

# The Elks

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20 CENTS A COPY

## Magazine

FEBRUARY, 1931



*Hendrik Willem Van Loon • Morris Markey • George Creel  
Carl Clausen • Courtney Ryley Cooper • David Lawrence*

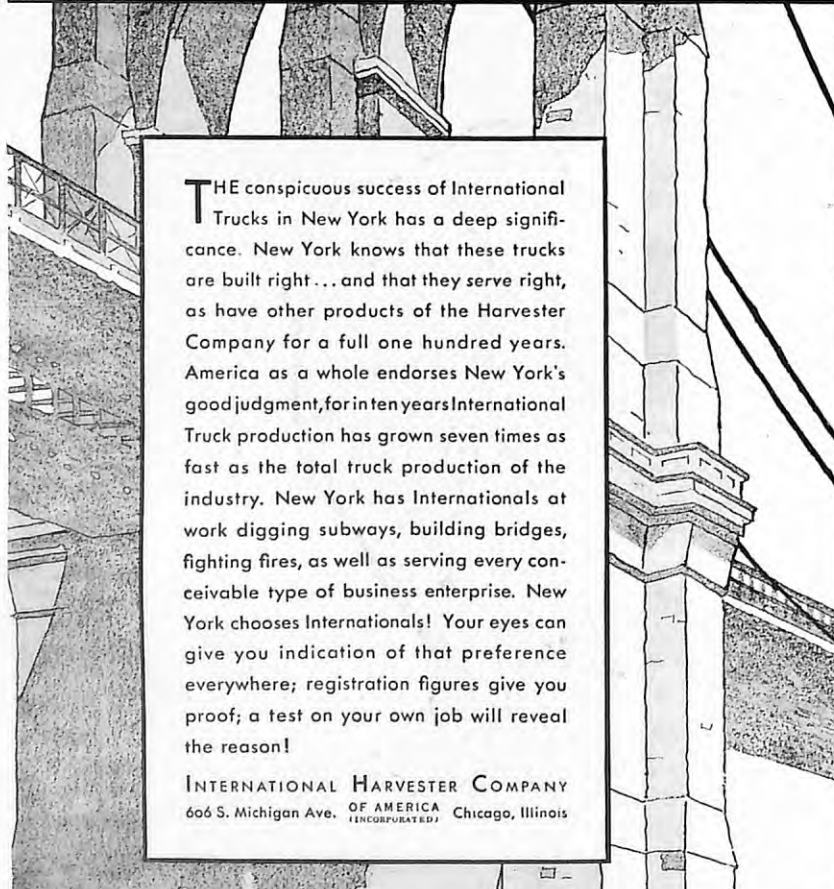


INTERNATIONAL

In the Biggest City in the Country

# INTERNATIONALS

are Doing the Biggest Kind of Jobs



**T**HE conspicuous success of International Trucks in New York has a deep significance. New York knows that these trucks are built right... and that they serve right, as have other products of the Harvester Company for a full one hundred years. America as a whole endorses New York's good judgment, for in ten years International Truck production has grown seven times as fast as the total truck production of the industry. New York has Internationals at work digging subways, building bridges, fighting fires, as well as serving every conceivable type of business enterprise. New York chooses Internationals! Your eyes can give you indication of that preference everywhere; registration figures give you proof; a test on your own job will reveal the reason!

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The Vacuum Oil Co of New York, one of whose trucks is shown above, and the largest oil companies the country ever use Internationals



39 Internationals deliver the delicious baked goods of the Cox Baking Company. 26 of this number are speedy, good-looking Special Delivery Trucks



The business of the Aero Mayflower Transit Company is to haul heavy loads for long distances. Internationals do the job for them, and for many, many other transit companies.



George W. Johnson, subway contractor, uses International Trucks. Internationals have worked month in and month out almost from the very beginning on New York's subway program.



New York homes are kept warm in winter by coal and coke delivered in International Trucks. Koppers uses Internationals as do countless other firms in that business.



The prominent Washington Square Laundry maintains a fleet of 22 Internationals, and is but one of hundreds of laundries using International Trucks profitably.

# INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Speed and Heavy-Duty Models—sold and serviced by 180 Company-owned branches

# "Unaccustomed as I am—

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

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

"Mr. Bell can tell you more than I can," idea

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



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

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

"What's the trouble, dear?"  
"Oh . . . nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

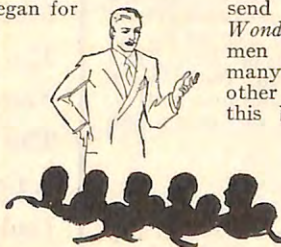
more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top in our organization for men who know how to talk!"

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

and lack of poise disappear; repressed ideas and thoughts come forth in words of fire.

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Have you an open mind? Then send for this free book *How to Work Wonders With Words*. Over 65,000 men in all walks of life—including many bankers, lawyers, politicians and other prominent men—have found in this book a key that has opened a veritable floodgate of natural speaking ability. See for yourself how you can become a popular and dominating speaker! Your copy is waiting for you—free—simply for the mailing of the coupon.



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Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your inspiring booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words*, and full information regarding your Course in Effective Speaking.

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

For fifteen years the North

American Institute has been proving to men that ability to express one's self is the result of training, rather than a natural gift of a chosen few. Any man with a grammar school education can absorb and apply quickly the natural Laws of Conversation. With these laws in mind, the faults of timidity, self-consciousness, stage-fright

## A New Program Is Explained

ALLOW us, gentlemen, to call to your attention the table of contents printed at the right. It is the best summary of the new program of THE ELKS MAGAZINE; a program designed to present to more readers more items of interest in a more brief and striking fashion.

Conceived in the spirit of the times, this new program takes as its guiding stars the modern lights of brevity, color and variety. Shorter articles and more of them; topical, concise and quickly read, covering a wide range of interest; adventurous and romantic fiction from the typewriters of famous authors; for that variety which is the spice of life, such things as a page of humor, culled from periodicals all over the world; a monthly full-page cartoon; a cross-word puzzle and other beguiling tests of your knowledge and ingenuity; a department devoted to radio personalities; a series of comic drawings scattered through the back pages. . . .



TO PARTICULARIZE concerning each feature of this issue is unnecessary. The names of George Creel, Hendrik Willem Van Loon, Courtney Ryley Cooper, and the others at the right speak for themselves.

We should like, however, to bring especially to your attention two contributors, new to you with this number of the magazine, whose work will henceforth appear every month in its pages.



DAVID LAWRENCE, who writes "Listening in at Washington," has had one of the most brilliant careers in modern American journalism. With a background of sixteen years as a correspondent at the nation's capital, he founded, in 1926, *The United States Daily*, of which he is President and Editor. It is unlike any other periodical in existence and Mr. Lawrence is perhaps the only editor in the world who does not contribute to his own paper. He is responsible for this because the policy he laid down for *The United States Daily* restricts the paper to official sources for its news. His monthly article in THE ELKS MAGAZINE will derive from these same sources, will be explanatory and informative, and will avoid all political discussion and partisan bias.



CLOTHES most certainly do not make the man, but few will deny that they can help or hinder him. Hence our introduction of our new monthly feature, "Correct Dress for Men." It is a straightforward, helpful, one-man-to-another sort of article. The author is Schuyler White, indisputably one of America's foremost authorities on what a man should wear, and when he should wear it.

"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 Nine

## The Elks Magazine

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

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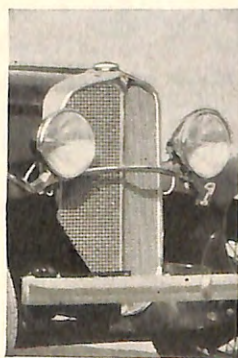
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MAKING  
NEW FRIENDS  
AND KEEPING  
THE OLD

*"One for all, all for one"*

In carrying out our policy of making new friends and keeping the old, we of Oakland-Pontiac are fortunate in being a part of General Motors. . . . We owe much to ad-



vanced engineering developed by the General Motors Research Laboratories, to practical testing made possible by the Proving Ground, to important economies effected through General Motors' purchasing power and resources. . . . We

gain immeasurably by the modern styling, solid comfort and fine coachwork of Fisher Bodies. . . . We are aided greatly by G.M.A.C. financial services, which help to make the purchase of a new Oakland

Eight or a new Pontiac Six a friendly, economical transaction. . . . In achieving our purpose, finally, we are favored by the loyal activity of a nation-wide dealer organization wholly in sympathy with our policy of friendly dealings.

. . . . TWO FINE CARS . . . .

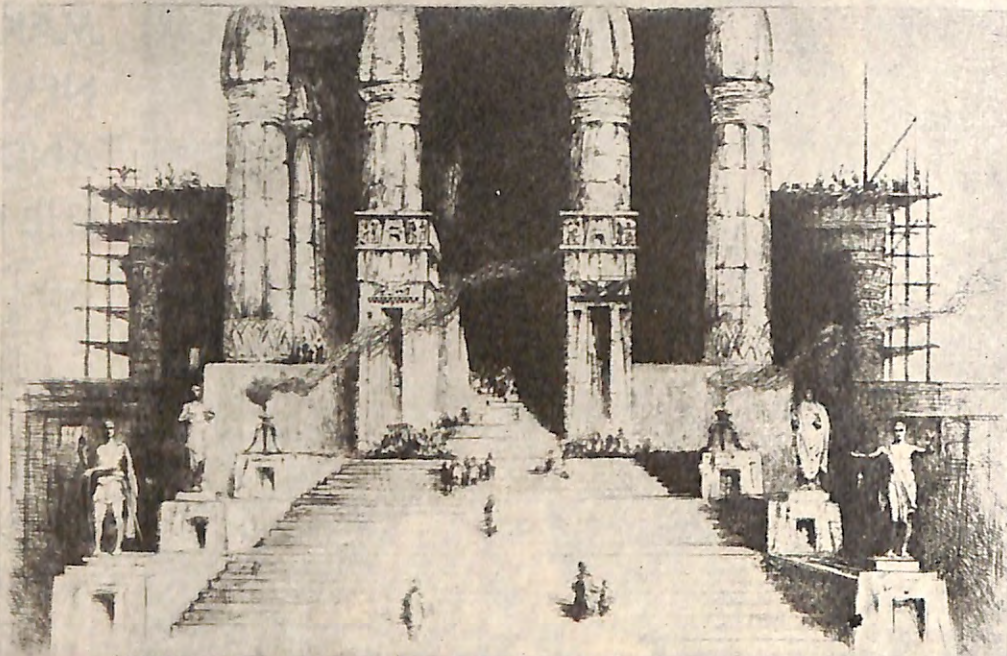
**OAKLAND 8**



**PONTIAC 6**

*with Bodies by Fisher*

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS



**New York Lodge No. 1**  
 IS AN HONORARY FOUNDER OF THE ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION  
 BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED  
 STATES OF AMERICA HAVING DONATED One Thousand DOLLARS  
 TO FURTHER ITS PURPOSES AND IDEALS  
*J. B. ...* *Murray ...*  
 CERTIFICATE NUMBER 2.1 GRAND FACULTY SEALER



**Joseph C. Fanning, P.G.E.R.**  
 IS AN HONORARY FOUNDER OF THE ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION  
 BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED  
 STATES OF AMERICA HAVING DONATED One Thousand DOLLARS  
 TO FURTHER ITS PURPOSES AND IDEALS  
*J. B. ...* *Murray ...*  
 CERTIFICATE NUMBER 211P GRAND FACULTY SEALER



**Hemaylunata Elks Association**  
 IS AN HONORARY FOUNDER OF THE ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION  
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 STATES OF AMERICA HAVING DONATED Twenty-five Hundred DOLLARS  
 TO FURTHER ITS PURPOSES AND IDEALS  
*J. B. ...* *Murray ...*  
 CERTIFICATE NUMBER 2.1 GRAND FACULTY SEALER



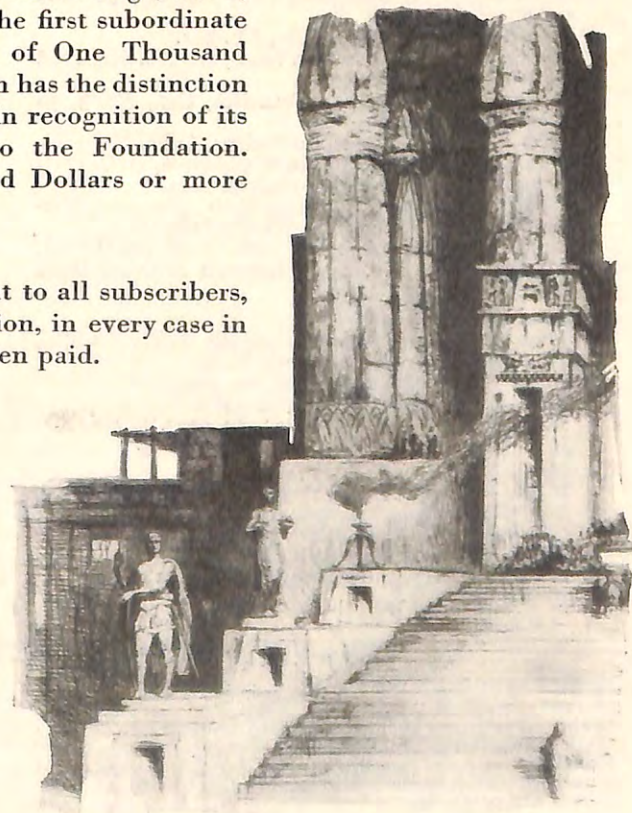
## Honorary Founders' Certificates of the Elks National Foundation

*"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast. . . ."*

THIS quotation from Oliver Wendell Holmes' "The Chambered Nautilus" was suggested to the artist as the theme of the Honorary Founders' Certificate of the Elks National Foundation. The etching on copper, the work of W. H. W. Bicknell of Provincetown, Massachusetts, is symbolic of our Order's great philanthropic institution. It depicts a temple of philanthropy in process of construction. The main structure has advanced to the point of usefulness. Its beauty is apparent. Its proportions are indicated as monumental, but its actual size is left to the imagination and idealism of each individual. In the foreground are statues representing Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity—reproductions of the heroic bronze figures which occupy the four niches in the Memorial Hall of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building.

The first of these symbolic certificates to be issued are shown on the opposite page. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning has the honor to be the recipient of Honorary Certificate No. 1 by virtue of having made the first contribution of One Thousand Dollars to the Elks National Foundation. New York Lodge, No. 1, receives Honorary Founders' Certificate L-1 as the first subordinate Lodge to pay the amount of its subscription of One Thousand Dollars. The Pennsylvania State Elks Association has the distinction of receiving Honorary Founders' Certificate A-1 in recognition of its contribution of Twenty-five Hundred Dollars to the Foundation. This was the first subscription of One Thousand Dollars or more received from a State Association.

Honorary Founders' Certificates have been sent to all subscribers, individual, subordinate Lodge, and State Association, in every case in which the full amount of the subscription has been paid.



# Grand Lodge Officers and Committees 1930-1931

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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.





METZGER

Office of the  
**Grand Exalted Ruler**

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

**Official Circular No. 2**

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

*Allentown, Pa.,  
January 10, 1931*

MY BROTHERS:

Six months have passed since I was inducted into office as Grand Exalted Ruler. I have made many visitations to subordinate Lodges from one end of the country to the other. I have been greeted everywhere with the greatest hospitality and courtesy. I have had many fine opportunities to observe in what high regard our Order is held everywhere. I am very happy to report that in these trying times Elkdom is carrying on in a splendid and courageous manner.

*Lapsations and New Members*

A large number of honorary classes have been initiated into subordinate Lodges. The members of the Order have become the apostles of good fellowship and they are bringing into the Order their acquaintances and friends, to whom the story of Elkdom has been convincingly told. It is extremely gratifying that so many fine, young, new members have taken the pledges of the Order.

Very fine work has been done by Lapsation Committees in restoring to membership those of our brothers who had fallen in arrears in the payment of dues. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of lapsation work. Personal solicitation in such cases is a very effective method of arousing renewed interest and oftentimes the original proposer of the brother who has fallen into arrears can do much to bring him back into the subordinate Lodge.

*Dropping Members from the Rolls*

Section 179 of the Grand Lodge Statutes provides that a member owing one year's dues to the Lodge, including the annual dues that may be fixed by the Grand Lodge, may be dropped from the rolls by a Lodge upon a majority vote, after thirty days' notice by registered mail, addressed to such member by the Secretary at his last known address.

It will be noticed that the language of the Statute does not make it obligatory upon a subordinate Lodge to drop a member if in arrears for one year's dues, including annual dues that may be fixed by the Grand Lodge.

I have no doubt that in these times the utmost discretion will be exercised by subordinate Lodges before any members are dropped from the rolls for non-payment of dues. Each case should be carefully and personally investigated and such leniency should be shown as circumstances warrant. Many members, who are temporarily in distress, will pay their arrearages if given some additional time. Few brothers willingly relinquish their membership in our great Order. I am very certain that greater errors can be committed at this time by being too hasty rather than by being too lenient. This is a matter which I trust will receive the very earnest consideration of all subordinate Lodges and officers and members.

*Unemployment*

We are redeeming our pledge to do what we can to relieve unemployment. A good many Lodges are now engaged in extensive repairs and improvements to their Homes. In many Lodges unemployment committees have been formed. Everywhere there are hopeful signs, and a helpful spirit of fraternal activity is evident. I am sure that this spirit arises from the hearts of the members of the Order who have caught the meaning of its principles.

*Death of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price*

I announce with great sadness the loss to the Order of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, of Columbus, Ohio. He died on Sunday, November 23, 1930. His fine service as an Elk is known throughout the Order. His administration as Grand Exalted Ruler was distinguished. He sleeps now "in the silent halls of death." We have written his name on the tablets of our love and memory. I have tendered to his family and his friends the sincere sympathy of the Order which he loved and served so well.

*(Continued on page 44)*

# Burroughs



One of many styles designed for the automotive business. It designates the commodity sold, cash or charge, and provides separate totals of quantities and amounts.

## NEW CASH MACHINES for any line of business

A distinct advance embodying new principles of operation and new features of protection never before applied to the registering and safeguarding of cash.

This new line of machines offers such advantages as—every sale printed and recorded; locked-in totals under owner's control; totals of quantities as well as amounts; separate totals of cash and charge sales; detailed tape; enforced identification of clerks; validation of paid-outs or sales tickets; each customer's purchases totaled and receipt furnished; descriptive keys; easy key depressions. Hand or electric models. Choice of harmonizing colors.

Compare the advantages of these new machines over your present methods. Consider their smart, up-to-date appearance; their wide range of usefulness, ease of operation, absolute protection . . . and their surprisingly low prices. For demonstration, or special folder, call local Burroughs office, or write—

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY, 6432 SECOND BLVD., DETROIT, MICH.



For stores where several items are purchased at one time, such as food stores and cafeterias.



For stores where single item sales are the rule, such as drug stores, hardware stores, etc.

## David and Goliath Mix It Up Once More

By James Stevens

Illustrated by Stockton Mulford



# Timber

**J**IM CARMODY—"the Little Red" to the lumberjacks of the Big Rocky pine country—was an insignificant figure as he stood before his crew of brawny rivermen. In his calked boots Carmody was hardly five inches over five feet. Certainly he would not tip the beam of the hay scales to more than a hundred and thirty pounds.

The tote teamster, on the other hand, was built like one of his own draft horses. He was new to the Lake Huron side of the Michigan woods. Moreover, he had taken three deep morning's morning swigs from a gallon jug of Thunder Bay City's most potent redevye. He was in a humor to bully somebody, especially a runt of a river boss like this Carmody.

"Understand, or don't you?" he growled, scowling down at the Little Red. "Know what it means, this warnin' from Rafter Mullane? When he sends word he's goin' to mop up all the sawdust in River Street with your mackinaw, and that while you are still in said garment, when you get down with the Ryder drive, that means for you to steer clear of Thunder Bay City! Yessir! Well, I'm a Ryder man." The teamster winked over Carmody's head at the silent crowd of rivermen. "So I'm warnin' you, Mullane's the worst bully on seven rivers."

The tote teamster strutted and grinned with a self-satisfied air. He felt that he had well earned the gallon of whisky that Rafter Mullane had given him to deliver the message to Little Red Carmody. The runt of a river boss seemed to be smitten numb by the threat. He stood with his hands on his hips, his booted feet set apart, the upturned collar of his mackinaw brushing a shaggy shock of red hair, on which a Scotch cap was

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# Fighter

so cockeyed that its bill was tipped over his right ear. He looked woefully puny and spindling before the six-footers of his crew.

The teamster raised his gaze for another prideful stare at the lumberjacks. It had hardly passed the tassel of Carmody's cockeyed cap when it seemed to the swaggering teamster that seven horses kicked him at once, heaved him up, turned him over four times, then smashed him down and began to trample him with their twenty-eight hoofs.

That impression, the stable boss informed him some twenty minutes later, had been the result of Carmody doing a few square dance figures on his prostrate frame. The stable boss was reviving the victim with something like sweet spirits of nitre.

"Puh-foo!" the tote teamster moaned and wheezed. "Git me to a hospital! I'm done for!"

"Sho', now," protested the stable boss. "A big strapper like you, and the Little Red sees a mite of a man?"

"A mite of a man, hey?" moaned the tote teamster. "Feller, you jest said halfer it. A dynamite of a man, you mean!"

That reminded the stable boss. The tote teamster was to bear a return message to Rafter Mullane.

"The Little Red said to tell yer bully he's comin' straight to the Bell Saloon in River Street when the drive is down," said the stable boss. "And when he comes in he'll be grippin' a torch of dynamite in each fist! Yes, sir, if Rafter Mullane battles

Carmody she's got to be with dynamite!"

"Goin' for him with a burnin' stick of dynamite in each fist!" gasped the tote teamster. "Say, who is this here little lump of hell, anyway?"

"Jest a timber fighter," said the stable boss. "That's all. Jest a timber fighter."

The river roared. All along the log-packed banking grounds of the Ryder Timber Company red-shirted rivermen were breaking out the rollways. The steel hooks and shafts of log-working tools flashed in the sunshine pouring through the birches and bush that fringed the far bank. Spring weather was getting a fair start. Where sunlight struck the earth frost patches steamed. The sky above the budding green of hardwoods and scrub was a dazzling blue in the rain-washed air. The Ryder rivermen were jubilant in their labor. A hard snowless winter was done. The big drive was on. They could already see themselves stamping up board walks from the booms to the saloons of Thunder Bay.

**T**HE logs thundered steadily on into the foaming current of the Big Rocky. The sixteen-foot sticks whirled and bounded off piles thirty feet high, plunged, smashed together, jammed into tangles from which they were plucked by the log-riding peavy men. Now and again they would jam on the rollways, then it was for the Little Red to risk his life by holding a swamp hook into the key log until a span of horses on the bank had tightened the hook line. As the logs tumbled and crashed again the river boss lunged to safety on logs surging in white water.

At last the logs were rolling in the clear. Carmody took a breathing spell on the far bank. The drive was starting fair. A full head of water was roaring down from the first dam. Even inshore there was a good current which kept the timber moving. It was highly dangerous driving now, but not hard work, in the swift water. But

tomorrow—and the next day—with the logs dragging in slack water toward the second dam, then it would be a man-killing timber fight.

Three weeks of it ahead. And the hardest battle would be at the end, in the riffles above Shotgun Gorge. That stretch of river loomed like a nightmare before the Little Red.

HE WAS already blasted well hard-used, he told himself mournfully. Certainly he looked it. He was worked down to bone and wiry muscle. His hair was a shaggy mane. A long neglected beard bristled harshly under protruding cheek bones and burning eyes. The strain of the past three months showed now, as he relaxed, the intensity of his blazing passage with the big tote teamster forgotten.

For three months Red Carmody had hardly slept. Long weeks without snow had made it a battle to get the last of fifty thousand logs to the banking grounds. Night after night he had kept the sprinklers going, to maintain a sheathe of ice on the sleigh road. At last he had labored the logs through mud with clumsy drays. The Ryder logs were on the rollways. Every other outfit on the Big Rocky had its timber still hung up in the woods.

The winter skidding had been a battle all the way, but the big fight loomed in the drive ahead. There was no snow at the headwaters to make heavy freshets, there was no promise of big rains. The regular flow of the river was already that of midsummer. Victory depended on the water stored in the dams. If there was one bad jam and this storage water was wasted the fifty thousand logs would be hung up all summer, ravaged by worms, ruined.

"Dynamite," growled Red Carmody to himself. "Why don't Ryder show up? He's got to have dynamite ready, tons of it!"

Dynamite was the only sure jam-breaker, the only ammunition for a river fight with big timber. The rivermen with their peavies could break out small log jams, but blasting powder was the one weapon for a big pile-up of timber. So far Tom Ryder had failed to supply it. The timber-owner had not even appeared for the start of the drive.

The Little Red was trying to think of a hell which would be proper for Ryder when he saw old Andy Joline swinging across the logs. Andy was his "jam boss"; he worked the crew at the head of the drive.

"I'm goin' quit," declared the old riverman, his face hard with lines of worry and pain. "I start wit' de logs, but, my gor, Red, I can't stan' stay on de drive. She's—dat Julie gal—I got to go tak' care Julie."

"Julie! Why her?" Carmody's eyes blinked with surprise. "Hell, she's most a woman, Andy. Ain't she took care of herself all winter? You got your other kids to think of. You'll need the money you make out of the drive to feed 'em. I know

how bad. Julie can take care of herself."

"You don't know," muttered Andy, his swarthy cheeks flushing. "She 'ave took up wit' dat Rafter Mullane. Wan bad man. High-banker! Pffoo!" Andy snorted contemptuously. "He don' work, jus' gamble an' fight. De tote teamster tell me he gamble in Bell Saloon, an' my Julie—she—" The old man's voice broke.

"Julie's dancin' there, you mean?" The Little Red's blue eyes got the glitter of chilled steel. "Hell, and her just a kid!"

"She is eighteen," said Andy heavily. "Her own boss she tol' me Chris'mas time. Mos' a woman, lak you say." His shoulders heaved in a sigh, then his voice rose hoarsely on a blast of rage. "But, *mojee de batan*, I can tak' wan club to dat gal an' run her 'ome! I lock her up, I put her in de well, dat Julie, my gor!"

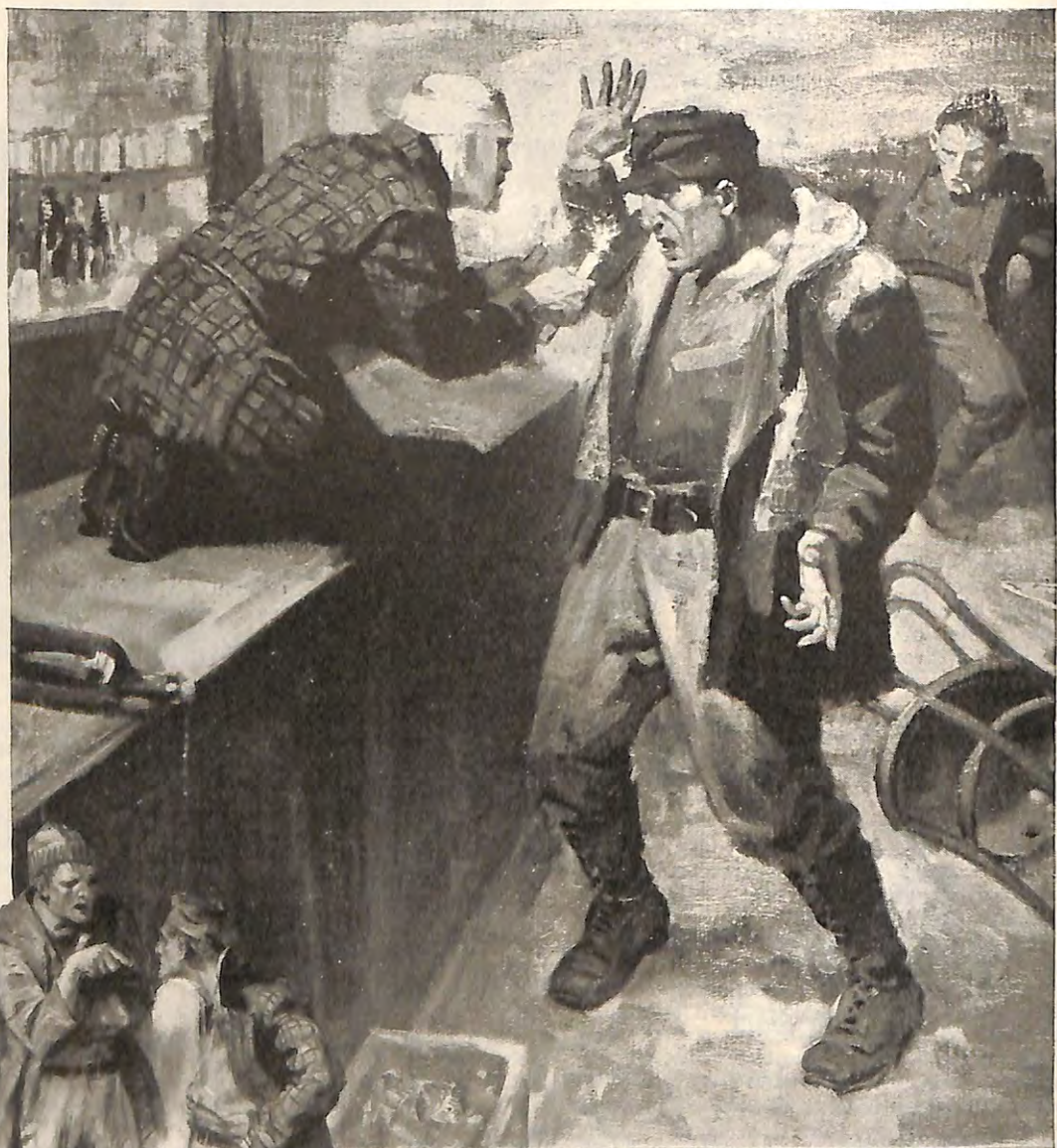
"Julie's a good kid," declared the Little Red stoutly. "Just wild-headed, that's all

"Wit' dat Rafter Mullane," growled Andy, shaking his head. "Wan tamm' bad man. I could never believe Julie would tak' up wit' dat feller."

"I'm already due to attend to that gent's needin's," said Carmody grimly, remembering his fracas with the tote teamster now. That message had mystified him at the time. He wondered now if Julie had had anything to do with it. But everything else had to be forgotten while he and his men fought timber. "You get back to the drive," he ordered sharply. "Julie will be all right till we get the logs down to Thunder Bay. A man with seven kids can't afford to run off on wild-goose chases. I'll take care of Rafter Mullane and Julie at the prime and proper time."

"You t'ink you can lick wan wild fighter lak Rafter Mullane?" said Andy doubtfully.

"Sure." The Little Red grinned. "Didn't you hear, Andy? When it's a big battle



The Little Red dropped to his knees and thrust the fearsome torches into the face of Rafter Mullane

If she's workin' in the dance halls for a'livin' you can bet she's still keepin' decent and takin' care of herself."

with logs or men Red Carmody uses dynamite."

"Dat was beeg talk," protested Andy. "You don' mean her. *Mojee*, you fight wit' dynamite in de fists you keel you'self also."

"Me and dynamite are brothers," said the Little Red.

"But how about Julie?" insisted Andy Joline.

"Julie?" The Little Red pondered. Suddenly he laughed. It was the first time in weeks. "Why," he said, "I'll be marryin' Julie."

"My gor!" gasped Andy Joline.

A small jam was forming down at the first bend. Carmody seized the opportunity to send Andy back into action. His voice rang sharply in an order.

"Bust 'er!" he snapped. "Take five men."

"Sure," said Andy, responding to command like a soldier.

There was another hang-up on the rollways. The Little Red swung into action. Just ahead of him shone a gap of swirling water. The river boss leaped for the end of a small log. He struck, driving his steel calks into the bark, and at once caught his balance. His end of the log sank under him until water sloshed about his ankles. The other end plowed up from the surface, black and dripping. The momentum of the Little Red's leap drove the timber across the gap of water. The river boss crouched, jumped, lunged swiftly on over a pack of logs. He pushed through the men who were

brimming with timber all the way to the first bend. Andy Joline and five others were breaking the jam without trouble. The water was still high.

"Good drivin'!" said the Little Red, swabbing the sweat from his eyes. He headed on to turn back some sticks that were stranding in the mud of the bank. Everything was forgotten but the fight down the river. "Good drivin' now," said Red Carmody as he leaped the logs. "But blast Tom Ryder if he don't fetch me dynamite to-morrow!"

"Simply got to have it," declared the Little Red to the "Old Feller" of the Ryder Timber Company. "A ton of the stuff, no less, and a good quarter of it in the cache above Shotgun Gorge. If we lose the water in the last dam there, the logs'll be hung up all summer. But we'll get through, with plenty of blastin' powder. She's up to you, Mr. Ryder."



"So that's how she lays," growled the Little Red.

He stuck a work-scarred hand under the bill of the eternally cock-eyed Scotch cap and scratched his red hair. It had grown much shaggier with the three weeks the drive had been under way. He was as gaunt as a famished wolf, worked to bone and raw nerve. His mackinaw sleeves were in rags from peavying logs out of the shallows. As he stood now on the river road beside Tom Ryder he was drenched with icy water and his feet were raw and bleeding from the grind of river sand in his boots. Yet he was hardly worse off than his men.

"ALL of us been through hell," he said, his voice harsh with nervous strain. "Got to go through worse. And we don't get a cent for the whole winter and spring of timber fighting if luck's against us and the drive hangs up."

"I'll lose everything, too," Ryder reminded him.

"You'll eat, anyhow," said the river boss shortly, "while some of the men—take old Andy Joline. Seven to feed. Whether they eat or not is up to the Little Red." He laughed sardonically. "All up to a runt like me—and to luck." Then his eyes bored like bits of steel into Ryder's. "I was forgettin' dynamite," he snapped. "You got to have it on hand."

"Good money after bad," protested Ryder weakly. "I don't know where to dig it up, anyhow."

"You'll sell your span of trotters, that's what," said the river boss flatly. Ryder licked his lips nervously as he stared at the bays hitched to the buckboard. He wilted under Carmody's steely stare.

"All right, Carmody," he said at last. "I'll have a jag out to-morrow. And the cache at the gorge will be filled by

(Continued on page 46)



faltering before the thirty-foot pyramid of logs. It was apparently solid, yet tons of timber might topple any instant. Carmody grabbed the swamp hook.

"Hitch, hook and holler there!" was the yell from the rollway.

The horses on the bank bellied down, hammered into their collars. The hook bit into the butt of the key log. The pyramid shuddered—and the Little Red skipped like a squirrel from bounding log to bounding log as the thunder of crashing timbers filled the river again.

The Big Rocky was a black river of logs,

"Expense piled on expense," complained Tom Ryder, squinting through his spectacles at the pages of a shabby memo book. "I hate to store more dynamite ahead till I know you'll need it." He looked up and gazed gloomily at the river of logs. "More timber than water," he went on. "Don't see how you can make the drive. Simply don't."

"Want to stop it and pay off now, Mr. Ryder?" the river boss rasped out angrily.

"Wish I could," groaned Ryder helplessly. "But I've borrowed to the limit of credit. I can't get the men's wages from the bank until the logs are safely in the booms."

# Speed Merchant

IT WAS one of those bleak days that fell toward the last of February in 1929, and there were fifteen or twenty of us huddled against the hangar wall on that spiritless morsel of earth that used to be known as Old Roosevelt Field. Most of the fifteen or twenty were newspaper reporters, and they were numbly irritated at their lot. Some fellow named Hawks—Frank Hawks—Frank M. or Frank G. or Frank L. Hawks—was about due to come in from the west after a shot at the transcontinental speed record. And it was the general feeling that Mr. Hawks had chosen hellish weather to pursue his ambitions; to haul men out of warm, comfortable offices and make them stand around an empty flying-field where the wind whimpered and the cold bit down to the bone.

Down on the flying-line, the biggest land plane ever built stood with its engines turning idly and its designer cursing savagely at the indifference of the reporters. They declined to fly in his plane, to listen to his praise of it, or even to look at it. Their interest in the entire science and art of aviation was precisely nothing. They muttered irritably, huddled as close together as their growing antipathy for each other would permit, ate hot dogs because there was nothing else to eat, and stared with cynical eyes at the long runway from which, in more pleasant temperatures, Lindbergh and Byrd and Chamberlin had pulled up for their immortal flights.

This scene did not change for two hours, nor did the attitudes of its actors. Except, let us say, that the regard of the actors for this fellow Hawks dwindled steadily, until the mention of his name was the sign for a low, general snarl. There was a brief flurry of snow, and the wind whipped up to a faster whine.

Then Hawks came over the trees that border the western edge of the field. He came in a long, howling zoom that swung his red monoplane in an arc against the sky—a stunning arc that might have been drawn in a single stroke with a red pencil against gray and instantly erased. The newspaper men came away from the hangar wall in a rush, some of them hauling awkwardly at their heavy photographic equipment, and fled in a long straggling line toward the center of the field. Up against the low sky the red ship banked steeply for a curve, straightened out, and settled in an even glide for the earth.

The ship had not stopped rolling when the little crowd was thick about the cockpit—an open cockpit shielded from the wind by a thin transparency of celluloid, and Hawks was grinning at them.

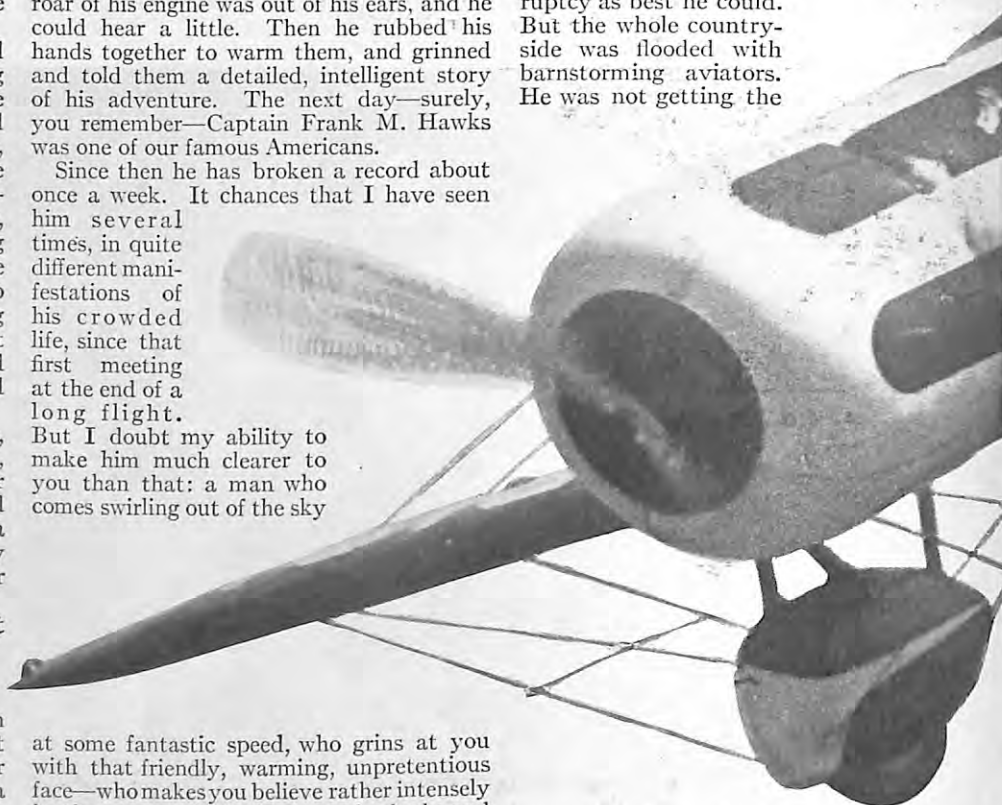
Now let us gather ourselves: these newspaper men were cold, unhappy, bored, out of tune with the job they had to do. They cared nothing more than a hoot for the three thousand romantic miles of hills and meadows, fogs and rains and slanting sunshine, deserts and smoky cities that had passed under these broad wings since last they left the earth in California. But now they cheered. They cheered, gentlemen, a face with the warmest grin that your eyes or mine have ever beheld—a grin that somehow vitalized a scene that offered fierce resistance to the vital touch. They cheered and waved their hands and pressed close about the high, smooth sides of the ship. They yelled, and queer grins came to their own faces, half frozen with that dreary wind. They helped him out of the cockpit, and told

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him he had broken the record—that his official time was eighteen hours and twenty-two minutes, and they led him to the little shed where he could sit down and talk to them.

They had to wait a little while until the roar of his engine was out of his ears, and he could hear a little. Then he rubbed his hands together to warm them, and grinned and told them a detailed, intelligent story of his adventure. The next day—surely, you remember—Captain Frank M. Hawks was one of our famous Americans.

Since then he has broken a record about once a week. It chances that I have seen him several times, in quite different manifestations of his crowded life, since that first meeting at the end of a long flight. But I doubt my ability to make him much clearer to you than that: a man who comes swirling out of the sky



at some fantastic speed, who grins at you with that friendly, warming, unpretentious face—who makes you believe rather intensely in the power of his short, stocky body and in the thing that lies behind his very bright blue eyes. I have learned what they call the story of his life, that brief cluster of facts studded with dates that so infrequently helps to understand a man. However, you shall have that story before we go on.

He was born thirty-three years ago in Marshalltown, Iowa. And that was six years before the Wright brothers soared prophetically into the air at Kitty Hawk. His family moved to Berkeley, California, when he was twelve, but on vacations and such he wandered back into the middle west. He spent one summer playing character parts in a stock company, alongside a young chap named Richard Brimmer who now stirs your emotions, or fails to stir them, under the name of Richard Dix. Then he went to the University of California where he played quarterback on the football team until the war came along in his second year.

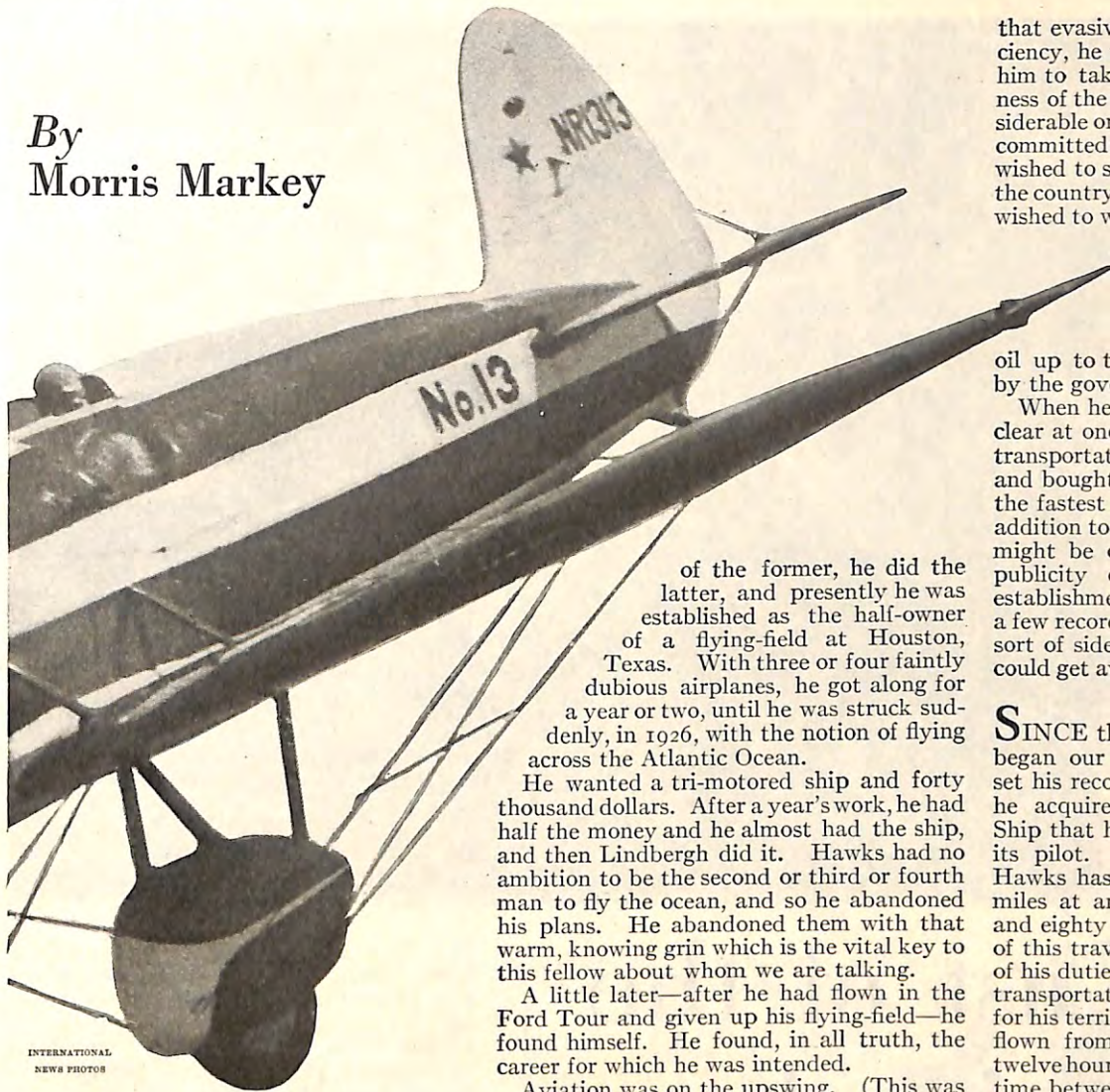
HE JOINED up with the aviation corps, and before his first summer at a Texas flying-field was done, he was commissioned as an instructor. He was still an instructor, with the rank of Captain, when he got out of the army in 1921. He was also definitely and permanently committed to the business of

flying. Therefore, aviation being what it was in those years, he did the only thing he possibly could do. He wangled himself some kind of flying crate and barnstormed the country, putting on shows at county fairs and avoiding bankruptcy as best he could. But the whole countryside was flooded with barnstorming aviators. He was not getting the

big money, and so he determined to open up some new fields. He nursed his old ship into the air and wandered down toward Mexico City. His first job was to perform in an air circus that the Mexican government decided upon as a fitting manner in which to celebrate some anniversary or another, and out of his show on that occasion he was given the job of flying one of the state governors back to that official's native countryside. His governor ruled some obscure little region down in the south of Mexico, and in all his domain there was no semblance of a flying-field. Yet, there was the telegraph—and when the official appeared, ready to climb into the ship, he informed his youthful pilot that a vast crew of workmen had been working for twenty-four hours clearing a field that would be suitable for landing.

Hawks took off with his passenger. The passenger's baggage consisted of five bottles of most excellent cognac. Two hours out of Mexico City, and the cargo might have been a sack of meal, for the governor was snoring on his little seat, his head propped against the cowl. The gas was pretty well down when they sighted the newly built flying-field, which was surrounded by a handsome turnout of the governor's constituency. And the pilot knew at once that he was in a bad way. For while the faithful laborers had got

## By Morris Markey



INTERNATIONAL  
NEWS PHOTOS

the trees well cleared from a long runway, they had quite neglected the stumps.

The crash was pretty bad, and they had to take Hawks and the governor to town in an ox-cart. But soon it was discovered that the injuries were not serious, and the aviator was given the governor's white charger. On this splendid beast, he made one of the first triumphal marches in the history of aviation, for as he rode somewhat uneasily through the town people cheered and threw flowers at him.

Thereafter, he flew payrolls for two years in Mexico, eluding what bandits we may not know, until he fell in with the president of a company. Now it is the ambition of nearly all of us—excepting such of us as happen to be presidents already—to meet the president of a company. There is always a chance to marry his daughter, save his life under the most praiseworthy circumstances, or convince him of our remarkable value to his enterprise. Since our hero could do neither

of the former, he did the latter, and presently he was established as the half-owner of a flying-field at Houston, Texas. With three or four faintly dubious airplanes, he got along for a year or two, until he was struck suddenly, in 1926, with the notion of flying across the Atlantic Ocean.

He wanted a tri-motored ship and forty thousand dollars. After a year's work, he had half the money and he almost had the ship, and then Lindbergh did it. Hawks had no ambition to be the second or third or fourth man to fly the ocean, and so he abandoned his plans. He abandoned them with that warm, knowing grin which is the vital key to this fellow about whom we are talking.

A little later—after he had flown in the Ford Tour and given up his flying-field—he found himself. He found, in all truth, the career for which he was intended.

Aviation was on the upswing. (This was in 1928.) The oil companies smelled business in the new transportation. Hawks was made director of the aviation department of the Texas Company. He became, in short, a business man. It was the thing for which he was destined, and with a genuine flair for

that evasive thing that we call business efficiency, he was home at last. They wanted him to take charge of all the aviation business of the company, and that is quite a considerable order. The company was definitely committed to the enterprise of flying. It wished to sell its oil and gas on every one of the country's fifteen hundred flying-fields. It wished to whip up its fourteen district managers to a steady interest in the flying branch of the oil business. It wished its refineries and its chemists to keep the standard of aviation gas and oil up to the high requirements established by the government.

When he was given this job, Hawks made clear at once his need of the fastest possible transportation. He hired nine or ten pilots and bought fifteen airplanes, and he bought the fastest one for himself. He saw that in addition to his executive and selling work, he might be of value to the advertising and publicity departments of his company's establishment, and so he determined to break a few records. But this, from the first, was a sort of sideline. He broke records when he could get away from the job for a day or two.

**S**INCE that flight in 1929 with which we began our narrative, the ship in which he set his record was cracked up. A year ago, he acquired the little Travelair Mystery Ship that has become celebrated along with its pilot. In that airplane, in one year, Hawks has traveled nearly thirty thousand miles at an average speed of one hundred and eighty miles an hour. And 90 per cent. of this travel has been in the regular course of his duties as a business executive—merely transportation from one place to another, for his territory is the United States. He has flown from Los Angeles to New York in twelve hours and twenty minutes. His normal time between Washington and New York—a trip he makes two or three times a week—is slightly under an hour. He flew, once, from Philadelphia to New York in twenty minutes. It takes two hours on a train.

When he came across the continent in a glider—at the end of a tow-line behind another ship—that was an interlude. It was a momentary reversion to the barn-storming days, and it didn't prove very much. Indeed, it proved nothing, save that two or three hundred thousand men and women would leave their work and go out to airports all across the country to see this fellow come dropping out of the skies. But his real job is that of business executive—a business executive with an enormous amount of ground to cover, who covers it faster than anybody on earth has ever done before. Also he is a magnificent airplane pilot whose dramatic instincts, learned long ago in a middle-western stock company, will not perish.

I sat the other day in his office in the Chrysler Building in New York. It was the office of a workman. The correspondence was pretty thick in one basket. There were a dictaphone and two telephones. The telephones rang rather constantly, and people were popping in every minute or two with a question—"Mr. Smith wants to know if you are going to Wichita tomorrow." Or, perhaps, "Mr. Hunter wants to know if you can attend the convention of division managers at Atlanta next Tuesday." In short, he was a busy fellow. Flying airplanes, once or twice a year, becomes his biggest job. That is when he goes out for a record. Flying airplanes, the rest of the time, is just riding in the subway instead of riding in a surface car. It is a way of

(Continued on page 51)



WIDE WORLD

By George Creel

Illustrations by  
Michel Kady



# The Last of the Demi-gods

ALTHOUGH everybody knows and loves "The Arabian Nights," the man behind the book remains in shadow. Yet Richard Francis Burton, that hawk-faced Irishman with restless feet and eyes of flame, had a life more packed with color and peril than any of the tales spun by fair Scheherazade for the beguilement of her peevish sultan. Born of the eagle's brood, he feared nothing but inaction and was happy only in the upper air, matching his tireless wings against the winds of the world.

Of the choice brotherhood of master adventurers was "Dick" Burton. A fit mate for Marco Polo, who fared from Venice to far Cathay, and sat at golden banqueting boards with Kubla Khan. A meet companion for Francisco Pizarro, lolling in his velvets while the slaves of the captive Incas filled a palace room with gold and jewels. And how he would have been loved and cherished by Captain John Smith, that dauntless soul who roamed the earth from Tartary to Virginia, doomed to death a hundred times, and always saved by some Muscovite princess or adoring Indian maid.

The Admirable Crichton lives as a legend because he spoke twelve languages, improvised Latin verse, and was a master swordsman and skilled controversialist. Burton knew twenty-nine languages as though they were his own, and an equal number of dialects; no *maitre d'armes* in all Europe could stand against him with a rapier; a soldier, a poet and an author of

distinction, he was also a famous geographer and a daring explorer, the first white man to enter the sacred city of Mecca, the first to penetrate the hidden mysteries of Somaliland and the first to set eyes on those great lakes of Central Africa that start the flow of Father Nile.

The stories that go to make up "The Arabian Nights," as a matter of fact, were mere by-products of dangerous journeys that carried Burton deep into the unmapped spaces of the Dark Continent, for he told them first to smooth his way, earn hospitality and oftentimes to save his life. Wild Bedouins were won to friendship as the bearded giant regaled desert circles with the exploits of Haroun-al-Raschid; barbarous Somalis were no less enchanted with the Three Kalendars, and on a terrible march to Lake Tanganyika, when mutinous bearers plotted murder and desertion, the robust obscenities of the Barbercajoled them into good humor, so that they rolled on the ground with laughter, fairly kicking their heels.

There must

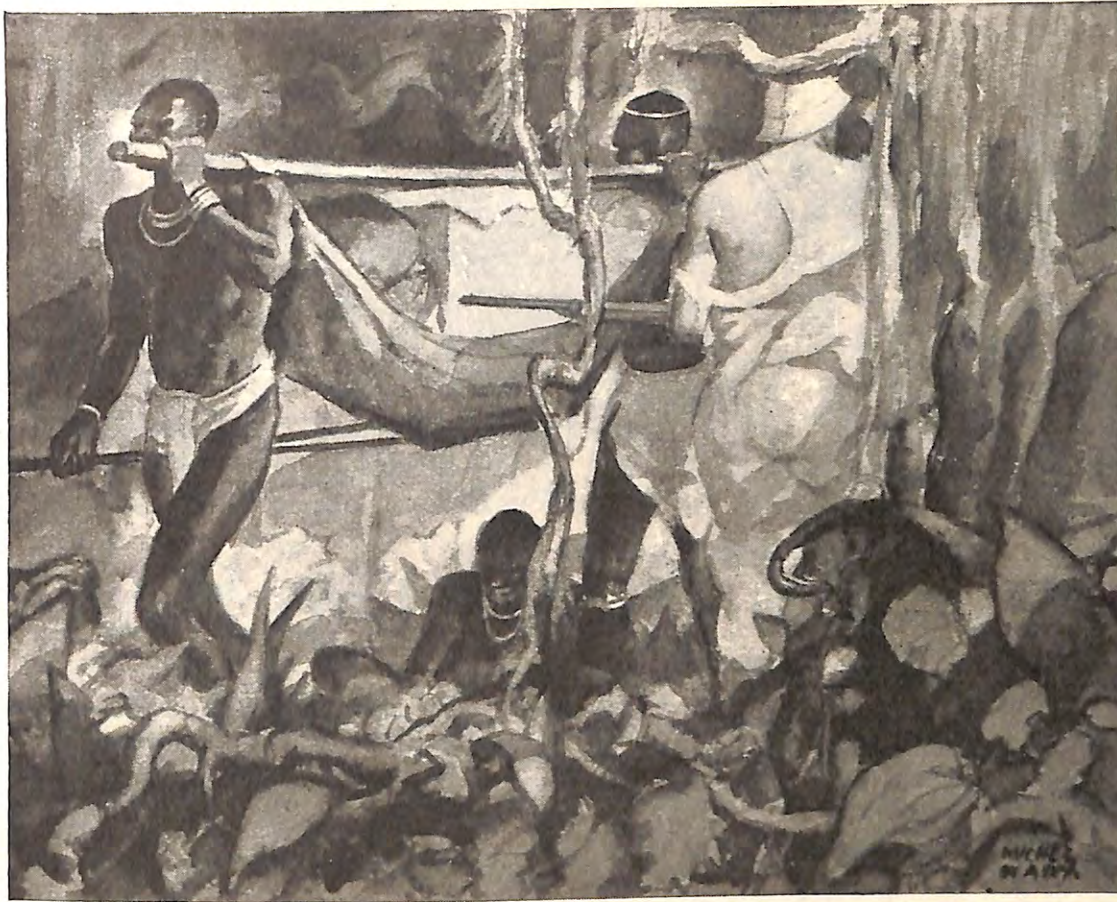
have been a gypsy dash in Burton's Irish blood, for not only did he hate discipline and love wandering, but he had the swart coloring that enabled him to pass as a Pathan, a Persian or an Arab whenever it suited his adventurous purpose. As a youngster in the Bombay army, it was his delight to strap on the pack of a native peddler and spend weeks in the bazaars, chattering with the men, making eyes at the girls and fairly soaking up the intimate knowledge that was to make him the greatest Orientalist of all time.

A far test was the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina, the holy cities of Islam, for it meant intimate association with fanatical Moslems, and death the penalty for discovery. It was as an Afghan that he disguised himself—the Haji Abdullah—and there were weeks of weary preparation, for even so simple a thing as drinking a glass of water the Mahometan way called for five distinct actions and different prayers. One of a horde of pilgrims, the young Irishman sailed up the Red Sea in an open boat, burned by day and frozen by night, and made the long, tedious camel ride through arid valleys and bleak mountain passes.

At Medina he bawled his prayers before the tomb of Mahomet, and made the drudging round of sacred places; in Mecca he drank from the well Zam-Zam, out of which Hagar drew water for Ishmael, and went seven times about the Ka'ba, the ancient granite structure supposedly built by Abraham, and to which every Moslem turns his face in prayer. Day after day there was the dreary







*It was part of Burton's endless task to hearten the wretched blacks as they staggered through dark forests, swamps and jungles that smelled of death*

tramp from shrine to shrine, jammed and jostled by sweating thousands, yet never was there a suspicion that the turban of the pious Haji Abdullah concealed an accursed Frank. Burton's Arabic, Persian, Hindustani and Turkish were without a fault, he made no mistake in the complicated Mahometan ritual, and such was his familiarity with the Koran that even learned elders called upon him to settle religious disputes.

Fired by this tremendous experience, Burton dreamed a dream of exploration that would open up the dark recesses of mysterious Africa, ending the ignorance of two thousand years. Not the Phoenicians, the Egyptians, the Carthaginians nor the Romans had done more than sail the borders of the Dark Continent; Portuguese and Dutch strove valiantly to penetrate the interior but were driven back to their trading stations on the coast, and the dawn of the Eighteenth Century saw Dean Swift penning this sneer:

Geographers, in Afric maps,  
With savage pictures filled their gaps,  
And o'er unhabitable downs  
Placed elephants for want of towns.

**A**DVENTURER after adventurer had hurled himself against the jungle wall only to suffer, to fail and to die. Gallant Mungo Park, following the tortuous course of the Niger, saw his expedition dwindled by death and disease, and at the last drowned himself to escape capture and torment; of the two Landers, Richard was killed and John died of a fever. All of this was without power to daunt Irish Burton. In 1854 he set out to enter unknown Somaliland.

He went alone, the way he loved best, trusting entirely to his disguise as an Arab merchant, and there were four long months during which the world gave him up as dead. A nightmare journey it must have been, for hunger and thirst tormented him, strange fevers wore down his giant strength, and

always there was the menace of savage, war-like tribes. One set of murderers he charmed with tales, another he impressed by his learning and piety and still another he won to friendship by his skill in medicine.

Ten days he spent in forbidden Harrar, a town of 8,000 with a language all its own, and a sultan who had sworn that no white man should ever put foot inside the walls, but Burton deceived them all, laughing behind his great beard, and rode forth with the same lordly air that had marked his entry. The return journey, however, came close to being fatal, for he lost his way while swinging wide of hostile country; yet the iron-framed Irishman staggered forward when his bearers died and camels dropped in their tracks.

A second Somali expedition ended disastrously, Burton receiving a javelin thrust through the jaw, but after an ill-fated attempt to win glory in the Crimea, he turned again to his beloved Africa, this time determined to find the sources of the Nile. An age-old quest, one in which Egyptians, Greeks and Persians had failed, and even the indomitable Romans. Nero sent centurions to follow the mighty river to its head waters, but they went no further than the Land of Ghosts, from which the Queen of Sheba came down to try her wiles on young King Solomon.

Henry M. Stanley, following a blazed trail fifteen years later, was to spend \$130,000 on a single expedition, but all that the Royal Geographical Society allowed Burton for his plunge into the unknown was \$5,000. A beggarly amount, hardly sufficient for the purchase of supplies, yet he made no quarrel with it, only too delighted to tread paths that had never known the foot of a white man, and hopeful that his own intimate knowledge of natives would make up for the lack of money.

It was on June 14, 1857, that the shabby little expedition set out from Zanzibar, and,



while Captain John H. Speke marched at his side, Burton's broad shoulders bore the full responsibility. He alone knew the language of the wilderness they traveled, and his was the endless task of parleying, threatening and bartering with tribal chieftains, finding new bearers to replace those that died from fevers, smallpox or the tsetse fly, and heartening the wretched blacks as they staggered through dark forests, swamps and jungles that smelled of death.

Mysterious maladies afflicted the two white men—sudden attacks of numbness almost paralytic in their character, and spells of blindness—and once the expedition stopped entirely while the porters sat around like jackals waiting for their masters to die. Iron-willed Burton staggered to his feet, a dead man but for his burning eyes, and drove them forward once again, and not until a settlement of friendly Arabs was reached did he yield to the delirium of fever.

Nine months the little caravan marched

*(Continued on page 54)*

*The prince of showmen on the march in the 1870's. Barnum's state-progress a cross the continent with his colorful show*



**T**HERE are now no "opposition crews" with the big circuses. There have been none for a year. Thus the last of the old attributes of circusdom vanishes, and a new régime comes wholly into being.

An opposition crew, in case you don't know, was ostensibly a group of energetic young men whose job it was to plaster the countryside with more advertising matter than could be accomplished by an opposing crew of equally energetic young men aligned with a competing aggregation. The by-products of this competition often consisted of free-for-all fighting, hurtling paste-buckets, baby riots, trips to jail and another battle-steaming into action as soon as the combatants could be bailed out. For "opposition," in the true sense of the word, meant almost anything that could be done by one circus to prevent a rival circus from making money. Often it resulted in a loss for both contestants, but the fight went on nevertheless. Now, for the first time in the history of American circusdom, that is all over.

No longer is there opposition. No longer is there the spectacle of two great amusement organizations, fretful for the sole right to exhibit in the same territory, and snarling and snapping at each other like a pair of mettlesome bulldogs. A year ago, John Ringling, owner of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus, bought the six or seven other big shows which had furnished competition, the Sells-Floto, the John Robinson, the Hagenbeck-

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

# It's Never the Same

of the spectatah-h-h, as the announcer would say, yet which has been to a degree invisible. The average circus-goer still believes implicitly in the old fable that the circus never changes, and that the circus he sees to-day is the same circus he saw even five or ten years ago. True, it is a circus, with the same general formula. But it isn't the same old circus by any means; the changes in its every phase have been many and constant.

Time was, for instance, and not many years ago, when there was almost a hatred between the "townner" and the circus man. Every engagement, from the showman's standpoint, was a "shake-down" in which one or more persons attempted to extract money from the show by unfair means, attachments, threatened suits and fake accidents. On the other hand, those were the days when a housewife never left her clothesline unguarded when the circus came to town, and when it was an unwritten law

that all of the family could not go to the show at the same time. Someone must guard the home against a little free-hand burglary.

But to-day, the entire family goes to the circus whenever it desires, with no thought of leaving anyone at home, and with little thought of pocket-picking, con men, "mob and gun men," short-changers and the keli, once they reach the crowded show grounds. They have come to know over a period of years that the big circuses are often much cleaner morally than their own cities, and that if there is any infraction of the law it can be attributed, as a rule, to local talent. As for the change in the attitude of the "townner," there now exists an organization of hundreds of men and women, capitalists, U. S. Senators, governors, business men, attorneys and other influential persons whose sole idea of incorporation is to aid the circus.



*The circus girl of to-day follows the fashions in smart riding apparel*

**I**T IS perhaps the most unusual organization in the world, this Circus Fans Association. It is a national affair, and the only benefit it offers its members is the joy of seeing the circus come to town, plus the knowledge that the member has done something to make that task a bit easier. It is an organization of worshipers which fights legislation against the circus, combats shake-downs from greedy townspeople, entertains

*No matter what the times, the circus still holds its lure. Below, a 1930 show crowd*

Wallace, the Al G. Barnes, the Sparks Circus and a few lesser titles. Naturally a man has no desire to fight himself. So now the shows are routed each spring with a fine consideration for each other's territory, and the historic battles of circusdom are done.

Thus there unfolds the last act of a circus revolution which has been going on for the last thirty-five years, a metamorphosis which has occurred before the veray-y eyes





From an old print

# Old Circus

the circus folks, works for cheaper licenses, helps with contracts, gathers advance information for circus agents—and then insists on paying for the tickets with which to see the show it has worked so hard to help. An active circus person can not belong to it. This is a private affair, just for grown-up kids who once carried water for the elephant, or wanted to—and which still continues to do so on an advanced scale.

Nor do the Circus Fans form the only association designed wholly to adore the circus. Set at one side in the dining-room of one of New York's most famous restaurants is a small circus tent, adorned with sideshow banners, photographs, posters and circus mementos. Grass mats cover the floor. The table linen is of red and white checkered material, reminiscent of a circus cookhouse. Here once a week a luncheon club meets, and the names of many of its members can be found in the roster of Broadway stars, the annals of famous explorers, the opera, the theatre, literature and business. Some come from the really rich families of America. There are several who are listed in "Who's Who." Upon a big sideshow banner are listed the officers; every one is a first-page name in American newspaperdom for outstanding achievement.

But when they get together each week, do they talk of adventures in the antarctic, or the saving of lives at sea, or the awards

of congressional medals, or the newest play or book to be written, or a new stardom to come with the production now in rehearsal? That's out. They're present for one thing, as faithful members of the Circus Saints and Sinners' Association, there to sing old circus songs, to practise tying the various knots known to every circus razor-back, and pass from one to another the gossip from the winter quarters of the various shows. Not one of them is actually a circus man, yet their big aim in life is to build a home for indigent circus performers!

THAT sort of thing denotes a different day, and a different attitude from the time, some thirty years ago, when the following was printed in a mid-western newspaper:

**"WARNING! WARNING! WARNING!"**

"If the people of this place are wise, they will stay away from the little affair which is here to-day under an assumed name and which, instead of being Rice's Show, is John (Alias Pogey) O'Brien's band of organized thieves and robbers. Every man, woman

and child in this State knows John O'Brien to be as big a thief as that departed, defunct and depraved leader of all predatory prowlers, Jesse James. The latter was eminently respectable as compared to O'Brien. The unsuspecting and honest farmer could be in town with Jesse James and his gang, and no confidence game, no pocket-picking pastimes, or no sandbagging festivities would be indulged in to relieve him of his hard-earned dollars.

"Thief as he was, scoundrel that he was, outlaw, outcast and villain that he was, he was infinitely superior, we repeat, to the sneaking, lecherous, vampire-like horde of petty, mean, lowdown, cut-throat knaves and turnpike free-booters which disgrace humanity by their semblance of the same that travel in the nameless, characterless and vile concern known as a Circus, and which exhibits here to-day or will if the law allows it to.

"Look out for these despicable wretches who are among you to-day. They will overrun the town, and such a reckless band of cut-throat robbers seldom breathes free air. They are the refuse of penitentiaries and

PHOTOS BY E. M. JACKSON



Lillian Leitzel, of the Ringling Bros. and Burnum and Bailey circus, standing in front of her private dressing tent



The big tops of even the medium sized circus of to-day (below) are larger than the giants of yesterday

jails, outcasts, vultures, fiends, fit only for the gallows frames. Take heed, good people, keep at home, watch your stores, your business houses and your pockets. Guard your women!"

That's strong language, Jack Dalton! But in greater or lesser degree that sort of language was used often in an editorial sense a quarter of a century ago when the subject was that of the circus.

The viewpoint has changed greatly; today an editorial upon the circus often includes the fact that one of the greatest debts the world of art owes to any public benefactor is that due John Ringling for the museum he has built at Sarasota, with its attendant art colony growing in increasing numbers about it. The only museum

that the average circus man knew twenty-five or thirty years ago was the one in which La Bella Fatima danced the hooch-a-ma-cooch.

But there

While standing on the pier,  
Some folks did at her leer,  
And one and all around her did exclaim:  
Whoa, Emma! Whoa, Emma!  
Emma, you put me in quite a dilemma,  
Oh, Emma! Whoa, Emma!  
That's what I heard from Putney to Kew.

Of this side-splitting comedy there were about eighteen verses, and the audience ate them up. But in the modern circus, a slow-motion act of that type would send the audience flooding out through the gates toward home. In fact, during the time which was consumed by the old clown song, and the moth-eaten jokes which were also a part of the clown's repertoire, the modern circus now produces some twenty variegated acts at different parts of the tent, with a total of forty or fifty performers.

The opening spectacle, the present-day costuming, the concerted aerial acts, the high-school horses, the trained elephants, the liberty horse acts and much of the

At a time when horses were attempting to climb telegraph poles with every sight of an automobile, when the best jokes were those about gasoline buggies which wouldn't run, and when few persons considered the horseless vehicle as much more than an expensive toy, the circus was busily conducting public demonstrations of its availability—and making the public pay for the lesson.

THOSE were the days when every big show carried a tremendous looped runway which was set up in the center of the tent and which, owing to its bulkiness, must remain there during the whole performance—in spite of the fact that the loop itself was used less than five minutes. It was for the Auto-Bolide, as one show called it, or the loop-the-loop automobile, which, with a woman passenger, was raised to a high platform, sent scooting downward and around a complete loop. Then too, there was the leap-the-gap automobile, and as machines grew more dependable, automobiles fitted with steel hoops which allowed them to turn completely over during the playing of a rough game called auto-polo on the hippodrome track. Consciously, the public received a thrill from the sight of a little-known machine which could do wonderful things. Subconsciously, it gained the impression that, after all, these horseless godinguses might not be the frail undependable things which the skeptics claimed

have been other changes than those of public relations. There's the performance, for instance, which in the mind of the casual audience, hasn't changed since the first circus began. Where, then, for a beginning, are the leaps?

The average person to-day probably would regard the leaps as something entirely new in the circus business. That's exactly what was said about the firing of a man from a cannon when it became a part of the modern tent show a few years ago. The truth of the matter is that this act was quite a circus event back in 1878, and succeeding years, until it became a bore and was discontinued. The same is true of the leaps, which might again come into fashion, except for the fact that there are few leapers left. But thirty years ago, a circus wasn't really a circus unless it began its performance with the leaps.

THE act was exactly what the name implied, a series of leaps by the personnel of the circus, starting with the lesser performers, who merely jumped from a springboard to a mat, and leading on up to the champions who could turn a somersault or two as they sailed over the backs of a collection of horses, camels and elephants. In those days the ambition of a leaper was to turn a triple somersault, and a few times each year someone was killed while attempting the stunt. But to-day, in at least one circus, the triple somersault is turned twice daily, as a part of a flying act's regular routine.

So it goes through the whole performance. Once tents were small and an audience's requirements smaller. A big portion of the attraction was a clown, who would mount an elephant tub, and sing some absolute knockout like the following:

I don't mind telling you  
I took my girl to Kew,  
And Emma was the darling creature's name.

double-trapeze work without a net, the triple somersault, the statue acts, and a hundred other novelties that one sees from time to time have all come within one long generation. Time was when big circuses carried only a dozen cages of animals, and during the great Barnum-Forepaugh elephant war some years ago, the winning side absolutely flattened the country by exhibiting thirty-nine elephants. To-day, on the rings and stages of the world's biggest circus, more than thirty elephants have been exhibited in trained performances and the fact wasn't even considered worthy of an announcement. In fact, present-day showmen are not overenthusiastic about P. T. Barnum's ability as a circus genius. They point to the times he lived in and hint that if he were to come back to earth against present-day competition, he might be classed as a poor fourth-rater in the show business. Barnum thrived on gullibility. The circus of to-day must gain its money from the same persons who shop for a motion picture or who refrain from going to a road-show production of a musical comedy because it doesn't carry a full New York cast.

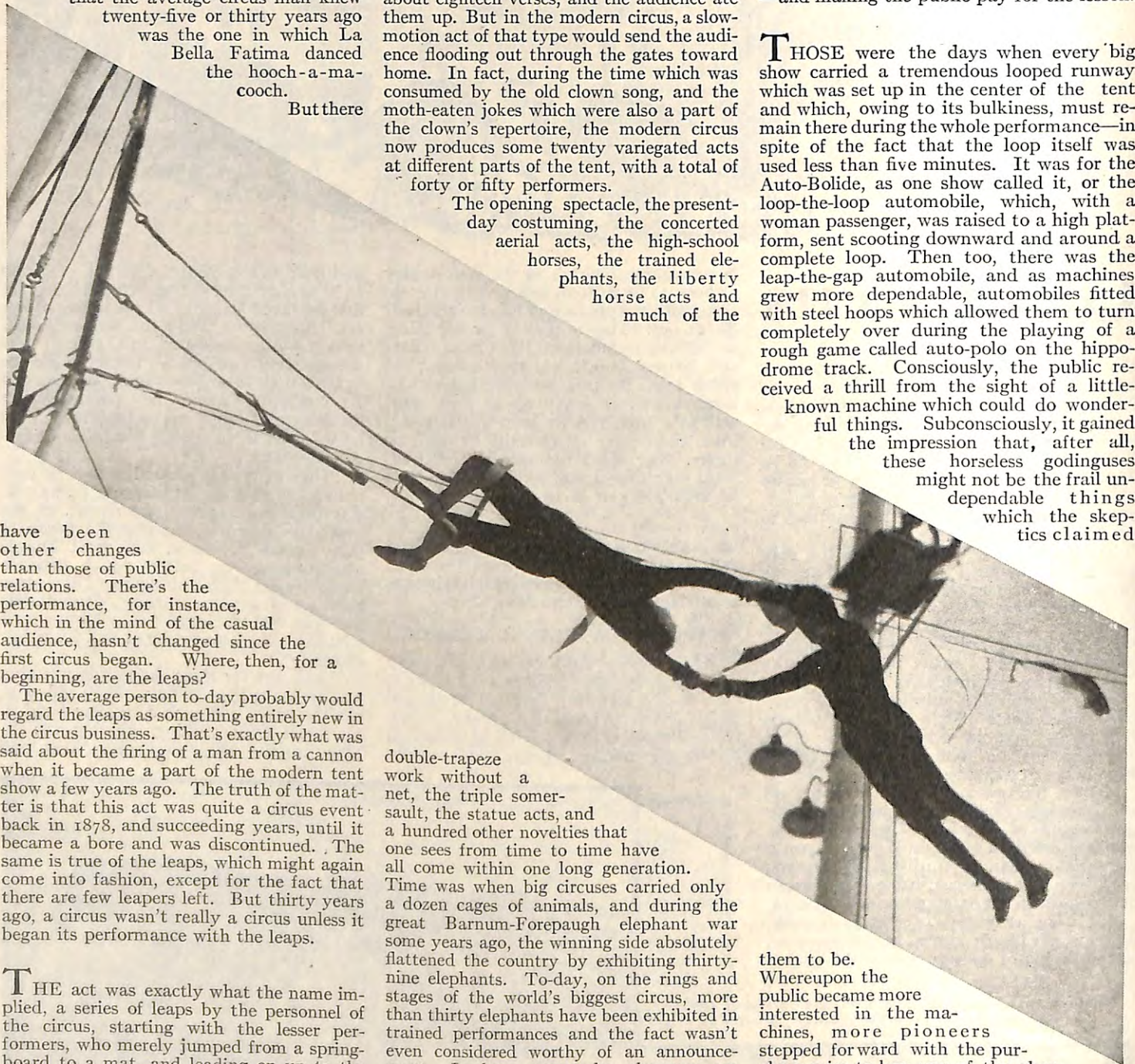
Many of the changes in the circus business have been due to the same agency which has altered the rest of the world—the automobile. It was only a trade. The motor car changed conditions for the tent show, only after the tent show had helped to make the motor car a necessity instead of a novelty.

them to be. Whereupon the public became more interested in the machines, more pioneers stepped forward with the purchase price to buy one of the chortling affairs—and the world moved a step nearer to riding rubber.

That was a good many years ago. Paradoxically, the circus, which did so much to popularize the automobile, exists to-day as perhaps the only big business enterprise which is not wholly motorized. For one thing, the prevalence of automobiles has wiped out horses, until to-day they have a distinct exhibition value. Again, the clatter of horses hoofs is unusual—a motor truck bearing circus material would be only another chugging automobile. But every six-horse team is an advertisement as the red wagons are hauled from the circus trains to the lot.

Nevertheless, the automobile has exerted its influence. Time was when circus day in

(Continued on page 60)





# SHEAR NONSENSE



## Love Is Like That

Love and Honey came into the life of Harry Somerfeld but, apparently, he objected to their manner of arrival.

Elmer Love and Haycraft Honey were in Love's car when it collided with Somerfeld's. All three men alighted.

"Love," testified Somerfeld, "hit me in the jaw, and Honey kicked me."

—News item in the Washington Star.

## Bright

Applicant (for position of office-boy): "I'm pretty smart. I've won a lotta prizes in cross-word puzzle competitions."

Employer: "Yes, but I want someone who can be smart during office hours."

Applicant: "This was during office hours."

—Frederickton Gleaner.

## California Rap-sody

Sunday-school Teacher: "And when it rained forty days and forty nights, what happened then?"

Bright Willie: "The natives said it was very unusual."

—Life.

## Not Missing Links

"You never cross lots any more after dark?"

"Naw, you get mixed up in too many hazards."

—Louisville Courier Journal.

## The Usual Policy

Ex-President Leguia of Peru used to be an agent for a New York life insurance company. So it was no novelty for him to be thrown out of an office.

—Judge.

## Explosion Note

One of the wags remarks that among other Maines that blew up was the Stein Song.

—Walter Winchell, in the New York Daily Mirror.

## And Peter Can't Find You

"What do you think of this game of robbing Peter to pay Paul?"

"Well, it's all right if you can't find Paul."

—Portland Express.

## Name, Please

At a dinner party the absent-minded professor was seated next to a charming woman.

"Don't you remember me, professor?" she smiled. "Why, some years ago you asked me to marry you!"

"Ah, yes," said the professor, "and did you?"

—The Optimist.

## Bull Market

"What," asks an editorial writer, "will we do with this country's surplus beef?"

About the only thing to do is try to interest alumni to sign them up for next year's football season.—Salt Lake City Tribune.



"I hope I'm not protruding"  
—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

## Has-Been

Sam: "What am you doing now?"

Bo: "I'se an exporter."

Sam: "An exporter!"

Bo: "Yep, the Pullman Company just fired me."

—Yellow Crab.

## Young Ideas

Farmer: "Shall I show you how to milk a cow?"

Town Visitor: "Hadn't I better start on a calf?"

—Allt for Alla.

## Fashion's Father

In America the fashion of going without a hat was set about 1905 by Harry Kemp, the poet. Mr. Kemp was not moved by fear of premature baldness or other health conditions. He had no hat.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## Against the Rainy Day

Landlord: "What is the complaint?"

Tenant: "The bathroom faucet won't run; would you mind having the hole in the roof shifted over the tub?"

—Smith's Weekly.

## Woolly and Wild

"During the first act," says a critic, "the audience moved restlessly in their seats." But everybody should be used to winter underwear by now.

—Passing Show.

## Perfect Harmony

"Daughter," said the father sternly, "I don't like that young man you go out with."

"Yeah?" retorted daughter. "Well, don't worry, you're simply poison to him, too."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Honk! Honk!

Driver: I wasn't going forty miles an hour, nor thirty, nor even twenty."

Judge—"Here, steady now, or you'll be backing into something."

—Rammer-Jammer.

## Now for a Hot Come-back

Mrs. Newlywed: "I'm sorry, dear, but dinner is a little burnt to-night."

Mr. Newlywed: "What's the trouble? Fire at the delicatessen?"

## Wine and Dandy

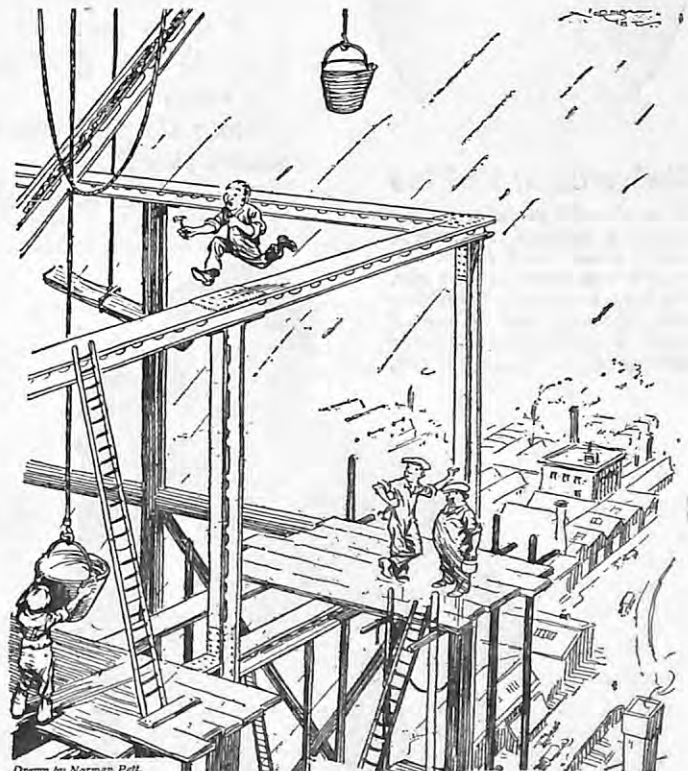
"You say you can't pay your creditors and yet you sit here all day drinking the best wines. What if they come here and find you throwing money around like that?"

"Not a chance! They can't afford to come here."

—Die Muskete.

## Have Patience

"I'm looking for a practical medical book," said the young physician.



Drawn by Norman Pett.

"Joe's the scariest guy you ever saw. No sooner feels a drop of rain than he rushes off to get his overcoat."

—Passing Show.

"How's this," said the bright book clerk, handing him, "What To Do Until the Doctor Comes."

"Oh, no," said the customer. "What I want is 'What To Do Until the Patients Come.'"

—Pages Gaies.

## Daughter of the League of Nations

(From the Ardmore (Pa.) Main Limer)

Possessed of a voice of uncommon range and flexibility, Miss Braslau sings with perfect diction in her native English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Hebrew.

—F. P. A., in the New York World.

## A Wizard Needed

If Mr. Edison succeeds in enabling aviators to see through a fog maybe he can do something for the politicians.

—Indianapolis News.

## Not Bees, But Busy

And getting our last winter's suit down out of the attic we find that there has been no unemployment or starvation among the moths.

—Judge.

## Improper

In the course of a duel between two Hungarian counts the combatants twice dropped their swords and went for each other with their fists. It is very regrettable when these displays of ill-feeling occur upon the field of honor.

—Punch.

# Radio Rambles—Tune in!



**Gladys Shaw Erskine**

*When she tells you about what goes on behind the radio studio scenes and about the people you hear on the air, she knows what she is talking about because she is one of them. You often hear her over Columbia, N. B. C., and WOR.*

**T**HE 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 make-up 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.*



**Ginger Rogers**

*Guest artist on Paramount Publix hour and other Columbia Programs. A Texas girl, whose twinkling feet rushed her through a Charleston contest back home on to the Broadway stage. Now in "Girl Crazy." She also is working on a new talkie with Claudette Colbert. Remember her famous song, "I've got it, but it don't do me no good"?*

**Andy Sanella**

*Every radio listener from coast to coast knows Andy Sanella as the saxophone and guitar virtuoso of National Broadcasting Co. programs. He was chosen as the representative American musician on the first International Broadcast to England, when he played the steel guitar, instead of "that most maligned instrument," which is what Andy calls the saxophone.*



**Floyd Gibbons**

*Rapid fire news broadcaster, National Broadcasting Co. . . . Was among the first American war correspondents in France . . . Lost sight of left eye at Chateau Thierry . . . decorated by France and Italy . . . participates in one war or revolution per annum . . . Twenty years a headline hunter, in Mexico and Africa, on deserts and the sea . . . Adventurer Extraordinary, in Mexico with Pancho, and into Mexico with Pershing. . . . One of the fastest speakers on the air, recently clocked at the rate of 217 words a minute . . . he's got something to say . . .*

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



**Arabesque**

*A special guest performance in the Columbia Studios of this popular radio play. From left to right you may recognize Dr. Gilbert, Zuweida, Achmed, and Myra Loring (who is really Georgia Backus, when she's out of those anklet bells and spangled veils). Standing alone is David Ross, whose rich, deep voice reads the poems. In the background you can see one of the delightful murals which decorate the walls of the Columbia Broadcasting Studios*



**Mary Charles**

*Renowned in London and New York on the legitimate and musical comedy stage and in fashionable after-supper rendez-vous. On the radio she is best known for her impersonations of famous artists and her weekly appearances with La Palina Smoke Dreams over the Columbia network*



**Julia Sanderson and Frank Crummit**

*The crowd who listened to Frank Crummit's ukulele strumming out in Jackson, Ohio, never dreamed that he would one day be the husband of the lovely Julia Sanderson. To-day, these two are even more popular on the air than they were in the theatre. They have just signed a contract to sing each Tuesday evening on the Blackstone Plantation Program over an N. B. C. hookup. They will also be heard on the Bond Bread Program over the Columbia network*

**Georgia Backus**

*A niece of George Backus, remembered by old-timers as the original Professor in "Way Down East," Georgia herself played many stage and screen parts before radio claimed her. Recently, with Don Clark, she has been conducting an interesting series of experiments in radio technique. The actors' asides and spoken thoughts compensate for radio's absence of scenic background and the invisibility of the actors. The first, "Behind the Word," is a distinct advance in radio presentation of drama*





By Carl Clausen

Illustrated by O. F. Schmidt

**W**HEN the heavy clouds sweep up the western slope of the Sierra Nevada from the warm Pacific sea and fling themselves in the jagged white teeth of the snow summits, they are instantly dissolved into rain. Most of this rain returns to its mother, the sea, but now and then a great bank of clouds, driven by the updraft of some chimney-like gully, leaps the snow barrier and bursts on the eastern slope.

Old-timers will tell you of these cloud-bursts racing down the barren ridges that stretch like the gray folds of blankets far into the desert basin of Inyo. They will tell you of walls of water twenty feet high, roaring through narrow granite chasms where great logs of spruce and Douglas fir are shredded to pulp in a second, and boulders the size of a house are ground to powder in the twinkling of an eye.

After such an avalanche the alluvial floor of the desert lies gouged and torn as if an army of monsters have made battle there; but in a few days the water has disappeared. Millions of tiny parched lips have stilled the deluge. The earth has drunk its fill.

A week passes. A faint green tinge, almost golden in the young spring sun, touches the hollows where the dampness lingers. It deepens and spreads, giving lovely contours to the gaping wounds. A daisy lifts her timid head. A scarlet blossom flames in the lea of the newly washed chaparral. A cluster of blue lupins test their slender stems in the wind, and a lemon-colored prickly pear sits tight in her armor and primps herself for a flirtatious bee.

But the day of which I speak was not such a one. The summer sun had long since shriveled the last blade of grass to a sere and rustling thread. The prickly pears had turned to red, pulpy fruit, bristling with barbs. The heavy odor of flowering sage lay upon the torrid land, and the air was listless with the drone of gorged bees moving sluggishly from bush to bush. A coyote, hugging the scant shade of the chaparral, slunk down a ridge for his evening kill, his long red tongue all but trailing the ground. A nearby rabbit flattened itself in fright at the sound of his padded feet, its light brown coat merging as if by magic with the scorched earth.

The sun, although low, was still hot enough to keep most of the desert denizens in their burrows. Man only, the ever-busy, the ever-curious, was abroad.

He was young—twenty-five or thereabout. His yellow hair untouched by a barber's shears in months, hugged his sweat-glistening neck and temples, and fine golden down

*He neither turned nor looked up. Some seventh sense told him that his life would be the forfeit if he did so*

## Last Water

softened a chin that was strong and firm. A pair of blue, serious eyes looked out from under the rim of a battered hat. His attire was a study in economic brevity—a sleeveless undershirt yellowed with desert dust, blue denim trousers and pigskin bluchers.

In spite of the heat he swung a pick over his head in long steady strokes and buried it to the hilt in the gravelly bank of the dry creek bed. Some months earlier he and his burro had wandered into this desert valley when the grass stood ankle-deep. He had tasted the water of the creek and had found it sweet and free from alkali. In the gravelly bank he saw traces of color, so he unloaded the burro and pitched his V-shaped tent in the shade of a dwarfed sycamore.

For weeks he screened the gravel and

panned the fine sand, while the water in the creek sank lower and lower, and one of his small chamois-skin bags grew heavy with golden grains. A cent or two the pan at first, hardly enough to pay him for his arduous toil; then five cents, ten, twenty—sometimes as high as fifty cents. The deeper he dug the richer it got. He worked feverishly to beat the sinking water of the creek. Soon there was nothing left but a hole or two of tepid muddy liquid in which the golden grains eluded him, no matter how carefully he tilted the pan.

One morning he awoke and found the creek vanished. Nothing remained but a damp spot here and there to remind him that a swift cool stream had passed the door of his tent scarcely a week before. He hefted the



small chamois-skin bag and looked at the gouged bank against which his pick and shovel lay.

"And there's a young fortune, there," he sighed. The burro drew near and nuzzled him to be away, but the boy shook his head. "Nothing doing, Jerry; I'm going to get the gold out of that there bank if we stay here and roast all summer."

**S**HOVEL in hand he sought out the damp-est spot in the creek. For three days he dug. At the end of that time he had sunk a narrow shaft twenty feet deep with ladder-like steps in one wall. On the third evening when it was finished, he noted with satisfaction a trickle of muddy water oozing out of one side of the shaft, and when he awoke the next morning there were six inches of cool clear water at the bottom. Not enough for panning, but enough to keep him and the burro alive.

Then he turned his attention to the gravel bank again. The soil was mostly silt, milled from the granite ledges high above the timber line. He sifted a little of it into his palm.

It was fine as flour, almost; so fine that when he pursed his lips and blew upon it, the little grains whirled away. He nodded with satisfaction, then fell to work screening out the coarse gravel. By noon he had sifted a small mountain of sand.

From the boards of the box in which he kept his provisions he fashioned

two pear-shaped pieces of wood, some ten inches in diameter in their place. He fastened their points together with wire, after inserting between them the spout of an old coffee pot. Then he cut a long strip from his rubber-coated poncho which he tacked around the edges of the two pieces of wood in the manner of a pair of bellows. It was a crude implement, but it served his purpose. To make it as airtight as possible, and to insure suction, he wound a strip of poncho cloth about the base of the spout.

He tried the appliance out on a handful of sand and found that it worked very well. The little grains of sand scurried away before the blast.

As he glanced up from his task he saw the chaparral on the mesa flatten to the first fugitive gusts of wind that had begun pouring through the pass in the mountains, beyond, as it did nearly every afternoon until sundown. A spiral of dust rose in the air up the wash, dissolving as quickly as it had appeared.

When a faint breeze stirred the leaves of the sycamore above his head, he unpegged the tent and spread it out on the ground beside the pile of screened sand. He was ready to begin dry-washing by one of the oldest methods known to prospectors of gleaming the fine golden grains in the arid and waterless regions of the earth.

It was not until mid-afternoon that the wind was strong enough to begin operations, and it was work that required skill and patience. He filled the screen with sand and shook it gently over the stretched canvas. The fine shower of silt was carried away on the wind beyond it. Only a few of the larger and heavier grains fell on the

cloth. He repeated the operation several times, then knelt down and examined the canvas. Here and there on the gray surface he perceived minute golden particles. Being heavier than the finer grains of silt they, too, had dropped on the cloth.

He went back to his work of sifting. After each dozen screenfuls of sand, he gathered the canvas up by the corners and agitated it gently until the contents had worked to the middle. Then, with the improvised bellows he blew most of the coarser sand away. The residue he shook into the goldpan. Tilting the pan he removed the last of the silt by blowing with his lips, until there remained upon the bright curved side of the pan only

a small thin film of tiny golden grains. These he scooped carefully into a tin cup.

The result of that first afternoon's work was not great. Three or four dollars, he judged, when he knocked off for the day and hefted the tin cup, but he knew that he'd improve with experience. Then, too, there'd be days when the wind would come up earlier and pour through the pass strong and steady, enabling him to "wash" twice as fast.

And, so he worked through the hot spring and far into torrid summer. On days when there was no wind he lay on his back under the sycamore and thought about a girl across the Divide with brown eyes, and about how wide those eyes would grow at the sight of the small chamois-skin bags which were being filled, one by one; and he would smile at his former failures, as a man can afford to do when the pain and despair of them are only a memory.

**H**E WAS cleaning out the last panful for the day, and was squatting on his haunches blowing the few remaining grains of sand from a small circle of golden flakes no larger than a silver dime when he became conscious of a faint, familiar, yet strange sound in that great silence of sand and sagebrush. He paused in his task, listening, and his hands closed tightly upon the rim of the pan with a shock of surprise, as his

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# What Makes A Champion?

By Jack O'Donnell

**E**IGHTY thousand men and women in an emotional frenzy stood on their feet in the Yankee Stadium one night in September, 1923, and yelled like madmen.

"Kill him! Kill the big bum!" cried a woman next to me who up to this time had appeared perfectly sane and civilized.

"Tear his pan off!" yelled a clerical looking man behind me.

"Give him a haymaker!" begged a pale-faced youth who nervously clutched my arm.

"Sock him!" I cried, just as nutty as the next.

Up in the ring, under the lights, Jack Dempsey, champion heavyweight of the world, was defending his title against Luis Angel Firpo, the "Wild Bull of the Pampas."

Only a second before they had come to the center of the ring in answer to the gong. Suddenly, the Wild Bull charged. Dempsey hadn't expected such a move so soon. He side-stepped and tapped Firpo on the head.

The great audience was just beginning to settle back in its seats. Lots of time yet in which to get excited. But they didn't know how a Wild Bull acts in a fighting shop.

That light tap on the head from Dempsey's glove seemed to be the red flag that was needed to get the Wild Bull started. He turned and charged again, his huge powerful arms swinging about like disconnected piston rods. Dempsey stepped back, avoiding one terrific blow. He blocked another with his left hand. Still the Wild Bull bored in. The Champion smiled grimly. He'd stop that fellow, pronto. He drew back his left and shot it for the Bull's head. It landed, but it didn't do much damage. Firpo kept coming, arms swinging, teeth bared in a snarl. Dempsey ducked another left. As he straightened and prepared to send another of his own into the challenger's mid-section one of those mighty paws caught him on the chin.

To many of us at the ringside it seemed that Dempsey's feet left the canvas-covered boards and that he went upward and backward head-first through the ropes into the laps of the sports writers at ringside.

Pandemonium broke loose. Those at ringside climbed on their benches. Some of the benches broke. Men climbed on each other's shoulders, pawing to keep from being forced down. The tumult was tremendous, ending with a husky roar from 80,000 throats—a roar like a storm at sea, at its height.

**F**IRPO'S seconds didn't know what to do. They stood gazing down into the struggling mass that was Dempsey, newspapermen and ushers. Firpo himself stood in the middle of the ring wondering what had happened. He had no opponent to throw his blows at. He, too, gazed at the spot where Dempsey was sprawled on men and typewriters.

In that moment a championship crown was tottering. It would have fallen the next had Firpo's seconds claimed it when Dempsey was helped back into the ring. But they didn't know what to do.

As Dempsey was shoved back through the ropes it was very evident to those at ring-

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side that he was dazed and hurt, practically out on his feet.

The Firpo followers set up a howl for the kill. All realized that the championship was within his reach. One punch, cleanly landed, would do the trick. Dempsey was in no condition to defend himself.

It was that desperate moment that comes in almost every great sporting event when the champion shows and the near-champion falls.

Those of us at ringside realized that if Firpo possessed the magic quality—that indefinable something that is part of every champion—he would in the next thirty seconds remove the crown from Dempsey's brow and place it upon his own.

What did Firpo do?

He stood off watching Dempsey as if he feared a trap. Then he made a few clumsy efforts to land a telling blow. Dempsey, eyes a bit glazed, clinched, punched and side-stepped until the bell rang and his

"Nothing happened," replied Kearns. "You're still champ."

Dempsey admitted then and he admitted later that after he had been helped back into the ring he had fought without knowing what was going on. He had fought on pure instinct, displaying that magic which is a part of every champion.

**W**HAT is this magic quality that raises one man or woman above the others in a given field? Why is it that Tom Brown, whose muscles are just as smooth and rippling and whose wind is just as good as Billy Smith's, has never been able to reach the championship heights, while Billy Smith has been there time and again?

The late Walter Camp, after observing all kinds of sports over a long stretch of years, came about as close as anybody to answering those questions when he said, "The difference between a near champion and the man who really wins the titles is almost entirely a mental affair, a thing of the mind so elusive as to almost defy analysis."

In no branch of sport is this magic quality encountered and demonstrated so often as in the prize ring. And nine times out of ten it is the fighter who has speed, strength, stamina and generalship *plus* this added thing that achieves championship heights.

Dempsey had it in a highly developed form. So did James J. Corbett. Let's see how Corbett used it in his epochal battle against Sullivan.

It is the second round of that Big Fight in the ring of the Olympic Club, at New Orleans. John L. Sullivan, the four-to-one favorite, is after Corbett, the despised outsider. Sullivan is aching to land one of his powerful rights on Corbett's handsome jaw. Corbett hasn't yet laid a glove on the champion. But he is busy finding out

how the champ acts when he corners his opponent. While doing this he has to weave, duck and back-pedal to such an extent that the crowd yells, "Sprinter! Sprinter!"

Presently Corbett is satisfied he knows what Sullivan will do under certain circumstances. Now he wants to get Sullivan's goat. He knows that if he can get the champion good and angry the big fellow will do some wild swinging. So, watching his chance he waits until he sees that Sullivan isn't quite close enough to hit him. Then pretending to ignore the champion, he turns, faces the crowd and shouts, "Wait a while! You'll see a fight."

Sullivan is dumbfounded. The crowd laughs. Sullivan knows he is being made to appear like a chump. He is sore and chagrined. He dashes at Corbett, murder in his eyes. Corbett, a master at foot-work, side-steps and laughs at the charging gladiator.

Corbett doesn't hit Sullivan once during



© BROWN BROTHERS

*"Gladstone was perhaps his only equal among famous men in undefeated, all-round vitality," was written of Theodore Roosevelt*

manager, Jack Kearns, dragged him back to his corner.

In the next round Dempsey, although still dazed from that terrific blow from Firpo's huge right fist, fought like a demon. Six or seven times he felled the great ox from the Pampas. Finally, Firpo went down, and joined the great army of "might-have-beens."

The difference between a champion and a near-champion was evidenced in Dempsey's dressing room a few minutes later.

"What happened, Doc?" he asked Kearns. "What happened? Who won?"

the first two rounds. He doesn't try. He is waiting for a chance to send in that first and he wants to make it a terrific first, one that will hurt the champion, otherwise John L. will lose all respect for Jim's punch.

Corbett lets Sullivan work him into a corner again. It is in these corners that he has been studying Sullivan's style. But this time, instead of ducking and "sprinting," Corbett feints, Sullivan ducks, and Corbett sends a vicious left hand to the champion's face and follows it up with a couple of other rights and lefts that force Sullivan across the ring. In this exchange Sullivan's nose is broken.

For twenty rounds Corbett worries the champion. In the twenty-first, just when it appears the fight will go thirty or thirty-five rounds, Corbett lands a hard left-hook to Sullivan's jaw. Corbett knows it's a stiff punch but he doesn't feel it will bother Sullivan much. But after it lands he sees the champion's eyes roll. Once before—in his fight with the great Peter Jackson—he saw eyes roll that same way, but that time he didn't take advantage of it. But to-night he has risen to championship heights. His mind is working faster than his fists. He steps in close, summons all his reserve strength and lets go rights and lefts. Sullivan—the great John L.—rocks and sways like a stricken bull, but he does not fall. Corbett—cool as an iceberg, calm as Grecian moonlight—sets himself again, measures the champion and sends over a swift right which makes Sullivan an ex-champion.

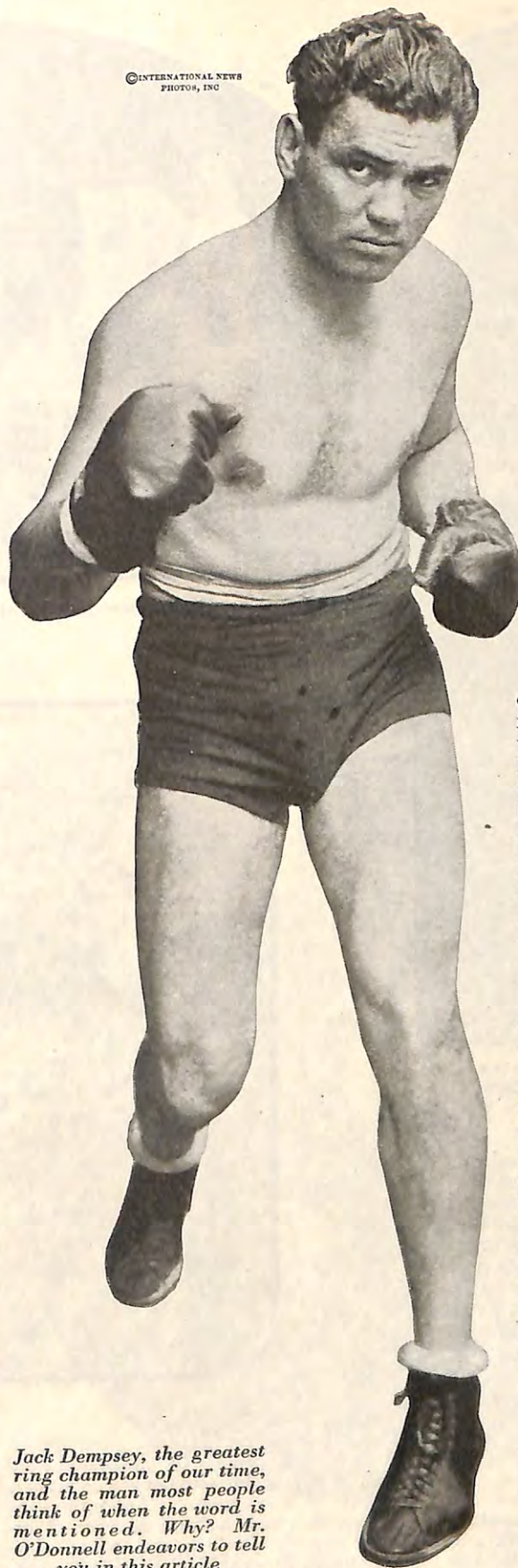
**CORBETT** has taken advantage of that desperate moment that comes in almost every great fight—the moment when crowns change heads. He has shown that he possesses that added quality that makes the difference between a champion and a dub—that he can rise "above himself" in a pinch, that he can think fast and act quickly on his thoughts.

It is in the pinch—in that critical moment when success or failure depends upon a correct and instantaneous decision—that the real champion's actions are most revealing. Great race riders from Hindley to Sande have been called upon to make those decisions sometime or another in almost every great race. Very often a champion rider will make a second-rate horse look like a champion animal. For instance:

The eyes of the sporting world were focused on Churchill Downs on May 15, 1925. The next afternoon would witness the fifty-first running of the great American classic—the Kentucky Derby. Special trains were rolling into the Blue Grass metropolis almost hourly, dumping thousands upon thousands of racing enthusiasts at the gates of the famous playground.

That night before the Derby differed from the usual run of pre-Derby nights in that the big question was not "Who'll win the big race?" but "Who'll ride Quatrain, the favorite—Bruening or Sande?"

Sande himself didn't know at sundown Friday. It was up to Benny Bruening, the little jockey who had been promised the mount by Quatrain's owner, Frederick Johnson. If Bruening would withdraw Sande would pay him well, as Earl was sure he could win with Quatrain and he was anxious to add another Derby to his list of notable



*Jack Dempsey, the greatest ring champion of our time, and the man most people think of when the word is mentioned. Why? Mr. O'Donnell endeavors to tell you in this article*

wins. The public, on the whole, believed it made little difference which boy had the leg up. The experts and the sporting world in general considered Quatrain a certainty. At the last moment Bruening decided to go after the big honor himself. That was late Friday. When this decision became known a number of men who had horses entered in the Derby but who were undecided about their riders, got busy. The late Gifford A. Cochran had no boy for his Flying Ebony. He had failed in his effort to get Laverne Fator to ride the son of The Finn-Princess Mary. Fator didn't think it worth while journeying from New York to Louisville to ride what he considered a certain loser. So, hearing that Sande had failed in his effort to get the favorite as his mount, Cochran asked him to ride Flying Ebony.

"Flying Ebony?" questioned Sande when the offer came to him. "Oh yes! That's the colt William Duke's training. Pretty fair sort, too, isn't he? Won a couple sprints, didn't he? Well bred fellow, anyway. His sire, The Finn, was no slouch. Maybe Flying Ebony has more than the public thinks. He was a hundred to one in the winter books and he'll be twenty or thirty to one to-morrow. Good! I really believe he has a chance. Please tell Mr. Cochran I'll be glad to ride his colt. And please tell him, too, I think we have a good chance to win. No! Tell him we *will* win!"

**BEFORE** he went to bed that night Sande was told by experts and near experts among his friends that he was on a loser. They argued that Flying Ebony had never gone more than six furlongs in a race, and had never worked more than a mile, while the Derby distance is a mile and a quarter. "Too bad," they consoled, "you couldn't get to ride Quatrain. He'll win easily."

Next day there was further evidence that Flying Ebony wasn't considered much of a horse when the program showed that the official handicapper had placed him in "the field." In other words, the official handicapper believed there were twelve horses in the race that would beat Flying Ebony.

But Sande didn't agree with the official handicapper. He scanned the sky. There was every indication that it would rain before the race, making the course muddy. "Mud makes all horses equal!" mused Sande.

With sixteen other thoroughbreds, Flying Ebony, Sande in the saddle, paraded to the post. Rain was falling and the going was muddy.

Sande smiled with satisfaction. But thousands of others who had backed the favorite, Quatrain, also smiled. They knew that their choice was a mudder and would revel in the going.

At the barrier Sande, alert as usual, kept his eyes on Captain Hal. He wasn't worrying about the favorite then, for Quatrain had drawn an outside post position and

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*"A mental affair, a thing of the mind that almost defies analysis," Walter Camp said*



Katharine Cornell, soon to be seen in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"



Charlie Chaplin in a scene from "City Lights," his first film in more than two years

PHOTO BY VANDAME



Ronald Colman and Loretta Young in "Devil to Pay"

**T**HE latest entry in the class of smash hits on Broadway is "The New Yorkers," an entertainment billed as a "sociological musical satire." It's not a musical comedy nor yet a revue but a sort of happy informal blend of both. Its greatest attraction is the wealth of top-notch entertainers in its cast. Jimmy Durante, Clayton and Jackson, are pretty continuously in the spotlight with their familiar brand of rough fun; and Frances Williams puts over Cole Porter's snappy songs in fine style. The burden of the plot provided by E. Ray Goetz and Peter Arno is carried by Hope Williams, who is excellent as a jaded society girl who has fallen for the charms of a refined bootlegger (Charlie King). Ann Pennington has her moment as a night club entertainer, and for good measure there are Marie Cahill and Richard Carle and, most especially, the jazz of Waring's tireless Pennsylvanians.

One of the most interesting theatrical events promised for February will be the appearance of Katharine Cornell in the dual rôle of producer and star of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," a play by Rudolph Besier about Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning which is currently enjoying a considerable success in London. Charles Waldron and Brian Aherne, a young English actor whose praises have flown before him, are promised for Miss Cornell's supporting cast in this forthcoming piece.

Two other plays of interest have opened recently. "Midnight," by Claire and Paul Sifton, marks the Theatre Guild's debut as a producer of melodrama. An interesting play, which gives frequent promise of becoming tensely thrilling and never quite brings it off. Fine performances are contributed by Josephine Hull, Frederick Perry, Glenn Anders and Linda Watkins.

"Five Star Final," by Louis Weitzenkorn, a veteran newspaper man, is a bitter indictment of the yellow tabloids. Arthur Byron is splendid as the hard-boiled editor who digs up and revives a sensational murder case of twenty years ago in the interests of increased circulation. There are shipwrecked lives and tense melodrama as a result.

As the spring lull on Broadway approaches several of its successful plays are leaving for the road or are about to be transferred to the

silver screen. Jane Cowl has taken "Twelfth Night" and "Art and Mrs. Bottle" on tour; and "Up Pops the Devil" has followed the same route. The latter will likewise go into screen production very shortly with Nancy Carroll playing opposite Fredric March and Charlie Ruggles. "The Man in Possession," is likewise making the transfer from Broadway to the talkies while Noel Coward's latest London success, "Private Lives," will be converted into a picture before making its appearance on the Broadway stage.

**New Movies That Are Recommended**

**T**HE outstanding event this month is the return of the screen's greatest comedian, Charlie Chaplin, in "City Lights." Mr. Chaplin still thinks the silent film his best medium and consequently the human

# Behind the Footlights And On the Screen

Reviews by  
Esther R. Bien



Marie Dressler  
and Polly Moran  
in "Reducing"



Hope Williams  
and Charlie King  
with "The New  
Yorkers"



Ina Claire and Fredric March in "The Royal Family"

voice will not be heard in his new picture. He has, however, so far relented as to introduce music, mostly of his own composition, and sound effects for the sake of comedy as in the instance of his swallowing a whistle. He will reappear in his famous make-up, flapping shoes, cane, historic trousers and crazily cocked derby. There is pathos as well as great hilarity in the simple story of the much battered and ridiculed tramp whose devotion to a blind flower vendor (Virginia Cherrill) and friendship with an eccentric millionaire (Harry Myers) lead him into adventures and strange employments such as his unhappy attempt to become a prize fighter.

"Reducing" is the title of Marie Dressler's new picture. Miss Dressler, as a rustic country matron who brings her family to visit her wealthy sister in New York, gives her usual sure-fire performance. Particularly hilarious are the scenes in the prosperous beauty parlor of the city sister (Polly Moran) where Marie, with the best of intentions but too much zeal, wrecks practically every expensive reducing device that is wreckable. The love story that runs through the plot also gives her an opportunity for some straight heart-touching acting.

Ronald Coleman gives one of the gayest and most deft performances of his career in "The Devil to Pay," for which Frederick Lonsdale provided the bright dialogue. The rôle of loving but scapegrace son of a wealthy English nobleman is admirably suited to his polished and off-hand manner of light comedy, which so perfectly suggests re-

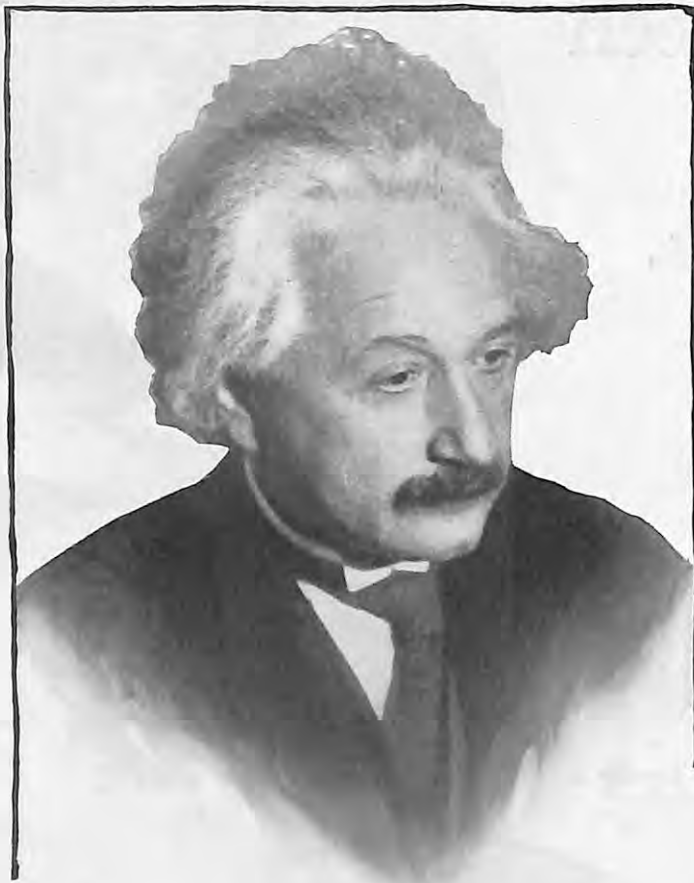
strained depth of feeling. Willie (Ronald Coleman) returns from a wild year in East Africa just in time to save Lorretta Young from a loveless marriage, a dénouement highly unpopular with both families. But in his blithe way Willie smoothes out all the wrinkles and makes the picture genuinely delightful from start to finish. A word must be said for Frederick Kerr's outstandingly good performance in a small rôle as Willie's indulgent father.

The Edna Ferber-George S. Kaufman stage-hit "The Royal Family," makes a thoroughly good picture with Ina Claire and

Fredric March starred. Drama and laughter trip over each other in this story of a reigning theatrical family with a great tradition and it is perfectly cast from Henrietta Crosman, the grandmother and the finest trouper of them all, down to Mary Brian, the granddaughter who temporarily forswears her allegiance to the theatre in favor of domestic happiness. It is Fredric March's first appearance as a star and his spirited performance quite justifies the promotion. In fact when he is on the scene his interpretation of the cyclonic, theatrically dramatic

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*Glory? He has it. Money? He wants no more.  
What, then, seeks this great and curious man?*



WIDE WORLD

# Albert Einstein

By Hendrik Willem Van Loon

tie," and Albert, who is a wise man, would answer, "Yes, Mama," and would quietly continue his peregrinations among the honest vendors of that neighborhood without spending a cent (provided he had one in his pocket, which I doubt) and he would derive more honest amusement out of the experience than three hundred thousand holiday trippers on three hundred thousand visits to the Taj Mahal.

For this man is made of humor, and to hear him laugh is as good as seeing a sunset over the gardens of the Tuileries. How can I exactly describe this to you? For Einstein would hardly be a success if he had to make a living posing for a hat advertisement. But whenever he sees something that strikes his fancy or his funny-bone (have it your own way), and that happens about once every five minutes, a mysterious soft light suddenly appears behind those eyes which otherwise look as if they had fathomed and digested all the incredible stupidity and cruelty of the world in which he is obliged to live. It is something you will never forget. It has nothing to do with "guffawing" or the ability to see a joke—"there once were two Irishmen . . ." It is almost a confession of faith. It says quietly but plainly, "I know that much is wrong with the little planet on which I, together with so many other wandering and searching souls, am forced to spend my dreary days, and that few things are real besides courage and laughter. But if those two qualities can be of any service, well, there they are, entirely at your disposal."

ALL this, however, is leading me into the dangerous field of metaphysics, of vague speculations about the true inner meaning of life, and I was merely going to tell you how I happened to meet Einstein and how he played a part in disposing of the few ambitions that were still left to me.

Behold us, fellow-passengers on a good but quiet ship, crossing the Atlantic Ocean in the gray and dreary month of December of the year of the apple-sellers, 1930.

Perhaps it was a childish thing to do—to hope that some day I would play the violin with Einstein. And up to that moment, I

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I HAD two great ambitions left in life and now, alas, they are both gone. For one of them has been fulfilled and the other one has been declared out-of-bounds; has been dismissed as definitely impossible; has been relegated to the department of the squared circle and the Perpetuum Mobile.

Such things, of course, happen to the best of us. And the story would hardly be worth repeating, except that I suffered both my triumph and my defeat at the hand of a man who for a great many years has been the center of what one (without any desire to pun) might call "universal interest."

I refer to Albert Einstein, professor of physics in the University of Berlin and recently a fellow-breakfaster of mine in the dining-room of the good ship "Belgenland" which, once a year, calls at divers Atlantic and Pacific ports to prove that the world is still round.

Like most people of my race I am both by nature and by personal inclination an island-dweller and I commute between two atolls, one composed almost entirely of mud and situated a few miles off the coast of old Holland and the other consisting of very hard rock, which in the days before the arrival of the Pilgrim Fathers (and for many years afterwards) was known as the New Netherlands. And like most commuters I have a hard time making my connections, for boats either go too early to suit me or too late to be of any service, or they are cancelled or they sink or the steamship lines go bankrupt. Wherefore I have made it a

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rule to reserve a berth on about half a dozen vessels and then at the last moment to skip blithely across the railing of whatever craft is nearest at hand. Of course I always run the risk that the purser will refuse to believe that the check I hand him is really backed up by a sufficient number of florins or dollars and will condemn me to ten days' dish-washing in the third-cabin pantry together with the other stowaways. But cables and a pleasant smile can do wonders in this world and the people of the ship were most obliging. They said the check looked all right and the vessel was mine. I went downstairs to tell my wife, who had started unpacking the trunks and she said, "Very well, but please get out of here, for I am very busy." And so I went out on deck, and there, behold, was Albert! I knew him at once. But that was easy.

For Albert Einstein, well, he may carry the milky way around his shoulders, but the young savant who writes articles about "the well-dressed man" for our literary magazines would hardly choose him as a fit subject for his weekly metropolitan news-letter. On the other hand, the firm of Schwalupski and Schmalz, dealers in neckties (third push-cart from the right when you enter Mulberry Bend) would rub its hands with honest delight. "There," one partner would say to the other, "goes at least one satisfied customer." And if they could, I am sure they would both rush forth and try and sell him another one of their creations. But I doubt whether they would be successful, for Mama would say, "Albert dear, you have already got a

By Bertram Atkey

Illustrated by  
Jerome Rozen

The Colonel was gripping the white neck of Lady Cedar and glaring down into her eyes

## The Mystery of The Glass Bullet

Part II—There is Another Killing and the  
Murdered American's Identity Remains a Secret

THE completely hard-boiled Mr. Bunn wasted no time standing outside the house staring across the park.

"Well, now we know where we are!" he said thoughtfully, and moved into the porch. "Better be getting indoors—if only for safety's sake!"

Reluctantly, his dour partner followed him.

"If that bomb had exploded in the porch it would have wrecked the place," observed Smiler, as they entered the hall. "And everything and everybody in it—including us. There was some pretty powerful dope in that little machine, and unless I badly miss my guess we shall find a hole in the park to-morrow big enough to sink a battleship in."

Fortworth turned back.

"We'll soon see," he declared, but Mr. Bunn stayed him.

"See what?"

"This hole, man!"

"Hole? What d'you want to see the hole for? At this hour—practically dinner time! Haven't you ever seen a hole before? I've no doubt it's a perfectly good hole—but if you go out there now and hang around admiring it, it looks to me as if you'll stand a fine chance of being one of the first things to help fill it. No, Squire—take good advice offered by a good adviser—leave the hole lie for the present. We've clashed with a genuine man-eater this time and we've got to go on tiptoe. How far do you figure those thugs ran? Not so far that they couldn't reach you with a bullet if you walked out there. Nunno—this is where we need to use our brains, not our feet!"

They went into the dining-room and settled themselves in a good tactical position to deal with what Sing, out in the kitchen, was preparing for them as fast as a human being could perform. . . .

"Well, what d'ye make of it all?" demanded Fortworth, as, a little later, the trifling remains of the *hors d'oeuvres* were being removed by Bloom, the fat, unscrupulous butler.

"Nothing—during dinner," replied Mr. Bunn, and drank a large glass of wine. "There's time for everything, Squire, and this is dinner time. So, if it's all the same to you, we'll postpone the inquest on that hole in the park till a little later on."

But it was a full hour before, over their coffee and liqueur, Mr. Bunn announced his conclusions—which were quite simple.

"It's perfectly plain to me that some one was watching that little wood where we found the body—probably watching us. Maybe it was Colonel Carnac—certainly it was somebody who had something to do with the murder. He either saw us pick up that paper or guessed we did. He may have seen or guessed that we picked up that glass bullet—he'd probably have found out that he'd dropped one—and, one way and another, he must have known that we knew a lot more about the killing than we said. Now, Carnac and Lady Cedar are the only people (bar the Police Superintendent) we've spoken to. We told them what wasn't true. Then, very soon after, somebody tried to blow us to rags. And if that somebody wasn't Carnac, who else could it be? Bar Lady Cedar—and the Superintendent? Or, say, that old Uncle Tom with the hoe!"

"Huh! Maybe it's as you say," grugged Fortworth, obviously not caring to take the trouble to figure it out for himself.

"If we had told this Carnac plug-ugly

the stark-naked, stone-cold truth and shown him everything we found and handed all over to him and told him to get on with his detecting because we were stepping off, I am prepared to bet my lunch to-morrow that no bomb would have been blown off at us to-night!" continued Mr. Bunn, and drank his liqueur.

"It's a pity," he went on, "a great pity. Must put that right at once!"

He pondered for a few moments, then rose, glancing at the clock.

"No time like the present," he said. "Come along, Squire—stir yourself."

"Stir myself! What d'ye mean, stir myself," growled Fortworth.

"We're going along to see Colonel Carnac—to consult with him as the 'best amateur detective in the country.' I'll explain as we go."

He touched the bell, and ordered the car. Fortworth stared.

"Hey, have you got softening of the brain, or what *have* you got?" he demanded. "Here's a man who, you say, has made up his mind to wipe us clean off the face of the earth as soon as he can, and you propose to walk into his—"

"Later—later for the argument, Squire," interrupted Mr. Bunn, good-humoredly. "We've dropped into a very deep, very ugly and dangerous bit o' trouble. That's perfectly plain to a man with any genius for solving mysteries—at a profit. I mean to solve this one—at a profit. But I've got to keep body and soul together if I'm going to do it—and that means we can't afford to fix ourselves up as a couple of targets for friend Carnac. If he sets out to get us he'll get us. He's that kind. We've got to side-track the Colonel and side-track him quick. Leave it to the old man and, as I said, stir yourself!"

What Mr. Bunn said usually went—after a fair outpouring of acid conversation from his rather morose partner—so that within twenty minutes Sing had slung their big car across to Downland Holt, the house occupied by the Colonel.

**B**UT there they discovered, after several minutes' conversation with the Colonel's confidential secretary, a most strange individual by the name of MacCorque, that Lady Cedar and the Colonel himself were dining at Miss Vanesterman's. As her place was not at a great distance, the old adventurers decided to go at once and call upon the American millionaire's daughter and her guests at Maiden Fain Manor.

"Did you notice that man's hands?" Mr. Bunn said as the car sped through the black countryside. "I didn't fancy shaking a hand that size, Squire. For it—both of 'em—looked kind of hungry for a throat! . . . Good Lord, I never saw such a tough in my life—never—and I've seen one or two! That's a gentleman who would worry a whole lot about throwing a bomb at a man. He'd throw a complete bomb-factory at a small child for fun or practise! I don't like him. He's bad, he's ugly, and he's a born strangler, with the hands of a strangler. We shall have to watch Friend MacCorque, Squire."

Fortworth, for once, agreed.

"The man made me bristle like a dog," he said flatly. "I don't know why—and I don't care why. But I want to make a note of the fact that if ever it comes to a clash with the Colonel's crowd, Mr. MacCorque is reserved for me. I've got a gentlish nature"—and indeed he looked as gentle as a grizzly bear implicated in a hornets' nest—"but MacCorque rouses it to a trifle over full pitch!"

"Yes? He's yours, with pleasure, for all it matters to me!" said Mr. Bunn, without a trace of envy. "And now here's Maiden Fain, where we meet Miss Vanesterman, Lady Cedar, and our friend the Colonel!"

He leaned forward to signal Sing.

"I've got a fancy that we'll do better to approach this house in a quieter sort of way than rolling up to the front door in a Rolls-Royce. We'll stick to the old technique—leave the car at the gates and kind of waft ourselves down on the place quietly without a lot of fuss! . . ."

He had his way, as usual.

It was a noble old mansion that the two adventurers proceeded to "waft" themselves down upon, as per schedule.

Once it had been owned by earls and such. But the earl stage had passed—as it invariably does—and now few but a millionaire from a country better endowed with brains and money could afford it.

The prowling partners—to whom such an "approach" to a place was far indeed from being a novelty—perceived quite easily that to explore the outside, and as much of the inside as might be visible to keen eyes through the windows, would be a long process.

So they confined their attention to the most brilliantly lighted ground floor windows.

At several of these they were unlucky—the curtains being fully closed.

At others—two of them—they did rather better.

They went with the silence of leopards, examining each window. No little experience, spread over many years as stark *chevaliers d'industrie*, the polite word for "polite" crooks, had made them expert, big and fat though they were, at this form of nocturnal reconnoiter. . . .

It was as they stared through a careless chink in the curtains of a smallish room that they saw a girl enter suddenly, shut and lock the door behind her, throw herself into a chair, and, for the space of one minute, weep with a sort of fury. Then, the gust of tears over, she rose, threw her handkerchief on the carpet, gripped her slender white hands, shook them irritably, and, obviously pulling herself together, went across to a mirror and calmly began to efface the signs of those violent tears.

Mr. Bunn's fingers closed like a bunch of steel forceps on his partner's wrist.

"Miss Vanesterman, for a thousand pounds!" he said softly. "Can you beat her?"

"No," Fortworth admitted in a whisper, he couldn't.

Certainly, she was a beautiful, vivid brilliant thing—probably not more than twenty, dark, with a perfect profile, *petite*, slender, graceful as a deer and beautifully befrocked.

But, even to the brace of slightly shady old psychologists and cash-hounds peering in at her, it was obvious that she was

angry almost to the point of desperation.

"Why so cross?" breathed Mr. Bunn into the ear of his crouching partner. "Surely she's got everything in the world worth having? Nothing to be cross about! So pretty and all."

He moved along. "She'll be going in a minute. Nothing more to see but the end of a perfect make-up!" he whispered.

The next window was blank—curtained and dark. But it was otherwise at the window beyond that. No attempt had been made to close the curtains of this window. They yawned a full two feet apart.

In this apartment—a splendid room of great size, beautifully furnished—there were two people only—the Lady Cedar Blanchesson, in full evening dress, seated at a grand piano, and Colonel Carnac standing near her.

But Lady Cedar was not playing, nor was the Colonel merely lounging.

On the contrary, the Colonel was gripping the white neck of Lady Cedar in both hands and glaring down into her eyes with a look of menace so fierce and ugly that it was obvious to the partners that he was dan-



He turned swiftly to see, also standing behind cover of a tree trunk, watching the cottage as intently as himself, a girl—  
Alison Vanesterman



gerously near the point of doing that which he had better leave undone.

For he looked as if he meant to kill her outright.

His lips were moving rapidly. He was evidently talking at great speed. . . .

But the partners could hear nothing of what he was saying—and suddenly his lean fingers fell away from the lady's throat and he lapsed into the position of one who lounges politely at a piano, waiting to turn over the music of a lady who is playing.

Lady Cedar's white fingers began to flutter over the keys and a distant door opened to admit the lovely American girl, smiling, vivacious, and trim, whom not five minutes before the partners had seen biting her handkerchief in a passion of tears, two rooms away. . . .

"Huh!" said Mr. Bunn, drawing back. "Here's going to be a happy house! . . . We'd better be getting inside! You are quite clear about being an old friend—a long time ago—of Mr. Vanesterman? Anyway, say little—leave the lying to me!"

"Who better?" growled Fortworth, cryptically, and followed him to the main door,

where he rang the bell as importantly as if he were blowing horns outside the walls of Jericho.

The two adventurers got away with it, quite easily.

Indeed, Miss Vanesterman came to the "two old friends of her father" (as they instructed a rather hard-featured footman to announce them) so very quickly that one might almost have imagined that she was in need of friends.

They found her, as they expected, perfectly charming. Slim, dark, trim, with great dark eyes and a sensitive mouth, like a flower, that seemed as quick to smile as the big, rather wistful eyes were to sadden.

MR. BUNN, beaming on her, had only time to inform her that they had known her daddy in what he called the old days "long before she was born," before she supplied at once the information they needed.

"Oh, you mean when he was in the Far West!"

Mr. Bunn laughed.

"So we still seem to have a sort of Western

look, do we?" he said. "Well, well, I suppose we shall never shake it off—not that we want to! But you're right, Miss Vanesterman—it was in the West. Can you guess where?"

"Welcome to Maiden Fain Manor," she said and offered a slim hand to each. "But you won't see Daddy here for a while. He is still in New York. But he's coming over soon, I hope. Now, let's go somewhere more comfortable and cozy than this. It's cold here—you don't understand how to get your houses really warm over here!"

So they went with her to the room they had already inspected—from the outside.

She seemed surprised to discover that the Lady Cedar and the Colonel were already acquainted with Mr. Flood and Mr. Black—just as Lady Cedar and Colonel Carnac were surprised to know that they were old, old friends of Mr. Anson Vanesterman.

"Oh, yes," explained Mr. Bunn, blandly, "to tell the truth, although we set out at this late hour to try to make your acquaintance, Miss Vanesterman, we called in at Colonel Carnac's place on our way here."

"Called on me?"

The Colonel was evidently surprised.

"Yes. We've got a case for you—if you care to look into the matter for us."

"A case!"

The partners, in response to Alison Vanesterman's smiling gesture, let themselves down into a pair of huge and very comfortable armchairs.

"A case—yes. Somebody tried to blow us to rags about a couple of hours ago. Put a bomb big enough to wreck a church in our porch—we were lucky enough to get it flung out of reach just in the nick of time."

"A bomb! Impossible! Surely!"

Mr. Bunn appealed to his partner.

"It was a bomb, Lady Cedar," confirmed Fortworth, "and a very superior bomb at that! Dug a hole in the park the size of several locomotives."

"And we want the Colonel, if he will, to look into the thing. It's a ready-made mystery—for, as near as I can figure it, we haven't got an enemy in the world. Plenty of friends—but no enemies!"

"Why, of course! I shall be most interested to look into the affair for you!" said the Colonel. There was no enthusiasm in his voice and his eyes were chill.

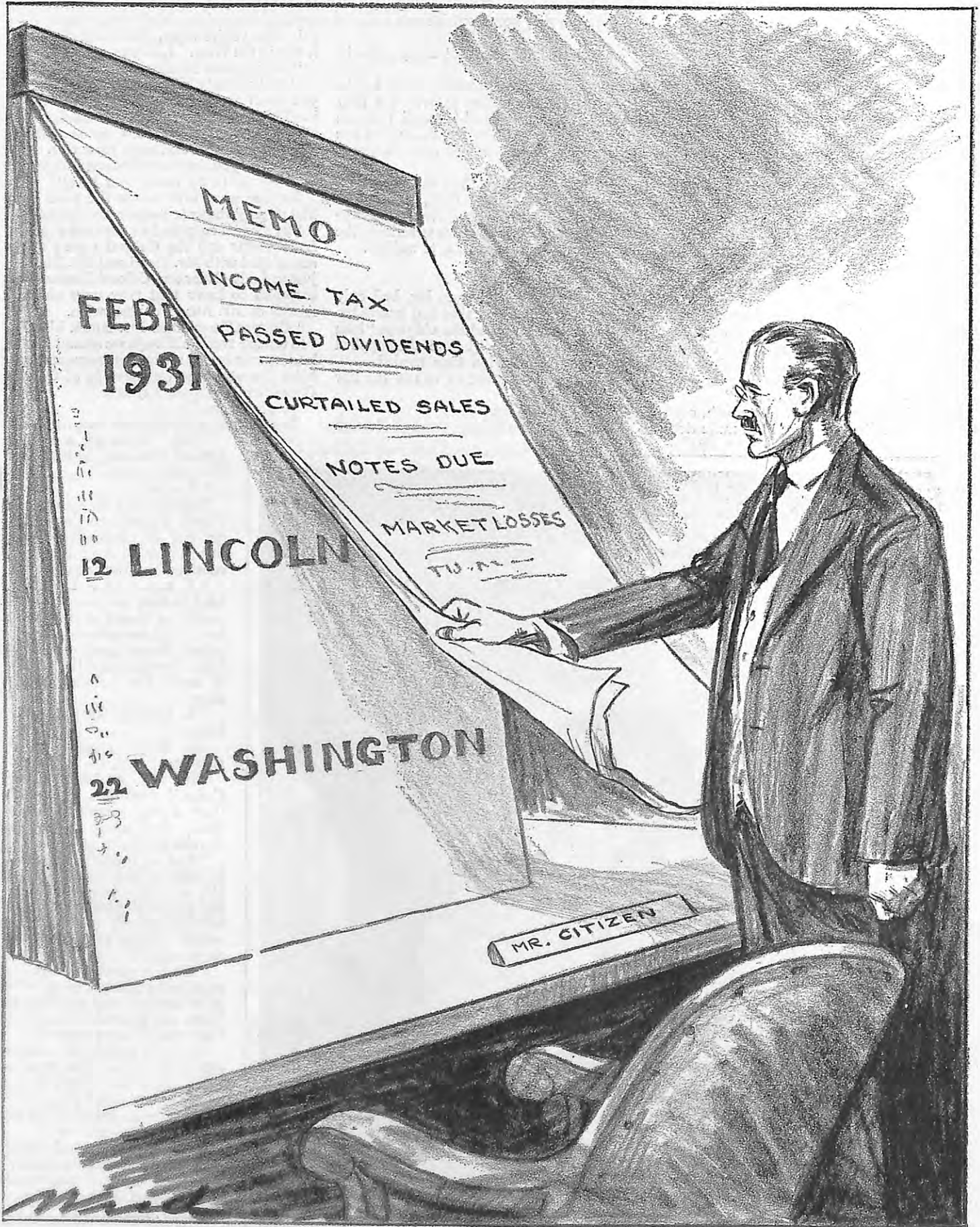
"It may sound wild—probably it is—but we were wondering whether by chance it has anything to do with the murder of that young American in the wood this afternoon—"

"A young American! Murdered near here this afternoon!" exclaimed Alison Vanesterman and stood up suddenly, staring at Lady Blanchesson. "What young American? Do you know his name? Oh, Cedar, why didn't you tell me? He—he might be a friend of mine!"

She was extraordinarily moved. "Don't you know his name? Didn't you inquire?" She turned from Lady Cedar to Mr. Bunn. "Don't you know?"

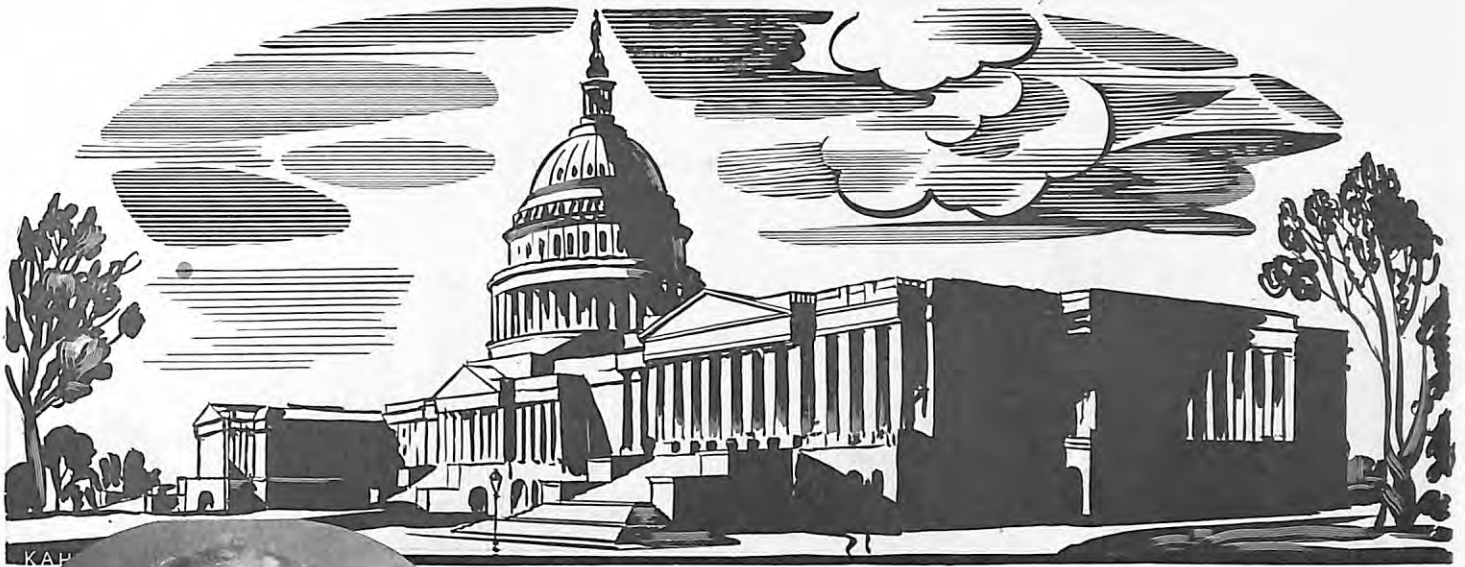
(Continued on page 48)





*Inspiration from Two  
Who Had Courage*

*Drawn by Clive Weed*



## Listening in at Washington With David Lawrence

### *Where Our Twelve Billion Dollars Go—More States' Income Taxes—Some Relief Measures*

**DAVID LAWRENCE**, President and Editor of the *United States Daily* and nationally known commentator on governmental affairs, becomes, with this article, a regular contributor to *The Elks Magazine*. Each month he will write of current or pending legislation, of problems confronting the government at Washington, or of general economic conditions, in such a way as to make clear to the reader just how he is directly and personally affected—in his pocketbook, in his liberty, in his daily goings-about—by the final working out of these questions.

In adding Mr. Lawrence's name to its list of contributors *The Elks Magazine* achieves one of its outstanding distinctions. There is no more able, unbiased and penetrating correspondent in the country to-day. His Sunday evening broadcast over a nation-wide hook-up, on various phases of government, has been, since 1926, one of the most popular and most important of radio fixtures.

We present Mr. Lawrence to our readers with the firm belief that this department is going to be one of the most vital and most interesting to be found in any popular magazine published in America.

**G**OVERNMENT costs about twelve billion dollars a year nowadays. That includes the Federal Government at Washington, the forty-eight State governments and all the city governments. Expensive, you will say! Yes, but there are 120,000,000 people and if each person paid \$100 a year it would make the twelve billion exactly. And that's less than two dollars a week which isn't very much to pay for the police protection, the regulation of health and sanitation, the education your children get free, and the development of streets, parks

Copyright, 1931, by David Lawrence

and boulevards as well as lights at night, sewage systems, and the hundred and one conveniences which most of us take for granted because that abstract and perhaps remote institution called government isn't very often brought to us in tangible form.

Of the twelve billion dollars, only four billion are spent by the Federal Government. Yet Washington gets most of the publicity and credit for achievement as well as the blame when things do not go right.

Most citizens pay relatively little attention to government. They are only partially informed on what their State government is doing and they take a casual interest in city affairs. Government as a threefold operation—Federal, State, Municipal—has never touched the people so closely as to-day. When most of us were in school thirty years ago, civics was an occasional course of study. Even the high schools gave it scant attention. To-day there is better teaching of government by a thousand per cent. than there was a generation ago.

So it is we adults who are behind the times—and our children are happily catching up to us, telling us things about current affairs and government that hopefully indicate that maybe the next generation will not be content to let twelve billion dollars a year be spent without knowing more about it or at least getting more of its benefits.

And the impressions we form about government in our youth are enduring. Unfortunately most people have the idea that government is a policeman, that it exists solely to check up on wrong-doing and that it is a cumbersome thing with plenty of political intrigue and red tape.

Certain of these fallacies can be easily removed. Government to-day is different from pre-war government. It is much more efficient, much more practical, much more alert to the needs of the people. The war induced a change. Government had to cut red tape, had to mobilize our men and resources not alone for military action but

for the big supply service behind the lines.

The lessons of war-time were valuable. For one thing we began to examine ourselves minutely. We found what raw materials we needed and what we had to import. There is a list of forty-two substances vital to our welfare which we had to get abroad. Many of these we now produce or manufacture. But we are still dependent on the outside world for several important products like manganese, used in the manufacture of steel; and nitrates, which are used in making farm fertilizer.

But government, while extending its arm of protection against crime, against dishonest practices and unfair competition, is to-day much more an instrument of cooperation in developing the general welfare of the people. The responsibilities of government have multiplied in accordance as the people have come to look toward a central point for aid. In times of emergency, the people look to the Mayor for leadership, to the Governor for guidance and in the last analysis to the President for the executive management of our national affairs.

It is easy enough to be cynical about government, to point to the occasional scandals or to the prevalence of graft in various government circles, beginning sometimes with the city officials and going on upward. But, it might be asked, is the code of morals in private business entirely obeyed and are we free from graft and bribery in business competition?

All things are relative and the quality of government in America surpasses that of any other country in the world. As people, moreover, take an interest in government and become watchful, we shall reduce irregularity to a minimum.

Nor is there any good reason to become impatient just because the political processes are so often discouraging or because people unfit to hold office are now and then elected. On the whole the people we elect represent the best we care to put up or the best that

*(Continued on page 64)*



## EDITORIAL

### BACK TO FUNDAMENTALS

**I**N HIS address at the conference of his newly appointed District Deputies, Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp made a very effective appeal that the Order be led back to its fraternal fundamentals, the cultivation and practice of its cardinal virtues. That appeal is commended to the whole membership. There is no one thing of which the Order stands more in need at this time.

In the earlier days, when the membership was small, it was the exception when a Lodge had any place of meeting except its rented Lodge room. A few had an additional room or two for purely social uses. But there seemed to obtain a more definite desire and purpose to exemplify the particular virtues to the practice of which the Order was dedicated. And this was true both as to individuals and subordinate Lodge groups. It was this spirit and this purpose, more than all else, which were responsible for the Order's growth in numbers and in public esteem.

It was, perhaps, inevitable that, as the Lodges grew in membership and in wealth, they should seek more commodious quarters. This led to the erection of numerous large and sumptuous Homes. And there seemed to develop an unfortunate rivalry among them, as to which might have the most costly and most perfectly appointed establishment, resulting in many buildings of architectural beauty equipped with every modern convenience for social club life.

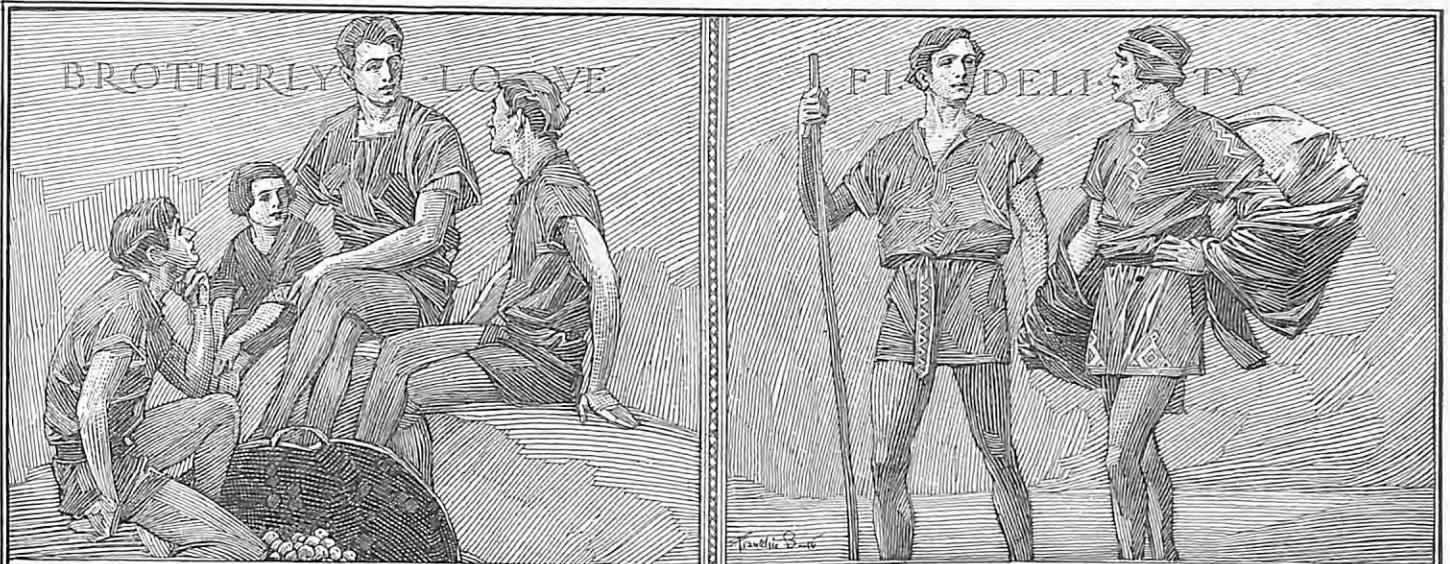
This made its appeal, of course, to many who sought membership in the Order because of the privileges which were offered by these fine club houses. And this in turn had the very natural effect of enlarging the social activities of the Lodges. There could be no objection to this, except the growing tendency to accentuate the purely social side of the organization at the expense of its fraternal and benevolent features. Too

many Lodges were, and are now, maintaining social clubs rather than fraternal temples.

The Order of Elks is essentially and basically a benevolent fraternity. Its primary objects are, and ever have been, the practice of charity in a manner that early became distinctive of the Order; the exemplification of true justice, which is rightly tempered with mercy; the generous display of real brotherly love, not only toward brethren within our ranks, but toward all mankind; and the faithful preservation of the memory of departed brothers, as well as a loyal regard for their fraternal claims while yet alive. Whatever leads us away from those fundamentals and distracts our attention from them and lessens our capacity or disposition to hold them first in our hearts, is to be earnestly deprecated. Whatever may be gained by the Order at such a price is too dearly bought.

There is no desire to minimize the value of properly conducted social events, in all their present day aspects. There is no wish to criticize the activities of any Lodge which are designed to draw the members into pleasing social contacts. These have a very definite place in our fraternal life. But it is not the most important place. And the intent of this comment is to urge a general revival of the old-time *Lodge* spirit, a return to the fraternal bases upon which the Order has been builded.

The District Deputies can take no more important message than this to the Lodges in their several jurisdictions. The Grand Exalted Ruler can perform no greater service to the Order than to continue, in his own eloquently effective way, to arouse this spirit throughout its membership. It must be done if the Order is to continue to grow in capacity for usefulness and to retain its high place as a real leader among the great fraternities of the country.



Decorations by Franklin Booth

### LET'S GO TO LODGE MEETING

THE older members of the Order will recall the above caption as a familiar proposal for an evening's pleasure and wholesome entertainment. There are many explanations offered of the fact that it is much less frequently heard now, proportionately to the increased membership. It is not intended to discuss those explanations, nor even to advert to the fact, except as a basis for an appeal for the renewal of the fraternal proposal among Elks.

A Lodge meeting has one peculiar characteristic. If it be largely attended it is quite generally a success because of that very fact. The members present are repaid by the associations and fraternal contacts of the occasion, quite independently of any special program or of any business of importance that might be under consideration.

And when the Lodge room is well filled, the session rarely adjourns before some acceptable suggestion is forthcoming for interesting features to mark following meetings. In other words, each good meeting is in itself a promise of another.

Why not give it a test? On the day of the next meeting of your Lodge, make a point of it to greet at least one brother Elk with the proposal that you both go to the Lodge meeting; and arrange to meet him there. See if you are not fully compensated by your experience, so as to feel prompted to an engagement for the next meeting.

Your officers will be so gratified and cheered that they will be sure to be inspired to fresh endeavor to insure entertaining programs, and to make the ritualistic work a pleasantly outstanding feature.

Try it out. Your loyalty should at least be equal to this effort to serve your Lodge. If it does not work out as predicted, then some other suggestion may be made. The result sought is worth all the thought that can be given to it.

### AN OBLIGATION OF OUR GREGARIOUSNESS

MAN is not only naturally a gregarious animal, preferring the company of his fellows to being alone, but the universally accepted conditions of civilized life force him into constant association with others. And those associations are pleasant or otherwise, according to the manner and deportment of the individuals during their contacts with each other.

Everyone has noted incidents illustrative of this fact. They have seen the entrance into a congenial and pleasant group of a person whose bearing is so stilted, formal and repellent, or even ill-tempered, that the whole atmosphere was changed, each individual becoming chilled and mentally resentful. Again into another group that seemed lacking in social comfort and ease, they have seen one come radiating geniality, good temper and friendliness. Promptly the whole company warmed into responsive friendliness.

The lesson would seem obvious. There is a duty upon each individual to endeavor to make his own contribution to every association one that will add to, and not detract from, its comfortableness and good accord. This duty may well be phrased, as in the caption above, an obligation of our gregariousness.

This obligation applies peculiarly to the members of a benevolent organization, not merely in their fraternal associations among themselves, but in all their relations with others, because they are definitely pledged thereto. It is one of the fundamentals of such organizations. It may be variously phrased as brotherly love, good fellowship, friendship, or in other equally apt words; but essentially all those expressions are synonymous.

We can not live alone. We do not wish to do so. And self-interest, as well as proper regard for others, alike prompt that we observe the obligation of that gregariousness which we both seek and have forced upon us.



Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp, with members of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge just before his departure by airplane for his home in Allentown, Pa.

# The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

## Mr. Rupp Makes a Tour of Lodges in Three Eastern States

**A**FTER his tour, during the month of November, of several Middle Western States and his subsequent return by airplane from St. Louis to his home in Allentown, Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp made a series of calls in December upon a number of Lodges in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York.

His visitations in the majority of instances were made occasions for the induction of especially numerous and representative classes of candidates. An important exception to this was the instance of the Grand Exalted Ruler's call upon Camden, N. J., Lodge, No. 293, on December 7, when he delivered his Memorial Day address.

This was Mr. Rupp's second visit during the last month of the year. The first was that paid to Irvington, N. J., Lodge, No. 1245, and this, with the Camden Lodge visit intervening, was followed by calls upon Lebanon, Pa., Lodge, No. 631, in the course of its thirtieth anniversary celebration; upon Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge, No. 592; Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842; East Orange, N. J., Lodge No. 630; and Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22. A week after the completion of this round of visits, the Grand Exalted Ruler left for the Pacific Northwest.

The initial visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp during December was that paid, on the third day of the month, to Irvington, N. J., Lodge, No. 1245. Through the courtesy of one of the members of that Lodge, Colonel H. Norman Schwartzkopf, a detail of New Jersey State Police escorted the head of the Order from the State line to Irvington. At the outskirts of the city a delegation, comprising Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler

David H. Greene, and Mayor John F. Lovell, awaited Mr. Rupp, to accompany him to the Lodge Home. There, after enjoying several selections by the Elks Band, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended the Lodge session. Prominent among the incidents of this were the initiation of a group of candidates named in honor of Mr. Rupp, and a stimulating address by him. Among those assembled for the occasion were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Charles Wibiralski and Frank J. Strasburger; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Thomas F. Macksey and William H. Kelley; and Leonce L. Picot, Vice-President of the New Jersey State Elks Association. A banquet in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler ensued at the conclusion of the meeting.

On December 7, Mr. Rupp called upon Camden, N. J., Lodge, No. 293, and delivered the principal address incident to the Memorial Services held on that day by the Lodge. The ceremony, impressive in its simplicity, was preceded by a musical recital. The text of the Grand Exalted Ruler's address appeared in full in the last, the January, issue of the Magazine. A dinner in honor of Mr. Rupp, given by the officers and by the Chairman, D. Trueman Stackhouse, and other members of the Memorial Committee, followed the exercises. Noteworthy among others to attend this affair were State Supreme Court Justice Ralph W. E. Donges, County Judge Samuel M. Shay, and District Court Judge Frank F. Neutze, all members of Camden Lodge.

The visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp to Lebanon, Pa., Lodge, December 9, came as the climax to that Lodge's three-day celebration of

its thirtieth anniversary. Preceding this event were the Memorial Services of the Lodge, observed December 7; and the Elks Charity Show and the Thirtieth Anniversary Ball, given the following evening. The features of the day upon which the Grand Exalted Ruler called upon the Lebanon Elks were the formal meeting of the Lodge, during which a record class of fifty-nine candidates, designated "The Lawrence H. Rupp Class," was initiated; a stag smoker and entertainment in the Home; and the thirtieth anniversary banquet at the Hotel Weimer. The ceremonies for the induction of the new members took place in the afternoon, with the Degree Team of Lebanon Lodge, champions of the State of Pennsylvania two years ago, exemplifying the ritual. The Grand Exalted Ruler entered the Lodge room with an escort headed by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry I. Koch, and comprising in its membership a large group of Past Exalted Rulers of Lebanon and other Pennsylvanian Lodges. At the banquet in the evening, Mr. Rupp was welcomed by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clarence D. Becker and by Exalted Ruler Frank S. Haak, in behalf of the Lodge. Past Exalted Ruler C. M. Seltzer officiated as toastmaster. The Grand Exalted Ruler, before delivering his comprehensive and stirring address, the principal one of the evening, received a tremendous ovation. In addition to Mr. Rupp, Past Exalted Ruler Seltzer presented to the gathering of Elks and their guests, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Daniel J. Miller, Joseph F. Lawless, Claude C. Merrill, George H. Johnston, and D. Sherman Smith, (Continued on page 59)

## News of the State Associations

### New Jersey

**R**EPORT upon its progress in the work in behalf of crippled children and an outline of projects for similar enterprise in the future constituted a prominent part of the business transacted at the quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association, held a short time ago at the Home of East Orange Lodge, No. 630. An account of what the Association has done, was rendered by Joseph G. Buch, Past President and at present Chairman of the organization's Crippled Children's Committee. Conspicuous among the facts revealed by the committee report were that since the inception of welfare effort for the benefit of disabled boys and girls the Association has cared for 12,112 chil-

dren. Within the last year, 2,789 children have been examined, 1,380 treated and 261 placed in homes. In the matter of education, 162 of the 379 children of school age are being given instruction at home. The work of the Crippled Children's Committee has been published in the form of an elaborately illustrated booklet, wherein statistics of its activities are presented, together with illuminating photographs of typical groups and cases. In this booklet there appear letters of congratulation from many men of the highest importance in the life of the Nation and of the Order. The personages represented included President Hoover, United States Senator Dwight W. Morrow, Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, of New York; Governor Morgan F. Larson, of New Jersey; former Governor Alfred

E. Smith, of New York; former Governor A. Harry Moore, of New Jersey; Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Editor and Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE; Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, former Governor of Pennsylvania; Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson; and Daniel A. Poling, General Director of the J. C. Penney Foundation. Looking toward the future, Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, as Chairman of the Advisory Committee of the Association, submitted to the delegates a plan whereby the crippled children's activities carried on by Elks within New Jersey should reach the absolute perfection of finding and caring for every (Continued on page 61)



At the left, Volunteer Park, Seattle, and at the right, a bird's-eye view of the city from the waterfront

# 1931 Grand Lodge Convention At Seattle, Wash.

## Bulletin No. 1

### *It's Playtime in Playland Seattle, July 6, 7, 8, 9, 1931*

WHEN the members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, their families and their many friends, visit Seattle, next July, to attend the 67th national convention, they will find the metropolis of the Pacific Northwest in gala attire and ready to give them a hearty and cordial welcome. Nature and the city's residents alike will vie in providing for the guests of Seattle Lodge, No. 92, and the sister Lodges of the Northwest, one of the happiest and most delightful of all the delightful occasions of this nature. And certainly, throughout this broad land, there are few places where there is such a generous combination of all that goes to make the joy of life complete as in Seattle.

The city itself, on terraced green hills, is laved on the one side by the salt waters of its beautiful harbor of Elliott Bay and Puget Sound, and on the other—connected by that masterpiece of engineering, the great canal and locks that are second in size only to those of Panama, the largest in the world—the blue-green lakes of Union and Washington.

Westward, across the wide reaches of the Sound, rear the tumultuous, rugged heights of the Olympic Mountains. To the east of Seattle is the Cascade Range, with its vast forests rising tier on tier from the sheltered valleys of the Puget Sound region; where countless streams and hundreds of lakes are filled with rainbow and Dolly Varden trout, with salmon trout, bass, and innumerable other varieties of fish.

Aside from Seattle's many fine and luxurious hotels and apartments, she has dining places for the epicure of every taste and purse, where the super-excellent foods that come from her out-lying fields, orchards and gardens, and her

famous sea-foods are served in every style by expert chefs of a dozen different nationalities; and visit her at what season you may, she has amusement and entertainment of every variety. Her seventy theatre buildings—legitimate, vaudeville and movie—rank with the best anywhere. That she is fond of treading the "light fantastic" is evidenced by her many attractive dancing places.

If you want a quiet, instructive hour, Seattle's handsome central library has half a million

*As we went to press word was received that the Olympic Hotel had been selected as Grand Lodge Headquarters. The public opening session on Monday, July 6th, will be held in the Municipal Auditorium and the subsequent business sessions of the Grand Lodge in the Spanish ballroom of the Olympic Hotel.*

volumes, and all the worthwhile newspapers and periodicals from which to make selection.

If you are a lover of the arts, there is always something of interest at Seattle's Institute of Art, where in its setting of stately shade trees there is an atmosphere of brooding peace. In fine art also, there is the Henry Gallery, one of the units of architectural beauty in the splendid grouping of Tudor-Gothic buildings, that make the University of Washington, with its 11,000 annual enrollment, of national fame structurally as well as culturally.

Back to the downtown section, in your wanderings hither and yon—to the Oriental section; to the noted sixty-foot totem pole, with its strange, carved beasts, at Yesler Way; to the waterfront, with its sea-going craft of every type and variety, and the quaint curio shops of the vicinity, and the Pike Street Markets, that rank in color and atmosphere and infinite variety with those of New Orleans and the far-off lands of the Mediterranean.

As for outdoor recreation, it is not, in Seattle, what *have* you, but what *wish* you? There are delightful drives over the city's more than thirty miles of boulevards that wind around her hills and lakeside, follow the shores of the beautiful Sound, and traverse her many residential sections with their lovely flower-embowered homes, and their flower gardens that are world-noted for beauty.

On Seattle's sheltered waterways, the lover of aquatics may indulge himself in all or whatever his heart desires. Does he swim? There are bathing beaches of both salt and fresh water, with every accommodation and facility. Does he row, canoe, outboard-motor or sail? Seattle's protected lakes and inlets afford shaded banks for loitering with the paddle, straight courses for the racing scull, and for bolder venturing there are 1,400 miles of open stretches, of coves and inlets and islands to be explored, and for the more conservative there are jolly little boat trips on scheduled runs to near-by cities and points of interest, not the least of which is Bremerton, the United States Navy Yard, and headquarters for the North Pacific fleet.

Tennis, as elsewhere on the Pacific Coast, is a popular sport in Seattle, as shown by the inviting clubhouse and grounds, with their fine courts, on Lake Washington.

And then, there is golf—golf with a capital G.

(Continued on page 63)

## A Candidate for Grand Lodge Office

### *Sterling, Colo., Lodge Presents John R. Coen For Grand Exalted Ruler*

STERLING, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336, announces, with the concurrence of all the other Lodges of the State, that it will present John R. Coen as a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, to be filled at the Grand Lodge Convention, in Seattle, next July.

Mr. Coen has been an Elk since October 18,

1911, when he was initiated into Fort Morgan, Colo., Lodge, No. 1143. From April 1, 1912, until his removal to Sterling, in 1914, he served as Secretary of Fort Morgan Lodge. At Sterling he was one of the organizers and the first Exalted Ruler of No. 1336, in 1916-17. In 1917-18 he served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Colorado North, and in 1922-23 as President of the Colorado State Elks Association. From 1923 to 1927 he was a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on

Judiciary. In 1928, at Miami, he acted as Chairman of the Committee on Distribution at the Grand Lodge Session there. He was then made a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order, on which he served until the following year, when he became Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary.

Mr. Coen was born at Ottumwa, Iowa, in 1885. He studied law at the University of Kansas and in 1911 was admitted to the Bar of that State and of Colorado.



## Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence Rupp Restores Charter To Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10

GRAND Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp, by executive order, restored on December 17, 1930, the charter of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, which had been revoked in July. The text of the Grand Exalted Ruler's announcement follows:

Office of the Grand Exalted Ruler, B. P. O. Elks, Allentown, Pa.

WHEREAS it appears that the charter of Boston Lodge, No. 10, of this Order was revoked by the Grand Exalted Ruler by and with the consent of the majority of the Board of Grand Trustees; that said revocation was confirmed by the Grand Lodge by unanimous vote on July 9, 1930, and that under the laws of our Order said revocation became effective on July 19, 1930, on which date Boston Lodge, No. 10, ceased to exist as a subordinate Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, and

WHEREAS it further appears that on July 30, 1930, the Massachusetts corporation known as Boston Lodge, No. 10, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks went into receivership by virtue of a decree entered in an equity case before the Superior Court, in Equity, Suffolk County, Massachusetts, which decree ordered the receivers to take possession of all property of said Boston Lodge, No. 10, a Massachusetts corporation, except such regalia, rituals, minutes of Lodge meetings and other articles as relate exclusively to fraternal matters and Lodge dues for any period subsequent to April 1, 1930; and that the said receivers have taken possession of all the property of said corporation not specifically excepted by the said decree and are now in possession of said property, and

WHEREAS those who were the officers of Boston Lodge, No. 10 when it was a subordinate Lodge of this Order, together with many who were Past Exalted Rulers of said Lodge, have petitioned that the charter conferring the rights and privileges to function as a subordinate Lodge of this Order be restored to them and the members who were associated with them at the time of the revocation of the charter of Boston Lodge, No. 10, and have represented that all the conditions of a certain resolution authorizing the restoration of said charter which was adopted by the Grand Lodge on the tenth day of July, 1930, have been performed, and upon investigation and report I find and do certify, with the consent of a majority of the Board of Grand Trustees, that all the conditions of said resolution have been fulfilled to our satisfaction,

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Lawrence H. Rupp, Grand Exalted Ruler, by and with the consent of a majority of the Board of Grand Trustees, do hereby restore the charter, conferring all the rights and privileges to function as a subordinate Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, to the individuals who were enrolled as members of Boston Lodge, No. 10 on July 19, 1930, and who, on the date of this executive order, are entitled to certificates of status under the terms

of Sections 132 and 143, Grand Lodge Statutes as they compose a voluntary association for the purpose of carrying on a subordinate Lodge of this fraternal order under the name of Boston Lodge, No. 10, and it is specifically ordered and decreed that the said charter is not to vest in nor the rights and privileges thereunder to be exercised by Boston Lodge, No. 10, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, a Massachusetts corporation now in receivership.

Dated December 17th, 1930.

LAWRENCE H. RUPP,  
Grand Exalted Ruler.

### New Orleans, La., Elks Stage Great Street Carnival for Charity Drive

Under the leadership of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan, the present Exalted Ruler of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, the Elks of that city promoted and conducted recently a monster street carnival for the purpose of reducing the deficit of the Community Chest, a fund subscribed for the relief of 9,000 needy and helpless persons of all ages. The carnival, established in Canal Street, presented one of the most colorful and varied spectacles New Orleans has ever seen. At every street corner, where small stages had been erected, there were vaudeville shows, given through the courtesy of the local theatres and the generosity of the performers appearing at them. In addition to these entertainments, there were boxing matches by both professional and amateur fighters. Notable among the stars who squared off for the amusement of the public were Jack Johnson, former heavyweight champion of the world; and Pal Moran, once a leading contender for the lightweight title. As the crowds gathered about the theatrical and athletic shows, hosts of young girls, wearing black masks, red bandanas and straw sombreros, and brandishing cap pistols, went through the throng, "sticking it up" for contributions to the Community Chest. At intervals in the course of the day, too, there were parades by city departments, including the fire department and the police department; by the Marine Corps and the Naval Reserves; and by students from both the colleges and the high

schools of the city, including in their columns both young men and girls. To supplement the display upon the streets, fleets of airplanes flew overhead, providing a spectacle in the sky. The boxing bouts were conducted under the supervision of W. A. Coker, Herbert Fredericks and Peter Swanson, constituting the Louisiana Boxing Commission. Theatrical contributions were arranged through the offices of the managers of Loew's, the Orpheum and Sanger's playhouses. Expedition was lent the efforts of the "girl banditti," as the pretty young collectors were called, by the Yellow Cab Company whose drivers were instructed to carry the girls back to the Elks Home when their collection tins had been filled, so that they might obtain new tins for their next harvest of coins. Incidental devices for the collection of money were a "dog wagon," which picked up men and uncaged them only upon payment of a contribution to the Chest; and two microphones, set upon the street, through which anyone who gave money could broadcast a message through Station WSMB.

### District Deputy Leathley Visits Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge

Upon the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas A. Leathley to Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge, No. 1542, its officers, assisted by those of Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, initiated an unusually large class of candidates, a group designated, in honor of the head of the Order, "The Lawrence H. Rupp Class." In all there were one hundred and sixty-five Elks present for the ceremonies and festivities incident to the event. Of these forty-five were those who had come from No. 1414 by special train; and others were representatives of several widely separated Lodges in the United States, and its Territories, including New York, N. Y.; Defiance, O.; Portsmouth, N. H.; Long Beach, Calif.; Honolulu, H. I.; San Antonio, Tex.; and Fredericksburg, Va., Lodges. An ample and exceptionally enjoyable dinner at the Hotel Carlton followed the Lodge session. A few days after this event, the members of No. 1542 journeyed to Canal Zone Lodge to take part in its initiation of a large group of candidates known as "The Joseph T. Fanning Class," in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning. This occasion was one especially auspicious. Two hundred and fifty members of the two Lodges were present and a high degree of enthusi-



The celebrated Glee Club of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878



asm was manifest. It was made known at the time that one of the automobiles constituting THE ELKS MAGAZINE—Viking Prosperity Tour Fleet of last year and later purchased by Richard M. Davies, former member of the Auditing Committee of the Grand Lodge, has become the property of Chief Petty Officer L. B. Mandell, of the Navy, and will be driven either by Mr. Mandell or another member of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, from New Orleans to the Grand Lodge Convention at Seattle next July.

### Many Congratulate I. W. Miner, of Omaha, Nebr., Lodge, on Birthday

Upon the recent event of his eighty-third birthday, I. W. Miner, Secretary-Emeritus of Omaha, Nebr., Lodge, No. 39, received the congratulations not only of a host of members of his own Lodge, but also those of many officers and other holders of important posts in the Grand Lodge. Mr. Miner, active in his Lodge since its inception forty-five years ago, has held every office in No. 39 except those of Exalted Ruler and Treasurer. In 1908 he first was elected Secretary, and served as such for the thirteen ensuing years. During his administration, Omaha Lodge grew from a membership of a little less than 800 members to more than 1,600. The Lodge conferred upon him the honor of an honorary life membership in 1901, for distinguished services rendered to the Order; and, upon his retirement a few years later from the secretaryship, voted him the title of Secretary-Emeritus and a pension. Mr. Miner today lives in the Lodge Home. Despite his advanced age he is in sound health, except for a slight impairment of vision. He is one of the four living charter members of Omaha Lodge. THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to take this opportunity of adding its own congratulations to the many personal felicitations Mr. Miner already has received.

### District Deputy Pickles Pays Visit to Ashland, Ore., Lodge

One hundred members were in attendance at a recent meeting of Ashland, Ore., Lodge, No. 044, when the District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John H. Pickles, accompanied by Secretary A. Warren Jones, of the Oregon State Elks Association, made an official visit there. The District Deputy witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates, and, after the meeting, was entertained at a supper in the Home.

### Dillon, Mont., Lodge Is Active; Membership Grows Rapidly

An increase of over 200 per cent. in membership in eighteen months is the record of Dillon, Mont., Lodge, No. 1554. Instituted in May, 1929, the Lodge initiated 100 members at its



One of the floats in the street parade incident to the "Whoop-De-Do," a charity entertainment given a short time ago by Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge

first meeting. On December 16, when the last class of 1930 was initiated, a membership of 212 was reported. The Lodge, considering its youth, is exceptionally active. A fine Drum and Bugle Corps was organized last summer and has made several public appearances. It was a feature of the city of Dillon's semi-centennial celebration last fall. A male chorus was also recently assembled and has aroused flattering comment. At a meeting a short time ago, when eleven candidates took the obligations, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. M. Holbert was in attendance and gave an inspiring address. The initiation ceremony was preceded by a parade, led by the Drum and Bugle Corps, and was followed by a banquet. Nearly 200 members and visitors enjoyed the dinner. A delightful entertainment program was presented, including selections by the chorus, dances by the head of the Claudia Faust School of Dancing and two of her pupils, and other features. The new members and several of the visitors were called upon for brief talks.

### "Golden Jubilee" of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge Will Attract Notables

One of the most memorable occasions in the history of the Order in Indiana is expected to take place March 20 when Indianapolis Lodge, No. 13, will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary, or "Golden Jubilee." In addition to virtually every Elk of prominence in the State, Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp and many other high officers, both past and present, of the Grand Lodge have signified their intention to be present. The event will recall to many, another and equally noteworthy, when the first Home of the Lodge was dedicated, half a century ago. The Order was then composed, more decidedly than it is to-day, of theatrical and literary men;

and when, in 1881, Indianapolis Lodge rented its first quarters, in the Boston Block on North Delaware Street, celebrities of the stage and of journalism proffered their talents to the occasion. Among those who volunteered to participate were Tony Pastor and his entire company of theatrical stars; James Whitcomb Riley, Jud Colgin, and M. J. Spades. There are at present among the nearly two thousand members of the Lodge, several charter members who recall this dedication of its first Home. They are Harry S. New, former Postmaster-General of the United States; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Editor and Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE; Past Grand Tiler George W. June; John Jay Curtis, President of Bobbs-Merrill Publishing Company; James V. Cook, Treasurer of Danville, Ind.; Eugene A. Cooper, and Charles Cleaveland. All of these notables of Indianapolis Lodge hope to attend the celebration of its "Golden Jubilee."

### Two New York Lodges Visited by State Elks Association Head

Large representations of members greeted President J. Edward Gallico of the New York State Elks Association when he recently visited the Homes of two Lodges in the Southeast District. On the occasion of his call to Queens Borough Lodge, No. 878, President Gallico was accompanied by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Lester G. Brimmer and James T. Hallinan; and by Past Presidents Joseph Brand and John E. Dearden, and Secretary Philip Clancy, of the Association. After the regular session President Gallico and his suite were entertained by a musical program consisting of a number of selections rendered by the famous Queens Borough Glee Club, led by Jesse M. Winne. When President Gallico visited the Home of Bronx Lodge, No. 871, he was greeted by a numerous gathering of members and their guests. Among those present were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur B. Kelly; Past Presidents John E. Dearden and Philip Clancy; and Vice-President Matthew J. Merritt, of the Association; and James H. Brennan, President of the Associated Past Exalted Rulers of the Southeast District. President Gallico delivered a splendid address. Other interesting talks were made by Past President Dearden and Secretary Clancy. One of the pleasing events of the evening was the singing of several selections by the Bronx Lodge Glee Club.

### District Deputy Davis Calls Upon Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge

A number of Past Grand Lodge officers and over a hundred members of neighboring Lodges were present at a meeting of Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge, No. 1499, when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clarence R. Davis recently made his official call there. Among the distinguished guests among the assemblage upon this occasion were Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers; Past Grand Inner Guard L. P. Leveroni; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers R. V. Crowell and John J. Landers; and First Vice-President Charles F. Mann, of the Vermont State Elks Association. One of the interesting features of the meeting was the presentation of a beautiful chime grandfather

## The Christmas Charities of Subordinate Lodges

SINCE the holidays, we have received from Lodges in every part of the country numberless reports of their Christmas charity activities. Such enterprises, together with those associated with Thanksgiving Day, constitute some of the most admirable and grateful manifestations of the spirit animating our great Order. This is particularly true in the instance of the Christmas just past, one terminating a year of uncommon economic straits.

To every one of these wholehearted acts of kindness on the part of the Lodges, we wish we might devote a report in keeping with its inestimable worth. There are, however, nearly 1,600 Lodges in the Order and there is hardly one that did not do its bit this year, as it has done every year before, at Christmas. To publish accounts of the work of all these Lodges, the Magazine obviously has not the space. To publish only a few accounts and not to give notice to the many hundreds of others equally commendable, it would obviously be unfair for the Magazine to do.

We can do only this little in recognition of the great and tangible generousities the Lodges have displayed at Christmas toward those in their community who so genuinely needed the evidence of a helping hand and a cheering word: express herewith our pride at being the official organ of a fraternity whose Christmas spirit is one of the most inspiring incidents of that universal holiday.



*The children's New Year's dinner, at which South Haven, Mich., Lodge was host*

clock to Brattleboro Lodge by members of Keene, N. H., Lodge, No. 927. The gift was bestowed in appreciation of the long friendship existing between these two Lodges. After the presentation ceremonies a class of candidates was initiated for Brattleboro Lodge by the officers of Keene Lodge. Later, a lunch was served, following the meeting; and as the chimes of the new clock sounded eleven, Past Exalted Ruler Earl M. Gilbo of Keene Lodge rendered the Eleven o'Clock Toast.

#### **District Deputy Visits Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge on Anniversary**

Upon the occasion of the celebration of its twenty-ninth anniversary, Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge, No. 744, received an official call from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. McGuire. The meeting was rendered otherwise memorable by the presence of President J. Edward Gallico and Vice-President Isaac C. Hotaling, of the New York State Elks Association; and by the attendance of delegations of visitors from White Plains, Ossining, Beacon and Poughkeepsie Lodges. Speakers introduced to the Elks present by Past Exalted Ruler Herman Engel included District Deputy McGuire, President Gallico and Vice-President Hotaling.

#### **Port Chester, N. Y., Elks Are Entertained at Greenwich Lodge**

A large delegation of members, including the officers, of Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 863, were entertained recently by the Elks of Greenwich Lodge, No. 1150, in their Home. During the meeting Past Exalted Ruler C. A. Greve, in behalf of Port Chester Lodge, presented Exalted Ruler Archie Gustafson of Greenwich Lodge a cup which the Greenwich Elks baseball team had won when they defeated the Port Chester team. Members of both Lodges enjoyed a supper and social session after the meeting.

#### **District Deputy Norton Visits Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John Norton recently made an official visit to Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519. He was accompanied by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler S. A. Marthouse and John F. Nugent, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. After the meeting a buffet supper was served.

#### **Meadville, Pa., Lodge Supplies School Children with Milk**

Sixty pints of milk are being delivered daily to the undernourished children of the schools of Meadville, Pa., through the auspices of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Mead-

ville Lodge, No. 219. This special service was started at the beginning of the winter season and it is hoped that it will be possible to continue it throughout the school year. The money for the milk fund is raised by the Committee from sources other than dues and revenue from the properties of the Lodge.

#### **District Deputy Smith Calls Upon Griffin, Ga., Lodge**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Smith, accompanied by Bruce C. Jones, Past Exalted Ruler of Macon, Ga., Lodge, No. 230, recently paid an official visit to the Home of Griffin Lodge, No. 1207. The officers of the Lodge entertained the District Deputy and Past Exalted Ruler Jones at a dinner at the Griffin Hotel. After the dinner an enthusiastic meeting was held in the newly renovated Home.

#### **Watertown, Mass., Elks Open New Home When District Deputy Calls**

Coincident with its reception, a short time ago, to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William J. Moore, upon his official visit, Watertown, Mass., Lodge, No. 1513, opened formally its new Home. This is a Colonial mansion, the property, originally, of the Coolidge family in Watertown, and is the gift to the Lodge of the American Telephone Company. The occasion marking its first occupancy was a supper in the grill room in honor of the District Deputy and the distinguished members of his suite. These

included Past Grand Tiler Thomas Brady, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. Wesley Curtis, and President William E. Earle, of the Massachusetts State Elks Association. Both these visitors and the many more present at the supper were enthusiastic in their praise of the new Home. The building, always one of impressiveness and taste, has been thoroughly modernized and completely redecorated and refurnished for the purposes of the Lodge. In the basement are the grill room and heating plant. The street floor comprises a reception room, a lounge and a smaller room for games; and upon the level above are found the office of the Secretary, two committee rooms and a billiard room.

#### **Charity Boxing Bouts Earn Large Sum for Batavia, N. Y., Lodge**

Through its presentation of a program of boxing bouts, recently, at St. Anthony's Community Center, Batavia, N. Y., Lodge, No. 950, earned approximately \$1,500 for its charity fund. Scores of both men and women who never before had seen boxing matches were among the spectators.

#### **New Haven, Conn., Lodge Receives Visit from District Deputy Ryan**

Accompanied by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers William J. Shanahan and James F. Degnan, and twenty members of his own Lodge, Waterbury, Conn., Lodge, No. 265, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George T. Ryan recently made an official visit to the Home of New Haven Lodge, No. 25. Before the meeting the New Haven Elks entertained their visitors at a dinner.

#### **Williamsport, Pa., Lodge Distributes Clothing to the Unemployed**

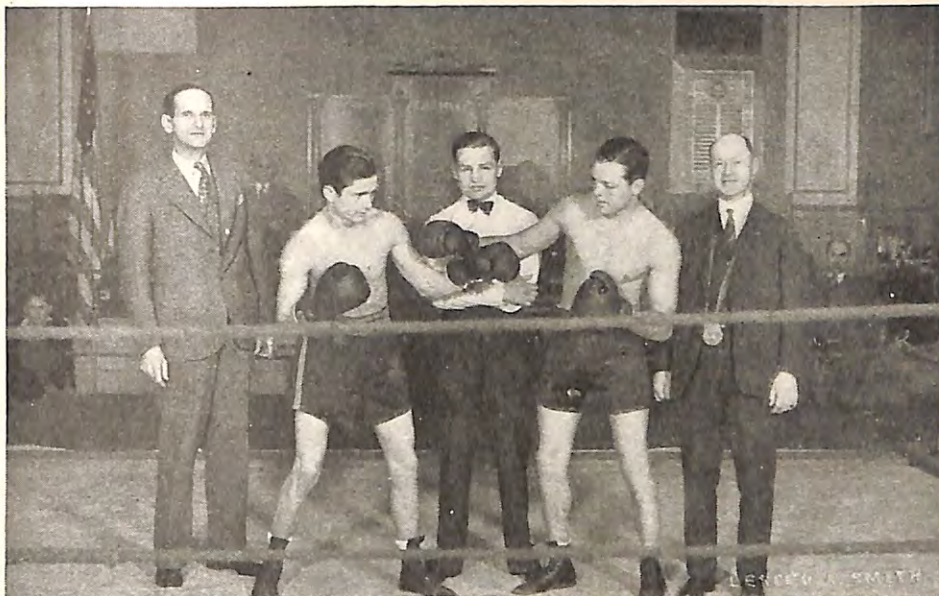
Through their Charity Committees the Elks of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, recently tendered assistance to an emergency committee of the city seeking to alleviate distress among the unemployed. The Home was turned into a distribution centre for clothes for the needy. Garments were gathered from all parts of the city by the Elks and given out to unfortunates.

#### **Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge Visited By District Deputy Kelly**

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur B. Kelly recently made an official visit to the Home of Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1485, he was greeted by one of the largest attendances of Hempstead Elks and their guests ever to assemble in the Lodge room. Among other distinguished visitors present were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck; Past President Joseph Brand and Vice-President Matthew J. Merritt, of the New York State Elks Association; Exalted



*The Drill Team of Macon, Mo., Lodge, No. 999, which demonstrated its proficiency during the recent visit there of Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp*



LESTER A. SMITH  
A scene in the ring just before the beginning of the recent charity boxing bouts presented by Bartlesville, Okla., Lodge, No. 1060

Ruler Jack N. Cooper of Bronx Lodge, No. 871, who accompanied the District Deputy; and the Exalted Rulers from the five neighboring Lodges of Queens Borough, Freeport, Lynbrook, Huntington and Glen Cove. District Deputy Kelly witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates for Hempstead Lodge. The officers of Hempstead Lodge were assisted in the ceremonies by the Bronx Lodge Degree Team. Before and after the regular session the hosts entertained the visitors in a most hospitable manner.

### Members of Eight Lodges See Woodstock, Ill., Elks Initiated

In the presence of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John A. Thiel, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers N. H. Millard and William J. Savage, and over two hundred Elks representing eight Lodges of the Illinois Northeast District, a class of candidates was initiated recently into Woodstock Lodge, No. 1043. The ritual was performed by the officers of Aurora Lodge, No. 705, the ritualistic champions of the State.

### District Deputy Gazin Makes Call Upon Reno, Nevada, Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry J. Gazin was warmly received by a large attendance of members of his home Lodge, Reno, Nev., Lodge, No. 597, when recently he made an official call there. After an inspection of the Lodge's condition, the District Deputy witnessed the initiation ceremonies on a class of candidates. Following the regular meeting, Mr. Gazin and his fellow Lodge members enjoyed a social session and a buffet supper in the grill room.

### Phillipsburg, N. J., Elks' Dinner To High School Team a Success

Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge, No. 395, gave its second annual testimonial dinner recently to the members of the Phillipsburg High School football squad. The affair, held at the Lodge Home, saw more than three hundred persons present. These included not only a large representation of Elks but also a number of teachers and coaches from Phillipsburg and neighboring high schools. Music during the evening was provided by the Phillipsburg High School band.

### Festivities Attend District Deputy's Visit to Atlanta, Ga., Lodge

Festivities attended the official visit, recently, to Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Smith. After the initiation of candidates for the inspection of the District Deputy, during the formal meeting, a social session of an unusually enjoyable character was held at the Home of Atlanta

Lodge; and, still later, the members of No. 78 and their guests had the pleasure of taking part in the Charity Ball, given under the auspices of the Kle Club at the Shrine Mosque.

### Salt Lake City, Utah, Elks Active in Interesting Public in Lodge

Through the arrangement of periodic affairs of varying frequency, Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, is seeking to bring the activities of the Elks in its community before the public in a fashion calculated to stimulate an unusual degree of general interest. One of the events of this nature to take place within the recent past is the Lodge's "Whoop-De-Do," an entertainment open to the public, and one now determined upon as an annual fixture. The "Whoop-De-Do" is a form of festivity comprising a country store, a '49 mining camp, dancing and games. Its proceeds go to the Lodge's charity fund. A second means of bringing before the public the enterprises of the Lodge is a series of bi-weekly radio talks, given by Elks and broadcast over stations KWL and KDYL.

### District Deputy Visits Liberty, N. Y., Lodge and Others Nearby

With a suite composed of a large delegation of members of his own Lodge, Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877, and of Elks from other Lodges nearby, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clarence J. Seaton paid an official visit recently to Liberty Lodge, No. 1545. This call followed close upon several other visitations in the district, among which were those to Port Jervis Lodge, No. 645, Middletown Lodge, No. 1097, and Monticello Lodge, No. 1544. In every instance, District Deputy Seaton had opportunity to witness the conduct of initiation ceremonies.

### Charity Show of Blairsville, Pa., Lodge Earns Ample Sum

Exceptional success met the efforts of Blairsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 406, in its presentation of a theatrical entertainment recently in Alumni Hall in its city. The performance was given on two successive nights for the benefit of the Health and Welfare Association of Blairsville. Public response to the enterprise was generous, and an ample sum was earned for the charity.

### Pendleton, Ore., Lodge Receives Visit From District Deputy Duffy

A record attendance of members greeted District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler T. E. J. Duffy recently when he made an official call upon Pendleton, Ore., Lodge, No. 288. Vice-President E. H. Jones, of the Oregon State Elks Association, accompanied the District Deputy to the

meeting; and together they witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates. Several vocal selections rendered by the Elks Trio of Pendleton Lodge provided excellent entertainment at the social session following the regular meeting.

### Pittsburgh, Pa., Elks Burn Mortgage on Their Home

On the occasion of his official visit, recently, to Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, No. 11, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James P. Brownlee witnessed the burning of the second mortgage on the Lodge's Home. Among others who attended the meeting and participated in the ceremonies were President John F. Nugent, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; and Past Exalted Ruler George J. Kambach, of No. 11.

### Toledo, O., Lodge's Charity Ball Nets \$7,000 for Unemployed

Almost \$7,000 was realized by Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, from a charity ball, sponsored by the Lodge and held in the Hotel Commodore Perry, December 6. Every dollar of this fund will be expended for relief of distress among Toledo's unemployed. A special committee has been named by Exalted Ruler John C. Cochrane to supervise the disbursements from the earnings of the ball with a view to making it last as long as possible.

### Three Lodges Entertain Officers of New York State Elks Association

Members of Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1323, joined in a meeting at their Home by delegations from Huntington Lodge, No. 1565, and Southampton Lodge, No. 1574, entertained, recently, President J. Edward Gallico and other officers of the New York State Elks Association. Among the distinguished guests welcomed by the three neighbor Lodges were Secretary Philip Clancy and Vice-President Matthew J. Merritt, of the Association; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Eugene E. Navin, all of whom spoke in the course of the Lodge meeting. A thoroughly enjoyable social session followed the termination of the formal gathering.

### Hampton, Va., Elks Give Special Initiation for District Deputy

In honor of the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Roland D. Cook, the officers and the degree team of Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, recently performed a special initiation ceremony in full dress. Both the manner of the conduct of these exercises of induction and the record of progress displayed by the Lodge during the year past won the praise of the District Deputy when he addressed the membership at the meeting. After the adjournment of the formal session, refreshments were served.

### Glee Club Concert Is Presented by Bartlesville, Okla., Elks

In order to increase its charity fund, Bartlesville, Okla., Lodge, No. 1060, arranged, recently, a concert by the members of the Tulsa University Glee Club. The entertainment was widely publicized before its presentation, with the result that the Civic Center Auditorium in Bartlesville was well filled upon the evening of the concert. Just before the performance, the glee club, the high school band and the American Legion drum and bugle corps participated in a parade terminating at the Auditorium. After the completion of the program, the performers were entertained at the Elks Home at a banquet and dance.

### Hammond, Ind., Elks Enlarge Home; Opening Is Auspicious

With the event of the grand opening of its new quarters, Hammond, Ind., Lodge, No. 485, is manifesting a pronounced increase in enthusiasm throughout its membership in relation to the affairs and enterprises of the Lodge. For a number of years, the Lodge occupied only the lower floor of the building where it has its Home. The top floor was leased as a restaurant

and opened to the public. Not long ago, however, the Hammond Elks decided to take over the entire floor space of the structure for their own use. The Lodge room and other apartments for the use of the members were transferred to the upper floor, and the lower part of the building given over to bowling alleys, and billiard and banquet rooms. The added convenience and spaciousness resulting from this change in arrangement has resulted in a marked change in the spirit of the Lodge. This was enhanced by the circumstances attending the opening of the remodeled quarters recently, when many distinguished guests, including District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank E. Coughlin, and W. C. Groebl, Secretary of the Indiana State Elks Association, attended. Both of these visiting notables of the Order spoke at the dinner incident to the occasion.

### **Spokane, Wash., Elks' Call Upon Coeur d'Alene Lodge Is Enjoyable**

The Band, the Bugle and Drum Corps, the officers and a host of members—the entire delegation numbering one hundred and fifty—of Spokane, Wash., Lodge, No. 228, journeyed recently to Coeur d'Alene, Ida., Lodge, No. 1254, to make a fraternal call. After the Lodge session, during which the Spokane officers conducted initiation ceremonies, there was a period of entertainment held, marked by several amusing performances by Coeur d'Alene Elks.

### **New Kensington, Pa., Elks Feeding Fifty Needy Families Weekly**

In association with other relief organizations in its city, the Social and Community Welfare Committee of New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, No. 512, has in operation an organization for the supply of food and fuel to fifty needy families every week during the winter months. Already the Committee has rendered this assistance to 300 persons, delivering to destitute households every Saturday afternoon enough groceries and coal to last until the following Saturday. In many cases it has been discovered that the afflicted families comprise as many as from eight to ten children, and to these youngsters the Lodge's relief workers have given shoes and stockings and a supply of milk to the extent of an average of ten quarts a day. The food baskets for those the Elks are helping contain potatoes, corn meal, sugar, rolled oats, beans, lard, butter, canned goods, bread, meat and vegetables. Funds for the welfare activity have been earned by the holding of a series of smokers at the Lodge Home.

### **Modesto, Calif., Lodge Grows in Spite of Fathering New Lodge**

In spite of the fact that those members of Modesto, Calif., Lodge, No. 1282, who live in Sonora have made an application to the Grand Lodge for a Lodge of their own, the membership of Modesto Lodge has increased during the last few months. Recent initiations have already added one hundred and seventy-five new Elks to the roster, and applications for membership now awaiting consideration number more than two hundred in addition.

### **Ohio University Football Squad Entertained by Athens Elks**

The entire football squad of Ohio University was entertained, recently, at an annual banquet and smoker held at the Home of Athens Lodge, No. 973. Among those attending the affair were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler S. M. Johnson and Dr. E. B. Bryan, President of Ohio University.

### **District Deputy Martin Calls Upon Members of Norwich, Conn., Lodge**

Attended by a suite composed of Past Exalted Rulers of his own Lodge, New Britain, Conn., Lodge, No. 957, and of several other Lodges nearby, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry Martin made an official call, a short time ago, upon Norwich Lodge, No. 430. Present upon the occasion also were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas F. O'Loughlin; and visitors from New London,



CHARLES A. WAER

*The spacious and luxurious lounge in the Home of Whittier, Calif., Lodge*

Willimantic, Conn.; and Westerly, R. I., Lodges. During the formal session, the Lodge room was crowded to capacity. A buffet supper followed the meeting.

### **Shenandoah, Iowa, Lodge Votes to Join State Elks Association**

On the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ira L. Hays to Shenandoah, Iowa, Lodge, No. 1122, it was voted by the members of the Lodge to become affiliated with the Iowa State Elks Association. The Lodge has not been a member of the Association since 1919. Others attending the meeting besides the District Deputy were Clyde E. Jones, President of the Association; and R. E. White, President of the Iowa Elks Scholarship Foundation. Short addresses were given by each of the visitors.

### **Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge Is Visited by District Deputy**

Representatives of many neighboring Lodges joined a large gathering of the members of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, upon the event of the official visit there of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. McGuire. Noteworthy among the visitors who attended were Isaac C. Hotaling, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association; Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers of White Plains, Ossining, Beacon and Peekskill Lodges; and chair officers of these and Yonkers Lodges. Before the meeting a dinner was given for the District Deputy at Woodcliff Inn. The principal speech at the Lodge session was that of Mr. McGuire. It was supplemented by a talk by Mr. Hotaling.

### **Mother Lodge to Celebrate Its Sixty-third Anniversary**

On February 16, at the Hotel Commodore in New York City, New York Lodge, No. 1, will celebrate its own and the Order's sixty-third anniversary, with a banquet in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp. All Elks and their male friends are invited to attend this annual birthday party of the Order. Those wishing to do so should communicate immediately with Joseph A. Miller, Treasurer, 108 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y.

### **District Deputy Guest of Honor at Meeting of Springfield, Ill., Elks**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. C. Winters was the guest of honor recently at a meeting of Springfield, Ill., Lodge, No. 158, devoted to a consideration of the work being done in Springfield and its vicinity by the Lodge in behalf of crippled children. A description

of the welfare activities of Springfield Elks in this respect and a summary of their results were presented to the many members present by one of their number, Dr. R. K. Campbell. The talk was accompanied by an exhibition of lantern slides depicting scenes at the clinics sponsored by the Lodge. Two of these clinics, Dr. Campbell reported, are held every month, and up to the present time more than three hundred young patients have been received at them for examination and treatment. The physician, in concluding, outlined the plans of the Lodge for the future in relation to the care and cure of disabled youngsters. After the termination of the meetings at which this enterprise was discussed, a stage smoker was held.

### **Imposing Suite With District Deputy Visiting Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge**

The Drill Team and a delegation of other members of Bronx Lodge, No. 871; and Matthew J. Merritt, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association, comprised an escort of honor for District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur B. Kelly when he made his official call, a short time ago, upon Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1515. In addition to the host of members of this Lodge in attendance to greet Mr. Kelly, there were present upon the evening of his visit a number of members of the neighboring Lodges of Freeport, Hempstead, Glen Cove and Queens Borough.

### **Radio Celebrities Sing in Charity Concert of Lebanon, Pa., Lodge**

Radio singers of national renown appeared a short time ago upon a program of entertainment sponsored by Lebanon, Pa., Lodge, No. 631, in the interests of its charity fund. The performance took place in the high school auditorium, and was followed by a social session at the Lodge Home. Prominent among the singers to appear was Mary Hopple, a native of Lebanon, who has come to enjoy a considerable celebrity as a broadcasting artist. Others who won hearty applause from the audience were the Sylvania Foresters, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, and Happy Harry Hayden.

### **Special Car Carries District Deputy To Call on Red Lodge, Mont., Lodge**

Traveling in a special car from his own Lodge, Billings, Mont., Lodge, No. 394, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George S. Smith, accompanied by an escort of forty fellow members of his Lodge, paid an official visit recently to Red Lodge, "Beartooth", Lodge, No. 534. Initiation ceremonies were performed by representatives of both Red Lodge and Billings Lodges. The principal address of the evening was made by District Deputy Smith.

### Chambersburg, Pa., Elks Receive Visit from District Deputy

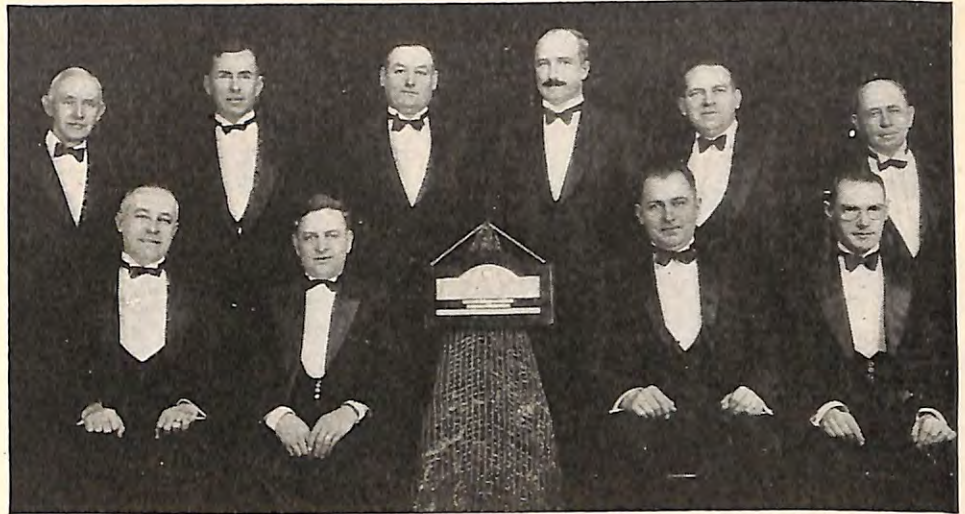
One of the largest gatherings to assemble at the Home of Chambersburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 500, within the last several months was that which greeted the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Norton there recently. In addition to an exceptionally numerous representation of Chambersburg Elks, there were present delegations from the neighboring Lodges of Waynesboro, Hagerstown, Gettysburg, Carlisle and Tyrone. After the Lodge session, during which the District Deputy witnessed the initiation of seven candidates, a social meeting was held.

### Charity Ball of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge Greatest on Record

Both in attendance and receipts the recent annual Charity Ball of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28, proved the most successful in the history of such entertainments. The net proceeds, to be devoted to the welfare activities of the Lodge, were \$845, an increase of 37 per cent. over the earnings of the ball in 1929. The number of Elks and their guests present upon the occasion was proportionately larger than last year.

### Elks Bowling Association Prepares For Annual Tournament

What promises to be the greatest tournament ever held by the Elks Bowling Association of America is scheduled for the 21st of March, when Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, plays host to Elk bowlers from every section of the United States. Members of Detroit Lodge are bending all efforts to make the coming meet one to be remembered by all participants, and have named committees to muster 150 home-town teams, as well as others to take care of the incoming bowlers, seeing to their comfort in the way of transportation, hotels, receptions and entertainments. The closing date for entries to the meet is March 1st, while the event is scheduled to get under way March 21st. Detroit hopes to surpass even the mark of Cicero, Ill., in the last tournament when 353 teams from Detroit, and forty already promised by Toledo, it should be an easy matter to assemble another 200 fives, which would give Detroit around 400 teams. John J. Gray, of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, and Secretary-Treasurer of the Elks Bowling Association of America, is taking care of the entries, and all those desiring further information on the meet can communicate with him at 1616 South 16th Street, Milwaukee, Wis. The tournament



HOWARD SOMERS  
The Ritualistic Team of South Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 1154, with the plaque emblematic of their winning the State Ritualistic Contest for 1929-1930

will be held on twenty alleys of the Detroit Recreation Company, which is just across the street from the Elks Home. In the coming tournament, nine diamond medals, emblematic of Elks bowling supremacy, will be awarded to the winners in the various events. The prize list will again be divided into two classes, the regular division, for high scores, and the good-fellowship class, which are drawn from scores not qualifying for high totals. For the coming Detroit gathering of Elk bowlers, fare and a half rates will prevail on all railroads. Frank G. Mitzel, Treasurer of Detroit Lodge, has been named chairman of the local tournament committee, and will superintend the holding of the meet.

### Bluffton, Ind., Elks Greet District Deputy at Dinner and Meeting

One hundred and fifty members of Bluffton, Ind., Lodge, No. 796, including Exalted Ruler Elmore Sturgis and all the Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, welcomed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler O. Ray Miner, recently, upon the occasion of his official visit. In addition to the representation of the guest Lodge, there were present at the dinner which preceded the Lodge session and the subsequent initiation ceremonies, President Fred A. Wiecking and Secretary W. C. Groebl, of the Indiana State Elks Association. The exercises incident to the induction of new members were conducted by

Bluffton Lodge's degree team, the State champions. District Deputy Miner, President Wiecking and Secretary Groebl delivered addresses in the course of the evening.

### Pennsylvania Northwest District Elks Aid Four College Students

At a recent meeting of the Northwest District Elks Association of Pennsylvania, held in the Home of Warren Lodge, No. 223, it was announced to the one hundred members of the organization in attendance, that four young people are being furnished with a college education through the Student Aid Committee of the Association. The session was attended by representatives of a majority of the Lodges in the district. The students receiving this assistance are attending the following institutions: Georgetown University, the University of Pittsburgh and the Slippery Rock Normal School.

### Conneaut, O., Lodge Gives Dinner And Show for District Deputy

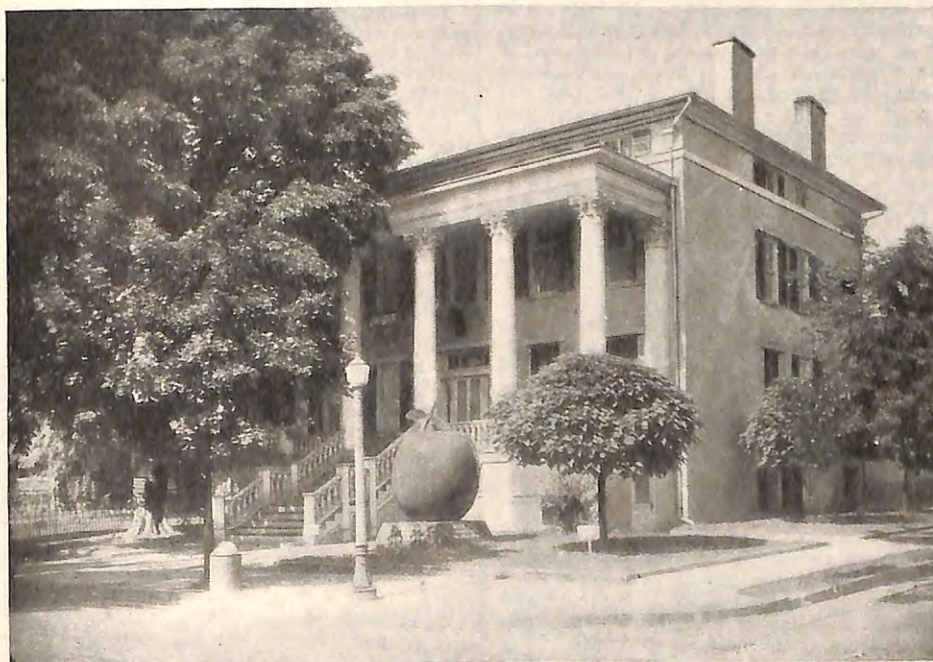
A turkey dinner before and a minstrel show after the Lodge session were features of the festivities incident to the reception tendered District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler D. K. Moser when he made his official call, a short time ago, upon Conneaut, O., Lodge, No. 256. Attendance at the meeting was unusually large. There were present a number of Elks from neighboring Lodges, as well as one hundred and fifty of the membership of Conneaut Lodge. Mr. Moser witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates during the Lodge session, and later delivered a stimulating address.

### Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge's Winning Drill Team Holds Yearly Banquet

Amid a setting brilliant with flags and flowers, the Drill Team of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, which won the championship of the Order at the Grand Lodge Convention in Atlantic City last July, held its eighth annual banquet recently, at the Lodge Home. Capt. M. J. Mulligan, commander of the unit, was the toastmaster upon the occasion, and discussed, in addressing the members of the team and their guests, the plans for sending the organization to the Grand Lodge Convention at Seattle next July. Dancing followed the termination of the banquet.

### Norman W. Hall, Exalted Ruler of San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge Dies

Norman W. Hall, Exalted Ruler of San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge, No. 322, died recently in the San Luis Hospital of wounds received from the accidental discharge of a shotgun, while he was on his way to a quail shoot. The news of his tragic death was a great shock to the members of his Lodge and his many friends throughout California. Besides being Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, Mr. Hall was prominent in the business



On the lawn before the stately Southern mansion, which is the Home of Winchester, Va., Lodge, No. 867, is a giant apple, made of concrete. It is a permanent replica of an exhibit of the Lodge's in the annual Shenandoah Apple Blossom Festival



Exalted Ruler Mahlon H. Moore, of Hudson, N. Y., Lodge, presents to the then District Deputy, Thomas J. Hanrahan, Jr., a check for \$1,000, for the Elks National Foundation

and social life of San Luis Obispo. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Edna Hall; two children, William C. and Miriam E. Hall; and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hall. To these, to his many friends within and without the Order and to the members of San Luis Obispo Lodge, THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this opportunity to extend its heartfelt sympathy at their loss.

### Wenatchee, Wash., Elks See Special Boxing Program

The members of Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge, No. 1186, recently enjoyed an excellent entertainment in the form of a special boxing program to which members only were invited. Heading the list were four exhibition matches in which Tod Morgan, former junior lightweight champion of the world, met three opponents.

One of his partners was young Paddy Sullivan, a coming contender for the junior lightweight crown.

### Bronx Elks to Return from Seattle Via the Panama Canal

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, is the first to accept the cordial invitation of the Panama Canal Zone, Lodge, No. 1414, and Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge, No. 1542, to visit them in connection with the trip of their delgation to the Seattle Convention next July.

P. Joseph Conroy, Past Exalted Ruler, is Chairman of Bronx Lodge's Seattle Grand Lodge Reunion Committee. The Committee has planned a tour for the members and many friends of Bronx Lodge that will take them out to Seattle via the Canadian Rockies, Banff and

Lake Louise, with the return portion of the trip on the Panama Pacific Line's electric liner *California*, sailing from Los Angeles on July 20. This will bring the delegation to Balboa, Panama Canal, on the afternoon of July 27. Here the party will be received by the entire membership of the two Canal Zone Lodges, who will provide automobiles for a sightseeing tour which will include all the points of interest around Balboa and Panama, concluding with a dinner-dance at one of the smart club restaurants in Panama. The *California* will remain at Balboa overnight and will sail in the early morning for the daylight passage through the Panama Canal.

The decision of Bronx Lodge to send its delegation out by train and return by steamer has met with general approval among many desirous of attending the Convention, and already requests are being made by members of other eastern Lodges for reservations for this trip which will leave New York on Tuesday, June 30, at 5:30 P. M.

### New Castle, Ind., Elks Burn Mortgage on Their Home

Coincident with his official visit recently to the Home of New Castle, Ind., Lodge, No. 484, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Earl A. Keisker attended the ceremonies of the burning of the mortgage on the Lodge's Home. In his address to the 130 members gathered there for the occasion, Mr. Keisker congratulated them upon their success in meeting their obligations.

### Charity Ball Given by Oelwein, Iowa, Lodge Brings Aid to Needy

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Oelwein, Iowa, Lodge, No. 741, recently sponsored a charity ball and entertainment to raise funds for the families of the unemployed in the community.

# Office of the Grand Exalted Ruler

## Official Circular Number Two

(Continued from page 7)

### The New Year

Shortly before the Old Year drew to its close I was in the City of Washington. A December fog hung over the city, obscuring the beautiful and impressive buildings in our nation's capital. It hung over the streets with a pall that somewhat resembled but lacked the charm of a gathering twilight. As I walked along the streets, through the low-hanging fog, I looked up and saw the Washington Monument piercing through the fog, its top gilded by the morning sun, its base invisible, wrapped in fog and mist. It was an impressive sight. The great obelisk of white marble seemed to rest upon a cloud. It was the tangible surmounting the intangible, the real conquering the unreal.

I had been thinking of the problems which confront our nation as well as the Order. It occurred to me then that we should look up. We have been walking in a fog of depression and despair. Above the fog is the splendid monument of all our achievements.

Our Republic still stands. Its resources have been barely scratched. All that was ours a while ago we still possess: our fertile fields, our rivers, our forests and our mines, our mills, our factories and our homes, our great cities, all of our natural wealth, the history of our splendid achievements, our unbounded energy, and the invincible courage that peopled these forty-eight great States. If we look up, remembering these, our great possessions, forgetting our fears and banishing our despair, we will go forward through the New Year into a more secure and steady prosperity, that will light the fires in our forges, start the looms in our mills, turn the wheels in our factories, send our ships upon the seven seas, revive our commerce and our industry, and restore happiness to our people.

### The Elks National Foundation

It is very gratifying to report that the Elks National Foundation is steadily growing. Many District Deputies report that all the Lodges in their districts have either already subscribed or will do so in the near future. Subscription to this fund is not obligatory, but it is a privilege. Those who take part in the establishment of this Foundation know that in the remote future the trained trustees of that fund will expend the income of the moneys contributed for some charitable and benevolent end. That is immortality indeed!

### The Coming Election

It is extremely important that the best men in every subordinate Lodge should be selected for the various offices to be filled at the coming election. The success or failure of a subordinate Lodge, its fraternal activities, its standing in the community, its ability to function along the lines of charity and justice and brotherly love and fidelity—these things depend in a very large measure upon the leadership in the subordinate Lodge to be found in the character of its officers. I am sure that our subordinate Lodges will bear these ideas in mind in selecting the men to fill the various Lodge chairs.

### Christmas and New Year Greetings

I have received so many Christmas and New Year Greetings that it has been utterly impossible to acknowledge them all.

I have been greatly touched at the sentiments expressed in many of the greetings that have come to me as the head of the Order. They have been expressed in something more than stereotyped phraseology. I thank all the subordinate Lodges and all the brothers in the Order for their courteous and friendly greetings.

### Announcements

I announce the following appointments:

*Massachusetts, West:* Brother Michael L. Eisner, Pittsfield Lodge, No. 272 District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, to succeed Brother Euclid M. Madden, of Pittsfield Lodge, No. 272, resigned;

*Louisiana, North:* Brother Sol B. Pressburg, Alexandria Lodge, No. 546, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler;

*Alaska, Southeast:* Brother Henry Messerschmidt, Juneau Lodge, No. 420, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler;

*Alaska, Northeast:* Brother H. H. McCutcheon, Anchorage Lodge, No. 1351, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler;

*Tennessee, East:* Brother W. H. Mustaine, Nashville Lodge, No. 72, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, to succeed Brother Carl A. Neves, of Johnson City Lodge, No. 825, resigned;

*Vermont:* Brother Clarence H. Davis, Rutland Lodge, No. 345, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, to succeed Brother Timothy E. Callahan, of Montpelier Lodge, No. 924, resigned.

### In Closing

I hope that we will continue our efforts in Elkdom, bearing in mind the high purposes and ideals of the Order, its history of great deeds, its numberless benefactions, and the opportunity it affords for making life's way a little happier, to the end that we will maintain not only our numerical but also our moral strength and that we may continue to be respected as a distinctive American fraternity.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

*Lawrence A. Rupp.*

Grand Exalted Ruler.



Schuyler White, conductor of this new and interesting department, is an authority in his field. He wrote "The Well-Dressed Man" for Vanity Fair, and is known wherever men's styles are a subject of discussion. He is a regular fellow, one whose pronouncements you can trust; his interest is not in passing fads, but in the fundamentals of good form and correct dress. You will find his articles here every month

# Correct Dress for Men

By Schuyler White

THE subject of correct dress is one which, in recent years, has been given more and more consideration not only in various magazines and newspapers but by men themselves. As far back as any of us can remember, "dress well and succeed" has been a familiar slogan—a slogan that flatly contradicted the assertion made by our parents that clothes do not make a man, when, usually in our early 'teens, we began to select our neckties a little more carefully and were meticulous about having our first long trousers pressed with a knife-like crease.

Now there is no doubt that clothes do not make a man, but clothes do go far in helping a man succeed in life because, when all is said and done, one's appearance is largely responsible for that first favorable impression every one strives to make. If it is unpardonable for a man to go to the extreme of being overdressed and looking like a fop or a dude, it is equally unpardonable to go to the opposite extreme of presenting a careless and indifferent appearance. There is a happy medium which is not only possible for every one to achieve, but essential if one is ambitious to succeed in the course of one's business and social life.

The business of being well-dressed is a very simple one. The first step is to be immaculate in one's grooming at all times. A visit to the barber should be made regularly at definite stated intervals. Shoes should be always well polished and never allowed to be run down at the heels, since the last impression one ever wants to make is that of a down-at-the-heel appearance. Clothes, too, should be always well-brushed and kept in press. One's linen should be fresh and immaculate and frayed edges on collars and shirt cuffs should never appear. Nothing very tricky or difficult about such seemingly unimportant details, but it is the careful attention to these small things that point to a pride in one's appearance—details which, if overlooked, can never give a man an air of success and stability, regardless of how many clothes he has or how expensive they may be.

BEING well dressed implies more than merely wearing the latest fashions in clothes and accessories. Primarily, it means being suitably and correctly dressed for the occasion, whatever it may be. After a man is sure that his turn-out is correct from the standpoint of good taste and tradition, then he can begin to think of his clothes from a style point of view.

Fashions in men's clothes are not subject to the frequent changes that occur in women's fashions. This is particularly true of formal attire. And while much has been written on the subject of correct formal dress, it is surprising how often one sees the most glaring breaches of good taste. Regardless of how seldom these clothes are worn, there is no excuse for a man not being equipped with the correct accessories because such sartorial errors are only indicative of ignorance as to what is correct.

Since the war, there has been a slow but gradual return to the tail coat, or dress suit, for formal evening occasions, such as weddings, receptions, dinners, the opera, *et cetera*. Formal evening clothes are not only becoming to every man, but with their sharp black and white contrast they do much to offset the more colorful and brilliant hues of women's elaborate evening costumes.

The general cut of evening clothes has changed but slightly covering a period of years. The few changes that have occurred have to do more with the details of the garment. The illustration at the left is an example of the correct attire for the more formal occasion. The lapels of the coat are finished in a dull ribbed silk, while the collar is of the same material as the coat. One sometimes sees tail coats finished with satin lapels, which, while not incorrect, are

not as practical as a ribbed silk, owing to the fact that satin has a tendency to "rough up" and does not wear as well as the heavier ribbed or corded silk.

The shoulders of the coat should be sufficiently broad to insure comfort and ease of movement, without in any sense being exaggerated. Extremes in dress are never considered in good taste and particularly is this true of evening clothes. The more conservative in appearance they are, the smarter they look. In buying evening clothes, especial attention should be paid to the fit of the collar. It must fit snugly and firmly in order to keep the coat from



The dinner jacket is correct for informal wear and with it may be worn either a white or black waistcoat. Only a black tie may be worn with a dinner jacket



For the more formal occasion the tail coat, as illustrated above, is correct. Particular attention should be paid to the fit of the collar so that it does not fall away from the neck

falling away at the neck. The coat itself should fit the waist snugly so that it remains in place at all times, and should fit well up under the arms. The sleeves are finished with four small buttons and should be cut so as to show about half an inch of the shirt cuff.

Trousers may be finished with or without pleats at the waistband, as this is a matter of individual preference. There is much to be said in favor of pleated trousers, especially in a day when trousers are cut fuller than heretofore. The great advantage of pleats in trousers is that they provide a little more room and ease of movement and prevent the pockets from looking too bulgy. Dress trousers should always be cut

a little higher than ordinary trousers so that there will be no gap between the trousers and the waistcoat, since the average evening waistcoat is shorter than the waistcoat of a sack suit. Evening trousers are always finished with a black silk braid on the outer seam and should be cut long enough so as to break slightly over the instep.

The wearing of suspenders is absolutely essential to insure a proper hang to the trousers. They may be made in white, black, or black and white, although for full evening dress they should preferably be of white.

The correct waistcoat for wear with a tail coat is white and should be of a washable material such as linen or piqué. Washable materials are considered in better taste than silks or brocaded satins, because the washable materials rarely, if ever, have any other pattern than an inconspicuous stripe or the well-known honeycomb design.

The collar should be of the wing variety with a deep V opening and bold wings. Very often a man objects to wearing evening clothes simply because he thinks a wing collar is uncomfortable. However, if a little care is taken in the selection of the collar, this objection can be easily overcome. As a matter of fact, there is no reason why a wing collar should not be just as comfortable as a turn-down collar. Wing collars, made by the manufacturers of the best known brands, come in various heights suitable to the long or short neck, and a collar of the proper height and wide opening will be found to be just as comfortable as any other.

**Note to Elk Haberdashers, Men's Wear and Shoe Dealers—**THE ELKS MAGAZINE is furnishing a monthly service consisting of advance proofs of Mr. White's articles, together with other merchandising suggestions, free of charge, on written application—Address Mr. Schuyler White, care of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 E. 42nd St., N. Y. C.



The three types of hats correct for evening wear are illustrated above. The top hat is correct with full evening dress, while any one of the three hats is correct with a dinner jacket

White bow ties of linen or piqué are correct with tail coats, and it is considered a very smart note to have the tie, shirt bosom and waistcoat made of the same material.

The matter of jewelry is an important one.

The shirt studs may be of single pearls or mother-of-pearl surrounded by a narrow band of platinum or gold. Cuff links to match the studs, or of gold or platinum, are correct. Waistcoat buttons may either match the studs and cuff links, or be made of the same material as the waistcoat. Very often sets of evening jewelry are set with small diamonds or other precious jewels but in this event they should not be so conspicuous as to be ostentatious.

Black patent leather shoes, black silk socks and a silk top hat complete the formal evening turn-out.

For less formal occasions, such as club meetings, informal dinners and the like, a dinner jacket is correct. The dinner jacket is cut along exactly the same lines as the jacket of a sack suit with normally broad shoulders and tapering a little at the waistline so as to give the jacket a suggestion of fit rather than being actually tight-fitting. The lapels should be peaked and faced with a dull ribbed silk. Only one button is used to fasten the dinner jacket and this button should be placed at a man's normal waistline. The collar should be of the same material as the jacket, when it has peaked lapels, for the only time that a collar is faced with silk is in the case of a shawl collar.

With the dinner jacket, either a white or black waistcoat is correct. If the waistcoat is white,

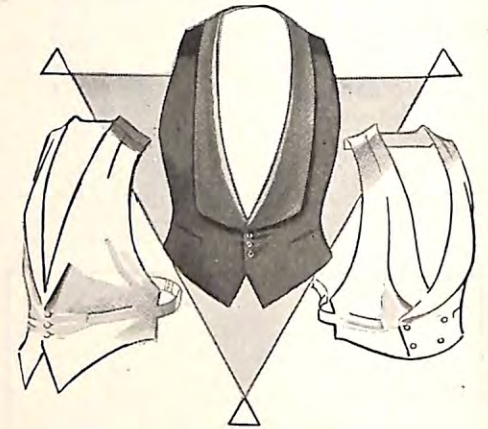
it should be of linen or piqué, such as is worn with a tail coat. If it is black, it may be of the same material as the jacket, or of dull ribbed silk. Wing collars and black bow ties are correct with a dinner jacket as are white shirts with either plain or pleated bosoms. A soft shirt is never correct with a dinner jacket, nor is a turn-down collar, although it must be admitted that many men like to wear them.

The same shirt studs and cuff links such as are correct with a tail coat are equally correct with a dinner jacket. In addition, studs and cuff links of onyx, black mother-of-pearl and moonstones are also correct.

Black patent leather shoes and black silk socks, or black socks with a white clock, are correct with a dinner jacket, as are either a collapsible silk opera hat, a soft black felt hat of the Homburg variety, or a derby.

The overcoat worn with evening clothes should be dark in color. The smartest coat is the Chesterfield model, either single- or double-breasted, in black, Oxford gray or navy blue.

Gloves may be of heavy white doeskin or gray suède or buckskin. With a tail coat, the gloves should be of white, whereas with a dinner jacket the gloves may be white or gray. The custom of wearing white kid gloves with a tail coat is no longer in fashion except at a formal evening wedding.



Only a white waistcoat is correct with a tail coat and it may be either single- or double-breasted. A white or black waistcoat is equally correct for wear with a dinner jacket

## Timber Fighter

(Continued from page 11)

the time you are sluicing through the dam."

"Got a week for that," said the Little Red. He considered the conference ended and started at once for the logs. His crew, working the rear of the drive, was sacking out a bunch of sticks stranded on the opposite bank. Every ounce of man-power available was needed there. The Little Red swung on. "S'long, Mr. Ryder."

"Wait a minute!" Carmody whirled about on a floating log and stood poised like a statue. "I want to warn you," Ryder called. "Rafters Mullane left Thunder Bay City yesterday. The talk on River Street was that he was coming up the Big Rocky to take your scalp before you hit town. There was a crazy story about how you'd threatened to fight him with dynamite in your fists."

"Yeah?" The Little Red grinned. "Don't he know my fists always has dynamite in 'em, hey?"

"Well, you look out for trouble." Ryder's tone was serious. "Mullane has gone crazy over that Joline girl. For some reason she's started him on your trail with blood in his eye."

That news almost tipped the Little Red off his log, but he showed none of his astonishment to Ryder.

"He'll have blood in more places than his eye," growled the river boss, "when we get through tanglin'. He'll have it all over him. His own blood, I mean."

"I won't have any fight with a girl interfere with the drive!" shouted Ryder, feeling his

authority again. "You remember that, Mr. Carmody!"

"Sure," grinned the Little Red. "And thanks for the 'mister.'"

CARMODY felt considerable pride in himself as he swung on over the logs. He had taken several body blows in the exchange with Ryder and hadn't shown his colors once. The old lumberman had been clever to hide his financial condition until the drive was almost done. That was what was called business shrewdness, the river boss imagined. But the responsibility of saving the men's wages, and Ryder's business to boot, was on his shoulders.

And there was the affair of Julie Joline. What was eating that girl, anyway? He had always treated her like a kid sister. Why was she so wrathful at him? Of course she was growing into a woman now. He had realized that at Christmas time, which he had spent at the Joline home. But he had gone on treating Julie like any one of the other Joline kids. She had seemed angry when he left. What had he done to her? The Little Red could not imagine.

Then, for the first time during the drive, Carmody remembered that he had told Andy he was going to marry Julie. He stopped on a log and swore roundly at himself for an impulsive fool.

"Old Andy has took me serious," he said to himself contritely. "That's why he's stuck with the drive. Well—but there's no worry. Julie

would never marry a runt of a timber fighter like me. So it's all right—only she's in a dance hall—and it's funny about her and Rafters Mullane—"

It was all a puzzle, and he could not put the pieces together. Anyhow, there was timber to fight. The Little Red put Julie Joline out of his mind and drove on for the soggy blue butt. The hook and spear of his peavy flashed in the sunlight. The needle point of the hook gashed the bark, held, bit deeply as he drove his shoulder up against the stout handle. The timber rolled. The other men swung in with him. They labored the butt out to floating depth and splashed on for three grounded sticks of red pine. In five minutes the Little Red was in a hot fog of labor which obliterated every thought and urge but to sack out the logs to clean the banks, while Andy Joline and the head crew kept the drive moving on to the backwater of the next dam.

Yet, in all the heat of the grinding hours Red Carmody had the sense of a strange light shining into his heart. Mystery was in it, a vague but persistent question. All through the day of fierce labor it haunted him.

That night by the camp fire Carmody got its message.

The Little Red stared heavily at the star-shadowed river. There was his real fight. If he licked the logs it would simply be beyond the power of any saloon fighter to touch him. But it was still all a puzzle. Why was Rafters Mullane so hot on his trail? Why was Julie—



Suddenly he knew.

"By the whiskers of St. Jules!" muttered the Little Red. "So that was why she got mad at me Christmas time! A growed-up woman, and she wants to make men fight and die for her! So me and Rafter Mullane are tanglin' up."

He could see, among the stars, her dark eyes shining.

"Who is going to have Julie?" The question was plain now. "The Little Red or Rafter Mullane?"

"I'm it," growled Red Carmody at the stars. "Or else Mr. Mullane and a runt of a river boss takes leave of this life together."

A GIGANTIC boulder had rolled down the slope above Shotgun Gorge and jammed the Ryder drive. For twenty-four hours, stopping only to eat, the Little Red and his rivermen had battled the logs piled in packed tangles of timber on the bed of the Big Rocky.

Their only hope was in the water that remained backed up in the dam. When the first logs bunched and piled Carmody had led his lumberjacks for two hours in an attack on the low side of the jam, peaving timbers into the white water rushing by. Yet the flanks of the jam widened and the peak rose like that of a swelling storm cloud. Then the sluice gate was shut down to hold what water was left for a last desperate try at floating the drive through the gorge and into the deep water of Thunder Bay.

The river boss laid his plans like a general for the final attack. Throughout the better part of a day and all of one night he had searched out key logs, driving for them with gangs of peavy men, rolling out timbers, loosening sections of the jam as a locomotive engineer takes up the slack in a train of cars before making a start upgrade. At last a great hole was gouged in the head of the jam. Somewhere in the black depths of tangled timbers two logs were crossed and bound by the weight of thousands of tons against the huge boulder. When the full force of the remaining water was driven against the solid mile of logs, the whole jam would have to move at once for the drive to be freed. Otherwise the peak of the jam's head would only be crowded higher.

The sun was shining high through the birches when Carmody made ready for the final attempt to break the jam. Charges of dynamite, with caps and fuse, were planted in strategic spots. On the shore at the head of the jam the river boss strung together the yellow sticks for the two big charges. Andy Joline and his five men were then sent up to turn a full head of water through the sluice gates. They were to follow the rear of the drive when it started moving. The other men were sent to the shelter of the woods on the bank. If the drive was started, the weight of the water would send it roaring through the gorge without human help. The fastest riverman could not hope to live in such a wild welter of timber and water.

There was a big chance, of course, that the logs would only shift, roll, toss, and pile into new tangles, while the water surged impotently by. The regular flow of the river was only a trickle now. There could be no hope from it until the fall rains. Everything depended on this single attempt.

The Little Red kept on his feet as he waited. He dared not sit down for a moment's rest. He knew that if he did he was likely to sink into a sleep from which he could be awakened with nothing less than an ax. One man had to take the risk and the responsibility for dynamiting the jam. He was the river boss. This was his job. Fighting timber alone, while his men stood by in safety. He had a vague realization that teams and buggies were driving off the road. A jam always brought a crowd from town. Rafter Mullane might be in the mob. But the Rafter had been out of town—

"By God!" The river boss glared at the track of torn earth where the boulder had rolled down the slope. "If Mullane did that—"

A roar from the sluice gate silenced him. In the instant Red Carmody forgot Rafter Mullane. There was nothing to think of now but logs and dynamite.

Flood water foamed and pounded on the tail of the jam, hissed and whirled on along its jagged flanks. The sluice gate was wide open. The precious store of water spouted through in a white torrent. Spray leaped in the sunlight with rainbow flashes. The jam groaned from the smashing weight of tons of wild water.

The great log pack, long and twisted with the bends of the river, shaggy, black, knotty, lay like a wounded prehistoric monster of incredible size. Life quivered through it. Unearthly grinding sounds shuddered up through the trees on the shore. Then a noise like a terrific muffled bellow rolled along the river.

The river boss had fired his first blast. Black strips of bark and white slivers of woods swarmed up against the sky, and fell in a cloud as the echoes reverberated. The Little Red leaped up from behind a pile of logs and ran on to the next charge, lighted it, and lunged on again, counting. At "ten" he dropped into shelter. Another thunderous bellow. Chips showered around him. A six-foot splinter dropped like a spear and impaled a log no more than three inches away.

"Luck's workin'," said the Little Red calmly to himself, and was on his way down river again.

The jam was shifting and groaning as the flood water drove through it. Where the packed logs had been loosened by the dynamite blasts the timber shook, and moved solidly forward. The Little Red was being crowded hard. As he ran for the charges made ready at the head of the jam he yanked out his knife and clipped the fuses. Every second would count. The increasing pressure of the logs and water behind was already swelling the huge pile underfoot. Logs were toppling into the holes that his rivermen had gouged out with their peavies. The Little Red slashed another inch from the fuses, fired them, swung the bunches of yellow sticks down into the dark wet depths, then leaped like a jackrabbit for the shore.

He was making a lunge for the shelter of a butternut stump when he saw Rafter Mullane staring from between two trees up the bank. His eyes were bulging and his face was white. The Little Red felt a hot beat of exultation in his blood.

"Scared of it, hey?" roared the Little Red. "Well, you're gettin' just that to-night! Comin' for you, with a stick in each hand!"

That was all. A giant's hand seemed to be heaving him squarely at Rafter Mullane. Then the wolfish face of the man, the trees, everything vanished in a red and smoky cloud. . . .

"DID you loosen them logs proper?" Tom Ryder was there when the cloud cleared away. "Red, you missed the sight of your life. Them fifty thousand logs went through that gorge and shot out of it like nothin' but a swarm of bees leavin' a hive. Just like that. You licked the timber. It's all boomed, the men are paid off, and—"

"That's enough," cut in a sharp voice. "Please leave him now, Mr. Ryder. The patient needs absolute rest."

Red Carmody tried to grin, but the bandages around his head were too tight. He just stared out of the hospital window. The gas lamps of River Street were burning in plain view. Hardly a block away shone the sign of the Bell Saloon. He figured he could make it, on his hands and knees, anyway. Rafter Mullane's hash needed to be settled while that fear he had shown this morning was still in him. There could be no rest for the Little Red until this fight was entirely finished.

The lumber town hospital was no more than a big bare room with cots along the walls. Carmody's mackinaw was hanging at his head. He thrust up a shaky hand and felt of the right pocket. His grasp closed about seven round, slick articles. The Little Red's grin won over the bandages this time. He waited until Ryder had gone out with the doctor and the lights were doused. Then he reached for his rag of a mackinaw. . . .

The Bell Saloon roared with talk about the breaking of the jam in Shotgun Gorge. Few of the Ryder rivermen were there. They were still catching up with their sleep. But there were plenty of lumberjacks who were ready to celebrate this feat of one of their clan with pride. Greenbacks were waved over the bar and silver jingled among rows of bottles and glasses. The light of the sputtering gas jets was reflected by eyes hot and bulging with the fumes of redeye and the excitement of a dramatic event. The girls from the dance floor mingled with the mackinawed men. It was a good time to horn in. Liquor was flowing and money was free.

But one girl did not join the crowd at the bar. Julie Joline sat behind a table in a dark corner, as though she were waiting for someone, her eyes

downcast under the nodding feathers of a little hat. Julie was not in a dancing dress to-night. It was her first time here for a week. She had been gone with Rafter Mullane, the gossip said. But she must have quarreled with him. Julie and the Rafter did not have a look for one another now.

The high-banker sprawled over one end of the bar, a set wolfish grin distorting his swarthy face as he listened to the talk. The lumberjacks feared him, so they ignored him now. When they spoke his name it was behind their palms and in low tones. . . .

"Good thing for the Little Red is bunged up and in the hospital for a month," said one bearded man over his glass. "The Rafter would simply hook him up in one hand and chaw him alive."

"Figger he would," said the next man. "Well, time he's up and around Mullane'll be pulled out of town. He would be now, if 'twarn't for this Joline girl."

"Damn her eyes, anyhow, for a little hellcat! She made all this here trouble."

"I WONDER," ventured somebody else, "if the Little Red would of charged in here with a stick of dynamite in each of his fists."

"That was jest a brag. He ain't cravin' suicide. . . ."

Red Carmody heard that from the shadows of the sawdust floor. Somehow he had kept his feet as he wobbled down the boardwalk from the hospital, but he stumbled and sagged down as he pushed through the swinging doors. For a moment he rested, fighting off the fog of unconsciousness. Nobody saw him as he worked his way on to a row of beer kegs which stood between the end of the bar and the wall.

But he had seen Julie. That was enough to stir life in him again, to drive him on. Slowly he pulled himself up against the kegs. He paused, fumbling in his mackinaw pockets. With a round yellow stick gripped in each hand, a last burst of strength surged from the Little Red's heart. For the moment lightning was in his feet again. He leaped for the kegs and swung on to the top of the bar.

A gasp of astonishment broke from the crowd as the Little Red swayed there, his shock of red hair hidden in bandages which made him appear a ghostly figure under the flare of two gas jets, his eyes flickering with the light of iron in a white heat. The fierce glare of the Little Red was fixed on Rafter Mullane.

The crowd surged back, leaving the way between the two men clear. The Little Red swayed in a crouch, his hands hidden behind him, a snarl like that of a raging wildcat sounding from between his clenched teeth.

"I'm here and waitin', Rafter Mullane!" snarled Red Carmody, the timber fighter. "Right here's the Little Red in his mackinaw. You ready to start moppin' up all the sawdust in River Street with this here mackinaw, and me in it? I'm waitin', Rafter Mullane!"

Under the black brows of the Rafter the whites of his eyes rolled and shone wildly. His wolfish grin was strained. Something awe-inspiring in the intensity of the little timber fighter above him had struck at his heart. He was remembering the tremendous scene of this morning, when Little Red Carmody had blasted and beaten a solid mile of jammed logs. Every man in the Bell Saloon had kept a vivid picture of that fight, of the victory of the river boss.

Rafter Mullane could not back down. If he did, it would be the end of his fighting reputation in the pine country. That was what he lived by. In this same saloon he had man-handled a dozen men in a rough-and-tumble battle. Could he quit before the threat of one runt of a lumberjack who was already out on his feet? Not much!

The high-banker was getting over the sudden surprise of the Little Red's appearance. He remembered that he had the strength to take this runt apart with one twist of his huge hands. Rafter Mullane straightened, hunched his powerful shoulders, and started down the bar.

Instantly the Little Red's hands flashed from behind him. As they swung into view the whole crowd broke into a frenzied yell of panic. There was a wild stampede for the door. The crazy bluff of the Little Red had been made good! That was plain to every man jack of the crowd as he saw the two sticks in yellow casings gripped

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in the Little Red's fists and swung above his shoulders.

He thrust them into the flaring gas jets. Instantly both sticks were ablaze. The Little Red dropped to his knees and thrust the fear-some torches into the face of Rafter Mullane. The bully's black eyes stared from a sheet-white face. He bellowed like a wounded moose and broke for the door. The whole crowd was jammed there, fighting to get to the safety of the street. Roaring with fear, Rafter Mullane forced his way through, slashing with his fists and gouging with his calked boots.

"Run, there, Yeller Mullane!" In that shaky

shout the Little Red gave the high-banker a new name, one which was to haunt him out of the Michigan woods. "Run, Yeller!"

It was just about the last gasp. All fought out. But here was Julie, close to him—talking—

"Julie was wan leetle fool," she was saying. "But she know before you come. She was home for Papa Joline to-day. He tell Julie—what you say—you don't t'ink I am leetle sister no more—"

"Little hellcat," said Red Carmody. He had slumped down on the bar. All the others were outside, still running. He was alone with Julie. Her face was white as she stared at the yellow

torches. "Ain't you afraid, Julie?" said the Little Red. "Afraid we'll die together?"

"I die wi't you, Red," she said simply. . . . It was ten minutes before the proprietor of the Bell Saloon ventured back inside. From the door he saw that the yellow sticks were still blazing, scorching black holes in his bar.

"Get that dynamite outer my place!" he screamed. "It's still apt to blow up any second!" "Dynamite?" The Little Red did not look around as he spoke. He kept on grinning at Julie Joline. "Dynamite?" repeated the runt of a timber fighter. "Hell, they're jest dynamite casin's packed with sawdust and tinner! But don't they make swell torches, though?"

## The Mystery of the Glass Bullet

(Continued from page 31)

Lady Cedar went across to her swiftly. "My dear, don't let this distress you—everything will—"

"But it *does* distress me! I am half afraid it may be some friend of mine. Lots of them at home knew I was coming here and lots of them are quite capable of coming over to greet me by way of a little pleasant surprise! Oh, won't you ever understand Americans?"

She touched a bell.

"I shall go to him!" she continued. "Even if I don't know him, he is a fellow-countryman. That would be enough for me. He belongs to somebody—"

"The big car, at once!" she said, sharply, to the manservant.

"It's hardly necessary to wait for your car, Miss Alison," said Mr. Bunn. "Ours is outside. We can run in to the town at once, if you like!" He saw acquiescence leap to her eyes even before she could speak.

"Tell Sing!" he said to Fortworth, who promptly hurried out. Mr. Bunn could be quick, too, when he felt it necessary.

"Where is he to be found?" Alison asked rather imperiously.

It was the queer-looking Colonel who was first to answer that.

"There is a mortuary in the town—he will be there!"

There was in the voice of this military explorer turned detective an odd, flattish, faintly malevolent note. Mr. Bunn's rather hard eyes went stony at the sound of it. But he only said "Are you coming, Colonel?"

"I will follow in my car," said the Colonel, with his fixed smile, his eyes on the ladies, who were already going out.

It was very dark outside. The partners' big car was already drawn up close to the entrance, Sing waiting at the wheel, Fortworth at the door.

Mr. Bunn heard Lady Cedar gasp slightly as Sing turned and his lean, Mongolian face, as hard as if it had been cut in yellow iron, was made fully visible in the electric light from the great porch.

"What's the matter, Lady Cedar?" he asked, as Miss Vanesterman stepped into the car.

"Oh, nothing—I didn't know your driver was Chinese—just for a moment I mistook him for another person! That's all!"

She followed Alison into the car.

Even as the partners followed in turn, Colonel Carnac's car slid past. The Colonel called something as he passed but only Lady Blanchesson seemed to catch what he said.

"He's going to arrange things for you, I think!"

They followed the ruby gleam of the Colonel's tail-lamp.

EVIDENTLY the grinning Colonel was a fast driver with a fast car, for the red gleam disappeared very quickly.

"Did you know him or have any idea at all about him?" Miss Vanesterman asked Lady Cedar. "What was he like? Could you guess where he was from?"

Lady Cedar's reply was instant.

"I have never seen him before in my life," she said, her eyes keenly on Mr. Bunn's face.

But there was about as much expression on the face of the old adventurer as on a stone sidewalk.

Yet he knew she lied. If ever a woman was on the brink of half-fainting from shock, Lady

Cedar had been so that afternoon, when her eyes first fell on the dead face of the young American.

Colonel Carnac was awaiting them at the hospital, his fixed smile seeming a little shocking in that place and on that occasion.

"It is all right," he said. "I have arranged things. . . ."

Two minutes later Alison Vanesterman was looking down at the dead face of a man who, only a fortnight before, in New York, had asked her to marry him. And though she had not felt for him all that she wanted to feel for the man she would marry, yet she had been so near it that she had neither accepted nor refused him.

But, strangely, she knew now, looking down at him, that her answer would have been "no"! She had been nearer to loving him than to any other man she had ever met—yet, here in his presence for the last time, it was borne in upon her that her deep liking for him had not been love as she wished to know it.

She stood quite motionless, staring down. Her face was dead white—colorless from sheer shock. And her mind was misty, though in a dim and hazy fashion she was aware that they were all looking intently, most intently at *her*, not at the body of the young man.

They were waiting for her to speak. She could feel that the whole atmosphere of that cold and terrible little chamber of death was one of keen and watchful expectancy.

She must say something. She drew a long breath, steeled herself.

"I grieve for him," she said, slowly, "he is so young. But he is a stranger to me! I do not know him!"

She turned away, with a little gasping sound and stared at the floor. "Oh, I—I was so afraid that he might have proved to be some dear friend—" she said.

They moved out of the cold little room.

"A DEPRESSING first night for Miss Vanesterman," the Colonel said, a few minutes later, after Miss Vanesterman and Lady Cedar had said "good night" at the big doors of Maiden Fain Manor. "But it might have been worse," he added vaguely. "About this extraordinary bomb business—I shall be glad to look into it for you. Can't have folk running about the countryside leaving bombs like visiting cards. I would like to run over to-morrow and look round."

"Sure, Colonel, surely—do so, do so," said Mr. Bunn heartily. "We'll show you all there is to see—tell you all we know." He hesitated—then went on—"It flashed into my mind just now—when we were looking at that poor chap in the mortuary—that the attack on us might have some sort of connection with that murder."

"Why?" asked the Colonel.

Mr. Bunn appeared to be a little uncertain. "Well, for no particular reason, I admit. It was just an idea. We—after that gamekeeper—were the first to discover the—"

"Gamekeeper!" said the Colonel sharply. "What gamekeeper? I understood that *you* found the body and searched it!"

Mr. Bunn stared.

"Lord, no. Where did you get that idea? It was a gamekeeper who found him. The man came out of the wood as we were riding by and told us of his discovery. Not that it matters much, I take it. Anything there is to know will come out at the inquest."

The Colonel nodded.

"Quite so. . . . I shouldn't think the bomb business was in any way connected with the murder." He scowled, thinking. "No," he added, "there's no reason. One could conceive it possible if you had been the first to discover the body—for one could assume then that the murderer had dropped some vital clue, suspected you of picking it up, and so planned to obliterate it and you together. But this gamekeeper aspect alters all that. I should like to see him."

"He seemed a decent, ordinary sort of chap," said Mr. Bunn. "Anything he may have noticed—clues and so on—he would have given to the Police Superintendent." He laughed and continued—"You think so, hey? Probably the man's got all his work cut out detecting poachers without adding murder-detecting to his job. . . . Well, there it is. We'll be seeing you to-morrow. Earlyish, if you can manage it. We're on a riding cure down here—too fat, according to the doctor's ideas—and we start out at about eleven o'clock."

"I shall be there long before then—not later than ten," promised the Colonel and, with a nod, turned to his car. . . .

"Well, I suppose you've got some sort of crazy notion what it's all about and what you're after," said Fortworth as their car boomed homewards. "But I'll be damned if I have."

Mr. Bunn did not answer at once. He carefully selected and lit a large cigar, which he smoked for some minutes in absolute silence. When at last he spoke it was to say—

"I shall be glad of a spot of something to drink."

"Huh!" said Fortworth, not so scornfully, to that.

"For here's a thing cropped up that's going to keep my brains—oh, and yours too—busy."

He turned on his partner, his voice grim. "For unless I badly miss my guess there's something awfully ugly coming towards Alison Vanesterman—yes, Squire, something pretty bad." He brooded for a moment. "Have you ever been to a private view of the python being fed at the Zoo—and noticed the way he wakes up and gets himself ready, and eases himself out of his coils and when he's quite ready, comes down on the rabbit or the goat or whatever it is?"

"Me? No. Have you?"

"I have—and it's not such a pretty picture at that, Squire. . . . Well, it looks to me as if there's something like that python getting ready to reach for that beautiful little soul, Alison. Getting ready—uncoiling, as you might say."

"Who?" demanded Fortworth.

"I don't know. It might be Colonel Carnac. I'm going to find out."

"Well, anyway, the murder had nothing to do with her? The man was a stranger to her."

Mr. Bunn turned his heavy head to stare at his partner.

"You were late on parade when the gift of observation was rationed out, weren't you?" he said, as the car came to a stop before their house. "Man, I'd like to make a big bet that that 'poor fellow was one of little Miss Alison's best friends!"

"She said differently," said Fortworth acridly.

"Yes, I know. But I watched her, too. If she and Lady Cedar don't know that man, I—hey! what's wrong here!" he exclaimed, as they walked into the smoking-room.

It needed only one intelligent glance around to perceive that the room had been ransacked—and

that by people who, as Mr. Bunn put it, were "devilish smart ransackers," though he added "not quite smart enough!"

The old adventurer smiled as he prowled round the room.

"Just tilt me out a little something to drink, Squire," he said over his shoulder. "Our visitors were after those 'clues'—that glass bullet and the bits of paper."

He bent over a box half full of cartridges which he took from a drawer—ordinary sporting 12-gauge cartridges, some English, some American, variously colored. He selected a green one, twisted the brass base which, rather unexpectedly, unscrewed, slid the contents half out on to his hand, smiled and slid them back.

"Yes—all intact," he purred blandly, and returned the box of cartridges to their place.

He consumed his "little something to drink" in contented silence, and glanced at the clock.

"H'm—midnight," he said. "Twelve o'clock, in fact. We've had a dangerous day, Squire."

Fortworth agreed. "If there's to be much more of this business, I am going to bed—to be fit for it."

Mr. Bunn laughed. "And I'm going to eat," he said, as Fortworth left the room.

He rang for Sing and ordered pie, pickled onions and a quart of beer.

**L**EF T alone, he took out the poison-loaded glass bullet, the ring, and the scraps of paper and studied them again; then, after a few seconds, put them away.

He was uneasy—and uneasiness was a new sensation. All his life he had lived dangerously on his wits—if not always crookedly, at least, most riskily—and yet, for all the scores of adventures he had faced and successfully borne up under, he could not recall an affair which he had confronted with greater unease and grimmer foreboding than this mystery which, he sensed, was closing in upon the charming little American girl, Alison Vanesterman.

He believed that there were forces concerned in it that were uncannily swift and unspeakably cruel. Forces, or people, that were as swift to strike as the tropical vipers, and as callously, though, possibly, not with quite the same appalling precision. People who struck at the merest suspicion that they were suspected—of strange traffics.

Already that night, he and his partner had escaped an ugly death by no more than a hairsbreadth . . . evaded traps that only failed because they must have been hurriedly conceived and arranged.

Given a little time, the setters of those traps must inevitably "get" them.

"If I haven't blocked their game—as I think I have," said Mr. Bunn to himself, without much conviction.

He stood up and looked at himself in a mirror—and shook his head rather ruefully at what he saw.

He sat down again.

"Still, something's got to be done. And I've got an idea that we haven't run up against the king-cobra of the piece yet. Maybe I'm wrong—more likely I'm right. I've got a notion that this bird with the ugly name is the man behind the bomb and probably behind the search made in this room—Sow Foon. That's the mainspring behind Colonel Carnac—and Mister MacCorque—and maybe Lady Cedar! If my instinct counts for anything these days! . . . We'll see! Wish I were well out of it—but shall have to see, now I've kind of got bogged down in it!"

**I**T WAS an hour later, long past midnight, when he sat down at a writing-desk and wrote a long cable. He rolled it up and put it away in another of his cartridge receptacles, then went to the window and peered out across the moon-blanchied, frost-silvered park.

He was restless—and restlessness was so entirely foreign to his nature plus many long years of patient self-training for rest, that he found it disconcerting.

Something was telling him—hinting, playing with a light-fingered touch on his instinct—that there was deadly danger close at hand. Something faint and far and subtle, bred of his dangerous life—the same thing, whatever it is, that causes a sleeping tiger, far back in his lair, to wake suddenly and throw up his muzzle and stare and listen.

(Continued on page 50)



*"Be joy ever so sweet,  
It would be incomplete  
Without a good pipe of tobacco."  
—JOHN USHER*

## Make yourself at home ...with Granger

1 Cut for Pipes Only

2 Made by Wellman's  
Method . . . an 1870  
Tobacco Secret

3 Big Flakes that Burn  
Slow and Cool

4 Sweet to the End  
No Soggy Heel

For there's "home sweet home" in each mellow bowlful.

There's friendly content in the full fragrant flavor; comfort and pleasure in the cool-burning sweetness; deep satisfaction in the *clean* way the shaggy flakes smoke.

And you can thank Col. Wellman for this marvelous "find." Back in 1870 he discovered the method that *seals in* the flavor—today it's a "secret" that's yours for the smoking!

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

# GRANGER

## ROUGH CUT



A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE

(Continued from page 49)

But at last he slid back the curtain, stepped to the table, took a whisky and soda that would have made a horse kick a hole in the side of a house, dropped his cigar-butt in the ash-tray, yawned, and turned to a locked drawer.

From the drawer he took a heavy, large-caliber automatic pistol, ugly but finely-made, well-oiled and loaded. He made sure of that last.

"Humph!" he went, and eased the weapon carefully into the pocket of his dinner jacket. "Hate the things! Hate this violence! But what can a man do except defend himself when he's knocked down and trampled on!"

The first thing in the morning, after he had been pleasantly awakened by Sing, was to send off the cable. Then tea followed. And half an hour later, he and Fortworth were on their horses.

As they were cantering over Salisbury Plain, they met a little group of early morning riders.

The people Mr. Bunn and his partner joined were Alison Vanesterman, Lady Blanchesson, Colonel Carnac and a fourth party, a stranger to the Bunn partnership.

This one was, very obviously, a foreigner.

He looked about half Chinese to Mr. Bunn—and he might as well have been that as anything else. Certainly he was neither American nor English.

He was a man of middle height—and light weight, Mr. Bunn noted, not unenviably. He sat his horse like a man who has been bred on horseback. And he was handsome—diabolically handsome, or awe-inspiringly ugly. One of the two. His lean, yellowish face was definitely that of an aristocrat. Well-bred—in a Chinese sort of way. The oblique set of his eyes was so little pronounced that it was only by a mere fraction that they were different from a white man's. Yet they were different.

His smile, over white and perfect teeth, on thin, well cut lips, was attractive, and his manners were quite perfect.

He was a man that a woman—or for that matter, a man—must either like very much indeed—or hate bitterly at first sight.

It was Colonel Carnac who introduced them—rather perfunctorily.

"Mr. Flood—Mr. Yung Foon!"

"Mr. Black—Mr. Yung Foon!"

Mr. Bunn pinched off an unenthusiastic smile. "How are you, Mr. Foon? Nice riding on the downs this morning!"

Fortworth merely nodded.

The Colonel amplified his introduction.

"Mr. Yung Foon is to be a fairly close neighbor of ours!" he said smiling. "His father is the famous Professor Sow Foon who recently purchased an establishment for the study and culture of snake venoms, just across the downs! As you are probably aware, the professor is the first authority in the world on snake toxins, their antidotes, and so forth!"

ALISON VANESTERMAN touched her horse with her spur, and, calling to Mr. Bunn and Fortworth to come to Maiden Fain to tea next day, galloped away, followed by Yung Foon, Lady Cedar and the Colonel.

The adventurers looked after the party, then turned to stare at each other.

"Well, there they are—three of them mentioned in the paper scraps—Blanchesson, Colonel Carnac and Yung Foon. If this Foon mentioned was Yung, though, come to think of it, it was the old 'un, Sow!"

He pulled round his horse, frowning like a man mentally struggling with a complicated puzzle. "And how d'ye fancy the sound of the venom expert, Squire?" he asked presently with a curious hard gaiety in his voice.

Fortworth looked after the galloping party under shaggy brows.

"I don't fancy him at all. And I fancy his son even less. If I were fighting with him, I wouldn't bother to fight fair. No. If I happened to find my foot on his face, I'd put my weight on that foot. More by instinct—and for pleasure—than for any other reason. Just as if I got my heel on one of his papa's pet snakes, I wouldn't hurry to raise it! Damn it, he looks like a snake himself!"

It was not until after lunch that Mr. Bunn set off in the car, Sing driving, to find the gamekeeper who had discovered the murdered man. Fortworth, who had rather tired himself at lunch, made no objection at all to being left to keep an eye on the house.

Mr. Bunn had to leave the car by the roadside and, as directed by a local rustic, proceed along a path through dense woodland to the cottage occupied by the keeper.

"Just keep your eyes open while you're waiting for me, my lad," he advised Sing tersely. "It was in this bit of woodland on your left that young man was murdered."

Sing nodded, and his master went quietly away down the narrow, winding one-man track.

It was perhaps a quarter of a mile to the cottage, and the wood was ugly, overgrown and very ancient. The trunks of the trees were writhen and squat—very thick, and many of them quite rotten.

He saw the cottage through the tree trunks from some distance away.

A chained dog was barking angrily as he approached.

"Humph! Man's got a good guard-dog—" he began, and then, suddenly, perceived that the dog was not barking because of his approach—for he saw two men run swiftly out from behind the trees at the edge of the little clearing in which the cottage was set.

He stepped soundlessly and swiftly behind a huge gnarled trunk and watched.

ONE of the men—Mr. Bunn recognized him as Yung, or, as he already called this one in his mind, "Young Foon"—ran lightly towards the dog, a big black retriever, and poked the animal quite gently with a walking cane. The action was exactly that of the ordinary fool who pokes playfully at a dog to irritate or tease it.

But the dog dropped on its side as suddenly as though struck by lightning, uttered a queer, horrible sound, half-groan, half-howl, shivered convulsively and lay still, stone-dead.

Mr. Bunn's jaw came forward as he crouched behind his tree.

Then Yung Foon and the other man, whom Smiler recognized at once as the man with the hands of a strangler, MacCorque, Colonel Carnac's confidential secretary, went together to the cottage door, inserted a key and fumbled for a second.

The door opened and they entered.

Mr. Bunn, keeping cover behind the trees, moved closer up. He was smiling—a little grimly, perhaps, but not without a touch of complacency.

"The luckiest hour in the gamekeeper's life," he said to himself. "That would sound queer to a person who doesn't guess what the old man guesses—considering he's got thieves in his hut. They'd have been murderers by now—if he'd happened to be at home! Which he isn't—or he'd have been out at the howl of the dog!"

He waited, watching the yawning open door beyond the body of the dead watch-dog.

Then a twig snapped lightly away to his right and a little ahead of him. He turned swiftly to see, also standing behind cover of a tree trunk, watching the cottage as intently as himself, a girl—Alison Vanesterman!

"Little Miss Alison!"

He almost gasped.

What was Miss Vanesterman, only daughter of one of the richest men in America, doing here—hiding behind a tree in an ancient English wood intently watching two men burgle a gamekeeper's cottage?

But it was only for a moment that he was utterly puzzled.

In the light of what he knew there was only one solution.

He waited, watching the cottage, with the tail of one eye on the girl.

In less than a quarter of an hour both Yung Foon and the man, MacCorque, came out of the cottage and without hesitation went away through the woods at the back—in a direction exactly opposite to that from which the inquiring Mr. Bunn had come.

He saw them disappear, then backed on to the pathway, and, watching Alison Vanesterman, and utilizing the cover of the many tree trunks with some skill, had no difficulty in meeting the girl with all the appearance of a man who is taking an easy, quiet stroll through the woods for the sake of his health.

She started when she saw him.

"Why, it is Mr. Flood!"

He saw that she was pale—but he knew that she was perfectly self-possessed. The greetings and comments on the oddness of their meeting over, Mr. Bunn carefully explained that he was

intending to call and see Cooper, the gamekeeper, in order to glean an expert local opinion about some shooting which he, Smiler, was thinking of hiring.

"Yes? But I don't think you will find Cooper at home. I, too, wished to see but, it is very quiet, and there seems to be nobody at home," she said.

Mr. Bunn shrugged. It was not difficult to guess that she wanted to ask the gamekeeper a few questions about the discovery of the dead American.

"Oh, well, any time will do. I'll come again later."

She thought for a moment.

Then she smiled.

"If you are going back to the main road we will go together, shall we?" she suggested.

Mr. Bunn's "certainly" was a very hearty affair indeed.

During the long walk through the woods to the gate at the end of the path, Mr. Bunn did something of which he did not altogether approve; but, as he said to himself, "even ethics, in a case as serious as this, must go—to an extent."

By a trick, as clever as the third degree, he managed to get Alison to admit that she had known the young American who had been murdered. Old Smiler's intuition told him that Lady Cedar knew, and his intuition told him that Alison knew. A long shot, a stab in the dark, proved it.

But who the young American was, Alison would not tell. Even Mr. Bunn's warning of the coroner's investigation did not frighten that staunch heart.

"That's all right," Mr. Bunn said, as he opened the gate at the end of the path. "Nobody will worry you to tell—if I can prevent it."

A man who had been sitting on the bank, leaning against the gate-post, scrambled to his feet to open the gate for them—a broken-down sort of person, not quite a tramp, yet not much better.

Their attention caught by his willing, almost eager politeness, Miss Alison and Mr. Bunn looked closely at him.

HE appeared to be some broken old sailor, though he looked as if he had long since been rendered unsailorly by illness, or, maybe, ill-treatment. Drifting probably to some obscure haven, some unguessed last harbor where he might be allowed to die in peace. His face was lean, clean-shaven and pale, one eye was covered by a dirty, flesh-colored patch, and the thin, sinewy hand that held back the gate for Alison's passing bore on the back, and around the wrist behind it, a tattooed pattern, such as sailors wear.

He touched his shabby old service cap as Alison went by—and then quite suddenly, as if she had encountered some invisible barrier, she stopped, facing him.

"Thank you for opening the gate," she said, and clicked wide open the bag she was carrying.

"You're a sailor?" she asked, glancing at his tattooed hand. "But I don't think you look well enough to go back to the sea and help work ships! You are tired, aren't you?"

"Yes, lady," came the answer, in a curious husky voice, which held a queer fugitive touch of a Far West accent.

Something in the man's appearance—and something more in his voice—touched Alison Vanesterman, who was experienced beyond most girls in the tricks of the beggar.

"You—you know—" she turned to Mr. Bunn. "He reminds me of somebody—I can't think who it is—it's somebody. And he looks so terribly lonely!"

Alison turned to the vagrant and, smiling suddenly, asked him if he would like a position as an assistant to the gardener. She did not know why she did that—but there was something about the man . . .

"What is your name?" she asked him.

"Clark, lady—Davy Clark," said the waif, huskily.

"Well, Davy—is it a bargain?" asked Alison.

"God bless you, your pretty face, your kind heart, little lady, it's a bargain, yes!" said the man, hoarsely, and with some difficulty.

Alison stared—for suddenly there had started from the eye of the lone man one single liquid crystal that ran down his cheek to fall like a rain-drop on the back of his tattooed hand. She believed that he had been touched by an unexpected kindness. And so he had—but not quite in the way she thought. It was pride in her and sheer love and admiration for her that had

started that tear . . . his daughter, his girl, so lovely and so kind!

"Well, well, then that's all right, Davy," said Alison hastily. "Just go on to Maiden Fain Manor and ask for MacPherson, the head gardener."

Davy Clark touched his hat and moved on . . . "He's all right!" said Alison, with conviction.

"What you say goes!" replied Mr. Bunn equably. "I'll admit I like the cut of his jib!"

But, strictly to himself, he was saying,—"Still—why does the man go heeled?"

For it had not escaped the roving eye of the old adventurer that there was under the left armpit of Davy Clark a slight bulge that, to an educated man, hinted pretty broadly at some big-caliber lethal machine that might quite closely resemble a .45 Colt or some such hard-featured device of precision and protection.

He was an easy-going man, who liked his regular meals, was Mr. Bunn, but at least he could always be depended upon to notice trifles of that description.

By the time he had taken Alison Vanesterman into the town, waited while she visited one of the shops, and driven her back to Maiden Fain Manor, and returned to Chalkacres it was nearing *aperitifs* time. Fortworth was not at home—he had gone down in the roadster to the town to get more cartridges from the local gun-makers, explained Bloom, who has been anxiously awaiting his master's return.

But before Mr. Bunn had started seriously on the *aperitifs*, his partner returned.

"Here's a trifle of news for you," he said abruptly. "That chap, Cooper, the gamekeeper who found the body of that young American, was murdered this afternoon up in Grove Holde woods! At least, they think it's murder. He was the principal witness at the inquest tomorrow."

Mr. Bunn scowled. "Yes—" he said slowly at last. "Yes, it was murder! I was there—or thereabouts! Stuck up like a graven image—or a damned fool. I went to warn him to look out!"

(To be continued)

### Speed Merchant

(Continued from page 13)

getting about. And since he has the fastest airplane in America, it is only natural that he should set a great many intercity records.

He happens to be the most valuable figure in aviation in these days, for the very reason that I have suggested. He flies with stunning speeds—and only rarely does he fly for the sake of flying. When he spun across the continent in twelve hours, he gave us a glimpse of something that all the Lindberghs on earth have never opened up: a glimpse of commercial paper moving from the outposts of the nation into the banking centers at speeds that mean millions of dollars in interest; a glimpse of to-morrow's usefulness in the airplane. When he avoids racing meets—the dangers and the futility of swift flight on short courses with many pylons to be turned at perilous angles—he warns us that such stuff is worthless. When he cruises normally, at a hundred and eighty miles an hour without pressing his engine, merely to get from one place to another place, he opens up the real usefulness of airplanes. For the airplane can do only one thing for us. You will be tired of its thrills after your second flight, and you will be weary of the vast stretches of scenery after your fifth. But you will never grow bored at the prospect of moving from Chicago to New York in four hours and a half. Hawks does that twice a month, and it isn't worth putting in the newspapers.

Sometime, when the work isn't pressing and you want to get away from your telephone for a while, go out and see him come in—he comes to your town because he goes to all towns. Stand down by the hangar and see that little red and white ship come boiling out of the horizon, and then say hello to him, for he will be grinning, and there will be no chips on his shoulder. But don't ask him to tell you about the future of aviation. He would talk your left arm off.



# HER TRAINING TABLE IS AT THE "RITZ" . . . YET SHE HAS 'ATHLETE'S FOOT'

**S**HE does a daily marathon of calls and social duties in a motor car. She's active in charities and the plans of the Younger Set. Naturally, this takes a good deal of running around—but seldom with her feet.

Yet this charming member of the *haut-monde* has an unmistakable case of "Athlete's Foot." Not that she knows what it is. She only realizes that her nicety is offended by a strange, moist whiteness between her little toes. And, like a breath of scandal on the dainty feet, there is even *itching*. If she only knew it, millions of other immaculate people have been afflicted with this same infection.



**Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?**

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us because, unlike most diseases, it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And from all these places it is continually tracked into countless homes. It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; and it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. In fact the U. S. Public Health Service has reported that "probably half of all adults suffer from ringworm at some time."

**It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ**

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways. Sometimes by redness between the toes; sometimes tiny, itching blisters. Again, the skin may turn white,

thick and moist; or it may develop dryness, with little scales or skin-cracks. All of these conditions, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply, and wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

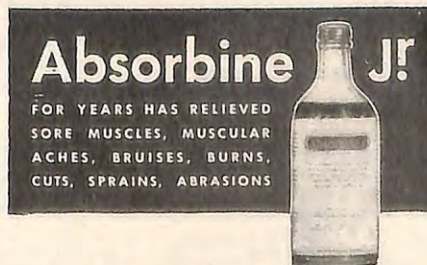
Examine *your* feet tonight for symptoms of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any *one* symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and *after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors*. If the infection does not yield quickly, see your doctor.

#### SPECIAL WINTER TREATMENT

"Athlete's Foot" doesn't spread so easily in winter. But the germ can hibernate in your home. Now's a good time to rid yourself of sources of re-infection. Do these things now:

- (1) Sprinkle Absorbine Jr. on your toes every morning and evening.
- (2) If you wear socks or stockings that can be boiled, boil them 15 minutes to kill this hardy germ.
- (3) Sprinkle Absorbine Jr. generously inside your shoes at night.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—\$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 410 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.



# LAME BACK ? —Lumbago ?



**HE:** I'll never be able to work today with this pain in my back.

**SHE:** Here, pat on Sloan's Liniment. It eases backache for me in 5 minutes.

... IF you want to relieve lame back quickly, pat on Sloan's Liniment. Sloan's brings a rush of fresh blood to the sore spot. Drives out that terrible pain. You don't need to rub. Sloan's warms like sunshine when just patted on. Used in 13 million homes. Get a fresh bottle from your druggist today. Only 35¢.

## SLOAN'S Liniment



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Can  
Opener**

**Works Like Magic!**

**AGENTS**  
Men and Women have made up to \$6 and \$8 in an hour, full or spare time. Big, worthwhile commissions on every sale. Exclusive Territories. Send quick for Free Test Offer.

At last! an automatic, simple little can opening machine for the home! This revolutionary invention in only a few short months has banished old can openers from over 100,000 kitchens. And no wonder! Imagine an amazing, lifetime device that holds the can and cuts out the top, leaving the rim slick, smooth and clean. Just turn a crank, that's all. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst., Modern Prissella, etc. Write today for special introductory advertising offer, **CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.** Dept. H-864, 4500 Mary Av. St. Louis, Mo.

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# Cross-Word Puzzle

By Richard Hoadley Tingley

(Note: The Elks Magazine offers a prize of \$10 every month to the reader who submits the best usable cross-word puzzle.)

1	2	3	4	5		6	7	8	9	10		11	12	13	14	15	
16						17						18					
19						20						21					
22				23	24				25					26			
27			28				29	30					31				
			32			33						34					
35	36	37				38						39			40	41	42
43				44						45							
46				47						48				49			
50			51						52					53			
54							55							56			
			57			58						59					
60	61	62				63						64			65	66	67
68				69						70				71			
72			73						74	75			76	77			
78							79						80				
81							82						83				

### Across

- 1—More degraded
- 6—The tenth Greek letter, equivalent to our K
- 11—A dance resembling the minuet
- 16—A metric measure of capacity—old form of spelling
- 17—A Mohammedan prince—one of several ways of spelling
- 18—The positive side of an electric battery
- 19—Fright
- 20—Acts of stinginess
- 22—Clear profit
- 23—Begone!
- 25—A pendant or flag
- 26—A small bed
- 27—Peaks
- 29—Exhausted
- 31—Optical glass
- 32—Personal pronoun
- 33—Moves
- 34—Behold!
- 35—The "Best People on Earth"
- 38—Strides
- 39—Assimilate
- 43—Margin
- 44—Glistened
- 45—A monastery church
- 46—A fermented beverage
- 47—Hue
- 48—To decrease gradually
- 49—Hasten
- 50—A young herring or menhaden
- 52—Propeller blades
- 53—The fourteenth letter (plural)
- 54—Drags along after
- 55—More admirable
- 56—Greek god of war
- 57—Greek goddess of earth; sometimes known as Gaea

- 58—Welshmen, Irishmen, Manxmen or Cornishmen
- 59—Any or one
- 60—Kind of fish
- 63—Exposes
- 64—Flew without power
- 68—One of the "Best People on Earth"
- 69—Search
- 70—Steal
- 71—Wrath
- 72—City in Florida; seat of the University of Florida
- 76—Mass of metal that has been cast in a crucible
- 78—Oil extracted from rose petals
- 79—Foreigner
- 80—Clatter
- 81—Homes for birds
- 82—A fight; hyphenated
- 83—A weasel-like, web-footed carnivore

- 21—Kind of glove
- 24—The writer and others
- 28—Personal pronoun
- 29—A fixed or allotted task (U. S. and provincial English)
- 30—Pan's favorite musical instrument
- 31—Large round sticks
- 33—Gem
- 34—Cords
- 35—Explosion
- 36—Covered with hair
- 37—Musical drama
- 38—Parts of the legs
- 39—Wayside restaurant car
- 40—The upper air
- 41—A river in France
- 42—Strand of hair
- 44—Steps over a wall
- 45—The spirits of the dead
- 48—Desires
- 51—Excavates
- 52—Disgusting
- 55—Prolific
- 56—A Brazilian cuckoo
- 58—A heavy, strong cloth
- 59—An unusually blond person
- 60—Commenced
- 61—Winged
- 62—Comic playlets
- 63—A public vehicle
- 64—Leave
- 65—A toe or finger
- 66—Appearing as if gnawed
- 67—Restrain
- 69—Possessive pronoun
- 70—A city in Nevada
- 73—Abbreviation of boy's name
- 74—Illuminated
- 75—Permit
- 77—In no manner

### Down

- 1—French word for white
- 2—One who is somewhat sick
- 3—A commonwealth
- 4—To make a mistake
- 5—Far away
- 6—Retained
- 7—A nurse attendant on children
- 8—By
- 9—Annoys
- 10—Followers of the religious doctrines of Arius
- 11—Prison (English spelling)
- 12—Massachusetts cape
- 13—To put into speech
- 14—In ancient Greece, a roofed theater
- 15—Proves by experiment

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 57.

# What Makes a Champion?

(Continued from page 25)

Sande knew it would be difficult for him to get up with the leaders before entering the first turn. Captain Hal, on the other hand, had an inside position, was a fast breaker, and had plenty of speed.

"Come on!" yelled the starter as the barrier flew skyward.

Sande got Flying Ebony away winging. He was right up with the leaders and was first into the turn. Captain Hal was right with him. Sande picked a good spot on the track where the going wasn't too heavy and eased Flying Ebony until Captain Hal passed him. Then Sande let out a notch and the son of The Finn kept right at Captain Hal's heels.

Realizing that he didn't have "much horse under him" Sande brought into play all the horsemanship he knew to keep Flying Ebony straight and out of trouble. He had gone over that oval before and he knew where the bad spots were located. He watched the pace the leader was setting and figured it was just right for Flying Ebony. He didn't force it a bit. Just stuck close to the leader's heels. Thus they went almost to the stretch. Flying Ebony had gone a mile without faltering. Could he last another quarter? Could he make that long run through the stretch without chucking it? Nobody knew better than Sande that it is in the stretch that races are won. He had seen too many run like champions to the head of the long straightaway only to fold up, "kiss the eighth pole," and finish out of the money.

Watching Captain Hal, who seemed to be running easily, Sande realized that if he were going to win this race with Flying Ebony he'd have to give his mount a lot of help. He thought quickly. If he went up on the inside of the leader he'd save ground but would get into the deep going. If on the outside, and could pass Captain Hal, he could guide Flying Ebony into the best going and make his opponents go to the rail or the outside in the final drive. He elected to take his mount to the outside where the going was not so deep.

Flying Ebony responded gamely enough to the slight pressure Sande put on him. He went after Captain Hal and soon was racing on even terms with him. Again Sande shook him up. Again Flying Ebony responded. This time Sande kept the pressure on until Flying Ebony was clear and could get into the good going without fouling Captain Hal.

Then at the eighth pole where so many horses check their bag of speed and call it a day, Sande's sensitive hands received a message which would have brought dismay to the heart of a less expert rider. Flying Ebony had let loose of the bit—a sign that he was about to quit!

The slightest mistake on Sande's part at this juncture would have resulted in defeat. Sande went right after Flying Ebony, holding him together with all the skill of a Garrison, a Sloan and a McLaughlin rolled into one. He nursed him with hand and knee. He knew better than to try the whip. He knew that if he let Flying Ebony's head loose for the fraction of a second the horse would go to pieces. So, Sande, with his strong hands, literally held the horse together until he had negotiated that final eighth of a mile.

The records show that Flying Ebony crossed the finish line a length and a half in front of Son of John. But the records fail to credit the victory to Sande rather than to Flying Ebony.

John I. Day, the noted turf expert, writing in the Morning Telegraph the following morning, however, had this to say:

"Had Earl Sande been astride Captain Hal, which finished second in the Kentucky Derby, or had he piloted Son of John, either horse would have finished in front of Flying Ebony."

Flying Ebony didn't win the Kentucky Derby of 1925 because he was the best horse in the race but because he was ridden by a boy who possessed the magic quality that is part of the make-up of every champion, be he of the ring, the turf, the baseball diamond, football field, tennis court, cinder path or business world.

If you are a football fan—radio or bleacher—you've marveled at the playing of Al Metzger, the undersized guard of Knute Rockne's Notre Dame team. He looks like a pigmy alongside the giants of the gridiron, yet he has consistently

outplayed, outsmarted and outgeneraled his big 190-pound opponents.

Perhaps an explanation of this may be found in Metzger's appraisal of himself as given to Rockne the first time that Metzger appeared on the field at Notre Dame looking for a place on the team. Coach Rockne looked him over, shook his head and said, "Sorry, son, but I'm afraid you're too little."

Metzger looked Rockne in the eye and replied, "Little? Sure! I'm a little tough! Give me a chance and I'll show you."

Throughout the season Rockne watched this "little tough guy" smear his towering opponents, open gaps for plunging backs, and saw opposing guards grow puzzled and weary trying to figure out the midget that made monkeys of them. Rockne himself often wondered what super-human quality was concealed in that 153-pound kid. So did the experts. They couldn't quite define it but they did name him as one of the All-American guards. If you asked Metzger to tell you the secret of it all he probably would tell you what he told Rockne, "I'm a little tough!" The real answer, of course, is that Metzger, handicapped by his size and weight, depended upon that "mental affair"—thinking faster and acting faster—than his opponents. In other words he always got the jump on the men who depended upon their brawn alone to pull them through.

**I**F PHYSICAL perfection were the most necessary requisite for championship stature, Percy Williams, the fastest human being in the world, probably never would have been heard of in the athletic realm. Aside from the fact that Williams had a "leaky" heart, a badly damaged knee, and stood only five-feet-six in his running shoes—aside from these facts he was good championship material back in 1926 when he was a high school student out in Vancouver, British Columbia.

Williams was pretty well thought of by his fellow students despite the fact that rheumatic fever had weakened his heart, and they urged him to enter the field meet against the rival high school—King George. Williams wasn't quite sure the "old pump" would stand the gaff but he was willing to take a chance of its leak becoming an open gap if by so doing King William High School might whip the bunch from King George "Hi."

At that meeting was a man who knew good material when he saw it—Bob Granger, coach of the King George team, and later trainer of Williams. In Williams he saw an undersized lad, weighing about one hundred and ten pounds, with a spindly, puny body. That was what he saw at first glance. Later that afternoon he saw Williams in a sprint with one of King George's ace runners—Wally Scott. Williams and Scott ran a dead heat. Bob Granger could hardly believe his eyes. He admitted later he had never seen such poor form as that displayed by Williams, but he added, "Never, in all the years I've been around field meets, have I seen a pair of legs like those on Williams. They moved like a trip hammer."

Granger got Williams to join an athletic club in Vancouver and settle down to some serious work.

"I've known a lot of athletes in my time," said Granger, "but I've never known one who had so many obstacles to overcome, or one with such scant physical qualities with which to overcome them."

Under Granger's direction Williams improved steadily. He had great patience. When the old knee injury came back to pester him he did not become discouraged. For seven months he could do no training. But he never lost courage. In those seven months he proved he could "take it on the chin" without complaint.

When he did get back into training he showed such phenomenal speed that he was mentioned as a possibility for the Olympic team. But he failed miserably at the Canadian championship meet held in Toronto. His start was wrong and his arm action jerky and uneven. Another failure followed in the spring, but still Williams's courage didn't leave him. He learned from his failures, and when he entered the Olympic try-outs at Hamilton, Ontario, he caused a sensation by

(Continued on page 54)



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(Continued from page 53)

winning the 100-meter trials and also the finals.

At the Olympic games, where he won the 100-meter dash, beating McAllister and Wykoff, the great Americans, Lagg of South Africa and others, in ten and four-fifths, and then came back the very next day to win the 220-yard sprint from the greatest runners in the world, he showed he had championship blood in him.

It was in the 220 that Williams showed the thing that makes him a champion—his mastery of two styles of running. He demonstrated that he not only knew the "stretch" style of running—the almost effortless, rhythmic style that all great runners use from gun to tape, but also the "rush" or "drive" such as is used by great race-horses in the stretch. Williams could go from the stretch style to the rush with the ease of an autoist changing gears. And it is this capacity for a final, super-effort that makes him the champion that he is. And that final drive calls for rare courage. That "hole" in his heart may be big enough to permit blood to trickle through but it isn't big enough to allow one drop of that courage to escape.

Few men or women have won championship crowns without first having triumphed over themselves. Some have conquered fear, the mother of nervousness; others anxiety, and still others dangerous appetites, pessimism or one of a dozen of weaknesses that have no place in a champion's make-up.

Bobby Jones's greatest battle and sweetest victory was the day he whipped his temper. For many years Bobby had displayed championship potentialities. He had everything, as the saying goes, except control of himself.

At Skokie, in 1921, he was runner-up to Gene Sarazen in the open championship. Everybody believed that he would be the next amateur champion—that is everybody but Bobby's father. The senior Jones didn't agree with the golf enthusiasts that year. He knew his son better than the people in the gallery. Bobby hadn't yet started on the triumphant march for the triple crown.

In the amateur championship of 1922 Jones was beaten by Jess Sweetster eight and seven, one of the worst, if not the worst, beatings the Georgian ever received. Jones took it calmly, smilingly. When he started on "the longest walk in the world," back to the clubhouse at The Country Club at Brookline, he was followed by forty or fifty caddies. The gallery followed Sweetster, the champion. But the caddies were wise. Jones had showed them he knew how to take a licking and they knew enough about golf to know that he was good enough in other respects to become a champ.

On the porch of the clubhouse Bobby's dad greeted him, smiling happily. "I'm proud of you, son," he said.

Jones looked quizzically at his father. "You showed me to-day you could lose like a champion," the father explained. "Now I know you'll soon win like one."

And then began Bobby Jones's steady march for the quadruple crown. He was through with tearing up score cards; through with self-reproach and soreness, the obstacles which heretofore had always stood between him and a championship. Bobby Jones had triumphed over himself. The rest was easy—well, comparatively.

I don't suppose anybody will deny that the late Theodore Roosevelt was a champion among men. Nor do I believe anybody will question the theory that he would have reached championship heights had he devoted all of his tremendous energy and intellect to some particular branch of sport instead of writing, exploring, hunting and statesmanship.

Yet, the boyhood of this man who made "the strenuous life" a household phrase was dominated by physical suffering and weakness caused by asthma. Young Teddy became aware of his helplessness in an encounter with some boys who had teased him. Puzzled, he went to his father for advice. The parent was wise enough to point out to the boy that he would have to "make his own body."

Deliberate physical culture occupied a great deal of his time and thought from that day forth. He boxed and wrestled, hiked and swam, hunted and fished until he attained a fair degree of excellence in each sport. He believed in making his body a good servant, and he builded so well that he came to be looked upon as an outstanding example of robust American manhood. And, as one of the great Teddy's biographers, Lord Charnwood, wrote: "—while many remarkable men have been his athletic equals, very few, whether physically vigorous or only mentally so, have equalled him in certain mental endowments, or in the exuberant delight with which he used them . . . Gladstone . . . was perhaps his only equal among famous men in undefeated, all-round vitality."

A great tribute to a great American and a great champion.

## The Last of the Demi-gods

(Continued from page 15)

and suffered, but the end was ample compensation, for through the crystalline light of a fair spring morning, Burton looked down upon the cool blue waters of Lake Tanganyika, an inland sea with the beauty of the Mediterranean, and thrilled to the knowledge that he was the first European to reach its shore. By some trick of chance, Ujiji, the village in which they headquartered, was the spot where Henry M. Stanley was to meet Livingstone, the man he had come across the world to find.

Success in sight, Burton forgot his pains, and at once began a navigation of the great lakes. Two *motumbi*—hollowed tree trunks—were all the boats that he could hire, but for thirty days he sailed Tanganyika, buffeted by hurricane and menaced by cannibal tribes only held in check by his high, imperial air. The survey proved that the Nile's sources were yet to be found, and with supplies running low, and the lake tribes growing more and more truculent, the little caravan returned to the friendly Arab settlement of Kazeh.

While resting in the home of Snay ben Amir, the trader, wanderers reported a mighty body of water lying sixteen marches to the north, and, his hopes again aflame, Burton resolved upon investigation, and eager to write down all that he had learned of the region that he had traveled, its tribes, resources, customs and trails, Burton turned the journey over to Speke, although personally superintending the expedition in every detail. Why should thought of treachery occur to him? Speke was his subordinate, and a man that he had virtually fathered.

SIX weeks passed and Speke returned, drunk with excitement, telling of a great sea that he had seen, a sea that he called Victoria Nyanza in honor of England's queen, and declaring it to be the one and only source of the Nile. Burton planned to confirm the report, but bitter circumstances forbade. Not only was the original \$5,000 gone, but he had spent \$7,000 of his own money, and it was doubtful if enough remained to carry them back to the coast. Even so, he was not downcast, for he felt convinced that his discoveries were important enough to justify the Royal Geographical Society in financing a second expedition, of which he, as a matter of course, would be the head.

Once again in Zanzibar, however, almost two years after their departure, Burton suffered a return of marsh fever, but Speke did not stay

to tend him. Leaving his friend and mentor to live or die, he hurried back to England at top speed, and not only announced himself as the discoverer of the Nile's source, but took all the credit of the expedition, thrilling the public with a lurid account of his trials and adventures. When poor Burton landed at a late date, he found himself virtually ignored, and, as a crowning blow, Speke was selected by the Society to head a new and larger exploration of the African lake region.

What with paralysis, blindness, ulcerations and fever, Burton was near to death and Speke's conduct pushed him closer to the grave's edge. He had loved "brave, handsome Jack," holding him to his heart as a younger brother, and the black ingratitude of it all broke the proud spirit that Africa's perils and hardships never daunted. Added to everything else, the British Government itself began to hound Burton about the payment of some negro bearers, hectoring and badgering the unhappy man with strange and incomprehensible malice.

It was not to be the end, however, for there



"No—we don't want any brushes to-day"

came a time when Speke was called upon to face the benefactor that he had betrayed. A debate had been arranged, but on the day before the date, the two encountered and the younger, paling, turned and walked away. The debate itself was never held, for when all were gathered, a breathless messenger brought word of Speke's death. According to report, he had gone hunting that morning and lost his life through a gun's accidental discharge.

Speke's second expedition, too, was only a partial success, for he was without Burton's iron tenacity, and also lacked his master's knowledge of native tongue and native ways. He found where the Nile left the Victoria Nyanza, clearly establishing that lake as the source, but he failed to follow the river for any great length, and did not discover either Albert Nyanza or the Ruzenzori mountains, glories reserved for Samuel Baker and Stanley.

At every point the fates seemed to work for lucky Stanley. After visiting Brigham Young in Utah, and panning gold in California, Burton accepted the post of consul at Fernando Po, that fever-ravaged island off Africa's west coast. The virtual exile failed to break his spirit, however, and between times he explored the mysterious Cameroons, hunted gorillas in the Gaboon, and went up the Congo as far as the cataracts. This mighty stream, first described by Camoens, made strong appeal to Burton's ardent imagination, and almost on his knees he begged England to let him seek its headwaters and map the tremendous stretch of unknown country. The Government refused, and again the glory of a great discovery was left to Stanley.

One gleam of sunshine lightened the gloom of Fernando Po, for it fell to Burton's lot to strike a blow against human slavery. He hated the evil institution with all the force of his passionate soul, and on his African journeys had risked life time and again to fight the Arab slavers in defense of some wretched little village. Word coming from Dahomey that trade in blacks was being carried on, the intrepid Irishman traveled to King Gelele's court at top speed, resolved to end the infamous traffic:

Batane (Burton), he hath seen all the world with its kings and great chieftains,  
He now cometh to Dahomey and he shall see  
everything here.



So chanted the boastful blacks as he entered the capital, and the despot himself honored the famous explorer by a parade of his Amazons, women so old and fat that Burton declared that a bunch of London scrubwomen could whip them easily. All of these blandishments failed miserably, and as calmly as though he stood in Trafalgar Square, Burton told the bloody monarch that he must quit slaving and give up his pleasant practice of human sacrifice.

FROM Fernando Po he was transferred to Brazil, another exile, but eventually came a happier turn of fortune's wheel, England suddenly deciding to give him the consulate at Damascus. Once again Burton was in a land that he knew and loved, and although the routine was heavy, he found time to explore the whole of unknown Syria, visiting ancient cities, determining the source of rivers and the altitudes of mountains, and laying the foundations for geographers who were to follow him and claim full credit. Time after time he risked his life in Bedouin country; through the land of the Druses he whipped his tired camel and in Jerusalem he smashed a hundred myths with respect to historic sites. Rarely had he been more happy, yet all the while a storm was gathering.

Mrs. Burton, as it happened, was a religious fanatic, and no sooner was her husband installed in Damascus than she set about her self-appointed task of Christianizing all Islam. Slowly at first, but more and more swiftly, the ridiculous business rushed to its inevitable conclusion. The outraged Moslems turned away from Burton, who had been welcomed as their blood brother, and when resentment reached the point of an attempted assassination, the British Government recalled him peremptorily.

Crushed and impoverished, life seemed to be at an end for the unhappy man, but there were those in England who gloried in Burton's achievements and resented the shabby treatment accorded him. An outcry from press and public forced the Government to give him another consulate, but instead of sending him to Egypt, Arabia or India, where his talents would have been of such splendid use, the Foreign Office buried him in Trieste.

Even so, adventure still beckoned to Richard Burton with imperative hand. Ismail the Magnificent, Khedive of Egypt, conceived the idea that there were still gold and jewels to be found in the land of Midian, and induced Burton to secure a leave of absence for the exploration. Once more, therefore, the swart Irishman donned a turban and flowing robes, whipped his camel over desert sands and knew the excitement of evading those fierce Bedouins who lived by murder and robbery.

Seven months he gave to the work, scouring mountains and plain, and looking down upon ruins that were populous cities in the days when Moses married the daughter of Jethro, priest of the Mount of God, and Gideon smote the Midianite hosts. A dream of wealth intoxicated the ardent Gael, for he brought away great quantities of gold and silver ore and lumps of turquoise, and felt himself to be one who had found a treasure house. Ill-fated man! Scarce had he returned to Cairo in triumph than Ismail was deposed, and Tewfik had neither the money nor the inclination for any Midian venture.

Back to Trieste, Burton shambled, and only once again was the dreariness of his routine shot through with the prospect of high adventure. Of all his friends, the one that he best loved and most admired was General Charles Gordon, that "Chinese" Gordon who lives imperishably in the hearts of hero-worshipping mankind. When the Scotch paladin accepted the post of governor-general of the Sudan, and went on what was to be his last journey, he begged Burton to come and join him in the accomplishment of a task as worthy as it was gigantic.

"You and I are the only two fit men to govern the Sudan," he wrote; "if one dies the other will be left. I will keep the Sudan, you take Darfur, and I will give you \$25,000 a year if you will throw up Trieste."

Burton refused. It was not only that he was ill and old, but there was the added conviction that England would not stand back of idealistic Gordon. Too often had he seen bureaucratic blunderers and mean-minded politicians block

(Continued on page 56)

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(Continued from page 55)

and defeat great enterprises, and from the first he felt that the intrepid Scotchman would be abandoned to his fate. When the fear came true, and he heard of Gordon's death in Khartum at the hands of the raging Mahdists, the sick man knew a grief as soul-racking as when "Jack" Speke, the friend of his bosom, betrayed that friendship and stabbed him in the back.

Entering the twilight of life, broken and needy, Burton turned to literature with a last desperate rush of energy. Always from his youth he had written tirelessly, book after book tumbling from his prolific pen. The stories of his travels and explorations; grammars, translations of tales and poetry from Hindu, Portuguese, Italian, Brazilian, Arabic and Latin, a work on the sword, and even a complete manual of bayonet exercise. Not one of them had made him money, and in despair he decided upon the completion of "The Arabian Nights," a work that had occupied his interest for more than thirty years.

It was on the pilgrimage to Mecca that Burton first heard the tales, and ever afterward, when on the march, or marooned in some dreary consulate, he had taken up the tremendous task of translation as "a labor of love, an unending source of solace and satisfaction, a talisman against ennui and despondency." "The Nights," it is true, were by no means new to Europe, for Antoine Galland made a translation of "Alf Laylah wa Laylah," in 1705, and others had followed him, but even Galland's was an abridgment, and the rest either careful paraphrases or else prodigies of expurgation. What Burton did was to give not only the whole wondrous treasury of Moslem folk lore, but a

literal translation of that whole, together with the copious annotations made possible by his intimate and extensive knowledge.

On the publication of the monumental work, a roar of shocked protest went from the prudish, even though Burton had limited circulation to a comparatively small list of selected subscribers, but it was drowned out by the chorus of praise from the scholars of the world. At last, and from a source of which he had expected the least, success showered her richest rewards upon a head that had never known anything but blows, for the financial returns amounted to \$60,000, an amount that lifted him above poverty.

Ten volumes and six supplemental volumes were the product of his labors—surely sufficient achievement to have been regarded as a cap-sheaf for any life—yet no sooner were "The Arabian Nights" out of the way than the indomitable man thrust aside the weariness of old age, the maladies that persisted from the hardships that he had undergone, and began a translation of a volume of Arabic couplets by one Shaykh al Nafzawi. This book, "The Scented Garden, Men's Hearts to Gladden," was to be his "great work," the one into which he meant to pour all of his poetry, fire, color, and the full wealth of his vast knowledge of the Orient. It was a race with death, for he knew that any day might be his last, and when he passed away, on October 20, 1890, at the age of sixty-nine, the last pages of "The Scented Garden" had just fallen from his numbing hands.

Mrs. Burton had not liked many pages in "The Arabian Nights," and her fanatical prudery took fright at what the new work might be. On the very night of her husband's burial, she read the manuscript, and as page followed

page, a horror possessed her. Burton himself had told a friend that "Alf Laylah wa Laylah" was a baby tale compared to "The Scented Garden," but there was beauty in the verses as well as obscenities, high spiritual values as well as Eastern sensualities, and the accompanying notes embodied the results of thirty years of observation and research.

All that the fanatical woman saw, however, was the "dirt" and "indecent," and with the bigotry of a Torquemada, the vandalism of a John Knox, she set a match to the priceless pages, and watched them burn. Not until nine months had passed, and when all Europe was demanding to know what had become of "The Scented Garden," did she confess her act, giving as explanation that she wanted to "save her husband's soul."

And so it was that not even the grave could protect poor "Dick" Burton from the blows of fate, or save him from another of those tragic mischances that cursed his life. The outbreak of the Crimean War distracted public attention from his pilgrimage to Mecca; the expedition into Somaliland collapsed because of England's failure to furnish the promised aid; Speke's incredible behavior robbed him of credit and glory for his Nile discoveries; his wife's fanaticism drove him in disgrace from a land he loved; even as he dreamed of wealth and power in ancient Midian, Ismail the Magnificent was deposed, and at last when he died with a smile of hope on his lips, his nearest and dearest destroyed the work that would have meant laurel for his tomb.

Surely, of all men, he was that "unhappy master whom disaster followed fast and followed faster."

## Last Water

(Continued from page 23)

straining ears told him that he could not be mistaken. It was the ticking of a watch, and it came from the top of the bank twenty paces or so behind and above him. He neither turned nor looked up. Some seventh sense told him that his life would be the forfeit if he did so.

In that first shock of surprise he tried to recall what men in similar circumstances had done, but every thought served only to emphasize his utter helplessness. The owner of the watch, whoever he was, had the drop on him completely. A dozen wild plans drove their sharp points into the boy's brain and exploded there against cold reason, each tiny concussion numbing his faculties one by one. He bent low over the pan and went on blowing. Before his pursed lips the little grains of sand whirled away over the rim and fell like winnowed chaff at his feet.

There was a subtle irony in the fact that he had, that very morning, cleaned his gun and wrapped it in a piece of cloth, and had stowed it under the bed to keep the night dew from rusting it. He contemplated this circumstance at length while the small circle of golden flakes in the pan assumed the proportions of the great, glowing and evil eye of a Cyclops. His pursed lips, scorched by the hot blasts which his fluttering heart pumped through them, seemed like an enormous weighted trumpet through which the terror of his soul poured in soundless clarion calls that echoed into the last deep cell of his brain.

HE BEGAN rocking his body from side to side, as lesser species do in the face of danger or anger; right to left, left to right, unconsciously keeping time to the sinister ticking at his back, until the tendons of his legs became knotted and numb, and his straining pulses hammered the blood into his kneecaps. Little beads of perspiration dropped from his forehead, and, falling on the hot rim of the pan, arched themselves into globes with tiny grains of sand pillowed in their elastic surfaces. He kept on rocking his body with the sidewise twisting movement of a man in the act of panning gold.

When a deafening detonation shattered the evening stillness, and an instant before the report of it smote the tender membranes of his ears, he felt a sharp stab of pain, like a red hot needle, plunge through his flesh. He relaxed with a sigh and fell forward on his face. The pan, flung far and wide at the impact, went

clattering noisily over the rocks as if voicing its shrill protest at man's cruelty to man.

Presently a head and a pair of shoulders were thrust over the rim of the bank. Two black predatory eyes looked down upon the still figure sprawled at the bottom of the dry wash. The owner of them remained half exposed, thus, for some moments, silhouetted against the setting sun; then apparently satisfied that his murderous bullet had taken effect, he slid down the bank in a shower of pebbles and swept the scene with an all-including glance. He approached the huddled form and bent over it for a moment, listening. He pressed the hot muzzle of the pistol against his victim's temple, then apparently thinking better of wasting precious ammunition, turned his attention to the camp under the sycamore.

He came upon the small, bulging chamois-skin bags under the bed pillow almost at once, and prowled about for some moments making up a bundle of hardtack and bacon from the boy's scant store of provisions. Bestowing his victim an inquiring kick, he climbed up the bank whence he had come, and picked up a small water canteen where he had dropped it at his place of ambush. He gave the motionless figure on the sand below a final backward glance and left.

The whole thing had taken but three or four minutes. When his crunching footsteps receded stillness settled once more over the creek bed. A flurry of hot wind played with the golden down on the boy's cheek. His eyelids fluttered, then opened a little. His blue eyes looked out from the shadow of the protecting arm, slitted like a peeping child's. Then he sprang to his feet and leaped for the loaded pistol and the ammunition belt under the bed.

He looked to his wound, a mere scratch in the fleshy part of his left arm, thanks to the fact that he had kept his body in motion continually, thus presenting a difficult target to the would-be murderer. Then he filled his canteen and started after his assailant.

He had traveled less than a mile when he saw the black crown of a hat move above the gray chaparral ahead of him. His hand tightened about the butt of his pistol as he hurried on, bending low and seeking out the soft places where his footsteps made no sound, and keeping the hat in sight.

The man was traveling fast, and the boy

noted by certain signs—a torn strip of bark here and a faint scratch on the smooth surface of an exposed rock there—that he was wearing spurs. This meant that his horse had either gone lame or that it had been shot from under him—the latter the more likely. No man unless driven by self-preservation would attempt to cross the desert on foot at this time of the year. That the fellow was a desperate character was evident. The lay of the land, too, must be familiar to him. The route he was taking was a shortcut to the rolling hills a hundred miles or so to the south where one might lose oneself and live secure from pursuit for months until vigilance was relaxed enough to permit a dash for the Mexican border.

BY THE swiftness of the fellow's progress the boy knew that his assailant was pushing on to Agua Ultima, the last patch of moisture in that great barren waste between his camp and the Nevada border. Years earlier, a misguided Spanish home-steader had built a shack there, and had sunk a well beneath an outcropping ledge of rock, from whose crevices a subterranean stream forced a few drops of seepage. With a faith as beautiful as it was pathetic, the home-steader had fenced off a small piece of ground for a garden. The fence was now but a single thread of rusted barbs, strung upon posts warped almost double by the sun; the shack but a doorless shell with broken windows. Nevertheless, many a desert traveler owed his life to the man who had hewn its threshold in wistful hope, and whose hands had smoothed the earthen hearth. Even in the most torrid months the well always held a little water. Sometimes no more than a scant two fingers, but always enough to slake the thirst of a lone traveler and fill his canteen.

The spring had been well named. Agua Ultima is Spanish and means Last Water. It was twenty miles distant from the boy's camp. The idea of ambushing his assailant there in the act of filling his canteen occurred to the lad, but he discarded this plan at once when he remembered that the open ground about the spring would prevent him from getting within pistol range of the cabin. He must reach the place before the other and cut him off. Once in possession there, the other would be forced to fight his way to water or to retrace his steps.

With this plan in mind, the boy increased his pace, making a wide flanking detour and reached a slight rise a mile or so ahead. Just as he flung

himself prone behind a boulder there, his assailant stepped out on a patch of open ground and saw him. Their pistols spat fire almost together, and the fellow rolled to cover behind a clump of mesquite.

The boy smiled grimly. He had his enemy at a disadvantage. The ground about the clump of mesquite was bare for several yards. The fellow could neither retreat nor advance until dark. But this was not the only reason the boy smiled. At the moment when the man rolled to cover, he saw that the other carried only a small one-gallon water canteen. This meant that he must stop at Agua Ultima to fill it up or perish of thirst in the desert.

**I**N SPITE of the distance the boy blazed away at his adversary and noted with satisfaction that the bullets clipped off a sprig of the mesquite, now and then, as he was getting the range. That he was making it uncomfortable for his opponent was evident by the comparatively few answering shots. The man was holding his fire for fear of betraying his exact position.

It was the boy's move and he made it. Worming himself backward down the farther slope of the rise, he gained the dense chaparral. Stooping low among the bushes, he started off in the direction of Last Water spring. Every now and then a shot rang out behind him, and a spatter of lead sang among the rocks which he had just quitted. He knew that his opponent would not venture to move from his shelter until dark. By that time the boy would have two or three miles the advantage of him. The other would not dare to pass up Agua Ultima.

The lad went on in the gathering dusk, and the shots at his rear became fewer and fainter and presently ceased altogether. The last pale tinge of sunset gold faded from the Sierran snow peaks, and the long slopes of the slate-gray buttes swam in purple velvet where they met the mesas. Day lingered for a few brief moments longer on the rounded summits of the torrid hills to the east. A stalking coyote, startled at the boy's approach, crashed through the chaparral on his left.

At midnight he stopped on a bit of high ground, drank, attended to the smarting wound in his arm and took his bearings. By certain familiar landmarks he discovered that he had come too far to the east, so he altered his course slightly. He had not gone many more miles before he realized that these landmarks, distorted by the darkness, were failing him. He was not lost—merely off the track. Daylight would put him right, but he could not afford to wait for daylight. It was imperative that he make the spring while it was still dark.

He was enough of a desert man to know that cruising about would confuse him only more, so he picked out the highest immediate spot and sat down to study the contours of the torrid hills on his left, and their relation to the facets of the Sierran snow peaks on his right. He drew visual angles from point to point and intersected them with imaginary lines drawn between certain fixed stars, as a navigator does when the sun has failed him and he is forced to lay his course by other reckonings.

He repeated this performance at half-hour intervals. It was not until long after midnight

(Continued on page 58)

**Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle**

(See page 52)

B	A	S	E	R	K	A	P	P	A	G	A	V	O	T	
L	I	T	R	E	E	M	E	E	R	A	N	O	D	E	
A	L	A	R	M	P	A	R	S	I	M	O	N	I	E	S
N	E	T	O	U	T	T	A	I	L	C	O	T			
C	R	E	S	T	S	S	P	E	N	T	L	E	N	S	
			H	E	S	T	I	R	S	L	O				
B	P	O	E	S	T	E	P	S	D	I	G	E	S	T	
L	I	P	S	H	O	N	E	M	I	N	S	T	E	R	
A	L	E	T	I	N	T	W	A	N	E	H	I	E		
S	A	R	D	I	N	E	V	A	N	E	S	E	N	S	
T	R	A	I	L	S	F	I	N	E	R	A	R	E	S	
			G	E	C	E	L	T	S	A	N				
B	A	S	S	B	A	R	E	S	G	L	I	D	E	D	
E	L	K	H	U	N	T	R	O	B	I	R	E			
G	A	I	N	E	S	V	I	L	L	E	I	N	G	O	T
A	T	T	A	R	A	L	I	E	N	N	O	I	S	E	
N	E	S	T	S	S	E	T	T	O	O	T	T	E	R	

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(Continued from page 57)

that he realized how far he had gotten off his course in his hurry to beat the other to the spring. He was now forced to progress slowly, a few hundred yards at a time, and take his bearings again and again. The patience and perseverance which the desert and his solitary occupation had taught him, stood him in good stead. Not for a moment did he lose his head, so when a scant hour before dawn he fetched up in the dark against the rusted barbs of a single strand of wire, he merely nodded to himself in confirmation of his judgment. He felt his way along it carefully, and presently made out the cabin, faintly outlined against the opaque background of the mountains.

HE WENT to the rear of the cabin, guided by the spur of water-bearing rocks. They were damp to the touch, assuring him that there was plenty of water in the shallow well near the back door. Dropping to his hands and knees he approached the yawning doorway, warily. When within a few feet of it, he paused listening. He drew his breath in, sharply. From within there came the soft ticking of a watch. The other had gotten there first. Crouched behind a boulder that lay beside the door, and part of which served as a rude stepping stone to the threshold, he strained his ears to ascertain the exact location of his enemy. He knew that the cabin contained two rooms, a large one, some twenty by thirty feet, and a smaller one which the former occupant had used as a kitchen. He came to the conclusion that his assailant was in the large room; also when he heard no movement or other sound than the ticking of the watch, that the man evidently fancying himself secure from further pursuit, had gone to sleep.

Inch by inch the boy crept forward and slid noiselessly over the threshold and across the kitchen floor, a distance of less than ten feet. Through the doorless opening leading into the large room came the ticking of the watch clearly and distinctly. The acoustic properties of the tinder-dry walls of the empty cabin seemed to amplify each separate stroke to the volume of a drumbeat. Hardly daring to breathe he raised his head and strove to pierce the blackness within, but all he was able to make out was the square opening of the doorless front entrance upon which a low-hung star was pinned precariously like a piece of tinsel on a conjurer's curtain. He closed his eyes the better to concentrate in his efforts to determine the exact position of his assailant, but the ticking seemed to change location with every slight movement of his head, indeed even when he did not move at all. It seemed near, then far; now directly in front, now to the right in the farthest corner of the big room, now to the left of him against the wall near the front entrance. Sometimes it seemed to come from all of these places at once, echoing and reechoing to every corner of that black empty room to confuse and mock him. He considered arousing his enemy with a shout in the hope that the fellow would betray

his location by a shot, but discarded this plan at once. His assailant was too old and cool a hand to be taken in by such a ruse. He would simply lie still, waiting for the boy to shoot first. No, there was only one way—wait until dawn, now less than an hour away, should give him the drop upon the other. The man was at his mercy, utterly and completely. He could kill him at his leisure, and without risk to himself; and, as the boy moistened his dry lips with his tongue he seemed to taste there the sweetness of revenge.

He fell to contemplating the business of the killing. He had never before slain a man, nor had he ever felt a desire to until now, and because he was a kindly lad, he wondered at the savage impulse that had given sweetness to a cruel and dreadful thing. He assured himself that he was doing it in self-defense, that the man was in intention a murderer, and as such not entitled to the consideration of kindly men. He argued that judge, nor jury, nor any court in the land would hold him culpable in this matter; and yet some small, but insistent voice clamored to be heard through all these arguments of self-justification. Eons and eons ago some such small voice—the voice of chivalry—spoke to a warrior of his kind for the first time and stayed the blow of the great flint ax upon a vanquished enemy; and with it began civilization.

The boy ran his hand across his forehead, brushing away the beads of perspiration that had gathered there as from the breaking of a fever. In the darkness he seemed to see the soft brown eyes of The Girl across the Divide urging him to pity. He knew that he would never be able to meet those eyes again with a furtive killing on his soul, and that until he had exhausted every other means at disarming his antagonist and regaining what was his, he would be little better than a murderer, himself. Fate had delivered his enemy into his hands. He could afford to be generous.

Very softly he removed his boots, and when in the first glimmer of dawn he made out the vague dark outline of a huddled figure against the wall near the front door, he arose cautiously. Crouching low and placing one foot stealthily in front of the other lest the creaking of a board should awaken the other, he moved toward the figure. In the dim light which fell through the door he caught the glint of a pistol barrel in the curve of the fellow's arm.

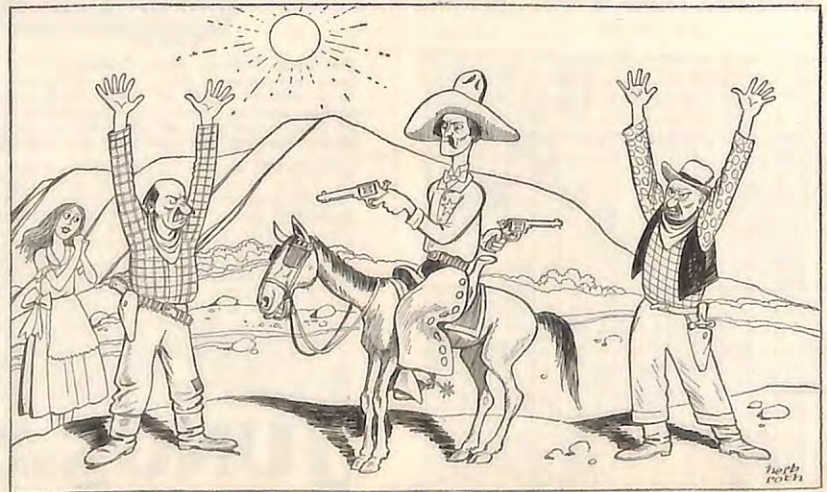
When he was within three feet of the dark form his left hand shot out and jerked the weapon from the man's encircling fingers. "Throw 'em up!" he barked out, springing back with both guns pointed at the reclining figure.

The man made the faintest of movements and a sound that was more of a curse than a groan. For an instant the boy stood tense, suspecting a repetition of his own ruse, then he put forth a foot and touched the figure warily. The action was followed by another groan—unmistakable this time.

Dropping to his knees he put one of the pistols behind him and with his left hand touched the prostrate man. Beyond a slight shiver the

### What Twelve Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

Answers will be found on page 64



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fellow made no movement. A hurried examination disclosed a bullet wound in the right breast, just below the shoulder. One of his shots had found its mark in the fight at dusk twelve or fifteen miles back. The projectile had pierced the upper part of the right lung. In the growing light the boy saw a dark stain on the floor, evidence of a severe hemorrhage.

Kneeling there beside his mortally wounded enemy he felt the swift horror of having had a cruel and unworthy wish fulfilled.

Arising, he laid the pistols away and made a pillow of his dust-grimed coat for the man's head. From the spring he carried water in the canteen, cleansed the wound, and with stumbling feet sought the healing desert herbs in the gray dawn.

He worked feverishly, like one beset, tears of rage blinding him as the pain-racked man shivered under his probing fingers—rage that hate had betrayed him into taking a human life, no matter how unworthy—a life that had made so heroic a bid for continuation as to

crawl, mortally wounded, fifteen miles to its last water.

Not until his enemy's head dropped back on the dusty coat for the last time did he cease his ministrations. It was then that he became aware that he did not hear the ticking of the watch any longer. In the man's vest pocket he came upon it, a cheap dollar movement. It had run down.

He wound it absently and soon its loud ticking filled the room to the tinder-dry rafters. He sat looking dazedly at the still form, then fumbling through the dead man's pockets he drew out the four small pokes of gold dust and arose.

The desert valley lay brimming with grayness, like a casket of cold fluid steel, but high up in the Sierran snow passes the young sun shot the glacial ramparts with prismatic splendor.

The boy raised his serious blue eyes to the dawn. One by one he opened the little pokes of dust and flung the golden grains far and wide. With the last empty poke in his clenched hand he started back across the desert to his camp under the sycamore.

## The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 36)

Ed. J. Morris, Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; and H. G. Louser, formerly Fire Chief and City Treasurer of Lebanon, and the eldest living Past Exalted Ruler of Lebanon Lodge.

Upon the occasion of his visit to Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge, No. 592, December 12, two hundred of its members, together with half as many more from neighboring Lodges, assembled to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler. Arriving by motor from his home in Allentown, Mr. Rupp was the guest of honor early in the evening at a banquet in the Home, and thereafter, under the escort of the many delegations gathered to welcome him, he headed a procession, marching to music rendered by the Boys' Band, to the Armory Hall. In this commodious building, initiation ceremonies were held. The Elks' Chorus assisted in the exercises. After the induction of the new members, the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke, winning throughout his address an intense interest and, at its conclusion, a prolonged and enthusiastic applause. An additional speaker was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George J. Post. Among the Lodges besides Tamaqua Lodge represented at the meeting were those of Allentown, Pottsville, Mahanoy City, Hazleton, Frackville, Ashland, Lansford, Shenandoah, Shamokin, Lehighton, Williamsport and Reading.

ON December 16, the Grand Exalted Ruler called upon Mount Vernon, N.Y., Lodge, No. 842. He was escorted from the Biltmore Hotel in New York by motorcycle officers direct to the Mount Vernon Elks Home, where a delegation of about 500 members of the Lodge greeted him. Among them was Mayor James Berg of Mount Vernon. A dinner in honor of Mr. Rupp was given early in the evening and attended by fifty officers of Mount Vernon Lodge and other Lodges nearby. Among the distinguished guests were James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Grand Lodge; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Arthur B. Kelly and Frank J. McGuire. Every Lodge in the New York East District was represented by its Exalted Ruler and other officers and members. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered an especially impressive speech.

East Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 630 was host to the Grand Exalted Ruler upon the following evening, December 17, at a dinner and reception tendered in recognition of his official visit. The large representation of members of No. 630, augmented by delegations of Elks from a number of neighboring Lodges in the State, filled the Lodge room to capacity. Mr. Rupp's address to those assembled proved both enlightening and

stirring to the more than four hundred Elks present. Notable among the guests, besides the Grand Exalted Ruler, was Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther. Represented at the meeting were Orange, South Orange, Bloomfield, Montclair, Kearny, Summit, Dover, Irvington, Newark, Madison, Morristown, Jersey City, Hoboken, Union City and Elizabeth Lodges.

TWO thousand Elks, representing Grand Lodge committees and other offices, and including the Exalted Rulers of every Lodge in the Southeast District of New York, were present at the Home of Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22, upon the evening of December 19 to receive the official visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp. The exceptionally large and distinguished attendance, the initiation of a class of one hundred and sixty-three candidates, and the imposing conduct of the affair in honor of the head of the Order, made the event one long to be remembered by all who gathered to participate in it. After the reception, a dinner, attended by 500 persons, was given in the splendid dining-room of the Home. At the conclusion of this the Grand Exalted Ruler was conducted to the ballroom, where the Lodge session was to be held, by an escort comprising fourteen Past Exalted Rulers of Brooklyn Lodge, and its Drill Team, recently organized under the direction of Captain M. William Byrne, of Bronx Lodge, No. 871. Among the celebrated guests to be welcomed by Exalted Ruler Samuel C. Duberstein, in addition to Mr. Rupp, were James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Grand Lodge; William T. Phillips, Chairman of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur B. Kelly; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Peter Stephen Beck, Eugene E. Navin and Edward S. McGrath; Vice-President Matthew J. Merritt, Secretary Philip Clancy and Past President Joseph Brand, of the New York State Elks Association; Exalted Ruler Samuel McKee, sr., of New York Lodge; and Exalted Ruler Jack N. Cooper, of Bronx Lodge. The assemblage greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler's address with tremendous enthusiasm. A unique feature of the meeting was Brooklyn Lodge's presentation to every Lodge in its District of a banner upon which was inscribed, to take one example: "Brooklyn Lodge 22 Greets New York Lodge No. 1, on Official Visit of Bro. Lawrence H. Rupp, Grand Exalted Ruler, December 19, 1930." The Lodges from whom their Exalted Rulers received these banners were New York, Bronx, Queens Borough, Staten Island, Freeport, Lynbrook, Glen Cove, Hempstead, Patchogue, Huntington and Southampton Lodges.



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# It's Never the Same Old Circus

(Continued from page 18)

the small town meant the big shopping day of the year. Persons in the outlying districts planned on it for weeks ahead; a start was made at dawn, with chairs set up for the family in the bed of a jolting farm wagon; sometimes it was a three- or four-hour journey into town.

The dirt streets of the village were clustered with every sort of vehicle, from ancient surreys to canvas-covered carry-alls. The merchants hung bunting and flags before their stores, there was the excitement of meetings among people who had not seen each other for months, and, of course, the inevitable runaway when someone failed to heed the shouted announcement of the circus spieler as the grand-d-d-d, glittering-g-g-g and gorgeous-s-s-s-s pay-rade rumbled past:

"Hold youah hosses! The elly-phants are coming-g-g-g-g!"

There are two reasons for the lack of runaways. One is that instead of the early morning journey into town, the average farm family now loads up about a half-hour before the performance time and runs in for the show, returning home afterward. The automobile has wiped out circus day as a time of reengendered friendships, shopping, fatigue and runaways. It also has changed the tactics of the circus which, in older days, often exhibited in a small town only during the afternoon, using the early night hours for eating up distance on a long railroad run to a larger city. For the automobile and good roads have made the circus as accessible to the country dweller as to the inhabitant of a large city; it has also changed the farmer's views about staying up later than eight o'clock, with the result that he goes to the matinee or the night show as he pleases, and, if the circus desires to get the money, it must give two performances in the small town as well as in the larger ones. And another reason for the fact that there are no more runaways is the fact that there is no parade in which elephants can frighten horses!

Traffic has ended that ponderous procession of mighty magnitude and multitudinous marvels known as the grand, free cavalcade of world-wide wonders, the five-mile street spectacle. Traffic also has ended the existence of the steam-spitting calliope; it no longer even exists in the circus except in a miniature way, a small, compressed-air affair which bolsters the volume of the big-top band. And because there are no more street parades, the whole life of the circus has changed.

The transition change from a harassed, over-

worked being to one of comparative ease, except for the actual strain of performances, has changed the circus actor considerably. The vaudeville star no longer hesitates about accepting a circus contract; the work is easier there now than it would be in a theatre. The performers' section of a show-train contains dozens of state-rooms where once it had none; there are even little apartment-like affairs, with the convenience of a town dwelling, even to undersized pianos.

One doesn't seek outside amusement when one visits the circus and is on terms of friendship with the circus families. Instead, one goes to midnight supper in the dining-room of the quarters occupied by Lillian Leitzel and her husband, Alfredo Codona, or to a motion-picture show in the rooms of the Colleanos, or a party at the Reiffanachs. Always a small town unto itself, the big show has now become a city, with city conveniences and a city life all its own.

It has been a tremendous transition, but not a difficult one; the ability to change is the greatest asset of the circus. The new thing is the desired thing with a tented aggregation; after all, the night baseball and football and tennis matches as they exist to-day are only an amplification of the benefits of the lighting systems which were devised by the circus some fifteen years ago.

For that matter, it was the circus which did much to popularize the electric light. It was the big attraction with shows in the late seventies and early eighties, nor was that only in rural communities. Many cities saw the electric light for the first time with Adam Forepaugh's Circus. In fact, the electric light was such a drawing card that other circuses fought it with publicity which hinted that the most dangerous thing in the world was electricity, that even a few hours spent in the glare of an incandescent bulb might blind one for life.

Pioneer in everything else, the circus remained until a year ago a stickler for tradition regarding its own worst enemy, opposition. It is due greatly to the fighting instincts of the circus men that old prejudices still remain regarding outdoor shows, the belief that shows often carry on men and slickers, that circus women were born tough, and that every circus man says "dis, dat and dem" and wears a red vest.

For when circuses decided to fight it out there were no halfway measures. They bought advertising space in newspapers and called each other everything that the newspaper would

permit. When the newspaper didn't allow enough free expression, they purchased billboard space and slathered it with unkind statements regarding each other. And if the billboard owner objected to that kind of matter, the circuses built their own boards.

One of the most historic fights was between Adam Forepaugh and P. T. Barnum. It began when the two shows crossed territory in 1880, and each began making rival claims that it was better than the other. The transition to personalities did not take long; soon the two men were calling each other everything their press agents could think of on a trail of battle that crossed the continent.

They bought up newspapers in which to word their thoughts. There were not enough billboards and so they built miles of them, slathering them with uncomplimentary remarks. Whereupon the opposing forces would wait until night and cover the opposing epithets with outbursts of their own. Then the Forepaugh crew would cover the Barnum paper, the Barnum outfit would likewise cover the Forepaugh offering and thus matters would continue until the posters actually fell from the boards from the sheer weight of successive layers. Following which there would generally be a fight, with pastebushes and buckets as the articles of war.

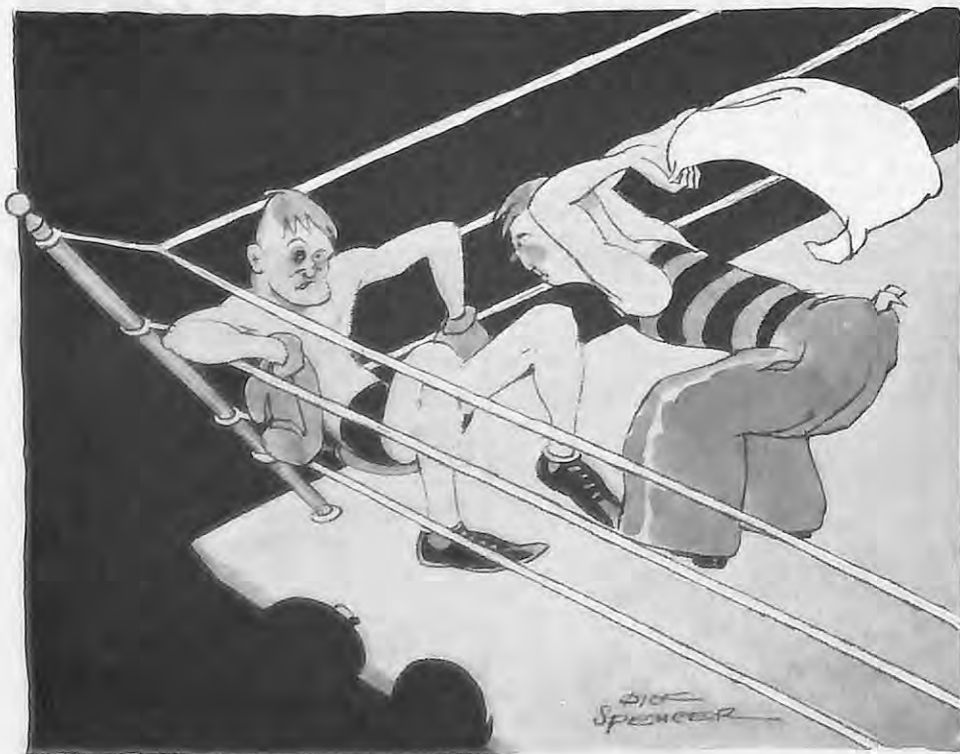
The fight continued for years. Then, in 1886, Forepaugh learned that he could rent Madison Square Garden, in New York, where Barnum usually opened his season, for a winter's rental of \$30,000. Barnum, however, held an option on the building. Forepaugh caused his agent to wire Barnum asking him if he desired to exercise his priority. Barnum thought it was a bluff and replied that only a fool would try to run a circus for a whole winter. Forepaugh wasn't even considering a winter circus—his mind was on that spring engagement. So he rented the building and Barnum had no place to show. The war was over. P. T. Barnum hurried to New York with an offer of consolidation and the two shows became one for the Madison Square engagement.

But that did not bring peace to the circus world—that, nor the fact that two big enterprises had been weakened financially and physically by years of conflict. Forepaugh went right on fighting, and so did Barnum and so did Bailey and all the rest of them. But gradually the conflict lost some of its more spectacular features. The shows ceased to talk about each other in the cheerfully frank terms which they had once used. They had learned that this had not been so profitable after all, that the public had believed their statements when one called another a murderer, or a rival said in print that his competitor was a kidnapper. It had been only cheerful badinage as far as the showmen were concerned, but others had taken it seriously with the result that towns hesitated to give licenses, every little difficulty during the show-day was met by police, attorneys, damage suits and trouble. Lot-owners refused to rent their showgrounds and the reputation of a circus man was about two feet lower than a snake's hips.

The remedy, of course, was rectitude and reformation. Circuses continued to fight, of course; that was in the blood. But they did it in a sort of a personal way; if one showman bashed another in the head with a tent-stake it occurred when the customers weren't looking. Gradually, even those family diversions came to lack the approval of circus etiquette; in the last few years circus fighting has been mainly a business battle.

In the meanwhile there had been the slow beating back toward popular recognition as decent folks, instead of the sort of rabble which the circuses had pictured themselves.

I possess a list of the rules that were in effect on circuses of even ten years ago, a fine list which every performer either obeyed or paid for, in amounts ranging from five to a hundred dollars. A circus man, for instance, could speak to a circus girl, but he could not take her to a dance or a picture show or even walk across the lot with her. If he did, he paid a fine, and if he persisted, he got off the show. It cost a circus girl or man fifty dollars if she even appeared to be flirting with some townier; and if she went out with the enemy, she could just keep on



"I told you to block his punches—"  
"You don't see any of 'em passin' me, do ya?"

### How Many of These Can You Answer Off-hand?

1. Who is the lightweight boxing champion of the world?
2. Is it true that a shark has to turn on its back to bite?
3. In what one city are two Presidents of the United States buried?
4. How many persons in the nation had an income of a million dollars or more in 1929?
5. Who discovered Bermuda?
6. What is the world's speed record for automobiles?
7. How many members has the United States Cabinet?
8. An axiom of geometry is that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Has anyone ever disputed this?
9. What is Douglas Fairbanks's real name?
10. What is the color of Sinclair Lewis's hair?
11. What is the extreme length to which snakes grow?
12. In what city was President McKinley shot?

(Answers to Question-Box on page 62)

going. Courtship and marriage must be reserved for the winter time; there was a fine for spooning around the circus lot. In fact, there seemed to be a fine for almost everything. It was perhaps the cruelest system of discipline ever instituted by any set of business organizations.

The people who made up the circus, especially the performers, lived an existence of constant espionage. Stool pigeons thrived; fear of a fine played as great a part in the show person's life as fear of accident. But the system worked; there came the time when circus persons were looked upon as harmless, and when no longer was it necessary to leave someone at home to guard the house while the rest of the family went to the show. Gradually the fine system relaxed into final disuse. Then, a year or so ago, history fell into repetition.

There had been one great show, the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey, owned by John Ringling, the last of the quintette of brothers who had done more than any other group of circusmen to wipe out the bad reputation of the tented show-world. Aligned against him was the American Circus Corporation,

owners of a number of smaller shows, which had barked and snapped around the bigger shows for years, like bulldogs around a mastiff. One of these was the Sells Floto Circus.

The Ringling Show had always opened its season in Madison Square Garden. The Sells Floto Circus had likewise opened its season in the Coliseum in Chicago. A disagreement rose between John Ringling and the management of Madison Square Garden. When the showman sought to make his contract for the spring season, he was informed that no date was available. The Sells Floto Circus management had stepped in and bought that time, repeating the performance of Forepaugh against Barnum more than forty years before.

But this time, the result was different. John Ringling simply bought up all the circuses that had harried him, and the Ringling Barnum Circus went into the Garden as usual.

So now, the romantic, fisty history of circus opposition is over, perhaps forever. There are no rivals left to oppose each other. John Ringling owns 'em all!

### News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 36)

child in the State in need of treatment. Mr. Guenther's suggestion was supported heartily by Thomas F. Macksey, John H. Cose, Fletcher L. Fritts, Fred A. Pope and William Conklin, Past Presidents of the Association. The meeting was exceptionally well attended. One hundred and sixty-nine delegates, representing fifty-one Lodges were in attendance, in addition to three hundred members of the Order from all parts of the State. President Albert E. Dearden presided. Reports were heard from Vice-Presidents Charles T. Merten, Leonce L. Picot, John W. Cantillon and Richard P. Hughes.

#### Illinois

UPON invitation of the officers and members of Springfield Lodge, No. 158, the Illinois State Elks Association has chosen the State capital for its 1931 convention. Dates are to be chosen and plans laid at the mid-winter conference. Announcement of these facts was made recently by George W. Hasselman, Secretary of the Association. The Association, after sponsoring a series of district meetings and initiations in the six southern districts during the visits of Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp, is planning a similar meeting for the northeast district after the first of the year. In addition to clinic sessions and care for the youngsters the Association is assisting the State in the conduct of a State-wide survey to locate all children in need of treatment.

#### North Dakota

AT THE mid-winter conference of the North Dakota State Elks Crippled Children Association, recently held in the Home of Fargo Lodge, No. 260, steps were taken toward affiliation with the International Society for

Crippled Children in North America. Sam Stern, a member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge, and also representing the international organization, was among those attending the meeting. Communications from various officials of the Order, praising the North Dakota Association for its accomplished work and predicting satisfactory results in the future, were read to the members at the beginning of the session. The senders included Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp; Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee; Past President William T. Phillips, of the New York State Elks Association; and Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the New Jersey State Elks Crippled Children Association. In the course of the North Dakota conference a clinic was held at which were shown a number of children cured by treatments received through the aid of Fargo Lodge's Crippled Children's Committee.

#### Massachusetts

THE Massachusetts State Elks Association will give its annual reception and dinner for Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp on Thursday evening, February 19, at the Copley-Plaza Hotel in Boston.

#### Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia

AT a recent meeting of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association, held in the Home of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, it was announced by the officers of the Association that the next convention will be held in Cumberland, Md., on August 10, 11 and 12. Lodges are preparing to send large delegations to attend.

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# Albert Einstein

(Continued from page 28)

had never thought that it would be possible. After all is said and done, you cannot very well ring a man's door-bell and say, "Please, Mister, get out your old fiddle. I have come to spend the afternoon with you and I have brought Bach and Handel right here under my arm." No, this was a matter that had to be left to Fate, and Fate, for once, did not betray me. Fate actually arranged that party. I here and now offer my apologies to the shades of the late Maestro Handel. That excellent German composed some lovely pieces for two violins, and praise be to his genius, he wrote them in such a way that the first part was no more difficult than the second, and vice versa. The rest shall forever remain a secret between the three of us, between the Professor, myself and the discreet though highly efficient piano-virtuoso of the ship's band. We fiddled and we remained friends. That is enough of an epitaph for anybody.

AND then I hasten to Ambition No. 2, for that one had to do with a question of public interest. Indeed, had I been successful in my hope and desire, I would now retire from all further literary activities and spend the rest of my days managing the diamond mines of the Transvaal. Editors from all over the world would say "Sir" to me instead of "Hey there!" (as they do now when they condescend to speak to me at all), and I would have four freedoms of the city instead of the two that, much to his surprise and secret amusement, were bestowed upon the great physicist before he had ever set foot on the shores of our beloved Republic.

This sounds complicated, but it is really very simple. I shall have to ask you, however, to go back with me for a few minutes to the days some twenty-five years ago when I was an undergraduate in Cornell. I don't know how it happened, but one day while I was taking notes in a history course, it suddenly dawned upon me that I was really listening with my eyes as well as with my ears and that therefore I might just as well write down what I heard in the form of pictures as in the shape of words. I kept what I might call a sort of "visible note-book" instead of the usual audible one. That note-book I afterwards gave to my beloved friend, Professor Catterall, and I wish that he had lived to see what grew out of that first clumsy experiment. For after many years of vain effort, others suddenly said, "Why yes, the fellow is right," and soon a great many people began to read those strange books, half text and half pictures, which I tried to substitute for the old text-books on history and geography.

Well, one thing leading to another, I spent ten whole years re-interpreting the whole of history

into this visible-audible method of presentation. Those books gave me a vague sort of reputation as some one who with a few clumsy lines could express certain things more clearly and better than others (myself included) could do in dozens of pages of writing. And then because this method was successful with history and geography, people began to think that they could apply it to every other department of science and literature and I believed them and I said to myself, "Some day I will tackle Einst in and then, what with

## Answers to Question Box

(See page 61)

1. Tony Canzonieri.
2. No; undersea motion pictures have shown that a shark can bite without turning over.
3. Quincy, Mass.; John Adams and John Quincy Adams.
4. About 550.
5. Juan Bermudez, a Spanish sailor.
6. 231 miles an hour, made by the late Sir Henry Segrave.
7. Ten.
8. Yes, Einstein has disputed it.
9. Douglas Ullman.
10. Red.
11. About thirty feet.
12. Buffalo.

his text and my pictures, the whole world will know what he is talking about."

Now at last my opportunity had come. I decided, however, to proceed very carefully and first tackle his assistant. In the meantime I once more took Bertrand Russell out of the bottom of my trunk, for after all, his "A B C of Relativity" is the most understandable of the many treatises upon the subject of the new physics and I meant to be well prepared. I re-read the first few chapters and everything went fine until I got to the middle of the book and then suddenly I saw it writ, writ in bold, black letters: "The reader had better not try to make a picture of these new discoveries in the realm of space and time, because it is impossible to do so."

This came as a terrible shock. But after a few minutes I took new courage. After all, who was Bertrand Russell? An intelligent, yea, I will go even further, a brilliant fellow, but when it came to teaching little children their historical A B C he had to use my pictures in my books whenever he tried to make quite clear what he meant. Why shouldn't I beat him at this game

and then send him a triumphant cable, "I done it!?" But alas, that cable was never sent and never will be sent, for the assistant was even more emphatic.

"These matters," he remarked, "belong to a department of higher mathematics, pure and simple. You could no more interpret them into ordinary, every-day pictures than you could tell others what Beethoven's Ninth Symphony sounded like by drawing sketches of little shepherds and little sheep grazing in lovely old pastures or by turning Bach's best-known fugues into lines and half-tones." And then one morning I made one final effort. But the Master merely smiled his pleasant smile and said, "Stick to your histories, my friend. They are nice and I like them. But don't attempt to turn my formulae and so-called discoveries into your pleasant little sketches, for it can't be done."

I have spent the last four weeks in New York endeavoring to persuade different high-salaried executives, sometimes called editors, that it really can't be done. They still hope against hope that it can be done and they hint that if only I were a little brighter or a little more eager to make an honest penny I could do it. Well, I hope they find their man. As for me, I confess myself beaten. I am out of the game. I shall go back to my geography and my three-dimensional maps.

"Und das ist auch viel besser," as the Professor remarked by way of consolation. "Why be sad about it? I can't write your histories, can I?"

For I told you that this man has a terrible and sometimes devastating sense of humor and he knows how and when to practice it. As he showed the moment we reached shore, where anybody not inspired and guided by a sublime sense of the ludicrous would have committed such disastrous errors that half a dozen Nobel prizes would not have been enough to pay him for his trouble.

As the reader may sometime have observed for himself, this paper age of ours is an era of publicity. No matter who you are or what you have got to sell or give unto this world, try and do it without publicity, and see where you get! Nowhere. And that is the answer.

Now Einstein himself is one of the very few enviable people who do not need publicity. All he has got to do to make a "story" is to walk across the deck or sneeze or say it is a lovely day.

"Ah, and did you hear that? He said it was a lovely day. Quick, steward, get me a radic blank!"

RUSH. On board S. S. Belgenland, 348 miles from Ambrose light-ship stop Professor Albert Einstein at seven fifteen P. M. remarked that it was a lovely day. More.

And the next morning every paper in every part of the world prints in a box on the front page:

S. S. Belgenland, out at sea.

Professor Einstein, the well known inventor of the theory of relativity, now bound for Pasadena to consult with a number of the leading American astrophysicists, declared, speaking in German, "It is a lovely day." Other details are lacking.

THIS reputation, by the way, did not come to him because he can sail a boat or play a fiddle or wear his locks the way Beethoven did. It came to him because he had a marvelous brain, endless courage, and almost incredible perseverance, for believe me, my friends, even in this day and age, two thousand years after we heard the words, "Ye are all children of one father," it is not the easiest thing in the world for a poor and inconspicuous little Jewish assistant in a provincial university to reach the point at which the whole world (a good many of his fellow-countrymen included) will stop in their tracks when he passes by and say, "There goes a man!"

But Einstein accomplished this almost impossible feat, and today he belongs to that very small and incredibly fortunate number of men who can truly say, "We want or desire nothing for ourselves. We have got everything."



"Darn, I forget if my wife wants a leopard skin or a tiger rug"



But there are others, millions of others, hundreds of millions of others, and they still hear it dinned into their ears, "Advertise or perish." And those are the ones he, Einstein, has got to guard against. To them he is a step-ladder, a springboard, a practical convenience to further their own ends. All they want is a little of his glory, a little of his reflective glory, and what merry Hades that makes of his own existence you can easily imagine. There are those who hope to gain his support for a national Jewish state in Palestine and those who think he ought to favor their plans, which are diametrically opposed to the Zionist project. There are those who hope that he will come forward with the statement that his researches into the nature of the unlimited eternity that surrounds us have made him a devout believer in an almighty and all-regulating God and those who insist that he come to the rescue of their own views and declare himself as convinced of the opposite.

Pacifists, who know his horror of cruelty and violence, use and oft-times abuse, his name to further their own cause, while others who see nothing but conflict and strife in nature try to enroll him in their own staunch battalions. In short, there is not a person or an organization in this world, grinding a particular little axe of its own, which is not firmly convinced that if only the Professor will turn the grindstone for them a couple of times, all will be well with the world and they can rush his and their own names into the headlines with every hope for an ultimate and lasting success.

But Einstein keeps away. He is polite. He is affable. When driven into a corner, a little too crudely, he can upon occasions be magnificently rude. But he never loses either his temper or his humor and goes the even tenor of his way, bound upon his own task, looking neither to the left nor to the right. He knows what he wants. He is a contented man. He has a purpose in life.

AND what then is this purpose? Glory? Hardly! At home he has a couple of cupboards filled with that spurious article, and one saucerful at a time is enough for his taste. Money? Absurd thought! What would he do with it, now that he has enough to live the life of a very simple German professor with two suits of clothes and an extra tie? Excitement, entertainment, limelight? Don't let us be foolish!

No, he is after something very different. He just plainly wants to know. Wants to know what it is all about and why and wherefore.

I asked him one question. By nature I am not much of a lion hunter, but this one particular question I have asked faithfully of all the truly great who have ever come within my reach. This is what I asked: "If you were given the chance to come once more to this world—to live again—would you take it? Or, in other words do you think life sufficiently worth living to go through all the bother of being born a second time?"

Of course I did not mean the usual idiotic query, suppose you had to come back to this world knowing from the start all you know now, would you just love that? I went into the matter a little more brutally, for what I really implied was this: Does not the bother and the ugliness and the cruelty and suffering of our daily existence so far outweigh the few moments of joy and happiness that the whole thing becomes just a rather ghastly joke?

Thus far the answers had all been of a similar nature but they do not interest us just now. Einstein's reply was therefore a surprise. He

gave it haltingly. "Yes," he said, "life, when all is said and done, is a grim joke for most of us—a shapeless thing, without beginning or end or purpose. At least, not so far as we shall ever be able to see. And as for happiness, can any sensitive man live, and think while living, and be happy? But I would do it again. I would do it again by all means. Denn es ist so fuchthbar interessant! It is such an interesting experience. One can find out so many things. Is there an answer? Probably not. Will there ever be an answer? Probably not. But in the meantime, the business of asking questions of nature—that is what makes life a brilliant adventure."

AND that sums up Einstein and sums up his work and what he means to the world.

Progress is not something automatic and definite and only the third rate among scientists and the other purveyors of truth will disagree with Einstein and will insist that there is a definite answer. In the meantime, there is the quest, the battle for the unattainable.

Einstein insists that his own theory is merely a make-shift affair—that within another couple of centuries some one else will come forward with still another theory which shall be so far superior to his own that it will supplant the Einsteinian theories completely.

But this is the very least of his worries. He is a true mountaineer of the mind. The view on top is no doubt very nice. But it is the climb itself that is the interesting part. Most likely a little later some one else will come along in a balloon or in a flying machine and go much higher and have a much finer view. But ah, that marvelous climb—that perilous search for a pathway up the gully—the halting hand trying to find a tiny little crack in the rock where afterwards the foot may follow—and then the slow attack upon the ice-covered slope where a single misstep would mean failure—that is the life! The result—well, yes, it is nice to say that you reached your goal. But it is the climb that counts. The rest is detail.

There may be other ways to explain this man and the hold he has upon the intelligent part of humanity. The others regard him as a wizard—a spook doctor—a man who traveled to Mars and came back with the philosopher's stone. But his own colleagues, that difficult jury of one's peers that is so hard to convince or impress, they all have agreed upon calling him great.

Because of his contributions to our knowledge of the world around us?

Partly. But even more on account of his courage. For he belongs to that small tribe of the elect who will ever enjoy the favor of the gods. He knows that in the end he will be defeated. And yet he keeps up the good fight. He is convinced of the meaninglessness of all ultimate realities. And yet he searches for them with irrepressible curiosity. And he does it merely for the sake of the thing itself and at infinite inconvenience to his own comfort, for he would so much rather sail his boat and play his fiddle and smoke his pipe and smile at the strange procession of us mortals, himself included, and nod his head and say, "Yes, a queer world, a bitter world, a cruel world but an interesting world. One can try and find out so many things—such an infinite number of things. For example..."

And if you want an example, suppose you try Jeans or Russell and start out with one simple little chapter on the true meaning of the word relativity or on the definition of space-time And then you will perhaps understand what a nice simple job it was "to write something about that man called Einstein."

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## 1931 Grand Lodge Convention in Seattle

(Continued from page 37)

Miniature golf—scores of delightfully laid out little hazards and putts; municipal golf; golf of exclusive club, and golf of community and neighborhood, for the Puget Sound country comes as near being golf heaven as any place on earth. It could scarcely be otherwise in a climate that is never too warm and never too cold and fairways are always emerald velvet.

Seattle is surrounded by a beautiful countryside, enmeshed in a network of fine broad highways that lead not only to other cities of interest, including the bit of Merrie England that is

Victoria, the great commercial centre that is Vancouver, B. C., but entrancing and comfortable resorts of mountain and seaside, or for those who prefer, there are other modes of travel—railways, boats, and air lines.

One thing is certain, when the guests of B. P. O. E. national convention of 1931 bid Seattle goodbye, it will be with the vow to come again some day. Everybody does, and does.

**It's Playtime in Playland  
Seattle, July 6, 7, 8, 9, 1931**

# Behind the Footlights and On the Screen

(Continued from page 27)

son of the royal family eclipses even Miss Claire's distinguished acting and beautiful gowning.

THERE are a number of other new screen plays very well worth seeing which there is not room to review at length. Among these are: "Paid," an up-to-date version of "Within the Law," excellent crook melodrama with Joan Crawford as star; "Charley's Aunt," a revival, with Charles Ruggles in the leading role of Brandon Thompson's perennial farce; "The Criminal Code," the picturization of Martin Flavin's stage success dealing with prison life in which Walter Huston gives a magnificent performance; "Little Caesar," from the novel of the same name, probably the best of the gangster plays to date with Edward G. Robinson proving himself the king of gangster interpreters.

## News Notes of the Screen

Maurice Chevalier has returned from abroad and begun work on "The Smiling Lieutenant," in which Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins will appear.

Tallulah Bankhead, who has been enjoying a tremendous success on the London stage for the past few years has returned to her native land and gone into the talkies. Her first picture will be an original screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart. Clive Brook will be her leading man.

S. S. Van Dine is about to create a successor to Philo Vance. He has signed a contract to write twelve short murder mysteries for the screen to try the ingenuity of his new detective.

"Trilby," rechristened "Svengali" for the screen, will be John Barrymore's next vehicle. Marian Marsh, who did good work in "Hell's

Angels" and "Whoopie" will play the much coveted rôle of Trilby.

George Arliss has started work on an as yet untitled picture for which Earl Derr Biggers wrote the story and Booth Tarkington the dialogue. It will be the first picture he has made which is not adapted from a play.

After an absence of over six months from the movie lots, Norma Shearer has begun work on "Strangers May Kiss," an adaptation of Ursula Parrott's novel of the same name. Robert Montgomery, Neil Hamilton, Marjorie Rameau and Irene Rich will be in the supporting cast.

Chester Morris has been promoted to stardom and his first picture under his new status will be "Corsair" based on a story by Walton Green whose lively tales of Quintus Lunt, the Gentleman Adjuster, have appeared in recent issues of this magazine.

# Listening in at Washington with David Lawrence

(Continued from page 33)

can be persuaded to run for office in an era of indifference. Citizenship carries with it a right to vote but simple casting of a ballot once a year isn't effective citizenship. The people who take an interest and manifest it from time to time really rule the country. And that is usually a minority.

It is difficult to be an effective citizen unless you are informed. We delegate leadership to our public officials. We expect them to get all the details and use good judgment in administering government. But that doesn't mean we can then wash our hands of the whole business.

Of one thing, government in America can hardly be accused—and that's lack of publicity. Virtually every decision of importance is made public at once and whatever is withheld on foreign affairs, for instance, usually comes out within a short time thereafter. We can not make the excuse that the facts are not available.

IN THE short space of a single article each month it is not feasible to give anything but a glimpse of what government is doing but perhaps a general idea of some of the principal activities may be conveyed.

Let us first survey the States. Forty-four legislatures are in session this winter. In many States, the legislature meets every two years. Nineteen thirty-one will see nearly all in session. Taxation appears to be the primary subject everywhere. Many States which have no income tax are considering that method of raising revenue. The problem is to distribute the tax burden evenly. The real estate people are urging that taxes on property be cut down and the income tax idea be substituted. In some States where there is already an income tax law they are talking about sales taxes. The arguments for and against these suggestions would fill thick volumes—and they probably will before the hearings and proceedings of 1931 have been concluded. It is always difficult to find an equitable system of taxation and yet as long as people fail to study these questions and to ally themselves with groups that are making a study of them the group with the largest opportunity to make an impression on the legislators will exert the maximum influence.

All government is taken up more or less these days with plans to relieve unemployment. It is only another expression of what we consider the obligation of government to be—namely, to promote the general welfare.

Certain basic things are clear. It is that we can go as far in the direction of pessimism and bewilderment sometimes as we went a year and a half ago in the other direction of super-optimism and inflation. Our country is made up of natural resources and by-products. Our national wealth is estimated to be about three hundred and sixty billions of dollars. We own valuable minerals like oil, copper, coal, silver, and iron ore. We fashion products from them and sell to a big domestic market as well as foreign consumers. So long as 90 per cent of our products are sold at home we shall have a major market to

supply. The other 10 per cent will not be so easy, especially with competition abroad, but if efficiency and ingenuity and skill have counted in outstripping foreign competitors before they will count in the future.

The Federal Government has found it necessary to coordinate the activities of the State and city governments insofar as relief work is concerned so that the unemployed might be fed and sheltered. But the job of finding employment for people forced out of work by new inventions, consolidations, mergers and a collapse in values is everybody's task, from the Federal Government to the cities. Emergency committees have been formed to prevent over-lapping and duplication. And thus far they have worked out well.

It was natural that Congress should, immediately on convening last December, show its concern by offering all sorts of suggestions to relieve the unemployment situation. Members of Congress keep their ears to the ground and when they are under pressure from the people back home they want to exhibit as much activity as possible. So all kinds of plans were offered. Most of these meant the spending of huge sums by the government. And that implied borrowing—for governments do not keep a giant reserve from which every now and then to pluck a billion. Budgets are balanced annually and if there's any surplus it goes to pay off public debt.

We reached a debt of twenty-seven billions of dollars at one time during the war but we have cut that down to sixteen billions of dollars by applying the surplus every year to what is known as debt retirement.

America's credit is excellent and we could borrow a billion if we had to do so. But will we? Nearly every plan of this kind offered has been rejected by the executive branch of the government—the Treasury Department and the White House—on the ground that the cure would be worse than the thing sought to be relieved.

The restoration of economic well-being de-

pends on finding a market for the things we produce, and if we can't do that, we will not wish to produce in as much quantity as before, and if we curtail production in one line without finding employment in another line for the people who have been thrown out of work we haven't solved the riddle.

The government has had two major purposes in mind in the last few weeks. One was to see to it that individual distress was mitigated as far as possible. This meant contributions from the public, help from employers, and generous cooperation all along the line. Direct appropriations for relief were conducted through charitable organizations and special committees. The Government itself dispensed no philanthropy. In relieving the suffering in the regions affected by drought, the government appropriated forty-five million dollars to lend to farmers for seed and fertilizer and the handling of mortgages on crops and the making of loans through farmers' committees so as to enable livestock men, for instance, to feed a herd or get money for fuel and oil for tractors. It's an experiment in government aid almost unprecedented.

The other main purpose of government has been to stimulate trade and industry. Feeling that government construction has lagged behind in the last decade because of high building costs, Congress has made available \$116,000,000 for public buildings. Many of our government offices now are spread from coast to coast. Government is decentralized to no small extent. Go to the average postoffice building and see how little space all the Federal officials have. Usually the Federal courts, already congested, and the post office departments and the income tax collectors and all the other Federal agents haven't much room in which to work in a single building. The Federal institution has grown since the days when the Federal buildings of thirty years ago were built. Had the government been building new ones in recent years it would have competed for labor at high prices and might have run up the cost of materials. Public works can be built most cheaply in times of depression and they furnish not only employment for those engaged in building operations but indirectly they help everybody who works on the building supplies. To add, as has been estimated, a billion and a half dollars' worth of Federal and State construction is to add employment for hundreds of thousands.

Another thing the Federal Government did was to make available at once \$160,000,000 for road construction. Usually the States have to appropriate half the money so as to match Federal expenditures. They will still be obliged to foot half the bill but to save time the Federal Government will advance the States' portion of the money. This has never been done before—advancing to the States ahead of time on such a big scale but it's another emergency action demanded by the pressure to get the construction industry on its feet as quickly as possible. Much progress is being made—next month we hope to be able to report more.

## Answers to "What Twelve Things Are Wrong with This Picture?"

(See page 58)

1. The shadows fall the wrong way.
2. Desperado No. 2 has dagger in his holster.
3. Rider has two left hands.
4. Rider has collar and tie on a shirt with attached collar.
5. Horse wears blinkers.
6. Saddle is on backward.
7. Rider has only half a mustache.
8. Horse has one cloven hoof.
9. Desperado No. 1 has five fingers on right hand.
10. Desperado No. 1—belt sags at wrong side.
11. Desperado No. 2 has shirt with two patterns.
12. Desperado No. 1 has ear in wrong position.

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