taste of smoke. But if Tom Drennan wanted it and the chief of department recommended him . . . Terry banged the log book shut. No Landers had beaten a Drennan yet. But there's always a first time. It would be a grand fight.

Then he thought of Lura's slow smile and the cool blue of her eyes and her soft, gentle voice, with that pleasant touch of huskiness in it. What would she say?

"I'll go see her, come Thursday," he told himself. "We'll go to a talkie and to supper, this Lige Briggs creature to the contrary. I'll have it out with her."

She was waiting, surprisingly, when he drove up to her door that afternoon.

"There's a good show down on Ashland," she greeted him. She was very gay. Her eyes were even bluer than they had been at the dance, and Terry saw the reflection of his own ardor in them.

Neither one mentioned Lige Briggs, till the show was over and he suggested: "We'll have supper out to the north side."

"No," she contradicted. "We'll not. We'll go back home. I told you Lige Briggs was to be there. I'll cook supper for the two of you."

He objected.

"Briggs?" Again he pretended to search his memory for the name.

"Secretary to the fire commissioner, Terry. As if you could forget him! He tells me it was him read the charges to you when you were before the board for upsetting Battalion Chief Schultz."

"Ah," remembered Terry, "sort of a smallish man with a high and mighty collar?"

"Not so smallish."

"About a pint and a half size," he conceded, "with a nice way about him."

"A very nice way, Terry."

"And a mouth full of mush," he added. "We'll get on fine, him and me."

Briggs was waiting. He shook hands heartily, with a firm grip, which annoyed Terry, and seemed at ease in old Tom Drennan's house, which was even more annoying.

"YOU'RE getting the department medal again, Landers," he confided, as they waited in the parlor while Lura prepared supper. "For pulling those two fellows out of that rooming house fire on North State Street. It was a fine piece of rescue. . . ."

"It was nothing," Terry said.

"You're too modest," Briggs told him, and Terry liked him better . . . until Captain Drennan arrived.

The old man banged through the door and into the parlor as noisily as he might respond to an alarm. He shook hands friendlily with Briggs, but when Lura added:

"Captain Landers of Engine 121," old Tom stiffened, straightening some of the crookedness out of his short, bowed legs.

"Evenin', captain," he grunted. "What you doing here?"

"He's staying for supper, dad."

Drennan's wooly eyebrows tied themselves into a knot.

"Very good," he said finally, and turned to Briggs. "How's the commissioner?"

Briggs was smiling. "Well, enough, sir. Asks to be remembered to you."

Lura tried unsuccessfully to draw Terry into the conversation after that. For once his lively tongue refused to work. He was thinking fast enough. But only of those two applications in the office of the city Board of Underwriters.

The meal was nearly ended when Briggs brought up the subject. He did it easily, as

casually as he had discussed the coming elections.

"By the way, sir," he addressed Drennan, "meant to tell you. I got the commissioner to put his recommendation on your papers. It's all set and oiled now."

"Thanks to you," old Tom said.

"There's only one other applicant," Briggs added, and glanced at Terry.

"Another?" the old man demanded in surprise. "Standing up ag'in' me?"

"So I hear," Briggs said. "But you've no worry, sir. Whoever he is, he hasn't a chance. Not if I fix it. The commissioner's sure to leave it to me. . . ."

"Of course you'll fix it, Lige!" Lura cried hopefully.

"Have to take care of you," Briggs said, and smiled at her. "Don't know just who the other one is. Some captain, I understand," he paused and looked hard at Terry. "Out of your battalion, if I remember right, Landers." Silence thumped down on the table. Then Briggs repeated: "But he hasn't a chance. The Underwriters'll take the commissioner's word. And you know, Lura, how those things are handled. He'll do what I say."

TERRY saw the other three, indistinctly. The table seemed to be twisting. Old Tom put down knife and fork and leaned forward, squinting at Terry.

"Out o' your battalion?" he rumbled. "Then you've heard on the grapevine who it is."

Terry sat silent. Should he confess here that he was the applicant? Lura was watching him, her lips slightly apart, her blue eyes open expectantly. For a sharp, miserable minute filled with a hot love for her, Terry thought of withdrawing, here and now. He could get along without the insurance patrol. Lura would be grateful.

But in that case, with one man in the field, Briggs would say: "I got it for you, Captain Drennan." And Tom would add: "Another Landers out of the way!"

"Are you dumb?" Drennan demanded angrily. "What you hear on the grapevine?"

"No, sir," Terry said, "I'm not dumb." Anger struck him like a hundred pound stream. Too long had the Drennans been bullying the Landers, too long the Landers knuckling under. "No, I ain't dumb, sir," he repeated, "and I ain't scared. I know who's after that job and who'll get it, by the great brass helmet! It's me."

He heard Lura's intake of breath, saw the hurt expression in her blue eyes. Old Tom wagged his chin once violently. Briggs' match, as he lighted a cigarette, made a sharp, scraping noise in the silence about the table.

"But, Terry," Lura demanded, "you didn't know when you applied, you didn't know dad wanted it?"

"No, I didn't."

"You'll withdraw?" She leaned forward, her eyes and voice pleading. "Dad ought to have that job. And Lige can get it for him."

"Lige can?" Terry answered slowly. He pushed back his chair and turned upon Briggs. The commissioner's clerk was smiling again. "Then Lige can put on his stick-up collar and try and get it," Terry said.

Old Tom yelled "Be quiet!" He scrambled to his bowed legs. "Was I a young man, Landers, you'd get the wetting down that's coming to you."

"Have Lige do that for you, too, sir," Terry answered. Rage made his voice tremble. "So it's Drennans using a pull this time instead of the Landers?"

"Out of my house!" Drennan ordered. "You're like the rest of the Landers crew. I've knowed 'em since they was pups."

Terry's face grew whiter under its tan. "Maybe I am," he said huskily. "But I'm getting this job decent and on my merits, sir. I don't need to ask any two-cent political clerk at the city hall to get it for me. . . ."

"Careful!" Lura warned.

Terry saw the color flowing into her cheeks, heard with a catch in his own throat the pleasant huskiness of her voice. Her eyes shone full upon him.

"I best be going," he said. "Only, there's one thing, Captain Drennan. After I get that patrol job, I'm coming back here. . . ."

"Terry!" Lura warned. She clutched his arm. "Terry, don't say it!"

"Coming back here, sir," he persisted, "for a bit of talk with you. I've a notion to marry your daughter."

"Terry!" she cried again.

"Only," he added, "she don't believe it yet. She's like the rest o' you Drennans. She's got to be showed. Good-night to you."

He left them at once, Lura weeping. Out on the sidewalk he swore softly, as he turned toward the quarters of Engine 121. He would go find a good fire to fight. There ought to be one tonight somewhere. Hardly a night passed at this season without a big blaze. He'd find it and fight it. It would take his mind off his troubles.

Five days later he was called to the office of the Board of Underwriters, plied with questions, and told finally that no choice of a superintendent would be made for at least a month. He returned uneasily to his quarters. The grapevine was heavy with rumors. Old Tom had the appointment sewed up. Old Tom had withdrawn. Some battalion chief had been picked. There would be no new superintendent. The usual rumors.

But of one thing Terry was sure. He was being watched. On duty and off, the underwriters were keeping their eyes on him. Murphy brought him the news, finally, after two weeks, that no decision had yet been made, that he and old Tom still contended, neck and neck.

Terry met Drennan once, at a four-eleven alarm in the west side, came face to red face with the old man in the bluish glare of the flood-lights. He spoke, none too politely. Drennan only glowered in reply.

Two days later he passed Lura on the street. His heart, that had sunk to the pit of his stomach, floated at once to its own cheerful place.

"Hello," he called boldly. "How's yourself?"

"Terry!" She hesitated, then waited for him to come nearer. Her cheeks flamed. But she spoke quietly, with all the dignity of a proud, superior Drennan. "How could you act so? Insulting my father! I'm ashamed of you."

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN, in an early issue, will make a welcome return to our pages with a story of big league ball players that is among the best things he has ever written—a dramatic tale of courage and loyalty that you will enjoy.

"I knew your hard feelings wouldn't last."

"You knew what?" she flared. "I've not forgiven you, Terry. Make no mistake about that! To insult a man in his own house with talk about . . . pulls, Terry! I'm ashamed and I'm disgusted. Unless. . ."

"Unless what?"

"Unless what I heard today is true. Lige said you were withdrawing."

"So Lige said that? Then you can tell Lige he's a damn liar, Lura, and that's the truest words I ever spoke. I've forgot that the creature ever cluttered up my thoughts. I'm after the job, Lura."

She left him without further words, anger flashing in her blue eyes.

Two weeks later, when the list of citations was issued from the fire commissioner's office, Terry's name was not among the heroes. He scanned it with mounting indignation. Then tossed it into the wastebasket. Briggs, who had confided in him, unasked, that he was winning the department medal, had seen to it that Landers' name was removed.

"Influence is a great thing," Terry confided in old Murphy.

"I've heard say it is," the senior pipeman answered. "You're meaning?"

"A scorpion named Briggs," Terry answered. "He's so low he couldn't reach a cellar window. These here citations. . . ."

"A citation's a bit of paper, sir. It ain't worth the fuss. But it's the other business that's bad, sir. This Briggs, I've heard tell, has his fire ax all sharpened up. He's running you out the department."

Terry laughed. This, at least, was funny.

"I ain't upset, Murphy."

"He's got underhanded ways, sir. As for the patrol job . . . I guess Drennan gets it. I was to the Golden Eagle Club last night."

"That political party! I'm ashamed of you, Murphy."

"I was getting an ear full, sir. Briggs was there. He spends half his evenings to the Golden Eagle. He made a bet, last night, with Alderman Adams, as Drennan would be patrol superintendent day after to-morrow."

Again an explosion. It seemed mild, at first. Then with a roar the roof beams began to tumble in the mid-section. The wall, towering above them, teetered

Terry listened with growing concern.

"Says it's fixed," Murphy continued, "and that gal which works in their office, she let drop a hint of the same kind. Only Drennan don't know it yet. He's still fussing. Like a cat on a stove-lid."

"I've give him a run for it," Terry said. "Sure, I want the job, so bad I can taste it. And if that Briggs in his stick-up collar has washed me out of it, there'll be smoke a-plenty in his meathouse."

"Yes, sir," Murphy answered without conviction.

Terry climbed the stair to his office. He sat at his desk, twiddling a pencil, and listening to the small talk of the joker alarm instrument in the room below. Higgins, who drove the pumper and three times a day served unwillingly as cook, came up at six-thirty to announce that supper was getting cold.

"I'll do without it," Terry said. "My appetite's gone up the street."

Half an hour later Murphy knocked.

"A party to see you, sir."

"Send him up."

"It's a lady, sir."

"Lady?" Terry rubbed his hand over his chin. "I'll be down."

He found Lura in the shadows of the driveway. By the light which shone out through the door he saw the blue of her troubled eyes and the tight line of her mouth. She had been weeping.

"Good evening," she said coolly, with a catch in her pleasant, husky voice.

Terry steeled himself. "How's yourself?" he asked. "Wait. I'll get a couple o' chairs."

"Never mind the chairs. I just want to ask you a question."

"Help yourself, Lura. I wish the light was better. You deserve more light."

"This is business, Terry. Lige tells me. . . ."

"Do you learn *everything* from Lige?"

She ignored the interruption. "Lige tells me you've been pulling political wires."

"Me?"

"He's been working for dad . . . and for me. Unselfishly."

Terry smiled. "I've noticed he's very unselfish."

"Be quiet, Terry. This afternoon he went over to the Board of Underwriters, and they tell him somebody's been complaining. That the men in your company have been out, trying to get them to throw over my father."

"It's not the Landers playing politics this time!" Terry exclaimed. "If my men have done any such thing, which I've my doubts, I know nothing of it. Besides . . ."

"Will you listen? They tell him somebody's complained dad's too old."

"He ain't too old," Terry answered. "Not if he wouldn't get so mad. It's hollering that boosts his blood pressure."

"I came to ask this, Terry Landers, and I want a truthful answer. Was it you brought that complaint? Would you take advantage of a man because he's old?"

"You don't know me well, Lura. Not so well as you're going to, or you wouldn't come asking such tripe. It wasn't me. And I've no political friends working. No boosters around the Golden Eagle Club talkin' about how they're runnin' my campaign. Not one word have I said against your old man, no matter how much he's aching for it."

He hesitated. Through the open door the joker alarm floated out into the quiet evening. A call for Truck 49 and Engine 193.

"WEST side," he commented, when the staccato tapping of the key had ceased.

"Terry," she stood invitingly close to him, "you don't know my dad."

"From a distance, yes," he corrected. "He ain't exactly the kind of man to get chummy with."

"You don't know how straight he is. . . ."

"I've never heard a dirty word raised against him, Lura."

"He's getting old, Terry. And here was a chance. With a big salary. Better hours. Fewer sub-cellars, less smoke, not so much climbing. To him, and to me, it meant a great deal to get this job. And then you come along and try to spoil it all, Terry."

"I try to spoil nothing, Lura," he said gently. "I'm just after the same job. It ain't my fault your father's after it, too."

"But Terry, you tell me you care for me. You even tell my father. If you do, Terry, there's still time to withdraw. . . ."

"Withdraw?"

"If you get out, Terry, Lige says . . ."

"LISTEN close, my dear. I've heard all one man with one stomach can stand hearing of what Lige says. I'd be pleased was he struck deef and dumb to-morrow."

"He's loyal . . ."

"Loyal, me eye! Listen. . . ."

The box alarm instrument began to bite out a message. Over Lura's shoulder, past the crimson fender of the pumper, Terry saw its ticker ribbon fluttering. Hogarth, who stood watch, picked it up.

Terry counted the taps. "Box 319," he reported.

Lura wiped her eyes. "What's that location?" she asked.

"Western and Spaulding. Your father roll there?"

"On second alarm," she said.

"He'll get a workout. Truck 49 pulled the box. The fire got away from the still alarm crew."

"Terry," Lura turned to him pleadingly, "if you care for me . . ."

"Listen, my dear." Ah, how he did care! "It would take one of these posts to tell you how much, Lura," he whispered. "I couldn't start. But it's so much, Lura, that I'm going after this job so's I can support you proper. . . ."

"Terry!"

"And your old man, too, if I have to. Listen again a minute."

The alarm instrument was chopping another message into its tape. Three . . .

(*Continued on page* 47)

Some Bridges to Cross

Compiled by
Charles Phelps Cushing

PUBLISHERS PHOTO

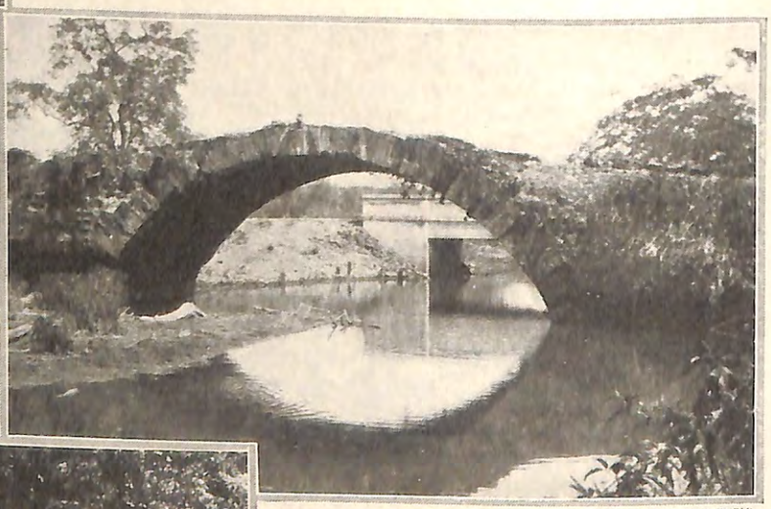
Who built this strange old bridge near Barcelona in Spain? The peasants say the Devil, and they call it "the Devil's Bridge." An inscription dated 535 B.C. credits it to the great Hannibal

© PUBLISHERS PHOTO

The Tower Bridge is so famous that its picture is almost the trade-mark of London, as the Eiffel Tower is a symbol of Paris

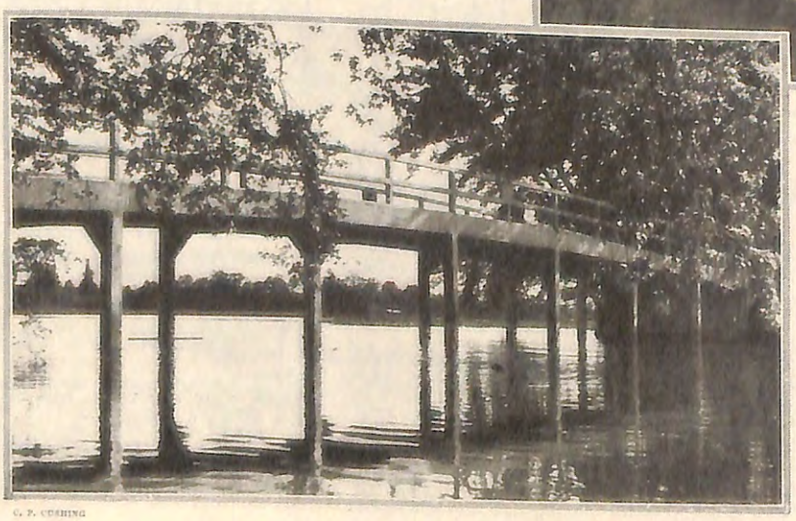
© PUBLISHERS PHOTO

Odd, isn't it? But just because this Bridge of Sighs in Venice is famed for misery, for hopelessness in life, it becomes a tourists' delight



C. P. CUSHING FROM WIDE WORLD

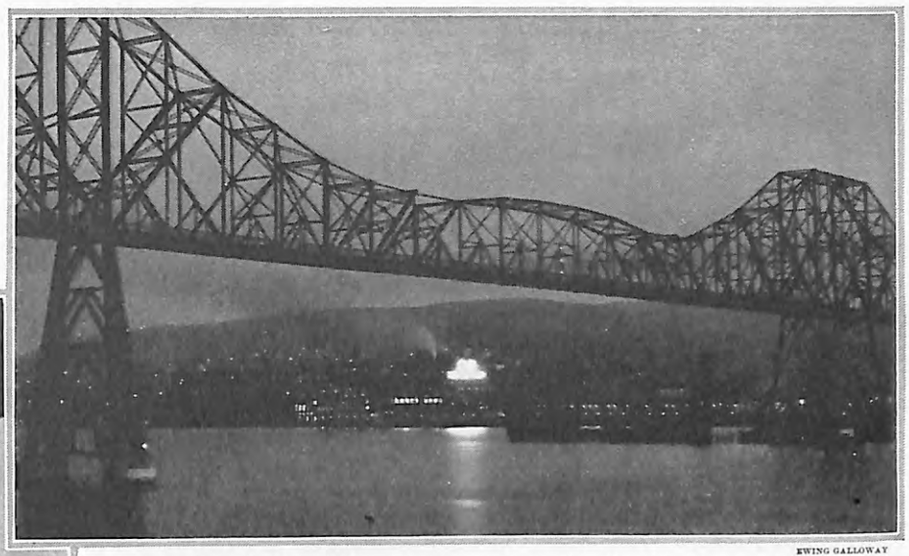
Four hundred years ago the arch above, of the oldest bridge in the New World, bore gold-laden pack-trains, and pirates out of old Panama City. It still stands solidly



C. P. CUSHING

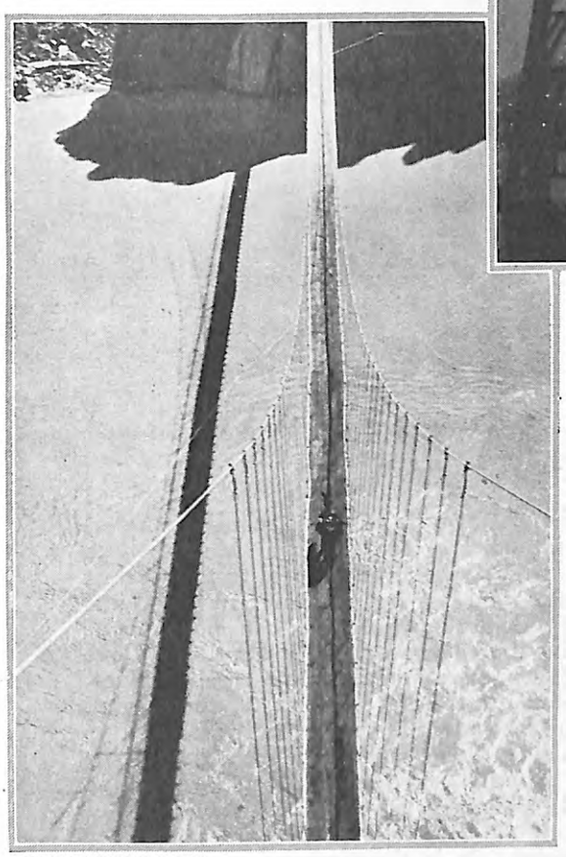
The bridge where the Minute Men repulsed the red-coats at Concord (left), is one of the most precious historical shrines we own:
"Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

Either Wonder or Legend Attaches to Every One of These Ten Spans



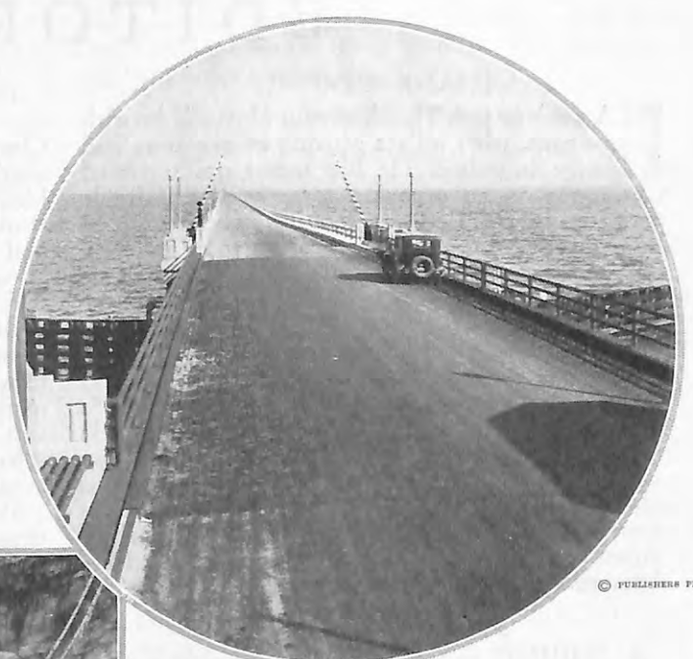
EWING GALLOWAY

Carquinez Bridge (pictured above) links the Bay Region north of San Francisco with the Lincoln Highway. Add it to your list of the touring attractions near the sunset end of the long, long trail to the Golden Gate



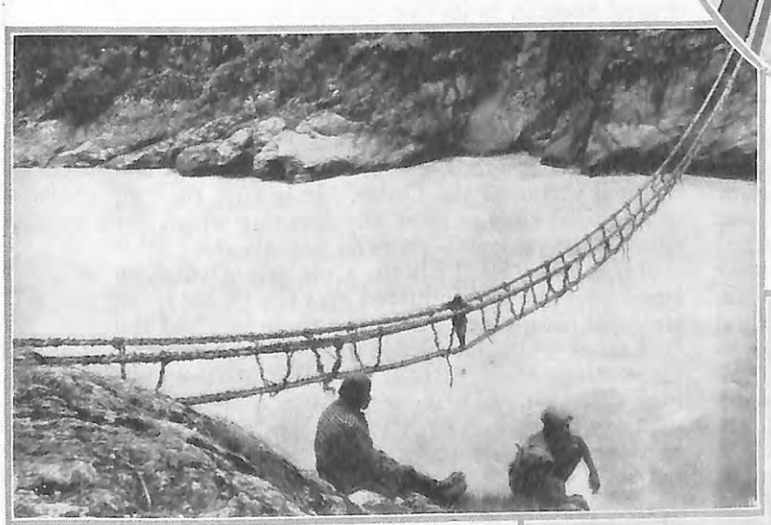
COWLING, FROM EWING GALLOWAY

For pack-horses and pedestrians only is the span above, in Grand Canyon National Park. Lay it on the floor to view it: the camera was placed on a cliff



© PUBLISHERS PHOTO

"Longest in the world" is the claim made for the five-mile bridge across Lake Pontchartrain, near New Orleans in Louisiana. It has five-mile approaches at each end

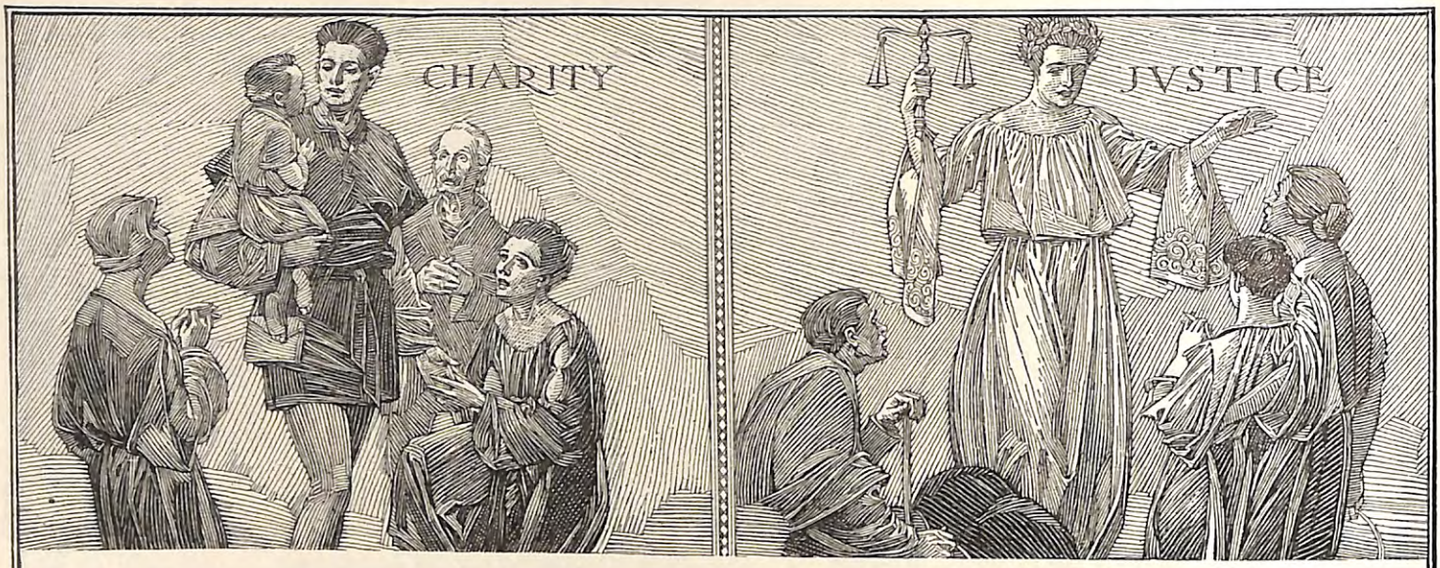


EWING GALLOWAY

The real thing as a primitive is the bridge in Tibet pictured above. The "cables" of it are strands of grass that wear like braided wire

C. F. CUSHING

(At right). Soon to be world's champion among suspension bridges is the span crossing the Hudson at New York City. Its towers are taller than a forty-story skyscraper, and the span between them three-quarters of a mile



EDITORIAL

THANKSGIVING

IN A week or two Thanksgiving Day will be with us again, with all its stirring of generous and kindly impulses. It has never quite rivaled Christmas as an occasion for special charitable activities by Elk Lodges. But it has been adopted by a number of them as an occasion to be annually observed by some appropriate work of charity.

It is suggested that because of excessive unemployment and other industrial conditions, such activities this year would be peculiarly welcomed by a larger number of persons in need than is usually the case. With this thought in mind it is hoped that as many Lodges as may be able to do so will make Thanksgiving Day this year an occasion of special activity, marked by generous charity and fraternal kindliness toward those in want and distress. It is the best way to show thankfulness for the many blessings which have been received.

FRATERNAL SHRINES

A SHRINE, as the term is here used, is a place that has become hallowed for designated individuals by its use, its history or its associations. Every country treasures certain sites as patriotic shrines. Every sectarian group has its sacred places which are revered as possessing peculiar significance to its adherents. And every altruistic organization, that has survived through long years regards certain structures or locations as definitely hallowed to its members.

Because of the emotions that are aroused by contemplation of such holy places, they are essentially inspirational. They evoke memories and sentiments that naturally stir the heart. They refresh and restore one's loyalty and enthusiasm. Every organization realizes the tremendous value of having its members visit its own cherished shrines. And the Order of Elks is no exception to the rule.

The thought at once comes to mind that reference is intended to our National Memorial, in Chicago, with its wondrous appeal to the noblest sentiments, and to our magnificent National Home, at Bedford, where one can not but be thrilled by the contemplation of Brotherly Love and Fidelity translated into practical service.

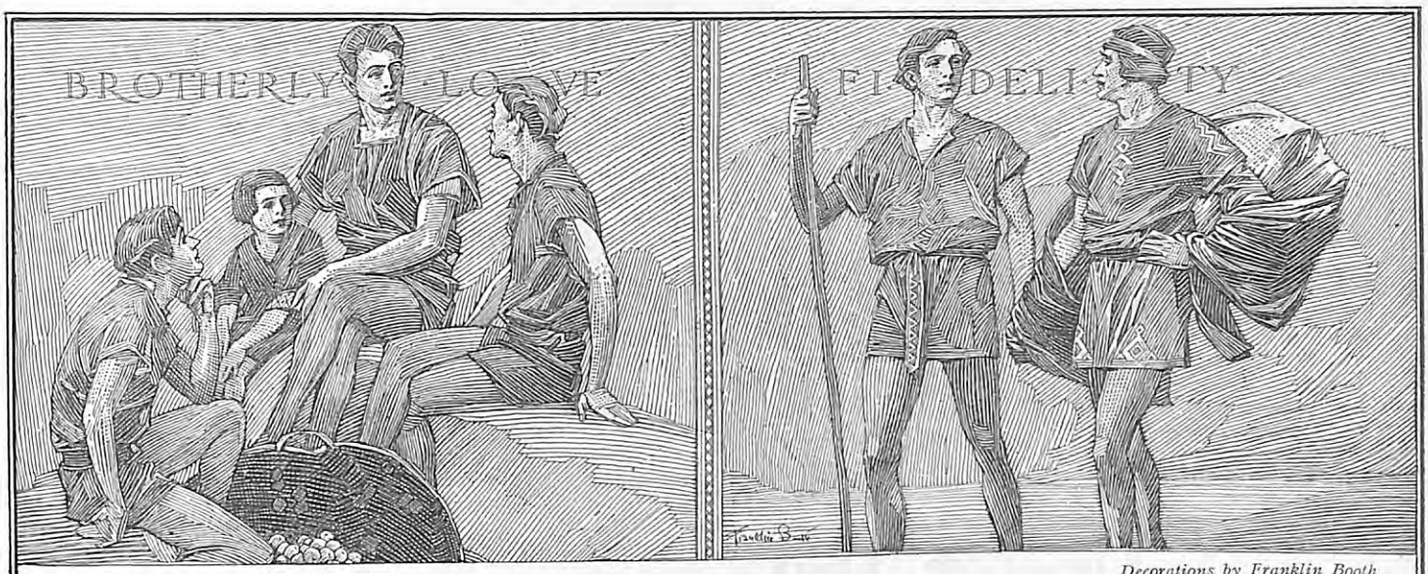
And of course these are the outstanding shrines which are recognized as such by every Elk.

But in every Lodge room there is a shrine of the deepest fraternal significance. It should be so regarded; and every approach to it should be made with the reverence that characterizes the true devotee. It is the altar before which the solemn obligation of membership has been assumed.

It is not only because the flag of our country is draped upon it, as its first decoration, bespeaking the patriotism of the Order, that it becomes thus hallowed. Nor yet because the Bible is placed thereon, with all its meaning. Nor because the Antlers there remind us of the Brotherly Love they signify. Nor yet because the star which burns above it symbolizes the Fidelity which is a cardinal virtue of the Order. It is true that all these things have purpose and meaning which our ritualistic ceremonials properly accentuate.

But to every loyal Elk the altar before which he stood when he was inducted into the Order is his fraternal birth-place. If he has there imbibed the true spirit which his pledge implies, he can never approach it again without a feeling of reverence and devotion. There will recur each time a memory of his first experience there; and he will inevitably become fraternally refreshed and renewed.

Herein lies a tremendously important feature of attendance upon Lodge meetings. The altar is perennially resplendent with its symbolic decorations that are essential reminders of the associations and experiences that have hallowed the spot.



Decorations by Franklin Booth

It recalls the hour of initiation with its uplifting emotions and its spirit of fraternal consecration. It inspires a mental attitude that softens and sweetens and dignifies the whole occasion.

Truly every Elk's altar is a fraternal shrine. And each Lodge meeting should be accounted an alluring invitation to a pilgrimage to it, with a heart filled with a purpose of fraternal rededication.

ADVISORY COUNCILS FOR ANTLERS

THE amendment of Section 183a of the Grand Lodge Statutes was an eminently wise bit of legislation enacted at Atlantic City.

In the first place it specifically authorizes the Grand Exalted Ruler, for cause, to cancel any permit previously granted for the organization of a Lodge of Antlers. While this power may have been held inherent in the office, it is better to have it plainly conferred by statute so that its exercise may be unquestioned.

And then, much more important, the amendment provides for the appointment, in each Lodge sponsoring a Lodge of Antlers, of five members who shall constitute an Advisory Council to supervise all activities of its fraternal protégé. The members of each Council first appointed are to hold office for one, two, three, four and five years, respectively. And thereafter one member is to be appointed each year for a five-year term.

This will assure a continuity of personnel in each Council that is essential to the most effective service; and yet it will admit of the appointment of one new member each year, so as to insure a steady accretion of fresh enthusiasm. It will be no longer necessary to rely upon volunteers having no defined authority in the premises.

The continuing responsibility of each Subordinate Lodge for activities of the Antlers sponsored by it has been before the subject of comment in these columns. The new provision of the statute creates an admirable instrumentality through which that responsibility may be exercised.

The careful selection of the members of these Councils, made from among those who have a real interest in the duties to be performed and who are peculiarly qualified therefor, will insure a mutual benefit to the junior organizations and the parent Lodges alike.

GIVE THIS SOME THOUGHT

A RESOLUTION was presented to the Grand Lodge at Atlantic City involving the suggestion of a novel method of providing funds for the maintenance of the Elks National Home. The resolution was not acted upon, but was referred to the Grand Exalted Ruler. It is assumed that he will refer it to some committee for consideration or will, himself, report, so that the next Grand Lodge may formally consider it upon its merits.

The proposal is, in effect, that there be added to the initiation fee in each Subordinate Lodge a designated fixed sum, to be turned over to the Grand Lodge for use in maintaining the National Home at Bedford. It is easy to suggest arguments both for and against the plan. But it is certainly worthy of serious consideration.

If the number of initiates be approximately maintained, it would require but a small additional fee from each one to aggregate a sum that would provide the entire maintenance expense of the Home. This would enable the Grand Lodge to reduce materially the per capita tax and to relieve the local Lodges of this annual charge. Undoubtedly this would be a welcome result to all concerned.

Of course, the question immediately arises as to the possible effect upon applicants for membership of this additional initiation expense. If it should prove an effective deterrent, that fact would constitute a forceful argument against the suggestion. But its proponents urge that the increase need be only a relatively small one, and that an inappreciable number would be kept out of the Order because of it; and that the popularity of the cause to which it is to be applied would more than offset any other objections.

At least it is a subject which might well engage the best thought in the Order, so that the Grand Lodge may be guided to a wise conclusion.

Breaking ground for the new dormitory at the Elks National Memorial Home, Bedford, Va. Among those who took part in the ceremonies attendant were (in the front row, from left to right): Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Home; Walter R. Crowe, architect; Grand Trustees James S. Richardson and Ralph Hagan; D. J. Phipps, contractor; and Grand Trustee John K. Burch

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Break Ground for New Dormitory At Elks National Home

WITH Ralph Hagan, Chairman, and three other members of the Board of Grand Trustees participating in the ceremonies, ground was broken recently for the erection of a new dormitory at the Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia. The building, to be known as Dormitory H, will house an additional one hundred residents. The building schedule calls for the completion about the first of May, 1931. Its cost is estimated at $200,000. Of this amount, $50,000 was appropriated at the Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City from the surplus earnings of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, upon the recommendation of Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther. The resolution formally executing the suggestion was offered by Past Exalted Grand Ruler Fred Harper, and unanimously adopted. Mr. Guenther, together with his fellow members of the Board of Grand Trustees, James S. Richardson and John K. Burch, took part in the ground-breaking. Among others who participated in the exercises were Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Home; Walter R. Crowe, architect of the new building; and D. J. Phipps, the contractor in charge of the construction. The only member of the Board of Grand Trustees absent was A. Charles Stewart who, while driving to Bedford, suffered a painful, although not serious, accident.

Make Pilgrimage to Grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler B. M. Allen

Members of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, their families and many friends, constituting the largest number ever to gather for the event, made their annual pilgrimage a short time ago to the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Basil Manly Allen, in Elmwood Cemetery, Birmingham. After assembling at the Lodge Home, the group proceeded by automobile to the cemetery. There exercises were held in commemoration of the esteem and affection which Mr. Allen inspired. After the opening prayer, offered by the Reverend F. Willis Barnett, the City Fire Department Band of fifty pieces played a selection, and former State Attorney-General J. Q. Smith delivered an oration. Before the address of eulogy by Past Grand Inner Guard E. J. McCrossin, and his laying of a wreath upon the grave, a male quartette sang. The entire assemblage later joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne." The exercises terminated with the sounding of taps by four buglers.

Past Exalted Rulers Hold Outing at Newburgh, N. Y.

The annual outing of the Association of Past Exalted Rulers of the Southeast District of New York was held recently at Spangler's Grove, Newburgh. Over seventy members of the Association and their guests were present. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry Kohl, of Newburgh Lodge, No. 247, as Secretary of the Association, was in charge of arrangements. The guests included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert; Dr. J. Edward Gallico, of Troy Lodge, No. 141, President of the New York State Elks Association; Dr. Philip J. McLaughlin, of Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, No. 36, President of the Board of Education of that city; Louis H. Hyman, Chairman of the Auditing Committee, and Isaac C. Hotaling, Vice-President, of the New York State Elks Association.

Boy Scout Troop Sponsored by New Castle, Pa., Lodge Wins Contest

At a recent meeting of the Pennsylvania Northwest Association in Franklin, a contest in first-aid work was held by several Boy Scout troops sponsored by Elks Lodges. The troops participating in the competition were those associated with Sharon Lodge, No. 103; Beaver Falls Lodge, No. 348; and New Castle Lodge, No. 69. The New Castle troop won. The judging was based on speed, neatness, handling of the patient, and accuracy in placing the bandages. Among the prominent Elks of the State to witness the exhibition were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Earl MacDonald, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. R. Weaver; and President John F. Nugent, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association.

Jersey City, N. J., Elks Sponsor Championship Track Meet

Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, sponsored not long ago the Senior Metropolitan Track and Field Championship Meet of the Amateur Athletic Union. The games, held at Pershing Field, Jersey City, brought out several record-breaking performances, notable among which was Gus Moore's lowering of Abel Kiviat's time for the mile run, a mark of sixteen years' standing. From a financial standpoint also the event proved a distinct success. It earned a substantial sum for the Lodge's Crippled Children's Fund.

Frank J. Murphy Appointed Member Of New York Racing Commission

Frank J. Murphy, prominent member of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, was recently appointed a member of the New York State Racing Commission by Edward J. Flynn, Secretary of the State of New York. Mr. Murphy will serve for a term of five years. He succeeds George W. Loft in the office.

Hagerstown, Md., Elks Aid Air Pilots With Large Sign

Hagerstown Lodge, No. 378, has erected on the roof of a large building in its city an airplane marker directing passing flyers to the city airport. It is the only official marker in its locality. The sign can be seen on a clear day from an altitude of five miles.

Adams, Mass., Elks Provide Entertainment for Sick

Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 1335, recently entertained the sick of the Adams Town Infirmary with a musical program consisting of old-time songs and concert numbers. This special welfare service is presented yearly to the inmates of the infirmary under the auspices of the Entertainment Committee of the Lodge.

Out-of-Town Members Entertained By Linton, Ind., Lodge

At a recent meeting, designated as "Reunion of 866 Membership," Linton, Ind., Lodge, No. 866, entertained a number of its out-of-town members. Over 200 Elks, including delegates from Sullivan, Bicknell, Terre Haute, and Vincennes Lodges, attended the event, one of the most enjoyable in the history of the Lodge. After a chicken dinner, the members and their guests took part in a varied program of amusements.

Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge Gives Picnic to 400 Orphans

Over 400 orphans were entertained recently by Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, at its twenty-seventh annual outing and picnic, held this year at Riverside Park. The amusement section of the playgrounds provided many thrills for the children during the first part of the day. In the afternoon, after a picnic lunch, the youngsters participated in games and field sports. Before the return home, each child was presented with a gift from the Lodge.

East Chicago, Ind., Lodge Observes Its Silver Anniversary

The twenty-fifth anniversary of East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, recently celebrated at its beautiful Home, proved to be one of the biggest birthday observances in the history of the Lodge. Scores of Elks from neighboring cities in Indiana and Illinois were present to assist the East Chicago members in making the noteworthy event a gala affair. Visiting delegations from Hammond and Gary Lodges, together with their uniformed bands, and others from Whiting, South Bend, La Fayette, and Chicago, with officers of the Indiana State Elks Association, arrived during the morning and early

afternoon and were entertained with musical selections rendered by bands from Gary and Hammond Lodges. Initiation of candidates by the officers of East Chicago Lodge, assisted by the Whiting degree team; tours over the city, an abundance of inviting refreshments, and an interesting boxing card were high-lights in the events of the day. East Chicago Lodge, No. 981, has grown from a membership of 25 in 1905 to nearly 600 members in 1930. Seven charter members were present on the Lodge's twenty-fifth birthday.

Johnson City, Tenn., Elks Give Banquet to District Deputy Neves

A testimonial banquet was given recently to the newly appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Tennessee, East, Carl A. Neves, by members of Johnson City Lodge, No. 825. Among the 125 guests present to congratulate the District Deputy were Exalted Ruler William M. Royal of No. 825, toastmaster; Mayor J. L. Ellison, of Johnson City; and Everett Greer, head of the Soldiers' Home.

Four California Lodges Form "Bay City Bowling Club"

At a recent meeting of bowling enthusiasts from San Francisco, Alameda, Oakland and San Mateo, Calif., Lodges, a new league was organized. It will be known as the Bay City Elks Bowling Club, and will have twelve teams. Oakland and San Mateo Lodges will each enter two teams; and San Francisco and Alameda Lodges, four each. Matches will be played every week during the year.

San Antonio, Texas, Lodge Gives Outing to Many Orphans

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of San Antonio, Texas, Lodge, No. 216, entertained recently at an outing many children from every orphanage in the city. On the playground in Koehler Park, where the picnic was held, the youngsters played baseball in the morning and competed in other athletic events in the afternoon. Refreshments were served both at noon and later in the day, before the return home.

Los Angeles, Calif., Elks Celebrate Lodge's 42nd Anniversary

More than 2,500 Elks, including many representatives from neighboring Lodges, recently attended the 42nd anniversary of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99. For this occasion the banquet hall of the Home was decorated to represent a music-hall of the late 'nineties. Many guests came dressed as cowboys, dons and cabelleros. An elaborate vaudeville show was the feature entertainment of the evening.

One of the most delightful of recent events associated with Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge was a lawn party given to the ladies of the Lodge by its Past Exalted Ruler, M. H. Moore

It consisted of sixty acts, among which were a Floradora sextette, acrobats, music-hall dancing, and boxing matches. Before and after the performance the four bands, playing in rotation, provided music for dancing in the ballroom. An old-fashioned supper, served by waiters in red flannel shirts and bandanas, brought the festivities to a close.

Joint Outing of Massachusetts Lodges Proves Great Success

Three hundred Elks and their guests met recently for the fourth annual joint outing of Malden, Everett, Melrose and Wakefield, Mass., Lodges at Pemberton Inn, Nantasket. The afternoon's elaborate entertainment program consisted of field sports, golf, bridge and whist, and a baseball game between the teams of Everett and Melrose Lodges. The Everett team won, 17 to 1. A chicken dinner was served later that evening in the main dining-room of the inn.

Ladies of Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge Guests at Lawn Party

In appreciation of their interest in Elks' social and charitable activities, Past Exalted Ruler Michael H. Moore, of Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 1378, gave a lawn party recently to the ladies associated with the Lodge. This entertainment was one of a series of several of its kind, and followed a number of dances and other affairs.

One Thousand Children Entertained By Daytona Beach, Fla., Elks

Over one thousand boys and girls were entertained recently by the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141, at the Lodge's nineteenth annual Children's Day party. As a part of the program the Elks brought the youngsters to a vaudeville and motion-picture performance at a local theatre. After the show the children, escorted by their hosts, marched to the board-walk on the ocean front. There, before their return home, they enjoyed a large assortment of good things to eat.

Ohio Elks Honor District Deputy Moser at Home of Warren Lodge

Men distinguished within and without the Order, representatives of a score of Ohio Lodges, and a large number of members of his own Lodge, Warren, O., Lodge, No. 295, gathered recently at the Elks Home in that city as a token of congratulation to D. K. Moser upon his appointment to the office of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of the Northeast District of his State. The assemblage was held upon Mr. Moser's return from the Annual Conference of District Deputies at the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago. Early in the evening the Elks, in company with a squad of police, formed an escort for Mr. Moser, who is Fire Chief of Warren, from the Fire Department headquarters of the city, to the Home. There a reception and banquet were given in his honor, with Past Exalted Ruler Louis L. Guarnieri presiding as toastmaster. The principal speech of the evening was Mr. Moser's, and it was enthusiastically received by the more than three hundred gathered to hear it. Others to address the audience were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Charles A. Booth, William F. Bruning, James A. Breen, John E. Creamer; Blake C. Cook and William G. Lambert, Past Presidents of the Ohio State Elks Association; Mayor W. A. Lynn and Safey-Service Director John D. McBride.

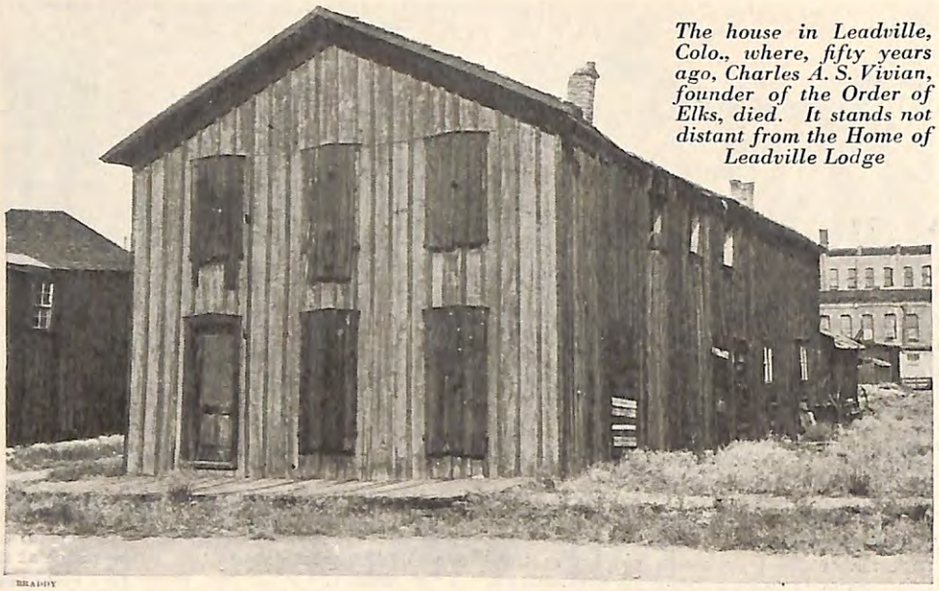
The commodious and inviting lounge in the Home of Etna, Pa., Lodge, No. 932

Relative Seeking Allamander Whitlow, Long Lost

R. E. Whitlow, a resident of Winslow, Ariz., has requested the Magazine to publish an inquiry as to the whereabouts of a long-lost relative of his, Allamander Whitlow, believed to be a member of the Order. Allamander Whitlow is now more than sixty years of age, a cabinet-maker, and formerly lived in Port Arthur, Texas. In the event of any Elks knowing of him, R. E. Whitlow would appreciate word of it, addressed to him at P. O. Box 984, Winslow, Ariz.

"Nick" Cullop Wins Prize Offered By Minneapolis, Minn., Elks

Several hundred members of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, attended the final game of the American Association Baseball season, in order to present their first annual "Most Valuable Player" award to the player chosen for this honor. Henry "Nick" Cullop, holder of a new Association record for home runs and runs driven in, was duly awarded a handsome cordovan leather traveling bag. The presentation address, made by Ed. J. Goff, Assistant County Attorney and Chairman of the Elks committee, was amplified through the loud-speakers so that the crowd of more than 10,000 persons heard



The house in Leadville, Colo., where, fifty years ago, Charles A. S. Vivian, founder of the Order of Elks, died. It stands not distant from the Home of Leadville Lodge

every word and, incidentally, learned of the charitable work that Minneapolis Elks take part in annually. This award will be made at the end of the playing season every year. The sports writers of the local newspapers are to act as the judges. Mr. Cullop is to be a member of the Cincinnati "Reds" of the National League next season. He will be initiated into Minneapolis Lodge this winter.

Two Idaho Lodges Join in Reception to District Deputy

Over 300 Boise Valley Elks participated recently in a reception given by Caldwell, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1448, to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. H. Eustace. Speakers of the evening in the crowded Lodge room were: R. W. Jones of Pocatello Lodge, No. 674, Past Grand Tiler of the Grand Lodge; Exalted Ruler Benton F. Delana, of Boise Lodge, No. 310; Exalted Ruler R. J. McCabe of Nampa Lodge, No. 1389; Dr. P. G. Flack of Boise Lodge, Past President of the Idaho State Elks Association; Judge Charles F. Koelach, Past Exalted Ruler of Boise Lodge, and A. I. Myers, Past Exalted Ruler of Caldwell Lodge Past Grand Tiler Jones made the principal address, pointing out the fact that Caldwell Lodge had been honored in the appointment of M. H. Eustace to the post of District Deputy and that Caldwell Lodge was the twelfth Lodge in line in the United States to show the greatest gain in membership during the past Lodge year. The other speakers also complimented the Lodge and paid tribute to the worth of the newly appointed District Deputy. Before the Lodge meeting the local College of Idaho band headed a parade of Elks through Caldwell's business streets.

Elmhurst, Ill., Elks Make Past Exalted Rulers Life Members

Before several Past and present District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, officers of the Illinois State Elks Association and a large attendance of other members of the Order, Elmhurst Lodge, No. 1531, recently conferred honorary life memberships upon two of its Past Exalted Rulers. Those to receive this distinction were Past Exalted Rulers R. J. Quiter and Alfred H. Nelson. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Nelson H. Millard and William J. Savage made the presentation addresses. Others who spoke were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers William H. Thatcher and John P. Eaton; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John A. Thiel; First Vice-President Max H. Ephraim, Secretary George W. Hasselman and Chaplain Joseph M. Lonergan, of the Illinois State Elks Association. Many delegates were present from Chicago, Harvey, Oak Park, Cicero, Desplaines, Aurora, Woodstock, Joliet and La Grange Lodges.

Past Grand Exalted Rulers Will Address Indiana Lodge Heads

The Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of all Indiana Lodges will meet on November 9 at the Antlers Hotel, Indianapolis. The principal speakers upon the occasion will be Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning and John K. Tener.

Nutley, N. J., Elks Pay Visits To Two Nearby Lodges

Members of Nutley, N. J., Lodge, No. 1200, recently made two fraternal calls upon neighboring Lodges. The first visit was one to Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22; the other to Newark,

(*Continued on page 63*)

News of the State Associations

Wisconsin

SEVERAL Grand Lodge officers, many delegates from every Lodge in the State, and hundreds of visitors attended the three-day celebration recently of the twenty-eighth annual convention of the Wisconsin State Elks Association in Racine. Among the distinguished guests present were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Baker; Past President Chauncy Yockey, of the Association; and Governor Walter J. Kohler of Wisconsin. The convention opened on Thursday with a reception in the afternoon at the Home of Racine Lodge, No. 252, for the Grand Lodge officers, State Association officers and other visiting Elks. In the evening the Racine Elks entertained their guests at a banquet in the Lodge's dining rooms. Past District Deputy Baker was the toastmaster. In Memorial Hall, later, the delegates and visitors received the official greetings of Governor Kohler, Grand Secretary Masters, and President Edward W. Mackey, of the Association. A dance in the Lodge's ballroom concluded the first day's activities. On Friday morning there was held a trapshoot in which many teams entered. It was won by the representatives of Fond du Lac Lodge, No. 57. The first business session took place on the same morning. In the afternoon those not attending the second business session played golf and witnessed an exhibition of airplane stunts over the lake. At four o'clock the ritualistic teams of Watertown, Eau Claire and Kenosha Lodges competed for the Association trophy, which the Kenosha Lodge team won. That evening an impressive memorial service was held for the soldiers of Racine killed in the Great War. An important part of the exercises was the unveiling, by the members of Racine Lodge, of the memorial tablet, erected by them, at the foot of a large tree, designated as the Memorial Tree, on the lawn of the Elks Home. The second day of the convention closed with a dance and supper. The final business session and election of officers took place on Saturday morning. The delegates re-elected for their President Edward W. Mackey, of Manitowoc Lodge, No. 687. Other officers chosen were: First Vice-President, J. W. Selbach, Eau Claire Lodge, No. 402; Second Vice-President, J. Roland Jones, Jr., Racine Lodge; Third Vice-President, G. Holmes Daubner, Waukesha Lodge, No. 400; Fourth Vice-President, Arthur J. Geniesse, Green Bay Lodge, No. 259; Secretary, Theodore Benfey (re-elected), Sheboygan Lodge, No. 299; Treasurer, Lou Uecker, Antigo Lodge, No. 662; and Trustees (all re-elected): Raymond C. Dwyer, La Crosse Lodge, No. 300; Ray F. Steinhauer, Madison Lodge, No. 410; A. J. Horlick, Racine Lodge; Harry A. Kiefer, Wausau Lodge, No. 248; and P. H. Moohan, Kenosha Lodge. Immediately after the election, Past President C. E. Broughton installed the officers. At this meeting the delegates selected Sheboygan as the convention city for 1931. A grand parade was the climax of the three-day meeting. Hundreds took part in the colorful spectacle and many more watched from the sidewalks. Prizes were awarded to the several Lodges participating in the parade. The band of Milwaukee Lodge, No. 46, won the first

(*Continued on page 60*)

NEW MT. PLEASANT STUDIO

The officers of Crisfield, Md., Lodge, No. 1044, winners of the ritualistic championship of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp, accompanied by members of Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 263, lays a wreath upon the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Jerome B. Fisher

VISITS to eight Subordinate Lodges and attendance of annual conventions and other meetings of five State Elks Associations constituted the initial round of the official calls of Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp, following his election and installation at the Grand Lodge Convention in Atlantic City.

Mr. Rupp's first visit was one in his native State of Pennsylvania, to York Lodge, No. 213, for the rededication of the Elks Monument on Penn Common, in York, on July 25. This occasion, reported in detail in "Under the Spreading Antlers," in the September issue of the Magazine, was made particularly noteworthy by the appearance in the parade through the main streets toward the Common, of York Lodge's prize-winning uniformed marching unit. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered the dedicatory address at the Monument and later, at a banquet at the York Lodge Home in the evening, spoke again to a gathering of four hundred members of the Order assembled there in his honor.

Some two weeks later, on August 8 and 9, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the honored guest of the Illinois State Elks Association, in Chicago. Present also upon this occasion were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell and Walter P. Andrews, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, and Dr. Carroll Smith, a member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge.

The delegates and other attendants of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association's twenty-fourth annual convention, held at Reading, welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler enthusiastically when he visited there, on August 24 and 25. On the evening of the twenty-fourth the Past Presidents Association gave a dinner in honor of Mr. Rupp; and upon the following evening he was the guest of honor at an informal reception at the Home of Reading Lodge, No. 115, and was the principal speaker among several distinguished members of the Order to make addresses.

On August 27, Mr. Rupp attended the thirty-second annual convention of the Ohio State Elks Association, meeting at Cedar Point, under the auspices of Sandusky Lodge, No. 285. In the course of his stay, the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the delegates at the final business session, reviewed the brilliant street parade and, on the evening of the same day, was the guest of honor at a dinner-dance which terminated the festivities of this gathering of Ohio Elks.

Full accounts of the conventions of the Illinois, Pennsylvania and Ohio State Elks Associations were published in the last, the October, issue of the Magazine, under the heading, "News of the State Associations."

Upon the third day of the tenth annual convention of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association, held at Ocean City, Md., Mr. Rupp arrived and was greeted by officials of the Association. He attended the business session on September 6 and delivered an address memorable for its content and the response it evoked. A second distinguished speaker upon this occasion was Governor Albert E. Ritchie of Maryland.

Eight days later, at the Home of Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge, No. 395, the Grand Exalted Ruler was present at the quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association. He was the guest, in the evening, after the business session, at a dinner attended by the two hundred and fifty delegates to the meeting.

Reports of this meeting and of the gathering of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association appear elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine, in "News of the State Associations."

Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp's first visit to any Lodge outside his native State of Pennsylvania was that paid September 15 to Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge, No. 645. Officers of the Lodge, headed by Exalted Ruler Robert F. Boland, met Mr. Rupp at Milford and, with a motorcycle escort preceding them, conducted him to the Elks Home in Port Jervis. There one hundred members of the Order, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clarence J. Seaton, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jacob A. Decker, and officers and members of Port Jervis, Monticello, Newburgh and Liberty Lodges were gathered. After a brief reception, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his hosts enjoyed a delicious luncheon in the dining hall of the Home. After expressions of welcome on the part of Exalted Ruler Boland, speaking for the Lodge; and Mayor Conmy, speaking for the city, Mr. Rupp delivered a trenchant and stimulating address. That was followed by shorter talks by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert, District Deputy Seaton, Past District Deputy Decker, and Charles H. Levy, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association. These notables, together with officers of Port Jervis and neighboring Lodges, left the Home soon after the luncheon to escort the Grand Exalted Ruler to Monticello.

Upon his arrival at the Home of Monticello Lodge, No. 1544, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at a dinner attended by about one hundred members of the Order. Those present included the constituents of his escort from Port Jervis, members of Monticello Lodge and of Middletown, Haverstraw, Liberty and Catskill Lodges. The scene of festivities, held in the banquet room of the Home, was rendered the more brilliant by the exceptionally gay and colorful decorations of flowers and Lodge banners. In the principal speech of the evening, Mr. Rupp was generous in his praise of the spirit of Monticello Lodge for its achieving, within two years of its institution, so splendid a Home as that about to be dedicated; and in consequent talks, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert and Past District Deputy Decker added their felicitations to those of the Grand Exalted Ruler. After the dinner, a parade was formed to march through the main streets of Monticello. The procession was led by Chief of Police James A. Brown, followed by the Grand Exalted Ruler and other Grand Lodge officers and delegations of members from the host Lodge and its neighbors. The marchers in all numbered about three hundred. They returned to the Home for the dedication ceremonies, performed by Mr. Rupp, with the assistance of Past District Deputy Decker and officers of Port Jervis, Middletown, Haverstraw and Liberty Lodges. Just before the exercises dedicating the new $75,000 Home, representatives of Port Jervis Lodge presented to Monticello Lodge a handsome grandfather's clock.

The entire staff of officers and virtually all the Past Exalted Rulers of Kingston Lodge, No. 550, welcomed Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp upon his visit there at midday, September 16, at a reception at the Lodge Home and, thereafter, at a luncheon in his honor at the Governor Clinton Hotel. Before repairing to the hotel, Mr. Rupp made a tour of inspection of the Home, admiring particularly the painting and memorial tablet by George Innes, Jr., a celebrated artist and a member of Kingston Lodge. The mayor of Kingston, Edgar L. Dempsey, greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler at the luncheon, extending to him and to those who accompanied him, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert and Past Exalted Ruler Gurney Afflerbach, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, an expression of the hospitality of the city. In addition to these guests and to the officers, past and present, of Kingston Lodge, there were present at the affair William F. Edelmuth, Trustee of the New York State Elks Association; and Exalted Ruler William E. Thorpe, of Catskill Lodge. Mr. Thorpe, together with a delegation of fellow members, formed an escort later for Mr. Rupp upon his journey to Catskill for the dedication of the Lodge Home there in the evening.

On the evening of September 16, before a

(Continued on page 59)

PENNINGTON

The Grand Exalted Ruler upon the occasion of his recent visit to the Home of Kingston, N. Y., Lodge, No. 550. Seated next to Mr. Rupp is Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert

The Annual Conference of District Deputies

Held in Chicago, Ill., September 20 and 21

THE Annual Conference of District Deputies was held at the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, Chicago, Illinois, on Saturday, September 20, and Sunday, September 21, 1930.

On September 20 Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp received the newly appointed District Deputies at his office in groups according to States, thus coming into personal contact with each individual District Deputy. From his office, each group was escorted to the office of Grand Secretary J. E. Masters, where they received special instructions in connection with the relation of that department to the subordinate Lodges, and especially in the matter of the examination of books and records of subordinate Lodges.

In the offices of THE ELKS MAGAZINE they were received by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, editor and executive director, who, with representatives of the advertising and business departments of the publication, familiarized them with ways in which they can help the magazine in their visitations to subordinate Lodges.

The conference adjourned at 5:30 o'clock, Saturday afternoon, September 20, to meet the following noon at a luncheon in the Florentine Room of the Congress Hotel. This gathering was addressed by Mr. Rupp, Mr. Fanning, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain, Grand Secretary J. E. Masters and Dr. Ralph Hagan, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees.

Following the luncheon, the meeting was called to order at 2:30 P. M., by Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp, who spoke in part as follows:

"My Brothers, I hope you will make yourselves comfortable. I was very much impressed yesterday in the group conferences that were held at the Building, with the very evident high character of the Elks who have been selected as District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, and who are here gathered today.

"I know it has been said in the past by Grand Exalted Rulers on occasions of this sort that they were confronted with the highest quality of District Deputies that had ever been appointed. That would be empty and fulsome flattery on my part, but I want to say to you, and I say it to you sincerely, that seldom in my experience have I been privileged to address what I consider a finer group of American gentlemen than confront me here this afternoon. (Applause.)

"In a measure, yesterday, and, quite informally, I attempted to outline my policies and my ideas for the year. It may be that you gathered the impression that I didn't intend to wage any particularly strenuous campaign along any new avenues of endeavor in Elkdom. If you gathered that impression I simply desire to emphasize this fact, that it is my hope during the year to continue to build on the old foundations and, possibly, to bring this great Order of ours back to the original principles of Elkdom, as I consider them to have been embraced in the fine principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity, all of which principles, possibly, mean the establishment, wherever they are practised, of that broad, fine, general sentiment of Good-Fellowship.

"As a professional man I have always had great admiration for men who build things. I remember that I read at one time the story of the philosopher Carlyle. He was traveling through England and he came to an old bridge. It was a curious coincidence, but the fact was that his father had built the bridge. He stood there for a while, and then he said to a bystander, 'This bridge, this structure, will last, I venture to prophesy, long after the books I have written shall have been forgotten.'

"I remember, too, reading about that stormy petrel in politics, whose name at one time was mentioned from one end of the country to another, Governor Altgeld. Lately there have been sympathetic studies made of the biography of the life of Governor Altgeld, and it is found, upon an analysis of his writings, that he had a great urge for humanity, and in one of the biographies it is said that when he was at the very pinnacle of political success he was asked the question as to what achievement of his life he considered most important, and, strange to say, or, possibly, if you follow the philosophy I am uttering, it wasn't strange at all that he did say that he considered the most important achievement of his life the erection of the Unity Building here in Chicago.

"I have often thought of the great structures of the world—the Pyramids, for instance, erected at the toil and at the pain of those slaves of the desert—those great structures erected simply to gratify the longing of those kings to preserve their names through the generations. I like the story of the Taj Mahal, that beautiful structure erected to commemorate the beauty of an Indian princess.

"I say I like the things that men build. All this leads me to say that in Elkdom we are great builders. We have built in the great cities and towns of America many fine structures. Some of them are architecturally very beautiful. They serve a fine purpose. They are temples where their meaning is properly understood, reared by loving hands to the great principles of the Order. They are temples of Good Fellowship. And, if I can, during this administration, convey the conviction to the very heart of Elkdom that these homes must be preserved as the fine temples of Good Fellowship and Friendship, that they were intended to be, indeed I feel that I will have served a very useful purpose.

"I have in my own mind the conviction that one of the most important objects of life after all is the making of friends. In the first Official Circular, and you will pardon my reference to it, I hope, which I sent out very recently, you will find that I ended by quoting a line from Robert Louis Stevenson. Robert Louis Stevenson, in my judgment, was a very remarkable man. He was a great novelist, he was a great poet, and he was, indeed, a great thinker. He traveled through a portion of Europe with a donkey, and then he wrote essays about it and these essays are published, and as a preface to the essays, there is published a letter that he wrote to a friend, and the letter contains this philosophy. 'We are all travelers in what John Bunyan called the wilderness of the world, and we are all, too, travelers with a donkey, and the best that we find in our travels is an honest friend. He is a happy voyager who finds many. They are indeed the end and the reward of life.' And, if in Elkdom we can find friends, and if we can find many friends, we will find in the finding of them a sufficient justification of the existence of Elkdom. And so, as my representatives during the coming year, I hope, as I tried to express yesterday, you will go into the Lodges of the Order carrying the message of friendship. There is an American poet who told the story some time ago about the peopling of the great West. He said that in the early days when cabins were scattered at great distances, a traveler went over the plains, and in the evening time saw an old man standing before a cabin. He asked the question, 'What kind of people live around here?' And the old man calmly removing his pipe, said, 'What kind of people, stranger, did you leave back home?' And the inquirer said, 'Well, they were a stingy, mean, selfish, unneighborly lot.' The old man said to him quite calmly, 'Well, stranger, that's the kind of people you will find around here.' A little while later another came that way, and he too stopped at the cabin and he asked the old man, 'What kind of people live around here?' And the old man asked the same question he had asked before, 'What kind of people did you leave back home?' And the inquirer said, 'Well, they were a kindly, neighborly, lovable lot.' And the old man said, 'Well, stranger, that's the kind of people you will find around here.'

"Of course, you see the philosophy of that story and its application, too. If you go into the subordinate Lodges in your districts, carrying with you a message of kindness and friendliness, if you are carrying Elkdom in your hearts, I am sure it can not be gainsaid you will find Elkdom in the hearts of those you visit. I say that is tremendously important. I believe that in the complexities of modern life, with these distractions that have come upon us, the radio, the moving-pictures, the automobile, and the golf courses, and all these other distractions that occupy the time of man, it is very important to stress the fact that after all kindness and good fellowship and real Elkdom are tremendously important. I was in a Lodge in New York some time ago, in fact, just a few days ago, when an old man came to me, and really there were tears in his eyes when he said to me, 'Now, I think, after having lived a long life, that your message is important, and I like to think that in our Lodge we understand the principles of the Order and the importance of good-fellowship.' You may say, 'That's sentiment.' Of course, it is sentiment. Elkdom is sentiment. It is sentiment that was back of the building of all of these temples of good-fellowship. It is sentiment that erected that magnificent Memorial building on the shores of Lake Michigan. It is sentiment that placed in that building the fine objects of art that you saw there yesterday. It is sentiment that caused us to put into that rotunda those statues representing the various stations in our Lodges.

"I HOPE you will have observed that the figure representing Fidelity is the figure of a Roman soldier, and, of course, you know how we have associated the idea of fidelity with that Roman centurion. In 79 A. D., Vesuvius burst its bounds, and the ashes and the lava and the smoke that rolled from that volcanic crest covered the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and for eighteen hundred years those cities were lost. And then, they began to excavate, and at the gates of Herculaneum they found the skeleton of a Roman soldier, and in the bony claws of his hand he held the chain that opened the gates of the city, and those who found him took off their hats and their eyes filled with tears because they could visualize the story. While the people of that city fled through the gates down into the plain below in their search for safety, as the ashes rained around them, as the gloom became thicker and thicker, he stood there at the post of duty holding the chain that opened the gates permitting the people to go to safety in the plains below. He stood there for eighteen hundred years at the post of duty.

"Now, we have made that idea our permanent possession. We have taken that sentiment and made it concrete by placing the figure of a Roman soldier in that magnificent Memorial Building to typify our aspirations for Fidelity.

"It is sentiment, my Brothers, now, that is building this great National Foundation. I tried to stress yesterday my thoughts about the Foundation and may I just repeat in a word or two those thoughts, because none of the members of the Foundation Board of Trustees will speak to you this afternoon. I think it is a thrilling thing of participating in that Foundation. I told some of you how I had visited the old

cemetery at Kingston. I saw there this quaint old epitaph:

'Reader, pause as you pass by,
As you now are, so once was I,
As I now am, you soon will be,
Prepare for death and follow me.'

"That is quite a gruesome old epitaph. And I saw there, too, the crumbling stones. They were not so old. Some of them were two hundred and some of them three hundred years old and as they were crumbling away it occurred to me that some day of course the names of all now living will be inscribed on marble stones like that and those stones will crumble away and the lettering will become illegible, but long after I am gone, five hundred years from now my contribution to the Elks National Foundation will still be employed for the purpose of carrying on some fine philanthropic movement somewhere in America. Hearts will be gladdened. Homes will be made happier. It may be that the children will be clothed. It may be that the sick will be healed. It may be that youth will be educated. But somewhere, somehow in America in the years to come long after that stone upon which my name shall have been inscribed shall have crumbled away, my contribution will still be my own guarantee, the guarantee to me, of the kind of immortality that most men love. Of course, that is sentiment.

"As I think of the fine things that have been achieved in the history of the world, I know they are based on sentiment. It is sentiment that carried our soldier boys across the sea. It is sentiment that fills your heart when you look at your nation's flag. It is sentiment that gives you happy hours in your home. It is sentiment that has built these temples of Elkdom. It is sentiment that I want you to carry during the coming year into the Lodges of your districts. And if you do that, I have no doubt about the result at all. I believe that we will have a happy year. In spite of its difficulties, in spite of conditions, I believe we can, by the exercise of sentiment, bring into the Lodges of our Order a great number of fine American gentlemen who are not Elks but who ought to be Elks.

"Looking into your faces I am very certain that you will be the Apostles of Good-Fellowship, of Sentiment, of Kindliness, and you will interpret to the subordinate Lodges the value of these principles upon which our great structure rests."

Mr. Rupp then administered the oath to the new District Deputies, and introduced Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Editor and Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, who spoke as follows:

"Grand Exalted Ruler and Brothers—I am very appreciative of this opportunity that is afforded me by the Grand Exalted Ruler to address you for a few moments. I enjoyed yesterday meeting many of you personally. You were given the story of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, its needs, its aspirations, and its hopes, by Brother Hart and Brother Davidson, representing the business and advertising end, and I am going to take but a few moments of your time to speak somewhat more generally regarding your Magazine. As it will be necessary for me to treat with figures in what I have to say, I have reduced my talk to writing, and with your indulgence I will read what I desire to express to you now.

"THE ELKS MAGAZINE is now in its ninth year. It can no longer be called an experiment nor, by the same token, can it any longer plead its youth in bespeaking the cooperation and support of the Order in general, and, in this case, of the District Deputies in particular. We of the publication commission are just as anxious for this support, just as dependent upon it as we have ever been, but the Magazine must now stand not upon promises, but upon its record.

"To those familiar with it, that record needs no enlarging upon. It has been one of unprecedented success in the field of fraternal publications. Inevitably, however, there are many among our 800,000 members who, by reason of recent affiliation, lack of contact, or for other reasons, are not familiar with that record, nor properly acquainted with the purposes and plans of the Magazine.

"Completely to fulfill its role the Magazine must interest *every* Elk. The greater share of the responsibility for this lies, naturally and properly, upon the editorial staff, but there has never been an article produced—be it a magazine, a fountain pen or a can of baking powder—that did not have to be *sold* to its public. A fine reputation and jealously guarded standards make that selling easier, but they do not obviate the necessity for it. It is here that you District Deputies have an opportunity to render a great service to the Order.

"Let me quote you a few figures: THE ELKS MAGAZINE during the eight years of operation which were completed on May 31 of this year, had earned a total net surplus of $1,621,927.07, representing a yearly average of $202,740.88. Its surplus earnings for the past fiscal year 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:

"TURNED over to Grand Lodge and used for reduction of per capita tax for year 1924-25, $200,000; National Memorial Headquarters Commission, to defray cost of art features for National Memorial Headquarters Building, $480,000; 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 to the Elks National Home, Bedford, Va., for additional dormitory and power and heating building, $350 000.

"From its surplus balance of the past year the Magazine has paid the following sums: 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 from surplus to the Grand Lodge—$150,000—a total of $1,452,876.75 (great applause)—leaving a working surplus balance of $169,050.32, of which $93,023.95 is represented in our inventory of invoices already paid for, but applicable to future issues of the Magazine.

"The $150,000 paid to the Grand Lodge this year has been allocated as follows: To defray part of the expenses of a new dormitory at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., $50,000; to the American Legion Building, Paris, Inc., to defray the expense of the construction of an Elks Memorial Hall in the American Legion headquarters now being erected in Paris, France, $30,000; to the General Fund of the Grand Lodge, $70,000.

"Now this is a record which spells success on the financial side, and which, as the table of disbursements shows, has been the means of accomplishing some of the greatest undertakings of the Order; undertakings which, lacking these surpluses, could never have been inaugurated or completed.

"On the editorial side has been presented a magazine of attractive and dignified appearance, publishing the work of distinguished writers and illustrators, and carrying the official messages of the Grand Lodge officers; news of the activities of State Associations, Subordinate Lodges and, in important cases of individual Elks. A magazine of balanced contents, containing reading matter of interest and value to every Elk and to every member of his family.

"It is our wish and our function to publish, in addition to official circulars, all news of interest to the Order at large. We should like to include in our news columns frequent mention of every Lodge in the Order. To achieve this, however, complete cooperation is essential. Many Lodges have no regular provision for supplying us with news of their activities. Of these not a few become disgruntled when, month after month, they see no mention of themselves. Then, instead of looking for the source of trouble at home, they write to us, complaining of our lack of interest in them. Every Exalted Ruler should see to it that his Lodge has a designated member to act as correspondent and to keep in constant touch with the Magazine. If you gentlemen, in making your visits, will emphasize the benefits not only to the Magazine, but to the Lodge itself, to be derived from such a practise, a better understanding and a more complete publication will result. You could also point out, where necessary, the difference between what is news and what isn't. The notes of a regular meeting are not news, but a resolution to build a new Home; the establishment of a scholarship; an anniversary celebration; a program of welfare work—these constitute news and will always find a place in our columns. Reports of such events should be sent promptly. To appear in any given issue they should reach the office of the Magazine not later than the first of the preceding month.

"As you know 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. An identifiable response by the membership will insure an increasingly larger and better magazine and greater financial returns to the Order.

"You District Deputies who, during the coming year will visit every Lodge on our roster, can render no greater service to the Magazine, and through it to every Elk, than to emphasize this obvious but frequently overlooked fact.

"Another factor important to the prestige and functioning of the Magazine is its proper distribution. Every Elk in good standing is entitled to receive his copy each month. Before we can guarantee that, however, we must have his correct address. This is the responsibility of the subordinate Lodge Secretary. The full name and address of every new member, and all changes in the cases of older members, should immediately be sent to the Magazine office. You can help greatly by bearing this in mind and calling attention to it on the occasion of your visits.

"Now, my Brothers, there is no need, I believe, to remind you that I have been talking of *your* magazine; to point out that its ownership is in your hands and those of the other 800 000 Elks on the rolls of the Order; that its strength is your strength and theirs. It has been a great pleasure to talk to you on a subject so near to my heart. The District Deputies who preceded you have done invaluable work as liaison officers between the Magazine and its readers and I am confident that you will carry on this fine tradition. I thank you."

FOLLOWING a brief talk by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain was introduced. His address was in part, as follows:

"I am delighted to be here on this occasion, but I regret that I am to pinch-hit for John K. Tener, who never needed a pinch-hitter, especially when he speaks about the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building.

"I regret indeed that he is not here today to present to you in person something with reference to the Building that is the apple of his eye. I am just one of the lowly members of the Commission, away down on the list, but I also take a great deal of pride in the Building, because I feel that I had something to do with its inception, having suggested when I was Grand Exalted Ruler in 1919 and 1920 that we have a National Headquarters for the offices of the Grand Lodge. The building, however, has developed into something that I never dreamed of at the time I made that suggestion.

"You all know its beauties, you all know why it was erected, and it is unnecessary for me to tell you about that. I do want to say, though, gentlemen, that the promise made at Los Angeles that that building would soon be completed is about to come true. You were told at Los Angeles that there were a couple of pieces of statuary to be placed in the two niches at either end of the building, the north and the south ends, and a couple of mural paintings, and a couple of bronze pieces to be placed on the tables, in the grand reception room, and that we thought that would be done by this time, but due to illness of the sculptor he was unable to finish one of these

groups for the niches, and due to unavoidable delay the building is not quite completed.

"You saw in place yesterday the two magnificent paintings by Mr. Savage in the main reception room, entitled, 'Armistice' and 'The Pursuits of Peace.' You also saw those beautiful bronzes on the tables in the reception room, illustrative of 'Earth' and 'The Spirit of Air.' One of the sculptural groups is completed and ready to be placed in its niche and the other one will be completed by spring, so that at the annual convention in Seattle you will have a final report from this Commission.

"We have also placed in the hands of the printer and engraver a booklet, of which you doubtless have been informed, that contains the history of the building and illustrations of what we deem to be the very best pieces of sculpturing and painting, so that you may before very long, we hope, have that in your hands as District Deputies, to carry with you on your visitations to the various Lodges."

Mr. Rain concluded his address with an eloquent tribute to Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp, after which Grand Secretary J. E. Masters spoke. His speech follows:

"IT WAS in the fall of 1921 that the then Grand Exalted Ruler, William W. Mountain, conceived the idea of holding such a conference as you this day attend. In the years that have passed since then, I have been favored by being permitted to attend each succeeding conference of District Deputies and have reached the conclusion that these meetings, held each fall, rank second only in importance to the Grand Lodge sessions of our Order. In the past, the response from those in conference has been prompt, cordial and unanimous. I am sure you who will take up the work this year will be just as loyal and will give full measure of your time and ability to further advance our fraternity.

"Last March, I was privileged to accompany Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper on a visit to some of the Lodges of the Southland. One evening, I recall with particular pleasure. The occasion was a visit to one of the smaller Lodges. No special preparation had been made for the reception of the Grand Lodge party; a small number, possibly twenty-five or thirty, gathered for an informal dinner in the club rooms. When the time came for Brother Harper to speak, I doubted if there would be a ready response from those present. However, the speaker made no comment upon the obviously unsatisfactory conditions of that Lodge, but talked earnestly of the need for a serious consideration of what the obligation of an Elk involved. The Grand Lodge officer who spoke next was so impressed with the sentiment expressed, that he said, 'After listening to the first speaker, I am convinced that there is a place for another special ceremony in Elkdom. I believe that once a year, the entire membership of each subordinate Lodge should be called upon to again take the obligation of the Order. It is too bad that we are not in a Lodge room, because now is an opportune time to rededicate ourselves by again assuming the obligation of Elkhood.' Immediately a good brother arose from his place and said, 'Let's do it now.' And so the group adjourned to the Lodge room where the obligation was repeated in unison. This was about nine o'clock and I want to tell you that from that time until half-past twelve, there was evidenced a spirit of renewed loyalty and devotion, the like of which I had never before seen. One brother after another arose to his feet and told why he loved Elkdom, told of the good he had gotten from his membership and testified to the worthwhileness of that good-fellowship which the Grand Exalted Ruler has stressed so effectively. So I say, this spirit exists today, just as it did in the early days of our Order. It is still the great, the positive influence which makes THE ELKS such an outstanding fraternity.

"Fraternal organizations are not unlike business enterprises, which have their periods of rough weather as well as their calm and peaceful days. During the past year, Elk Lodges went through some very trying experiences. Conditions from a business and industrial standpoint were not satisfactory. These conditions, which were general, had their effect on our Lodges. Dues were slow coming in, receipts from the entertainment features of our homes and clubs fell off. In some instances, it was difficult to meet the payments due on homes, and many desirable persons were really unable to spare the money to join our organization. Yet, it is pleasing to report that the payment of Subordinate Lodge current obligations has been most satisfactory and that the net assets of our Lodges are more than five million dollars greater than last year. In that connection, it might be well to state that the amount of money spent for charitable purposes is greater than in any previous year of our history.

"But it is only natural that Elks should overcome difficulties, for Elk Lodges are made up of high-class men who will fight to meet their obligations. May I repeat a statement made to one of the groups yesterday? I do this because a brother told me how pleased he was I had passed on information he was glad to have. Boiled down, here is what was said: In the past eight years the Grand Lodge has charged the subordinate Lodges with dues amounting to approximately twelve million dollars. Of that amount, there has been charged off less than five thousand dollars. We are justified in boasting of this record; for I do not believe any bank or any great business organization can show a record that will even approach it. I tell you this because I know you have a great pride in our Order and it seems to me this is a statement that may well be repeated to the subordinate Lodges. Taking courage from the past and looking confidently toward the future, our Order is more than hopeful that the coming year has much of good fortune in store for us.

"Of all the assets which the Grand Lodge possesses, there is none more important, none more truly valuable, than the confidence and good will of the subordinate Lodges. As officers of the Grand Lodge, we should strive to establish closer relations between the subordinate bodies and the Grand Lodge so that full and complete understanding may always exist. Bear in mind that the Grand Lodge has established a fixed policy which permits the greatest measure of self-government to the subordinate Lodge. All the Grand Lodge asks is that the subordinate Lodge confine its membership to American gentlemen, that it meet its obligations promptly and that it endeavor, as best it can, to make its home city a better place in which to live.

"To more closely acquaint the Grand Lodge with its subordinate Lodges and to more closely acquaint the subordinate Lodges with each other, and the Grand Lodge as well, is one of your important duties.

"Our office desires to have cordial relations with the subordinate Lodges of the Order. As you know, we work entirely through the secretaries. I suggest that in your visits, you impress upon subordinate Lodge Secretaries the fact that a good Secretary makes a good Lodge. Urge them to file their reports promptly. Insist that they answer communications and advise them to pay all obligations, not only to the Grand Lodge, but to the business firms in their cities, with dispatch. Then you will, indeed, be helping our office. In that connection, I should say, subordinate Lodge Secretaries are in the main competent and efficient, yet freedom from prejudice compels me to say there are a few Secretaries, with some of whom you will come in contact, who do not seem to measure up. If you will, as suggested by the Grand Exalted Ruler, talk over with them their delinquencies in a kindly way, again you will help the office of the Grand Secretary.

"No doubt, some of you may have thought that I dwelt too long on the subject of membership, yesterday, but let me repeat again that no question demands more serious consideration than that of membership. Last year, in common with practically every other fraternity, we suffered a loss in numbers. The Good of the Order Committee, in its report presented at Atlantic City, dwelt at length upon this situation. A study of that report, copy of which you will find at your place at the table today, will bring to your attention some reasons for the loss, and will also furnish you with valuable suggestions for overcoming same. In the annual report filed by the office of the Grand Secretary you will find an analysis of membership by Lodges, districts and states. By glancing at this tabulation, you will see that our trouble has not been in securing new members, rather has the problem been to retain old ones. Without any special drives last year, more than fifty thousand new persons were initiated into our Order, but I am sorry to say that in the same period more than fifty-eight thousand were dropped for nonpayment of dues. Strong lapsation work will go far toward correcting this situation. I say again, as I have said for several years, that the most important work to be done in a subordinate Lodge is lapsation work. New members are coming to us in satisfactory numbers. If we can persuade our old members to keep an active interest in the welfare of our Order, the question of membership will be solved. It is, therefore, highly important that in your visits to the Lodges of your district, you establish a contact with each lapsation committee and impress upon that committee the worthwhileness of their work. Suggestions regarding lapsation work will be found in the report of the Good of the Order Committee. Study it carefully, as these suggestions come as a result of correspondence between that Committee and subordinate Lodge officers.

"Figures are mostly dry reading, but I believe the pamphlet showing in detail the contributions of subordinate Lodges for welfare, charitable and patriotic activities, which you will find at your place at the table today, will prove an exception. I know you will read with interest just what your Lodge has done and what the Lodges in your district have done along these lines of work. Study it carefully. You will find it will enable you to comment on work well done, and at the same time suggest how better work may be done.

"Now, without comment, may I suggest just a few things that, coupled with efficient officers, will make a good Lodge:

1. A live membership.
2. An active lapsation committee.
3. Good attendance at Lodge sessions.
4. Clean business methods.
5. Dignified and impressive exemplification of the Ritual.
6. Genuine good-fellowship.

"While I am sure that you are familiar with the statutes, and that you have studied carefully the amendments enacted at Atlantic City, I desire to call particular attention to three Sections, namely: 48b, 180 and 192.

"Section 48b provides that the expense of a District Deputy in making a visit to a subordinate Lodge shall be paid by the Grand Lodge. With your office supplies, which will be sent you in a few days, you will find blanks on which to report your expense claims. Your proper charge for visits includes railroad and pullman fare, hotel and meals, and telephone and telegraph charges. If you travel by auto, six cents per mile will be allowed.

"Section 180, relative to the indebtedness to be paid by an applicant for reinstatement, has been amended by striking out the requirement of two years' dues and substituting therefor one year's dues, with a further proviso that the Lodge reinstating the applicant must also collect from him the current Grand Lodge dues, which this year amount to $1.35. A letter telling of this change has been mailed to each Lodge Secretary. May I ask you to bring the amended section to the attention of subordinate Lodge officers, emphasizing the requirement to collect and remit the $1.35 from each reinstated member.

"Section 192 as amended directs:

1. That the Secretary of a Lodge issuing a transfer dimit shall immediately report same to the office of the Grand Secretary.

2. That the Secretary of a Lodge to which an applicant submits a transfer dimit for action must within one week notify the office of the Grand Secretary of the affiliation or rejection of said applicant.

'BLANK forms have been sent to all subordinate Lodges on which to forward this information. I trust that in your visits you will urge prompt compliance with the provisions of this statute.

"There is one other change in the statutes that should be brought to your attention, the one providing for a change in the structure of the subordinate Forum. The statutory changes adopted at Atlantic City continues a subordinate Forum of five members but provides for the selection of one of said five as a Presiding Justice who will serve for a period of one year. Section 79a of the statutes tells how the Presiding Justice is to be selected. It might be well

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Cold Trail

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replied. "Bess and Jule, they got new litters born this week."

He spread his hands in a gesture of hopelessness.

Just then Drum loped around the corn crib, and at sight of the men he leaped up and pawed clumsily at his master's sleeve, whimpering delight. He knew that men and dogs meant a coon hunt.

"Say, what's wrong with the peerless leader?" Van Horn asked. "He's been vaccinated against distemper. Afraid to start him, are you? Well—no wonder. That old mongrel never could hunt in fast company."

He spat contemptuously. Rage swelled the old man's chest.

"He can't hunt, hey!" Chinchilla replied hoarsely. "Well, I'll show you. I'll run Drum agin' the three of your hounds and—and he'll beat 'em, too."

"It don't make no difference, Clem," he explained as Brown drew him aside. "Drum's the only one fit to go. I made the bet. I—I wouldn't be afeerd if he was a leetle younger, but——"

He turned abruptly and headed for the truck, Drum trailing.

A murmur of protest died as Chinchilla lifted the old dog into the machine. After all, a bet was a bet. A man should be prepared to go through with it. So the others climbed aboard.

"We'll eat, first, boys," called Clem Brown half an hour later, as the lights of their conveyance drawing off of the road, illuminated a timbered valley flanked by cultivated fields. "I figure to start 'round nine. That'll give the coons plenty of time to move around."

A FIRE was soon kindled and the men sat about it wolfing sandwiches, passing the steaming pot of coffee, and exchanging tales of former hunts. But Chinchilla, withdrawn from the blaze, could not take his eyes off Van Horn's dogs. The three sleek animals tugged at their leashes and whined eagerly. Striker and The Duke, Van Horn's two three-year-olds, already had won field trials this fall. Miss Champion, the older hound, was a blue-ribbon winner at several bench shows and a field champion that had come to Van Horn's kennels undefeated. Beside these medal-winners, Drum made a sorry showing.

For the first time Chinchilla saw how much grey hair showed on Drum's coat. With age the old fellow had lost the shapeliness that the younger hounds possessed, and three weeks of hunting had left him brier-scratched and unkempt looking. In addition he was limping slightly. Sucking fiercely on his pipe, Chinchilla sought to conceal his mounting despair. For defeat meant more than the loss of money, now.

Clem Brown, getting to his feet, wakened the old man to his surroundings.

"All right, boys," he shouted. "Douse that fire. Let's get goin'."

He motioned the two dog-owners to him.

"We'll start and work down the crick," he stated. "Keep your dogs back till I say go. There ought'a be coon in the timber west o' here. I saw tracks of a big one over there, the first of the week."

The hunters bustled about, cleaning up around them, and the man Van Horn employed as dog-handler came forward with the three spotted hounds tugging at their leashes. Drum brushed against his master, and when they started he was at Chinchilla's heels.

A hundred yards along the creek, Brown held his lantern aloft and signaled for silence.

"Remember," he admonished, "I decide this run on the all-around work of the hounds. Van Horn has three dogs but they work as a pack same as Drum. I'll have to judge 'em so. Now, no helpin' your dogs when they lose trail. No worryin' each other's hounds. An even break and a square deal to both sides. If either of you's got any complaint to make, make her to me. All right? Let's goooooo!"

The three spotted dogs were off at a scrambling run. Drum's skinny form was but a leap behind them as they vanished into the timber.

Now as the men moved down the valley, the

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Cold Trail

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light from their lanterns cast long swinging shadows among the bare trees, and the crackle and crash of underbrush came infrequently as they kept to the cleared portions. The wind was blowing stronger and the stars were out. Chinchilla heard the scrape and groan of bare branches. It would get colder before midnight.

For ten minutes little was said. Now and then a hound bayed a note or two. But there was nothing to indicate that a fresh coon track had been found. Then, as they circled a great washout leading to the deep creek bed, a high-pitched clamor arose ahead.

"Striker!" exclaimed Van Horn. "Whoooooopeee! Run 'em down, dog. And there goes Duke!"

But The Duke had stopped, now. However, Striker, coming back along the creek bank, was bawling lustily. Then a rabbit bounced across the hunters' path. Van Horn shouted angrily at his young dog. It was a crime for a coon hound to run rabbits, and Striker stopped and slunk back to join the other dogs.

NOW cornfields bordering the valley gleamed palely as more stars appeared. The creek bed, with its fringing timber, was a great black rut and, as the party reached a bend where the trees had been cut away, the rising moon lighted their way. The three Van Horn hounds were down in the bed of the creek now, and their spotted forms could be seen crossing and recrossing.

At first, Chinchilla looked in vain for Drum. Then he saw the old dog. He was a flitting black shadow on the far bank. There the timber was thickest, and he was working at a methodical pace. The old man's sight of his hound caused his spirits to rise. Then Miss Champion bawled a quick, short note. Striker and The Duke answered, and simultaneously, from the bank, Drum opened up.

"Hunt 'im out, old dog," shrilled Chinchilla. "Talk to 'im, Drum!"

"Whooooo-oooo-oo, wooo-eeee," Drum answered, and the other dogs came up out of the creek bed and broke into an excited clamor in his rear.

With Drum in the lead, they passed within twenty feet of the hunters, all bawling excitedly. Clem Brown's lantern illuminated the ground over which they had passed.

"A young coon," he called. "Here's a chicken feather, too. Well, I reckon that's an even start."

Meanwhile, the four dogs had made a complete circle and were again headed south, down the stream. A few minutes later their cries indicated that one of their number was well in advance of the other three.

"That's Striker," Van Horn asserted. "He's leading."

The men quickened their strides and Chinchilla, chewing on a piece of dried corn leaf, stumbled along in the rear. Already he could tell that Drum was dropping behind the others.

At the rate the young dog was traveling, and the coon tracks were fresh, the quarry wouldn't stay ahead long. Apparently Striker was on a hot scent, for now he was down in the creek bed. His baying indicated that he was running at top speed, head up, and close behind the coon. The exultant bawl floated to them, and Chinchilla's shout of encouragement to Drum died in his throat. Then, as suddenly as he had begun, the clamor of the young hound ceased.

The Duke and Miss Champion came up and were silenced and, as the hunters drew closer, they could be heard casting about and baying uncertainly. Behind them Drum still boomed over the trail they had traversed. When he reached them his tonguing ceased. But within a minute Miss Champion thundered her find from the bank. A swift-moving spotted form she crossed the moonlit open, flicked in among the trees, and was gone. Two more spotted dogs followed. Drum trailed the last by fifty yards.

And suddenly the hopelessness of the situation came to Chinchilla. Drum never trusted another dog, and he always checked every trail to his own satisfaction. The fast-trailing Striker would outfoot him as well as his own kennel mates on the easy trails. The Duke and Miss Champion would put Striker back on the scent whenever he overran it or it needed untangling. Against such a combination, Drum didn't have a chance.

When Striker set up an excited clamor far ahead, Chinchilla was prepared for the end. Cutting across the fields, the hunters found three spotted hounds digging at a hole in a ravine. Moonlight illuminated the spot, and the men were in time to see Drum arrive. He came up, thrust his head into the aperture, and bayed once. Then he backed out.

Van Horn called his hounds off, and one of the men attacked the bank side with a spade. A great slab of clay broke away, exposing a den. But as Clem Brown stepped forward, Drum bayed twice from above. In a flash Van Horn's dogs went up the bank after him, and their clamor drifted off westward through a cornfield.

"Huh," grunted Brown, flashing his lantern on a cleverly concealed exit among some hazel brush, "the old dog found the back door."

Once again the baying indicated that Striker had outrun the others. Their speed increased as they left the cornfield. And a moment later the tone of the young hound's cries changed.

"Striker's treed!" exclaimed Van Horn.

After a few seconds The Duke and Miss Champion sounded, and then came the mournful wail of Drum. Five minutes later the beam of a flashlight playing up through the stark limbs of a cottonwood struck a dark lump in a crotch. Twin points of green glowed as the young coon they sought crouched forty feet above them.

Now Van Horn turned to Brown, but Clem shook his head.

"Can't decide the winner on no short run like this," he said. "Your dogs outrun Drum. But he found where the coon slipped out o' that bank hole. We ain't proved anything, one way or another, yet. Call 'em off. We'll try again over on Keg Creek."

The decision was roundly applauded, and Van Horn capitulated. He was frankly boisterous now. It was but a matter of time until his hounds were declared winners. And a hundred yards from the start on Keg Creek, all four of the dogs found coon scent.

"Just take a squint at that track," Clem Brown called as the others crowded forward.

There in the mud was an imprint not unlike a baby's hand.

"You'll never mistake that feller," continued Clem. "See, one fore-toe's missin'. That's the old Keg Crick boar. I've run him six straight winters and never come up with him yet. He's killed hundreds of chickens, and a farmer who saw him once said he was most as big as a wolf. And don't think he ain't smart. It'll take a real coon hound to unwind his trail. The dog that comes up with him is goin'na win the money, and I don't mean mebbe."

All four hounds were in the creek bed. The music of their baying floated back. But they were traveling slowly, now. The trail became difficult, was lost, found, and lost again. Excitement grew. Evidently the big coon had heard them earlier in the evening, for it was apparent that he had deliberately confused his trail.

A mile was traversed. Chinchilla found his muscles aching, so tense did he carry himself. What was wrong with Drum? Time and again when a rabbit track or a possum's trail crossed the coon's, he came back, cast about slowly, and hesitated as if uncertain, before he went on. He had dropped far behind the other dogs. The old man tugged at his beard in anguish. Could it be that his dog was outclassed?

And as before, Striker led the hounds. However, he overran the trail constantly, now. But each time he lost the scent The Duke or Miss Champion always picked it up, and in this manner the Van Horn dogs were advancing three yards to Drum's one.

So they continued until they reached a horseshoe bend in Keg Creek. Beyond this the trail seemed to vanish. Drum caught up with them, and for ten minutes the men sat about listening to the snuff, snuff of the animals. Big feet pattered back and forth over the leaves. The splash of water and, now and then, the querulous bawl of a hound were the only sounds breaking the silence.

Clem Brown swung his lantern in a wide arc.

"Same old story," he yawned. "My dogs always lost him here, too."

As if in reply to this, Miss Champion bayed from the east bank The Duke and Striker took up the tune. She was going east, across fall plowing, and they followed. At the field's edge the lantern revealed a big, handlike imprint. One fore-toe was missing.

The three spotted hounds were across the field and going up the hill beyond. Drum came as far as the rail fence bordering the fall plowing. Here he halted, bawled once or twice and, after hesitating, turned back. The men waited, watching his dark body crash about among the bushes along the creek. Tail fanning the air methodically, the sniff, sniff of his seeking nose sounded unnaturally loud on the night air.

"Hard trackin'," remarked one of the hunters. "It's gettin' colder. The trail'll be no cinch from now on."

Chinchilla watched in silent agony. Twice Drum came again as far as the fence. Once he went beyond it a way. But he turned back each time. Obviously, scent was confusing here. From the whispered conversation about him, Chinchilla gathered that the men considered Drum beaten. At any rate, he never would go on until he had worked out the trail to suit himself. Then it would be too late.

Meanwhile, some of the party had gone on, and Van Horn called from the hillside.

"Here's coon sign up here—plain as day. Right where the old boy crossed a ditch. My hounds are over in the brush after him, now. Come on, every one."

"Might as well come with us, Chinchilla," Clem Brown urged, gently. "I want you to be in at the finish. When Drum works the trail out he'll be along this way, anyhow."

His voice was cheerful, but Chinchilla cast aside his last faint hope. If Clem suspected that Drum couldn't straighten out the trail, it was all over. He lifted his old body from the log he sat on, and followed the party. At the hilltop some one showed him the big coon's footprint, pointing east.

Lanterns were shining and bobbing down the far slope. Then a tremendous uproar broke loose in the valley below them. It drifted along the creek bank, dipped to the bed and crossed to the far side.

"Yeeee-ow! They're after him," some one yodeled.

SUDDENLY Chinchilla felt terribly tired. There was no mistaking that noise. The spotted dogs were running their quarry. Knees shaking, he pursued the lights toward it. The coon must have treed. Men were encouraging the hounds, and all three were now baying their tree cries.

The crowd was gathered at the base of a big maple, and they made way for Chinchilla as he edged forward, one hesitant hand plucking at his whiskers.

"Well, what do you say now, old man?" Van Horn inquired. "Where's your coon hound? Think he'll get here before daylight?"

Chinchilla made no reply, and the others, glimpsing the tragedy in his face as their lanterns illuminated the vicinity, fell silent. Clem Brown, lips compressed, stepped forward. His flashlight's beam shined two glowing eyes. Chinchilla made a shaky pretense of filling his pipe. The vision of his wife and what this meant to her made it difficult to get tobacco into the bowl. He tried to speak, to congratulate Van Horn, but no sound passed his lips.

Then, as the spotted dogs quieted momentarily, faint and far away he heard the booming bawl of old Drum. It climbed to an eerie note, sank, and faded to nothing.

"He'll be in time to help skin this coon, if he hurries," remarked Van Horn. "Come on, some one—gim'me a leg up. I'll shake this ringtail down before that mongrel gets here."

He was hoisted to a low branch and shinned laboriously upward. The lanterns flashed long shadows beyond him. Meanwhile, whenever the three hounds' baying stopped, Drum could be heard. But now attention centered on the climber. Presently Van Horn stopped. There followed a shout and the savage shake of a limb.

Lanterns were held high. Then came a roar

from the dogs, a dark object ran out on a limb. Then it hurtled down into the bushes.

The hounds crashed to the spot, baying and snarling. But a deafening whoop from the men drowned the dogs' uproar. The assembled hunters were paying no attention to their quarry. Instead, they thumped each other on the back, rolled about on the ground, or hung limp against the trees, weak with laughter. From Van Horn, in the tree, there issued a steady stream of curses. Clem Brown's flashlight searched a small sapling beneath which the dogs clustered. Twenty feet above them the light displayed, not the big coon which they had expected, but a badly frightened black cat.

Clem choked back his laughter, and suddenly he whirled on the others.

"Listen," he commanded, and the men stifled their mirth.

Then, clear on the night air, boomed the tree call of old Drum.

"Cooo-ooooh, cooo-oooon, coooo-ooon."

Tears trickled down Chinchilla's beard. His hands clenched and unclenched. Those about him might voice their disbelief. But he was oblivious to all comments. Drum had treed.

Through a maze of cross tracks, over a trail disturbed by the other dogs and by a score of men, he had kept on. Faithful to the blood that was in him, to the training that he had received, he had refused to be misled. To Chinchilla it was clear now. The quarry must have come this way earlier in the evening, and then had backtracked. Drum had discovered the ruse. At last he had untangled the trail. The coon they sought was at the end of the trail. Chinchilla never doubted that.

High in the crotch of a great oak, a quarter of a mile west of Keg Creek, they found him. And beneath the tree Drum still bayed his find.

Clem Brown was the one who found where the animal had backtracked. Scratches on the rail fence indicated that he had walked it, and from there had transferred to a tree. Apparently he had crossed among the branches to the opposite side of the stream. Drum, searching in ever-widening circles, had refused to be misled, and at last he had cut the departing trail.

The coon, brought down, proved to be the chicken thief with the missing fore-toe. While the hunters clustered about it, Van Horn turned and strode off, leaving his dogs to the care of his handler. His departure was admission of defeat.

Clem accompanied Chinchilla home, and when they reached the farm they found Tilda awake and waiting them.

"I reckon there'll be no more talk about you folks' hounds now, Mrs. Somers," Brown remarked after the excitement over the result had diminished somewhat. "They won't be sayin' that a dog has got to have a pedigree a yard long to hunt coon. Drum and his pups cold trailers! Shucks! It looks to me like Van Horn, with his talk about pedigrees and thoroughbreds, is the one that followed the cold trail."

Drum glanced up from his place behind the stove. His tail beat a sleepy tattoo on the floor.

The Demon's Daughter

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one . . . nine. Repeated. Then two—eleven . . .

"It's a two-bagger on that Spaulding Street job." Terry lifted his voice. "Hey, Murphy, we roll on third?"

"Fourth," Murphy grunted inside the door.

"Best get into your bunkers," Terry bade.

"You could prove it, Terry," Lura was whispering. "Prove that you cared. . . ."

He looked down beseechingly at her. This was harder than even he had foreseen.

"There's ways of proving, Lura, my dear, and there's other ways," he said slowly. "Sure I could step down now. But was I to do it, it'd be a great feather in Lige Briggs' cap. You'd think all your life you had to thank him for your father's job. I'm not handing him any such feather . . . loving you, I'm not. Besides, there's been enough Landers shoved around in the fire business."

"I think you're a beast, Terry."

Inside the apparatus-room the crew was pull-

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The Demon's Daughter

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ing on rubber breeches and boots. The starter on the pumper grumbled as Higgins tested it. Gillette, the recruit, climbed uneasily to the tailboard.

Then the alarm instrument spoke again. Three . . . one . . . nine. . . .

"That'll be the third alarm," Terry commented. "It's a snorter."

"Good-night," Lura said. "I'll not see you again."

"You never can tell," Terry answered. "Unless you're struck blind you'll see me, and see me plenty. Now run along, before we should start quarreling. I'll come to talk to you when I've got the job."

She hurried across the driveway and climbed into her car. Terry watched her to the corner. She turned west.

"Gone to see the fire," he told himself. "She's a grand girl."

His crew eyed him suspiciously as he returned to the apparatus-room. He counted them. All there and ready. Higgins slumped behind his wheel. Gillette hung to the elbow rail at the tailboard, his boots gaping wide around his spindly legs. Campbell, Boyne and Gardner leaned against the right fender, watching Murphy, who held the ticker tape in his fingers.

"Places," Terry ordered. "We'll be ready to go."

They leaped to the apparatus as the alarm instrument spoke. Three . . . one . . . nine. The fourth alarm. Terry yanked the rope that tripped the wide front doors. The engine roared. Wheels spun. Crouched at the left of Driver Higgins, Terry ground the siren crank. The great bell on the hood yelled its brassy warning and Engine 121 plunged southward, at the first corner swung west. That was where Lura had turned.

"Look," Higgins shouted.

Flame colored the evening sky.

"Step on her," Terry bade. "Three miles."

Three miles . . . four and a half minutes. Terry smelled wood smoke. Pine wood. Rafters. An old building, that indicated.

"Is it Hamertons?" Higgins cried.

THE question stirred Terry to a quicker jerking of the bell rope. He'd been thinking of Lura, in spite of himself. But if this was Hamertons, then this was the fire he had always feared. All firemen fear a chemical storehouse. They pretend not to, of course. Deep in their hearts they must. And this great brick eggshell, thrown together forty years ago, thrusting six stories now into the dusty city air, with all the additions, juts, angles, lean-tos that had been added year by year to accommodate the growing Hamerton chemical trade . . . one might just as well step into a burning powder house.

"Guess that's it," Terry muttered. The odor swept down the wind, biting into his throat. Gas. "We've got a job cut out. Take hydrant to the right. Couple suction."

The great machine slid to the curb. Already a chorus of pumping engines lifted rhythmic voices. Hose vibrated. Policemen thrust back the raucous, incautious crowd.

"Engine 121 reports, sir," Terry cried to a district marshal.

"Take north side, roof of three-story annex," the marshal ordered. "Lay out double and Siamese."

Terry saluted and ran back toward his company. Flames, rolling out of the front windows, sent his shadow jumping and staggering ahead of him. At the left a ladder captain was yelling orders, extending his eighty-five-foot aerial through a network of wires. A hose company panted by with a thump of rubber soles. Terry charged up to his pumper.

"Double line, Murphy! Big and little. Eight section big, eight section light. Siamese pipe, Boyne. One an' seven tip."

He saw a woman slip past the policeman beyond the pumper. His hand, reaching for his ax, faltered. He knew who it was, even before he could see her distinctly in the darkness and smoke.

"Terry!" she cried.

"You've no business here, Lura."

"Is he up there?" she panted. "My father . . . I'm worried, Terry."

"Haven't seen him, my dear," he told her, and thrust the ax through his belt. "I love you, Lura."

"I'm a Drennan, Terry Landers!"

"You'll be a Landers soon," he answered, and ran back toward the fire.

The aerial still bobbed upward. But on the north annex a Bangor ladder tilted against the cornice. One line of hose ran up it.

"Be quick," Terry bade his men.

He climbed first, carrying the brass nozzle. Lura was worried, eh? No need to be. The Demon was a good fireman.

"Easy," he warned.

The roof of the three-story addition was nearly flat. Terry, poking his head over the cornice, saw a stout little group of men crouched about a line in the farther corner. The stream from their tip curved upward into a window, ineffectually. Heat pounded down from the flaming openings above. Gas caught Terry's throat. Chemicals were blazing somewhere inside. He heard the small, hoarse explosions of drums and carboys. Felt the puff of fiercer heat as new drafts opened and the flames found fresh fuel. He scrambled over the cornice, making way for Murphy behind him. Then Boyne. Then Campbell and Gardner together.

"Set up here," Terry bade.

The recruit, Gillette, climbed laboriously, dragging the three iron legs of the nozzle tripod after him.

"Go back to the street, recruit," Terry called. "Wait for orders." He snapped the nozzle into place, spread the feet of the tripod. "Ready. Take holt. Water!" His crew, crouching behind him, repeated the cry. "Engine 121 . . . charge the line."

Air hissed in the tip. Terry braced himself. He felt the first push of the stream and aimed at a window high above him. The water rushed out, first yellow and rusty, then a clear white that turned to pink in the firelight. Like Lura's cheeks, it looked. Pink and white. Where was she?

"Hit that window," Terry ordered. The other hose crew, driven by heat, was backing toward him. He didn't blame 'em. He'd back, too, if he were there.

"Up a bit . . ." the words died in his mouth as an explosion thundered in the main building. Air beat in his ears. He dodged. More heat slashed down. Fire stuck taunting tongues out of all the windows at once. The other captain turned, retreating.

"Hold her!" Terry ordered. He saw the other man's face. It was Drennan.

"Aim a bit higher," Terry commanded. "Up . . . no dropping, men . . . up!"

Fire washed out of the windows. It poured down upon them, forcing Tom Drennan back another foot. He was close to the outer wall now. Water from the two companies' lines turned to steam in the window openings. Terry strove to find a better angle. There was none.

Suddenly the roof trembled.

"Watch yourself!" Terry cried.

Another explosion roared, deep in the fire. Blazing rafters and joists lifted high in the air through a hole in the upper roof. Sparks showered down. Terry, his hand against his face, saw Drennan's crew escaping toward him. The old man's back was pressed against the cornice. The wall in front swayed.

"Look out!" the Demon shouted.

The huskiness in his voice was like Lura's, Terry thought. "I'm worried!" she had cried.

"If she starts swaying, slide the line, men!" the Demon bellowed. "No time for ladders!"

Five minutes. Ten. The two crews poured water. Terry looked anxiously at his own men. They could use help from below now. None came. But the fire climbed faster. It thundered out of every window. Lifted a long arm triumphantly above the main section of the warehouse.

Again an explosion. It seemed mild, at first. Merely a long puff. Then with a roar the roof beams began to tumble in the high mid-section. The wall, towering above them, teetered.

It pushed out, drew back, pushed out farther, sagged more deeply into the interior and hung there, hesitantly.

"Slide the line!" Terry screamed.

"Slide!" old Tom echoed.

Boyne of 121 was the first over the cornice. Terry saw him wrap arms and legs about the charged hose and shoot toward the ground. Campbell slid next. Then Gardner.

"Quick, sir!" Murphy panted.

Drennan's crew was overside, with the exception of old Tom. He remained, steadying the line. Murphy slid. That left the two of them, Drennan and Landers. Alone. Alone with the wall swaying outward. Drennan's nozzle kicked out of his hands. It swung in a high arc and fled overside. Terry squatted at his tripod. He saw the wall still tottering above him. The Demon got to his feet, stumbling toward the cornice. Terry followed.

Then came the roar. The sound of falling heavens. Green fire shooting out of a fresh explosion. Terry's eyes bulged. For a terrible moment with amazing distinctness he saw everything there on the roof. Bricks. Timbers. Green fire. Old Tom's red face, his mouth agape, short neck twisted.

Then he saw no more. A weight that might be the whole world sat down on his chest. A hot plaster covered his eyes. He tried to rub it off. It wouldn't rub off. He heard Drennan croaking.

"My God, I'm caught, man . . . burning. . . ."

TERRY moved his arms. His legs. They seemed all right. He felt the cool, rough fabric of the hose. Felt a lash of fire across his neck. His helmet was gone. Above the roar of the blaze he heard the drum of water. His stream still flowed.

"I tell you I'm caught!" It was Drennan again.

"Where at?" The hot plaster still bound Terry's eyes. He couldn't see. He felt the Demon's hand clutching his arm.

"Unpin me . . . my legs is caught."

"Can't find you. . . ."

"Turn that stream!" the Demon ordered. "Are you dumb? Shut her down and turn her!"

"Where's it at? Can't see. . . ."

Drennan swore. Sound of the hearty oath brought Terry's numb thoughts back indignantly to life.

"Can't see, I tell you!" he objected. "Where's my tip? Give it here!"

"Me give it? I'm pinned, man! Saint spare me . . . that fire . . . it's got me . . ."

Terry crawled forward, feeling his way with his hands along the hose. Hot bricks blistered the skin through his gloves. Fire, roaring overhead, singed his hair.

He found the butt of the nozzle, the shut-off valve, and pressed down. The stream drummed less violently. He reduced it again. Then, fumbling, returned cautiously to the Demon.

"Give me a hand now," he bade.

"Can't do much," Drennan answered. His rage was over. His husky voice, more than ever like Lura's even held a casual note. "One arm's broke. Here . . . you're blind, Landers!" Terry, wincing, felt the old man's hand guiding his own. "Left . . . now back . . . now right . . . right, I said. That's it. Open up. Gentle now. That fire . . . ugh . . . it's after us, Landers."

Terry opened the valve. Water washed out. He backed farther.

"How're you pinned?" he wanted to know.

"Bricks on me legs," the Demon answered, "can't budge 'em. Lower that tip."

"Right, sir?"

"Right. Now drive."

"It's getting hot," Terry muttered.

"It's that. Higher. She's crawling up."

Minutes burned away. Old Tom Drennan, of the proud, powerful Drennans, with one good arm and a pair of good eyes, directed the stream. Sprawled beside him, Terry Landers clung blindly to the butt of the pipe.

"She's a-coming," old Tom croaked. "Three foot more and she'll have us."

Terry, panting, opened the valve farther. He felt the hot splash of spray on his face. So he was blind, was he? He could hear, at least. Do as he was told . . . a Landers, taking orders from a Drennan. . . .

"It'll be here . . . now . . . any time," the Demon said. "Going to fry . . ."

Terry's mind flickered. Were those voices he heard? Could voices find their way through all this turmoil, this heat, this devilish flame? He

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The Demon's Daughter

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felt hands upon him. Heard the hoarse command: "Drag them bricks off! Sure he's alive . . . bound to be . . . can't kill the Demon. This here is Terry Landers. . . ."

The hands were pulling at him. "Leave me be," he muttered. "Got to stick . . . together. . . ."

When he opened his eyes he could see light dimly. Everything was quiet, so peaceful that he must be dreaming. He stirred. His face hurt. His hands hurt. His whole body throbbed. He smelled chemicals. But he could see faintly . . . he wasn't blind. . . .

"Awake, Terry?"

He stirred again. Tried to speak. Someone was holding a glass to his lips. A woman, a wonderful one. No ordinary woman's touch could be so gentle.

"Just a sip. You're all right, Terry. It was gas in your eyes."

"Lura?"

"Of course, Terry."

"Dad? Ah, Terry!" She gripped his hand. "He's in the next bed, Terry. Hurt? Yes, badly. He'll get over it though."

"I hear him swearing."

"Don't listen to him. Listen to me. It's afternoon, Terry. You've given me a fright."

He lay back more comfortably, one of her cool hands in his own, her other touching his forehead.

"You were noble, Terry. Sticking by dad. And I've news."

Terry groaned. "If it's from Lige, you can keep it."

"Sure it's from Lige," she said softly. "The underwriters just announced they've appointed dad to the job."

He released her.

"But dad's got two broken legs," she explained, recapturing his hands. "He'll have to take his pension. Besides, he couldn't stand in the way now of a man better than he is."

"Your dad said that? I'm not, Lura!"

"I said it, Terry."

"You, Lura . . . I've got to see you, Lura! I can't be blind!"

"Your eyes will be right in a week, Terry."

"A week? And this is Friday? Then, Lura, my dear, next Saturday you'll become Mrs. Landers!"

He lay back, exhausted. Then he said: "Don't kiss that cheek, Lura. It's scalded. Farther up. That's better. One of them Landers you'll be."

"A no-account . . ."

"Low-down Landers, Lura dear."

"Won't that be grand," she murmured.

Golf Moves Indoors

(*Continued from page 19*)

The Antlers Hotel in Milwaukee boasts an attractive one, too, and finds it not only a popular feature with the regular guests but a distinct asset in bringing luncheon and dinner parties to the restaurant. Apparently not only feminine stars but many women who take the game less seriously are enjoying indoor golf. Directors of such courses maintain that it is becoming a counter-attraction to contract bridge. Whether or not this opinion is justified by facts, there is little reason to doubt that frequent shifts from one game to the other can add to the enjoyment of both.

Many indoor courses are revenue-producers. Whether they shall be used as money-makers depends, of course, on the attitude of the club or the hotel installing them. Where they are operated exclusively as business enterprises as, for example, by professionals maintaining winter schools, the charges are naturally a bit higher than in clubs. An average charge is fifty cents for a round of eighteen holes. One man who installed such a course for profit netted more than $25,000 during his first year in the business. Apart from the cost of installation, his running expenses were confined to rent, light and wages for two boys, of whom one collected the fees and the other rolled the greens.

Approximately thirty minutes are consumed in playing a round of eighteen holes. On such a course fifty or sixty persons may play at one time. Scoring rules are similar to those of the regular game. Local rules usually call a ball out-of-bounds if it strikes the wall of an indoor course. That has the double purpose of demanding accurate strokes and protecting the murals. It adds a bit, too, to the realism of the entire layout. Wherever the course, or whether run for profit or not, the most interesting feature of the whole idea is its obvious attraction for expert players as well as for dubs or beginners. And invariably, whenever an interesting match is under way, a full gallery may be expected to watch it.

On the great majority of indoor courses, the managers have set aside at least one space of approximately five by twenty feet for the installation of a practice driving device which automatically tees ball for the player for either wood or iron shots, according to his desires. The ball is driven into a net, and each shot is automatically scored for accuracy. When on an income-producing basis, such devices frequently tee six or twelve balls, after a coin has been deposited in a convenient slot. They may, however, be operated free or on some other basis of payment if desired. Their purpose is to afford opportunity for all-year, all-around practice on an indoor course, including long drives as well as putting and pitching.

Another popular device, which permits competition as well as practice, consists of an upright square of canvas against which the players make their drives. By ingenious methods of marking and scoring, the device records not only the most effective drives, but the exact yardage which would have been achieved had they been made on outdoor country club courses.

Much simpler is the device recently developed by a group of Ohio golf enthusiasts to offer opportunity for indoor practice in putting. The equipment requires nothing more than a large rug and a few ingeniously designed blocks of heavy wood. Arranged four holes to the course, they are laid out in accordance with a prearranged pattern. Each block of wood has a hole in its center, with a small entrance to the hole at one side. The object of the player is to putt his ball from the tee with such accuracy as to bring it to a stop opposite the slot which leads to the hole. Probably no better service was ever worked out to school a golfer in the mystery of gauging distance in putting, always one of the real tests of championship possibilities. After a winter's hard practice at this simple game, the most inexpert autumn putter should find a distinct improvement in his spring game, particularly in the ability to conquer the habit of overrunning approach putts or of having them stop so far short of the hole that there remains doubt concerning the player's ability to sink them in the next attempt.

These are only a few of the many devices which ingenious enthusiasts have perfected to carry the sport and the thrill of the ancient game indoors, or to permit many of its pleasures to be enjoyed under the open skies but over a course limited to the size of one or two city lots. How tremendous an improvement they represent over the first attempts to find opportunities for practice within the limited space of a city living-room is immediately apparent. Undoubtedly further development will follow and with it will grow the popularity of the indoor game.

The popularity of miniature golf as played outdoors during the past summer offers ample evidence of the future awaiting the indoor game. Just how the open-air game has spread is attested by figures published by the United States Department of Commerce, which estimated that no less than $125,000,000 had been invested in such courses by last August 1, with the total constantly increasing. One firm had constructed, up to that time, some 2,500 courses. Many of the operators have been paying off the entire investment involved with no more than six weeks' income. A course in Dallas, Texas, set up a record of 1,200 players in one day. A club in New Jersey has paid off its mortgage with the

income from a typical course. A church is achieving the same result by means of a course operated and largely patronized by members. Throughout the country the miniature courses contributed their share toward prosperity by offering not only recreational facilities but employment during a period of depression.

The story of this development is not without its moral. Students of sociology are pointing out with convincing insistence that much of the recent juvenile delinquency, as well as crime on a more serious scale by youths still short of their majority, may be traced to the limited opportunities for play afforded boys in many large cities. Unless he lives somewhere near a municipal park or playground, baseball must remain a forbidden sport to the modern city boy. Local ordinances no less than the hazards of swiftly-moving traffic eliminate the streets as playground outlets for the boundless energy of youth. Perhaps a wider prevalence of such courses as are here described, or similar miniatures of the fields on which other sports are played, may help solve some of the moral problems of the boy, as they can the psychological and physical problems of fathers who have not yet grown too old or too dour to realize that recreation is a necessity for the adult as for the child. One obvious suggestion is that in any club thus equipped an interesting series of father-and-son tournaments, such as are now staged by many country clubs, could offer splendid recreational facilities to both as well as develop that kinship of spirit which represents the true joy and responsibility of parenthood.

Why not, if I may suggest it here, consider the possibility of installing some such course in your own club? The revenues from fees will probably pay for it within a year, as experiments have demonstrated the country over. As a new and appealing attraction, it can create a fresh interest in the club itself, bringing there at the luncheon hour as well as at night, members who realize the advantage of relieving the tension of the daily job by a brief period of such relaxation as only play affords, or of eliminating some of the avoirdupois so likely to envelope one insidiously during the winter months.

Courses such as I have described can be constructed in a few weeks. Amateurs have done the job quite adequately themselves with the assistance only of local workmen when desired. Apart from other advantages, the course may prove a distinct publicity asset. As I have pointed out, the famous stars of the game are always glad to play over such a lay-out, for the purpose of keeping in form and at the same time enjoying a little friendly competition. And if some widely-advertised professional does attend, it won't be necessary to pay him the $200 or $500 which might be asked for an exhibition round on the country club links. He'll probably be glad to spend thirty minutes with you after lunch trying out the wee shots. And when he does, you may be sure that every member who ever held a brassie or iron in his hand will be there to watch and to renew his interest in the club as a whole.

Forecasting Broadcasting

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2GB Daventry, near Birmingham, in the center of the kingdom. There are in all twenty-one stations in England; but these are the principal ones. For their support English listeners last year paid *five and a half million dollars in license fees.*

It is the British Broadcasting Company, therefore, a government department, that has charge of English broadcasting. Of course, no advertising matter of any sort is sent over the air in any of their programs. I have listened at intervals of several years to the broadcasting from London and Daventry, and the total lack of commercial appeal is soothing to American ears. It may seem strange at first not to be told continually just who is responsible for the program, what he makes and why, but you gradually get used to it. There is, however, another side to the picture.

Despite the five and a half million dollars received, no government department has the funds of a private concern like the National Broadcasting Company; and if they had the funds they would probably lack the initiative and resourcefulness of the latter concern. You can take it from me that there are no ten-thousand-dollar-an-hour programs sent over the air from either of the two English stations. The programs one does hear in England are usually entertainments that would be considered lacking in punch and pep by most Americans. Much must be allowed for a difference in national temperament, much also for the fact that the average Britisher has not been educated up to the point where he must have a Rudy Vallee, a Will Rogers or an Amos 'n' Andy every time he twists the dials. Yet, although their programs lack the length and diversity to which we are accustomed, in general tone and in educational value they are superior to the average hour given over most American systems.

Perhaps this is due to a gentleman who has had a good deal of criticism to withstand, Sir John Reith the Director-General of the British Broadcasting Company. In a recent speech he remarked:

"To give the public what it wants is a dangerous and fallacious policy." He, therefore, gives them what he thinks they should like. And probably they do. At any rate, a writer in the London *Observer*, after the exchange of programs between this country and England at Christmas time, said,

"A few such programs would convince any person of taste that our monopolistic British system produces music beyond comparison superior in quality to that sent from America."

One thing is certain. Few American radio owners would be content with the sort of thing sent out over the B. B. C. to-day. If he paid his porportionate share of the cost of expenditure at our big stations in this country to-day, the American listener would pay radio taxes of from ten to fifteen dollars a year. And whether he would, after years of free service over the air, agree to this tax, is a question broadcasting authorities would like very much to know.

VII

ONE of the biggest problems of radio in this country has been the question of charging for the service rendered. To date the home owner who buys a radio is able to help himself freely to all the good things of the air, with no way existing by which he can be assessed for this entertainment. Such a method is now foreseen by leading radio engineers in the new wired wireless, an invention that will permit a company like the National Broadcasting Company to charge the listener for all services rendered, and thus put the broadcasting business on a firm and sound economic basis.

Wired wireless consists merely in sending radio signals along wires instead of through space as is done in ordinary radio. It can thus be controlled both as to direction and extent of its signals, whereas in modern radio the signals devolve in every direction for more or less intermediate distances.

Wired wireless, moreover, is being developed to make use of existing facilities, such as electric light, electric power, telephone and telegraph wires; this use wholly independent of and simultaneous with the use of these lines for their primary purposes. It is, for instance, possible, although not as yet commercially practicable, to employ ordinary electric light wires for the use of wired wireless so that the householder can, of course, continue to receive current for his lights while at the same time, over the identical wires by means of a special receiving set properly installed for that purpose, he is receiving speech and music.

Wired wireless was the invention of Major-General George O. Squiers, and during the last few years has been the subject of considerable experimentation and improvement. Although it is not as yet a commercially feasible undertaking, one does not need as much imagination to visualize it supplanting broadcasting of the present day as was necessary twenty years ago to prophesy the radio situation of 1930.

There are still in the problem of wired wireless any number of small technical difficulties yet to

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Forecasting Broadcasting

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be overcome. Thus, it has to be determined whether light wires, telephone wires, or perhaps both, will be employed. There are other obstacles in the way, "bugs" as the radio engineers term the problems that stand in the way of successful solutions of radio questions. Once solved, wired wireless would permit telephone, telegraph and electric light companies to step forth into the entertainment field, or perhaps to rent their facilities to the present day stations, thus fulfilling a dual rôle and obtaining a dual revenue. All this is in the future, the not very distant future, perhaps, either. Definitely, it can be stated that wired wireless to-day offers a possible escape from the economic traffic jam into which radio broadcasting has worked itself at present.

VIII

"YOUR father is angry—you coaxed until he paid $200 for a television attachment to the radio and you only used it once."

"But Mama, that good-looking boy hasn't been on the air since."

When Paul Robinson wrote those lines in the Chicago *Evening Post* in 1928 he did not intend to be prophetic. Yet, in less than two years the art of television—or seeing at a distance—has progressed so far that if you have not yet bought this gadget for your radio, you can buy one in the market to-day.

Already this new science has developed to such a degree that the term television is not definite enough. There are already several kinds of television; but the art is so crude that the neutral scientists do not know just which of the present methods will eventually become the most satisfactory form. They do agree on one thing, however, that television is *now* possible and will, some day, be commercially practicable.

Any serious consideration of the future of broadcasting, therefore, can not be limited to audible broadcasting, especially when "visual broadcasting" is now being carried on through 9 regular and 18 irregular stations scattered throughout the United States. The Jenkins Television Company, for instance, has two such Sight Broadcasting Stations; one, W2XCR, is located in Jersey City, New Jersey, and regularly broadcasts every week day from 3 to 5 and from 8 to 10 P.M. The other, Station W3XK, is situated in Maryland, near Washington, D. C., and broadcasts between 8 to 10 P.M. every week day.

What are some of the different kinds of television? The Bell Telephone Laboratories have been working on some of the problems of television for a number of years and since their engineers are telephone specialists, it is only to be expected that their method of attacking the problem involves the use of wires. To-day wired television is a practical science; the images are sharply defined. Another distinct type of television uses space instead of wires and is called radio television, or radio-vision to differentiate it from the wired form. It is quite obvious that the difficulties which have been overcome and those yet to be overcome are much greater and more complex than the troubles encountered in wired television in much the same degree that wireless telegraphy was a greater achievement than the older wired telegraphy.

Television is broadcast over a short-wave length, consequently the little band of seeing-at-a-distance enthusiasts must use a short-wave receiver to intercept properly these slight broadcast signals. They must also buy another piece of apparatus called a televisor or a radiovisor; cost from $85 to $395.

One future development may not unlikely be a combination of sight and sound-broadcasting. If transmitted over the wires as a form of wired wireless, this would permit the listener being charged directly for the entertainment received. In any event the future of television can not be lightly dismissed. Many persons still believe that "Seeing Is Believing," and the Chinese maxim that a picture is worth ten thousand words. Corporations interested in the radio field must keep abreast and ahead of the times, and all big concerns are working along their own lines on television. Back in 1928 Dr. Alfred N. Goldsmith of the Radio Corporation of America, filed a brief on the subject of television before the Federal Radio Commission in which he made the statement:

"Radio television is at a stage where it is prepared to leave the seclusion of the research laboratory and enter into the daily affairs of men."

In the short space of two years these words have been amply confirmed. Television has left the laboratory and is becoming a factor in actual broadcasting. If this progress continues at the same rate, the next two years will see television taking its place in partnership with sound broadcasting.

IX

THE American nation has passed through several phases of radio consciousness. There was the first and early period from ten until five years ago when we had the craze for sets. Almost anything that could be manufactured could find a buyer. Small boys and mechanically minded gentry spent their spare time building sets from spare parts bought here, there and everywhere. Gradually that phase passed away and for a few years we settled into the craze for distance. Old men and young men sat up all night trying to get Dallas and Omaha and Salt Lake City, and then spent most of the day boring people with accounts of what they had heard in the tiny hours of the morning. This phase also wore off, and the radio public began to turn its attention to programs. It demanded better and better features, more and more headliners during its favorite hours. Many concerns were forced onto the air to keep up with the procession, and once broadcasting they were obliged against their will to hire expensive entertainers. Rivals found it necessary to follow suit. All America entered into the latest phase of radio; the program phase.

Before long everyone became a program authority. Simple concerts or programs that once were delightful, were listened to, if at all, with disdain. Everyone began to explain why this or that hour was no good. The mere fact that we were all getting something for nothing never occurred to us. Said the President of the National Broadcasting Company: "Radio in the United States has become to be accepted by the listener as an inalienable right, something he is perfectly free to criticize or condemn. It is taken for granted, and it seldom occurs to the listener that he is enjoying a privilege without cost, when he tunes in on a program he wishes to hear."

Forces are working to make us all face the facts, however. These forces are stronger than any of us, stronger than the National Broadcasting Company or the United States Government. They are the inexorable laws of economics. For eight years radio fans of the country have been getting something for nothing. The time is coming when they must contribute their share of the burden of the entertainment they have enjoyed since the inception of broadcasting over the air.

How will this support be worked out? Will it be in the form of governmental control as in England? Will it be in the shape of more direct advertising over the air, with revenue coming to the sponsor of the program therefrom? Will it be wired wireless? Or television? Or some or none of these solutions, perhaps something as yet undiscovered? No one exactly, not even a Lee de Forest, can say. This much we can state definitely. As it exists to-day, broadcasting is economically unsound. It is gradually losing its hold upon the manufacturers who have in the past been sponsors of our programs over the air. The public having now tired of the novelty of radio, demands expensive and costly features. And the public contributes almost nothing toward the cost of those features. It is a situation which cannot continue.

No one can tell precisely what broadcasting will be in 1940. But it can be stated dogmatically and with certainty that it will be as different from the broadcasting of 1930, both in the manner of its presentation and the source of its financial support, as the early automobiles of 1905 are different from the latest de luxe model of 1931.

Trailing a Winner

(*Continued from page 17*)

pleasant round face grew lean and brown and sharp of jawline. His frank blue eyes were as intense as the heated skies. His health didn't break because he went to bed every night so tired that even an extreme of temperature couldn't keep him awake. He was just working awfully hard. It isn't easy to sell automobiles, many automobiles in August; and he was trying to hang up a record. He came mighty near to doing it, too, though without any encouragement. Old Portner wrote him a mean letter telling him what a mistake he had made in his hot-headed reactions, warning him that the act of betrayal would be held against him as long as he stayed in the business. The salesmen at the Stockton agency resented him, even when they found that he didn't cross their lines, but was hunting new business. And Cyrus Stockton, just when a word of appreciation from him seemed due, packed up and went out to a ranch in Wyoming for the balance of the summer.

"But I'm in for it!" said John Henry and hung on.

THAT accounted for some loss in weight. The rest went in tennis. Whimsically John Henry said he was learnng tennis that summer. If a man had beaten you consistently for any number of years, and you had any sense you'd find out how he did it. Every spare evening and every Saturday, John Henry observed Golding's game. He found that he had the edge on Golding in speed and force, but that Golding was the cooler, surer player. Golding seldom wasted a serve. His returns weren't slow, but in most cases at least they were calculated. The placing of his weight on his feet, the swing of his racket, were never accidents. What John Henry was just beginning to do, Golding had done all through his career, that was, to study tennis as a science. So John Henry applied science to his natural ability.

"My word!" said Golding to him the week before the first matches of the State tournament. "You've improved in form, old man! If I win a place, the credit should largely go to you. You've certainly got me to extend myself." He struggled a moment with himself and added, "It seems a shame for you not to figure in the tournament."

John Henry had been waiting for that opening.

"I've had a hankering that way myself," he said now. "This has been great sport, training with you, a player of your class. I'd like to try and see whether it has made any real difference in my game. Of course I'd enter as an independent—but just for the sport of it I'd like to see how long I'd last in an open tournament."

There was an ominous silence from the other side of the tennis net.

"There's no reason why I shouldn't enter, is there?" said John Henry.

Of course there was not. It was an open tournament; but John Henry felt the wave of mental disturbance coming his way. It exhilarated him appropriately. He was further uplifted to know that after the first shock Golding was again calculating, this time the advantages and disadvantages of continuing practice with John Henry. The advantages won out; but John Henry took a week off for intensive business to allow for gaps the tournament might make in his schedule.

When the tournament opened he found it not the friendly affair to which he had been accustomed. He was not to be reserved for the final matches this time by careful arrangement. He was in this case an upstart. On the charts his first opponent was a young phenomenon from a Kansas City Athletic Association, who was promising to be a national sensation. John Henry spent an hour one evening in the newspaper file room of the Public Library reading the phenomenon's history.

The match was played on a Saturday morning, and the evening papers and the Sunday editions used phrases in acclaim of John Henry's victory that he had not met in all the applied science of the past six weeks. He was already the upset of the occasion; but John Henry just read the next chart and continued to study. The thing he had most to fight in himself was something

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Trailing a Winner

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the newspapers didn't know—a singing, triumphant realization that not once had the young phenomenon tapped his reserve of skill. He had had the youngster beaten mentally from the start. But he mustn't get too cocky now, not too cocky—just keep that masterful feeling.

Other matches fell to him, some not so easily. In the semi-finals he all but suffered an upset himself at the hands of a fairly unknown player from the municipal tennis club. This young man's congratulations at the close of the match reached John Henry's heart as no perfunctory words of the sort ever had.

"You've got everything, Abingdon," said the perspiring youth, "but give me time. I want to meet you again!"

"Attaboy!" said John Henry, liking the fellow instantly. "Any time and any place!"

And that brought things to the last day and the final match with Bob Golding. This was not coincidence. Everybody had counted on Golding's taking the State tournament. So, if John Henry was winning, inevitably the issue was settled in a match with Golding.

That was a day. The champion had his gallery; but so by now had John Henry, the gallery that loves to cheer a man who has worked up from the bottom of the pile. And on one side or the other was pretty Mary Allen; but not far away there was also a bright intense girl in sporting green, accompanied by a slender older man in business gray, the Stocktons home from Wyoming.

Each man won two sets, the last of them a deuce set running fourteen games, but falling in the end to Golding. John Henry wiped his face and thought. He'd got a little excited that last set, gone back to his old reckless impetuosity. You beat Golding with more coolness. He ought to know the man's ball from the swing of his arm as he sent them over. He did know them. So!

He played Golding off his feet that last set, never fooled by a fast ball, smashing the slow ones, ready to make each move an instant before action. It was a beautiful exhibition. It took all John Henry had, but he had it all.

"John Henry, you were wonderful!" said pretty Mary Allen to him at the close. "Is this what you've been so busy about all summer, storing up this surprise for us? I always knew you had it in you."

Alas for pretty Mary Allen! John Henry answered her politely, but his eyes were on that flame of a girl in sporting green, and her shadowy dark blue eyes were on him. She was coming toward him, followed by the slim, sunburned older man, Cyrus Stockton, John Henry's boss. Stockton was grinning amiably.

Alas for John Henry and everybody else! At that same instant John Henry became aware of another spectator who was a sales prospect. The newspapers had tipped him off to John Henry that morning, a laundryman who was planning to expand his business. He chose to smile in generous admiration at the winner now, and John Henry chose to receive him next. He even walked out of Helene Stockton's path to encourage this stranger.

"Young fellow," said the laundryman, "not in years have I seen anything so fine as that exhibition. I used to play at the state university——"

"Fine!" John Henry wrung his hand. "Come along and tell me about it."

He spent the evening with the expanding man of business and laid at Stockton's feet the next morning, so to speak, an order for twelve new laundry trucks. It was a whale of an order; but he thought it could scarcely have registered in the time it took old Stockton to call him in for an interview. There, however, on the official desk lay the blue papers of record.

"Tennis," said the big boss, "apparently hasn't taken your mind from the business."

"I've been running the two together lately," said John Henry, "in a sort of system. I landed that order yesterday evening after the match."

"Hm! Is this a winning spurt or a new speed you've developed, Abingdon?"

John Henry pondered the question.

"It's a spurt, of course, sir," he said then, "but the general speed ought to have improved, I think."

Once more light flashed queerly on Stockton's eyeglasses, but that did look like a flash of appreciation in the keen eyes. Stockton offered John Henry a cigarette, and this time John Henry thought he'd better take one to keep himself quiet.

"Of course I know why you left Portner this summer," continued Stockton. "But I've often wondered what you thought you could gain by making the change. Could you tell me?"

"Oh, it sounds bumptious—big-headed!" said John Henry.

"Never mind. Spring it."

"I wanted to try out a theory. You see, I'd had several jolts in business and in sports all in one day; and in fighting my way out of the dumps I had an inspiration."

"Come on. Let's have it."

"I thought that when a man is beaten, even by circumstance, it does no good to grouch at circumstance. You can't get anywhere except by picking yourself to pieces and finding out what there is in you that gives circumstance the upper hand and then, win or lose, you can go to work on that. I don't know whether you get my meaning——"

"I do exactly. And I'm man enough to say you've given a beautiful demonstration of working out the theory. And you had no tangible reward in mind, nothing except your own spiritual satisfaction when you made those tests?"

"That's all, Mr. Stockton."

"Well, I think you may be surprised at the results then, after all. This position that old Portner has created in his firm isn't revolutionary in its newness. I've had the same thing in mind for several years, an executive position here created to relieve me of some of the more taxing responsibilities of my business. But I didn't want to lose by the creation of this office and I've had no man in my employ just keen enough to do my work for me—until now. Do you think you could swing such a job here?"

John Henry was glad he had that cigarette. Maybe it gave him some appearance of casualness to offset his complete inward collapse of riotous incredulity.

Stockton, however, didn't allow him to stammer any speeches.

"You know the business from the ground up, and you've got brains and energy. There's no reason why you can't handle such a position, if you will. Success would lead to a possible partnership. Failure would be disastrous to both of us, perhaps. And the job wouldn't be easy. I'd be setting you over the heads of men who have been in my employ for years. That would mean a lot of backfire for us to eliminate within the organization. Of course, according to your theory, which has always been my own, the jolt won't hurt any man out there who is worth his salt. He'll profit or lose by it according to his own worth. Just the same, we must have peace and cooperation within the firm——"

And a lot of things like that Cyrus Stockton went on to say; but the essential fact remained: John Henry Abingdon on the first of October, would be registered the general superintendent of the Stockton Motor Agency. He ought to have called his mother immediately and told her so; but, being a man child, he didn't. He called up his best girl first.

He spent a good five minutes picturing the prospect of a pleasant and reasonably sure resumption of relations with Mary Allen; but in the end he called the Stockton residence instead. After the call was in he nervously prayed both ways that Helene would or would not be at home. A sign from heaven, he thought, whichever way it turned out. She was at home.

"I wonder if you remember that you ever knew me," he said. "This is John Henry Abingdon."

A second of thoughtful silence, then a delicious voice, frosty at the edges.

"Yes, of course I remember you, Mr. Abingdon. We were in high school at the same time, I believe."

But that was all the help she gave him.

"I saw you at the tournament play-off yesterday," he suggested.

"Yes, I was there." Not a scrap of compliment to the victor!

"I wanted to speak to you. But at the last moment I lost my nerve."

"Oh, was that it? Father and I had the impression that you were more interested in business."

"Oh, no!" lied John Henry stoutly and recklessly. "I—really I lost my nerve; but now——"

"Now you feel braver?"

Gee, wasn't she a girl, though? Doggone her!

"I have to feel braver—because I find I do want to see you, talk to you somewhere, somehow. Ever since high school I've sort of wished for a chance to know you. Could I—would it be awfully nervy of me to ask to make a date with you some time—soon?"

"Yes, indeed," she said, but one thought the frost was melting. "However, if I invited you out to dinner as a young man in whom my father is much interested——"

John Henry went from the telephone booth to a florist's shop and sent Helene Stockton two dozen exotic pale yellow roses. And then, only then, did he realize his filial duty and pleasure, and sent his mother a duplicate order by special messenger with a note telling her of his good fortune.

After that he collapsed on a stone bench in the shop, a bench of the sort fitting to a cemetery or a garden of pleasure, and leaned his head back against a smilax-entwined pillar. To a spectator he looked like any other young man slightly done in by the noonday heat. He was a young man saying his prayers. Informally.

"Dear Lord," said his jumbled thoughts, "here I am, sitting on the top of the world, I've got the nerve of the devil and I'm scared of my life; but I'm going on. And, please, if you see me sagging again, just hand me another sock in the jaw, will you? I'll understand. Thanking you in advance, I am yours, John Henry Abingdon."

"The Best-Beloved Champion"

(*Continued from page 13*)

Jones. Another evidence of his versatile disposition and his intelligent acceptance of the fact that sport is not everything, or even the chief aim, in life may be found in his education and in his present position in his profession, the law.

You may see readily that Bobby was not playing golf all the time, since he went steadily through the grade schools of Atlanta, then through Tech High School in three years, and then was graduated from the Georgia School of Technology—Georgia Tech—in its toughest course, mechanical engineering. He gained a B.S. degree at Harvard in a year and a half; studied law at Emory University; was admitted to the State and Federal bars; and for nearly three years has been the junior member of the law firm of Jones, Evins, Powers and Jones.

In June, 1924, Bobby married Miss Mary Malone, and they have two very fine children, Clara Malone Jones and Robert Tyre Jones III. They live in their own home, built by Bobby after he had declined with thanks the proffer of a home by the admiring citizenry of Atlanta, as a token of their love and esteem.

Considering these various activities, it may fairly be submitted that Bobby Jones has done a good deal with his twenty-eight years of life besides devote it to golf.

Perhaps it is something of this invisible composite picture of the many-sided champion that so impresses itself on the galleries and their individual members; some aura of character and of personal charm and conquest not in the printed records. There are many stories of his sportsmanship—altogether too many, to suit Bobby, who detests more than anything else I can think of the bringing up of instances when he has imposed penalty strokes on himself, for accidental transgressions of the rules of play unseen by anyone else. There was the time at Worcester, for example, when his ball moved as he was preparing to strike it. He insisted on a penalty for himself; this resulted in a tie; and he lost the open championship of the United States in the play-off next day.

I shall never forget Bobby's utter chagrin, when I used that episode to point what I con-

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"The Best-Beloved Champion"

(*Continued from page 55*)

ceived to be a moral, in a story I was writing for the Associated Press.

"You'd just as well praise me for not picking pockets," he said. "*There is only one way to play this game!*"

And now I think that in this pronouncement, Bobby unconsciously outlined the finest maxim of golfing conduct and sportsmanship, just as he has followed unconsciously and instinctively the line of conduct that has caused the galleries and the public to adore him.

More than once, for example, I have seen Bobby, playing before a huge and restless gallery that was interested only in his own performance, request his companion in a medal round to finish putting while he, Bobby, stood by and played out afterward. Bobby knew that if he putted out first, the gallery would begin to move away, imposing a cruel handicap on the man left with a putt to hole.

This, of course, is simply a bit of sporting good manners, but good manners are not entirely disassociated from sportsmanship, either.

English and Scottish galleries are, if anything, more devoted to Bobby than American crowds. The only occasions when I have seen him swept off the finishing green to the shoulders of the gallery were in Britain—and they have good police over there, too. At Merion, the closing day of the last national amateur championship, Lord Castleross, visiting English nobleman and golf writer, told me, very seriously, of his conviction that the Prince of Wales and Bobby appeared "about equal" in the popular regard of the British Isles.

There must be a reason, not altogether aligned with the glamor of championship, for incidents like one Mr. Darwin narrated recently.

An elderly woman, following one of Bobby's rounds in Britain last summer, had, in her effort to gain a vantage-point, gone far ahead of the bulk of the gallery toward a distant green to which the match was playing. Suddenly she was halted by a man with a red flag, standing guard over a ball in the grass, driven from a tee nearly 300 yards away.

"Please don't step on it," he said. "It belongs to one of the players in the match just behind."

"Which one?" the old lady inquired.

"Bobby Jones."

"Bobby's—really? Oh, do you think anybody would mind if I just picked it up and held it a moment?"

There is more in a little episode like that than meets the eye, or than accrues to the meed of a man who is merely a great champion, even though he stand forever entrenched within the Impregnable Quadrilateral of Golf—the first world champion of the game.

Better by far, to be "the best-beloved champion!"

Good Days for Reading

(*Continued from page 20*)

Murder in Manhattan

By Arthur Proctor. (William Morrow & Co., New York.)

HOW much is a "hunch" worth to the police? Dawson, retiring chief of police of New York, is being tendered a huge dinner at the Hotel Hudson. Morgan, his henchman, has a premonition that a murder will be committed during the evening, so, naturally, among the assembled secret service and legal men, the talk circles around the value of "hunches" in crime.

The District Attorney holds that scientific technique solves murder mysteries nine times out of ten and gets the criminal in the end. Deever contradicts this. He claims there is little prospect of a solution unless something besides science enters into a case. That something is "hunch"—a sixth sense—an instinct for the pursuit—a detective's instinct to "feel his way through" by means of intimations coming apparently from nowhere and defying reason. The criminal experts leave the question hanging in mid-air, and proceed to the enjoyment of the "big night."

The ball room is darkened, moving-pictures of Deever are being shown, when—crack! Garet Garmany, scion of a noted New York family, falls across the speaker's table with a bullet through his brain. In ten minutes the hotel is in a state of blockade, every exit patrolled, detectives planted everywhere. According to Scotland Yard, when a man commits a murder he leaves ten clues. Where are the ten in this case? And will *science* or *the hunch* unravel this mystery?

Bryce Burroughs, young lawyer and adventurous police deputy, swings onto the case. His activities result in some of the best detective reading we have been given this season. As you see, this book is infinitely more than the ordinary fictional murder tale. The author, a New York attorney and a student of criminology, approaches some fascinating theories and lets his hero work them out. But the Garmany mystery remains "thriller stuff" to the end, never submerged by the author's knowledge of the underworld and crime detection. The writing, of an unusually interesting quality, deserves a curtain call.

Other Detective Tales

The Complete Sherlock Holmes

By A. Conan Doyle. (Doubleday, Doran & Company, New York.)

THE late Arthur Conan Doyle's American publishers have issued a memorial edition of his famous (perhaps they are the most famous in the world) detective tales. Here, in two fine generous volumes one may possess the six full-length stories and the fifty-six short tales which together comprise the incomparable adventures of Sherlock Holmes, master detective. Just offhand, we would say that these fine books would make the most authentic sort of corner stone for a detective-fiction collection—a fad in which many readers are now interested.

The Lion and the Lamb

By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Company, Boston, Mass.)

A YOUNG English nabob becomes involved with a crowd of London racketeers, and being made a "goat" does a term in jail. On his release he vows to break up the criminal activities of his onetime companions. Dinner jackets and titles versus gang law and gang strength! Oppenheim at his best.

The Green Ribbon

By Edgar Wallace. (The Crime Club, Inc., Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York.)

WALLACE himself claims this as the best of all his thrillers.

It is a quickly-moving mystery story, of the sinister Trigger's transactions which have to do with horse-racing in England, of crimes that logically follow the illegal money dealings, of love and bravery and—Mr. Luke, one of the aces of Scotland Yard. There are even panthers in this one, so you get all that you are looking for in the matter of excitement.

The Secret of the Bungalow

By Robert Casey. (Bobbs, Merrill, Indianapolis, Ind.)

FIRE in an exclusive suburb. A bungalow found burned to the ground, disclosing the charred body of a man. Clues for both murder and suicide point right and left, north and south. There is a jolly hunt in the book for the answer to the mystery and, of course, the proper amount of romance to make the thing more fascinating than a dry police report. Suspense is well-contrived, and the writing is the particular bright gift that this author achieves. A fine, satiric, humorous touch enlivens the dialogue. Recommended.

Angel Pavement

By J. B. Priestley. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

LONDON—
You know how it is. Busy streets,
Good old fogs, motor horns, offices and such,

One little group of people, the
Trade-mark for the whole world.
Well, along comes Mr. Golspie,
Agent for some cheap veneers,
And lo! Something snaps—
Happens—scintillates—or dies
In Every one he touches.
Poor little group. It will never "be itself" again!
Golspie should have been a pirate;
He's that kind of outrageous person.
We almost see the broad sash and the bright
Silk scarf he should have worn about his bright, bald head.
Still he does his best—the sinner!
Mr. P. (our well-known author)
Has turned a very lavish trick.
Every one is saying "Dickens has been born again."
As to that, we snap our fingers. Priestley's good enough for us.
He writes in a robust basso voice. The tale
Reverberates.
Nothing better that we know of in the fiction line
On the bookstalls at the time.
Brilliant writing—corking people—just
A gold mine of a story. Take it from us.

No Hard Feelings

By John Lewis Barkley. (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York.)

THEY say that John Lewis Barkley, author and protagonist of this amazing and unsentimentalized war book, is a descendant of Daniel Boone. Which accounts for a lot. It accounts—or we like to think it does—for Barkley's hardfisted and uncomplicated idea of what war is all about and how one should wade into it if he finds fighting to be his job at the moment. It very probably accounts for the likable lack of literary frill in a volume about life and death at the front which is more than refreshing after all the shell-shocked and bleeding accounts of the Great War that have been poured out upon our helpless heads.

Barkley, a stuttering lad from the Middle-West, was drafted at an absurdly early age and was, through the acumen of the higher-up-kins of the Intelligence Department, put to sniping and scouting—and they could have picked no one better for such hair-trigger work. The author appears to have gone about crying for hazardous jobs, and he got them. Just read his account of the time he worked his way through a wood that was being swept by shells, to answer a telephone that was ringing its head off under a heap of branches and debris. Pretty snappy work, but he managed, phosphene gas and all, to catch a message for his major. The next moment a German shell smashed the instrument. The shock of such a breathless margin of escape cured our young hero forever of his hated stammer. . . . Then there is his little story of the time he saw in a hedge directly opposite his own hiding post, a lone German officer. Of course there was only one thing for him to do. The enemy was there to kill or be killed. Still, at the instant of taking aim Barkley began to wonder about the Hun: whether he had a girl at home; and whether his mother wrote him the kind of letters that Barkley's own mother sent to him. That sort of thinking gets a sniper nowhere, as you may imagine. He had to stop it and do his duty—but that night, after it was all over, Barkley had a bad time of it—couldn't sleep. He got some tough jobs out there at the front. He acknowledges, however, that he got over such weaknesses after a while, and finally came to a point of battle exultation which culminated in his famous affair which won for him the Congressional Medal of Honor. He found himself, on that occasion, stranded between the opposing lines and took refuge from the cruel fire in an abandoned French tank. In this he mounted a machine-gun and, single-handed, held back two enemy advances. It all doesn't sound possible—but there are the facts. People had to go a little mad, we think, for the time being to accomplish such astounding things.

Johnny Barkley, one hundred per cent. American private, is exactly the kind of young warrior that it is good to read about.

The Big Barn

By Walter D. Edmonds. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

THIS is the kind of "novel of the soil" which a nation, entirely grown up, proudly cherishes as a sort of family portrait. It discloses the background, features and characteristics, all utterly American, so that no matter what part of these United States we call home, we still may say: "See, here is the kind of life we sprang from; here is a picture of our land; here are my folks!"

Mr. Edmonds, in his first book, called "Rome Haul" gave us an authentic study of the early days of the Erie Canal—the slowly moving life upon its boats and in its towns. It was not a sensational story. In fact, once in a while you had the itch to "get out and push" the book along. But it had something graphic about it. We hear that a play has been made of "Rome Haul," and will reach Broadway this winter, and a talkie is sure to follow. Perhaps you'd better look the thing up again.

Mr. Edmonds' second book, "The Big Barn," is a bigger and better piece of work than his first. It is a novel of "York State" in the years preceding and during the Civil War. To those of us who know the reaches of rich farming land lying in the Mohawk Valley—fields and hills and rivers of generous beauty—there will be a joy in revisiting such scenes in this story of the patriarchal life with which he surrounds his old Ralph Wilder, his thousands of acres, and his power and position throughout the countryside. The "big barn" that Wilder builds and which is designed to hold at least a hundred cattle, is a symbol of his own strength and vision; but it is a strength and vision not transmitted to his sons. Indeed, it is the young daughter-in-law into whose hands the great place falls at last, and the girl sees in the small herd quartered in the barn the beginning of a huge dairy, who welcomes her sick and futile Henry home from the war, who never knows that his brother, Bascom, who loved her so recklessly and passionately, lies buried in a nearby field on the spot where he was shot one night when he went straight from her to another woman, unfailingly true to his infidelities to the last.

In "The Big Barn," however, it is not so much the story that holds our interest, as it is the underlying philosophies of life brought forward by Mr. Edmonds through the interplay of his characters; and the very flavor of the earth itself and the typical American life springing from it. Mr. Edmonds is doing a very wise and a very valuable thing. He is taking that part of the country in which he was born and with which he is deeply familiar and is giving it a place in American literature. In fact, and it is a pretty big fact, he is beginning to do for up-State New York what Thomas Hardy has done for Wessex in England, and what Sheila Kaye-Smith, in somewhat less degree, is doing for Surrey. A book for all lovers of good work.

Giants of the Old West

By Frederick R. Bechdolt. (The Century Company, New York.)

WE NEVER really get tired of this sort of thing, do we? The old thrill revives again and again in the reading of these tales of heroism and adventure which surround the pioneers of the West and Southwest. Mr. Bechdolt, who has made a wide and careful study of the history of those times, tells ten grand yarns which cast a new, bright light upon some hitherto rather neglected heroes.

Most of the Bechdolt pioneers fought their way West in quest of "trade," in the pursuit of which not one of them but faced such hazards and showed such intrepidity that the chapter devoted to each stands out as a distinct record of "derring do."

Particularly we liked this author's version of the Alamo, into the telling of which he has poured a fine and absorbing lot of facts all infused with such a spirit of gallantry that the heart swells to read about it.

Those Youngsters
will soon be saying
"I Want A Book For Christmas"

For the Big Little Boy
The Story of Roland

By James Baldwin. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.)

A NEW edition, beautifully illustrated in color, of the famous story of chivalry and adventure first published a half-century ago.

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Good Days for Reading

(Continued from page 57)

Roland was the nephew of Charlemagne the Great, the companion to all his thrilling enterprises, and one of the greatest heroes of the Middle Ages. A tale forever fresh and full of inspiration to the young boy.

"Let Honor be to him who most deserveth it."

In Lawrence's Bodyguard

By Gurney Slade. Illustrated. (Frederick Stokes Company, New York. $1.75.)

A GRAND tale of adventures undertaken and breath-taking dangers faced by a plucky boy of seventeen who went to Arabia on a secret mission and who ultimately rides through the desert in the great Lawrence's bodyguard.

"Our Baxter shall ride alone to the caves and to the white rock of Kadhur."

A Boy Scout With Byrd

By Paul Siple. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.75.)

THE adventures of the youngest adventurer in the Byrd Antarctic Expedition.

A Boy Scout With the Sea Devil

By David R. Martin, Jr. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. $1.75.)

LIFE, made up of bully good times and darned hard work, on a sailing-ship and in the Bermudas, as told by one of the lads who shipped this year on a cruise with Count von Luckner, of World War fame.

For the Big Little Girl

Apple Pie Hill

By Helen Forbes. Illustrated. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.)

A CHARMING tale for "little women," with a mystery plot circling around the ancient family silver that has been hidden away in a lovely old Colonial house ever since the Civil War.

Little Pilgrims of Penn's Woods

By Edna Albert. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.00.)

THE true adventures of a little German girl who, in 1754, traveled from her old home in the beautiful Rhine country to the strangeness and the dangers which surrounded log-cabin life in the Pennsylvania of those early days. Small daughters of from eight to twelve years will bury their tiny noses deep in this one, and be completely happy.

"Often the Indian (Unata) came upon her in the open forest, and he taught her a signal, a squirrel call."

A Barrel of Clams

By Shirley Berton Lesher. Illustrated. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.)

TAKE a girl who wants to be an author—take the fact that she has no money while the "great story" is to be written—take a lonely island on the coast of Maine—take the girl in a windy little shack by herself—take cold and wet and storms and other terrors—and finally take the necessity of digging clams to keep herself alive while she writes her own true tale—well, take all these things told about in a clear, convincing style, and you have a perfectly swell yarn for the "big sister" of the household.

"She's game, a'right."

A Little Dixie Captain

By Katherine Verderey. Delightfully illustrated. (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. $1.50.)

LOVELY little Annie May who lived on a fine old Georgia plantation just a few years after the close of the Civil War, is the heroine of this delightful and cozy story. All sorts of happy things happen between the covers of this book, which will give the young reader a splendid knowledge and feeling of the Old South. We say that this is for little girls around nine and ten, but any little boy of about the same age would be sure to be equally enthralled.

"Tell me about the war . . . Uncle Johnny . . . I'll remember it a heap better than history lessons because you were in it."

For Smaller Boys and Girls

Tom and Mat

By Max Trell. Illustrated. (The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York. $1.50.)

EVERY properly brought-up youngster knows the story of Tommy Lynn who threw pussy into the well. Now, Mr. Trell tells what really happened after that—how Tommy went in after puss, and all about the perfectly remarkable events that crowded thick and fast upon that stupendous accident. Full of imagination and action. Positively, sometimes the "kids" get better books written for them than we grown-ups do!

Playing Airplane

By J. F. McNamara. Perfectly bully illustrations. (The Macmillan Co., New York. $2.50.)

A SWELL gift for the air-minded boy—of his sister. How to play airplane in the backyard. How to build the plane and how to operate it; how to take a tail spin, how to go off on a bombing flight, and how to fly from New York to Paris—all in a dandy little plane built of a wooden box and part of a barrel with a few pieces of wood and half of a broom-handle thrown it. This book ought to keep the young fry happy and busy throughout the winter. Full of real scientific information and scads of fun. The author, a lieutenant in the United States Naval Reserve Force, has three children of his own and wrote the book for David, the oldest, who is nine.

The Children's Book of Religious Pictures

By Lorinda Munson Bryant. (The Century Co., New York. $2.50.)

A NEW addition to the famous series of Art Books for Young People. Here is a lovely "first step" toward that appreciation of the masterpieces of the world which so enriches life in later years. Reproductions of famous paintings, with splendid explanations of their meanings and the noted facts in the lives of their creators. For use in homes, schools, Sunday-schools and all libraries.

For the Smallest Readers of All

The Bubble Books That Sing

By Ralph Mayhew and Burges Johnson. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.00.)

GAILY colored story books—fairy tales, poems, natural history and *everything*, all illustrated and including real phonograph records which augment the text and provide a gorgeous time for all. The new 1930 Bubble Books offer a large variety of subjects.

Fifty Pictures to Color

By lots of people who know what little artists love. (William Morrow & Co., New York. $.50.)

FASCINATING outline drawings just waiting to be filled out and glorified by the proud owner of a box of paints or crayons. Little folks will simply adore this.

The Little Wooden Farmer

By Alice Dalgliesh. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.00.)

TWO adorable little stories to read or to "act out." The bright and entrancing illustrations add to the real distinction of this volume. A perfect book for the nursery or the kindergarten.

Tommy Tatters and the Four Bears

By Louis Moe. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.50.)

LITTLE Tommy runs off to visit the Four Bears, meets Mr. Fox and Mr. Rabbit and Master Squirrel—corking chaps, all of them. Little boys of five or six will have to be tied to a tree after they have read this great adventure story. The illustrations are a joy.

A B C for Every Day

By Helen Sewell. Illustrated by the author. (The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50.)

A NEW, gay and innocently modern alphabet book for the youngest generation. The pictures will fascinate the little folks—and may even, happy thought, lead them to painting tiny lines of red across their plump cheeks. But even at that, the tiny members of the household will be all the better for having had this bright volume presented to them (with love and kisses) at Christmas.

Small Talk About Books

Strange as it may seem, it was the late Lord Northcliffe, England's great newspaper magnate, who invented the "Tabloid." Also, it was really through his influence that Lloyd-George was made Prime Minister of England. A fine biography of this remarkable publicist, by his friend and associate, Hamilton Fyfe, has just been published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

* * *

Prof. John Hodgdon Bradley's highly exciting story of life on earth from the dawn of history to man ("Parade of the Living," published by Coward-McCann, New York) gives us the sprightly news that in the earliest of early times a camel was probably no larger than a jackrabbit; and that the colossal stegosaurus (if that means anything to you) was so stupid that nature had to install a branch brain in his hind quarters to keep that portion of his anatomy following along in the right direction!

One day, while standing at her window in Tokyo, Miss Miriam Beard saw a dignified little Jap walking past in the street smartly dressed in a union suit topped off with a native "mushroom' hat. Could he have known, somehow, that Miss Beard was in his country solely for the reason of writing a book called "Realism in Romantic Japan"? (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

* * *

"A boy's got to have a layer of a country experience somewhere in him," said Eugene Field. *"Sooner or later a man rots if he lives too far away from the grass and the trees."*—From "Roadside Meetings," by Hamlin Garland. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

* * *

The English were shelling a certain German battery furiously.

"Well, you can't keep them from shooting now and then. After all, they want to win the war, too."—From "Baron Fritz," by Karl Federn. (Farrar & Rinehart, New York.)

* * *

It is interesting to learn that through a fund given to the Library of Congress by the Rockefellers, many of Europe's rarest and most important books and manuscripts—some of them dealing with our own historical beginnings—are being filmed and the films filed away in the great Library at Washington for the use of students.

* * *

Both British and American readers, and more particularly reviewers, of books, have been thrown recently into a state of excitement by the publication of "Cakes and Ale: Or the Skeleton in the Cupboard," W. Somerset Maugham's newest novel. The cause of the excitement appears to be that the book is considered to be only a negligently veiled depiction of two fellow novelists, one of them living and the other only lately dead.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 41)

gathering of 250 Elks, many of them occupants of distinguished posts in the Order, Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp dedicated formally the new Home of Catskill Lodge, No. 1341. Before this ceremony, a delegation of officers and members of Catskill and other Lodges nearby, greeted Mr. Rupp at his headquarters in the Saulpaugh Hotel and escorted him and his suite to the Lodge Home. The procession of escort, accompanied by the Sullivan-Treator Post Drum Corps, made a splendid appearance as it marched through the principal streets of the city. Arrived at the Home, the Grand Exalted Ruler, assisted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, performed the ceremony of dedication. The staff of officers delegated to participate in the exercises comprised District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. W. LeSeur; J. Edward Gallico, President of the New York State Elks Association; Past Exalted Ruler Gurney Afflerbach, of Allentown, Pa., Lodge, and officers of Kingston and Catskill Lodges. Mr. Rupp's address later to the members of the Lodge whose Home he had just dedicated was one of hearty congratulation. It was received with unusual enthusiasm. Additional remarks, all expressing praise of the Lodge's tenacity to its purpose of erecting a Home suitable to its needs and the character of its spirit, were made by Mr. Gallico and Mr. LeSeur. Missives of congratulation were received during the evening from William T. Phillips, Chairman of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jacob A. Decker; Charles H. Levy, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association; from Catskill Council No. 572 of the Knights of Columbus, and from the Catskill Rotary Club.

Five hundred members of Albany Lodge, No. 49, and of other Lodges nearby, entertained Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp at a dinner and reception on the evening of September 17 upon the occasion of his official call upon the Albany Elks. At the meeting directly after the banquet there were present, besides Mr. Rupp, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, Dr. J. Edward Gallico, President of the New York State Elks Association, and James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Grand Lodge; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward S. McCaffrey, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Peter A. Buchheim and Thomas J. Hanrahan, Jr., and Past State President William E. Fitzsimmons, and the Exalted Rulers of all the neighboring Lodges. A special musical program, under the direction of Floyd H. Walter, and a buffet lunch, were enjoyable features of the informal session following adjournment of the Lodge meeting.

Upon the event of his official visit to Jamestown Lodge, No. 263, one hundred and twenty-five of its members were hosts to Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp at a dinner at the Hotel Jamestown. The affair was notable not only for the number of Jamestown Elks present but also for the attendance of many noted visiting members of the Order. Among the celebrities gathered to honor Mr. Rupp at the banquet were the Rev. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain; James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee; D. Curtis Gano, member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John W. LeSeur; and Henry C. Price, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association. Past Exalted Ruler Roland K. Mason, of Jamestown Lodge, presided as toastmaster. He likewise extended the greetings of the Lodge to its renowned guest. Mayor Samuel A. Carlson voiced the welcome of the city. To both Mr. Rupp responded in a felicitously phrased speech, and continued to comment favorably upon the character and spirit of Jamestown Lodge. After

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the dinner, an initiation was held. The seventeen candidates inducted into the Lodge were, as a group, designated "The Lawrence H. Rupp Class." A buffet luncheon and entertainment ensued after the conclusion of the meeting. The dinner, the initiation and other elements of the Lodge meeting and the subsequent informal gathering, were the culminating events of an active day for the Grand Exalted Ruler. As he and his suite approached Jamestown, they were met by a delegation of the officers and members of the Lodge, at Westfield, and, after a stop en route at the home of George W. Blackmon, at Woodlawn, for an informal reception, were conducted by motor to Jamestown. Arrived there, the party proceeded to Lake View cemetery, to visit the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Jerome B. Fisher. As a symbol of affectionate remembrance, the Grand Exalted Ruler placed a wreath upon the grave.

On September 25, one week after his visitation at Jamestown Lodge, Mr. Rupp attended, as the guest of honor, the twenty-fifth anniversary celebration of Northampton, Mass., Lodge, No. 997. At a dinner, held in the banquet hall of the Hotel Northampton, he was the chief of a number of celebrities of the Order, and delivered the anniversary address. The festivities began immediately after the invocation by the Rev. James M. Burke, with Exalted Ruler Gordon P. Trowbridge as the presiding officer. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler, whose speech evoked a prolonged and spontaneous applause. Other speakers, introduced by Exalted Ruler Trowbridge, were Mr. Malley, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Michael L. Eisner, Charles S. Rile, First Vice-President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association; Ernest M. Torbet, Chairman of the Anniversary Banquet Committee of the Lodge and President of its Past Exalted Rulers' Association; Edward L. O'Brien, Secretary of the Lodge; and Mayor Homer C. Bliss, of Northampton. E. Mark Sullivan, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, was present but did not speak. An impressive feature of the evening was the presentation of life memberships to nineteen of the charter members of the Lodge. At the conclusion of the banquet and the period of formal ceremonies, the two hundred or more Elks present witnessed a vaudeville program of twenty-one acts.

News of the State Associations

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prize for musical organizations. Other awards went to the bands of Appleton, Eau Claire and Sheboygan Lodges. The prize for the most attractive float was won by Kenosha Lodge. A dance at the Elks Home that night concluded the convention's entertainment program.

New Jersey

THE presence of Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp and an attendance of two hundred and fifty delegates, representing a majority of the Lodges of the State, were features of the quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association, held recently at the Home of Phillipsburg Lodge, No. 395. Welcome was extended to the visitors by Exalted Ruler Douglas H. Burwell. At the business session in the afternoon, Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Association's Crippled Children's Committee, reported upon the favorable progress of the enterprises under his organization's direction, and praised the work of the committees of the sixty Subordinate Lodges assisting the central body. The next quarterly meeting, scheduled for December, will take place at the Home of East Orange Lodge, No. 630. A turkey dinner at the Home followed adjournment of the formal session. The outstanding event of this was a stimulating address by the Grand Exalted Ruler.

New York

PAST Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, many Past Presidents of the New York State Elks Association, and other prominent members of the Order attended the Association's recent conference at Syracuse. It was said to be one of the most successful Fall meetings ever held. Notable among those present, besides Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert, were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. G. Hapland; President J. Edward Gallico; Past Presidents William T. Phillips, D. Curtis Gano, James A. Farley, George N. Crouse, Joseph Brand, Arthur O. Sykes, George J. Winslow, W. E. Fitzsimmons, and many others active in the affairs of the Association. In his opening address, President Gallico suggested the forming of a bowling league for the Lodges of the State. This league would be divided according to the regular intra-State districts. Matches would be played for the championship of each district, and later, at the next State Association convention, for the State championship.

Pennsylvania

FOUR Past Grand Exalted Rulers were present recently at the conference of the Advisory Committee of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, held at the Home of Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2. They were Joseph T. Fanning, John K. Tener, Rush L. Holland and Charles H. Grakelow. The conference was called for the purpose of selecting the appointive officers and members of the several committees of the Association for the coming year. In attendance, in addition to the former heads of the Order, were President John W. Nugent, Secretary W. S. Gould, and Past Presidents Max L. Lindheimer, F. J. Schrader, George J. Post, Harry I. Koch, Edward J. Morris, Pemberton M. Minster, S. Clem Reichard and Howard R. Davis, of the Association.

Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia

AT THE tenth annual convention of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association, held a short time ago in Ocean City, Md., Taylor Morrison, of Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, was elected president for the new term. Other officers chosen were the following: First Vice-President, J. Morris Guider, Hagerstown, Md., Lodge, No. 378; Second Vice-President, William P. Cole, Jr., Towson, Md., Lodge, No. 469; Third Vice-President, Roy J. Rhodes, Salisbury, Md., Lodge, No. 817; Treasurer, Charles R. Klosterman, Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7; Secretary, Perry A. Nicklin, Cumberland Lodge; Trustees, John E. Lynch, Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15; Charles H. Smith, Jr., Crisfield, Md., Lodge, No. 1044; Howard F. McCall, Wilmington, Del., Lodge, 307; Rudolph Nickel, Frostburg, Md., Lodge, No. 470; John H. Robinette, Baltimore, Md., Lodge; and Alfred W. Gaver, Frederick, Md., Lodge, No. 684. Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp attended the session on the third day and delivered to the many delegates present an inspiring address. His speech was followed by that of Governor Albert E. Ritchie of Maryland, a member of Baltimore Lodge. The convention opened with retiring President John B. Berger presiding. Mayor W. W. McCabe, of Ocean City, and Mayor William F. Broening, of Baltimore, in behalf of their cities, welcomed the officials of the Association and the delegates. At a later session there was a ritualistic contest, in which teams from Towson, Havre de Grace and Crisfield, Maryland, Lodges competed for the Association's championship cup. The Crisfield Lodge entrants won.

Nevada

AT THE annual convention of the Nevada State Elks Association, recently held at Tonopah, the officers chosen for the coming year were the following: President, E. H. Grenig, Ely Lodge, No. 1469; Vice-President, Charles Goodrich, Goldfield Lodge, No. 1072; Trustee, Verne Hursch, Reno Lodge, No. 597. Other officers will be appointed later. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harold P. Hale, the retiring President of the Association; and

Exalted Ruler Homer J. O'Connell, of Tonopah Lodge, No. 1062, delivered the principal addresses at the business session. The delegates voted to hold the next annual meeting at Ely. Social events at this year's gathering of the Association included a spectacular parade, a baseball game, several especially conducted trips through the Tonopah mines, a theatre party for the ladies, a golf tournament, trapshooting and a grand ball in the Tonopah Elks Home.

South Carolina

THE semi-annual meeting of the South Carolina State Elks Association took place recently at the Folly Beach Home of Charleston Lodge, No. 242. Brief remarks were made by E. M. Wharton, Past Member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. H. Harth; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. H. Moore and President David F. Craige, of the Association. Among the several motions adopted at the meeting was a plan to offer yearly three cups as special prizes to Lodges making exceptional showings. One cup will be awarded to the Lodge winning the State ritualistic contest, another to the Lodge showing the largest gain in membership, in relation to its size, and the third will go to the Lodge having the best attendance record at business sessions. It was also decided that work should begin immediately upon the float to represent South Carolina at the next Grand Lodge Convention. Entertainment, provided by Charleston Lodge for the delegates, followed the meeting.

Massachusetts

MEETING recently at Adams Lodge, No. 1335, the officers and members of the Massachusetts State Elks Association made further plans in regard to the work being done on the Elk memorial on the Mohawk Trail. In the course of the meeting, addresses were made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Patrick J. Garvey, President William E. Earle, of the Association, and Past Exalted Ruler Edwin K. McPeck, of Adams Lodge, who was appointed by President Earle at the last meeting of the Association, as Chairman of the Elk-on-the-Trail Committee. After the business session a delicious dinner was served in the spacious dining-room of Adams Lodge.

New Hampshire

AS ITS President for the coming year, the New Hampshire State Elks Association chose, at its recent convention, held at the Home of Rochester Lodge, No. 1393, J. Levi Meader, of that Lodge. Elected to serve concurrently with Mr. Meader were A. N. Sym, Manchester Lodge, No. 146, First Vice-President; A. Ward Dennison, Claremont Lodge, No. 879, Second Vice-President; Patrick J. Hinchey, Berlin Lodge, No. 618, Third Vice-President; John A. McInerney, Rochester Lodge, Secretary-Treasurer; A. B. Herbert, Franklin Lodge, No. 1280, Sergeant-at-Arms; the Reverend Albert W. Altenbern, Chaplain; Ronald J. McDougal, Berlin Lodge, Tiler; and Charles H. Bean, Franklin Lodge; George G. Prescott, Concord Lodge, No. 1210; William J. Kennedy, Portsmouth Lodge, No. 97; Daniel G. Carter, Laconia Lodge, No. 876; Frank J. Kelly, Concord Lodge; R. H. Hamlin, Claremont Lodge; and John M. Guay, Laconia Lodge, Trustees. The convention, with delegates from seven Lodges in attendance, was marked by the presence of several distinguished members of the Order, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley; E. Mark Sullivan, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; and E. Logan McLean, Past President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association. A parade from the Lodge Home to the Fair Grounds for a clambake followed the business sessions

West Virginia

AT THE annual convention of the West Virginia State Elks Association, held recently at Morgantown, J. W. Hartigan, of Morgantown Lodge, No. 411, was elected President. A complete report of the convention, which was attended by 400 members of the Order, and which was regarded the most successful in the history of the Association, will appear in the next, the December, issue of the magazine.

The Federal Reserve System

By Paul Tomlinson

"WHAT do you know about the Federal Reserve System?" asked the caller, pulling his chair a little closer to the desk.

The banker laughed. "Why don't you ask me what I know about American history?" he exclaimed. "The Federal Reserve System is a big subject."

"I suppose so," said the caller. "Perhaps I can ask some definite questions about it."

"Go ahead."

"Well, I keep reading in the newspapers about the rediscount rate set by the Federal Reserve banks. The writers seem to be speculating always as to whether it will be raised, or lowered, or will be kept as it is. What does it all mean?"

"Under our old system," said the banker, "each bank, in time of emergency, always held on to its reserves, because it is upon reserves that a bank depends for its strength." He reached for a pamphlet lying on the desk, and opened it. "Under the Federal Reserve Act, however, the Federal Reserve Board is empowered, 'to permit, or, on the affirmative vote of at least five members of the Reserve Board to require, Federal Reserve banks to discount the discounted paper of other Federal Reserve banks at rates of interest to be fixed by the Federal Reserve Board.'"

"Whatever that means," said the caller.

"If someone gives you a note you know you can take it to the bank and discount it, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, if your bank is a member of the Federal Reserve System it can take your note and can itself discount it at the Federal Reserve bank in its district. Obviously, if paper already discounted is discounted again it is *rediscounted*. That passage I just read you from the Federal Reserve Act means that the Federal Reserve Board can call upon Federal Reserve banks to discount paper already discounted by other Federal Reserve banks, and at a rate decided by the board. This rate is the rediscount rate you have been reading about."

"It's like this," the banker continued. "Suppose there is a heavy demand for money in some section of the country—say in the Middle West in connection with selling and moving the corn crop—and the banks in that section find it difficult to meet that demand, the reserve banks in other sections where money is plentiful will come to the rescue, and rediscount the paper of the reserve bank in the district where the strain is felt."

"Voluntarily?"

"Probably. But if not, they can be compelled to help by action of the Federal Reserve Board. Such action naturally causes a flow of cash from the reserves of those banks which have ample reserves of cash, to the reserves of those whose reserves are strained, and the situation is quickly and easily corrected."

"All this paper being rediscounted comes originally from individuals who discounted it at some bank a member of the Federal Reserve System, I suppose."

"From individuals or business concerns, yes. Of course," said the banker, "there are limitations on the kind of paper which can be rediscounted and member banks naturally favor those kinds which meet the requirements of the Federal Reserve Act. First of all—with the exception of bills and notes drawn for agricultural purposes or based on livestock—paper rediscounted must have a maturity at the time of rediscount of not more than ninety days. Then there are only two classes of paper eligible for discount." The banker picked up the pamphlet once again. "First, notes, drafts, and bills of exchange bearing the endorsement of a member bank or a Federal intermediate credit bank, and drawn 'for agricultural, industrial, or commercial purposes, or the proceeds of which have been used, or are to be used for such purposes'; second, notes, drafts, and bills of exchange bearing the endorsement of a member bank and issued or drawn for the purpose of carrying on trading in bonds and notes of the United States Government."

"What about other bonds and stocks?"

"No," said the banker, "Federal Reserve banks can't rediscount papers drawn or issued for the purpose of trading in or carrying any investment securities except those issued by the Government."

"The rediscount rate sets the bank rate for money, doesn't it?"

"Yes. All bank rates are based on the Federal Reserve rediscount rate. Suppose you, as an individual, want to borrow ten thousand dollars. You go to your local bank, a member of the Federal Reserve System, and if the purpose for which you want the money meets the rediscount requirements of the Federal Reserve Act the bank lets you have the money at, say, 6 per cent, taking your note as security for the loan. Say the note runs for sixty days. Your bank takes your note to its Federal Reserve Bank and rediscounts it at 5 per cent, if 5 per cent happens to be the rediscount rate at the time."

"My bank makes 1 per cent on the transaction then."

"It does," said the banker. "Also it has taken care of you and secured cash, or a credit, from the Federal Reserve Bank."

"Suppose the rediscount rate were raised?"

"Then you'd have to pay more for your next loan."

"If the rate was lowered I'd benefit. Is that right?"

"That's right. When money is scarce, credit is curtailed, and rates go up. When money is plentiful, rates go down. Money, after all, is only a commodity, you know; its price depends upon the supply and the demand. Business, of course, is largely carried on by means of borrowed money, so you can see the effect money rates have on business."

"What are these open-market operations I read about in connection with the Federal Reserve System?" asked the caller.

"Well," said the banker, "you know Federal Reserve banks are essentially bankers' banks; their stock is all owned by member banks and their only regular domestic customers are banks and the Federal Government. They have certain rights of dealing with the public though, for the purpose of making their discount rates effective, and so they can use their funds profitably in times of easy money when member banks are not calling on them to rediscount paper."

"Money has been easy lately, hasn't it?"

"Yes. With poor business and an inactive investment market the demand for funds has been slight. Well, suppose a Federal Reserve Bank raises its discount rate in an effort to prevent what seems to its governors a dangerous loan expansion on the part of member banks in its district. There are twelve Federal Reserve Districts, you know, and discount rates often vary in different districts. The discount rate was raised several times in 1929 in an effort to check stock speculation. If these efforts prove unsuccessful, the Federal Reserve Bank can go out into the open market and sell its own holdings: bills of exchange, bankers' acceptances, Federal Farm Loan bonds, municipal warrants, certain kinds of government obligations, and other investments it is empowered to hold."

"But what good would that do?" exclaimed the caller.

"Just this: by withdrawing from the market the funds received from these sales, it is possible to create a money shortage and force loan rates up to a point which automatically would restrict the volume of loans and so accomplish the end the Federal Reserve Bank had failed to gain by milder methods."

"Kind of 'strong arm,'" said the caller.

The banker shrugged his shoulders. "Depends on the point of view," he said.

"Where do the Federal Reserve banks get their money?" asked the caller.

"Banks, members of the Federal Reserve System, are required to keep their legal reserves on deposit in their Federal Reserve banks. They can keep balances in other banks if they wish, but all their reserve funds must be deposited in the Federal Reserve Bank."

"What's a legal reserve?"

"It's the legal amount of money the Government feels a bank should keep on hand to protect its depositors. These deposits by banks

in the Federal Reserve banks mean that the country's reserve of money is concentrated in a few centers instead of being scattered about in hundreds of different places, and of course more efficient use can be made of this money. With money that can be shifted from one center to another readily it is quickly available, and in large quantities, so that danger of financial panic is greatly diminished."

"And the Federal Reserve banks invest their funds just like other banks, I suppose."

"With certain restrictions, they do. They are required by law to keep a reserve of at least 35 per cent. against deposits, and in actual practice they keep more than that, but they invest large sums, of course."

"They issue their own money?"

"They do, indeed. Most all the cash in circulation consists of Federal Reserve notes issued by the Federal Reserve banks. These bank notes are not only obligations of the United States Government, but a first and paramount lien upon all the assets of the issuing Federal Reserve bank. They are also a liability of the member banks."

"Good enough security for me," laughed the caller. "I wish I had more of them."

"Wait a minute," said the banker. "In addition, they have back of them specifically pledged with the Federal Reserve agents, collateral to the amount of at least 100 per cent. of the issued notes. Of course, this collateral is of the most approved kind, including gold certificates, and gold itself of an amount equal to not less than 40 per cent. of the bank's outstanding Federal Reserve notes."

"Not so bad," exclaimed the caller.

"As a matter of fact," said the banker, earnestly, "the Federal Reserve Act is one of the most important pieces of legislation enacted in modern times. Few people have even an inkling of how it works, but every one of us is affected by it every day of our lives. It affects our business dealings, our domestic lives, and is tremendously important in the nation's foreign commerce."

"How old is the Federal Reserve?"

"The act was passed in 1913. It helped us enormously in the financial prosecution of the War, and in meeting the vast problems of finance which faced us in the years following the war. It is of great assistance right now, when our present problems are not so easy of solution, either."

"Do you think it a perfect banking system?"

"No," said the banker. "No system is perfect. Then, too, the Federal Reserve System is, to some extent, a creature of politics, and politics doesn't mix too well with business. On the other hand, if we compare the Federal Reserve with our former banking system, with its decentralization, inelastic credit, defective organization, and cumbersome methods of exchange and transfer, it is a most decided advance. Our old system, I think, could not possibly meet the demands of modern business, and the Federal Reserve, on the whole, does very well indeed."

"Apparently it has performed a good service."

"Yes, it has," said the banker, "and not only to banking but to industry. Whatever helps banking and industry helps the people who invest in stocks and bonds, too, you know."

Under the Spreading Antlers

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N. J., Lodge, No. 21. Upon both occasions the Nutley Elks were heartily welcomed and departed with many expressions of the pleasure of their visits.

Bellingham, Wash., Elks Outfit Four Needy Boys for School

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 194, recently clothed and otherwise outfitted for school four small boys, the sons of two destitute widows. In recognition of this service, City Superintendent D. E. Wiedman wrote the Lodge soon thereafter a letter expressing the school department's appreciation.

Oakland, Calif., Lodge's "Fathers And Sons Night" a Big Success

"Fathers and Sons Night," an institution in social affairs recently inaugurated by Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, proved a splendid success upon its first event. Upon this occasion, members are authorized to entertain at the Lodge Home either their fathers or their sons or, if they are so fortunate as to be able, both. An unusually large gathering upon the evening of the initial entertainment testified to its popularity.

Seattle Wash., Lodge's Band Begins Active Season

The Elks band of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, has been actively engaged in both social and charitable affairs. Among its recent welfare works, were an entertainment for the prisoners of McNeil Island Penitentiary and a concert to the sick in the Western Washington Hospital. The band aided the Lodge in the opening of No. 92's social season by providing dance music at the Purple Palace. It also assisted the city of Seattle's Community Fund drive by playing at the Fund's "Kick-Off Dinner" in the Civic Auditorium.

House Where C. A. S. Vivian Died Still Stands in Leadville, Colo.

A photograph of the house in which Charles A. S. Vivian, founder of the Order of Elks, died was received this month from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lealon J. Tenney, upon the occasion of the passing of the fiftieth year since Mr. Vivian's death. The frame building, pictured on page 40, stands in Leadville, Colorado. The funeral of the founder was held in 1880, from the famous old Tabor Opera House in that city, a structure purchased later by Leadville Lodge, No. 236, and to-day still used as the Lodge Home.

New York, N. Y., Lodge Holds Annual Clambake at Duer's Grove

Many hundreds of Elks and their guests attended recently the annual outing and clambake given by New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, at Duer's Grove, Whitestone Landing. Immediately upon arriving at the picnic-grounds, a breakfast was served. After this, under the direction of Colonel Charles J. Dieges, assisted by the several members of the Entertainment Committee, numerous athletic events were successfully conducted. These included a fifty-yard dash for men, a companion race for women, a walk-around race for both men and women, and a flag relay race. Winners of each event received prizes donated by interested members of the Committee and the Lodge. A dinner, followed by dancing in the pavilion, concluded one of the Lodge's most successful outings in the history of such affairs.

Attleboro, Mass., Lodge Sponsors Mardi Gras for Charity Fund

Several thousand people recently attended the Elks Mardi Gras, sponsored by Attleboro, Mass., Lodge, No. 1014. Among the attractions at this year's carnival were diving stunts performed by a company of well-known professionals, miniature airplane rides for children, a Ferris wheel, and a number of side-shows, as well as a women's popularity contest. The proceeds from the Mardi Gras, which were unusually large, will go to the Lodge's charity fund.

Hoboken Elks Aid in Celebration of Their City's 300th Anniversary

Members of Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, uniformed and assembled in marching order, were prominent participants, recently, in the parade incident to their city's celebration of its three-hundredth anniversary. The Lodge's sixty-piece band led the delegation, which was smartly attired in sand-color uniforms, with Sam Browne belts and overseas caps. In line with the marchers was the float which won a

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prize for the Hoboken Elks at the Grand Lodge Convention in Atlantic City, in July—a model of the Statue of Liberty.

"Old Timers' Night" Observed by Many at Atlanta, Ga., Lodge

Five District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers and other prominent members of the Order attended recently an "Old Timers' Night" at the Home of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews was the guest of honor. Among others present were William H. Beck, Jr., a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Arthur C. O'Hea, of Florida, East; James J. Fernandez, of Florida, West; Ben Mendelsohn, of Alabama, North; Charles H. Smith, of Georgia, North; and John D. Odom, of Georgia, South; and Past President Harold Colee, of the Florida State Elks Association. The meeting was given over largely to entertainment and social features, in accordance with a specially prepared program.

Lorain, O., Journal Pays Tribute To The Elks Magazine

The Lorain, Ohio, *Journal*, in a recent issue, devoted its leading editorial to a tribute to THE ELKS MAGAZINE. Speaking of the publication, the newspaper said, in part:

"One of the most interesting publications that comes to the *Journal* office each month is THE ELKS MAGAZINE. While much of its space is devoted to matters pertaining to the fraternity, yet it is edited with great care and a very high degree of intelligence, in the sense that Elks and the members of their families are very human; and there is much in it each month of general and very human appeal. . . . Going into the households of Elks Lodge members as it does, and being read by men and their families who have above the average in purchasing power, it is a very valuable advertising medium and carries a full complement of nationally advertised articles and services. THE ELKS MAGAZINE is, no doubt, a large source of revenue to the Order, but it is the profit from intelligence—wise editing."

Annual Conference of the District Deputies

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for you to study carefully all the sections of Title II of the statutes so that you may be thoroughly familiar with subordinate Forum procedure.

"All statutory changes made at Atlantic City are important. I suggest that you turn to the report of the Judiciary Committee found on pages 259 to 285, inclusive, of the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge, copy of which will be sent you in a few days, for full information regarding amendments to the statutes."

Mr. Rupp now introduced Ralph Hagan, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees who spoke of the Elks National Home. Dr. Hagan said:

"There has been assigned to me a subject upon which without any difficulty at all I could stand here and talk to you for the entire day, but there are just some points that I would like to bring out and I am going to make my remarks very brief.

"You have been told that you are stockholders and representatives of a great twenty-million-dollar humanitarian corporation, and also that you are part and parcel of that wonderful instrument, THE ELKS MAGAZINE, which your Board of Grand Trustees thinks, without doubt, is one of the greatest things in the Order because it furnishes much of the money with which to carry on our wonderful Home in Virginia.

"Your Home, which is the subject assigned to me, is located in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, in the little town of Bedford, at the base of the Peaks of Otter. It is a Class A concrete structure throughout, built in units, so that in case we have any difficulty with one unit, it is easy to preserve the others from fire or things of that description.

"The property consists of ninety-seven acres, sixty of which are practically under cultivation, from which we get some commodities for the Home and raise feed for the cattle.

"The other forty acres of the land make up a large park, in which your Home stands in the center. It is built on more or less of a semi-circle, and has a most beautiful outlook.

"Our present number of guests, and we term our members as our guests, because they are your guests and my guests and the guests of the Order, is 305, and we have at this time some twenty-five or more on the waiting list.

"THIS Home, my brothers, is just like a large hotel, like this we are in, where you are possibly paying from five to ten dollars a day for accommodations, with the exception that down there we give everything you have here, plus three good meals a day, with no charge.

"It is a most ideal place. The guests there have their pool and billiard tables, their card tables, writing and reading room, library, and sun porches, and the lower floors of these eight or ten buildings which we have on the front row are all practically on one level so that the men who are more or less physically disabled, and we have a great number, as you can appreciate, at the age we have taken men in, can go from one end of that porch to the other and exercise without being exposed to the weather, and can visit friends and cronies there from one building to another. We also take great precaution in placing men who are incapacitated as near the conveniences of the buildings as possible.

"The Home, as you know, is maintained by the Grand Lodge and by the Subordinate Lodges only for indigent Elks. Unfortunately, in the past we have had one or two slip in on us, which is not the fault of your Grand Trustees nor the fault of the Home, and, by the way, while we are on that subject, I want to state that we have one of the most able men to handle a Home of our kind to be found in any place in America, in the person of Robert A. Scott.

"Should you have any questions put to you with reference to making applications to the Home, you will kindly inform the subordinate Lodges that they are to obtain the application blanks from the Grand Secretary's office and that they should be very explicit in answering all the questions in detail. When that is done they should send the applications to the Superintendent of the Home, who will see that the applications pass through regular channels.

"At the convention in Atlantic City the Grand Lodge authorized the Board of Grand Trustees by resolution to build a new addition to the Home, to take care of the present waiting list and others which will naturally come. The financial part of this, as you know, gentlemen, is due to the wonderful instrument that Brother Fanning has talked to you about, our ELKS MAGAZINE, which I sincerely hope you will boost more than ever. We have down there at the Home several entertainments during the year. Those most notable for our guests are the annual picnic in the summer and the Christmas jinks in the winter. We are assisted very materially, and, indeed, this is one of our big assets, by the Lodges of Lynchburg and Roanoke in Virginia, as our Home is situated midway between those two Lodges. They have responded to almost every call, and, in fact, they do much more than we should expect them to do. I wish you would call the attention of subordinate Lodges, particularly those Lodges which have guests at the Home, to the fact of the Christmas jinks and suggest that they send something. Many of the Lodges, as soon as they send a man down there, seem to forget he is there. They forget the little things in life that might make him happy. All of our guests are there away from their friends and families, and it is the biggest thing in the wor'd if one of our guests gets some little token from his home Lodge or his pals in the community in which he lives. I wish you would remind the Lodges to that effect. Also, call their attention to the fact that if they have any good books which they do not care to have around their homes or around their Lodges, if they will kindly box them up and send them to Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Home, they will be appreciated. Unfortunately, we have to report that we have some Lodges that have members down there who have been there for some time, and the Lodges seem to forget that some of these Brothers do not have five cents in their pockets from one year's end to the other. If the Lodges would just send but fifty cents a month, it would mean everything in the world to these Brothers. They get a great kick out of it, like a youngster going out and spending a nickel. Now, those are the important things. Clothing, as you know, is furnished by the Home. In making your visitations, I neglected to state that we would like to have you call particular attention to Section 63 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, stressing the fact that the Home is for indigent Elks. We also have found it necessary to get up a new Home application blank, owing to some difficulty that we had there in the past with some of our brothers who have passed away, where we have found that they have left a considerable estate. Therefore, on page 6 of the new application you will find an agreement which makes it necessary for any Brother making application for admission to the Home, to convey all property and whatever he may have in the way of life insurance, or some small property which is bringing no income, or anything like that, over to the Grand Trustees. This is done so that if the Brother should leave the Home at any time before he passes away, or in case of death, he would not leave everything to someone entirely outside the Order, so we have his signature to this assignment for the protection of the subordinate Lodges and the Grand Lodge. In other words, we simply ask, if we find he has any financial assets, that when he passes away the Grand Lodge and the Subordinate Lodge be reimbursed for what it has cost to keep him at the Home during the time he lived there.

"THE per capita tax at the Home last year was $427.37. This was for the entire year, my Brothers, and you can appreciate that is a very, very small amount. Of that amount, the Lodge having the member at the Home pays one-third, and the Grand Lodge pays two-thirds. Your Board of Grand Trustees have found it necessary for this coming year 1930-31 to set aside in the budget $140,000 for the maintenance of the Home. To us, this Home is one of the most vital points in Elkdom. We are very proud of it. The Board of Grand Trustees are down there a couple of times a year, and oftener if necessary. We are now on our way to Bedford, where we will meet on Tuesday morning and open bids with relation to the new addition of one hundred rooms which we expect to have completed early next spring. I do not believe that there is a similar institution in all America that equals our Elks National Home."

Mr. Rupp introduced Grand Treasurer Lloyd Maxwell, Grand Trustees John K. Burch and Henry A. Guenther, James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary and his associate, Henry Warner; Floyd E. Thompson, Justice of the Grand Forum, and Gurney Afflerbach, Past Exalted Ruler of Allentown, Pa., Lodge, before dismissing the meeting in a most charming and felicitous address.

Another

Elk *magazine reader* Wins prize!

Elk's Wife Won $1,025.00 — (*see page 67, October issue, Elks Magazine*)

. . . . . Walter Griswold Wins $1,885.00

"Elks" is the family magazine at the home of C. O. Dozier, member of Lodge No. 38, B. P. O. E., Norfolk, Va. Walter Griswold, his 20-year-old brother-in-law, solved the puzzle and earned the right to win this fine prize while looking through the family copy of Elks Magazine. He saw one of our announcements similar to this, and was prompt in mailing his answer.

Mrs. E. B. Douglas, Elk's wife, who won $1025.00. Her prize was announced in the October issue of The Elks Magazine.

Walter Griswold, who won $1885.00 in our latest prize distribution, plans to use his prize money to complete his college education. He writes: "You should have seen me when your telegram came. I was so overjoyed that I was speechless. . . . I am sure that the President of the U.S.A. had nothing on me when congratulations were going around." What Walter Griswold did, you can do.

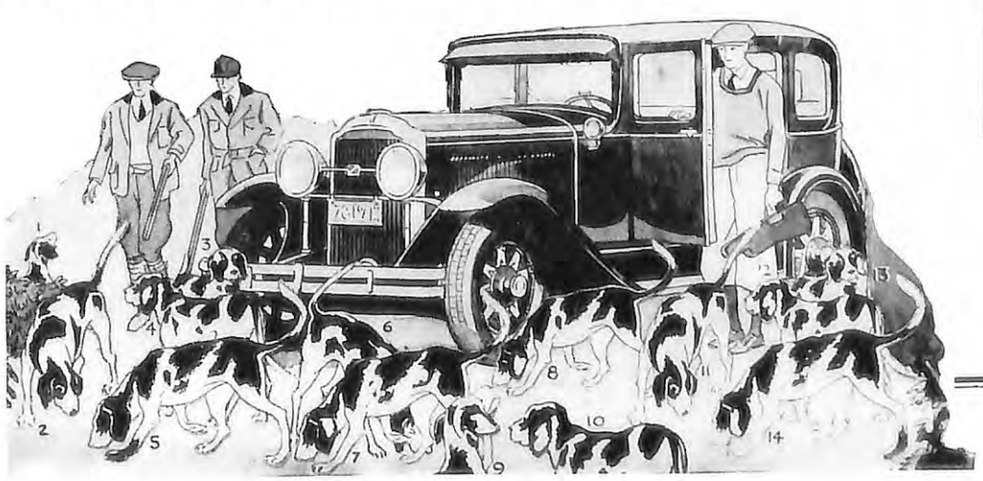
now test YOUR skill . . .

. . . . . *qualify* TODAY for the opportunity to win one of 10 prizes of $600.00 each . . . . . .

Below, the artist has pictured the start of a hunt. The hounds have been unleashed and are impatient to pick up the scent. Somewhere in the pack are two dogs exactly alike—identical to the eye in size, pose, markings on the legs, bodies, heads and tails. How well developed are your powers of observation? How quick is your eye? Can you find the twin dogs? It will cost you nothing to try for the grand prizes which will be awarded according to the contestants' standings when the final decision is made.

If you can find the twin dogs, send the numbers together with your name and address. There are ten equal first prizes to be given all at the same time. If the winners desire it, they may each have a latest model brand new Chevrolet 2-door Sedan, bought from their nearest Chevrolet dealers and paid for in full by us. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. There are also ten extra prizes of $50.00 each for promptness, making the total of each of the ten first prizes $650.00 or a Chevrolet and $50.00. Over $7500.00 prize money already deposited in one of Chicago's largest national banks. Besides the ten prizes of $600.00 each there are dozens of other prizes in a well chosen prize list. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living outside of the United States or in Chicago or from employees of this company, or our former first prize or auto winners, or members of their families. Send the numbers of the twin dogs at once. Show me that you can solve this puzzle and I will show you how easy it is to win. No more puzzles, no obligation, but hurry.

J. F. LARSON, Room 266, 54 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.



N.B. The car pictured at left is not a Chevrolet Sedan.

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