

The Elks

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Magazine

MARCH, 1931



*Features by Elmer Davis • Paul Gallico • Morris
Markey • George Creel • David Lawrence • W. O. McGeehan*



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"But you, Jarvis—I hate to say it—you're a business coward. You knew what you would have to do to get out of the small-pay class. You were simply afraid to face the kind of effort and responsibility that could get you a substantial salary.

"And now it's too late. We've got to cut our overhead, and you're one of about fifty men that we can get along without. We could replace the lot of you tomorrow.

"For your own sake, Jarvis, take a tip from a man who has been through the mill, and this time get busy and learn to do something better than the other fellow.

"Jarvis, there's no end of opportunity in business; but the only man who cashes in these days is the man with the courage to get special training. The offices of this country are simply cluttered up with business cowards. It's easy for the man who trains—because the business coward is through before he starts."

* * *

Are YOU one of several million routine men who have been drifting along in a "low-pay" job—always wishing for more money, never acting?

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Whatever attitude you may have taken in the past—and you may, indeed, have never realized that the difference between the man who "puts it off" and the man who "puts it over" is in the last analysis largely a matter of courage—resolve today to face the problem of your business future squarely.

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Something About This Number

ONE of the goals which THE ELKS MAGAZINE has set itself is timeliness. It will, whenever possible, deal with events of current interest, happenings which are the subjects of daily newspaper comment and widespread public discussion.

Obviously, with a national circulation of some 300,000, there are mechanical limits to what might be termed our "newsiness." To prepare an article, to have it illustrated, the type set up, the plates made and then to print and distribute it, takes time.

But that is all part of the fascinating work of editing, and not a concern of the reader.

AS AN example of what we have just been talking about we refer you to Morris Markey's picture of one of the most subtly dramatic events in recent news—the meeting across a small pine table of two bitter enemies, possessors of perhaps the acutest legal minds in the country. In "A Duel at Law," you are taken into the little room where, for days, as part of the investigation of the tragic and colossal failure of the Bank of United States, Max D. Steuer and Isidor Kresel fought a titanic battle; fought it with the utmost decorum, without raising of voice or declamatory gesture, as two great poker players might play their hands.

IF George Creel, journalist and author of many books and countless stories and articles, is a finer writer in one field than another, we believe that field to be the portraiture of colorful and dramatic figures who have made, or are now making, history. Turn to "Sonora's Ghost Rider" and read of Joaquin Murieta, the twenty-one-year-old Mexican bandit chief who terrorized California in the gold rush days. To quote Mr. Creel, "He was only twenty-three when they killed him, yet his murders ran high into the hundreds and the amount of his loot would not have shamed Cortez or Pizarro. A villain of some imagination, too, for at the time Captain Harry Love and his Rangers shot him down in a running fight, the demoniac young Mexican was planning to raise an army, attack communities and seize control of the whole State."

THE month's fiction includes short stories by Elmer Davis, a valued contributor to the Magazine, whose delightful tale of a Bostonian's conversion opens this issue; and Faith Ellen Smith, a newcomer to The Elks. Bertram Atkey's baffling tale of murder and intrigue for high stakes, "The Mystery of the Glass Bullet," comes to a thrilling point in this month's installment. If you missed the earlier chapters we advise that you dig up, beg, borrow or steal the January and February issues, for here, beautifully written, is a truly hair-raising tale.

"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

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Number Ten

The Elks Magazine

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AND KEEPING
THE OLD

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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.

Office of the
Grand Esquire

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

Official Circular Number Two

1227 Bank of America Building,
Los Angeles, California,
January 29, 1931

To the Officers and Members
of all Subordinate Lodges:

ALMOST coincident with the advent of the typewriter for the purpose of furnishing a formula by and through which digital dexterity on the "writin' machine" might be developed, some genius, unknown and unsung, gave to the world the following line which time has not altered nor usage made stale:

"Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party."

Never having fathomed the intricacies of the typewriter keyboard, the value of the sentence quoted as a finger exercise has made no impress upon me, but as the basis for a paraphrase it is trenchant with meaning—ergo—

"Now is the time for all loyal Elks to come to the aid of the Order."

You may well inquire, "What is the emergency? How can we help?"

My former communication to you was predicated upon the assumption that unless an intensive effort was put forth to enlist the aid of every Lodge, State Association and individual member in the all-important matter of participation in the Grand Lodge Parade in Seattle next July, the period of economic stress through which we are now passing might be reflected in a numerically restricted and, consequently, mediocre pageant.

The response to Circular No. 1 has been instantaneous and highly gratifying. From every section of the country have come pledges of cooperation. Many Lodges not heretofore represented in Grand Lodge Parades are organizing units to make the pilgrimage. State Associations are adopting colorful uniforms and providing special trains from their respective jurisdictions. Bands, drum corps, glee clubs and drill teams are devising ways and means to attend this, the greatest of all Reunions. Elkdom is heeding the call to arms.

LEARNED economists, astute financiers, keen industrialists, merchant princes, voluble politicians and the public generally all vouchsafe opinions and offer panaceas anent the "business stagnation, financial depression, economic disturbance," or whatever it is that ails us. But, out of this great mass of theory, deduction and political bombast has come no real remedy for alleviating a condition which, in my humble opinion, is mainly psychological.

Therefore, it is up to Elkdom to lead the Nation out of the doldrums. It is incumbent upon the greatest of all American fraternities to demonstrate in no uncertain manner that this Order, unaffected by "cycles of depression," spells prosperity and progress.

The Grand Lodge Parade in Seattle next July offers the medium by which there shall be given to the Nation a convincing demonstration of our faith and solidarity.

Let every State and insular possession take immediate steps to be substantially represented in this great marching host. Obviously, if it shall be heralded to the world next July that the largest and most colorful parade in all the history of Elkdom was held in Seattle, and ocular proof furnished through the medium of the cinema weeklies, a body blow will have been delivered to "Old Man Gloom."

I have just returned from a visit to Seattle, and am tremendously impressed by the program of entertainment which the executive committee has arranged. Nothing like it has ever before been attempted by a host city, and it should set a precedent difficult to follow.

Instead of the stereotyped questionnaire which usually makes its appearance about this season, I am hereby asking all Lodges, State Associations and individual members to write to me advising what can be expected in the way of parade participation. I may be over optimistic, but I feel confident that the goal of "the best parade ever" will be achieved.

Let our slogan be "ON TO SEATTLE."

Fraternally yours,

J. J. Doyle

Grand Esquire.

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The Label

By Elmer Davis

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

AS THEY left the club, Henry Mellish was astonished at himself. His mother, and his maiden aunts, and his spinster cousins would have been still more astonished if they had seen him going out with a man he barely knew, to have a drink with a woman he had never met. It isn't the sort of thing Mellishes do—not the Boston Mellishes, of the Back Bay; not even when they're in New York. The Mellishes are careful and have been careful for the last two hundred years.

Henry had to be extra-careful; he was a lawyer on State Street, and trustee of some estates. He took care of his mother's money, and his aunts' and his cousins' money—fine, high-minded, intellectual women, who were devoted to Henry. It would have been a terrible shock to them if he had married some woman who wasn't quite their kind, but they knew he never would. Indeed, he didn't seem inclined to marry at all; but Mellishes always married late, waiting till they were in no danger of being swept away by a rush of ill-considered enthusiasm. Henry's mother, and his aunts and his cousins, knew that some day he would pick out a woman fit to be the mother of future Mellishes, or let his female relatives pick her out for him. So they went on being devoted to him, and never dreamed that he sometimes felt like bursting into screams.

Bursting into screams, however, isn't the sort of thing that Mellishes do. When Henry felt like it, he took a business trip to New York.

How do you suppose a man from Boston

Copyright, 1931, by Elmer Davis

spends his time, on a trip to New York? . . . Well, maybe your friends do; but not Henry. He used to transact his business; and then he went up to his club and read in the library till he felt that he could stand going back to his female relatives. Not that he actually enjoyed himself at the club, but at least there were no women on the premises. There was no liquor on the premises, either, and whenever Henry thought about his female relatives he wanted a drink. But he didn't know where to go to get one. At speakeasies you might get bad liquor; at night clubs you might have to repel the attentions of mercenary women. It's being careful about things like that, and everything else, that has made the Mellishes what they are.

On this particular afternoon at the club Henry had been talking to a promising young writer named Tony Lancaster. (He had been a promising writer for years; he had inherited money, and did about enough work to buy his shirts.) Henry knew his stories were much esteemed by the critics, but privately he considered them in rather poor taste and found their author a distinctly unsympathetic type. So it was quite a surprise when Lancaster, who had excused himself to make a telephone call, came back with the cheerful announcement—



"Come on, Mellish. We're going out to get a drink."

Henry frowned; he wasn't used to letting casual acquaintances tell him what he was going to do. . . . Still, he undeniably needed a drink.

"Could we be sure we'd be getting trustworthy liquor?" he asked.

"Absolutely. We're going to see a friend of mine—Judith Blayne."

"Judith Blayne?" said Henry uneasily. "But I don't know her!"

"She's a sort of contact woman between artists and people who buy pictures. Bright girl; she has to be to make a living at that game. Artists with a name can unload their stuff through the galleries; she has to make

the best of what she can get. And she certainly is a go-getter."

"Is she related to the Blaynes of Salem?" Henry felt that such a connection might regularize even a girl go-getter.

"God knows. Things like that don't matter in New York—not with her kind of people, anyway."

"What kind is that?" asked Henry, scandalized by such indifference.

"The kind you have to know if you want to feel that you're a real New Yorker—not just an entry on a census blank."

What a curious ambition! thought Henry. But he wanted that drink.

"But she doesn't know me," he protested. "Are you sure she'd—"

"I've told her all about you," said Tony briskly. (As if he knew!) "And she particularly urged me to bring you along."

Which was true in a way. Tony had asked her to dine with him, and she'd told him that she was dining out, but that he could come up to her apartment for a cocktail before she left.

ton lawyer, named Henry Mellish. You wouldn't like him; he's not your type at all."

"I'm rather sick of my type," said Judith. (It was his type too.) "Ask him if he'd care to come. If he doesn't, you can't come either."

"Oh, he'll come. He looks as if a drink would do him good."

So that was how Henry Mellish happened to be going out with a man he barely knew, to have a drink with a strange woman.

II

SHE wore a backless gown of carnelian red that matched her flaming cheeks; her eyes glowed with a wild brilliance. Tony Lancaster who knew her could see that her vivacity masked ragged nerves, that she'd rouged heavily to cover her pallor. But Henry Mellish didn't see that she was tired, or nervous or over-rouged; he was

stricken dumb with bewildered admiration. He'd never met a woman so utterly unlike his mother and his aunts and his cousins. He blushed every time he looked at her—she seemed half nude in that gown—but they had finished a couple of rounds of cocktails before he could look at anything else.

Then he got up to inspect the pictures that covered the walls, and blushed some more, for a different reason. Most of them looked like mere smears on the palette, to a classically educated taste. But having looked at them, he'd be expected to say something about them.

"You collect, I see," he observed non-committally.

"I wish I could," Judith sighed. "But these pictures are all for sale. I can't afford a shop; my customers have to drop in here."

For sale! Suddenly Henry wondered if he had walked into a trap. Lancaster, whom he barely knew, had lured him here; a woman had plied him with rum; and when they got



"If you'll be good," she added. "I'm not in the mood for any more heavy scenes." They had had a heavy scene the night before.

"I don't feel much like being good," he grumbled.

"Then you can't come."

... She had told him last night, and told herself this morning, that she wouldn't marry a clever idler who lived on money his father had made; but she couldn't trust herself to tell him so again if he came up and started making love to her. . . . "That is," she qualified, weakening, "you can't come alone. But if you happen to be with somebody you could bring along— There's safety in numbers."

"But there's nobody I know here at the club, now!" Her silence was adamant. "Except," he said, "a funny dodo of a Bos-

him befuddled they'd try to sell him one of these dreadful pictures. A man never knew what he might be getting into in New York. He must make his escape while he could. . . . He turned—and bumped into Tony Lancaster, who clutched and held him.

"Mellish! Look at this picture! My God! . . . What is it, Judith? Explosion of a still in Jersey City?" Henry breathed more easily; a man who wanted to trap him into buying a picture wouldn't talk like that.

"Idiot!" she said. "That's a bathing scene. Aren't the flesh tints wonderful?" Henry, reassured, looked at it again; if you tried hard you could see three nude women—a green woman, a yellow woman, a purple woman—on an orange beach beside a lavender sea. "That's an Escualdo," Judith told them. "What—haven't you heard of Escualdo? Paris hasn't either, but he's the coming man. I'm trying to get together enough of his work for a show in February."

"It'll be a bird of a show," Tony prophesied, "if that's a specimen. This Es-

about Cezanne and Matisse—" She saw the consternation in Henry's face. "Sorry, Mr. Mellish—I dropped into dialect. When you say lousy in Boston I suppose you mean lousy, don't you?"

A Mellish ought to have told her that in Boston they didn't say it at all. But by this time Henry was hot with compunction.

"But we're not in Boston," he said. "I—I'd like to learn the New York language, if you'll overlook my blunders."

"ATTABOY!" cried Tony Lancaster. "Let's have another round on the strength of that . . . No, Judith, sit still; I'll shake it up. You take it easy; you need all the rest you can get."

"Oh, do I?" She smiled, but she was furious. She knew she needed a rest, but Henry Mellish didn't know it. Tony had seen the effect she had produced on Henry, and it made him jealous; he was trying to spoil the picture. "You ought to know, Tony dear," she said sweetly. "You've probably done more resting than anybody else in New York. . . . When do you start for Florida?" Tony glared; she knew he was ready to leave for Florida to-morrow—if she'd go with him. "You know, Mr.

"What?" Henry cried. "But indeed you can! May I see the bottle? . . . Yes," he announced after a moment's scrutiny, "that's real Bacardi—the original label, and the genuine seal of the Quebec Liquor Commission. I ought to know that seal—it's on all the liquor I buy in Boston."

"They can fake labels well enough to fool anybody," said Tony.

"Not anybody," Henry corrected him. "Not an expert."

They both looked at him skeptically, curiously, their quarrel forgotten; and he glowed with pride. He had only one virtuosity, outside the practise of the law; and here was a chance to show it off.

"Any more bottles?" he asked. Judith opened a little closet; he inspected the contents, picked out a bottle, held it up—

"Now this," he pronounced, "is imitation Bacardi. The label is clever work, but it isn't authentic. I'd advise you to throw it out, Miss Blayne. You can't be too careful."

Tony took the bottle out of his hand. "Why, these two labels look just alike—" he began. Henry smiled.

"This one is lithographed; the other is steel-engraved. The Quebec seal isn't quite right on this one, either. I've made a study of Quebec Liquor Commission seals, under the microscope." He surveyed the closet.



A man and a woman sat down beside Henry. The man wanted to know who it was dancing with Judith

Mellish," she explained, "Tony always spends the winter on the Florida Keys. Resting up from the summer's exertions at Easthampton."

"You think that's comedy," Tony growled. "As a matter of fact, I did work this summer. I've started a novel—"

"Yes," she assented, "that was one of the first things I heard when I came to New York, years ago—that you'd started a novel. It wouldn't be reasonable to expect you to finish it, of course. Art is long."

Henry was distressed. He hated to see people quarreling—and he hated this quarrel because it implied an intimacy between Tony Lancaster and this woman, from which he was excluded. He didn't know why he should hate that, but he did. He decided to plunge in and get them off the topic, somehow.

"An excellent cocktail," he said. "Genuine Bacardi, beyond a doubt."

"I hope so," said Judith, grateful for his intervention. "But of course you never can be sure—"

"Your William Penn rye is all right, Miss Blayne. But the Peter Dawson—I'd get rid of that. The Martell, too."

"I'd have sworn that Martell was genuine," said Judith. "The man who gave it to me brought it over on the boat."

"He probably bought it from a steward. The label is engraved, and not badly; but there's a little flaw, here and there, that betrays it."

"Well!" said Tony Lancaster. "This is better than a card trick. How do you do it, Mellish?"

"WHEN I was a boy," Henry explained, "I used to collect stamps. The rarer issues are quite valuable, as perhaps you know, and are often counterfeited. The only way to be sure of what you're getting is by examining the engraving under the microscope. I learned to do that as a boy, and it has probably saved my life since prohibition. Of course most liquor labels are crude lithography that you can detect with the naked eye, but now and then you find a very good imitation. That Martell, for instance. It would deceive anyone but an expert."

"Well, it may be a bad label," said Tony stubbornly, "but it's a good brandy—even if it was made in the Bronx, label and all. I've tried it. What does all this expert knowledge get you, Mellish? Nothing but grief, as I see it. There isn't much really bad liquor floating around, and you pass up a

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cualdo is cuckoo, if you ask me. Am I right, Mellish?"

"I'm not qualified to express an opinion," said Henry politely.

But he was seething with relief, and with shame for his ridiculous suspicions. Evidently he had a good deal to learn about New Yorkers.

"You probably think it's lousy," Judith sighed. "But people used to think that

A Duel at Law

By Morris Markey

TIMES without number, in the courts of law, great advocates have matched wits for the gaining or losing of an issue, and these encounters have enriched the drama of our living. Sometimes the engagement has been fought over the shrinking form of a murderer, with the attorneys for the State and for the defense ringing the changes with stunning virtuosity upon ranks of quaking witnesses. Sometimes the ownership of a fortune has been the stake, and that ownership decided by the cunning thrust of one man at law, dealt while his adversary nodded for an instant. The battles between Elihu Root and Henry Clinton over the pompous figure of Boss Tweed have become a legend in the land, and when Harry Smith fought with Louis Wenderberg for the life of Henry Beatty a little Virginia murder case became a national excitement. Memorable victories by such men as Marshall Hall in England, Untermeyer and Choate and Darrow, Whitman and Jerome in America, have turned the dry routine of legal procedure into a curiously living sort of drama; a thing upon which we depend for a part of our experience of life and hence our understanding of human values.

Yet, in all the celebrated legal duels that come to mind, the lawyers have held the stage simply by reason of the nature of their jobs. They were neither murderers nor hangmen, but professional champions for one or the other. And it is a footnote to nearly all the great court battles of our time that the counsellors, once they were done with their savage strife before the jury, left the courtroom arm in arm, the best of friends.

A little while ago, however, we had the opportunity of witnessing another sort of

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Max D. Steuer

WIDE WORLD

duel at law: a duel in which no buffer of helpless witnesses or defendants or obscure issues stood between the warriors. It was a curious and indeed a unique passage at arms, and surely it will remain upon the memory as one of the classics of that enchanting byway of our culture, the drama of the law. This was the meeting between Max Steuer and Isidor Kresel, in the course of New York's investigation into the failure of the Bank of United States. It occurred on a grey afternoon, in a small, half-empty room on the ground floor of the splendid new building erected by the State in Court House Square—and for four hours it was a tournament of whispers.

The thing took its significance—and drew its queer, subtle excitement—from a single fact. This fact did not concern the brilliance nor the reputation of the two adversaries. It concerned the bitter enmity that exists between them—an enmity that began many years ago when the careers of the two swung together for a moment in some forgotten, deadly strife. It has been kept alive by a number of events: the growing success of the two men has marched along almost evenly through the years; the roots of both their temperaments are to be found deep in the mystic individualism of their race; political leanings have played their part.

Five or six years ago, Kresel took the offensive and went before the Association of the Bar asking that Steuer's right to practice be withdrawn. He charged a number of sins against his enemy, chief among them an improper ethical attitude towards his profession. But he lost. His petition was denied. And it is not difficult to imagine the dislike that turned a little more acid in Steuer's spirit.

But before we come to the encounter itself, let us lay in the background of the issue and of the duellists.

On a morning of last November, a hundred thousand people went to the sixty branches of the Bank of United States to get their money, for there was a steady rumor in New York that the bank was in a bad way. They found, these hundred thousand, that the State Banking Department was ahead of them, for the doors of the bank were closed. The failure was a bad one—the bank's resources were some twenty million dollars less than the total of

deposits—and there was a considerable amount of fury among the thousands who had suffered loss. In a little while, groups of the depositors began to meet and discuss plans for retaliation. And into these meetings appeared Max Steuer, himself a depositor.

Steuer became a leading figure in the criticism of the bank's officers, and presently he found himself appointed Special Deputy Attorney General by the State, and Special Assistant District Attorney by the County of New York, with authority to press investigations on both the civil and criminal aspects of the failure. We meet him, here, as a deputy attorney general, occupied with the banking laws rather than with the criminal laws.

THIS was a new rôle for him, in a new scene, for he has acquired his remarkable fame in the criminal courts—specifically as the most penetrating cross-examiner of his time. His career has been built upon the defense of accused men and women, and in this career he has had a spectacular success. His fame and his brilliance, to which juries are almost equally susceptible, earn well enough his established fee of one thousand dollars a day, and the roster of cases in which he has appeared for the defense reads almost precisely like the list of *causes celebres* during the last twenty years.

It is rather odd that Kresel falls in precisely the opposite bracket of legal celebrity. His reputation has been founded upon his



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Tense Drama Smolders Under The Cloak of Legal Decorum



The duellists face each other across eight feet of table. At the left, Steuer, the questioner, at the right, Kresel, the questioned. Half-hidden by Mr. Kresel is John W. Davis, former Democratic candidate for the Presidency

striking talent as a prosecutor and an investigator. He was born in Austria. He began his career as a special investigating assistant for William Travers Jerome, District Attorney of New York, and himself an investigator of memorable ability. He was investigating counsel for the State Legislature in 1911, when the insurance companies were under fire, and he led the impeachment proceedings against Governor Sulzer in 1913. Under Attorney General Mitchell Palmer, he directed prosecutions under the Sherman anti-trust law. And at the moment of his encounter with Steuer he was in charge of the most sensational investigation which New York has known in years. This was the probe into the police department and the Magistrates' courts—and under the fierce play of his knowledge five judges already had resigned their posts, and twenty police detectives had been reduced to the ranks.

Kresel was also a director of the broken bank, and its general counsel. When Steuer first suggested that criminal practice or criminal negligence was responsible for the bank's failure, Kresel demanded to be heard. And it was as the result of this demand that he received a summons to appear as a witness in the investigation.

With so much for prologue, we come on this gray afternoon to the marble corridor of the State Building, where a crowd of three or four hundred is milling about a locked brass door—a very smooth door that

is also guarded by six tall State troopers with handsome brown uniforms and pistols hooked to their Sam Browne belts.

It was nearly two o'clock, the hour for which the hearing was set, when the locks in the brass doors turned slowly, and a little opening appeared. The opening was large enough for one person at a time to pass, and the rush for admittance was violent enough to stir the resentment of the troopers. They pushed about and hauled until a little space was cleared around the door, and the lucky ones began to file in. When fifty had entered, the doors were closed, and with angry cries from the corridor beating upon their ears, the fifty scrambled for seats.

The room was very long and narrow. Along one side a bank of tall windows looked out upon the traffic, and from the gilded ceiling four lighting fixtures cast down a golden illumination. There were rows of cane-bottomed chairs in one half of the room—the other half being quite empty—and these chairs faced towards a blank white wall. Between them and the wall there was an eight foot table. The table was surrounded by empty chairs and in its middle there was a tall stack of papers.

The fifty spectators pushed their seats closer and closer together, as near to the little table as they could get, until they occupied only one-third of the room, the remaining two-thirds stretching in a white hollow of emptiness with two of the troopers chatting and strolling in its spacious length. Then Steuer came in. He was followed by the Attorney General, and an official of the banking department, and a clerk or two, and he sat down immediately at one end of the eight-foot table, smiling with his companions. John W. Davis, once a candidate for President, and now the attorney for Kresel, came in and sat quietly against a wall, not speaking at all. There was one empty chair left at the table—facing Steuer's chair and at the opposite end—and in a few moments Kresel came in to occupy it.

He is an incredibly small man. As he walked alone past the rim of the seated spectators his head was hardly higher than theirs, and his small face, dominated by an immense nose and a black smudge of moustache, seemed a little wistful. When he sat

down at the table, his dwarfish figure was almost lost, and when he adjusted his pincenez glasses they seemed large, like the eyes of an owl.

You must understand that there was no judge and no jury at this uncommon proceedings. No referee, no dignified gentleman at all to sit on a raised chair, and bend forward to direct the matter, and pound for order if the thing got out of hand. There was not even a court attendant to call for silence, and that duty fell upon one of the troopers, who clapped his hands together sharply and said, "Let's have some order here." The whispering stopped.

Mr. Steuer leaned forward slightly, and looked at the small wistful man at the other end of the table. Was it unlikely that he was thinking, then, of the day when he was forced to appear before the Bar Association, and defend himself against his opponent's taunts? His face was almost expressionless, and his hands were still.

"Mr. Kresel," he began. "Are you familiar with section 359 of the Business Laws?"

Kresel answered. "Yes."

"I UNDERSTAND that there is no need for me to explain your rights?"

"I think not."

"Would you prefer to be examined in public or in private?"

"Mr. Steuer, I have no preference. I am here to be examined by you in any way you like."

The cards, as it were, had been dealt.

But of the fifty who were in the room, it is doubtful if more than half heard the opening passage. For the questions and the answers were spoken in an extraordinarily low tone: the calm, impersonal tone of two strangers met at two ends of an

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Isidor Kresel

Sonora's Ghost Rider

By George Creel

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

TAKE Jesse James, Jack the Ripper, Sir Henry Morgan, Billy the Kid and every other cold-blooded cutthroat of history, put all of them together, and the composite would still be a study in meekness compared to Joaquin Murieta, that incredible bandit who terrorized California from border to border in the days when thronging adventurers hunted gold in the creek beds and mountain gulches of America's El Dorado.

He was only twenty-three when they killed him, and his life of crime was compressed into a few short years, yet his murders ran high into the hundreds, and the amount of his loot would not have shamed Cortez or Pizarro. A villain with some imagination, too, for at the time Captain Harry Love and his Rangers shot him down in a running fight, on the Tulare plain, the demoniac young Mexican was planning to raise an army, attack communities and seize control of the whole State.

The Californians, it must be confessed, brought Joaquin Murieta upon themselves, for cruel and unbearable wrongs were back of the ferocity that made him the greatest single killer of all time. A victim of the mob fury directed against every foreigner in the gold fields—a savage persecution that robbed them of their claims and doomed them to banishment—it happened that Murieta did not cringe and crawl away like the others. Instead of craven flight, he lifted his knife to heaven in an oath of vengeance.

It was in the summer of 1848 that the eighteen-year-old Mexican and his child wife crossed the border into California, drawn by reports of gravel bars thick with nuggets of virgin gold. James Marshall had made his discovery only six months before, coming upon the precious metal while digging a mill-

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race in the American River, but already the region was a human whirlpool. A mad, restless lot of men, always impatient of what was at hand, and ever confident that even greater wealth lay just beyond. Roving bands, working south from the Feather and the American, stumbled upon rich finds in the wooded stretches watered by the Stanislaus and Tuolumne. Ancient stream beds bright with gold dust, and giant boulders from whose crevices a fortune could be picked up in a day.

It was to these "Southern Mines" that Murieta and his bride made their way, figuring that the new fields offered better chance than the Marshall country. Here, in company with several hundred of his fellow countrymen, he helped to found a town that they called Sonora in honor of the Mexican state from which most of them had come. It lay in the heart of the country that Bret Harte immortalized in masterpieces of literature, and near at hand sprawled Jackass Hill, where Mark Twain was to live and write his famous "Jumping Frog."

Yellow men, congregating farther south, established Chinese Camp; Kanakas, Chilenos and Frenchmen poured in, and on their heels came trappers from the north, army deserters, and the picturesque adventurers who had followed Fremont. Scores of camps sprang up with mushroom suddenness—Columbia, Shaw's Flat, Montezuma, Big Oak Flat, Mormon Gulch, Murphy's Diggings, Algerine and Kokelumne Hill—passionate in life and color. Ghost towns all to-day, their old-time roar not even a whisper.

Happy times, with room and gold enough for all, and then came Governor Richard Mason to see the thing with his own eyes, at his side a hawk-faced young lieutenant by the name of William Tecumseh Sherman. On to Washington went Mason's report, saying that everything was true, and in his annual message, on December 5, 1848, President Monroe made proclamation that California, thirty-first star in America's flag, held more gold than Solomon had ever brought from fabled Ophir. Quickly followed the roaring days of '49, when the reckless of the world flocked to the Sierras from every corner of the earth.

THEY filled the Great American Desert, whipping their ox teams and some even pushing hand-carts, leaving many a rude grave to mark the march; they packed the steamers from New York and died by hundreds of Panama and the jungle fever. More than fifty thousand entered California by the overland route; more than forty thousand by sea, and all rushed at once to the Northern Mines and the Southern Mines,





The Most Ruthless Bandit of Them All Haunted the California Gold Fields

sweating, shouting, mad for gold. Many of them men of worth and character, but an even greater number all too eager for a land in which there was no law.

Here, there, and everywhere the newcomers spread, demanding instant wealth, and as they wandered from camp to camp, finding rich locations in possession of men of other nationalities, there began to rise a sullen muttering about "damned foreigners" and a "white man's country." Louder and louder grew the cries, "Down with the damned greasers" and "Run out the dirty chinks." The first move in the race war was the arbitrary imposition of a tax of twenty dollars a month on all foreign miners, but when this failed to complete effect, mobs began to arm, and attack became open and ruthless.

MURIETA, busy and happy on his claim, looked up one day to see a band of red-shirted, bearded men who told him that he had until sundown to quit the country. But why, demanded the young Mexican. Had he not paid his tax? What did they mean by telling him to vamoose? They cursed him for his impudence, and by way of stilling further protests, beat him into insensibility. When he recovered consciousness, it was to find that his girl wife had been outraged most brutally.

Half insane with grief, it was still the case that Murieta shrank from any declaration of war on the ruthless *Americanos*, and so it was that he crept away to Murphy's Dig-

gings, and found employment as a monte dealer. Within a month, however, his brother was accused of horse stealing by the very man who had sold him the animal, and soon Juan Murieta's limp body swung from the bough of an oak tree. Nor did the mob stop there. In order to put the fear of God into all "greasers" still more effectively, Joaquin was tied to a post and lashed until his bare back streamed with blood.

Better had they hung him beside his brother, for from that day on, the shadow of death hung over the camp. Ten men, one after another, were murdered as they rode alone. In each case it was plain to be seen that the victim had been lassoed from behind, dragged from his horse and stabbed until there was not enough whole skin left to hold the bones together.

At first it was thought to be the work of robber bands, but when a miner reported that he had seen Joaquin Murieta in the hills, a Murieta with the glaring eyes of a wild beast, people remembered that the ten dead men were those who had hung his brother and swung the blacksnake whip. A systematic hunt started at once, but no trace of the Mexican killer could be found. Having paid his blood debt, Murphy's Diggings saw him no more for many a day.

As with Robin Hood, a vast amount of legend surrounds the career of Joaquin Murieta. Most of the chronicles credit him with starting off at once as captain-general of a band of several hundred men. More probable is the assumption that he operated as a lone wolf for some months, definitely accept-

ing his status as an outlaw, and that he gained recruits two and three at a time from the Mexicans who roamed the country, raging and desperate at having been robbed of their claims. Certainly the slim, handsome young murderer was soon at the head of a fairly large following, many of them as cruel and bloodthirsty as himself.

Manuel Garcia, better known as Three Fingered Jack, was undoubtedly a homicidal maniac, for a more inhuman fiend never lived. A huge creature, more ape than man, it was his pleasant habit to tear out tongues, burn out eyes with his cigarette, and when this sport palled, he disemboweled the screaming wretches with a twist of his knife.

CHINAMEN were his favorites when it came to making a kill, and he counted the day lost in which he did not butcher poor yellow devils. Once, so the chronicle runs, he captured twelve, tied their queues together with good hard knots, and then cut their throats one by one, screaming with laughter at their futile struggles. Pedro Gonzales, Reyes Feliz, Claudio and Valenzuela, other lieutenants, were every whit as ferocious, loving to torture and mutilate before they dealt the finishing stroke.

The range selected by Murieta for his first operations was the rough, narrow trail between the "Southern Mines" and Stockton, a stretch about seventy miles in length. Superbly mounted, the bandits would swoop down on miners as they went out to San Francisco, heavy with gold dust, and after shooting and stabbing, like so many devils from hell, back they would ride with the speed of the wind to some safe mountain covert. Soon the whole region rang to the name and murderous deeds of Joaquin Murieta, and not a traveler but went in deadly fear.

More recruits joined the "Sonora Ghost," and growing bolder with success, Murieta left the Stockton trail and struck at isolated mining camps. A clatter of hoofs, a volley of shots, swift pillage, and the Mexicans were back in the hills again, leaving only still, mutilated bodies behind them. No one will ever know how many ounces of gold dust, how many bags of nuggets, were stolen by the band, for the men, like their leader, were confirmed gamblers, and tossed away the loot of a week over the gambling tables in a night.

Columbia, proudly calling itself the "Gem of the Southern Mines," was the Babylon of the times. Now it is a mere huddle of houses, the bar of the Stage Driver's Retreat a melancholy ruin, and only a dusty pair of gold scales in the deserted Wells, Fargo office, but back in 1850, six thousand miners roared up and down the main street, or made their bets in one or the other of the one hundred and forty-three gambling hells that never closed a door.

Kennebec Hill and Shaw's Flat were yielding richly, many men taking out from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a day, and there was a steady find of nuggets that ranged in value from \$1,000 to \$20,000. The famous Carson Hill nugget, for example, weighed 195 pounds and sold for \$43,000. A pinch of dust between thumb and finger passed for a dollar, a wineglassful for \$100, and a tumblerful served as a thousand-dollar bill. What wonder that faro, roulette and monte all had high play, and that even the richest bandit could bet as high as he chose?

It was not only the gambling fever that
(Continued on page 52)

Behind the Footlights



Zita Johann in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow"

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien



June MacCloy,
Wynne Gibson
and Ernest Wood
in "Night Life"



June Walker and Franchot Tone in "Green Grow the Lilacs"

TWO vital elements of a good play combine to make Philip Barry's "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" one of the most moving things to be seen on Broadway—beautiful writing and good acting. Through some magic Mr. Barry imbues his audience with his own conviction that Eve Redman (Zita Johann) and Nicholas Hay (Herbert Marshall) are a great man and a great woman. Otherwise the story would be trite. A young but very eminent scientist becomes the house guest of the Redmans' while lecturing at the local university. Gail Redman is a likable, average young man quite blind to his charming, brilliant wife's deep trouble at their childlessness. The love of Eve Redman and Nicholas Hay, and the ensuing drama attains a beauty and significance that is far from commonplace. Not only do the performances of Miss Johann and Mr. Marshall leave nothing to be desired, but all the other characters are excellently cast; Harvey Stephens as the husband, John T. Doyle as a family physician and Osgood Perkins as Hay's secretary. Mr. Perkins' dry wit contributes many gay moments to the evening.

IN SHARPEST contrast to this drama, the month has brought us another good entertainment—"Green Grow the Lilacs," by Lynn Riggs. This is billed by the Theatre Guild as a folk-play and is a lusty, full-flavored piece about cowboys and farmer folk in Indian Territory back in 1900. Not the war-whooping, wild riding cowboy of the popular western film type, but a very genuine kind with plenty of natural, pungent poetry in his makeup and a great love of all out-of-doors. There

is an intriguing novelty about these people so foreign to the knowledge of present day city dwellers, yet they have the personal appeal of being an integral part of our native background. An interesting series of cowboy songs fill the gaps between the six scenes. Despite the fact that some of these scenes work up to melodramatic climaxes, "Green Grow the Lilacs" is a dramatic folk-picture rather than a play. It is perfectly cast. Franchot Tone is splendidly free and natural as the romantic cowhand; June Walker is lovely as Laurey, the girl he courts; Helen Westly gives one of her finest performances as Aunt Ella whose homely wit sparkles through the piece, and Richard Hale is a properly sinister villain. Altogether a refreshing and delightfully novel entertainment.

Besides the foregoing pleasant additions to the list of current plays, there is promise of several interesting things to come. Firstly, a new A. A. Milne play

called "Success," is about to be launched at any minute with Louis Calhern in the principal rôle. Then Ethel Barrymore, who has recently closed "Scarlet Sister Mary" in Chicago, will go on tour through the cities of the South and Mid-West with Lili Hatvany's "The Love Duel," with which she traveled quite widely last year. And last, but by no means least, it looks as if the spring days may be brightened by two Gilbert and Sullivan repertory companies. One in New York, and another, headed by the veteran De Wolf Hopper to tour the highways and byways.

New Movies that are Recommended

APT wisecracks from "June Moon," the Ring Lardner-George S. Kaufman comedy success of last year, have been flying about the country ever since this hilarious comedy made its début on Broadway. This month will see its transcription

And On the Screen



Irene Dunne and Richard Dix in "Cimarron"



Ona Munson and Ben Lyon in "Hot Heiress"



Harry Carey, Duncan Rinaldo, and a native chief floating down the river in "Trader Horn"

to the screen under the title of "Night Life," where it is pretty sure to enjoy the same sort of uproarious reception it had on the stage. Jack Oakie will play the ambitious young dud who leaves his true sweetheart in Schenectady and brings his little fortune to the big city, firm in the belief that he is going to write a tremendous song hit. He falls plumb into the middle of a den of wolves but such amusing ones that you find his fleecing a sheer joy. June MacCloy, Wynne Gibson and Ernest Wood are among those who lend a capable hand in the shearing.

One of the very best pictures we have seen in a long time is "Cimarron," adapted from Edna Ferber's novel of the same name. It is a story of western pioneer days, yet immeasurably better than the type generally styled as "Western," and splendidly acted throughout. It opens with a dramatic thrilling picture of a great concourse of settlers waiting on the prairie for the crack of the gun which threw open the Oklahoma Territory for colonization in 1888. Among them is Yancey Cravat, played by Richard Dix, lawyer, editor and true pioneer, and the story follows his career

into new lands for forty years. In a cast where each part is played with skill and balance, Dix's stalwart characterization stands out splendidly. Edna May Oliver is masterly in an eccentric comedy rôle, and Roscoe Ates frequent laughter as a stuttering printer.

FROM Oklahoma to wildest Africa is quite a jump, yet one of the finest pictures of the month has that far country for its locale. "Trader Horn" has used only a few episodes from the widely popular book of that name, notably the tale of the White Goddess among the savage tribes, a rôle interpreted by Edwina Booth. The real thrill and interest of the picture lies in its amazing animal photography. All of it is remarkable but there are several scenes of jungle fights that are as gripping and gruesome as anything that has ever been shown on the screen, and the realism is tremendously heightened by the natural sound effects. For very thin-skinned people it may be a bit too blood-thirsty, but if you can stand a few shocks you will be well rewarded. The human actors are good, and there is a slender love story running through it, but the animals are the real protagonists.

Back in metropolitan civilization again we have Ona Munson and Ben Lyon, proving once more that the way of true love can be made to run smooth in "The Hot Heiress." This is a pleasant romance between a wealthy débutante and a somewhat unusual riveter. It all starts when Hap Harrigan misses a hot rivet and it flies through the heiress's window, igniting both her rug and her heart. Not a very intellectual drama, but pleasant entertainment engagingly acted.

(Continued on page 63)



Illustrated by
O. F. Schmidt

Conflict

By Faith Ellen Smith

"LOOK here, kid," said George. "Can't you make her see I'd drive her to town if I could? Can't you tell her I'm not staying home from choice?"

His long, thin form rested wearily against the side of the high door frame and Irva saw for the first time how deep were the lines that illness and worry had carved in his face. She said:

"Honestly, he has to stay, Aunt Adele. He has to take care of Caesar, and—"

Adele gave her no time to finish the explanation. Her small feet beat an angry tattoo of high heels on the bare cement floor. She cried, "Oh, I see all right. You're staying home from choice—her choice. My lord, you'd think a dirty black bull was worth more than all the rest of us. Caesar's just an alibi, because she hates me and don't want me to have any fun. Caesar! The next thing we know we'll all have to come down here and sit around holding his four feet—" She turned quickly. The red chiffon skirt of her dress floated out like the petals of a wide-open poppy, and a vagrant chicken, foraging on the hard earth before the barn door, went squawking back to the chicken yard in fright. A few quick steps brought her to the door of Caesar's box stall.

"Come away from there, honey," George said sharply.

Copyright, 1931, by Faith Ellen Smith

Adele paused to shake her fist at the sick bull, and he answered her challenge with a low rumble of sound and a feeble lunge at the barrier between

them. Then George took two loping steps after her and gathered her up in his long arms, and suddenly Adele clung to him, sobbing. "I've tried so hard," she cried. "I've tried to make her like me and she h-hates me—!"

Irva walked slowly back to the house, carrying with her a vivid impression of Adele and the black bull, facing each other in hatred under the high, shadowy roof of the great barn, and of George's thin, unhappy face. Heat flickered as visibly as flame above the acres of pasture land where the cows lay, peacefully chewing, and the air was filled with a warm smell of clover and a chatter and drone of insect life. But Irva could not take her accustomed pleasure in these familiar sights and sounds and smells of home. Suddenly she seemed older than her thirteen years because she had felt so poignantly the conflict of wills and emotions involved in that scene in the barn. This ability to feel in one's own heart the unhappiness of another must, she decided,

be one of the privileges and penalties of growing up.

In the kitchen Hedda, the cook, was cooling for her the first fruits of her Saturday baking—a plate of delicately browned cookies cut with the animal-shaped cutters that had delighted Irva in babyhood. Irva sat in the old rocking-chair at the end of the table and ate a fat brown dog with currant eyes, and Hedda talked guardedly but darkly of the thing that was uppermost in both their minds. "One of the Mis' Prices must give in or else they'll bust up," said Hedda. "You joost wait and see. Fight, fight, fight is all they do ever since George bring her here. Well—stage girls was never any good."

Irva loyally pretended not to know to what Hedda referred, while she wondered if that did explain it; the fact that Adele had been a dancer on the stage and had never seen a farm until she married George and came to live on one. Any of the neighbor



"You men . . . have you nothing to do?" Mrs. Price stood between the house and the group at the pasture fence

girls, daughters of the Swedish and German immigrants from whom the Prices had always held themselves aloof, would have understood that Caesar's well being was of more value than any number of trips to town, but Adele could not. Adele could not even be made to understand that Caesar, when he was well, was dangerous. Of most of the common, everyday facts that Irva had known all her life, Adele knew nothing at all.

Irva took the plate with its remaining cookies and went out of the hot kitchen into the shaded coolness of the front rooms. Astrid, Hedda's young sister, had put fresh roses and sweetpeas in all the vases and the air was scented with their cool fragrance. This house which Mrs. Price had maintained throughout the twenty years of her widowhood with the same calm efficiency that had made of the acres around it the foremost dairy farm in all Wisconsin, was a pleasant home. It seemed to Irva that anyone ought to be happy here—even Adele, who had come from the distant, unknown world of New York.

Irva tapped on the door of her grandmother's office, heard a quick "Come in" and entered. Mrs. Price, a tall, erect figure in her somber black gown, sat at her roll top desk under a framed picture of Irva's father in his khaki uniform and Irva's mother in her wedding dress and veil. A ledger was open on the desk. A revolver with a thick, bluish-black barrel lay beside it. At the moment, Mrs. Price's strong, tanned fingers were closing the cover of a box of cartridges. "Just in case poor Caesar should be worse," she explained as she dropped revolver and cartridges into an open drawer.

Irva nodded. She remembered the horror that she had felt when she first discovered her grandmother to be the executioner of every hopelessly ailing animal on the place. Now she knew that Mrs. Price shrank from the task as Irva herself would have shrunk from it, but forced herself to perform it because she would entrust its merciful accomplishment to no other hands.

"Busy, dearest?" Irva asked.

"Never too busy to see you," her grandmother said. "Sit down."

Irva put the plate of cookies on the end of the desk and sat in a big chair beneath a photograph of herself when she had come to live on the farm—a tiny baby face between a long embroidered dress and a little frilled bonnet. "What is it, dear?" Mrs. Price asked.

Irva hesitated. The open window behind her grandmother's head framed a picture of the Price land, with the blue, heat-misted horizon as its only visible limit. A small, reddish-gold figure frisked across the green vista and was gone. It was, Irva knew, the half-grown colt Apollo. Skittish as he was, he would follow at Mrs. Price's heels begging for apples, as docily as a dog. The thought crossed her mind that Mrs. Price, wise in winning the confidence of other young things, was singularly unwise in the matter of Adele. She had, as a matter of fact, come to talk with Mrs. Price about this very thing, but the strangely acute understanding of her adults that made her feel this was lost in childish awkwardness when she tried to translate her feeling into words. She said now, "I wish Aunt Adele and I could go to town this afternoon."

"Do you want so very much to go?" Mrs. Price asked.

"Not particularly." "Particularly" had an impressive, grown-up sound. Irva used it again. "I don't particularly want to go at all. I'd every bit as soon stay home. Only Aunt Adele's planned all week that we'd see the new picture at the Bijou."

Mrs. Price sighed. She selected a cookie and turned it over and over with her tanned fingers. She said, "I'd drive you in myself only I don't like to leave before the veterinary comes, and I can't spare George. I wonder if one of the hands—"

A SHARP rap interrupted her words and the door flew open without invitation to admit Adele. Adele was still angry. Her smoke-gray eyes were rebellious and her full, artificially reddened lips drooped in sharp curves of mutiny. "What's the idea George can't go to town?" she demanded.

"It happens," said Mrs. Price, "that I cannot spare him."

Adele shrugged. Her thin young shoulders were sharply eloquent under their scant cov-

ering of chiffon. "George said last night he'd take us."

"Then," said Mrs. Price, "he promised too rashly. He cannot possibly leave Caesar."

"Oh, dear, no!" Adele stormed. "Of course he can't leave Caesar to take his own wife and his own niece to the movies. Excuse me for living!" Her voice broke into shrill, bitter laughter. "You'd think Caesar was the king of England or something, all the fuss you're making over him."

If only she wouldn't talk like that, Irva thought, shrinking in spirit from the mocking words. If only she'd understand that Grandmother loved Caesar, not only because he was the most valuable animal in all this part of the State but because she had owned him from calfhood! But Adele only understood that she wanted to go to town, and that Mrs. Price was preventing her going.

MRS. PRICE said sternly, "Please calm yourself. Caesar is worth fifteen thousand dollars, if you care to know, so it is somewhat important that he receive careful attention now that he is ill. George is the only person he will allow in his stall. Don't be childish, Adele. Surely you and Irva can postpone your trip to town for a few days."

If only, Irva thought, her grandmother would not be so cold, so reasonable, so grown-up! Why, you could get Adele to do anything for you if you treated her like a child—laughed at her, petted her, said to her, "Do this, because I want you to!" But Grandmother couldn't understand Adele any more than Adele could understand her, and so all their differences of opinion ended in fury on Adele's part and cold, pained silence on Mrs. Price's, just as this one was ending.

"A few days!" Adele scoffed. "By that time one of the cats will be sick or one of the dogs'll have sprained a toe or something. Any animal on the place is of more value than I am. My Gawd, I'm—"

"Now," said Mrs. Price, rising, "you're being both silly and profane." She stood, facing Adele, and before the stern criticism in her eyes Adele stood silent for a moment, then fled, banging the office door behind her.

Mrs. Price sank into her chair again with a sigh. She said, "I've tried to be kind to Adele. I've tried to accept her as my son's wife. I've never even hinted to you that I am sorry my son married her." She sat

"It's all right, George," she said quietly



for an instant looking past Irva into space. "I've failed," she said flatly. Her eyes came back to Irva's face. "You are old enough to understand the situation," she said. "If you ever think I'm being unjust to her, I wish you would tell me."

Irva said heatedly, "You're never unjust. Why, Aunt Adele said—"

Mrs. Price raised her fingers for silence. "It would be much better if you did not repeat what I say about Adele or what she says about me. That is the only way to be a good friend to both of us." Again she looked past Irva into space and Irva saw that her keen blue eyes were moist. "Young men do strange things," she said. "Especially wild young men of George's type. There were thousands of girls he might have fallen in love with—but he chose this one. My only son!" she said, and Irva knew that she was thinking of the soldier son whose likeness looked down from the wall above her. "My only son, married to a vaudeville dancer, passing on our name to her children—! Oh, Irva!" she cried with unintentional cruelty. "Why couldn't you have been a boy?"

Irva went upstairs eating, with faint appetite, a cookie rabbit. She felt baffled and provoked over her failure to make peace or even to tell her grandmother that Adele had said she had tried to make her mother-in-law like her, and the memory of Hedda's warning words gave her a sense of impending tragedy. "They'll bust up," Hedda had said. She did not know what Hedda meant; she could not foresee what would happen, yet she was vaguely but terribly worried.

OUTSIDE a car honked at the gate and the dogs began barking. That would be the veterinary, arrived sooner than anyone expected him. Irva looked out of the window of her bedroom. Doctor Johnson, old Doctor Webb's new assistant, was coming around the house with his black instrument bag in his hand and the dogs sniffing suspiciously at his heels. He wore white trousers and a blue silk shirt, open and turned in at the neck. He had no hat and the sun gave his curly auburn hair the shade of bronze in firelight. Adele had said that he was the best-looking thing she had seen north of Chicago, but Irva, for some reason, had never liked him.

She turned away from the window and went across the room after a book. When she came back she saw that Doctor Johnson was standing beside the pasture fence and that Adele had joined him there. The sounds of their voices and of Adele's laughter came through the open window. Then there was another sound—the opening and closing of a door, and Irva saw her grandmother come across the lawn. At that moment Adele laughed more loudly, drawing a little nearer Doctor Johnson, looking directly into his eyes. She knew that Mrs. Price didn't like her talking to him. Was she, Irva wondered, deliberately trying to make Mrs. Price angry?

Doctor Johnson went away with Mrs. Price in the direction of the barn, and Adele ran across the grass to the house. Her high heels tap-tapped through the lower rooms and up the stairs to Irva's door, and her

red slippers danced across the threshold.

"We're going to town!" Adele cried happily. "We're going to town with Johnson. Can you keep a secret, sweetmeats?"

Irva said proudly, "Of course I can keep a secret."

"Then, listen, darling. Johnson's going to say he has to come out again to see Caesar, just so's he can take us in and bring us back. He'll just say he has to come again, see, and then I'll happen along and say I wish I could drive the car because we both want to go to town, and he'll offer to take us. So you get ready, lamb. I'll call you when it's all fixed."

"I don't think—" Irva began, but the red slippers danced away. Adele, Irva thought wistfully, never listened to her objections or her advice.

At the end of perhaps half an hour Adele called her and she went downstairs. Doctor Johnson and Adele were already seated in Doctor Johnson's small car, and George stood at the gate, looking wretchedly unhappy. Irva squeezed into the seat between the two and the car moved away. George, scowlingly watching their departure from the gate, was blotted from sight by a cloud of dust.

ADELE laughed and talked incessantly, and Irva could see that Doctor Johnson was interested in everything she said. The wheels of the car traced writhing patterns in the dust of the roadbed while his eyes were on her, rather than on his driving.

"You don't seem like a cow doctor," she told him, and he answered, "You don't seem like a farmer's wife."

"Farmer's wife?" Adele scoffed. "You've got me all wrong, brother. I'm no farmer's wife. I'm only a farmer's daughter-in-law."

"Bosses you, eh?" the young man asked.

"And how!" said Adele. "She treats me like I was something crawled out of the woodwork. I keep wanting to say, 'Don't step on it. It may be human!'"

Doctor Johnson laughed. "How come?" he asked.

"How come what? Her? Why, she's a big bug all through the State. Talks at all the fairs, gets her picture in the papers—"

"I know all that," said Doctor Johnson, "and you know what I mean. How come—you?"

"That wonderful thing called Love," said Adele, with a quirk to her lips. "All my crowd said I was crazy when I married him, but I went ahead. He wasn't making much money, but I could make enough for both of us, so that didn't matter. Then he got sick and the doctor said he had to get outdoors, and she wrote and asked us here, and I thought it would be a swell idea." She laughed bitterly. "He wanted me to come with him. Well, I was game for the milkmaid act—you know. Sunbonnet down my back and milkpail in my hand and the orchestra playing the Spring Song. I didn't know she was rich. I'd have worked my fingers to the bone for him—I was just that kind of a fool."

"Pretty fingers," said Doctor Johnson, looking at them as they nervously twisted a corner of Adele's handkerchief. "Mustn't work 'em to the bone!"

Adele giggled and then sobered. "Don't kid me, brother, and don't get me wrong. I'm a respectable old married woman, and I'm in love with my husband, and he's in love with me. If I wasn't, do you suppose I'd be staying here?"

(Continued on page 43)



SHEAR NONSENSE



Such as Body-Checking

The Chess Association recently rejected a proposal to fix a time-limit for championship matches. It was feared that such an attempt to speed up the game might be productive of rough play.

—*The Passing Show.*

Ready to Go

Two old maids were in an insane asylum for years, always knitting and knitting.

"Gee," sighed Mayme one day, "I wish some tall, handsome man would wind his arms around me and squeeze me until I gasp."

"Now you're talking sense," from Hattie. "You'll be out of here in a few days."

—*Buffalo Bison.*

Sharp Practice

And speaking of football, have you heard about the Barber College half-back who was penalized for clipping? —*Judge.*

Have It Ready

Customer: "I'd like some rat poison."

Clerk: "Will you take it with you?"

Customer: "No, I'll send the rats over after it." —*Malteaser.*

Short-Sighted

She was only the optician's daughter—two glasses and she made a spectacle of herself. —*Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.*

A State of Uncertainty

"Is that a Jersey cow over there?"

"Couldn't tell you. I wasn't able to see its license." —*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

Losing Face

"Say, dat guy busted the crystal of me watch. What should I do to him?"

"Go ahead, give him de woiks."

—*Texas Longhorn.*

But Distance Lends Enchantment

The world trusts a man who admits he likes onions. —*Illinois Siren.*

Uncivil Warfare

A small boy asked his father how wars began.

"Well," said his father, "suppose that Eng-

land quarreled

with France—"

"But," interrupted

the mother, "Eng-

land mustn't

quarrel with

France!"

"I know," he

answered, "but

I am taking

a hypothetical

instance."

"You are mis-

leading the

child," said the

mother.

"No, I am

not," he answered.

"Yes, you

are."

"No, I am

not."

"Yes."

"No."

"All right,

Dad," said the

small boy,

"I think I

know how wars



Visitor: "I know you are not entirely bad, because I've been told you took all the prizes at your local Flower Show."

Prisoner: "Of course I did; that's what I'm here for."

—*The Humorist.*

begin." —*Pullman News.*

Then Buy Another Car

"What is the best thing to do when the brakes of one's car give way?" asks a motoring correspondent. Hit something cheap. —*Everybody's Weekly.*

The Masculine Touch

"That man wants me to lend him some money. Do you know anything about him?"

"Why, I know him as well as I know you. Don't lend him a bean, old man."

—*Leeds Mercury.*

To Coin a Phrase

He paid the bill so often they began to take him as an after-dinner mint.

—*Ohio State Dial.*

Don't Ask Dad

The Pastor: "So the Lord has sent you two more little brothers, Dolly?"

Dolly (brightly): "Yes, and He knows where the money's coming from; I heard Daddy say so." —*A. C. L. News.*

Optical Allusions

"I guess I've lost another pupil," said the professor as his glass eye rolled down the kitchen sink. —*Cornell Widow.*

Light Refreshment

"They pulled their chairs to the table, lit a candle, and made a meal of it."

—*Evening World.*

Flivver Complaint

"It is very hard to drive a bargain," said the fellow who had bought an old Ford for ten dollars. —*Princeton Tiger.*

The Lines Are Dizzy

Another thing this country needs is a good five-cent phone booth. —*Pathfinder.*

A Wrist-Watch Dog

A family moved from the city to the suburbs, and were told they ought to get a watchdog to guard the premises at night. So they bought the largest dog that was for sale in the kennels of a near-by dealer.

Shortly afterward the house was entered by burglars, who made a good haul while the dog slept. The householder went to the dealer and told him about it.

"Well, what you need now," said the dealer, "is a little dog to wake up the big dog!" —*Tit-Bits.*

Matrimony

"Marriage brings a lot of change into a man's life," says a novelist. And it takes a lot out, too. —*The Humorist.*

Roped In Once

Employer: "I want you to prove your power as a salesman. Just sell that gentleman some of those cigars."

Salesman: "But I sold him some of them last week."

Employer: "I know, but selling them to him again is where the real test is going to come in." —*Edmonton Bulletin.*



"What are they cheering for? Has he rescued someone?"
"No, he has just drowned a saxophone player."

—*Dublin Opinion*

Radio Rambles—Tune in!



Gladys Shaw Erskine

Actress, writer, poet, radio star, heard over N. B. C., Columbia, and WOR. Address your letters to her at The Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd St., New York City

So many letters have arrived in response to my offer to answer questions on radio—and a number ask so many questions, some of which are almost impossible to get data on—that I have been delayed in replying at once.

However, in the next issue you will find a lot of your questions answered, and the rest will follow on.

Please, when you ask me about a personality or a program, tell me the station you were listening to—otherwise it is impossible to check.

Thank you so much for your letters.

Write again.

Gladys Shaw Erskine

Uncle Bob Sherwood

The last of Barnum's clowns, but the first to bring the Big Top into a broadcast studio, and the lovable, laughable antics of the sawdust ring into your home. Little did white-haired Uncle Bob think, when he retired from the ring and left his appreciative thousands, that he would soon be playing to unseen but equally appreciative millions. A circus is a great training school, if you can go by Uncle Bob: clown, writer, singer, lecturer, entertainer par excellence; his middle name is versatility, and he's always Uncle Bob—to everyone



Dusolina Giannini

This brilliant young soprano of Italian parentage, but American birth, received her musical education in this country, first from her father, an operatic tenor of note. Her 114 appearances during the last eighteen months attest to her present popularity



Around the Samovar

These popular vocal and instrumental soloists dressed in their colorful native Russian costumes are gathered "around the samovar," for the gala celebration which marked the second radio anniversary of this popular program heard over WABC and the Columbia network. The two men, left to right, are Eli Spivak, baritone, and Peter Biljo, director of the balalaika orchestra. The pretty girls are Valia Valentinova, contralto, in the gorgeous head-dress, and Eliena Cazanova, violinist and a featured soloist in this program. Her instrument is a rare Grollier, made in 1705, and is valued at \$6,000

Bright Glimpses of the Children of Fame Who Are So Often Heard—and Never Seen



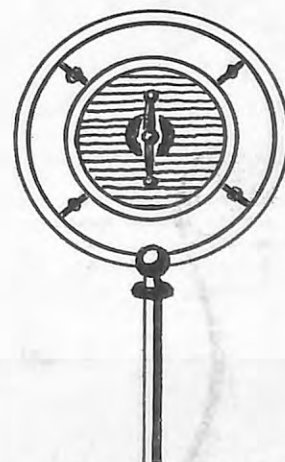
The Goldbergs

Here they are in the process of rising—one of the Goldbergs (Roslyn Silber) seems to be rising more than the others at the moment; and another (Alfred Corn) is trying to put her in his place. Gertrude Berg and James Waters, the two remaining Goldbergs, appear to be quite horrified at these uprisings. The Goldbergs rise and take the air over N. B. C. every week. The others that Hazel M. S. asked for—in a forthcoming issue



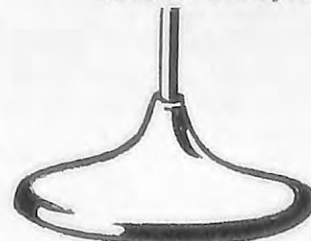
Winifred Toomey

Ten years old and a veteran of the air. When this little girl, above, was only three years old, she broadcast from station W F B H, then called The Voice of Central Park, from the roof of the Hotel Majestic, in New York. Now there is no such station, and the hotel has been torn down—but Winifred is still broadcasting. For the past four years she has been heard on so many N. B. C. programs that it would be useless to try to list them, but some of them are "Mystery House," "The Silver Flute," "Dixie Circus," and "The Lady Next Door"



Claudette Colbert

The fascinating actress of the stage and screen, who was one of the first of Paramount stars to appear as guest artist on the Paramount-Publix hour, heard over the Columbia network, Miss Colbert has appeared in the stage successes "Kiss in the Taxi," "The Barker," "Tin Pan Alley," and "Dynamo." Her screen work has included "The Lady Lies," "The Big Pond," "Young Man of Manhattan," and "Manslaughter." Makes one sorry television isn't a fact



Golden Gloves

They Stand for Real Fighting—and Clean

By Paul Gallico

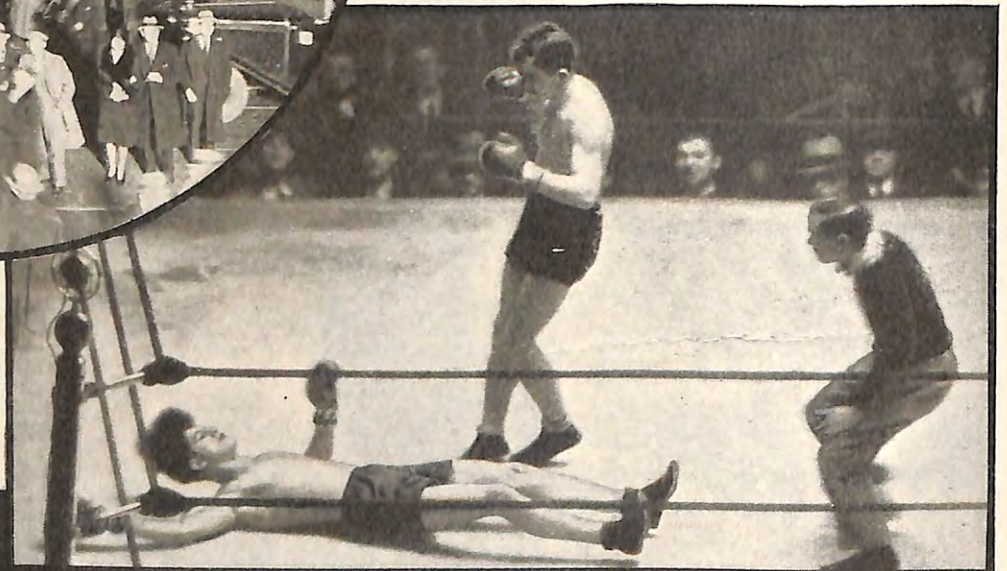
FROM nine in the morning until five in the evening he does as he is told. He runs errands or sweeps out the office, or wraps parcels, or sells things over the counter, or delivers your meat from the butcher's, or works in a factory, or sits at a desk. An iron-moulder, a mill-hand, a stenographer, a bricklayer, a Wall Street runner, a schoolboy, a mechanic, a truck driver, a flyboy, a taxicab driver, a wage earner.

Call him, he comes. Send him, he goes. Scold him, he accepts it. His world revolves around a fellow who most of the time is unpleasant and who is called Boss—from nine to five. From five to eight, he vanishes from our ken, but at eight o'clock he appears at the appointed place. He comes questing. No man is his superior. No man is his equal—until he proves it inside the ropes of a fighting ring. He has enrolled under the banner of the Golden Gloves. He wears the insignia in his lapel. The yoke of labor and breadwinning is slipped from his shoulders with his clothes, as he strips naked to fight another naked

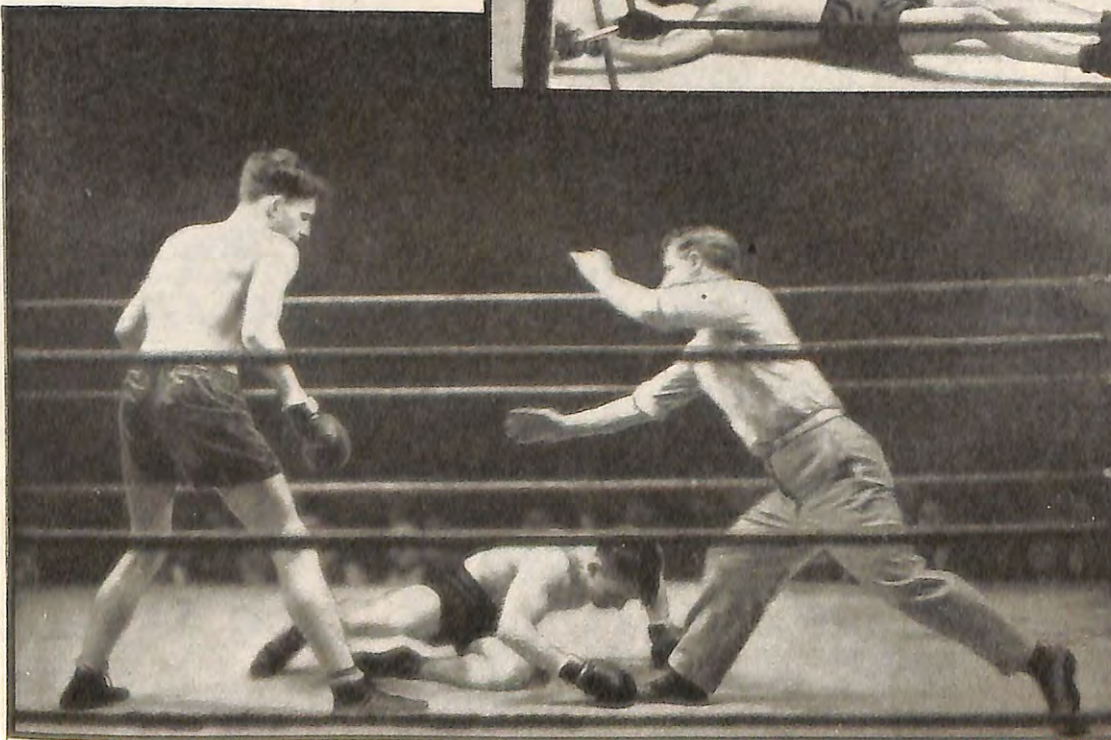
DAILY NEWS PHOTOS



Ten thousand were turned away from Madison Square Garden. And the 22,000 who got in broke all attendance records for an indoor sporting event



He may forget to duck and suddenly find darkness descending upon him, but at least he has had his moment



man, with gloved hands for weapons, to determine which is the better, which one shall take the prize.

This is the underlying spirit of the Golden Gloves amateur boxing tournament, an annual event involving from eight to ten thousand boys, seven States, an intense rivalry between two cities, New York and Chicago, and record-breaking attendance at Madison Square Garden and the Chicago Stadium. It is this unquenchable pugnacity that smoulders in the breast of the boy, this one touch of romanticism that sends him

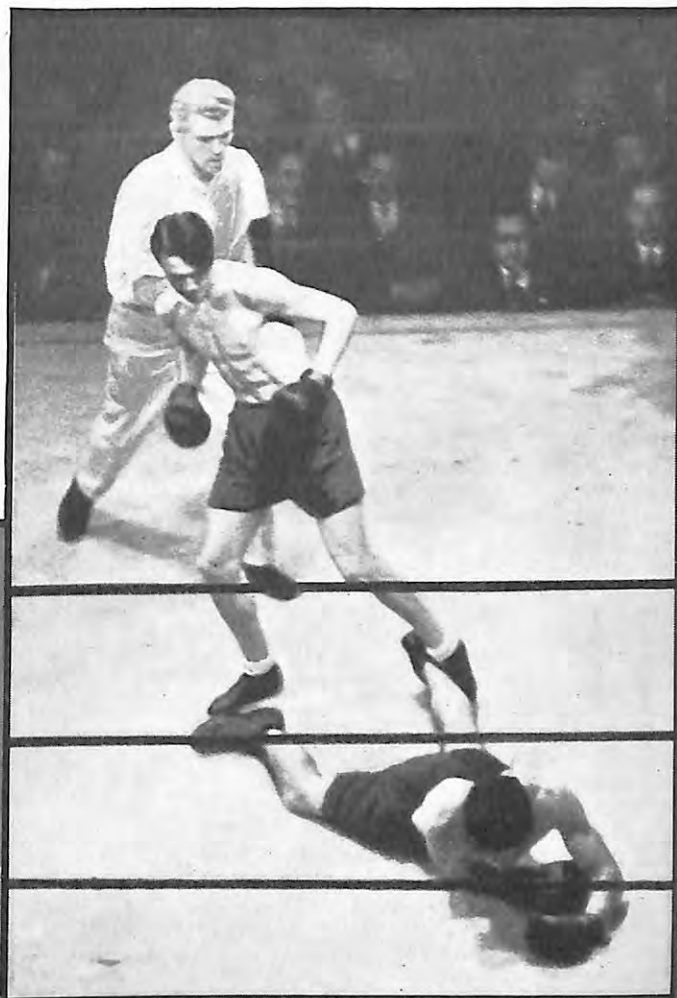
warring when his day's work is done, that has made out of an idea promoted by a newspaper interested in amateur athletics, a national sporting event.

In February of 1927, *The News*, of New York City, asked the Metropolitan Association of the A. A. U., of which it is a member, for its sanction to stage an amateur boxing tournament, and for an exception to be made in the value of the prize offered. Under A. A. U. rules, thirty-five dollars is the limit that may be expended upon any prize. The Metropolitan Association granted both requests, and the tournament was named the Golden Gloves, after the prize, a golden replica of a pair of boxing gloves, set with a diamond.

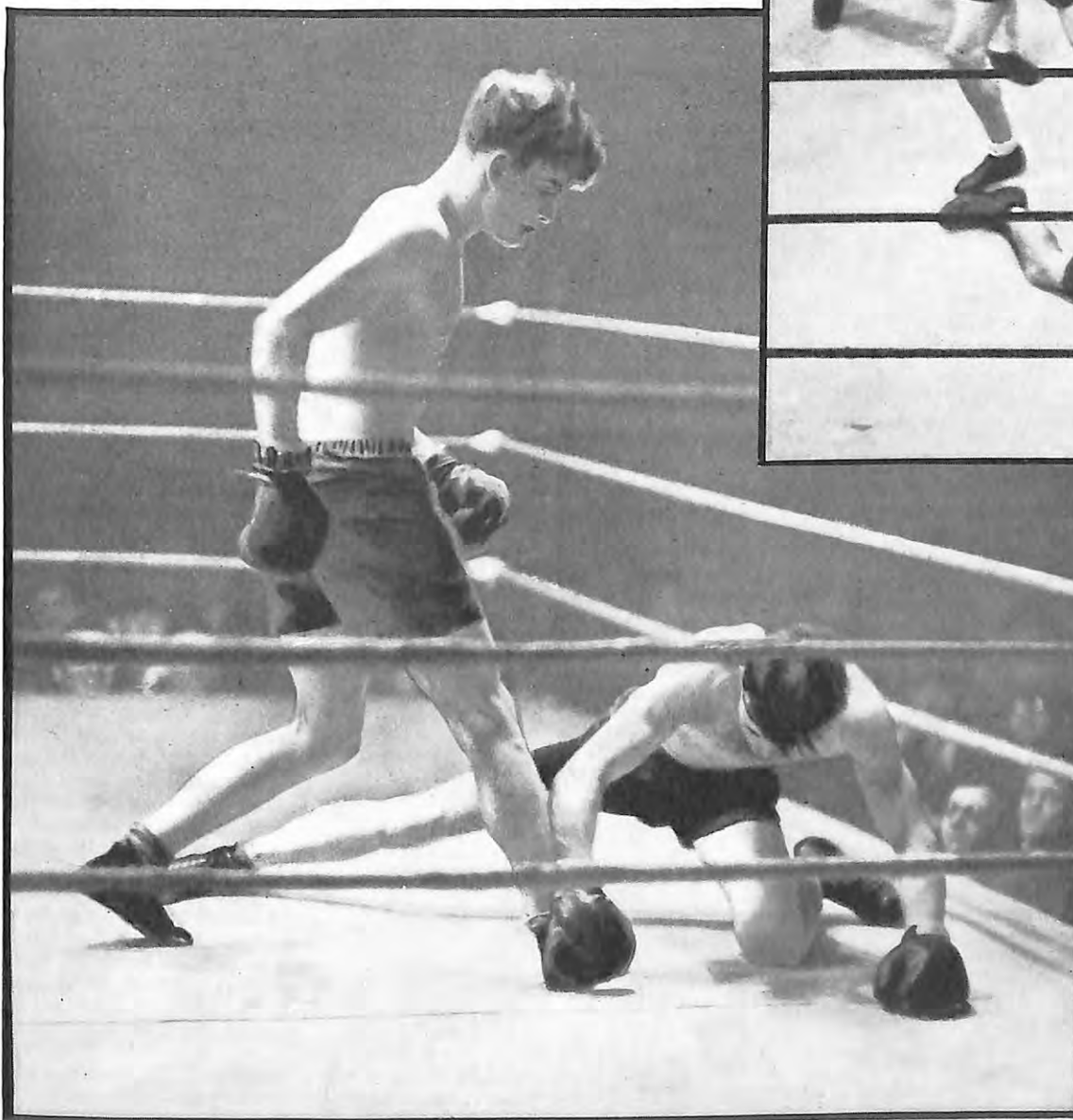
Within three weeks, when the entries closed, 1,200 aspirants had signed up, presenting *The News* with a record and

swinging affairs, which upon occasion left the ring and wandered into the aisles or the press row, have been fought in that division.

Previous to this there was no class distinction in amateur boxing. A boy entering his first tournament might be called upon to face a veteran of fifty or seventy-five fights. The result was inevitable—the bell, lead, cross and out. This is no happy introduction to a fine sport. It was great for the veterans who threw out their chests and



The yoke of breadwinning is slipped from his shoulders as he strips to fight



the bell, wind up the right hand—I'm as good as you are, buddy—POW!

The finals were set for March 21 in Madison Square Garden, and the 1,200 had to be eliminated down to two contenders in each of the eight weight divisions: flyweight, bantam, feather, light, welter, middle, light heavy and heavy-weight, which in pounds are respectively, 112, 118, 126, 135, 147, 160, 175, and unlimited.

The sponsors of the tournament, after overcoming the temptation to leave town in a panic, solved the problem by turning the entire preliminaries over to the amateur boxing clubs, social guilds, parish houses, church gymnasiums, K. of

a problem. The record was the number of entries, the problem how to fight them down so that sixteen champions would result.

Two things accounted for the huge entry: the fascination of the name "Golden Gloves"; and a new class established by *The News* to develop material and to give a youngster an even break. It was called the sub-novice class, and was restricted to boys who had never boxed in a public tournament. It was an instantaneous success, and some of the wildest, most hysterical and hair-raising battles, crazy, free-

strutted, but tough on the suckers who acquired that inferior feeling. Thus the new talent came out gingerly and with little or no confidence.

But with the establishing of the sub-novice class—Oho! That was something different. The youngster embarking upon the thrilling and stormy seas of personal combat had the courage-bolstering satisfaction of knowing that the pale and quaking youth in the opposite corner was no better navigator than he—if as good. Here was just another such as he, a newcomer. They would both start from taw. Ring

C. centers and athletic clubs, the fine, hard-working and generally impoverished social service centers of the city, the organizations that in their quiet way do the sincere and intense work of combating crime by taking the growing boy off the streets, teaching him to box, to run, to play basketball, to swim, furnishing him a locker and a towel and showers for twenty-five cents a month, giving him an outlet for his ebullient spirits, shackling viciousness with the training and courtesy of the ring.

These organizations, always struggling against odds, always in need of funds to

help the work, maintain tiny auditoriums throughout Greater New York, support themselves as best they can with amateur boxing shows, the expenses of which eat up their profits. They are the backbone of amateur boxing. They cooperated with *The News* by placing their rings at its disposal. *The News* furnished them with ready-made boxing shows without a cent of expense which pulled them out of the red, and for three weeks they were the scene of hand-to-hand fighting that has never been matched for excitement, thrills and laughs.

HERE the long-haired youths first discovered the tragic handicap—of long hair. Unruly locks that would not stay out of the eyes, a pause to brush them aside—OOOF! Right in the tummy! Eight-nineteen-OUT. Here the neophyte first rubbed his glove over his wounded nose and gazed wild-eyed and terror stricken at BLOOD! His own life's fluid. O, enough, enough of this! Here the knight-errant, aged seventeen, first learned of the amazing power that lurked in his right hand. He had struck, and there lay his foe stricken and stretched on the canvas. He had done this. He and his right hand. Why, he was a killer! Another Dempsey! O, that grand and satisfying sensation!

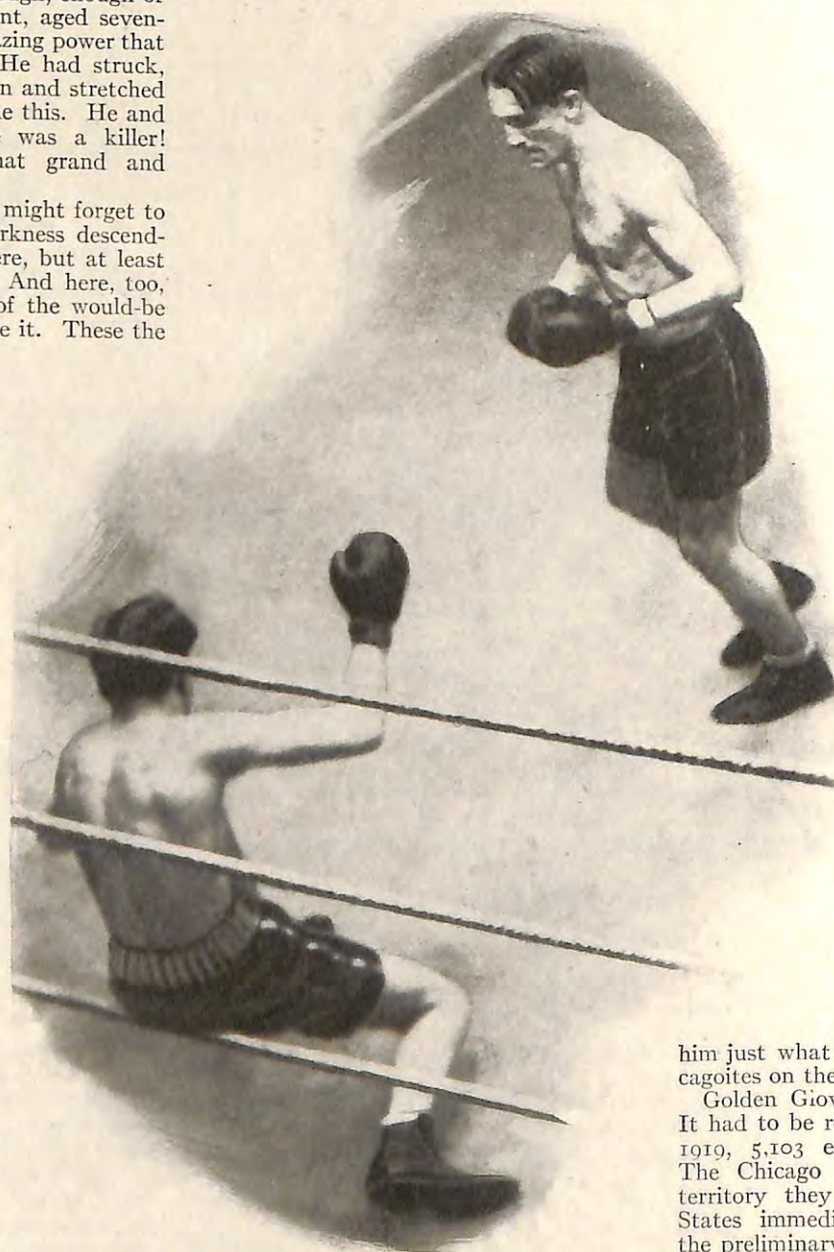
True, in his next bout he might forget to duck and suddenly find darkness descending upon him out of nowhere, but at least he had had his moment. And here, too, began the first realization of the would-be champion that he could take it. These the novices. The veterans found themselves involved in gruelling battles, five and six of them before they ever reached the finals. It was a test of stamina as well as skill. It was no tournament for weaklings. The veterans began to take a kind of fierce pride in the number of elimination battles they fought. In addition to the gloves we awarded them a victory medal with a gold or silver bar for every victory. Some of the boys have medals with eight and nine bars with the names of the victims inscribed on each bar.

On March 21, 1927, the finals were held in Madison Square Garden. The crowd that attended was 21,594 which, with complimentary and officials, came to over 22,000, breaking all existing records for attendance at an indoor sporting event, a record that stood until last March when 23,000 attended the Third Annual Golden Gloves Inter-city team match at the Chicago Stadium in Chicago, involving the Golden Gloves teams of *The News* of New York and the *Tribune* of Chicago.

But to return to New York, and the first amazing turnout—it surprised even the late Tex Rickard—10,000 were turned away from the Garden when the fire department closed the doors, police lines were formed outside, and the amateur boxer

came into his own. Professional boxing had never been able to (and has not yet) muster the indoor crowd that came to see the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, the shoe clerk, the ribbon clerk, the grocery clerk, the plumber's helper, the steel worker, the carpenter's boy tear into one another for the glory and honor of their clubs; or for the pure joy of fighting. They battled to a continuous uproar that boiled and seethed out of the high clerestory windows of the Garden and rattled the neighborhood windows. They justified the hard work and the bitter battles of the preliminary rounds by taking part in the first amateur classic—the Golden Gloves.

The following year, 3,011 candidates registered for the Golden Gloves. The *Chicago Tribune*, parent paper of *The News*, inaugurated its first Golden Gloves tournament, which was as great a success in Chicago, selling out the Coliseum. At the conclusion, Don Maxwell, then sporting editor of the *Tribune*, wired *The News*—



"Chicago *Tribune* Golden Gloves winners challenge New York winners to annual inter-city match."

Two weeks after another capacity crowd had seen the New York Golden Gloves finals we boarded the Twentieth Century Limited with a team of sixteen boxers and eight substitutes—twenty-four kids who had

never been farther west than Newark—had never been on a sleeper. They ranged through the private car demanding, "Where's the beds? Whattaya doin', kiddin' us? The guy says we sleep on a shelf. Whadda we do, eat right on the train?"

When the porter made up the berths that night he played to standing room only.

Sixteen bouts were fought in the Chicago Coliseum. New York won eight, Chicago eight, and New York received a rude shock. Scouts had reported the Chicago boxers as willing but crude. They were all of that. They wouldn't stay on the floor. They fought with a new spirit. For the first time, the kids of the streets, the boys whose only higher learning was received in the College of Hard Knocks, fought for A Cause. Their team! Chicago! New York!

This is a thrill and experience usually reserved for the college man. The boy who takes out his working papers at the age of fourteen, or who quits after a year or so of high school to earn his living is denied the com-

radeship of belonging to, of being part of a team, of fighting shoulder to shoulder with his own kind against a hated rival. In the Golden Gloves contest, the battles are individual. But in the inter-city matches, all unite against the common enemy. The winner and runner-up in the welterweight class who have staged a bitter bloody battle in Madison Square Garden for supremacy, become roommates and buddies in the training quarters. They spar together in the gymnasium and each helps the other correct his mistakes.

FOR ten days they live together in a hotel, eat specially prepared food at a training table, work in the gymnasium under one coach, are packed off to bed at ten o'clock. They live the life of the college athlete. Slowly the team spirit grows. It is rather a beautiful thing to watch. Two years ago when the Chicago Golden Gloves team came to New York and was quartered in another hotel, the New York captain called up the Chicago captain on the telephone and spent twenty minutes telling

him just what would happen to the Chicagoites on the night of the bouts.

Golden Gloves simply kept on growing. It had to be reorganized to keep pace. In 1919, 5,103 entry blanks were received. The *Chicago Tribune* branched out into territory they called "Chicagoland," the States immediately surrounding Chicago, the preliminary tournaments being handled by newspapers in those cities, each paper sending a team to Chicago to compete against Chicago entrants. To make the team that fought the cocky and hated New Yorkers became the ambition of every kid in the Middle-west who could hold up his hands and fight a lick. New York has not yet branched into any State outside of

(Continued on page 59)

The Mystery of the Glass Bullet

By Bertram Atkey

Illustrated by Jerome Rozen

Part III

FOR a few seconds the partners stared at each other. Then Mr. Bunn finished his first sherry and took another.

"I tried to save that poor chap. I went out there to warn him this afternoon," he repeated. "I saw them kill his dog—but I thought he was safely away from home."

He turned his heavy, square red face from the decanter to his partner, his eyes hard as green flint.

"They are an ugly crowd. The worst we have ever collided with—the very worst, Squire! They kill like snakes—they strike blind like lightning!" he said, and Fortworth had never heard his normally bland voice so grave.

"If we're going to do anything with this crowd—the folk behind these murders—we've got to do it quick. For at the first suspicion that we're up against them they'll lay out for us—and they'll get us, for how the devil can a man guard against murderers if he doesn't know who is his likely executioner and who isn't?"

"Humph! Well, what are we going to do about it?" demanded his partner.

Mr. Bunn thought for a moment.

"Well, there's this—only crazy folk kill people for killing's sake. These folk aren't crazy—far from it. They're after something, something big. Either that or they're protecting something they've already got—something worth having. We've got to find out what it is—quick!"

He lit a cigar.

"For this is only the beginning—I can see that clear enough, what with my natural gift for clear-seeing and with what I've found out."

He sat back, his cigar-end glowing, his hard eyes half-shut.

"Let's see where we've got to," he muttered. "Here's a friend—and I'll guess a close friend—of Miss Alison, though she

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won't admit it even to me, her best friend in this country, if she only knew it—murdered in that wood first of all. Why? I judge that wolf Carnac to be behind that murder and I wouldn't care to swear that Lady Cedar knows nothing about it, for they seem pretty thick, those two—though he certainly looked pretty near strangling her last night. Why? Was he threatening her about something or what? . . . They and their friends, the Foons, MacCorque and maybe others—know that a clue or two was spilt by the murderer, and sooner than take the slightest risk of allowing the first party to find the body—probably the one to find the clues as they rightly enough figure it—to appear at the inquest, they are prepared to kill that first party like a dog. Or dogs! When they thought you and I were the finders they tried to blot us out—clean out. When they learned it was the gamekeeper—they left us alone and killed him. The principal witness, as you said just now, and almost certainly the man who found those clues which they *knew* were dropped! I was too late to warn him—by a few minutes—but I can put a rope round the necks of MacCorque and Yung Foon just when I am ready. And Miss Alison will be my witness—when she's ready. . . . But there's no hurry for that just at present. No. We don't want to hang just two of these thugs—we want the lot!"

"Yes," said Mr. Bunn, "he's restocked the place all right! Look at that painted worm!"

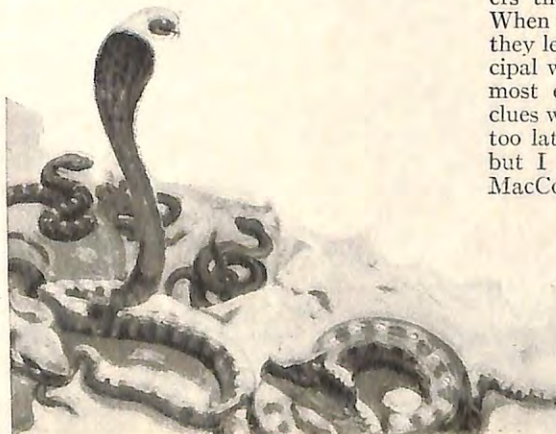
He smoked silently for a few minutes. Presently he continued:

"And we must cast an eye round Snake-master Sow Foon's little establishment as soon as we can. Yes. For unless my natural genius has got badly snagged up that's where we shall find the king-cobra of the doings, nicely curled up and tucked away out of sight!"

He stirred a little uncomfortably.

"Don't fancy the job. Don't fancy it at all. Still—shall have to tackle it. We'll look round that place—the snake farm or venom distillery or whatever he calls it that this Sow Foon has got. Hey? We'll see. Meantime—pass the sherry. What is it for dinner?"

The result of the inquest was exactly what might have been expected—a verdict



of "Wilful murder against a person or persons unknown!" The medical evidence showed that the unidentified man had been killed by shooting with some unusual form of weapon—the heart had been found full of shattered glass—and the glass itself, suggested the medical witness, had probably been poisoned, for the heart had been found in a condition so terrible that something even worse than the shocking lacerations of the glass must have been responsible.

Mr. Bunn and his partner gave their evidence as to the dead gamekeeper calling them to his aid, briefly and concisely, and were complimented by the coroner for their curt clearness, and their quickness in getting in touch with the police.

It was all very brief and businesslike—but nevertheless Mr. Bunn recognized a quiet, meek-looking little man, who was sitting quietly in an inconspicuous position well back from the front, one of the ablest Scotland Yard men of the present day.

And, because, in spite of his slightly slow-seeming, heavy-handed manner, very little worth noting ever escaped the eyes of the old adventurer, he saw, too, in an even more inconspicuous position than the Scotland Yard detective, and listening very intently to the evidence, the sailorish vagrant, Davy Clark, who should have been working in the gardens at Maiden Fain Manor.

Mr. Bunn was very thoughtful on the way back to lunch—and when he learned that no cable had yet arrived for him he seemed to become even a little sullen.

But he was restored to his normal mood of good-humoured optimism by a meal which would have restored a two-thousand-year-old mummy.

"Let's see, now—we're going to tea with Miss Alison this afternoon," said Smiler, having totally bankrupted the lunch. "Now, it's no good going up to Maiden Fain Manor half-asleep, as you are already. We'd better have a little exercise. We'll take the roadster and run over the downs to Friarsmark, and spend an hour looking round this snakefarm of Sow Foon's!"

Fortworth, annoyed at his partner's blunt statement that he was half-asleep, directed a rather sour gaze across at him.

"You seem to me to be a whole lot fonder of snakes than I am," he stated. "What good are you persuading yourself you're going to do over there?"

"MAN alive, didn't you hear the evidence—that poor chap's heart was rotted with poison, the glass bullet we've got is full of something that looks to me mighty like snake venom—and here we have a scientific sort of venom laboratory not ten miles away over the downs. Doesn't any sort of notion kind of dawn on you about that?"

Before the partners entered the grounds of Friarsmark House, they stopped to talk to an ancient rustic, who, when tactfully interviewed by Mr. Bunn, described Sow Foon as "the foreign gentleman."

"What kind of man is he—this foreign gentleman?" asked Smiler, rather ostentatiously putting his hand into his small change pocket.

"Well, I dunno," said the rustic, dubiously. "He's never give me anything—nor took anything away from me. He's a rum-looking kind of a man, to be sure, but there's a lot of rum-looking men about," he con-



tinued, his eyes thoughtfully on Mr. Bunn. "I never interferes with him and he don't interfere with me. Well-meanin' man, by all accounts. He's remarkable handy with all them snakes of his, so they says."

"Huh! He's got a lot of 'em about the place, has he?"

The villager stared.

"The man's got millions of 'em," he said. "I never seen such a mess of snakes about a place in my life. All sorts and sizes and colors and all of 'em rank pizenous. I'd as soon put my foot in a man-trap as put it in Mr. Foon's garden—sooner, in fact. You go and look, Mister. He's got the old moat all packed up by 'em. You can't get in—and as long as you don't try to get in you can't get hurt. Thankee, Mister!"

The garrulous one accepted the small alms which Mr. Bunn proffered and made full sail in the direction of the nearest inn.

"Makes no secret of his poison brewery, anyhow," observed Mr. Bunn.

"No. Why should he? He passes as a scientist, I take it," said Fortworth.

It was a lonely spot—lonelier even than that occupied by Colonel Carnac's house. Set in a warm hollow between two high ridges of chalk hills, facing south and entirely surrounded by a circular garden it was a large house which evidently, not long since, had been restored and brought up to date regardless of expense.

The only point in which it differed oddly from any one of a thousand similar old moat-houses was that the dry moat surrounding it was walled.

The reason was fairly obvious.

"Evidently he keeps his live stock there much as they used to keep fish in the moat when it was full of water!" said Mr. Bunn.

He pulled the car up behind a clump of

dense gorse, got out, took a pair of powerful field glasses and settled down, inconspicuous against the background of gorse, to survey the place which lay apparently asleep in the bright sunshine, perhaps two hundred and fifty yards down the slope from the by-road.

"Nothing much doing down there," he muttered. "Half the rooms seem to be shuttered up. But it's going to be a nasty passage for anybody who tries to get into that place quietly at night."

"Why? Looks easy enough."

"Think again, Squire," said Mr. Bunn, "don't you see that there is only one way in through the walls of that moat—that roofed bridge facing us. There's no front and back way. Anybody coming or going from this house can use that entrance—or he can climb up over the garden wall and stroll among the snakes up to the house."

He studied the lay-out for a long time in silence.

"Yes, Sow Foon is better protected from intrusion by that old moat than by fifty watch-dogs. There's a place down there—where those bushes are growing—where we might get a look from close quarters at the snakery. If we worked our way round through the gorse with a bit of care. Better take a quick slant at it, hey?"

Twenty minutes later, they were taking the said

slant over the wall, screened from observation from the house by a tall yew tree just outside the wall.

"Yes," said Mr. Bunn, the instant they peered over. "He's restocked the place all right! Look at that painted worm!"

IMEDIATELY below them, half-coiled, on one of the big stones of a species of rock-garden, lay a huge Russell's viper—its appalling, flat, idiot-browed head raised, facing them. As they stared at this, one of the ugliest and most poisonous of all the vile beasts that India spawns, the creature yawned. It was, of course, pure chance but, as Fortworth observed later, it looked deliberate. They saw the silky lining of the gaping, lipless jaws and the long, in-curving, needle-pointed fangs as clearly as if they were within a foot of the brute.

"Hey, Squire—what d'ye make of that?" said Mr. Bunn. "How would you care to go creeping quietly across the garden of a dark night trying to worm your way into the house? With that specimen on sentry-go, so to put it—or that short fat, chap and his pals—"

He indicated a spot just past the Russell's viper where three South African puff-adders were taking a sun-bath. Probably the ugliest of all the vipers, certainly as venomous as any, the swollen, gape-jawed beasts looked like monstrous slugs—except only where the lithe, muscular necks joined the swollen bodies to the awful triangular heads.

Then, as they looked down, a very different type of snake appeared—weaving its rapid way among the stones—a long, slender, graceful thing that traveled with some feet of its body high up off the ground—its slim head darting angrily from side to

side as it went, and a black forked tongue flickering incessantly.

It was another product of Africa—a black mamba, evidently angry about some snakeish trouble.

"Not so damned ugly as the slugs—but I'd trust him no farther! Nor those cobras over there, either. Why, the place is just lousy with the beasts! They're giving me the willies! Have you seen enough, Squire? I have!" said Mr. Bunn. "Lord help us if ever we've got to cross this little bit of garden scenery at night!"

"Don't worry on my account," said Fortworth calmly, as they circled round through the gorse to their car. "Nothing will ever persuade me to cross that over-populated garden of Eden either by day or by night!"

"Huh!" was Mr. Bunn's sole comment on that.

It was as if he had a premonition that before very long both he and his partner would be down in the moat, creeping in pitch dark through that inferno of lance-fanged, death-swollen horrors. . . .

They went silently through the gorse cover, their footfalls soundless on the short downland turf, so that there was practically no more than a second's warning of their approach for a man upon whom they came abruptly as they rounded a gorse-clump.

Mr. Bunn was just in time to see him thrust some object into the bush.

"Why, Clark!" said Smiler. "What are you doing up here? I thought you were working in the gardens at Maiden Fain.

This is no way to keep a good job, my man—no way at all!"

He maneuvered to get a swift side-glance into the bush as he spoke.

"Yes—sir," said the one-eyed man, civilly. "I'm going there to work, but Miss Vanester-man gave me a day or two to look around for some lodgings."

"Lodgings, hey?"

Mr. Bunn moved back from the bush. He had seen what it was that the man with tattooed hands had thrust into it—a pair of binoculars.

"Lodgings, is it? Well, I hope you get some comfortable ones, Davy," he said, and passed on.

"FRIEND of yours?" asked Fortworth as they passed out of hearing. "He's got a great chance of finding lodgings up here—why, there isn't half-a-dozen houses within a couple of miles—and it's miles from his work!"

Mr. Bunn nodded.

"He wasn't looking for lodgings—not now, anyway."

"Then what the devil's he doing up here?"

"Watching Friarsmark, same as us," said Smiler. "I put him down as a detective. That was a pair of field-glasses he stuck in the bushes."

"What's the matter with Miss Alison?" said Fortworth sharply. "She's fainted . . . she's slipping down in her chair"

"Huh! Well, what's he after?"

But Mr. Bunn shook his head rather absently to that.

"You can search me," he said drily. "At present!" he added, and turned the car homewards.

They passed a car halfway. Colonel Carnac was driving with Yung Foon sitting beside him. The Colonel waved a polite salutation to them as they passed.

"Calling on Sow, evidently," said Smiler, as they dropped down the hill. "Wonder if my cable's arrived yet."

He slung the car home like a projectile—to find the cable awaiting him.

For a long time Mr. Bunn sat brooding over the lengthy message he had just received. Twice he re-read it.

Then he created for himself a large quantity of whisky and soda, and sat down to pore over the message yet once more.

Fortworth looked at the big wad of sheets which Tony, Mr. Bunn's brother in America, had already sent and grunted approval.

"Well, I'll say that he certainly don't grudge expense."

"Just take paper and pencil and jot down what I call out, will you, Squire? We'll get them sort of classified, anyway," declared Mr. Bunn.

They worked at this classification, Smiler dictating and amplifying from the cable. Presently each took what each obviously regarded as well-earned refreshment, and Mr. Bunn read the result.

(Continued on page 50)



It Is Up to Him to Keep an \$8,000,000 Club in the Money

The new Yankee boss infuses into his men something akin to "college spirit"



INTERNATIONAL

JUST how great a factor is the manager in the achievements of a baseball team or the coach in the success of a football team? Take the latter question first. There is Knute K. Rockne, coach of the Notre Dame football team, which for two straight years has been voted the best football team in the United States. Now I am convinced that Knute Rockne gets the same material that all of the coaches get. As to physique and mentality, the young men who come to Notre Dame are no huskier and no more brilliant than the young men who attend universities, north, east, south or west of that institution.

Notre Dame has academic standards quite as rigid as those maintained by the other universities. The football material is not selected. It is made up of bona fide students. But year after year the Rockne teams lead all the rest.

They speak of Notre Dame teams as Rockne teams just as they speak of the New York Giants as McGraw's teams or of the Athletics as Connie Mack's teams or of the Brooklyn Dodgers as Wilbert Robinson's teams. The tradition then is that managers do make teams to a great extent in our national pastime.

Naturally in professional baseball the manager must be a greater factor than the coach in intercollegiate football, for the coach can not pick his material. This is especially true since the Carnegie Foundation started investigating a short time back. Before that the coaches, with the assistance of some zealous old grads, did pick their material—to a certain extent.

The manager is all the more responsible because the players are his own players, within certain limitations. There are limits of course.

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The Hustling McCarthy

By W. O. McGeehan

I am considering the case of Joseph Vincent McCarthy, who will manage the New York Yankees this year. He takes over the most expensive collection of ivory known to the national pastime at a particularly critical time.

When the Yankees won two American League pennants in succession and then won two straight world championships, they were classed by some of the best judges as the most powerful baseball machine of all time. Even managers in the rival league declared that there never was such a powerful baseball machine. Among them was Wilbert Robinson, who low-rated even the Old Orioles, of which team he was a member, and said the Yankees were greater even than those demigods of the diamond. For which Mr. Robinson was regarded as little better than a traitor to his day and generation by many of the old-timers.

But the Yankees of to-day are not the same Yankees that won those world cham-

pionships in straight games. The personnel of the team is practically the same, but the athletes are considerably older. They are showing it in their legs, where athletes show age first. The "dogs" of Babe Ruth, for instance, are of grave concern to the followers of the national pastime.

Great baseball machines do not last forever. There was, for instance, the almost perfect baseball team of Mr. Cornelius McGillicuddy, the Athletics who beat the Giants. It spent itself and after scrapping it, it took Connie Mack sixteen years to build up another world championship team.

The New York Yankees today constitute an \$8,000,000 property. Baseball, in addition to being an amusement for the owner of the club, Colonel Jacob Ruppert, also is a business and not a small business. The Yankees must be pennant contenders or they will be run at a loss.

THAT is why Jacob Ruppert has hired Joseph Vincent McCarthy. His expensive collection of ivory must not show any further signs of cracking. On the contrary, it has to be revived and repolished or it will lose its owner money. Mr. McCarthy's problems are of considerable interest to baseball men and to the fans. In fact there is more curiosity concerning the future of Joseph Vincent McCarthy than there is in regard to any personality in baseball.

What Mr. McCarthy did with the Chicago Cubs is still fresh enough in the minds of the fans. He was haled out of the minors by William Wrigley, Jr., when the Cubs were in last place in the National League. In four years Mr. McCarthy handed over to his owner a pennant winner. Not only that but he revived the interest in that team to such an extent

(Continued on page 57)



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CHARLES FIELDS CUSHING



Listening in at Washington With David Lawrence

The President and Congress—Some of the Dilemmas of Government—Modern Political Leadership

WE OFTEN hear vehement expressions of disapproval when Congress is mentioned. The notion persists in our metropolitan sections that Congress somehow exists for the sole purpose of making mischief—namely, disturbing the business order of the country.

In more than twenty years of experience at the National Capital, no single thing has stood out so conspicuously as the gap that now prevails between Congress on the one hand and the outside world on the other.

Yet the dilemma is not as incomprehensible as it might appear. To understand the disputes in Congress we might visualize four hundred and thirty-five members of any society or corporation or organization trying to come to an agreement either in business or civic affairs. Differences of opinion will develop in any group as large as four hundred and thirty-five. When we add to that, the difficulty of getting ninety-six others to concur with the first group of four hundred and thirty-five, we begin to realize what a task it really is to obtain concerted action.

But while, numerically speaking, the question of obtaining a meeting of minds might be unwieldy to handle, all of

us have seen groups even as large as that passing questions by unanimous vote and even without roll-call. Congress does that, too—when it does not have any controversial questions to deal with. Bills involving many hundreds of millions of dollars have sometimes been passed in a single afternoon without debate just because everybody was agreed and the objective was thoroughly understood.

What people outside of Congress often fail to understand, on the other hand, is that the four hundred and thirty-five men in the House of Representatives do not represent themselves any more than do the ninety-six

Senators in the upper house of Congress. Those five hundred and thirty-one chosen representatives are responsible in turn to tens of millions of people who sent them to Washington. They are trustees. They must consider the interests of the stockholders, so to speak, back home—their constituents. It has for a long time been debated whether a Member of Congress should express his own opinions and lead his constituency or whether he should try to ascertain the will of his people and guide himself accordingly.

A conscientious public servant finds a happy combination in both theories and then tries

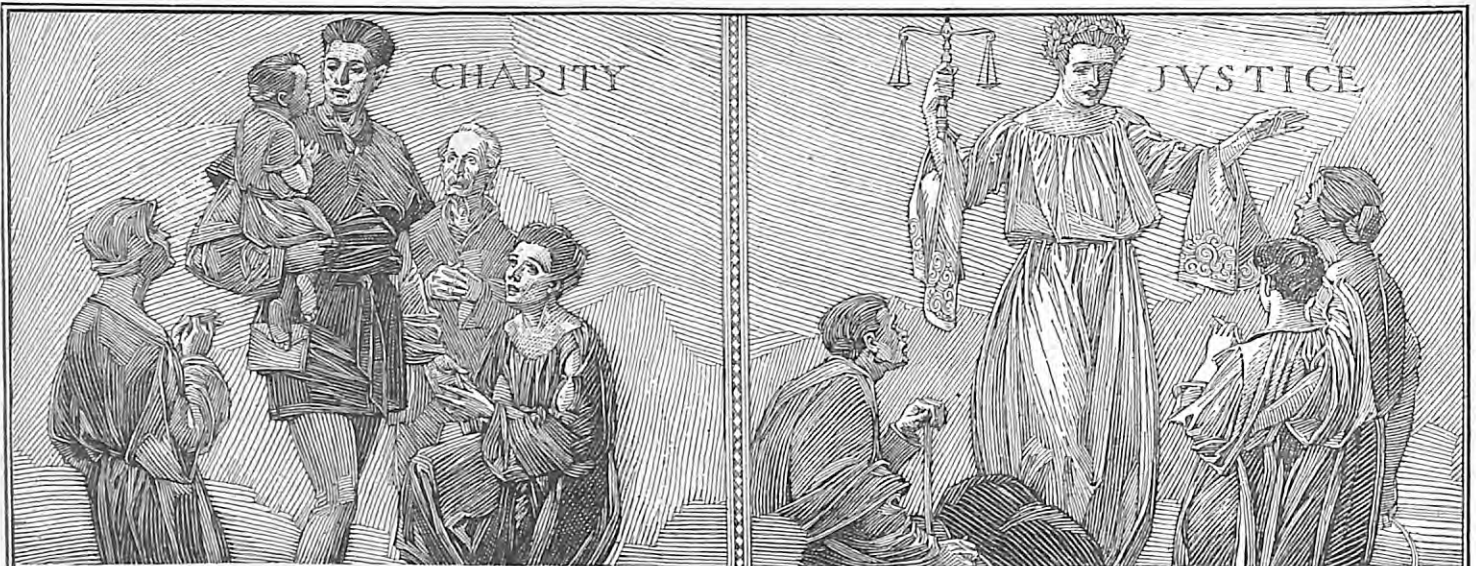
to accomplish what he can in the interest of all the people. Nevertheless there is a tendency to represent a particular district or State and to emphasize that interest as against any national point of view. In trying to understand Congress, therefore, we are obliged to keep in mind the vast constituency which is represented by our national legislature. In other words, the problem is not how to find a basis of agreement for five hundred and thirty-one men, but what action shall be taken which will please the hundred and twenty million people who are, after all, powerful enough to put another five hundred and thirty-one men in place of those who may make a mistake in judgment.

TWO conspicuous examples of misunderstanding of the work of Congress occurred recently. When the word came from the drought areas that people were suffering because their crops had been destroyed, Members of Congress from the drought States promptly introduced bills providing Federal appropriations. As a matter of principle, these measures were opposed, the argument being made that the Red Cross could raise enough money through voluntary contributions to take care of needy persons. Yet the headlines told us that the Senators from Arkansas, for example, were not satisfied with such a promise. If we read no more than that and simply took the surface impression, we would feel that somehow or another Congress and the Chief Executive had not gotten together or at least had not tried to get each other's point of view. Actually, what happened was that the people in Arkansas were in such desperate straits that even though promises were made of ultimate relief, they were impatient

(Continued on page 61)



"Every President has his troubles with Congress. He cannot himself be partisan"



EDITORIAL

TO THE CLASS OF '31

In a very few weeks approximately fifteen hundred members of the Order will become Past Exalted Rulers and members of the Grand Lodge. The honor has been earned by service to their respective Lodges, and hence to the whole fraternity. In a way it is a graduating class upon each of whom a fraternal degree is conferred. What is to be their attitude toward their new title? Will they think only of the fraternal distinction that has come to them and of its attendant privileges? Or will they recognize and loyally observe the obligations that also are involved?

In the answers to these questions the Order has the keenest possible interest; because its continued success and well being is very directly dependent upon the continued activity and interest of those who, each year, have conferred upon them this commission of honor.

By virtue of his official training in his own Lodge, each Exalted Ruler has learned its real needs and how they may be met most effectively. When he becomes a Past Exalted Ruler he carries into his new relationship a knowledge and experience that enable him to exert a potent influence upon those associates.

If he does this, through his own example as well as by precept, to keep their interest aroused, to stir their enthusiasm, and to induce their contributions of personal service to the activities of the Lodge, then the Order has, by his elevation, gained a valuable asset. On the contrary, if he assumes that he has fully paid for his honor and owes no more; that he is entitled to rest upon his laurels; and if he withdraws from further active participation in Lodge affairs; then his example will inevitably draw others into a like indifference, and he will be so much less a valuable asset than he should be, that it is a question if he has not actually become a liability.

There is no group in any Lodge with such potentialities as that composed of its Past Exalted Rulers. This is so well recognized that in many Lodges they are encouraged to maintain a more or less formal organization, through which they may more effectively serve the Lodge as counselors and leaders. This might well be done in every Lodge.

And each new addition to this group should bring to it a fresh enthusiasm, not a spirit of weary indifference. He will find plenty to do that is well worth the doing. His new honor imposes new responsibilities which he should welcome, not shirk.

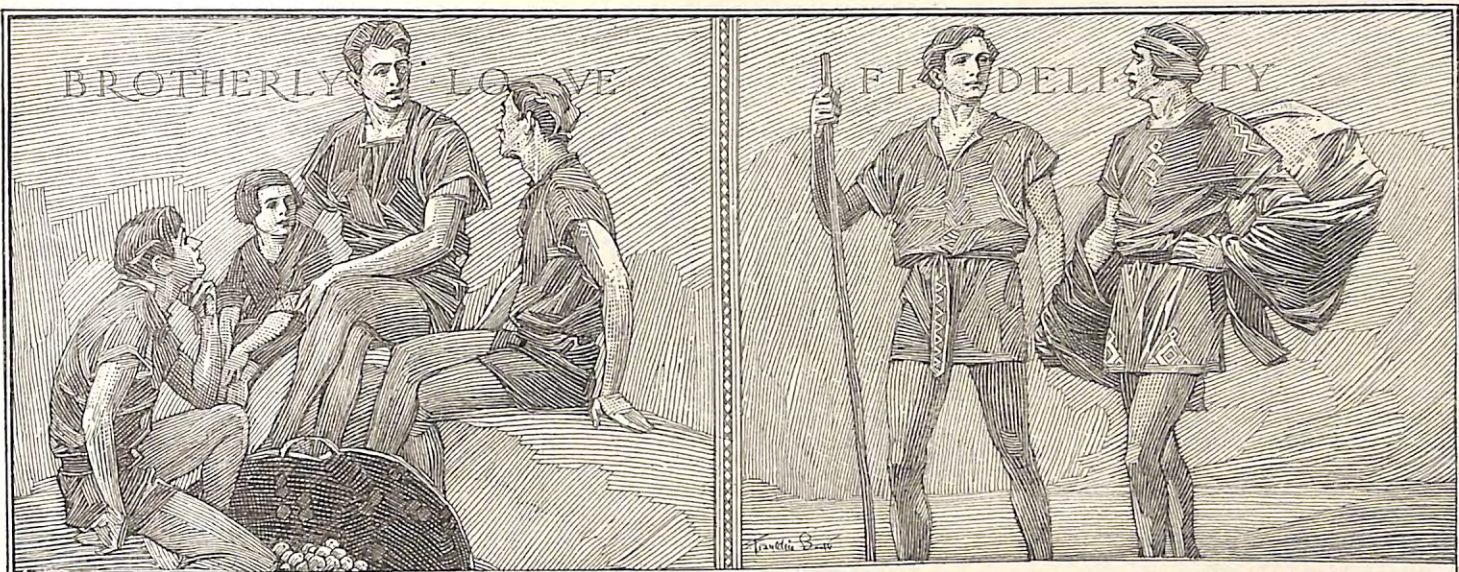
It is difficult to overestimate the importance to the Order of the proper attitude of this annual class of fifteen hundred experienced leaders who are thus graduated to this new dignity, with its splendid opportunities for distinctive fraternal service. It is hoped that the Class of '31, to whom this is particularly addressed, will prove themselves such exemplars that succeeding classes will feel both privileged and inspired to earnest emulation.

ARE THEY LEADERS?

AT THE first meeting of each Lodge after this issue of the Magazine is in the hands of its readers, the officers for the ensuing year are to be elected. The nominations, except in certain unusual circumstances, will have been definitely closed under Grand Lodge statute. This is, therefore, the expression of a hope rather than the tender of a suggestion. That hope is that the officials to be chosen have the capacity for real leadership.

A subordinate Lodge is an organization of individual units. As a collective whole, acting together with a common purpose, it has vast possibilities for worthy achievement.

It is for this reason that those selected to



Decorations by Franklin Booth

guide the administration of the Lodge's affairs should be true leaders. It is quite natural that the members generally should look to the officers for the initiation of its activities, and to inspire an enthusiastic cooperation in carrying them forward. If that official initiative be not taken, if capacity be lacking, or the readiness to lead be not displayed, the whole Lodge simply drifts along in listless inactivity.

In most instances the essential need for the proper qualifications is recognized and prompts wise selections. But in many cases personal considerations, unjustified ambition, or indifference, lead to a less fortunate choice of officers. For the sake of the whole Order, which is proportionately affected by the conduct of the affairs of each one of its subordinate Lodges, it is to be hoped that the members have been more than usually alert to insure the elevation to leadership of those only who have real capacity for it.

FINE WORK IN NEBRASKA

WITHOUT thought of inviting comparisons, and only with a desire to make appreciative mention of a splendid service that deserves to be better known throughout the Order, attention is called to the activity of the Nebraska Elks in work among the unfortunate children of that jurisdiction.

Recently the largest crippled children's clinic ever held in the State was conducted under the auspices of the Elks, in association with other agencies. More than thirty physicians and surgeons, from five counties, and nine trained nurses, attended to the needs of the fifty-seven cases seeking help. Laboratory and X-ray examinations were also provided, so that each little sufferer had a thorough and expert examination of his particular needs.

Local hospitals and hotels furnished the required bedding and equipment. Food was served to all in attendance. And the occasion was one of general community participation.

The result has been the ascertainment of the needs of each patient; and plans were formulated to meet those needs in an effective manner.

This is but one example of what is being done in this tremendously important and universally appealing field by a number of the State Associations. But it is a pleasure to commend the fine body of Elks of Nebraska for the splendidly effective manner in which they are dealing with their own particular situation.

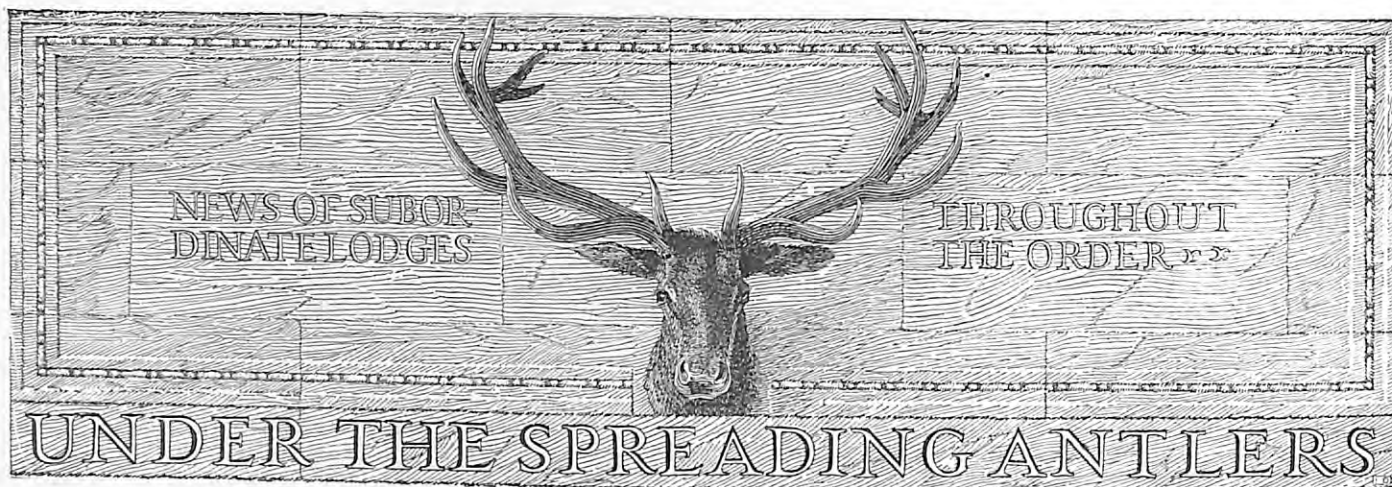
SPECIAL DEPUTIES

UNDER the constitutional powers of the Grand Exalted Ruler he has long been authorized to appoint Special Deputies, and to commission them to perform such duties as might be assigned to them. And this executive authority has been frequently exercised for the benefit of the Order. But at the last session of the Grand Lodge the statutes were amended so as to provide a still broader power, in the interest of a greater effectiveness.

The Chief Executive has many times been faced with conditions which impressed upon him the need for the extended services of members specially qualified to deal successfully with the difficulties involved. And yet he has hesitated to call for such services when he knew that the response could be made only at a personal sacrifice which could not well be afforded, and which the Order would not willingly exact.

Under the Amendment adopted at Atlantic City such Special Deputies may be paid a reasonable compensation to be fixed by the Grand Exalted Ruler. His choice need no longer be limited to those who are willing to tackle the job and who can afford to give ample time to it, when that list might not include those much better able to accomplish the results sought.

The amendment is an evidence of the good business judgment exercised by the Grand Lodge. It will reflect itself in many ways to the material advantage of the Order.



"Tom Brogan Night" at New York, N. Y., Lodge, a Memorable Event

ONE of the most memorable events in the recent life of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, was the gathering at its Home in honor of the senior Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, Thomas F. Brogan. The occasion, designated "Tom Brogan Night," brought together an enormous assemblage of members, with an exceptional number of old-timers among them; and evoked, when they were congregated to exchange greetings and recollections, a host of pleasant memories. Early in the course of the Lodge session, Exalted Ruler Samuel McKee, sr., asked the guest of honor to preside in his place. This Mr. Brogan did most ably and, toward the end of the meeting, made an address in which he recalled many of the incidents in the history of the Lodge since the time when he was Exalted Ruler and the Home was located at Broadway and Twenty-Seventh Street. As a complement to Mr. Brogan's vivid reminiscences, an initiation ceremony after the manner of one in his day of office was presented. Many of the Elks initiated during that era were present at the Lodge session and the social gathering which followed. Also in attendance were an unusual number of Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, including William T. Phillips, Arthur V. Dearden, William C. Miller, J. H. Chris. Mitchel, Frederick E. Goldsmith, James P. Walsh, Frank D. Fallon, James E. McDonald, Sol Tekulsky, Charles M. Ertz, John J. Martin and Abraham I. Menin. A message of felicitation, accompanied by a large basket of flowers, was received from Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning; and expressions of good wishes were read from Past Grand Tiler George W. June, "13 of 13"; James A. Farley; Edward M. Hart and Gus Ludwig. Representatives of Bronx Lodge, No. 871, were present in the persons of Exalted Ruler Jack N. Cooper, Secretary Joseph Brand, P. Joseph Conroy, and Past Exalted Ruler Harry Emerson; and in attendance also were Exalted Ruler James D. Moran and Past Exalted Rulers Lester G. Brimmer and Matthew J. Merritt, of Queens Borough Lodge, No. 878.

Blackfoot, Idaho, Lodge Dedicates New \$75,000 Home

Blackfoot, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1416, recently dedicated its new Home in the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp. The ceremonies were marked by the presence not only of the head of the Order, but also of many other notables. The beautiful new Home of Blackfoot Lodge represents an investment of approximately \$75,000. It is not only a structure of imposing beauty, but one containing within its walls every provision for Lodge activities and every convenience for the comfort and pleasure of the members. On the main floor is located the spacious Lodge room, 42 by 53 feet, with a seating capacity of more than 500. The acoustic properties are as nearly perfect as modern science can produce. Built-in furniture of mahogany, upholstered in old wine plush, adds to the richness of the appearance of the room. Installation of the latest type of ventilating system makes it possible to clarify the air entirely in three minutes. The basement of the

building is equipped with recreational facilities, which include bowling alleys, handball courts, a gymnasium and showers. The banquet hall and the kitchen are also located there. Other rooms in the Home consist of the billiard, card, game and club rooms; the Secretary's office, and the men's lounge, on the south side of the main floor; and the ladies' reception room, on the north side. On the top floor of the structure there are twelve sleeping rooms for the accommodation of resident and transient members of the Order. These rooms are equipped with both shower and tub baths, and radio connections.

Blind Member of New Castle, Ind., Lodge Wants to Correspond

Otho L. Williams, a member of New Castle, Ind., Lodge, No. 484, who is blind, has written to THE ELKS MAGAZINE asking it to request the Secretaries of other Lodges to notify any of their members who might be similarly afflicted and who would care to correspond with him. Mr. Williams became a member of New Castle Lodge in 1904. In 1912 he lost his eyesight. In that same year his Lodge made him a life member.

Grand Treasurer and Mrs. Maxwell Guests of Canal Zone Lodges

In the course of a voyage to Panama aboard the steamship *Statendam*, Grand Treasurer Lloyd Maxwell and Mrs. Maxwell were entertained by representatives of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, and Cristobal Lodge, No. 1542. Among those who welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell to No. 1542 were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas A. Leathley, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Arthur W. Goulet and J. Lang Wardlaw and Exalted Ruler Joseph W. Coffin. The sojourn of the visitors permitted them an opportunity to see the Gatun Locks, and thereafter they proceeded by train to Balboa, where they were met by Richard M. Davies, former member of

the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and a delegation of members of No. 1414 and their wives, and entertained at luncheon at the Century Club. Returning later to the port where their ship lay, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell were the guests of Mr. Davies, Mr. Leathley, Mr. Goulet, Mr. Wardlaw, and Exalted Ruler John D. Gallivan, of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, at dinner at the Washington Hotel in Colon. The Grand Treasurer and Mrs. Maxwell sailed soon after midnight to continue their tour.

Cambridge, O., Elks Hold Charity Ball for Benefit of the Poor

Over three hundred guests attended a charity ball and card party recently sponsored by Cambridge, O., Lodge, No. 448, for the purpose of raising funds for relief work among the poor and destitute of that city. It is reported that a substantial amount was raised by this affair, one of the most enjoyable social functions ever held in Cambridge.

Hammond, Ind., Elks Entertain Children in the Lodge's Home

Members of Hammond, Ind., Lodge, No. 485, recently entertained several hundred children with a vaudeville show and other amusements in the Lodge's Home. Automobiles, lent for the occasion by the Elks, conveyed the youngsters to and from the Bethany and Carmelite Orphanages.

Middletown, N. Y., Lodge Active In Fraternal and Charity Affairs

In charitable enterprises for the benefit of its community as well as in events within the Order, Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1097, has recently been active. Fifty of its members journeyed a short time ago to the Home of Newburgh Lodge, No. 247, upon the occasion of the official visit there of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clarence J. Seaton. A few days later a basketball team organized within Middletown



The splendid, modern new Home of Blackfoot, Ida., Lodge, dedicated recently when Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp visited there while on a tour of the northwest

Lodge played a game against a team representing the House of David, of Benton Harbor, Mich., and won by a score of 36 to 26. The profits of this exhibition were donated to the Lodge's charity funds.

Plans for California Elks Caravan Under Way

At the request of the San Joaquin Valley, Calif., Elks Association the Southern California Elks Caravan, an organization for those Elks of California planning to motor to the Grand Lodge Convention at Seattle next July, has changed its name to California Elks Caravan. The caravan, according to present plans, will be cut into two divisions, The San Joaquin Valley Division and the Southern California Division. It is reported that later it may be divided again for the Elks of the Northern District. According to the number of reservations now being made, a thousand cars will be registered before June 1st.

Robinson, Ill., Lodge Provides Meat for 70 Needy Families

Seventy needy families of Robinson, Ill., received a supply of meat recently from Lodge No. 1188 in that city. The meat was donated to the Lodge while still on the hoof, under the condition that the members would have to do their own butchering. A committee was formed and the cattle, the gift of two members of the Lodge, were slaughtered, butchered and delivered.

Laredo, Tex., Elks Give Banquet To Poor Children of Their City

Laredo, Tex., Lodge, No. 1018, gave a turkey dinner a short time ago to two hundred poor children of its city. The affair, held at the Hamilton Hotel, was the first of its kind undertaken by any fraternal Order in Laredo. It proved to be a tremendous success, and Lodge No. 1018 has received a great deal of praise and commendation as a result. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Bismark Pope, Exalted Ruler H. L. Jackson and Esteemed Lecturing Knight M. J. Raymond were present and made short talks to the young guests.

Notables at Pocatello, Ida., Lodge For Ritualistic Contest

R. W. Jones, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee in Credentials, was among the members of Pocatello, Idaho, Lodge, No. 674, to welcome the officers of Burley Lodge, No. 1,384, when they arrived at the Home of the Pocatello Elks a short time ago, to engage in a ritualistic contest. Mr. Jones later, at the meeting during which the competition, won by his own Lodge, took place, made an unusually interesting address. A second distinguished attendant of the Lodge session was Vice-President J. A. Stewart, of the Idaho State Elks Association, who congratulated the officers of both Lodges upon the proficiency they had displayed. After the meeting, a series of boxing bouts by members of the Southern Branch of Idaho University was presented. A buffet supper concluded the evening's events.

New Governor of Minnesota Is Member of Minneapolis Lodge

Members of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, have expressed especial pride recently in pointing to the fact that one of their number, Floyd B. Olson, had a short time before been elected Governor of Minnesota. Mr. Olson is unusually young for one of his distinction. He is only thirty-eight.

Cambridge, Ohio, Elks Entertain American Legion Post Members

Upon an occasion, designated as "American Legion Night," Cambridge, Ohio, Lodge, No. 448, entertained at its Home a short time ago the members of Cambridge Post No. 84 of the American Legion. The affair was an informal social gathering. During it the Post presented to the Lodge a replica of a portrait of T. W. Scott, which hangs in the Legion Home. Mr. Scott is the donor of the new Legion Home, and is a charter member and honorary life



The Ritualistic Team of Kenosha, Wis., Lodge, No. 750, winners of the State Ritualistic Championship, with the trophy emblematic of their victory

member of Cambridge Lodge. The chairman of the meeting at which the portrait was delivered to the Lodge was Post Commander Fred Tribble. The address of presentation was made by James Sheehan, a Cambridge attorney. Mr. Scott was also called upon, and spoke briefly. A buffet supper concluded the evening's festivities.

District Deputy Visits Pascagoula, Miss., Elks on "Old Timers' Night"

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. A. Carrier made an official call recently upon his own Lodge, Pascagoula, Miss., Lodge, No. 1120. The occasion was rendered additionally memorable for its coincidence with the Lodge's observation of "Old Timers' Night." After the business session, during which the District Deputy witnessed initiation ceremonies, a buffet supper was served. Seventy-five members of the Lodge attended.

LaFayette, Ind., Lodge Subscribes Monthly Fund for Aid of Jobless

In addition to the many charitable enterprises which it undertakes annually, LaFayette, Ind., Lodge, No. 143, this year has subscribed a substantial amount monthly to the fund for the use of the Civic Community Relief Committee, a body recently appointed by the Mayor of the city. The Lodge has furthermore promised that this contribution to efforts for the mitigation of the distress among the unemployed of LaFayette will be continued until the economic situation is definitely improved.

First Antler Lodge in State Organized at Alva, Okla.

The first Lodge of Antlers to be instituted in Oklahoma was recently organized by Alva Lodge, No. 1184. Sixty-four candidates for the junior Lodge were initiated. Under the supervision of Elks, these charter members immediately elected their own officers. At the close of the evening the Elks and the Antlers and their guests joined in a social session of games and dancing.

Kingston, N. Y., Elks Give Dinner to Past Exalted Ruler Loughran

Fitting tribute was recently paid to Past Exalted Ruler John T. Loughran by the members of his Lodge, Kingston, N. Y., Lodge, No. 550, upon his election to the office of Justice of the Supreme Court of the Third Judicial District of New York. At the testimonial dinner held in the Governor Clinton Hotel, and tendered to him by members and guests of Kingston Lodge, Justice Loughran received many congratulatory messages and warm praise from his friends. Addresses were made by Exalted Ruler John F. Edwards, State Senator William

T. Byrne, Mayor Edgar J. Dempsey of Kingston, and John M. Cashin, a member of the Lodge, who acted as toastmaster. Orchestral music provided entertainment throughout the banquet.

Concert Given by Elks Apollo Club of Omaha, Neb., Lodge

The Elks Apollo Club of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, recently gave its annual mid-winter concert, performed on this occasion in the Knights of Columbus Auditorium. The Club, consisting of a chorus of seventy male voices, is under the direction of N. J. Logan, a member of Omaha Lodge and Dean of Music at the University of Omaha. The Club, considered by many critics as possessing one of the outstanding male choruses in the country, gives each year two major concerts.

Columbia, S. C., Lodge Active in Charity and Relief Work

Besides their regular mid-winter charity work, the Elks of Columbia, S. C., Lodge, No. 1190, recently undertook to establish a food and clothing depot from which supplies were distributed to the needy families of the city. Over one thousand persons reported to the station and received aid. After operating the depot for ten days, the committee in charge asked that it be taken over by the Consolidated Relief Workers, a city-wide charitable institution. A member of the Lodge, Dr. J. S. Hammack, was made chairman of the newly-formed organization.

Muscatine, Ia., Elks and Notable Visitors Greet District Deputy

Distinguished visitors from other Lodges in the State were among the two hundred and fifty Elks who gathered recently to receive the official call of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur M. Umlandt upon Muscatine, Iowa., Lodge, No. 304. Prominent among the guests were President Clyde E. Jones, Vice-President Sam W. Hirschl and Past President Henry Louis, of the Iowa State Elks Association. The Lodges represented, besides the host Lodge, were those of Iowa City, Ottumwa and Davenport. A banquet in the dining-room of the Home was held before the meeting.

500 Elks Attend 20th Anniversary of Dedication of Pittsfield, Mass., Home

Five hundred Elks gathered recently at Pittsfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 272, to attend the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the dedication of the Lodge's Home. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Michael L. Eisner and President William E. Earle, of the Massachusetts State Elks Association were present. Both delivered stirring addresses. In the course of the meeting, Past Exalted Ruler Alfred C.

Daniels, on behalf of Pittsfield Lodge, presented life memberships in the Lodge to five of the surviving charter members. Those to receive this honor were John McQuaid, I. F. Chesley, William A. McFarland, Joseph E. Purchas and Charles A. Burbank. Preceding the exercises at the Home, a dinner for the visiting officials was held at the American House.

South Haven, Mich., Lodge Entertains 400 Children at New Year's Party

Over four hundred children were entertained at the annual New Year's party sponsored by the Elks of South Haven, Mich., Lodge, No. 1509. The youthful guests met in the Home of the Lodge and were brought from there to the City Armory in trucks and in private cars lent for the occasion by the members of the Lodge. There the children enjoyed a delicious chicken dinner, during which they were entertained with several piano and vocal selections. Following the banquet the committee in charge conducted the youngsters to a moving-picture theater where for two hours they laughed and applauded an especially arranged program.

100 Shut-ins Given Party by Bellingham, Wash., Elks

About one hundred invalids, old and young, enjoyed an entertainment given recently by Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 194, at a local theatre. The guests included fifty-five aged people from the county farm, who were conveyed to and from the theatre in private cars lent by the members of the Lodge, and many children from the juvenile detention home. Refreshments were served during the performance.

Correcting an Earlier Report of Visit of District Deputy Seaton

THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this occasion to correct an error which occurred in its report, in the January issue, of the meeting of Liberty, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1545, at which District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clarence J. Seaton made his official visit. It was stated in the account that the initiation ceremonies during this session were conducted by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jacob A. Decker. This was not the case. Mr. Decker was present at the meeting, but the initiation ceremonies were conducted by the officers of Liberty Lodge, for the inspection of District Deputy Seaton.

Past Exalted Ruler McDonald Named New York City Magistrate

Past Exalted Ruler James E. McDonald, of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, received recently an appointment to the Magistrates' Bench of New York City from Mayor James J. Walker. Comments by the metropolitan newspapers upon the appointment were highly favorable. Note was made in the press of the qualifications of Mr. McDonald for the post, particularly in view of his twenty years' service in the District Attorney's office. Personal



The spacious and airy Lodge-room of Hilo, Hawaii, Lodge, No. 759

felicitations likewise were forthcoming. Among those to congratulate the newly appointed Magistrate were District Attorney Thomas C. T. Crain, William T. Phillips, Chairman of the State Associations Committee of the Grand Lodge; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning; and James G. Wallace and Daniel A. Kerr, of New York Lodge.

Susanville, Calif., Elks Charity Fund Grows; District Deputy Calls

Two events of moment have taken place within the recent past at Susanville, Calif., Lodge, No. 1487. The first was the annual Charity Ball, whose proceeds went to form a substantial increase to the Lodge's fund for relief and welfare. The second event was the official visit to the Lodge of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Delmar R. Jacobs. The meeting at which Mr. Jacobs was received was exceptionally well attended and enthusiastic in spirit. In his address to the Susanville Elks in the course of the session, the District Deputy took occasion to express his hearty approval of the condition of the Lodge's finances and of the conduct of the initiation ceremonies performed for his observation.

El Paso, Texas, Lodge to Have New and Up-to-date Home

It was announced at a recent meeting of El Paso, Texas, Lodge, No. 187, that its new Home, now under construction, will be ready for occupancy some time in July. The north ninety feet of the old building will be razed and in its stead will rise a handsome structure 90 by 120 feet, facing on North Campbell Street. In the meantime, the present Lodge-room and the two club-rooms beneath have been partitioned off and will be tenable until the new building is ready. The new Home will be up-to-date in every respect. The basement, with its high

ceilings, will be large enough for basketball contests, boxing and wrestling matches and other indoor sports. The gymnasium will be fully equipped with showers and lockers. The second floor will have a dining-room, and reading, reception, lounge, game and billiard rooms. The Lodge-room on the third floor will be the second largest in the State.

Pennsylvania Southwest Association Meets at Home of Sheraden Lodge

With A. J. Girard, President of the Elks Association of Pennsylvania Southwest, in charge, the members of this organization met recently at its regular monthly session at the Home of Sheraden, Penn., Lodge, No. 949. Fifty delegates attended, representing twenty-one Lodges. Among those to address the assembly were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James P. Brownlee, and John F. Nugent, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. The delegates voted to hold the next meeting of the Association at the Home of Braddock Lodge, No. 883.

Lincoln, Ill., Elks Active in Charity And Lodge Affairs

Lincoln, Ill., Lodge, No. 914, has been active recently in affairs both of the Order and of charity. At a recent meeting approximately 300 Elks, including President Truman A. Snell of the Illinois State Elks Association; representatives of ten nearby Lodges and a large attendance of Lincoln Elks, witnessed the initiation of a class of 53 candidates. The exemplification of the ritual was performed in an impressive manner by the Degree Team of Ottawa Lodge, No. 588, which won second place in the state ritualistic contest last year. Following the initiation a reception for the new members and visitors was held in the club rooms, where lunch and refreshments were served. The charity activities of the Lodge were described in the report of the



The Elks Apollo Club of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, which scored a triumph recently in its regular midwinter concert

Crippled Children's Committee, which had sponsored a special clinic. At this clinic held a short time ago in St. Clara's Hospital, Dr. Sydney Easton examined sixteen patients. The report of the Committee showed that 63 new cases have been examined during the last twelve months, 19 casts distributed, 4 operations performed and 11 cases discharged as completely recovered.

Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Scott Dies Suddenly

Clement Scott, of Vancouver, Wash., Lodge, No. 823, Past Grand Tiler, and Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight of the Order, Past President of the Washington State Elks Association, and recently elected to the House of Representatives of his State, collapsed suddenly after making his first speech in the House a short time ago, and died within a few minutes. His end came with a shocking and dramatic abruptness. In addressing the House, to second the nomination of Representative Edwin J. Templeton for Speaker, he had just said, "If it's the last thing I ever do, I want the people of Clark County to know that I made a speech in the House," when he sank back in his chair. Medical aid was called immediately, but Mr. Scott was beyond its power to help. His death was ascribed to heart disease, aggravated by high blood-pressure. On account of these disorders Mr. Scott had been in a hospital a month and a half before the opening of the Legislature. Funeral services, according to the rites of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and followed by the Elks ritual, were held later at the Home of Vancouver Lodge. There, from noon until two o'clock in the afternoon, when the services began, Mr. Scott's body lay in state amid banks of flowers that filled the Lodge room. Over the remains the Drum Corps of the Lodge stood guard. The Reverend Coleman E. Bygram, of St. Luke's Church, officiated at the ecclesiastical ceremonies, assisted by a vested choir. The members of Vancouver Lodge attended in a body. During the exercises of the Order, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum Walter F. Meier delivered the eulogy, an impressive and moving tribute to the man of whom he said, "When his gettings and his givings have all been measured and weighed in the inflexible balance, I doubt not its judgment will reveal that he bestowed full measure for what he accepted." To this eulogy Governor Roland H. Hartley contributed a supplementary tribute. Among the distinguished State officers who attended the funeral, in addition to the Governor, were State Supervisor of Highways Samuel Humes, State Senators George Christensen, Frank Barnes and C. W. Hall, and State Representatives George McCoy, J. C. Price and Storey Buck. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, the funeral cortege was escorted to the city line by a detail of State Highway Patrolmen and there given into the charge of Patrol Officers from Portland, where the body subsequently was committed for private interment. During the hour of the funeral, the State Legislature recessed.

The career of Clement Scott within the Order of Elks was brilliant from its very inception. He became a member of Vancouver Lodge in 1910. Within two years he began his official career in the Lodge, and in 1917-1918 was elected Exalted Ruler. In 1919 he served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler. His elevation to the posts of Grand Tiler, in 1922; and of Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight in 1923 followed. For the period of 1919-1920 he was President of the Washington State Elks Association; and the following year he was a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee. The surviving members of Mr. Scott's family are his widow, Mrs. Kate Scott; a son, James B. Scott; a brother, James Scott; and a sister, Mrs. N. Wallace. To these, to the members of Vancouver Lodge, to the legion of other Elks who knew him, and to his host of friends throughout his State and elsewhere, THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to take this opportunity of extending its sincere condolence.

Troy, N. Y., Elks Resume Their Semi-Monthly Children's Clinics

Under the direction of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Troy, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141, the Crippled Children's Com-

Exalted Ruler Michael Feinberg at the initiation recently of three clergymen, each of different faith, into Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4. They are, from left to right, Father William J. McNamee, of St. Patrick's Church; Dr. Preston Bradley, of the People's Church; and Rabbi George Fox, of the South Shore Synagogue



mittee recently resumed its semi-monthly clinics. These inspections and treatments will be held at the Municipal Health Building, every second and fourth Tuesday in the month until next summer. The Committee has also extended relief to the poor of that city, supplying food, coal and clothing to needy families.

Oakland, Calif., Elks Give Dinner to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Benjamin

A farewell banquet and reception for Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin was held recently in the Home of Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, before his departure for Washington, where he will practise law before the United States Supreme Court. The banquet was attended by fifty Elks, including the Exalted Ruler of nearly every Lodge within a hundred miles of Oakland; and the Past Exalted Rulers and officers of Oakland Lodge. At the regular meeting which followed the farewell dinner, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Benjamin gave a brief talk in which he recalled the early days of No. 171.

Many at Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge For Visit of District Deputy McGuire

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. McGuire made an official visit, recently, to the Home of Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 863, he was greeted by over 250 Elks representing Port Chester and five neighboring Lodges. Among the visitors were Vice-President Isaac Hotaling and Past Vice-President Herman Engel, a delegation from each of the following Lodges: White Plains, No. 535; Ossining, No. 1486; Mt. Kisco, No. 1552; Greenwich, No. 1150; and Peekskill, No. 744. Both District Deputy McGuire and Vice-President Hotaling addressed the meeting and witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates. Preceding the regular session a delicious dinner was served.

Report Shows Many Crippled Children Aided by Mt. Holly, N. J., Elks

In a recent report of its activities of the past year, the Crippled Children's Committee of Mt. Holly, N. J., Lodge, No. 848, states that, during the last twelve months, ninety-seven children have visited its clinic. The clinics are held in the Burlington County Hospital under the supervision of Dr. Buzby. Altogether 180 examinations were made and twenty operations performed. The committee has supplied casts

for twenty-eight children and has purchased a set of surgical instruments for the operating room. Among other services rendered by the committee, last year, were free transportation to and from the clinic for children unable to furnish it themselves; educational instruction for those forced to remain out of school; and a complete survey of the home condition of each crippled child registered. This survey was made by a welfare worker and was written into the report submitted to the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association.

Rahway, N. J., Elks and Wives Visit Phillipsburg Lodge

Accompanied by their wives, about fifty members of Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075, paid a visit recently to the members of Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge, No. 395. The sojourn at the Home of the Phillipsburg Elks was spent in the enjoyment of a variety of social diversions, among which was a ten-man bowling match. In this the visitors were victorious.

District Deputy Mandell Visits Carlsbad, N. M., Lodge

Carlsbad Lodge, No. 1558, the youngest Lodge in the State of New Mexico, received an official visit recently from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Armand Mandell. The large attendance of members, gathered in the Home for the occasion, heard an excellent address by the District Deputy. Others to speak were Past Exalted Ruler Will Robinson, of Roswell Lodge, No. 060, and J. R. Linn, a charter member of Carlsbad Lodge.

Pennsylvania Central Association Meets in Tarentum Lodge

Over two hundred Elks and their wives, representing fifteen Lodges, attended a recent meeting of the Pennsylvania Northwest Association at the Brackenridge Country Club under the auspices of Tarentum Lodge, No. 644. Among the distinguished guests present were President John F. Nugent and Vice-President M. F. Horne, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. During the business session it was reported that the fifteen Lodges represented had spent over \$10,000 in relief work, recently. Following the regular meeting a sumptuous dinner was served and an entertainment provided by the Tarentum Elks.

Grand Haven, Mich., Elks Give Successful Minstrel Show

Not since 1912 have the Elks of Grand Haven, Mich., Lodge, No. 1200, seen a better minstrel show than the one recently staged by their fellow-members in the auditorium of the Home. A valuable feature of the affair was the discovery of some excellent performers among the new members of the Lodge. Already plans are being made and a cast chosen for the show next season.

Alameda, Calif., Lodge Sponsors Charity Football Game

An attendance of over 5,000 persons recently witnessed the fifth annual charity football game sponsored by Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, between the East and West Sections of the city. At intervals during the contest, which was won by the West Section by a score of 19 to 7, the American Legion Band of Hayward rendered collegiate airs and marched in the parade before the game. The proceeds from this annual affair go to the maintenance of the Crippled Children's Home of Alameda Lodge.

Six Tons of Clothing Given to Needy by Seattle, Wash., Elks

Approximately 1,000 men, women and children were cared for during the past month through the activities of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, it was reported by Harry Wilber, Chairman of the Committee at a recent meeting. Four tons of clothing and shoes were assembled at the Old Clothes Social, and two more tons were secured at a benefit performance in one of the local theatres. The garments were sorted and distributed from the Home to families throughout the city.

Detroit, Mich., Elks Send 90,000 Necessities to Poor of City

In an effort to mitigate the distress among the destitute of its city, Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, distributed recently 90,000 items of food and clothing. The work was done by the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee, with Frank Lloyd acting as Chairman; and a corps of volunteer assistants from among the members of the Lodge. Four hundred and fifty private automobiles were required for the transportation of the several thousands of tons of foodstuffs and wearing

apparel. The list of things for household use conveyed free of charge to the poor of Detroit included 36,000 cans of fruits and vegetables, 45,000 pounds of potatoes, 36,000 pounds of white baking flour, 24,000 pounds of smoked hams, 6,000 loaves of fresh bread, 6,000 pounds of granulated sugar, 6,000 cakes of soap, 6,000 pounds of macaroni, 6,000 pounds of mixed hard candy, 3,750 pounds of rolled oats, 3,000 pounds of coffee and 1,500 pounds of tea. Articles of clothing were 594 overcoats, 2,800 pairs of shoes, 6,000 pairs of stockings and socks, 4,500 pairs of mittens, 4,200 caps, 2,100 suits of underwear, 3,190 dresses and 28 layettes. In addition to the provision of this merchandise, the Lodge sent medicines to sixty persons in need of them, carfares to two hundred and fifty more, and arranged hospital care for an additional four.

Saratoga, N. Y., Lodge's \$30,000 Mortgage on Home Is Burned

In the presence of J. Edward Gallico, President of the New York State Elks Association, and two hundred members of Saratoga, N. Y., Lodge, No. 161, the \$30,000 mortgage on the Lodge Home was burned recently. The event was made occasion for a celebration on the part of the Saratoga Elks. This was regarded by all who attended as one of the most notable gatherings in the history of the Lodge. In addition to the actual burning of the documents of indebtedness by William S. Robertson, one of the original bondholders, features of the evening were a banquet and a subsequent period of entertainment. During the dinner, Exalted Ruler Charles D. Wheat presided as toastmaster. The principal speaker was President Gallico. Among the announcements made by Exalted Ruler Wheat was one informing his fellow members in the Lodge that Past Exalted Ruler Edward B. Ashton had donated funds for an urn in which the ashes of the mortgage bonds will be placed. Twelve of the sixteen living Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge were present to participate in the mortgage-burning celebration.

Leadville, Colo., Elks to Make House Where C. A. S. Vivian Died Memorial

Plans to make a memorial of the building in which Charles A. S. Vivian, founder of the Order, died, were announced at a recent meeting of Leadville, Colo., Lodge, No. 236. The Lodge has already acquired possession of the building. Repairs will be made this spring. It will be appropriately marked, just as it is at present, as "The Death Place of Charles A. S. Vivian, Founder of the Benevolent and Protective Order

of Elks." In a full-page account of the history of the old house, the Leadville *Herald Democrat* said that its historic worth was unrealized until a picture of the building was published in THE ELKS MAGAZINE for November, 1930. "Immediately letters from Lodges all over the United States," the *Herald Democrat* reported, "began to pour in to the Secretary of Leadville Lodge asking for further particulars about the building." Exalted Ruler Maurice Miller of Leadville Lodge revived interest in the founder's last place of rest and encouraged the suggestion to obtain possession of the building as a memorial. The picture, responsible for this renewed interest, was sent to THE ELKS MAGAZINE by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lealon J. Tenney, of Colorado, West, a member of Leadville Lodge, upon the occasion of the passing of the fiftieth year since Mr. Vivian's death.

Pennsylvania Northwest Association Meets at Beaver Falls Lodge

At a recent meeting of the Pennsylvania Northwest Association, held in the Home of Beaver Falls Lodge, No. 348, the principal matter for discussion was that of the next meeting in New Castle. It was decided by the members of the Association to meet some time in March, the exact date to be settled soon. It is the Association's hope to have Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp as the guest of honor for the occasion. It is expected that a class of between seventy-five and one hundred candidates will be initiated for the various Lodges which are members of the Association. Another matter of interest brought up at the Beaver Falls meeting was the information that Bradford Lodge, No. 234, which until recently was not a member of either the Pennsylvania State Elks or the Northeast Associations, had passed a resolution to join both organizations. After the close of the meeting, a dinner was tendered the delegates by the Beaver Falls Elks.

Roll-Call Night Is Attended by Many Anchorage, Alaska, Elks

One of the largest attendances of members in several years responded to Roll Call night held recently in the Home of Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1351. After the formal meeting, the members of the Anchorage Lodge of Antlers presented a number of boxing matches. Later a buffet lunch was served.

District Deputy Peacock Visits Mt. Holly, N. J., Lodge

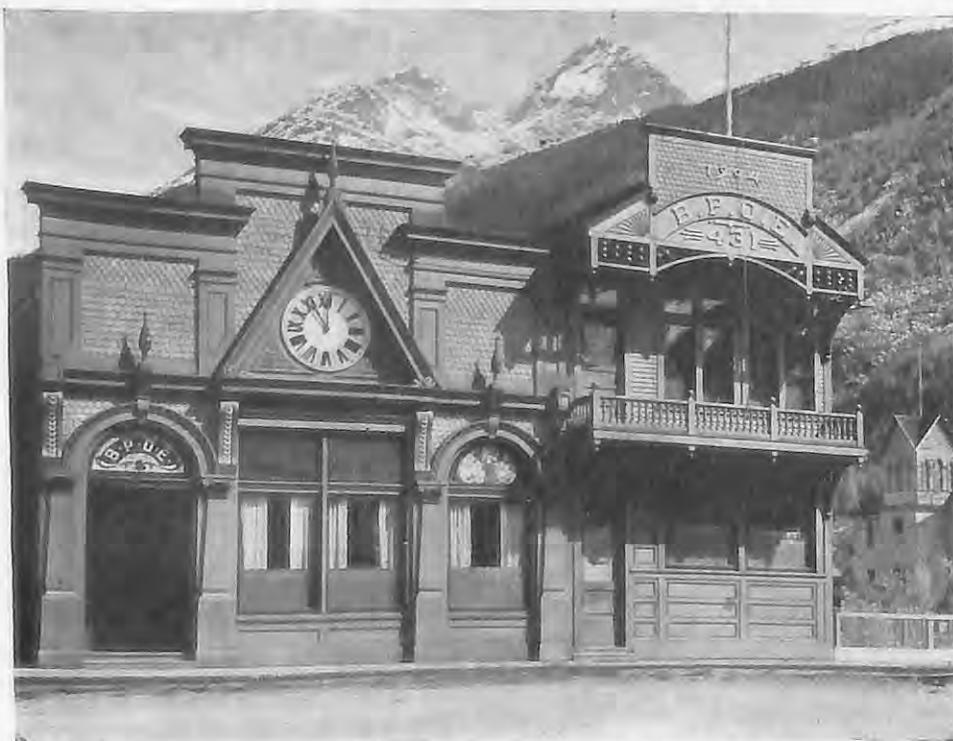
Mt. Holly, N. J., Lodge, No. 848, recently received an official visit from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert Peacock. After inspecting the records of the Lodge and witnessing the initiation of a class of candidates, District Deputy Peacock praised the officers for the progress the Lodge had made and its officers' rendition of the ritual.

Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge Broadcasts Religious Program Daily

In association with, and the cooperation of, the Ministerial Association of its city, Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, has, for the last twenty months, been broadcasting over Station WBOW a religious program for half an hour every day. The program comprises musical offerings, and talks by members of the Association. When the Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Lodge, which is in charge of this devotional period, asked listeners in recently for expressions of interest in it, more than four hundred letters of appreciation, from writers in seven different States, were received.

Ventura, Calif., Elks Are Active In Inter-Lodge Visitations

Ventura, Calif., Lodge, No. 1430, participated recently in two highly enjoyable fraternal visits. The first occurred when the officers of the Lodge traveled to San Luis Obispo to be the guests of Lodge No. 322 there. Their hosts met them at the Elks Home and entertained them soon thereafter at a luncheon at a local restaurant. In the afternoon, the Ventura Elks interested in golf were the guests of the members of San



The Home of Skagway, Alaska, Lodge stands against a background of rugged mountains



CHAPIN, BOWEN, INC.

The Lodge-room of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge No. 174, during the party given there a short time ago for shut-ins of all ages

American Red Cross in its effort to raise \$10,000,000 for the relief of sufferers from drought in Arkansas, West Virginia, Alabama, Ohio and other States. Mr. Rupp announced in the circular that he had telegraphed to John Barton Payne, National Chairman of the Red Cross; and to Calvin Coolidge, Chairman of the Special Committee appointed by President Hoover, notices of the Order's support of the Red Cross's relief campaign.

Daughter of Columbus, O., Lodge Member Broadcasts from Home

For the last two years, Miss Mary Kathryn Kolp, daughter of Earl J. Kolp, of Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37, has broadcast organ recitals twice and often three times a day from the Lodge room in the Home. These have proven not only a delight to radio audiences tuning in upon Station WCAH, but have also stimulated widespread public interest in the affairs of Columbus Lodge.

New Lodge of the Order to be Instituted at Sonora, Calif.

Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp granted a dispensation recently for the organization of a new Lodge of the Order at Sonora, California. This Lodge will be No. 1587. Its institution, it is expected, will take place some time in March.

Luis Obispo Lodge at the Cabarillo Country Club. In the evening the visiting officers initiated a class of candidates for their hosts. A second pleasant fraternal call came a few days later when a group of forty members of Oxnard Lodge, No. 1443, including the officers, were received at the Home of Ventura Lodge. The Oxnard officers performed the exercises of induction at the Lodge meeting in the evening and later, together with other members of No. 1443, were the guests of Ventura Lodge at vaudeville entertainment.

Louis Ludwig, Prominent Georgia Elk, Succumbs to Illness

One of the most widely known and best beloved Elks in Georgia, Louis Ludwig, of Brunswick Lodge, No. 691, died recently after an illness of several weeks. Mr. Ludwig was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Georgia South in 1927-1928 and had been, in 1926-1927 President of the Georgia State Elks Association. In addition to the posts of distinction his fraternal career embraced, Mr. Ludwig held the municipal offices of Alderman and City Treasurer. To his Lodge, to the members of the Association which he once led, and to his host of friends without the Order, THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to extend its heartfelt condolence for the loss they have sustained in his passing.

H. Glenn Boyd Contracts Smallpox While Aiding Lodge Relief Work

While engaged in the task of distributing clothes to the poor children of Wichita, Kans., as part of the Christmas relief activities of his Lodge there, No. 427, H. Glenn Boyd, Secretary of the Lodge and Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, contracted smallpox. He is at the time of this writing seriously ill of the disease at his home in Wichita. It was Mr. Boyd's self-appointed duty in this charitable work of the Lodge to interview the boys who presented themselves as in need of clothing. Some of the youngsters had not long before been hospital patients, and it is from one of these that Mr. Boyd's physician believes the disease was contracted. THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this opportunity to express the hope that Mr. Boyd may recover rapidly from the grave illness to which he exposed himself while doing a practical and valuable human service.

Ft. Wayne, Ind., Elks Accompany District Deputy on Official Call

Fifty members of Ft. Wayne, Ind., Lodge, No. 155, accompanied District Deputy O. Ray Miner when he made his official visit to Garrett Lodge, No. 1447. The occasion of this meeting proved

especially enthusiastic, the spirit manifested paralleling that of the session, not long before, at which the Ft. Wayne Elks received their own official call from the District Deputy.

Samuel C. Haller, of Chicago Lodge, Leaves \$1,000 to National Home

Samuel C. Haller, for thirty-three years and until the time of his death, a member of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, bequeathed in his will, the terms of which were revealed recently, the sum of \$1,000 to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. The stipulations of the bequest are that the money be used for the purchase of cigars, tobacco, newspapers and periodicals for the pleasure and the benefit of the residents of the Home. Announcement of the bequest and of its acceptance was made recently by Ralph Hagan, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees.

Grand Exalted Ruler Urges Elks to Support Red Cross Drought Relief

In an official circular, issued January 27 and addressed to the officers and members of every Lodge in the Order, Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp called upon them to support the

Clergymen of Three Faiths Initiated At Meeting of Chicago, Ill., Lodge

Three clergymen, each of a different faith, were initiated recently into Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, at the meeting coincident with the official visit there of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John A. Thiel. They were Father William J. McNamee, of St. Patrick's Church; Dr. Preston Bradley, of the People's Church; and Rabbi George Fox, of the South Shore Synagogue. Prominent representatives of other walks of life were inducted at the same session, in the persons of Commissioner of Police John H. Alcock; George F. Getz, Chairman of the Governor's Commission on Relief and Unemployment; Judges Robert E. McMillan and George V. McIntyre; and William D. McJunking, of the Chicago School Board. The event was memorable not only for the distinction of these candidates inducted, but also for its tremendous attendance, which overflowed the great Lodge-room; and for the presence of such notable members of the Order as Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Hon. Floyd E. Thompson, Justice of the Grand Forum; Charles E. Witt, Assistant to the Grand Secretary, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Florence J. Schrader.



In marked contrast to the setting of the Lodge Home on the page opposite is the tropical brilliance surrounding this one, the Home of St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge



MARSHLAND PHOTO SERVICE
To relieve business depression in its community, Nashua, N. H., Lodge, No. 720, a short time ago spent \$25,000 in redecorating and refurnishing its Home. And this glimpse of the lounge testifies to how effectively the renovation was done

Concord, Mass., Elks Seek Games For Their Boys' Baseball Team

Concord, Mass., Lodge, No. 1479, which sponsors a baseball team of young boys, wishes to arrange games this coming spring and summer with other teams of similar standing. The Lodge has asked the Magazine to bring this fact to the attention of the Secretaries of other Lodges of the Order. The Concord Elks take a justifiable pride in their youngsters' team. Its last year's record, comprising sixty games, showed forty-nine victories, three ties and eight defeats.

Ogden, Utah, Lodge Entertains Visitors on Two Occasions

On two different occasions, Ogden, Utah, Lodge, No. 719, was host to visiting Elks. A short time ago District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ben H. Beveridge and a number of members of Logan Lodge, No. 1453, were entertained in the Home of No. 719. The visiting officers initiated a class of candidates for Ogden Lodge. On another occasion, a delegation of Elks of Elko Lodge, No. 1472, attended a barbecue and trollic held in honor of the charter members and Past Exalted Rulers of Ogden Lodge. An elaborate musical and vaudeville program provided entertainment during the banquet.

"Charles Merten's Night" Celebrated At Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge

Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 1477, recently held a meeting in its Home designated as "Charles Merten's Night," in honor of Vice-President Merten of the New Jersey State Elks Association. Most of the Lodges in the Northeast District of New Jersey were represented by large delegations of members. Assisting in the initiation of a class of candidates, the feature event of the evening, were the Past Exalted Rulers of Union Hill Lodge, No. 1357, its Band, Fife and Drum Corps and its Degree Team. At the close of the meeting the Bergenfield Elks entertained their guests at a supper in the grill-room of the Home.

District Deputy Kelly Visits Freeport, N. Y., Lodge

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur B. Kelly recently made an official visit to the Home of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253, there were in attendance there, for the occasion, over two hundred Elks, including several Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, officials of the New York State Elks Association, and Past and present Exalted Rulers and members of neighboring Lodges. Among the distinguished visitors were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Peter Stephen Beck, James T. Hallinan, Lester C. Brimmer, Eugene E. Navin, and Edward S. McGrath; Vice-President Mat-

thew J. Merritt, Past President Joseph Brand and Past Vice-President Thomas F. Cuite, of the New York State Elks Association. The officers of Freeport Lodge, winners of the State Ritualistic Championship a few years ago, initiated a class of fifteen candidates. They were assisted by the Lodge's Drill Team. Following the initiatory ceremonies District Deputy Kelly, Vice-President Merritt and Past President Brand delivered interesting addresses. The Freeport Elks entertained their guests with an elaborate program consisting of a dinner for two hundred before, and a generous buffet supper after, the meeting. During both feasts Freeport Lodge's Brass Band played a number of excellent pieces.

New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge Plans to Remodel Structure for New Home

Within the less than two years since its institution, New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1557, has outgrown its present quarters and has planned to remodel a recently purchased two-story structure for its new Home. The property upon which the building stands, a plot of 100 by 150 feet, was deeded to the Lodge by F. D. Hamilton, a Trustee; and Mrs. Hamilton.

Sheboygan, Wis., Elks Mourn Passing Of Edgar Comstock Peacock

Members of Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge, No. 299, are mourning the loss of Edgar Comstock Peacock, a Trustee of the Lodge and a member unusually devoted to its interests. Mr. Peacock was one of the foremost citizens of Sheboygan, a pioneer in manufacturing and for several decades highly successful in the conduct of his commercial interests. He had been a member of No. 299 for more than twenty years. To the Lodge's charitable enterprises he regularly lent his assistance, and it was known that frequently he dispensed aid to needy cases from his private means. His death, while a shock to all who knew him, was not unexpected. For more than two years, Mr. Peacock had been ill, and for the last five months of that period he had been confined to his bed. He was seventy-five at the time of his death.

District Deputy Praises Hospital Work of Ft. Wayne, Ind., Lodge

Among the many commendatory remarks made by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler O. Ray Miner, in the course of his official visit recently to Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge, No. 155, were words in praise of the work of the Lodge in behalf of tubercular children at the Irene Byron Sanitarium in its city. The Fort Wayne Elks completed not long ago the equipping of the recreational rooms at this institution and these the District Deputy, accompanied by officers of No. 155, inspected before calling upon the membership. A second memorable event

to precede the Lodge session was the dinner given at the Home early in the evening for Mr. Miner. At this affair and the meeting later there were present, in addition to a host of Fort Wayne Elks, visitors from many neighboring and distant Lodges. Among the Lodges represented were Warsaw, Bluffton and Garrett, Ind., and Fulton, N. Y., Lodges. The list of guests included Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Ardner and several officers of Lodges elsewhere in the State.

Ashland, Ore., Elks Meet Members of Corvallis Lodge at Weed, Calif.

About thirty members, including several officers, of Ashland, Ore., Lodge, No. 944, recently held a meeting jointly with a delegation of Elks from Corvallis Lodge, No. 1413, at Weed, Calif. Four candidates were initiated for Ashland Lodge and two for Corvallis Lodge. After the meeting over three hundred persons attended a dance arranged by the two Lodges. This proved an exceptionally enjoyable affair.

Tucson, Ariz., Lodge Gives Food To 100 Needy Families

Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, No. 385, recently gave out 100 baskets of food to needy families residing in its city. Each basket carried enough provisions to last the average-size family for a period of not less than ten days.

Successful Charity Ball Given by Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge

With a larger attendance of guests than last year, the annual charity ball, recently sponsored by Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge, No. 1499, proved one of the outstanding successful events undertaken by Brattleboro Elks. Over two hundred couples participated in the dancing. The program was replete with entertainment, and consisted of dancing, concert music, and later, a grand march in which sixty couples took part.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Elks Are Guests at Home of Bronx Lodge

Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, represented by Exalted Ruler Samuel D. Duberstein; the officers, and a large delegation of members, including several Past Exalted Rulers, and the Degree Team, recently paid a fraternal visit to the Home of Bronx Lodge, No. 871. Among others who attended the meeting were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur B. Kelly; Secretary Philip Clancy, of the New York State Elks Association; and representatives of Glen Cove, Hempstead, Yonkers and New York Lodges. The guests were greeted by Exalted Ruler Jack N. Cooper and Secretary Joseph Brand of Bronx Lodge. Before the session, the officers of Brooklyn Lodge were entertained by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Bronx Lodge at a dinner. The principal event of the meeting was the initiation of a class of twelve candidates for Bronx Lodge. After the meeting a social session and the serving of refreshments took place on the spacious club floor.

Many Elks at Beverly, Mass., for Visit of District Deputy Henchey

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond E. Henchey, accompanied by a large suite, recently paid an official visit to Beverly Lodge, No. 1309. Many visiting Elks, including the Drill Team and sixty-five members of Medford, Mass., Lodge, No. 915, and several officers of Gloucester Lodge, No. 892, also attended the meeting. The gathering was said to be one of the most numerous in that locality in a long time. The rendition of the ritual for a class of candidates for Beverly Lodge by Exalted Ruler Perley F. Parker and his officers called for the high praise from the District Deputy in his address to the Lodge.

Beaumont, Tex., Lodge Holds First Clinic for Crippled Children

Beaumont, Tex., Lodge, No. 311, sponsored recently a free clinic for the examination and treatment of crippled children within the range of its jurisdiction. The clinic, held at the Hotel



One corner of the museum of the Elks Historical Club of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, where are on exhibit many documents and mementos of important events in the life of the Order. The bust in the foreground is one of Past Grand Exalted Ruler B. M. Allen

Dieu, brought about the inspection of ninety-nine disabled boys and girls by orthopaedic specialists from Dallas and Houston. So clearly was the value of this service disclosed to the members of the Lodge through this first clinic that it was resolved that No. 311 hereafter identify itself actively with crippled children's welfare work. To this end the Lodge voted a short time ago to join the Texas Society for Crippled Children. The Beaumont Elks expressed the hope at the same time that clinics like their initial one should in the future be arranged annually.

Tulare, Calif., Lodge Receives Visit from District Deputy

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank H. Pratt recently made an official visit to the Home of Tulare, Calif., Lodge, No. 1424. The principal events of the evening were the initiation of a class of candidates and an address by the District Deputy. Following the meeting the members and their guests enjoyed a program of vaudeville entertainment brought from Hollywood.

San Joaquin Valley, Calif., Elks Meet at Modesto Lodge

Attending a recent meeting of the San Joaquin Valley, Calif., Elks Association, held in the Home of Modesto Lodge, No. 1282, were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank H. Pratt, the officers of the Association and representatives of the nine member Lodges. An interesting speaker at the meeting was John L. Farley, of the Division of Fish and Game Conservation of California, whose subject had to do with the Tule elk of the State. The members of the Valley Association, after hearing Mr. Farley's talk, went on record as favoring an immediate action designed to undertake the matter of

conserving those splendid animals for posterity. A committee was appointed to render a full report to the Association at the next meeting on the ways and means of this venture.

Seventy Shut-ins Entertained at Party Given by Tacoma, Wash., Elks

Seventy shut-ins of Tacoma, Wash., were entertained recently at a party in the Home of Tacoma Lodge, No. 174. Among the features of the program were a tap dance, a tumbling act, a black-faced team, a motion picture show and musical selections by the orchestra of Tacoma Lodge.

John J. Faulkner, Past Grand Trustee, Dies in Chicago

John J. Faulkner, Past Grand Trustee, Past Member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and one of the founders of the Illinois State Elks Association, died recently in Chicago, in his seventieth year, while acting as Executive Secretary of the Illinois State Elks Association's Crippled Children's Clinic. For many years Mr. Faulkner's career, both in public life and within the Order, was an active one. Leaving his native State of Nebraska in 1898, he became a representative of a publishing house in East St. Louis, Ill. There, in 1911, he served as City Comptroller and President of the Board of Local Improvements. He was appointed Postmaster of East St. Louis in 1921 by President Harding, serving until 1925, when he returned to private life. Last year Mr. Faulkner removed to Chicago to take up his duties as Executive Secretary of the Illinois State Elks Association's Crippled Children's Clinic. His career as a prominent member of the Order began in 1907, when he became a charter member and the first Exalted Ruler of East St. Louis Lodge, No. 664. He was a founder and the first

Secretary of the Illinois State Elks Association and later, in 1906, its President. He was twice appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Illinois, Southwest; and in 1910, served as a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. From 1912 to 1915, he was a member of the Board of Grand Trustees, becoming its Chairman in 1916.

Funeral services for Mr. Faulkner were held in the Home of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1205, whence his body was sent to Falls City, Neb. There interment services were held under the auspices of Falls City Lodge, No. 963. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain spoke at the services at Falls City.

A useful and active career such as his brought Mr. Faulkner into contact with many people both within and without the Order. He was loved by his intimates and esteemed by all. To his widow and his son, who survive him, his Lodge, to his many friends in the Order and in his State, THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this opportunity to extend its sincerest condolence.

Three Maryland Lodges Hold Joint Meeting; Initiate Large Class

Three Lodges of the eastern shore of Maryland, Crisfield, No. 1044; Cambridge, No. 1272; and Salisbury, No. 817, recently held a joint meeting in the Armory at Salisbury. A representation of over three hundred members was present, including District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles W. Bennett and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John B. Berger. The officers of Cambridge Lodge performed the initiatory ceremonies for a class of twenty-nine candidates.

Woodstock, Ill., Elks Celebrate 12th Annual Banquet

Hon. Floyd E. Thompson, Justice of the Grand Lodge Forum and James M. Lonergan, Chaplain of the Illinois State Elks Association, were guests recently of Woodstock, Ill., Lodge, No. 1043, at its twelfth annual banquet. Over 200 members, their wives and their friends attended.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Bluffton, Ind., Lodge recently entertained District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler O. Ray Miner, and President Fred Wiecking and Secretary W. G. Groebl, of the Indiana State Elks Association, at a turkey dinner.

Fourteen organizations, working under the leadership of the members of Garrett, Ind., Lodge, have been actively interested recently in bringing relief to about a hundred families of the unemployed in the city.

Over two hundred Elks gathered recently in the Home of Middletown, N. Y., Lodge to greet District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clarence J. Seaton when he made an official visit there.

Through L. R. Baker, its Exalted Ruler, West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge recently issued invitations to all Elks who may be sojourning in that State during the winter, to visit its Home.

News of the State Associations

Nebraska

WHAT is said to have been the largest crippled children's clinic ever held in Nebraska was conducted recently at the Home of York Lodge, No. 1024, under the joint auspices of the Nebraska State Elks Association and the Rehabilitation Division of the Department of Vocational Education of the State. Children whose cases had been discovered either by a survey previously by these two organizations, or were brought by parents as a result of newspaper announcements of the clinic, filled the Lodge Home, where examinations and diagnoses were made. Thirty physicians and surgeons from five counties, and nine nurses from local hospitals were on hand to take care of the patients. In every examination, two diagnosticians collaborated. Physicians and

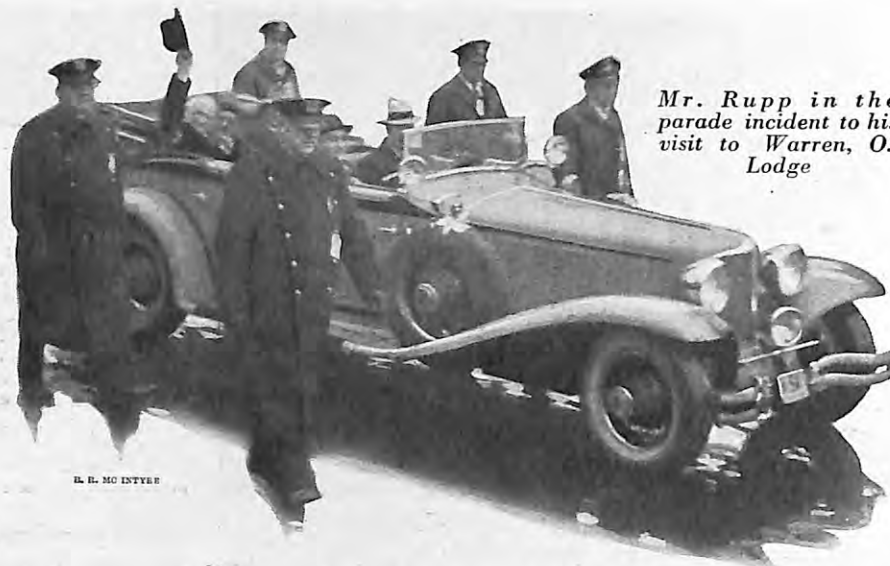
laboratory organizations of York provided X-rays and other laboratory examinations free of charge. This was the third of a series of clinics for crippled children sponsored by county medical societies in cooperation with the State-wide movement in behalf of such work by the State authorities and the Elks. Already 113 children have been examined, and it is the hope and the plan of the Nebraska State Elks Association, by taking each Lodge jurisdiction in turn, to extend relief to the 3,000 boys and girls in the State who, it has been estimated, are in need of it. The report upon the York clinic indicates the solid progress already achieved. Of the 57 cases examined, eleven had received proper treatment before and were in no need of further observation. Thirty-eight were discovered to require longer observation, and twenty-nine were found

to be children who had never before had any orthopaedic examination or treatment. In cases where major orthopaedic service of some type was indicated as advisable, favorable chances for improvement were seen in twenty-eight, with the remaining seven doubtful.

Washington

RESOLUTIONS calling for extensive activity in both civic and fraternal enterprises during the next few months were adopted recently at the business meeting of the mid-winter session of the Washington State Elks Association, held at the Home of Aberdeen Lodge, No. 503. Undertakings of benefit and of interest to the community to which the delegates to the meeting

(Continued on page 55)



Mr. Rupp in the parade incident to his visit to Warren, O., Lodge

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

IN THE thirty-two days from the time he set out from his home in Allentown, December 26, until the date upon which he made his visit to Gettysburg, Pa., Lodge, January 26, Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp called upon the membership of thirty-two subordinate Lodges of the Order.

His journeys took him from his native State to as far west and north as Washington and Oregon, and comprised, upon his return swing, the visitation of Lodges in Idaho, Utah, Iowa, Ohio, and Pennsylvania.

The Lodges which greeted Mr. Rupp, either formally or informally, were, in the order of his arrival in their cities, the following: Minneapolis, Minn.; Butte and Missoula, Mont.; Spokane, Seattle, Everett, Olympia, Aberdeen, and Ballard, Wash.; Portland, Ore.; Boise, Nampa, Caldwell, Pocatello and Blackfoot, Ida.; Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah; Council Bluffs, Ia.; Easton, Pa.; Warren, Kent, Cleveland, Toledo, Findlay, Marion, Delaware, Newark, Columbus, Middletown, Cincinnati and Hamilton, Ohio; and Gettysburg, Pa.

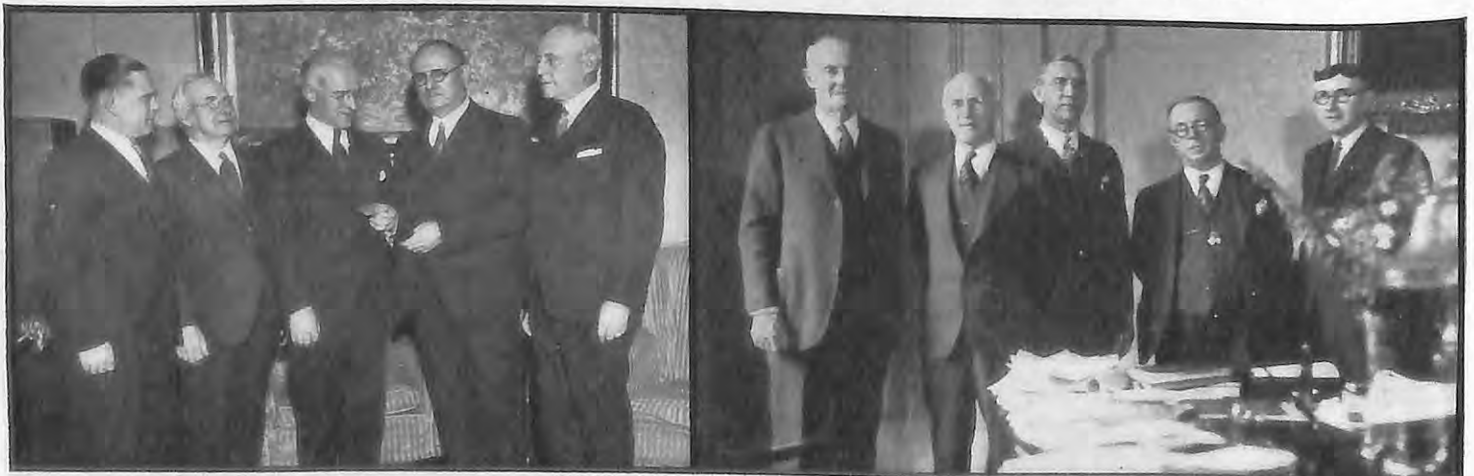
When he passed through Chicago, on January 27, the Grand Exalted Ruler was joined by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, who was to accompany him upon his tour through the West. The first official reception to Mr. Rupp was that arranged by Missoula, "Hellgate," Mont., Lodge, No. 383, but as his train paused at Minneapolis, Minn., January 28, he was greeted informally by members of Lodge No. 44 there, and the following morning a similar welcome was extended to him by a delegation representing Butte, Mont., Lodge, No. 240, at the railroad station of its city.

The Far West and Middle West Greet Mr. Rupp

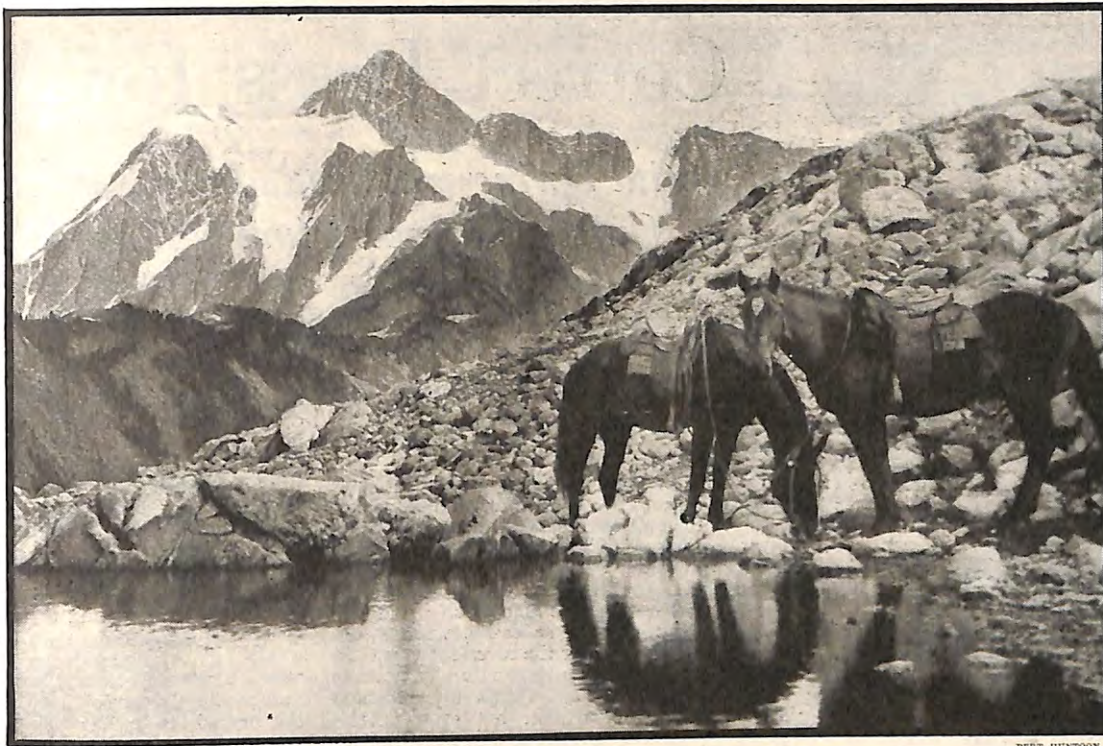
The visit to Spokane, Wash., Lodge, No. 228, December 30, was marked by a luncheon in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, and an enthusiastic meeting later. The following day Mr. Rupp arrived in Seattle, Wash., for his call upon Lodge No. 92 in that city and other Lodges near by, and for the conferences with the Convention Executive Committee in regard to plans for the forthcoming Grand Lodge Convention. He was welcomed by Grand Esquire John J. Doyle, Grand Trustee Ralph Hagan, and many other Elks of note. After a quiet New Year's day, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited, on January 2, Everett Lodge, No. 479, Olympia Lodge, No. 186, and Aberdeen Lodge, No. 593. The following day he called upon Ballard Lodge, No. 827, and Seattle Lodge, where he was introduced to the membership by Chief Justice of the Grand Forum Walter F. Meier. January 4 saw Mr. Rupp returning eastward. He was, on the morning of that day, greeted informally by members of Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142, and Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310. In the evening he was the guest first, at dinner, of Nampa, Ida., Lodge, No. 1380, and later, at a formal meeting, of Caldwell, Ida., Lodge, No. 1448. At Caldwell, R. W. Jones, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, met the Grand Exalted Ruler, and became one of his suite upon

his visits to Pocatello, Ida., Lodge, No. 674, and Blackfoot, Ida., Lodge, No. 1416, whose new Home was dedicated the following day. Ogden, Utah, Lodge, No. 719, was host to Mr. Rupp on January 6, and Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, on January 7. Two days later, after his visit to Council Bluffs, Ia., Lodge, No. 531, the Grand Exalted Ruler returned to Pennsylvania for a short respite from his travels. On January 14 he resumed his tour, with a visit to Easton, Pa., Lodge, No. 121; whereafter he made a number of calls upon Lodges in Ohio, upon many of which he was accompanied by Blake C. Cook, member of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee. These were Warren Lodge, No. 295, Kent Lodge, No. 1377, and Cleveland Lodge, No. 18, on January 19; Toledo Lodge, No. 53, on January 20; Findlay Lodge, No. 75, Marion Lodge, No. 32, Delaware Lodge, No. 76, and Newark Lodge, No. 391, on January 21; Columbus Lodge, No. 37, on January 22; Middletown Lodge, No. 257, and Cincinnati Lodge, No. 5, on January 23; and Hamilton Lodge, No. 93, on January 24. Two days later Mr. Rupp was the guest of Gettysburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 1045.

There was manifest, throughout the course of the Grand Exalted Ruler's tour, a degree of enthusiasm exceptional in every way. His visits, even those of an informal nature, were in every instance looked forward to with an unusual eagerness; and upon his departure there was noticeable a heightened warmth of fraternal feeling and of identification with the Order as a great whole. This was due not only to the ability and magnetism of Mr. Rupp's personality, but also to the many trenchant and inspiring addresses which he delivered.



Mayor William T. Jackson, of Toledo, O. (in the picture at the left), presents to the Grand Exalted Ruler, visiting Lodge No. 53 there, a silver courtesy card. Governor George White, of Ohio (at the extreme left in the right-hand picture), welcomes Mr. Rupp in the executive offices in the State Capitol at Columbus



Mount Shuksan, from a point near Mount Baker Lodge

BERT HUNTOON

1931 Grand Lodge Convention At Seattle, Wash.

Bulletin No. 2

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

YOU'RE going to have the time of your life in Seattle next summer. Seattle is a large city, but still small enough to take a personal pride in "showing off" to her visitors. Seattle is metropolitan but withal has retained a bit of the old pioneering spirit of the West—that spontaneous friendliness that makes you glad you've come.

Seattleans work hard and play hard. Their skyscrapers and industrial plants, their numerous playgrounds and resorts give testimony to that fact. They are going to forget the work side of it, however, and for a week in July show you how they play.

Seattle has the usual places of interest of a progressive, modern city of nearly half a million people. But it also boasts many attractions not found in the average large city.

When there are so many places to see and

things to do in all too short a time, some must be saved for your next visit. But do not fail to spend an hour or two in the University district and on the University of Washington campus. Here is a city in itself, gay and lively with thousands of collegians about.

The campus, with its 582 acres, much of it still in its natural verdant state, borders on Union Bay and Lake Washington. The buildings are Tudor-Gothic style, and are far enough

(Continued on page 64)

Candidates for Grand Lodge Office

THREE subordinate Lodges have announced their endorsement of candidates for the offices of Grand Secretary, Grand Treasurer and Grand Trustee, to be elected at the Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Seattle, next July.

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge Presents J. Edgar Masters For Grand Secretary

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, announces that it will present Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters as a candidate for re-election at the 1931 Grand Lodge Convention in Seattle next July.

Mr. Masters has been an Elk since 1903, when he became a member of Charleroi Lodge. He was elected Exalted Ruler in 1908 and was Representative to the Grand Lodge in 1909. In 1911-'12 he served as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee. He was elected a Grand Trustee in 1915 and acted as Chairman of the Board for three years of his term. In 1920-'21 he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. He was elected Grand Exalted Ruler in 1922. From that year, when he was a member ex-officio, to 1927, Mr. Masters served on the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission. He was appointed Grand Secretary in September, 1927, and was subsequently elected to that office at the 1928, 1929,

and 1930 Grand Lodge Conventions in Miami, Los Angeles, and Atlantic City.

Mr. Masters was Treasurer of his home county of Washington, Pennsylvania, for several years, and also was President of the Southwestern Pennsylvania State Normal School Board.

Marshalltown, Iowa, Lodge Presents Lloyd Maxwell For Grand Treasurer

Marshalltown, Iowa, Lodge, No. 312, presents Lloyd Maxwell as a candidate for re-election to the office of Grand Treasurer, at the 1931 Grand Lodge Convention.

Mr. Maxwell is an honorary life member of Marshalltown Lodge, into which he was initiated in 1899. He served for two years as Esteemed Leading Knight and was elected Exalted Ruler for two terms. He was elected Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight in 1912 and Grand Esteemed Leading Knight in 1914. For five years, 1921-'25 inclusive, he served as a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. In 1926 he was appointed Chairman of the Grand Lodge New Activities Committee; and in 1927 was appointed Grand Esquire. At Los Angeles, in 1929, he was elected Grand Treasurer and was re-elected to this office at the convention last year at Atlantic City. He is senior Past President of the Iowa State Elks Association.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Presents James T. Hallinan For Grand Trustee

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, announces that it will present James T. Hallinan as a candidate for the office of Grand Trustee to be filled at the Grand Lodge Session, in Seattle, next July.

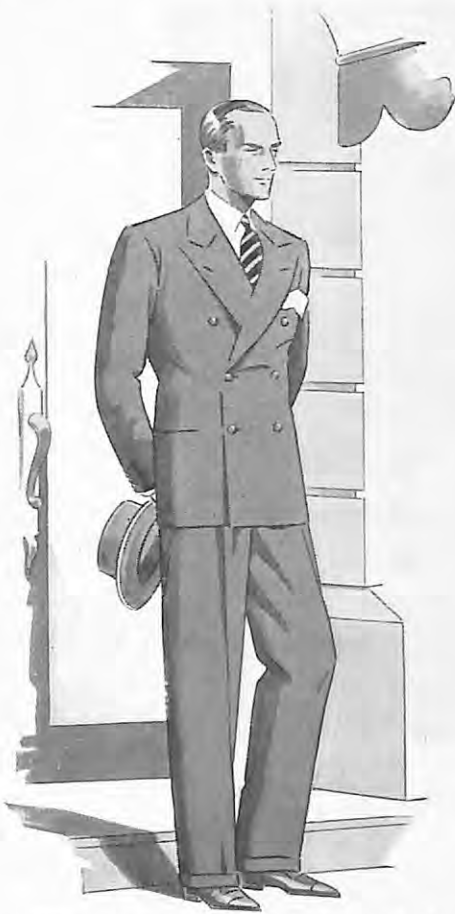
Mr. Hallinan has been an Elk since June 20, 1912, when he was initiated into Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871. Upon his removal to Queens County on October 31, 1916, he became affiliated with Queens Borough Lodge of Elks. He served Queens Borough Lodge as Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Esteemed Leading Knight and as Exalted Ruler in 1920-1921. From 1923 to 1924 he served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for the New York Southeastern District, and in 1924 he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Distribution at the session held in Boston, Massachusetts. From 1926 to 1928 he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order. In 1928 he became a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and is now serving as Chairman of that committee.

Mr. Hallinan was born at New York City in 1889, studied law at the New York Law School and was admitted to the Bar of the State of New York on the 15th day of January, 1912; at the present time he is District Attorney for the County of Queens, State of New York.

Correct Dress for Men

With Spring just around the Corner, the Question of new Plumage Comes up

By Schuyler White



The man who is tall and slender will find the double-breasted model best suited to his physique, as the broad-chested effect achieved by the wide, peaked lapels does much to off-set his height

IN VIEW of the fact that clothes for general day and business wear constitute the major part of a man's wardrobe, it is only logical that the most careful consideration be given to their selection. This holds true regardless of the number of suits a man has, whether it be two or twenty, but it is especially important in the case of the average man with the average number of suits—and the smaller his wardrobe is, the more important it is that each item be chosen with discrimination and care.

For general day wear, there are two types of suit—single-breasted and double-breasted. Each is correct and each has various features that are to be commended. The ultimate choice is a matter of individual preference, of course, but before making the final decision, a man should take stock of himself and his requirements when deciding which type is better suited to him.

Generally speaking, the man of average height and build may wear either a single- or double-breasted suit with equal success. With the tall, thin man or the short man of stocky build, it is a different matter. In this connection there are two points to be borne in mind. The first one is that a single-breasted suit always tends to give a man height, while, secondly, the double-breasted suit gives a man breadth.

Therefore, if a tall, slender man wears a double-breasted jacket, his height is off-set by the greater suggestion of breadth across the shoulders. In like manner, the short stocky man will appear to be taller than he actually is, because the lines of a single-breasted jacket tend to give him the appearance of greater height.

In addition to the type of suit worn, there are two other factors which enter into the selection of suits, and which must be remembered, if a man wishes to appear to the best of advantage. These are the pattern and the fabric of the suit itself. Small and seemingly unimportant points, but necessary if the ensemble is to be a success. Fabrics with a nap, such as unfinished worsteds, tweeds and homespuns,

invariably give a man a heavier and somewhat bulkier appearance, while striped patterns will always make a man look slimmer and add to his height.

Having decided on the type of suit best suited to him, the next consideration is the color of the suit, and here again one's decision must be based, first, upon whether it is a practical color. Ordinarily speaking, darker colored suits are more appropriate for business wear, because they are unobtrusive and one does not tire of them so easily, whereas, for country and sport wear the reverse is true. To be sure, in the spring a man naturally turns to lighter colors in his attire after the dark and sombre clothes of winter, but even at this season of the year they can not be too light in color, if only for practical and economical reasons. Again, however, the final selection rests on a man's natural taste and inclination, as well as the size of his wardrobe and pocket-book.

Blue, gray and brown in the order named are the three colors most popular for men's suits. Blue is the most staple color of all and is the one color universally becoming to every man. It is, therefore, only natural that with the steadily growing trend toward greater formality in men's dress, that this most conservative color should also be considered the smartest. Fashions and colors revolve in cycles. One year there will be a craze for brown—another year gray will seem to be the color most in demand—but blue always holds its own in the wardrobe of a well-dressed man. If a man ever has any doubt as to the color of the suit he will wear, he will never go wrong in selecting blue.

For spring and summer, oddly enough, blue is also very cool-looking in spite of it being a dark color. And it is economical, too, because the jacket of a blue suit is very smart in the country and at the seashore when combined with white or gray flannel trousers.

Gray is another popular spring and summer color for suits, both for town and for the country. Brown is an especially good color for suits for the country and for sports wear, but this color is more difficult for the average man to wear than either blue or gray, because it is not so generally becoming. Brown comes in many shades, ranging from the light tan and sunburn shades to the dark chocolate and tobacco browns. For spring and summer, the darker shades of brown are a little too warm-looking, since this is essentially an autumn color. The lighter shades, however, are very smart. In choosing a brown suit,

A single-breasted suit is the best choice for a man who is short or of stocky build, since its straight lines add to his height. The effect of height is also gained by the striped pattern of the suit

a man should be careful to avoid the cinnamon or reddish shades of brown, because they are not becoming except in rare instances, and are also a little conspicuous—a fact which makes one tire of them very easily.

Spring topcoats almost invariably are seen in shades of tan and brown. The medium shades of these colors are best. In buying a topcoat, whether it be a loose box model or the semi-fitted type, the color selected should, first of all, be becoming to the wearer, and one which will combine well with the suits in one's wardrobe. A good rule to follow is that if a man is partial to blue and brown suits, a topcoat in a medium shade of brown is correct and in the best of taste. If blue and gray are the colors of his suits, then a gray topcoat is the happiest selection.

THE same rules of color apply also to hats. Light gray and tan felt hats, usually of the snap-brim variety, are the smart hats for spring. If a man can afford to have two spring hats, he should have one in either color, but if only one hat a season is possible, then it should be of the color that combines best with the colors of the suits he ordinarily wears.

The question of shirts and neckties is one in which the greatest latitude in color is permissible. When all is said and done men do not have the opportunity to do very much in the way of color when it comes to their clothes, and it is in the department of shirts and neckwear that they have one of the few opportunities to display their ideas on this interesting and varied subject, in what is so often a valiant attempt to relieve the rather general monotony of their clothes.

As for shirts, the safest and most practical color is solid white. Other solid colors that may be worn without being too conspicuous are blue,

tan and gray, with here and there a green shirt for those men who are the fortunate possessors of ruddy complexions. Like the blue suit, the advantage of a white shirt is obvious. It can be worn with a suit or necktie of any color or pattern, and it is always correct. Striped patterns in shirtings today, however, seem to be far more popular than solid colors. This is a season of stripes—not only in suits but also in shirts and ties. The most popular shirt at the moment is the one with narrow, hairlinestripes. It may be of the plain negligée type when it is worn with a soft tab-collar to match or with a soft or white starched collar. The short bosom shirt with horizontal stripes is also very popular and, if anything, is smarter than the more usual negligée shirt. With this type of shirt, a white starched collar is



generally worn, although these shirts frequently have starched collars to match the bosom of the shirt. A new note that has been recently introduced into this type of shirt is to have white starched cuffs instead of matching cuffs, as there is a certain dignity and freshness to white starched linen which is quite in keeping with the trend toward formality in men's clothes.

Collars for business wear may be soft or starched. However, no soft collar, no matter how well it fits, ever looks as neat and trim as a starched collar. This realization has been responsible for the revival of popularity in starched collars. Soft collars are undeniably comfortable, but no more so than a starched collar that fits the neck properly and which is not too high. Collar manufacturers have long since realized that one of the reasons why starched collars lost their popularity was the fact that so many different styles of collars were made that it was almost impossible for a man to decide just which style was correct and comfortable. And we have all had the annoying experience of getting used to a certain type of collar, only to discover in the course of time that that collar



Striped shirts are much in demand to-day, and when one is worn it is suggested that the necktie be either in a solid color or in a neat, geometric pattern, since striped ties worn with striped shirts are rarely, if ever, a good combination

was no longer being made and we were, consequently, forced to experiment with other collars, most of which were found to be unsatisfactory. Perhaps this is because men are more or less creatures of habit. Once we get used to a certain type of collar we don't like to change unless we can find one that we like better. But, happily, all this is being changed. Nowadays the collars shown in the shops are fewer in

number than formerly, but they are being designed to meet the present-day demand for comfort. No man can look smart or feel right in his clothes if he is at all self-conscious, and a collar that does not fit properly and is the least bit uncomfortable can do more to make a man feel self-conscious than almost anything else.

This does not mean that soft collars are incorrect for business wear. Quite the contrary. The soft tab collar which sprang into instant popularity as soon as it had been sponsored by the Prince of Wales, is not only neat but looks better than any other type of soft collar. Shirts with attached soft collars are really suitable only for sport and country wear, and these only look neat when worn with a collar pin fastened under the knot of the tie to keep the collar in place.

And now we come to that small but important item in the man's turn-out—the necktie. Striped neckties are once more in fashion. After several years when only ties in plain colors or neat geometric designs were considered the smart thing in neckwear, it is rather a pleasant change to find this old favorite now being quite generally worn. Striped ties in club or regimental colors have always been popular although, strictly speaking, they should be worn only by members of organizations entitled to wear them. In England, the center of men's fashions, this rule is adhered to rigidly. But here in America they are worn indiscriminately by men of all ages. In addition to the club stripes there are many novelty striped patterns from which to choose.

It will be seen, therefore, that this is a season of stripes—in suits and shirts, as well as neckties. It is in the combination of striped patterns, however, that a man should exercise discretion and restraint, especially if the stripes are pronounced. For instance, if a striped suit is worn, the shirt may be of a solid color, while the necktie may be either in a plain color or one with a small geometric design. A striped shirt and a striped necktie, worn with a striped suit would be too conspicuous to be in good taste. But a striped shirt can be worn with a plain necktie or one with a small design. In this case a striped suit would not be the best selection unless the stripes were subdued, such as the familiar herring-bone patterns which are not too pronounced.

In combining colors the same care should be taken as in combining patterns. Various shades of the same color can always be combined successfully, and if a man is not sure of his color sense this is always a safe plan. But the combination of various colors is also con-

sidered smart and in good taste, in addition to lending a note of variety to the turn-out. Here again, the thing to avoid is the extreme and the obvious. No matter how strong one's

liking for a certain color may be, if it is loud and unusual the chances are, nine times out of ten, that it will be wrong when combined with other colors. It is perfectly all right to be independent in thought and action, but when it comes to color in clothes, let the other fellow take the chances. No man wants the reputation of being loud and bizarre in his clothes, but one can easily avoid the shoals of poor taste in this respect and steer a safe and sane course into the snug harbor of smart conservatism without coming too near the reef of drab sombreness, such as is achieved by undertakers' assistants the world over.

Suspenders and garters also furnish an opportunity for variety in color and design. In suspenders, the smart thing these days are colors which blend with the trousers in color, and which have a similarity of pattern with either the shirt or necktie. With garters, the color should

harmonize with the color of the socks being worn.

AND finally we come to shoes and socks. Fancy socks no longer appear on well-shod feet. They may be plain or clocked with a contrasting color. Sometimes the socks have an all over pattern, but invariably the well-dressed man avoids any color or pattern that will attract undue attention to his feet. The best achievement in this part of a man's turn-out is the utmost conservatism. Therefore, wear socks that either match the color of the shoes worn or which match the color of the suit. As for shoes, the problem is simple, especially for town wear because only two colors are possible—black or brown. Brown shoes can be worn with either gray, blue or brown suits, whereas with a brown suit, brown shoes look better than black shoes. When brown shoes are purchased, it is best to avoid the light tan shades and select a medium shade which is not loud and conspicuous and which, with time and a certain amount of polishing, will acquire a rich subdued tone.

And so we come to the finishing touch to a man's turn-out—his pocket handkerchief. When in doubt, let it be a plain white linen handkerchief. Under all conditions it is correct. But if a colored handkerchief is worn in the breast pocket it should harmonize in color with the suit or necktie.



Neckties should never be loud in color and their patterns should be neat and clean cut. Collars should be cut a little higher in back than in front, and when the collar is buttoned there should be sufficient space to accommodate the knot of the necktie

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., New York City.

Conflict

(Continued from page 18)

"Sometimes," said Doctor Johnson thoughtfully, "people stay places because they've no money to get away with." He looked at Adele, whose face was suddenly scarlet. "You're not so old at that," he said.

"I'm twenty." Adele's voice was proud. He laughed. "Why, you're only a baby. Poor little kid. You'd ought to be somewhere where you could go to dances and parties. You're too young to be buried alive in a hole like this. And too pretty."

"Parties?" said Adele. "Dances? What's those words mean, brother? I usta know, but I've forgotten."

Irva thought this conversation the silliest she had ever heard. She had repeatedly wanted to

interrupt it—particularly when it dealt slightly with her grandmother, and now she remembered Caesar and asked Doctor Johnson if he thought that Caesar would soon be well again.

"Not too soon," he said, with a glance at Adele. He added, "I've got a chance to go to your town next month. Friend of mine's got me the offer of a job at one of the zoos."

Irva was suddenly conscious of a tense silence in the car. Then, "Well, what of it?" Adele asked sharply.

"Not a thing," he said. "I was just telling you. I don't think it's as good a prospect as a practice of my own, but if I had something to go for—"

"Well?" said Adele a little less sharply.

"I'd sacrifice everything and go," he said, in a tone that reminded Irva of a Fourth of July orator she once had heard.

"O-oh," said Adele, not sharply at all. "You mustn't say such things. I mean it. I don't—I don't like it."

"But I mean it, too," said Doctor Johnson; and Irva was glad that they came at that moment to the main street of the town, with the Bijou theater on its first corner. What Adele and Doctor Johnson had said might have been in a foreign language for all the sense she could make of it, yet she was intuitively conscious that it held an undercurrent of meaning. Even after

(Continued on page 44)

(Continued from page 43)

she was seated in the cool darkness of the theatre she was strangely troubled by the memory of it. Mrs. Price, she knew, had small respect for Doctor Johnson's medical knowledge, but at least he understood how to win the confidence of Adele!

Caesar recovered slowly. Nearly every day Doctor Johnson called carrying his small black bag. Sometimes he stood at the pasture fence and talked with Adele. Sometimes Adele went upstairs and hid from sight at the sound of his car. Whenever Irva saw them together she had again that sense of subterranean currents of meaning between them. Even when Caesar went back into the pasture, where the sun, shining on his sleek, powerful body, made him at once the blackest and most vivid thing in all the landscape, Doctor Johnson continued to call until Mrs. Price hinted that she was tired of his visits.

That day, Irva thought, marked the worst quarrel of all.

Doctor Johnson was standing with Adele near the pasture fence that afternoon, and three of the farmhands were loafing in the shade of the back yard until it should be time to drive up the cows for milking. George had driven to town. Mrs. Price was writing letters in the office. Irva lay in the hammock in the side yard, languidly watching the dance of leaf shadows across Adele's favorite red dress and reflecting that a week from now, at this time, she would be driving home from town in the school bus. She would not be as sorry as she usually was, she decided, to go back to school. During the hours there she would be able to forget the vague premonitions of disaster that haunted her at home.

Suddenly Adele clapped her hands. "Jimmie!" she called. "Fritz! Eric! Come here."

THE three men, clumsily graceful in their blue overalls, lounged across the green lawn. Adele moved backwards toward the fence. "Better not get too close, Mis' Price," Jimmie told her respectfully.

Adele turned with a gesture of scorn to regard the black bulk of Caesar, cropping clover a few yards away. "Nonsense!" she said sharply. "He's got you all buffaloed. I'm not scared of him. He's as harmless as an old cow. Shoo!"

Strangely enough, the black bull, with one curious glance at the group near the fence, ambled slowly away, and Adele, motioning the four men into a semicircle around her, began to sing.

Her small feet and her thin arms moved in time with her song, and she turned from one to the other of her audience with a coquettish smile. The immensity of the air dwarfed her voice as the immensity of the meadow dwarfed her person. She seemed so small and young and defenseless swaying there among the shadows of the swaying leaves that Irva felt her heart squeezed with a sudden, quick contraction of pitying love.

"You men—have you nothing to do?"

Irva jumped, though Adele did not. Mrs. Price stood between the hammock and the group at the pasture fence. Her face, above her black dress, was startlingly white.

"Yessum," the three farm hands mumbled.

"Go and do it, then."

They departed silently.

"Adele!"

Quite deliberately, with her eyes on Doctor Johnson's face, Adele finished her song:

"... It makes the black clouds roll away,
It makes the blue skies come to stay,
It makes the whole wide world seem gay—
What's that? you say—
Why, the wonderful thing called Love!"

"Adele!" said Mrs. Price again.

Adele made a deep curtsy. "Yeah?" she said. "I heard you the first time. What do you want?"

Instead of answering her, Mrs. Price spoke to Doctor Johnson. "I understand," she said, "that Caesar has entirely recovered. I do not believe that it will be necessary for us to take up any more of your time—either now or later." Irva had never heard her grandmother's voice so coldly, deadly polite.

Doctor Johnson bowed. "Quite so," he said. "I'm leaving town to-night anyway. I only came to say good-by."

They shook hands stiffly, then, without so

much as looking at Adele, he walked through the yard to the gate, got into his car and drove away.

Mrs. Price turned to Adele. "I should think you would know what I want," she said. "This disgraceful exhibition—"

For once she seemed at a loss for words. Irva, half sitting, half lying in the hammock, felt her heart pounding violently. If only they wouldn't quarrel again! She so much dreaded hearing what they would say that it did not occur to her she had no right to listen.

"What's disgraceful about it?" Adele spoke slowly and with apparent surprise. "I usta sing that song on the stage. I sung it between my dances. I told Jimmie and Johnson I'd sing it for 'em sometime. They asked me."

Mrs. Price said, "I shall have something to say to Jimmie later. Just at present this matter concerns only ourselves. Have you no conception of your position as my son's wife?"

"It won't be your fault if I don't," said Adele with rising heat. "You make me feel it all right. As near as I can make out, I'm here so George will be willing to stay and slave for you. Other-

wise you'd rather have a good case of diphtheria in the house."

"That, of course," said Mrs. Price, "is entirely untrue."

"Yeah?"

"I am only trying to make you see that you have a position of dignity to maintain. These farm hands are our servants. Doctor Johnson is little more. I don't see how you could so far forget yourself as to sing for them—a cheap, vulgar song like that, too! Or how they could so far forget themselves as to ask you to sing. Can't you see for yourself that it was not the thing to do?"

Adele looked at the tips of her small red slippers and Irva made a discovery—rather, two discoveries simultaneously. She knew—had known all the time, though she had not stopped to think, that no member of the Price family should be standing there, singing for the farm hands and Doctor Johnson. She, at thirteen, knew this, but Adele, at twenty, did not know it. Adele was like a child being punished for something that she did not yet understand to be wrong.

Adele said proudly, "It's a nice clean song. I never sing the other kind."

Mrs. Price raised her hands in a gesture of helplessness. Then, "Do you think George would approve of your singing it?" she asked.

"Say, don't say anything to George. You know how he is. He'd be jealous—just blind jealous."

Now, Irva thought, her grandmother might win Adele's devotion forever by promising not to tell George. It was by such small securities that she herself had won her young aunt's love. If Grandmother would only see her opportunity—

But Mrs. Price did not. "You should have thought of that before," she said coldly.

Then Adele's self-control broke. "Ain't you ever human?" she cried shrilly. "What are you anyway—just a piece of farm machinery, like a plow or something? Don't you ever think of anything but money and cows and how much better you are than everybody else? I've stood all I'm going to stand from you. You don't know what I've stood since I've been here. But if you did know I don't suppose you'd care . . ."

Irva put her fingers in her ears. Adele's voice came to her, muffled, in only fitfully discernible words. She heard, "I'm so sick of that hick town and this damn farm I could die," and once, "Don't kid yourself you'd ever keep him here without me—" She sank back in the hammock and lay there feeling sorry for Adele and her grandmother by turns. When Adele pressed her handkerchief to her eyes and ran into the house, and Mrs. Price stood alone, her tall, powerful figure sharply outlined against the green background of the pasture, Irva saw that her shoulders drooped as if this encounter had succeeded where mere years had failed—in making her old. She wanted to go to her then, put her arms around her and comfort her, but her comprehension of Mrs. Price's feelings kept her away. Mrs. Price would be no happier for knowing that she had witnessed the scene.

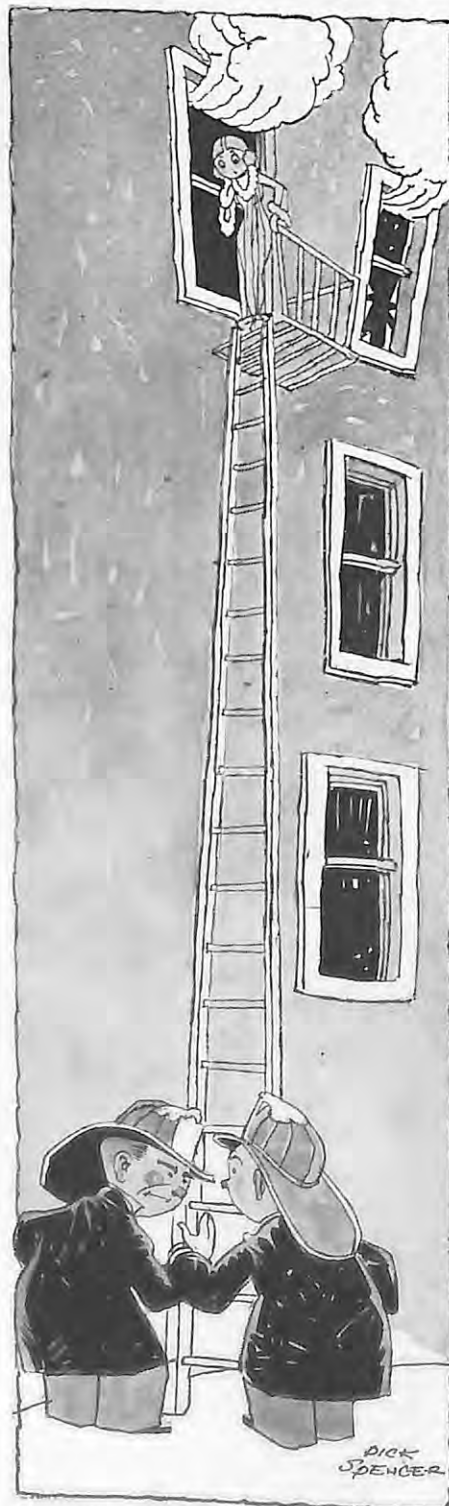
MRS. PRICE returned to the house, and after a time Adele came out again and over to the hammock. "Listen, angel," she said, "you know the Dutchman down the road—has he got a telephone?"

"The Kleinfeldts?" Irva asked. "Why, yes, they have one. Why? Isn't ours working?"

"Oh, sure," Adele told her, looking across the pasture and the road to the tip of the Kleinfeldt chimney, just visible through intervening trees. "I—just wondered." She squeezed into the hammock beside Irva and leaning over kissed her. "Listen, kid. Do you love me?"

"Of course I do." Irva was surprised by the seriousness of her tone.

Adele sat for a time in silence. The tip of one small red slipper dug into the turf and set the hammock in motion. Adele watched it, her face very grave, her gray eyes strangely bright. "Listen, sweets. I'm a yellow quitter, see. I've tried not to be, Lord knows, but I am. Just the same, I don't want you to hate me. Promise you'll never hate me, baby, whatever anybody says about me. Promise you'll just say to yourself, 'She was a poor little fool that couldn't stick it out, but just the same I love her.' Promise me you'll say that, baby. You don't need to



But Bill:—Think of your wife and kiddies

say it out loud, so anybody hears you. Just say it to yourself."

"But why should I say it?" Irva asked. Adele got up so quickly that she almost overturned the hammock. "Well, if you should hear anything bad about me, say it. That's all I'm asking. What you don't know, you can't get blamed for. I'm going down the road a piece for a walk."

She went, and Irva yawned and stretched and wondered how much longer it would be before Hedda rang the bell for dinner. It was almost dinner time, she knew; Jimmie and the two collie dogs were bringing up the cows. She could hear the dogs' excited barking and Jimmie's voice calling out orders and the clatter of tin upon tin as someone carried milkpails from the dairy to the barn. A crunching of wheels on gravel stopped abreast of her and George, halting the car in the driveway, called, "Was that Adele going down the road ahead of me? Where's she off to at this hour?"

IRVA said sleepily, "Walking." It was strange for Adele, who detested walking, to choose this time for a stroll down the dusty road—and why had Adele asked about the Kleinfeldts' telephone and exacted from Irva that absurd promise? She gave up puzzling over these things. Weariness, caused partly by the warmth of the day, partly perhaps by the emotional strain of Adele's and Mrs. Price's quarrel, bore heavily upon her eyelids. She dozed.

She woke to the sound of a scream from the kitchen door and the frantic yelping of dogs and steps thudding heavily across the sod. She tumbled out of the hammock and rubbed her eyes. George was running towards the pasture gate with a pitchfork in his hands. In the pasture—

Irva was suddenly wide awake and deathly sick. Trained by years of life on the farm, her mind instantly grasped the situation. Adele, knowing that she was late, had taken the short cut home that led through the pasture, and Caesar, from the farther corner of his domain, had witnessed the invasion of the red object he had always hated and started in pursuit.

Irva stood, frozen by horror. It was like some thrilling episode on the screen—only this was real, and terrible beyond words. Even Adele, who had never taken seriously the menace of Caesar, realized her danger now. You could tell that by the frantic way she was running, too crazed with terror to turn back to the nearer gate, but heading for the farther gate—a pitifully small figure, stumbling over hillocks on her high heels, almost falling, righting herself and running on—with the great black bull, head down, tail up, lumbering along at an ever shorter distance behind her. Even the dogs sensed the incipient tragedy. They leaned against the gate, barking and yelping, getting in George's way as he tried to enter the pasture.

Forever, it seemed, George struggled with the gate and the dogs barked and leaped, and Hedda and Astrid screamed and the black bull and Adele ran their uneven race. Then Irva saw her grandmother.

Mrs. Price was walking toward the fence calm amid all the turmoil. Her right hand was lifted to the level of her eyes, and metal shone dully in the pink sunset light. She stopped at the fence and a white puff of smoke rose from her hand and a sharp sound brought echoes from the concrete walls of the outbuildings. "It's all right, George," she said quietly.

Irva turned her eyes again to the pasture. Adele was still running, but the black bull had sunk to his front knees. Then another sharp report sent an eddy of echoes into the silence, and Caesar dug his great head into the ground, twitched and lay still in a grotesquely sprawled heap. And Irva, who in all her thirteen years had never fainted, sank gently into unconsciousness.

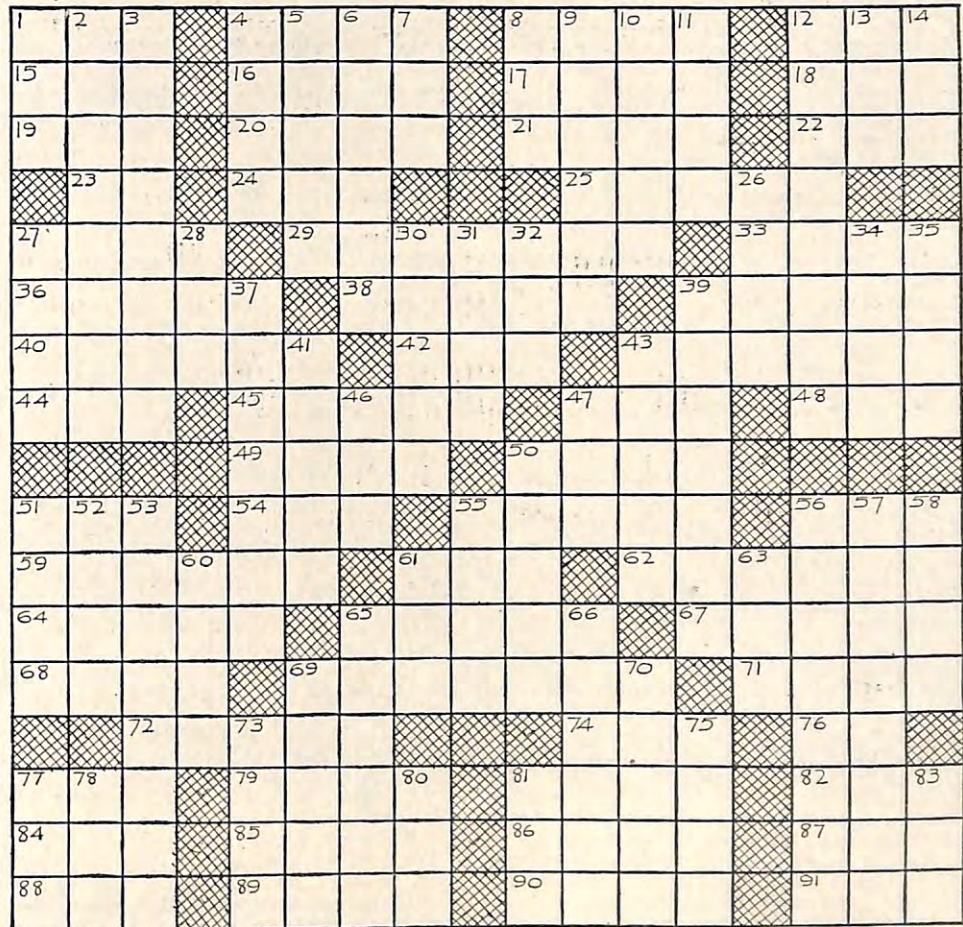
"He was worth fifteen thousand dollars," Adele said thoughtfully, "and you shot him—for me!" She and Irva sat together on the top step of the porch and George and Mrs. Price sat in chairs behind them. The moon was large and yellow behind the outbuildings. The shadow of a medieval castle, the round bulk of the silo, its tower, fell into the heart of the pasture. It was some three hours since Mrs. Price had killed Caesar in those two quick shots across the fence.

(Continued on page 46)

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.)



Across

- 1—A Massachusetts cape
- 4—Bill of fare
- 8—Cipher
- 12—Domestic animal
- 15—Imitate
- 16—Rocks bearing metal
- 17—A son of Shem (Gen. X—22)
- 18—Curious scraps of literature, notes, etc.
- 19—Supreme Babylonian god
- 20—Nimble
- 21—Gaming cubes
- 22—To spread loosely to dry
- 23—Japanese mile
- 24—Unyielding
- 25—Obtuse
- 27—Small fresh-water fish
- 29—More like slate
- 33—Events from which time is reckoned
- 36—Kingdom in Europe
- 38—An ox-like African antelope
- 39—One cubic meter
- 40—A minor though essential part
- 42—Wrath
- 43—Thinly diffused
- 44—Lyric poem
- 45—Consumed
- 47—Exclamation of triumph
- 48—Japanese money unit
- 49—Large carnivorous mammal
- 50—Heated chamber
- 51—Permit
- 54—Thirsty
- 55—Utter words
- 56—A cardboard border for a picture
- 59—Obliterates
- 61—An Hawaiian garland
- 62—To transfer from one place to another
- 64—Closed

- 65—Wealth
- 67—More uncivil
- 68—Observed
- 69—Narrow strips of wood
- 71—The true skin
- 72—Willow twigs used in wickerwork
- 74—Belonging to a thing
- 76—Egyptian god of the mid day sun
- 77—Small boring tool
- 79—Raised platform
- 81—Name of several Russian Czars
- 82—A long period of time
- 84—As denoting the maiden name of a married woman
- 85—A serf or hireling
- 86—A wicked Roman emperor
- 87—The number of the toes and fingers
- 88—An affirmative
- 89—To boil gently
- 90—Killed
- 91—A kind of worm

- 26—A coarse rigid hair
- 27—A caper or antic
- 28—The highest note; old form as used in Guido's scale
- 30—A foreigner
- 31—Small mountain lake
- 32—Suffix forming ending of feminine names
- 34—Part of a pulley-block through which a rope-strap is passed.
- 35—Viewed
- 37—Surrendered
- 39—One of the sails of the mizzenmast of a ship
- 41—Dens of wild beasts
- 43—To fleece
- 46—Plaything
- 47—Hail!
- 50—Think
- 51—An onion-like plant
- 52—Eagle
- 53—Polliwogs
- 55—Bench
- 56—To diminish in severity
- 57—General types
- 58—Name
- 60—Collections of like things
- 61—Permit
- 63—Mire
- 65—Relating to the sea
- 66—To run at the nose
- 69—A quadruped
- 70—A fixed gaze
- 73—The 15th of some months of the Roman calendar
- 75—Precipitation of ice crystals from the clouds
- 77—A, an or one
- 78—Tiny
- 80—To work with needle and thread
- 81—Nooks
- 83—The fourteenth English letter (plural)

Down

- 1—Public vehicle of other days
- 2—Caused to function
- 3—Fragile
- 4—Witty sayings
- 5—Members of an Indian tribe
- 6—An herb with stinging hairs
- 7—Custom
- 8—The last letter in our alphabet
- 9—Suppressed or ignored
- 10—A competitor in speed
- 11—Foreboding
- 12—Persons who furnish refreshments
- 13—A unit
- 14—Small compact soft mass

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 53.

(Continued from page 45)

"I wonder was I worth it," Adele said with a nervous giggle. Her hands, very white in the starlight, twisted the corner of her handkerchief.

"There is a tradition," said Mrs. Price dryly, "that one human life is worth any number of brute lives."

Adele twisted the handkerchief more tightly. "And," said Mrs. Price, with, perhaps, a touch of amusement in her voice, "I think you fail to realize your importance as George's wife. Someday this farm and everything on it will be yours and George's, just as some day a considerable sum of money will be Irva's. Economically speaking if in no other way, I should value you at considerably more than fifteen thousand dollars, child."

"You're a—a good scout," said Adele, almost choking over the words.

Mrs. Price rose. "I'm going to bed," she said. "I've had excitement enough for one day. Are the rest of you coming?"

"Coming, dear?" George asked Adele.

"After a while," she said. "But you two go ahead. The kid and I'll stay here a while longer and get cool."

The others went inside. Adele took Irva's

hand and squeezed it. "Will you do something for me, sweet clover?"

"Anything," Irva promised generously. She had never known how much she loved Adele until she had seen Adele running for her life across the pasture.

"All right, then. I want you to do it and promise you won't ever tell—but you wouldn't tell, I know. You're no tattle-tale. I want you to stay here with me for a long time—an hour, maybe, maybe two hours. If you want to put your head in my lap and go to sleep you can. I'll wake you."

"But what will you wake me for?"

"I'll wake you when I want you. A man will drive up to the corner of the fence in a car, see. Well, when he does, I want you to go down and tell him, 'No!' Just that. Just, 'She says no.'"

"A—man?" Irva asked dubiously.

"Stupid! It'll only be Johnson. You're not afraid of Johnson."

"Of course not. But is that all I'm to say?"

"You can say, 'She's not quite yellow enough to—' No, don't say that, either. Just say, 'No.' He'll know what it means. Then you can come back here. I'll be waiting for you on the porch where he can't see me."

The Label

(Continued from page 9)

III

HIS hunch was wrong, however. When he told her he was leaving—

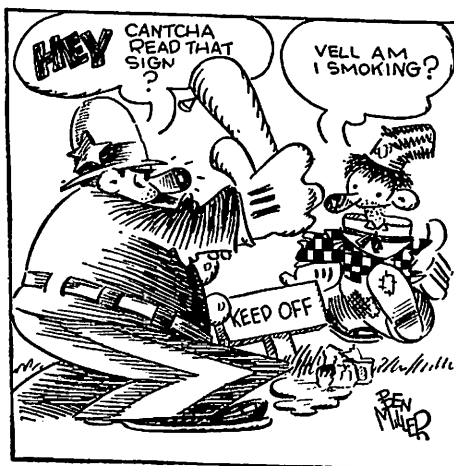
"I hope you'll have a lovely winter, Tony," she said warmly. "Get plenty of rest, won't you?"

"You're the one that needs the rest. I've got a cabin on a key; we'd have nothing to do but fish and swim and take sun baths—"

"I suppose you could work, too," she said. "On your novel."

"Well—yes, I could. But—" He grinned. "You'd let me take time off for a honeymoon first, wouldn't you?"

"That's one honeymoon that would never end, if you had to go to work when it was over. It may be yours but it won't be mine. . . . Why not let Irma Palliser in on it?" she suggested wickedly.



Tony flushed. He'd been more or less engaged to Mrs. Palliser, before he met Judith. He wondered what she was doing now—and what she was saying. She had a poisonous tongue.

"I don't want Irma Palliser; I want you. . . . Yes, and you want me!"

"I suppose I've acted like it," she admitted. "But no matter what I felt about you, I'd be ashamed to marry a man who never does anything."

"If you married me I'd have an incentive to do something."

"Tell it to Irma," she said. "She'd jump at the chance to be your ignition. But the man I marry has got to be a self-starter."

So he went off to Florida alone. She might have written to him if she'd known that he took his typewriter, and his unfinished novel. But she didn't know that; she was blue and lonesome, and sick of the other men she knew. And then, one day, she was called to the telephone—

This, Irva thought, was like coming into a moving-picture theater when the picture was half over. You knew that all the words and actions of the characters on the screen meant something, but you could not tell what, because you had missed what went before. Yet the solution of the mystery was just outside her understanding. A little thought would give it to her.

Suddenly she knew she would not try to arrive at the meaning of it, because she wanted to hold around her the armor of her childhood as long as she could. If she understood, she would be one step nearer growing up, and growing up meant conflict, heartache, problems that must be solved and were difficult of solving. No, it was better to leave the scenes unrelated and the plot unknown.

She looked across the silvery expanse of the moonlit pasture. A black hillock rising out of the dewy grass was the body of poor Caesar. The moon had risen above the roof of the barn and the medieval castle had spread into a shapeless mass of shadow.

"After all," Adele said thoughtfully, "It is kind of pretty here. I suppose after a while you get used to it. Maybe after the first hundred years or so you might even come to like it!"

"Who?" she said. "Oh, Mr. Mellish! Of course I remember you. . . . Why, yes. It would be lovely to dine with you this evening."

She'd forgotten all about him, and was much encouraged to find that he hadn't forgotten her. At dinner she hardly knew what to talk about; but presently he spoke of the business that had brought him to town. Then, thankfully, she asked him a question or two about his work, and sat back to listen; and what she heard gave her something to think about.

For talk of his work brought in, naturally, some indication of the position and responsibilities of a Mellish of the Back Bay. She gathered that Henry, like Tony, had inherited money—but what a different use he made of it! Here was the head of a family, the adviser and protector of a group of evidently helpless women—a man whom people knew they could trust; a gentleman, so sure of himself that he didn't need to make a pose of idleness. Even his fussiness about little things like liquor labels was the mark of a refined and cultured taste, that insisted on things being as they should be. So she clung to his hand when they parted, and said she hoped she'd see him soon again; and he said that business was bringing him back to New York next week. . . .

Henry had had the time of his life that evening. She had impressed him at their first meeting because she was so different from his female relatives; what impressed him, and reassured him, this time was that once you got used to her, she wasn't so impossibly different after all. So he came back the next week, and kept coming once a week thereafter; and presently he found himself toying with a great and bold idea—such an idea as no Mellish had ever entertained before.

She wasn't the sort of woman his mother and his aunts and his cousins would pick out for him; that was half her charm. But the other half of her charm was that she was the sort of woman they could get along with well enough, if they found they had to. They'd be startled at first—even scandalized; but if he confronted them with an accomplished fact—married Judith in New York, and then brought her up to Boston and asked them what about it—he knew they'd accept her, meekly.

He was no more than toying with the idea, as yet. He'd never been able to bring the conversation around to her background; till he found out about that, he mustn't let her even guess what was on his mind. . . . And then, one evening, he found himself kissing her.

"I wondered how soon you'd think of that," she said.

Thereupon he thought of it again, several times, before he realized that he was committing himself. He didn't know that in her set a kiss—that kind of kiss, anyway—was no more than a gesture of casual approval. To a Mellish, any kiss was a foreign entanglement.

"I—I didn't mean to do that," he stammered.

(Continued on page 48)

lot of pretty good liquor just because the label's wrong. If the stuff's all right, why worry about the label?"

Henry said nothing, but he felt that Lancaster had placed himself by that remark. A gentleman would want the genuine article—no counterfeit. . . . Then Judith looked at her wrist watch and jumped up hastily.

"Heavens, I'll be late for my dinner! . . . So glad to have seen you, Mr. Mellish. Come again, next time you're in town. . . . Good-bye, Tony. . . . No, don't go. You boys had better finish up what's left in the shaker."

She left Henry in a glowing daze. You boys! So he looked like a boy, did he? Well, he felt like one, after an hour in her company.

"A fascinating woman," he told Tony. "I never met a woman like her. I don't believe the type exists, in Boston."

He was wrong; there were women like her on the back streets of Beacon Hill, within five minutes' walk of his house. But Henry had never gone adventuring in Boston's Bohemia; he thought all Boston women were like his female relatives—and ought to be. A woman like Judith, in Boston, would have shocked and alarmed him. But this was New York. . . .

"Yes," he said. "Fascinating. . . . A native New Yorker, I presume?"

"No, she comes from somewhere out West—California, I believe."

"Indeed!" said Henry. "Who are her people?"

"I don't know that she has any. I never heard her speak of them."

Somehow it relieved Henry to learn that she had no people.

"What is her background, then?" he pursued.

"How should I know?" asked Tony impatiently. Then, at sight of Henry's amazement—"You never ask about backgrounds in New York," he explained, "any more than on the old frontier. Especially not with sophisticated slick-looking women like Judith. A lot of those women, if you only knew it, came from some crossroads village, or a farm at the head of the creek. Naturally they don't divulge a secret like that till you unclasp the bridal veil."

This incuriosity was what Henry would have expected of Lancaster, but it reassured him none the less. He must have been mistaken in thinking there was anything between Tony and Judith. A man who wanted to marry her would have made a point of finding out about her background.

"At any rate," he said, "she's a charming woman. Business often brings me to New York; I hope to see a good deal of her this winter."

"Don't count on it," Tony warned him sourly. "I've got a hunch she's going to spend the winter on the Florida Keys."



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(Continued from page 46)

Then, meeting her eyes—"But I simply couldn't help it!" This was going pretty far, but he went right on. "You know I love you, Judith. And I presume I may infer, in view of what has happened, that you love me."

"My dear, I'm terribly fond of you. I'm not crazy about you—"

"Oh, certainly not!" he agreed with much relief, wondering what one would do with a woman who was crazy about one. "That's understood. But I take it that if I should ask you to be my wife, you would assent."

That was a hypothetical question framed by a lawyer, to elicit information without binding anybody; but she was too startled to see that.

"Marry you? I never thought you'd ask me—we're so different . . . I don't know, Henry. I'm not in love with you—not the way I was once with—with another man." (Surprisingly he sizzled with jealousy.) "But I like you awfully," she said. "I suppose we might make it work—"

"Of course we could make it work. You'd like Boston—"

It hadn't occurred to her that his wife would have to live in Boston.

"Let's think it over, my dear," she suggested. "We can talk about it again, after we've done our thinking . . . Say to-morrow evening."

"To-morrow? Why not now?" In this first flush of enthusiasm, he would find it easier to explain to her about his female relatives.

"We've got a date this evening," she said. "I wouldn't have made it, of course, if I'd realized that this was going to happen; but I've got to keep it now. You don't mind, do you, if I drag you to a brawl?"

"Drag me to a brawl?" he gasped.

"I slipped into dialect again," she apologized.

"Take you to a party, at a studio on 57th Street. I'm to meet a customer there."

Henry was chilled, not only by the language but by the fact. What sort of woman would break off so momentous a discussion to go to a party, even if she did have a date to meet a customer there? He saw that she meant to go, so he wasted no time in argument; he'd learned that much dealing with his female relatives. But he didn't like it; and before they went the legal mind insisted on clarifying the situation.

"Am I to understand that we're engaged?" he asked as he held her cape. She laughed, amazed at her own blitheness.

"If you mean, may you kiss me again, you certainly may. There! . . . But as for anything more serious, let's see how we feel to-morrow."

That relieved him a little; he supposed they were practically engaged, but neither of them was committed, yet. And to-morrow he could explain to her that a Mrs. Mellish never dragged anybody to a brawl. . . .

Whoever called it that had named it rightly, thought Henry when they had joined a swarm of noisy people in an overheated, smoke-hung studio. Couples bumped each other on a tiny dancing floor; other couples lolled carelessly about, drinking ginger ale flavored with bad gin. Henry decided not to dance; and then a man came up to Judith—

"You'll excuse me?" she said, turning to Henry. "I'm dancing."

"With that fat-faced bounder?" he demanded in a furious undertone.

"He's all of that," she sighed. "But I think I can sell him a picture if I'm nice to him this evening." Henry simmered with rage.

"Is that the way you sell pictures? By using your—your—"

"Sex appeal?" she supplied.

"Your personal charm, I was about to say," he amended stiffly. "It's abominable, Judith. I don't like it! I don't like it at all!"

"Neither do I, but it's part of my job." He glowered at her; she glowered back. "You've always had money," she said. "But I've had to work for every nickel, and sometimes I've had to do things I didn't like. If you want me at all, Henry, you've got to take me as I come."

Whereupon she went off and danced with the fat-faced bounder.

THAT was a mistake, at that juncture; it gave Henry time to think. Sitting alone in a corner, he realized that he had got himself involved with a woman who seemed at home at a brawl from which a Mellish wanted to fly shrieking; a woman who was willing to use what she correctly—but how immodestly!—termed her sex appeal, in order to sell a picture. In short, he had been hasty and headlong. When she had been in his arms it had all seemed natural enough; but now that she was dancing in another man's arms he couldn't help wondering what his mother and his aunts and his cousins would think. Or rather what they wouldn't think.

A man and a woman whom Henry had never seen before sat down beside him. The man wanted to know who that was that was dancing with Judith.

"I don't know," said the woman. Her name was Irma Palliser, and she hadn't forgotten how she lost Tony Lancaster. "Probably," she said, "the heavy suitor . . . Oh, hadn't you heard? Judith picked up a heavy suitor from

somewhere out of town, after Tony ran out on her."

The man asked what had busted up Judith's affair with Tony.

"I can't imagine," said Mrs. Palliser. "They were practically engaged last fall; she was quite mad about him, and he's got plenty of money. Maybe she was imprudent enough to tell him about Ike Fulton."

The man said what about Ike Fulton.

"Why, he gave her the money to set herself up in business. . . . You know—Fulton the California oil man. He died a few years ago."

The man said he'd always heard you couldn't get money out of Ike Fulton with a chisel.

"A lady doesn't need a chisel if she has a smart lawyer," said Mrs. Palliser. "Especially if the man has written her letters. . . . Mind you, I don't know how she did it; but I know that's where she got her money. She told that much to a man she was practically engaged to last year. She treated him rather badly after she met Tony, so now whenever he gets stewed he comes around and sobs out the whole sad story to me."

The man said he'd have thought Judith would have had sense enough not to tell anybody about it.

"Ah, well!" said Mrs. Palliser. "She'll probably never tell anybody else about it. Certainly not the heavy suitor."

A collarless man in shirt sleeves—a porter or roustabout or something—came up to them with a tray of cocktails.

"No, thanks," said Mrs. Palliser. "We're going to dance."

"I'll take one," said Henry Mellish. He took one in each hand, and downed them in two gulps. "Rotten stuff," he growled. "But I need it."

"That's what they all say," the porter-looking person observed gloomily. How could Henry have known he was the host? You never meet the host, at a brawl; he's too busy sweeping up the broken glasses.

Henry had all but choked that woman. But in the first wild moment he had been restrained by the habit of the Mellishes, who never choked women; and then instinct warned him to sit still and listen. You can't be too careful, when you're picking out a mother for your children and a companion for your female relatives. . . . It might be only a vile slander, but how could he tell? He didn't know anything about her. To-morrow she might Tell Him All . . . Or she might not—if she'd told it once before, or twice before, to men who were practically engaged to her.

When at last she said she was ready to go, he was more than ready.



COURTESY OF THE ALL-YEAR CLUB

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MOFF STUDIO

"Yes, I sold him a picture," she said in the taxi, "by throwing in a languishing glance or two. . . . Sickening business. Sometimes I wish I'd never got into it."

"How did you happen to?" (Here was her chance to explain.)

"I was clerking in a Los Angeles art store when I got a windfall—enough to set me up in business; and this was the only business I knew."

"A windfall?" he said, his teeth chattering. "Tell me about it."

"Some day, maybe. I'd rather not go over all that now. It isn't one of the things I'm particularly proud of."

He knew there weren't a great many things she'd be particularly ashamed of. Now was the time to have it out with her, demand the truth. But the words stuck in his throat. He was afraid to ask her—afraid the truth would be intolerable. . . . Silence lasted till the taxi reached her apartment house, till the elevator took them up to her door.

"It's too late to ask you in," she apologized, and waited for him to kiss her good-night. But no Mellish would have committed such a breach of the proprieties before the elevator boy. She stiffened a little, gave him her hand. "Come in to lunch to-morrow?" she asked. "In the meantime, we can both think it over."

Henry spent the night thinking it over, but that wasn't time enough. So the next morning she got a note from him—

MY DEAR JUDITH—
When I returned to the club I found a telegram calling me to Cuba on urgent business. I must sail this morning, and must accordingly apologize for my inability to lunch with you.

Faithfully yours,
HENRY MELLISH.

Henry had written that with a good deal of care. It was the only letter he had ever sent her; and he didn't think the smartest lawyer in New York would be able to use it as a chisel.

He'd gone away to give himself time to think it over, but after a few days in Havana he wished he hadn't. The more he thought about it, the more he was ashamed of himself.

Why hadn't he made her tell him the truth? Because he was afraid? Yes, but there was another reason—the habit of the Mellishes, who never ask questions of their women. Getting mixed up with women who need to be questioned isn't the sort of thing that Mellishes do. Henry had done it, but there was no use making matters worse. Mellishes may have their faults, he reflected (something no Mellish had ever reflected before) but at least they don't run away from things.

So he thought a while longer, and then sent her a cablegram:

Business concluded shall see you day after to-morrow.
HENRY.

HE COULD fly over to Key West that afternoon take the northbound Havana Special at seven that evening, and reach New York on the second afternoon. And he'd go straight to her apartment and ask her flatly "What about Ike Fulton?" Just like that—no beating around the bush. She ought to realize by this time that a Mellish had a right to be sure of the woman he married. It would take courage, of course, to ask her that, but he would do it. In the plane that carried him over to Key West he started rehearsing the question so that it would ask itself the moment he saw her—"What about Ike Fulton? What about Ike Fulton?"

At Key West he found he had three hours before his train left—time enough to run over to the hotel for a bath, and a hair cut. He did that, and walked from the barber shop over to the cigar counter just as a woman who had been buying cigarettes turned away from it. He stared into Judith's bright brown eyes—the eyes of a girl go-getter.

Did he say, "What about Ike Fulton?" Certainly not. He said, "My God, what are you doing here?"

But there was only one thing she could be doing here. Key West was only a way station on the road to Havana; she must have followed him. If she'd missed him that much—Henry felt as if a flashlight powder had exploded, lighting up everything that had been dark. If she missed him that much, who cared about Ike Fulton? . . .

(Continued on page 50)



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(Continued from page 49) "What am I doing here?" she said, insecurely defiant. "Well, if you want to know, I'm waiting for Tony."

"What? . . . Tony who? Not Tony Lancaster?"

"Tony Lancaster. He's coming in from his Key to-morrow, and we—we're going to get married."

How do you suppose a Mellish would react to that humiliating situation—such a situation as no Mellish had ever faced before? . . . Well, you're wrong—a hundred per cent wrong. At least about this Mellish.

"Oh, no," said Henry calmly. "You're not going to do anything like that. Let's walk along the beach out there, and I'll tell you why you're going to marry me."

IV

ON THE powdery white sand they strolled side by side, while he told her how he felt about her—told it rather eloquently, considering that he hadn't realized it himself till two minutes ago. She stopped at last, and faced him; her eyes were bright—

"But, my dear!" she said. "If you felt like that, why did you run away from me?"

He shivered. Intoxicated by the glorious realization that he didn't have to ask her any questions, he'd forgotten that she might have questions to ask him.

"I had business—" he began feebly.

"Business!" she blazed. "That's what you tell your mother and your aunts and your cousins every time you come down to New York to see me. . . . Yes, you've told me more about those women than you think. I know why you ran away from me!"

"You do?" he gasped. Her voice ran on hysterically—

"Of course I do. You knew I was going to marry you, and you—you wanted one last holiday by yourself. I can see how you felt; you've had those women around you for years, and when you began thinking that you were going to have one more woman around, all your life—But I didn't want to be just one more woman!"

She was near tears; but he was quivering with a great thankfulness. She didn't know why he'd run away; he'd never have to tell her—

"And then," she went on, "I got a package from Tony—the manuscript of his novel. He really finished it, and wrote that he wanted me to see it first. It's rather wonderful; I didn't know he had it in him. And—Well, I like Tony pretty well; I thought I was in love with him till you came along. And he's crazy about me—"

"But so am I!" he broke in. "I know you're not crazy about me—"

"Who said so?" she demanded indignantly.

"You said so—that night I asked you to marry me."

"So I did . . . But I didn't know how I felt about you till you ran off that way. Then I got to thinking that if I was only one more woman

you'd be inventing business trips to get away from all the rest of your life—Well, I'd better marry a man who didn't matter so much."

They were standing close together, screened by a pine hedge.

"But now—" she said. "But now—"

He reached out to take her—and then drew back. If she felt that way about him he'd have to come clean; get her honestly or not at all.

"You may want to marry Tony after all," he said, "when you've heard what I've got to tell you. I ran away because I was an ass. And a cad. I'd heard a story about you—I doesn't matter now!" he exploded. "I don't care what you may have been to Ike Fulton. But when I first heard it, I ran away—"

"Ike Fulton?" She reddened. "Good heavens, how did you ever hear about that? I ought to have told you, Henry."

"Never mind! I tell you it doesn't matter." "Not to my kind of people. But it matters to a Mellish. I ought to have known that. The way it happened—"

But he didn't want to hear how it happened; so he stopped her mouth, by the simplest and most agreeable method.

"I tell you that's all over," he said at last. "Even if you did make use of his letters—"

"What on earth are you talking about?" she gasped. "I never had a letter from Ike Fulton in my life . . . He and my uncle were boys together in a little town. Fulton got rich and Uncle Joe got poorer and poorer, till finally he was in Los Angeles with tuberculosis, and I was trying to support him and myself on eighteen dollars a week. Ike Fulton heard about it and mailed Uncle Joe a check for twenty thousand; but by the time it got to us Uncle Joe had had a hemorrhage and was dead . . . Well, I kept the money; as executor I could cash the check. Ike Fulton would never have given me a nickel; why should he? But I knew he'd never miss it, and I knew it would give me my start in business—Oh, I'm not proud of it, my dear. I know what your female relatives would think of a thing like that, and a woman who'd do it—"

"But nobody's going to tell them," said Henry. "If my female relatives don't like you, they can go down to the Esplanade and jump into the Charles. And now are you going to kiss me, or do I have to kiss you?" . . . So they made it mutual . . .

"I'm going to have a terrible time explaining to Tony," she sighed presently. "Unless you could help me—"

"State Street lawyers are used to explaining," Henry assured her. "It might help smooth things over if we could all talk it out over a few drinks—Or can you buy drinks in Key West?"

"You certainly can. I've got a bottle of Bacardi upstairs . . . That is, the taxi driver who sold it to me swore it was real Bacardi, and it tastes like it. But maybe you'd better look at the label to make sure."

"No need of that," said Henry. "I've learned that if the stuff's all right, it doesn't matter about the label."

The Mystery of the Glass Bullet

(Continued from page 27)

It ran roughly as follows:

Sow Foon—

Goes as a half-bred Chinese. Highly educated, immensely wealthy, of great scientific ability. Possesses a great deal of property in America and Europe. Has recently purchased more in England. Travels a good deal to and from his various residences. Lives very quietly and unostentatiously but has lectured on ethnology, geology and exploration. Is a recognized authority on snake venom antidotes and has invented the best and latest serums for treatment of victims of all species of venomous snakes and insects. Has financed many exploring expeditions. Only known connection with Vanesterman and Colonel Carnac is that he shared with Anson Vanesterman the cost of an expedition to Mors, a deserted city in South America, last year. Sow Foon's position was that of backer of Colonel Carnac, leader of the Mors expedition, Anson Vanesterman's son being second in command of the expedition.

Yung Foon—

Sow's only son. Average type of wealthy son of wealthy father. Extravagant, fond of pleasure, fast though not out and out dissolute. Apparently unattached. Rumored to be in love

with Anson Vanesterman's only daughter, Alison —now visiting England.

Colonel Carnac—

Formerly officer in an English regiment. Left the army at the end of Great War, and came to live in America with a friend, Colonel John Heatherley, of the American Army. Heatherley died suddenly from effects of war gas and Carnac became an explorer. Made various expeditions, more or less successful. His expedition to Mors was his only complete failure. Has returned to England. Rumored to be a rival of Yung Foon for Alison Vanesterman.

MacCorque—

Colonel Carnac's secretary. Said once to have been a missionary on the West Coast of Africa. Believed to have been dismissed for some minor irregularity connected with illicit trading with the natives.

Lady Cedar Blanchesson—

An Englishwoman recently visiting America. Introduced to Alison Vanesterman by Colonel Carnac and became close friend of the Vanestermans. Was popular in New York and seemed to be a fair average of good class visiting Englishwoman.

Anson Vanesterman—

Multi-millionaire. Began his career in Far West, cattle ranching. Struck oil, and rose very quickly. Has enormous holdings in oil, copper, real-estate, motors, banking and high finance. Notable as a "safety" player—no gambler. Very quiet, popular, unextravagant. Said never to have refused any appeal for charitable or national purposes. Had two children—son, Richard Vanesterman, and daughter, Alison. Formerly entertained a great deal but withdrew almost entirely from social world after the death of his only son, Richard Vanesterman. Now traveling in Europe.

Alison Vanesterman—

Only daughter of Anson Vanesterman. Is now one of the greatest heiresses in the world. A charming girl, natural, unspoiled by wealth. Not yet affianced but said to be interested in a Gene Reymar, special-article writer and correspondent attached to *The New York Daily Lens*. Suffered a slight nervous break-down at the death of her brother, and has gone to England for a few months' change. Probably Anson Vanesterman will join her there.

Richard Vanesterman—

Was Anson Vanesterman's only son. Died a year ago during the Carnac-Vanesterman expedition to Central South America in search of the legendary ruined city of Mors in the Mor-salbana desert. A magnificent example of American youth at its best. Lindbergh type. Capable, daring, with a fine record of hard work and splendid sports achievement behind him, yet modest, generous and ambitious. His great interest was in exploration. His death was said to be due to his own self-sacrifice—he gave his last two water rations to a member of the expedition who was in agony as the result of having drunk from a desert water-hole that was deadly with arsenic. But for this he would probably have reached good water at the eleventh hour and so been saved, like several other members of the party. His loss came near to breaking up Anson Vanesterman.

"Huh! Well, that seems to make Sow Foon out to be a respectable enough old bird!" said Fortworth reluctantly, as Mr. Bunn drew breath. "I know better!" declared Smiler, and read on.

MR. BUNN shook his heavy head as he finished reading.

"A bad job that. Thrown away—a real valuable life thrown away—just as it might have been if some little thing or other had broken in Lindbergh's aeroplane—some little gadget that he couldn't get at, hey? . . . His last water-rations. It calls for all of a man to do that. And him with all the world and all his life and stacks of money before him—if he hadn't given just that half-pint or so of water to a pal! Huh! No wonder it shook Anson Vanesterman and Miss Alison! Hey? What a world! Where one gives—nine hundred and ninety-nine are out to take. . . . Why the hell couldn't Carnac and the others have pooled their last rations and helped out this boy Dick! Hey? That's what I want to know!"

"Huh! Can't you guess an easy one like that?" growled Fortworth. "They hung on to theirs because they were hogs—hogs from their hair to their heels!"

Mr. Bunn nodded.

"Maybe—maybe. We shall see. . . ."

He thought.

"Well, there they are—all classified. All accounted for—as far as can be done within the limits of a quick cable. Tony's no slacker. But it tells us next to nothing—next to—" he stopped abruptly, and his hard eyes gleamed. In the setting of his red, wine-and-weather-worn face they looked almost like green flint.

"Not so fast—not quite so damned swift, my lad!" he muttered to himself, rose, and went to his cartridge cache, fumbled a second or two with a green shell, took something from it, and returned to his chair.

It was the gold ring which he had taken from the finger of the first murdered man.

"Better order the car round," he advised his partner. "It must be about time we started for this tea at Maiden Fain. We'll go there via the town. I've got another cable to send."

It was quite a small party that the partners met there—just their hostess, Alison Vanesterman, the vivid Lady Cedar, Colonel Carnac, and Yung Foon.

They took tea in a tree-shadowed corner of the smooth green lawn at the front of the great house, and they talked idly about idle things.

(Continued on page 52)

ONLY A "BIRD" OF THE GILDED AGE . . . YET HE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"



IT takes a lot to worry this boy. He has everything. Position, the finest of friends and plenty of time to enjoy the life of leisure. When he follows the hounds he does it with a field-glass. His friends ride his polo ponies and while he's kept pretty busy entertaining, his check book does most of the work.

Yes, he has everything—including "Athlete's Foot." Even while taking his tub this immaculate and gilded youth wonders where he got that red rash between the toes of his un-athletic feet. He's almost ashamed to admit that it i-t-c-h-e-s and, while Perkins raises sympathetic eyebrows, neither of them even *knows* that it's the ringworm infection which attacks people in all walks of life—now commonly called "Athlete's Foot."

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. The U. S. Public Health Service has even reported that "probably half of all adults suffer from it 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 the danger signal is 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 flesh-like tissues deeply and wherever it penetrates, it *kills* this germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

It might not be a bad idea to 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 case does not readily yield to this treatment you should see your doctor without delay.

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.



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(Continued from page 51)

Once or twice the conversation switched on to the "old days in the Far West with Silver Creek Slim"—Mr. Bunn proved (to himself) rather cleverly fertile of stories about himself and Silver Creek—and all went well.

Even the Mongol-visaged Yung Foon, superbly arrayed by a firm of the best tailors in London, was genial and bland.

It made itself entirely clear to the sinuously inquiring and condor-eyed old adventurer that both Yung Foon and Colonel Carnac were earnest worshippers at the shrine of Alison Vanesterman—and, more subtly, perhaps, that the adorations of the singular pair were far indeed from welcome to the American girl.

If it were possible for one of the greatest heiresses in the United States of America to seem to be just a trifle afraid of any man in the world, Smiler Bunn would have thought that Alison Vanesterman was just a trifle afraid of Yung Foon. He caught the passing thought, locked it back in his mind, and continued to take his tea—not a meal which normally he regarded with any wild enthusiasm.

Once, he saw, moving far at the back, past a stump of shrubs, the newly-engaged undergardener, Davy Clark.

Evidently, Davy had found the lodgings he sought and had come to work. He had a garden broom in his hand.

Mr. Bunn grew thoughtful.

"A broom in his right hand—and a .45 Colt in his left armpit—h'm!" he mused. "But come to that—who isn't armed at this quiet little tea on this quiet old English lawn? I'll risk a hundred pounds that Colonel Carnac is separated from a weapon by no more than the thickness of his shirt! And I wouldn't bet even money that Yung Foon hasn't got one of these painted death-adders in his coat pocket! Fortworth's armed and I've no doubt I could promote myself—if pressed—and here I am, eating cucumber sandwiches in the midst of smiles! And old Fortworth there blandishing on Lady Cedar! Not but what I agree she's a fine-looking woman, lively, vigorous, and handsome! Yes, it's a life—a life and a half! Well, we'll see if we can rouse 'em all up a little—though how I can watch four people at once I wonder!"

He listened for a moment to the conclusion of a story with which the Colonel seemed to be

interesting several of those present—the not very thrilling story of one of his alleged adventures in amateur detecting.

Then he leaned forward. "Very neat, Colonel! I think you handled that little matter extremely well! It reminds me of a curious thing that happened to me not so long ago in San Francisco! I was out for the evening in the Chinese quarter with a man I had got acquainted with—he was a kind of reporter or as he called himself a special correspondent on a New York newspaper—"

Under their heavy, half-closed lids his keen, greenish eyes noted how all of his listeners but one, Fortworth, seemed to tauten and become intent.

"A New York paper—what paper?" asked Colonel Carnac.

"Eh?" said Mr. Bunn, rather dully. "What paper? Let me think . . . Yes. It was called the New York *Daily Focus*—no—*Lens*. That's it. The New York *Daily Lens*!"

HE DROPPED his hand into his jacket pocket—where it connected very comfortably indeed with the butt of an automatic pistol.

"I wouldn't know the man again if I met him but curiously enough I can call to mind his name. I admit that we were rather under the influence of some wonderful wine we had at dinner. I can remember the name though not the face. He called himself Jim—no, not Jim—Gene—that was it! Gene Reymar! Do you ever meet him—Gene Reymar?"

Mr. Bunn, lazy-looking, but watchful as an ancient and craftsome wolf, saw the sudden setting of the muscles of the two men listening. He saw Lady Cedar blanch and, most particularly of all, he saw Alison Vanesterman lean back in her cane garden-chair with a long, long sigh and lie still, with her eyes closed.

"Gene Reymar?" said Colonel Carnac, rather hurriedly. "No, I don't remember ever meeting him."

"No—nor I," said Yung Foon, a little thickly. "Nor I," said the Lady Cedar Blanchesson, with a white smile.

"What's the matter with Miss Alison?" said Fortworth, sharply. "She's fainted—she's slipping down in her chair!"

They all rose. (To be continued)

Sonora's Ghost Rider

(Continued from page 13)

drove Murieta into the saloons of Columbia, careless of recognition. There was a reckless quality to his courage, a definite love of the spectacular. One night in a crowded gambling hall, the talk turned on the "Sonora Ghost," men telling that he was more deadly than any rattlesnake, and a huge miner, throwing a bag of gold dust on the bar, cried boastfully, "I'd give that to meet the damned Mexican face to face. I'd swim him."

"Gracias, señor!" stepping forward, the bandit threw back the sombrero that had been pulled far down over his eyes. "The gold is mine, for I am Murieta." Out came the pistols of his companions, and with their pointblank muzzles cowing the crowd, the Mexicans leaped to their horses and sped away, screaming back derisive insults at the accursed *Americanos*.

There was another time when the citizens of Stockton plastered the town's dead walls with bills that announced a reward of \$5,000 for Murieta's capture, dead or alive. One hot noon, while loungers in the plaza kept in the shade, they saw a slim, picturesque Mexican write something on a poster, and then leap his horse with a mocking shout. Running over to see what it was all about, they read this addition to the printing: "I myself will give \$10,000. Joaquin Murieta."

Driven by his hate, and more and more contemptuous of danger, Murieta actually attempted to set fire to Sonora, and then tried to poison the springs at Sawmill Flat. These inhuman acts stirred public opinion to organized action at last, and led to the formation of the first Vigilance Committee of Tuolumne County. A relentless pursuit caught ten or fifteen members of the band, and as there were no jails in

the mining country, all were hung from the nearest tree.

Murieta, forced to caution in spite of his rage, saw that it was wisest to quit the mines for a while, at least, and retreated into the fastnesses of the Shasta country. It proved too far from the center of things, and after much cunning exploration, the bandits moved south to the Arroyo Cantua and established permanent headquarters. High in the Coast Range west of Tulare Lake, the forests were not only thick with game, but the spot had the added advantage of being a natural fortress. The great San Joaquin Valley had not yet become the world's prize wheat belt, there was no Fresno, and open desert guarded every approach to the bandit rendezvous.

Here Murieta installed himself and his band, now close to a hundred, and this not counting the women. From Stockton came the best of wines and food, and there were guitars to strum as they lay about the evening fires under the blue heaven ablaze with stars, but the wild Mexican quickly tired of inactivity. Not daring to return to the gold fields, he decided upon wholesale horse stealing, confident of a good market across the border. Dividing the band into detachments of ten, he started his raids on the huge ranches that dotted the California landscape, sending the horses down into Mexico whenever the number reached a thousand or so.

A fine, easy life, but hardly metropolitan enough for one used to the gaieties of the mining camps, so Murieta gravitated naturally to the Pueblo de Nuestra Reina de Los Angeles—the Town of Our Queen of the Angels—desiring the bright lights of that brisk city of two thou-

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 45)

C	O	D	M	E	N	U	Z	E	R	O	C	O	W	
A	P	E	O	R	E	S	E	L	A	M	A	N	A	
B	E	L	T	I	T	E	D	I	C	E	T	E	D	
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A	W	L	D	A	I	S	I	V	A	N	A	G	E	
N	E	E	S	N	E	N	E	R	O	T	E	N		
Y	E	S	S	T	E	W	S	L	E	W	E	S	S	

sand. All was not play, however, for he robbed and killed systematically, and as a consequence of his depredations, one Captain Harry Love was told to run him down.

A remarkable character, this deadly Texan. During the war with Mexico he had been a scout and dispatch rider, winning wide reputation for daring and bravery, and as far as can be learned, was a man with only one weakness. At some time or another, a large sword had been presented to him, and this he wore day and night, enormously proud. Captain Love took the trail at once, and early in his pursuit, had the good fortune to come across Pedro Gonzalez, drunk in a San Gabriel saloon, and boasting loudly of his connection with Murieta.

"A bandit, are you?" murmured the Captain, dealing Gonzalez a shrewd whack with the butt of a pistol. "Well, I'll see what you can tell before we hang you."

MOUNTING his prisoner, Love set off for Los Angeles, but, unfortunately, Murieta heard of the arrest and gave chase. The gallant Captain rode hard and fast, but soon saw that capture was inevitable if he persisted in trying to spur the steed of the unwilling Gonzalez as well as his own. Regretfully but efficiently, therefore, he drew his pistol, put a bullet through the exact centre of his captive's heart, and then gave full time and thought to the business of his own escape.

Other famous man-hunters joined the pursuit, for sectional pride was at stake. It was all very well for the "poltroons of the North" to be cowed by the dirty greaser, declaimed the citizens of Los Angeles, but never should it be said that the fearless South sat idle while a Mexican mad dog ran amuck. Not the least effective branch of Murieta's organization, however, was his corps of spies. He had them in every community, paying well for information, and not a move of the man-hunt failed to be brought to him.

As a consequence, he learned quickly that the celebrated Captain Wilson, deputy sheriff of Santa Barbara County, had come to Los Angeles to join in the chase. A bad *hombre!* Two or three "greasers" before breakfast were his normal diet. Some few days after his arrival, various Mexicans started a fake brawl in front of the principal hotel, and when Wilson rushed out to ascertain the cause, Murieta himself stepped close and shot him down.

General Joshua Bean, of San Gabriel, also learned that it was not well to take liberties with a rattlesnake. As the General rode home from a public meeting at which he had been most intemperate in his allusions to the "Sonora Ghost," a riata whirred through the darkness and dragged him off his horse. Murieta and Garcia, leaning from their saddles, stabbed him to death as he lay helpless on the ground.

Bored by the soft life of the South, Murieta called his men together, and all rode back to the Arroyo Cantua. He found that the rest of the band had not been idle, and more than two thousand horses were sent down into Mexico for sale. This done, he made the usual division of his men into detachments of ten, and ordered a new descent upon the Southern mines. Horses

(Continued on page 54)



This is not so much the day of the Young Man —AS IT IS OF THE MAN WHO STAYS YOUNG!

EYES CLEAR—vitality—enthusiasm—health—these are nearly always characteristic of the business leaders of today.

But how do these successful few retain their youthfulness—when so many others fail? These men have deliberately set about building this health—have given it the same attention that they give to their bank accounts.

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 Address.....
 City.....

AGENTS WANTED for Local Territory

(Continued from page 53)
 were all very well as a side line, but real profit lay in nuggets and gold dust, not to mention the better opportunities for large-scale killing.
 Riding through Calaveras County, robbing and butchering here and there, the bandit leader met a man named Lake, a friend of Sonora days. Contrary to habit, he spared Lake's life on condition that he would not mention the meeting, but a week later, the poor fool, his tongue loosened by the raw whiskey of Mokelumne Hill, babbled that the "Sonora Ghost" had returned from the south. Spies made their usual report, and on the following morning, bright and early, Murieta rode into town and shot Lake down as he walked the main street.
 A daring man, but as cunning as he was reckless. Once, raiding El Dorado County with insufficient numbers, the bandit was not only beaten off, but hotly pursued by a posse of twenty-five. Riding in a circle, Murieta swung behind the chase on the second night, and creeping upon them as they slept, butchered the entire twenty-five. Riding gaily back to their camp, he shot down the few men left on guard, and looted the cabins of dust and nuggets.
 All through the counties of Calaveras, El Dorado and Tuolumne, Murieta swept like a flame, looting and killing, and as the band, glutted with blood and treasure, swept back to the Arroyo Cantua, their flight could be traced by the decapitated bodies of Chinamen. Larger and larger bodies of men took the trail, determined to rid the region of its master devil, but none proved a match for the subtle Mexican. In one ambush alone, he killed thirty Americans, and Three Fingered Jack put in an afternoon of pure enjoyment, ingeniously torturing the wounded until they prayed for death.
 More and more daring and outrageous became his exploits, and as if to prove that he was as good a buccaneer as a bandit, Murieta and three companions calmly rowed out to a Sacramento river schooner as it sailed along, and after getting on board by a pretext, butchered the crew and made off with \$20,000 in dust and nuggets. A night later he gambled it away at a sitting in the notorious Bella Union in San Francisco.
 Delusions of grandeur now beset the master marauder. He had pillaged and terrorized from Sonora to Los Angeles, and wherever men gathered in California, they breathed his name in fear and trembling. If all this were done with a hundred men, what could be done with a thousand? To Garcia and Valenzuela, therefore, he confided a bold and ambitious plan to wage war against the whole State. From the Arroyo Cantua he sent forth his men to kill and rob more energetically than ever before, for much money was needed, and to Mexico he dispatched trusted agents for the recruiting of an army. That unhappy country, convulsed by revolution, was thick with men trained in the business of pillage and murder.
 It was, however, a new California that Murieta challenged. The 'dobe village of Yerba Buena was now the populous city of San Francisco, with real sidewalks and a population of fifty thousand; and a Vigilance Committee, by a series of swift hangings, had taught the people that lawlessness need not go unchecked. The "legislature of a

thousand drinks" was a thing of the past; drunken, ignorant ruffians were no longer being elected to office without protest, and slowly but surely the Anglo-Saxon genius for organization and order was manifesting itself.
 On May 17, 1853, therefore, the California legislature took up Joaquin Murieta's gage of battle, and by special enactment, authorized the formation of a troop of rangers with specific duty to exterminate the mad Mexican and his band. Captain Harry Love of the clanking sword, named to the chief command, was deputized to select twenty others of proved courage, each of whom was to receive \$150 a month. Love picked well, for of the score that he selected, not one but died with his boots on.
 Stationing himself at a central point, the Texan waited for Murieta to strike, and when the word came, set his Rangers on the scent before it was cold. The bandit, caught far to the south, and with his band scattered widely, fled like a fox, denning up by day and pushing his horses at top speed through the starry nights, but always, with the pertinacity of hounds, Love and his men clung to the trail.
 Northward sped the chase, coming at last to the Tulare plain, and with the rocky fastnesses of the Arroyo Cantua almost in sight, Murieta rejoiced in the thought that he had shaken off the Ranger pack. There was a gay halt at noon in a small grove of live oaks, but even as the Mexicans took to their saddles, eager for contact with the main band, Love and his dare-devils rode out of the desert to surround them.
 It was a running fight, furious in its action, but the horses of the Rangers were picked for speed, and the Rangers themselves for their marksmanship. Three Fingered Jack, so fond of laughing at the agony of others, groaned and bellowed with a bullet in his bowels until the crash of other rifles ended his torment. One by one the bandits fell, until at last only the leader was left alive. Riding Indian fashion, with nothing more than a leg and arm exposed to view, Murieta urged on his black stallion with voice and teeth, and took heart as he saw that he was gaining.
 Love also saw he was losing the race, and reining quickly, he brought down his rifle and took careful aim. The ball, sped truly, went through Murieta's hand as it gripped the mane, and ploughed a fatal way deep into the vitals of the mighty stallion. The bandit, on his feet in a flash, screamed defiance, shooting with his left hand, but a volley of bullets spun him like a top, and the "Sonora Ghost" was laid at last and forever.
 Cautious Captain Love took no chance on any dispute about identification. Cutting off Murieta's head and the hand of "Three Fingered Jack," for the face of that scoundrel had been shot to pieces, he hung the ghastly trophies at his saddle horn, and galloped back to San Francisco. After collecting a reward of \$6,000 from the State, he turned the sun-dried remains over to one "Natchez," a dark-browed duelist who had an Arms Store and Pistol Gallery in the Plaza. There, snugly tucked away in jars of alcohol, the hideous, grinning head of the world's worst murderer remained on view for years, a warning to the lawless and a delight to the shuddering "tenderfoot."

1st Dog—He won the championship at Madison Square Garden.
 2nd Dog—Yeah! Who did he fight?



News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 39)

subscribed were the holding of Crippled Children's Nights in all Lodges jointly with Past Exalted Rulers' Nights; programs for shut-ins, according to a plan already in operation at Seattle Lodge, No. 92; and an Americanization program in connection with the observance of Flag Day. In matters relating to the Order, the Association decided to form within itself a Better Parades Committee, and to put into action a concerted effort to raise money for such Lodges in Washington as may desire to send uniformed bodies to the Grand Lodge Convention in July. The Association voted to hold its own annual convention in Seattle, July 5 and 6, just before the Grand Lodge meeting there. The delegates adopted likewise a resolution of condolence in memory of Clement Scott, Past President of the Association, who died recently. An address in eulogy of Mr. Scott was delivered by Chief Justice of the Grand Forum Walter F. Meier.

Idaho

DISCUSSION of plans for its forthcoming annual convention formed a major part of the deliberations of the Idaho State Elks Association, at its regular winter meeting, held not long ago at the new Home of Blackfoot Lodge, No. 1416. This meeting, at which President William Rullman presided, took place upon the same day as the dedication of the Home by Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp.

Arizona

PLANS are being made for the annual meeting of the Arizona State Elks Association, to be held in Douglas, Arizona, during the latter part of March, or early in April. It is expected that the outstanding question the Association will consider at this meeting will be the establishing of an Elks' Sanatorium in Arizona for visiting members of the Order seeking to regain their health.

Maryland, Delaware, and District of Columbia

AT a recent meeting in the Home of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, a bronze tablet in honor of the memory of Past Exalted Ruler Joseph Salabes, founder of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association, was unveiled in the Lodge room. The presentation of this tablet was made by President Taylor Morrison, on behalf of the Association, and accepted by Past Exalted Ruler J. Cookman Boyd, on behalf of the Baltimore Elks.

Massachusetts

AT a recent meeting of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, held in the Home of Quincy Lodge, No. 943, it was announced that the next annual Convention of the Association would take place on June 6, 7, and 8, 1931, at the Hotel Pemberton, Pemberton, Mass. The convention will be under the management of Quincy Lodge. Among those attending the Association's meeting were Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. F. Malley; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Michael L. Eisner, Raymond E. Henchey, and Morton G. Sartoris; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Frank B. Twitchell and Thomas J. Brady; President William E. Earle, and all but three of the officers of the Association; and about 180 delegates, representing forty-one Lodges of the State. Another important matter discussed at the meeting was the Massachusetts Elks Scholarship, Inc., a corporation established for the purpose of aiding deserving students to complete their education. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley, its President, outlined the work being done by the various Lodges which are members. He stated that subscriptions had now reached a total of \$18,850, and that there is available for distribution approximately \$250 for each of the five zones into which the membership Lodges are divided. At present fifteen Lodges are subscribers to the scholarship fund.

It's Playtime In Playland
Seattle, July 6, 7, 8, 9, 1931



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Year



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Mr. Kueller, the author of this article, is an acknowledged expert in his field and a widely known authority on investment problems

Three Steps to Successful Investing

By Alexander Kueller

Vice-President, The Brookmire Economic Service, Inc.

ALTHOUGH volumes have been written about investing, a great deal remains to be understood regarding its fundamental nature. Underlying and influencing sound investment procedure are conditions, always changing, which render much of the exhaustive literature published on the subject obsolete, if not worthless.

A century ago investing was quite a simple procedure, consisting principally of lending money on property or putting money into a partnership. Today the investor is confronted with the complexities of investing, which have been multiplied by the tremendous preference and extension of the corporate form of industrial structure, and the ramifications of independent and allied industries. On the New York Stock Exchange, alone, approximately 2,900 securities are listed.

Little more than a year ago investment-minded people talked glibly of this or that corporation. Even people with investment aspirations, and no capital to risk or sustain them, appeared to know considerable about the plans and prospects of many of the enterprises whose securities are listed. From the bootblack on the corner to the professor in his classroom one could—and often would—receive “inside” information, ranging from rumors of mergers to stock split-ups, most of which were whispered as the royal road to riches. As each rumor found its course from mouth to mouth, many stories of how Mr. So-and-so had made a fortune, in no time at all, were on wagging tongues.

The 1929-30 market débâcle, vivid enough to all, brought home the fact that investing is a serious business, not to be indulged in casually unless one is willing to risk serious consequences.

Though a lasting impression has been left in the minds of many, and unfortunate recollections haunt thousands who are determined to henceforth invest only in senior securities, it is surprising how many still have the erroneous notion that money can be placed in almost any bond issue and be absolutely safe. Experience has proved that nothing is further from the truth. Many corporations, once sound, have defaulted on their bonds with no greater formality than might be exercised in the passing of a stock dividend.

Only a few weeks ago a once prosperous inter-urban line, in upper New York State, whose securities twenty years ago were considered prime investments, offered a few cents on the dollar for its bonds.

Within the past fifty years most of our railroads have gone through receivership, entailing serious losses to their security holders. The form that a security takes is less important by far than the basic nature, potentials and assets of the business behind it.

Three well-defined steps will largely contribute

to successful investing. In fact, the term “Investment Engineering” might correctly be applied to the procedure, embracing as it does the fundamental principles of constructive action. The steps necessary in attaining investment success have their corollaries in the erection of a modern building. The engineer determines the depth of excavation and piers, and the character of the foundation necessary to support, safely, the superstructure; then the nature and size of the building are mathematically calculated, making provision for necessary stresses and strains; finally, its use and operation are calculated carefully, with especial consideration for the cost of erection and the return on the investment.

Economic Fundamentals

The foundation for any investment program should rest upon sound economic fundamentals. If economic fundamentals are unsound . . . if the long term trend of business and prices is indicated downward (as they were during the latter half of 1929 and 1930), most common stocks should have little or no place in an investment program.

Under such conditions funds should be placed on “call,” in short-term notes, in high-grade bonds or held on deposit. At the very inception of an investment program, every element of safety and adequate income or appreciation should be considered, not only to determine the wisest procedure, but to take advantage of definite economic trends as they affect the earning power or position of the class or type of investment which appears the most logical, at that time.

Corporate earnings often decline, precipitously, during periods of economic depression. When this happens, equities in securities of most corporations suffer sympathetically. If, however, the long-term trend of business and prices points upward (a change that is expected to develop during the first half of 1931), common stocks, carefully selected will, represent sound investments, as well as splendid opportunities for profit.

The percentage of common stocks to be selected for a balanced investment portfolio, however, depends upon the size of the fund and the objective of the investor. Before any securities can be selected intelligently, the second step in the process of building a successful investment plan should be considered. Most investors paradoxically take the last step first. They attempt to place the roof before completing a sound foundation and superstructure.

Industrial Research

The second step that should be taken is the study of industries.

In every period of depression, certain industries reach a condition of stabilization more quickly than others; consequently they tend to lead in the period of business recovery and expansion. The investor, therefore, should mainly concern himself with these leaders. Industries that tend to lag, or continue in a depressed condition, should be temporarily avoided. Included in this latter group are the raw material producers. Certain others are fundamentally recessive; namely, suburban tractions, due to the competition of motor bus lines; the coal industry, because coal at this time can not meet the competition of oil, natural gas or water-power; railroads, because they must meet the competition of new forms of transportation. Then there are those products that are being displaced by synthetic or chemical substitutes. (Silk, for example, is rapidly being displaced by rayon in many usages.)

Each industry has its own peculiar tendencies; that is to say, no two industries operate in cycles of the same length or duration. The cycle of the copper industry is quite different from the cycle of the public utilities industry. No method or procedure in determining an investment program can be carried out successfully without a complete knowledge and timely survey of the underlying conditions of the industries to be represented in the investment portfolio; no safety in diversification can be enjoyed without such knowledge, and the continual study of industry.

Selection of Securities

Having satisfactorily disposed of the first two steps, and after determining which industries to avoid, one can then proceed to the last step, selecting the securities of those companies which are in position to make the most sustained forward movement.

Here consideration must be given to the investor's objective. Diversification as between stocks and bonds, and the percentage of each, depends upon the scope of the particular fund and the needs and temperament of the individual.

Safety should always be a cardinal principle—but the young business man might not require the same degree of safety as that required by a widow or a retired business man. A balanced investment program may consist of bonds or stocks, or both; or again it might consist entirely of common stocks well diversified, with a certain percentage of cash for reserve.

After the plan has been drawn and investments made, these investments must be watched. The leaders today may not be the leaders of tomorrow. The trained investment engineer or economist, with his ear closely attuned to domestic and international affairs, usually can

foresee important changes, and, through timely recommendations of substitutions in the investment plan or portfolio, avoid the necessity of serious losses.

Many investors glean this information haphazardly. It may be gathered hastily and be highly colored . . . again it may not be timely, hence unprofitable for his use, as such information is often "discounted" by the market. Superficial, unauthentic information often leads to disastrous decisions. When it is interpreted in terms of financial statements and other authentic data it becomes more definite and, therefore, more reliable.

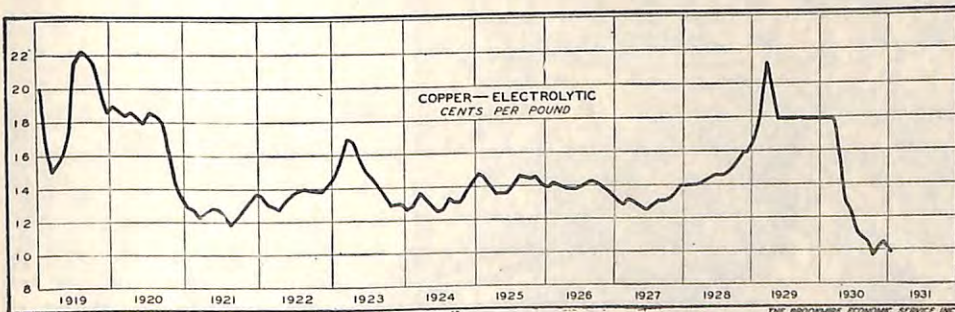
The interpretation of any financial data or financial statement requires expert training. The financial statement of a corporation should not be accepted without careful study and comparison with previous statements.

Realignment or readjustment of the figure facts of a business enterprise is likely to be made, from time to time, with a diverting of reserves, earnings or assets to meet current requirements of the business, in either strengthening or weakening the financial position. To the experienced analyst these very readjustments give evidence of an improved or impaired position, while the average investor is rarely influenced by them.

Several outstanding economic organizations, for a comparatively small fee, will furnish advice and information regarding the building of a sound investment program. Many of the larger universities and colleges in this country maintain research bureaus that are in a splendid position to aid the investor. Likewise various government bureaus compile for distribution, statistical facts which are helpful in evaluating fundamental economic forces. To the intelligent and thoughtful investor, sound guidance in investment procedure is easily obtainable.

Whatever the source of investment guidance, whatever the purpose of the investor, whatever the objective or the size of the fund utilized, there is but one course to successful investing, involving three distinct phases of governing procedure: The basing of the investment plan on *economic fundamentals*; *industry research* and the *judicious selection of securities* befitting the investor's fund and requirements.

During the writer's wide experience dealing with investors, he has found that the average investor looks upon the market as an opportunity for merely buying stocks. He should look upon it as an opportunity for acquiring a partnership in growing companies and, through such investments, participate not only in the earnings of these companies, but profit by the enhancement of their securities.



The copper industry operates in cycles covering a range of 8 to 12 years

The Hustling McCarthy

(Continued from page 28)

that Mr. Wrigley had to enlarge his baseball park. Paid admissions at the Cubs' Park last season broke all records for the National League.

And yet at the end of the season Mr. Wrigley released McCarthy and replaced him with Rogers Hornsby. Consequently the interest of the fans is particularly keen on two contingencies, what Hornsby will do with the Cubs and what McCarthy will do with the Yankees.

I should say that this particular side-contest will be quite as interesting as the competition for the home run leadership between Babe Ruth and Hack Wilson. It is a contest that involves millions of dollars and the future of two dominant baseball figures. Mr. Wrigley is vitally

concerned, for he naturally is vain as far as baseball is concerned, and if Hornsby fails where McCarthy succeeded Mr. Wrigley will be regarded as a poor judge of baseball managers.

Until he became manager for the Chicago Cubs Joseph Vincent McCarthy was only a minor-leaguer. He never had been up in the big time and as the minor league season runs concurrent with the major league season he saw very little big-league baseball. All of which goes to show that baseball, regardless of the status of the league is just baseball as far as the managerial end of it is concerned.

In the matter of playing there is a subtle
(Continued on page 58)



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(Continued from page 57)
difference. The definition of the difference between the major and the minor leagues is given as "one step on the way to first base." But there is no difference in the running of a minor league club. It took Joseph Vincent McCarthy to demonstrate that handling the big-league players was no different from handling minor-league players.

When McCarthy went to Chicago the Cubs were in last place and rather shot. One of the first moves of McCarthy was to get rid of Grover Cleveland Alexander and that move was not at all popular. The fans were sentimental about "Alex" and he still had plenty of pitching left in him. He demonstrated that in the year that McCarthy released him.

YOU will recall that he was the hero of a world series that very same year. After winning two games for the Cardinals and feeling that he was through for the year, he was called out in a crisis in the final game. He stopped the Yankee sluggers, the hardest of them, and he saved a world championship for St. Louis. Consequently the notion was that Manager McCarthy had "pulled a bone."

But McCarthy justified himself. He said that he never contended that "Alex" was not a good pitcher. "But," said McCarthy, "he was not a good pitcher for the Cubs and he did not fit in with my theories. He would pay no attention to training rules and he set a very bad example to the younger players."

"My theory is that the life of a baseball player is not any too tough at that. When you get down to it, he works only two hours a day out of a year that is made up of 154 games. Well, I want men with me who will hustle every second of those two hours and give all that they have for that much time a day."

"After that they may do as they please, so long as they keep in condition to give their best for the daily two hours. Close ball games are won by the team that hustles harder than the other."

"I believe that Knute Rockne has some strategy that might be applied to any game."

His theory is that no matter how strong the opposition, the team that continues to play a nearly perfect game always has the chance—and more than a chance—to break through. I think that he has demonstrated that his theories are worth considering."

In the national pastime McCarthy is the apostle and high priest of the doctrine of "Hustle and keep hustling," and it worked when he was with the Cubs. McCarthy put spirit into that team and it was sometimes as effusive as that quality which is known as "college spirit."

Big-league players quickly become passé and they are a bit scornful of anything that resembles "college spirit" but when they saw that it was winning games they developed no little of the "rah rah" stuff. With that force Chicago began to win a large majority of the close games. It must have been the "rah rah" spirit and the doctrine of hustle.

There are two distinct types of baseball manager, the leaders and the drivers. I should say that Wilbert Robinson of the Brooklyn Club is a leader and that John J. McGraw of the Giants is a driver. Both of these managers have brought results to back their theories.

Joseph Vincent McCarthy is a leader and a driver. He leads those that are going his way and he drives those who need driving. He got results with the Chicago Cubs and it is more than likely that he will get results with the Yankees. But it strikes me that he will have more difficulties with the Yankees than he did with the Cubs.

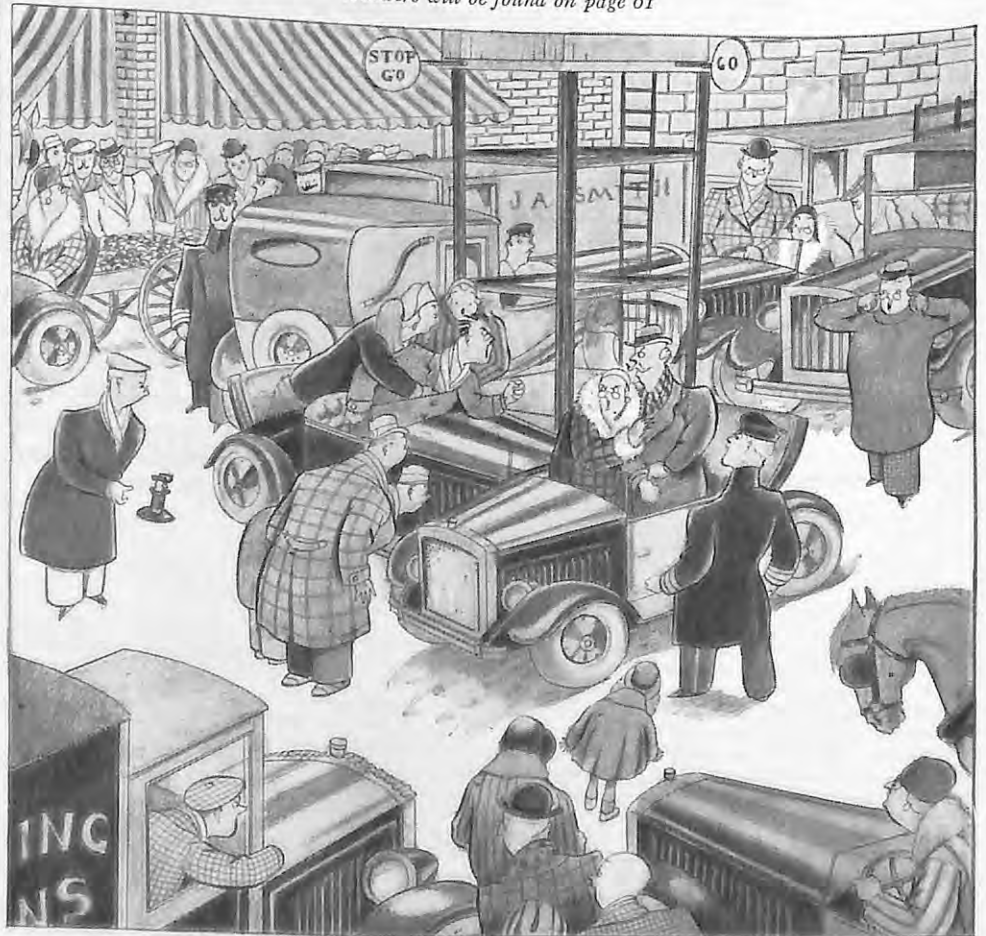
For the box-office McCarthy always was a good man and that is essential with the Yankees. With the heavy upkeep of that organization it is necessary that the turnstiles be kept clicking. The crowd loves a colorful team and a team that gives the impression that it is hustling to the last pitched ball. They get that with McCarthy.

During the game he does not direct from the dugout or work out great problems in baseball strategy under cover. He stands on the third-base coaching line and directs from that place. You see the leader in action and he does his thinking with great rapidity and on his feet.

That counts not only in impressing the customers but actually in the winning of baseball games. Morale wins the close ones. And base-

What Ten Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

Answers will be found on page 61



ball morale is as Joseph Vincent McCarthy has discovered the spirit of hustle. A ragged baseball club with spirit will win many ball games from the club that is languid perfection.

Joseph Vincent McCarthy has the air of one who can handle men and handle them with fairness, whether they are section hands or baseball players. And when you get right down to it there is not such a great difference between section hands and baseball players. The trick is to get the most out of them during working hours and to keep them moderately contented. As Mr. McCarthy says, the hours of a baseball player are very short and he expects him to work to the limit for the working day.

Last year the Yankees seemed to have strength without spirit and power without direction. Of course it also had a failing pitching staff but the first two faults were the gravest. It is up to Mr. McCarthy to make this expensive collection of athletes hustle in the McCarthy manner. Mr. McCarthy's task is to hustle this team into a pennant. He has two years in which to apply his theory, and its working certainly will not be the least interesting development of the national pastime for the next two years.

Golden Gloves

(Continued from page 24)

New Jersey for boxers, but the swarm of Metropolitan boxers anxious to take a crack at those so-called tough westerners is enough to keep us busy—4,800 entrants this year alone without the lure of the Chicago trip, as it is the westerners' turn to visit us.

The entire tournament is run by and under the auspices of the Metropolitan Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, under their rules, judged and refereed by their officials and handled by their clerks and weighers. All boxers must be registered with the Association or they can not compete. And in order to protect the health and bodies of the boys, an elaborate medical supervision has been built up by Dr. Thomas F. DeNaouley, former head physician of the A. A. U., and a staff of assistants appointed by him. There is no more rigid test than the one to which the Golden Gloves candidate is submitted.

If you visited room 301, The News Building, during the examination period, you would find a huge, bare loft, roped off with dressing tables and benches. There is a thirty-yard straight-away down which each naked candidate walks to a sign marked "STOP," where stands Dr. DeNaouley, the chief physician. By the time the boy reaches the mark, the doctor already has noted whether he has any deformity of limbs, whether he limps, his general bodily contour, his height (for the class in which he is competing), his bearing and his muscular development. Flabby boys are rejected; boys who are too tall and thin for their weight, for instance, a boy five feet ten, skeleton-thin, will apply for the 126-pound class. He is rejected. Only natural 126-pounders are allowed to box. Another boy registered in the 118-pound class will appear. The doctor will say—"your weight is 127. Get on that scale." The boy is weighed and the scale balances at that mark. "You can't make 118 without cutting off a leg. You can box in the 126-pound class or you're out."

Any kind of physical deformity is rejected. The boy's body is examined for green scars, his skin looked over, his eyes tested for focus, his teeth examined, his gums, his chest, his hands for bruises and abrasions. After he gets by the chief examiner he is passed along to an assistant who puts him through a strict heart test. Each boy's card is stamped with the number of the examining doctor so that there is always a check-back. Errors are all made on the side of safety. Sometimes this works a hardship on the boy who is rejected for what he considers an insufficient reason. It is worth while for the protection afforded the majority.

Once past the preliminary examination, the candidate awaits the call to battle to the first, of the small clubs where his preliminary round is fought. There he is again examined by a doctor appointed by the chief physician, before he goes into battle, and attended by him for any cuts or bruises sustained in combat.

The tournament is planned to give each boy a

(Continued on page 60)

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The Monthly Dozen

1. What city is the national capital of Canada?
2. What is a unique characteristic of Manx cats?
3. What English monarch had the longest reign?
4. What times are indicated by five bells struck by a ship's clock?
5. Who is President of France?
6. Where are the 1932 Olympic Games to be held?
7. Who invented air-brakes?
8. In what country was Emil Jannings born?
9. Is coal always black?
10. Who holds the world's record for the 100-yard dash?
11. The name of the city of Constantinople has been changed. What is its name now?
12. What is the color of the present three-cent stamp?

(Answers to The Monthly Dozen on page 63)

(Continued from page 59)

minimum of four days' rest between bouts. The eliminations go on in Manhattan, Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and New Jersey until the sectional finals bring them all together to determine the pairs to go to Madison Square Garden and fight it out for the golden mittens.

In the meantime, in the West, the preliminary tournament this year is in the hands of the Michigan City *Despatch*, the South Bend *News-Times*, the Gary *Post-Tribune*, the Ft. Wayne *Journal Gazette*, the Vincennes *Commercial Sun*, the Kokomo *Tribune*, the LaFayette *Journal-Courier*, the Springfield *State Register*, the Peoria *Journal Transcript*, the Danville *Commercial News*, the Rockford *Morning Star*, the Streator *Times-Press*, the Davenport, Iowa, *Times*, the Chicago *Tribune* in Milwaukee, the Benton Harbor *News Palladium* and the Grand Rapids *Herald Press*.

In Chicago, the North Side and the South Side fight it out in qualifying rounds, the winners later to bang away at the chins of their country and suburban cousins from Chicagoland for the right to meet in the finals at the Chicago Stadium before 23,000 people, and a place on the inter-city team that meets New York's own at the Garden, March 30.

New York's 1931 Golden Gloves finals takes place March 16, after which the team is selected from the winner and runner-up in the open class, with the sub-novice winner automatically elected as substitute. Sometimes the sub-novice champion, the boy who has never fought before this tournament, is so good that he supplants the veteran on the team.

The team is then outfitted from head to foot with the navy blue and gold satin fighting trunks, with the monogram NY worked on one leg, the navy blue jersey with the wearer's name on the back, shoes and bandages. Coach Jack Elliott moves his squad into training quarters, Dr. DeNaouley advises the menus for training table, strict rules are enforced; a boy who breaks training is automatically put off the squad, and the exciting work of preparing either to invade or defend against invasion begins.

There is no make-believe about the rivalry between the *News* and the *Tribune*. Each team scouts the other's material. Last year the *News* used moving pictures to scout the Chicago boxers, and the New York boxers studied their opponents in the projection room. But each side jealously guards the amateur reputation of its own team. Boys with their hands out are dismissed, suspected professionals rigidly investigated. Last year, both New York and Chicago sacrificed a star boxer rather than accede to un-amateur demands. The score of inter-city victories to date is all even, one draw, and one victory each for the New York and Chicago teams. And the annual battle is rapidly becoming an American sporting tradition.

All of these boxing shows make money in spite of the expenses. With a three-dollar top and sold-out houses, there is a substantial profit. The *Tribune* turns its share over to a veteran's organization for rehabilitation. The *News* turns its share back to the small amateur clubs in the form of rings, boxing equipment, showers, and assistance with gymnasium bills. In other words, the money that these boys earn by their skill and their gameness and their

courage, is turned back to the organizations that made them, so that they can carry on their marvelous work among the young, untamed spirits of the city's streets. A kid who belongs to a gymnasium, who is learning to box, who plays games, never becomes a gangster. A boy who learns how to use his hands to defend himself scorns to put a gun in his pocket. The value of the work done by such organizations as the Ascension Parish House, Holy Name Club, Hudson Guild, Catholic Boys' Club, Caseys, Elks Clubs, Lenox Hill, Holy Family, Salem Crescents (colored) cannot be overestimated. Remaining profit from Golden Gloves is used by the *News* in the promotion of amateur skating, swimming, running, et cetera.

Naturally, the minds of the successful Golden Glovers turn towards professionalism. We try to discourage them at every turn, because we are more familiar than they are with the tragedy and despair of a career of failure as a professional boxer. Each year some of our stars turn pro, such boys as Georgie Hoffman, Ralph Ficucello, Phil Rafferty, Sal Affinito, Joe Conforti, Ray Myers, Al Santora, Joe Siclari, Arthur Huttick, Ted Martin, George Fletcher, and many others who are boxing in the professional clubs, some with success, some obscurely.

A GOOD boxer can make a fine living as a professional, but how many are there? When our boys tell us they are about to turn, we ask them—"What have you got? A left jab and a right cross. You can't hook properly. You can't uppercut, you have no defense against infighting. You're not properly armed to go to the wars. You're giving the other fellow every advantage. You wouldn't take a pea-shooter into the trenches against an enemy armed with rifles and machine guns. You have no business turning professional until you are letter-perfect in every blow the professional uses. What will you do when your second says to you—"To beat this fellow you've got to throw a left hook into the body," and you can't do it. Or you find that your opponent can be hit with a straight right and all you can do is hook or swing it."

Well, some of them listen to us, some of them don't. This year we are proud to have three of our last year's champions back with us, Jimmy Siclari, Andy Melia and Kike Ventrano, ready and eager to wade through the huge tournament again, defend their titles and once more face a Chicagoan in the ring.

They keep coming back to us, our boys. They say—"Gee, we wish we were back in the Golden Gloves again. It was a mistake to turn professional." Then it is too late. We try to get them to quit fighting and go to work at jobs that will mean something later. They come in pairs, or threes, the result of lasting friendships made on Golden Gloves teams, the same as shipmates on battlewagons remain life-long friends.

For those friendships, for that knowledge of what it means to give unselfishly for the sake of one's team-mates, for the self-reliance it gives these boys in the pride of their championships, for their brief moment of glory in victory and restraint in defeat—the lesson—"no matter how bad the decision against you, go over, smile and shake his hand," if for nothing else, I think Golden Gloves is worth while.

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Listening in at Washington With David Lawrence

(Continued from page 29)

to get quicker action. Any Senators who denied such a plea would not remain in public life very long.

This was the basis of one misunderstanding. Another arose soon afterward when proposals were made to spend three and a half billion dollars in behalf of World War veterans. The problem of rewarding the soldiers and sailors has been before Congress ever since the World War and in 1927, following the discussion of many plans, the idea was adopted of giving a paid-up endowment insurance policy paying in 1945 to veterans. But something payable fourteen years hence isn't going to pay the butcher or the baker. Members of Congress were deluged with letters from their constituents telling them that a real need existed this year, and that somehow a plan should be worked out giving the World War veterans immediate relief. It was also contended that putting so much money in circulation would tend to help business.

But many people were inclined to see only one side of the question, namely, that the flotation of a loan of three and a half billion dollars would disturb the bond market and upset business, doing, perhaps, more harm than good. It was a natural point of view to take because in New York City for example, where most of the country's financing is carried on, it was apparent that the security market could not digest promptly such a huge issue of government certificates. It might be, to be sure, an imprudent financial proposition from the standpoint of economics. But these ideas are not easily reduced to simple terms that the average person can grasp, for he doesn't follow complicated market transactions in government securities. After all, in every Congressional district, there are large groups of veterans. And they have friends and relatives who vote. It would have gotten Congressmen nowhere to have simply taken the economic arguments of the business men and handed them back to the veterans. The latter were in no condition of mind to accept economic logic any more, they said, than the country stood upon ceremony in 1917 and thought out logically whether a man should make a financial sacrifice for his country.

To put it another way, the veterans had a point of view which was reflected in Congress, and the business men had still another point of view which, of course, was not to be dismissed. How could they be reconciled? Obviously by making possible an increase in loans so that those who had to borrow on their endowment policies could do so.

The average man will wonder why this simple compromise was not thought of at first or why it was not immediately put into effect. The answer is that the psychological processes by which a large legislative body is brought to a decision are necessarily slow. Members of Congress are sensitive to the currents of opinion. Their mail is flooded every day with comments

(Continued on page 62)

Answers to "What Ten Things Are Wrong with This Picture?"

(See page 58)

1. The man in background with his fingers in his ears has his overcoat on backward.
2. There are no reins on the horse's harness.
3. The bald man in the foreground has no ears.
4. The driver of the truck has no hand.
5. The right headlight on the truck is turned backward.
6. The jack being offered by helpful bystander has no handle.
7. The little girl has no left foot.
8. The left traffic signal is marked both stop and go.
9. The automobile facing the truck has no steering wheel.
10. Man facing the car in center has his feet turned backwards.

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- Two - thirty, six - thirty, ten - thirty, both A.M. and P.M.
- Doumergue.
- Los Angeles.
- Westinghouse.
- In this country, in Brooklyn, N. Y.
- No; lignite coal, for example, is sometimes brown.
- Frank Wyckoff, of the University of Southern California.
- Istanbul.
- Purple.

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11. Istanbul.
12. Purple.

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IMPROVE YOUR GOLF GAME AT HOME. Learn to drive straight down the fairway—to hit your "irons" perfectly—to approach and putt with deadly accuracy! It's amazingly simple when you follow detailed instructions and actual illustrations of every shot explained in the Book of Golf. Shows how every stroke is played by famous men and women champions. Money-back guarantee! Send \$1 for complete book today.

NATIONAL GOLFERS SCHOOL, 2526 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago

DOLLARS in your ground

Grow trees—make big profits—own a nursery—healthy spare time—only 14 ft. x 22 ft. of ground needed. You can make 100% on your investment quickly. Trees guaranteed to live. Ideal for Spring planting. Write today for special plan. LIVING TREE GUILD, Dept. 37, 468 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

When writing please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE

1931 Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 41)

apart so that a general effect of uncrowded spaciousness has been achieved. Spring on the campus is glorious. Great pines and blossoming dogwood trees shade the cream-colored buildings, all kinds of flowering shrubs—pink, yellow, white—dot the velvety green lawns, and the sunken rose gardens brighten the lower end of the campus.

For aviation enthusiasts, there will be a tour of the Boeing Airplane plant, the largest airplane manufacturing plant in the world. Reduced rates have been secured on short airplane trips over Seattle and the Sound. Planes leave from Boeing Field. Daily air maneuvers will be held from Lawton flying field.

And you may bring your hobby right along with you—whether you're a golfer, a yachtsman, a fisherman, or a gunman.

The trap shoot for Elks' National Championship will take place at the Seattle Gun Club every morning at 8:00 o'clock.

Twenty-two excellent golf courses will be at the disposal of visiting Elks. There will be a 54-hole golf tournament—18 holes of medal play per day—for the John J. Doyle trophy. All play at handicap will take place at the Earlington Golf Club.

The sportsman will find great delight in the salt- and fresh-water fishing near Seattle. Private parties will be conducted through the courtesy of the Seattle Rod and Gun Club. Salmon fishing in Puget Sound is a great sport. Rock cod, ling cod, sole, and many other varieties of salt-water fish are also caught in Puget Sound waters. Many visitors enjoy digging for clams along the beaches near Seattle, and clambakes in the open are a summer feature. Fresh waters in this vicinity are famous for their trout, bass, perch, and crappie fishing.

Special speed-boat and outboard motor-boat races for the Elks' National Championship will be held July 7 on Lake Washington. The

Seattle Yacht Club is planning special events for all visiting yachtsmen. And don't fail to take a swim at one of the salt-water beaches—or at a fresh-water beach, if you prefer.

Seattle has been singularly endowed with economic as well as scenic resources. And she has capitalized on them. As was mentioned earlier, her people work hard and play hard, for they have something to work and play with. Seattle is young—there are people living who saw its founding—and is still making her place in the world. But it is doubtful if she will ever sit back and rest on her oars. She isn't that kind of a city.

The majestic mountains, the ocean tides, the very atmosphere, fling a challenge to their people, and Seattleans ever meet that challenge.

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

A Duel at Law

(Continued from page 11)

eight-foot table to discuss an important abstraction. Neither man seemed even remotely aware of the still faces that peered towards them, of the hands that were cupped behind ears, or of the racing pencils over which the newspaper reporters bent with such enormous concentration. Immediately, the questions and the answers began to concern themselves with the complex matters that billow up for inspection when a great and elaborately organized bank goes down to failure. To one addicted to amusements that may be accounted sinful, the encounter took on almost from the outset the tense aspect of a poker game—a poker game for very high stakes. And, very quickly, one became aware that Steuer was holding the cards. He was holding them by simple virtue of chance. He was setting out to prove that Kresel was a director of a bank that had failed—that the bank had failed through the incompetence or dishonesty of its officials—and that Kresel must place himself automatically in one of these categories. Kresel, with that small, wistful body (which during late weeks has been such a terrifying figure to crooked judges and crooked policemen) was contending that his bank failed through ill luck and the reverberations of the business depression.

Once or twice, the feelings of the two men surged past their dignified restraint.

After a long time of questioning in relation to an eight-million-dollar transaction of the bank, Kresel answered with some vehemence that he simply could not remember.

Steuer observed that he displayed an amazing lack of recollection, and there was a little laughter among the spectators close enough to hear. Kresel sat up instantly, and frowned.

"I am testifying, Mr. Steuer," he said sharply.

"I wish that I could think so," was the answer he received. But when the crowd laughed more loudly at that, Steuer quickly retreated. He told the spectators to be quiet, and he said to Kresel, "I am not trying to bring that disturbance about."

"Go right ahead," said Kresel. "You may get any joy out of it you wish."

Steuer hastened to assure him that there was no joy to be had from such a demonstration.

Thereafter, for hour upon long drowsy hour, the questions and the answers succeeded each other in an almost inaudible monotone. The subject was obscure and complicated, dealing as

it did with the technique of business procedure in a huge banking organization that included dozens of small subsidiary companies. There was no specific point upon which Kresel might be attacked, no secret he might reveal in a burst of temper or a sudden relaxation off his guard. Thus there was no focal point to the examination, and Steuer flitted ceaselessly over the bank's affairs and Kresel's part in them. There was, in short, no key to the drama. It had as its single theme the enduring enmity of its two characters.

A key to the attitude of the two men came toward the end of their second meeting across the eight-foot table, and it came after a brief, acrimonious discussion. Steuer asked a question concerning a meeting that was held by officers of the bank on January 13th, 1930—a day that has figured largely in the charges of criminal collusion on the part of directors and officers, to dissipate the resources of the bank to their own profit. Kresel leaned back, and a faint smile came over his face.

"That is the fatal day, the dreadful thirteenth."

"It may prove a terrible day for some people!" and Steuer's voice rose harshly.

"All right, Mr. Steuer, do not threaten me."

"I am not threatening you or anybody else," said Steuer, and his face was quite red with his excitement, "but you brought that description up, the terrible thirteenth, and you can not indicate unpleasantness here without being reminded of it. I agreed to be polite and respectful to you as it is possible for me to be, but I am not going to have you interject and interrupt."

And there, I think, we find the key to the

muted pitch in which the whole proceedings went forward. There seems little doubt that an agreement was reached, perhaps through the suggestion of the Bar Association, whereby the two lawyers would subdue their personal animosities in behalf of the dignity of their profession. Beyond these few scattered brushes, when taut-strung tempers cracked for an instant, Kresel was examined as impersonally as the most perfunctory witness. None of the savage contempt which Steuer displayed for the president of the bank, and for certain other of its officers, was displayed for a moment towards his traditional enemy. Once or twice, his voice lifted and he spoke in harsh periods until his eye caught the faint smile on the face of his opponent. Then, with a little flush on his face, his voice sank again to the murmur that he preferred. Once or twice, for long minutes at a time, Kresel fidgeted in his chair, and worried his eye-glasses with a nervous finger. But then he would catch the hidden gleam of pleasure from the other end of the table and relax his small figure.

THE two men, of all New York, who have the deepest sting to their waspish rain of questions, shielded their weapons when they faced each other. And there, indeed, lay the nugget of the drama. It was in all respects a drama of subtleties, with all of the familiar sleight of hand abandoned. Across eight feet of pine board, two men came to a grave moment in their careers, and they restrained themselves. The excitement lay in watching the intense concentration and self-control by which that restraint was exercised. Both were quite completely exhausted when the day came to an end.

And yet, to any eye at all, it was quite impossible to pick the conqueror.

Kresel was indicted a few days later, to be sure. But that was the grand jury, and it had little enough to do with the hours he had spent in the pit with his foe. Also, it is beyond the scope of our inspection of a drama here. The drama itself belongs to the more esoteric literature of the law, and in essence it is the story of two great adversaries who refused to fight each other but fought themselves: for control of mind and eye and speech and gesture, when control of these things bore a little touch of the magnificent.



"Where are the spats?"

A Veteran Driver Speaks His Mind

A letter to *The Chicago Tribune*, reproduced below, prompts this advertisement. Straight-forward, earnest and dramatic, the letter comes like a warning voice out of everyday traffic.



HAPPY IS THE DRIVER WHO DRIVES AN INTERNATIONAL

THIS letter, which is reprinted from the "Voice of the Traffic" column of *The Chicago Tribune*, sounds a note to which every owner of motor trucks and truck fleets should give heed.

Do your trucks deserve to haul your loads? Or are there antiquated models among them, hazardous to life and limb, destructive to driver-morale, and raising costly hob with your profit opportunities? Turn the obsolete trucks out to pasture and invest in efficient new equipment.

* There is a bright side to the veteran driver's letter. He admires the great modern fleet of Tribune trucks. This fleet, serving the Tribune organization, and used in the distribution of *The Chicago Tribune*, *The New York Daily News*, and *Liberty*, now numbers

over 200 trucks, and all of them are Internationals.

The full line of Internationals—Speed Trucks and Heavy-Duty Trucks of new design—is ready for inspection at 182 Company-owned branches in the United States and Canada. Sizes from $\frac{3}{4}$ -ton to 5-ton. Demonstration will be arranged at your request.



Above is one of the trucks this driver compliments so highly in his letter—it is one of *The Chicago Tribune's* large fleet of Internationals.

To the *Chicago Tribune*:

"I see that the Cook county police are beginning a drive against noisy trucks. Being a truck driver I believe that the authorities are taking the wrong course in warning drivers to make repairs.

The large cartage companies do not listen to the drivers' complaints, or else it is because our foremen do not inform the owners. Daily we are forced to take out patched up 10 and 15 and even 20-year old trucks, with faulty brakes, hard to shift, and still harder to steer.

As for loads, I have put a monster load of canned goods on one truck and hauled it through the city, praying all the time that no other vehicle would cut me off too close. Going at a speed of 10 miles an hour, I required 80 feet to stop, using both sets of brakes.

The speed governors on our trucks are all 'out of order,' and we are laid off if we do not make good time. It is the same if our chariots break down too often or if we have an accident, no matter how slight. It is only because we are expert drivers that we get by. I believe it really criminal to force men to drive some of the wrecks that are on the streets today.

* I notice (enviously, too) that the Tribune always has an up-to-date fleet of trucks, and I have yet to see one of them broken down on the street or in a serious accident."

A Truck Driver

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



INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Sunshine Mellows Heat Purifies

LUCKIES
are always
kind to your
throat

The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.



Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE—the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—"IT'S TOASTED." Everyone knows that heat purifies and so "TOASTING"—that extra, secret process—removes harmful irritants that cause throat irritation and coughing.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough



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