

The Elks

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20 CENTS A COPY

Magazine

JANUARY, 1931



Beginning This Month:
"The Mystery of the Glass Bullet," a Thrilling New Serial by Bertram Atkey

More lips say
 "Fill'er Up
 with **ETHYL**"
 than ask for any other gasoline



IT hasn't taken people long to discover that any pump marked with the Ethyl emblem sells *something more* than gasoline. More car owners now ask for Ethyl Gasoline than for any other motor fuel.



For instance: A recent count on Route 20 between Troy, N. Y., and Boston, Mass., showed a total of 1219 gasoline pumps. 355 were Ethyl pumps—10% more than for the next largest-selling gasoline.

The reason (in engineer's language) is *combustion control*. Every gallon of Ethyl Gasoline contains valuable drops of Ethyl fluid. Yet these few drops control the action of the gasoline in the engine.

Instead of exploding in sharp, irregular bursts that cause power-waste, "knock" and over-heating, Ethyl Gasoline delivers power to the pistons with smoothly increasing pressure—improving the performance of any car, whatever its make or age.

Ninety-six leading oil refiners now mix and sell this better fuel. To good gasoline (up to Ethyl requirements for purity, volatility, and other qualities) they add Ethyl fluid, making it Ethyl Gasoline.

Try Ethyl in your own car. You'll like it. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.



The Ethyl emblem on any pump stands for tested gasoline of Ethyl quality. Constant inspection of gasoline taken from Ethyl pumps throughout the country guards this standard. Ethyl Gasoline is always colored red.

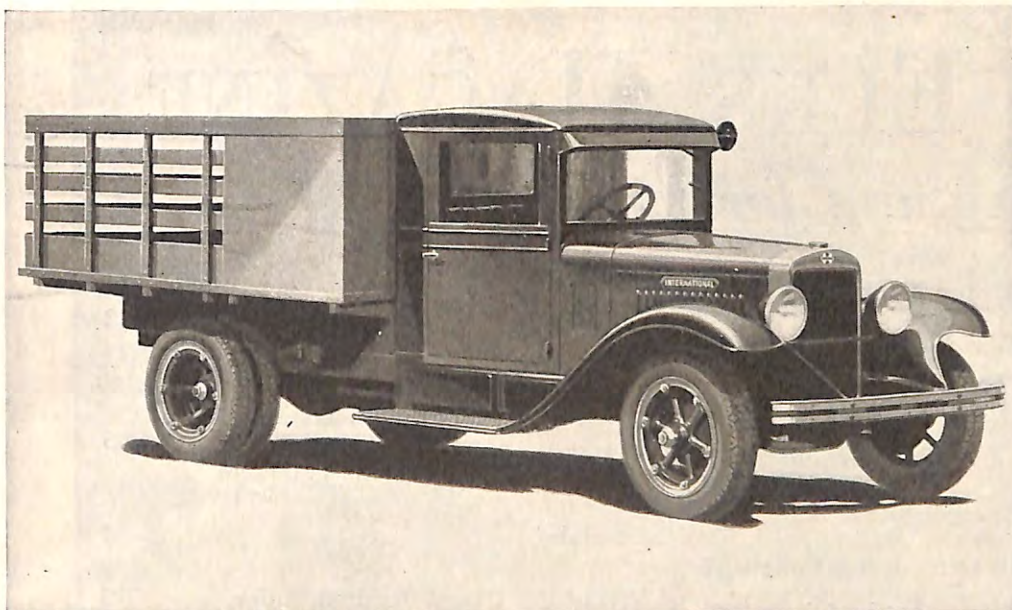
ETHYL GASOLINE



The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

Here's the NEW

International Six-Speed Special



The new 136-in. wheelbase Six-Speed Special with standard stake body 8 ft. long by 6 ft wide, with 36-in. stakes

NOW we round out the new line of International Trucks by announcing the new "Six-Speed Special."

Have you seen the celebrated "Six-Speed Special" going through its paces? This is the truck that gave the hauling world something entirely new in performance. It is the original heavy-duty speed truck with six forward speeds and two reverse speeds. It has a remarkable 2-speed axle through which its driver gets generous speed instantly on the hard road, or changes instantly to tremendous pulling power on any kind of tough going.

The original "Six-Speed Special" was sold everywhere. You can see these sturdy trucks working on steep hills, through mud and gumbo, in heavy timber operations, in farm fields, in the roadless oil fields, in and out of excavations and speeding along the highways everywhere.

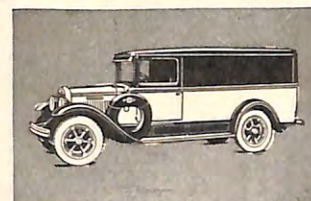
BRIEF FACTS

Wheelbase: 136 inches.
 Rated Capacity: 1½ tons.
 Engine: Powerful and unusually economical.
 Clutch: Single dry-plate.
 Transmission: 3 speeds forward, 1 reverse.
 Final Drive: Spiral bevel gear of the 2-speed type, providing, with the transmission speeds, 6 speeds forward and 2 reverse.
 Springs: Semi-elliptic front and rear. Auxiliary rear springs quarter elliptic.
 Brakes: 4-wheel mechanical.

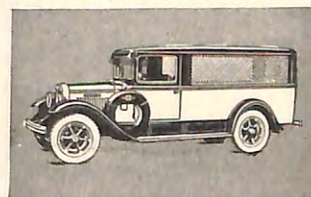
1931 Edition — Ready to GO!
 NOW we offer the handsome new model, retaining all the famous "Six-Speed Special" features—an even better truck in every way. Increased power, 1½-ton rating; smoother operation and handling; greater comfort for the driver; improvements throughout making for sturdiness and long life; and the handsome design of hood, radiator, and body that characterizes all the models in the new International line.

Come and watch this new "Six-Speed Special" perform. You'll admire its trim lines and speed on the delivery route. Its unequalled work on the heavy grade will amaze you and its economy is sure to please you. Any International Harvester branch or dealer will demonstrate the new "Six-Speed Special"—at your convenience and without obligation.

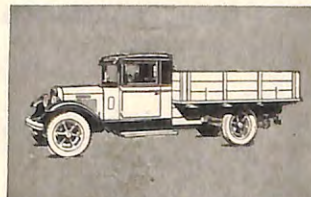
Body Types for all Requirements



The International Type C panel body for the Six-Speed Special is available in 8 or 9-foot lengths (back of driver's seat).



The Type C body is also available with screen sides, as shown in this illustration, or with glass sides.



The Six-Speed Special with 60-bushel grain box. This body is quickly convertible into a flat bed or into a roomy stock rack.



Dump bodies of 1½ yards capacity are available in many styles for the Six-Speed Special.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
 606 So. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA
 (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois



INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."
 —From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Nine
 Number Eight

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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

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

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50 East Forty-second Street, New York City

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

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

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MAKING
NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING
THE OLD

An Earnest Purpose, Earnestly Pursued

To make every car so sound and good that it will inevitably make a friend. . . . Such is the guiding spirit of the entire Oakland-Pontiac organization. . . . It is the spirit of the executives, of the engineers at their drawing boards, of Oakland-Pontiac sales and service representatives. . . . It is not a studied, artificial atmosphere, but the policy of men who sincerely prefer to serve well—who have



a model plant and unlimited resources to aid them—who believe in endowing their products with that extra goodness and reliability which are the real key to making new friends and keeping the old. . . . You find pleasing evidence at your local dealer's of how fully Oakland and Pontiac cars reflect

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The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

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

Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications.

For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 60a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Henry A. Guenther, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, Newark, N. J., No. 21, 300 Clifton Ave.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT
... his "genius for personal contacts" brought him a Presidency.



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER
... his strategy in handling people helped to make him the "world's richest man."

If this man hated you ... could you turn him into a lifelong friend?

See how Mark Hanna did it
—and learn a surprising method
of controlling people



MARK HANNA
... his shrewdness earned him the title of "America's King-Maker."

IF A POWERFUL MAN—capable of influencing your career—was prejudiced against you, actually opposed to your advancement, what would you do?

Would you be able to smile quietly, as Mark Hanna did in a similar situation, and say: "Just give me five minutes to talk with him—that's all!"

The man who had definitely announced his dislike of Hanna and opposition to his cause entered the room. He had refused to even meet Hanna for two days. Cold and unfriendly, he faced the rising political leader.

Then the miracle happened! Hanna appeared to say only a few words. But they were the right words.

Within twenty-four hours Hanna's former enemy was his most loyal supporter, much to the surprise and amazement of everyone who witnessed the incident.

The Mystery of Personal Power Made Plain at Last

How was it that in almost the twinkling of an eye Hanna was able to turn his bitterest opponent into a lifelong friend and ally?

From times immemorial, certain men have amazed the world by their uncanny ability to influence and control others. By virtue of this priceless knack they have achieved everlasting fame and fortune. Men like Henry Ford—Herbert Hoover—Frank Munsey—John D. Rockefeller—all have possessed the same gift. Psychologists have discovered the hidden truth of the matter at last!

Today, as a result of two years of research, it is possible to put one's finger squarely upon the vital principles which made it possible for these men to exert their influence over other people and to achieve their success. And, best of all, anyone can make use of these same psychological stratagems.

The simple device employed by Hanna in winning the instant friendship of his enemy, William Beer, is only one of many now explained in an amazing book called *Strategy In Handling People*.

Outstanding business and industrial leaders of America—men like Thomas Edison, John Raskob and George Hodges—are most enthusiastic in their recommendation of this great work. William Wrigley, Jr., says: "Literally thousands of men must have been waiting for something just like this." Professor R. S. Woodworth of Columbia University, former president of the American Psychological Association, says: "This sane and scientific explanation of the reasons for success will open the eyes of every young man who reads it." Such men as Alfred E. Smith, Melvin Traylor, Walter S. Gifford, Owen D. Young and many others have contributed from their own experiences incidents which have never before appeared in print.

Strategy In Handling People will be sent you for examination, without cost or obligation. Here in an interesting and fascinating form

Simple, Clever Strategy!

HOW—

Theodore Roosevelt quickly turned strangers into warm friends—

Herbert Hoover put himself across with his first boss—

Andrew Carnegie, as a boy, got his friends to work for him without pay—and later used the same method in selling steel—

Dwight Morrow makes friends by asking questions—

Abraham Lincoln controlled people without letting them realize it—

Elbert Gary played his cards to win in making a trade—

Henry Ford keeps his own hand hidden without seeming to do so—

Charles Dawes, a mere Colonel, easily brought a British Field Marshal down off his high horse—

And hundreds of other clever strokes from careers of men whom you admire.



THOMAS EDISON
... he has an uncanny knack for making people remember what he says.

"Not only extremely interesting, but also of great practical value."

you will find answers to the problems that confront you every day—how to make your subordinates or superiors work for you—how to make people like you—how to win arguments, make people say "yes"—how to sell yourself and your ideas—how to handle difficult business situations—how to insure your popularity both in business and social life.

The Strategy of Successful Men

Strategy In Handling People tells you inside stories in the lives of over two hundred famous leaders. It reveals how they invariably won good-will and enthusiastic co-operation in spite of every opposition. And it demonstrates exactly how they built up their reputations—sold, persuaded, traded and often bluffed. More important still, it tells you exactly how you yourself may employ their strategy to gain the ends you most desire.

Psychologists at Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, Leland Stanford and other universities have approved the plan of this epoch-making book. From all over the country letters of praise and commendation are pouring in upon the two authors—Ewing T. Webb (prominent business man) and John J. B. Morgan, brilliant professor of psychology at Northwestern University.

Examine It for 5 Days Free

The methods of influencing people which are explained in this astonishing book will be utterly new to most people who read them. Few will be able to read them without acquiring a new understanding of the people with whom they come in contact each day, together with a new ability to influence others in what they do, feel and say. By putting to use these simple, practical strategies, you too may release hidden forces of personality and gain new power, a new ability for accomplishment in everything you undertake.

Strategy In Handling People is profusely illustrated with over 70 unusual photographs—a library volume, octavo size, of 260 pages, bound in blue vellum with gold stamping.

Look it over at our expense! Read it for 5 days FREE. Then if you are not thrilled and fascinated—if you do not find it one of the most valuable books you have ever seen—simply return it to us and you will not be out one penny. Otherwise, send us only \$3.00 in full payment. You have nothing to risk—everything to gain. Mail the coupon today.

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Please send me a copy of *Strategy In Handling People* for five days' free examination. It is understood that at the end of 5 days I will either return the book without cost or obligation—or keep it as my own and send you \$3.00 in full payment.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....



BAKER ART GALLERY

John G. Price

Past Grand Exalted Ruler

ON SUNDAY, November 23, 1930, at his home in Columbus, O., Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price died of a cerebral hemorrhage following an illness of nearly two years.

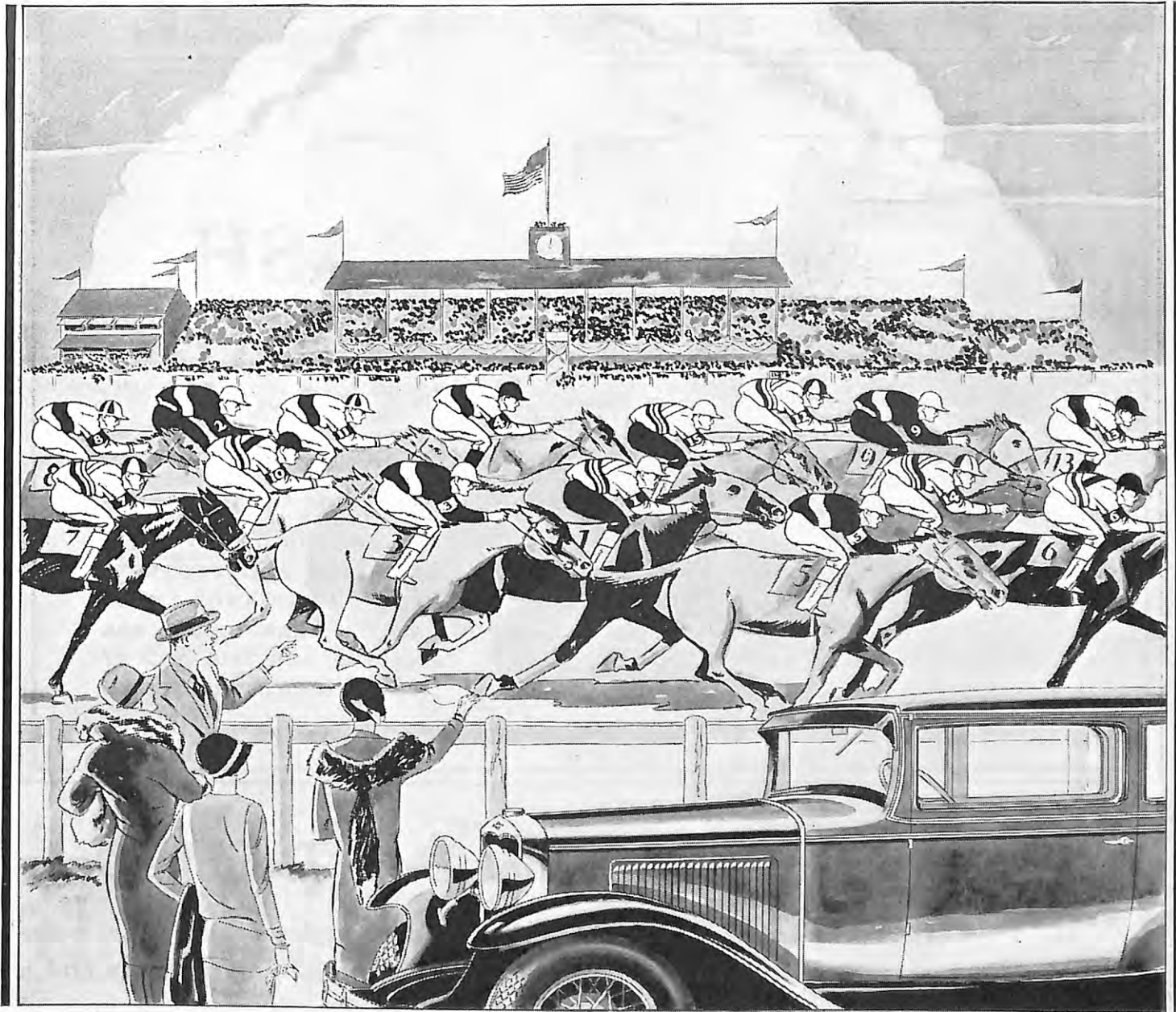
Mr. Price was born in Canton, O., on August 10, 1871, and during the whole of his mature life was one of the distinguished public figures of his State. Following his graduation from Canton High School one of his first positions was as a mail carrier on a route which included the home of the late President William McKinley, who, in 1899, had Mr. Price transferred to the U. S. Post Office Department in Washington. Resigning from the government service in 1906 Mr. Price returned to Ohio and, settling in Columbus, started the practice of law, in which he had graduated at Georgetown University during his Washington residence. Mr. Price served his adopted city well on many important commissions. He was associated at various times with the State Veterans' Bonus Board, the Columbus Recreation Commission, the Metropolitan Committee, and the State Board of Charities. In 1918 he was elected for the first of two terms as Attorney-General of Ohio, and during his incumbency of this office was honored with the presidency of the National Association of Attorneys-General.

Mr. Price was initiated into Columbus Lodge, No. 37, on November 26, 1913, and in the following year was elected Esteemed Loyal Knight. His progress in fraternal office was steady and following a term as Esteemed Leading Knight in 1915 he was elected Exalted Ruler in 1916. The next year he was made an Honorary Life Member and installed for a second term as head of his Lodge. Record membership gains marked his Exalted Rulership. On one occasion he presided at the initiation of a class of 500, and on another of one of 250. In 1917-18 he served as a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations and the following year on the Judiciary

Committee. In 1919 he began a five-year term as a Justice of the Grand Forum, presiding as Chief Justice in 1923-24. In 1924 he was elected as Grand Exalted Ruler at the Grand Lodge Convention in Boston, Mass. Following a year as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler James U. Sammis he was appointed a member of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, and named Secretary of the board, which office he held at the time of his death.

On the Tuesday evening following his death Columbus Lodge conducted the Elk ritual at his late residence, and on Wednesday morning a solemn high requiem mass was said in Holy Rosary Church, after which the large funeral cortege moved to St. Joseph's Cemetery, where interment took place after a brief burial service. In his sermon the Rev. John J. Murphy, celebrant of the mass, paid tribute to Mr. Price's memory, saying, "He showed a definite attitude toward life which brought him success. In him we saw a good example of the application of energy and effort to the problems of existence." Among the many distinguished citizens and members of the Order who attended the funeral were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, who acted as the personal representative of Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp; Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson, Bruce A. Campbell, W. W. Mountain, John F. Malley, Murray Hulbert and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Grand Chaplain John F. Dysart, Grand Trustee James S. Richardson, and John C. Leppleman, President of the Ohio State Elks Association. To his widow, Mrs. Salome Royer Price, his sons John G. Price, Jr., and Richard R. Price, his daughter Mrs. Henry A. Reinhard and to the other members of his devoted family, and to his many friends THE ELKS MAGAZINE, on behalf of the entire Order, offers sincerest sympathy and condolence.

Try Your Skill—Pick the Winner



"Here they come!" Have you ever heard the crowd at a race track shout "Come on! Come on!" as the horses come with a rush—hoofs thundering—gay colors streaming—nerves atingle—each horse and rider straining every muscle to flash across the finish line FIRST? If you have—then you've known "The Sport of Kings"—a thrill you'll never forget.

And now if you can pick the winner in this great race you will have a chance to win \$700.00 cash or a latest model Chevrolet Sedan as pictured above. The total "purse" is \$7,940.00 in this new friend-making prize distribution. What an opportunity is offered to you if you can pick the winner!

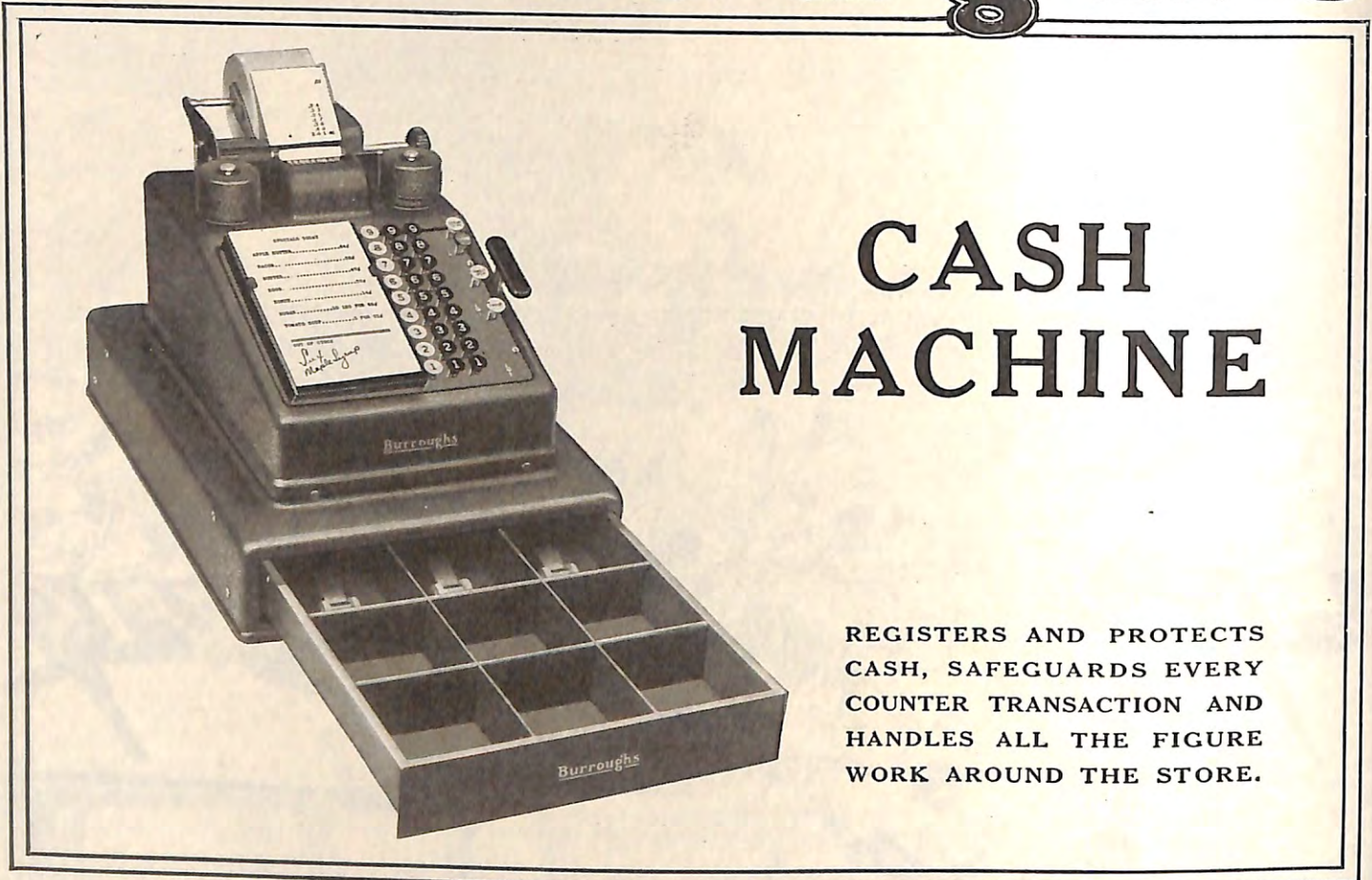
These few pointers are given to help you pick the winner in this race. All but one stable has entered two horses in this race. As you know, the color and design of the "silks" each jockey wears identify him as a jockey from a certain race horse owner's stable. Each owner has his own colors and designs for caps, blouses, sashes and trousers—only jockeys from his stable may wear them. Thus, it is evident, that for every jockey pictured, with one exception, there will be another jockey dressed identically the same. For instance, number eight and number eleven are from

the same stable for their caps, blouses, sashes and trousers are the same. Take your pencil and list down the numbers that are twins. BUT there is one—ONLY ONE—jockey who is dressed differently from all the others. He rides for the owner who has but one horse entered.

This picture was sketched shortly after the race started. When the jockeys had brought their horses home, the lone entry was THE WINNER—first to cross the finish line! Can you find this lone entry—the jockey who is different from all the rest? If you can, you will have The Winner, and should send his number on a post card or by letter right away. There are ten first prizes offered—each one a new 1931 Chevrolet Sedan as pictured above or \$600.00 cash, as well as many extra prizes of \$100.00 each for being prompt, making ten total cash prizes of \$700.00 each. No obligation. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. Show me you can pick the winner and I'll show you how easy it is to win one of the ten prizes. Persons living in City of Chicago and outside U. S. A. are not eligible. And now PICK THE WINNER—if you can—AND RUSH HIS NUMBER TO

W. C. DILBERG
Room 44, 502 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Burroughs



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REGISTERS AND PROTECTS
CASH, SAFEGUARDS EVERY
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HANDLES ALL THE FIGURE
WORK AROUND THE STORE.

A Low-Priced Machine That Does Double Duty



Builds good will by safeguarding store and customer alike against mistakes in the totaling of transactions at the counter.

A new, electrically-operated Burroughs machine that combines the advantages of a standard adding machine and a regular cash register. Economical, as it saves the price of an additional machine. Convenient, as it is compact and saves the space of an additional machine. Safe, as the accumulated sales totals are always under owner's control.

There is a wide variety of models, including machines for use where it is desirable to give the customer a printed list and total of purchases; for stores where single item purchases are the rule; for gas and service stations and so on.

Call the local Burroughs office or write for special descriptive folder, prices and easy terms

Burroughs Adding Machine Co., 6701 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

BACKED BY WORLDWIDE BURROUGHS SERVICE



THE First Episode of a Vivid and Unusual Novel of Terror and Mystery

By Bertram Atkey

Illustrated by Jerome Rozen

The Mystery of The Glass Bullet

Part I

MR. ANSON VANESTERMAN returned to his offices from the Cunard Dock, where he had just seen his only daughter—said by the press to be the fourth greatest heiress in the world—off to England, went straight through to his private office and locked the door.

He took a letter from his note case, read it, put it down, thought for a few moments, then wrote a check on his private account for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, scribbled a brief note, put both note and check in an envelope, sealed and stamped it and put it in his note case.

For some moments he sat quite still, staring before him, his lean, firm face looking old and very tired.

Presently he reached out and drew towards him the silver-framed photograph which always stood on the right hand side of his desk. It was that of Richard Vanesterman, his dead son—his only son Dick.

It was a fine face at which he looked—calm, clear-cut, keen yet steady, with direct

eyes and a firm mouth, not without a hint of ready humor about the lips. A handsome, capable-looking boy—self-reliant, disciplined,

courageous, not unlike Colonel Lindbergh, in appearance.

"No—no—no!" said the multi-millionaire suddenly and rose. "I will do anything, everything, except believe them, Dick my boy!"

He controlled the sudden spurt of violent emotion instantly, gently replaced the photograph, went over and unlocked the door, returned to his desk and spoke quietly into a telephone.

A quiet, thin little man appeared. He looked entirely insignificant—until one noticed the angle of his jaw and the bold, square, almost brutally firm contour of his chin. This was Randolph, his confidential personal secretary.

"Everything in order, Randolph?"

"Everything."

"Everything steadied as I directed—locked—battered down in case of sudden—gales?"

"Exactly as you directed, sir."

"Any suggestions, Randolph?"

"None, sir. You know better than I do—but from my point of view you will leave everything trimmed, water-tight, unwreckable—if you go."

Vanesterman nodded.

"Good. . . . Yes, I am going. . . . You are dead sure that things are all correct for Alison? No danger?"

"Dead sure that she will go into no danger that you—or I—or any of your advisers—have been able to foresee and prevent in advance. The house, Maiden Fain Manor, is bought, paid for and ready for her; Lady Cedar Blanchesson is waiting to receive and attend her; and every possible care and precaution has been taken!"

"Good."

He thought intensely for yet a few moments more.

"Good," he said again.

He took out and gave to Randolph the letter he had just written.

"This can be mailed immediately after I've sailed," he instructed and stood up—tall, erect, lean, neatly grey-bearded, an admirable model of an elderly, big-business American.

"Well—" he said, and offered his hand. "Well, *au revoir*, my friend!"

"*Au revoir*, sir," said Randolph, and said no more than that. . . .

From his office, Anson Vanesterman's great car took him uptown, perhaps a mile. There he dismissed his chauffeur, walked a few blocks, then took a taxi again, which he paid off at the entrance of a restaurant. Half a minute later he left the restaurant by another door, and went quickly into a picture house, took another taxi, and drove

to a quiet street. Here he assured himself that no car, public or private, followed him. He paid off his driver and walked quickly down a side street. Ten minutes later he walked into the establishment of a rising young doctor not a mile from the big office in which he had said "*au revoir*" to Randolph.

Nobody saw him come out from that doctor's again, and even if the place had been watched, few people in New York would have connected with the well-known Anson Vanesterman a person who came out an hour later—a stooping, white-faced old man, gaunt and shabby. Several of his teeth were missing, he was clean-shaven, and very pale. An elaborate tattoo mark showed round his wrists, ending on the back of his hands. He wore a flesh-colored patch over one eye, and he did not look particularly clean. He seemed nervy and downcast and his air and manner were almost those of a fugitive.

HE WENT slowly away in the direction of the docks, quietly, even a little feebly, like a man stricken by some mortal malady, anxious only to be unnoticed and left to himself. Nearly "out"—next door to destitution, if not death—on the last rung but one of the social ladder.

An hour later he passed into the third class of a liner bound for England.

Nobody saw him go—or if they did certainly nobody was interested in his departure. Not even a reporter recognized him.

So complete and perfect had been the change effected in the appearance of this man—probably the fourth millionaire in magnitude in the United States of America—that his nearest friend, his dearest relative, could not have recognized him.

He looked rather like some old and broken sailor, long since rendered unsailorly by illness and, maybe, ill treatment, creeping humbly back to some dim home across the Atlantic where he might be allowed to die in peace. And even if he had been detained and searched his searchers would have found upon him nothing at all to connect him with Anson Vanesterman—except, possibly two things. One of these was a Colt .45 revolver of an old, old pattern, well-worn yet still capable of much more and very deadly wear—a weapon which would be very familiar indeed to those who lived in the cattle states of the Far West many years ago. And the other clue to his identity was the worn-edged fragment of the photograph of a young man—a handsome, capable-looking boy—self-reliant, disciplined, courageous. Not unlike Colonel Lindbergh in appearance—even more like Dick Vanesterman, dead and buried in a far desert.

So three days after his sixtieth birthday Mr. Anson Vanesterman left New York. Some days later he was reported in the daily press as "traveling in Europe."

I.

THE affair which those hard-boiled old adventurers, Mr. "Smiler" Bunn and his partner, Lord Fortworth, who, ever since his big financial crash, for sheer safety's sake, very tenaciously named himself Henry Black, gradually became accustomed to calling "that business with those man-eaters from Mors" began, as far as the partners were concerned, one late winter afternoon

when they were riding home after a gallop on the downs.

Both were very hungry, very saddle-sore, very thirsty and, consequently, very curious-tempered.

Neither liked riding for riding's sake, and both bitterly hated it when, as now, they were doing it in order to get themselves merely plump instead of frightfully fat.

"What sense is there in riding till you're so sore that you're practically crippled for life, just to work off a few ounces of first-class weight—weight that cost probably as much as fifty pounds sterling per ounce to put on—living as well as we live?" snarled Fortworth, standing carefully in his stirrups.

"The doctor told you that you were digging yourself into your grave with your teeth, didn't he? And he advised a course of hard riding to cure you of your over-eating!" Mr. Bunn reminded him gloomily.

"Yes—and I told him he was a damned liar, didn't I? And, if you ask my opinion . . ."

But he was not allowed to explain his opinion, for at this moment there ran out from a wood by the side of the road some fifty yards ahead a man who looked like a gamekeeper.

This one stared rather wildly up and down the road, then beckoned the partners furiously.

Mr. Bunn stared, then kicked the great, raw-boned horse which sulkily bore his weight, in the ribs.

"Get up, you great lumbering, bone-shaking, razor-backed, scrimshanking old soldier," he admonished the animal.

The horse rather intelligently tried one-leggedly to kick Mr. Bunn in return, naturally failed, and so lumbered forward at a heavy and sullen canter. (Evidently there was no love lost between Smiler Bunn and his steed—not an unreasonable position considering that Mr. Bunn hated riding the creature just as much as the horse hated being ridden).

Fortworth belabored his unenthusiastic animal into a kind of gallop after his partner.

"What's the excitement, friend?" asked Mr. Bunn, as he dragged his horse to a standstill.

"Dead man in the spinney, sir—stone-dead—shot, sir. He's been shot dead and only a few minutes ago, for he's still warm. I've just come on him!"

"Humph!" said Mr. Bunn, ponderously dismounting. "I've heard no shots! Better look into this, I suppose."

He hitched his reins over a gatepost and followed the gamekeeper into a small plantation just off the road.

He studied with shrewd, hard eyes the body lying just far enough in among the trees to be invisible from the road. It was that of a well-built young man, with a dark, strong, keen, good-looking face. He was neatly dressed in the easy style more suitable for traveling than for wear in cities.

The cause of his death was quite obvious—a bullet hole immediately over the heart.

"Bullet's still in his body," observed Mr. Bunn, feeling in vain for any sign of its egress. "You had better get along to the nearest call office and ring up the police!" he advised the keeper. "There's one a quarter of a mile down the road."

The man hurried off, while Mr. Bunn continued his examination, muttering to himself as he did so.

"Unless I miss my guess pretty badly, this boy—for he's very little more—is an American. Now, who on earth would want to shoot a lad like this here in an English wood in this God-forsaken part of the country, and, as far as I can see, take off him everything he carried? Why, there's not a thing in his pockets—not a thing! Not even a box of matches, or a handkerchief! . . . Humph! Whoever shot him didn't mean to let people find out who he was! . . ."

Scowling, he again sent his deft fingers quickly prying about the pockets and clothing of the still figure, took off a shoe, examined that, then replaced it, picked up and looked inside the hat, a rather wide-brimmed soft felt, shrugged as he pointed to where a name had been cut out of the inner band, and rose.

"Not a thing to tell us who he was or what he was doing here," he repeated. "But the clothes and shoes and hat are American-cut and pretty good quality."

He began to look about him. It was in the early weeks of a dry, hot September and the ground was too hard to bear marks of footprints. There was not the least sign of any struggle.

"It was pretty cold-blooded," said Mr. Bunn, at last. "The killer, whoever he may have been, cleaned up behind him in no uncertain fashion."

HE WALKED across the field towards an ancient farm laborer with a hoe who had just worked himself into view from behind the end of the little wood.

"Have you heard any shots fired in the spinney this afternoon, uncle?" he asked.

"Shots, mister? Why, no. I ain't heard nothin'—and I been workin' in this field all the artemoon!"

"Humph!" said Mr. Bunn to that.

"You deaf?"

"No, I bain't deaf—I can hear like a fox, I can!" declared the old chap.

"Well, have you seen anybody go in or come out of the copse to-day? Not counting the keeper?"

"Aye, I have. I seen a big motor car stop there by the gate and two gentlemen got out and come into the spinney. No business o' mine—there's no knowing what motorists be likely to do now-a-days from picking flowers to poachin' pheasants!"

"What color was the car?"

"Color, mister? Let me look. It might have been a kind of yellery red brown—darkish, but kind of light from the dust!"

"Did you see them leave the copse?"

"I seen one. He come out about a quarter of an hour after and went over to the motor car and drove off."

"Didn't you see the other?"

"No, I didn't. I reckon he'd gone on back to the car afore his mate."

"And you didn't notice anything else?" demanded Mr. Bunn.

"No, sir. There warn't nothing to notice. I were busy hoeing."

"Yes—like hell you were hoeing!" muttered the old adventurer, who knew just how passionately addicted to hard hoeing the average old farm laborer is.

"What color d'you say the car was?"

"Greenish kind of a brown red dusty color!"

Mr. Bunn shrugged, gave the old chap half-a-crown, and with his partner went back to the gate. The tracks of the car were not discernible on the smoothly polished





main road, but by the gate Mr. Bunn picked up a scrap of torn paper.

It was indeed four scraps, each exactly of the same irregular size.

A motor horn sounded down the road and Mr. Bunn slipped into a pocket the pinch of paper—quite obviously a thumb- and finger-full from a letter which someone had torn up.

Then he hurried back to the body in the little wood, hastily slid off a loosely fitting, rather curious-looking gold ring that had twisted the wrong way round, on the little finger of the dead man, pocketed it, and returned to the gate apparently to soothe with direful and blood-curdling threats his great, clumsy weight-carrying horse which was fussing because of the police car which had pulled up, with a dry whining of brakes, close by.

A police superintendent, a sergeant, and a constable in charge at the wheel alighted, followed by the keeper, and more or less curtly greeting Mr. Bunn and his partner,

A chunk of metal went howling past Mr. Bunn's head, but he ignored that and looked toward a spot wide to the right of the explosion. "See them? There they go!"

made for the copse, guided by the game-keeper.

Fortworth would have followed them, but was stayed by the large and massy hand of Mr. Bunn.

"No, no—let them have the body to themselves for a bit, Squire! They'll only want to throw their weight about and be rude—and rudeness is a thing I hate. What do you think a countryside Supe and his merry men can do for that boy? . . . No, no, stay where you are and leave it to the old man—myself, in fact! There are one or two things I don't like the look of about this!" He glanced about him, under pretense of talking violently at his violent horse.

"This, for example," he said—and showed Fortworth in the palm of his hand a small bit of broken glass—round, rather thick, with a diameter of about a third of an inch.

He put it away and showed something else—"or this!"

The second thing he showed was also an object of glass. But it was differently shaped—being in the form of a pencil about two inches long, one end cut off square, as a pencil is, the other end sharpening to a needle keenness.

"A damned nasty looking thing, hey?" he said quietly. "Mister Murderer cleaned up pretty well—but nevertheless he overlooked one or two things. . . . We shall see. . . ."

Within ten minutes the Superintendent and his men came out, carrying the body.

Mr. Bunn opened the gate for them.

"Can we do anything?" he asked.

The Superintendent, a pleasant but not particularly bright-looking man, of middle age, shook his head.

"I'm afraid not," he said. "Wait just a little—I shall want your names—until we have this poor fellow in the—"

He broke off to look at a huge, double-

six Daimler limousine which had slid silently to a standstill, at the roadside.

The door swung open and a woman stepped out—a tall, shapely woman, beautiful in a rather full-blown way, no longer young but not yet so old that she failed to look extraordinarily attractive. She was of the dark type with that vivid coloring that needs very little assistance from cosmetics, and if her dark eyes were perhaps a trifle too noticeably sophisticated they were also brilliant.

"Oh, has there been an accident? Can I be of any assistance?"

Her fine, practised eyes swept round the little group, absorbing them all, then flashed to the wax-white face of the dead man.

Mr. Bunn heard her breath come so sharply that it was almost a hiss, and he saw, too, how the beautiful, challenging face was drained suddenly of every vestige of color so that the brilliant lips looked against their dead-white background like a red wound, and her eyes seemed huge and inky-black.

"But—but he is *dead!* How fearful!" she said and swayed back, gripping her hands.

"I am afraid so, madam," said the

Superintendent, and moved to direct his men about disposing of the body fitly in the car.

The woman looked at Mr. Bunn and his partner. Already her color was returning.

"It was very kind of you to stop—" began Smiler.

"But there really isn't anything that you can do—" interposed Fortworth, and held back the door of her car, his eyes frankly full of admiration.

"Where shall I tell your man to drive?" said Mr. Bunn, brazenly.

SHE half-closed her eyes, studying them both.

"Oh, to Maiden Fain Manor! He knows, thank you."

She leaned forward.

"Tell me, please—what has happened? Who is that poor boy? Has he been killed in some accident?"

Mr. Bunn answered swiftly, anticipating his partner.

"It isn't quite clear, at present," he said. "But I will call at Maiden Fain Manor to-night with what information I can get—if you wish it."

She thought, still studying him through those strangely half-closed lids.

"Thank you, I should be most grateful," she said at last. "I—have been greatly shocked. He seemed so young and so good-looking—too young to die! If you will be so kind as to call, I should be grateful. I am Lady Cedar Blanchesson. You are sure there is nothing I can do?"

The partners shook their heads, Fortworth closed the door and the great car swung forward.

"Fine woman, that," said Fortworth at Mr. Bunn's shoulder as they watched the car recede.

"Very," said Mr. Bunn absently, and turned at the touch of the Police Superintendent.

"Now, gentlemen, if you will let me know your names and where I can find you it will be of great service to me."

They told him and in return

Mr. Bunn asked him if he knew anything of Lady Blanchesson of Maiden Fain Manor.

The Superintendent looked puzzled.

"No—never heard of her. I know Maiden Fain well. Fine old place, not two miles from here. But that's been sold to some rich American—a Mr. Anson Vanesterman. I understand Miss Vanesterman was due to arrive to-day. Maybe Lady Blanchesson is a guest—joining the house party, or something of the sort."

He closed his note book, politely thanked the partners for their help and moved back to the police car. That, too, Mr. Bunn and his fellow-adventurer, watched out of sight.

Then they turned to their horses.

"Well, there's a full-sized afternoon's adventure for you, Squire," said Mr. Bunn. "And—maybe—a little more. We shall see—if we get home on these ungainly quadrupeds without getting crippled for life! . . . Come up, you decorated camel!" he concluded to his horse, and swung himself into the saddle with a heave that made the great beast look malevolent and bitter.

IT WAS while the partners were taking their customary series of generous aperitifs, shortly after their return to Chalkacres Hall (the country house on Salisbury Plain which they had rented for their riding cure) that Mr. Bunn declared his intention of going very much more closely into the matter of the murder in the wood than he would into any other affair.

"Why?" demanded Fortworth, with his usual, partner-like unreadiness to agree with any suggestion of Mr. Bunn's. "Why go and entangle yourself all up with the police? It's inviting what you've deserved for years past! You'll make some fool blunder or other that will start that Super or some smart detective inquiring about you and who you are, and where you come from, and what you do for a living, and things like that. And if you consider you've got the kind of past that will stand the inquiry of a village idiot, much less a good detective, then you've got an idea about your past life that's as false as your own teeth! Man alive! Have some sense! Leave it alone! Can't you see you're asking for trouble? If it was trouble for yourself I wouldn't mind. But you're asking for trouble for *me!* And that's the sort of trick that raises my very gorge! It's uncalled for—it's meddling—it's unprofitable—and it's dangerous! Count me out!"

"I always do—in the brain department of our partnership," said Mr. Bunn mildly. Then, with a certain sharpness in his tone, he added, "Pass the sherry! And listen to me."

He took his second aperitif—and his big red face and his hard jade eyes and his large bald head looked all the better for it.

"Listen, Squire," he said. "I am not usually a sentimental man, though I admit freely that I am a clever one when I care to be. Well now, I agree with that shapely-like dame, Lady Blanchesson—very much my style, that lady, very much so—about that poor lad who was killed. I liked the look of him—a nice, clean, clever, courageous face—and he was too young and too good-looking to be shot in a copse like a rabbit! Like a rabbit! If I'd had a son—and perhaps it's as well I haven't—I'd have liked him to look like that boy! Now, I'm going to find out who shot him and why—and I'm going to get a well-made, well-knotted, well-greased rope round the killer's neck! And that's—" he concluded, "that! Pass the sherry!"

Fortworth helped himself and passed it, with a shrug.



"See, Squire? This thing's hollow and is filled inside with some liquid." "What is it—oil?" "Poison!" said Mr. Bunn curtly

"That's the sentimental side of it, Squire," said Mr. Bunn. "Explained to you and finished with once and for all!"

He studied the golden fluid in his glass with a wise eye.

"I see no money in the matter—at present," he resumed presently. "But I'm not working myself into hysterics about that. If there is money in it, that will be all right about that money. I shall see to it. If there isn't, I guess I can afford a holiday. So I'll just ask you, Squire, to pull yourself together and follow the old man as usual!"

Fortworth shrugged again in a non-committal sort of way.

"That's the style," said Mr. Bunn sarcastically. "Be enthusiastic!"

He dipped a finger and thumb into his waistcoat pocket, and dropped gently on the table between them the glass pencil-shaped object he had found in the corpse.

"What d'you make of that, Squire?" he demanded.

"What should I make of it?" said Fortworth sourly, evidently unable to make anything of it. "It looks to me like a bit of cheap jewelry. And I'm not fond of jewelry."

"No—not of *this* sort," agreed Mr. Bunn blandly. "For unless I overshoot my mark, it was one of these things which made that murder as quick and silent and painless as a stroke of lightning. It's a kind of bullet—a sort of baby shell. Look!"

He held it level with his eyes, then tilted it slightly. A minute bead-like bubble inside the glass slid in an oily sort of way from the lower end of the glass to the upper—much like the bubble in a spirit level.

"See, Squire? This thing's hollow and is filled inside with some liquid!"

"What is it—oil?"

"Poison!" said Mr. Bunn curtly. "Maybe snake venom—maybe some chemical stuff that's even quicker!"

Fortworth scowled and looked dangerous, as he always did when he encountered anything a little too new for him readily to understand.

"Damn a man who'd use a thing like that!" he muttered.

Mr. Bunn put the glass bullet down.

"Well, there it is—and it's plain enough to see how it works. It's as sharp-pointed as a needle and doesn't need to be fired at any very great velocity to penetrate. Probably it's shot from a simple sort of small spring pistol. It would drill through a man's skin just as easily as it would pierce a pound of butter. The point would break off—and whether the bullet touched a vital spot or not wouldn't matter. The stuff inside would be released and do the work it was meant to do. A wound in the arm, in a finger, anywhere, would be as deadly with this damned thing as in the brain or the heart."

He finished his sherry.

"That's how I figure it out. And I'm right, Squire. You can take it from me that I am very right!"

He took out the small circular disc of glass.

"And *that's* the base of the broken bullet which they'll find in that boy's body!" he added. "I found it between his shirt and skin—just over the heart."

"Now for the torn paper," he continued and produced it.

"I'm not a fancy detective, I'll admit," he said.

"No—you're just a plain old sharp," agreed Fortworth.



"Yes—like yourself. But all the same I shall be a very surprised man if those bits of paper don't tell me something about that crime! We'll see!"

He sorted them out—four irregularly shaped scraps, each covered with typed characters.

For a long time the old rascal stared at them, his heavy, good-humored face rather solemn. From an easy chair Fortworth watched him from behind a cigar. Then presently Mr. Bunn looked up, frowning like a man who has made up his mind.

"Pass the sherry," he said curtly and resumed his study of the typing on the paper scraps.

"We've been unlucky," he said presently. "Come and read 'em!"

FORTWORTH rose reluctantly from his chair, like a buffalo bull from a wallow, and went across to peer over his partner's shoulder, reading the fragments one by one as Mr. Bunn pointed.

No. 1 read:
lucky thing for
only guess at, anyway
take it or leave it

No. 2 read:
nester mann millio
stop at murder or
help young Vanestern

No. 3 read:
waterless and in
short of a million
allow to wreck
get what's coming

No. 4 read:
Blanchesson, you will
say \$50,000 cold money
Colonel Carnac think
Sow Foon and the hard

"Yes, Sow Foon and the hard!" snarled Fortworth. "What d'ye think you'll get out of all that?"

Mr. Bunn shrugged. "I don't know. See?"

He cocked a hard eye at his partner.

"I don't know how much I'll get out of it in the long run. But, by God, I've got something so far—in the short run!"

He replaced the scraps in his note case.

"There are men—and you're a glorious example of 'em, Squire—that can't see a brick wall till they've fractured their faces against it! But me, I'm not one of 'em! . . . Hey, come now, I'll ask you an easy one.

Who dropped that pinch of a torn-up letter? The murderer or the murdered?"

"How should I know?" snapped Fortworth.

"Where was it—did I—where did I find it?"

"By the gate, man, by the gate!"

"I know it. Well, don't *that* convey anything to the place where your mind ought to be?"

"No, it don't!" bawled the exasperated Fortworth. "It conveys nothing, you bump-tious old blaggard! Nor to you, either. Go on—I'll bite on it. *Who* dropped the scraps, anyway?"

"The murderer," said Mr. Bunn, blandly. "Obviously, you old fool, obviously!"

"I'm no fool!" declared Fortworth.

"No—not an ordinary fool—" agreed Mr. Bunn. "But you certainly are an extraordin—"

The door opened silently—as doors usually did when operated by that singular yellow person, Sing, the Chinaman who for many years past had functioned as private slave, cook and strictly personal thug to Mr. Bunn—who had originally bought him for five shillings from a policeman down by the West India docks in London. (The policeman on his way home had found Sing reposing completely unconscious in the gutter, where he had been carelessly and untidily left by certain Chinese "friends" when they had finished something which probably Sing himself had started.)

THE Chinese slid into the room, smiling the sort of smile that a cook interrupted in the middle of preparing a really elaborate dinner for a pair of really elaborate eaters would smile.

"Lady and gentleman wanchee seeing you!" he stated, in the sort of tone that a cobra-di-capello uses when he says "Come just six inches closer and watch me turn you into an affair for a cemetery!"

"Lady Cedah Blanchesson and Colonel Calnac!" he added.

"Humph!" went Mr. Bunn and thought for a second.

Then he continued—

"All right, Sing—hold up the dinner—and if you spoil the fish, God help you!—and show them in!"

Rather hastily he gathered up what he described as the clues he had discovered.

"Pass the sherry," he said peremptorily to Fortworth.

But Fortworth only grinned.

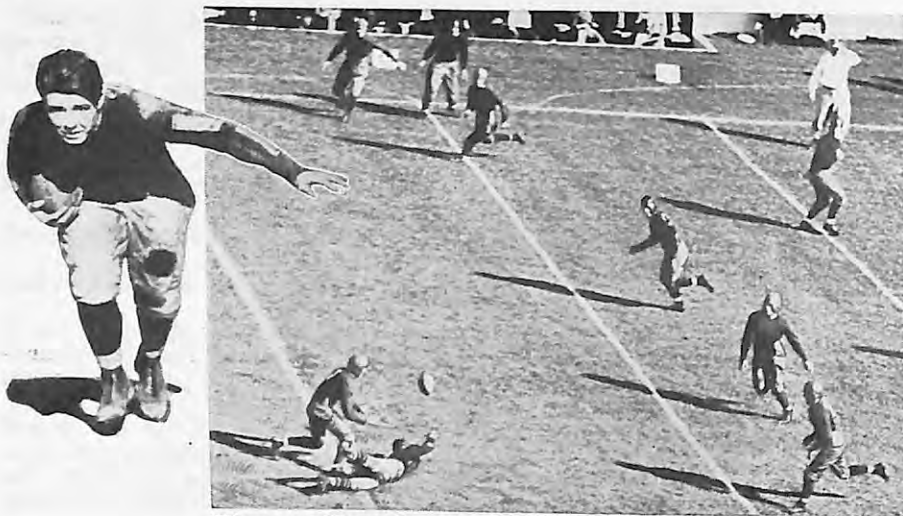
"There's none left!" he said. "Not a drop, haha! What d'ye think this decanter is? A widow's cruse or an artesian well or an oil gusher that never runs dry?"

"Pah!" said Mr. Bunn and turned to receive the lady who was so much his style, and her companion, Colonel Carnac.

Mr. Bunn and his partner had never been churlish to a handsome woman in their lives—unless she had been churlish to them first—and Lady Cedar had no reason to complain about the quietly cordial reception extended to her and, for that matter, her companion—whom she introduced as "Colonel Carnac, the explorer!"

Normally, the hard-shelled old adventurers would not have unduly disturbed themselves to welcome the Colonel, for he

(Continued on page 51)



The great Notre Dame team (in action above) intercepts a forward pass in the game against the Navy. At the left is Len Macaluso, fullback of Colgate, the country's highest-scoring player

Joe Williams's All-American Football Team for 1930

- Left end: Arbelbide, Southern California.
- Left tackle: Price, Army.
- Left guard: Woodworth, Northwestern.
- Center: Ticknor, Harvard.
- Right guard: Wisniewski, Fordham.
- Right tackle: Sington, Alabama.
- Right end: Fesler, Ohio State.
- Quarterback: Carideo, Notre Dame.
- Left halfback: Schwartz, Notre Dame.
- Right halfback: Pinckert, Southern California.
- Fullback: Macaluso, Colgate.

Sporting High-Lights

By Joe Williams

ANOTHER year of sports competition and achievement—another twelve-month with its feats and failures, its thrills and anti-climaxes, its records and disappointments—has swept into that varicolored background which we call the Past, and is measured by relentless Time.

Old heroes struggled on to retain their laurels, and many of them found the pace too keen and fell by the wayside. New champions, new makers of records excelled the old standards of excellence, and turned in accomplishments which not so many years ago were regarded as being far beyond the strivings of men.

Physically, mentally, the human race keeps improving and, in sports, each year makes its own advanced notch on the yardstick of progress. The Old Timers talk of "the good old days," and Time itself builds a halo for the heroes of the long ago. But sport is going ahead, and those who make its records and set its standards are going ahead with it.

The year 1930 lacked Olympic competition, and yet it stood out with an international interest and luster never before approached. Boxing, polo, yachting, tennis, and golf all developed happenings which were of world-wide import and sent sport so much closer to that ideal of universal competition and globe-covering concern.

This intense international activity was all the more noteworthy because of industrial and economic disturbances the world over. Years ago the time and effort which a people devoted to sports were measured by what our economists call national prosperity.

But participation in sports has become a habit. National and international fixtures go on almost automatically. And the records and results that are thrown into the sports arena are translated into strength and courage that mean a great deal in our every-day scheme of life.

To whom the laurels, the titles, the greatest credit for the sports progress of 1930? Where did interest become most intriguing? Who gave us our greatest thrills? In which arenas did color run riot and romance write its richest contributions?

Let us take a seat in the press stand of the world. We will summon Time to reverse his

habit, and ask him to send in review before us the pageantry of the sports year of 1930—its pomp and its glories, and its thoroughly human disappointments, and collapses, too.

Time likes to caress, but mostly he loves to punish, and it is his fancy that we gaze at the boxing parade first.

There is a bedlam of voices. The scene is familiar. September night at the Yankee Stadium, and Jack Sharkey, American heavyweight champion, fighting Max Schmeling, the outstanding foreigner.



Southern California produces another "fastest human" in Frank Wykoff, holder of the world's record of 9 and 2/5 seconds for the hundred

UNDERWOOD
&
UNDERWOOD

Sharkey is pummeling the German. Seemingly it is a poor match. Comes the fourth round. The American becomes careless. There is a low punch, Schmeling goes to the canvas, writhing.

Another foul blow by Sharkey—and to the German goes the world's heavyweight championship. Never before had this title passed on a foul. Never before had a Continental European taken the championship among the heavyweights. Not since the days of Peter Jackson, the Australian negro,

had a foreign heavyweight held a truly outstanding position.

The big crowd shouts its disappointment, howls its disapproval. The scene of disorder, the September night, fade out of the picture, leaving Max Schmeling the champion. And he's back in Germany now, still the title holder, with boxing sighing for the days of Dempsey.

We keep our seats in the press stand of the world. Let Time continue his show. He speeds half a hundred rings, half a hundred scenes, past us in rapid review of the fistic features of the year. Here is Sharkey winning from Phil Scott of England in the third round at Miami. Now comes Young Stribling stopping Scott in London.

We see Al Singer score an amazing knockout in less than one round, and wrest the world's lightweight title from Sammy Mandell. And soon we watch another surprise, in the big Garden in New York—Tony Canzoneri knocking out Singer in the



Diana Fishwick, who defeated Glenna Collett in the British women's golf championship

CAMERAGRAMS

Open and amateur champion of both America and England, the greatest golfer the world has yet seen is Bobby Jones



P. & A.

**Joe Williams's All-American
Baseball Team for 1930**

- First base: Bill Terry, Giants.*
- Second base: Frankie Frisch, Cardinals.*
- Third base: Freddie Lindstrom, Giants.*
- Shortstop: Travis Jackson, Giants.*
- Right field: Babe Ruth, Yankees.*
- Left field: Al Simmons, Athletics.*
- Center field: Hack Wilson, Cubs.*
- Catcher: Mickey Cochrane, Athletics.*
- Pitcher: Bob Grove, Athletics.*
- Pitcher: Wesley Ferrell, Indians.*
- Pitcher: George Earnshaw, Athletics.*



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD



INTERNATIONAL

The Philadelphia Athletics (above) in the course of winning the World's Series. And (at the left) Hack Wilson, this year's home-run king

of 1930



INTERNATIONAL

To Germany has gone the victory in the war for the heavyweight boxing title. Gene Tunney's successor is Max Schmeling, a Dempsey from Europe

Time chuckles as he shows us one Carnera appearance after another—one knockout after another—with the so-called victims accepting their foreordained medicine quickly and with strange, suspicious alacrity.

Fifth-raters, setups, members of a clan called derisively "tankers," because of their diving propensities—they make their trips to the canvas in a succession of crowded boxing clubs that mean fine financial returns to the Venetian behemoth and his hard-boiled Broadway handlers.

Time laughs out loud as



INTERNATIONAL

Two swimmers who have consistently shown their heels to competitors and records: Helene Madison (at the left) and Buster Crabbe (below)



INTERNATIONAL

first round, giving to the lightweight crown two owners in less than two rounds of fighting.

We see Jimmy McLarnin stop Singer, and then we see Billy Petrolle, an old campaigner, astound the boxing world by giving McLarnin an unmerciful beating in one of the great fights of all time. We marvel at the gameness of the loser, but Time speeds the show.

What's this, now? Still in New York—and Jackie Kid Berg of England beating Kid Chocolate on points—the Cuban Negro's first setback. Then comes the comeback—Fidel La Barba, once flyweight champion. He also defeats Chocolate.

The show keeps rushing past. Here's Young Jack Thompson, the Negro, taking the welterweight championship from Jackie Fields, and now we see Tommy Freeman smashing the title away from Thompson.

There's Maxie Rosenbloom taking the light-heavyweight laurels in his bout with Jimmy Slattery; Mickey Walker beating Risko; Campolo exchanging decisions with Risko in Miami and New York, both bad.

And now Primo Carnera, the big circus man of 1930 boxing history. Here is the giant who went from a job as carpenter in an Italian tent show to riches in the rings of America.

he shows us the ring experts hailing Carnera as the next champion, and then he puts on the Carnera-Maloney bout in Boston. The Hub Irishman will take a header for no man. He fights. Carnera seems distressed—perhaps that look is more one of unbelieving surprise.

Carnera lunges and Maloney punches, and when the fight is over the Bostonian is the victor. The Carnera bubble has definitely burst. The Italian lingers here for a while, then is off to Europe, where he is a bloated millionaire.

We sit through the clamor of crowds and the clang of the gongs—and we sit through one unsatisfactory bout after another. We

see the sinister influence of the deliberate low punch—the easy way out. We are impressed with the unsavory truth that in boxing 1930 will be known as the Year of the Foul, the Fake and the Farce.

Foul blows ending one contest after another—and then we see Boxing Commissions from New York to California struggling with this problem. We see the New York body declaring officially that there is no such thing as a foul, forcing the fighters to protect themselves at all times.

The picture changes. There is a sound of cracking bones. Behemoths bounce each other around like so many puppets. This must be professional wrestling.

The passing scenes in this sport are not so clearly defined. We see Gus Sonnenberg, once Dartmouth and Detroit football star, taking the championship from Strangler Lewis in Boston. But there is no national recognition of this result. There seems to be some sort of doubt as to its earnestness. It is the old penalty that is exacted of wrestling. Through the ages people have doubted the integrity of the grappling game, and now we find that same old situation.

Shikat winning the title in New York and Pennsylvania; then Jim Londos taking the championship, in so far as those two States are concerned. A muddled picture, and we will leave it to its own peculiar destinies.

Our master of ceremonies insists that we see the climax of the year's golfing interest before he stages the preliminaries. What's this? No rolling course, this. No country club interior. It is the office of a big motion picture producer. Robert Tyre Jones—the young, pleasant-faced Atlantan whom we all call Bobby—the greatest golfer of all time—is signing a contract.

It means that in return for \$250,000, Jones is to do twelve pictures illustrating and explaining just how he achieves his marvelous golf wizardry. It means that for the time being Jones is out of competition—that his status as an amateur is left in doubt.

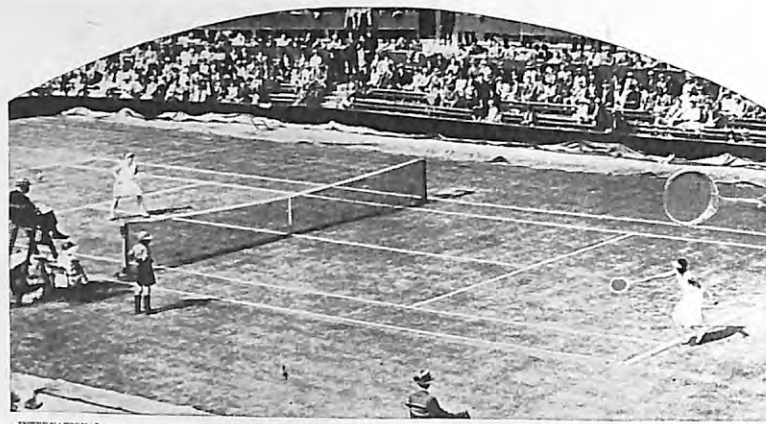
Now for the four golf epics that left Bobby Jones with all the laurels attainable in the golfing world—left him champion of champions, with nothing more to strive for, with no golfing thrill untasted—a strange sport figure, indeed, at the age of only twenty-eight.

It is Maytime, the scene is the ancient St. Andrews course in Scotland, the event is the British amateur. Jones is playing Roger Wethered in the final. It is the start of a long and arduous task that Jones has set for himself. Jones wins. He is fresh, jubilant, all smiles as he walks off with the historic cup.

Twenty days later, in June. Hoylake now, in the British open. Jones hangs up a 291 for the four rounds. The greatest golfers in the world attack this total with



INTERNATIONAL



INTERNATIONAL

Mrs. Helen Wills Moody (at the left in the picture above) winning the world's singles championship for women at Wimbledon. John Doeg (left) and Betty Nuthall (right), the two American singles champions



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

determination. But again—Jones wins. He has begun to feel the strain. Joyous, but the smile not so pronounced.

The scene shifts to this side of the Atlantic. It is blistering July, at Interlachen, Minneapolis. Jones still hot and keen after that quadruple crown never before achieved—and again Jones wins. He turns in a 287. For an hour after that the others fight to frustrate the Jones ambition. But that 287 stands. A third national title for Bobby, within a space of forty-three days. The smile breaks over a tired face.

Now we are in September, at the American amateur at Merion, near Philadelphia. Jones is there. Can he do it? Can he win his fourth championship? The gamblers think so. They offer even money on his chances.

A group of younger golfers is seen fighting hard. But the mastery of the true king triumphs again. Jones beats Eugene Homans in the final, swamps him. Now Bobby from Georgia is dead tired. He finds it hard to make a smile struggle through the set lines of worry that have made him look ten years older.

All alone, at the Olympian peak of golf history—the champion of champions.

Time gives us a passing view of the women's national golf championship, and it looks like an old picture to us. It is Glenna Collet winning again. And in England, it is young Diana Fishwick who comes to the fore, while our own Glenna fails in a quest that keeps baffling her skill.

From our vantage point in the world's press stand we glimpse a strange golf development. Perhaps it isn't golf after all. But it bears the name of the sport. It's

the game of putters—miniature golf, which must be set down as one of the strange manifestations of the year.

We see this midget form of golf run through the country like wildfire, starting at Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga, Tenn., then down into Florida, northward into Canada, westward to California.

It is putt, putt, putt—on parking spaces, corner lots—putt, putt, putt, from early morn until the wee sma' hours—making problems for civic authorities, making money for a lot of folks who needed it badly, killing sleep for others—a sort of psychological outcropping of the popular urge to play the game of the rolling hills and the verdant fairways.

As we watch this miniature golf manifestation, with its open championship at Lookout Mountain, where the thing was

started, we feel that it is largely the result of the city's urge to be in the country, of the urban dweller's desire to play in the open—and of Robert Tyre Jones, the high priest of the cult.

Time shows us Tommy Armour winning the professional title by beating Gene Sarazen at Fresh Meadow in September, but after Jones and the four victories, all other golf becomes tame, and we beg our conductor to turn to another endeavor.

Baseball! The World's Series. In Shibe Park, Philadelphia. The Philadelphia Athletics are playing the St. Louis Cardinals. It is the sixth phase of their competition, and the Athletics lead by three games to two.

Victory for the Mackmen means retention of the title they took in 1929, by beating the Chicago Cubs. Success for the Cardinals means a deadlocked series, and a glorious chance.

The battle unfolds itself. Forty thousand jamming the park. It is George Earnshaw, who had pitched remarkable ball in St. Louis, fighting Bill Hallahan, who had scored a shutout over the Athletics.

But this time Hallahan is not destined to be in at the finish. He has a finger blister and the Athletics drive him out. They hit his successors, too. The power and drive of the American League champions are unleashed, and they will not be stopped.

All through that tense and thrilling game there is one constant, unswerving hero—George Earnshaw, a college man, the greatest right-hander of the year. He foils them and he baffles them, and the Cardinals go from the field beaten, while the American League scores its fourth straight World's Series

(Continued on page 63)



F&A

After a lapse of many years the Cornell crew (below) wins the varsity race at Poughkeepsie. The Yale eight (above), which defeated the Ithacans in an early-season match race



INTERNATIONAL



Double Play

A Drama of Courage And Loyalty in the Big Leagues

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by Burriss Jenkins, Jr.

MIKE MARTIN was so tough he made a hickory nut look like a mushmeller. Not only that but he was a real bad actor. And when I say bad, I mean terrible.

But he was a swell second baseman, and when a ball club has got a great team, except that it is minus a second baseman, and it gets a chance to sign up one who can bat .320 and outfield any keystoneer who ever wore cleats excepting maybe only Nap Lajoie and Eddie Collins, then I reckon said club oughtn't to kick if everything ain't perfect. Only in the case of Mike Martin nothing was right from the jump.

Now me, I'm only the trainer and so it wasn't none of my business; but when Connie Peyton announced that he had refused to waive on Mike like fourteen other major league clubs had done, I ast him didn't he think he was inviting trouble.

"Sure," he admits. "I'm inviting it—"

"And you're gonna get a cart-load."

"But we got to win a few ball games. Here we are with a swell club, lacking only a second sacker and I got a chance to get one of the best that ever played ball, so what am I to do?"

"Well," I says, "you could get the owners to give away the franchise as a premium or something. Because, Connie," I says, "did it ever strike you that there must be a reason that all these other clubs has waived on Mike when everybody knows how good he is on that ball field?"

"I've thought that all out," answers Connie, "and already I know the answer. I ain't been in the league with that guy for six years without knowing all about what a man-killer he is. But it's like I said, we got to win ball games."

"How are you gonna do it, Connie? By the time Mike has been on this club two weeks, you ain't gonna have no other players—only him—because from what I hear it is his ambition to put every team-mate in the hospital and I don't see how you figure that this club will be any exception.

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Poison ivy is a little forget-me-not alongside that gimmick. He's dynamite, what I mean."

"We got to have a second baseman," repeats Connie wearily, and I know he ain't got another thought in his bean except that.

And why should he have? Here he's been trying five years to build up a pennant winner, and this season had started off like a lock. Always weak on second, we have traded two corking players plus fifty thousand smackers for a keystoneer who is a marvel, and right away before the race is three weeks old he goes and gets both legs broken in an automobile accident and won't be able to play for the rest of the year.

Not only that ain't bad enough, but on short we have got Eddie Wrenn, who is a freak, but ain't nothing more than a kid. He ain't had no pro experience whichsoever and needs an old head to work with out in the middle of the diamond.

This Eddie is just a lad, see: and as nice a kid as ever graduated from college. He's twenty-two years old, and entirely too small to play major league ball, except that he's a natural-born wizard. He don't weigh only about a hundred and twenty and I remember when Slat's Mobley seen him the first time in uniform he turns to the bunch and says: "Fellers! Here's our new mascot. Ain't he sweet?"

With that Eddie grinned and blushed, and a little later he trotted out to the short field and give as brilliant an exhibition as I ever set eyes on. He had everything, that kid; except size. He must of been made with

steel springs, the way he covered territory, and he had a swell whip. He had two or three funny little tricks at the plate, but he took a good cut at the ball and when he hit it, it stayed hit. Not long drives, but them mean liners just over the infield which are the niftiest things in baseball when a clean hit is needed.

Eddie hadn't never played nothing but college ball, and we was all prepared not to like him when he joined the club. Then, when we seen him, we got sorry for what would happen when the season opened, because playing short in the majors ain't no cinch. It takes courage, covering second when a fast, vicious runner is flashing spikes in your face.

But Eddie was the gamest kid I ever seen. Always smiling, he'd cover the base pretty as you please and manage to pin the ball on the runner if it was anyway possible. And as for his own running . . . well, we found out afterwards that he had run the hundred in college and they said he had done it in nine-four lots of times.

THE old heads said that he would blow when the going got hot—but not that kid. He didn't have none of this here ego, and was in there shooting with both barrels all the time. He made up in pep and speed what he lacked in experience. Naturally, there was times when he pulled dumb stuff or made errors—and whenever he did, he would come into the middle of the diamond and tell the pitcher how sorry he was, or else when he got to the bench—before Connie could say a word—he would tell Connie he knew he had pulled a bone and would try to do better next time.

Believe me, you couldn't help lovin' a youngster like that, even if he did have a college education. Baseball was still a game to him, not a business, and after I got to know him better it was rich to hear him tell about how sometimes at night he would lie awake thinking how wonderful it was that he was on a major league club—team-mate with lots of guys he had been reading

about for years. I bet it even hurt that kid to draw a salary.

But after our expensive second baseman was hurt and George Watson took over the job, Eddie didn't look so good. You see, George ain't got the game he used to have, and he didn't work so good with the kid. For one thing, Eddie was too fast for George and lots of times he threw the ball away on account George didn't get where he should of been as fast as he ought, and this was beginning to get on Eddie's nerves, though when anything like that happened he was always telling George that it was his own fault and he should of kept his eyes open. Eddie's eyes, I mean; not George's.

WE WAS all crazy about that kid. It would take a gang of hard-boiled ball players to go goofy over a baby-faced youngster like him. We would talk to him about baseball and he would drink up every word. He seemed to know that we liked him, and that kept him pepped up. You've seen that kind of a bird . . . afraid you ain't gonna cotton to him and then happy as a pup when you would pat him on the head. I'm saying that this Eddie Wrenn was a sweet baby to have along, regardless of the fact that he was also a nifty ball tosser.

And it was Eddie that worried me so bad when I heard that Mike Martin had been signed up to play second. It ain't that Mike wasn't the best second sacker in the league that year, but it's like I said: he was a bum egg, and I don't mean maybe.

Sports-writers was always referring to Mike as the Bad Boy of Baseball, which sounded good but didn't half begin to tell the story. He had come up originally from some mining town where he had been a star ever since he was a kid, and there wasn't a fan in the country who didn't admit that he was there seven ways from the ace so far as playing was concerned.

But personally, he was about as congenial as a cobra snake. He was dumb as an ox; but a big, brawny goof who wouldn't of reckernized a joke if he had met it on the street and always thought that everybody was laughing at him because he wasn't smart.

There ain't many of his type left in baseball, but he was sufficient. And how! Already he had darn near wrecked three major-league clubs, and a half-dozen times he had been called before Judge Landis and warned that if he didn't pipe down he would be banished from organized baseball.

That got Mike to be sort of ingrowing. He had the idea that everybody was against him—and I guess to give the big bimbo his due, he must have had a tough life of it. Everybody hated his insides—though I ain't saying they didn't have good cause.

He was a bad hombre on the ball field. A tough blocker when he was covering second, and a vicious base-runner. When he was on the paths he knew he had the right of way, and he took it—spikes and all. That was the funny thing about Mike—he hated everybody, but he loved baseball. Which was why most of his battles was with members of his own club. Let somebody pull a bone and Mike would ride him out loud and in no gentlemanly manner. Usually he would say things about that guy's family which wasn't very pure. Then there would

be a fight and the other feller would be out of the lineup for two or three days.

Mike had some other cute tricks. He was a wonderful ground coverer for a big man and he would always go tearing back after Texas leaguers—or balls which looked like they was gonna be such. Sometimes the right-fielder would be pelting in after the same ball and would yell for Mike to give him gangway. But would Mike do it? No sir, Miss Agnes! He'd drive into a collision . . . and if you know baseball, you know lots of players get hurt bad when they bump that-away. Only whenever Mike and another guy came together, it was never Mike which was bruised.

Mean: that was him. Only none of us knew just how mean he was until after he joined the club. Within two days he had had it out in the clubhouse with two of the biggest birds on our club and he had battered them both to where their wives wouldn't of known them even if they had wanted to. He had learned not to bait umpires or get in fights with members of other teams, but it was open season on his clubmates at all times.

Everybody on every other club hated him, too. And I ain't claiming they give him a fair deal, because they didn't. But it was his own fault to start with, and nobody had any sympathy. He had the hunch that everybody hated him and was out to get him—so he got them first. Much as to say that he'd hammer them until they wouldn't dare open their mouths. I reckon he hadn't said a decent word to no one, and no one hadn't said a nice word to him, in all the time he had been up from the bushes. He was a lone wolf and no mistake. And when I say wolf, I mean wolf!

For two days he don't say nothing to Eddie Wrenn: just glowers at him from under them bushy eyebrows, and for them two days our second base combination works as pretty as anything you ever looked at. Tinker and Evers! Don't make me laugh! They was slow and amateur compared to this new combo.

After the second game they played together I'm riding into town with Eddie and he is busting with enthusiasm.

"Gee!" he says, "that chap Martin is a gorgeous ball player, isn't he?"

"Yeh," I answer, kinda lukewarm: "He's good, all right."

"You know," continues Eddie, "he's been my hero since I was in high school."

"Him and Gyp the Blood? Or just him?"

"I'm serious. I like him."

"Why?"

"I knew you'd ask that. You mean I shouldn't like him because he's a trouble-maker: is that it?"

"That, and a thousand other reasons."

"Well, for one thing: I'm sorry for him. I don't think he's ever had a fair chance. Take this club, for instance: they knew he had a bad reputation, and so from the minute he showed up, nobody had a decent word to say to him. They've let him alone

as though he was something—something evil."

"He is, Eddie," I says: "You'll find out. Trouble with you right now is that you're too recent out of school. You're all full of sediment instead of common sense."

"Maybe so," grins Eddie, "but I like and admire Mike Martin."

"The more fool you."

And the kid was a fool. Next day Mike started riding him, criticizing every little thing Eddie done during the game. It made the whole club sore—but not Eddie. You see, we had all been going light on the kid, realizing that he was a swell natural ball player and that all of his faults was due to inexperience. Besides, we liked him so much that we couldn't of rode him anyway.

But not Mike. The big feller spears a hot liner way back of second, and when he heaves to the base Eddie ain't there and the runner, who had started to third, gets back safe. Mike hits the ceiling and tells Eddie a few things.

It is the first time he has hopped the lad personal, and I know it is the beginning of the end. Or anyway, I think it is, because no ball player likes to be called down before twelve thousand fans. But Eddie Wrenn just nods humbly.

"You're right, Mike," he says, "it was all my fault. I should have been there."

"Yeh! And you would of been if you'd had a brain to think with."

"I sure would," grins the kid. "I'll do better next time."

"Boloney!" snaps Mike, and I could of killed him, because Eddie couldn't of been on the base anyway, since that ball was labelled for a clean single and Mike's catch had been a wonder. But to make matters worse, just as the youngster trots back to his position, he waves over at Mike.

"THAT was a swell catch," he says. "I've never seen better."

"Oh! go to hell!" mutters Mike. He was a sweet guy, that feller.

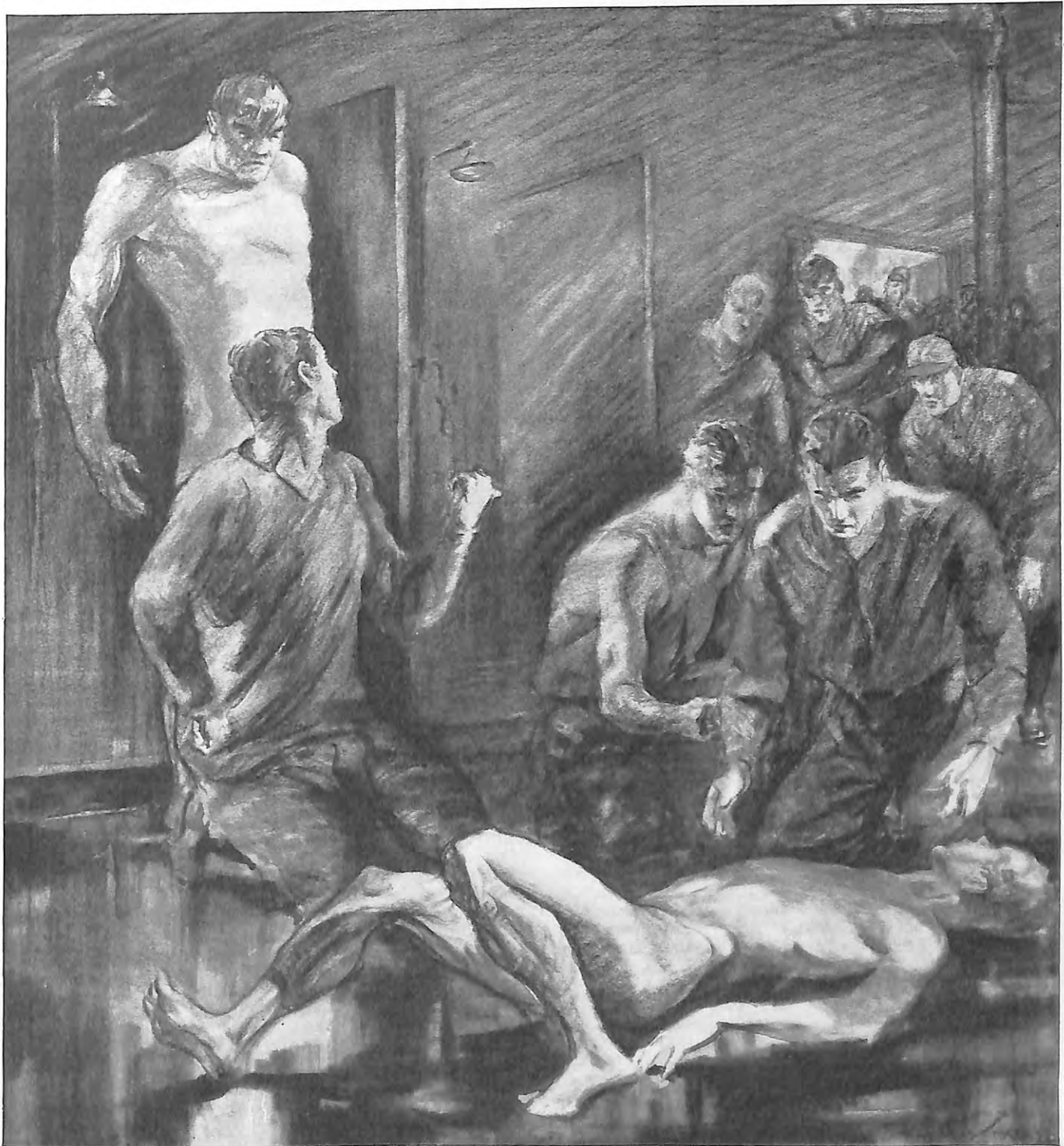
And so it went for a long, long time. Gradually it got so that Eddie was eating on Mike's nerves. You see, the rest of us all hated Mike and he knew it. When he scowled at us, we scowled at him; when he got sore, we got sore—and that was what he was used to. But never before had he met anybody who was bound to be friendly, no matter what happened.

He never give Eddie Wrenn no rest. Just rode him constant from practice time until the game was over. Everything Eddie would do wrong, Mike would bawl him out for . . . but when Eddie started getting better and better, Mike kept on criticizing. He would give Eddie thunder for something the kid had done right, and when Eddie would take it with that cheerful grin of his, Mike would just naturally curl up inside.

I knew the answer, of course. Mike knew that Eddie was a college man, and thought this was some new kind of kidding. It seeped into Mike's ivory dome that Eddie was putting something over on him, and so every time he looked at the boy, he frothed at the mouth.

If Eddie had of been fifteen pounds bigger, Mike would have tore him to pieces; but roughneck as he was, he couldn't very well climb a runt like Eddie. Mike was almost two hundred pounds and all muscle; Eddie was wiry, but skinny. And he looked like a baby.





One afternoon in the clubhouse Mike towers over Eddie.

"I don't like you," he says.

Wrenn's face flushes. "I'm awfully sorry."

"Like hell you are."

"But I am—really. You see, I like you and I appreciate all the help you give me on the field."

Mike's face turns purple and he closes one big fist.

"If you wasn't all milk-and-water," he thunders, "I'd hang one on your jaw for that."

Eddie's voice is very quiet. "Don't get sore, Mike. I was serious."

"You was kidding, that's what you was doing. You're trying to make me look funny before all these guys just because you're little an' know I wouldn't paste you. Well, from now on you lay offa me if you don't want to get what's coming to you. I've stood all I'm gonna stand."

Eddie looks up at him with a hurt expression.

"You poor fool," says Lefty, and his voice ain't got no anger in it. Only contempt and maybe a little sorrow—"You have lost the only friend you ever had!"

"I wish you felt differently, Mike."

"Well, I don't. And I don't want another crack out of you, neither."

"Very well." Wrenn sat down quietly and started pulling on his shoes. And after he was all dressed I patted the kid on the shoulder.

"You see, Eddie," I says, "you can't make no silk purse out of no cow's ear."

He gives me that funny little friendly grin of his.

"You chaps don't understand Mike Martin."

"No? And I guess you do, eh?"

"Sure I do. The world has been against him so long that he's suspicious of anybody who wants to be his friend."

"Meaning you?"

"Yes, I still like him."

"Then," I says, "I wash my hands of

you, because, Eddie, if you can still like a bird like him—you ain't got the sense a smelt is born with."

Connie Peyton is watching all this and saying nothing. Sometimes when I look at that bird, I understand why he's called the shrewdest manager in baseball.

We all hate Mike Martin, just like we knew we would before he joined the club. But we can't make Mike look bad on the field without also hitting Eddie Wrenn below the belt. We're nuts about that kid, and we play better ball behind him than we know how. There ain't a guy on the club that wouldn't take a licking if it would do Eddie any good, but we finally get the idea that for some reason Eddie is really goofy about Mike and nothing we did to stir up trouble would make any hit with the boy.

So we play hands off and watch the season progress. We are winning ball games, too, and before you know it we are fighting for the lead, which is pretty good after the lousy start we made.

Eddie is learning fast. Two and a half months of playing every day with a major-league club is taking the green off him and he is developing like a streak into a finished ball player. He drinks up knowledge like a sponge, but most of all he hangs on every word Mike Martin says.

As for Mike, the big bird is playing a superb game. And he's always riding Eddie. He's getting personal, too; growling at him in a low voice when he's on the field, telling him he is a bum and all such as that . . . and never getting a comeback except "Thank you!"

Mike is wild. This is something he ain't never experienced before, and there are times when I catch him looking at Eddie with the funniest expression, like he was beginning to wonder whether the kid might not be sincere. But he would always decide against that and treat Eddie worse than ever, and we would start hating him all over again.

It was a funny team we had. I'll bet there wasn't a guy on that club big enough to stand up to Mike who hadn't had his block knocked off by the big second-sacker. Boy, how that bozo loved a scrap! And nothing pleased him better than for one of the boys to flash back at him when he'd start something ugly. I reckon there ain't never been a worse actor in baseball than Mike Martin, and Eddie's friendship seemed to make him more terrible than he ever had been. But, like I said, we was winning ball

games and so Connie, took plenty of credit for being a genius saying how he could handle this bird when all other managers had failed.

Something was bound to happen. Everybody on the

club knew it was certain, and about the only curiosity we had was how—and when. Mike was bad all the way through, and he had gone wild because he couldn't understand Eddie. He hated the fact that Eddie was smart and educated and all such as that: he felt that Eddie looked down on him, and he resented the fact that Eddie was so little that he couldn't take a poke at him. And there was all the makings of a great batch of trouble.

IT COME one day when we had just started a long home stay, and the fans was out in droves because it looked like we was headed for a slice of the World's Series dough. We was having a hard game because the other club had its eye on the ball and they was pounding it right on the nose, and only our sensational fielding was keeping the score even.

Mike Martin was in an ugly humor. He was riding everybody, and most especially Eddie Wrenn. Eddie was having a good day of it, too. He was digging 'em out of the dirt and spearing liners with one hand, but everything he did, Mike would growl at him.

Eddie took it all with a smile and whenever Mike called him, he would beam gratefully and say: "Yes, sir—Thank you, Mike." Mike was near wild, thinking that he was being scientifically kidded.

I told you before that Eddie was great at covering that bag on attempted steals. Brilliant, is what I call it. He seemed to know just where the runner was coming, and instead of blocking him off, he would sidestep and pin the ball on him. There haven't been many shortstops could work that fast, and, of course, it wasn't Mike's way at all. Mike would take the throw and simply block the path. He had the size to do it, too, but Eddie was such a little chap that he would of been knocked on his ear every time.

The club we was playing was lousy with left-hand hitters, and of course that pulled our infield around so that Mike was playing a deep second, much closer to first base than he would usually play. That pulled Eddie in closer to second and meant that most all the time he would take the throws from the plate when a runner set out to steal.

In the fifth inning one of their niftiest runners beats out a bunt and then starts to steal second on the next ball pitched. He is an old head and fast as a streak. Our catcher makes a perfect throw, low and to the left of the bag and Eddie comes diving in to take it. But this runner had been studying Eddie's method, and just as he gets close to the bag, he pretends like he is going to hook-slide away from Eddie.

Immediately Eddie leaps to cut him off with the ball, but the runner hooks the other way and reaches the bag safe. Eddie was outguessed, and of course it looked bad—almost as though he had been afraid of the runner and had ducked away from the spikes. Of course, everybody knew that there wasn't

hardly a player in the league which that particular runner couldn't cross up . . . but before we could say an encouraging word to Eddie, Mike Martin comes walking in. His face looks mean and he towers over Eddie like a mountain over an ant hill.

"Why you, dirty, yellow little runt—" he starts.

Eddie hangs his head. "He fooled me, Mike."

"Fooled you, nothin'. He scared mama's boy to death. You ain't got no guts, that's what's the matter with you. You'd curl up and die if somebody said boo."

"It was my fault," whispers Eddie.

"Yeh . . . and it'll keep on being your fault until you get some nerve in that sweet-sweet body of your'n. Yellow, and I always knew you were."

Eddie's face was flaming, and for the first time he said something to Mike which wasn't in total agreement.

"I'm sorry you think that, Mike. Because I'm not yellow—really. I'll show you."

There was something in the way he said that which should of warned me. But even if it had I don't know what I'd of done, because what happened came quick—almost before a guy could think.

Of course it hadn't been Eddie's fault. He had made a right play at second, and the runner had thought quicker than him. But just about that time the batter poled one to deep left for a clean single.

The batter in this case was Beef Tolliver, a big, husky guy who ran bases about like Mike Martin: slam! Right of way was his, and he always took it. Minute he poled out that hit, he started for first and the runner started home from second.

Our left-fielder handled the ball perfect and made a swell peg to the plate—though it was too late to catch the runner. Meanwhile, the coach had waved Beef down to second.

Eddie was covering the bag, waiting for the throw from the plate. And it was then that I got an idea of what was gonna happen.

EDDIE'S face was drawn and set, and he had anchored himself right across Beef Tolliver's path. It was a heroic thing to do, and a damfool thing . . . because Beef ain't no gentle lamb on the paths: more like a tank, what I mean.

Eddie never looked around, even when I yelled to him. There he stood, like a stone figure—a little, tiny stone figure—in the path of this big runner. Playing as Eddie usually did, he'd have stepped aside, taken the throw and pinned it on Beef easy.

But not this time. He took the throw, all right, just as Beef left the ground and dived straight for the bag, feet first.

Of course Beef was in the right. The path was his, and if Eddie was fool enough to block him off, then it was up to the kid to take the consequences.

And he did! There was a flash of spikes, and Eddie and Beef went down, all tangled up together. Beef had made it all right, and he got up and dusted himself off, but Eddie lay where he was . . . out cold.

The umpire called the game for a few minutes and we all ran out to the kid. I took a look at his legs and 'most got sick. Blood ain't pretty anyway, but when it's all mixed up with woolen stocking and dirt, then it's downright awful.

Beef, who is a good-hearted guy, was almost crying.

"I didn't mean to do nothin' like that," he says, shaking his head: "Honest I didn't."

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Lockhart and his Stutz special being pulled from the sea after it had somersaulted and shot into the water

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Making Records on the Sand

By William F. Sturm

MARCH in Florida. Overhead a pale blue sky, with masses of billowy white clouds drifting steadily westward.

A ten-mile stretch of ocean beach, from 200 to 400 feet wide, with a slope so gradual it cannot be detected with the eye.

On the ocean side the sand lapped by the limitless Atlantic; on the land side a succession of low-lying dunes, a foot to ten feet high.

Out to sea a company of pelicans, flapping their way slowly above the tops of the waves, ready to fold their wings and plunge downward after unwary surface fish, sporting now in fancied security.

Rising high above the dunes a tower-like structure of wood, its topmost floor, seventy feet above the beach level, peopled with a score or so of motion picture camera men, busy with their job.

Nearer the beach, a smaller tower of steel-work.

To the right and left of the two towers, grandstands filled with spectators.

To the north as far as the eye could see, the dunes are massed with people; to the south the scene is the same.

Rising from the shallow water of low tide is a tall pine pole, with a companion pole sunk in the soft sand higher up on the beach. From one pole to the other is a wire, thirty feet above the ground, and hung in the middle of the wire is a big red bullseye.

Extending across the beach out toward the water is a fifty-foot long steel wire, with one wooden block underneath it at the water end and another at the land end, to hold the wire a couple of inches off the sand. Two policemen guard the wire, preventing newspapermen and prominent citizens from getting their feet tangled in it.

At a small booth above the high-tide mark is a telephone, with several men clustered about it. A stairway leads from the booth to the stands above.

There is an air of suppressed excitement among the massed spectators and the officials,

who stand about, their armbands indicating their office.

The telephone bell in the little booth tinkles and an official raises the receiver from the hook. "He's ready, Ed," he says, as he turns to a man who is standing nearby. Then: "Clear the beach in front," he orders; and the policemen soon have the matter attended to. Another session with the telephone, and the words: "All clear along the line. Let him go," is spoken into the transmitter.

A man at the loudspeaker, far above the crowd, announces:

"Major Segrave and the Golden Arrow have left their position at the south end of the course and have started north!"

Thousands of eyes turn southward. Come

other announcements in rapid succession: "He has passed Post No. 9. . . . Passed No. 8. . . . He is coming fast!"

Necks continue to crane and eyes to peer southward, but the light haze that makes visibility poor at a couple of miles still balks them.

"He has passed No. 7. . . . No. 6!"

Comes a low hum as of bees. The hum increases in intensity. Far to the south is seen a moving object, more or less wrapped in haze, like a new world. Gradually it sheds its nebulosity and becomes a long, low, arrow-like shaft, moving at incredible speed.

THE low hum has become a heavy drumming, transmitting its vibration to the air. The eyes turned to watch its coming cannot focus themselves sufficiently fast. At one instant the moving object is little more than a pinhead in size. In the next it grows to fill the vision.

"Segrave is passing No. 5 and is in the measured mile!" the announcer calls, but for those at No. 5—the grandstands and the towers and the telephone booth—his voice is lost. There is a swish as of a great arrow, the sun glinting on its polished golden surface, the eye glimpses for the hundredth part of a second the long, low projectile. Then it is gone. Heads turn to follow its flight northward; eyes see it dwindle to a pinpoint, then fade into the haze.

The announcer takes up his story: "He is passing No. 4 and has finished the measured mile. . . . He's by No. 3. . . . No. 2. . . . No. 1. . . . He has stopped at the north end of the course."

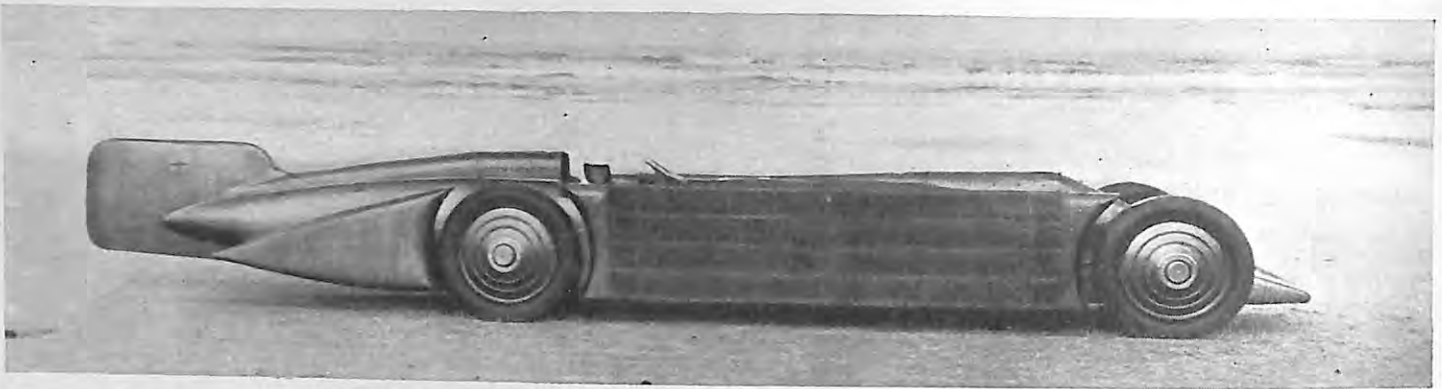
There is stillness for a moment; then the murmur of voices in the stands, to be interrupted by the announcement from the loudspeaker: "Time over the measured mile, fifteen and fifty-five one hundredths of a second. Average, two-three-one-point-five-one-one-two-five."

Hats go into the air; there is a roar of applause. The spectators have just glimpsed an automobile travel 231.51125 miles an hour—to give it the benefit of all the fractions.



H. H. LEHMAN

The late Sir Henry Segrave, world's speed-record holder on land and water



H. H. LE BENE

A few minutes later the announcement comes: "He is leaving the end of the course. . . . He's past No. 1. . . . No. 2. . . . No. 3. . . . No. 4 and is in the measured mile."

Once more the drone of a mighty engine, the eye-filling flash, the swish of a great projectile boring its way through the atmosphere, and then the vanishing of the Golden Arrow into the haze a mile or so south of the grandstands. And as the car moves on the announcer reports its progress by mile posts—5, 6, 7, 8—until it stops beyond Post No. 9.

Again an announcement: "Segrave, south-bound: Fifteen and forty-six one hundredth of a second; average speed, two-three-one-point-three-six-two-four-six!" Which, being interpreted is 231.36246 miles an hour. They love their extreme fractions, do these crack timers.

You have just listened, as the broadcaster would say, to Station WFS, giving you the story of the breaking of the world's land speed record on the sands of Daytona Beach, Florida, on March 11, 1929, by Major H. O. D. Segrave, of London, England. Which record still stands.

The Major, incidentally, raised the old record 23.8 miles an hour and was knighted for his achievements in the realm of speed when he returned to England.

For thousands of years sand has been the

The Segrave "Golden Arrow," showing details of its construction. It was this car that made 231.36 miles an hour in 1929

their true selves and seize the automobile in their loose grasp and suck it down out of sight.

All the above to the contrary, sand under the proper conditions makes the hardest, smoothest, fastest race course in the world. The sands of Daytona Beach have become the speed battleground of the universe, so far as automobile demonstrations are concerned. Speeds of 200 miles an hour are regarded now by Daytonians as tinkling cymbals and chaff which the wind bloweth away. To draw forth any rolling of eyes or gasps of astonishment in Daytona Beach to-day, one must amble along the sand course at speeds approaching 240 miles an hour.

Record-making has been going on at Daytona Beach and Ormond, immediately to the north, for a quarter of a century. It began in the days when the American millionaires made Ormond and Daytona their winter automobile playground. Away back in 1904 William K. Vanderbilt began the record-making which was to make Daytona Beach famed the world over for its speed. Driving a Mercedes, Vanderbilt sped over the smooth sands at the then terrific speed of 92.307 miles an hour, a mile in 39 seconds!

The following year Louis Ross, riding alone in his Stanley steamer, which looked like nothing so much as an armadillo, covered the mile in 38 seconds, an average of 94.73 miles an hour.

Not to be outdone, on the same day that Ross exceeded the old record, Arthur MacDonald, driving a Napier, flitted over the beach at 104.65 miles an hour, covering the distance in 34.4 seconds.

Then along came Frank Marriott, in a Stanley steamer, with frail-looking wire wheels. His record, made in January of 1906, was 127.66 miles an hour, a mile in 28½ seconds.

THAT same month Demogeot, in an eight-cylinder Darracq, drove two miles at an average speed of 122.4 miles an hour, his time for the two miles being 58.8 seconds. He is said to be the first man ever to drive a land vehicle two miles in less than a minute.

Barney Oldfield, old master of the racing game, came to the beach in March of 1910, and set a mile record of 131.724 miles an hour, a mile in 27.33 seconds. He drove his Lightning Benz, a four-cylinder car, whose pistons might almost have been used for water buckets.

Bob Burman, another famous racing driver of that time, brought his Blitzen Benz to the beach in April of 1911 and added ten miles to Oldfield's record, his time for the mile being 25.4 seconds, an average of 141.732 miles an hour.

The record business slowed down after that until Ralph De Palma, in his Packard 900 set it up to 149.875 miles an hour, when he sped over the measured mile in 24.02 seconds.

The crushed and broken Black Hawk Stutz special (below), in which Frank Lockhart lost his life



William K. Vanderbilt in his ninety horsepower Mercedes, lined up beside the Ross steamer for the mile trial, in which the former established his amateur record of thirty-nine seconds for the mile at Ormond in 1904

synonym for instability. One is cautioned in the Bible not to build one's house on the sand. Promises "written in the sand" generally are considered as promises not to be kept. When the motorist thinks of sand, he visions more or less treacherous going, with complete stoppage at times and perhaps the use of a roll of chicken wire or, in extremity, his coat or other personal effects placed under the rear wheels to induce forward movement. He remembers, too, tales of ocean-beach sands which look inviting, but which, once entered on, show



INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Then a young chap from St. Paul, Tommy Milton, one of the greatest racing drivers of his time, brought down to the beach the first car built along the lines which have since been followed, with a few exceptions. Tommy and his sixteen-cylinder Duesenberg breezed along the beach at dusk in April of 1920 to wipe out De Palma's record with a mile in 23.07 seconds, 156.064 miles an hour.

Again there was a long pause. Finally, in March of 1927 there came over from England Major H. O. D. Segrave, with the calm announcement that he would travel 200 miles an hour over the world-famous sands. Nobody believed him, among the non-believers being myself. I happened to be in Florida at the time and I dropped around to see this chap who thought he could go 200 miles an hour on wheels. I came to doubt, perhaps to scoff, but stayed to manage him; and we became great friends. Segrave did as he said he would, making a record of 203.79 miles an hour, a mile in 17.665 seconds. He was the first man ever to travel 200 miles an hour in a land vehicle.

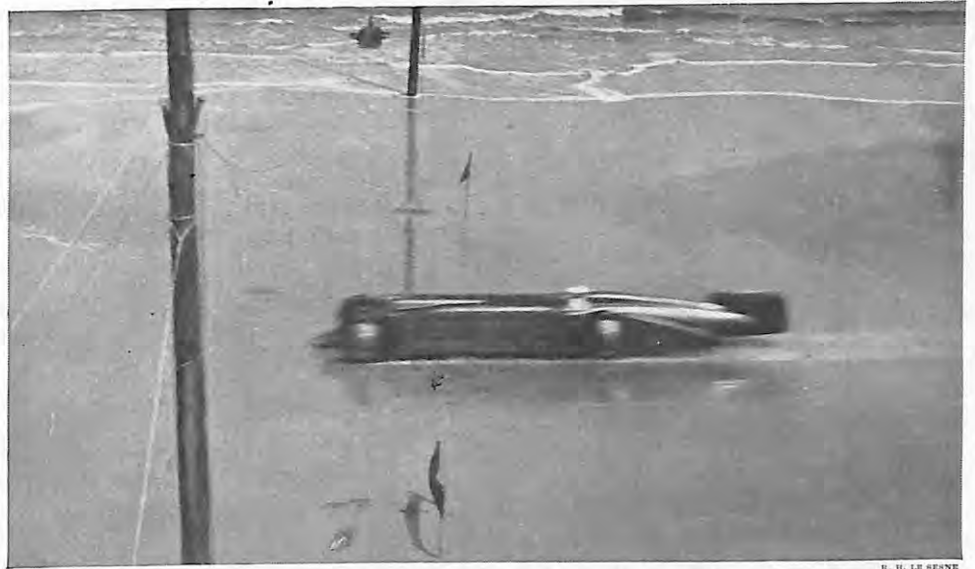
IN 1928 Frank Lockhart, young American racing driver; Ray Keech, a virtually unknown dirt-track racing driver living in Philadelphia, and Captain Malcolm Campbell, of London, England, all went to Florida in an effort to lift Segrave's speed crown.

Campbell, aboard his Blue Bird, was successful in raising Segrave's mark to 206.95 miles an hour, a mile in 17.305 seconds, on February 19. He took his record back to England, and the huzzahs had hardly died away when Keech, in the White Triplex, zoomed over the Campbell route in 17.345 seconds, a mile at 207.552 miles an hour.

Keech's record was made April 22, 1928. Three days later Frank Lockhart was killed trying to exceed Keech's mark, and when Lockhart died there passed on one of the greatest little gentlemen and certainly the greatest driver of his time.

The following year Segrave and his Golden Arrow raised the mark to 231.36 on March 11. Two days later, on the fateful 13th, Lee Bible, a garage owner of Daytona Beach, was killed when he attempted to drive Keech's White Triplex of the year before. He had just covered the official mile at 204 miles an hour when his car went out of control and he was instantly killed, as was a camera man in the path of the car.

There was only one attempt at the record in 1930—that of Kaye Don, of London. He came over in the spring of 1930 with the most powerful car ever built for



Segrave's "Golden Arrow" hitting the timing wire on its second run down the beach

record-making, the Sunbeam Silver Bullet. The record period was set for March 15 to March 30. Though Don stayed at Daytona Beach until April 12 he did not succeed in breaking Segrave's record. Not only that, but he failed to reach the 200-mile mark. When the car was pronounced fit, the beach was not, and when the beach was in shape Don's car was not quite ready. So he deferred his attempt and shipped his car back to England, with the firm resolve to come back the following year.

In all, there have been just five men to drive an automobile more than 200 miles an hour—Segrave, Campbell, Keech, Lockhart, and Bible. Of these five only one survives—Campbell. Lockhart was killed at Daytona Beach April 25, 1928; Bible at Daytona Beach March 13, 1929; Keech in a race on the Altoona, Pa., board speedway June 15, 1929, and Segrave while driving a speedboat on Lake Windermere, England, June 13, 1930. Segrave, incidentally was the greatest exponent of speed of the present era: the first man to drive a land vehicle 200 miles an hour, the first man to drive a boat 100 miles an hour, speed champion of both even in death.

The business of making records on Daytona Beach's sands is under the auspices of the city, with the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association sanctioning and supervising the records, so that they may be claimed as world marks. The city sets aside two weeks in the first three months of the year for record attempts, and after that two weeks' period is up, the beach is closed for such purposes until the following year. The beach is used for automobile driving the year round, but during the hours of the speed trials all other traffic is excluded from a section ten to twelve miles long.

The sands can be used for high-speed tests only at low tide so that attempts at the record are limited to short periods every twelve hours, usually for an hour before low tide and for an hour afterward. Since it is rare that two tides come when the light is good enough for really fast driving, there usually is only one tide period out of twenty-four hours

when the beach can be used. But the sand is capricious—it is not always ready for speed. The requirements for making the beach satisfactory are a hard wind from out the northeast, with the consequent

rough water for a day or two. The wind drives the tide high up on the sand at an angle of forty to fifty degrees to the right angle attack it makes normally. Rivulets and pools and potholes disappear over night; high spots are eaten away and their bulk goes to fill the low places. It is as if a great rolling pin were brought into play and it does its work as effectively in smoothing out the beach as mother's rolling pin does in smoothing out the pie dough in the kitchen.

Once the beach is ironed out, it may remain in good shape for a week or ten days, rarely longer. While it takes a wind out of the northeast to condition the beach, an east wind will not damage it any, nor will a wind from the northeast; but once it veers to the south, the beach begins to

(Continued on page 55)



Lee Bible driving the white Triplex in speed test at Daytona Beach just before his fatal accident



The Sunbeam motor car "Silver Bullet" starting a practice spin on the beach at Daytona. Although the most powerful car ever built for record making, it failed even to reach the 200 mile mark in its 1930 trial in Florida

Radio Rambles—Tune in!



Gladys Shaw Erskine

Known to radio audiences as "the girl with the golden voice" and as a member of the famous Kuku's, the conductor of this new department is also a writer, an actress, a sculptor and an all-round authority on radio personalities. She stands ready to answer any question about your favorite performers-on-the-air. See her offer at the right

THE New York Times says: "2-way television is tested—Persons at ends of lines see each other distinctly as they talk—Distance is no object to the new system, which is known as 'Radio Eyes.'"

It certainly is on the way—but, so far, you cannot tune in your Radio and see the performers, who bring the Radio entertainment into your very home, as you would see the actors on a stage.

And, even if that time had arrived, you would see them in all the makeup and panoply of the particular part which they were portraying—it takes more than the scientific development of Television to see, beneath the grease paint, the real woman—beneath the mummer, the man.

Whom do you want to hear about, and what do you want to know about them?

Write to me and ask.

Gladys Shaw Erskine.

Jolly Bill and Jane

Jolly Bill and Jane are a team of inseparables that get into harness at break of day as regularly as the sun rises. They are the Cream of Wheat program of the N. B. C. network, and are the best kiddies' hour on the air. Jolly Bill admits to two hobbies, sleeping and eating; and on one occasion, when his alarm clock failed to break through his intense concentration on the first of them, little Jane, with the aid of her colored maid, carried on.

Jolly Bill is a radio artist, a newspaper cartoonist, and one of the best people on earth. Although he weighs about 250 pounds, a little child can guide him



Margaret Anglin

This noted actress of the legitimate stage made her debut on the air in Radio's first Greek Drama, when she played the leading rôle in "Iphigenia in Aulis," over N. B. C. network, extending from coast to coast. Miss Anglin's broadcast marked the inauguration of a twenty-six weeks' series of educational broadcast sponsored by N. B. C. under the title of the Radio Guild



David Ross

*"Drifting sands and a caravan, the desert's endless space,
Lustrous eyes 'neath Eastern skies, and a woman's veiled face."*

The beauty and depth of the voice of David Ross, Columbia Broadcasting System announcer, who brings these words to you in the program "Arabesque," are true reflections of the owner's mind and personality.

Here he is as the old shopkeeper in Majestic's "Old Curiosity Shop" (C. B. S.). Jean Sothern plays his daughter. You can hear them every Sunday night, and they are worth listening to.

*A New Monthly Feature:
Bright Glimpses of the
Children of Fame Who
Are So Often Heard—
and Never Seen*



The Kuku's

The performers in this hilarious broadcast of joyous nonsense, heard over the N. B. C. network: reading from left to right, seated—Ivan Firth, who wandered into the cuckoo's nest from the British Broadcasting Corporation; Raymond Knight, the chief offender, alias Professor Weems, alias the Green Monster, alias Eddie McGurk; also the author, Eustace Wyatt, otherwise Fetlock Soames and Percival D. C. W. Pother; and the gentleman with the toothachy expression is Arthur Campbell.

Standing—Virginia Gardiner (Ambrosia Weems); and at the other extreme, Adelina Thomason, who has made Mrs. Pennyfeather famous. In the center, Gladys Shaw Erskine, alias Dolly Gray, alias Miss Eugenia Skidmore, Station KUKU's own poetess.



Graham McNamee

The old maxim says that silence is golden, but Graham McNamee has disproved it; it is speech that has been golden to him.

Perhaps thousands of his admirers do not know it, but as a singer McNamee is in as great demand as he is as an announcer. When he became associated with N. B. C. as a talking reporter, it was understood that his work there was not to interfere with his concert engagements. These in the past season alone have exceeded one hundred and twenty.



Dorothy West

One of the most charming and versatile actresses of the National Broadcasting Company, Miss West, hails from Huntsville, Alabama.

She played in pictures with Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, and immediately after the World War went to Europe to play leads in a stock company organized for the benefit of the American Army of Occupation. She has devoted the last two years to radio, and is heard on the Radio Guild and other N. B. C. programs.

Phil Cook

He doesn't look double-faced, does he? Yet he's more than that; he's seven-faced. Who else can he be but Phil Cook, the one man show? He plays all the parts himself, writes the shows, composes his own songs, sings them, and furnishes his own music (such as it is).

He's the Big Quaker Man from Cracklesville, and he knows his oats. He's the highest paid regular artist on the air, but that seems only fair, as he has to collect for all those other personalities of his. He's a brother of Joe Cook, one of Broadway's favorite laugh-getters. Joe can afford to go on the road, but it would cost Phil a lot to carry his troupe if the railroads charged for every person in the cast. He might get away with half-fare for the half-wit boy, but if they took a good look at Phil, he'd pay full fare.





"Don't try to buy it," she drawled

The Two Matildas

Another Adventure of Quintus Lunt, Gentleman Adjuster

By Walton Green

Illustrated by Henry B. Davis

THE whole episode, as I look back on it, was rather trivial. But at the moment it had the makings of a pretty little international scandal; and if it had not been for Quintus Lunt's unscrupulous intervention, it would, if nothing more, have blown one estimable lady clear off the social map where she had so recently ensconced herself.

"The love of two washerwomen for jewels," was the way Quintus summed it up Sunday evening. But I am getting ahead of my story. I must go back twenty-four hours.

We were week-ending with the McClungs on the North Shore. They had staged a small impromptu dance around a rather large house party which included the Pinney Salters, the Fustian-Joneses, and a few more of the old names that follow new money. Also the sprightly Barbara Boyden and her still more sprightly mother—of, but rather above this particular crowd, I should have said.

But the crowd didn't care, for the McClungs had the money and the crowd had the champagne. And Tilly McClung didn't care, for she had achieved The Sprig and the pinnacle, and hereafter none could say her socially nay.

Quintus and I sat on the parapet of the terrace. My wife was dancing. I could not dance, and Quintus would not. We smoked. Beyond the terrace the lawns fell away to the water's edge, and the riding lights of the yachts in the harbor pierced clean and bright through the dry night. From where we sat the castellated pretentiousness of the big house seemed gratefully removed and softened, but the raucous

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blare and tom-tom beat of moron music surged out to us through the great, open French windows.

From the harbor, a chorus of ships' bells began to strike midnight. The clean, peremptory sounds of the sea made a disdainful contrast to the cheap and tawdry music of the rich men who paid the sailors. I looked at Quintus.

"Yes, Tony, I know." I could see his dim smile in the half light. "You would rather be out there than here. Funny world, isn't it? Have you ever reflected on how much higher grade a servant often is than the master who hires him? Consider a sober butler who serves a dissolute master; or, if you like, just notice the look of cynical contempt on the face of the leader of that jazz orchestra!"

"Oh, pooh," I answered impatiently. "The butler gets drunk in the pantry afterwards, and the orchestra leader dances in some cabaret on his off-nights."

"Perhaps you're right," he said slowly. "I suppose we, all of us, all the way down the line, hire other people to gratify our lower senses. Still and all, Tony, you do admit it's a funny world don't you?" he asked whimsically.

"Surely," I murmured absent-mindedly. A dance had ended and I was watching the people who were streaming out to the terrace.

"Look at those two women." He indicated our hostess, small, blond, buxom, Tilly McClung. Beside her, framed and lighted in the bright doorway, stood Matty

Shaw, tall and gaunt, with a brooding misanthropy written all over her harsh, dark face.

"Ten years ago," he continued, "back in Oklahoma, those two middle-aged women were bosom friends. But now poor old Matty Shaw is wildly jealous of Tilly McClung—hates her because Tilly has arrived with both good-natured feet."

"But she's even richer than Mrs. McClung."

"Yes—but an outsider, even with this useless crowd. But Tilly is good-natured, and always asks them just for old time's sake."

"They made it all in California, didn't they? I asked."

"No—Oklahoma. My father told me the story. Spectacular, even for America. The McClungs and the Shaws lived side by side in Oiltown. Terrence McClung drove a taxi cab, and Tilly took in washing. Martin Shaw was a telephone lineman, and Matty took in washing. Back yard intimates, the women were. Both named Matilda—used to call 'em The Two Matildas."

"HOW did a lineman and a cab driver get into oil?" I asked.

"By staying out of it," laughed Quintus. "Neither of them had enough imagination and initiative to rush to the fields when the boom came. Stuck in town and traded in leases. And as they both had slow, dull prehensile minds, there was nothing to prevent their accumulating great fortunes. And now look at them."

"Some speed, even for oil fortunes," I commented.

"Yes." Quintus's long, thin lip lifted

January, 1931

slightly. "It used to be three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves; nowadays it's three years from Tulsa to Tuxedo."

I gazed at the two women in the doorway. The vivacious Mrs. McClung in the center of a boisterous crowd; the other woman aloof and fiercely uncomfortable. Very unlike they looked, except in one thing, for both were blazingly loaded with jewelry.

"Lit up like a diamond jubilee aren't they?" spoke Quintus. "The fair Tilly is really an awfully good sort but she hasn't learned it all yet. Weak streak in her somewhere. Louis Repplier tells me those two women come into his store and try to buy all the diamonds in the world—'gemaniacs', he calls 'em—like the people that always carry loose stones around in their pockets."

He broke off suddenly and got down from the parapet.

"HERE comes The Sprig with his usual crowd of hangers-on. Nice kid, but wholly lacking in social sense," Quintus chuckled. "How he does enjoy an evening off with a congenially cheap crowd. Staying in the house, isn't he?"

"Yes," I answered, "but very, very sub-rosa." To my surprise I saw that Herbert Mason was with them. I knew he was staying with the Shaws, but had not looked for him to climb quite so high.

"There's your clever financier friend," I whispered to Quintus. "After to-night I suppose we'll have to take him into the Colstream Club, eh?"

"Well," said Quintus softly, "we might do worse. And The Sprig is certainly being choosy to-night. Herbert Mason is a dozen cuts above his usual gang of indigent intimates."

He broke off and frowned. I followed his glance and suspected that it was because at that moment we both noticed that Barbara Boyden was also in the party.

"Let's get out of the way," said Quintus shortly.

But it was too late. We were in the centre of the laughing, chaffing group. I tried to get at Miss Boyden. Ordinarily I'm rather afraid of her audacity and loveliness, but in the midst of this post-modern babble of indiscretions she seemed a friendly anchor to windward. But I did not succeed. Herbert Mason was monopolizing her, and the next moment I found myself talking to the Hon. Tourmaline Travers—Lady Tommy, they all called her.

She was great fun, and very beautiful to look at. I don't know how she was dressed, but I do know that there rose and fell on her very white breast a large and beautifully brilliant pale-blue stone. I finally dragged my eyes away from the gorgeous thing, fearing lest she misinterpret both the direction and the ardor of my gaze.

The Hon. Tommy was evidently not unaccustomed to exciting comment.

"You may stare all you want so long as you don't try to buy it," she drawled disconcertingly.

"Buy it!" I exclaimed.

"Well, that's what one of your enterprising countrywomen tried to do to-night," she finished with a touch of insolence.

"Must be beastly," I agreed. "But it comes of playing round with the—er—kind of people over here who only know the kind of people over there who want to sell everything from family portraits to shares in bootleg syndicates."

I should have been ashamed of myself. But I am heartily sick of the post-war European attitude of begging with one hand and sneering with the other, so to speak.

Lady Tommy regarded me blankly. Then she broke into a throaty but melodious laugh.

"My word, but you're refreshingly rude for an American. Let's go in and dance."

"No," I answered, feeling my oats, "but I'll take you in and give you a drink and tell you a few things you ought to know about the States."

The music had begun, and we turned towards the house with the crowd. I looked around for Quintus. He and Barbara Boyden were sitting on the parapet. Quintus seemed to be lecturing. His long ivory holder bore a lighted cigarette at the far end; he gestured with it, the fiery tip lending emphasis to the sweep of his arm. Between Quintus and Barbara, rather crowded up, but manfully trying to swing his legs in unconcern at the quarrel going on across him, sat The Sprig. He looked half-awed and wholly amused.

"Who's the long brown devil sitting on the wall?" asked the Hon. Tommy lazily.

"That," I said, "is one Quintus Lunt—and you've got him just about right. Come along now," I added with my new-found truculence, "or your gang will have finished up all the champagne."

We sat and smoked and drank and watched the dancing for a long time. She was really charming and simple when once she got over the shyness which made her too aggressive. But after a time she went off dancing, and I wandered drearly about looking for my wife. I was tired, and I couldn't enjoy what these feverish pleasure-hunters seemed to enjoy. Many forms of human pleasure and most forms of human vice I can understand and take part in. The more robust forms of indulgence possess a dignity of thoroughness which is its own best excuse. But in the superficial inanities of the modern dance, there is neither the cold virtue of abstinence nor the frank surrender of wantonness. I can tolerate badness, but not insipidity.

FINALLY I found my wife, and made her come to bed. It was after two, and I had promised Quintus to help him try out a couple of new ponies before breakfast.

In the morning we went over to Yost's practice field and knocked balls around for an hour. We got back for a late breakfast.

As we came up the drive, Herbert Mason was sitting on the steps. He rose to greet us, immaculate, debonnaire and with a real male beauty, despite the refinement of his features. But in his manner, as always, just that faintest shade too much of courtliness that betrayed his Semitic origin. A courtliness which may be unimpeccable to-

wards women, should be roughened up when dealing with men.

Herbert Mason always makes me bristle inside and close up like an oyster. He makes Quintus bristle too, but I've yet to find the man or woman who can make Quintus shut up. It's always interesting to watch those two—deadly enemies as enemies go in these anæmic days—but understanding and respecting one another as very few friends ever do.

"Morning, Dizzy," called Quintus as we approached. Since their last encounter he always calls Mason "Disraeli" or "Beaconsfield." Most people think it tactful to ignore the fact of an acquaintance's shrewdness. But Quintus, for all his directness and brutality, has a sort of super-tact and true spiritual tolerance which enables him to joke with one man about his habits and with another about his sharper practices—not merely without offense, but with profession of understanding that is the essence of inward courtesy. I've often seen him disarm hostility by this expedient.

"Morning, Robin Hood," smiled Mason. "You gentlemen can be searched before or after breakfast, as you like."

"How come?" asked Quintus, falling in with his ironic tone.

BIG jewel robbery in the night. All the ladies have lost all their baubles. The village police are here, and they've sent to town for detectives. Looks like an inside job, so far. No signs of a break and anyway, the secret service crowd that tags around after your young visitor, has kept the grounds so covered that a flea couldn't have got in or out.

"Whew!" I remarked. "I hope my wife didn't lose her cameo brooch."

"Well, to be specific," said Mason kindly, "I understand only Lady Tourmaline and Mrs. McClung have suffered. They made a clean sweep of Lady Tommy's room—all her rings and pins—and her famous blue diamond. Everything of Mrs. McClung's gone too; and you may remember from last night that she had quite an assortment." He smiled dryly.

"Ummh," said Quintus meditatively. "This may be very awkward; don't want to get Washington mixed up with it, you know."

"On account of the blue diamond, you mean? Yes—that's all right for the moment. Lady Tommy's been very sporting about it. Papers haven't it yet, and I don't believe they will."

"Who has been in and out since the robbery?" asked Quintus.

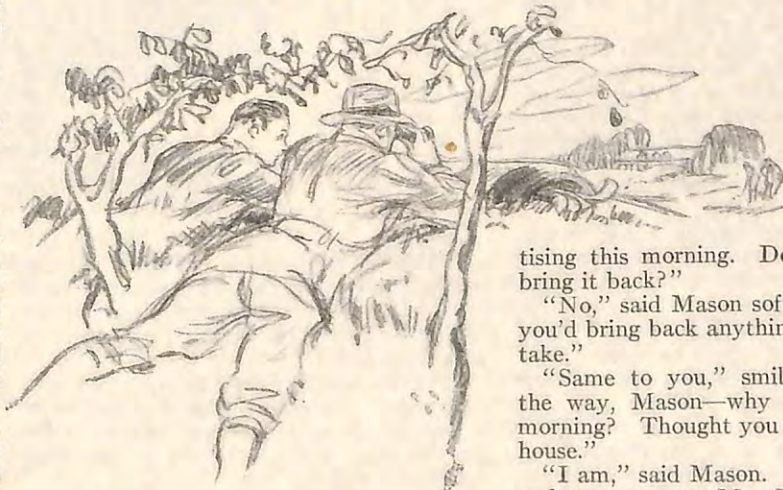
"Well—no one knows what time it occurred. But you and Armitidge are the only ones who've left the house since the theft was discovered."

"If they want to search me," said Quintus irritably, "I shall tell them the loot is buried under the polo field where I was practising this morning. Do you suppose I'd bring it back?"

"No," said Mason softly, "I don't think you'd bring back anything you'd decided to take."

"Same to you," smiled Quintus. "By the way, Mason—why are you here this morning? Thought you were at the Shaws' house."

"I am," said Mason. "I just came over an hour ago, to get Mrs. Shaw. She stopped



here last night, after all. Didn't feel well toward the end of the dance, and got Mrs. McClung to put her up."

"Didn't she lose anything?" I asked.

"Not a thing. Queer, too, because she had a room right between Lady Tourmaline's suite and Mrs. McClung's."

"You don't—" I began.

"I don't anything," said Mason sharply, "let's go in. You must want breakfast."

We went in. The house was in a sort of suppressed uproar. Most of the women were still in their rooms. But here and there couples were whispering and nervous groups were talking and laughing. Quinny and I ate large breakfasts and went on to the piazza. The Hon. Tommy—chair tilted back and feet on the rail, was reading a magazine and smoking a cigarette, apparently the least concerned person in the house. I took Quintus by the arm and walked over to her.

"Will you answer me a question?" I asked firmly.

SHE looked up languidly and flicked a disdainful cigarette ash toward me.

"I will not. No one ever wanted to buy my blue diamond—and if they did, I've quite forgotten who it was. Give me a match, please."

Quintus chuckled joyously.

"Lady Tommy, you are a good woman." She made a grimace.

"Anyway," he corrected himself, "you are one damn fine sportsman, and I love you dearly. Come away, Tony. I have an idea."

"So have I," I exclaimed. "I've an idea I don't like this dime-novel atmosphere. I'm going to play golf—if I don't get arrested leaving the house," I finished sourly.

Quintus stopped short and considered. Then he nodded in apparent agreement with some idea of his own.

"Not so bad, either. Sometimes, Tony, you have that true genius which is the knack of doing the absolutely right thing for absolutely wrong reasons. I'll join you at the first tee in twenty minutes."

I waited for him ten minutes at the tee back of the house. McClung has a fairish little nine-hole course that makes up in picturesqueness and difficulty what it lacks in length. There were no caddies; the police, I suppose, had kept everyone off the estate for the day, and the course was deserted.

Quintus appeared, carrying a large bag of borrowed clubs. His after-breakfast elation had vanished, and he teed his ball with a serious and concentrated amateurishness which it gave me pleasure to watch. I am a rotten golfer, but Quintus is worse. I like to play with him because it's the only thing he does superlatively badly.

The fairway to the first green lies in sight of the house. We dubbed along, Quintus in and out of every trap. We walked through scrub oak to the second tee. I was about to shoot, but Quintus replaced his driver in the bag and motioned me to follow him. I did so, my feelings a mixture of irritation and curiosity.

For ten minutes he zigzagged and twisted through woods and underbrush, stopping and looking about now and then as though he were trailing big game. Finally we took a sharp rise, and through the trees I could hear the swishing of waves on some beach. We were on a wooded hilltop. On our left lay Long Island Sound. On our right, not more than a quarter of a mile below us, lay the great McClung house, its terraces and gardens and golf-course panoramic and distinct in the morning sun. We had doubled

back on our own course. Some figures walking about the grounds were as visible as football players from the top of a stadium.

"Not a bad observation post, eh?" said Quintus, crawling to the edge of the cover. "Comes from being an artillery officer in the late lamented war."

"Have we come up here to bury the loot?" I inquired disgustedly, throwing down my heavy golf bag. Quintus fished in his own bag and pulled out a pair of German glasses. He lay on his stomach and rested the binoculars on a log.

"No, but we can watch anyone else that tries to," he murmured in a preoccupied tone. "Damn fine twelve-power glass—but too strong to use without a support. I got 'em off a dead"—he broke off into a tense monotone—"Now what the deuce are they doing out there?"

"Who?" I asked. "Where?"

"The two Matildas—playing golf. They've just driven from the seventh tee. Both got good balls," he paused. "Wow!—but the woman took a yard of turf with her second; conscientious golfer, though, I must say. She's walking way back to replace the divot—tamping it down with extraordinary care. Hummh!—now I wonder—" his voice trailed off, and he swung the glass to another point.

"Which woman?" I asked idly, "and what do you wonder?"

"Why—" he started to answer, and then: "By Jove, Tony, the plot thickens, and just about the way I thought it would. Me-thinks I see the classic figure of Herbert Mason somewhat undignifiedly skulking about the golf course. Want to look?"

"No more undignified than lying on your belly spying on women through a telescope," I said morosely.

"Observing—not spying," he remarked blandly. "What I do is observing, what the enemy does is spying. German Spies, American Intelligence officers; all the difference in the world, dear fellow."

"Sorry to interrupt your game," said McClung sharply, "but I want a word with Mr. Mason." "Go as far as you like," replied Mason, with an angry gleam

"Piffle," I said testily, "I'm sorry you couldn't keep out of this. I don't mind your usual wholesale criminal stuff, but I don't like to see you playing detective, especially on a woman."

"Perhaps you're right," he answered with unexpected mildness. "But I'm not after a woman, though you seem to take it for granted that one of them has been fool enough to pull the job."

"Isn't it obvious?" I argued. "Mrs.

Shaw jewel-mad, always trying to outdo Mrs. McClung, but always a lap behind. Trying to buy that diamond from Lady Tommy yesterday. Staying in the house last night on some flimsy pretext—and her own jewelry untouched."

"Perhaps," he repeated slowly. "But to me it would be more obvious that it was Tilly McClung, who stole her own stuff to divert suspicion. No one in his right senses would take that diamond, anyway. He couldn't wear it, or sell it—he could only gloat over it in private. Why, that lovely blue stone is only less famous than



the Hope diamond that it's part of; you knew that, didn't you? No? And I thought you were so chummy with the Hon. Tommy last night."

"I did not discuss her personal affairs," I replied stiffly.

"No, you wouldn't," he retorted. "Anyway," he went on, "the history of Lady Tommy's stone is rather interesting. It weighs 7 $\frac{3}{8}$ carats, and is undoubtedly part

of the 67½ carat gem which Tavernier brought from India and which was stolen from the French Crown jewels in the time of the Regent, and subsequently cut up. The biggest section is the celebrated Hope, which weighs 44 carats. Two other small portions have been located. But it was only recently that this beautiful 7-carat stone was recovered."

"But how do they know these and the Hope came from the same mother stone?"

"Unique color. Only four diamonds have existed in the world's history with that peculiarly dazzling shade of blue."

"By Jove," I exclaimed. "I begin to understand."



"I knew you would," he said kindly. "And perhaps you'll also understand when I say that I'm not after any woman who may have stolen that stone in a moment of mad atavism, but that I'm watching a man who knows a lot more about it than we do."

"Mason, of course," I said. "But where does he fit in?"

"Honestly, I don't know. When we first saw him, this morning, I only had a hunch. But when I went to borrow some golf clubs, I saw him talking earnestly with Matty

Shaw's husband, and then I noticed him watching Tilly McClung like a cat."

"So are you," I commented. "Ye-es. But Mason is different. He's too finished a crook to butt in on a dangerous situation except for crooked reasons. He's not playing detective for fun, or for any good motive; and he's not following those women out on the golf course because he thinks they're pretty. I may be wrong, Tony, but I've made up my mind that if Herbert Mason is watching any one, it'll pay to watch Herbert Mason."

"Oh, very well," I answered. "Have it your own way. But I think it's a mare's nest, this time."

Quintus took the glasses again and swept the fields.

"Mason is walking back to the house, and the women have gone on ahead. Let's start at the seventh and finish our round."

We worked our way down the hillside, keeping well under cover, and presently came out behind the seventh tee, which Quintus had been so assiduously watching. I drove a long ball, but was in the rough, and went on ahead to look for it; Quintus topped along in the rear and seemed to have trouble with divots at the same place where one of the women had. We met later on the green, as even duffers finally do; but Quintus would not even hole out, had

changed his mind again, and was all for hurrying back to luncheon. He's a queer beggar—no use arguing with his moods.

At luncheon he was gloomy and vivacious by turn. He singled out Barbara Boyden and slipped into the seat beside her, chiefly, I thought, because a good-looking horse-faced Guardsman had been making for the same objective. For two minutes he maintained a flow of whispered comment that kept Mistress Barbara in a gale of laughter. Then, having dog-in-the-mangered the Guardsman out of his goal, he turned his back on the girl and ate in gloomy silence.

He was laboring under suppressed excitement—I knew the symptoms too well.

No sooner was the meal over than Quintus jumped up, walked coolly over to The Sprig and drew him aside. For sheer cheek Quintus's equal does not live. I remember a Boston girl once saying that he had customs but no manners.

The whole company observed the episode out of the tails of shocked and delighted eyes. Quintus and his victim walked out on the terrace, engaged in earnest conversation—at least, Quintus did. The Sprig was observed to frown, to look perplexed, to nod, to smile and, finally, to laugh loud and long; when last seen they were walking arm-in-arm in the garden.

Half an hour later Quinny returned and sought me out on the east porch, where I had settled myself to read.

"His nibs has been good enough," he stated drily, "to ask me to make up a men's foursome for five o'clock. Would you care to play?"

"Minnie wants me to take her sailing," I said resignedly, "but I suppose an invitation from—"

"—from Quintus Lunt," he cut in, "is a command, especially," he continued ingratiatingly, "when your old friend Quinny tells you there's a real reason this time. Make my apologies to your wife, and come along, there's a good chap."

"Why, of course, my son, if you put it that way."

"Thanks, Tony. And one thing more. I'm going to be busy between now and five." He lowered his voice and looked around. "Get hold of Mason, ask him to play with us—he'll fall all over himself at the chance—and then stick to him like a leech. I want him out of my way for two hours. See you later." He was gone.

Happy at the chance to get on the stage in even a minor role instead of merely playing the claqueur to Quintus's theatrics, I found Minnie and told her the sailing party was off. Then I went in search of Mason.

But he was nowhere to be found. I searched the entire house. I went to the stables and garages and I walked all over the grounds. I wasted over an hour in my frantic search before I thought of telephoning to the Shaws' place on the chance that he had gone back.

HE WAS there. When I asked him to play golf, he hesitated, curiously enough, but finally said he would meet us at five. I heaved a sigh of relief. He was out of harm's way, now, but there was still an hour of his afternoon for which I could not account to Quintus.

I went up to our rooms to change into golf gear, and ran full tilt into Lady Tommy on the stairs.

"Hello, queer man," she drawled, "you'll be glad to hear the jewels are found."

"Where?—How?—When?—" I shouted.

"Nobody knows. They turned up in my room and Mrs. McClung's as mysteriously as they disappeared."

"Well, I'm damned," I exclaimed, trying to catch up mentally. "Now I wonder if Quintus—"

"If Quintus what?" she prompted.

"Oh, nothing—nothing. Only you must be happy to get back your wonderful diamond."

"Ummh," she acquiesced ironically, "only I didn't. That pretty little thing's still missing." She continued on down the stairs, an enigmatic smile on her lovely cold face.

I almost ran to my room. Minnie was
(Continued on page 57)



VANDAMM

"Oh Promise Me," by Howard Lindsay and Bertrand Robinson, is a broad and diverting farce about the breach of promise racket, which takes some telling side-pokes at the tabloids and courts of justice. It is played with speed and spirit by the principals pictured above: Lee Tracy as the ambitious, blackmailing young lawyer; Donald Meek, ex-drummer in a band; Jeanne Greene, a victim of the defendant; Eleanore Bedford, the plaintiff in the case and in love with Tracy; and Mary Philips, an acid and wise-cracking divorcee. The actual court room trial of Mr. Tracy's trumped-up case is often hilarious, with Edward H. Robins excellent as the elderly, vegetarian philanderer

Below, Helen Gahagan and Melvyn Douglas in "Tonight or Never," a continental play translated by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. A lovely prima donna is on the verge of missing a glorious career and of contracting a dull diplomatic marriage because her voice lacks the warmth and passion that comes only from a knowledge of love and suffering. At the psychological moment Mr. Douglas stages an amusing and dramatic rescue of the lady's love life and career. Miss Gahagan adds an extremely fine voice to her good acting



VANDAMM

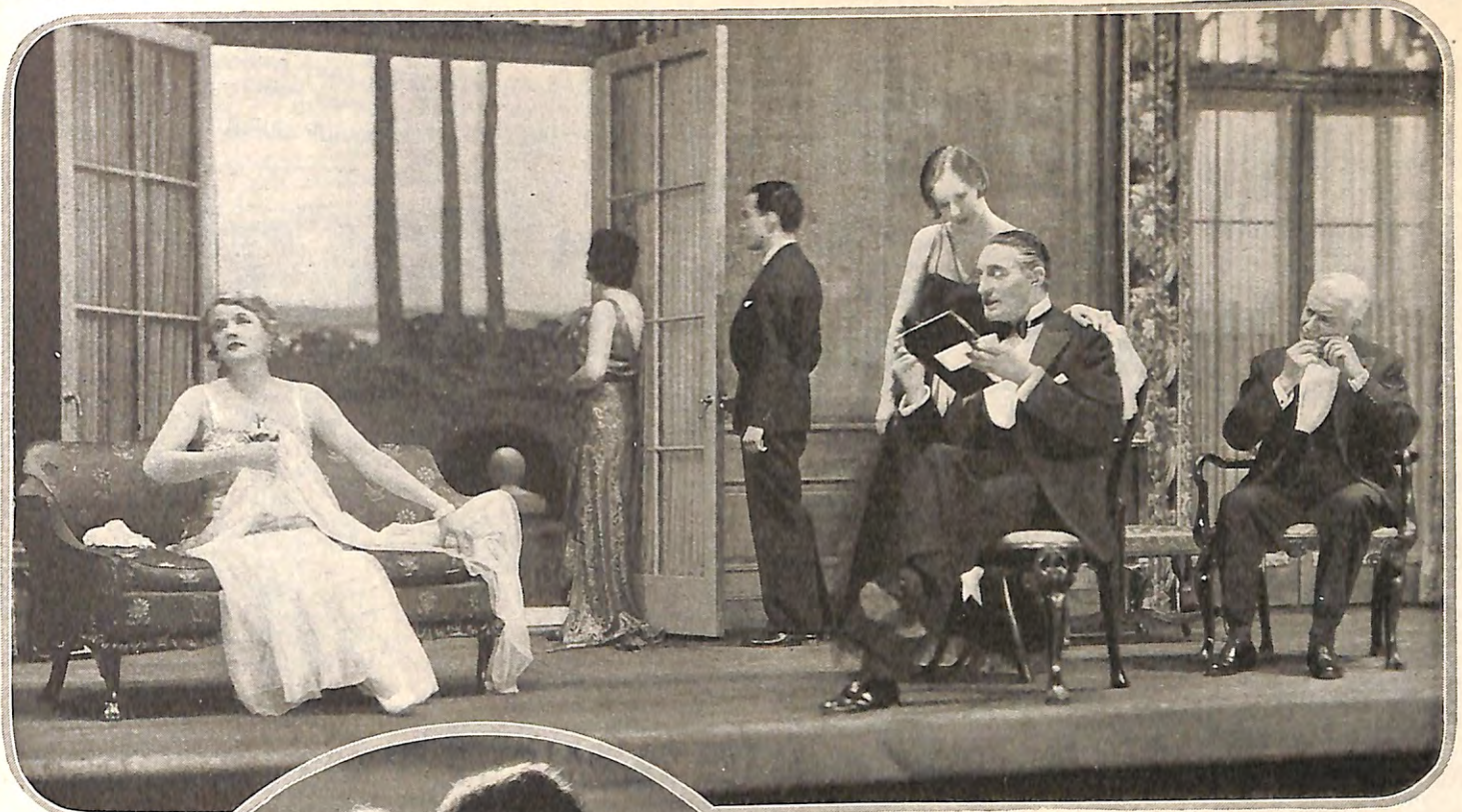


There has been a perennial allure about the story of "Kismet" since the original production of Edward Knoblock's play many seasons ago. Otis Skinner (above) acted the beggar in this story of Oriental passions and intrigue in a silent picture several years ago and recently has re-enacted the rôle in a talking version in which Loretta Young (also above) appears as his lovely daughter, who won the Caliph's love

From Elizabeth Madox Roberts' thrilling novel of the colonization of Kentucky, has been made a stirring and eventful picture, entitled, like the book, "The Great Meadow." Eleanor Boardman and John Mack Brown (right) play the heroic young pioneer wife and the brave husband who, because of vengeance for his mother, endured three years' captivity among the Indians



CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL



VANDAMM

Above, the second act scene of "The Vinegar Tree," a new comedy by Paul Osborn. Mary Boland, on the sofa, is at her funniest as the affectedly cultured and unaffectedly dumb country hostess who yearns to rekindle the embers of a youthful indiscretion with one of her week-end guests. The good performances of the others in the group—Katherine Wilson, Allen Vincent, Helen Brooks, Warren William and H. Reeves-Smith—together with the bright dialogue, keeps the laughter rippling from the rise of the curtain to the surprise twist at the end



"New Moon," an outstanding success on Broadway a year ago, has been made into a spirited and exciting talking picture with Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett (circle) giving their magnificent voices to the rôles of the haughty princess and the brave young lieutenant who wins her love. The tuneful and already popular music is by Sigmund Romberg, and Cyril Hume has written the dialogue

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien

"Grand Hotel," a translation from the German of Vicki Baum, is a foreign importation that scores unqualified interest and excitement. The thirty-six hours of the play's action present a vivid impression of the feverish activity of life in a great Berlin hotel, during which the separate stories of half a dozen of its guests are adroitly woven into a unified and absorbing drama. At the right we have Henry Hull as a recreant young baron, who comes to rob and stays to love the great Russian dancer, magnificently portrayed by Eugenie Leontovich. Other outstanding performances are given by Sam Jaffe, Hortense Alden and Siegfried Rumann



VANDAMM

A stern-faced stranger stepped to the counter, and picked up a baseball. Twelve times he threw



Unsuppressing Our Desires

By Milton Wright

Drawings by Herb Roth

A MAN with a small amount of money but with a large understanding of human nature once decided to go into business at Coney Island. He set up a small booth with a counter in front and a row of shelves at the rear. On the counter he spread a dozen baseballs and on each shelf he set a row of cheap dishes. Next he hung out a huge sign reading:

If you can't break up your own home break up ours

So that there might be no mistake about it, he added another sign:

NO PRIZES GIVEN
See how much damage you can do.

He then raised his voice in a general invitation to the passing public to take three shots at the dishes for a quarter. Before he had time to repeat his announcement a stern-faced stranger stepped up to the counter, laid down a dollar bill and picked up a baseball. Twelve times he threw, and every shot told. As he turned away from the wreckage his face no longer was stern; about his countenance was an air of peace, as though some great burden had been lifted from his soul.

The man in the booth, with one swing of a brush, swept the fragments to the floor and replaced them in a twinkling with new dishes. As he set the balls back on the counter, a quarter was slapped down and an eager hand reached for a ball to throw. This time there was a smile on the face of the thrower as he began, but as he threw, his brows creased and his jaws tightened. He, too, threw twelve times, laying down a quarter for each three shots he took. When he turned away there was a savage gleam in his eye—much the same expression a man wears when he has succeeded in squashing the mosquito that has been stinging him.

A crowd had gathered, and the stand owner worked with feverish activity to keep them supplied with balls to throw and dishes to break. All afternoon and far into the evening he slaved at breakneck speed until both his strength and his dishes were gone.

With but a single drawback his venture

was a tremendous success; he had not been able to set up the new unbroken crockery fast enough. This, however, was something that easily could be remedied. The next day he set his shelves on both sides of a revolving panel, and hired two energetic, fast-working young men to stay behind it. While the customers broke the dishes on the front side, the youths were setting up new ones on the back to swing around for the next set of customers. A larger consignment of dishes arrived, and the following day a still larger one. By the end of the season that stand proprietor had made enough money from that one small booth to retire.

Now the reasons for that man's success lay in the fact that, knowingly or unknowingly, he based his business upon four of six main factors in human nature which characterize most of us normal human beings when we are out to enjoy ourselves. These six factors are:

destruction
imagination
participation
irresponsibility
imitation
anticipation

CONSIDER for a moment the motives which led people to pay twenty-five cents merely for the privilege of throwing three baseballs at some unoffending crockery. The very first customer was a man who presumably had a grouch, but, being a gentleman, he had been obliged to keep it bottled up. Here was an outlet for his feelings. He felt like doing damage to somebody or something—like breaking something—and here was the very thing he could break with impunity and propriety.

How many people are there who feel like that? Certainly there were enough of them that summer to help make the dish-breaking booth pay a tremendous profit. The second man was just naturally destructive—and veteran showmen tell us that the big majority of us are that way—and there was a thrill in the very prospect of spreading wreck and ruin.

Each man, furthermore, was not merely throwing strange balls at strange dishes. He was using his imagination; while actually he was breaking up a stranger's dishes, mentally he was firing at something belonging to his mother-in-law or his wife or the boss who refused to give him a raise or the owner of the dog who dug a deep hole in his garden and ruined the petunias he had planted so carefully. Most people are that way, although rarely will you find one of us frank enough to admit it.

And notice that the man himself must do the damage. There would have been no thrill at all in seeing somebody else break dishes. The man had to do it in person. We cannot be content with being passive spectators; for the fullest enjoyment we must take a hand ourselves.

Think, too, of the delightful sense of irresponsibility in unrestrained dish-breaking. All our lives most of us must tread carefully; rarely can we let ourselves go with an utter disregard of consequences. Here, however, the damage is paid for. Throw as hard as we want. Let 'er rip. Whoopee! Who wouldn't pay for a privilege like that?

Thus in this one amusement were embodied

destruction, imagination, participation and irresponsibility. The two remaining qualities—imitation and anticipation—didn't happen to apply in the case of the dish-breaking booth, but the first four factors were more than enough to make it succeed. Many an amusement device attracts never-ending thousands of merrymakers by making use of one of the qualities alone.



Of the quality of imitation the good old merry-go-round is a perfect example. Students of the psychology of public amusements tell us it began back in the days when the distinctions between the rich and the poor were far more marked than they are to-day. The local fair would be held, the peasantry would flock to it from the nearby farms for one day of boisterous fun, and from distant points the mountebanks would come to amuse them with clever and mystifying stunts and displays and trickeries. The rough wit of the Punch and Judy show, the supple skill of the acrobats, the horseplay of the clowns, the tricks of the trained bear, the unbelievable oddities of the freaks—all blended together to produce a day of wonder and delight, food for reminiscence until the next fair should be held the next year.

These attractions, however, failed to take into consideration one phase of human nature, namely, the tendency each one of us has to pretend to be what he isn't. In all of us the desire to make believe is deeply grained, and when a genius in the amusement field found a way to turn this trait to advantage he made that most successful amusement device of all time—the merry-go-round.

THIS is how he reasoned it out: the patrons of the fair were almost all of the lower classes. They envied the landed gentry and the nobility. The greatest happiness any one of these poorer folk could know would be to feel, if only for a few brief moments, like one of the upper classes. If only they could ape the wealthy in their manner of play, it would be a delight for which every one of them gladly would pay.

Nothing marked the wealthy man so much as did the possession of a saddle horse. The chief diversion of the lord of the manor was to gather his friends about him and go riding away. If the poor man could climb upon a horse and go galloping with his companions, he would feel the pleasures of aristocracy, would feel as though he, too, were in the prouder and loftier station of life. Live horses were out of the question; they cost too much money. Wooden horses, however, would do. They could be supported on poles revolving about a center shaft.

Thus was born the merry-go-round, which, to this day, remains the world's most dependable public amusement device. And don't think that even now nine people out of ten who straddle merry-go-round horses, be they men, women or children, are not still trying to make themselves believe that they are sitting in the saddles of living chargers. That's exactly what they are trying to believe.

But all the pleasure of being amused doesn't lie necessarily in the actual thrill which is experienced; sometimes it is more in the anticipation of what may be experienced. Take the shoot-the-chutes as a case in point. You clamber aboard the car. Up and up to the top of the slide you go; it seems so high; what a long, steep trip it is going to be down again. You climb into the gondola and look away off down at the water; it seems so far away. Down you start. Faster and faster you go. What a jolt it is going to be when you hit the water! You hold your breath in anticipation. Then you do hit the water, bounce once or twice, and glide gently up to the landing. It wasn't much of a shock, after all, was it? Now that you come to think of it, the thrill consisted largely in your swift

ride down the chute in anticipation of the thrill you expected to get when your craft struck the water.

Take all of the emotions to which amusement men appeal when they seek to provide us with the means to play, and you find they all can be summed up by saying that none of us has entirely grown up. Fred Thompson, whom amusement men look back upon as the greatest amusement genius this country ever saw, realized this. When he founded Luna Park he placed huge signs all over the place reading:

Men are only boys grown tall.

This particular slogan has disappeared, but resort men still use a modified form of it. "For children from eight to eighty" has come to be a byword with them, and it has become an axiom that any play device that will appeal to children will make a hit with grown-ups.

Children are full of curiosity; they like to look at oddities of human nature. That explains why the side-show with freaks appeals to the older folk. It explains, too, why an establishment whose sole attraction is a collection of undersized babies being nurtured in incubators is a permanent, profitable attraction at the country's largest amusement resort.

Just as you can give a youngster so much of anything he likes that he won't like it at all, so with us elders. When a man is out to play, give him a sensation, but don't complicate it too much. Give him a swift, steep ride, but don't mix it up with something else. People like vivid, simple sensations, not complex ones. Suppose your man out for a good time sat in a circular car that rotated round and round like the earth



Not a single amusement did the prince miss—by proxy

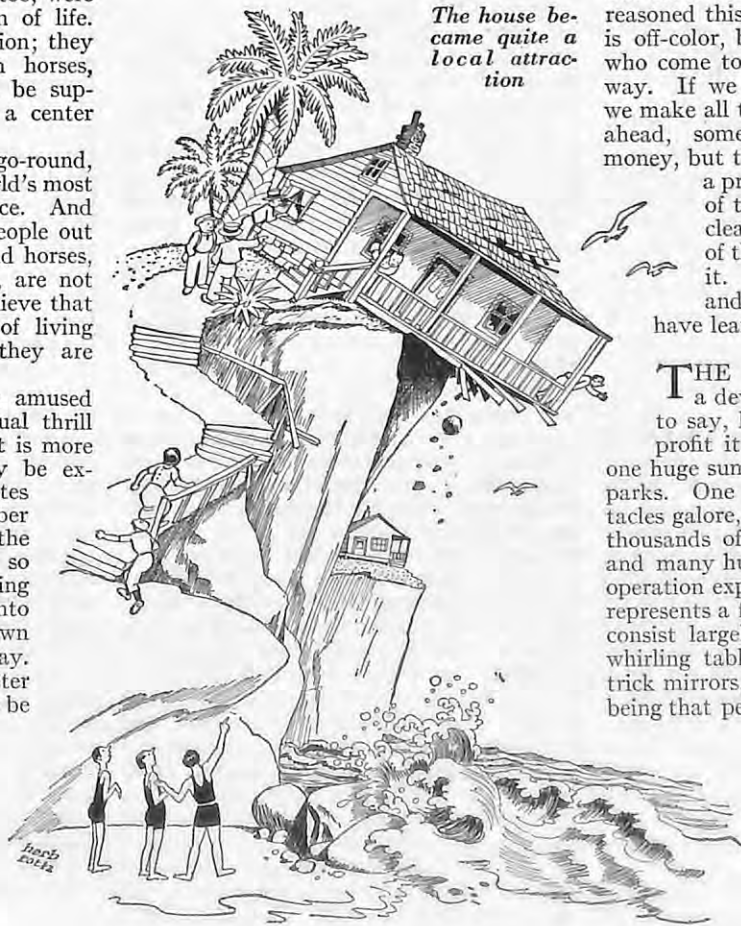
on its axis, and that this whirling car ran around a circular track as the earth revolves around the sun, and then suppose that this track undulated up and down. It would be too much. Amusement men know. They've tried it on us and it didn't pay.

Children are wholesome—a bit rough and boisterous at times, but fundamentally clean and sound. In this respect, too, it flatters us to be told by the men whose living depends upon amusing us, that we are like the youngsters. No lasting success can be built in an amusement park on any device that is at all unwholesome or that even lends itself to anything that is at all out of the way. There have been old mills, honeymoon expresses and coal mines that seemed to flourish for a brief time, but as the public learned they were nothing more than slow rides through dark alleys, they have faded from the picture.

One of the country's biggest manufacturers of rides for amusement parks was commenting on this phase recently.

"The secret of success in keeping the public amused," he said, "lies in having something that will appeal to ninety per cent. of the public, and ninety per cent. of the public is decent. Everybody admits this, but some fellows, from time to time, have reasoned this way: 'Sure, this affair of ours is off-color, but ten per cent. of the people who come to this resort like their fun that way. If we appeal to that ten per cent., we make all the money we want.' They go ahead, sometimes investing considerable money, but they almost never pull out with a profit. If there are ten per cent. of the public who like their fun not clean, then only a very small part of that ten per cent. ever patronizes it. Dark rides are in bad repute, and experienced amusement men have learned to fight shy of them."

The house became quite a local attraction



THE amount of money invested in a device to amuse the public, strange to say, has little or no relation to the profit it makes for its proprietors. In one huge summer resort are two amusement parks. One has shows and rides and spectacles galore, representing many hundreds of thousands of dollars of capital investment and many hundreds of thousands more in operation expenses each season. The other represents a far lesser outlay, for its devices consist largely of such things as slides and whirling tables and revolving barrels and trick mirrors, the theory of the management being that people don't want to be amused; they want to amuse themselves. This second place far outdistances the first from the standpoint of profits, in spite of the fact that its location is not so convenient as the first.

This is the place, incidentally, where they found



Thus was born the merry-go-round

one exception that proved the rule about people liking to participate in their own amusement. A celebrated prince of Abyssinia, clad in flowing robes and surrounded by a large retinue, some in frock coats and some in silken gowns, visited the amusement park. He was the most dignified personage who ever entered the establishment, dignity being the one thing above all others that is conspicuously absent from there. Bowls that you slide down and seek in vain to clamber up the sides, swiftly turning discs that you hang on to in spite of centrifugal force, floors that jiggle as you walk across them, barrels that turn around as you stagger through, gusts of wind that suddenly leave you hatless—such were the standard amusements spread before the potentate from Africa.

The royal merry-maker, however, handled the situation in a manner becoming his rank. He got his thrill by proxy. Traveling with him was his official sensation-receiver. When the prince wanted to have his fling on any particular device he merely issued the order to his subordinate and down slid the good and faithful servant. Not a single amusement in that park did the potentate miss—by proxy; they say that in the whole history of the resort no man ever enjoyed it more.

ONE of the things that has puzzled some of the amusement men is the reason for the popularity of the fantastic mirrors which distort the reflections of the people who stand before them. Why is it that otherwise sane, normal humans will pose in front of a looking-glass for a half hour at a time and look at themselves all bent into weird shapes? The man who has more of these around his place than anybody else has, frankly confesses that he doesn't see what the attraction is. He knows from experience that people do like to look at mirrored caricatures of themselves, but he doesn't know why.

This same man is a firm believer in the power of suggestion. Make a lot of people think they ought to be laughing and enjoying themselves, he believes, and laugh and enjoy themselves they will. Carrying out this principle, he has painted a huge

wooden face over the entrance to his amusement park. From ear to ear this face is split in a wide grin.

You just can't look at that gleeful face and keep a sour expression on your own countenance. And so you enter the park wearing a smile; you are in the right frame of mind to enjoy the rollicking devices set before you, and you start in under the best possible auspices for having a good time.

What amusements we are going to flock to and what ones we are going to pass by, no man can foretell with certainty. When Ferris originated his famous wheel and tried to interest the promoters of the Chicago World's Fair in it, they ridiculed the idea. Nobody, the wisacres declared, would risk his neck in it. Ferris, however, posted sufficient advance money to be allowed to go ahead with his "fool notion." When the Fair closed he had taken in \$726,000, a record that never has been equaled. He made other amusement inventions, but none of them succeeded. Ferris guessed correctly once what the public would like to be amused with, but he never could guess correctly again. He died a poor man.

Sometimes an amusement project fails because it is ahead of its time. This was the case with the loop-the-loop, a brief ride on which a car with its occupants turned a complete somersault. It gave a thrill, but twenty years ago it was too much of a thrill. The public had not yet become accustomed to automobiles at seventy miles an hour, or to airplanes. We were more timorous in those days. To-day the loop-the-loop probably would be popular, but it would take considerable nerve to revive it; what has been an expensive failure once might be so again.

Another man who was ahead of his time was he who started the "Yale-Harvard boat race" at an amusement resort. This consisted of two shells, each mounted on tracks. Eight "Yale" customers seated themselves in one shell and eight "Harvard" ones in the other. They pulled away at the oars and the shells moved slowly forward in a real race. The man who devised this was working on the well known theory that people who are in process of being amused like to be participants rather than mere spectators. In this case, however, he gave them too much to do; it was too great an effort to propel the boat forward. Then he installed

a motor in each boat, so that the customers need only do a part of the propulsion. It succeeded a little better after that, but not enough to continue with it in later seasons.

That man was a few years too soon. The public had not yet become as "college-conscious" as it is to-day. Now, there is scarcely a family in the land but that has some young male relative in a higher institution of learning. The newspapers have given so much publicity to college events, moreover, especially to races between the crews, that to-day such a device would stand a far better chance of success than formerly.

Just as no man can tell for a certainty what will please us, so none can tell where the idea is coming from that will give us a thrill. An exceptionally successful device had its origin in a storm off the coast of Florida. The waves had cut a great gash out of the face of a cliff, leaving a house tilting out of plumb over the edge. People of the neighborhood walked through and experienced a queer sensation of dizziness. The house became quite a local attraction. Visitors to the near-by city went through it. One of them happened to be an amusement man. It gave him an idea, and the next season the amusement parks saw crazy-looking houses bearing titles like "Mysterious Knockout" and "Damfino." The floors were only slightly tilted, but the walls and ceilings were so askew that the customers passing through really believed they were staggering along at impossible angles, and had great difficulty in keeping their feet. Imagination can work wonders.

ONE thing a lot of us like to do is to go whirling around high in the air. The airplane swing provides us with this privilege. It began in the imagination of a man returning from the Queen's Jubilee in London. Watching a flock of seagulls circling about the ship, he conceived the idea of an aerial circular swing that would give humans the same motion—and presumably the same emotion, too—as the birds enjoyed. To-day the airplane swing is found in nearly every amusement park.

Amusement projects born of observation of natural phenomena are not always so successful. One man watched his boy spinning a top and got the notion that a giant top with people riding in it would give them just the kind of a thrill they were looking for. At a cost of \$18,000, he constructed one. It didn't work. He built another, costing \$35,000. This time it worked, but it had been in operation only a short time when the point broke. A woman and child were hurt, and the proprietor found himself with two heavy damage suits on his hands. He lost everything he had, including his home, and he left the amusement field forever.

Dangers of this sort, however, are almost entirely a thing of the past. Substantially all of the rides are now safe, and in the larger parks they are certified by experienced engineers before being offered to the public. In this connection, by the way, it is interesting to note that the tendency is away from extremes of size and speed and seeming danger. Time was when the rides that appealed to us most were those that were blazoned as the biggest, fastest and most expensive. One coaster, which still is popular, has three-quarters of a mile of ride, and represents an investment of \$22,000 in lumber alone. This is probably the limit from which we are now receding.

At first, the maximum drop on a roller coaster was eight feet. Then it was stepped up to twenty, and we thought we were terrifically reckless when we took a ride on it.

(Continued on page 58)

The Battling Colonel

The Story of a Great Figure of the Turf

By Jack O'Donnell

Decorations by O. F. Howard

WHEN the editor of this magazine asked me to go to Kentucky to get an article about Colonel Matt Winn, I thought it would be an easy assignment. Having heard hundreds of tales about this fighting Irishman, I was anxious to get a close-up of him. Certainly, it seemed, there would be little difficulty gathering material for a pen picture of such a colorful character. It never occurred to me that I'd have difficulty in finding two people who would agree in appraising this dynamic monarch of the Western Turf.

It happened that I arrived in Louisville the day before Mrs. Payne Whitney's good two-year-old, Twenty Grand, was to meet the late Harry Payne Whitney's gallant Equipoise, in the eleventh running of the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes. From all points of the compass followers of King Horse had come to witness what later proved to be one of the most thrilling contests ever staged at historic Churchill Downs. The lobby of the Seelbach Hotel was crowded with grizzled horse owners and trainers who had known Matt Winn for half a century. Some there were who told me Colonel Winn was a paragon of all the virtues on the turf. Others damned him viciously. One man said Winn was the saviour of racing west of the Allegheny Mountains; another in the same group fervently declared the Colonel's tactics would result in the closing of all Kentucky tracks within two years.

The more stories I heard, the more anxious I became to meet this man who has a faculty of making such bitter enemies and such staunch friends. I pictured him a domineering, heavy-voiced sort of person

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with the ways of a bull in a china shop. I was told by a newspaperman that he was a "graceless rascal" and that I need expect no courtesies from him.

Hence, it was with some misgivings, the following day, that I went with Dan O'Sullivan, resident manager of Churchill Downs and personal friend and adviser of the Colonel's, to meet the "tyrant."

Colonel Winn was seated at his desk, surrounded by tastefully framed pictures of famous thoroughbreds, various trophies of the turf, ancient and historic programs, and a score of letters which would throw an autograph collector into a joyful panic. When he turned to greet me I found a genial, smiling, ruddy-faced man with a pair of keen blue eyes that gazed frankly and fearlessly at the world. His sixty-nine years rested easily upon him. He was the personification of geniality. For one hour in the heart of a busy day I plied him with questions, many of them, I fear, pretty personal. He didn't duck or evade a single one. He was eminently fair in his estimate of men who were openly and avowedly his enemies.

As he talked about the Derby—the subject closest to his heart—his plans to make Lincoln Fields the greatest and most beautiful racing plant in the world, the chances of Twenty Grand beating Equipoise, the greatness of Gallant Fox, and the future of racing in America, it was difficult to believe that his thirty-odd years on the American and Mexican turf had been one long series of battles.

Matt Winn's enthusiasm is boundless. He has emerged from a hundred conflicts with no visible scars. If he remembers how he once made the late August Belmont bow to his wishes in the New York turf battle of 1906-07, he does so without pride. If he is aware that he saved racing for Americans in the dark days following the passage of anti-betting laws in New York State, he does not show it.

Colonel
Matt Winn



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Others may marvel at the clean-cut manner in which he triumphed over the so-called reform element in his

own State when it tried to outlaw racing, but Winn considers it "just one of those things."

Colonel Winn would much rather talk about the day he witnessed the first Kentucky Derby from the seat of his father's grocery wagon, 'way back in the spring of 1875—the day H. P. McGrath's chestnut colt, Aristides, led the field of fifteen to the wire.

"That first Kentucky Derby is one of the most vivid and pleasurable memories of my life," the Colonel told me. "I was just a kid, then—fourteen years old—and I went to Churchill Downs with my father. Dad was interested in only two forms of sport—horse racing and boxing—so I came honestly by my love of thoroughbreds. We were two of the most enthusiastic of the ten thousand spectators. Although the race was worth only \$2.850 to the winner, the leading turfmen of Kentucky were anxious to annex the coveted honor of owning the victor of the first Derby.

"IT WAS a notable field that went to the post that day. There was the mighty Ten Broeck with Kelso in the saddle; Bob Wooley, ridden by the famous negro jockey, Billy Walker; William Cottrill's chestnut filly, Ascension, ridden by Billy Lakeland, then a great rider, later a noted trainer; Volcano and Verdigris, which made Aristides know he had been to the races before he finished that mile-and-a-half journey; Bill Bruce, and other good horses of that day.

"Aristides ran a remarkable race. He forced the pace all the way, and withstood every challenge. His stable companion, Chesapeake, which was supposed to take up the running in the stretch, failed to come up to expectations. So, when they came into the long straightaway, Chesapeake was back in the ruck, and Price McGrath, standing in the infield near the quarter pole, frantically signaled Jockey Lewis to keep the little red horse going. Gallantly, the speedy son of Leamington and Sarong responded to the



call, withstanding the determined rush of Volcano and Verdigris.

"It was a great Derby, the first of fifty-six that I have witnessed. The thrill that I got that day I've experienced fifty-five times since, for the race has never lost one iota of its glamour for me."

The Kentucky Derby of 1875 was pretty much a local affair. It did not attract Eastern horses or Eastern horsemen. But the Derby has changed a lot since Colonel Winn took charge of it, twenty-nine years ago. To-day, it is the richest in glory of all the races on the American turf. No other honor is so highly coveted by horse owners. No other turf event approaches the Derby in capturing the imagination of the sport-loving people of America. Determined to make the Kentucky Derby the American classic, Colonel Winn devoted much thought and time to its development. He began adding to its monetary value in 1914, when it was won by Old Rosebud. Then it was worth only \$9,125 to the winner. To-day it has an added value of \$50,000. The attendance on Derby Day has jumped from a few thousand in 1875 to approximately 100,000, and what was once just a Blue Grass-country event is now the most colorful and romantic sporting classic in the United States, if not in all the world.

WINN'S entrance into the business end of racing was quite inevitable. As a boy he often attended the meetings in the Blue Grass country, listened for hours to horse-talk from his father's lips, and was thrown into the company of owners and breeders while he traveled about the State as a wholesale grocery salesman. At the dawn of the twentieth century, racing was in a precarious condition in Kentucky. Searching about for the right man to lift the sport out of the doldrums into which it had settled, the wealthy sportsmen of the Blue Grass section selected young Winn for the job because he was what was then known as a "live wire."

At that time Winn was closely associated, both politically and socially, with Charles F. Grainger, then mayor of Louisville. Both men were liberals and both were anxious to vitalize racing, so in 1902, when Winn was asked to reorganize the New Louisville Jockey Club, he took control of the stock, elected Grainger as president, himself as vice-president, Judge Charles F. Price as secretary and manager, and J. C. Boardman, treasurer. Once he became an executive, Winn devoted all his time and energy to the business end of the turf, studying it from every angle. In 1904, when Judge Price resigned as secretary and manager of Churchill Downs, he was succeeded by Winn as general manager, and Lyman H. Davis as secretary.

The thoroughbred sport was in an unhealthy condition at this period. A tremendous amount of criticism was being directed at the Western Jockey Club, an organization headed by Louis A. Cella, which had control of practically all racing west of the Alleghany Mountains. Cella and his crowd had what amounted to a monopoly of the racing business and looked with disfavor upon any and all opposition. They controlled Washington Park and Harlem tracks, in Chicago, two plants in St. Louis, one each in New Orleans and Memphis, and a couple of others of less importance. Louisville, Lexington and Lantonia were getting only ten to fifteen days'

racing, and were compelled to compete with the Chicago tracks.

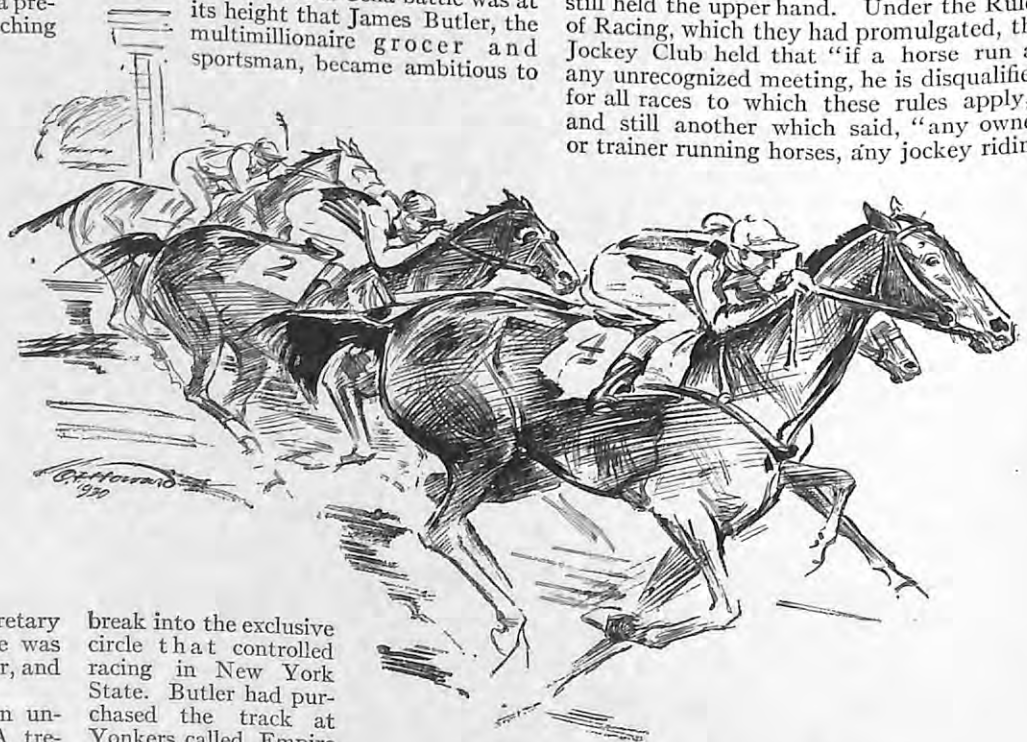
To make matters worse, the Cella crowd bought Douglas Park, at Louisville, and threatened to run concurrently with Churchill Downs and other Kentucky tracks. But the invaders underestimated their adversary—Matt Winn. Realizing that the very life of Kentucky racing was at stake, Winn and his friends caused the Kentucky legislature to appoint a State Racing Commission to govern the sport. This Commission refused to grant the Douglas Park management a license to operate in competition with other Kentucky tracks, compelling the newcomers to accept dates agreeable to Winn. In the end, Cella was forced to bow to the superior generalship of Colonel Winn, with the result that in 1907 the two organizations were consolidated under the name of the Louisville Racing Association. That Winn came out on top of the heap is evidenced by the fact that the officers elected were:

President, Charles F. Grainger.
Vice-President and General Manager, M. J. Winn.

Secretary, Hamilton Applegate.
Treasurer, John Hachmeister.
Directors: Charles F. Grainger, M. J. Winn, Hamilton Applegate, John Hachmeister and Louis Cella.

As further evidence of Winn's domination of the new organization, he appointed Lyman H. Davis, racing secretary and handicapper, and Charles F. Price, presiding judge. Davis and Price, two of the most competent racing men in the United States, were among Winn's closest friends and advisers.

It was while the Winn-Cella battle was at its height that James Butler, the multimillionaire grocer and sportsman, became ambitious to



break into the exclusive circle that controlled racing in New York State. Butler had purchased the track at Yonkers called Empire City, then being used for harness racing, and had announced his intention to convert it into a running-horse track. But the Jockey Club, of which August Belmont was president, showed no disposition to take Butler and his plant into the fold. Butler was blocked every time he made a move, and was getting nowhere with his plans.

In desperation he turned to Matt Winn. He had seen Winn whip the Cella crowd and save racing in Kentucky. He knew, too, that the Kentuckian had been called to save the situation in New Orleans, where another turf war threatened. But Winn was too

busy, early in 1906, to come to Butler's assistance, although he recognized the Easterner's right to operate a track in New York if he had the wherewithal with which to do so.

After getting the two New Orleans tracks operating smoothly, however, Winn agreed to come to Butler's assistance when the New Yorker again appealed to him, early in 1907.

"I work quietly," Winn told Butler. "There must be no publicity about my arrangement with you. The Jockey Club whipped Cella when he tried to break into Metropolitan racing, and I happen to know that Cella is a hard man to down. So, let me handle this business in my own way."

When Butler agreed to this, Winn tightened his belt and made plans for what he knew would be one of the toughest battles of his career. Although there was a State Racing Commission in New York, he knew that that body did just about what the Jockey Club told it to do. He knew, too, that it would be impossible to conduct a race meeting at Empire City without a license from this commission. He anticipated the adverse action the Racing Commission took on Butler's application for a license, and immediately afterward appealed to the New York courts for an order directing the Commission to act favorably on the sportsman's application. This the Appellate Division did, after a bitter legal fight.

ACTING under instructions from the Court, the Racing Commission granted a license to Butler, but Winn knew that the battle was only half won. The Jockey Club still held the upper hand. Under the Rules of Racing, which they had promulgated, the Jockey Club held that "if a horse run at any unrecognized meeting, he is disqualified for all races to which these rules apply," and still another which said, "any owner or trainer running horses, any jockey riding

the same at any unrecognized meeting shall be disqualified for all races to which this rule applies. Such horses and all others under the control of such an owner or trainer shall be disqualified." Colonel Winn realized that owners and trainers would not race their horses at Empire City so long as the Jockey Club withheld its recognition of the Butler track. And without horses it would be impossible to hold a meeting.



The Earl of Derby and Colonel Winn at the running last autumn of the Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs

In the face of this situation, however, Winn had Butler definitely announce, on July 15th, that a race meeting would be held at Empire City commencing August 6th. At the time this announcement was made, the Yonkers plant was in a very dilapidated condition. The track, owing to the harness racing which had been conducted there, was as hard and smooth as a billiard table, quite unsuited for running horses. The buildings, with the exception of the club house, were run down and badly in need of repair, the fences and stands needed paint, and the whole plant was in a sorry condition.

The eyes of the racing world focused on New York and the war clouds that hovered over it. Horsemen prayed that another track would be opened in the metropolitan area, as many could not afford to ship to Saratoga, where the competition would be too keen for the cheaper grade of horses. But the Jockey Club sat tight.

One day, down at Brighton Beach, where the horses were running prior to the Saratoga opening, a group of horsemen approached August Belmont and asked what they should do.

"I believe," said Belmont, "that all horsemen should stick to the Jockey Club. We saved racing in New York, and horse owners should stand by us."

That statement seemed to settle every-

thing in the minds of horsemen and the general public. But it didn't faze Matt Winn. Instead, he came out in the open and began to fight with greater vigor. Butler announced that Colonel Matt Winn would be general manager of the Empire City track and that he would be in full control.

This announcement had an electrifying effect on the racing world. Many horsemen openly announced that they would race at Empire. They said they had faith in Matt Winn and that they would not be dominated by the Jockey Club.

Once in the open, Winn worked fast. He put hundreds of men to work on the Empire City plant, softening the track's surface, repairing and painting the buildings, and adding more accommodations for the public.

Still the Jockey Club sat tight. "Who will be the officials?" horsemen asked.

Winn answered with the announcement that Lyman H. Davis was on his way from Kentucky to assume the duties of racing secretary.

Every horseman that had raced in Kentucky knew Davis as one of the most competent men in the business, and hailed his appointment as a harbinger of success for Butler's track.

As the opening date drew nearer and the Jockey Club still withheld approval of the Empire City meeting, Winn played his best card. He sent one or two friends to August

Belmont with some "straight talk." Racing wasn't on any too safe a basis in New York at that time. Did Mr. Belmont want to start a turf war that might result in the closing of all tracks in New York? Did he want to put up a battle against Butler that would supply the ever-alert "reformers" with ammunition?

Mr. Belmont thought it over, then

discussed the situation with other members of the Jockey Club.

Winn went right ahead with his plans. He had Butler make a formal application to the Jockey Club for recognition of his meeting.

The betting along Broadway was five to one that Empire City would not hold an August meeting—that Belmont would emerge victorious.

Then, on August 2, it was definitely announced that Empire City would be the scene of an eighteen-day meeting, commencing on August 10, with *Jockey Club approval!* (The italics are not the Jockey Club's.)

That Belmont "died hard" was evidenced in the letter he sent Butler. It began with the sentiment: "We have great solicitude that the holding of the meeting will not be in the best interests of racing," and ended with the prediction that the higher court would not be in accord with the Appellate Division, which had commanded the Racing Commission to grant Empire City a license.

The first meeting at Empire was a great success. Seventy-six horses were named in the six races on the opening day's card, and eighty bookmakers, in charge of A. N. Elrod, were on the lawn to accommodate the speculatively inclined among the 10,000 spectators. The Jockey Club's fears for Butler's success had proved groundless, but its determination to scotch Mr. Butler has persisted to this day. Although he is one of the most important figures on the American turf, owner of some near-great horses, among them Questionnaire, which ran the good Gallant Fox to a head in the Lawrence Realization at Belmont Park, he has never been made a member of the exclusive Jockey Club.

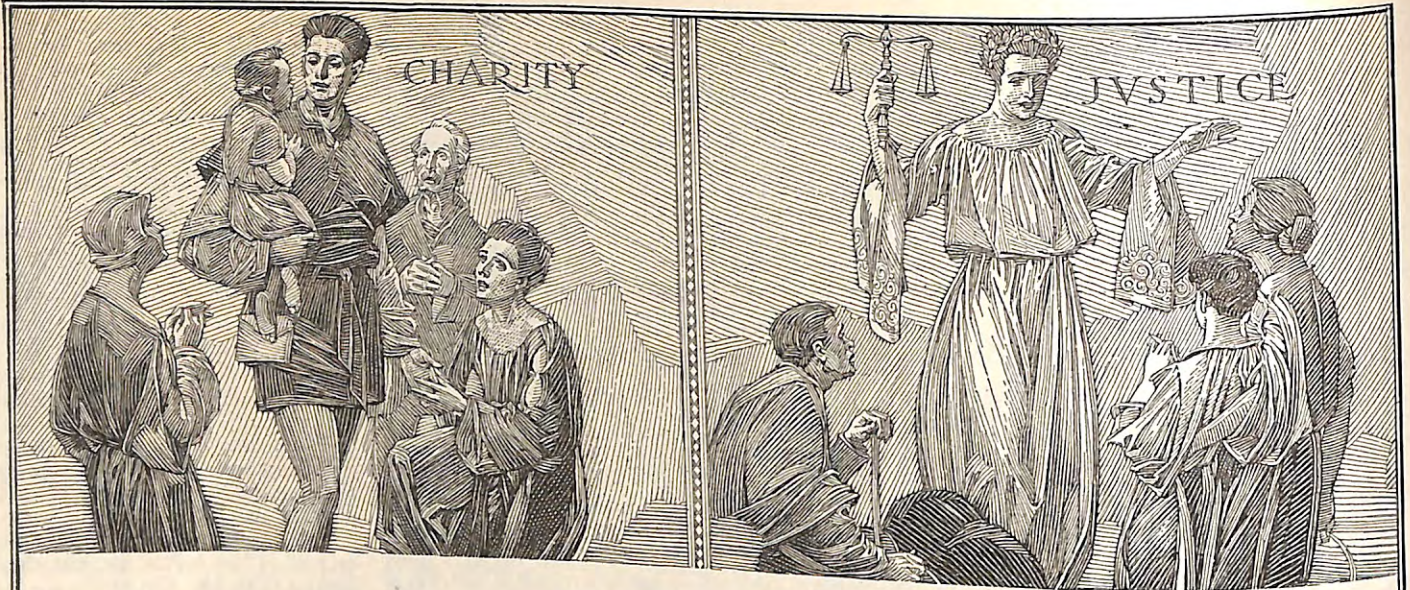
IF YOU have been a follower of the Sport of Kings for twenty years, you will recall the dark, dismal days of 1911-'12, when Charles Evans Hughes, then Governor of the State of New York, hung a wet blanket between horse racing and the sun in the Empire State. Verily, those were days of fear and trembling among horsemen. With John Law guarding the portals of all New York tracks, Illinois frowning upon the sport, and reformers from Portland to Portland, and from Canada to the Gulf, smacking their lips in anticipation of a raceless America, the sport was in a sorry state.

Owners of the big stables, men with millions tied up in the thoroughbred industry, consulted the steamship companies about rates for shipping their stock abroad. The little fellows, owners of a few selling platers, were casting questioning glances at the employment agencies. The beat of thoroughbred hoofs could be heard only in Kentucky, and even there the war drums of the reformers were rumbling ominously.

Into this wilderness of despair stepped Matt Winn, waving the banner of hope and promise. Even while the solons at Albany were preparing to close the gates of America's best tracks, Winn was quietly at work making plans to save the industry from

(Continued on page 60)





EDITORIAL

LET'S TRY IT AGAIN

IT IS quite likely that a very large number of us, in the past, have seized upon the New Year as an appropriate time to "turn over a new leaf," to make reformatory resolutions. It is quite certain, human nature being what it is, that a considerable percentage of us who made those good resolves did not continue our observance of them and soon disregarded, if we did not entirely forget them.

Even so, the experience was not without its value for all. Some of us stuck it out. The rest of us are all the better for the effort to follow through with our good impulses, even though we are forced to admit we failed to do more than make a brave start.

So, let's try it again. Maybe more of us will win out this time. Maybe a larger number will realize a definite benefit from the endeavor. Certainly no one can be hurt by an effort to maintain a laudable purpose.

Let each one of us, at this beginning of a New Year, resolve he is going to be a BETTER ELK. That is a resolution that every member should make, for we all should be better Elks than we are.

Speaking in general terms for the great majority of us, we have been taking the privilege of membership too much for granted. We have deliberately shut our eyes to some of our fraternal obligations; and we have been negligent in the performance of others. We have not properly supported the Lodge officers. We have left it to other brothers to look after the Lodge charities and its benevolent activities. Too generally we have been asleep on the fraternal job.

Now is the time to wake up. Now is the time for a good resolution that will change all that. Let's try it again, with a sturdier courage and a more determined purpose to succeed.

NEW MEMBERS

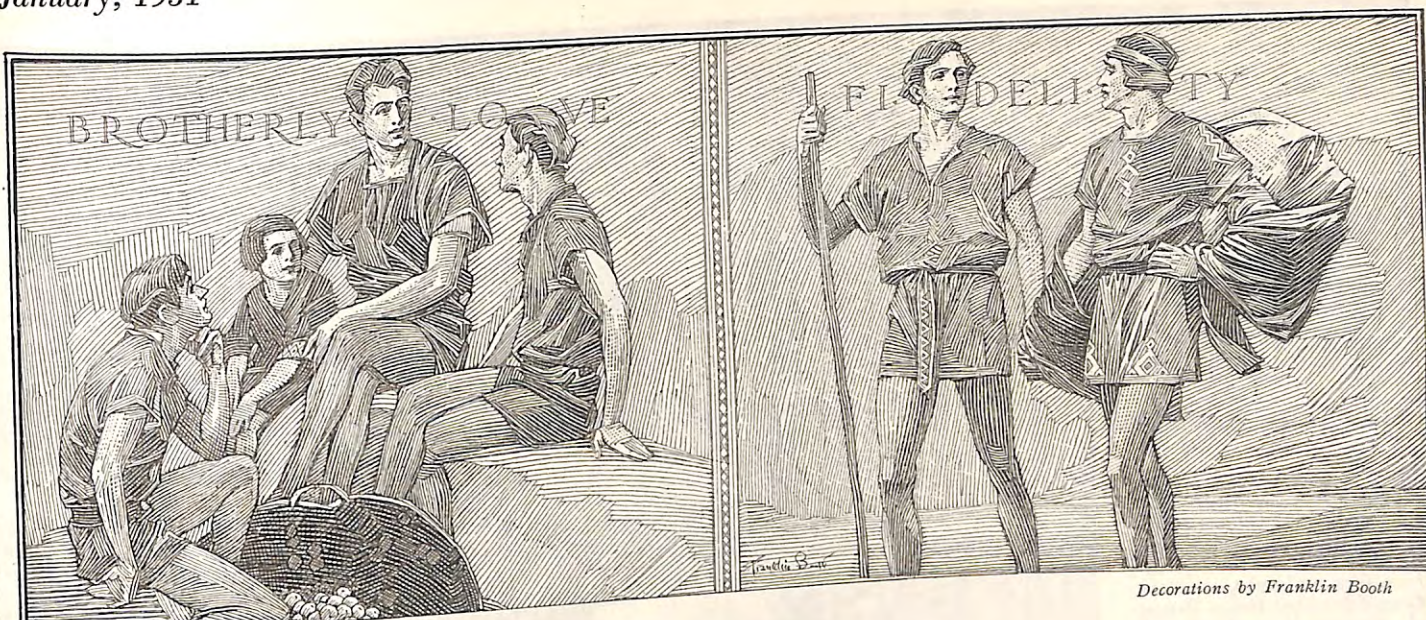
IT IS impossible to overestimate the importance of a constant stream of new members flowing into the Order, through the only available channels, the subordinate Lodges. It is not so much a matter of increasing the numerical strength of the fraternity. However desirable a result, that is really a secondary consideration. But it is essential, in the first place, that losses from death and other uncontrollable causes should be made good; and, in the second place, that a steady infusion of new blood, fresh energy, and youthful enthusiasm be maintained.

If the non-preventable losses be not offset by an adequate number of initiates, it is only a question of time when the Order will become extinct. And it is a certainty that from the beginning of the failure to keep these ravages repaired, the Order will function less effectively.

But it is scarcely less essential that the membership be kept reinvigorated and refreshed and re-enthused by the accretion of new brothers. It is natural that those in constant fraternal association, without new additions to their circle, should drop into a rut, become self-satisfied and grow lethargic. But the coming into the old groups of other personalities, with new ideas, different view-points, and fresh enthusiasm, is bound to keep the whole body perennially revised and interested and active.

Every loyal Elk who feels a real pride in his membership, regards that membership as a high fraternal privilege. He naturally desires to share that privilege with friends who are worthy, but who have not been brought into the fold. And if he be truly mindful of his obligation, both to the Order and to them, he will seek out those friends and present to them the opportunity to share that high privilege.

That is the whole answer to the problem of



Decorations by Franklin Booth

new members. And if each Elk reader of this editorial will understand that it is addressed particularly and personally to him, and will promptly obey the impulse that is sure to be born of it, the result will mean golden pages in the history of the Order.

A PROOF OF THE PUDDING

IT HAS been repeatedly stated in these columns, that delinquent members are much more responsive to personal solicitation than they are to the most persistent written importunities. And the opinion has been expressed that, when so approached, a very large percentage of the delinquents would take steps to restore themselves to good standing. The suggestion back of these statements is the need of more active lapsation committees and, primarily, the need of individual, personal contacts on the part of the Secretaries.

A recent subordinate Lodge bulletin carries a report that furnishes demonstrative evidence of the soundness of these editorial comments. In that Lodge there were 150 members about to be stricken from the rolls for non-payment of dues. After the usual written notices and solicitations had failed, the Secretary called personally on each one of the delinquents and urged him to reinstate himself. Members of the lapsation committee accompanied him upon most of these visits, as proof of the interest of the whole Lodge in the maintenance of the fraternal relations involved.

The significant thing about this related experience is not the fine performance of their duties by the Secretary and committeemen, though that, by comparison with other Lodges, would justify comment. The real significance lies in the fact that these officials secured a favorable response from practically every one of the 150 delinquents.

It is believed that the result obtained in this case is typical of what confidently may be expected in most cases where similar personal efforts are exerted.

PUT AND TAKE

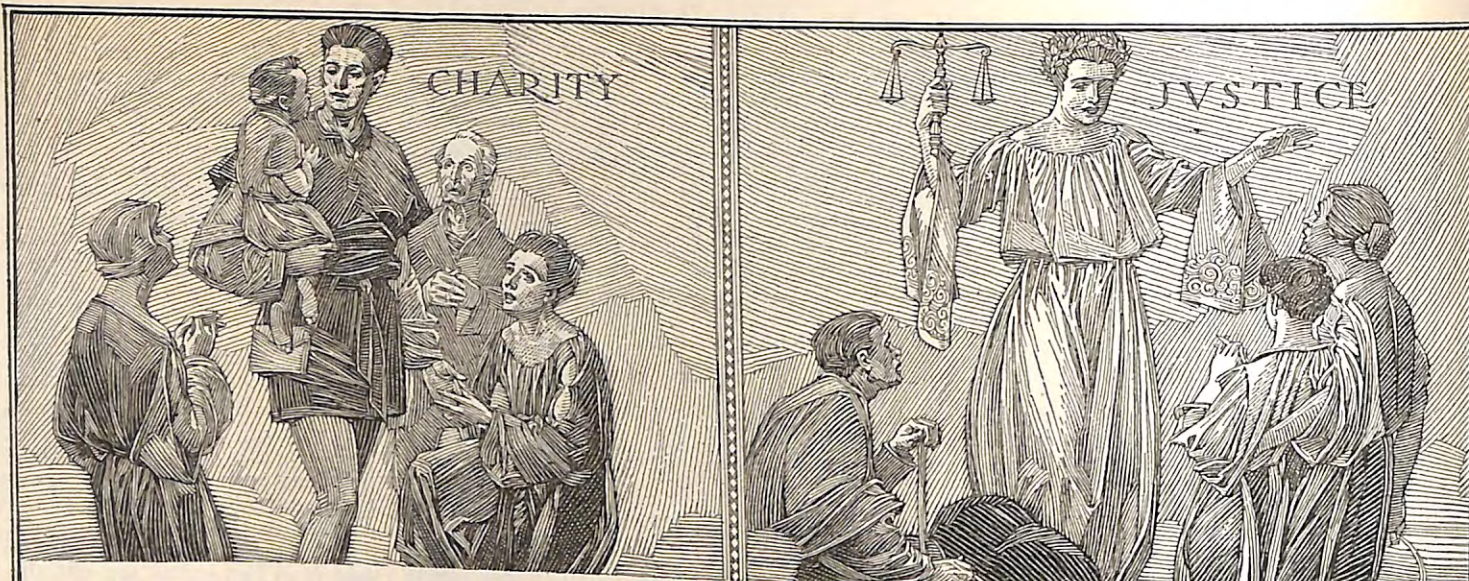
A MEMBER of a subordinate Lodge recently sent in his request for a dimit, stating that he did not attend the meetings and, therefore, did not get anything out of his membership. One who deliberately holds that view of his membership is not an Elk at heart and his withdrawal is small loss.

But the incident furnishes food for thought. There are many who unthinkingly assume this same attitude. They look upon the Lodge meetings as its principal activity and they feel that if they miss these they are losing the chief advantages of membership.

This is based upon a quite fundamental error. The Order of Elks is a wholly unselfish organization. A true Elk thinks less of what he is getting out of the fraternity than of what he can contribute to it. Indeed, he knows that he can take out of it for himself only proportionately to what he puts into it of himself.

Lodge meetings are essential, of course, to the conduct of its affairs. They are also social and fraternal events. Regular attendance upon them is important and will be found both pleasant and profitable. But that is only one incident of membership. It is not the most important. So long as one maintains his interest in the Order and his Lodge and the good work they are striving to accomplish; so long as he gladly makes his contributions of his time and thought and money and personal effort toward the furtherance of those fraternal objects; so long as he feels a pride in his membership and in the associations it offers; just so long is he a good Elk whose continued membership is a matter of interest and importance to the whole Order.

If he can, and does attend Lodge meetings, all the better. If he does not, it is a loss to both the Lodge and to himself; but this should not prompt his withdrawal. So long as he is putting something of himself into his fraternal relationship, he is deriving something of real value to himself which he can ill afford to lose.



EDITORIAL

LET'S TRY IT AGAIN

IT IS quite likely that a very large number of us, in the past, have seized upon the New Year as an appropriate time to "turn over a new leaf," to make reformatory resolutions. It is quite certain, human nature being what it is, that a considerable percentage of us who made those good resolves did not continue our observance of them and soon disregarded, if we did not entirely forget them.

Even so, the experience was not without its value for all. Some of us stuck it out. The rest of us are all the better for the effort to follow through with our good impulses, even though we are forced to admit we failed to do more than make a brave start.

So, let's try it again. Maybe more of us will win out this time. Maybe a larger number will realize a definite benefit from the endeavor. Certainly no one can be hurt by an effort to maintain a laudable purpose.

Let each one of us, at this beginning of a New Year, resolve he is going to be a BETTER ELK. That is a resolution that every member should make, for we all should be better Elks than we are.

Speaking in general terms for the great majority of us, we have been taking the privilege of membership too much for granted. We have deliberately shut our eyes to some of our fraternal obligations; and we have been negligent in the performance of others. We have not properly supported the Lodge officers. We have left it to other brothers to look after the Lodge charities and its benevolent activities. Too generally we have been asleep on the fraternal job.

Now is the time to wake up. Now is the time for a good resolution that will change all that. Let's try it again, with a sturdier courage and a more determined purpose to succeed.

NEW MEMBERS

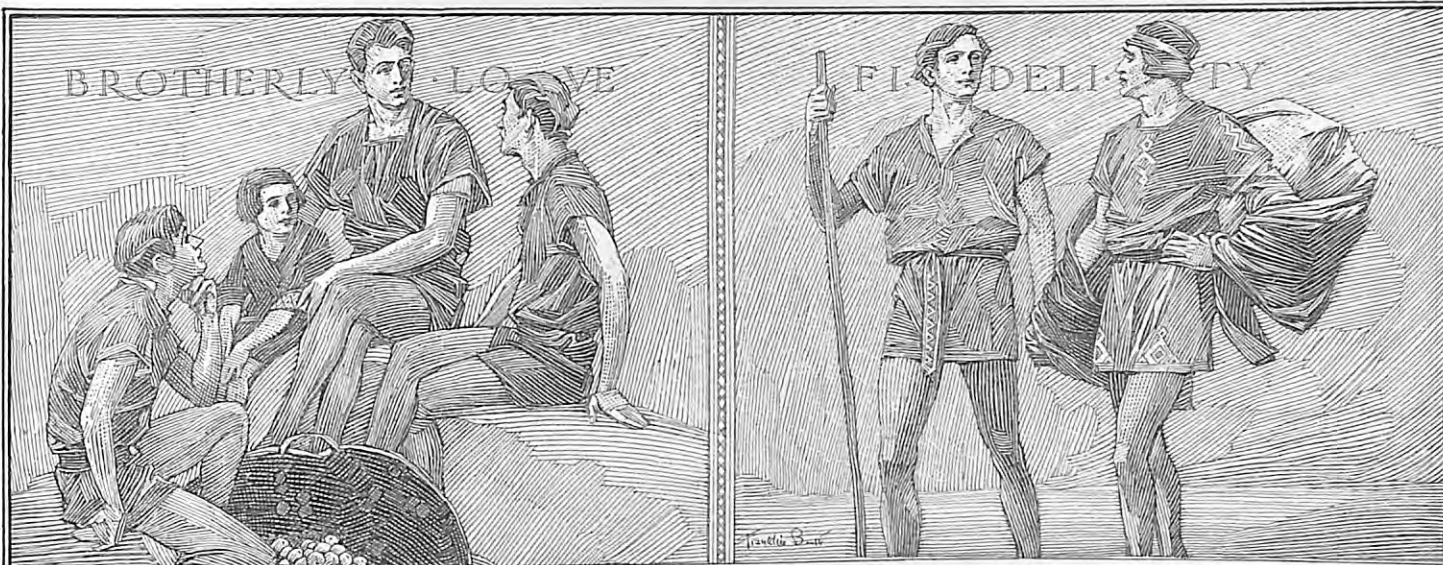
IT IS impossible to overestimate the importance of a constant stream of new members flowing into the Order, through the only available channels, the subordinate Lodges. It is not so much a matter of increasing the numerical strength of the fraternity. However desirable a result, that is really a secondary consideration. But it is essential, in the first place, that losses from death and other uncontrollable causes should be made good; and, in the second place, that a steady infusion of new blood, fresh energy, and youthful enthusiasm be maintained.

If the non-preventable losses be not offset by an adequate number of initiates, it is only a question of time when the Order will become extinct. And it is a certainty that from the beginning of the failure to keep these ravages repaired, the Order will function less effectively.

But it is scarcely less essential that the membership be kept reinvigorated and refreshed and re-enthusiased by the accretion of new brothers. It is natural that those in constant fraternal association, without new additions to their circle, should drop into a rut, become self-satisfied and grow lethargic. But the coming into the old groups of other personalities, with new ideas, different view-points, and fresh enthusiasm, is bound to keep the whole body perennially revised and interested and active.

Every loyal Elk who feels a real pride in his membership, regards that membership as a high fraternal privilege. He naturally desires to share that privilege with friends who are worthy, but who have not been brought into the fold. And if he be truly mindful of his obligation, both to the Order and to them, he will seek out those friends and present to them the opportunity to share that high privilege.

That is the whole answer to the problem of



Decorations by Franklin Booth

new members. And if each Elk reader of this editorial will understand that it is addressed particularly and personally to him, and will promptly obey the impulse that is sure to be born of it, the result will mean golden pages in the history of the Order.

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On the steps of the new Home of Centralia, Ill., Lodge No. 493 (above). In the center is the Grand Exalted Ruler. At the left of him, in the picture, are Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters. Exalted Ruler Hoffman stands at Mr. Rupp's right



Mr. Rupp and a few of the group of members of Rockford, Ill., Lodge No. 64 (above) who welcomed him upon his official visit to their Home. Among the ceremonies which the Grand Exalted Ruler attended during his Middle Western tour was the dedication (at the left) of the Elks Rest of Dixon, Ill., Lodge

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

Mr. Rupp Calls Upon Eastern and Middle Western Lodges

IN THE course of the round of his official visits to subordinate Lodges during the month of November, Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp established personal contact with the membership of nearly one hundred units of the Order.

His calls, taking him into five States, and to the Homes of fifteen Lodges, were made the occasion, in many instances, for the convening of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of all the Lodges in the District of the Lodge whose guest he was upon a certain evening. By means of this arrangement the Grand Exalted Ruler was able to amplify more than fivefold his opportunities for first-hand acquaintance with subordinate Lodge representatives.

Mr. Rupp set out upon his tour November 10, beginning with a call upon Jersey City, N. J., Lodge No. 211, and visiting thereafter, in the order named, Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878; Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130, his home Lodge; Ottawa No. 588, Rockford No. 64, Dixon No. 779, Monmouth No. 397, Canton No. 626, Paris No. 812, Centralia No. 493, and Herrin No. 1146, Lodges in Illinois; and Springfield No. 409, Macon No. 999, Mexico No.

019 and St. Louis No. 9, Lodges in Missouri. The concluding visit at St. Louis was made on Thanksgiving Day, thereafter the Grand Exalted Ruler returned to Allentown for a few days' rest before undertaking further travels.

Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, observed the occasion of the official visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp on November 10, by initiating sixty-five candidates. The evening of the ceremony saw present in the Lodge room one of the largest gatherings within the recent history of the Lodge. The address given by Mr. Rupp stimulated his listeners to an exceptional degree of enthusiasm. In addition to this, the principal speech of the evening, the Jersey City Elks, the newly inducted class and the host of visitors, had the privilege of hearing a stirring talk by former Governor A. Harry Moore.

Traveling by motor, November 11, for his call upon the membership of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, the Grand Exalted Ruler was met at the Home of New York Lodge, No. 1, by a delegation of those who were to be his hosts, and escorted, with the assistance of a detail of motorcycle police, to the Home in

Elmhurst. Awaiting him there were not only a large number of Queens Borough Elks, but also delegations from New York, Lynbrook, Hempstead, Freeport, Glen Cove, Huntington, and Great Neck Lodges. At the dinner which preceded the formal session, Mr. Rupp had opportunity to meet these members of the Order and also the class of fifty-five candidates later to be inducted. After the conclusion of the dinner, the Drill Team of Queens Borough Lodge and a distinguished escort conducted Mr. Rupp into the Lodge room. Among those who attended him were the Past Exalted Rulers of Queens Borough Lodge, William T. Phillips, Chairman of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge; James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Grand Lodge; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur B. Kelly, Past Presidents Joseph Brand and John E. Dearden, and Secretary Philip Clancy, of the New York State Elks Association; and Exalted Ruler Samuel McKee, of New York Lodge. Features of the meeting, in addition to the splendid address made by the Grand Exalted Ruler,

(Continued on page 61)

News of the State Associations

Ohio

J. C. A. LEPPLEMAN, President of the Ohio State Elks Association, appointed a short time ago a committee for the purpose of arranging and conducting ritualistic contests in the several districts of the State and thereafter elimination contests to determine finally the champion team of Ohio. Serving on this committee are the six District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers of the State and, as Chairman, James R. Cooper, Past President of the Association. It is the plan of the committee, after the winning team has been chosen,

to have it exemplify the ritual at a joint initiation of candidates from every Lodge in the State.

Florida

THE officers of the Florida State Elks Association met recently at the Home of Orlando Lodge, No. 1070. There were present also at this gathering Grand Tiler L. F. McCready, a number of District Deputies, and the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of many Lodges in the State. The assembly was called for the purpose of discussing the plans and problems of the Association, and to provide the officers of sub-

ordinate Lodges with an opportunity to exchange views relating to their several undertakings. Presiding at the meeting was J. L. Reed, Sr., President of the Association. The speakers were Grand Tiler McCready, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers J. J. Fernandez, A. C. O'Hea and W. J. Kenealy; and Exalted Ruler J. Wayne Allen, of Miami Lodge, No. 048, and Past Exalted Ruler L. B. Sparkman, of Tampa Lodge, No. 708. Officiating as hosts for Orlando Lodge were Exalted Ruler M. O. Overstreet and Secretary W. B. Delaporte, Historian of the Association. A buffet luncheon ensued after the business session had been adjourned.

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

Official Circular Number One

*1227 Bank of America Building,
Seventh and Spring Streets,
Los Angeles, California,
November 6, 1930*

*To the Officers and Members
of all Subordinate Lodges:*

While precedent has always dictated that circularization of Lodges regarding participation in the annual Grand Lodge Parade be deferred by the Grand Esquire until just prior to that important event, yet it would seem the success of the climax of our yearly national gatherings is dependent upon an early start.

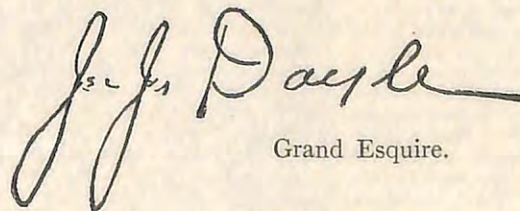
Therefore, by and with the consent of the Grand Exalted Ruler, this communication is addressed to you for the purpose of stimulating interest in the forthcoming convention of the Order which is to be held in Seattle, Washington, next July, and with particular reference to the great, spectacular parade which is to mark the conclusion of the meeting of the hosts of Elkdom.

Actuated by a desire to assist in my humble way in developing the "Better Parades" idea, so successfully put into operation by the New Jersey State Elks Association at the recent Atlantic City Convention, I am asking that all subordinate Lodges and State Associations take immediate steps in arranging to be represented in the colossal marching pageant which will constitute the supreme feature of the Seattle conclave.

With a "fraternal" depression as the natural concomitant of the disturbed economic condition prevailing throughout the Nation, it is incumbent upon Elkdom to demonstrate in no uncertain manner that the greatest of American fraternities is still batting 1000 per cent.—and participation in the Grand Lodge Parade affords the greatest opportunity to publicize that fact.

It is not too early to start the formation of marching clubs, discuss uniforms and devise ways and means to attend the Seattle Convention. Let us make the 67th National gathering of our beloved Order the greatest in the annals of the fraternity.

Fraternally,



Grand Esquire.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Memorial Sunday Address

Delivered by Mr. Rupp on December 7 at the Home of Camden, N. J.,
Lodge, No. 293

IN THE city of Paris on the banks of the River Seine, close to the throbbing heart of the people of the French Republic, is the magnificent tomb in which lie the remains of Napoleon. Under the great dome of the church built in the days of Louis XIV, surrounded by twelve colossal and beautiful marble angels symbolizing his most important victories, in a massive sarcophagus of red porphyry sleeps the great master of the art of war and battle, at the thunder of whose cannon a little more than a hundred years ago every throne in Europe trembled.

From time immemorial the human race has erected monuments and mausoleums in honor of the dead. It is the same basic sentiment that underlies the placing of a headstone in some country churchyard, that impelled the building of the Pyramids, the erection of the beautiful Taj Mahal to the memory of an Indian princess, and the impressive tomb of Napoleon.

In our great Order we pledge ourselves to write the virtues of our brothers on the tablets of our love and memory. And the names of those who pass on into "the silent halls of death" we inscribe upon the memorial tablets in our Lodge rooms. On the first Sunday of December in each year we gather in solemn ceremony to revere the memory of our dead.

During the twelve months past a number of the brothers of this Lodge heard the mystic summons that called them into the land of eternal dreams. As the messenger of death stole into their homes the truth of the language of Shakespeare was emphasized, that "We are such stuff as dreams are made on; and our little life is rounded with a sleep."

And, probably, as they were laid away there was read in the hearing of their sorrowing friends the familiar passages of Old Testament Scripture: "Because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. Or over the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

We tender to the sorrowing relatives and friends of those whose names we tell today in loving memory our sincere and profound sympathy in the grief which they are called upon to bear. It may be that time will assuage the poignancy of their grief, and, sooner or later, they may understand why it is that even in this solemn hour we can truly say of each of these our brothers:

*"So I am glad—not that my friend has gone,
But that the earth he laughed and lived upon
Was my earth too; that I had closely known
And loved him, and that my love I'd shown.
Tears over his departure? Nay, a smile—
That I had walked with him a little while."*

WILL DURANT, whose writings on philosophy have aroused an interest among many who considered the subject heretofore an abstruse study, said in one of his books: "We should be more absorbed with the economics of this life than with the geography of the next." Our fraternity is concerned with "the economics of this life." In all our endeavors, in all our basic principles, we are concerned to make life happier and better, to eradicate intolerances, to promote unselfishness, and to bring to earth the dawn of that day of human brotherhood of which seers and prophets and poets and teachers have dreamed throughout the ages.

The years have come and gone since our Order was founded in 1868. The modes and habits

of life and thought have changed tremendously since then. Yet our Order has carried on and grown and prospered through the decades that have passed and through all the changing scenes the years have brought.

What is Elkdome today? A fraternity of 800,000 representative American citizens, many of them high in the affairs of State and Nation, leaders in the business and professional life of their respective communities, a fraternity with Homes in over 1500 cities of the United States and its possessions, many of these Homes not only beautiful from an architectural standpoint but representing also substantial investments, a fraternity with material wealth of a hundred millions of dollars—that is Elkdome.

An Order, imbued with patriotic, benevolent and charitable principles, the altar of every Lodge of the Order draped with the American flag, and upon it the Holy Bible, with a history of achievement unparalleled in the annals of the Republic; an Order which attracted the attention of the government and the nation because of its extensive patriotic activities during the world war; an Order that has erected a magnificent memorial building on the shores of Lake Michigan, and that was given the privilege and high distinction of establishing an Elks Memorial Hall in the beautiful new American Legion memorial building in the city of Paris—that is Elkdome.

AN ORGANIZATION that is increasing and enlarging its influence in every community, taking a more prominent part each year in matters of civic concern, going into the homes of the poor at Christmas time and at Thanksgiving, quietly distributing charity where charity is most needed, teaching the fundamental lessons of good-will by precept and example, practicing the philosophy of good fellowship and good cheer—that is Elkdome.

The first of the principles of our Order is Charity. "Faith, hope and charity," is the old familiar text, "and the greatest of these is charity." The record of the substantial charity in which the subordinate Lodges of our Order engage each year is impressive. The pangs of hunger stilled, the pains of poverty lessened, the limbs of crippled children straightened, the desire for education gratified, opportunities for play enlarged, these are some of the expressions of our charity.

We are now engaged in establishing the Elks National Foundation. This is to be a great fund, the income of which is to be expended in perpetuity by trained and wise trustees in accordance with our interpretation of the principle of charity. Contributors to that fund obtain the thrilling guaranty of an immortality more certain and enduring than can be found in legends carved in marble or inscriptions moulded in bronze.

A thousand years from now, when the great names which now are looked upon with awe shall have been forgotten, when time shall have obliterated the carved marble and corroded the moulded bronze, the trustees of that Foundation will still be administering the income of the moneys that are now being contributed, and somewhere in America some kind things will be done, some kind acts will be made possible, some little child will smile again, some hungry mouth will be fed, some boy or girl may be educated, some crippled limb will be straightened—and echoing down the corridors of time will come blessings to those who have had the privilege of joining in the establishment of that Foundation.

"Remorseless Time! Time, the Tomb-builder!" Cut down with your keen scythe the

young, the old, the rich, the poor, destroy the monuments loving hands may raise over all our graves, yet we still shall live, for Elkdome and its immortal Foundation shall still endure.

We endeavor to apply the principle of Charity to all the relations of mankind. To deal gently with our brothers and our fellows is to be charitable. We look in kindness for the best qualities in those with whom we come in contact.

Wordsworth speaks of

*"That best portion of a good man's life—
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love."*

It does not fall to the lot of the millions to be great, but goodness, which lies in kindness and love, is within the reach of all.

Justice is another of the principles of our Order. As old as Isaiah is the admonition, "Thus saith the Lord, Keep ye judgment, and do justice. Blessed is the man that doeth this." Surely, even in our day, so many centuries since the day when Isaiah prophesied we still need the same admonition to do justice.

In the Institutes of Justinian, now centuries old, is a definition of justice that has never been improved upon, that it is "the constant and perpetual disposition to render every man his due."

The fabric of our civil law is intended to promote the administration of justice. Nothing can be more hopeless than the feeling of a people that justice is denied them.

Some day we will apply the ideal of justice to all the races of the world. When that day comes, as come it must, the panoply of war will disappear. Then swords will be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks.

Fifty thousand and more American heroes lie sleeping today on Flanders fields. Surely the prayers of the mothers whose boys they were, who treasure the memories of their infancy and youth, whose hearts were torn with anguish when their names appeared among the lists of the heroic dead, will avail at length to bring on the day when right and justice shall prevail rather than the might of arms. To doubt it is to admit that the human race is not progressing and that these have died in vain.

All intolerances, whether they be religious or national, are forms of injustice, against which our Order is eternally committed.

THE principles of charity and justice are closely intertwined with that of brotherly love. In all the ages of the world's history human affection has been glorified. Poets have sung the praises of love, orators have made it their theme, and dramatists have made it the motive of their plays. "Passing the love of woman," sang David, the prince of singers, "was thy wondrous love for me, oh Jonathan, my brother."

Our American poet, Edwin Markham, has phrased the aspirations of our Order: toward human brotherhood in this poetic language:

*"The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star is brotherhood—
For it will bring again to earth
Her long-lost happiness and mirth:
Will send new light on every face—
A kingly power unto the race;
Until it comes we men are slaves
And travel downward to the dust of graves."*

*Come, clear the way then, clear the way—
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path:
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star led to rule the earth again.
Make way for brotherhood,
Make way for man."*

(Continued on page 63)

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Associated Past Exalted Rulers Meet At New York, N. Y., Lodge

At a meeting of the Associated Past Exalted Rulers of New York, Southeast, recently held in the Home of New York Lodge, No. 1, the following officers were elected for the year: President, J. H. Brennan, of New Rochelle Lodge, No. 756; Vice-Presidents Eugene E. Navin of Queens Borough Lodge, No. 878; Charles S. Hart, of Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 842; and Jacob A. Decker, of Newburgh Lodge, No. 247; and Secretary-Treasurer, Henry Kohl of Newburgh Lodge. Among the many to attend the meeting were James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; William T. Phillips, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Arthur B. Kelly, Frank J. McGuire and Clarence J. Seaton; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Thomas F. Brogan, Frederick Hughes, Warren D. Benedict, John E. Dearden, Lester G. Brimmer, Peter Stephen Beck and Edward S. McGrath; officers of the New York State Elks Association; and Past Exalted Rulers of the majority of the Lodges in that district. The business session was transacted between the courses of an excellent dinner; and after adjournment, the members of the Association spent an hour in social festivities.

Panama Canal Zone, C. Z., Lodge Gives Barbecue for Charity Fund

Over 3,000 persons, including a large delegation of members from Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge, No. 1542, attended a barbecue sponsored recently by Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414. The proceeds, estimated at \$3,000, will go to the Lodge's charity fund.

First Year's Work Among Cripples Reviewed by Galesburg, Ill., Lodge

After its first year's activity in behalf of the crippled children, the committee in charge of the Crippled Children's Clinic, sponsored by Galesburg, Ill., Lodge, No. 894, reports that six clinics have been held, 174 cases examined and several children discharged from the clinic as entirely cured. The report also states that eight hun-

A monument to the members of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, who have died since its institution. It is a replica of the figure which has been placed before the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago. It was unveiled at the Lodge's thirty-fifth anniversary celebration recently



SCHUMANN PHOTO CO.

dred dollars have been expended exclusively in this work. Hospitalization and braces made the principal demands upon funds. This amount was raised by the aid of a charity ball given last year. In conclusion, the report praised both the hospitals of the city for their wholehearted response in providing space, equipment and supplies.

350 Texan Members of the Order Gather at Home of Temple Lodge

Three hundred and fifty Elks, two hundred of whom were visitors, gathered a short time ago at the Home of Temple, Tex., Lodge, No. 138, at an assembly of members of Lodges in several districts of the State. Delegations were present representative of Houston, Dallas, Galveston, Brenham, Waco, Belton, Fort Worth, Austin, Brownwood, San Angelo and San Antonio Lodges. Among the prominent Texan Elks in attendance were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers P. L. Downs, who presided; John D. Carter and Bismark Pope, and President Julian La Crosse, of the Texas State Elks Association. A parade from the railroad station, where the Temple Elks and their band greeted the incoming guests, a buffet luncheon, and a banquet at the Lodge Home were features of the day's festivities. Chief among the formal

events was the meeting of the Lodge, during which the Degree Team of Houston Lodge initiated a class of candidates for their hosts.

Trustee of Liberty N. Y., Lodge Gives Venison Dinner to 28 Members

Twenty-eight members of Liberty, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1545, were entertained recently at a venison dinner in the home of James L. Tighue, a charter member and a trustee of Liberty Lodge. Mr. Tighue shot the deer, a large buck, while on a hunting trip a short time ago. Among those attending the dinner were Vice-President Charles H. Levy, of the New York State Elks Association; and Exalted Ruler Archibald H. Armstrong, of Liberty Lodge.

Beverly, Mass., Lodge Entertains High School Football Squad

Beverly, Mass., Lodge, No. 1309, recently gave a dinner to the entire football squad of the Beverly High School. Among the several prominent persons who spoke were Exalted Ruler Perley P. Parker, of Beverly Lodge, the toastmaster of the occasion; Mayor Roy K. Patch, of Beverly; Augustus P. Loring, Jr., Chairman of the School Committee; Frederick H. Pierce, Principal of the High School; and Bill Cunningham, a well-known sports writer of Boston.

Hancock, Mich., Elks Give Sabres to College Corps on Armistice Day

One of the most important events at the Armistice Day ceremonies, held in Hancock, Mich., was the presentation of fifteen sabres to the non-commissioned officers of the Reserve Officers Training Corps of the Michigan College of Mining and Technology by the members of Hancock Lodge, No. 381. The exercises took place before 1,000 school children and many hundreds of other onlookers. Exalted Ruler George M. Waldie of Hancock Lodge made the presentation address.

Everett, Wash., Elks Aid Families Of the Unemployed Along Coast

For the benefit of the unemployed, the Elks of Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 479, a short time ago, took over the operation of a large salmon cannery for two days. The proceeds of the output for that period were distributed among the needy families of the unemployed along the Pacific



The record class of initiates into Bangor, Pa., Lodge, numbering 121 in all. This large group was inducted upon the occasion of the visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp



The Grammar School baseball team of Willimantic, Conn., outfitted by Lodge No. 1311

Coast. All supplies used during the two-day period of operation by volunteer Elks were paid for by the Lodge.

District Deputy Linaberry Calls Upon Renovo, Pa., Lodge

The recent official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler V. R. Linaberry to Renovo, Pa., Lodge, No. 334, was made the occasion of a special District Deputies' Night to which all Past District Deputies of the Pennsylvania North Central District were invited. Exalted Rulers from many of the Lodges of that district and a number of the officers of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association attended the meeting. A buffet supper was served in the Lodge's grill room after the business session.

2,000 Children Entertained by Logansport, Ind., Lodge

Logansport, Ind., Lodge, No. 66, entertained recently over 2,000 children at a party which, for the last seven years, has been an annual event. After a dance, which was a prominent part of the day's festivities, prizes were distributed among the children.

Forty Members of Pittsburg, Calif., Lodge Visit Stockton Elks

Forty members, including the officers, of Pittsburg, Calif., Lodge, No. 1474, recently visited Stockton Lodge, No. 218. A class of ten candidates was initiated by the Pittsburg Lodge degree team. Following the regular session, the Stockton Elks presented a fine musical program.

Huntington, N. Y., Lodge Receives Visit From District Deputy Kelly

In spite of the heavy rains, a large delegation from Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, recently accompanied District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur B. Kelly on his first official visit to Huntington Lodge, No. 1565. Among those attending the meeting, besides District Deputy Kelly, were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck, Exalted Ruler Jack N. Cooper and Secretary Joseph Brand, of Bronx Lodge. A dinner at the Huntington Hotel preceded the regular session.

Phoenix, Ariz., Elks Open Free Bureau for the Unemployed

One recent activity of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, No. 335, was the opening of a free employment bureau, in association with several civic organizations. The office for the finding of work for the unemployed is located at a wood yard operated by the Volunteers of America. The Lodge has circularized its entire membership urging a report to the employment bureau in the event that any Elk has jobs to fill; and the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association has likewise sent out notices to those on its rolls, drawing to their attention the existence of the Elks' bureau. A second event of moment in the life of the Lodge was the reception, a short time

ago, of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry L. Albers upon the occasion of his official visit. After witnessing the initiation of candidates at the formal session of the Lodge, the District Deputy was the guest of honor at a supper of quail, shot by the members of the Lodge who last July won the Elks National Trapshoot at Atlantic City.

District Deputy Swanson is Guest Of Honor at Seattle, Wash., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. W. Swanson, as guest of honor, witnessed recently the initiation of a class of forty-three candidates into Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92. After the ceremonies, the District Deputy delivered an address which all in attendance found inspiring. An entertainment by professional performers followed the Lodge session.

Cliffside Park, N. J., Lodge Wins Commendation of District Deputy

In the address incident to his official visit to Cliffside Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 1502, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Maurice N. Greger complimented the officers of the Lodge heartily upon the condition of its records and the soundness of its management. After the meeting at which the District Deputy spoke, he was the guest of the Cliffside Park Elks at an informal supper.

Reading, Pa., Elks Visit Two Other Lodges in One Evening

Thirty-five members of Reading, Pa., Lodge, No. 115, made a fraternal call a short time ago upon Harrisburg Lodge, No. 12. Immediately upon their arrival, early in the evening, the guests enjoyed a bountiful dinner, and were entertained thereafter with a program of vaudeville. Upon the return journey to Reading, a part of the delegation from No. 115, in response to an invitation, stopped at the Home of Lebanon Lodge, No. 631, where a dance was being given.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Lodge Conducts Seven-Mile Walking Championship

Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, conducted recently the seven-mile Amateur Athletic Union championship walk. The event took place before a crowd of 1,500 at City Field, in Mount Vernon. The winner was Henry Cieman, of the Central Walkers' Club of Toronto, Canada. William Carlson, of the Finnish-American Athletic Club, was second; and Max Beutel, of the Ninety-second Street Y. M. H. A., was third. Mr. Cieman led at the finish by two hundred yards, covering the distance in 53 minutes, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. An additional event on the program was a four-mile novice run, won by A. Lanza, of the 258th Field Artillery. The referee of the games was Sam Schwartz, a member of Mount Vernon Lodge and of the Walkers' Club of America. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert was an honorary official.

District Deputy Broughton Calls On Appleton, Wis., Lodge

Several meetings of importance and interest have taken place recently in the Home of Appleton, Wis., Lodge, No. 337. A short time ago District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. E. Broughton made his official visit to No. 337, and witnessed the initiation of a class of 19 candidates. Coincident with District Deputy Broughton's call, Past Exalted Ruler J. P. Frank, in behalf of Appleton Lodge, presented to Charles A. Green, one of the oldest and most active of the Appleton Elks, a life membership. In his address the District Deputy spoke highly of Major Green's twenty-five years of service to the Lodge and the Order. At an earlier meeting, 150 members of Appleton Lodge had attended a party for Gottfried Langstact to celebrate his ninety-fifth



The Ritualistic Team of Pueblo, Colo., Lodge, with the cup emblematic of its victory in the ritualistic championship of the State, held by the Colorado State Elks Association



The new Home of Red Bank, N. J., Lodge. The cornerstone of this handsome and thoroughly modern structure was laid a short time ago with impressive ceremonies

birthday. President Edward W. Mackey of the Wisconsin State Elks Association, was among those present. The festivities opened with a dinner. Music was furnished by the Elks Band. Mr. Langstadt received an immense birthday cake, bearing ninety-five candles.

Secretaries of All Lodges Warned Against Man Passing Bad Checks

According to communications received by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, from Madison, Wis., Minneapolis, Minn., and Sacramento, Calif., Lodges, one Lon Ackley, representing himself to be a member of Cœur d'Alene, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1254, has been securing money on bad checks. Upon investigation it was discovered that Mr. Ackley was a member of Cœur d'Alene Lodge until May 15, 1929, at which time he was suspended for non-payment of dues.

District Deputy Clark Officially Visits Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Philip E. Clark recently made an official visit to Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge, No. 920. Also attending the meeting was a delegation of thirty-five members of Newport Lodge, No. 104.

New High School Building Dedicated By Woburn, Mass., Elks

In the presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and several hundred of its members, Woburn, Mass., Lodge, No. 908, dedicated recently the new Woburn High School. Exalted Ruler James J. Wall presided at the dedicatory exercises. He was assisted by the officers of the Lodge. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley delivered an inspiring address in which he complimented the Lodge for its activities in educational matters.

District Deputy Brown and Detroit, Mich., Elks Guests of Ann Arbor Lodge

At a recent meeting in its Home, Ann Arbor, Mich., Lodge, No. 325, was host to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William Dickson Brown and a delegation of over 200 members from Detroit Lodge, No. 34. The degree team of No. 34 initiated a large class for the Ann Arbor Elks.

Southern California Elks Organize Caravan for Grand Lodge Convention

Elks of Southern California are planning to motor to the Grand Lodge Convention at Seattle next July in a procession which promises to include one thousand automobiles and extend seven and a half miles in length. This was announced recently by the Southern California Elks Caravan, an organization for the promotion of this group journey, through its chairman,

Casey E. Brain. Provision has been made for the accommodation of the families of Elks as well as for Lodge members, and the total constituency of the caravan, it is estimated, will be three thousand persons. Arrangements are under way for the provision of a motor police escort from Los Angeles to Seattle. Unusual features of the caravan will be its inclusion of several tow and repair cars, and a hospital bus, staffed with doctors and nurses. The date of departure from Los Angeles has been fixed for July 1.

300 Liberty, N. Y., Elks Greet District Deputy Seaton on His Visit

Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jacob A. Decker, Vice-President Charles H. Levy, of the New York State Elks Association, and three hundred members of Liberty Lodge, No. 1545, recently welcomed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clarence J. Seaton on his official visit there. Addresses were made by District Deputy Seaton and Vice-President Levy. Past District Deputy Decker conducted the initiatory exercises for a class of twelve candidates. Prior to the meeting the officers of No. 1545 gave a dinner at the Hotel Lenape for Mr. Seaton and his escort.

Union Hill, N. J., Elks Initiate Class for Bergenfield Lodge

Before a large gathering, which included visitors from nine other Lodges, the officers of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, performed recently the ceremonies of initiating a class of thirteen candidates into Bergenfield Lodge, No. 1477. One hundred and twenty members, in

addition to the officers of Union Hill Lodge attended the exercises, together with the Degree Team, the Band, and the Fife and Drum Corps of No. 1357. There were present also representatives of New York and Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodges, and of Jersey City, Hoboken, Paterson, Englewood, Hackensack, Clifton and Ridgefield Park, N. J., Lodges. The meeting was followed by a social session and a luncheon, served in the grill room of the Home.

Willimantic, Conn., Lodge Gives Banquet to Boys' Baseball Team

Willimantic, Conn., Lodge, No. 1311, gave a post-season banquet a short time ago to the members of the 1930 Grammar School baseball team which earlier it had sponsored, outfitted and, in the case of games outside the city, transported. At the dinner each player received a purple sweater and a mounted photograph of the team. The principal speaker of the occasion was Ed Walsh, formerly the star pitcher and at present the coach of the Chicago White Sox, and a member of Meriden Lodge, No. 35. His son, Ed Walsh, Jr., also of the Chicago club, was a second honored guest at the banquet.

Ex-Service Men of Newark, N. J., Lodge March in Armistice Parade

Two hundred members of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, all ex-Service men, marched in the annual Armistice Day parade, sponsored by the City Commissioners of Newark. After the parade, a reception was held for the marchers in the Home of Newark Lodge, where entertainment and refreshments were provided.

District Deputy Kelly and Bronx, N. Y., Elks Visit Southampton Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur B. Kelly paid an official visit recently to Southampton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1574. He was accompanied by officers and members of Bronx Lodge, No. 871, among whom were Exalted Ruler Jack N. Cooper and Secretary Joseph Brand. The Bronx Lodge Drill Team assisted in the initiation of a large class of candidates for No. 1574.

Tucson, Ariz., Elks "Old Timers' Night" Held on 33rd Anniversary

Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, No. 385, celebrated a short time ago, upon the same evening, the thirty-third anniversary of its institution and "Old Timers' Night." The guests of honor, welcomed by twenty-one Past Exalted Rulers and several hundred other members of the Lodge, were the six surviving charter members. One of these, Past Grand Loyal Knight E. M. Dickerman, traveled the more than two thousand miles from his home in New Hampshire to be present for the reunion. Festivities lasted for four hours, beginning with a banquet early in the evening at the Old Pueblo Club and terminating with a



The float entered by Yakima, Wash., Lodge in the Armistice Day parade of the American Legion won first prize. It was so contrived as to pitch like a ship at sea



The steamship California, passing through the locks of the Panama Canal, with delegations of Elks aboard returning from the Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles in 1929. The scene promises to be repeated after the Convention at Seattle next July

buffet supper in the Lodge Home. The interval between these two both generous repasts was occupied with speeches, music, ritualistic performances and a general social session.

Seattle, Wash., Elks Ask Aberdeen Lodge to Help as Convention Hosts

The members of Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593, entertained a large delegation of Elks from Seattle Lodge, No. 92, a short time ago, and accepted with enthusiasm the invitation of their guests to cooperate in arrangements for the hospitable reception of delegates and other visitors to the next convention of the Washington State Elks Association.

Panama Lodges Broadcast Invitation To Entire Order

The two Lodges of the Canal Zone—Panama Canal Zone, No. 1414, and Cristobal, No. 1542—sent to every sister Lodge in the Order a Christmas greeting in which was included a hearty invitation to all Elks attending the Grand Lodge Convention in Seattle next July to visit them during the course of their trip. Those members who accepted a similar invitation extended at the time of the Los Angeles Convention in 1929, will need no further urging to pay a second visit to these farthest-south Lodges, whose rousing welcome and fraternal hospitality made the occasion the high spot of the whole voyage. Those interested in making a sea voyage, seeing the Panama Canal and accepting the invitation of these far-flung Lodges may do so, at a minimum of expense and trouble, by taking advantage of the Elks Tour arranged by the Panama Pacific Line which provides for the return from the Convention via the Canal, the westward trip being made by rail. For information concerning this combination rail-water trip, members of the Order may communicate with Fred Bird, General Passenger Agent, Panama Pacific Line, 1 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Clearfield, Pa., Elks Mourn Loss Of Veteran Member, T. E. Clark

Thomas E. Clark, the oldest member of Clearfield, Pa., Lodge, No. 540, and a man distinguished for service in the Civil War and in the policing of the Pennsylvania coal fields during the terroristic period of the Molly Maguires half a century ago, died recently at the age of eighty-nine. For the last thirteen years Mr. Clark had been living in retirement, after an able management for a long period of the Clearfield Opera House. He was a charter member and a life member of No. 540, as well as a charter

member of the G. A. R. Post in his community. His widow, a brother and a sister are the members of his immediate family who survive him. Mr. Clark was buried at Pottstown where, in 1841, he had been born.

Wapakoneta, O., Elks Elect Bert Blume to Life Membership

At a recent meeting of Wapakoneta, O., Lodge, No. 1170, Bert Blume, its Esteemed Leading Knight for seventeen years, received a life membership, for distinguished services rendered the Order. In the course of the addresses incident to the conference of this distinction, it was pointed out that Mr. Blume has delivered the Elks eulogy at every funeral service and every memorial service ever held by Wapakoneta Lodge.

Michigan Lodge Officers Gather In Conference at Battle Creek

The Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of all Lodges in the districts of Michigan, East, and Michigan, West, met recently in conference at the Home of Battle Creek Lodge, No. 131. The officers assembled at the instance of District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers W. Dickson Brown, who presided at the session, and Byron O. Smith. Prominent among the events of the session was an address to the Lodge representatives by Grand Trustee John K. Burch. Ad-



The ceremonies attending the presentation of sabres to the members of the Reserve Officers Training Corps of the Michigan College of Mining and Technology by Hancock, Mich., Lodge No. 381, at an Armistice Day celebration

journalment of the formal meeting was followed by a banquet and entertainment given by the Battle Creek Elks for the visitors.

Seattle, Wash., Elks Present Show For Shut-ins at Lodge Home

Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, gave a shut-in party in the Lodge room of its Home recently to a large group of crippled and otherwise disabled men, women and children. This entertainment was a part of Shut-in Week, an event observed by many Lodges in the State of Washington, according to a plan adopted at the last convention of the Washington State Elks Association. Members of Ballard Lodge, No. 827, cooperated with those of No. 92 in helping to transport the guests to and from the Seattle Lodge Home.

Hamilton, O., Elks Give Money to Aid Idle and Red Cross

As its contribution to the relief of the unemployed, Hamilton, O., Lodge, No. 93, voted recently to appropriate for the use of the local unemployment committee \$200 a month for a period of three months. A second welfare measure adopted at the same meeting was the doubling of the Lodge's regular contribution to the Red Cross.

Officers of Washington, Northwest, Lodges Plan Co-ordinated Effort

For the discussion of plans making for the co-ordination of effort among the Lodges of Washington, Northwest, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. W. Swanson called recently a meeting of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Lodges within that territory. The officers assembled at the Home of Mr. Swanson's Lodge Everett No. 479.

Prominent Elks Attend Initiation At New Kensington, Pa., Lodge

Representatives of the Grand Lodge and of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association were among the many Elks who recently witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates into New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, No. 512. Prominent among those attending the event were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clarence O. Morris, John F. Nugent, President, and M. F. Horne, Vice-President, of the Association.

Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Indiana Attend Conference

One hundred and fifty Elks, including many notables of the Order, and representing fifty-five subordinate Lodges of the State, attended recently the twelfth annual conference of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Indiana, under the auspices of their District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers. The meeting was held at the Hotel Antlers in Indianapolis. Among the notable members of the Order who addressed the conference



One of the most smartly uniformed and splendidly trained drill teams in Pennsylvania is that of Erie Lodge, No. 67

were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning and John K. Tener, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Milo B. Mitchell, and Earl A. Keisker. Mr. Tener made the principal address of the evening. Other speakers introduced were Grand Inner Guard John F. Halliday; Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Hubert S. Riley; Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Frank J. McMichael; Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Harry Loewenthal; Past Grand Tiler George W. June; Fred Cunningham, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; R. A. Scott, Superintendent of the Elks National Home; and F. J. Schrader, assistant to the Grand Secretary. In addition to Mr. Keisker and Mr. Mitchell, District Deputies O. Ray Miner, Ralph W. McCarty and Frank E. Coughlin, and President Fred A. Wiecking and Secretary W. C. Groehl, and other officers of the Indiana State Elks Association, attended the conference. A dinner preceded the meeting.

Secretary Emeritus of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge Dies

Herman Kohn, Secretary Emeritus of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, died recently. For twenty-six of his thirty-eight years as a member of the Lodge, Mr. Kohn had been its Secretary. When he retired from this office in 1925, the San Francisco Elks, in token of their appreciation of his work, conferred upon him the honorary title of Secretary Emeritus for life and, for distinguished services rendered to the Order, a life membership in the Lodge.

District Deputy Strasburger Visits Summit, N. J., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Strasburger, accompanied by a delegation of thirty members of his own Lodge, Belleville, No. 1123, made an official visit recently to Summit Lodge, No. 1246. More than two hundred members from Lodges in the northwest of New Jersey welcomed the District Deputy. In a stirring address Mr. Strasburger stressed the importance of the duties of lapsation committees and advocated that the widest possible publicity be given, through Lodge bulletins, to the crippled children's relief being carried on by New Jersey Elks.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Mountain At Toledo, O., Lodge Initiation

Past Grand Exalted Ruler W. W. Mountain witnessed recently the initiation into Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, of the first twelve candidates of the current season. The newly inducted group was designated "The Lucky Dozen." The Toledo Elks initiated at the same time a class of candidates for Peru, Ind., Lodge, No. 365. Mr. Mountain praised the officers of the Lodge for the imposing character of the ritual as they had exemplified it, and congratulated the initiated upon their affiliation with the Order.

Springfield, Mass., Lodge Observes Its Thirtieth Anniversary

Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61, recently observed its thirtieth anniversary with ceremonies which included the presentation of life memberships to all members in good standing throughout the entire thirty years of the life of the Lodge. This presentation took place at

a social session following a regular Lodge meeting. A banquet was served for the twenty-seven members honored. Among the recipients of life memberships were James R. Nicholson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler and second Exalted Ruler of the Lodge; Edward A. McClintock, first Exalted Ruler; Dr. James F. Martin, sixth Exalted Ruler; John M. Sullivan, eleventh Exalted Ruler; and Charles T. Shean, sixteenth Exalted Ruler.

Indianapolis, Ind., Elks Induct Big Class Prior to "Golden Jubilee"

As a preliminary to the celebration of its "Golden Jubilee," or fiftieth anniversary, to be held March 20, Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, received into membership recently a class of sixty-two candidates. The group of initiates was inducted by the Ritualistic Team of Bluffton, Ind., Lodge, No. 796, which won the ritualistic championship of the State in the last contest sponsored by the Indiana State Elks Association. The meeting during which the initiation took place was one marked for its manifestation of enthusiasm for the ideals and affairs of the Order. After the adjournment of the Lodge session, there followed a social period at which there was exhibited a warmth of spirit commensurate with the interest of the occasion. According to the indications at present, the forthcoming observance of Indianapolis Lodge's completion of its first half-century of existence will be a memorable affair. Notables of the Order, foremost among whom will be Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp, are expected to attend in numbers, together with many Elks prominent in the State of Indiana and virtually the entire membership of No. 13.

Peekskill and Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Elks Exchange Fraternal Calls

Members of Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge, No. 744, and of Mt. Kisco Lodge, No. 1552, took part recently in an exchange of fraternal visits. The Peekskill Elks journeyed to the Home of Mt. Kisco Lodge upon the occasion of the official visitation there of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. J. McGuire; and a short time thereafter were hosts to the delegation of Mt. Kisco Elks which accompanied the bowling team to Peekskill for a tournament match. After the contest both the bowlers and those who had come to cheer them on were entertained at a roast beef dinner.

Visit to Gloucester, Mass., Lodge Made by District Deputy Henchey

On his official visit recently to Gloucester, Mass., Lodge, No. 892, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond E. Henchey complimented the officers of the Lodge upon their excellent rendition of the ritual. In spite of the inclement weather a large gathering greeted the District Deputy.

Des Plaines, Ill., Elks Dedicate Elaborate New Lodge Quarters

With impressive ceremonies and with a public display of celebration which won the interest of its entire community, Des Plaines, Ill., Lodge, No. 1526, dedicated recently its new Lodge rooms in the Masonic Temple in its city. Before the dedicatory exercises, the members of the Lodge, joined by the officers and a delegation of members of Elmhurst Lodge, No. 1531, participated in a parade through the business dis-

trict of Des Plaines. Several musical organizations were included in the procession. These were the Drum and Bugle Corps of the Mel Tierney Post of the American Legion, Park Ridge; the band of St. Mary's Training School; the Drum and Bugle Corps of Elmhurst Lodge; and the Des Plaines Elks Band. At the meeting rooms the dedication ceremonies were opened by Exalted Ruler James C. Lorton, and conducted by other officers acting as Grand Lodge officers. A barbecue at Virginia Grove followed these exercises. The new quarters of Des Plaines Lodge are those formerly occupied by the post-office. The rooms, representing about 2,500 square feet of floor space, have been remodeled wherever necessary for suitability to their new use, and elaborately and tastefully redecorated.

Major-General Burnham, Member of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, Dies

Major-General William F. Burnham, a member of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, died recently at the Letterman General Hospital, in San Francisco, Calif., after an illness of several months. While stationed at Omaha, in the course of his forty-seven years of service in the Army, General Burnham became a member of the Lodge there. During the war he commanded the Eighty-second Division in France and was decorated in recognition of his achievements, with the Order of the Bath, by Great Britain; with the Croix de Guerre, by France; and with the Military Medal of Honor, by Greece.

Mobile, Ala., Lodge Receives Visit From District Deputy Carman

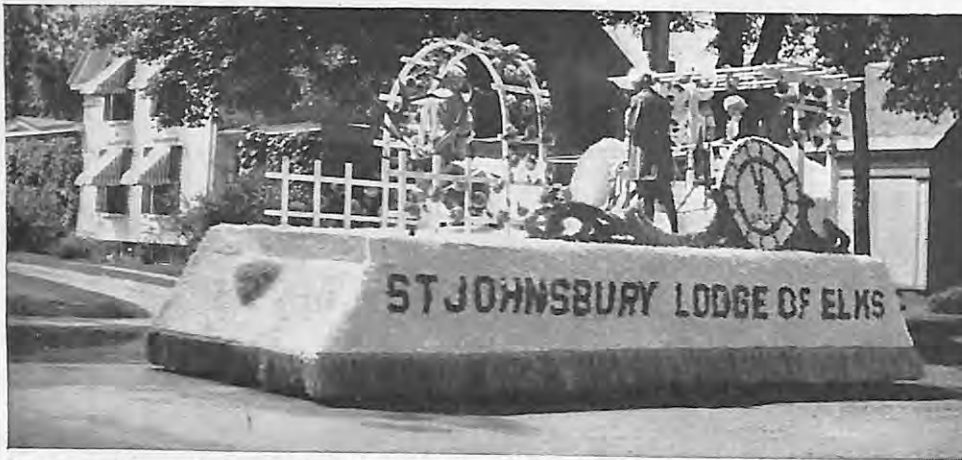
District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. Q. Carman recently paid an official visit to his Home Lodge, Mobile, Ala., No. 108. Six Past Exalted Rulers and a large representation of other members attended the meeting. After the business session a buffet supper was served in the Lodge's dining-room.

Bartlesville, Okla., Elks Enjoy Many Business and Social Events

An interesting and varied program of business, social and athletic activities has been enjoyed recently by members of Bartlesville, Okla., Lodge, No. 1060. Among the events were a professional boxing exhibition, the proceeds from which have enabled the Lodge to distribute food to the needy families of the city; a social gathering with music, games and other entertainment; and a musical, the feature attraction being the first appearance of the Tulsa University Glee Club.

New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, on 35th Birthday Unveils Memorial

Upon its thirty-fifth anniversary, New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, unveiled a memorial to its one hundred and ninety-five members who have died since its institution. The memorial, a bronze figure of an elk and a replica of one which has been placed before the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago, is the gift of Arthur Bishop, a member of New Brunswick Lodge. Inscribed upon the granite base of the monument are these words: "This memorial is erected by Brother Arthur Bishop in eternal memory to the deceased members of New Brunswick Lodge, No. 324, B. P. O. Elks, who have answered the mystic roll call of the Grand Exalted Ruler of the Universe." The address of



In a recent parade in its city, St. Johnsbury, Vt., Lodge, No. 1343, entered this excellently conceived float upon which was presented a historical scene

presentation was made by Justice Peter F. Daly, of the Supreme Court of the State, and Past Exalted Ruler of New Brunswick Lodge. The unveiling was performed by two little girls who were patients in the Elks' clinic for crippled children. In the course of the exercises, Exalted Ruler Paul W. Ewing, who presided, gave to the donor of the memorial a bronze plaque in token of the Lodge's appreciation. Celebration of the thirty-fifth birthday of the Lodge followed the unveiling of the monument. At this affair there were several visitors distinguished in public life and in the Order. These included former Governor A. Harry Moore, of New Jersey; Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Wibiralski; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter J. Eichele; President Albert J. Dearden and Past President John H. Cose, of the New Jersey State Elks Association. Prominent among the events of the formal session of the Lodge were the presentation of honorary life memberships to nine charter members, and addresses by former Governor Moore, District Deputy Wibiralski and President Dearden. A dinner, enlivened by entertainment by professional performers, preceded the meeting.

Twenty-five Franklin, Pa., Elks Visit Grove City Lodge

The officers, the orchestra, and a group of other members of Franklin, Pa., Lodge, No. 110, which brought the number of visitors to twenty-five, journeyed recently to the Home of Grove City Lodge, No. 1579, upon the occasion of the official visitation there of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Earl MacDonald. The Franklin Lodge officers conducted the initiation ceremonies incident to the meeting, assisted by the orchestra. A buffet supper followed the conclusion of the Lodge session.

Lincoln, Neb., Lodge Celebrates Opening of Redecorated Home

Five hundred Elks and their guests attended recently the opening of the newly redecorated Home of Lincoln, Neb., Lodge, No. 80. Dancing, music and vaudeville acts provided amusement throughout the evening. Inspection of the alterations on the interior of the building was made by the guests. The redecoration and remodeling consisted of new furnishings, lighting fixtures, carpets, and new color schemes for the walls and ceilings.

Long Beach, Calif., Lodge Holds "Old Clothes Jinx," Aiding Needy

Worn clothes and shoes, for men, women and children, were collected recently by Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, from among its members and thereafter given away to needy persons in the community. The garments and footwear were gathered at an entertainment in the Lodge Home, designated as an "Old Clothes Jinx" and to which the price of admission was a bundle of second-hand clothing. The articles later were sorted, placed on racks according to size and kind, and held at the Home for anyone who might call and take them away. One of the

members of the Lodge offered to have garments pressed for those who might desire it, and at the same time the Lodge had, ready to give out when necessary, orders for the repairing of shoes. The value of the clothing collected was placed at \$2,000. It was stipulated before the "Jinx" that only presentable garments were wanted.

Senator-Elect, at Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge, Greets District Deputy

Marcus A. Coolidge, elected recently to the United States Senate, was one of the large number of members of Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge, No. 847, to greet District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Michael L. Eisner when he made an official visit there recently. The District Deputy commented upon the distinction of Fitchburg Lodge in having upon its roster two men chosen for the Senate: David I. Walsh and Mr. Coolidge; and one elected to the House of Representatives in Washington: Frank H. Foss.

Elks National Bowling Tournament May Have Record Entry

Bowling enthusiasts of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, held a mass meeting recently for the purpose of co-ordinating efforts toward making the coming fourteenth annual Elks National Bowling Tournament, to be held beginning March 21, in their city, the greatest in the history of such events. As a result of this gathering and of the general enthusiasm obtaining among the many other Lodges where bowling is of especial interest. John W. Gray, Secretary-Treasurer of the Elks Bowling Association, declared not long ago that indications point this year to a surpassing of the record entry list of last year and the record total of prize money, set in 1927 and amounting to more than \$8,000. Although no definite figure concerning the value of the prizes can as yet be estimated, there have been evidences of the entry of an unusually large number of teams. The host Lodge in Detroit is making efforts to put 150 teams in the competition, and word has been received from Toledo,

O., Lodge, No. 53, of a contemplated representation of 50 more teams. The total number of teams registered at Cicero, Ill., last year was 353 teams. It has been made public by those in charge of the tournament this year that there will be two classes of prizes, regular and good-fellowship. The first class will be awarded for merit, the second will be drawn for those whose scores have not qualified them for the first. The tournament will be held upon the twenty alleys of the Detroit Recreation, directly opposite the present Home of Detroit Lodge. The promotional committee in charge of the meet comprises three officers of the Bowling Association, President Horace S. Pyatt, Vice-President Joseph M. Valciha, and Secretary-Treasurer John J. Gray. The chairman of the tournament committee is Frank G. Mitzel, Treasurer of Detroit Lodge. Information of any sort regarding the tournament may be had by communicating with Mr. Gray, at Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46.

Testimonial Dinner for F. J. Schrader Given by Washington, Pa., Elks

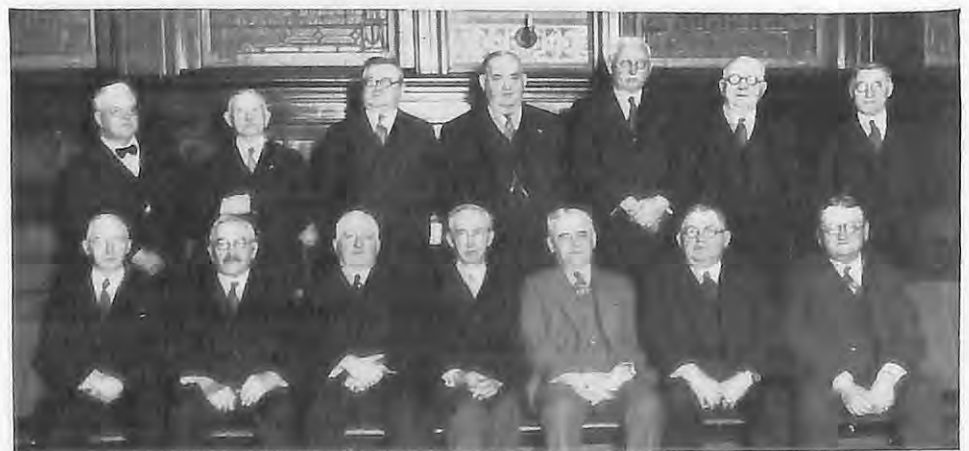
Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, several officers of the Pennsylvania and West Virginia State Elks Associations and about 500 other members of the Order recently attended a testimonial dinner and reception given for F. J. Schrader, Assistant to Grand Secretary Masters, in the Home of Washington, Pa., Lodge, No. 776. The feature of the reception, which followed the dinner, was the addresses by the distinguished guests. Among those to speak were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Tener, Grand Secretary Masters, President John F. Nugent and Past President Martin F. Bierbaum, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; President J. W. Hartigan and Past Presidents James A. Dyson and Arch F. Dawson, of the West Virginia State Elks Association.

W. B. Hanna, New York Sports Writer, Is Dead

William B. Hanna, for thirty-five years a member of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, died recently. A newspaper man who devoted himself to sports, particularly to the reporting of baseball and football games, Mr. Hanna was greatly esteemed by his associates. A year or so ago, when the Associated Baseball Writers held their annual dinner, Mr. Hanna was the guest of honor and was voted as having done more for baseball than anyone not actively engaged in the game itself.

10,000 Attend Charity Bazaar Given By Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge

Coincident with the opening of the new addition to the Home of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, recently, a carnival and bazaar for the benefit of the borough's needy families was launched. Over 3,000 persons attended the first night's program and more than 10,000 were present during the week of the carnival's run. Every sort of entertainment was provided.



A group of members of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61, of thirty years' standing, to whom life memberships recently were given on the Lodge's 30th anniversary

Booths erected in the main rooms of the Lodge did extraordinary business. It is estimated that the proceeds from this year's event were the largest in many years. At the dedication of the new addition on the first night of the affair, Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp made his official visit to the Lodge and delivered an impressive address. The annex, built in the rear of the main building, is two stories high. It provides for a large kitchen and dining room and, on the second floor, it contains a private dining room to accommodate up to 100 persons. During the bazaar, the new section was opened to the public.

Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge Entertains 1,200 Children at Theatre Party

Twelve hundred children attended a theatre party given recently by Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge, No. 1499. So crowded was the house that many of the youngsters sat two in a seat. The moving picture program, planned by the Elks, provided a popular feature and several one-reel specials, all favorites of the young audience. About fourteen car-loads of children, escorted by the Chief of Police of Brattleboro, came from Austine, a neighboring town.

Cambridge, O., Elks Initiate Large Class of Candidates Into Order

At a recent meeting of Cambridge, O., Lodge, No. 448, a large class of candidates was initiated. The evening's program opened with a dinner attended by over a hundred persons, including a delegation of members from Coshoc-ton Lodge, No. 376. The banquet was followed by the initiation ceremonies, in which the visiting officers assisted the Cambridge Elks.

Moundsville, W. Va., Elks Make Fraternal Call on Sistersville Lodge

Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James F. Shipman, the officers of his home Lodge, Moundsville, W. Va., No. 282, and a host of its members, recently visited Sistersville Lodge, No. 333. A class of candidates was initiated by the visiting Elks. After the business session, the hosts provided entertainment and a buffet supper.

New York, N. Y., Lodge's Annual Charity Ball a Success

One of the most brilliant and successful charity balls ever sponsored by New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, took place recently in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Commodore. The net proceeds, to go to the Lodge's charity fund, have been estimated at approximately \$12,000. Among the distinguished personages who were box-holders were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clayton J. Heermance, Exalted Ruler Samuel McKee, of New York Lodge; and Mayor James J. Walker. Some of Broadway's most famous artists presented a splendid program of entertainment in the course of the evening.

Etna, Pa., Elks Raise \$75,000 For Indebtedness on New Home

Seventy-five thousand dollars was raised recently by the members of Etna, Pa., Lodge, No. 932, in order to reduce the indebtedness accumulated since the building of their new Home a year ago. This accomplishment was made public a short time ago by John F. Nugent, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, in his first official circular to the Association's member Lodges; and it was designated by President Nugent as one of the notable achievements of Lodges in the State during his administration.

Shamokin, Pa., Lodge Pays Tribute To Its Treasurer, Max Schmidt

As a tribute to his faithful services, Shamokin, Pa., Lodge, No. 355, gave a dinner recently to Max Schmidt, who for a quarter-century has been its Treasurer. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas Giles and more than 200



At any season a place of beauty, the Home of Mercedes, Tex., Lodge, No. 1467, during these wintry months presents an aspect uncommonly inviting

members of Shamokin Lodge, including ten Past Exalted Rulers, attended the meeting. Speeches were made by Past District Deputy Giles and Exalted Ruler Daniel W. Kearney. During the course of the evening Mr. Schmidt received a number of telegrams of felicitation from friends in neighboring Lodges. The Elks orchestra and a German band furnished music at the dinner.

Clifton, N. J., Lodge Speeds Work On New Home to Aid Jobless

In order to aid the unemployed laborers and mechanics of its city, Clifton, N. J., Lodge, No. 1569, had arranged for building operations upon its projected new \$45,000 Home to begin immediately. Announcement of this was made by Exalted Ruler Frank A. Latimer upon the second night of the Charity Minstrel Show and Frolic presented by the Lodge recently. This entertainment played to capacity audiences in the Clifton High School Auditorium. The ample proceeds from it are to be devoted to the Lodge's fund for crippled children.

Yakima, Wash., Lodge Wins Prize With Ingenious Battleship Float

Yakima, Wash., Lodge, No. 318, won first prize for floats in the American Legion parade in its city on Armistice Day. The float was in several ways distinctive. It represented a battleship and increased the realism of the likeness by having, by means of an auxiliary exhaust pipe, a steady flow of smoke out the stack. There was furthermore, within this stack, a red light so placed as to cast a ruddy glow upon the smoke and so simulate fire. Offset hubs on the wheels of the automobile which carried the display lent to the entire structure a pitching motion, like that of a ship riding the waves. In the evening, after the parade, the dining-room of Yakima Lodge was the scene of a banquet attended by two hundred and sixty-six members of the Legion.

Cornerstone for Red Bank, N. J., Lodge Laid with Impressive Service

In the presence of two hundred or more persons, including several prominent members of the Order, Past President John H. Cose, of the New Jersey State Elks Association, recently conducted the ceremonies at the laying of the cornerstone for the new Home of Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233. Speakers for the occasion were William T. Phillips, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Wibiral-ski; President Albert E. Dearden and Past President Cose of the New Jersey State Elks Association; Exalted Ruler Fred A. Ellison,

of Red Bank Lodge; and Mayor William H. R. White, of Red Bank. A parade, in which both borough authorities and Elks marched, preceded the exercises. District Deputy Wibiral-ski, in his speech, conveyed greetings and congratulations from Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp. The invocation was delivered by Chaplain Robert MacKeller, of Red Bank Lodge. As part of the services, a copper box containing, among other items, a copy of the Grand Lodge Constitution, Red Bank Lodge's by-laws, a copy of THE ELKS MAGAZINE and a roll of the officers of the Lodge for the past seven years, was placed within the cornerstone.

Clovis, N. M., Elks Provide Clothing And Food for Needy Families

In order to help the families of the unemployed in its city, Clovis, N. M., Lodge, No. 1244, recently launched a food-and-clothing drive. All who could do so were asked by the Elks to contribute bundles of old clothes and packages of food. The Salvation Army co-operated with the Lodge by distributing the supplies.

San Joaquin Valley, Calif., Lodges Hold Quarterly Meeting

The thirteenth quarterly meeting of the San Joaquin Valley, Calif., Lodges, consisting of the Lodges in the East Central District, was held recently in the Home of Hanford Lodge, No. 1259. Attending the session were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank H. Pratt, and representatives from Taft, Bakersfield, Tulare, Porterville, Visalia, Hanford, Fresno and Modesto Lodges. Before the meeting came to order the Hanford Elks served a delicious luncheon in the dining-room of their Home.

District Deputy Sartoris Calls Upon Winthrop, Mass., Lodge

Accompanied by a suite comprising about a hundred delegates from various Lodges in Massachusetts, including fifty members from his own, New Bedford, No. 73, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Morten G. Sartoris recently made an official visit to Winthrop Lodge, No. 1078. Among the many who attended the meeting were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Edward D. Larkin, and Frederick T. Strachan; Trustee Daniel J. Honan, of the Massachusetts State Elks Association; and John A. Thompson, an honorary life member of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1. The District Deputy and his suite were greeted by Exalted Ruler Frank F. Bauer. Following the introduction of the visitors the officers of Winthrop Lodge performed the ceremonies of initiation for a class of candidates.

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge of Antlers Displays Activity

The Lodge of Antlers sponsored by San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, instituted a short time ago a Lodge of Antlers at Berkeley Lodge, No. 1002. A few days later, before a large gathering of Elks and of their parents, the San Francisco Antlers exemplified publicly the ritual of installing their officers.

Ashtabula, O., Elks Win Praise of District Deputy for Initiation

The officers of Ashtabula, O., Lodge, No. 208, won the commendation of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler D. K. Moser recently for their conduct of the initiation ceremonies incident to his official visit to the Lodge. More than one hundred and fifty members of the Order were present upon this occasion. In addition to the members of the host Lodge, there were in attendance a delegation of members of Warren Lodge, No. 295, acting as escort to the District Deputy; and a group of visitors from Conneaut Lodge, No. 256. A dinner in the dining room of the Home of Ashtabula Lodge preceded the formal session.

Birmingham, Ala., Lodge Plans to Invite Grand Lodge Convention

From information received from E. J. McCrossin, President of the Alabama State Elks Association, it became known recently that Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, will present to the Grand Lodge in Seattle next July an invitation to hold its 1932 convention in Birmingham.

Notables at Red Bank, N. J., Elks' Dinner to Past Exalted Ruler

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Wibiralski, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Francis V. Dobbins, and Peter J. Eichele, and Edgar T. Reed, Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, were among the one hundred members of the Order present recently at a testimonial dinner given by Red Bank Lodge, No. 233, to its Past Exalted Ruler, John F. O'Neill. Addresses appropriate to the occasion were made by all of the notables present, and a response marked for its sincerity and felicity was made by the guest of honor.

Twelve Pennsylvania Lodges Have Delegates at District Meeting

Twelve Lodges were represented at a meeting of the Pennsylvania, Northwest, District, held a short time ago at the Home of New Castle Lodge, No. 69. Fifty delegates in all were in attendance. This number of members of the Order at the gathering was augmented by twelve members of Lodges of the Southwest District. Prominent among these was John F. Nugent, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association.

District Deputy Bennett Makes Calls Upon Five Lodges

Within a period terminated recently, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles W. Bennett made official calls upon the following Lodges: Wilmington, Del., No. 307; and, in Maryland, Towson, No. 469, Cambridge, No. 1272, Salisbury, No. 817, and Crisfield, No. 1044. Upon each occasion candidates were initiated during the Lodge session. Accompanying the District Deputy upon these visits was Taylor Morrison, President of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association.

Many Members of Great Neck, N. Y., Lodge Greet District Deputy Kelly

A large and enthusiastic gathering of members of Great Neck, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1543, recently greeted District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur B. Kelly on the occasion of his official visit. Bronx Lodge, No. 871, the District Deputy's Lodge, was represented by many members, including Exalted Ruler Jack

N. Cooper, Secretary Joseph Brand, and its degree team, which performed the ceremonies initiating a class of candidates for Great Neck Lodge. The meeting is reported to have been one of the best held in the Home of No. 1543 in some time.

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

On a farewell visit recently to his Home Lodge, Johnson City, Tenn., No. 825, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Carl A. Neves was presented by the officers of the Lodge with an honorary life membership in appreciation of his faithful services to No. 825. District Deputy Neves has accepted an invitation from the National Sanatorium at Battle Mountain, S. D., to become its Governor and Chief Medical Officer.

District Deputy Moore Visits Arlington, Mass., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William J. Moore recently made an official visit to Arlington, Mass., Lodge, No. 1435. The District Deputy invited the Arlington Elks to accompany him on his visitations to other Lodges in his district.

District Deputy O'Hea Calls Upon Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur C. O'Hea recently made an official visit to Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141, he was welcomed there by David Sholtz, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, and over one hundred Elks representing several Lodges of the East Florida District. Addresses were made by Mr. Sholtz, District Deputy O'Hea and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. F. Chapman.

250 Orphans Entertained by Elks Of LaFayette, Ind., Lodge

Over two hundred and fifty orphans were entertained recently at a theatre party by members of LaFayette, Ind., Lodge, No. 143. The Elks transported the children in taxis and private cars to and from the Tippecanoe County Children's Home, St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum and the Knights of Pythias State Home. Upon entering the theatre, each child was given an American flag and a bag of candy.

Fergus Falls, Minn., Elks Transport Crippled Children to School

In order to make it possible for five crippled children to attend school, Fergus Falls, Minn., Lodge, No. 1093, recently contributed an automobile, with a driver, to transport the youngsters to and from their school. Last year the Lodge contracted with a taxicab company for this service. At the present time, the Lodge's steward, Charles Rufer, is driving the automobile.

Nineteenth Anniversary Meeting Held by Hanford, Calif., Lodge

At the nineteenth anniversary meeting of Hanford, Calif., Lodge, No. 1259, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank H. Pratt was the principal speaker. Over 200 Elks, including ten charter members of No. 1259, enjoyed a turkey dinner and a varied program of entertainment. Others to talk, besides District Deputy Pratt, were Lee Bishop, Chairman of the Association of Lodges of the San Joaquin Valley; and "Buzzy" Wares, of Hanford Lodge, a noted baseball executive and coach.

Ravenna, O., Elks Win High Praise From District Deputy Moser

Praise for the proficiency of the officers in ritualistic work, and for the spirit and sound management of the Lodge itself was a prominent part of the address of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler D. K. Moser, upon the occasion of his official visit recently to Ravenna, O., Lodge, No. 1076. This commendation by the District Deputy, and the presence at the meeting in his honor of a number of visitors from

Warren Lodge, No. 295, Canton Lodge, No. 68, and Kent Lodge, No. 1377, made the evening memorable both for the Ravenna Elks and their guests.

Otto Seibert, Long the Secretary of Bloomington, Ill., Lodge, Dies

Otto Seibert, Secretary of Bloomington, Ill., Lodge, No. 281, for twenty-six years, and, for seven consecutive years, Mayor of Normal, Ill., died recently at his home at the age of sixty-nine. Active during his entire fraternal life in charitable affairs, Mr. Seibert was prominent also in the political life of his community, in addition to his service as chief executive of his city. He was for one year Chairman of the County Central Committee and, at the time of his death, Precinct Committeeman of the Republican Party. Mr. Seibert was unmarried. A brother and three sisters survive him.

Columbus, O., Lodge Gives Theatre Party to 3,300 Children

Thirty-three hundred children were guests at a theatre party recently given by the members of Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37. Before the show each child received a bag of cakes and candy.

News of the Order From Far and Near

An altar flag was presented recently to Attleboro, Mass., Lodge by the William A. Streeter Camp, No. 133, Auxiliary to the Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War.

Over a hundred members of Merced, Calif., Lodge attended a dinner and entertainment a short time ago in the Lodge Home. A substantial fund was raised at the time for the Lodge's Charity box.

Past Exalted Rulers' Night was observed a short time ago in the Home of Hamilton, O., Lodge. Thirteen Past Exalted Rulers received gifts as tokens of esteem.

The officers and other members of Ventura, Calif., Lodge were the guests recently of Berkeley Lodge at its birthday dinner. In the course of the Lodge meeting, the visiting officers initiated a class of candidates for their hosts.

Two first prizes have been won recently by the Elks band of Plainfield, N. J., Lodge. At Warinanco Park, in Elizabeth, at an affair conducted by the Lions Club of Union County, the band received first prize and a beautiful cup donated by the Linden Chamber of Commerce. The band again was awarded first prize for having the most unique costume in a parade conducted by the Recreation Commission of Plainfield.

Through its Crippled Children's Committee, Rutherford, N. J., Lodge, effected recently the restoration to health of two little girls. The one was aided by the removal of her tonsils, the other by an operation upon a club foot.

About forty members of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, were entertained recently by Petaluma Lodge, at its annual oyster party held this year at Sonoma.

President Taylor Morrison, of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association, attended recently the opening of the winter social season of Frostburg, Md., Lodge. A delicious oyster supper was served before the formal reception and Lodge meeting.

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Elkhart, Ind., Lodge recently distributed among the needy families of that city 150 bushels of turnips.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Delmar R. Jacobs made an official visit recently upon the membership of Stockton, Calif., Lodge.

Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge received, a short time ago, a fraternal visit from a delegation of members of Red Bank Lodge, whose officers initiated a class of candidates for their hosts.

The Mystery of the Glass Bullet

(Continued from page 13)

was not a man of much attraction. He lacked charm, and he appeared to be utterly devoid of blandishment.

He was very tall, extraordinarily thin, with a pallid, yellowish skin and long, drooping iron-gray moustache, rather stringy, which at its thickest part, just above his lip, was of a peculiar greenish-brown tint—probably due to the cigars which he seemed incessantly to smoke. His eyes were black, beady, and stone-cold; he evidently was bald, for he wore a close-fitting dark *toupée* and he seemed incapable of keeping his lips closed, for his white teeth were always visible so that there was the effect of a perpetual forced and sardonic smile on his face.

He was extremely well-dressed, very soft spoken with a perfect accent, completely self-possessed, and his manner was bland to the point of oiliness.

He accepted a whiskey and soda as readily as, at Mr. Bunn's invitation, the Lady Cedar had nominated for herself a cocktail.

"That shocking discovery this afternoon has haunted me ever since I left the place, Mr. Flood," she said, using the name under which Smiler Bunn at that period was comfortably making his way through life. "And as we had to pass your house this evening on our way to Grateley Station I could not resist calling to ask if you had gleaned any more news about the poor handsome boy who was killed. And I brought Colonel Carnac in with me because he is scientifically interested in criminology and the detection of crime."

She threw a brilliant glance at the Colonel. "Really, he is one of the best amateur detectives in the world!" she said, and took a sip at her cocktail.

The Colonel moved a hand like the claw of a bird—a large, dangerous bird.

"Hardly that, my dear Cedar," he demurred mildly. "But an old soldier on retired pay must do something to save himself from becoming a vegetable and since I grew too old for exploring I have discovered that I really do seem to have a sort of *flair* for picking up and linking together loose ends of a crime!"

He shrugged, his white teeth showing in that peculiar fixed grin of his.

"Lady Cedar was kind enough to call for me and ask me to come over in the hope that you gentlemen might care to give me any information you may have gleaned in connection with the murder," he added.

The lady laughed quietly, finished her cocktail, glanced at the clock, and rose.

"I am sure they will," she said with a smile for each. "But I must go now. It is later than I thought and the London train will be in."

She hesitated a moment, then resumed.

"I am meeting and bringing back to Maiden Fain Manor a new and very lovely—and enormously wealthy—neighbor for you," she explained. "Miss Alison Vanesterman, the only daughter of Anson Vanesterman, of New York!"

"The millionaire—multi-millionaire, I ought to say—do you mean, Lady Cedar?" asked Mr. Bunn.

"Yes!"

"She is coming to stay with you at Maiden Fain Manor?" asked Mr. Bunn.

But Lady Cedar laughed a little, shaking her head.

"Oh, no—it is quite the other way round. Miss Vanesterman is the owner of Maiden Fain and I am merely the friend she has chosen, from among many, to act as 'guide, counsellor and friend' socially on her first visit to England. You will both fall in love with her—everyone does," she concluded, and was quite affectionately ushered, as it were, to her car by the three gentlemen.

"A very lovely woman, Lady Cedar," said Mr. Bunn, motioning to the grim-looking Colonel to replenish his glass.

"Very."

"Life must be a niceish affair for a woman like Lady Cedar," continued the Smiler, in a slightly dull, thick-witted sort of way that caused Fortworth to glance at him rather curiously. (He was not normally a dull man nor thick o' the wits.)

"I mean, to be so beautiful and rich—"

"Rich! My dear sir!" The Colonel stared

and showed his teeth more plainly than ever. "Rich! Why, she hasn't got two cents to rub together! She's as poor as—as—I am. Poorer—for I have at least my beggarly pension! That's why she is permitting her friend, Miss Vanesterman, to pay her so well for acting as a companion and social guide over here in England until Miss Vanesterman knows a little more about the—er—peculiarities of English social life!"

"Oh, is that so?" said Mr. Bunn heavily. "You surprise me, Colonel."

He refilled his glass.

Colonel Carnac shrugged his shoulders.

"The way of the world," he said, airily.

"Light and shade, laughter and tears, wealth and poverty, ups and downs. First up, like the Vanestermans—then down, like that poor chap you discovered to-day. You were the first on the scene, I believe?"

Mr. Bunn did not mention the gamekeeper. "Never had such a shock in our lives, hey, Squire?" he appealed to Fortworth.

"No," said that un-garrulous individual.

Colonel Carnac leaned forward.

"You had a good look round about when you found him, of course?" he asked with some eagerness. "Did you find anything that struck you as likely—er—clues to the murderer? They always leave something forgotten, you know."

Mr. Bunn shook his head.

"Well, no, I can't say we did, Colonel. Nothing. Not a thing. And, mind you, we looked carefully. One way and the other we are pretty well read up in this detective stuff—in fact, I'll go as far as to say that both my partner here and I feel we can claim to be not so slow at the amateur detecting ourselves. It's an interesting hobby and it gives one an outlet for one's brain power. But brain power wants something to—well, to chew on. It wants a clue or two for a mind to start on. But it would have been a mighty keen-eyed detective who could have found any clues in that spinney to-day. Hey, Squire?"

Fortworth, aware from the full sized untruth of which his wolf-witted old partner had just been successfully delivered that prompt agreement was required, promptly agreed.

Colonel Carnac stiffened in his chair.

"No clues?" he said, rather sharply. "But—my dear sir! Are you *sure*? Who was the man—the victim?"

"Who was he? Why, man alive, how should we know? If we knew that we should be halfway to finding the murderer!" ejaculated Mr. Bunn.

"But—didn't he have a card—an envelope—something of that sort on him? Even jewelry—brooch, watch, ring, something of that sort?"

Mr. Bunn's great face fell.

"Why, to tell you the truth, Colonel, we didn't search him! Too busy fixing up to get the police and feeling for his heartbeats and so on!"

The Colonel's eyebrows worked a little. Yet his grin was not wholly ungenial as he stared at the partners.

"You should have searched him, you know—" he said. "At least, that is if you are really keen on detection!"

He frowned, seeming to think.

"**H**OW about foot-prints?" he said presently, and corrected himself. "No, no—the ground is hard everywhere. What was the cause of death?"

"We think he was shot—from a distance," said Mr. Bunn—brightly.

"Ah! Why do you think so?"

"We could not see any signs of singeing on his clothing and he had a wound over the heart!"

"Ahaa!" The lean Colonel nodded. "Now we are moving a little! You thought he was shot and, of course, one of you looked around to see if there were any witnesses—labouring men in the neighbouring fields, for example, who had heard the shot?"

"Well, we asked an old labourer—but he was as deaf as an adder, though he said he wasn't, and as stupid as a fool. He'd neither seen nor heard anything except a few cars passing and stopping and starting again on the road," said Mr. Bunn, rather gloomily. The Colonel shrugged.

"Never mind! . . . But, at least, you searched

the ground immediately adjacent to the spot on which the body was lying?"

He leaned even further forward. "My dear sirs, don't tell me you did not search every inch of the ground round about. Murderers drop things, you know. Read the account of almost any murder trial and you will learn much concerning the amazingly numerous and oddly varied things dropped by murderers. Gloves, handkerchiefs even, electric torches, cigarette ends, match stubs, life preservers, sticks, hammers, pistols, knives, empty shells, live cartridges, tobacco ash, oh! hundreds of things. Do you mean to tell me, my friends, that you found nothing of the sort? Honestly, now, did you search?"

His teeth glittered at them as he leaned forward smiling most genially and indulgently.

Mr. Bunn looked a little embarrassed as he returned the Colonel's smile.

"Well, I'll say quite frankly that I—" he broke off and turned to his partner.

"Didn't you give the ground a thoroughly good search while I was attending to that poor chap?" he demanded, peremptorily.

"No," said Fortworth, sullenly. "I didn't. It didn't occur to me to do so!"

Mr. Bunn raised his brows and looked at the Colonel significantly.

"Nor did I search," he said slowly. "I couldn't do it *all*—and, anyway, the police were on the spot very smartly—very smartly indeed!" Colonel Carnac nodded.

"**Q**UITE, quite. And so, really, to put the thing absolutely bluntly—in the friendliest possible way, of course—from the point of view of, say, a professional detective, you really know nothing about it except that you found the body and notified the police, just as nine hundred and ninety-nine ordinary, country-loving gentlemen out of a thousand would do?"

Mr. Bunn nodded without hesitation.

"Well, yes, Colonel, that's about right! Hey, Squire—the Colonel's right, don't you think?"

He indicated the refreshment tray, heartily inviting the Colonel to look after himself.

"The fact is," he continued, after a moment employed in selecting and lighting a cigar, "the fact is, now I've come in contact with somebody who has seriously studied detection as a science, I begin to realize what fools, what utter damned fools, my partner and I were to imagine that we amounted to much as detectives!"

He beamed at the Colonel.

"That's frank, at any rate," he added.

"Anybody can have my share of the detecting—if it means that you have to have eyes like microscopes, wits like wolves, and the patience of Job! Good health, Colonel! And I wish you joy of your job—if you're setting out to track down the murderer of that young man in the spinney!"

Colonel Carnac finished his drink.

"I shall do what I can!" he said sombrely and thought for a few seconds.

"Like myself, you are, I believe, new to this neighborhood. I have recently rented a little place not far from here—they call it Downland Holt—a white place a mile or two across the downs. I should be glad if you cared to drop in, in an informal sort of way, any time. There is usually a respectable whiskey and soda at home. Possibly, something may occur to you later about the murder—some little thing may come into your minds that would be of value to one engaged in a serious attempt to solve this really rather mysterious crime. I should be grateful if you cared to let me know of it."

He hesitated, studying them from behind his odd, fixed, and glittering grin.

"Elaborate entertainment I am afraid I am not in a position to promise—but simple, hearty, old-fashioned hospitality, such as may be offered by an old soldier, a worn-out explorer, in fact, a rather tired old fellow with a weakness for the science of detection, I can certainly proffer!"

"Well said, Colonel!" replied Mr. Bunn, enthusiastically. "You can bank on us to pay you a call just as soon as, to put it in a modest way, we think you can stand us—hey, Squire?"

The Squire agreed—and on that rather hearty note Colonel Carnac left, warmly escorted to the beginning of his walk across the downs by both of the partners. . .

(Continued on page 52)

The Mystery of the Glass Bullet

(Continued from page 51)

"Not a bad-kind of sportsman, that, in spite of his looks," said Fortworth, resettling in the great armchair in which he was accustomed to await Sing's pronouncement that dinner was waiting to be devoured.

"Huh! Struck me he didn't believe a word we said. He's a plain-looking sort of party," observed Mr. Bunn, rather absently.

"We can't all be matinee idols," said Fortworth shortly. "Take yourself, for example—"

"Never mind about my matinee idolness, Squire," responded Smiler good-humoredly. "What's worrying me just at present is this murder in the spinney. I want to get some sort of sensible idea of the motive!"

"The motive, man!" snapped Fortworth. "What d'ye mean, motive?"

"No murder was ever committed without a motive!" said Mr. Bunn.

"No—nor without a murderer either!" responded Fortworth, annoyed at the subtle assumption of superiority exhibited by his partner. "What you need to do, according to my mind and the Colonel's, is to find the murderer!"

Mr. Bunn yawned as he reached for the replenished sherry decanter.

"Oh, him!" he said. "As far as the murderer is concerned I've solved the thing! I know him, all right!"

Fortworth stared.

"Oh, you do, do you? Well, which was it? The gamekeeper—or the old farm laborer?"

"Just keep your voice down a trifle when you utter, Squire," said Mr. Bunn, softly. "Yes, I fancy I know the murderer—but I don't know why he did his murder—yet!"

"I'll believe that when you can prove it," said Fortworth bluntly.

"That will be all right!" promised Mr. Bunn, rose softly and moved to the window.

"Just switch off the light," he said.

Fortworth went to the switch and the room was black.

Mr. Bunn moved the edge of the heavy curtain the merest fraction of an inch, peering out, then stepped back.

"Grope your way over here, and just take a peep behind the scenes," he invited.

He moved back and instructed Fortworth what to do.

"Don't be clumsy about it," he said. "Just move the curtain enough to get a line on the

outside with one eye. Handle it as if it were hot— for the murderer—and a friend—is listening just outside now! Go easy—for if you give yourself away you are liable to collect one of those patent poison bullets in the face before you know what's happened!"

Fortworth did precisely as he was told.

Through the tiny chink he saw standing outside, close up to the window, two men, clearly visible against the light of a rising moon. They stood side on to the window, in the attitude of men listening, so that only their profiles were visible.

One of these profiles was that of a man whom Fortworth had never seen before.

The other was that of "the best amateur detective in the world"—Colonel Carnac.

Fortworth retreated into the darkness of the room, and Mr. Bunn switched on the light.

"Hey, now," growled Fortworth, "how d'ye account for that? It looks to me as if Carnac suspects us of the darned murder!"

But Mr. Bunn shook his head.

"OH, no," he said blandly. "It's the other way round. Colonel Carnac, or his pal, committed (or knows who committed) that murder and he's got a nasty sort of feeling that we found the things he, or his confederate, dropped."

Fortworth's rather savage temper went suddenly. His hard, heavy face flushed.

"Oh, is that so! Well, I'll take your word for it. But I want to know what the hell right Carnac thinks he's got to spy around our windows, anyway!"

He turned to the door.

"I'll go and tell him what I think!"

But Mr. Bunn grabbed his arm.

"Forget that, old man! I give you my word that if you go out there and surprise those gents you are a dead man! Keep your temper, Squire—for I mean it."

"Maybe—but I'm going, anyway! Damn it, man, have we got to put up with people listening in at our windows? They'll be under our beds next!"

He went out into the hall growling. Fortworth was not a man of rapid mentality but anyone who told him that he was not surcharged with sheer bull-headed courage would be framing himself for a course of hospital technique.

He took a stick like a club from the hall-stand and made for the front door.

Mr. Bunn came from the desk drawer, which he had snatched open, and joined him. In Smiler's hand was a big, blued automatic pistol. . . .

He shouldered past his partner.

"As you insist—like a fool—on going out I think I'll take precedence as senior partner of this firm!" he said tersely, and opened the front door so carefully that it swung back a few inches entirely without sound.

Then, to Fortworth's amazement, he closed it again—for even as he had opened it he had caught a fleeting glimpse of a man disappearing out of the big porch.

"Easy—easy!" he warned. "We'll take the side door. Unless I miss my guess there's something in the porch that wasn't there a few minutes ago! And we'll hurry!"

He ran, with surprising quickness for one so big, for the side door and, followed by the bewildered but bull-furious Fortworth, hurried round to the front door.

"Yes!" he said sharply, as staring into the porch, lit by a single electric light, he saw a black metal box lying close up to the door—a box about the size of three big cigar boxes.

Mr. Bunn jumped for it, snatched it up, and pitched it with all his strength into the night.

It struck the hard, sun-baked ground well out across the park; and then there crashed out on the silent countryside the roar of an explosion so shattering and terrible that the reeking, poisonous blast of air rocked the partners on their feet where they stood, staring at the spot where the lurid fan-shaped blaze of furnace-red flame, shot with green and electric-blue streaks, had roared up in the moonlight.

A chunk of metal went howling past Mr. Bunn's head to embed itself in the wall behind him.

But he ignored that, and pointed to a spot wide to the right of the explosion.

"See them? There they go!"

Three dark blobs, like running men, already some distance from the house, were hurrying across the small park towards the road.

"A bomb—huh?" demanded Fortworth.

"Well, yes—unless you prefer to call it one of Colonel Carnac's visiting cards," said Mr. Bunn, slowly. "Or, better still, you might call it the gong after Round One with our friends across the downs!"

(To be continued)

Double Play

(Continued from page 20)

"We know you didn't, Beef. He blocked you off."

That seemed to make the big guy feel better, and meanwhile everybody was working to bring Eddie around. The collision had knocked him out and his legs was a sight. And just about that time I straightened up and took a look around.

Everybody on both clubs was grouped around Eddie. All but one feller.

Mike Martin was standing way back of second. His face was dead white and he had a funny look in his eyes, sort of how you would think a feller would look if he had just killed somebody. But he never said a word; just stood there kneading his glove and shaking his head once in a while. Just once he took a step towards Eddie, and that was when four of the fellers picked the kid up and carried him off the field.

And halfway to first base, Eddie pulled a queer one. He had recovered consciousness, and now he turned his head so that for just a second he could see Mike Martin. And then Eddie Wrenn grinned . . . just the little ghost of a grin . . . and he waved his hand toward's Mike.

Game! And how! Slat's Mobley, who was walking out to center field, told me afterwards that Mike was cussing something awful.

That night we had a meeting. I happened to sit in on it, but not being a regular player, I didn't take no part in the discussion. Connie Peyton wasn't there, either—because all the boys felt that they had played Connie's way plenty

long enough and they wasn't gonna stand for no more of Mike's brutality; pennant or no pennant.

Lefty Connor, who is a real smart guy and is also educated, presided at the meeting. First of all he made a speech.

He said that something had to be done. He told us that Eddie Wrenn was lying in the hospital with his legs all tore up, and that he most likely wouldn't be back in the game for ten days.

"But that isn't the real point," he went on. "The thing we're up against is this: Mike Martin spiked Eddie to-day. It wasn't Beef Tolliver who did it. It was this big, uncouth bruiser who plays second for us."

"Eddie plays ball superbly, and we all know it. We know that he has always covered the bag right. And the thing that has gotten me sore is this: we know that Mike Martin knows it. The man is twisted mentally. Eddie's quiet acceptance of his criticism had driven him wild. He has resented the fact that Eddie was too small to feel the fists with which Mike tries to rule the world. And Eddie—God knows why!—likes Martin. He has offered him friendship . . . and Martin thinks he is being kidded."

"But to-day he went too far. He put Eddie square in the path of that runner, just as surely as though he had carried and held him there; as certainly as if he had done the spiking himself. And I, for one, am not content to let the matter pass without doing something."

A hoarse growl went up from the others, and somebody rose to make a suggestion.

"Let's gang him, two or three of us. Let's beat Mike Martin half to death."

Lefty shook his head. "That's not the way to handle him."

"Why not?"

"Because he understands that. And one by one he'd take it out on each of us. His whole life is physical combat. No, fellows—it's got to be something else."

The fellers looked around at each other. Then one of them talked privately to Lefty and Lefty nodded. Then he faced us again.

"Let's silence him," he suggested.

I'm willing to admit that we all looked kinda goofy.

"Silence him?" echoed George Watson.

"What's that?"

"This," explained Lefty. "From now on, not a man on the club is to speak a word to Martin except on the field and in connection with the game. He has elected to go his way alone; all right, we'll let him do it. He'll swear at us and call us vile names . . . but we're to pretend we don't even hear him. As far as possible, we'll act toward him as though he didn't exist."

"At first he'll sneer. But, boys, it won't be long before that'll get under his skin—deep! No man has ever been built who can stand that treatment. And, whether Connie Peyton likes it or not, we'll run Mike Martin off this club."

Some of the guys thought the plan was a lot of hokey and said so, but the smart boys all claimed it would work, and we agreed to try it. And we started at skull practice the next morning.

Not a word to that guy. Not a look in his direction, or if a feller happened to meet Mike's eye, he would act like he didn't even see the big boy. Mike made noises in his throat and shrugged his shoulders and glowered threateningly at everybody and clenched his fists, but there was a kind of dazed look on his pan . . . and we knew we had him going.

That afternoon on the field it was worse. George Watson was stale from having set on the bench so long, and he didn't do very brilliant. Mike rode him hard. Now, ordinarily, George is a nifty little bundle of paprika who wouldn't hesitate to get licked by a buzzsaw. But Mike didn't get a rise out of him. George merely acted like he didn't hear nothing, and even when Mike walked over to him and whirled him around by the shoulders and ast him did he hear what he called him, George just gazed right past him as though he wasn't there.

Lefty described afterwards just what Mike looked like. He said Mike looked baffled. Fighting he could understand, and whatever he could understand was all right. But he couldn't savvy this sort of treatment any more than he could ever hope to realize that what Eddie Wrenn felt for him was real affection.

Next afternoon, while we was all in the lockers dressing for the game and kidding around—and paying no heed to Mike Martin—Lefty comes breezing in. He has just come from the hospital and says Eddie's legs are in bad shape, but the kid is cheerful.

"But he's out for ten days, boys—and a hospital room isn't any place to get happy in. Let's take up a collection and send some flowers."

THE boys was all keen about that, and Lefty collected fifty bucks. Everybody was jabbering while he done so, and Mike Martin was just looking—and never saying a word. Nor did anybody speak to him. They never even ast him did he want to contribute. You'd of thought he was a post or something, the way nobody paid him no mind, and if he hadn't been such a downright louse, I'd almost of been sorry for him.

"Fifty berries," says Lefty, when the collection is finished—"I'll place a standing order with the florist to send Eddie five bucks' worth of blooms per diem, every diem. And we'll all sign our names to the first card."

The door slammed. Mike had left.

Well, next day the first batch of blossoms got to Eddie Wrenn and when some of us dropped in on him the next day he was grinning all over and reading the paper we had wrote our names on. He was as grateful as if we'd sent him a swell car. What a lad!

"How's Mike?" he ast finally.

Nobody answered, and the kid repeated the question.

"He's all right," says Slats Mobley. "I guess."

"Sure he's all right," answers Eddie. "There isn't anything wrong with Mike except that you don't understand him."

We looked at each other; everywhere but at Eddie.

"He's just a big, lonely chap," continues Eddie, "and I'm sorry for him."

"In all other ways," comments Slats, "you ain't entirely a dam' fool."

I'm here to say that the guy who first thought of silencing a bird done a neat piece of thinking. It takes something to get under the skin of a gimmick like Mike Martin, but this was sure doing the work. At first he like to of went wild, and wanted to lick everybody on the club; but after the idea got home to him, he started pretending like he didn't care.

But how it hurt him! Not a word of any kind from anybody. For all you could tell, he wasn't even on the club. When he'd get desperate and speak to a feller, that guy would walk away like he hadn't heard.

He was playing swell ball. There was the day when he set a season record by slamming out three home runs. Well, ordinary when a guy clouts a four-bagger the fellers are all there with the glad hand when he returns to the dugout. But even after the third one (which won the game, by the way) we all sat like a bunch

of wooden Indians when he come in. Not a person said "Good work!" or nothing like that. Even Connie Peyton, who wasn't in on the frameup and would of done so, was out on the coaching line, and there wasn't so much as a whisper for Mike. After that last homer—which come in the eighth inning with only one down—he sat on the bench looking straight ahead, with ridges alongside his square jaw. He was staring at the scoreboard and pretending like he hadn't noticed nothing, but there was beads of perspiration on his forehead and I knew he couldn't stand the strain awful long.

He tried to pick a fight with every man on the team. One by one, he cussed them for everything he could think of—and in that way he had the imagination of six drunken sailors. He never got a rise out of one. Each lad would go his way calmly—like there wasn't nobody saying a word—and by the time the thing was over, Mike would look like he had took one square on the jaw.

Ten days of it! Ten days during which we watched Mike being cut down to our size. Ten days of breaking him down with something he couldn't understand. Ten days when he craved physical action and didn't get it. Ten days when—for all he knew—we didn't know he was living.

And on the eleventh day Eddie breezes into the locker-room, bright and chipper as ever and with his legs in fine shape. He begs Connie to put him in the lineup and Peyton agrees, making the kid happy.

Of course, Eddie don't know nothing about this silencing arrangement and the boys have got good sense enough not to tell him. Furthermore, he don't get a chance to find out because the minute he walks in the clubhouse, Mike Martin walks out. Like he was ashamed to meet up with Eddie.

We go out for practice. Minute Eddie sees Mike, he waves at him, cheery-like. Mike's eyes narrow and he says nothing.

"Aren't you glad to see me back, Mike?" he asks innocently, and Martin turns brick color. You see, this is the first word—outside of coaching—which has been spoke to him by any member of the club for ten days.

He looks at Eddie a minute and his lips curl back in a snarl. This is something else he can't understand. He has always thought that Eddie's politeness was a form of subtle kidding, and this looks even more so, because he knows good and well we have silenced him because of what he done to Eddie.

Two or three times before the game begins Eddie speaks to Mike, and never does Martin answer. As a matter of fact he is lashing himself into an awful fury, because this is entirely over his head. He figures that Eddie ought to be sore at him and therefore if the kid is talking to him at all, it must be that he is having a good time.

All through the game things are tense. Eddie and Mike work swell together and every time they make a play Eddie says a good word to the big feller. . . . You know: just little scraps of praise that ball players who are good friends pass along to each other.

Not a word out of Mike, but we can all see that he is quivering, he is so sore.

WE WIN the game and beat it for the showers. Mike is in one of them black, murderous moods, and me and Lefty figure we had better warn Eddie before something happens. So we tell him about the silencing stuff. The kid hears us through and then shakes his head. "I think that's a dirty, rotten trick," he says. "Mike didn't mean any harm."

"He only tried to get you killed."

"He was right. I hadn't been covering the base as I should."

"Bunk! He was dead wrong—and he knew it."

"He wasn't half as wrong as you boys are to treat him like this," says Eddie. "And I'm telling you right now that I'm not in on it."

With that Eddie Wrenn walks across the tile floor to where Mike is standing under the showers. They are both down to the buff, and what a contrast there is; Mike, tanned and heavily muscled; Eddie, pink and white and boyish, except for where the sun has got to his arms and neck.

Mike's eyes narrow to slits as Eddie comes towards him. But Eddie doesn't notice.

(Continued on page 54)

The WONDER of TELEVISION



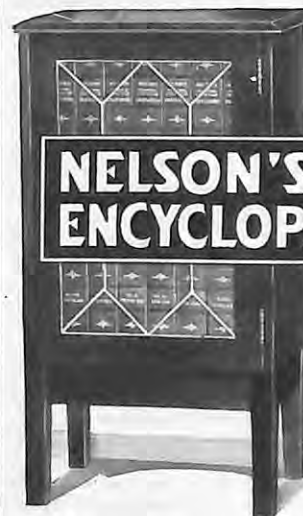
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Double Play

(Continued from page 53)



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| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Business Correspondence | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping | |



Name Age

Present Position

Address

"Mike," he says, "I'm sorry for the way these boys have been treating you. Truly, I am."

For one terrible instant, Martin looks down at him; every big muscle in his bronzed body crawling.

"Lay offa me!" he orders in a deadly whisper. "I want you to know," continues Eddie, "that I'm not in on it."

"I'm telling you for the last time," snarls Mike, "lay offa me!"

You see, he thinks Eddie is having a circus at his expense. Dumb, that's what he was, just plain dumb! And Eddie is a little dumb, too, because he don't see what is coming. Instead he makes a bum play. He grins brightly and holds out his hand.

"There's no reason why we can't be friends . . ."

I get sick when I remember what happened then. You see, Mike is certain he's being made a fool of in some way he can't understand . . . and so he answers in the only way he knows.

I don't believe he knew what he was doing. Things had just got to be more than he could bear. His big right fist caught Eddie Wrenn square on the nose and the little feller went down like somebody had hit him with a club. He just lay on the floor like a piece of paper that had been crumpled and thrown away . . .

For a second nobody moved. Stunned, I guess. Then there was a roar and they start towards Mike, but before they reach him somebody calls for help with Eddie and they forget all about the big feller.

All but me. I don't forget about him. I am looking at him and what I see ain't pretty.

MIKE is standing there with his big arms dangling by his sides, and he has got an awful look on his face—like a little boy would have who has broke his favorite toy and knows he can never have another like it. Then he moves forward to the edge of the group which is trying to bring Eddie around and at that minute Lefty Connor rises up and meets Mike's eyes.

"You poor fool," says Lefty, and his voice ain't got no anger in it, only contempt and maybe a little sorrow—"you have lost the only friend you ever had!"

Mike chokes. He makes a sort of a whimpering noise. He turns away and starts to dress. The boys who are maddest take one look at him and let him alone. You don't say nothing to a man who looks like he has just killed somebody. Bad as that thing was, and sore as the boys got, I think they was all sorry for Mike in those few minutes while he was dressing.

For the second time in two days we carry Eddie to the hospital. His nose is in bad shape, the Doc says, and he has got a nasty bump on the back of his skull where it hit the floor, but he'll be fit as a fiddle in a couple of days.

And the first thing he says when he is himself again and a half-dozen of the boys clustered around the bed; he says: "I still think Mike wasn't to blame. He thought I was kidding him."

"But, Eddie . . .
 "I like Mike Martin," says Eddie quietly, and when a guy is as loco as that, there is nothing more nobody can say.

Listening to Eddie and seeing how game he is and all, I suddenly remember what Mike Martin looked like in the clubhouse after he pulled that awful bone. I get scared. I don't know what of, but I get scared anyway. And it seems like I understand Mike better than I ever did before . . . as though Eddie had finally made me see him through his eyes. I have a hunch that the other boys feel that way, too . . . though maybe they don't understand it themselves.

I have a terrible fear that Mike will do something desperate. A guy don't look like he did and just sit quiet—doing nothing. And it seemed like to me that maybe if Mike knew that Eddie was still his friend, things would be all right.

I go to the little hotel where Mike is stopping, and just as I get there I see him emerge out into the street and turn left. He looks sick, and I follow—him not seeing me.

Mike stops in a florist shop. It is a hot day

and the door is open, so I walk up and deliberately listen in on what is happening.

"I want some flowers sent to St. Mary's hospital," he says, "to a feller named Eddie Wrenn."

"Yes, sir," says the florist. "What sort?"
 "I don't care what sort," says Mike, "but they have got to be pretty. Send one hundred dollars' worth!"

Poor, dumb Mike Martin! Big, lonely, ignorant soul trying to make things right in the only way he understood.

My mind flashed back to the time when Eddie was first in the hospital and the boys had took up a collection for flowers. Mike was the only bird on the club who didn't contribute and they had raised fifty bucks. So now Mike was making his grand gesture. If all the rest of the club could only send fifty dollars worth of flowers to show how keen they was about Eddie—he alone was sending twice that much. He was so pitifully anxious that Eddie should understand the message he couldn't deliver in person!

I hear the florist gasping in a polite way:
 "One hundred dollars worth of flowers! All at one time?"

"Sure—all at one time."
 "But that isn't possible, sir. I haven't any very expensive flowers in stock, and one hundred dollars worth would almost fill my truck."

"Good!" grunts Mike. "That's just what I want. And I'll ride on the truck to the hospital."

I don't wait to hear no more, but hop a taxi and beat it for the infirmary. Several of the boys are there talking to Eddie, and so I just say "hello" and sit down by the bed and kid him along a little. But I am kind of choked up inside . . . just waiting . . . and after about a half hour a nifty little nurse comes into the room follered by three orderlies and a man from the flower shop and they are loaded down with blossoms.

I feel still runnier then, because I can tell that Mike has selected the flowers that you could get the most of for one hundred dollars—which is plenty of flowers. Roses and daisies and lilies and dahlias and peonies and all sorts of flowers. Millions of them, it seemed. The little room was jammed. They was everywhere. Lots of flowers struggling to get a message across . . . too many flowers, entrusted with the job of saying something awful important for a man who didn't have the right words.

Eddie looks kind of dazed, as well as the rest of the boys. Then the kid speaks to the nurse. "Where did these come from?" he asks.

"A great big man brought them himself. I didn't want to bring them all up at one time, but he said I must."

I caught Eddie's eyes. He was questioning me, without saying a word, and I nodded an answer.

"The big man who brought them," said the nurse, "is waiting downstairs."

Eddie Wrenn's face lighted.
 "Tell him to come up," says Eddie. "Tell him I want to see him."

By that time the other boys had got wise to what was happening. At first they looked dazed, and then—I'm a liar if they didn't look kind of ashamed and embarrassed.

Eddie glances at them and speaks earnestly:
 "It's Mike Martin," says Eddie. "Promise me you'll give him a break."

What could they say, except yes? They was all just looking at the floor and scraping their feet. . . .

Mike Martin entered. His face was flushed and his eyes was on Eddie, hungry, pleading eyes which seemed to ask forgiveness. So far as Mike was concerned, nobody else was in that room.

And Eddie Wrenn. A peach, as always. He smiled all over under his bandages, and held out his hand.

"Gee! I'm happy to see you, Mike," he says. "I'm awful glad you came."

Mike stumbles toward the bed. And that is when I grab the other boys and herd them out into the hall. One of them looks at me, kind of queer.

"Why did you drag us out?" he asks.
 "Because," I answers, "it wouldn't be healthy to have Mike Martin know that you had seen him crying."

Making Records on the Sand

(Continued from page 23)

go to pieces, and a west wind causes it to degenerate rapidly to a point where it is no good at all for speeds in excess of forty to fifty miles an hour.

The wind can be depended on to make a complete circle in from one to three weeks, roughly speaking. So that it is only a matter of waiting. The newcomer begins to believe that conditions will never be satisfactory. Yet one day he may be plunged in the deepest gloom and the next be all smiles at the way the wind has shifted.

In 1929 Major Segrave and the city were ready on March 1, but the beach decidedly was not. The wind had been coming out of the west for days, shifting occasionally to the north in a desultory sort of way, and just when it was thought to be ready to begin its march around to the northeast, it would swing back to the north-northwest again.

Saturday, March 9, the day was calm, with the wind coming out of the north; but at night it veered to the northeast with a vengeance and on Sunday it was blowing such a gale from that direction that one could hardly keep his feet on the seashore. All day Sunday it blew the water in a smother of foam far above the normal high-tide line. All Sunday night it continued, shading off about midnight to a steady, easy blow. Segrave and I went to look it over about midnight and he decided then and there to try for the record Monday. He knew the beach would be in better shape a day later, but he was getting anxious after his long wait and decided to take the first available opportunity.

By Monday noon the wind had dropped down to eighteen miles an hour out of the northeast. Segrave got through with a new world's record, but had he waited until Tuesday he would not have had to run through occasional scallops of water half an inch to an inch deep, and would consequently have made a better record, since the least bit of resistance at such high speeds shows heavily in miles an hour lost. The beach remained in perfect condition for a week after he made his record and then the wind shifted into the south and west, and it went to pieces.

THOUGH at low tide there is a smooth stretch of beach from 200 to 400 feet wide, only a fraction of it is fit for high speed. Record cars are driven from ten to fifty feet from the water's edge, depending on the driver's wisdom or wish. Segrave's runs usually were made within ten to fifteen feet of the water's edge. The ideal path is to drive far enough from the water so that the wheels will not pull the moisture out of the sand and still be close enough to the water so that the sand is damp, but firm. In fact, so firm is the sand that a car weighing three or four tons will make very little more impression than is left on cement by the damp wheels of a passing car.

Daytona Beach has installed permanent equipment for the record trials. Out of a section of ten to twelve miles a course nine miles long has been surveyed and mileposts with telephone connection to the timing stand in the middle of the course have been installed permanently. These posts are numbered from 0 to 9. The challenger may start at either end and during the run he has the beach entirely to himself, as all records are run against time and not against an opponent, for safety's sake.

Four miles are used as a rule to get up speed gradually. In the case of Segrave, his car was running at approximately 140 miles an hour at the end of the first mile; 185 at the end of the second; 210 at the end of the third mile, and 231 plus at the end of the fourth mile, which is the beginning of the record mile. Thus the middle of the course—between Posts 4 and 5—is the record mile.

As the hurtling car enters this mile—say Post No. 4—it runs over a steel wire stretched a couple of inches above the sand. The impact is transmitted over electrical wires to the timing instrument in the official stand, which is located at Post No. 5, the south end of the measured mile. This impulse is recorded on a paper tape which runs continually when the machine is in

use. The recording instrument is in synchronization with a chronometer, so that the recording instrument automatically prints the time of the impact on the wire in hours, minutes, seconds, and hundredths of a second.

As the car finishes the record mile at Post No. 5, if it is running south, it passes over a steel wire there and that time also is recorded on the tape. The difference between the time of impact at the beginning of the mile and at the end of the mile is the time required by the car to cover the distance. A calculating machine then is used to reduce the time to miles per hour. So rapidly is this calculation made and so well organized generally is the running of the record, that the result can be announced within a minute after the run is completed. The timing machine used is that owned by the Indianapolis Motor Speedway Corporation and used in the timing of the 500-mile race, and the operator of the machine is Odis A. Porter, who has timed many important land, water, and speed events.

TO CORRECT any impression there might be that once through the mile the driver jams on his brakes and comes to a snappy stop, it may be said here that such action probably would crack up the brake mechanism and cause a serious accident. The proper procedure is to let the foot off the throttle gradually and have the car lose momentum through the drag of the motor and the pressure of the atmosphere.

In order that no advantage may be taken of the wind, the international rules require that two trips be made over the course in opposite directions and the second trip must be finished within thirty minutes of the time of the start of the first run. The average of the two runs is the record time.

Even on sunshiny days there is often a haze along the beach, so that the problem of visibility is an important one. A car being driven 231 miles an hour is traveling approximately 338 feet a second, or a mile in less than 16 seconds. The driver should be able to see clearly at least a half-mile ahead of the car and have an accurate idea of what conditions are a mile ahead. To aid the pilot to keep a straight course, a row of flags on five-foot standards light enough so that they will not cause any damage if the car hits them, is placed next to the ocean in a straight line at intervals of 200 feet. The driver watches these out of the corner of his eye, so to speak, as well as looking straight down the course.

Segrave used a bull's-eye suspended from a wire overhead at the beginning of the measured mile and at the end, to help him point his car, so that he might be sure to pass over the fifty feet of steel wire stretched across the beach to record his passing. Besides the bull's-eyes, there was a red banner placed to one side of the course at the beginning and at the end of the measured mile. Using the flags, as well as his own wheel tracks, made especially for the purpose, Segrave concentrated on the red disks hanging above, and by passing under the two of them, made certain that he had passed over the timing wires.

The construction of record-breaking cars has become somewhat of a science, particularly in the last three or four years. One problem is horse-power versus frontal area; that is, the power required to push through the atmosphere at a given speed a given number of square feet of surface as represented by the frontal area of the car. Approximately 85 per cent. of the power of a beach car is required to overcome atmospheric resistance, or wind pressure, as it is called. The atmospheric resistance increases as the square of the speed; so that as it took 900 horsepower to move the Golden Arrow 231.38 miles an hour, it would take four times that horsepower—or 3,600—to propel it at twice that speed, 462.72 miles an hour.

Offhand, one might think that a record car should be stream-lined to the nth degree. But wind pressure is not the same problem in a land vehicle as it is in one that uses the air for its highway. The desire for low-wind resistance can be carried so far in a land craft that the vehicle becomes inherently unstable. In the designing of record cars, the engineers must remember they are building it to run in a

(Continued on page 56)



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Making Records on the Sand

(Continued from page 55)

self-made wind of say 240 miles an hour, and that it must keep its feet on the ground at all times. At high speeds the front end of a land vehicle has a tendency to lift, and thus make steering difficult or impossible. This tendency can be easily corrected by so designing the car that the pressure of the atmosphere forces the nose downward instead of upward. A downward slope to the upper surface of the forward section of the car—the nose—solves the problem nicely and regardless of speed, the car will never lift, since its downward thrust increases with its speed. The ideal shape for the rear end of the car is also a gradual downward slope. This aids in keeping the rear wheels on the ground so that they obtain sufficient traction to drive the car forward at the required speed. Eventually there may be front-drive or four-wheel drive record cars built, but to date they all have been rear-driven.

To illustrate the difference between a relatively safe and an unsafe beach car: a car may be designed with a top speed of 300 miles an hour by reducing the head-on resistance. Such a car, if judged by airplane standards, would be highly desirable, but since it is a land vehicle, stream-lining must be subordinated to other factors, of which safety is the most important. So by reducing the potential speed somewhat by increasing the head-on resistance a trifle, the factor of stability and controllability are vastly increased; and the 300-mile-an-hour car becomes a 240-mile car with a fair margin of safety.

Once car speed, stability and controllability are reasonably assured, there is still a great gap in the armor. A speed car is only as fast and as safe as its tires. Tire makers have spent sleepless nights in their efforts to make tires sufficiently sturdy to withstand the centrifugal strain of 2,000 to 2,300 revolutions a minute, with the constant change in contour while a small section of the tire is in contact with the ground and the greater part of its circumference is whirling with no ground contact. Tires for beach cars are built with from eight to fourteen thicknesses of fabric and only enough rubber sprayed on them to make them smooth, usually not more than a sixty-fourth of an inch. If they stand up to the work put on them, they are good tires, and the driver lives; if they succumb to a bad cut or a blowout, they are bad tires, and matters look correspondingly bad for the driver.

PRACTICALLY all the cars that have made records are built along the general lines of the passenger cars seen in the streets, so far as mechanical details are concerned. That is, they have the engine under the hood, they have a standard transmission and they drive from the rear wheels. Variations are made, of course, to meet the peculiar conditions under which they operate.

De Palma's Packard was perhaps the nearest approach of all beach cars to the conventional type. He even maintained Packard hood lines, the only deviation as a whole being that the engine was a Packard aviation engine and not one used in the car models of that period.

Milton's Duesenberg was built around two eight-cylinder engines, placed side by side, and of 300 cubic inches displacement each. The power was synchronized and two drive-shafts ran back to the rear axle, the car being conventionally driven from the axles on. The car weighed approximately 3,700 pounds.

Segrave's 1927 Sunbeam Mystery S was a radical departure in design from all other cars, with its straight-line body, as wide at the front as at the rear. It was driven from the rear wheels, the power being transmitted through a conventional rear axle. However, there were two twelve-cylinder motors, one placed in the usual position under the hood and the other to the rear of the driver's seat. The power from both was transmitted to a transmission in the middle of the car and thence back to the rear wheels. The car weighed approximately 8,000 pounds.

Campbell's 1928 Blue Bird was conventionally built throughout, having a single engine of

800 horsepower under the hood. It weighed approximately 5,600 pounds.

Keech's White Triplex, named after the man who owned it and built it, had a huge power-plant of three Liberty motors, one alongside and two to the rear of the driver. White's theory of construction was that what was needed was a cutting edge to sheer the air and thus provide a passage though it, and that no attention need be paid to streamlining or to keeping the car on the ground. Accordingly the nose was wedge-shaped and the rear end presented no streamlining of body at all, the motors sitting out in the open. It weighed approximately 8,000 pounds.

Lockhart's tiny Stutz Black Hawk was a radical departure from all that had gone before. Whereas, Segrave, Campbell, and Keech had huge engines of from 1,481 to 4,880 cubic inches displacement, Lockhart's tiny sixteen-cylinder motor was of only 181 cubic inches displacement—less than the Ford car of today. His car, instead of weighing from 5,000 to 8,000 pounds, weighed only 3,000. Yet it had a potential speed of 240 miles an hour and at the time he was killed was traveling at an estimated speed of 215 miles an hour. Two months previous to his death, he had had another accident on the beach, in which he had gone into the ocean when he became blinded by a rain-squall; at this time his estimated speed was in excess of 225 miles an hour.

The Kaye Don Sunbeam Silver Bullet, which failed in its attempt to set a record in the spring of 1930, was 31 feet long, looking like nothing so much as a huge lizard. It was powered with two huge twelve-cylinder engines of 2,880 cubic inches displacement total, both of which were placed ahead of the driver. The car was driven through the rear wheels, by a separate shaft connected by bevel gears direct to each wheel. The car weighed 10,000 pounds.

The present record holder, the Segrave Golden Arrow, is 27 feet 8 inches long and 42 inches at its highest point, with a wheel tread of 60 inches and a body width of 3 feet. It weighs 7,100 pounds and is powered with one twelve-cylinder Napier-Lion aviation type motor, of 900 horsepower. Its cylinders are set in three rows of four cylinders each. The body is fitted over the three banks with glove-like closeness to reduce frontal area. The radiators are placed on each side of the car, between the front and rear wheels. Filling up this space solidly also aided in streamlining the car. The car has a conventional transmission, with three speeds forward and one reverse. Differing in its method of transmitting the power from the ordinary car, the Golden Arrow is propelled by two shafts, one running back to each rear wheel, to which it is connected by bevel gearing. With this type of drive, naturally, there is no differential.

To aid in keeping the car in a straight line the Golden Arrow, as well as Campbell's car, is fitted with a rudder-like tail. If the car should skid, the pressure of the atmosphere on these tail surfaces tends to bring it back into a straight course. Don's car had a double-rudder device.

Record attempts vary in price. Segrave's Golden Arrow attempt represented an expenditure of close to \$100,000.

Lockhart's tiny beach car and its attempt represented a cost of approximately \$75,000.

THE spring of 1931 is expected to see other attacks on the Segrave Golden Arrow record. With the mounting speed, the job of driving is becoming increasingly difficult and the price will continue to mount gradually. Still it is not without the bounds of reason to believe that within the next two years the world will see the record put up to 240 miles an hour—four miles a minute—possibly higher. Speeds of 300 miles an hour are probably not impossible with land vehicles, but when that speed is desired it will be necessary to increase the course from nine miles to from twelve to fifteen, for a huge mass as the cars are of to-day, takes a great deal of time and distance to get up to its top speed.

The Two Matildas

(Continued from page 29)

there—Minnie in a state bordering on wide-eyed funk.

"Oh, my dear," she cried, "the most dreadful thing—"

"Yes, yes, I know. All the stuff found except the blue diamond."

"But that's not the worst. I've just left Tilly McClung. I met her in the hall almost in hysterics—she cried all over me, and made me go to her room with her. Why—I scarcely know the woman."

"That kind will cry over you—no reserve—what's her trouble?"

"Trouble enough. Herbert Mason has accused her of the robbery. Says she stole her own jewel-case to cover up taking the blue diamond. Says he saw her hide the diamond under a piece of turf on the golf course, this morning, and he's going to expose her unless her husband agrees to some sort of business deal that Mason and Martin Shaw have been trying to force him into for months."

"Oh, God," I groaned, "Quintus was right, after all. And I couldn't even keep the oily devil in sight for him. But what did she say—what did Mrs. McClung say?"

"Denied it, absolutely. Mason has given them until to-night to make up their minds. Poor soul, I'm sorry for her. She broke down completely. Said it was a choice of her husband being ruined in business, or of her facing a criminal charge. What do you think, Tony?"

"What do I think, what?" I asked distractedly.

"Do you think she did it?"

"HOW do I know? All I know is we need Quintus—he may have something up his sleeve—but he's disappeared—all he's thinking of is golf at five with Mason and The Sprig. Hell—it's that now—I've got to rush. Where's Terence McClung?"

"Trying to quiet his wife. Then he's going out to the golf course with Martin Shaw to look for the diamond. Mason told him the exact spot, by paces—oh—he's a beast—a cold-blooded, heartless, blackmailing beast. Can't you and Quintus do something to save that poor silly woman?"

But I was already half-way through the door. I grabbed my golf bag in the front hall and hurried to the tee. The others were waiting for me. Quintus and Mason were idly putting at imaginary cups; The Sprig sat on the sand-box smoking a listless cigarette.

I almost glared at Mason. To see this cool, suave devil, with apparently not a care on his mind, was almost too much for my equanimity. And I must, some way I must, get Quintus aside.

"Shall you and I take them on, Quintus?" I suggested quickly.

"Great pleasure, if Mr. Mason will put up with my game," acquiesced The Sprig.

"Honored," murmured Mason, with just that too-much touch of courtliness. "Shall we make it ten dollars Nassau and syndicate?"

"Too rich for me," said The Sprig hastily. "Make it a dollar. Righto? Let's go."

We started. Quintus drove a screeching ball into the rough, and we went over together to find it. We were out of earshot.

"Quinny," I said quickly, "you were right—all the time. Mason has accused Tilly McClung, says he can prove it."

"Of course," murmured Quintus dispassionately.

"But he says he saw her hide the diamond, told McClung and Shaw where to find it; they may be out looking for it now."

"Exactly," said Quintus.

"But, damn it man, he's using it to blackmail McClung on an oil deal. Gives 'em till to-night to come through or be exposed."

"Lots of time between now and night," said Quintus tranquilly; "your shot, Tony."

I gave it up. We banged along in desultory fashion, I with my mind half on the game and half on poor Tilly McClung. Innocent or guilty, she was up against it, and I felt like using a niblick on the imperturbable face of the man who was torturing her.

We reached the seventh hole. As we emerged from the woods and came out on the tee, two

figures approached from the fairway. They were Martin Shaw and Terence McClung.

"Sorry to interrupt your game," said McClung sharply, "but I want a word with Mr. Mason."

"Won't it keep till to-night?" asked Mason insolently.

"No, it won't. And if you use that tone, I'll say it here and now."

"Go as far as you like," said Mason, with an angry gleam. I looked at him. He had a splendidly controlled face, but he permitted himself a loss of temper when he felt on top of the situation. Plainly, he felt so now.

"I will," said McClung, turning to us. "This man has accused my wife of this robbery, and states that he saw her hide the blue diamond under a divot on this very fairway. He sent me out here with Martin Shaw as a witness. There's no diamond there. The whole thing is a dirty plan to blackmail me out of my business."

"Nonsense," returned Mason coldly. "The diamond was put there this morning by your wife, and it's there now. You've looked under the wrong divot."

It was The Sprig who spoke next. Up to now he had been sitting on the sand-box dangling his legs and giving the best one-man exhibition of how to be in, but aloof from, a situation, that it has ever been my pleasure to witness. There is something in this far-flung business of race, after all. He scrambled off the sand-box.

"Why not go down and have a look," he suggested amiably. We followed him onto the fairway.

"Show us the divot you looked under, Mr. McClung," I said. I was trying to relocate in my mind's eye the spot where we had seen one of the Matildas cutting up the turf.

"This is the piece." It was Shaw who spoke. His voice was hoarse with apprehension. "And this is the marked penny you left under it, isn't it?" He tossed a coin to Mason.

Mason caught the penny and scrutinized it intently. Then he walked over to the piece of turf. His face was as calmly expressionless as a death mask. With the toe of his boot he turned the divot over. There was nothing.

"Somebody," he said evenly, "has been very clever. Has McClung had a chance to come or send out here since I told him?" he asked Martin Shaw.

"No," answered Shaw sullenly. "I've been with him every minute since you left his room. Pretty sort of business you've let me in for, Mason. If you didn't have the goods on him, why did you get me into it?"

"I'm sorry. I seem to have been premature." Then his nonchalance left him, and he spoke with rising emphasis. "But I meant just what I said, and I still mean it. The proof is gone, but the fact remains. Mrs. McClung stole that diamond and hid it under this divot. And I'll prove it, yet. And as for my proposal to you, Mr. McClung—its terms remain the same. I can't force you to decide to-night, but you will have to very soon."

He turned and picked up his golf-bag.

"Not so fast," said Quintus, strolling up to the group. So intent had I been on the drama before me, that only now did I realize that Quintus had taken no part in the conversation.

"Not so fast," he repeated sharply. "It's about time I contributed something. Mrs. McClung didn't take that diamond. She has never seen it, except on Lady Tourmaline's neck. As a matter of fact"—he paused, and then snapped it out—"Herbert Mason stole that diamond, and he has it in his possession at this moment."

Mason's color did not change. But I saw the muscles around his jaws and the corners of his eyes tighten. He turned his head very slowly toward Quintus Lunt.

"I really thought you were out of this, Lunt. But I see I was mistaken." Then he regained his composure and smiled. "May I ask you to—er—show your openers, so to speak?"

"Certainly," said Quintus readily. "You came back to the house last night, long after the dance was over. How you got in, I don't know, but you were seen in an upper hallway

(Continued on page 58)

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The Two Matildas

(Continued from page 57)

by an unimpeachable witness." Quintus turned to The Sprig.

"Am I correct, sir?" he inquired gravely.
 "Quite correct," The Sprig replied even more gravely. "Bad business, Mr. Mason, bad business."

For the first time Mason was truly taken aback. He looked from one to the other of us and seemed unable to speak. Quintus gave him no time.

"You stole the diamond in order to plant it on Mrs. McClung and get her husband in your power. You followed her this morning. Mr. Armitidge and I watched you through glasses. You saw her take a divot; it gave you an idea; you went over and examined the hole, but you didn't leave the diamond there—because some one came along."

"BUT—" began Mason. Quintus leveled his forefinger and went on remorselessly.

"You were going to hide it this afternoon while we played. Clever, my dear Mason, clever. You could have done it in an instant. But you ought to have told Shaw to keep McClung at the house half an hour longer; he got here too soon for you. You have been hoping to get it under some divot even while we have been talking."

"Outrageous nonsense!"
 "Is it?" said Quintus menacingly. "Then why are you carrying the blue diamond in the head of that brassie in your hand?"

There was utter silence. Mason's eyes had a far-away dreamy look. It was The Sprig who finally walked over to Mason and gently took the brassie from his hand. He picked at the leaden back with a pocket knife. The back came off, and the blue diamond fell blazing and shimmering to the grass. The Sprig picked it up and dropped it into his pocket.

"Now hear my terms," said Quintus slowly and distinctly. "You will give Mr. McClung a signed statement withdrawing your charges against his wife, and apologizing for your outrageous mistake. Otherwise I charge you with burglary. What do you say?"

"Better say yes, Mr. Mason," interposed The Sprig, sweetly. "We'd hate to give you in charge to those police Johnnies who've been following us."

Mason looked wearily from Quintus to The Sprig.

"Very well," his hands fell listlessly to his sides. "I'm afraid I have been very stupid." He bowed, with just that touch too much of courtliness, and walked away with Martin Shaw.

Quintus and I strolled back through the woods.

"What a colossal liar he is," I ventured. "And why did he try to keep up the pretense that the diamond was under the divot?"

"Liar nothing," snarled Quintus. "Herbert Mason told the truth from beginning to end. Tilly stole the stone, he saw her hide it, and he thought it was there all the time."

"But good God, Quintus—how did it get in his brassie?"
 "How do I know? You might ask The Sprig, or you might ask me."

At this moment The Sprig came trotting up from behind and dropped his hand on Quintus's shoulder.

"Priceless, my dear chap, priceless. But rank blackmail on your part, if you ask me."

"Not at all," said Quintus. "I whitetailed him out of blackmailing McClung. Vast difference, you know."

"Quite," agreed The Sprig heartily. "I see the point. He blackmails best who blackmails last—eh? Rather good, that, what?"

Unsuppressing Our Desires

(Continued from page 34)

They increased the drop to forty-five feet, to sixty and, finally, to ninety-two. Now we are going back again to milder sensations. There are two reasons for the trend: one is that breath-taking speed doesn't thrill us as once it did; the other is that these mammoth rides are too costly. They take up real estate worth fabulous prices, and they are too expensive to operate at a fare we are willing to pay.

Just as golf has its imitation in the miniature golf courses, so the amusement parks are more and more displaying a tendency to use small counterparts of the full-sized play devices. In almost every one of the more than 500 large amusement parks in the land there is a miniature merry-go-round, a miniature Ferris wheel and miniature railways and coasters. The park owners are recognizing that the American people seem bent, these days, on having a big time in a small way.

Rapidly the urge to participate actively in amusements is growing stronger. Once we were content to sit passively in cars and be whirled and jolted here and there. That time has passed. Now, the sort of thing we get the biggest kick out of is one of those where we try to overcome difficulties of steering or compete with other folks who are engaged in the same operation.

We are getting more athletic, more accustomed to outdoor sports, a tendency which is being reflected more and more in our play. True, we always did have booths at the amusement resorts where we tested our strength or skill—such things as the sledge-hammer machine or the baseballs we threw at the African dodger. (And did you know, by the way, that he wore a steel plate under a woolly wig?)

These, however, are passing. Their place is being taken by swimming-pools and other things more in keeping with the times.

But though times may change, human nature remains pretty much the same. We still like to romp like children, and the more cultivated and sedate we are ordinarily, the more abandoned we act when we go to an amusement park. Even in times of business depression, such as in the summer just past, we flock to play resorts, but with this difference: in good times men and women go together; in bad times they show a tendency to go separately. There seems to be a general belief that two can't play as cheaply as one. Believe it or not, on one day at one of the amusement parks, the records show, there were 2,000 single admissions and not one double. The men, as might be expected, spend twice as much as the women, but the women get the most for their money; four out of five complaints that are made about being buncoed are made by women.

MEN and women alike, however, singly and together, in good times and in bad, we insist on having our fun. To the amusement parks we troop; we check our cares and responsibilities at the entrance, and take the lid off our emotions.

Then it is that our secret is discovered—we are only grown-up children, after all.

And so it is that thirty big manufacturing plants are kept busy all winter long turning out devices to give us thrills in the summer, that more than 500 amusement parks are flourishing, and that a hundred million of us in the course of a season pay admissions for the privilege of acting like good-natured lunatics.



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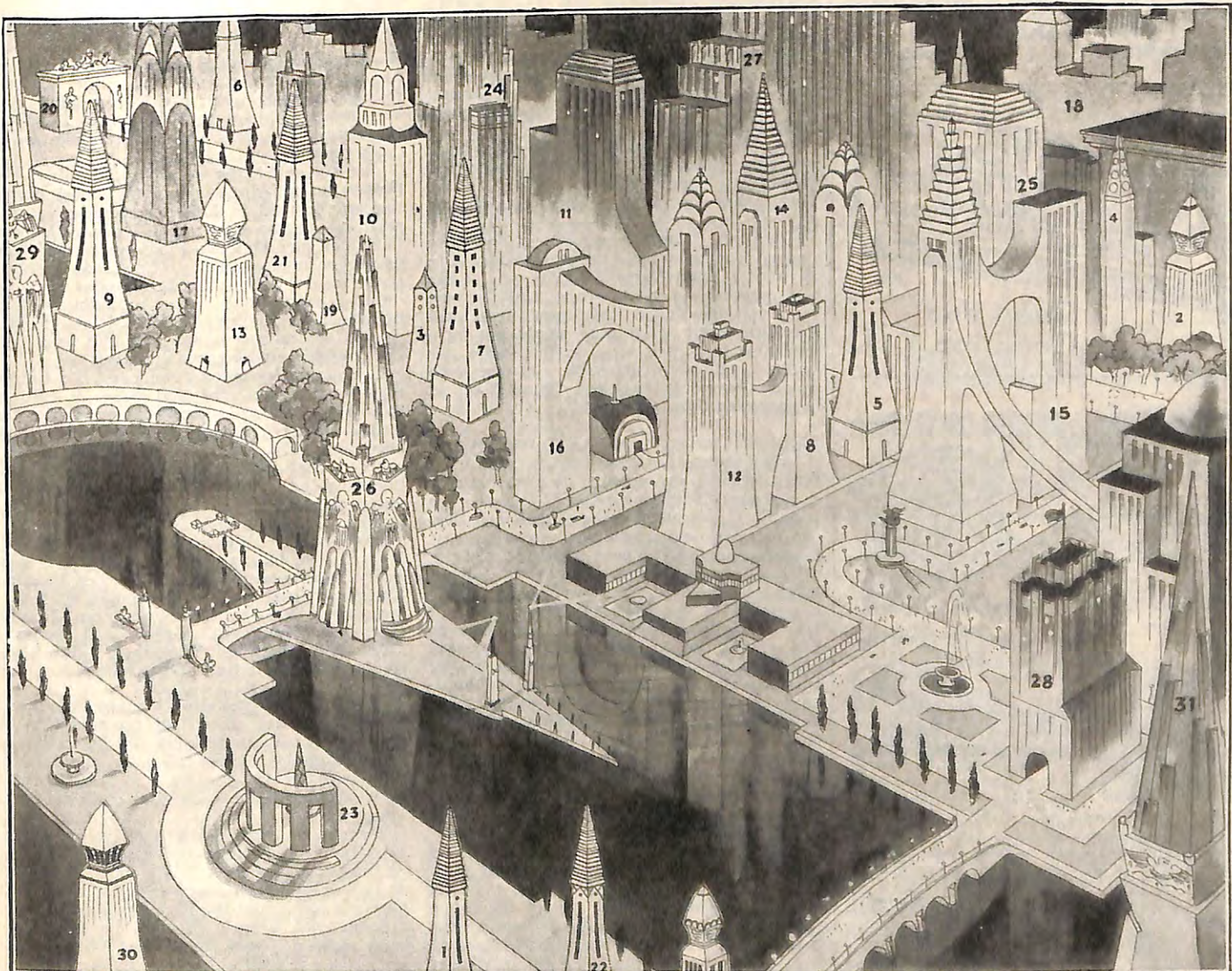
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The Battling Colonel

(Continued from page 37)

oblivion. He had rallied to his aid the millions of James Butler, James W. Corrigan, Price McKinney, Jack Follansbee, and a small but powerful band of political leaders south of the Rio Grande, to build a haven for horsemen at Juarez, Mexico.

When first announced it seemed a crazy, hopeless scheme. Mexico was embroiled with revolution. Half-civilized bandits swarmed hither and thither, fearlessly thumbing their noses at the rulers at home, and recklessly giving the Bronx cheer to Uncle Sam, just across the muddy stream that forms the boundary line between the two countries. But the horsemen's extremity was Winn's opportunity. They had no other place to go, and, despite the seeming foolishness of attempting to stage a successful race meeting in the land of the tamale, they had faith in the Kentucky colonel. They sent their horses to Juarez the minute the stables were ready for them.

The pessimists said, "Juarez will attract only cheap horses. The big shots of the turf will ship to England and France. Racing is doomed on this continent."

But as is often the case, they were wrong. The big owners with their high-class horses soon followed the little owners with their cheap 'platers. The evidence of this is supplied by the records. Cheap horses don't establish world-marks. And on that old Juarez track, one day in March, 1914, Jefferson Livingston, the catsup king, saw his splendid horse, Iron Mask, carrying the terrific impost of 150 pounds, run five and one-half furlongs in 1:03 2/5, a world's record that still stands. Earlier that same year Iron Mask hung up another world's record when he negotiated three-quarters of a mile in 1:09 3/5. Only one other horse in the world ever ran faster than that, and he—Master Willie—did it on the down-hill course at Epsom Downs, England.

Another record credited to the Juarez track was that established by that great sprinter, Pan Zareta, rightfully hailed "Queen of the Turf," when she ran five-eighths of a mile in 0:57 1/5.

"Had not Colonel Winn and his associates stepped into the breach, back in those dark days of 1911-'12," said Harry McCarty, one of the best authorities on American turf history, "racing in the United States would have died a natural death. Kentucky would not have been able to keep it alive, as that State was having troubles of its own and horsemen wouldn't have dared to extend the meetings held there during those two years."

WHILE racing in Mexico Colonel Winn's diplomatic skill was called into play many times. Almost any morning he might awaken to find that "The King is dead! Long live the King!" He placated Pancho Villa on more than one occasion, and wound up by making that famous revolutionist a good friend and ally.

"I got one good break down there," Colonel Winn told me, "and that was when I made the contract with the Mexican Government. It wasn't exactly foresight on my part, or even business acumen, but I stipulated in that contract that I should pay my taxes, assessments, or whatever you wish to call them, to the municipality of Juarez, that city to forward the money to the State Government. With governments changing almost overnight I'd have been in a pretty mess trying to keep the records straight, had it not been for that clause. As it was, we managed to operate year after year without a break.

"How did it turn out financially? Well, perhaps the best answer to that is to be found in an incident that occurred at the post one day when Mars Cassidy was trying to start a race. It seems that Chief Johnson, one of the oldest jockeys in the business, had been beating the barrier with some of his mounts, and Cassidy was getting sore at him. On this particular day, the Chief broke through the tape before the other boys were ready and, calling him back, Cassidy said, 'See here, Chief, if you make one more attempt to beat the barrier, I'll give you the meeting.' By that the starter meant he'd not let Johnson ride again at that meeting. The Chief's answer will give you an idea of how

we were doing, financially. 'You'll give me the meeting, huh? Well, if you do, I'll give it right back to you. If Winn can't make it a success, I'm sure I couldn't.'

While Winn was making the good fight for horsemen in Mexico, he was the target of a determined crowd of anti-racing zealots in Kentucky. The fact that Governor Hughes had clamped the lid down on racing in New York State encouraged them to make a fresh attack on the sport in the Blue Grass country.

"It was a hard fight," said Colonel Winn, recalling those bitter days, "and for a time it looked as though the other side would succeed in closing the Kentucky tracks. They managed to put through a bill killing the bookmaker betting feature, but I recalled that there was a clause in the old charter granted in 1875 by the State Legislature to the New Louisville Jockey Club which legalized mutuel betting.

"Immediately I started on a still hunt for some pari-mutuel machines. In a Louisville pawnshop I found two that had been used at Churchill Downs 'way back in '78. Then I got on the trail of a couple more that had been used at the old Gravesend track in New York. It didn't take long to install these at Churchill Downs, and racing went on without interruption. The following year—1913—I went to Europe to make a study of the pari-mutuel machines. I learned enough about them to make a few improvements in the ones we had here, and upon my return had new ones made for all the Kentucky tracks under my management."

Back in those early days of pari-mutuel betting, the "iron men" didn't get the play they get to-day. For instance: in 1912, when the Kentucky Derby was won by Worth, only \$50,000 was bet on Derby Day. The peak was reached in 1928, when the Derby Day crowd bet more than \$2,000,000 on Easter Stockings, the winner that year, and other horses on the day's program.

The smoke of the 1912 battle hardly had cleared before Winn's associates found another turf war loomed in Kentucky unless the four principal tracks—Churchill Downs, Latonia, Lexington and Douglas Park—could be placed under one management. The Cellas organization still held an interest in Douglas Park and owned Latonia outright. Accordingly Winn organized the Kentucky Jockey Club. Senator J. N. Camden was made president and Winn vice-president and general manager.

The new corporation took over the Latonia course and it appeared that peace at last was to be Winn's reward. But the very power that he had built up through the years now threatened him. His enemies—turf and political—charged that Winn and his associates were "running the State"; that they controlled the vote and could and did elect or defeat candidates at will.

How much truth there was in these charges it is impossible to say. Only an imbecile would believe that men like Winn, Charles Grainger, Colonel Applegate, Senator Camden, P. J. Hanlon, George J. Long, Lawrence Jones, Henning Chambers, Maurice L. Galvin and James B. Brown (all known as "Winn men") didn't play an important, if not an active role in Kentucky politics.

Whatever the true situation was, is more or less unimportant. The fact remains that the opponents of Winn and his colleagues banded together and launched a campaign of extermination, with former Senator J. C. Beckham as their candidate for Governor on the Democratic ticket.

I was in Kentucky for a few days during that campaign. The air was blue with hatreds, and repercussions of Civil War days. The race-track was the issue—superficially at least. The slogan in sections of the Blue Grass country was "Down with Winn!" But when the ballots were counted it was found that Winn, as had become a habit with him, was sitting on the top of the heap. Democratic Kentucky had elected Winn's friend, Flem D. Sampson, a Republican, to the Governor's office.

The vanquished didn't take their defeat gracefully, however, and soon after the election the Democratic Attorney-General gave Colonel Winn something else to worry about by going

into the Kentucky courts with the allegation that the Jockey Club was an illegal corporation which operated a lottery, also illegal, and seeking damages for the State in the sum of \$1,000,000. Result, to date: more animosities, more recriminations, more personal feuds in a country that already has had more than its share, the dissolution of the Louisville Jockey Club as a corporation, and the formation of another corporation, under the laws of Delaware, called the American Turf Association.

It is hard to predict what will happen to racing in Kentucky. Maybe Colonel Winn's enemies will triumph in the end. Maybe the Colonel, nearing his seventieth birthday, is growing a little weary of the constant struggle. But one thing is certain: Colonel Matt Winn has done more to put racing on a high level in Kentucky than any other single individual, or any other single organization. He has built the Kentucky Derby up from a purely local affair to an international institution, a prize coveted by sportsmen on both sides of the Atlantic. He has given horsemen a square deal and he has given the followers of the sport the best brand of racing the Middle West has ever known.

Kentucky may not appreciate the Colonel as much as it should. But the State of Illinois, to paraphrase a famous line from "The Music Master," has said, "If you don't want him, we want him." Illinois let Matt Winn know it wanted him during the time that he was battling to elect a friendly Governor in Kentucky. And Winn, believing that the men who are finan-

cially interested in the ventures he manages are entitled to every safeguard for their investments, turned a willing ear to the invitation. As stated above, he organized the American Turf Association, went to Illinois and bought 700 acres of ground in Will County, forty miles from Chicago, and thereon built one of the finest racing plants in the world—Lincoln Fields. Only a man with Winn's unusual vision and foresight, his fearlessness, his constructive nature and his diplomacy could have successfully broken into the racing game in the Chicago district. But once he tackled the job he did it with his customary thoroughness. He not only built a beautiful plant at Lincoln Fields, but he obtained control of Washington Park, home of the original American Derby. He has done much to bring about harmony in Chicago turf circles. He has spent millions on improvements at the two courses and hopes to stage several international races in the Windy City in the next few years.

"Colonel Winn will succeed with his racing plants in Chicago just as he has succeeded in Kentucky, Mexico, New York and Maryland," a grizzled old horseman told me, down in Kentucky, "because he will have the horsemen—big and little—with him. He could announce a race meeting in Timbuctoo—and immediately there would be a general hegira of owners and trainers to Timbuctoo—wherever that is."

That was one of the truest and sincerest tributes I ever heard paid to "the battling colonel."

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 40)

were the participation of the Lodge's Drill Team in the initiation ceremonies, and the performance of the Glee Club, under the direction of Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clayton J. Heermance. Another event of interest during the evening was the dedication of an addition to the Home of the Lodge.

Three hundred members of the Order greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler upon his official visit, upon the evening of November 12, to his home Lodge, Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130. Those who welcomed him, at the formal dinner and at the Lodge session later, included Elks of high authority in the Order, and a number of members of Lodges elsewhere in Pennsylvania, and in New Jersey and New York. As a token of esteem to Mr. Rupp, the Lodge initiated in his presence a class of seventy-two candidates, one of whom was his son, Lawrence B. Rupp. The Grand Exalted Ruler himself occupied the station of Esteemed Leading Knight during the ceremony. The banquet at the Home before the meeting proved a particularly happy occasion, with Harry I. Koch, Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, presiding as toastmaster. The festivities were opened by Exalted Ruler George W. Herbert, of Allentown Lodge. Speakers introduced by Mr. Koch at the conclusion of the dinner included E. J. Morris, member of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George J. Post, of Pennsylvania, and M. N. Gregor, of New Jersey; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George W. Denton and Thomas J. Hanrahan, Jr., of New York. The Grand Exalted Ruler spoke at length at the Lodge session.

Both for its numbers and the distinction of many of its members, the gathering which greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler November 17 at Ottawa, Ill., Lodge, No. 588, was noteworthy. Four hundred Elks, representing sixteen Lodges in the State, were present to receive the head of the Order. Among them were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Henry C. Warner, member of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee; Truman A. Snell, President; George W. Hasselman, Secretary, and John J. Faulkner, Past President of the Illinois State Elks Association. Mr. Rupp arrived in the late afternoon, and immediately thereafter was the chief guest at a reception in the Lodge Home. A banquet in his honor was held later at the Court Café, and attended by more than a hundred members of the Order. At this affair Mr. Rupp spoke briefly. The Grand Exalted Ruler's principal address of the evening was delivered at the

Lodge session later, when three hundred and fifty Elks were present to hear Mr. Rupp's speech and to witness the initiation of a class of twenty-five candidates.

Accompanied by an escort comprising Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Truman A. Snell, President, and George W. Hasselman, Secretary of the Illinois State Elks Association, Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp called, at noon, on November 18, upon Rockford Lodge, No. 64. A delegation of its members, including Exalted Ruler Eldred E. Fell and other officers, met Mr. Rupp and his retinue at the outskirts of the city and conducted them to the Lodge Home for luncheon. At the conclusion of this the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke to those assembled. An inspection of the newly remodeled Home of Rockford Lodge followed the luncheon.

Upon arriving at Dixon the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party proceeded to Oakwood Cemetery to attend the dedication of the beautiful monument, inscribed "Elks Rest," and erected recently by Dixon Lodge, No. 779. The officers of the Lodge conducted the ceremonies, after which the Grand Exalted Ruler laid a wreath upon the monument and delivered a short, but impressive, eulogy. A banquet at half-past six o'clock at the Dixon Lodge Home was attended by over two hundred Elks from the Northwest District of Illinois. Exalted Ruler Raymond Worsley introduced Henry C. Warner, a member of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee, who acted as toastmaster.

Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Marx M. Harder, and President Truman A. Snell, of the Illinois State Elks Association, and State Senators Harry G. Wright and Martin Carlsen; and Mayor Thompson, of Rock Island Lodge, were introduced and spoke. Following the banquet, more than three hundred members of the Order witnessed the initiation ceremonies conducted by a team selected from several Lodges in the district. Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp delivered a splendid address and one enthusiastically received. Every Lodge in the Northwest District of Illinois, and many other Lodges elsewhere in the State and in Iowa, were represented at this meeting.

One hundred members of the Order entertained Mr. Rupp on November 19, at a luncheon given in the Home of Monmouth Lodge, No. 397. In addition to representatives of the host Lodge, there were present delegations from Burlington, Iowa; and Galesburg, Ill., Lodges. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. C.

(Continued on page 62)



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The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 61)



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Winter presided as toastmaster and introduced, besides the guest of honor, President Truman A. Snell, of the Illinois State Elks Association.

The initiation of a large class of candidates for a number of Lodges in the West Central District of Illinois was a prominent feature of Mr. Rupp's call upon Canton Lodge, No. 626. A degree team chosen from among the officers of the several Lodges represented performed the exercises of induction. Members were initiated for Galesburg, Jacksonville, Kewanee, Macomb, Monmouth, Pekin, Peoria, Springfield and Canton Lodges. The formal session of the Lodge followed a dinner in the dining room of the Home in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred A. Perkins introduced Mr. Rupp to the four hundred Elks present. The address by the chief executive of the Order was followed by brief talks by Grand Secretary Masters, Mr. Warner and Mr. Snell. Other prominent Elks to be presented were Past Grand Trustee John J. Faulkner, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers W. T. Buchanan and Frank C. Winter, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Roy S. Preston, Harry W. Greer, E. Perry Huston and O. F. Davenport; and Eugene Welch, Past President of the Illinois State Elks Association. In the course of the meeting a message of felicitation from Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell was read.

AT NOON upon the day following his call upon Canton Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler, together with his official party and escort, was the guest of Louie Forman, Past Exalted Ruler of Bloomington, Ill., Lodge, No. 281, and Treasurer of the Welfare Activities Commission of the Illinois State Elks Association. The occasion was a luncheon at the Bloomington Country Club.

The Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the Lodges in the Southeast District of Illinois were among the four hundred Elks who gathered, on the evening of November 20, to welcome Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp upon the occasion of his official visit to Paris Lodge, No. 812. Mr. Rupp arrived in the city in the afternoon, accompanied by a suite comprising Grand Secretary Masters, J. C. Dallenbach, former member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. T. Buchanan, and President Truman A. Snell, of the Illinois State Elks Association. A dinner for Mr. Rupp at the Hotel France preceded the meeting of the Lodge and of the officers of its district. In the course of the Lodge session, candidates from every Lodge in the Southeast District were initiated. The Grand Exalted Ruler, making the principal address of the evening, was introduced by E. Perry Huston, chairman of the district meeting. Among others to speak were Grand Secretary Masters, Mr. Snell, and George W. Hasselman, Secretary of the Illinois State Elks Association.

Upon arriving in Centralia, for his visit to Lodge No. 493 there, the Grand Exalted Ruler, in company with the members of his official party, made a tour of inspection of the new Elks Home. Early in the evening Mr. Rupp was the guest of honor at a banquet at the Langenfeld Hotel. Exalted Ruler Norman Hoffman, of Centralia Lodge, presided at this affair, and introduced District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William Ryan, Jr., and Mr. Aflerbach. At the meeting which followed the dinner Mr. Rupp was presented by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, who spoke briefly before the termination of the session. These talks followed the initiation of thirty candidates into Centralia and six other Lodges near by. Two hundred Elks witnessed the exercises. Among this number, in addition to the prominent members of the Order already mentioned, were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Robert M. Garnier, Lester H. Schneider and R. E. Costello; and President Snell and Secretary Hasselman, of the Illinois State Elks Association.

The Grand Exalted Ruler left Centralia the following day, November 22, escorted by an automobile caravan bearing members of Herrin Lodge, No. 1146, which he was to visit in the

evening. The procession arrived in Herrin in the afternoon and was greeted with a concert by the high school band. A second musical tribute was accorded Mr. Rupp early in the evening by the American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps when it appeared to escort him and his official party from the Ly-Mar Hotel to the Elks Home. An additional token of friendship on the part of the Legion was manifested when T. R. Garavalia, Commander of the Herrin Post, presented to the Grand Exalted Ruler a floral piece of unusual beauty. At the Home, two hundred and fifty Elks, representing ten Lodges of the Southern District of the State, gathered in the evening to welcome the head of the Order and the distinguished members of his party. These included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, and President Snell and Secretary Hasselman, of the Illinois State Elks Association. Among those to greet the guest of honor and his suite were, in addition to members of Herrin Lodge, the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of every Lodge in the district. A banquet was served at the Home, during which Mr. Rupp delivered an address, the principal one of the occasion. Mr. Campbell, the toastmaster at the dinner; Mr. Masters, Mr. Snell and Mr. Hasselman also spoke. At the Lodge session which followed, fifty candidates were initiated into Herrin Lodge; and during the evening a conference of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries was held.

Delegations from six neighboring Lodges in the State and from one, Pittsburg Lodge, No. 412, in Kansas, were present at the Home of Springfield, "Florence," Mo., Lodge, No. 409, upon the evening of November 24 to welcome the Grand Exalted Ruler upon the occasion of his visit there. The groups of members, whose total number was two hundred and fifty, included the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Joplin, Carthage, Warrensburg, Webb City, Clinton, Sedalia, Mo., and Pittsburg, Kans., Lodges, as well as the officers of Springfield Lodge. The initial event of the evening was a banquet in honor of Mr. Rupp at the Colonial Hotel. Harry Durst, of the host Lodge, presided as toastmaster. The speakers were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Don H. Silsby, of Springfield Lodge; and Mr. Aflerbach. Mr. Rupp delivered an address later at the meeting in the Lodge Home.

The Grand Exalted Ruler and his suite, passing through Kansas City on the morning of November 25 on the way to Macon, were met at the Union Station by a delegation of members of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, No. 26, and entertained at breakfast in the station restaurant.

After witnessing the initiation of forty candidates into Macon Lodge, No. 999, upon the evening of November 25, when he made an official call there, Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp commended the officers for their display of proficiency in ritualistic work. The exercises of induction were witnessed not only by the Grand Exalted Ruler, his suite, and their hosts, but also by representatives of the other Northern Missouri Lodges of Carrollton, St. Joseph, Brookfield, Moberly and Kirksville. The Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of these Lodges had met earlier in the day in a conference at the Home of Macon Lodge. Mr. Rupp's praise of those who officiated at the initiation came in the course of his delivery of the principal address of the evening. His attendance at the Lodge session followed a dinner in his honor, given by the Macon Business Men's Club.

Carroll Smith, member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge; Past Grand Treasurer Fred A. Morris and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred W. Pilcher were among the one hundred and twenty-five Elks who welcomed Mr. Rupp upon his visit to Mexico, Mo., Lodge, No. 919, November 26. The gathering was representative of many Lodges in the Eastern District of the State, comprising Poplar Bluff, Hannibal, St. Charles, St. Louis and Louisiana Lodges. The occasion was a banquet in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Hotel Hoxsey. The chief speech of the evening was Mr. Rupp's. Mitchell

January, 1931

White, editor of the *Mexico Evening Ledger*, officiated as toastmaster.

After the conclusion of the meeting at Mexico Lodge, a delegation of members of St. Louis Lodge, No. 9, who had been present at the affair, escorted Mr. Rupp and his official suite to the Home of No. 9, where the annual Thanksgiving Eve Barn Dance was in progress. The Grand Exalted Ruler entered heartily into an enjoyment of the festivities. Elks of No. 9, the following day, Thanksgiving Day, entertained Mr. Rupp at the annual football game between Washington University and St. Louis University, and, in the evening, at a dinner dance. In the course of the banquet preceding the dancing, the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke. Among the other guests was Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Memorial Sunday Address

(Continued from page 42)

As Elks we are taught to practice these principles with fidelity. And more than that, we are pledged to fidelity to God, our country and our country's flag.

Reviewing the history of our Order and its splendid achievements can any one doubt that we have kept the faith?

These are not sentiments to set the world aflame. They are not engendered in the sullen boom of cannon, in the clash of bayonets and the cries of the wounded and dying on bloody battlefields. They may not serve to carry the ruthless conqueror to pinnacles of fame and power. But they are sentiments by which the millions must live and die if life is to be made happier and better as the years roll on.

On this memorial day, sacred to the memory of our dead, we solemnly pledge ourselves anew to the practice of the principles of our Order, the observance of which through the years has made Elksdom a real kingdom of hearts.

Sporting High-Lights of 1930

(Continued from page 16)

One triumph—its fourth since the Cardinals beat the Yankees in 1926.

It furnishes one of the big sports thrills of the year, this demonstration of Earshaw's—and again the famous Babe Ruth is reduced to the position of a mere bystander instead of being one of the actors in the drama.

For the first time in years, we see Ruth displaced as the home-run king of the majors. He can boast only 49 circuit drives, while Hack Wilson, the wrestler-like centre fielder of the Chicago Cubs, has 56, giving Hack a new record for the National League.

The baseball kaleidoscope keeps changing. We see Bill Terry, first baseman of the Giants, winning the National League batting championship with an average of .401. We see Al Simmons, left fielder of the Athletics, taking the American League title in a great homestretch struggle with Lou Gehrig of the Yankees, Simmons's mark of .381 beating that of Gehrig by two points.

The show goes on—and now Time stages the tennis parade of 1930.

Time brings back for us the American championship singles, at Forest Hills, Long Island. He brings back Bill Tilden, striving for his eighth title and a record. He shows us Tilden in his tenth year as king of the courts on this side of the Atlantic.

The show is trenchant with drama. The semi-finals are reached, Tilden fares forth against Johnny Doeg, a Californian, whose mother was a Sutton—a youngster from beyond the Sierras in whose veins there flows royal tennis blood.

Tilden throws into the fight all his craftiness, all the tricks of his long experience. But Doeg is game, Doeg is determined. Doeg has the speed of the early twenties, the psychology of unyielding youth.

Tilden keeps fighting, but his legs are the

(Continued on page 64)

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Sporting High-Lights of 1930

(Continued from page 63)

legs of the thirties. They begin to tire. Doeg presses on, and William T. Tilden, 2nd, is eliminated, his long reign ended.

Another day flashes into view, and it is Doeg against Frank Shields of New York. The confidence born of the victory over Tilden carries Doeg through this match, right to the American championship.

We sit back, and see other tennis features of the eventful year. A stadium near Paris—America challenging France for the Davis Cup. But the time is not yet ripe. Those French veterans still are strong enough, our Tilden is fading, our younger players are not quite ready.

France wins the series, 4 matches to 1, and Tilden's victory over Jean Borotra is the only solace for the United States.

WE GET a flashback to Wimbledon—Allison beating Cochet of France, Tilden beating Allison for his first British title since 1921. We look on as Mrs. Helen Wills Moody wins the British women's championship after dropping five games of the first set to Mrs. Phoebe Watson.

We see the English women's team, headed by Betty Nuthall, take the Wightman Cup, and then the scene shifts to Forest Hills, and the women's national—and another triumph for Miss Nuthall.

We watch the women's national closely, but Our Helen is not there. She has remained at home in California—to devote herself to her home and her husband.

The passing show reveals few young players of great promise among the girls, but Ellsworth Vines, Sidney Wood, Clifford Sutter, Shields, Doeg—all help to paint the future of men's tennis in this country a rosier hue.

We keep our seats in this entrancing press stand of the world, and the scene changes—the glory of Autumn and American football.

It is our privilege to discern, through two months of strident competition, the rise of two outstanding elevens—those of Notre Dame, in Indiana, and Southern California, in Los Angeles. They struggle on to the climax of their December meeting for the national title.

From September into December, this Notre Dame eleven flashes before us in unbeaten luster.

We find outstanding in this vivid pattern of gridiron success the coaching mastery of Knute K. Rockne, the Norwegian immigrant who went from the sand lots of Chicago to the peak in American football.

The cold and the sleet of Chicago and the Notre Dame-Army game disappear. Here in a more pleasant setting Southern California's powerful eleven is playing California. A traditional rivalry out there on the Pacific Coast. Howard Jones, a man of Yale, sends out his team equipped to win, and win it does. Southern California piles up touchdown on touchdown—74 points, and the last quarter is cut to prevent additional fiasco.

Here is the rise of one of the greatest football teams the game has seen—and out in California, too. Football, we are impressed, has become thoroughly nationalized and desecularized.

From our seat in the press stand we watch the gradual development of another corking football team beyond the Sierras. Washington State's Cougars batter down formidable opposition to close with a fine victory over Villanova in the East, and go on to the New Year's Day game with Alabama, in the Rose Bowl at Pasadena, Cal.

In the South, we see Alabama continue its reign of triumph under the coaching of Wally Wade, of Brown. We see the Crimson Tide engulf Georgia. We see it gain the outstanding place in Dixie football and merit the call from Pasadena.

And we see the standard of team class and individual excellence raised a few notches.

We leave football behind us. Father Time turns a crank in that strange machine of his, and now the picture is one of gay Summer. The theme is one of romance, the scheme is one of thrill, the story that develops as the scene shifts from Maryland to Kentucky, from Kentucky to New York, from New York to Saratoga, and then back to Maryland again, is built of the most lurid elements of struggle that has two-fold interest—the horse and the man.

For we have come to racing. The Sport of Kings, they call it. We are at the Kentucky Derby, at Churchill Downs, Louisville. The historic course is black with people. The biggest crowd, and a big thrill to come.

The bugle calls them out for the big race—the crown event for three-year-olds, the biggest classic of the American turf.

Here's Gallant Fox, with Earle Sande up. William Woodward, of New York, sends them out to win, and win they do, in glorious fashion.

The Fox and the Derby—and from then on we find the racing year's history written closely around the horse and the jockey.

From Kentucky we are transported to Belmont Park, in New York. Gallant Fox against Harry Payne Whitney's Whichone. The Fox against his conqueror as a two-year-old. A fine rain is falling but 70,000 are there just the same. Sonny Workman on Whichone. Two others in the race.

They're off! Gallant Fox waiting. Whichone lags behind. Workman tries to outwit Sande, but the Fox outfoots Whichone. The smashing drive down the homestretch. A mile and a quarter, and the best horse drives through to win by four lengths.

Gallant Fox in the Dwyer, and it's easy. Gallant Fox in the Travers, at old Saratoga. The return match with Whichone. The Whitney horse comes to the Spa recovering from a bowed tendon. They say he is right again. From the press stand, he looks fit. Some of the experts think Gallant Fox has been going to the races too long and too often this season and that the fresher Whichone will turn the tables on him.

Saratoga and the Travers—and a heavy track. Rain the night before. Fine rain as they go to the post. There are others in the race, but we are not concerned with "selling platters" in this duel of the greats.

Fifty thousand throats shout it. "They're off!" To which of these the laurels for the year?

They struggle through the soggy footing. Clods of mud come flying into the jockeys' faces. It's Sande again on the Fox, Workman again on Whichone.

What's all this? Do our eyes deceive us? Where is the Fox, where the Whitney star?

Why, it's that rank outsider—that mudder, that 100 to 1 shot, Jim Dandy, beating the luminaries of the year in the classic of the Northern season!

Jim Dandy, a pluggler—Jim Dandy, the despised "no chance" entry that seemingly was placed in the race for feed money—Jim Dandy wins!

THERE is a roar that reverberates through the big stand. Too bad about the Fox, tough on Whichone. The crowd has lost a lot of money on these, but all hail to Jim Dandy.

Gallant Fox and Whichone go from this race into retirement. The Fox passes with a marvelous record as a winner—over \$300,000 to his credit.

The two-year-old races which we watch from our press stand show us class in Jamestown, the Futurity winner. Twenty Grand, Equipoise, Mate—they add luster to this interesting turf year. But beyond all the rest we see Gallant Fox—and Sande.

The bugle call fades out. The track gives way to the polo field. We are watching the international matches with England. It is a fine team that the British have sent over here, under Captain Roark.

But once more we note American superiority. Tommy Hitchcock, Earle Hopping, Winston Guest and Eric Pedley ride well together. Pedley, the young Californian, and young Hopping hit long, tremendous strokes down that billiard-like turf at Meadow Brook.

The Americans win the first match, and now comes the chance to make it two straight and retain the cup. Two straight it is. The British battle valiantly. Their mounts race gamely up and down that baize in the Long Island sunshine. But the quest is futile. America wins.

Time takes us from one international contest to another. He brings back before us the water pageantry of the America's Cup race. This time the scene is off Newport. Shifted from outside Sandy Hook.

The gallant Sir Thomas Lipton tries for the fifth time. Still another *Shamrock* sails out to seek a trophy which no challenger yet has been able to lift.

America is represented by the *Enterprise*, sailed by W. K. Vanderbilt. The challenger seems slow in light airs, not so fast in a spanking breeze.

It is a mere procession. Race after race, victory after victory for the *Enterprise*. The ingenious Vanderbilt has built into his boat a system of winches and gadgets and motors which reduce the human equation in this once altogether human endeavor of yacht racing. Lipton smiles and confesses that his *Shamrock* is behind the times. And he had expected to win.

He loses again, smiling, and America would like to give him that cup. But it cannot. It does the next best thing, and subscribes for a trophy which tells of its admiration and esteem of Sir Thomas's fine sportsmanship.

From one water sport Time passes to another. The Hudson River flows by our press stand. We are at the intercollegiate boat race which strains under that spider-like bridge at Poughkeepsie.

They say the big men of the Far West have the contest at their mercy. But here is one of the big thrills and grand surprises of the sport year. Cornell, inspired with the spirit of Old Man Courtney and the days when the Big Red crews swept the river, wins its first race under Jim Wray.

We watch that traditional Harvard-Yale regatta, too, and again the men of Eli, coached by Ed Leader, come through.

Time persists in keeping the show on the water. He takes keen pride in his achievements in swimming. Johnny Weissmuller is gone into the professional ranks. But here's Buster Crabbe, making us forget all about the wonders of Weissmuller. Crabbe sets new world's records for 800 and 1,500 meters, 880 yards and one mile.

The show among the fair swimmers is fairly monopolized by a pretty miss from the West—Helene Madison of Seattle. We see her swim from one record to another, as she betters the world's standards at distances from 50 yards to one mile. Not so many years ago the achievements which Helene puts on view would have been regarded as past the possibilities of our greatest male performers.

The college swimming season reveals Ray Ruddy of Columbia and George Kojac of Rutgers, both New Yorkers, as leading performers.

NOW we are back to the thrills of land competition again. The sport that now passes in review before our press stand is track and field. We watch Frank Wykoff of Southern California as he sets his new world's record of 9 2-5 seconds for the 100-yard dash. We see big Paul Jessup of the University of Washington make that phenomenal discus throw of 169 feet. We watch that fine team of the University of Southern California win the intercollegiate track and field championship, up in the Harvard Stadium.

From the cinders and the board floor, Time shifts the show to the ice of the hockey rink. He shows us a long and interesting campaign, then the final series for the championship. He shows us Les Canadiens taking the title. It is a furious series and a corking six comes through.

Then Time presents the billiard year. Welker Cochran taking the 18.1 balkline championship from Willie Hoppe, in November. He shows Jake Schaefer, skilful son of a wonder cueist, entrenching himself as the 18.2 king. He shows us Ralph Greenleaf stressing his wizardry as the pocket billiard champion, and John Layton establishing his supremacy at the three-cushion carom game.

Four cue champions, and among them we do not find Hoppe. The old order changeth.

Time is inexhaustible. He keeps turning that crank that brings back the past, and we glimpse Columbia winning the championship of the Eastern Intercollegiate Basketball League; we see a great five at Syracuse; Fall River taking the professional soccer championship—records here and stirring accomplishments there, with the arena nearly always pitched in America.

Time turns that crank again. The lights go out. The passing show of 1930 sport is over.

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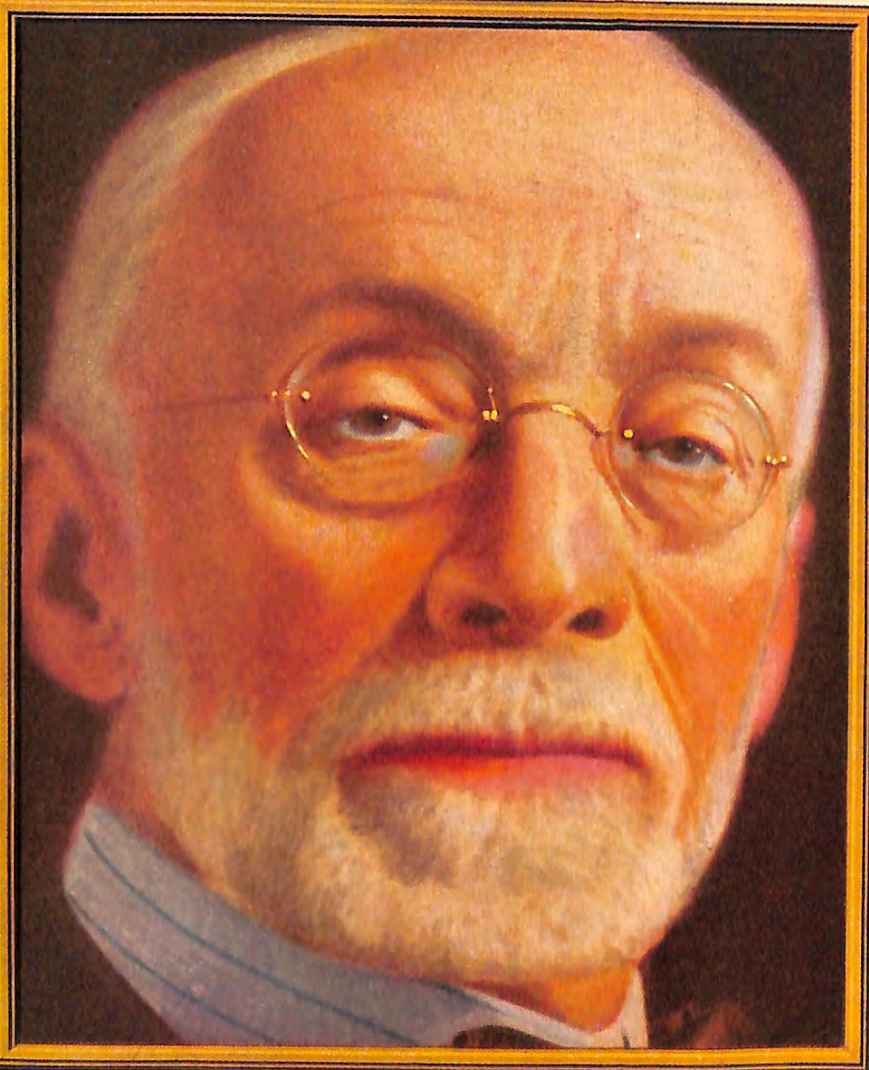
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