

The Elks

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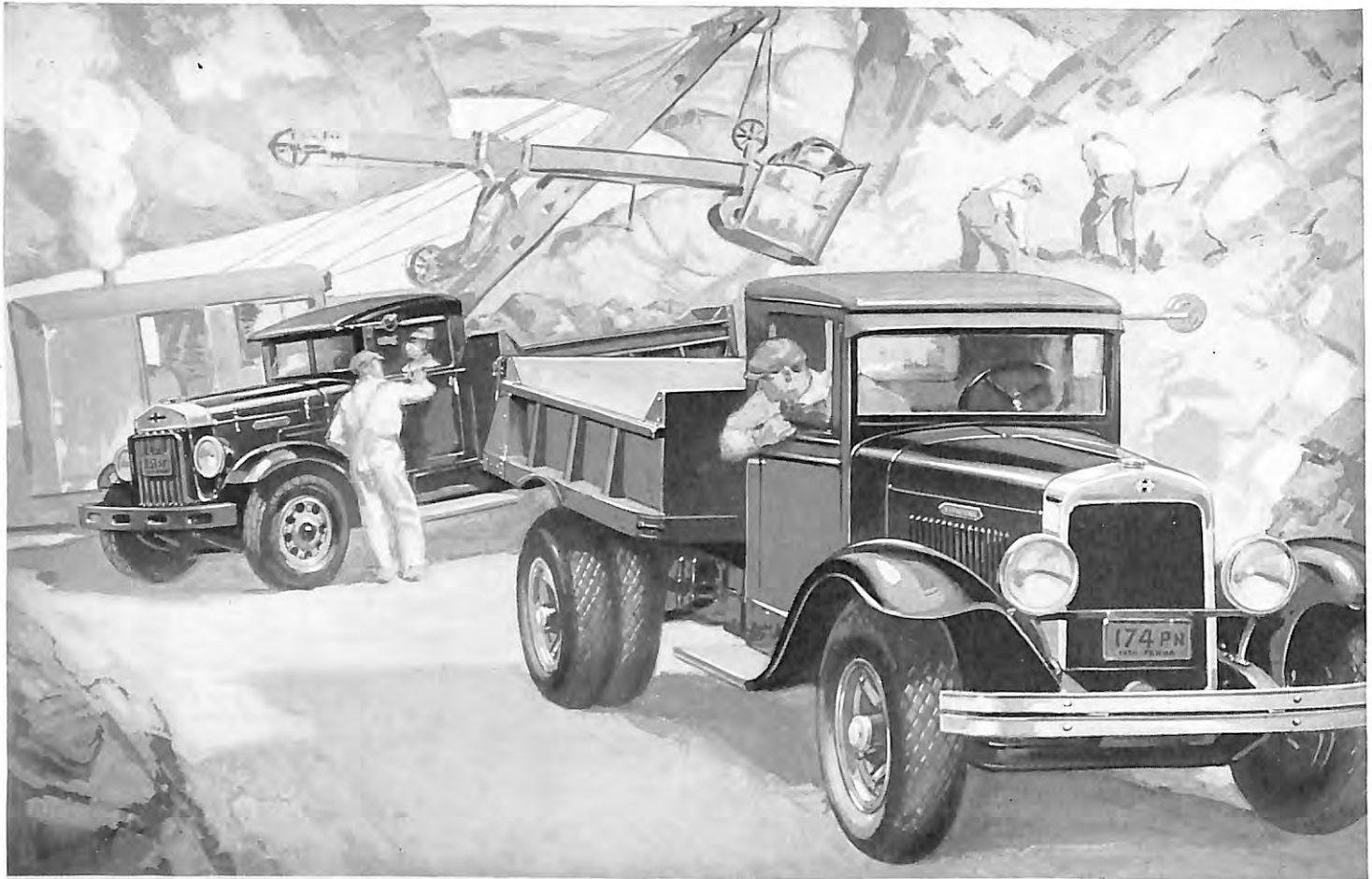
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Magazine

APRIL, 1931



Courtney Ryley Cooper • Arthur Chapman • Raymond Leslie Goldman



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Something About This Number

"O, the gallant fisher's life,
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'Tis full of pleasure,
Void of strife
And 'tis beloved by many;
Other joys
Are but toys,
Only this
Lawful is;
For our skill,
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure."

SO SANG old Izaak Walton many years ago, and to those practitioners of the gentle art who, these fine April mornings, are echoing the sentiment if not the words, we dedicate the opening article of this number of the Magazine. It is by Courtney Ryley Cooper, famous in many fields, notorious in not a few, but in none more noteworthy than that of Piscator.

"WHO will win this year's baseball pennants?" is a question that has been agitating the hot-stove leagues, lo, these many weeks. Just as engineers are distressed by the sight of great potential energy going to waste, so were we upset by the idea of so much brain-cudgeling and dope-figuring remaining unrewarded. We therefore devised a scheme whereby those Elks whose knowledge of baseball is the soundest, whose studies have been the most diligently pursued and whose luck is the best, may be reimbursed—in cash!—for their efforts. On page 19 you will find the result of this thoughtful care for the happiness and welfare of our readers.

ANOTHER feature, also a form of contest, but one in which the rewards of correct solution are confined to a pleasant sensation in the region where one's vanity is situated, starts on page 26. "Who Killed Kenneth Pine?" is a murder mystery tale in which you are given the situation and the clues, but not the solution. That you deduce from the evidence supplied. You can work on it alone, or in competition with friends. Either way, we think you'll find it fun.

"EL TORERO YANQUI," is what they call Sidney Franklin in the bull-rings of Spain and Mexico. Just what manner of man is this young American who has upset the oldest tradition in organized sport—that no one not of Spanish blood can be a bull-fighter? Arthur Chapman tells you something of "El Yanqui's" successful crashing of one of the most conservative and exclusive castes in the world—the top stratum of the matadors of Spain. Just how difficult of achievement this was you will understand after reading Mr. Chapman's story of the preliminary hardships, discouragements—and razzberries.



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

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Nine
Number Eleven

The Elks Magazine

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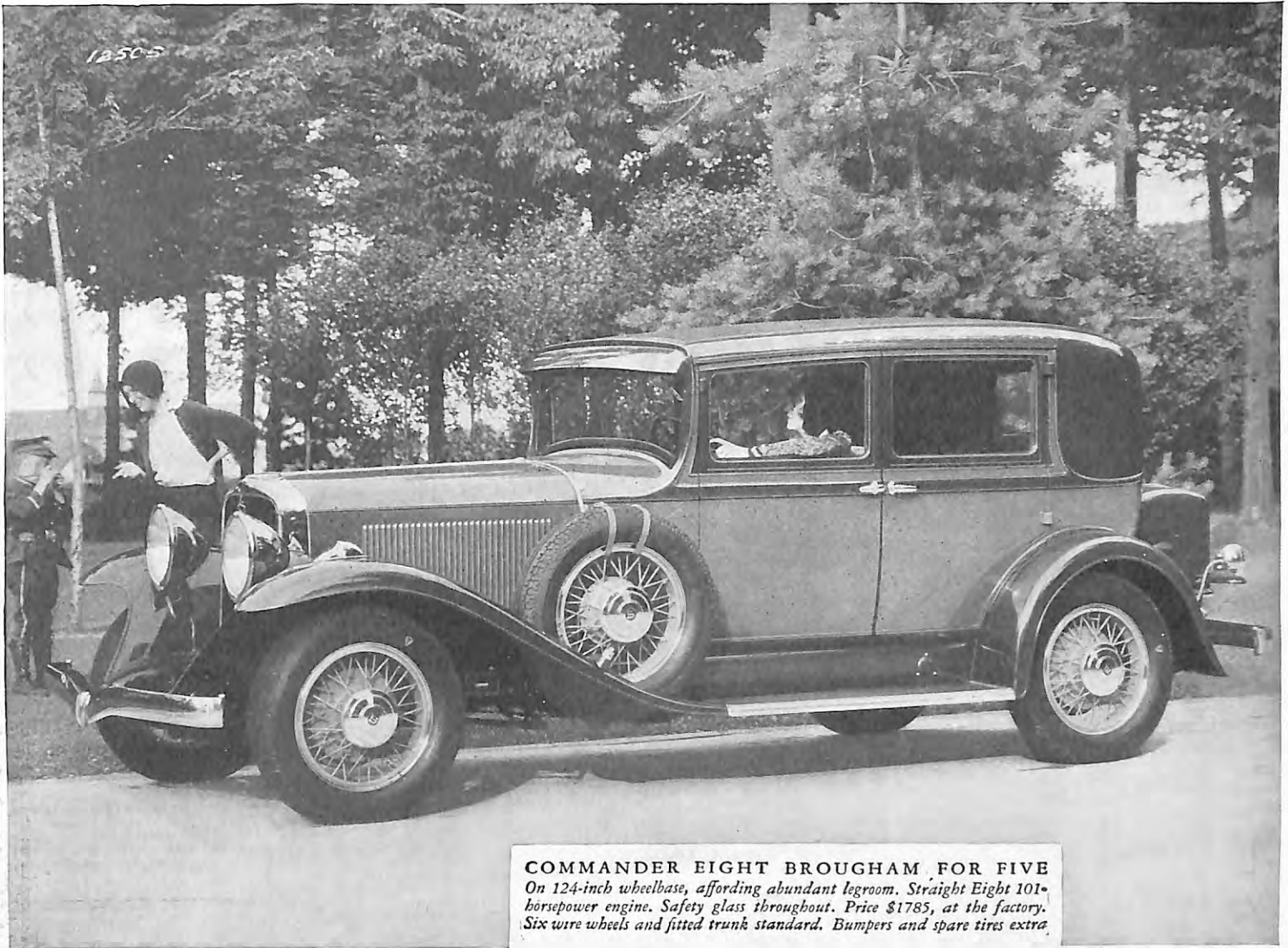
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For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Henry A. Guenther, Home Member Board of Grand Trustees, Newark, N. J., No. 21, 300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



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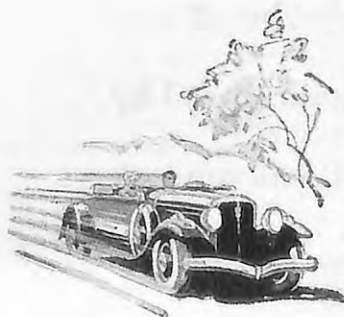
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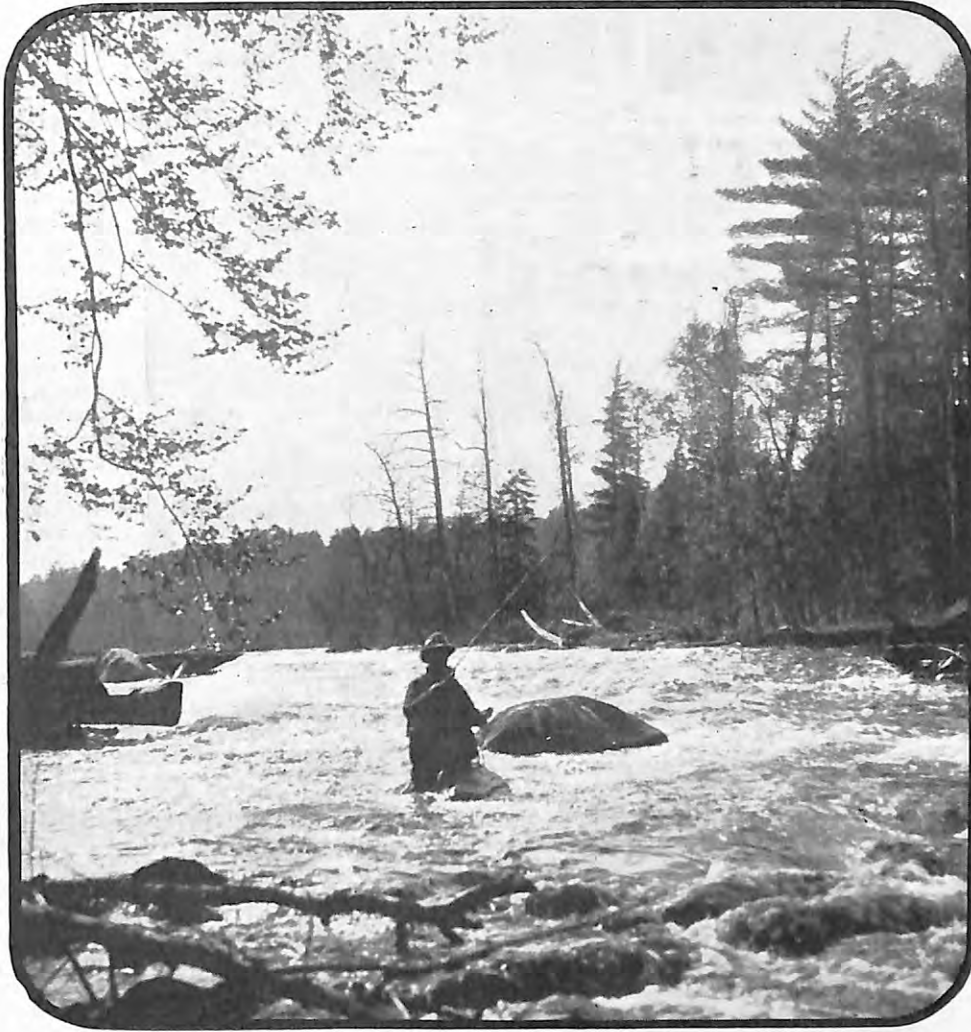
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The Big One Got Away

FOR some time, there has been a persistent rumor that all fishermen are liars. Having been for years a fisherman, and having been at times a highly accomplished purveyor of weird recitals, this writer from long and hard experience has gained a paradoxical conclusion: that instead of being an unmitigated, fourteen carat, catch-as-catch-can liar, the usual fisherman is a fairly sturdy example of honesty and naive truthfulness, a gentleman who tries his best to tell exactly what happened in precisely the way it occurred. Even though he should break every commandment of veracity in so doing, the fundamental fact is not altered. He is only trying to picture things as he saw them; no person can be fairly accused of dishonesty if his brain has played tricks upon him. Beyond all this is the knowledge that more factual miracles can happen to a man on a fishing stream than ever can be conjured by an active imagination. Still further, when a goggle-eyed individual comes trembling into camp, with arms extended to show the length of the big one which got away, he is not to be accused of lying. He is either telling the absolute truth as he saw it or the absolute truth as it actually existed. It is a sad and certain fact that the big fish, the one an angler has hoped for, dreamed

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Photos by Canadian National



Some admiration—and much pride

for and worked for, in nine cases out of ten, has a habit of dangling on one end of a line just so long, and then with a merry flip of his tail, proceeding upon his former joyous path of freedom, leaving behind a frothing human to stagger back to camp and stammer out the knowledge that he had a whopper—but he got away.

LAST summer, I had the joyous task of fishing my way across Canada. With my partner, Billy Robinson, and a camera-man companion, I invaded regions where trails were dim, where age-old moss clung to the deadfalls of a forest which tottered before northern winds long before we were born, and where vagrant Crees stripped the bark from trees that they might leave their queerly cryptic messages for each other. We went where there were no paths along the sides of foaming waters, and where fish were innocent and naive. We waded our course through burbling rapids where the moose raised their heads from their underwater feeding and sloshed to safety at our approach, where now and then we would disturb a black bear from his concentration of batting out suckers from the shallows with great sweeps of unretractile claws, where the Canadian forest became tangled with almost jungle darkness, where the



Some good trout water. Mile after mile of such wilderness streams were fished by the author and his companions



How would you like to have taken this catch of Ontario speckled trout?

squaretail trout literally swarmed in these new, unharrassed, big-fish waters, and where a fisherman need no longer worry over the problem of whether there's a heaven. Now, with that prelude, and merely taking for granted the ordinary vanities of man, will any sane person believe that I could find any fun in confessing that the biggest wolloper of a square-tail trout on the whole trip got away from me, not once but persistently? Personally, I fail to find any joy in it. As far as I'm concerned, there ought to be a law against a trout dragging a fellow all over a stretch of rapids

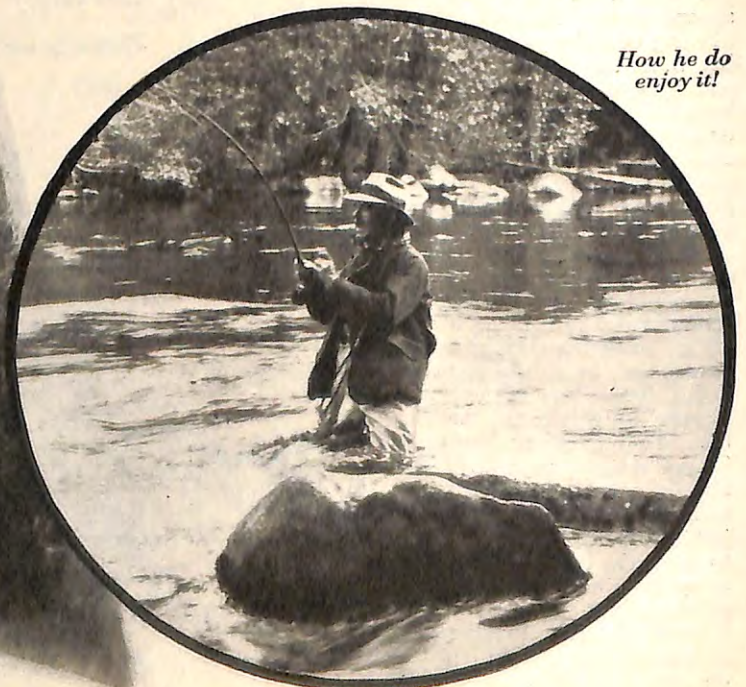
every afternoon and then flipping his tail in the fisherman's face as he sails gaily and freely away.

You can take your choice as to how big he was. We'd caught 'em that weighed five pounds, and even six, and this fellow was a good four inches longer, and much thicker than anything else we'd taken. Every afternoon, as though he had a date with me, he'd begin to rise in a frothy spot which I could only reach by wading hip deep into the boiling stream, and then, off balance, finally reach the spot by a series of casts that broke all previous records.

Day after day, it was the same old performance. I'd wait and watch, finally to see, out there in that boiling pot in the fastest swirl of the Wintering, a rounded, bulky black head as it raised itself above the foam, and knocked off the bobbing flies which had floated into an ever changing whirlpool. Then, like the true sucker that every fisherman is, I'd crawl about the bank and wallow into the alder brush until I had caught the kind of a fly which I

was sure was forming the feed of that hulking brute out there in the water. Following this, I'd match him up, the true fly against an imitation from my fly book, and with great boasting to my pals, I'd wade forth.

WOBBLING and scrambling against a ten-mile an hour current, with the rocks slipping under my feet, and the water rising steadily higher against my hip-deep waders, I'd go forth to battle. Gently, but surely, coming closer with every cast, I'd strip forth my line until at last the fly would arc down to the streaming bit of water above the foaming whirlpool, dance there an instant, then go lashing onward to the maw of my old piscatorial pal, waiting there to seize it. Again that great, black head would show for an instant, followed by the golden bronze of sunlight gleaming upon the arch of his body as he struck and turned. Again my line and rod turned to electricity, sending its stinging thrill through my arm and



How he do enjoy it!

onward to my very heart. Again I would yell as I had yelled on previous afternoons: "I got him! I got him!"

Cameras would click, and forms run around on the bank; Indian guides would scuttle through the tangled bush for a nearer view, the water would foam and lash above my waist, unheeded, while out there on the end of the leader, that big hoosier of a trout would do exactly what he had done on the preceding afternoon and the afternoons before that. He'd work out more line and still more line, he'd swing and jerk and dog it to the bottom of deep holes, there to sulk for moments unending, he'd stand on his head and waggle his tail at me, and then, after he'd had sufficient fun for that day, he'd deliberately wrangle himself over into a chute of speeding water, turn broadside to it and let the current do the rest. After I had straightened my rod, let out all the line I had, yelled for help and prayed a little, he'd either shake loose, or break my leader, and go on his way. He's still up there. He can stay there as far as I'm concerned. Smaller fish are better eating.

Incidentally, in the story of that big trout of the Wintering River lies the story

better, where the deep holes are and the fastest water, where a snag may lie that he can circle, and thus free himself of the tension of the rod, where there are shallows which will allow him to skitter about and thus cause trouble; certainly the bigger the fish, the more his vision.

BUT being an honest fisherman, I must admit that this rule doesn't always work out. Sometimes it happens that the rule is changed to provide that the bigger the fish the bigger sap he may be. Last summer, my pal Billy Robinson and myself made our casts from the opposite sides of a swiftly narrow, deep run of the Wabinosh, flowing from the hills of Western Ontario's height of land down to Lake Nipigon. As we fished, I discoursed upon some of the things which make a fisherman go mad.

"Well, why didn't you take some more leaders when I had 'em out?" I asked caustically across the water. "There they were; all you had to do was to pick 'em up and put 'em in your leader box to soak. That wouldn't have been so much trouble, would it?"

other essentials. But the leader which Billy had attached to the end of his tapered line was a favorite. If it broke, he'd knot it. Now it had broken. The only trouble was that the broken part had been carried away, dangling to a four-pound trout, as the big fellow made a final surge, snapped the leader, and went free. So Billy was leaderless, disconsolate and repentant. But suddenly, his Indian guide, wandering about the edge of the stream, pointed, gave a peculiar squawk and motioned for Billy. My partner moved down-stream, looked longingly into the water, and returned to a position opposite me.

"Say, Coop," he announced, "I'll throw you over my leader box, and you put a leader in it and throw it back. For the love of Mike," he begged, "don't be so stingy. I'll give you the leader back just as soon as I hook that fish and get my broken piece out of his mouth."

I yowled with sarcastic joy at that. It aroused such good humor that I even parted with a leader, scrambling up the bank to find Billy's leaderbox when he tossed it over, and carefully placing a leader therein, before tossing it back. So Billy got the leader and

(Continued on page 39)



The serious business of fishing as practiced by an expert in the delectable craft

of practically every big fish that gets away. In the first place, a big fish gets away because he is better qualified to get away. A fishing rod is a far more fragile thing than most persons suppose, especially the light affairs with which trout are taken. A fish isn't caught by the strength of the rod; it's the tension which gradually wears him out and makes him give up the struggle. Therefore, the handling of a large fish is a matter of time, in which certain elements are working inevitably against the fisherman, the principal one of which is the place in which his hook has lodged in the fish's mouth.

There are, in fact, only three places in which a fish can be well hooked: the roof of the mouth, the bottom, or the tongue. The sides are composed of weaker flesh; prolonged effort invariably wears a large hole, and the slightest lessening of tension allows the hook to go free. So the big fish, being stronger, works harder and longer than a small one, and thereby often gets away. Beyond all this, he is older and more experienced than a smaller fellow; he knows his surroundings

"Aw Coop," asked Billy sorrowfully, "dry up, will you?"

"Yeh, dry up! The fact remains that exactly what I said would happen did happen. Now, didn't it?"

Billy looked at a dangling strand on the end of his line.

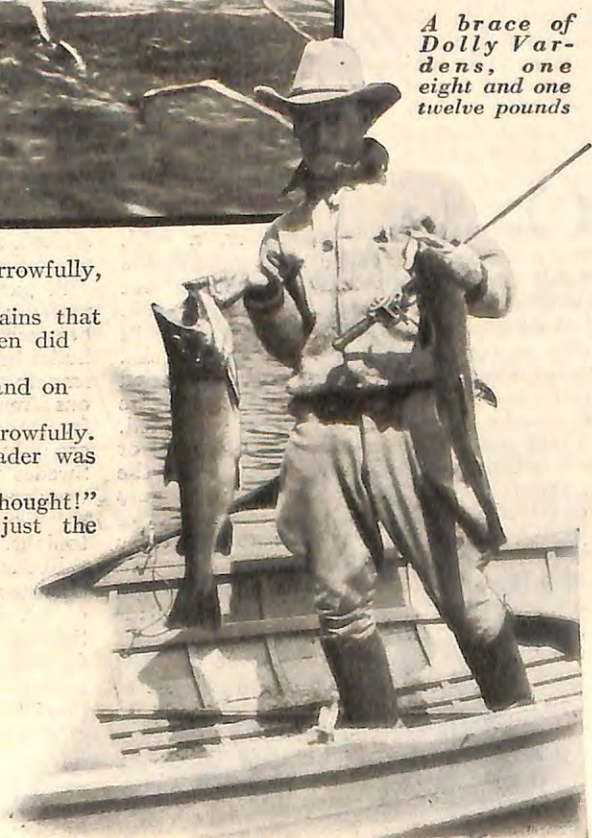
"Yeh, it happened," he said sorrowfully.

"But honest, I thought that leader was good and strong."

"Sure . . . you thought! You thought!"

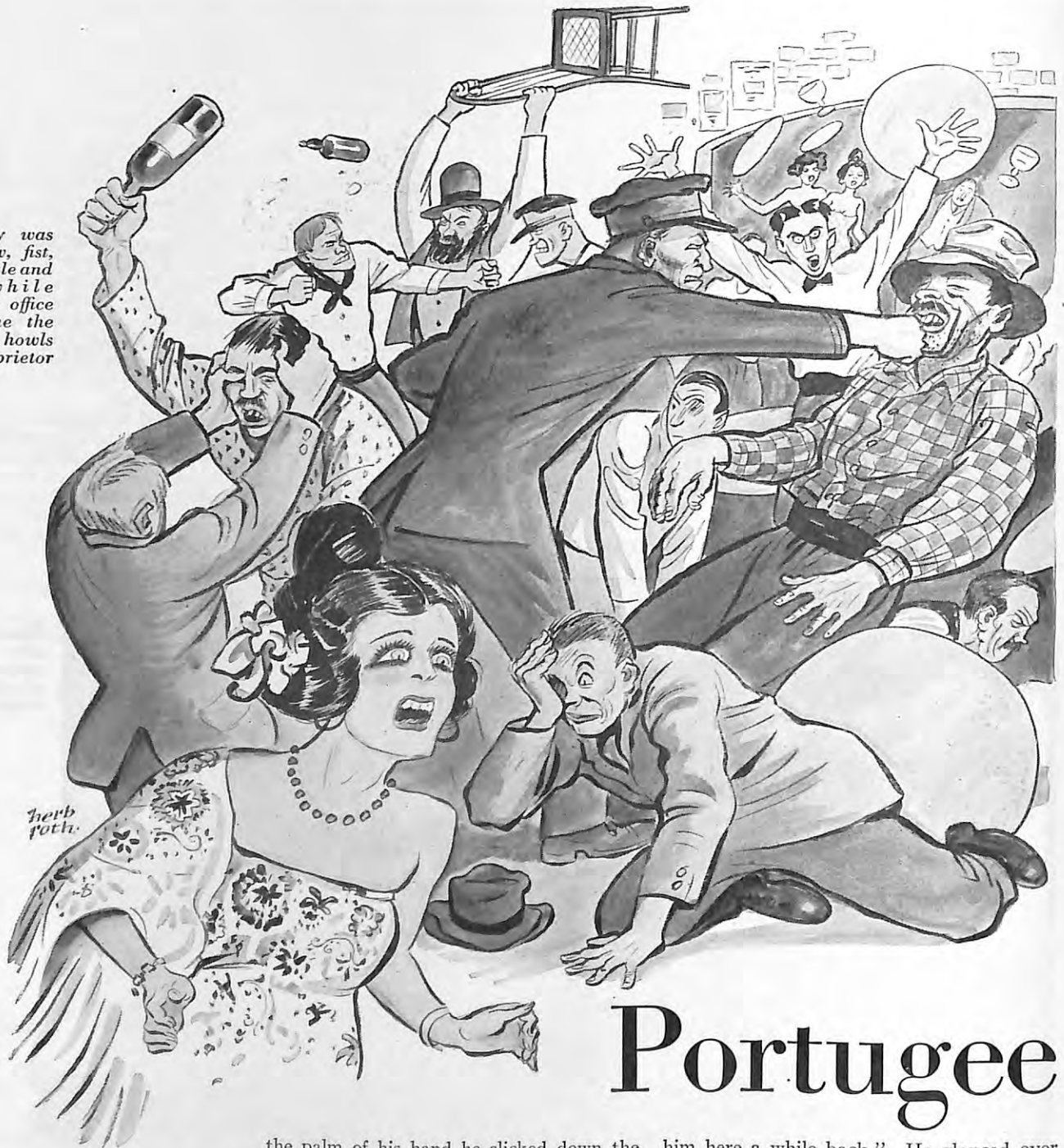
I added pompously. "That's just the trouble; you can't take things for granted in this fishing business. You've always got to be prepared. Look at you now. You're sunk."

Billy, in fact, was worse than sunk. That morning, before I had waded across a shallows, to be separated from Billy for the rest of the day, I had begged him to supply himself with everything necessary from my store of leaders, flies and



A brace of Dolly Vardens, one eight and one twelve pounds

Everybody was in it now, fist, chair, bottle and boot—while from the office door came the outraged howls of the proprietor



Portugee

OUTSIDE, it was raining, a cold, misty drizzle that made rings around the feeble street lamps and gleamed on wet cobbles. Inside, the tables were full. Sweating waiters scuttled back and forth with precariously balanced trays of drinks. Short skirted girls, their faces enameled into queer, purplish masks, with high-lights of powder on nose and cheek-bones, drifted, hip-swinging, about the room or drank or danced listlessly with the men from the nitrate boats. Dishes rattled. Tongues clattered in a dozen languages. Bursts of yelling laughter made the smoke wreaths swirl and quiver. Unshaded lights burned blue through a compound reek of stale gin and cheap perfume and much-breathed air and steaming clothes. Ten minutes past ten by the American clock above the bar; the Café del Sol was waking to a night of festivity.

Peter McRae, second mate of the *Tehuantepec*, fresh from the wet dark, shook the clinging beads of moisture from his shore-going hat and sniffed disreluctingly. With

Copyright, 1931, by Clements Ripley

the palm of his hand he slicked down the bristle of sandy hair that would never stay slicked, and searched the place with a slow, worried glance.

A gang of sailors off a British tramp puffed short, clay pipes, and drank their beer with a mournful stolidity. Scrubbed, bullet-headed Germans, ostentatiously smoking gaily banded cigars—quick, nervous Frenchmen—piratical looking Chilenos from the nitrate beds up-country—Americans, loudly and cheerfully drunk—giant Swedes with blue eyes of child-like, gentle wonder—

“Lo, Mac! Thought you were shovin’ off tonight.”

McRae turned to nod to the wireless operator of a fruit boat, who had stopped on his way out. He said, “Yeah—sure. Sailing at eleven. Just up here looking for one of our crowd—big red-head, named Dolan. You might have seen him?”

The wireless man stuck a cigarette into his mouth and struck a match on his thumb nail. He frowned. . . . “Red-head, huh? Face look like a horse had stepped on it? . . . Yeh, that’s him. Seems like I saw

him here a while back.” He glanced over the room.

“He’d be drunk,” McRae told him. “Probably singing. You’d be bound to have seen him.”

“And heard him,” the other confirmed. “That’s him all right. You claim it was singin’—I thought it was hog callin’. . . . Sure, he was right over yonder, talkin’ to Joe Pirhana, about half an hour ago. Funny, I don’t see him now. . . . Well, he’ll most likely turn up all right.”

“He’d better,” McRae remarked. “If he don’t, the Old Man’ll sure sail without him. Took me half an hour to kid him into lettin’ me come after him at all. He’s a sucker for discipline, Old Man Creighton, and Dolan’s started some kind of a riot at every port we’ve touched all down the West Coast. Said this was the fool’s last chance—told me he was sick of having him hold up sailing and come aboard plastered with somebody’s ear in his pocket.”

“Bad actor, huh?”

“Dolan? Oh, he’s all right—good seaman aboard, about the only one I’ve got in my watch. You can’t help kind of liking

By Clements Ripley

Illustrated by Herb Roth



Pants

the big ape, too. Besides, I hate to go off and leave a man here."

The wireless man yawned. "You said somethin' there, fella. San Marco's a tough spot to leave a guy beached—I wouldn't kid you. . . . Have a snort before you go?"

McRae glanced at the clock. "Guess I haven't got time, thanks. Ten fifteen now, and hell or high water wouldn't keep the *Tehuantepec* from sailing at eleven. That old bird would beach his own mother."

"Well, you ask Joe Pirhana. I saw your man talkin' to him. Still rainin' out? . . . Well, good luck. See you in Sunday School."

THE wireless man turned up his collar, slanted his cap over one ear, and was gone. McRae turned back to the crowded room, his eyes searching now for Joe Pirhana.

He knew him by sight, of course. Everybody who touched at San Marco knew the Portuguese proprietor of the *Café del Sol*. He caught sight of him presently through the blue smoke haze, his cigar cocked up at a satisfied angle, his dumpy form balanced

back on his heels as he surveyed the dancers slowly revolving to the strains of the phonograph. McRae crossed over, edging between the close-set tables and asked his question.

The Portuguese favored him with a slow stare. . . . "A red 'ead?" He took the cigar out of his mouth and flicked off the ash with a ringed, stubby finger. . . . "And you,

Meestar—?"

"McRae—second on the *Tehuantepec* down below. We're sailing in forty-five minutes and I've got to get him aboard. Where'd he go?"

The proprietor pursed his lips. A queer blankness had come over his yellow eyes, almost as though a film had dropped across them. "A red-'ead, hein?" He twitched his plump shoulders. "No—I do not remember to 'ave seen. No, Meestar."

McRae stared at him. Something—the man's manner even more than his words—was making him suspicious. He said, "Sure you do. Big red-head sailor with his face kind of pushed in. Singin' drunk. Why, a fella told me he saw you talkin' to him not half an hour ago."

The Portuguese's eyes shifted. "W'ere ees thees fella? The one w'ich say I 'ave talk weeth thees red-'ead?"

"He's gone. But that don't signify. It's the sailor I'm after. You're bound to remember—couldn't forget him."

Pirhana hesitated. He shook his head. "No, Meestar—nevaire see 'eem een my life." He made a gesture of denial—the flash of a yellow diamond on a dirty finger in front of his nose. . . . "No!" he repeated, and turned away.

The thing was so abrupt that for a moment McRae stared after his retreating back uncertain just what to do. Then suspicion crystallized into a hard certainty. Joe Pirhana had a reputation among the nitrate boats.

"Hey!" he shouted after him. "Hey!"

Pirhana's head jerked around, but he didn't stop.

McRae strode after him. "Hey, you! Wait a minute."

The man's pace became a hurried waddle. He headed for a door at the back of the room. He had his hand on the knob when McRae came across the intervening space in one jump.

The Portuguese yanked the door open and slipped through. He slammed it behind him—not quite quickly enough, for the mate managed to thrust his foot into the crack.

There was an instant of struggle. Then the door banged open again with a force that sent Pirhana back to the opposite wall.

He collected himself an instant later to find himself faced by a hard sandy-haired young man with cold, blue eyes. He scowled.

"W'at you wan'?" he blustered. "W'atsa idea you come bust een—"

McRAE shut the door and set his back against it. "You know what I want," he assured him with ominous quiet. "I want that man—and I want him quick."

"Heesa not 'ere, I tell you. You come bust een my place—"

Pirhana sourly inspected the wreck of his cigar. He flung the crushed remnant into a flowered cuspidor. . . . "You got no biz-iness. I'll gon' call polisman. Hees not 'ere, I tell you. *Va-s'embora*—get out."

There was a step outside. The latch rattled and the door opened half an inch. McRae slammed it shut again, set his heel against the bottom and leaned back against the panels.

"Listen," he said quickly. "I'm not looking for trouble, but that man's here and I want him. You were talking to him not half an hour ago, and don't say you weren't, because I happen to know you were. Now you dig him up and be quick about it. Understand?"

As he spoke, McRae swept the room with a swift glance of appraisal—three straight chairs—desk—iron safe—single electric bulb

(Continued on page 58)



Sidney Franklin

"El Torero Yanqui"

By Arthur Chapman

THE Gate of the Prince at the *Plaza de Toros* in Seville swung open at the conclusion of a bull-fight in 1929 and an excited crowd of *aficionados*, or "fans," poured into the street. The royal gate is opened only on special occasions. This time the crowd was not paying honor to royalty but to a young American, dressed in the resplendent costume of a matador, who was carried on the shoulders of his admirers.

American tourists, who mingled with the cheering native enthusiasts, called out: "Good boy, Franklin—'ray for Brooklyn!" At this greeting the young matador, whose tight-fitting suit of silk was rapidly being reduced to rags by souvenir hunters, smiled appreciatively. Soon he was answering questions put to him by correspondents who wished to cable the news to this country that Sidney Franklin, of Brooklyn, N. Y., had scored a triumph on his presentation in Spain where for centuries it had been thought that nobody but a person of Spanish blood could be a star of the bull-ring.

Other engagements followed this initial appearance, in which "*El Torero Yanqui*" had been credited with coming closer to classic traditions than any other bull-fighter who had appeared in the last thirty years. There were successes at Madrid, San Sebastian and other Spanish cities where a bull-fighter must pass the test of expert criticism. Franklin was severely injured twice, but proved his courage by coming back and taking just as desperate chances as before. He made forty appearances and, by the season of 1930, had established himself among the seven or eight leading matadors of Spain—his reward for several years of hard and dangerous preliminary work in the bull-rings of Mexico.

THE crash of Nordic supremacy in the prize-ring was nothing to the upset which Franklin created in Spain. A *Yanqui* had done the thing which, it had been declared, was impossible. With admirable facility the *aficionados* adjusted themselves to the situation without losing a shred of their patriotism. Now, when he is in Spain or Mexico, Franklin is visited by enthusiastic natives who have dug up birth records to prove that he was born in either one country or the other!

"You're a bull-fighter," runs the plausible reasoning, "but being a bull-fighter proves that you must have Spanish blood in your veins."

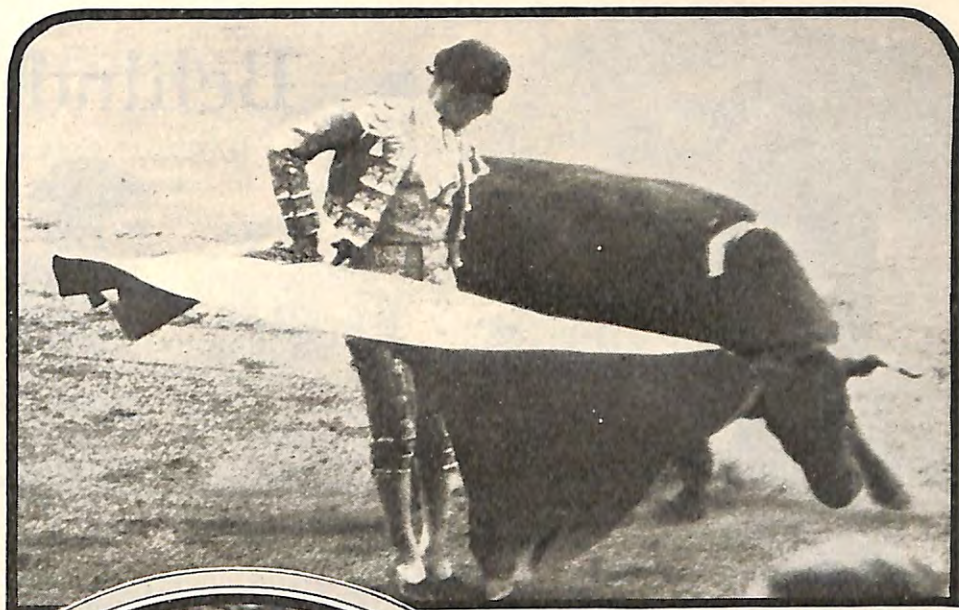
Nevertheless, Sidney Franklin was born in the United States. The spot was Brooklyn and the time twenty-seven years ago. Sidney's father, now retired, was a Brooklyn policeman. There were nine children in the family, Sidney being the fifth. The other children are dark-complexioned

Copyright, 1931, by Arthur Chapman



This Brooklyn policeman's son is rated as one of the best matadors in Spain

Line and form count in the matador's work in the bull-ring. There must be grace of posture. Anything that looks clumsy stamps a man as a second-rate performer



and resemble their father. Sidney is the only one who is blond, and whose general characteristics are chiefly those of his mother.

Instead of being inclined to follow any of the more ordinary callings, Sidney stepped out of all family tradition by expressing a desire to take up art. The only compromise to which he agreed was that it should be commercial art. A brief course in a university followed an uneventful boyhood and youth in Brooklyn. Then he secured a job as a commercial artist. It looked as if the one restless spirit in the family was going to settle down in the fastest growing borough of the biggest city in the U. S. A. But Sidney decided to start out in the world for himself, despite the fact that he still had two years to go before he reached man's so-called estate. He headed for the Southwest and eventually found himself in Mexico City, where he decided to stay.

"I HAD no thought of bull-fighting when I arrived in Mexico City, nor for months afterward," said Franklin, who visited the family home in Brooklyn recently. "In fact the idea of a bull-fight was repugnant to me. I can't tell why I became a matador, yet there are certain little things in our lives, if we look back over them, which indicate an ordering of existence. For instance, there was the matter of my drawing posters for the bull-ring in Mexico City. I had established my own commercial art business and in a little while was doing better financially than I had done in New York. I made good friends in the American colony. I got the street-car advertising and other accounts which paid well. Pretty soon I had four or five men working for me.

"I drew the bull-ring posters myself—and therein is the peculiar thing. They would give me action pictures to draw from.



All unconsciously I would correct those photographs in technical detail. You see, line and form count in the matador's work in the bull-ring. There must be grace of posture. Anything that looks clumsy stamps a man as a second-rate bull-fighter. They would say to me, 'How does it come that you have done thus and so in these posters, and you've never seen a bull-fight?' I didn't know, and furthermore I had no desire to see the performances at the bull-ring.

"Finally I got to thinking that if all my American friends were blowing their good money and spending valuable time in witnessing bull-fights, I might as well go and see one. I had been in Mexico City a year and a half then. I didn't like it all at first. Then somebody did something in the ring that gave me a new kind of a thrill, and I was cheering. Here's another queer thing—I cheered
(Continued on page 56)

At a special holiday fiesta, just across the border in Mexico, a few weeks ago, Franklin was badly gored by a bull. But he returned to the ring later to fight and kill another



KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

Behind the Footlights

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien



Pat O'Brien, George E. Stone and Mary Brian in "The Front Page"

THIS has been the open season for taking satirical sideswipes at Hollywood. First we had "Once in a Lifetime," and now a musical comedy called "America's Sweetheart" has taken up the refrain. It is way behind the Moss Hart-George Kaufman play in punch and drama, but it is handsome and often very amusing entertainment with some top-notch lyrics by Lorenz Hart set to first-rate tunes by Richard Rodgers. Jack Whiting and Harriette Lake are good as the two screen-struck youngsters who crash Hollywood just before the advent of the talkies. John Sheehan, Gus Shy and Inez Courtney make a strong comedy trio, and Jeanne Aubert scores heavily as a temperamental foreign star. The piece runs rather strongly to broad humor, but it is better than average entertainment for adults.

A pleasant Anglo-American alliance has been achieved in "The Truth Game," of which Ivor Novello, a visiting Englishman, is author and leading man. Viola Tree, also of British origin, is excellent in a comedy rôle, while the two feminine leads are played by popular American actresses—Billie Burke and Phoebe Foster. Mr. Novello shines as the young man who ardently pursues a charming but luxury-loving young widow (Miss Foster), who is due to forfeit her inheritance when she remarries. He has no sooner persuaded her to prefer love above fortune than she discovers that he is a cousin of her former husband and the heir-presumptive to her forfeited wealth. Furious at the deception she calls the match off, and it is necessary for Billie Burke to leap into the breach. Miss Burke plays an enterprising society business woman who will undertake any commission from an interior decorating job to matchmaking on a ten per cent. basis, and she acts the part delightfully.

New Movies That Are Recommended

MARLENE DIETRICH'S picture, "Dishonored," rates as a very high type of screen entertainment. Not only is this



Jeanne Aubert in "America's Sweetheart"

secret service story intelligently and subtly directed, but it proves Miss Dietrich to be a creative actress of distinction and versatility, and she is supported by a thoroughly competent cast. Miss Dietrich plays an Austrian spy, whose patriotic mission carries her to Russia. There she assumes the rôle of maid in an officers' hotel, and gives a delightful comic interlude playing cat-and-mouse with a drunken colonel. She falls in love with the Russian spy she is pursuing, and pays the price for her romance. In spite of this not unfamiliar plot outline, this is by no means just another spy picture. The direction and Miss Dietrich's genuine power as an emotional actress raise it to the rank of tense and authentic drama. Others in the cast who give a good account of themselves are Victor McLaglen as the Russian spy, Lew Cody as the inebriated colonel, and Gustav Von Seyffertitz as head of the Austrian Secret Service.

From "Dishonored" to "Kiki," is like the transition from strong wine to ginger pop. The screen version of Lenore Ulric's great stage success is lavishly set and full

Mary Pickford and Reginald Denny in "Kiki"



of rough-and-tumble comedy in which Mary Pickford appears impishly attractive, but her interpretation of the rôle suggests the supreme "crush" of an adolescent chorine, rather than the sophisticated and entirely adult passion that characterized Miss Ulric's performance. Reginald Denny plays the handsome young producer, Victor Randall, who is on the verge of remarrying his leading lady when Kiki's roving eye marks him for her own. Miss Pickford is at her best in the early scenes as a chorus girl in masculine evening clothes, when she comes close to wrecking Randall's new show on its opening night by hopelessly confusing her cues. Randall tries to fire her, but Kiki is both persistent and violent, and her determination to capture his affections increases in proportion to his indifference

And On the Screen



WHITE
Ivor Novello
and Phoebe
Foster in
"The Truth
Game"



Adolphe Menjou, Leila Hyams and
Norman Foster in "Men Call It Love"



Marlene Dietrich
in "Dishonored"

which Mr. Menjou figures as a very active Don Juan. He falls genuinely in love with Leila and, having inadvertently let fall a drop of insidious poison in her married bliss, comes near to winning her. It is the very human, and charming acting of this trio which makes "Men Call It Love" a thoroughly enjoyable picture.

News Notes of the Screen

"NEVER the Twain Shall Meet," the dramatic story of a girl from the South Seas, made from one of Peter B. Kyne's popular novels, will have Conchita Montenegro and Leslie Howard, actor-playwright, in the leading rôles. After that Mr. Howard will play opposite Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul," adapted from Adela Rogers St. John's novel.

Joan Crawford, assisted by Neil Hamilton, John Mack Brown, Marjorie Rambeau and George Marion, is just finishing work on "Torch Song," a screen version of Kenyon Nicholson's stage success. Her next assignment will be "Girls Together," a picturization of Mildred Cram's *College Humor* serial.

An adaptation of Arthur Schnitzler's novel called "Daybreak" will be Ramon Novarro's new starring vehicle. Helen Chandler, a recruit from the stage, will be his leading lady; and others in the cast will be Jean Hersholt, Kent Douglas, Cliff Edwards, C. Aubrey Smith, Zelta Sears, and Clyde Cook.

"The Prodigal" has been selected as the title of Lawrence Tibbett's new picture. The cast, with Esther Ralston in the feminine lead, will include Roland Young, Hedda Hopper and Cliff Edwards.

Marion Davies, who recently completed work on "It's a Wise Child," will next be
(Continued on page 64)

and his leading lady's furious jealousy. Miss Pickford is undeniably cute in many of her antics, and of course she has her way with Denny in the end, but there is a little too much repetition of the roughhouse scenes before her object is attained.

"FRONT PAGE" is another outstanding stage success which has just been transferred to the screen. This dramatic and furiously-paced story of the newspaper world makes a colorful and intensely exciting screen play. Adolphe Menjou plays the managing editor, whose star reporter, Hildy Johnson (Pat O'Brien), is about to leave

on his wedding trip when a great murder story breaks in the press room of the Criminal Courts Building in Chicago. His news-sense temporarily overshadows his romance, and he stops long enough to get a great scoop for his paper, and thereby hangs the tale. The dialogue is witty and economical and the acting first-rate.

Adolphe Menjou figures prominently in a vastly different rôle in another of the month's new plays that we recommend. This is a delightfully-acted tale of romance among the idle rich entitled "Men Call It Love." Norman Foster and Leila Hyams are the one really happy married couple in a highly flirtatious country club set, in



Fifty-eight Thousand Dollars

By Raymond Leslie Goldman

"THE First National in Westfield?" asked Red.

Jake nodded. "It's a pipe."

"Hm-mm-mm." Red screwed up one side of his face and scratched his chin.

"It's a cinch," Jake insisted. "I mean for anybody that can crack a safe. Like you."

"But getting in," Red remarked thoughtfully. "And the get-away."

"That's why it's a cinch. I was there last week looking her over. There's a window off the alley that's baby play. And it's worth while, I'm telling you. They carry the payroll for the lumber camp. It's in there from Wednesday till Saturday. At least fifty to seventy-five grand."

He paused and looked at Red hopefully. Red continued to scratch a decision out of his chin. The third member of the group in Red's hotel room was a mere stripling who was content to let the older, experienced men do the talking while he listened avidly. Tom Alby was a criminal by intention only; as yet he had not committed or shared in a crime. Two years ago, wearied of his work as machinist's helper and urged by a desire for adventure, life, movement, he had set forth in quest of them. For two years he had drifted; a job here, a job there; remaining in one place only long enough to earn the money that would take him elsewhere. He had thought of this as adventure until he had met Red.

But the older man, taking a fancy to the youth, opened Tom's eyes. He told stories that made one's hair stand on end and sent the blood in a stronger torrent through one's veins. He was a veteran of crime, with great pride in his skill at safe-cracking. He had boasted that he could open with his fingers a safe that a lesser yegg couldn't spring with nitro-glycerin. And this chance meeting with Jake attested to the truth of it. For if Jake had not needed Red's sensitive fingers, he would not have shared with him a secret that involved a fortune.

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Jake was no tyro himself, but his talents lay in a different direction. His ability to discover pregnable strongholds amounted almost to an instinct. Scheming and slyness were his dominant attributes and revealed themselves in the rodent sharpness of his face.

So Tom listened in silence—a brown-haired boy of twenty with long legs and arms, an earnest, confiding manner, a proneness to hero-worship, and a yearning to find something in life more stimulating than the routine tasks of a machinist's helper.

"Well, I'll tell you," Red declared at last, "I think it sounds pretty good, Jake. Now today is Wednesday. You say the stuff is in there till Saturday. So I think the right time to get it is Friday night."

"Right," affirmed Jake, applying a broken fingernail to a broken tooth.

"So what we'll do," Red went on carefully, "is this: Me and the kid here will arrange to get into Westfield Friday afternoon. Then you sneak into town not later than six o'clock that night. See? I'll meet you at six-thirty at any hotel you name."

"The Wyott," Jake said promptly.

"All right, the Wyott. Meanwhile, I'll give the place a once-over and get the lay, and we'll be ready to make final plans for that night. But from now until Friday night we don't want to be seen together. The kid and me will stay here and you go to Harpersville until Friday morning. Got all that straight?"

Jake nodded, his finger probing his molars.

"That's that, then," said Red. "We split two ways. I'll take care of the kid out of my slice."

Jake rose and wiped his finger on his trousers. He pushed his hat forward and pulled down the brim.

"So long fellers. I'll be seein' you."

He departed and Red turned the key in the lock.

"Well, kid," he said to Tom, "you'll see some action now."

"You mean I really can get in on this?"

"Why not?"

"Well—I thought with you and Jake working together—you inside and him outside—there wouldn't be nothing for me to do."

"We'll find something for you to do. You got to begin some time."

They arrived at Westfield early Friday afternoon. Tom was chilled with excitement, but Red was as calm as a traveling salesman "making" a new town. He was not known to the police in this section of the country, he explained, and there was no need of furtiveness. They walked along the principal business streets, glancing at the shop windows; but Red's eyes were registering indelible images on his alert mind. For the benefit of any passersby who might catch fragments of his conversation, he spoke to Tom of certain sales he had made in nearby towns; but by the time they had found the building that housed the First National Bank, he knew the routes between railroad station and bank, and freight yards and bank, so well that he could find his way in the dark.

AT THE bank he took leave of Tom, rejoining him ten minutes later. They walked on through quiet side streets, discovered a square of public park, and sunned themselves on a secluded bench.

"I got the lay," Red said in a low voice. "It's going to be easy. There's a window off the alley, like Jake told us. A baby could get that grille off. I'll be in and out with the stuff in twenty minutes at the most. Jake will go in with me. You'll be standing at the head of the alley—the Kerney Street end. There you can see down the length of the alley to the other street, and also up and down Kerney Street. Nobody can come near without you seeing them first. Get me?"



*Illustrated by
Herbert F. Roese*

Blindly, madly, Tom fled between the lines of cars. Guns! They were done for. Where was Red?

Tom nodded. His teeth were clenched. If he relaxed his jaws, his teeth would chatter. Red looked at him shrewdly and said:

"Keep your nerve, kid. There's nothing to be afraid of. This job is a pipe. Now we'll go to a movie. When we come out it'll be time to meet Jake. Then we'll go to another movie, stay through the second show, and by that time we'll be ready to get to work."

Tom sat through three performances, unseeing, unhearing. His muscles ached with tenseness; his mouth was dry. Every beat of his heart brought nearer the moment of action. No longer did he think of it with eagerness, but with horror. But he didn't dare to back out now. It was too late.

At eleven-thirty the three men left the theatre. At midnight the streets were deserted. Lights went out: shop windows, signs, billboards, all but one of the clusters of three on each lamp-post. A bright light shone at the front of the bank, but the alley at the rear was in darkness.

TOM stood just inside the alley, his back flat against the wall of the bank building. Red and Jake were a few yards beyond, and Tom could hear the rasp of the file against the grille. After a few minutes they were inside and the youth waited, frozen to the alertness that was his rôle. He peered down the long alley that was like a dark tube with a lighter oblong opening to the street. He forced movement into his muscles and looked out around the corner of the building that shielded him. No one was to be seen the length of Kerney Street. His heart hammered out the half-seconds. How long would it take them? How long? He could see down the alley; Kerney Street was under his observation; but the shadowy doorways across the street filled him with panic. Why had he got into this? He could scarcely realize that it was he, Tom Alby, who was standing there, a look-out for two criminals.

He took a sidestep or two further into the alley. And at that moment horror was unleashed. The alley was filled with sound, clanging, banging, echoing and reechoing between the narrow gorge. A gong. The metallic booming hit him squarely at the pit of the stomach. The breath went out of him as if he had sustained a physical blow. He started to run, stumbled, fell to his knees. The gong was clattering—clang, clang, clang, clang. . . .

Then there was an iron grip on his shoulder and he felt himself being lifted to his feet.

"Hell's broke loose!" Red said hoarsely. "Get up and run! Stick with me!"

It was all a bad dream. He was running between Jake and Red across Kerney Street, down another street, into a long alley, out into another street. . . . another alley. . . . another street. . . .

"Into this lot!" Red directed. And a moment later they were lying on

their bellies in a vacant lot, concealed by a growth of weeds.

There was no such thing as time. His breath was coming easier when he heard Red chuckling.

"A damn' close squeak!"

"God, yes!" gasped Jake.

"What happened?" Tom shivered. "That bell—"

"When I opened the safe," Red explained. "The alarm."

"God!"

"But I got the stuff," Red added. And for the first time Tom noticed the metal box on the ground before them. Red cautiously raised his head and peered over the tops of the weeds.

"They never got our trail. We're about half-way between the bank and the freight yards."

"What we goin' to do, Red?"

"Plant this stuff," Red answered, and began to dig with his file into the damp earth.

From a distance came the scream of an automobile siren. Red paused an instant to listen, placed the sound, grunted, and went on digging. At last there was a three-foot hole, and he placed the metal box in it and replaced the soil. The siren still sounded, sometimes in front of them, sometimes in back or to the right or left.

"They're scouring," said Jake.

"Well, we'll chuck them. And if we don't, they won't have the goods on us. Now let's get this spot marked, because later on we'll be coming back for it."

How cool they were! Tom's heart began to warm a little. Red and Jake knew what to do. They wouldn't get caught.

They raised their heads again above the weeds. The lot in which they lay covered a full square of four blocks. Their position was at the northern quarter of it. But Red was more accurate than that.

"Look straight ahead. There's a lamp-post on a direct line with this spot where we planted the box. See? It's the third lamp-post from the right on that street. There's one direction for us. Now take the side street on the right." He drew a line with his eye. "We're in luck, boys! That telephone pole hits the line, too! See it? It's the fourth from the corner on this side street. There's the whole dope. We can come back any night and find our stuff easy."

"But where are we?" queried Jake. "Where's this lot?"

ABOUT ten or twelve blocks west of the bank and about three blocks south. We'll look at the street signs when we go past. Come on. We got to glom a rattler and get out of here."

They got up and moved diagonally across the lot to the corner. A glance at the two signs on the corner post: Barnes Street, Regis Avenue. They took to their heels, making for the freight yards. The siren was silent, or beyond their hearing.

In the yards the long lines of box cars stood like huge snakes with red and green eyes. Across a network of tracks and switches, under and around the trains, Red led the way. He seemed to have a definite objective, some certain train that he knew was about to pull away. Tom was tense with excitement, but no longer in panic. He felt confident that they would make their getaway; that everything would be all right. They stopped before a long string of freights that, to Tom, looked like all the others.

"This is the one," Red whispered. And to Tom: "You wait here, kid, till we go to the other side and find an open door. Be back in a minute."

They crawled under the car and disappeared. And a moment later a new horror broke out. Shouts. The pounding of running feet. And then a series of explosions that had but one meaning: guns.

Tom ran. Blindly, madly, he fled between the lines of cars. Guns. They were done for. Where was Red? And Jake? What had happened to them? . . . The door to a box car stood half open and Tom hurled himself inside. In the blackness of a far corner he lay on musty straw and waited for he knew not what. Dawn was just beginning to brighten the sky when the train moved away.

He rode, unchallenged, for twelve hours. Late in the afternoon, when the train waited in the yards of a familiar city, he left his hiding place. He was afraid, though he realized that he need not be. He had worked for months in this city; anyone who knew him knew nothing ill of him. But now he was a criminal; a bank robber; a fugitive from justice. He felt that anyone could see it just by looking at him.

The thought of his new status filled him with
(Continued on page 44)



When he drew a line his eye went flush into the brick wall of the building

How Will They Finish



*\$200 in First Prizes
\$100 in Second Prizes
\$50 in Third Prizes
for Elks*



TWO hundred dollars First Prize, \$100 Second Prize, \$50 Third Prize, to the Elk (or member of his family) who makes the most accurate forecast as to the order in which the teams in the National and American Leagues will finish at the close of the 1931 Baseball Season. It looks easy, doesn't it? But, it isn't as easy as it looks. Perhaps you may pick the first two or three in the right order, but the correct finish positions of the entire eight is what makes it difficult.

There are no letters to write or other chores to do. This is a contest conducted by THE ELKS MAGAZINE to furnish interest and amusement among the thousands of baseball fans within the membership of our

Order. All that is required is that you fill in the coupon with the names of the teams in the order in which you think they will finish and send it in, giving your name, address, and Lodge number. At the close of the season, the winners will be announced and the names and awards printed in the November issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

The three judges are men well-known in the baseball world and in public life. Former Governor John K. Tener of Pennsylvania, Past Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks and former President of the National League, is Chairman of the Judges' Committee. The other two members are Col. Jacob Ruppert, owner of the New York American Team, and Wm. Wrigley, Jr., prominent manufacturer and owner of the Chicago National Team.

The correct guess first received in order of the time stamped on the envelope at the

point of mailing will be given the preference.

All coupons must be received in the office of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y., by midnight, Friday May 1, 1931. Take your pencil and write the names of the teams opposite the numbers in the coupon in the order in which you think they will finish.

\$200, \$100, and \$50 will be divided as follows: \$100 for the winner of each League (\$200 if a man guesses both correctly)—\$50 for the second winner of each League (or \$100 for the same individual if he guesses correctly on both Leagues)—\$25 third best guess (\$50 if a man guesses both correctly).

Fill in the coupon today and mail to the Sports Editor of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

The Teams

National League

*Boston
Brooklyn
New York
Philadelphia*

*Pittsburgh
Cincinnati
Chicago
St. Louis*

American League

*Chicago
St. Louis
Detroit
Cleveland*

*Washington
Philadelphia
New York
Boston*

The Judges



Hon. John K. Tener, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, Ex-President of the National League



Wm. Wrigley, Jr., Internationally known manufacturer, owner of Chicago National League Team



Col. Jacob Ruppert, famous sportsman and owner of the New York American League Team

National League		American League	
1		1	
2		2	
3		3	
4		4	
5		5	
6		6	
7		7	
8		8	

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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

THANKS for all of the nice letters. My! What a barrage of questions about Radio personalities. Keep on firing, and I'll eventually answer them all. Einstein has a theory about space and its limitations—but he doesn't know the half of it. He ought to edit a column for a week or two.

Greetings to all my new friends. If you folks only knew how the radio artist wonders about his fan followers! Stage people see their audience, but we see only "Mike"—and he never talks back. Well, I'm the missing link, and I'll bring the answers to your questions.

Sincerely,

Gladys Shaw Erskine.

Lucille Wall

Is known to millions of Radio fans as "Collier's Love Story Girl"—and as "Polly Preston." She was born in Chicago, but early moved to Washington, D. C., where she studied at the Academy of the Sacred Heart. Her dramatic training began with the Sargent Dramatic School in New York—later she had three years with Jane Cowl's Company and, finally, prominent parts in Broadway productions of "The Ladder" and "Little Accident." She never studied abroad. In Radio she has been with Collier's hour for three and a half years—her favorite diversions are tennis, bridge, and cooking meals for her friends. Harry F. Thomas requested this thumbnail sketch



Helen Corbin Heint

Concert pianist of Washington, D. C., who will be heard during the Arco Birthday Party on April 23 over the 44-station NBC-WEAF network, and with the Philco Symphony Orchestra, over the 45-station Columbia WABC network. Mrs. Heint is one of the few pianists ever having been privileged to play with the U. S. Marine Band. She is a native of Indiana, and studied under Edward McDowell, America's great composer, Teresa Carreno, and Harold Bauer



Lo, the Poor Indian

In revolt against the recent "child-training" experts, perhaps modern parents will adopt this old Hopi Indian custom of beating their children, not for punishment, but to teach them to expect hard knocks in life. This shows Eagle's Feather about to whip his daughter "just for kid," while Mrs. Eagle's Feather and Mr. and Mrs. Sharpshooter approve father's salutary act. At the microphone, Gable looks blandly over the whole ceremony, but nevertheless, explains it all to the audience. (It was howled over N. B. C. by Lo, the poor Indian. And we thought it was static all the time.)



The Revelers

accompanied Will Rogers, champion philosopher, chicle chewer, and rope twirler, and Frank Hawks, the aviator, with the fastest plane and the most beautiful teeth, in their Red Cross Tour for the benefit of drought sufferers. Here they are celebrating a day off from their strenuous program. The little girl on the extreme left is Tad Lucas, champion girl trick rider, then comes Lewis James, tenor; Frank Banta, accompanist; James Melton, tenor; Wilfred Glenn, basso. Capt. Hawks, of the perfect dentistry, is seated in the center, and Elliott Shaw is adding further indignity to the Bengal Tiger

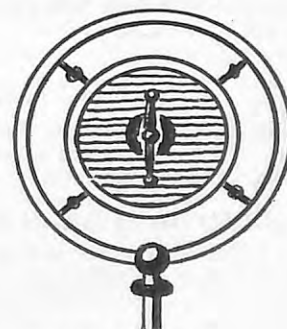


Dorothea James

of the Radio Round-Up on the Columbia chain, doesn't have to wait for television to show her listeners what a beauty she is. They remember her from her Hollywood days in "School Days," when she played opposite the ginger-faced Wesley Barry. New Yorkers know her for her ingenue rôles in "Good News" and "Strike Up the Band," both musical hits. Versatility, ah, thy name is Dorothea!

Tom Powers

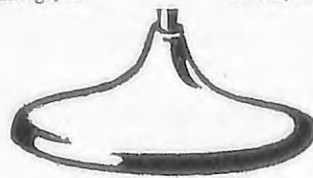
broke his leg on the ice, but a mere fracture didn't halt the famous star from playing his rôle in the R. C. A.-Victor play, "Sham." Tom is talking into the "Whispering Mike," or extension microphone. He says he'll never disappoint a radio audience while he has a tongue in his cheek. Don't laugh at Tom; you might slip some day yourself. Mr. Powers is not only a leading actor, but a splendid poet and fine gentleman, despite being hors de combat



ELKS:

Listen in for the
Eleven o'Clock Chimes
 and
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 Played by symphony orchestras
 over these stations
Every Monday Night
at Eleven o'Clock
 (Your Time)

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Los Angeles, Cal. |
| KYW
Chicago, Ill. | WJR
Detroit, Mich. |





SHEAR NONSENSE



Silence the Best Policy

Judge Watt: "Congratulate me, dear, I have been reappointed."
Wife: "Honestly!"
Judge Watt: "Shh!" —*Pathfinder.*

Hope for the Classics

"Oh, Jack! Listen to that marvelous jazz!"
"That's a classical number they're playing."
"Well, it sounds good enough to be jazz."
—*Liverpool Echo.*

A Hopeless Case

"Oh, pshaw! I left my watch upstairs."
"Never mind, it'll run down."
"No, it won't—there's a winding staircase."
—*Colorado Dodo.*

Fortunes of War

"Well, Sambo," said the judge, "so you and your wife have been fighting again. Liquor, I suppose?"
"No, sah, Judge, she licked me this time."
—*Montreal Star.*

Double-Header

"My incubator has hatched out a hen with two heads."
"You'd better look into that—the machine must be out of order."
—*Travaso, Rome.*

As Long as That!

Ned: "Have you known Phyllis long?"
Ted: "Oh, yes. I've known her ever since we were the same age."
—*Life.*

All He Needs Is Call Money

An article in the *Journal of Commerce* says that a good poker player can successfully run any business. But what does a good poker player need with a business?
—*London Opinion.*

No Chiseler

And then, of course, there's the musical carpenter. He plays on the tuba four.
—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

Snap Diagnosis

"I saw the doctor you told me to see."
"Did you tell him I sent you?"
"Yes, I did."
"What did he say?"
"He asked me to pay in advance."
—*Capper's Weekly.*

A Fabrication

"What's the idea of stretching that awning between those two buildings?"
"Oh, I'm just making a house-to-house canvas."
—*College Humor.*



Uninterested

A BACK country Virginia negro named Jonas Tyson, who had never been ten miles from his home before, had been caught in the draft during the World War and was on his way across the Atlantic. He was dreadfully seasick from the moment the steamer started and became an object of sympathy among his buddies.

On the second day out, one of his friends, hoping to distract his attention from his misery, said to him: "Hey, Jonas, come over here to the rail; here's a big boat coming."

Poor Jonas lifted his eyes weakly to his friend's face, and said: "My Lawdy, Nigger, I don't never want to see no mo' boats, not nowhere. But jes' as soon as you see a tree, call me."
—*Fred Harper.*

Two-Thirds Hydrogen

"Waiter, bring me two eggs, fried on one side but not too hard, toast with plenty of butter, canteloupe not too ripe but ripe enough, and coffee with just a little cream."
"And how will you have your water?"
—*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

Stampede

A lady motorist was driving along a country road when she spied a couple of repair-men climbing telegraph-poles. "Fools!" she exclaimed to her companion. "They must think I have never driven a car before!"
—*Boston Transcript.*

Awl a Girl Should Be

She was only a carpenter's daughter, but she bore no mallets.—*Black & Blue Jay.*

Optical Contusion

"So you got that black eye in a scrap with your wife?"
"Yes. Home bruise."
—*Brown Jug.*

A Woman's Place

Wife: "Well, dear, have you found a job yet?"
Hubby: "Yes, dear, you go to work tomorrow."
—*West Point Pointer.*

And Pigeon-Holes

A larger and lighter golf-ball is being used this year. There are still some who hope that the next invention will be a golf-ball with the homing instinct.
—*Punch.*

Too Silent Partners

Even his best friends wouldn't tell him, and so he flunked the exam.
—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

Cleansing His Sole

Every married man can put his foot down in his own house, declares a novelist. But he has to wipe it on the mat first!
—*The Passing Show.*

Badly Putt Out

Golfer (to members ahead)—Pardon, would you mind if I played through? I've just heard that my wife is seriously ill.
—*Dublin Opinion.*

Off Its Nut

A mechanical robot at an exhibition suddenly "seemed to go mad and acted most erratically," writes a correspondent. The only plausible explanation of it is that there was probably a screw loose somewhere.
—*London Opinion.*



"Oh, John, there's the burglars getting away on a motorcycle!"
"That's no motorcycle. That's me heart thumpin'."
—*Dublin Opinion.*

A day later they stumbled on Dick's body, and not five yards away from it lay the water bottle



The Mystery of the Glass Bullet

Part IV

THE champagne, which Mr. Bunn recommended for Alison Vanesterman's recovery after her fainting spell, restored her color and seemed to brighten her spirits.

Mr. Bunn perceived very clearly that Colonel Carnac and Yung Foon were evidently more than friendly rivals for the smiles of Miss Vanesterman. He leaned back smoking tranquilly and let them compete without interference, though his lips twitched behind the cigar smoke at the absurdity of the notion that either the elderly Carnac or the queer-looking son of Sow Foon stood the phantom of a chance of interesting a girl like Alison Vanesterman.

As Mr. Bunn asked himself—"Why should they? The Colonel looks like a sixty-year-old card-sharp—and 't'other looks like a cross between an Eastern *gigolo* and a polite pirate! And she or her papa for her could buy them both and throw them away and not notice they'd spent anything but small change!". . . (He was wrong there) . . . "I wonder she lets them even try to flirt with her!"

So he sat and wondered—watching under heavy lids from behind his cigar smoke.

Beside him the brilliant Lady Cedar gaily helped Fortworth pay her heavy compliments. . . .

And slowly Smiler's wonder diminished as he beamed and listened and watched—for there stole almost imperceptibly into his mind something more than a faint glimmering of the notion that Alison Vanesterman was acting; that she did not really like these two men at all—that she only tolerated them because she was definitely afraid of them.

Afraid of them!

Well, she had a right to be afraid of them if she knew the sort of men they were (as she certainly did not or they would not have been there), mused Mr. Bunn.

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By Bertram Atkey

Illustrated by Jerome Rozen

No—it was not that she was physically afraid of them.

There was some other reason.

Now the idea had come to him he marvelled that he had not seen it before. For there were a dozen little indications that the girl was fencing with them, trying to play one off against the other.

She did it with extraordinary skill and ease—but the gimlet-eyed old adventurer was not deceived, though most men would have been.

Now, why should the daughter of one of the richest men in America be afraid of men like Colonel Carnac and Yung Foon?

"Shall have to think that out," said Mr. Bunn very much indeed to himself.

"And why, since they all knew this man Gene Raymar should they all insist they didn't? Can understand Carnac and Foon and maybe even Lady Cedar—they're all of a feather—probably are in the murder some way—but why little Miss Alison?"

He pondered that.

"Well—I'll ask her. Damn it, why not? Yes, I'll sit these swine out—and when they've gone I'll ask her."

HE DROPPED his cigar stub and gave an excellent imitation of an elderly gentleman waking himself up a little.

Then the butler came across the lawn with a card on a salver which he presented to Alison.

"The gentleman seems to know that you have guests, madame, and desired me to ask if he might be permitted to speak to you all!"

Alison Vanesterman took the card, read it and turned to her visitors.

"It is a reporter from one of the News Agencies," she said. "I hope nobody will mind? It is a good plan, I think, to be civil to reporters."

Naturally, nobody minded. So the butler went to fetch him.

He was a meek-looking, completely undistinguished man, of smallish build, very ordinarily clad, who presently came out from the house piloted by the butler.

"H'm—he doesn't seem to be a very smart reporter," murmured Lady Cedar, as he came.

Only Mr. Bunn, of them all, knew that the insignificant newcomer assuredly was not a "smart" reporter.

HE WAS the man from Scotland Yard whom Smiler had noticed in court at the inquest, and there was no question at all that he was one of the cleverest detectives attached to that grim old institution on the bonny, bonny banks of that grim old river, the Thames.

And Mr. Bunn had the advantage, carefully and patiently secured, of knowing that while he knew Mr. Wheel, the detective did not know him—or his partner.

If Mr. Bunn had not known quite definitely that, as a result of the subterranean activities of Mr. Wheel, many scores of artful, work-hating gentlemen were at that moment working as diligently as their wary-eyed guards could make them at that long-time, penal country-club called Dartmoor, or that seaside jail where longish-term visitors create Portland cement in quite generous quantities, he might have believed in the vagueness.

But as it was it made him uneasy.

"Look how the old bloodhound trails along to stick his muzzle right into the heart of things!" mused the astute old rascal,

watching the detective absorb his whiskey. "I'd bet a thousand pounds he doesn't know exactly why he's here—cheek by jowl, so to put it, with the murderers or instigators of the murder of that lad! . . . Yet he's here! . . . Hey? There's no getting away from that. He's here. Scotland Yard is among us. Huh!"

His well-preserved teeth sank unconsciously into the butt of his cigar.

"For two pins, I'd take him aside and tell him all I know and turn all the risk and trouble over to him. Just for peace and quietness. . . . If it weren't for Miss Alison. Why did she decline to recognize that man, anyway. Why? . . . That's it—why? Damn it—why? Must think it out. There can't be so many reasons why she—a grand little girl like Alison Vanesterman—should deny knowledge of a pretty special newspaper man and a personal friend in whom she was once "interested" according to Tony. I guess I'll take a quiet turn in the garden and think it out hard!"

This he did perhaps ten minutes later.

He went strolling all by himself through the winding rose-alleys, the old yew walks and shrubby pathways of ancient Maiden Fain, talking low to himself—puzzled and uneasy. Over and over, he asked himself—lengthily—why Alison should disclaim any knowledge of the dead man. He even grew hot and angry about it.

He stopped halfway down a lonely pathway through a rhododendron shrubbery and put his inquiry to a lurking thrush some yards away.

"It's the key to the whole damned mystery," he said aloud, though not loudly.

"If I can find out why she refused to know that dead reporter, I am perfectly certain that I shall thundering soon find out the rest. She was driven to it—am sure of that. . . . But—why the hell does she lie about this thing? That's what I want to know!" said Mr. Bunn, glaring at the thrush.

A man with tattooed hands and one eye that gleamed oddly, appeared at his elbow so silently that he made Mr. Bunn jump.

"It is conceivable," said the apparition tensely, "that the reporter had discovered something so infinitely to the discredit of the Vanesterman family that Miss Alison preferred to repudiate all knowledge of him and so, if necessary, of all he knew—or claimed to know! It may even have been something which she might be ashamed for even the reporter himself to know!"

"But the man was dead!"

"Yes. And the girl may have been perplexed and panic-stricken and, without arguing it all out nicely, have seized the obvious and safest way of—of—concealing any sort of clue to what the reporter knew. If he was a reporter!"

Mr. Bunn eyed the man with tattooed hands.

"Yes. I see that," he said. "Thanks for your hint, Davy Clark. . . . And, by the way, just who are you, Davy? A detective or what? . . . You're no sailor, anyway. At least I never knew a sailor to talk like you—or carry a big pistol where he could get at it so quickly, Davy Clark."

But the man with tattooed hands shook his head.

"JUST Davy Clark, sir—hired under-gardener here. And, strange as it may seem, sometimes even a sailor has some brains and education. Think it over, sir. Ask yourself if you had some ugly secret in your past, and you, in the presence of a number of other people in a strange country were asked if you knew anything of a newspaper man whom you believed knew your secret, would you be in a hurry to claim him as an acquaintance? Particularly if you suspected that all his papers—his secrets—had been stolen?"

Mr. Bunn shook his head.

"No, I wouldn't. I would probably say I didn't know him from Adam, and that anything he may have written about me or my family was untrue—just to be on the safe side. . . . Sure, friend Davy

—you're right there."

He thought for a few seconds, staring at the gardener.

"But that's all conjecture, Dave," he said.

"I happen to have seen a good deal of Miss Alison. Now, I consider myself a judge of people and if anyone tells me there's an ugly secret in her past life, I shall tell him that he's a particularly ugly liar!"

"I did not suggest that there might be a secret in Alis—in Miss Vanesterman's past!" said Davy Clark, a trifle sharply. "I said—or intended to say—in the past of the Vanesterman family!"

"Yes, you did. That's true, Dave. Well now, that leads us on a bit. Y'see, Dave, these things work out pretty well to a regular rule. It looks to me as if I'd collided with a pretty valuable idea. Suppose some blackmailers—bad, dangerous devils—were black-



Something which seemed to burst like a soft shell jetted past Alison toward the man with the Colt



mailing a rich family, and a man—a newspaper reporter, if you like, bobbed up suddenly with certain knowledge that would prove the secret they were trading on was harmless—not worth keeping a secret—what would the blackmailers—bad scoundrels—be liable to do to that man, if necessary, to keep him from telling their victim?”

“Kill him . . . you mean?” said Davy Clark.

“I do mean that. And what happened to that chap?”

“He was killed.”

“Sure!” said Mr. Bunn.

He thought, staring at the one-eyed man.

“Well, there you are,” he said at last. “Funny how easy it is to work out these little mysteries in your mind. . . only one doesn’t always get the right answer! Still . . .”

He produced half-a-crown.

“Still—have a drink sometime, Davy,” he invited the gardener.

Davy Clark took the money.

“Thank you, sir,” he said.

Mr. Bunn beamed on him.

“You’re an intelligent sort of chap, Dave,” he volunteered. “Good luck to you . . .” and would have moved on, deeply in love with his new idea, but that the one-eyed hired gardener stopped him.

“Beg your pardon, sir, but there’s another way of looking at it!” he said, a singular gleam in his solitary eye.

Mr. Bunn turned.

“Another way—what d’ye mean? How can there be another way?”

“Well, sir, I may be wrong. But—look at it like this. For example. . . . Suppose some crooks knew a secret in the past of the Vanestermans and had agreed to announce publicly an untrue version of that secret in consideration of large sums of money paid by the Vanestermans.”

“Yes, that’s an easy one,” said Mr. Bunn drily.

“Next, suppose that with the crooks and the Vanestermans all entirely satisfied with that arrangement, some third person, a newspaper man, suddenly bobbed up and said to one of the Vanesterman family, ‘I know the truth about that secret you have in your past!’ What would happen?”

Mr. Bunn thought.

“Well—if they heard of it—the crooks would either invite him to join them and share the plunder—or let him do his blackmailing as a single-handed concern—or kill him—snake eat snake, so to put it.”

“Yes,” said the gardener. “But doesn’t any alternative occur to you?”

Mr. Bunn stared.

“You’ve got a probing sort of mind, Davy. Did you know that? Just let me think. An alternative, you say?”

He thought. He walked quite a long way, thinking—then returned, soft-footed, back to Davy Clark.

“There’s one alternative—at any rate, one other reason (and a good one) why the crooks should kill the newspaper man,” he said. “It’s this, Dave—for what it’s worth. Just assume that the Vanestermans are paying heavy blackmail to keep buried a secret which, say, charges one of them with a disgrace which the Vanestermans can’t disprove—although it isn’t true.”

“Yes, yes,” Davy Clark’s voice was keen.

“In other words suppose the discreditable secret is a fake—one which old Vanesterman is glad enough to pay.”

“Go on, man—go on!”

“NOW suppose a keen newspaper man discovers the real truth about the faked secret,” Mr. Bunn said. “Discovers, in fact, that it isn’t discreditable but is, say, creditable. He sets out to tell one of the Vanesterman family this glad news—comes all the way from America to England, say, to tell Miss Alison. And the crooks get to hear of his coming. Assume he’s dead straight—assume he’s in love with Alison, if you like—I guess that would keep him straight. The crooks, as I say, get to know he’s coming—to destroy their built-up fabric of lies! They can’t buy him off, say—they can’t disprove his sure proof! Right! What is the only thing they can do—if they want to go on drawing their hush-money?” demanded Mr. Bunn.

“Silence him! Kill him!” said Davy Clark.

“Correct! And, by God, that is how I think that young American met his death!” said Mr. Bunn, emphatically.

“Yes! Yes!” he went on. “Between you and me, you tattooed old tough, I believe we’ve hit on it! I must think it out! It makes a lot clear to me—but I must think it out! I’m going now but I want to keep in touch with you, Dave. You ain’t much to look at, I’ll own, but somewhere under all that shabby-looking front of yours you’ve got some remarkable brains. Yes . . . I say so and I’m a rare judge of brains!”

He stared at the one-eyed man.

(Continued on page 40)

See If You Can Solve This Baffling Murder

WOULD you make a good detective? Try this new game of "Baffles"—and find out.

THIS Baffle, or brief mystery case, gives you the facts established by the police—what the detectives had to go upon—and no more. What do you observe? Which are the telltale clues? What do you deduce from them? In short, how will you answer the questions asked of you at the end of this Baffle?

BAFFLES test your powers of observation and deduction. But if you are baffled you will find the true solution (and the ending of the tale) in the next issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.



"COMMIT a crime and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground. . . . You cannot wipe out the foot-track, you cannot draw up the ladder so as to leave no clue. Some damning circumstance always transpires."
—Emerson.

Who Killed Kenneth Pine?

By Lassiter Wren and Randle McKay

AS THE light of dawn streamed through the living-room windows of the Reamer mansion, it fell upon the tired faces of three men who sat before the great fireplace. They were absurdly, garishly dressed; for there had been a masquerade ball the evening before, on the spacious lawns of Anthony Reamer's Long Island estate, and these three had not yet ended their party.

Reamer himself, handsome in his costume of a knight in partial armor, had laid aside his metal casque and sat drinking rye and soda. Two house guests, one garbed as an American Indian chief, the other as an Arizona cowboy, sagged limply on the divan.

Outside, the Reamer gardener was venturing forth to deplore the wreckage on the lawns. He found them cluttered, but no serious damage had been done, and the gardener pursued his rounds with marked relief past the little dancing pavilion toward the tennis courts.

The lawn to the southwest of the great house sloped toward the tennis courts, which lay a hundred yards from the porch. On their farther side they bordered on a small grove of maples, through which wound several paths leading to a private lake a few minutes' walk beyond. As the gardener drew near the courts he became aware of a

large bundle or a heap of clothes in one corner of a court. He was startled to discover that it was a man dressed in the garb of a pirate.

The gardener bent over him. The man lay hunched in a heap, in his brilliant blue coat and yellow trousers, a black hat still jammed on his bewigged head, and a drawn cutlass at his side. The gardener thought him drunk and was about to rouse him, but suddenly he sprang back with an oath. The man's throat had been badly wounded. He was dead, and it was clear that he had bled to death where he lay. The cutlass beside him appeared to fit into the empty scabbard by his side, but it was free of blood. In terror, the gardener ran for the house.

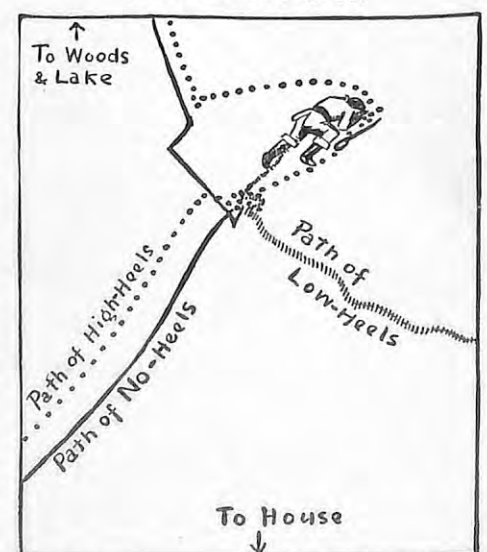
"Pirate's costume! My God, it must be Pine! Kenneth Pine, the theatrical producer!" Reamer shouted to his companions as the gardener broke his news. The four rushed across the lawn toward the body.

"Be careful!" warned Reamer, skirting the soft clay of the tennis court. "Keep to the grass. Don't touch the footprints on the court."

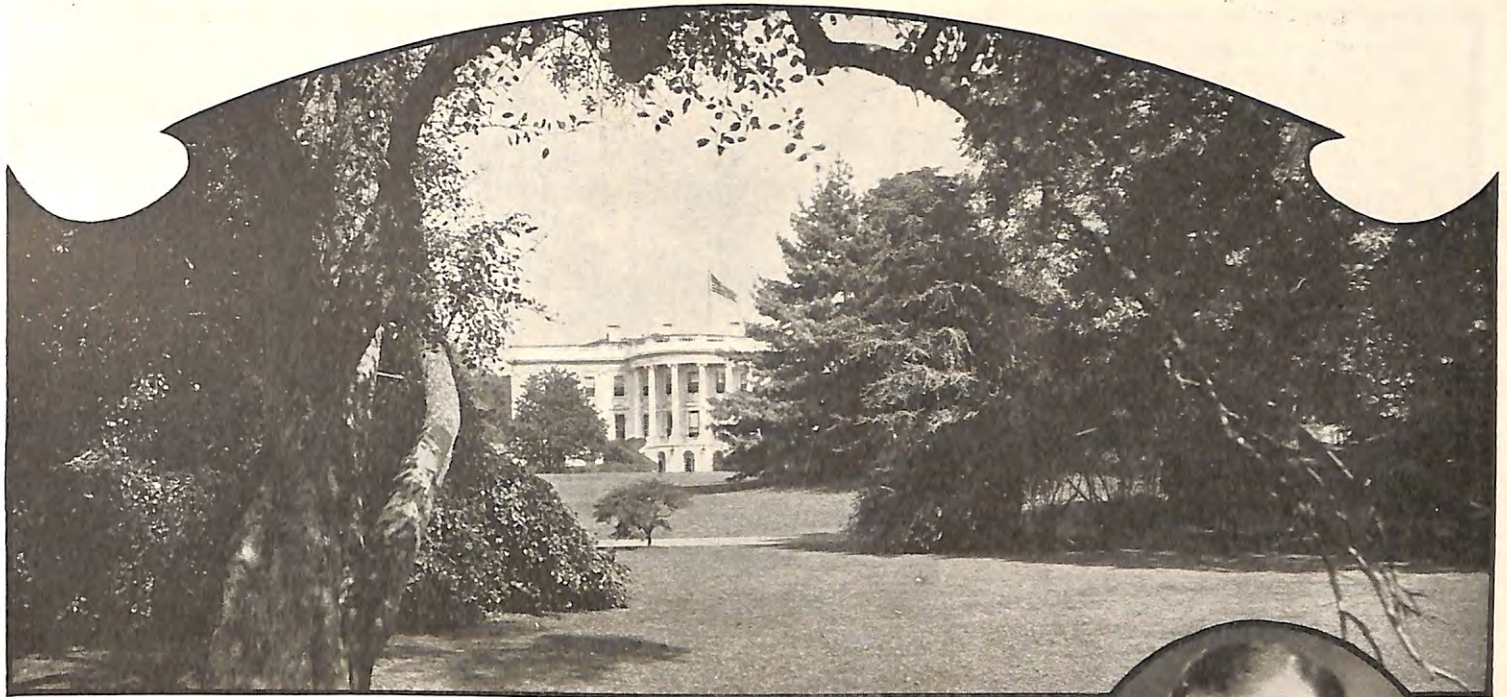
They hurried around on the grass to the far corner of the court and knelt beside the dead man, taking care to avoid trampling the footprints in the earth of the court. It was Pine. The man's throat had been pierced by a sharp-pointed weapon and he had apparently been dead for several hours.

From footprints in the earth of the tennis court, one could see that a scuffle, perhaps a severe struggle, had taken place. Hurriedly posting sentries to guard the scene from intruders, Reamer hastened to the house and telephoned the police. Fifteen minutes later two detectives and several patrolmen commenced their examination. They had scarcely begun when Lieutenant MacComber, in charge, noticed that the sky had suddenly become overcast and a damp wind from the east was bringing scattering raindrops. It would destroy the valuable evidence of the footprints, he thought. Accordingly, he produced a tape measure, pencil, and paper, and began a careful map of the corner of the court and all footprints on it. Witnesses to each delineation were called into service. Within ten minutes a diagram, such as is printed on this page, had been made.

(Continued on page 55)



The footprints on the tennis court



UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

With David Lawrence In Washington



The Federal Reserve Board—Its Relation to the Banking Machinery of the Country—Its New Head

TWO years have passed—it seems almost yesterday—since the Federal Reserve Board issued its warning against speculation. The headlines of our newspapers told us about it; yet few in our midst understood what it meant.

If we were to read that warning over again, it would read like a prophecy of the business recession that came afterward. What is this Board which sits in Washington and tells us not to speculate, or what the true state of credit in our country happens to be? It is not a technical Board—not just another commission; it's a live institution which probably has more power than any single business tribunal in the world.

Years ago—Christmas, 1912, to be exact—I was standing outside of the cottage at Princeton where Woodrow Wilson, President-elect, was conferring with Carter Glass, of Virginia, then the Chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee of the House of Representatives. When the Virginian emerged, several of the newspaper men asked him what it was all about. He said simply that he had been talking about the national banking situation. That didn't seem very new—the American people had been talking about that subject for a generation or more but nothing had been done about it. So little appeared in the headlines next day. Yet in that eventful conference was born the Federal Reserve System as we know it today. For from that time on Mr. Glass worked continuously to draft a bill which would give us a new banking system. It passed the House of Representatives early in the Wilson Administration but it struck many a snag in the Senate,

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where the bill was modified to some extent but the main principles were maintained. And then, in December, 1913, President Wilson signed the measure which created the Federal Reserve System.

Slowly since that time, the Board has been gathering strength. Fortunately it was not given such a definite formula that it could not exercise discretion. It was given basic principles which permitted it to stabilize the credit of the nation by keeping guard over the resources of the banks which became members of the Federal Reserve System.

Nobody contends that the system is perfect. Almost every Congress holds a discussion of changes that might be made to make the system more effective. But it cannot be denied that the Federal Reserve Board through the twelve Federal Reserve Banks located in strategic points throughout the country is in a position to gather business information and to know the status of credit from coast to coast better than any other single agency of the government.

The Federal Reserve Board really bridges the gap between the banks and the government. We have two banking groups in America—those that are regulated by the

banking departments of their respective States and those that are known as national banks and are supervised by the Federal Government. Banks can be members of the Federal Reserve System whether they are State banks or national banks. But while two-thirds of the nation's financial resources are located in the banks that are members of the Federal Reserve System, it nevertheless remains an important fact that there are many thousands of banks outside the Federal Reserve System. Most of these are small banks and most of the failures in recent years have been in banks that are not supervised by the Federal Reserve machinery.

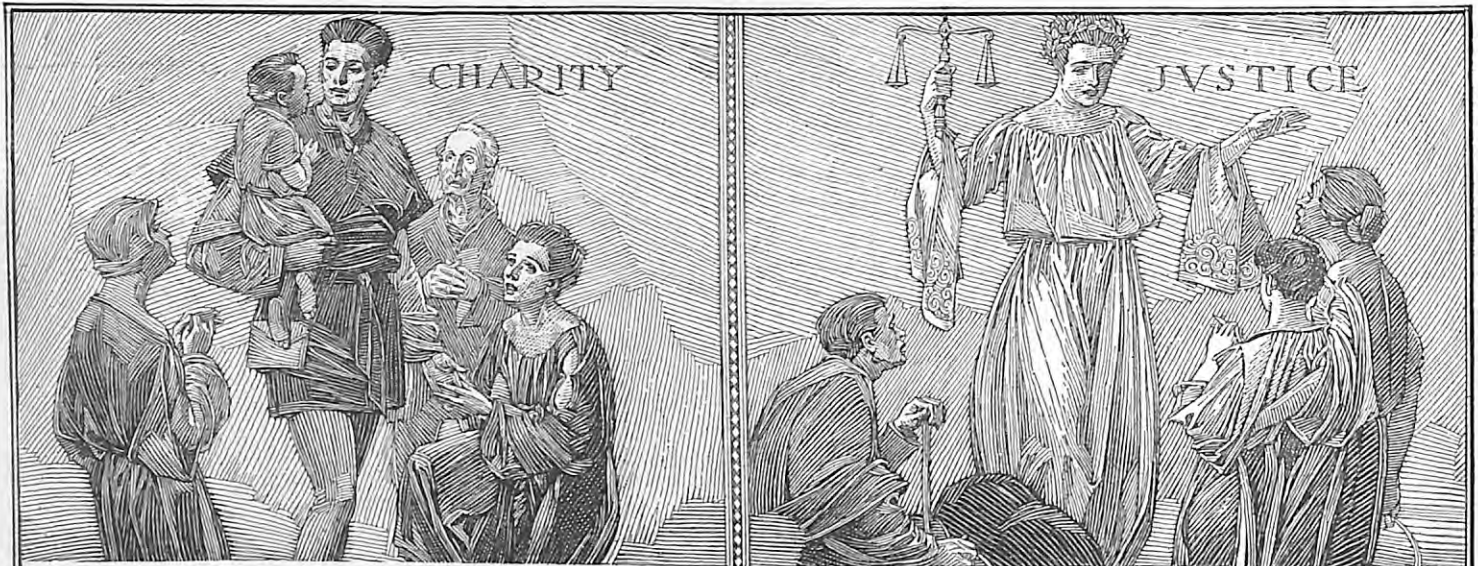
There was much bickering as to where the twelve regional banks known as Federal Reserve Banks should be located. It proved to be much ado about nothing because each one of these twelve Federal Reserve Banks soon discovered that branches had to be placed in other important cities just the same. These twelve Federal Reserve Banks are owned by member banks—that is, their stock is subscribed for by the different banks which are members of the system in a particular area. The member banks select directors and certain directors are designated by the Federal Reserve Board in Washington.

(Continued on page 48)



BROWN BROS.

"A new man has gone in—"



EDITORIAL

TO THE LAY MEMBERS

THE new corps of officers are about to be installed in each of the several subordinate Lodges of the Order. In anticipation of their assumption of their new duties, it would, perhaps, be editorially orthodox to address words of advice and encouragement to them. Experience teaches, however, that they may more appropriately be directed to another component group of the Lodge—the lay members.

Quite generally the officers have been elevated to their positions because they have already given evidence of their loyalty and their readiness to serve the Lodge by continuing personal endeavor. Fortunately it is the exception when they undertake their official tasks with any other purpose than to perform them with devotion and with the best ability that can be brought to them.

But all too frequently the lay members seem to feel that their part has been fully played when the elections are over; and they turn the whole job of Lodge administration over to the officers. This is in unfortunate forgetfulness of the fact that the officers, however willing and able they be, can not effectively carry that burden alone.

It would be equally as unwise to expect an army to conduct a successful military campaign with only the skeleton strength of its commissioned officers. The private soldier has as definite a place, with as definite a responsibility, as the captain or the general.

The lay members of a subordinate Lodge constitute its real strength. It is only when they are eagerly ready to answer every call to fraternal service, and when they actually do respond to those calls, that the Lodge properly functions as it is intended. They should, therefore, make that willingness known to their leaders, so that

the full consciousness of the force at command, and of its loyalty, will inspire a confidence that is essential to effective leadership.

Seek out your new officers, tell them in words of your desire and purpose to support and sustain them. It will hearten and encourage them. Do not assume that your loyalty and cooperation will be taken for granted. Your kindly assurance of it has its own value. Then prove by your acts that you have made no empty promise.

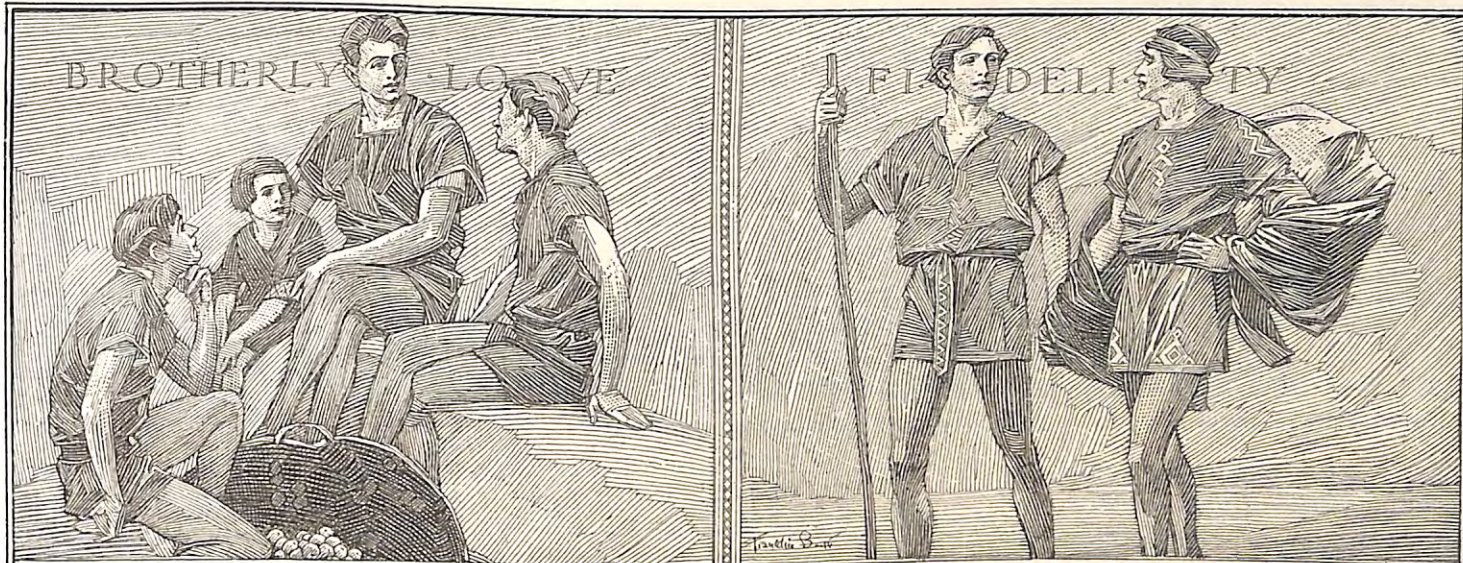
This suggestion may appear to be all too obvious. But it is only so to those who give the matter real thought. There are so many who need to be reminded of it, that its occasional repetition is deemed pertinent.

FIND THE BROTHER AND THE FRIEND

IN ONE of the incidents related in that Book which always adorns an Elk's altar, it is stated that when Andrew becomes convinced that he has found the man they have long looked for, with all its implications of opportunity and duty, "he first findeth his own brother," and invites his association. Again, when Philip is likewise won, "he findeth Nathaniel," his friend, and invites him to "come and see." Without thought of any significance other than is herein plainly urged, the incidents furnish a fine text for an editorial suggestion to all Elks.

When Andrew and Philip had been taken into a fellowship which they prized and esteemed of real worth, they did not first go abroad seeking strangers to share their good fortune. The one went first to his own brother, the other to his close friend. Are not those examples worthy of emulation by members of our Fraternity?

When a man is initiated into the Order of Elks, he is inducted into fraternal associations which he accounts desirable; he becomes highly



Decorations by Franklin Booth

privileged. If he did not himself believe this to be true, he would not have sought membership. The most natural impulse that flows from that experience is a desire to have others share with him in these associations and privileges. If he has a brother who is not an Elk, if he has a close friend who is not a member, it would seem an obvious duty to present the opportunity to that kinsman or friend.

And yet, in many instances, the new member seems to overlook those who are so close at hand. If he be moved to seek another's application, it is frequently from one of more distant relationship or more casual contacts. This is not to be deprecated or criticized. But the suggestion is deemed pertinent that often the most available, and the most desirable, additions are to be found right at one's side.

It must be assumed that an Elk wishes others to share his fraternal advantages. He is not a good Elk if he does not. Let him translate that wish into action. And he can not do it more effectively than when he first findeth his own brother, or when he findeth his nearest friend, and invites him to "come and see."

A MAY DAY OPPORTUNITY

IT WILL, perhaps, be surprising to many that Congress, by specific resolution, has designated May Day, the first day of that month, as National Child Health Day; and that the President has been authorized and requested to issue an official proclamation each year, urging its appropriate observance. But the importance of the objective sought to be attained is ample justification for this Congressional action; and it must appeal to all thinking people.

That objective is not merely the charitable consideration of the defective and the underprivileged, but the awakening of each community to its responsibilities for the welfare of all children. The movement is now well organized; and, through directed activities in most of the States,

a service is being performed of national scope and of incalculable value.

An opportunity is here afforded for the subordinate Lodges of the Order to be most effectively helpful in their respective jurisdictions. Many benevolent and educational organizations are enlisted in the cause. The Order of Elks should be, because of an essential concern in its purpose, and because of a fine capacity helpfully to promote it.

Attention is now directed to the subject, so that the several Lodges may give timely consideration to the matter, and determine the method of their participation in the approaching May Day activities in response to the President's proclamation. That consideration might well lead to the immediate appointment of special committees, to establish contact with the local agencies already active; and to arrange for such Elks' assistance and cooperation as may be deemed proper; or to assume leadership in the movement where it is not already organized.

This opportunity for real service is commended to the several Lodges as worthy of their best thought. As President Hoover said in his 1930 proclamation:

"Our children have the right to be born in health; to be well throughout babyhood and pre-school years; to be surrounded with moral and spiritual inspiration; to work and to play through primary school with well minds based on well bodies; to enjoy and to profit to the utmost by their higher schooling, because of wholesome habits of thought and deed; thence to graduate adult life, strong in body and inculcated with the sense of fair play and of responsibility for the rights of others."

That right is one which should not be considered by a parent only, and as attaching to "my child"; but by every citizen, and as one possessed by every child. The protection of childhood in that right is a national obligation. Elks share in that responsibility. They should not only acknowledge it but effectively meet it.



The first Minstrel Revue presented recently for charity by Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7. The performers were all members of the Lodge

Notable Elks Honor Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Cunningham

THREE hundred and fifty Elks, including Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp and several other Grand Lodge officers, past and present, attended the testimonial banquet given recently by Danbury, Conn., Lodge, No. 120, to Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Martin J. Cunningham. The affair was held at the Hotel Green in Danbury. Besides Mr. Rupp and Mr. Cunningham, the list of distinguished members of the Order present comprised Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Grand Chaplain John Dysart; Past Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter; Past Grand Tiler Thomas E. Donahue; and William T. Phillips, Chairman of the State Associations Committee of the Grand Lodge. All of these notables, as well as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry Martin and Mayor Anthony Sunderland, of Danbury, were called upon to speak by the toastmaster of the occasion, James L. McGovern, formerly editor of the Bridgeport *Times-Star* and at present Boxing Commissioner of the State of Connecticut. The opening address of welcome was made by Exalted Ruler Lorenzo Janutolo. In attendance also were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George T. Ryan; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Stone, who presided at the observance of the Eleven O'Clock Toast. Represented by their officers or other members at the banquet were Bridgeport, Ansonia, Norwalk, Torrington and New London, Conn.; New York, N. Y.; and Philadelphia, Pa., Lodges. An informal session at the Home of Danbury Lodge followed the conclusion of the dinner.

Elyria, Ohio, Lodge Celebrates Past Exalted Rulers' Night

Elyria, Ohio, Lodge, No. 465, celebrated Past Exalted Rulers' Night recently at a meeting, which was exceedingly well attended. A banquet, attended by the Lodge officers and fifteen of the twenty living Past Exalted Rulers preceded the occasion. After the meeting, the Elyria Masonic Male Chorus of forty voices gave a concert. This was followed by a dance, attended by six hundred persons, and a sumptuous buffet supper.

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge Is Active in Fraternal Affairs

Among the recent activities participated in by the officers and members of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, were a reception for District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Roy B. Witman on the occasion of his official visit; a banquet for the Past Exalted Rulers of the South Central District, when they gathered in the Home of Pomona Lodge, No. 789. The meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers' Association was coincident with the District Deputy's call. On that occasion, over 600 Elks, representing Santa Monica and many other Lodges of the district, were in attendance. Among the distinguished visitors was Dr. Ralph Hagan, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees. After the banquet and the meeting, a minstrel show, performed by members of Santa Monica Lodge, provided some excellent

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

entertainment. The fraternal visit to Pomona Lodge took place on a previous date and was made by the officers and the Degree Team of Santa Monica Lodge. The several delegations of members present represented a number of Lodges of the district. During the meeting the initiatory ceremonies for a class of candidates were rendered by the Santa Monica officers. A dinner concluded the evening's festivities.

Reading, Pa., Lodge Honors Member For Philanthropy to County

In recognition of his philanthropy in presenting to Berks County, Pennsylvania, a 700-acre tract for the site of a prison farm, Reading Lodge, No. 115, gave recently to William W. Essick, a prominent member, a silver scroll. Two hundred members of the Lodge, including Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George H. Johnson, Past Exalted Ruler Edward J. Morris, and Exalted Ruler Keim Stauffer, attended the gathering at which the token was presented. Mr. Essick, a manufacturer, has for years been associated with relief and welfare activities. For his Belgian relief work during the war he was decorated by King Albert.

Faribault, Minn., Elks Entertain G. A. R. Veterans at Banquet

The officers and members of Faribault, Minn., Lodge, No. 1166, entertained recently the Faribault Civil War Veterans at a banquet in the Home. Among the Veterans present were William Milligan, Commander of the Faribault Post, Roy Smith and Ed Van Saun, all of whom are members of the Lodge.

Lansing, Mich., Lodge Receives Call from District Deputy

Some five hundred members and guests, among whom were Grand Trustee John K. Burch; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Byron O. Smith; Joe Schnitzler, Past President of the Michigan State Elks Association; and Governor

Wilber M. Brucker, of Michigan, a Past Exalted Ruler of Saginaw Lodge, No. 47, attended a reception held in the Home of Lansing Lodge, No. 196, recently, for District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. Dickson Brown, on the occasion of his official visit there. The class of candidates, initiated during the meeting, was designated as the "Brucker Class," in honor of the Governor. Addresses were made by Grand Trustee Burch, District Deputies Brown and Smith, Past President Schnitzler, and Governor Brucker.

First Antler Lodge in Idaho Is Instituted by Wallace Lodge

Beginning its career with a charter membership of thirty-five, the first Lodge of Antlers to be organized in the State of Idaho was instituted recently by the officers of Wallace Lodge, No. 331. After the initiatory ceremonies, rendered by the officers of Wallace Lodge, the Antlers elected their own officers. Meetings are to be held twice a month.

Every Colorado Lodge Represented At Sterling Lodge's Anniversary

Delegations representing every Lodge in Colorado and including many men prominent in the Order and in public life, gathered recently at the Home of Sterling Lodge, No. 1336, to participate in the celebration of its fifteenth anniversary. The events of the occasion comprised a dinner early in the evening, the formal Lodge session, during which the Past Exalted Rulers of Sterling Lodge inducted a class of candidates; and a buffet supper. Three hundred and fifty Elks, half of whom were visitors, attended the anniversary. Among them were John R. Coen, Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. A. McTaggart, making an official visit; Lieutenant-Governor E. C. Johnson, Justice of the Colorado Supreme Court Wilbur M. Alter, and Secretary of the State of Colorado Charles M. Armstrong.

Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp Guest Of New York, N. Y., Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp recently made a visitation to the Home of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, where he was greeted by a large attendance of members and their guests, including many prominent in the affairs of the Order, gathered there for the occasion. Among the distinguished Elks the assemblage included were Grand Chaplain John Dysart; Walter F. Meier, Chief Justice, and John S. McClelland, Justice, of the Grand Forum; Robert S. Barrett, Chairman, and D. Curtis Gano and Daniel J. Kelly, members, of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge; David Sholtz, Chairman, and W. A. James and O. L. Hayden, members, of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; William T. Phillips, Chairman, and Fletcher L. Fritts, member, of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Clayton J. Heermance and Eugene E. Navin. There were also in attendance many past and present officers and members of the New York State Elks Association, and past and present Exalted Rulers of many Lodges in the State.

In the principal address of the meeting the Grand Exalted Ruler related, with charm and humor, some of his experiences in traveling about the country on behalf of the Order. William T. Phillips, Chairman of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge, and a Past Exalted Ruler of No. 1, the next speaker on the program, briefly outlined the early history of the Order. Other features of the meeting were a series of vocal selections sung by the Queens Borough Lodge Glee Club, under the direction of Past District Deputy Heermance, and special piano selections by Jesse Winne, of New York Lodge.

Five Oregon Lodges Gather at Joint Meeting at Home of Ashland Elks

Five Oregon Lodges held a joint meeting a short time ago at the Home of Ashland Lodge, No. 944, as a preliminary to the convention of the Oregon State Elks Association next summer. Members of the Order present upon this occasion numbered one hundred and fifty. A prominent part of the formal session was the initiation of candidates by visiting Past Exalted Rulers. The Lodges represented, in addition to the host Lodge, were Medford, No. 1168; Klamath Falls, No. 1247; Lakeview, No. 1536, and Grants Pass, No. 1584.

District Deputy Lanigan Visits His Home Lodge at Rome, N. Y.

Several hundred Elks, including many prominent in the affairs of the Order, recently attended the reception for District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles T. Lanigan on the occasion of his official visit to his Home Lodge, Rome, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1268. Among the distinguished guests present were D. Curtis Gano, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on the Good of the Order; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers John W. LeSeur, L. R. Dowd, and E. A. McCaffrey; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Arthur G. Holland, John T. Buckley, and H. W. Evans; and Vice-President Grover C. Ingersoll, Past Vice-President John A. Weert; and Trustee Michael T. Paquette, of the New York State Elks Association. Twenty-one Lodges of the State

were represented by delegations of members. Prior to the meeting the Lodge entertained District Deputy Lanigan and the other visiting officials at a banquet in the Home. After the dinner the Past Exalted Rulers of Rome Lodge initiated a class of candidates. Mr. Gano, District Deputies Lanigan, Buckley and LeSeur gave interesting talks. A social hour, with music and entertainment, concluded the festivities of the evening.

Shelbyville, Ind., Lodge Holds Greatest Meeting in Its History

The largest meeting in its history and one of the most successful was held recently by Shelbyville, Ind., Lodge, No. 457, when, in the presence of three hundred Elks, one third of whom were visitors, the champion degree team of Frankfort Lodge, No. 560, initiated a class of candidates. The Lodge room was filled to capacity during the ceremonies, attended by two hundred and fifty members of the Order.

Middletown, N. Y., Elks Postpone Own Dance to Help Red Cross Ball

In order that no conflict in interests might interfere with the Red Cross dance for the benefit of drought sufferers, Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1097, recently postponed a ball of its own scheduled for the same date and urged all its members to attend the other. Recognition of this consideration appeared subsequently in an editorial in a Middletown newspaper. It said, in part: "In generous recognition of the Red Cross fund benefit dance at the Armory, the Elks have postponed their own affair." In

a further comment upon the Lodge's action, the newspaper added, "The example is to be commended to all other organizations."

Perry, Ia., Elks Clothe 300 Children, Feed 18 Families Daily

Since the first of the year, Perry, Ia., Lodge, No. 407, in addition to supplying clothing to more than three hundred children of its city, has fed eighteen families daily. As a result of its relief activities, the Lodge Home has become the headquarters for the relief of the entire community, and its fund for charity has been augmented by assistance from other organizations. The Perry school board a short time ago contributed to the fund the proceeds of a basketball game; and Lou Stanley, a member of the Lodge and owner of a local theatre, has donated the receipts of the run of a motion-picture there.

State Elks Association Chaplain Dies After Address to Lodge

After making an address to his fellow members of Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758, at the meeting celebrating Past Exalted Rulers' Night, the Reverend Edgar Carpenter, Past Chaplain and Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge and for the last decade Chaplain of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association, suddenly suffered an acute attack of heart disease and died within a few hours. Dr. Carpenter, a resident of Alexandria for twenty-six years, was sixty-three at the time of his death. He was rector of Grace Episcopal Church, and a member of the boards of trustees of the Virginia Educational Society and of the Alexandria Ministerial Association. The meeting at which Dr. Carpenter was stricken followed a banquet given by the Lodge at the George Mason Hotel in Alexandria in honor of the Past Exalted Rulers of No. 758. Prominent among those to attend both events was Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge. In the course of an address to the Lodge, Mr. Barrett announced that the State Association convention would be held in Danville, Va., July 15 and 16.

KOMO Seattle, Wash.

KSTP St. Paul, Minn.

WJL Detroit, Mich.

WMCA New York, N.Y.

KPO San Francisco, Cal.

KLZ Denver, Col.

KYW Chicago, Ill.

KWK St. Louis, Mo.

KNX Los Angeles, Cal.

ELKS Listen In for the Eleven o'Clock Chimes and Auld Lang Syne played by Symphony Orchestra over these stations EVERY MONDAY NIGHT AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, YOUR TIME. Other stations will be added from time to time

District Deputy Smith Visits Lewistown, Mont., Lodge

Accompanied by several members of his own Lodge, Billings, Mont., Lodge, No. 394, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George S. Smith recently made an official visit to the Home of Lewistown Lodge, No. 456. An enthusiastic attendance of Lewistown Elks warmly received the District Deputy.

Eugene, Ore., Elks Celebrate First "Charter Members' Night"

Eugene, Ore., Lodge, No. 357, held a meeting recently, dedicated to its first initiates and designated, in honor of them, "Charter Members' Night." Seven of the forty-one who, in 1897, were inducted into the Order to form Eugene Lodge, were present to participate in the festivities and to receive from the Lodge framed certificates of their charter-membership. This is the first such occasion to be observed by the Eugene Elks, and so successful was it that they plan to make it an annual event.

Past Exalted Ruler of Dover, N. J., Elks Scores with Witty Poem

Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. J. Vreeland and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fletcher L. Fritts, member of the State Associations Committee of the Grand Lodge, were among the notables who officiated at the ceremonies of Dover Lodge, No. 782, upon the occasion of its observance recently of Past Exalted Rulers' Night. The proficiency of these and other heads of the Lodge and the reading of a humorous poem written especially for the occasion by Past Exalted Ruler Russell C. Struble were features of the meeting. Mr. Struble's verses, piquant in thought and deftly turned, met with hearty and spontaneous appreciation. It is the regret of the Magazine that the limitations of its space preclude its publication here.

Notables at Unveiling of Bust of Past Grand Trustee Rooney

Impressive ceremonies marked the unveiling recently of a bronze bust in memory of Past Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney at the Home of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21. The exercises comprised a musical program, including organ and vocal solos and a selection by the Newark Elks Quartette; the performance of the ritual by the officers of the Lodge; a eulogy by the Chaplain of the Lodge, the Reverend O. E. Braune; and a personal tribute, to have been delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning but, in his enforced absence, read by Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther. The act of unveiling was performed by Richard A. Hensler, chairman of the committee in charge of the memorial. Prominent Elks who attended the occasion, in addition to those already mentioned, were Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight William Conklin, President Albert E. Dearden and Past Presidents Thomas E. Macksey, Joseph G. Buch, Fred A. Pope, John H. Cose and George L. Hirtzel, of the New Jersey State Elks Association.

District Deputy LeSeur Pays Visit To Batavia, N. Y., Lodge

Two events of interest took place on the same day at the Home of Batavia, N. Y., Lodge, No. 950, recently, drawing to the Lodge rooms over five hundred Elks, comprising representatives of all of the thirteen Lodges in the Western district of New York. The first event was a reception for District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John W. LeSeur, on the occasion of his official visit to No. 950. Among the prominent members of the Order to attend the meeting were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers C. T. Lanigan and Joseph F. Ibbotson, and Past District Deputies J. Theodore Moses and L. T. Buckley. During the meeting a class of seven candidates was initiated and a number of the distinguished visitors delivered addresses. A few hours prior to this event the Past Exalted Rulers', the Exalted Rulers' and Secretaries' Association of the New York, West, District, held its spring meeting at the Home of Batavia Lodge. District Deputy



Expansion both in membership and in quarters is manifest at Newark, N. Y., Lodge. Above are shown the Lodge's new Home, and its record class of candidates recently inducted

LeSeur, the Association's President, presided over the meeting. Among the important matters discussed at this session was a report of the welfare work being carried on by Batavia Lodge. It was disclosed that, through its Social and Community Welfare Committee, the Lodge has been disbursing \$850 a week since November 1, 1930, for charitable work. The money is used for the purchase of food, fuel and clothing for the needy families of that city. Up to the first of February, this money had been raised by the members of the Lodge through the cooperation of the various churches and club services in Batavia. On that date the City Council of Batavia voted to appropriate a sum of \$850 a week, and named the Elks of Batavia Lodge as administrators of the fund.

District Deputy Strasburger Calls Upon Orange, N. J., Elks

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank Strasburger recently made an official visit to the Home of Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135, he was greeted by an attendance comprising many members and their guests gathered there for the occasion. Notable among those to welcome him was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Wibiraliski. Both the District Deputies and Past Exalted Ruler James H. Driscoll, of Orange Lodge, spoke at the meeting.

Mother of Dick Davies, of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, Dies

Mrs. Harriet Morris Davies, mother of Richard M. Davies, former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, died recently at Balboa, Canal Zone, after being ill of bronchial pneumonia for several weeks. A beloved figure throughout her community, particularly for her interest in the welfare of children there, Mrs. Davies was ninety-one years of age at the time of her death, the oldest resident then of the Canal Zone. After funeral services held for her at the Balboa Union Church, her son started upon a journey to convey her body to Memphis, Tenn., where, beside her husband, in Elmwood Cemetery, it was her last wish that she be

buried. At the funeral services every Past Exalted Ruler, with one exception, of Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, and of Cristobal Lodge, No. 1542, was present, together with many other members of both Lodges. In addition to Richard M. Davies, his mother was survived by another son, Edward M. Davies, and by a daughter, Mrs. A. Parsons, of Chicago. To these members of Mrs. Davies's family, to the Elks of both Lodges and to the legion of other friends devoted to Mrs. Davies, THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to take this opportunity to express its sincere sympathy for their loss.

Alameda, Calif., Elks Sponsor Baseball Game for Red Cross

For the benefit of the Red Cross Drought Relief Fund, Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, recently sponsored a baseball game between the Athens Club of Oakland and a group of big league stars representing the Lodge. All the players and officials connected with this charity affair contributed their services gratis. A substantial amount was realized and turned over to the Alameda Chapter of the Red Cross. The game ended in a scoreless tie.

Shamokin, Pa., Elks Save Home From Destruction by Fire

Only the foresight and keen judgment of several members of Shamokin, Pa., Lodge, No. 355, saved its Home from destruction by fire recently. Damage to the building was estimated at \$3,000.

Winchester, Mass., Elks Entertain Fire Chiefs at Their Home

Members of Winchester, Mass., Lodge, No. 1445, recently entertained at a dinner at its Home, a number of fire chiefs and firemen, representing the departments of practically every city and town in Boston and its environs. During the banquet addresses were made by several members of the Lodge and a number of the guests. In honor of the occasion the meeting was designated as Fire Chiefs' Night.

**Sixty-third Anniversary Celebrated
By New York, N. Y., Lodge**

The Sixty-third Anniversary of the founding of the Order and the birth of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, was celebrated recently by a banquet at the Hotel Commodore in New York City. Many hundreds of Elks from all over the country attended this, one of the Order's outstanding events of the year. Not only was the affair remarkable for its attendance, but the splendid management of the program by the committee in charge resulted in an evening of excellent entertainment. It was noteworthy that sixteen Past Grand Exalted Rulers and most of the elective, as well as many of the appointive, officers of the Grand Lodge were present. On the dais, where Past Exalted Ruler Frederick E. Goldsmith, of New York Lodge, presided as toastmaster, was seated the guest of honor, Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp. Other notable guests were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, John K. Tener, Rush L. Holland, Raymond Benjamin, James R. Nicholson, Edward Rightor, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, Frank L. Rain, William M. Abbott, William W. Mountain, J. Edgar Masters, Charles H. Grakelow, John F. Malley, Murray Hulbert, and Walter P. Andrews; Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Martin J. Cunningham; Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Leonard R. Ellis; Grand Esquire John J. Doyle; Grand Chaplain John Dysart; Ralph Hagan, Chairman, and A. Charles Stewart, Henry A. Guenther, John K. Burch, and James S. Richardson, members, of the Board of Grand Trustees; Chief Justice Walter F. Meier, and Justices Arthur S. Tompkins and John S. McClelland, of the Grand Forum; James T. Hallinan, Chairman, and Henry C. Warner, William H. Beck, Jr., and John J. Lerman, members, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Robert S. Barrett, Chairman, and D. Curtis Gano, Sam Stern and Daniel J. Kelly, members, of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee; William T. Phillips, Chairman, and E. J. Morris and Fletcher L. Fritts, members, of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; David Sholtz, Chairman, and O. L. Hayden, W. E. Varcoe, and Harry T. Paterson, members, of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee.

**District Deputy Smith Pays Visit
To His Home Lodge at Macon, Ga.**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Smith recently made an official visit to his Home Lodge, Macon, Ga., Lodge, No. 230. At the meeting the District Deputy witnessed the initiation ceremonies for a class of candidates for the Lodge. Refreshments were served after the session.

**Members of Whittier, Calif., Lodge
Save Fellow Member's Life**

Several members of Whittier, Calif., Lodge, No. 1258, recently saved the life of a fellow Elk by giving their blood for transfusions. When the physicians attending Herbert J. Wilder, a member of the Lodge, critically ill in a Los Angeles hospital, called for volunteers, Exalted Ruler Lewis D. Lally, Esteemed Leading Knight Jesse Owen, Chaplain L. D. Mathis, and Edward C. Lamert, all close friends of the patient, responded and gave their blood. The latest reports on Mr. Wilder's condition show remarkable improvement.

**Dinner for Governor Roosevelt Is
Given by Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Elks**

Hundreds of Elks and many public officials prominent in the affairs of New York State, recently attended the Victory Dinner held at the Home of Poughkeepsie Lodge, No. 275, in honor of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt and other members of the Lodge who were elected to public office last November. These included Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., State Senator J. Griswold Webb, Assemblyman C. Fred Close, County Judge J. Gordon Flannery, County Clerk Joseph A. Daughton, County Treasurer Moses Lamont, Sheriff Oakleigh T. Cookingham, and Coroner J. Wesley McCornac. Among the many distinguished guests present were William

T. Phillips, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Sidney A. Syme; J. Edward Gallico, President of the New York State Elks Association; and Exalted Ruler John P. Martin, of Poughkeepsie Lodge, who opened the ceremonies.

**Baltimore, Md., Lodge Gives Its
First Minstrel Show**

Before an enthusiastic audience, which filled to capacity the social session hall of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, the members of the Lodge presented recently their first minstrel revue. The show, given for the benefit of charity, was a huge success. The cast was made up entirely of members of Baltimore Lodge, and the program contained, among its feature acts, choral singing and dance specialties.

**Annual Charity Frolic Given by
Yankton, S. D., Lodge**

Yankton, S. D., Lodge, No. 994, recently sponsored its second annual Elks Charity Frolic. This year the affair, called "Chinatown," was opened to the public for three days. It is estimated that the proceeds from the frolic, to go to the Lodge's charity fund, exceeded \$1,000.

**District Deputy Smith Pays Visit
To Milledgeville, Ga., Lodge**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Smith, accompanied by Past Exalted Ruler Augustin D. D. Daly, recently paid an official visit to the Home of the Milledgeville, Ga., Lodge, No. 774. In his address the District Deputy complimented the officers of the Lodge. After the meeting an especially enjoyable oyster supper was served.

**Frankfort, Ind., Lodge Ritualistic
Team Is Champion of State**

THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this occasion to correct an error which occurred in the February issue, in an account which mentioned the Ritualistic Team of Bluffton, Ind., Lodge, No. 796, as the State champion. This is incorrect. The Ritualistic Team of Frankfort Lodge, No. 560, is the present champion of Indiana.

**Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp Pays
Call on Washington, D. C., Lodge**

Under the auspices of the Maryland, Delaware, and District of Columbia State Elks Association, over 600 members, representing Lodges of Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, West Virginia, and the District of Columbia, recently attended a reception for Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence

H. Rupp in honor of his official visit to Washington Lodge, No. 15. Among the distinguished members of the Order present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin; Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge; President Taylor Morrison and other officers of the State Elks Association; Exalted Ruler George E. Strong, of Washington Lodge; and Senator Millard E. Tydings, of Maryland, a member of Towson Lodge, No. 469. Prior to the meeting Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp led a delegation of members to the White House to pay respects to President Hoover. At the meeting, later, at the Home of the Lodge, Mr. Rupp witnessed the initiation of a large class of candidates.

**Newark, N. Y., Lodge Initiates
Largest Class in its History**

Newark, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1249, recently inducted into the Order fifty-five candidates, constituting the largest class in its history. Over 300 Elks, including many representatives of near-by Lodges, attended the dinner preceding the ceremonies. Several prominent members of the Order were present. Among these were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph F. Ibbotson and John W. LeSeur; and President J. Edward Gallico, of the New York State Elks Association. The Degree Team of Lyons Lodge, No. 869, assisted by the officers of Newark Lodge conducted the ritualistic services for the candidates.

**California State Head Visits
Home of Redlands Lodge**

President Horace Williamson, of the California State Elks Association, recently visited the Home of Redlands Lodge, No. 583. Among those prominent in the affairs of the Order in California attending the meeting were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis; Harold W. Stacey, Vice-President, and Richard C. Benbough, Secretary, of the association; and Milton Standish, President of the Past Exalted Ruler Association of Southern California. After the meeting, a vaudeville troupe, imported from Los Angeles, provided entertainment.

**Member of Olney, Ill., Lodge
Is Ill in Allen, Okla.**

The members of Olney, Ill., Lodge, No. 926, are distressed over the illness of one of their fellow members, John C. Condron, and wish him a speedy recovery. The Secretary of the Lodge hopes that, after seeing this notice, some of Mr. Condron's former friends living near Wapakoneta, Ohio, may write to him to cheer him up. He is at present living in Allen, Okla.



The laying of the cornerstone of the new Federal Court Building in Prescott, Ariz., at which the officers of Lodge No. 330 in that city presided



The Ritualistic Team of Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, winners for 1929-1930 of the Freehold plaque emblematic of the State Ritualistic Championship. This was the team's third consecutive victory, entitling it to permanent possession of the trophy.

Elks of Pennsylvania, Southwest, Meet at Braddock Lodge

At a recent meeting of the Pennsylvania, Southwest, District Association, held at the Home of Braddock Lodge, No. 883, and attended by over two hundred members and their guests, plans were discussed for the forthcoming session at Etna, when Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp will visit Lodge No. 932 there. It is expected that three hundred candidates, for various Lodges of the district, will be initiated into the Order at the Etna meeting.

Past Exalted Rulers' Night Observed By Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge

The largest gathering of past heads of Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 482, ever to assemble in its history recently met at the Home on Past Exalted Rulers' Night. Among the nineteen Past Exalted Rulers present were Patrick H. Shields, who, in 1913, served as Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, and Harold M. Garrett, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for the Northern District of West Virginia.

Bradford, Pa., Elks Burn Mortgage on Their Home

Before a gathering of over two hundred Elks, representing many neighboring Lodges, the members of Bradford, Pa., Lodge, No. 234, recently celebrated the paying of the final debt on their Home by the burning of the mortgage. At the meeting which followed the ceremonies, the officers of the Lodge initiated a class of thirteen candidates into the Order. A buffet supper concluded the evening's festivities.

Fifty-three Candidates Initiated Into Richmond, Ind., Lodge

On the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Earl A. Keisker to the Home of Richmond, Ind., Lodge, No. 649, recently, fifty-three candidates, the largest class in the history of the Lodge, were initiated into the Order. Three hundred Elks, including many members of Richmond Lodge and representatives of five nearby Lodges, attended the ceremonies and enjoyed the entertainment and the buffet supper which followed the meeting.

Bellaire, Ohio, Lodge Organizes Relief Work for Entire City

After a report upon conditions among the poor by its Charity Committee, Bellaire, Ohio, Lodge, No. 419, undertook recently to assume the leadership in its community for the alleviation of all possible hardship among the destitute for the first four months of the year. The extent of the Lodge's enterprise in this direction included the organization among the citizens of Bellaire of a Council of Social Service, the establishment of a clearing house for the investigation and relief of cases of need, and the subscription of money to the cause. Under the direction of the Lodge's Charity Committee, which comprises Cyril Browning, Ben L. Morris and Walter Lewis, the civic organization has succeeded in supplying medical aid to expectant mothers and other persons requiring it; in providing transportation expenses for persons who have relatives in other

cities, in obtaining employment for those without it, and in caring for children under school age. These efforts for the alleviation of suffering won the high praise of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. T. Fogo when he made his official visit not long ago to Bellaire Lodge.

New Jersey Elks Win Praise of State Department of Labor

Remarks of a highly laudatory nature in reference to the work done by the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association appeared in a recent number of *The Industrial Bulletin*, issued by the New Jersey Department of Labor. In part, the pamphlet says: "The Director of the New Jersey Rehabilitation Commission submits that the citizens of the State will ever owe an irrepayable debt of gratitude to the Elks' Lodges of New Jersey for the work they have accomplished and are continuing for the physical, educational and social betterment of the underprivileged crippled children in the State." The article also commends the orthopedic specialists of New Jersey who have cooperated with the Elks in this movement and who have been able "to bring about the physical and functional restoration of the crippled children through the medium of the various medical clinics held under the auspices of the Elks Welfare Committees."

Columbus, O., Elks Hold Service for Past Grand Exalted Ruler Price

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley delivered an address recently at the Memorial Service held by Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37, in honor of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price. The ceremonies were impressive, and their solemnity was enhanced by the rendition of a number of musical selections. The public was admitted to the exercises, which were broadcast over Station WCAH.

District Deputy Moser Visits Four Lodges in Ohio

In honor of the official visits of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Delos K. Moser to four Lodges of Ohio, Northeast, large attendances of members of those and neighboring Lodges gathered recently in meetings remarkable for their enthusiasm. The first of these calls was made on the Home of Akron Lodge, No. 363. Among the distinguished guests assembled there for the occasion were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers W. E. Cunningham, Charles A. Booth, and W. F. Brunning, and Past President W. G. Lambert, of the Ohio State Elks Association. After the dinner for the District Deputy, given by the officers of the Lodge, the business session was called to order and a class of candidates initiated into No. 363. Vaudeville entertainment and a midnight supper concluded the meeting. When District Deputy Moser, accompanied by members of his own Lodge, Warren, No. 295, visited the Home of Massillon Lodge, No. 441, he witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates for No. 441 and delivered a brief but inspiring talk. The meeting was preceded by a dinner. Entertainment offered by Massillon Elks consisted of a dinner before, and boxing matches after, the Lodge meeting. At the Home of Can-

ton Lodge, No. 68, several days later, 400 members of the Order, representing fifteen Lodges of the district, gathered to welcome the District Deputy on his official visit. Notable among those present were Blake C. Cook, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. F. Brunning; and Past President W. G. Lambert, of the Ohio State Elks Association. A class of ten candidates was initiated into the Order at the meeting. Salem Lodge, No. 305, was the next Lodge to receive an official visit from District Deputy Moser. In his address, which followed the initiatory ceremonies for a class of candidates for Salem Lodge, the District Deputy complimented the members of the Lodge for the proficiency of their Degree Team. Among others to speak was Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles A. Booth. There were in attendance altogether about 300 Elks, including delegations from Canton, Youngstown, Alliance, Warren, East Liverpool, Wellsville and Buffalo Lodges. Prior to the meeting, Salem Lodge served a turkey dinner, during which several orchestral and vocal selections provided entertainment.

Three New York Lodges Visited By District Deputy Dowd

Meetings attended by unusually large gatherings of Elks marked the official visits of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. R. Dowd, made recently, to three Lodges in the South Central District of New York. Over two hundred members of Ithaca Lodge, No. 630, and their guests, attended a dinner for District Deputy Dowd on the occasion of his visit there. At the meeting which followed the banquet, addresses were made by Mr. Dowd and Vice-President Francis H. Marx, of the New York State Elks Association. On a second occasion, at the Home of Elmira Lodge, No. 62, many Elks, including members of Elmira Lodge, and representatives of nearby Lodges, assembled there to greet the District Deputy when he made an official call. Among those in attendance was Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur G. Holland. When District Deputy Dowd visited the Home of Owego Lodge, No. 1039, he received a warm welcome from the 160 members and their guests gathered there for the affair. The District Deputy was accompanied by a suite comprising Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John T. Osowski, Vice-President Marx, and members of the District Deputy's own Lodge, Cortland Lodge, No. 748, and other nearby Lodges. At the meeting, a class of candidates was initiated into the Order, and addresses were made by District Deputy Dowd, Past District Deputy Osowski and Mr. Marx. Owego Elks entertained their guests at an elaborate dinner, during which an orchestra played.

Double Ritualistic Awards Are Made to New Jersey Lodges

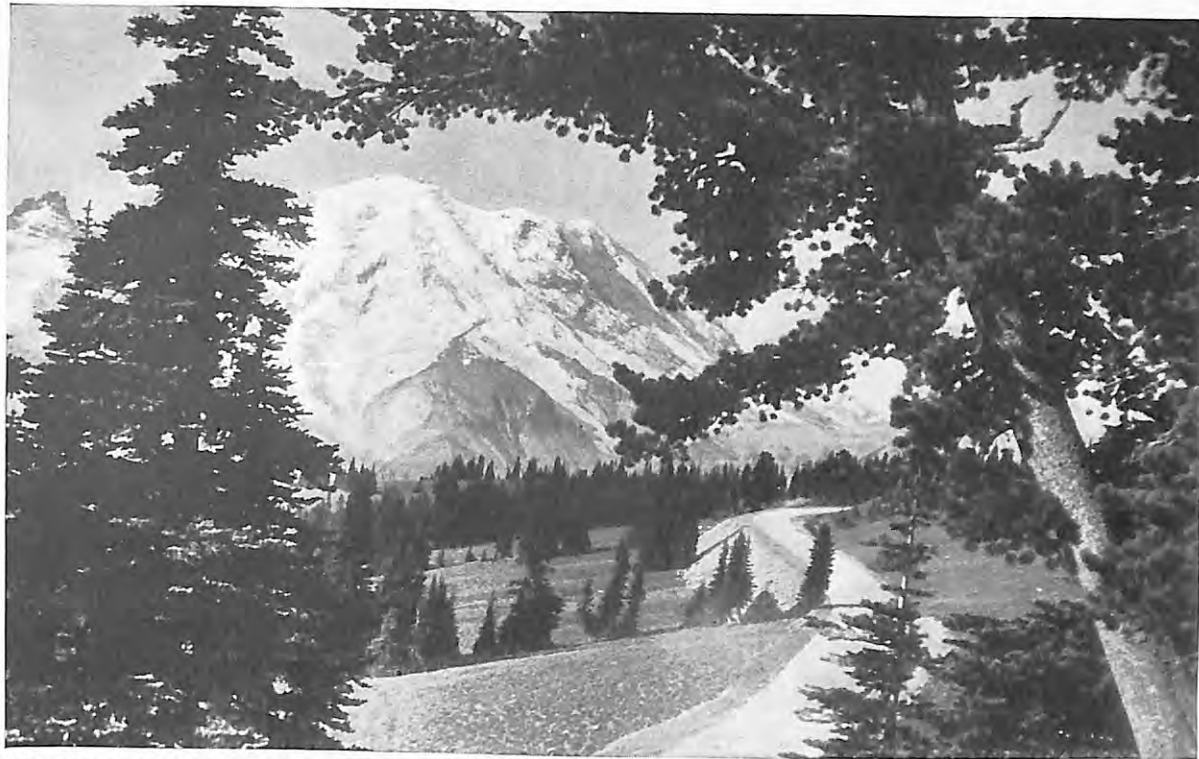
New Jersey Lodges have made remarkable records in their ritualistic contests in which nearly all of them participate year after year. In the finals of the 1929-1930 contests Hoboken Lodge, No. 74, and South Orange Lodge, No. 1154, each had exactly the same markings of 99.98 per cent. It being found impractical to hold a second contest the State Association awarded a championship plaque to each Lodge. A picture of the South Orange ritualistic team was printed on page 43 of the February issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. The Hoboken Lodge ritualistic team picture will be found above on this page.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Mt. Pleasant, Mich., Lodge recently received an official visit from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William Dickson Brown.

Dr. Joseph M. W. Kitchen, a prominent Elk, died recently at his home in East Orange, N. J., after a long illness, at the age of eighty-four.

At the Washington's Birthday exercises, held on the campus of the University of Washington in Seattle, Walter F. Meier, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, delivered the principal address.



Time has transformed an old volcano into a mighty mountain—Rainier. Rising 14,408 feet above sea level, it is one of the greatest sights of the Northwest

1931 Grand Lodge Convention At Seattle, Wash.

Bulletin No. 3

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

IF YOU have ever visited the Puget Sound territory, you will need no urging to return. If it is your first visit—it will not be your last.

Your 1931 Convention Committee has planned a panoramic scenic program for your visit to Seattle. You will have four glorious convention days, but you will want to stay much longer and see more of the Evergreen Playground.

When the American continent was being fashioned, Seattle and the Pacific Northwest drew a prize package from the geographical grab-bag. Fresh-water lakes, salt water-harbors, the Olympics to the west of the Sound and the Cascades to the east, waterfalls, glacier-studded mountain peaks, bathing beaches, trout- and salmon-fishing haunts—all but a few hours' drive from Seattle.

A large fresh-water lake borders Seattle on the east, that long arm of the Pacific Ocean, Puget Sound, on the west, and skirting it on the north is Lake Union, which joins the Sound through the world's second largest locks. The Cascades, with Mt. Rainier and Mt. Baker, form a majestic and imposing background to the city. The Olympics, forming the western skyline, are not quite so rugged and commanding, but no less beautiful. Endowed with such a picturesque setting, it is no wonder that Seattle has an atmosphere that is as charming as it is individual.

A water tour of the city, which is planned for all visiting Elks, has been called by a world traveler "the most unique trip in America." As you leave the dock, a picture of one of Seattle's great industries unfolds before you—a colorful, romantic picture. A busy waterfront, lined with ocean terminals harboring vessels from every port in the world—great ocean liners, passenger and freight boats of all descriptions, smaller steamers and ferries, and usually a warship or a fleet of war vessels.

After paralleling the waterfront for some distance, the boat turns eastward and you ap-

proach perhaps the most interesting part of the trip, passage through the canal locks, which are second only to the Panama Canal locks in the size of vessels accommodated. After leaving

the locks, there is a decided change of scene. Lining the broad expanse of fresh water are some of the largest lumber mills in the world. From Lake Union, you get an interesting back-door view of the skyline of the commercial section.

Through Lake Union and Union Bay to Lake Washington you have a sweeping view of the north canal residential district and the extensive campus of the University of Washington with its impressive buildings and great stadium. You pass the University boat-house, home of the famous Washington crews, who have often brought home national rowing honors from Poughkeepsie.

The last lap of the trip affords an excellent view of beautiful lakeshore homes, winding boulevards, numerous parks and bathing beaches—with Mt. Rainier in the background, like a benign sentinel standing guard over the city.

Time has transformed an old volcano into a mighty mountain—Rainier. It rises majestically 14,408 feet above sea level and covers 324 square miles. One of the largest glacier systems in the world radiating from any single peak is situated on this mountain. Twenty-eight glaciers, large and small, dot Rainier. Rivers of ice plunge over rocky precipices, like waterfalls, and flow relentlessly on until warmer air turns them into rivers of water.

In striking contrast to the masses of ice are the myriads of wild flowers surrounding the glaciers. A veritable fairyland of blossoms—daisies, anemones, columbine, larkspur, mountain phlox, golden aster, yellow heather, glacier lilies—a breath-taking riot of color.

Paradise Inn, situated in the heart of Rainier National Park and at the foot of the great mountain, is but four hours' drive from Seattle and may be reached by one of the most picturesque highways in the west. No one should miss this scenic trip.

Another treat in store for convention visitors is a trip to Mt. Baker National Forest over the

(Continued on page 54)

Ritualistic Contest

THE Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee announces that the second annual national Ritualistic Contest will be held at Seattle, Washington, on July 6th and 7th, 1931. Entries must be filed with the Chairman of the Committee, David Sholtz, Daytona Beach, Florida, not later than June 1st. Copies of the rules and score sheet can be obtained from any member of the Committee or through the Chairmen of the respective State Association Ritualistic Committees, and will be furnished promptly upon request. The championship teams designated by the State Associations should start making plans, if they have not already done so, for attendance and participation in this contest. The national thousand-dollar silver championship cup will go to the winner for the ensuing year. It is hoped that additional prizes can be announced in the next issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

*Large Classes of Initiates
Are Features of Meetings
Of Subordinate Lodges
When Mr. Rupp Calls*



President Hoover receives Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp at the White House. Mr. Rupp is at the right of the President, in the picture. At the left of Mr. Hoover is Taylor Morrison, President of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association

IN a tour which extended over a period including January 30 to February 27, Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp made official calls upon nineteen subordinate Lodges.

Beginning late in January with a call upon Frackville, Pa., Lodge, No. 1533, the Grand Exalted Ruler called, in order, during the month following upon Peekskill Lodge, No. 744, Lyons Lodge, No. 869, Newark Lodge, No. 1249, and Rochester Lodge, No. 24, in New York; upon Oak Park Lodge, No. 1295, Rock Island Lodge, No. 980, and Moline Lodge, No. 556, in Illinois; Davenport, Iowa, Lodge, No. 298; New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1; Danbury, Conn., Lodge, No. 120; Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14; Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge, No. 1499; Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2, and Bethlehem Lodge, No. 101, in Pennsylvania; Gloversville, N. Y., Lodge, No. 226; Rutherford, N. J., Lodge, No. 547; Lancaster, Pa., Lodge, No. 134; and Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15.

In several instances, the coming of the Grand Exalted Ruler coincided with events of exceptional interest within them. His sojourn with the members of New York, N. Y., Lodge embraced his attendance of the Sixty-third Anniversary Banquet of the Order held at its Home. At Danbury, Conn., Lodge, his official call was arranged for the same date as that of the testimonial dinner given by the Lodge to Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Martin J. Cunningham. Gloversville, N. Y., Lodge received him

during its celebration of its Thirty-ninth Anniversary; and upon his last visit, to Washington, D. C., Lodge, there was called a meeting, at the Lodge Home, of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association.

Accounts of these events appear elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine, in "Under the Spreading Antlers."

Besides his entertainment by subordinate Lodges, Mr. Rupp was, in the course of his tour, the guest of honor at a banquet given by the Massachusetts State Elks Association.

Three hundred Elks greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler at Frackville, Pa., Lodge, January 30. At Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge, February 6, thirteen nearby Lodges, as well as the Peekskill Elks, were represented, the total attendance amounting to over five hundred. On February 10, after luncheon with the members of Lyons, N. Y., Lodge and a short stop at the Home of Newark Lodge, Mr. Rupp was the guest in the evening of 200 members of Rochester Lodge. The following day, at the Home of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, five hundred Elks, representing every Lodge in the Northeast District of the State, were present. February 12 found the Grand Exalted Ruler at Davenport, Ia., where, after visiting Rock Island and Moline, Ill., Lodges in the afternoon, he attended a banquet and meeting of Davenport Lodge, with 500 Elks gathered to hear his address. His official call upon New York, N. Y., Lodge came upon

the fifteenth of the month and upon the ensuing evening he was the guest of honor at the Sixty-third Anniversary Banquet of the Order at the Hotel Commodore. On February 17 he visited Danbury, Conn., Lodge, the following day was received by Providence, R. I., Lodge; and upon the nineteenth attended the Annual Banquet of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, at the Copley-Plaza Hotel in Boston. The Grand Exalted Ruler called upon Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge on February 20; on February 21 he visited Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, and, upon the following evening, attended a dinner at its Home. Bethlehem Lodge, in the same State, entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler upon the evening of the twenty-third, at a banquet and initiated at a meeting later, forty candidates for his inspection. In order to be with its members for their observance of their Thirty-ninth Anniversary, Mr. Rupp called upon Gloversville, N. Y., Lodge the next day. His immediately subsequent visits were those to Rutherford, N. J., Lodge, where 200 Elks, representing twelve Lodges, greeted him on February 25; to Lancaster, Pa., Lodge, where, the following evening, 100 candidates were inducted in his presence; and, on February 27, to Washington, D. C., Lodge, where 90 new members of the Order were initiated before him and 600 other Elks, representing Washington and other Lodges of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association.



Mr. Rupp, at the left, above, greeted by members of Davenport, Iowa, Lodge. At the right, he calls upon Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge



For the formal day wedding, the cutaway is requisite, but if the affair be informal, it is permissible to substitute a short black jacket, either double- or single-breasted

Correct Dress for Men

By Schuyler White

SOONER or later in every man's life there arises an occasion when it is necessary for him to wear formal day clothes. The times when this formal day turn-out is correct vary, of course, with a man's activities. Perhaps these occasions occur but infrequently throughout the year, but when they do, it is just as necessary for him to observe the well-defined rules of what is correct to wear as though the same event were taking place at night when the formal evening turn-out would be in order.

Generally speaking, the events which call for a formal day turn-out include the formal day wedding, public ceremonials, such as the laying of cornerstones, and the dedications of churches and public buildings, State and civic events, such as inaugurations, the reception of distinguished statesmen and public characters, calls of a formal nature, and the like.

As it is the spring of the year when, according to the poets, a man's fancy turns to thoughts of love—thoughts which eventually lead him to the altar—it seems appropriate that at this time consideration be given to the clothes a man wears at a wedding—whether it be formal or informal.

Weddings are, or at any rate should be, festive occasions. In view of the fact that the general effect of a formal turn-out is conservative and rather sombre, the bridegroom should do whatever he can within the bounds of convention, to give a light touch to his attire. Though perhaps it is the most serious moment of his

life, his appearance should be one of gayety. He should look as though he were attending the gala performance of his life. He should dress up to the bride, because a well-dressed bridegroom sets off the bride to the best advantage. The better he is dressed, the better she will look, and in this important matter of sartorial perfection he is not only paying her a subtle compliment, but also doing his part in adding a gay and debonair touch to the occasion.

When it comes to the attire of the men of the wedding party, the standard of formality is set by the attire of the bride.

For the formal day wedding, with the bride dressed in the traditional bridal gown of white, with a long, trailing veil, the turn-out of the bridegroom has been prescribed by many years of tradition from which no deviation is permissible.

The correct formal turn-out for a man, regardless of the occasion when it is worn, consists of the conventional cutaway coat of black or Oxford gray cheviot or lamb's wool, worn with black-and-white or black-and-gray striped worsted trousers.

Formal Weddings

At weddings, however, it is customary to add certain small touches which tend to lighten the rather austere appearance of formal clothes. For instance, instead of wearing a waistcoat of the same material as the coat, waistcoats of fawn color or gray cloth, or of white linen, may be substituted, which, when worn with spats of a matching shade, add a very smart touch.

The wearing of spats with formal day clothes is not compulsory, but is a matter of personal preference. But unless spats fit perfectly they should not be worn at all, because spats are very noticeable, and because an imperfectly fitting spat draws attention to the wearer, and detracts from what would otherwise be a neat and well-groomed appearance.

Black shoes are invariably worn with the formal turn-out. They may be of patent leather or calfskin. In either case they should have a toe-cap. Patent leather shoes without a toe-cap are correct only for evening-dress wear.

The question of a proper collar and tie for a cutaway is really a very simple one. If a wing collar is worn, the collar should be cut with a deep V opening and have large, bold wings. An Ascot tie or bow tie of either striped or figured black-and-white or black-and-gray, or plain gray silk, are the smart ties for this type of collar. Four-in-hand ties also may be correctly worn, this combination being suitable more for an older man.

A turn-down collar may be worn with a cutaway, in which case a four-in-hand tie is correct.

A plain white shirt with a plain or pleated starched bosom, or one with a faint gray or black hair-line stripe is correct. If the shirt has a striped pattern, the tie should be of plain gray silk, or a black-and-white or black-and-gray silk in a neat geometric design if made in the form of an Ascot or four-in-hand tie. A bow tie worn with a wing collar and striped shirt should have a small design in any of the variations of the small check and shepherd's plaid designs, or in a polka dot pattern—the colors, of course, being confined to black-and-white or gray-and-black.

Silk top-hats are the correct headgear. Gray suede or white doeskin gloves should be worn. In this connection it should be stated that silk gloves are never worn by well-dressed men, as they are unsuitable for a man and are considered the worst possible taste.

A plain handkerchief of sheer white linen protruding from the breast pocket, and a white boutonniere such as a gardenia or a carnation, add the finishing touches to the turn-out of a man correctly dressed for a formal day wedding, whether he is a bridegroom, an usher or a guest.

Informal Weddings

For the informal day wedding which takes place in a church or at a private home, the



The three types of collar and tie correct with a cutaway coat are shown above

correct wedding attire of the bridegroom, and his best man, as well as the ushers and male guests, is identical with that worn on any other occasion when formal day dress is required. But in the place of a cutaway, at an informal wedding, men may wear a short black jacket with their striped trousers. The jacket should be single-breasted to be correct, and may have either one or two buttons.

In all other items of his turn-out, however, the same rules apply as when a cutaway is worn, except that an Ascot tie is not correct with a short coat. It is reserved for wear only with a cutaway.

There are three choices of hat for the short black jacket and striped trouser combination—the silk top hat, a Derby or a gray felt Homburg hat. The snapbrim hat is not correct, as it is worn only for everyday general wear, sports and traveling.

At both formal and informal weddings, particular care should be

taken with the jewelry worn. Cuff links of either gold or platinum, plain or set with stones, such as pearls, moonstones or amethysts, are correct. With four-in-hand or Ascot ties, a plain pearl scarf pin is a decidedly smart accessory and, in the case of an Ascot tie, necessary if only in order to keep the necktie in place.

The question is sometimes asked as to what is considered correct for the very small, quiet wedding when there are no guests other than the relatives and most intimate friends of the bridal couple. The answer to this question is that, for a wedding of this type where no attempt of grandeur is made, any type of wearing apparel will do so long as the bride is not over-dressed in comparison to the groom. A bride dressed in a long trailing gown and veil of white should be accompanied by the bridegroom equally formally turned out. If she is married in the simplest form of "going away" costume, then it is appropriate for the bridegroom to wear a dark sack suit. The circumstances of the parties involved, the formality or informality of the wedding itself, determine what is correct so far as clothes are concerned. The one thing to bear in mind is that the clothes of the men of a wedding party should have the same degree of formality or informality as the attire of the bride.

Summer Weddings

During the spring and summer months it is frequently the custom to have the wedding ceremony performed out of doors in a garden. The same rules of dress govern the outdoor wedding as though the wedding were held indoors. If the bride is dressed in white with a long white veil, then the clothes of the men should be equally formal.

White flannel trousers may be worn by men of the wedding party only on the occasion of an extremely informal wedding when the ceremony takes place in a garden, and when the bride wears a gown of some diaphanous material and a large hat. At such a wedding, it is permissible for a groom and his best man to wear white flannel trousers and a dark coat of navy blue or Oxford gray. But both the groom and the best man should wear coats of the same color, and the coats should preferably be double-breasted. As in the more formal wedding, a white boutonniere should be worn in the lapel of the coat.

With this combination a wing collar is not correct. A white shirt should be worn with a turn-down

collar and a four-in-hand tie. The tie should be of black-and-white or black-and-gray striped or figured silk. White silk four-in-hand ties are never, under any conditions, considered correct.

The foregoing constitutes a general résumé of what is correct to wear at weddings. On such occasions, other than weddings, when formal dress is worn, the occasion itself will determine the type of accessories considered correct. There are certain variations of formal dress, noticeably in details of cut and finish. The cutaway coat or short black jacket may have either peaked lapels or notched lapels. The short black jacket is never bound with braid. On the other hand, a cutaway coat may or may not have its edges bound with black silk braid. This is again a matter of individual preference, although in recent years the plain cutaway coat without braid seems to be the choice of the majority of well-dressed men. The cutaway coat may be a single-button coat, or it may be a two-button model, the second or lower button being buttoned.

Black-and-white or black-and-gray being the color scheme of formal day clothes, it is only natural that these combinations be carried out in every detail. Socks, for instance, may be of plain black silk or carry a white clock. Garters should be of gray or black or in a black-and-white or gray-and-black pattern. Braces, too, without which no trousers in the world, regardless of how well cut they may be, can ever be expected to hang well, should reflect in their color and pattern, the black-and-white motif.

As in formal evening dress, any attempt to be different or highly individual can only result in a breach of good taste. Clothes of a formal character are a law unto themselves—a law which is not flexible and which may not be tampered with—and the man who is considered correctly dressed in formal clothes is the man who adheres rigidly to the customs and usages of a long and well-established tradition.



Gray or fawn-colored cloth or white linen double-breasted waistcoats are very smart with the cutaway coat. If spats are worn, they should preferably be of the same color as the waistcoat

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.

News of the State Associations

Massachusetts

OVER five hundred Elks of Massachusetts and their guests assembled recently at the Copley-Plaza Hotel in Boston to welcome Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp, the guest of honor, on the occasion of the Annual Banquet of the Massachusetts State Elks Association. Among the distinguished persons, in addition to Mr. Rupp, to attend the affair, were Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Grand Chaplain John Dysart; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas J. Brady; William E. Earle, President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association; Governor Joseph B. Ely of Massachusetts, a member of Westfield Lodge, No. 1481; and Thomas A. Mullen, representing Mayor Curley of Boston. Those who delivered addresses included the Grand Exalted Ruler, the Governor, and President Earle. One of the features of the banquet was the presentation of the Nicholson Competitive Trophy for ritualistic excellence, to Natick Lodge, No. 1425, the win-

ner. Exalted Ruler Duncan McLaughlin received the cup on behalf of the Lodge.

Indiana

IN addition to possession for a year of the Joseph T. Fanning trophy, the winners of the Ritualistic Championship of Lodges in Indiana will hereafter receive a cash prize. Awards of money also will be made to the teams finishing second and third in the competition to be held in June at the Home of South Bend Lodge, No. 235. The funds for these prizes, amounting to \$250, were appropriated by the Indiana State Elks Association, at a recent meeting of its officers. The present holder of the championship cup is Frankfort Lodge. Announcement of the supplementary awards was made by Milo B. Mitchell, Chairman of the Association's Ritualistic Committee; and by W. C. Groehl, Secretary of the Association. A second announcement made recently by Mr. Groehl was that Indiana Elks are planning to journey to Seattle for the Grand Lodge Convention there in July upon a special train, to be known as the Indiana Elk Special. The Secretary declared at

the same time that the Association expects not only delegations from Indiana Lodges to travel by the special train, but also members of a number of Lodges in neighboring States. All Elks are welcome to join the Indiana groups upon this trip.

Oregon

AT THE mid-winter meeting of the Oregon State Elks Association, held recently at Portland, plans were discussed for the Association's Convention this year. It was agreed upon by the members to meet at Ashland on June 30, and July 1 and 2. It is reported that a great deal of interest is being shown by the Lodges of the State in the ritualistic contest to be held during the convention. A cash prize will be given by the Association to the winning team to defray its traveling expenses to the Grand Lodge Convention at Seattle for the national ritualistic contest.

Florida

THE annual convention of the Florida State Elks Association will be held April 12, 13 and 14, at Clearwater.

The Big One Got Away

(Continued from page 9)

moistened it. He put it on his line and attached a fly, an exact duplicate of the big Jock Scott which had been on the broken piece of gut. He made a cast, waited, and cast again, still watching that spot downstream to which his guide had pointed. Suddenly the line tightened and the reel began to sing.

Ten minutes later he landed the four pound trout which had gotten away from him, the same four pound trout which Nick his guide had seen downstream in his usual resting place, apparently unbothered by three feet of leader stringing from his mouth. The leader was still there when Billy brought him to shore, and so was the fly. So Billy extracted the new fly, leaving Nick to take out the old one with its attached piece of leader. Then Billy made a few sarcastic remarks, threw me back the leader I had lent him, put the four pound fish in his basket, reknotted his retrieved leader and went calmly back to his fishing.

WHEN things like that happen, why should a fisherman need to be a liar? There were six witnesses to it, and even they aren't needed, for beyond the six witnesses, there's a hundred feet or more of motion picture.

Incidentally, this proposition of carrying a motion-picture machine on a fishing trip is a wonderful thing when the veracity of a fishing story is doubted. More than that, it sometimes solves a mystery, such as one I ran into last year on the Wabinoish River in Western Ontario.

I had two fish on my line at once. Billy was on the other side of the stream. Huff, the camera man, couldn't be of any help, because his eye was glued to the finder of his motion-picture machine, where everything was reduced to miniature. And I was yelling that the fish on the top fly wasn't a circumstance to the big lunker which swirled about under water on the end of the leader.

"Oh, baby!" I shouted, "he's a whale!"

So I slogged water, and balanced myself to net the upper big fish, and then, by a great stroke of genius, maneuver the lower and larger trout into captivity. Meanwhile I shouted again about the size of him. Now that the top fish was in the net and the tension relieved, I could gain a momentary glimpse of this other big fellow, as he raised instantaneously above the water before swirling into a new effort at escape. Three times I had him nearly to the net. Three times he made a great effort and surged away again. But suddenly the line loosened with what I knew was his final weakening. I caught a glimpse of a finny form underneath the water and, making a quick sweep with my net, brought it under the quarry's body. Then Billy howled a jeering comment from across the stream, and Huff sneered as he shut off the automatic winder of his camera. That tremendous fish over which I had thrilled and shouted, had in some inexplicable way, shrunken to a measly little runt not more than eight inches long!

I couldn't explain it. I could only take the jeers and sarcasm and reflections on my honesty—and remain silent. Even the guides chortled among themselves, and a guide is not supposed to do that. But, months later, when Billy and Huff and I assembled in a projection room in Montreal to look over the first negative of the trip, I called suddenly for the projection machine to be shut down to its lowest possible speed. There, in motion pictures, was the explanation of an unexplainable mystery! And I wasn't a liar after all.

Instead of an imaginary big fish, he was there on the end of the line in reality; the pictures showed him clearly, lashing slowly against the current as he strove to free himself of the fly. Then, in that instant when the line had slackened, the camera had caught what my eyes had

been unable to follow . . . the big fish had broken free, and rushed for the deeper water, while immediately a much smaller trout, remaining until now in the background, had hurried up to take the food apparently relinquished by the burlier trout.

When it was all explained, it was not so unusual. A trout fisherman soon learns that the catching of two fish at a time is often as much science as it is luck. True, there are many times when a leader containing two flies is cast into a likely hole, and then two fish attach themselves immediately. But there are more times, in an equally likely hole, when an expert fisherman, with one trout on the end of his line, allows that trout to maneuver about until his actions lure a second quarry to the top fly. It is fish nature, just as it is human nature, to want the thing which the other fellow wants.

But at that, it's a sad life, this proposition of being an honest fisherman. One is harassed constantly by the knowledge of weird things, unusual events, yet constantly afraid to talk of them. It's disconcerting to start upon the enthusiastic recital of something close to one's heart, and then have everybody leave the room. Because strange things do happen, things that a liar couldn't think up if he tried. I went cat-fishing one time and caught a dog. But I guess I won't tell that one. I have witnesses, though! I wouldn't even mention it if I didn't have witnesses. That's the first thing a true fisherman learns . . . to look wildly about the instant something unusual occurs, and then begin the taking of names and addresses, like a traffic cop after an accident. But at that, it usually ends up by all the witnesses being called liars too, thus engendering just that many more fights.

The fact remains that although things don't run to rules in this fishing business, as

a man's thumb. The very sad young man behind the counter looked at me for a long time and asked me if I had done much fishing for trout. I confessed that I had.

"Then you mean you want Number Twelve flies," he said.

"No," I answered patiently, "I want Number Twos."

"Oh." He thought that over. "You want Number Two trout flies."

"Yes, I want Number Two trout flies."

"Did you ever see a Number Two trout fly?" he queried.

That reflected on my honor, my experience and my standing as a fisherman. I told him that I wanted Number Two trout flies because I was going into a district where the fish were big and where the flies were equally big and where the quarry would not even look at anything smaller. So he went back and got the manager.

"He wants Number Two trout flies!" he announced faintly, and looked toward the door as if seeking a policeman. The manager came softly forward, as if to assuage me until help arrived.

"But don't you know there's no such thing as a Number Two trout fly?" he asked. "Why, all the real fishermen use very small flies. Never larger than a Number Ten."

"Do I get Number Two trout flies, or do I clean out the joint?" I queried, and we enjoyed ourselves from then on. They'd never heard of a Number Two fly. And they acted as though I'd never heard of one either. So I went away. I rummaged in my tackle box. I got Number Two trout flies and brought them back and showed them. I brought pictures of fish caught on Number Two flies, with those flies still reposing in their mouths. We wrangled. We argued. We shook our fists at each other. Then I went behind their counter and took some of their big bass flies as the nearest substitute I could get. And I went out of that town, less than hundred miles away, and found that even the bass flies were a bit small. My guide made up some affairs of his own out of buck-tail that were slightly smaller than a big league baseball, and the trout decided that this was what they really wanted. So what's a fellow to do when his own ilk is against him?

The fact is that there are a number of fables about fishing, weird in their own right, but believed implicitly against any effort of an honest man to the contrary. One of them is the naive belief that the fisherman always knows when he has hooked into the biggest trout of his lifetime. For indeed, that trout, to hold to ordinary beliefs, must do exactly the same thing in every instance. He must make a wild lunge for the fly, he must turn wildly about and run downstream, and he must break water at least three or four times to give the fisherman an exact picture of his age, weight, size and color of his gills. But in real life, he sometimes does none of those things.

Far away across Cedar Rapids and up the Petewawa, out from the Canadian National station of Brent in Algonquin Park, Ontario, there seethes and foams a place known as Snowshoe Rapids. It is one of those pieces of dream water that a fisherman longs for in the winter months, searches for in the summer and seldom finds. And in the center of Snowshoe Rapids is a circle of water, about fifteen feet in circumference, foaming and boiling with the rush of a speeding stream as it breaks over a shelf of rocks, and dotted incessantly by the black heads of trout as they swarm therein to the joys of a perfect feeding hole.

There I cast a fly last summer, and struck at once, as a half dozen dark forms instantly

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"Yer missus ast me t' tell ye t' stop at the corner on yer way home an' get two cents worth o' parsley for the stew"

they do in the making of shoes or building of houses. Nevertheless, one who goes into far-away places and sees strange things finds himself looked upon as a bit balmy. The trouble is that not enough people know about fishing, and that goes for a lot of them who are supposed to know everything. The worst wrangle I ever had in my life was in a Canadian sporting goods store when I walked blandly in and asked for some Number Two trout flies.

A Number Two, incidentally, is about as big as

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dashed for it. The line tightened; slowly, but forcefully, the quarry began to work itself out into the main current.

"What you got?" shouted Huffy from the nearest bank.

"Oh, about a pounder," I answered. "But he's a swell little fighter."

Not that my catch was making wild rushes, or doing anything else spectacular. Instead, he was merely dogging it, boring deeper and deeper into the current, and merely holding his distance as I gradually worked him closer to shore. At last, I waded out of the stream and came beside Huffy, who watched with the half interest of a man who liked fishing but who knew nothing about it. Huffy, until this time, had never experienced the feel of a gamey trout on a light rod. So I decided to give him a treat.

"Here, Huffy," I said, "this is a little fellow and can't give you much of a fight. He'll be a good one to learn on. Suppose you take the rod and try to handle him?"

Huffy grinned and set down his camera. Then he seized the rod, grasped the line tight, and held it.

"Let him run if he wants to," I cautioned.

"Oh, he doesn't want to run," answered Huffy. "He's just out there in that deep water, kind of resting."

So Huffy held the rod, and the fish "kind of rested." Ten minutes passed, and fifteen, with absolutely nothing happening. At last, I grew tired of watching.

"You should have played him in closer to the shore," I said. "Here, I'll show you how to do it."

SO I walked majestically forward, and relieved Huffy of the rod. Then with great ease and command, the result of my long experience as a fisherman, I put on exactly enough pressure to ease that little fellow out of the deeper current and nearer to the shallows where I might net him. Instantly, a young tornado developed on the end of my line. The reel screamed, and so did Huffy. There was a slashing movement in the water and the next thing I knew, I was wobbling at the reel seat of my rod, while nearly a hundred feet away, a great, bronzed

form lashed up for an instant on the crest of a foaming riffle and displayed himself to me. He was the absolute King of Snowshoe Rapids, the best fish we had seen in that region, and evidently he was through resting. For he slashed across the stream and doubled back again, he bored downward until he could rub his nose on the bottom, he sidestepped and foxtrotted and bucked around in that water until he got me off balance. Then he broke out of the foam for a second and last time, glanced in my direction, told me to kiss his royal foot and went on his merry way, while I slowly reeled in my line and Huffy told me innocently he was awful glad I'd shown him just how to handle a fish!

But after all, that's the joy of fishing. It's the feeling that one never knows what miracle awaits just around the corner, and there are plenty of them in store when a person wanders off the beaten track. The incidents of this recital, with only one exception, are a portion of the happenings of a single trip last summer. And of all the happenings which may seem strange and untruthful is that which sometimes occurs when the big one has gotten away. For then the fisherman may look shamefully about him and say:

"But honest, I didn't care for a big one anyway."

That is when the uninitiated laughs the loudest. Everyone knows that all a fisherman cares about is a big fish—the biggest one in the stream. Of course, as a rule, that is true. But there are times . . .

One day late last summer, as my partners and myself cruised about the chain of big lakes which form the headwaters of the Stuart River, in British Columbia, I leaned more than once toward the skipper and asked a question. This had been a cruise of cruises—we had come to Stuart, Takla and Trembleur Lakes in search of big rainbows and we had found them. So far, our score for the trip included more than sixty giant rainbow trout, few of which weighed less than seven pounds, and most of which weighed ten pounds or better. When one catches a ten pound rainbow, he has hooked himself a considerable trout, and one should be satisfied. But I wasn't.

"Do you think we'll find the kind of a place I'm looking for soon?" I asked the guide. He shifted the rudder, and headed the boat for the

opposite shore, five miles away. We were then on Takla Lake.

"I'll just about guarantee the mouth of Mc-Millan Creek," he announced. "I've stopped off there a dozen times and never been disappointed yet."

So onward the chugging Doris ploughed toward the mouth of McMillan Creek, churning down out of the mountains, to create a distinct current running for several hundred yards into the lake. I looked it over and felt satisfied.

"Guess you're right," I announced, and made ready my tackle. Then I climbed into a row-boat, and with a fishing partner handling the oars, I began casting.

THE first cast of a small spinner yielded nothing. I cast again, and half way home on the retrieve, that spinner stopped as though it had sunk itself into a tree trunk. But the tree trunk moved, and after twenty minutes of battle, I gaffed an eight pound Dolly Varden, and brought it into the boat.

There was no celebration. I merely pressed my lips, sighed and cast again. There was no result. I sent forth the spinner once more, into a long arc before it dropped into the current and began its reel-ward course.

Again it stopped suddenly. Again the bottom of the lake seemed to revolt into sudden churning. The Dolly Varden, in more southern waters, may be slow and sluggish, but he's a different fish up North. This one hauled me about considerably before I brought him in. But at last that happened, and the scales announced him to be only a few ounces less than twelve pounds in weight.

It was then I turned scowling to my companion, and commanded that he row back to the launch. That was accomplished. We tied the rowboat behind, and climbed aboard the bigger craft.

"What a bum tip that turned out to be!" I announced. "Let's try somewhere else. Certainly," I argued, "there must be some place in these lakes where a fellow can hook a few half-pounders for the pan. I'm dying for some little fellows I can eat like corn on the cob. But that place back there? That's out . . . the smallest fish I could find there was an eight pounder!"

The Mystery of the Glass Bullet

(Continued from page 25)

"Now, Dave, you just sit tight here at Maiden Fain and keep that one eye of yours open. I'll see you lose nothing by it. And keep on thinking—and tell me what you think! . . . Are you all right for money? Say if you aren't—tell me, Dave. What was it I gave you—half-a-crown? Well, here—take this—" he passed a pound note. "And there's more where that came from, Dave—for a good thinker. Though there's no need to squander the damn money, mind. A pound's a pound—worth having, Dave. So don't play the fool with it!"

And Mr. Bunn beamed on the gardener and moved on. . . .

Little he dreamed that before many weeks were over that silver half-crown of the British mint, set next to a dingy one-pound Treasury note, would hang, framed, in the private library of Anson Vanesterman, billionaire, of New York, occupying a place which was the focus of everything in that superbly furnished and decorated room. . . .

It represented a sum of slightly over \$5.

No man living ever invested \$5 better than did Mr. Smiler Bunn when he bestowed this kindly, comradely "tip" upon the one-eyed under-gardener with the tattooed hands of a seafaring man in the lonelier part of the great gardens of Maiden Fain Manor, England.

MR. BUNN abandoned his original intention of outstaying all present, when, a little later he drifted, behind a large cigar, on to the wide lawn to discover the Scotland Yard little man chatting gaily (if somewhat vaguely) with Alison, Yung Foon and Colonel Carnac.

Lady Cedar and Fortworth were not visible. So, pleading urgent correspondence to be dis-

posed of before the outgoing evening mail, Mr. Bunn made his urbane fare-thee-wells to all present and meandered off in search of his partner—whom he found with Lady Cedar in a palm conservatory not far off, Cedar looking about as warm as a cream-colored vanilla ice, Fortworth about the hue of ordinary raspberry syrup—an admirable blend when required.



For the well-dressed business man—the brief-case suit

But Lady Cedar's "*au revoir*"—to both—was slightly odd.

"Good-bye," she said, gaily enough. "But come again soon—you know, we like you here."

Her electric eyes played over Mr. Bunn. "You know, things are not always what they seem—and, sometimes, the people who seem the least of all in need of friends are those who need them—need them—oh! most desperately of all!"

And, as Mr. Bunn noted, her fine eyes were those of a hunted woman, even as she spoke.

"Surely, Lady Cedar," he said, "surely. I can't call to mind that either my partner or I ever turned down a party in need of a friend. Keep that in mind, Lady Cedar!"

She said, in a subdued, sighing sort of way, that she would, and so went back to the lawn.

The partners found their way to their car and purred away to Chalkacres.

Fortworth had little to say—of Lady Cedar or anyone else.

Mr. Bunn had nothing to say—of the one-eyed gardener or anyone else.

IT WAS over the succession of *aperitifs* that the genial Smiler announced that he was getting his ideas pretty neatly arranged.

"I'm bound to admit frankly, Squire," he observed, "that I am a very capable old cock, when I care to be. And the older I grow the more capable I get. That's where I am different from most of you. Take this murder business, for example. Now, I suppose, as far as it's concerned with this particular mystery, if it's concerned at all, which I doubt—your mind is a perfect rag-bag of meaningless odds-and-ends of no value to you or anybody else."

He paused to take a little sherry, and blandly

ignoring the fixed glare with which his easily-irritated partner was regarding him, went on—

"Now, in my mind, the thing is shaping up as sweet as a nut—like a jig-saw puzzle half done. Everything is falling into position just as neatly and logically as—as—well, as this drop of sherry I'm having before my dinner. . . ."

HE CONTINUED like a man talking half to himself.

"I've about made up my mind that that American was murdered by this bad gang—Carnac, the Foons, MacCorque & Co., because he knew the truth of some secret concerning which the gang are blackmailing the Vanester-mans," he said softly. "And I've got an idea that part of the price they demand—or soon will demand—is Alison Vanesterman herself. For it's perfectly plain to me that the Colonel and this young Foon are just crazy about her. . . . We shall see about that. Well, if I'm right, and I usually am, the question that flies up in my face at once is 'What is this secret? And how comes it that only the Foons, the Colonel, maybe Cedar, and Mr. MacCorque appear to know it—bar that young American, who's dead?'"

He smoked for a few seconds in silence, his heavy red face set hard like that of one of the more solid-faced of the marble busts of the old Roman emperors to be seen in museums and other places where sculpture infests.

"Well, Squire, cast your mind back to those scraps of paper. There's not much to go on by 'em, I'll admit—at any rate, to a man with the average sluggish mind—but assuming a black-mailer's secret to exist, it looks to me to be pretty plain that it is in some way connected with young Vanesterman. Hey?"

"I don't see that," said Fortworth. "I don't see it at all. It sounds to me like a guess. Anybody can guess—though few sensible folk do."

"All right," beamed Mr. Bunn. "Call it a guess. But just to help out this guess of mine, let's look at the hints in those paper scraps that help me guess that guess. I take it, of course, that you've forgotten 'em. Well, I haven't—I know 'em by heart. Take the first—

- . . . lucky thing for . . .
- . . . only guess at, anyway . . .
- . . . take it or leave it . . .

Just keep the words 'take it or leave it' in your—um—mind, Squire. And out of the second scrap which ran—

- . . . nesterman millions . . .
- . . . stop at murder . . .
- . . . help young Vanesterman . . .

keep 'stop at murder' and 'help young Vanesterman' in your mind, and remember that young Vanesterman is now beyond help for he's dead. Pass the sherry."

He resumed after a brief pause.

"The wording of the third scrap went like this:

- . . . waterless and in . . .
- . . . short of a million . . .
- . . . allowed to wreck . . .
- . . . get what's coming . . .

You want to bear *all* that in mind, particularly 'waterless,' Squire—for it was lack of water that killed young Dick Vanesterman!

"The last scrap of paper goes—

- . . . Blanchesson, you will . . .
- . . . say \$50,000 cold money . . .
- . . . Colonel Carnac think . . .
- . . . Sow Foon and the hard. . .

"Now, if this guess—so-called—by you—of mine is anywhere near the truth, then with that truth to help me I don't mind saying that I can pretty well write the missing parts of that letter myself."

His eyes gleamed a little under their half-closed lids.

"Can you?" said Fortworth incredulously. "Well, do so—that's it. Let's hear from you."

Mr. Bunn shook his head.

"I'm not quite ready," he said.

"No, I thought not," said Fortworth, flatly.

"But I'll rough out my ideas in the form of, say, a telegram," said Mr. Bunn. "In a rough sort of way I figure that letter was written to that young American (I'll make another guess and call him Gene Reymar, a reporter on the *New York Lens*) by one of the gang and it said in effect:

"Reymar, you know the truth behind the secret that Anson Vanesterman is paying us to keep. We'll give you \$50,000 not to reveal it. If you refuse the money we shall not stop at murder to prevent you revealing it for you are not going to be allowed to wreck a great scheme and if you try you'll get what's coming to you."

Mr. Bunn stopped.

"That, at present, is roughly my way of reading it," he said. "Well, Reymar came over to tell Miss Alison all about it. And they intercepted him and killed him!"

"Huh!" went Fortworth. "Maybe you're aiming at the right target after all. But can you hit the bull—the secret? That's the vital thing. *What's* the secret? Tell me the secret and I'll tell you if you're right!"

"AH, there you have me, Squire," purred Smiler, very blandly. "I don't know it—at present. But I begin to get a glimmer—"

This whole business has warmed up, now, to a point where it is getting hot."

Fortworth nodded.

"Hot! Man-a-live, it's boiling. What are you. . . ."

The telephone bell rang and Mr. Bunn went to answer it.

He was back almost immediately.

"A cable from Tony. The murdered American was Gene Reymar. The description of the ring was quite enough," he said. "That clears the way a bit."

He frowned, thinking intently.

"The man we want to get next to—the man we've got to get next to—and quick—is the mainspring of this infernal machine—the brains of the gang—the man who never appears. This venom-master—Sow Foon. That's the man.

If we could grab him we could hold him and use him to—"

"What can you prove against *him*?" snapped Fortworth. "Compared with what he can prove for himself. He's known—famous, apparently—for his anti-venom."

"Yes. I've no doubt that he could prove that he's saved enough hundreds of lives by his anti-stuff to make it look silly to charge him with supplying stuff to kill folk with. . . . Still, we've got to get at him somehow. And unless we are all going to get killed, leaving little Miss Alison to put up with a husband she hates, she will have to tell us the truth about things—or all she knows. It's the only chance. For her own sake! I'm going up there now. Will you wait here, Squire, and keep your eyes open? We shall hear from friend MacCorque before long in no uncertain fashion. So watch out!"

It was while Mr. Bunn was still some distance from Maiden Fain Manor that he passed the grinning Colonel who, alone in his car, was driving at a deadly dangerous pace. He passed so swiftly that he did not appear to recognize Smiler. It occurred to the old adventurer that in the quick half-second during which he saw the man plainly that his ugly face was white and twisted with rage—but that was half a guess.

"Maybe the little lady has turned him down flat and chanced what may—or may not—happen about that," he told himself, and speeded up. But he had to slow down sharply just before the main gates of Maiden Fain for, just before he turned in the driver of a huge black car coming from the opposite direction signaled that he, too, was turning in through the gateway.

Mr. Bunn braked hard, giving the black car driver the precedence due to him by a few yards. So that as the huge car swung into the drive Smiler was able to see clearly the sole occupant, who peered out at him.

It was as if a yellow death's head had framed itself in the window of the car—or so, in that brief moment, it seemed to Mr. Bunn. The face was that of an old man, old and haggard and seamed as only the face of a lean and ancient Mongolian can be. Bitter, beady black eyes, a wide mouth, thin-lipped as a serpent's, and every bone of the face harshly visible under the wrinkled skin. It was the face of a man burnt-out, dying, yet kept alive by the unquenchable flame of some secret and terrible passion.

Mr. Bunn named that passion instinctively. That was not difficult for there is no passion that so indelibly hall-marks the face of its possessor.

Greed—rapacity—the blind, unreasoning, unslakeable thirst for more—and more—and yet more. All that, Smiler Bunn sensed in an instant—and he knew too that he was nearing contact with the "main-spring" of which he had spoken.

Sow Foon!

He stopped his car, his heavy good-humored face hard and serious.

"I don't fancy him at any price," Mr. Bunn

(Continued on page 42)

The 1931 Elks Magazine Purple and White Fleet



Mayor Walker of New York gave the word which sent the 1929 fleet of Studebakers on its way

SIX beautiful President Eight Free-Wheeling Studebaker Roadsters, leaving New York early in May, will attend Grand Lodge Convention in Seattle.

EARLY in May, six Studebaker President Eight Roadsters, appropriately decorated in the Elks colors, purple and white, will start westward from New York on a good-will tour over three transcontinental routes. These cars will be driven in pairs, and are scheduled to attend the Grand Lodge Convention, which opens in Seattle, July 6th.

As in past years, the three routes are so laid

as to cover the principal cities of the country. THE ELKS MAGAZINE representatives will make frequent stops to extend fraternal greetings and to stimulate interest in making the 1931 Grand Lodge Convention the greatest in Elk history. Schedules are being so arranged that the six cars will complete their tour and arrive in Seattle on July 6th, the opening day of the Convention.

(Continued from page 41)
muttered to himself. "And, moreover, what's he doing here?"

His brows dragged themselves together, as he thought, and almost unconsciously his hand slid quietly to a pocket. He glanced about him, then drew quietly out from that pocket the automatic pistol which he examined with considerable care.

Then he turned his car and ran it close in under the hedge, with its nose pointing for home.

A few minutes later he was peering through the shrubs surrounding the lawn on which not so long ago he had taken tea with Alison Vanesterman and her guests.

THE autumn heat of the day was dying down now, and already the first spectral hint of the twilight was at hand.

On the lawn by the tea-tables stood Alison Vanesterman, little, lovely yet somehow lone, facing the Foons—the son and that deadly apparition of the black motor, Sow Foon, his father.

Mr. Bunn swiftly judged his distance, hesitated a second, then stayed where he was, listening.

"Ears like a hare—eyes like a damned old vulture!" he muttered, "I always had 'em—always shall!"

But he reminded himself of that mainly to give himself confidence.

"Young" Foon was speaking—with low, passionate interruptions from Alison—and Mr. Bunn could catch only a few words. Yet these were enough for his keen, high-strung senses to catch the drift of what they said.

He gathered that Colonel Carnac that afternoon had asked Alison to be his wife. She had refused and after lingering for a time the Colonel had left in a white rage.

Meantime Yung Foon had telephoned for his father to come over to Maiden Fain. He had judged that Alison would refuse the Colonel and he had also judged that she would not refuse him when, as he had just done, he proposed marriage to her.

But Alison had refused him no less promptly than she had rejected the grinning Colonel, and evidently he had been pleading with her when his parent arrived—prepared to approve and congratulate.

The voice of the venom-master was low and harsh and sibilant as he came upon the scene and discovered the turn of events. His control was remarkable. His voice came from the deep chest and was so vibrant that it reached to Mr. Bunn with perfect distinctness.

"Enough," said Sow Foon—and waited a full minute before he spoke again.

"Think—think well, Alison!" he said presently, and waited again, waited so long that it seemed almost as if he would never speak again.

Mr. Bunn saw the girl blanch and tremble.

His heavy brows knotted in an ugly scowl and he slowly raised the dull-hued weapon of precision in his hand and sighted it dead on Sow Foon's heart.

Then he dropped it.

"No!" he said. "Easy—easy—easy's the word!"

"Alison!" came the low, slow voice of Sow Foon. "You will marry my son. It is an honor that he desires to bestow upon you! You are young—you do not understand. But you are yet of the age of those who should follow the counsel, obey the instruction, of those who are older than you! You will marry my son, and for you he shall set aside his favorite wives in the far country where he is powerful and princely!"

"I will not!" said Alison Vanesterman.

"Will you not?"

Sow Foon folded his hands.

"Ah, will you not?" he said, paused and seemed to think deeply, staring down at the ground, like one rapt and devout.

"Yet you will, Alison," he said presently. "And gratefully—even humbly. Even humbly, Alison. You shall come to him meekly with hands folded, head bent, even as I have stood awhile before you. . . . Hands folded, head bowed down, Alison. . . ."

A vibrancy like the thick continuous hiss of

one of his own deadly beasts shot into the fabric of his deep voice.

"Yes, even on your knees, your shapely knees, if he so desires it. Why not? Because your parent is a man of wealth? How can there be reason in that, when for every million, for every jewel, for every treasure, that he can show I can match him two to one, two millions to his one, two jewels to his one, two treasures. . . . And more. Do you question the blood of my son, child? How long has the blood of the Vanestermans run pure? As long as that in the veins of my son which has been untainted, undefiled, for two thousand years? I do not think you can



recoil from my son because of his ancestry, Alison. . . . Yet, enough of that. It is enough. I, Sow Foon, say most gravely to you now, Alison, that you shall marry my son or—I will blast the name of Vanesterman throughout the world! . . . Though the two living people, Anson and Alison Vanesterman thrust between themselves and me their shield of gold—even though the dead Richard Vanesterman endeavor to interpose his spectral form or force—I shall not be hindered. In the high places, in the low places, in the far places I will degrade and debase the name of Vanesterman. I will contrive to the certain end that in no place in all the world shall the name of Vanesterman be whispered—even down to the Kaffirs who crouch like animals in their huts, their kraals, among the miasmas of dark Africa—be whispered without it be linked up with the word 'cowardice!' And associated on the instant with the true story of the cowardice of Richard Vanesterman in the Desert of Morsalbana returning from the dead city of Mors! High or low, rich or impoverished, the noble and the mean, they shall all associate the name of Vanest—"

"Oh, stop! stop! stop!"

It was a cry of intolerable anguish that was torn from the girl. . . .

Mr. Bunn, from his ambush, again was looking at Sow Foon as he appeared aligned with the sights of his pistol. Never had the old adventurer been nearer laying a man dead. His nerves were now so keyed up, so taut and sensitive that he felt as it were with his whole body the infinitesimal, the microscopic movement of the trigger of the deadly thing in his hand—like a venomous snake's head moving fractionally to keep its aim. It was impossible

to press that trigger one hairsbreadth further without firing—impossible. Yet Smiler held his hand.

He felt the cold sweat stealing down his cheeks, as, with desperate care, he lowered his sight.

"Not yet! Damn you, you old fool, not yet! There's a time for everything—a time for everything!" said Mr. Bunn almost mechanically to himself. "It isn't time—it—"

A man ran out suddenly from behind the shrubs bordering the lawn with a weapon in the hand extended before him—a very different weapon from that which Mr. Bunn was forcing himself to keep down—as different as a .45 Colt is different from a modern automatic pistol.

It was the man Davy Clark, with both eyes wide—and he came out to kill.

But the Foons, father and son, crouched low behind Alison Vanesterman, and like lightning the son snatched from his pocket a thing like a rubber ball with a nozzle.

Something jetted past Alison toward the man with the Colt, seemed to burst like a soft shell in his face, and he pitched forward, as instantly senseless as if he had been shot through the brain. He slithered to them, rolling over, so that Alison Vanesterman, half dazed, stared down full in his face.

"Father!" she cried and dropped on her knees beside him.

'TIS doubtful whether the remarkable Mr. Bunn ever really understood why he did not shoot both Sow Foon and his son on the spot. Neither of them was more than ten yards from his ambush and he could have sent a bullet through each of them with absolute ease. And with no apprehension concerning the result. He had seen Anson Vanesterman (*alias* Davy Clark) apparently killed stone dead in a space of one second by some strange weapon evidently as fearfully efficient as it was novel, and he would have been instantly exonerated in any court of law, after all the facts were explained, if he had shot both men then and there.

Yet he did not shoot.

The Foons made no effort to go, nor to help Alison Vanesterman raise the body of the man with tattooed hands who so amazingly, to her, had proved to be her father whom she had believed to be still in New York.

Then he heard Yung Foon say "Wait—wait—it is all right, Alison! It will be all right—he is not hurt!"

That was true. Within the next quarter of a minute Anson Vanesterman sat up and looked dazedly about him like a man coming out from anaesthesia.

Then Yung Foon turned to Alison and spoke gently.

Mr. Bunn caught something about "thinking carefully—discussing with her father—decision to-morrow!"

But the girl pointed to their car.

"Take it now! My decision is *never!* Do what you wish. This at least is an end to the months of blackmail. Leave this place!"

They stared.

Then Sow Foon spoke quietly to his son and the pair moved away.

"We shall return," said Sow Foon, deliberately, as he went. "When the flames of hysteria and anger have died down to the cold ashes of sober reflection and passionless reason."

They entered their car and went away.

Alison turned again to her father, slipping her arm round him.

"Are you all right, now, my dear—could you walk to the house—or shall I get help—"

She broke off as Mr. Bunn moved out to them, looking very big in the fading light, and with his pistol still in his hand.

"Help is here, Miss Alison!" He glanced at "Davy Clark" and beamed. "It never was quite so far from you as you thought! Though, thank God that puff-ball thing was evidently not meant to kill! How d'you feel now, Dave—or—Mr. Vanesterman!"

The American stood up, one hand lightly on his daughter's shoulder.

"Why, it's odd—but I feel almost normal—a little exhilarated in that illogical queer way one sometimes feels exhilarated after the gas the dentists use—but, otherwise, I find it difficult to believe I was unconscious not five minutes ago."

They passed into the big house. The girl took them straight to a very cozy room, rather small, which she used as a boudoir.

Mr. Bunn did not talk much at first, for even as he settled back into his comfortable chair, his roving and ever-ready eye settled on a photograph, in a heavy silver frame, set on a table close by what evidently was Alison's favorite settee.

He rose, walked over, and inspected it. He took it up, without apology, and looked at it intently. The photograph was that of a young man and for a long time he studied the picture with a keen and appraising regard. . . .

It was a fine face at which he looked—calm, clear-cut, keen yet steady, with direct eyes and a firm mouth, not without a hint of ready humor about the lips. A handsome, capable-looking boy—self-reliant, disciplined, courageous. Not unlike Colonel Lindbergh, in appearance.

He nodded gravely.

"Your boy, Vanesterman? . . ."

He turned to the girl.

"Your brother Dick, Miss Alison? . . . Yes, I know. It is about him I want to speak to you both—if you will let me!"

He saw their lips tighten—he saw their faces become polite masks—even as he expected.

He moved slowly back to his chair.

"I am a queer old customer," he said slowly, "and one way and another, I suppose I prove that by my actions. But I mean well—and I never set out to be prying and inquisitive in a meaningless, wanton sort of way. . . . I want to ask you to do me the favor of believing that about me—and my partner, and my personal servant, Sing. . . . Yes."

He smoked for a second or two in silence.

"I know that the secret concerns this good looking, this straight-looking boy," he said. "And I want to say this to you both. I am a judge of faces—I have lived queerly by being a judge of faces for many years—and if any man, I care not a damn (pardon me, Miss Alison) who or what he is, pretends that there was ever in the life of this boy an undivulgeable—an unspeakable secret—I am prepared to tell him something to his face that—that—I wouldn't whisper behind the back of a decent dog!"

He picked up the photograph again and gripped it so hard that he cracked the glass, as he leaned to Vanesterman.

"As I judge it, Gene Reyman found out the truth of this secret about your boy, Vanesterman. And, for some reason at which I can only guess, this gang tried to buy him off. He declined and came to England to tell Miss Alison here the truth of that secret. The gang knew it—intercepted him—tricked him—and shot him as coolly as a gamekeeper shoots a crow. . . .

And the blackmail remains safe—and can continue to any price—even to the hand in marriage, if you can call it marriage, of Miss Alison herself—"

"It could never come to that," said Vanesterman.

"No!" Mr. Bunn eyed him. "I see that! But it is coming devilish close, my friend!"

He studied the millionaire for a few moments, his heavy face red and lined, his eyes like green flint, his brows a black knot.

"Mr. Vanesterman, tell me the secret about which you are being blackmailed—and, once I know it, let me handle these blackmailing murderers that are making you pay!"

He ceased and waited.

Anson Vanesterman, his face wry and aged, looked at Alison and after a lapse of many seconds the girl drew breath deeply and nodded.

Vanesterman sighed.

"Very well . . . God knows I can endure no more," he said, and turned to Smiler Bunn.

"I, too, Mr. Flood, consider myself to be a judge of men . . . And I believe you—all that you have said. Something of which was born of the hints I gave you when I was Davy Clark. . . . It seems that our secret has caused the death of two men here already—and may cause the death of more, including yourself. The telling of it, you say, means that more murder will be checked. . . . Well, then there is no time to argue! Listen!

"SOMETHING over a year ago an expedition left New York in search of the ruins of the ancient city of Mors in the desert of Morsalbana in South America. It was commanded by Colonel Carnac, with my boy second in command. The cost was jointly guaranteed by Sow Foon, as Carnac's backer, and by me, as Dick's. The expedition failed. It came to a region of desert—Morsalbana—they pushed in too far from water—and so many of the waterholes upon which they relied proved to be so heavily charged with natural arsenic that no man could drink water from them and live. Several of the party died, and the others were reduced to—spectres. I'm not going to be descriptive, Mr. Flood, for you can picture these men quite easily for yourself. There they were—half dead, half insane from fatigue and privation, reeling across that appalling desolation of blinding heat and poisonous dust. Some died—as I said—and one broke down—my boy, Dick. I am repeating this from the only source available to me—or to anyone—namely the report of Colonel Carnac, one of the only three survivors who fought their way back to safety. This report—call it No. 1 Report—was to form the basis of a book by Colonel Carnac, faithfully describing the aims of the expedi-

tion, its experiences and the causes of its failure. But, with the exception of Carnac, and his secretary, MacCorque, of Sow Foon and his son Yung Foon, Report No. 1 has never been seen by any living soul. For this reason—as soon as he had written it and had it formally witnessed by Yung Foon and MacCorque, the only survivors—he came to me and read it to me. He was in some distress—or he very skilfully feigned that distress. The part of the report which caused this distress was that part which gave the detailed circumstances of the death of my son."

Anson Vanesterman paused for a moment, thinking. His face was set hard, like ivory, and his eyes were full of wretchedness.

"There is no need to repeat the tragedy in detail," he went on, speaking with a curious, dragging difficulty. "But it was set down in that formal report that Dick, at the very moment when he seemed, of all the members of the expedition, to be enduring all the horror and privation with the greatest fortitude and the coolest courage, broke down suddenly—lost his nerve utterly—and one morning was missing from the spot where the survivors had dropped down at nightfall for a few hours' sleep. They had yet three days of bitter struggle to come before they could hope to reach the nearest water—and they had about a quart of water left (among four men) to do it on. That quart of water was missing also—said No. 1 Report. . . ."

Mr. Bunn's eyes grew stony and his mouth grim, but he said nothing.

"At the time Carnac read this report to me, and at this point of it, I thought him considerate, and tactful. He paused to explain to me that in spite of the obvious and ugly inference to be drawn from the fact that Dick and the water were both missing, he and his two companions, resolutely declined to draw that inference—"

"Overdone, by God! That's a lie, at least. Men in their position don't decline to draw inferences of that kind—" interjected Mr. Bunn, violently, then apologized for his interruption.

Vanesterman nodded and continued:

"But, Report No. 1 continued, they were obliged to recognize the truth a day later, when pushing on in a last desperate and practically hopeless effort, they stumbled on Dick's body, and not five yards away from it lay the water-bottle, still containing nearly a pint. Near the bottle was the crushed body of one of a species of small but intensely venomous horned sand-vipers. Dick's body was almost unrecognizable. He had obviously been bitten and died there—"

Again Mr. Bunn exploded.

(Continued on page 44)



COURTESY CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, ST. PAUL & PACIFIC R. R.

Snow-capped peaks—Upper Gallatin Canyon—along the Gallatin Gateway to Yellowstone National Park

(Continued from page 43)

"A man die of snake-bite in a desert and yet leave half a pint of water undrunk! Damn that for a tale! I beg pardon—go on!"

"This discovery dispelled any doubt about the water that may have lingered in the minds of the survivors. Richard Vanesterman—continued Report No. 1—had lost his nerve, stolen the water and leaving the others to their fate, had made a dash for life which might have succeeded but for the snake-bite. . . ."

Deeply moved, Mr. Vanesterman stopped

again. Alison had risen and was staring out of the window across the darkening lawn, her back to the men.

"What did you do about this Report No. 1?" asked Mr. Bunn.

Vanesterman stared at him steadily.

"It charged and, on the testimony of the sole three witnesses remaining alive, proved, that my son died the death of a coward and traitor. No man living could controvert that evidence—bringing proof. What would any man in my position have done? The Vanestermans are

proud of their name—it will be an ill day for America when Americans lose family pride in their names and reputations. I was not going to have Dick published as—as—a coward and traitor throughout the world. So I persuaded Colonel Carnac to sell Report No. 1, to me, and God forgive me, to prepare a second Report! I—"

"How much did you pay for it?" asked Mr. Bunn.

"Ten million dollars down!"

(To be continued)

Fifty-eight Thousand Dollars

(Continued from page 18)

loathing. He could not understand how Red's stories had thrilled him so. Never again, he told himself over and over; never again. If only he got out of this. . . .

He found his way to the lodging house where he used to live, secured his old room, washed himself, brushed his clothing, and went to a nearby restaurant. He was faint with hunger.

As he ate, he read the paper he had brought in with him. The dispatch from Westfield was brief, but it told him all that he wanted to know. The Westfield First National bank had been entered shortly after midnight by two bandits, the safe opened, and the sum of fifty-eight thousand dollars stolen. . . . Sergeant Esne out-guessed the bandits. . . . waited with his men in the freight yards. . . . The two robbers were later identified as Red Morganson and Jake Kliner, both former convicts. . . .

So they had got Red and Jake! Tom went back to his room. He kept turning all the facts over in his mind. The other two were goners. One had been shot twice through the head, the other through the heart, with sawed-off shotguns.

He tried to feel appropriately saddened but he was not sad. There was security in their deaths. Their tongues were sealed forever; the partnership dissolved by death. And even though the stolen money had not been found on the two men, it was evident that a third accomplice was not suspected. Perhaps the police thought that the men had thrown the box away; they would search for it awhile, then give it up. Only Tom knew where it was—Tom, whose name was as fair as ever.

He trembled with a new vision. Barnes Street and Regis Avenue. Lie facing the north. On a line with the lamp-post, third from the right; the telephone pole, fourth from the same corner. Fifty-eight thousand dollars!

"My God!" he murmured. "I'm rich!"

II

TOM did not return to Westfield at once. There was the possibility that the police were seeking the third suspect that the paper had not mentioned. He waited. He found work as a machinist's helper and smiled to himself each time he drew his pay of sixteen dollars a week. Sixteen dollars a week, and he possessed fifty-eight thousand dollars! A wealthy man in overalls and with grimy hands! He dreamed of the luxuries so considerable a fortune would bring him, and in these dreams his twinges of conscience were lost. After all, he hadn't stolen the money. All he had done was to stand outside in the alley. The real thieves had met their punishment by death; and the tragic termination of the adventure for them and his own escape only served to increase his belief in the ascendancy of his star. He would be a fool not to go back and dig up the money that now belonged to him.

He went to Westfield in November. Nearly five months had passed since he had fled with the blasts of guns in his ears. He was proud of his confidence, of his total lack of fear, as he left the railroad station and, suitcase in hand, walked up the street to the Wyott Hotel. He registered under his own name. Why not? So far as anyone was aware, it was a good, honest name. Boldly he asked the clerk to direct him to Barnes Street and Regis Avenue. It was only three o'clock in the afternoon, but he wanted to look the place over—get the lay, as Red put it. That night he would dig up his money. Fifty-eight thousand dollars!

He stood, a little later, on the corner of Barnes Street and Regis Avenue. Before him lay a vacant lot. But there was something disturbing about its appearance. He did not know just what it was. It was smaller than he remembered it. It was— His breath caught in his throat. Numbness swept over him from head to foot. The lot in which they had laid that night had encompassed an area bounded by four city blocks. There had been no building on it.

But there was a building on it now. A two-story structure of red brick, with stores facing two streets, and flats above, covered the northern quarter of the lot. It was new; you could see that it was new. Two of the four stores were unrented and had never been occupied.

Tom had but one hope: that the money lay in the unused portion of the lot. From where he stood he could not see the lamp-post on the northern side. Frantically he ran down the street, around the building, and stood before the third post from the corner. When he drew a line his eye went flush into the brick wall of the building. His fingernails digging into his moist palms, he ran around to the eastern side and found the fourth telephone pole from the corner. Again the line he drew with his eye ran into a brick wall.

He leaned back weakly against the pole. There was no longer any hope.

He returned to his hotel room and flung himself upon the bed. He lay, face downward, and beat the covers with his fists. He raved and cursed. Some one had robbed him. Some one had stolen his fifty-eight thousand dollars. Who? Who had found it? A workman, no doubt. Tom would find out who it was and make him return the money. He would kill him if necessary. But the money was his and he would get it.

His madness dissipated itself by its very force and he sobbed himself to sleep. Hours later he started from his sleep with a sudden thought. It was as if he had been turning it all over in his mind while he slept, planning, seeking loopholes through which a ray of hope might gleam. Every possibility, every contingent circumstance, lay clearly before him. If a workman had found it, he had either turned it over to the police—who would have returned it to the bank—or had secreted and kept it. The first case would be easy to ascertain; the second not impossible, though difficult. But a workman who suddenly acquired so vast a sum would not continue to be a workman. Tom had only to find out what men had worked on the excavation and whether one of them had quit work and disappeared.

Tom decided to work carefully, to begin at the very beginning of the investigation and leave no point unnoted. Next morning he went to the public library and scanned the files of local newspapers. He started with the issue whose large black headlines shouted of the robbery. He searched every page, every column. It was certain that the bank had never recovered the money.

In an issue dated September 6th he found a notice of the building permit. On September 20th, construction was begun: "Ground was broken yesterday for the two-story brick store and flats building to be erected on the northeast corner of . . . The specifications call for . . . with a thirty-foot-square basement. . . ."

This gave rise to a new thought, new hope, new plan of action. A thirty-foot basement! The building had a frontage of one hundred feet, and a depth of about sixty feet. There was the possibility, then, that no one had found his

money; that it had never been dug up but lay where Red had buried it, with the building above it!

A week of painstaking research convinced him that this was so. He spoke with a tenant of the building, a tailor to whom he brought a suit for pressing. From him, a round-about way, he learned the location of the furnace room. Careful estimation brought him to the conclusion that the southern wall of the basement was approximately twelve feet north of the spot where the money lay. At the center of the building was the entrance to the flats above. There was a long narrow hallway with a flight of steps at the rear, leading upstairs.

"My money is there," he told himself, when his diagram was drawn. "It's under the hallway, just at the foot of the steps. Now, to get it!"

III

FOR another week he sat in his hotel bedroom, scheming, planning, drawing diagrams, devising possible means of subterranean approach to his buried treasure. He could not, with any degree of safety, enter the hallway at night and tear up the flooring at the foot of the steps. The entrance was kept well lighted all night; anyone passing by in the street could see him plainly through the glass panel of the door. And even were this not so, he would be heard in the flats above, or some one might enter to mount the steps.

The store immediately adjoining the hallway was untenanted. If he were in possession of it, he could tunnel from the store to the desired place under the hallway. But this was the work of many nights; it meant that he would have to lease the space, and to do this he must have a business—money.

The store, he learned, would be leased for a minimum period of three years; seventy-five dollars a month for the first two years, one hundred dollars a month thereafter.

"Why do you ask, young man?" inquired the real estate agent. "Thinking of going into business?"

"Well, I was thinking about it."

"What kind of business?"

Tom had prepared no answer to this question. "A—a machine shop," he blurted out. "I'm a first-class machinist."

The agent smiled. "I'm afraid that place wouldn't do. We wouldn't take anything but a retail business of some kind. A cigar and stationery store ought to do well there."

Perspiration stood out on Tom's forehead.

"That's a business I'd like to go in!"

The older man looked at the youth keenly, and Tom wilted under the steady scrutiny. But there was only admiration in the agent's eyes.

"You're ambitious, aren't you? Did you come into some money?"

"Well, I got a little."

"About how much, may I ask?"

Tom longed to get away. "Oh, a couple of thousand. I inherited it."

"I see. Well, you can't do much in a business way with one or two thousand. Why don't you let me sell you a good lot? This town is growing. You can hold your lot for a few years and practically double your money. Have you got a job?"

"Not yet. I just been sort of looking around. I had a good job in Denton, but I'm going to settle here."

"Good town. Get yourself a job and save your money. Then invest in real estate. That's

how to get ahead in the world. Don't blow in your money."

"I won't," promised Tom, edging toward the door.

He made his escape at last. He was at a loss what to do. Money—he had to have money. Fifty-eight thousand dollars in cold cash—and he had to have money.

There was no use in hanging around the building, eyeing it as a hungry dog eyes a quarter of beef on a butcher's hook, staring at the hallway with its flight of steps—and the little metal box underneath. He must get busy. He must get some money and buy stock—cigars and stationery—and lease that store.

Red had told him that there was an easier, better way of getting money than working for it. But the night of the bank robbery was horribly clear in Tom's mind. The clanging of the gong in the alley, the banging of the guns in the freight yards, still beat on his ears. They had got Red and Jake. The same thing might happen to him. And then a lot of good his fifty-eight thousand dollars would do him. Or if he were arrested and sent to prison. When he came out he would have to start just where he was now, only with a prison record to handicap him.

No; he had better play safe. It would take longer, but it would profit him at the end. There was fifty-eight thousand dollars at stake, no trifling sum but a great fortune. It was secure enough where it was; it was his. He could afford to wait a few years, if necessary.

He had no difficulty getting a job in a machine shop in the manufacturing district. The superintendent asked for references and Tom offered satisfactory ones. He had worked in Denton, Harley, Jonesville. His former employers told whom it might concern that Thomas Alby was steady, industrious, capable and honest.

He received three dollars a day to start. The factory which manufactured lumber-mill machinery was operated on the seniority basis: the longer you were employed there, the higher was your salary. But if you worked hard enough, efficiently enough, to gain the favorable notice of your superiors, you could win promotion above the heads of sluggards.

Tom worked hard. He had a goal—five thousand dollars. With that sum he could buy a stock of cigars and stationery and lease the store in the building under which his fortune lay buried. He moved to the cheapest room he could find; ate in the cheapest lunchrooms; saved every penny he could put away. The factory had a savings department for its employees. Tom opened an account and kept his grimy bankbook in the pocket of his overalls.

One day, after he had been working in the factory for two years, the superintendent summoned him into his office. He held some sort of record sheet in his hand and looked up from it to Tom.

"Alby," he said pleasantly, "you've been with us just two years to-day. You started as a helper at three dollars a day, and now you are a regular machinist at seven dollars. I note that in this period our savings department has credited you with nearly fifteen hundred dollars."

"Yes, sir," Tom replied. "Fourteen hundred thirty-six dollars and forty cents, with my interest."

"I called you in here," the other continued, "just to let you know that we keep an eye on men like you. Keep it up and you'll get somewhere in life."

"I know it. I try to save as much as I can."

"That's the stuff. You know, I started here nearly twenty-five years ago at a bench in the shop."

Tom went back to his work. Well, one thing was certain, he

wouldn't be there for twenty-five years. At the rate he was going, he would have his five thousand dollars within another two years. It was mighty hard, working like this, piking along, living in a poor room, eating cheap food, when a fellow was worth fifty-eight thousand dollars.

Now and then he walked past the building. The store he wanted was rented now. On the window was lettered: "Hallinger's Home Made Candies. Store No. 1." It concerned him only a trifle. By the time he was ready the store would be for rent again. In the adjoining lot they were erecting another building. The town was growing, expanding westward.

IT TOOK him seven years to save five thousand dollars. He would have attained his goal sooner but for a stroke of ill fortune. Bad food worked havoc with his digestive system, and rather than spend money for treatment he kept at his job for months when he was too sick to work. He collapsed one day at his bench, and they had to rush him to the hospital. The surgeon's fee, hospital bills, medicines, ate appallingly into his capital. He was out of work for four months, and though he found his job waiting for him at the factory, the time and money lost could never be regained.

Seven years was longer than he had planned for, but at last he had his five thousand. He walked past the building, trying to decide what to do. "Hallinger's Home Made Candies. Store No. 1" was still on the window. He knew that there had come into being a Store No. 2, on Halsey Street, and a Store No. 3, on Strand Boulevard.

He went to see the real estate agent, across the street. It was the same man, but he did not recognize Tom as the youth who had talked with him years ago. Tom was a man now, with lines in his face.

"Is that building for sale?" Tom opened the conversation.

"Yes; I have it listed here."

"What are they asking for it?"

The agent looked it up. "Twenty-four thousand. It's a good buy at that figure. Four stores and four flats, all rented."

"All the stores leased?"

"Every one. One has a year to run; two have two years; and the other one—Hallinger's—is leased for ten years."

This was what Tom had come to find out. He tried to conceal what the information did to him. Ten years! That hope was dead. He'd never get that store. Was there no way of getting at that little metal box? More than seven slaving, stinting years had gone by and he wasn't an inch nearer it. Fifty-eight thousand dollars that belonged to him, and he couldn't put his fingers on a penny of it.

The agent was sizing up his questioner. Tom did not look like the prospective purchaser of a twenty-four-thousand-dollar building. But you

could never tell. Sometimes these poorly dressed men with rough hands had money in the bank. He took pains to explain the advantages of the investment. He spoke of such-and-such income from stores and flats; taxes; neighboring property values; the westward trend of the growing business district.

"Seventy-five hundred cash will handle this. And the income will take care of the payments."

"I'll think it over," said Tom.

He went away with a new idea in his head. When he had another twenty-five hundred he could buy the building. If he were the owner, what could prevent him from openly tearing up the floor of the hallway at the foot of the steps? It would be his own property, wouldn't it? If it looked queer, he could think up some good reason for the action.

"I'll buy the place," he told himself grimly.

IV

TOM was thirty-two years old when his bank account reached seven thousand five hundred dollars. At the factory he was foreman of a department and earning two hundred and seventy-five dollars a month. He put aside as great a portion of it as possible, but he couldn't live as cheaply as he used to; living expenses had mounted so in the past ten years.

But at last he had the required sum and he went a third time to the real estate agent.

"Well, I've come to buy that building," he declared.

It took the agent a while to place Tom. He had transacted a great deal of business, seen a great many people, since he had last spoken with him.

"Oh, yes! I remember you now. Well, say; it's a pity you didn't take my advice about that property that time. It has changed hands twice since then, each time at a nice profit. The original owner sold it for—about twenty-five thousand, I believe it was. And recently it sold again for twenty-eight thousand."

Tom's lips were white. "You mean—I can't buy it now?"

"Oh, certainly you can buy it. It's listed. But it's up for about thirty-one thousand now. Wait; I'll look it up."

"Never mind," said Tom. "What I want to know is this: Can I buy it for seventy-five hundred cash down?"

The agent shook his head. "Not a chance. But if you can get hold of twelve-five, I'm pretty sure I can swing the deal for you."

"Twelve-five!"

"And let me tell you something further. That building is worth thirty thousand to-day just as it was worth twenty-four thousand three years ago. You mark my words! This is the coming district. You buy that to-day and I'll hand you a profit of five or six thousand within three or four years."

"But I haven't got enough. I only got seventy-five hundred."

"All right, then. You want that building, don't you?"

Tom stared at the man and said nothing.

"Well, I'll tell you how you can get it. I've got a piece of property on Ingram Street, around the corner, that seventy-five hundred will handle. It's up for nineteen thousand, and it's a steal at that figure. All brick, best construction, three stores and four four-room flats. The income will take care of everything."

"But what's the idea? I was kind of figuring on that place across the street..."

"Here's the idea: Ingram Street is going ahead faster even than this street. They've just finished widening it and it'll be the best thoroughfare between
(Continued on page 46)



"Drop in to-night—I'm throwing a party"

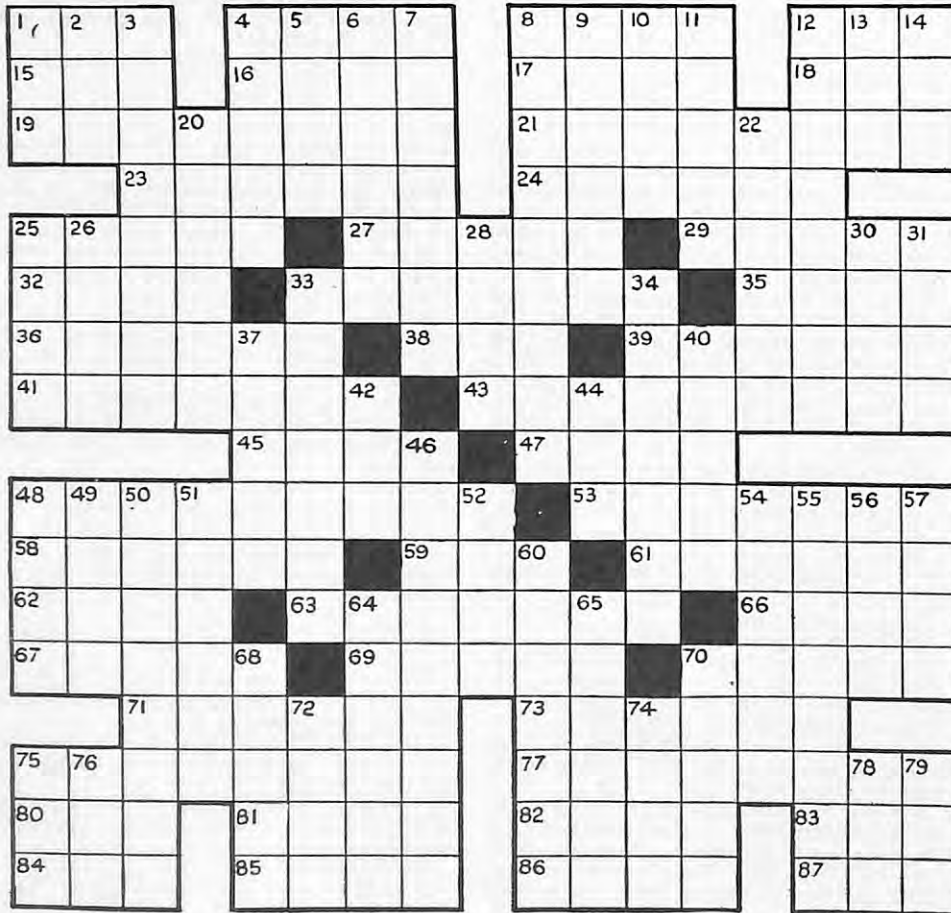
Cross-Word Puzzle

By Helen Peters, Denver, Colo.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE will pay readers \$10 for any cross-word puzzle which it can publish.

The Magazine will return unsuitable puzzles if a self-addressed, stamped envelope is included; but it cannot enter into correspondence about them. Please do not send in answers to puzzles already published.

The Magazine wishes to accord honorable mention to the following contributors for the puzzles they submitted: Nina C. Grandon, Charles City, Ia.; Alicia R. Holden, Pasadena, Calif.; Mrs. Arthur B. Kelley, Montclair, N. J., and Vurnard Edward Rowe, Clifton Forge, Va.



Across

- 1—Conclude
- 4—Compound magnesium and silica
- 8—Form rings
- 12—A dance step
- 15—Large extinct bird
- 16—A Persian poet
- 17—A river in Italy
- 18—A Greek letter
- 19—Politeness
- 21—Done by substitute
- 23—Newly married women
- 24—A kind of playing marbles
- 25—Memento
- 27—Ecclesiastical vestment
- 29—Detested
- 32—Substances containing metal
- 33—Setting forth
- 35—A Hindu deity
- 36—Most dreadful
- 38—False impression
- 39—Expiated
- 41—To inveigle
- 43—Freakishness
- 45—Tip
- 47—A vehicle
- 48—Abrogated
- 53—Noisy
- 58—Longer than broad
- 59—To no extent
- 61—Flat treeless plains
- 62—A street-car
- 63—Sun's first appearance

- 66—For whom Zeus became a swan
- 67—A river in France
- 69—Under (poet.)
- 70—One who turns about
- 71—Shapes
- 73—Defiler
- 75—A skin disease
- 77—Passing without notice
- 80—A fowl
- 81—Instead
- 82—Clever
- 83—Pope's office
- 84—A unit of energy
- 85—Demolish
- 86—A son of Seth
- 87—Encountered

Down

- 1—An ostrich-like bird
- 2—And not
- 3—Dilettantes
- 4—Bracing
- 5—Among
- 6—Most recent
- 7—Limpid
- 8—Escorts
- 9—Alexandrian father of the Greek Church
- 10—An ancient Peruvian
- 11—Reluctant
- 12—Pertaining to the earliest time
- 13—Exclamation expressing surprise
- 14—A note of the diatonic scale
- 20—Has appeared
- 22—Motive
- 25—Galloped
- 26—Ireland
- 28—Pertaining to the ear
- 30—Evenings before events
- 31—Fathers
- 33—Thin cords
- 34—Small antelope
- 37—A silk fabric
- 40—Pertaining to ocean movements
- 42—Old times (poet)
- 44—Priest's vestment
- 46—A South Central State
- 48—Corrupts
- 49—A river in Spain
- 50—Banging
- 51—Joint
- 52—First wife of David Copperfield
- 54—Higher
- 55—Arterial tumor
- 56—Joint of a stem
- 57—Former Russian ruler
- 60—Small short-beaked birds
- 64—Except
- 65—Hereditary Japanese high official
- 68—Wood-cutting machine
- 70—Small astringent fruit
- 72—Feminine given name
- 74—To the inside
- 75—A pronoun
- 76—Another pronoun
- 78—Born
- 79—Procure

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 49

(Continued from page 45)

up and down town. After a few years that property plus a few thousand dollars will make a mighty attractive trade for that piece across the street."

"How many years?"

"Five or six. Maybe a whole lot less."

Tom made the deal several days later. He wasn't interested in the property, but it was his only hope. It would take him several years to save the difference between seventy-five hundred and twelve thousand five hundred; and by that time the property he wanted—"his building," he thought of it—would again be beyond his reach. He did not think of procuring money in terms other than earning it. The habits of industry and frugality had laid too strong a hold upon him.

He worked and saved as before. Five or six years, the agent had said. He reckoned no longer in terms of weeks, months, or even years. He had a goal, and he was drawing closer to it, step by step. The milestones were marked, not by time, but by the pay envelope he received at regular intervals.

When he withdrew his seventy-five hundred dollars from the factory savings department and explained the reason to the superintendent, Mr. Hastings said:

"Investing in real estate? That's a good idea."

A WEEK later he won promotion. The superintendent needed an assistant in his office and he chose Tom. Now Tom did not wear overalls and work in the shop. He seldom got grease on his hands. He had to dress better; it cost him more money for clothes and improved living quarters; but his salary jumped to one hundred dollars a week.

It was at this time that he met Edna Hollings. She came to work in the office, and her duties often brought her to Tom's desk, or Tom to hers. He decided at once that she was the loveliest girl he had ever seen. And before many weeks had passed, he was considering the problem of marriage.

For to him it was a debatable problem. Marriage would reduce his savings. Would he still have enough laid by when the time came to swing the pending deal? He was used to self-denial. He told himself that he would give up Edna if marrying her meant the loss to him of his building.

But he asked her to go out with him one evening, and thereafter they were together several evenings each week. Before he ever really made up his mind one way or another, the moment came when he took her in his arms and kissed her and asked her to be his wife.

Once they were engaged, he no longer calculated in terms of dollars and cents. He was caught up in the ecstasy of his love. He explained to her that his capital was tied up in real estate; that only his salary was available to them. And he hinted that his investments were of greater value than they actually were, because he knew that some day, not so far distant, he would suddenly become richer by fifty-eight thousand dollars.

He had no reason to regret his marriage. Edna took into their home the efficient management and economy that was her training, and their savings grew from month to month. One day, while they were out walking, they passed the apartment building at the corner of Barnes Street and Regis Avenue.

"Some day," he told her, "we're going to own that building. Ever since I first came to Westfield as a kid, I—I sort of set that as a goal. We'll be pretty well off when we own it."

He did not tell her more. He would never share with her the secret that was known to none other than himself. She was proud of him. She was proud of his unswerving ambition. Whenever it was relevant, she informed people that her husband had started out as a machinist's helper at three dollars a day. She determined to do whatever she could to help him realize his dream.

During the second year of their marriage a son was born. The expense involved did not worry Tom. He was earning sixty-five hundred dollars a year and nearly one-third of that amount went to increase what Edna called "the building fund." Tom was at ease. He was

(Continued on page 48)

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COURSE-TESTED  GOLF CLUBS

(Continued from page 46)

confident that he was nearing the end of the long trail. In a few more years . . .

He was not disappointed. One day the real estate agent called him on the telephone.

"Can you drop in at my office some time today, Mr. Alby? I've got something interesting for you."

Tom's heart hammered against his ribs. At last!

He was about to reply that he would dash over at once when he remembered that Mr. Hastings was at home ill and that the full responsibilities of the superintendent was on his own shoulders.

"I won't be able to see you until the factory closes. How would six o'clock do?"

"That will be all right. I'll wait here for you."

NO; there was no disappointment this time. The agent's prediction had come true. If Tom still wanted the property across the street, he could get it for his Ingram Street piece plus five thousand dollars.

"Aside from your personal preference, Mr. Alby, I advise you to make the trade. That property across the street is worth, anyway, thirty-seven thousand. Some day the lot alone will be worth more than that. But my client wants to tear down the building on your lot and put up a twelve-story building. He owns the lots on either side and he needs yours. Your equity in it is around fifteen thousand. An added five thousand cash will bring it to twenty. All you will have to assume is a mortgage of twelve thousand. You're turning a nice profit. In a few years you'll own the property outright."

"Done!" said Tom, and hit the desk with his tight fist. "If you can have the papers ready by eight-thirty tomorrow morning, I'll come in and close the deal before I go to the factory."

At a quarter to nine next morning he left the real estate office with the deed to the property in his pocket. He looked over to the other side of the street. The building was a bit time-worn, but still strong and sturdy. There was

the door at the center; behind it, the long hallway with its flight of steps at the rear. At the foot of the steps, three feet beneath the flooring, was his money. Now he owned the building, and if he wanted to tear up a few boards from the floor, he was at liberty to do so.

His building! He stood and stared at it, almost incredulously.

"You're mine!" he told it in a whisper. "You belong to me. I worked hard to get you. Seventeen years! It's just as if I built you, brick by brick."

And how joyfully Edna received the news! She kissed him and danced him around the floor of their living-room until they were breathless. She held the deed above her head as a conquering hero lifts his gleaming sword.

Junior came running into the room, and Edna, laughing out of the fulness of her heart, caught him up and held him on her arm. He was four years old—quite old enough to appreciate so wonderful an event as this. He was fascinated by the pretty seal on the deed and the thick black lettering.

"What's that, Muvver? What's that say? Is that a story?"

Edna looked at Tom. Her eyes were shining. "Yes, it's a kind of story," she answered the boy. "It's a story about a good man who was rewarded for being good. He worked hard at the tasks that he was given to do, and he was always honest and faithful and kind. So he was rewarded by getting all that he wished for. Just like the Prince in the story I read you last night."

"What's this man's name, Muvver?"

"His name? Why, darling, it's the same as your name. It's Tom Alby, and it's such a fine name that we gave it to you, too."

"Oh! Is the man Daddy?"

"Certainly it's Daddy."

Tom, his face flaming, mumbled something about getting ready for dinner and hurried out of the room. He did not sleep well that night; his mind was too full of plans. He must not delay getting hold of that tin box. But he must be careful. He must do nothing to jeopardize

the good name he had passed on to his son. He would wait until Saturday afternoon, when the factory was closed. Then he would take the necessary tools to the apartment and a few new floor boards to put in. It was his building; he could work openly. He knew what he must do and he burned with the desire to do it.

At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon he made his way to the First National Bank. The doors were locked but the cashier, Mr. Thomas, was still there and he told the watchman to let Tom in.

"Hello, Alby," he smiled. "I heard about you today: how you were stepping into Hastings's place as superintendent."

"Good news travels fast," Tom replied. "I heard so only yesterday. Mr. Hastings hasn't been well, you know, and he's going to retire. But I came to show you something interesting."

He removed the newspaper wrapping from the small package he held, disclosing a corroded metal box. He raised the lid.

Within were stacks of currency, each bound by a strip of paper; and on each strip was printed: First National Bank of Westfield.

"I found this box under the floor of the hallway in my apartment building over on Barnes Street," Tom explained. "Evidently it belongs to this bank."

The cashier stared at the box and its contents. "Well, what do you know about that!"

"There's fifty-eight thousand dollars in it," Tom added. "I counted it."

"Yes, fifty-eight thousand," the other repeated. "This money was stolen nearly twenty years ago! I remember it. Alby, you ought to get a nice reward for finding this!"

The word startled Tom. Edna, too, had spoken of his "reward." She meant the valuable property he owned; and his fine position at the factory that would now pay him ten thousand a year; and the pride of achievement that might well be his. But no one but Tom knew the happiness, the sense of relief, the gratitude to God that filled his heart at that moment.

"Reward?" he said a bit huskily. "I don't want any reward."

With David Lawrence in Washington

(Continued from page 27)

The directors of each Federal Reserve Bank have certain powers which are subject to review by the Federal Reserve Board in Washington. In recent years, there have been some interesting controversies as to whether each Federal Reserve Bank is autonomous, that is, whether it has the right to decide questions within its area for itself or whether it must act in conformity with a policy set forth by the Federal Reserve Board in Washington. As a matter of actual practice, there is a meeting of minds between the directors of the Federal Reserve Banks in each case and the Federal Reserve Board, and nowadays relatively little friction develops.

There have, of course, been important differences of opinion, but since the business depression started the Federal Reserve Board and the boards of directors of the regional banks have worked together toward a common purpose, namely, to keep the credit machinery working smoothly and to keep money rates as low as possible. The Federal Reserve Board really hasn't anything to do with speculation as such. In fact, the warning which it issued two years ago was criticized because it was commonly argued at the time that everybody who wanted to speculate could do so and no government agency could say him nay.

Actually, however, the Federal Reserve Board was concerned with the vast credit resources of the Reserve Banks, and of the member banks some of which were being used to support loans in the stock market. It was in this indirect way that the Federal Reserve Board came into the picture. Because, no matter what each individual's rights may be, there is a moral responsibility on the individual for or upon business to take into account the entire credit situation. It was, therefore, the contention of the Federal Reserve Board that if individuals were being permitted by member banks to borrow money for speculation in the stock market, there would

be relatively less money available for business uses and that when borrowing reached an excessive point there would be a break and all business would be affected. This is exactly what happened. So now what the Federal Reserve Board says is likely to be respected. It all depends, of course, upon the personnel of the Board and the character of its utterances.

A new man has gone in as head of the Federal Reserve Board. He is Eugene Meyer, Jr., of New York. But he is not new to the Federal Reserve System nor is he new in government. He first came to Washington during the war and was one of the directors of the War Finance Corporation, which was the institution that was charged with the responsibility of lending money to the munitions plants and other enterprises which could not get capital for war purposes. Mr. Meyer continued in his job throughout the War and, while he was a Republican, it was reported at the time that President Wilson considered him favorably for the post of American representative on the Reparations Commission. This was at the time when it was believed the United States would join the League of Nations or that it would at least accept membership upon the Reparations Commission.

Just after the war ended, a discussion arose as to the need of further activity by the War Finance Corporation. The problem was agricultural. How could the livestock growers in the West and the cotton men of the South be aided through the depression of 1921? Mr. Wilson was ill. The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Houston, was opposed to the revival of the War Finance Corporation. Mr. Meyer felt that a constructive job could be done. Both houses of Congress passed the bill, but Mr. Wilson's veto, which it was believed was written by Mr. Houston, was sent to both houses only to be overridden by a two-thirds vote, and so the War

Finance Corporation came into being once more.

The record of that institution is really remarkable. It had a revolving fund of more than a half billion of dollars and it made loans right and left to associations engaged in agriculture. When the final tally was made, several years later, it was discovered that the War Finance Corporation actually turned in a small surplus—approximately sixty millions of dollars. Mr. Meyer never permitted it to be called a profit because he felt that the money which had been borrowed by the government cost something in interest, and so he charged up the sixty million dollars to the fact that the government should have paid at least that amount as the cost of its borrowing. It was a modest way to record an important transaction and a creditable one.

ALL this happened during the Harding Administration. The final report of the War Finance Corporation was made during the Coolidge régime, and Mr. Coolidge thought so much of Eugene Meyer that he appointed him to head the Farm Loan System. It was badly in need of reorganization. Mr. Meyer finished that job, which continued into the Hoover Administration, and then resigned. In accepting the resignation, President Hoover said that he hoped some day to have Mr. Meyer back in the government service once more.

Now he is back and he is at the head of the Federal Reserve Board with the title of Governor, and he will hold office for eight years more, finishing out the unexpired term of Edmund Platt, who resigned. He was appointed last August, but it took until the latter part of March before he was confirmed, because the Senate took its time about the matter. A minority of the Senate tried to delay confirmation or possibly prevent it altogether. Naturally, a man who has had so much to do with agriculture is not likely to have gone through

these several years without incurring enmities and opposition here and there. So there were a few Senators from some of the agricultural States who opposed Mr. Meyer's confirmation. On the whole, however, he received a substantial vote from agricultural areas, and the final vote, namely, seventy-two to eleven, was one of the most overwhelming votes ever given to a nominee for public office. The Democrats voted almost solidly to confirm Mr. Meyer, and so did most of the Republicans.

It is rare that a man of Mr. Meyer's training is willing to serve the government for so many years. But Eugene Meyer is wealthy and likes public service. His training in the financial district in New York as an investment banker gave him the point of view of the industrial East. Then his trips into the West and the South in behalf of the War Finance Corporation, and later with the Farm Loan System, gave him an insight into the problems of agriculture as good as, if not better than, that of any financier in the country. He has a national rather than a sectional point of view. He is exactly the type of man the framers of the Federal Reserve Act had in mind when they sought to create an institution which would command the respect of all elements in our population. It is significant that Senator Carter Glass, of Virginia, ranking Democrat on the Banking and Currency Committee of the Senate, was one of the most outspoken in favor of Mr. Meyer's confirmation. It is not often that Mr. Glass speaks in favor of nominees of a Republican President.

KNOWING that the Federal Reserve Board will play an important part in the reconstruction era, the banking elements of New York and Chicago and other big centers were very much pleased to find Mr. Meyer at the helm. They like to feel that someone in whom they have confidence is in command of the financial operations of the government. That is why they are pleased to see Secretary Mellon continuing in office, and that is also why they like to see the Federal Reserve System managed by practical men who have had experience in the business and financial world.

Just what can the Federal Reserve Board do to guide the course of business? No doubt many people have an exaggerated impression of the powers of the Federal Reserve Board in that direction. Their duty is to watch the currents of credit and to see that the cost of money is not out of line. To keep money rates properly balanced means that a proper relationship must exist between the twelve Federal Reserve Banks of the country and the tides of credit that flow across the land. It means also that the "rediscount rate" must be maintained at a level that does not throw the whole scheme of interest rates out of gear. A member bank can go to the Federal Reserve Bank and borrow money by putting up certain notes or obligations known as "eligible paper." The cost of the borrowing is known as the "rediscount rate." Obviously, if it costs a member bank only two per cent. to rediscount at the Federal Reserve Bank, it is possible for a member bank to transfer many of its good loans to the Federal Reserve Bank. This means that it has more flexibility

(Continued on page 50)

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 46)

E	N	D	T	A	L	C	C	O	I	L	P	A	S		
M	O	A	O	M	A	R	A	R	N	O	R	H	O		
U	R	B	A	N	I	T	V	I	C	A	R	I	A	L	
	B	R	I	D	E	S	A	G	A	T	E	S			
R	E	L	I	C	S	T	O	L	E	H	A	T	E	D	
O	R	E	S	T	A	T	I	N	G	S	I	V	A		
D	I	R	E	S	T	L	I	E	A	T	O	N	E	D	
E	N	S	N	A	R	E	C	R	A	Z	I	N	E	S	S
			T	I	L	T	S	L	E	D					
R	E	S	C	I	N	D	E	D	B	L	A	T	A	N	T
O	B	L	O	N	G	N	O	T	L	L	A	N	O	S	
T	R	A	M	S	U	N	R	I	S	E	L	E	D	A	
S	O	M	M	E	N	E	A	T	H	S	L	U	E	R	
			M	O	D	E	L	S	M	O	I	L	E	R	
S	H	I	N	G	L	E	S	I	G	N	O	R	I	N	G
H	E	N	E	L	S	E	C	U	T	E	S	E	E		
E	R	G	R	A	S	E	E	N	O	S	M	E	T		



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—HENRY FIELDING

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OLD GOLD

CIGARETTES

NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD

(Continued from page 49)

in the use of its own funds and that it can shift its burden from time to time as demands become heavy. This does not mean that the only good loans a bank makes are those which it is able to transfer to the Federal Reserve Bank. There are certain classes of paper which the Federal Reserve Bank does not accept. It does mean that the Federal Reserve members are in a position to make their credit resources as elastic as necessary to adjust themselves to conditions in their respective business areas.

Another thing which the Federal Reserve System does is to buy government securities in the open market. When the Federal Reserve begins buying securities, it tends to develop more credit. This is because so much of our bank funds is tied up in government securities and when the Federal Reserve makes it attractive for the banks to let go of many of their securities, the idle funds are thus naturally seeking commercial investment. This is another form of control little understood but important in establishing credit relations.

THERE are other ways, of course, by which the Federal Reserve can influence the cost of credit, but most of its powers are indirect. Thus, the rediscount rate, when once established, has an indirect influence on the other interest rates. A fraction of a per cent. makes a good deal of difference to the whole nation in the cost of its borrowings for current business uses.

In times of depression, it is always considered desirable to have interest rates at the lowest possible level. The Federal Reserve has maintained its rediscount rates at the lowest level in its history, beginning with a gradual reduction in the rediscount rate shortly after the business depression began and keeping it down to a point which has similarly influenced the central banking systems of other countries to do likewise. When there is plenty of credit available, business can weather the storm. Also commodities can be financed and moved to markets more readily when there are funds available at low rates of interest. Certainly, cheap credit, as it is called, has been available in abundance throughout the business depression and when the history of it is written probably much will depend upon the care with which the whole credit policy was handled by the Federal Reserve System.

Through the twelve Federal Reserve Banks, detailed reports are made every month on the condition of retail and wholesale business and on the sales made by department stores and dozens of different lines. This information is not published with reference to particular stores or particular enterprises but is grouped collectively so that a general picture can be obtained

of how the business trends of a particular region compare with those of another section of the country. The Federal Reserve Board probably has better information on business conditions than any other single agency in the government because it is collecting its data through the member banks all the time and this is being constantly interpreted by economists and experts for the Board in the determination of national policies.

Politics is taboo on the Federal Reserve Board. While its members are selected from both political parties, when once they are appointed they are supposed to forget all about partizan affairs and judge the nation's needs on broad-gauged economic principles. They are usually men of capacity and judgment, and hence their pronouncements are bound to be given much weight, not only by the financial and business elements of our country but by the people generally. The Federal Reserve Board has every month a report analyzing the business of the country in retrospect. It has not issued any prophecies nor is it likely to do so in the next several months. It contents itself with a contemporaneous analysis of business and with action which speaks louder than words. The rise in the rediscount rate is always a sign that the Board considers it necessary to check expanding credit, while a diminution of the discount rate usually means that it feels more credit can be made available for business purposes. The Federal Reserve System was founded for the purpose of developing credit machinery to accommodate the needs of industry and commerce—it was not designed to aid in any way in speculation or in the transactions of individuals. It was aimed to protect the banks by safeguarding their credit resources against mobilization of reserves in any one place and against improper use of the credit deposit of the nation.

Leased wires connect the twelve Federal Reserve Banks with Washington and there is an up-to-the-minute exchange of information and data so that the Federal Reserve Board is at all times kept well informed about business and credit conditions from coast to coast. There are frequent meetings during the year of the directors of the various Federal Reserve Banks and the advisory councils so that national policies are fixed after consultation with the leaders. For after all, the directors of the different Federal Reserve Banks are usually men who have won positions of prominence in the business and financial world. The Federal Reserve System was intended to stabilize the banking machinery of the country—and the banks have a great deal to say about its operation. But sitting in Washington is the Federal Reserve Board, which looks at matters from the viewpoint of finance, of business and of the general welfare.



Katharine Tift-Jones is a Georgian of varied talents

Answers to Your Radio Questions

broadcast studios. Both N. B. C. and Columbia have their own staffs for the writing and staging of programs. It's a long story which I'll answer at greater length in a future issue. Many famous authors are now contributing plays to the radio, but they are learning a new technique.

Little Jeannette Sanderspree, of Norwalk, Conn., is interested in Arabesque, and particularly Frank Knight. Frank Knight is one of the air's most popular performers, and we will use a picture of him soon. There was a full cast photo of Arabesque in the February number. I know Frank, and will endeavor to get a picture of him for his little admirer in the country. But I really think she should reciprocate.

Irma Adams, of Riverside, N. J., asks who sings the opening song of the True Story Hour on Columbia. Why, none other than the Frank Vettel of the golden voice, of course.

Mrs. F. R. Karsten, of Long Beach, Calif., inquires about Walter A. Maier, the Lutheran speaker who talked over the Columbia System. Dr. Maier is professor in biblical interpretation at Concordia Theological Seminary, in St.

F. B. HOLDERREID, of Boston, asks about Will Osborne, who claims, with Rudy Vallee, the parentage of crooning. Will is one of the best liked orchestra leaders, and wields his baton with a deft turn of the wrist. He's very restful to feminine eyes, and is now on the Ybry Hour over WOR. More about our Will a bit later, who happens to be a blue-blooded Canadian.

Mrs. J. W. Shafer, of The Dalles, Oregon, wants to learn about theme songs, radio plays, and the technique of radio playwriting. Well, theme songs are written by professional composers, and America's best are in the leading New York

Louis, and is the youngest instructor on the faculty.

A Reader from Cleveland wants a brief biography of Lowell Thomas, the "radio voice" of the *Literary Digest*, who talks every evening over the Columbia System. Mr. Thomas is an author, a globe trotter, a scientist and a very charming gentleman. Watch later issues for a more complete sketch with his picture.

George M. Davis, of Terre Haute, Indiana: Your question about the singer of the Atwater-Kent Hour was answered in the last issue. Dusolina Giannini was the artist, and you can't exactly blame the announcer if the musical vowels of this name made him sing the words instead of articulating them.

Cliff Millsbaugh, Balboa, Panama: Really, Cliff, your billet-doux was charming, and I am tempted to break my lifelong rule not to send photographs. Still, you being an aviator, and I being a radio actress, we both have common interest in the "air." I am glad to know that all the boys on the U. S. S. *Lexington* are radio fans. Happy landings, and write again.
P.S. The photo is going via air mail.

Mrs. Eberhardt, of Greenwood, Penna., and Yvonne Dubee, of Boston, ask the same question about Rudy Vallee. Wait until the next issue. We have a brand new picture of Rudy in the pink of pulchritude, and you'll be as charmed to see the new photo as I was.

To everyone all over the nation who has been inquiring about Phil Cook: My, my, how the mail comes in about this tall Adonis of the atmosphere. I'm checking up on the mythical brother. Don't make any more wagers, for he's not related to Captain Cook, Joe Cook, or Oscar, the Chef of the Waldorf. We were in error about his brother.

To the several inquirers about "Cheerio," the philosopher of the dawn: Can't tell you, folks. I'm sworn to keep mum, for "Cheerio" will not reveal his identity. I can tell you that he has two canaries, named "Blueboy" and "Dickie," who are the only bona fide broadcasting "birds." All the others are imitations—but good ones. The Cheerio birds are highly rewarded for their solos and duets—a thimbleful of seed for regular pay, and a bit of cuttlefish for encores.

Lola May Doolittle, Atlanta, Ga.: Yes, Katharine Tift-Jones is a Georgian of varied talents. She is a radio artist and writer as well. She is a fellow-member of the League of American Penwomen. She was born near the banks of Swanee in Tift County. She gets her "spirituals" first hand. Her nurse was an old mammy.

Mrs. A. F. Breed, of Georgetown, Mass.: Answering question No. 1, Mr. Benton, Mar and Bob of the Radio Household Institute are on the stage. No. 2, Ted and Jane in the Rinso talkie are Ned Weaver and Elsie Hitz. No. 3, Glenn Rowell plays the piano in the Quaker Early Birds.

Harry Thomas, Auburn, N. Y.: Your question about Lucille Wall, the Polly Preston of the Collier Hour, is answered in "Radio Rambles" in this issue. See picture and biographical sketch.

Mrs. Adam Turnbull, of Greenville, Penna.: Gene and Glenn of WTAM of Cleveland are Gene Francis Carroll and Glenn Rowell. They are the radio clowns par excellence. Or would you prefer to call them the Pagliacci and Falstaff of the air?
G. S. E.



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

SHE DANCES WITH CHEERS IN HER EYES... YET SHE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

SO gay; so feather-light on feet that fairly flit across a gleaming floor. You'd say this laughing little lady didn't have a care in the world. But, while her eyes give three cheers to each new partner in the dance, there's a bar sinister on her happiness.

At the back of her mind, a vague worry begins to intrude. Even as she dressed for the party she noticed it again: An unnatural, moist whiteness between her little pink toes. It made her feel hardly dainty. What would her partner think of the twinges she feels—even i-t-c-h-i-n-g? She hates to ask even her dearest friend about it; doesn't know what to call it, though thousands of similarly immaculate people have this same trouble—"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

*Watch for these distress signals that warn of "Athlete's Foot"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.



infection and re-infection with great persistence. In fact the U. S. Public Health Service has reported that "probably half of all adults suffer from 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.* All of them, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply and, wherever it penetrates, it kills the ringworm germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

Examine YOUR feet tonight

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.

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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UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Profiting From Depression

By K. W. Jappe

President, The Brookmire Economic Service, Inc.

LOOK for a successful man in the fields of industry, finance or commerce, and you invariably will find one who has foresight listed largely among his assets. There is, in a book of economics, written by ex-President Hadley of Yale University almost forty years ago, a much-quoted passage as follows: “The success or failure of a man engaged in manufacturing, in transportation, or in agriculture depends more upon his skill as a prophet than upon his industry as a producer.” These words still hold good. Their truth must be readily apparent to anyone familiar with corporate and individual business affairs. If any evidence were needed, it would be necessary merely to point to the recurring losses being reported in various industries in inventory adjustments. The condition of over-equipment and consequent destructive competition existing in one industry after another affords further proof of the need for foresight as an essential element of success. And, finally, all these things have a direct bearing on security prices. Therefore they touch the individual fortunes of millions of investors.

As the author writes this article early in March, the country is in the depths of depression, of widespread unemployment, business losses, security shrinkage and marked credit deflation. Distress prevails not only among the masses of working people, who spent their earnings of the late boom as fast as they were made and in many cases mortgaged future earnings by extensive installment purchases, but this painful distress exists among numbers of business men who assumed obligations and entered into commitments based upon the utopian idea that we would not again have serious recessions. Manufacturers as well expanded plants to meet what they thought would be a permanent increased demand for their products. Investors and speculators alike were led to pay large popularity premiums for common stocks by the optimism engendered by a speculative wave.

It is astonishing to see so many men who have been successes—perhaps as hard-headed shoe manufacturers—take their money and put it into stocks without investigation. They would not for a minute think of investing in a business as remote to their experience and knowledge as building bridges, without finding out all about it to learn whether it is a desirable business at all, and what the drawbacks are. Many though will place their hard-earned money into stocks and thus go into the securities business—the most complicated business in the world—often with no preparation other than the recommendations of casual acquaintances. Distress is therefore not confined to ignorant speculators and gamblers, but pervades every stratum of our population. Otherwise intelligent, educated and highly trained people—many of whom must be ordi-

narily possessed of much sound business acumen—periodically lose their property in this inexcusable way.

It would seem there must be something fundamentally lacking in our educational system. For such education we spent enormous sums, and occupy a considerable portion of the useful life of the average man in effecting a purpose designed primarily to assist the individual in making a living and acquiring a competence. Much time and money are consumed in acquiring the fundamentals of business or law or medicine or agriculture. Strangely enough, but little of either is devoted to a study of practical economics. A training which would assist in recognizing the signs of the times might aid the individual in restraining impulses induced by greed and fear, mob-psychology, and what has been called the magic of the printed word. These periodically combine to lead masses of our population into commitments which later strip them of property they can ill afford to lose.

Various proposals are now being advanced with the object of controlling the business cycle and thus preventing these destructive fluctuations in business and finance. These schemes vary all the way from having the government undertake extensive programs for the construction of public works to schemes of unemployment insurance and the regulation of credit by central banks. Each major depression seems to have taught a lesson which has led to some constructive action—but the cycle continues nevertheless.

THE panic of 1907 was commonly referred to as a money panic, and may perhaps be said to have led to the formation of the Federal Reserve System. This did not prevent what were probably the two largest panics in our whole history—in 1920-'21 and 1929-'30. The panic of 1920-'21 is generally regarded as a commodity panic inasmuch as the preceding inflation took the form of speculation in materials of all kinds, whereas the panic of 1929-'30 was preceded by the biggest stock market speculation in history. Since 1920 speculation in commodities has not been so popular, and hand-to-mouth buying has been widely practised. It is likely that speculation in securities will now proceed on a much smaller scale, but the depth of the present depression shows that the business cycle is still with us. Eventually business will experience renewed expansion that will no doubt result in another inflation of some nature, a few years hence.

These major swings in business and finance are in a sense aggravated by the workings of the credit system and the buying habits of the masses. Our present credit system makes it possible to spend future income. In times of

optimism people in all walks of life do this quite freely. The result is that we have periods in which a purchasing power is extended which would otherwise have been spread over a longer time. It is obvious that this can not go on indefinitely. A condition of credit strain and reduced buying power eventually develops. The inevitable result is business recession.

People buy freely on rising markets in the hope of speculative profits, and on falling markets buy sparingly, if at all. This habit tends to further aggravate fluctuations in business activity. Again, in prosperous times, people will spend freely, whereas in times like the present many will not spend even what they can well afford, because of uncertainty as to the future. This tendency has a marked effect on such industries as the automobile business. When business is profitable or people are reaping speculative profits, many will buy a new car, whereas in times like the present they decide to make the old one do for another season. They carry this buying strike to such excess that the entire business fabric is weakened. Railroad buying also exhibits this same tendency. There have, however, been some outstanding railroad leaders, like Harriman and Cassatt, who have undertaken large improvements in times of depression when labor and materials were cheap and when tracks were not so busy, so that construction could be carried on with minimum interruption in traffic. Analysis of railroad buying, however, shows that it is heaviest in times of boom or extensive prosperity.

IT IS the author's view that the fundamental causes of these alternating cycles of boom and depression are deeply rooted in human nature. Therefore they are unavoidable. It may be that the right kind of education of a sufficient number of people would tend to modify the severity of these fluctuations and smooth out the peaks and valleys in the business curve. It seems much more likely, however, human nature will continue to go to extremes. Most of us are unable to keep to the middle course. We are either up in the clouds at one time or down in an abyss at another. Thoughtful students of methods of preventing these depressions usually arrive at the conclusion that it will take a long time to bring about any substantial result. They believe the condition calls for a better practical education of the business man. One rather prominent writer on this subject recently came to this conclusion, and closed his observations by saying: "What we must have is faith, hope and charity, and perhaps some day we shall not need charity."

The author prefers a more positive attitude in this matter and believes that the business cycle constitutes a distinct opportunity if properly understood and utilized. When larger numbers of business men and investors become educated up to an appreciation of this fact, opportunities will be less attractive but, in the meantime, the ignorance of the multitude constitutes the golden opportunity for the few.

In these recurrent depressions valuable property can be bought at bargain prices and in the subsequent booms it can often be disposed of at above a reasonable value. This applies not only to securities such as bonds and common stocks but to property of all kinds. Most of our industrial expansion takes place in times of great activity. President Hoover in an address during the depression of 1921 said:

"Our studies of industries as a whole show that we usually expand our equipment just at the periods of maximum demand for their products instead of doing our plant expansion during periods of slack consumption. We thus make double demands on labor and we doubly increase unemployment in periods of reduced consumption. That is indeed one of the factors in our great unemployment today."

The unfortunate thing about this for those who undertake such expansion is that not only are construction costs high at such a time but, what is worse, by the time the new plant is built, equipped and organized, the boom bubble has been pricked and then the owner has two plants, with the unpleasant prospect of work enough for half of one of them. This often leads to failure or expensive reorganization. In times like the present, such plants can often be

(Continued on page 54)



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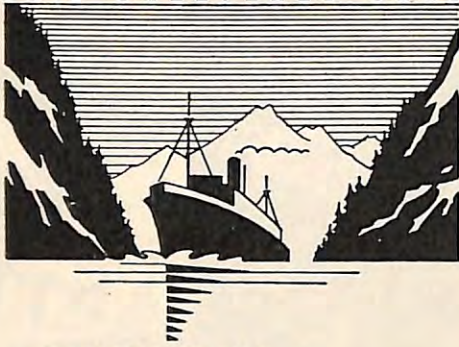


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(Continued from page 53)

acquired at thirty cents on the dollar with many valuable intangibles thrown in. A pat illustration of this is the saying that "Fools build fine houses and wise men live in them." This is borne out in times like the present, when everything, from elaborate estates down to modest dwellings, is being offered at distress prices and tax sales.

These things were well understood by exceptional individuals, such as Andrew Carnegie, and Frick, long before we had access to the elaborate mass of statistics dealing with almost every phase of business and finance. It may be that some day these fluctuations will be moderated. In the meantime the mistakes of the many contribute to the fortunes of the few. One student of the principles underlying the growth of the larger fortunes that have been accumulated in this country aptly expresses it in this manner:

"One of the facts that stands out most prominently to a person who is making a developmental study of large fortunes is the increase in the amount and extent of investments, which takes place just at those times when the community at large is suffering from acute financial depression."

AT a time like this, of course, a majority of people either fail to recognize these opportunities or, what is more likely, are in no position to take advantage of them. An essential corollary to any plan for benefiting from a depression therefore is a provision for "cashing-in" during the preceding boom. This implies a determination to heed the signs of over-expansion when they become apparent, to get out in ample time, and then have the patience to wait until the signs of depression are unmistakable and evidences of recovery begin to be apparent. The elder Rothschild, when asked for the principles that he had followed in building up his enormous fortune, is said to have replied that he always bought a little too late and sold a little too soon. This is just the reverse of the actions of the average man. Most people go into debt in prosperity and pay in depression.

We are now well along toward the bottom of a major depression and the time is approaching

when forward-looking commitments may be undertaken with confidence. Many types of securities have recently been selling at bargain prices. This does not imply that one may go out and blindly buy "any old thing," but there are industries which stand to benefit more than others from recovery and which offer good opportunities for investment. Those engaged in growing businesses, and who have the necessary resources or credit, may well consider the idea here advanced of taking over a competitor who has become over-extended through ill-advised expansion. This is an ideal way to acquire additional capacity, inasmuch as it is not only obtained below reproduction cost but it also removes a competitor and, what is even more important, does not increase the total capacity within the industry.

The level at which important raw materials were selling as this article was written also spells opportunity. Many basic commodities have been and still are selling far below average cost of production. Manufacturers, converters and users of the resultant products, wherein material cost is an important item in the price, are therefore afforded the opportunity of entering into forward commitments which should yield handsome profits later. During a period of falling prices everyone who handles a commodity in its chain of distribution, from primary producer to ultimate consumer, buys from hand-to-mouth and allows his shelves to become bare. After prices have rounded bottom and an upward turn becomes well established, there is usually a corresponding scramble to replenish supplies.

From this point, business may recede a little further, but, speaking broadly, it is pounding bottom. It is also the author's opinion that recovery may be somewhat hesitant in getting under way. Business failures are running at record figures, but it usually has happened that such is a time to plan for better business. Some lines will probably feel the effects of renewed demand sooner than others. The next few months should prove to be an excellent period in which to prepare for the inevitable upward swing in business, commodity prices and related securities. A program of this nature should prove to be an admirable way of profiting from depression.

1931 Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 35)

famous Chuckanut drive. This vast timber reserve is filled with recreational and scenic areas including Mt. Baker, rising 10,287 feet above the sea, glacier-clothed Mt. Shuksan, and between these two famous peaks nestles Heather Meadows, an Alpine park carpeted with heather and dotted with jewel-like lakes.

Mt. Baker Lodge, a spacious, delightful mountain resort, has recently been built in the heart of this region. A lover of the great out-of-doors could happily spend a whole summer here and then be loath to leave. No matter what your hobby—hiking, mountain-climbing, fishing, bathing, dancing, golfing—you will find it at Mt. Baker.

One day will be taken up with a boat trip to Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, located on the southeastern end of Vancouver Island. The grandeur of the trip to Victoria is exceeded only by the charm and beauty of the city itself. The quaint, quiet mien of the people is reflected in their homes and shops. It is as if a bit of England herself had been transplanted.

Many of the convention visitors will take advantage of a trip to Big Four, a rustic spot of primeval beauty located in the heart of the Cascades. The last 33 miles of the trip is reached by a most unique gas railway—the Hartford Eastern. It carries you through the rugged gorges of the Stillaguamish River—up and up, through virgin forests and snow-capped peaks. Big Four Inn offers all the comforts of metropolitan hotels in quiet, beautiful surroundings.

A drive to Long-Bell Lumber Company at Longview, Washington, to visit the world's largest lumber mill is also on the schedule of events. Longview is the only pre-planned city in the west and represents the most successful example of such a city since the national capital was laid out. Several years ago when great

manufacturing enterprises selected as their site a broad, beautiful valley fifty miles from the ocean on the Columbia River, the officials decided that the city which would inevitably spring up should not do so haphazardly but should grow from its very inception according to a far-seeing plan. The result is that Longview today, seven years after its founding, is one of the most beautiful cities in America.

One of the most interesting industrial sights in the west is a trip through the Long-Bell Lumber Company's plants. Every process, from log to finished lumber, is shown.

AIRPLANES and special boats will take delegates to Bremerton to visit the Puget Sound Navy Yard and Dry Docks. This is the repair and overhaul yard for the twelve battleships of the battle fleet operating on the Pacific Coast, for the two largest plane-carriers, for 20 destroyers, and for certain auxiliaries. These vessels visit the Yard once each year for an overhaul extending over a period of about one month.

You will enjoy Seattle's cool, May-like summer days. The Japan current which tempers the winters of the Puget Sound region, by the same token keeps the average summer temperature at 62 degrees.

The very atmosphere of the Northwest is redolent of pines and cedars and the tang of salt air. After a few breaths, something inside of you snaps—the tension is broken—you forget there are such things as stock markets and taxes—and you play with perfect abandon all the time you are here. And after you get back home, you will find that the West did something to you—a tantalizing something that will be satiated only by a return trip to the Evergreen Playground.

Who Killed Kenneth Pine?

(Continued from page 26)

Pressed by Lieutenant MacComber for an explanation of the tragedy, Reamer and the others protested that they had no certain knowledge.

"I can only make a guess," Reamer stated. "It is telling no tales to say that Pine was reputed a Lothario. It's a matter of common knowledge—he loved to boast of it himself, I am told. It's mere hearsay on my part, however."

The others nodded agreement.

"It is possible," Reamer continued, "that he acted the pirate, or tried to, once too often—and maybe someone objected. I have no idea who was involved. I do not know him except casually, as a distant neighbor. I know nothing of his relations with other people. It's a horrible thing to have happen at one's place, and I shall do all possible to clear it up. But I know nothing."

Further examination of all present gave MacComber nothing more to go on. He put the three men under surveillance in the living-room and turned to his associate, who had the tennis-court map on the dining-room table.

"THIS much seems clear," he stated, thinking aloud: "There are three footprint paths—each made by a different type of shoe. The prints running parallel to each other were made by high-heeled shoes and by shoes with no heels at all—sandals would look that way. And the trail of the victim shows prints of low-heeled shoes. (Pine's shoes have the broad, low heels of ordinary men's shoes, as we have observed.)"

"I read it this way: Low-Heels (Pine) was staggering across the right-hand end of the court. The path of his prints is wavering; probably he was very drunk. No-Heels (some man in sandals) and High-Heels (the girl he was with) were walking diagonally across the court. Their footprints are close together.

"No-Heels and High-Heels encounter Low-Heels. No-Heels and Low-Heels quarrel over High-Heels. They struggle and Low-Heels is wounded. He staggers on a few steps and falls, and bleeds to death from the wound. No-Heels and High-Heels flee in alarm—out of sight of the pavilion and the other guests, that is toward the lake."

"Then our job is to find No-Heels and High-Heels," the other detective said. "But how do you account for the fact that the strides of this man and woman are just the same length?"

"Perhaps No-Heels was short for a man, and High-Heels was a tall woman," MacComber replied. "If the man were of average height for a man, and the woman only average height for a woman, their strides would show a difference. But they don't. So I think we can deduce that she was at least as tall as he was, for height, roughly, governs length of stride."

"Now I doubt that Reamer or his two house guests were on the court," MacComber added. "Their foot-gear is quite different from these prints. The most suspicious persons in this affair are a man who wore a costume including sandals, and, if I am right, a woman in a masquerade dress which allowed her to wear high heels. They are our No-Heels and High-Heels."

Having consulted the medical examiner, MacComber summoned Reamer, his two house guests, and the gardener once more.

"It is established," he announced, "that Pine has been dead from three to four hours. That makes the probable time of the fatal wound around two-thirty this morning. Mr. Reamer, how many of your guests, and who, stayed after two o'clock?"

"We began early," was the reply. "There were about forty here. There were less than a dozen here after the collation was served."

"When was that?"

"Up to about one-thirty. If you'll give me a minute I can recall who the ones were who stayed. I know that at two o'clock I fetched a bell and rang it from the pavilion for the last dance before the band went away. We rounded up everyone who was left. I'm sure everyone still staying danced or watched that last dance. Some of them didn't go home for an hour or more after that."

Reamer turned to a table and with the aid of

(Continued on page 56)



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(Continued from page 55)

his house guests was engaged in compiling a list of those who were last to go home, when the door opened and a patrolman thrust into the room before him a short, stocky man. He was considerably the worse for drink and was clad in the costume of a Roman soldier.

"His name is Arthur Wilkins. I found him in the summer-house down by the side of the lake, so I put him under arrest," the patrolman concluded.

The mud-stained Wilkins was dumfounded, or affected to be. Lieutenant MacComber immediately noted that Wilkins wore sandals and carried a short broadsword at his side. But upon being grilled Wilkins became sober enough to deny vehemently all knowledge of the dead man. He hadn't fought with anybody, he said, as far as he could remember. Wilkins's sandals were measured. They appeared to be somewhat larger and broader than the No-Heels footprints on the court. His sword, however, had obviously been plunged into the earth; several spears of grass clung to its blade. He said that he had amused himself stabbing the earth, in imitation of slaying prostrate enemies, during the frolics of the evening. He denied having cleaned it to erase blood-stains, and examination of the blade offered no evidence to dispute his statement.

Lieutenant MacComber was baffled. But he did elicit from the man the admission that he had, "sometime during the evening, strolled on the lawn with a woman who wore high-heeled shoes." Reluctantly he admitted her name: Evelyn Meredith, a society bud of a neighboring town. She was distinctly recalled by Reamer and his house guests as having appeared as Queen Elizabeth, in huge petticoats and high-heeled slippers of Sixteenth Century style. Lieutenant MacComber charged Wilkins with the death of Pine and placed him under arrest, and a detective was dispatched to effect the arrest of Miss Meredith.

It was then eight o'clock, and the frightened spectators of the examination and arrest of Wilkins had scarcely recovered from their amazement, when Captain Hough of the Freepoint police arrived at the house for personal examination of the affair. Lieutenant MacComber explained the reasons for the arrest to his superior officer, and produced the diagram of the court. To his utter astonishment, his superior was not convinced that the case was solved. The captain asked immediately for the list of the party guests known to have stayed

The solution of this Baffle—and another problem in detection quite as fascinating—will appear in the May issue.

Sidney Franklin

(Continued from page 13)

at the right places. You know there's a lot of 'inside stuff' to bull-fighting. A thing that thrills someone who doesn't know the game is pretty apt to be commonplace. But my friends couldn't get over it because I had cheered at the things that were supposed to appeal only to the real fans. That's another one of those little things that I've never been able to explain."

Even then, after having witnessed his first *corrida*, Franklin had no urge to take up bull-fighting. He was literally "razed" into it. Here is the way he tells what happened:

"There were two matadors on the card during the first performance I witnessed, and I asked what they were paid for doing such easy work. I was told that one got \$7,000 and the other \$6,000—not for a month or a week, but for a single appearance. I said I thought I could do as well as either one of them, and that both were overpaid. Then the storm burst. I was told that no American could possibly be a bull-fighter—that only someone of Spanish blood had a chance of mastering the matador's art. I replied that I thought an American could accomplish anything he set out to do. From then on I had to take an unmerciful kidding. It got around Mexico City that an American had said that he could be a bull-fighter. Everybody took a shot at me. I was going around with a crowd of artists and theatrical people. When I entered the theater, the comedian would start 'ad libbing' and point me out as the would-be

after two o'clock. Reamer came forward with his memorandum:

Guests Present After Two o'Clock

Anthony Reamer, as a knight (carried large sword).
David Warner (house guest), as a cowboy (carried unloaded pistol).
John Wilson (house guest), as an Indian chief (no arms).
Kenneth Pine (victim), as a pirate (carried cutlass).
Wellington Tremont, as a clown (no arms).
Douglas Wharton, as a French courtier (carried rapier).
Arthur Wilkins, as a Roman soldier (carried broadsword).
Evelyn Meredith, as Queen Elizabeth.
Adeline Darnley, as a Greek dancing girl.
Mrs. James Bauregard, as a Spanish dancer.
Mrs. Wellington Tremont, as a milkmaid.

"YOU'RE certain these were all, and that they were costumed as described?" Captain Hough demanded of Reamer and his two house guests.

They said they were willing to swear to the accuracy of the list.

"And you, Mr. Wilkins, you claim you know nothing whatever of this assault?"

"Before God, *no!* Captain. I'm being framed, I tell you. I don't know anything whatever. I was drunk, I was sleeping—"

"I'm inclined to believe you, sir!" was Captain Hough's reply, to the bewilderment of his lieutenant. "Now, MacComber, clear the room. Detain all these people, but civilly."

Captain Hough thereupon issued certain orders for arrest quite different from those of his lieutenant. What do you think they were? What orders would you have issued under the circumstances, in order to clear up the matter most quickly before the various guests had scattered to distant places?

The questions to be answered are:

1. Which one killed Pine, the pirate—No-Heels or High-Heels?

2. Why was Captain Hough inclined to believe that neither the Roman soldier nor Queen Elizabeth was guilty in the matter?

3. Toward which two others of the party was suspicion most logically directed?

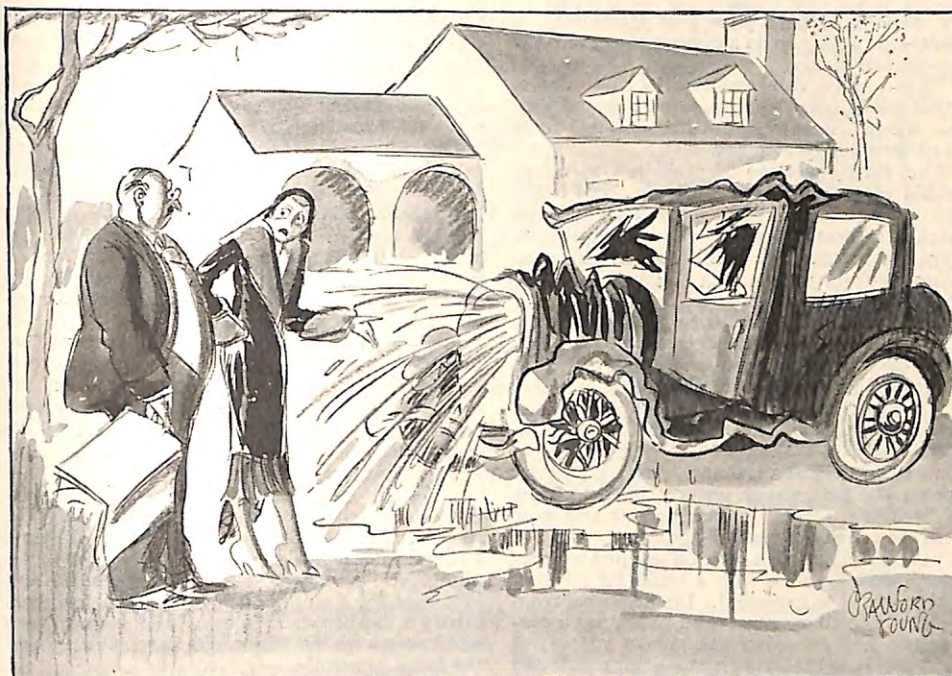
4. What is the logical explanation of the fact that the footprints of No-Heels showed a stride of the same length as that of High-Heels?

American bull-fighter. This always gave the audience a big laugh."

All this merely fired Franklin with the determination to prove that he was right in saying that an American could be a bull-fighter. He agreed to enter the arena if he could get some lessons. To that end he secured an audience with Rodolfo Gaona, Mexico's greatest bull-fighter and the hardest man in Mexico City to interview.

Gaona had the heartiest laugh of anybody at the idea of an American aspiring to be a matador. But, perhaps, while he laughed, he was sizing up Franklin's pleasant, yet determined, features and his easy, athletic bearing. At any rate Gaona agreed to act as Franklin's tutor, and gave him fifteen lessons in cape work. Much of a matador's success depends on the skill with which he manipulates the large cape and the smaller, heart-shaped cloth known as the *muleta*, used in the last stage of the *corrida*. This means that an aspirant must put in long hours at work which is akin to shadow-boxing, acquiring the necessary facility in handling these means of enticement with which the charges of the bull are deflected.

After this brief instruction in cape work, Gaona sent Franklin to a ranch near Mexico City, where bulls are raised for the arena. At these ranches, both in Mexico and Spain, established matadors secure necessary practice and aspiring novices wait for a chance to demonstrate



"Look, Frederick, I just barely grazed a truck!"

their skill. Each ranch has its own bull-ring. The practice is not with bulls, but with heifers of the same fighting stock—and these heifers are 'plenty mean.'

"In three days on the ranch I was knocked around by the heifers until I was black and blue from head to foot," said Franklin. "I would hold out my cape, but instead of running for it the heifer would knock me down. I wondered what was the matter, until I found out that some of the practical jokers on the ranch, who were pretending to assist me, were really fluttering their capes behind me. The heifers would turn to those capes, and, as I was in the way, I would get knocked down. When I found out what was going on, I insisted on working alone and things went better.

"When I returned to Mexico City I found my name on posters announcing my appearance in the ring in a few days. I was told that it would be better for me to go right on, as I would be so lame from my bruises in another week that I would hardly be able to walk. I consented, though I had never faced a bull in my life. I got myself a matador's costume, which fits like a glove. When I had wormed my way into it, I could hardly move. I knew nothing of the mechanics of a bull-fight—where the matador was to stand or what he was to do. The manager told me to stand behind the barrier until he gave me further instructions. I saw a bull come into the arena and then the crowd began yelling and I was pelted with cushions. I sent for the manager, who was around front, counting the gate receipts. He gave me a push into the ring when I asked him what I should do.

"GET out there, anywhere," he said. "The ring is big enough. Do anything you please."

"I tried out my cape work, and I was knocked all around the ring. Once I was almost thrown over the barrier, but I picked up my hat and wiped the dust off my face and managed to come back and finish the *toro*. This pleased the crowd, though it didn't convince anybody that I was a real bull-fighter."

Franklin's friends considered that he had made his point. They supposed that this one experience was his hail and farewell as a matador. But, to their amazement, he declared that he was just beginning to be interested, and that he intended to become a professional matador.

Closing out his art business, and living on a little money which he had saved, Franklin went through a long course of training with some youths who had aspirations along the same line as his own. In Mexico and Spain it is the ambition of nearly every boy to become a great matador. This is not surprising, in view of the fact that the matador is a public figure, showered with gold and honors and occupying an ad-

vanced social position. Gamins play bull-fight in the streets just as American boys play baseball. When they grow older they haunt the bull-rings. Someone in the "gang," his head decorated with a pair of horns, plays the bull. He rushes at a companion who wields the cape or *muleta*. Then places are changed. The young aspirants with whom Franklin practiced even trained a police dog to charge at the cape.

It was effective practice, but it did not secure any engagements. Franklin was nearly starving. For weeks he lived on a sandwich a day, refusing all his friends' proffers of assistance. Finally a promoter made him an offer to go on a tour, as far as the State of Tabasco. He was shipwrecked in the Gulf, on his return, and nearly lost his life. Then came more tours of the smaller rings—"barnstorming" as it would be called in this country. Franklin was paid about \$75 a performance, out of which he had to pay his own expenses and for helpers in the ring. He had some narrow escapes from death or serious injury, but he kept doggedly on.

Meantime there had been consternation in the Franklin family in Brooklyn when it was learned that Sidney had taken up bull-fighting. The first intimation had been contained in a bundle of newspapers and magazines containing some pictures of Sidney in matador costume. It was not until the Spanish text had been translated that the family realized that Sidney was not just taking part in a masquerade down in Mexico City. Appeals were sent to him to come home. Further appeals were sent to the American consulate. These failing, the elder Franklin considered appealing to the State Department, or the President, to sway Sidney from a course that seemed suicidal. At last it was realized that there was nothing to do but let Sidney work out his future in his own way.

Franklin found that, in spite of the fact that he was "coming along" as a matador, and was doing things fairly well, he was still far from making an impression. There was something deep-seated which he had not touched. He went back to the ranch where he had practiced, determined as a first step to learn all about the *toros* which have been bred for centuries for the bull-ring. While doing this he installed electric wiring and introduced American ideas generally. He taught Spanish, arithmetic and baseball to the native workers on the ranch.

ALWAYS Franklin was studying the fighting bulls—their anatomy and their characteristics. And he was getting all possible practice in the small ring on the ranch. Almost a year of this, and then Franklin appeared in a series of *corridos* in Mexican cities along the American border. Things went better. He had caught the knack which appeals to the Latin tempera-

(Continued on page 58)



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(Continued from page 57)

ment—the ability to do a difficult thing with the appearance of ease.

Then came a determination to go to Spain, where the *corrida de toros* had been established, and where there were hundreds of bull-rings which were hoary with age.

The Ibero-American Exposition was on at Seville when Franklin arrived in Spain. Exposition visitors and members of the American colony had heard of Franklin's work in the bull-rings of Mexico. The Seville authorities at the *Plaza de Toros* were willing to give Franklin a chance, perhaps—but not till later. He could fight in some of the smaller rings first. But the Americans in Seville were determined that their fellow-countryman was to get a "break." They offered to buy up the entire ring, if Franklin were put on the card. The management changed its attitude. It was agreed that the Yankee *torero* was to have a chance. Then Franklin put in some more assiduous training. Accompanied by friends who took motion pictures, he spent hours in "parlor practice," correcting line and pose with the constructive aid of the films.

"When I finally got over on my first appearance," said Franklin with a smile, "I couldn't realize what had happened. I remembered reading that sometimes the crowd picked up a particularly bad matador, and, under pretext of carrying him in triumph, took him out and threw him in the river. While the crowd was carrying me, I was looking around for water."

Franklin is five feet, eleven inches in height and weighs about 160 pounds, slightly more than the average matador. His strenuous years of

training for the *corrida* have made him as lithe and graceful as a mountain lion. To keep themselves in physical trim, the matadors follow a strict course of athletics, outside of their hours of cape practice. At the bull-ring, when practicing, one sees them running around the arena backward, leaping the barrier, and going through other stunts which keep them active. Hours are put in at *jai-alai*, which is a highly strenuous ball game. The diet of the matador is strictly regulated. On the road, he carries his own cook. This sort of a life has made Franklin as fit as a prize-fighter in condition. Even between *corrida* seasons he follows a strict regimen as to diet and exercise.

Speaking and reading Spanish like a native, Franklin has immersed himself in the history of the *corrida de toros*. He has lectured on the subject, chiefly with the idea of explaining the background of the bull-fight, and why it has held such a prominent place in the national life of so many Spanish-speaking peoples.

Personally Franklin is modest and unassuming. He keeps up his art work, and likes to carve wooden models of the savage *toro* of the bull-ring. Cooking is one of his hobbies, and nothing gives him greater pleasure than to prepare a Spanish breakfast for a company of friends, or to superintend a barbecue. He goes in for mechanics and likes to fix up the radio or tinker around the house generally.

Of bull-fighting, Franklin says:

"I wouldn't advise anyone else to take it up, but, now that I am in it, I wouldn't be anywhere else. I agree with Ernest Hemingway that the matador lives a complete life."

Portugee Pants

(Continued from page 11)

on a drop cord from the ceiling. . . . And on the other side, a door. . . .

Pirhana read that look correctly. He gave the mate another speculative glance. What he saw was not encouraging. McRae had the glint of battle in his eyes and the Portugese had run a waterfront café too long not to know when a man meant fight. He threw out his hands—

"Meestar, ees true, w'at you say. It 'as been 'ere a red-'ead sailor. But no more. See—'e say 'e shall weesh to ron from 'ees sheep—w'at you call it, 'deser-r-rt.' Me, I am *simpatico*—the poor feller—"

"Big hearted, that's you, huh?"
The latch rattled again, followed by a knock. . . . "Busy!" McRae called over his shoulder and set his back more firmly against the door.

He turned back to the Portugese. "You're a liar, Pirhana," he told him genially. "Dolan never jumped ship in his life, and you never were *simpatico* in yours. What you mean is, you got him drunk somewheres and figure on gettin' twenty-five bucks for puttin' him aboard some ship."

THE proprietor flung out his hands in an aggrieved gesture. "Aw-r'—Aw-r', look for 'eem. You theenk I kip red-'ead sailor een my pocket, hein? . . . Look outside—look een 'ere—"

As though the words had been a signal, a faint, musical bellow floated down through the ceiling—

"She ma-a-ay be o-old, she ma-a-ay be gray, but I shall ne'er forget
Tha tender lo-o-ve my mother gave—"

McRae cocked a startled and delighted ear. . . . "Hey, Dolan—"

The Portugese sprang back, jerking a whistle from his breast pocket. He blew twice. . . . There was an answering yell from outside—a rush of feet. Something heavy crashed against the door.

McRae had been prepared for something of the sort. His heel, cunningly wedged against the bottom, held fast. . . . But he couldn't count on that long, and he had no illusions as to what would happen when Pirhana's thugs got in.

He measured the distance to the other door with a swift glance. It might lead outside—more likely upstairs, though. It didn't look like an outside door. . . . If he could get through that before they got him—

They were heaving—thrusting against the

door behind him. The panels cracked and bulged. He fended off the Portugese, who was dancing around him now, clawing at him, bawling orders to his gang outside. . . . He heard them draw off for a concerted rush. . . .

"It's a break!" said Peter McRae and went into instant action.

One hand shot out. The hard heel of it smacked the Portugese on the chin. At the same time he jumped—caught the electric light cord and yanked it loose with a ripping smash. The room went black just as the rush outside hit the door and crashed through in a tangled welter.

McRae had sprung to the farther door and was feeling blindly, swiftly, for the knob. The blackness behind him was a bedlam of oaths, grunts, thumpings. He ran his hand hastily over the casing, feeling the dark behind him bulge and quiver. Somebody was cursing in Spanish. Somebody was bawling, "Get that light on—get that light on!" . . . His fingers found the latch.

Something brushed his leg. He let fly a kick at random, felt a satisfying impact, heard a yell of pain. . . . The next moment he had eased the door open, slipped through, and shut it softly behind him.

A dim, yellow rectangle of light above showed him that, as he had more than half expected, he was in a stair well. He turned back, listening with a grin to the muffled sounds from behind the panels as he ran an exploring hand along the side of the door. . . . Luck was with him; there was a bolt. He felt the catch, pushed it home carefully, and swung around again.

His foot, groping, found the bottom step. They'd spot him in a minute, of course, but the bolt would hold for a little—with luck, long enough for him to find Dolan. Then—there must be some kind of a back way out—

He went up, stepping on the outsides of the treads to avoid creaking (although it would have taken more than an ordinary step to have been heard against the uproar from below), and came out into a narrow hall.

There was a row of closed doors on either side, the whole lit dimly by a single light at the farther end. Beyond the light he caught a glimpse of a ladder. That would probably lead to a trap in the roof.

He cocked an ear to the sounds behind him. The thuds and trampings had stopped now. As he listened, somebody tried the latch on the door at the foot of the stairs.

He swung around hastily and started cat-

What Nine Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 61)



footed down the hall. Doors on either side. Dolan would be behind one of them. Wouldn't do to rouse the wrong man, though. . . . Once he thought he heard a sound and put his ear to one of the panels, but there seemed to be nothing.

There were sudden bangings and crashings from below. He drew a quick breath. The bolt had felt like a stout one, but it wouldn't stand up against that for long. . . . Better shout, maybe—take a chance—

At that moment from behind a door to his right came a mournful howl—

*"Tha sweetes' songs I y-ever heard,
My mother sang to me-e-e—"*

McRae sprang to the door—wrenched at the knob. . . . "Hey, Dolan! . . . Bugs Dolan!"

*"—an' sat be-side her rockin' chair,
My head agains'—"*

"Dolan!" . . . He yanked at the knob, heaved his weight against it. . . . "Dolan! Open up!"

"Her hands z-were wo-l-orn, her fac z-was kind—"

the voice rose to a tremulous yell—

"But up in Hay-y-un you won't find—"

McRae drew back, took a running jump and smashed one heel against the lock. With a rending and splintering of wood the door banged open and he skidded through, principally on his neck and shoulders.

He was up on the instant. . . . Dolan was lying flat on his back on a dirty bed—a mountain of a man clad only in red flannel drawers and undershirt. His battered face was screwed up in a knot, eyes tight shut, while from his cavernous mouth issued deafening and tuneful

bellowings. . . . For the rest, the room had a small, barred window, a straight chair, a washstand with a cracked bowl and pitcher, and an ancient, fish-like smell.

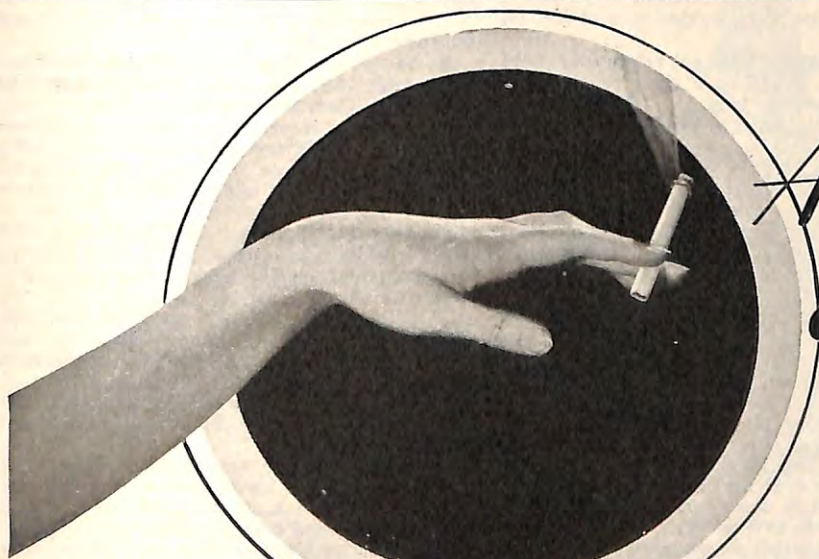
McRae strode over and gripped the man by the shoulder. He shook him. . . . "Dolan! Get up out of that! . . . You hear me? Dolan!"

"Gedd outa here!" The cavernous mouth opened again—

*"All tha lit-tul pansy faces, bloomin' in the
gardin fair,
Show their lit-tul—ar-r-r-gh!"*

The song ended in a roar as McRae leaned over and carefully whacked the broad face, first on one side and then on the other. . . . He did it again.

(Continued on page 60)



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The Monthly Dozen

How many of these twelve questions can you answer off-hand?

1. How old is President Hoover?
2. Why is the headquarters of the London detective bureau known as Scotland Yard?
3. What people invented cigars?
4. What is Connie Mack's real name?
5. What is an apiary?
6. Where is the island of Madagascar?
7. What man is ranked No. 1 among American Tennis players?
8. How long has soap been known to the world?
9. For whom was the colony of Virginia named?
10. Who is the most prolific novelist writing in English to-day.
11. Does a whale breathe under water?
12. Who is Secretary of Labor of the United States?

(Answers to The Monthly Dozen on page 63)

(Continued from page 59)

The red mountain heaved itself suddenly and wrathfully erect. . . . "Say, whassa big idea? Say, you li'l runty—" His eyes, blinking uncertainly, focused on McRae. The heavy jaw dropped. . . . "Ga! 'S you, sir? . . . Didn' recollize—reco'nition—what I mean, didn' reco'nize—"

"Come on!" McRae snapped. "Get your clothes on and come aboard ship."

Dolan looked hazy. "Ship? . . . Oh, sure—yessir!" He gave a mighty heave and balanced precariously on his feet. "'S a fac', you wouldn' b'lieve, but I been kin'a drunk. 'N I wouldn' wanna tell ya no different because tha'd be a lie!" He broke off, his eyes traveling about the room in a slow, bewildered stare. . . . "Sa-a-ay! Where 'n'ell's my pants?"

McRae shot a quick glance around the room. There was no sign of any clothes. The old trick. . . . At the same moment there was a crash from below and a sudden rush of feet on the stairs.

No chance to get Dolan out before they could get here. He picked up a chair by the back and jumped for the door. . . . Three men appeared in the hall outside, and behind them Joe Pirhana.

At sight of McRae in the doorway they stopped short. A straight chair can be an ugly weapon in a narrow space.

One of the men, a hard faced thug in a ragged green sweater, took a half step forward and then hung back. "Thassa heem!" the Portuguese was spluttering. "Go on—go on!" . . . McRae balanced the chair between his hands and watched them narrowly. Behind him Dolan was lurching about the room with heavy trappings, demanding his trousers at the top of his lungs.

Without taking his eyes off the newcomers, McRae indicated him with a jerk of his head. "Better give him his clothes," he told them.

Joe Pirhana eyed his men—he eyed McRae, lean and hard in the doorway, watching the man in the green sweater like a cat. It became evident to him that things were not shaping just right. . . . He was suddenly soothing.

"Sure—sure, Meestar, 'e shall get 'ees pants. Onlee fir's 'e shall gotta pay 'ees beel, hein? Thass all I'm keekin' about."

THERE was a thump from the back of the room followed by the sound of splashing water. McRae risked a glance out of the tail of his eye. Dolan stood at the wash stand, pouring the contents of the pitcher over his head.

"Br-r-gh!" Sounds of his spluttering—shaking himself. "Thass better. Gim' my pants. . . . All tha lii-tul pansy faces—"

"Shut up, Dolan! . . . All right, how much is his bill?"

"Feeftee dollar, Meestar. Feeftee dollar onlec."

"Fif—say, you yellow rat—"

"Twenty-fi' dollars!"

"I'll give you five." That was as much as McRae had with him. Dolan, of course, would

have been robbed—wouldn't have anything. At another time he would have fought it, but with the ship sailing at eleven—"Five dollars," he repeated. "Get him his clothes and we'll go quiet."

"Feeftee dollar! Feeftee dollar, Meestar. Thass 'ees beel."

"It is, is it? Try and get it."

"I get 'eem aw-ri'." Pirhana's tone was suddenly triumphant. "I'll gon' get feeftee dollar or you'll gon' mees your sheep."

There was a swift picture in McRae's mind—the clock downstairs ticking off unforgiving seconds while he argued futilely—the Old Man's face, grim and square with its clipped, gray mustache. He'd sail at eleven, that Old Man, and that didn't mean maybe.

With the speed of a cat he swung up the chair and drove it at the man in the green sweater. The man gave back, startled and hurt, as the tip of one leg took him in the belly. . . . "Come on," McRae yelled and darted out into the hall.

As he whirled, he saw the big, red-clad figure lurch after him, the water pitcher clasped to its breast. Then the three rushed him.

He flung the chair against one man's shins—saw him shoot through the air and come down with a headlong slam that shook the building. Another dodged back, but the man in the sweater was on him, fists flailing.

No time for sparring. McRae took a wild swing on the side of the head and bored in. He drove a savage right to the stomach. The man grunted and clinched.

"Keel 'eem!" Joe Pirhana was yelling. McRae managed to twist one arm free and pound in a couple of short arm jolts. The man grunted, but he hung on.

Then he saw Joe Pirhana slip around behind him—caught the glint of a knife in his hand.

A sudden, cold crawling of the flesh between his shoulders. . . . He gave a swift, straining heave that lifted the other man off his feet and swung him around between them.

Over his shoulder he could see Pirhana now—catlike for all his plumpness, lips drawn back from yellow teeth in a sort of rigid grin.

Stealthily, quietly, with a kind of deliberate ominous sureness, the Portuguese began a circling movement. McRae wrenched at the man in the green sweater—rocked him—swung him. Pirhana moved a little faster. . . .

"Heh!" Dolan lurched across the hall. "Gimme my pants!"

There was a sudden movement—a yell of laughter. Something white flashed through the air. For an appreciable instant McRae saw the water pitcher, and the side of Pirhana's head in conjunction—a comic strip picture. He had an insane desire to say "Pow!"

Then the pitcher fell with a crash and the Portuguese went down with it.

He flung the man in the green sweater off. He drove in his fist—twice. . . . The man turned and ran down the hall. . . .

McRae straightened. The blood was pounding in his ears. His head swam with the relief

of it. . . . But the ship would be sailing. No time now for delay. He swung around, quickly.

In the dim, swinging light Dolan was bent unsteadily over the dumpy form of the Portuguese, who lay face up among the fragments of the water pitcher.

"Pants!" he was chanting in a sort of satisfied croon. "Gimme pants—pants—gotta ge' some pants—"

"Dolan—snap out of it! Shake a leg, man!"

"S them damn' s'penders!" There was a yank and rip. The giant lurched toward Pirhana's feet. "Gessome pants—" he gripped the legs and hauled. He threw his head back. . . .

"O-o-oh! Think of sis'ers, wives an' mothers—helpless babes z-in some low slum—"

"Dolan, you ape! . . . Dolan!"

"Think not of you-u-rself, but others. Vote agains' tha Demon Rum!" . . .

There was a final yank—a rending sound. He staggered back, balanced uncertainly—waved Pirhana's trousers.

The Portuguese sat up, blinking dazedly. Dolan balanced on one foot, thrust the other into the trousers and lurched across the hall. Somehow he managed to catch the other leg on the fly and haul them up around him. They were ten inches too short in the legs but they made up for it at the waist.

McRae was saying, "Come on, now—come on, you fool. You've done enough for one night—"

Dolan pushed away from the wall. He clutched the trousers around him, weaving with unsteady dignity. "Spirit harmless fun—" he protested. He let go the trousers to gesture and they instantly fell down. He stopped with a worried—"One minute—pardon me—" and hoisted them again. . . . "Damn' Portugee pants—can' make 'em fast—" he complained as he lurched down the hall.

BEHIND them the Portuguese came suddenly to life and scrambled to his feet. McRae had a glimpse of him in the dim light, his shirt-tail standing out from his thighs like a ballet dancer's skirt, staring at his trouserless legs in a sort of horrified bewilderment. . . . He gave a yell of startled protest and started after them.

McRae swung around. Pirhana shrank back—yelled something. . . . No time for talk now. He gripped the red-clad arm and half steered, half heaved Dolan through the stair door. Together they caromed, reeled, tobogganed down the narrow flight, with the bereft and frantic Pirhana behind.

"Back way—hey, wait!"

He might as well have tried to stop a runaway tractor. Dolan had the impetus of the stairs behind him now. Before the mate could brace himself or even get a foothold the two had plunged across the narrow office in the dark, banged open the other door and shot out into the lighted café.

There was an instant of startled hush, broken by a furious howl from behind—"Stop dem fella—hol' 'eem—"

A yell of laughter went up from the tables near the door.

"Come on—shake a leg! Let's get out of here!" McRae barked, for he had caught sight of the man in the green sweater—seen him turn, stare, and spring across to cut them off from the street door. . . . He shoved at Dolan—

The giant planted his feet like a balky horse. He glared at the crowd. . . . "Say—" he belted. "Say—"

Laughter exploded around him. Chairs scraped as people across the room stood up to

(Continued on page 62)

Answers to "What Nine Things Are Wrong with This Picture?"

(See page 59)

1. Tub has no bands around it.
2. Woman's shoes are not mates.
3. The knife would fall off the table.
4. The bow isn't fast to girl's hair.
5. Only half the wire is on picture.
6. The table legs are not mates.
7. Steam is coming from kettle although it is not on stove.
8. The clock pendulum is off-center.
9. The door hinge is on wrong side.

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"They've cut our piece rate again," John said bitterly as he gloomily ate his supper. "I've been working at top speed and then only making a bare living, but now—"

It had been hard enough before, but now—with John's pay check even smaller—I feared it would be impossible to make ends meet.

Idly I fingered thru the pages of a magazine and saw an advertisement telling how women at home were making good money every week in their spare time supplying Brown Bobby greaseless doughnuts.

"Why can't you do the same?" I asked myself. "Why can't you do what others have done? Investigate!" I did. In a few days I received details of the Brown Bobby plan. It seemed too good to be true because it showed how I, without neglecting my house-work or little Jimmy, could easily make money.

Well, to make the story short, I went into the business without telling John. I passed out sample Brown Bobbys to my friends, gave out a few samples around restaurants, lined up a couple grocery stores. In my first week, I sold enough Brown Bobbys at an average profit of 15c a dozen to more than make up for John's cut in salary.

When John brought home his next pay check, he threw it down on the table and said, gloomily, "I'm sorry, honey, but it's the best I can do."

"It's not the best you can do, darling," and I almost cried when I told him of the money I had made selling Brown Bobbys. It was the happiest moment of my life.

Inside of three weeks John quit his job at the factory to devote all of his time to Brown Bobbys. Now we are dissatisfied with our former income.

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(Continued from page 61)

see better. He flung out his hand in a wrathful gesture. Instantly his trousers collapsed around his knees.

He clutched at them with a harassed curse. The room howled. A sailor leaning against the bar cupped his hands and yelled, "Sye, myte, tyke a reef in yer trousers," and went off into a screeching guffaw.

"Say! Wassamatter my pants, huh?" . . . On the word, and before McRae could stop him, Dolan lunged forward and knocked the man flat.

A fraction of a second of stupefaction. Then two of the man's mates plunged at him, shouting for blood. . . . McRae's fist shot out—stopped one of them. With a yell, Dolan scooped a bottle from the bar and flung it. It missed the man and shattered a mirror. The barman grabbed a bung-starter and came over the top.

A rush started in one corner, met another rush, and whirled off into a series of tangled fights. Everybody was in it now, fist, chair, bottle and boot—howling, heaving, grunting, while from the office door came the outraged howls of the proprietor.

"Americans this way—Americans!"

"Sangre di Cristo—"

"Nah then, mytes—walk aw'y wiv it!"

"—kill the wops—"

"—try that, willya?"

Bang—thud—smash. . . . Swinging, milling, hammering each other, while the light chairs splintered underfoot and whirled out to the edge of the fight, and the smoke swirled and eddied.

McRae was shouting in Dolan's ear between blows—trying to get him back through the office and out the back way. . . . As well talk to a pile-driver. Dolan was gloriously in his element. With one hand he clutched the looted trousers. With the other, he simply hit everybody he could reach. At intervals his head went back and his war cry sounded above the oaths and yells and smash of glass—"Wassamatter my pants, huh?"

BANG! McRae hit a too-eager Chileno on the chin. . . . He smacked a short right into someone's stomach. A surge of the fight wedged the press around them so that for a moment nobody could use his hands. He took the small respite to throw a glance at the clock, ticking valiantly above the bar. As he looked, a bottle crashed against it and the clock exploded like a shell, scattering wheels and springs.

He had had just time to see that they still had twenty-five minutes to get back to the ship. Somebody tramped on his foot and he kicked an unknown shin. . . . Ten minutes run to get them aboard. Easy, still, if they could get out of here. . . . He shot a glance at the street door. The man in the green sweater still cut them off there—

He drove his elbow suddenly and viciously into the stomach of the man behind him. The man shrank back a little. For a few seconds he plied knees, heels, elbows—felt the press ease. . . . He seized Dolan by the neck and gave a desperate heave.

It caught the big sailor off his balance. He staggered backward. Before he could recover, McRae heaved again. The way opened out. With a final haul and plunge he got him clear and jammed him through the door of the office.

Out of the dark, Joe Pirhana sprang at him, trouserless and clawing. A sideswipe of McRae's arm caught him under the jaw and smashed him up against the wall.

From the front came a sudden frenzied blowing of whistles. A yell went up—"Police! . . . Hey—cops! . . . Police!"

McRae drew a quick breath and swore wholeheartedly. That complicated everything. Now there'd be arrests—examinations—talk—maybe a night in a cell. . . . Once let the police get them and the chance of making the ship was gone.

In the half darkness, he searched desperately for an outside door, dragging the bewildered and protesting Dolan with him.

There was no door, but there was a window. He snatched up one of the straight chairs. Two blows smashed the sash. . . . "Come on—lively now—"

An explosion of whistles. . . . Yells! The opening bristled suddenly with the faces and stiff, plumed hats of the police. . . . McRae's heart sank. But he wasn't done yet. . . .

Only one thing for it now—back up the stairs. There was a ladder at the back of the hall above, he remembered. That must lead to the roof.

"Hey!" Dolan was protesting. "Gett'n' dizzy—"

"Snap into it, you ape! Look alive now—up!"

Somehow Dolan went up, mostly on all fours. . . . He straightened—lurched into the hall. . . . "Say, whass' idea—we come alla way down—go alla way up—"

McRae kicked him again—savagely. "Get up that ladder, there! Lift that hatch-cover off. . . . Jump!"

"Yessir! . . . Jump it is, sir!" He plunged toward it.

THE mate was listening to the sounds from below. Above the roar from the café and the scream of whistles, he could hear the voice of Joe Pirhana—frantic—exhorting—

He darted back to where the shards of the broken pitcher testified to the battle that had been waged there fifteen minutes ago. He gathered them up swiftly and came back to the head of the stairs. A glance showed him Dolan, half way up the ladder now, impeded by the necessity of having to hold onto his trousers with one hand.

Shadows thronged the bottom of the stairs. There was a rush of feet—excited voices. . . . McRae picked out a satisfying chunk of the pitcher and let it fly.

A smack and a yell. . . . The shadows scattered. . . . Dolan was at the top of the ladder now, his big shoulders under the trap.

A cautious form showed at the bottom of the stairs. McRae waited until it was dimly outlined against the light from below. . . . The bit cracked against the wall—a miss, but the man dodged back.

A clatter of voices—Joe Pirhana's, angry, venomous. The others, protesting. . . . He picked out another piece—balanced it in his hand—waiting—

"Gotta hatch-cover off, sir!" The words came down in what Dolan evidently believed to be a whisper, followed by a breath of chill, clean air.

"All right—go on up!" . . . He strained his ears. From what he could hear, Pirhana seemed to be organizing his gang for a rush.

Ten seconds ticked by. The stair-well was suddenly alive with shadows. . . . He let drive with two smaller bits. The shadows whirled and wavered. He slammed home his last one—the whole bottom of the pitcher, and raced for the ladder.

A crash behind him—howls! . . . He gripped the rungs and went up like a cat—threw himself over the top into a cold, dark drizzle just as the first of the crowd below cleared the head of the stairs.

"Keep 'em back!" he yelled to Dolan. "Hold 'em there 'til I find a way to get down."

He darted along the side of the roof coping, searching in the darkness for a fire-escape—outside steps—any way to get back to the street.

There was nothing. A clean drop of two stories. Not so much as a projecting cornice or window ledge.

Below, the police whistles were going. Men were coming up on the run. . . . Yells, and thumpings from the café. The swift, demanding clang of a gong. . . . Dolan was a misty figure gigantic in the darkness, stamping and kicking at the opening of the trap.

From inside came the sudden, muffled *whow!* *whow!* of two shots. He saw Dolan duck back—thought for a heart-stopping instant that he was hit. . . . Then he heard the yell of his laugh.

At the same moment he stumbled against a ladder, lying in the shadow of the coping. . . . He caught his breath.

He picked up the ladder. . . . A glance showed him that it was too short to reach the ground. But there was another way. . . . Ten feet off, across a narrow alley, another roof—

Hurriedly—carefully—he thrust the end of the ladder over the coping—slid it out. For a moment he was afraid it wasn't going to reach. . . .

It did—barely. A slender, spidery bridge over a lighted, yellow canyon.

"Listen—listen, now!" In a swift undertone, he gave the big sailor his orders. . . . "—and

take your time. Do it on your hands and knees—crawl on your belly. Understand? . . . I'll hold the trap for as long as you need. You—take—your—time!"

The trap rattled. It jerked up a couple of inches. McRae jumped on the edge with both feet—smacked it down again. Bullets whacked the under side. A long splinter flicked up. . . . "Go on!" he barked at Dolan. "And—careful!"

He stared after him as he staggered off through the wet gloom, more than half minded to call him back. He caught a quick breath. . . . Damn! he must have been crazy. The man would never make it across that ladder. . . . Call him back and miss the ship—better than killing him—

McRae's heart seemed to stop. Dolan had climbed up onto the narrow coping and stood there, balancing precariously against the yellow glow from the alley below him.

"Dolan—come down here—careful! . . . Dolan—my Lord!"

With a wave of his hand, the big sailor had run out onto the shaky ladder like a tight-rope walker.

McRae didn't dare shout a warning. He didn't want to look, but he couldn't help it. . . . Dolan had stopped in the middle. He was swaying, teetering, hung between the lighted pavement two stories below and the blackness above. . . . With a sick clutch at his diaphragm, McRae saw him stagger—bend back, trying to regain his balance. . . . He threw out his arms. Somehow, he seemed to catch himself.

Then he was stooping—bent forward. McRae held his breath, waiting for the crash—waiting for his scream—

"Pardon me—jussa minute! . . . 'S them Portugee pants fell down—" The words floated back in a worried tone. . . . He straightened—swayed backward—forward—made a sudden, stumbling plunge—and landed, safe, on the other side.

McRAE sucked in a long breath. His hands were shaking and there was a hot pounding in his temples. He began to laugh—insanely—

Pirhana was pounding the trap again. . . . "Meestar—pliz, my pants—"

"Try and get 'em!" McRae yelled. "Try and get 'em, will you!"

He gave the trap a final slam. Then he was darting across the roof. . . . He was out on the ladder with the alley a yellow blur below. . . . Shouting behind him—a flash and a crack. . . . He wriggled over the further coping. . . . "The ladder—ladder! Hustle—help me get it over here!" . . . They dragged at it, keeping their heads down. It slid across like some grotesque, wet monster. . . . Then he lay panting behind the coping in the wet dark, while from the roof they had left came wrathful bawlings.

Pirhana and his gang gave it up at length and went back down the trap. McRae poked up a cautious head. He wished he dared strike a match to look at his watch. There might still be time. . . .

"Listen," he whispered. "There's a balcony on the floor below. I saw it there. We can get the ladder down to it and then—"

Dolan was jerking savagely at his trousers. . . . "Doggone Portugee pants—won' stay fast—"

(Continued on page 64)

Answers to Monthly Dozen

(See page 60)

1. Fifty-six.
2. Because it stands where once kings of Scotland lived in London.
3. The Indians of Cuba.
4. Cornelius McGillicuddy.
5. A place where bees are kept.
6. Off the eastern coast of Africa.
7. John Doeg.
8. For centuries; relics of a soap factory have been found by excavators of Pompeii.
9. For Queen Elizabeth, known as the virgin queen.
10. Edgar Wallace. In one year, of all the novels published in England, he wrote 23 per cent.
11. No.
12. William N. Doak.

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(Continued from page 63)

"Oh, Lord, never mind the pants! Here, get this ladder over! There—easy—that gets it."

Chill sting of rain in his face. Wet yellow light below, cut with silvery rain streaks. . . . The sounds of fighting from the café had stopped now, but there were loud, excited voices—commands—argument.

"Careful!" he warned, as Dolan put his leg over the coping and groped uncertainly for the rungs. . . . "Got it? . . . Down you go, then, and hang on."

"Gotta hang on m' pants. . . . Whassa gooda pants won' stay up? 'F I had me a belt, now—"

His voice died to a complaining mutter as he went down.

The ladder stopped shaking. McRae slid over and followed. . . . Time—they might make it yet.

He crouched on the balcony beside the big sailor. Iron grill under his feet—wet, chill iron under his hands. . . . "Come on—get that ladder down. . . . Easy—easy! Don't let it scrape like that! Come—"

Inside the room a woman's voice called out a sharp, frightened question in Spanish.

McRae froze. . . . He made a grab for Dolan—too late.

The man lurched against the window. . . . "Say, lady, y'got any decent pants—"

There was a gasp—then a full-throated scream. . . . Scream after scream. The night quivered to it.

An excited voice from below had bawled a question. There was a sound of running feet in the alley.

"Here—quick! We'll have to go this way!" . . . McRae fumbled the catch of the long window—wrenched it open. . . . "Come on!" He dragged Dolan through.

"Oh, shut up—shut up!" He was feeling frantically for the door in the darkness, while Dolan stumbled around behind him and from somewhere, right at hand, came long-drawn shriek after shriek.

His hand struck the latch. He yanked the door open. They plunged out into a dark hallway. Somebody sprang up out of the blackness, shouting and clawing at them. McRae stiff-armed him off.

There was a sound of somebody running upstairs. An instant later he shot past them in the blackness. McRae gripped the sailor's arm, hauled him in the direction from which the sounds had come. His outstretched hand found the stair rail—followed it until his foot found nothing under it and he barged downward with Dolan in tow.

Doors banged open. People ran past them—jostled them—shouted excited and un-understandable questions. . . . The screaming went on and on.

At the end of the lower hall there was a yellowish rectangle—the grille above the street door. . . . Dolan was saying something—"Belt—gotta get a belt. . . . Damn' Portugee pants—"

They lurched down the hall. Things hit their shins—chairs—tables. . . . Something went over with a smash of breaking crockery. . . . "W'assa gooda pants with no belt? . . . Gotta get a belt—s'penders—" . . . The street door was fastened. . . . Bolt! McRae worked on it a moment—slid it. He pulled the door open—

A dark form rose up on the threshold. There was an exclamation—a sharp command in Spanish.

McRae didn't know any Spanish, but there was no mistaking the intent of the arm that barred their passage—and dim as the light was from the street lamp beyond, there was no mistaking the white trousers and stiff, plumed hat of the San Marco police.

He stopped short. This finished it. "Listen!" McRae began desperately. "You speak English? . . . Oh, for cat's sake, why don't they teach you birds anything? . . . Listen—no hablar Spanish—spick—whatever you call it. . . . Listen, we're American sailors—Americano, get that—"

There was a movement behind him. A red-clad arm shot out.

"Belt!" said Dolan briefly, and gripped the law by his Sam Browne.

The policeman let out a startled yell. The two whirled out into the alley. . . . They spun in a sort of grotesque dance. Or Dolan spun. The policeman seemed to be having very little to do with it since his feet practically never touched the ground. . . . There was a sudden crack like a pistol shot. The white trousers sailed through the air and brought up against the side of the Café del Sol. Dolan continued to spin for an instant longer through sheer momentum, and then brought himself to a careful stop.

"Gotta belt!" he said, exhibiting the thing in his hand.

The policeman sat against the wall, regarding them with a look of bewilderment. He was still sitting there two seconds later, when they rounded the corner.

The door of the lighted chart-room opened to let in a whiff of chill, damp air. Captain Creighton swung around in his chair.

"Oh, it's you, Mister. . . . Well, did you bring him aboard?"

McRae grinned. "Yes, sir. Just stopped in to report myself back."

"Humph!" Captain Creighton glanced at the clock. "It's no more than time, Mister. Tug'll be up any minute now."

"It's up, sir. They're ready for us."

The Old Man's expression relaxed a trifle. "They were telling me there was some trouble up-town this evening. Café del Sol, or some such place. Wasn't that where you expected to find Dolan?"

"Yes, sir. He was there. They had him in a room upstairs."

"Did, huh? You didn't have any trouble, I suppose? I was afraid you might when I heard about it."

McRae's expression was bland. He paused a moment before replying.

"Why—no, sir, nothing to speak of. We came out the back way."

Behind the Footlights and on the Screen

(Continued from page 15)

seen in a picturization of Fannie Hurst's novel, "Five and Ten."

The recent battle-fleet maneuvers off the coast of Panama, was the base of operations for filming many of the scenes in "Sea Eagles," a story of naval aviation featuring Wallace Beery and Marjorie Rambeau.

Myron Fagan's stage play, "Nancy's Private Affair," is being adapted for the screen where it will become a starring vehicle for Mary Astor.

An outstanding cast including Lily Damita, Anita Louise, O. P. Heggie, Lester Vail, Gunnis Davis and William Morris, has been assembled for the filming of Irving J. Davis's play, "Madame Julie."

Production has started on Donald Ogden Stewart's comedy, "Rebound," featuring Ina Claire. Her supporting cast will include Robert Ames, Myrna Loy, Robert Williams, Hale Hamilton and Louise Closser Hale.

Bobby Jones has started production on his

series of twelve one-reel pictures on "How I Play Golf."

Nancy Carroll and Fredric March, both of whom have recently returned from vacations in the West Indies, will work together on a picture entitled, "Between Two Worlds."

Paul Lukas will have the stellar rôle in "The Vice Squad," the inside story of the secret operations of metropolitan detectives in combating crime. Kay Francis and Fay Wray will support him.

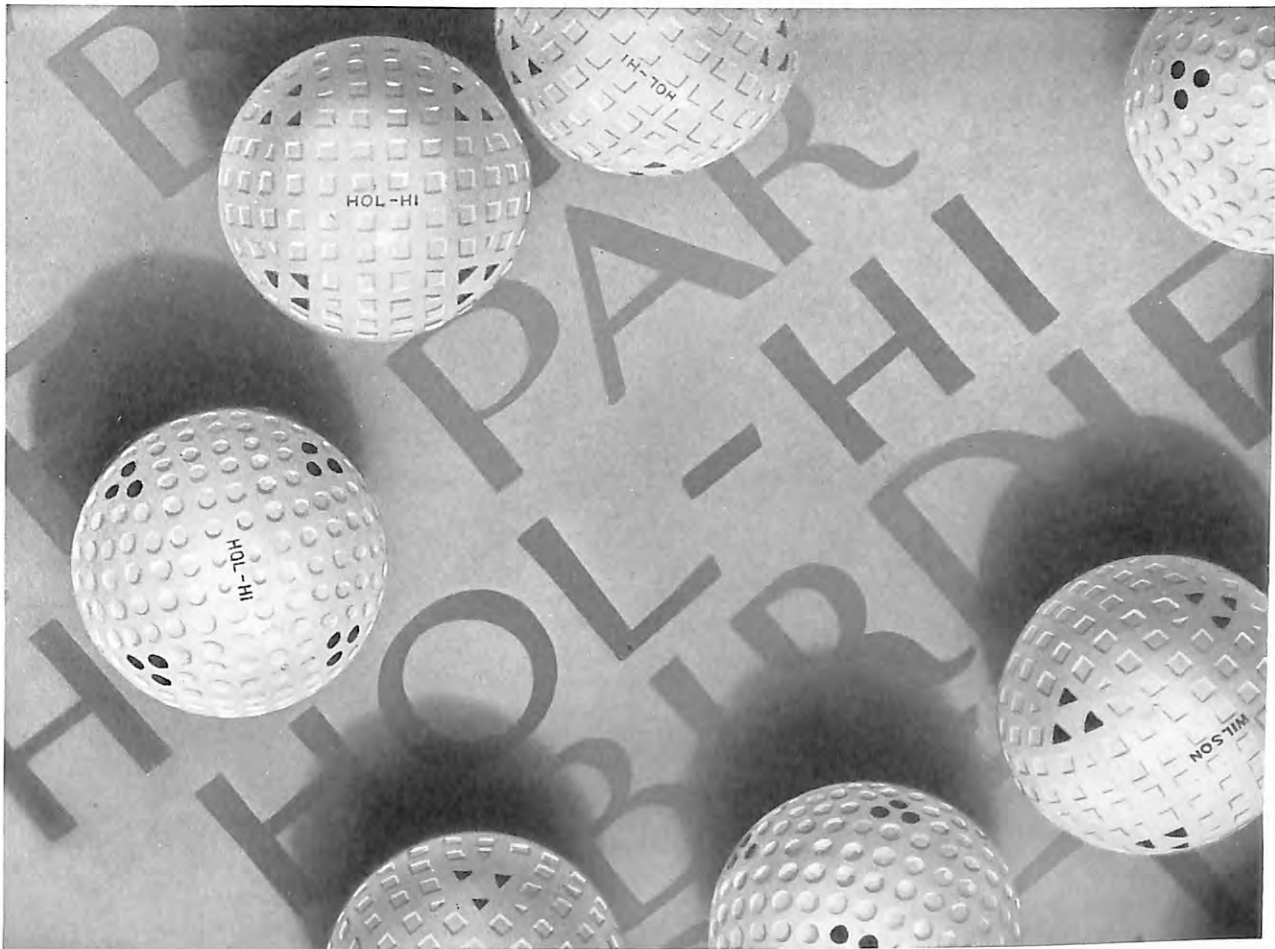



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